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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,  
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST  
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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VOLUME XLII

JANUARY—JUNE, 1894.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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JANUARY--JUNE, 1894.

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## ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENT.

This number contains as an illustrated supplement a portrait of the Virginia Deer, drawn by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. This is the last in a series of four. Those printed previously were: The Moose, Oct. 14, 1893; Woodland Caribou, Nov. 11; The Coon, Dec. 2. The dates of the former series, of which copies can be supplied, were as follows: Sept. 8, 1893, The Panther. Oct. 6, The Ocelot. Nov. 3, The Canada Lynx. Dec. 1, The Bay Lynx. Jan. 5, 1893, Gray Wolf. Feb. 2, White Goat. March 3, Coyote. April 6, Antelope. May 4, Fox.

## THE VIRGINIA DEER.

Of the wild animals of North America none is better known than the common deer. Its range is as wide as the continent, and in one or other of its slightly varying forms it is found from Canada far down into Mexico.

Unlike many of our best known species of wide distribution, the deer has but few common names. In most sections it is known simply as deer—the only deer. But in the books and in cases where there is a possibility that it may be confused with other species—as in the West—it is known as Virginia deer or white-tailed deer. By the old trappers and explorers, and by the voyageurs of the Northwest, it was called the jumping deer or long-tailed deer, to distinguish it from the mule deer and the elk, which last was in the Northwest called red deer.

Every boy knows more about this deer, its habits and the modes of hunting it than we have space to print here, but perhaps every one does not know of the persistency with which the species clings to oldtime haunts, no matter how much they may have been encroached upon by settlements.

In 1877 Judge Caton, in his work on the "Antelope and Deer of America," said: "It may be found to-day in every State and Territory of the United States. It inhabits alike the dense woodlands and open prairies, the high mountains and the lowest valleys, the arid plains and the marshy swamps." Almost the same thing is true of this deer to-day. While there may be no deer in Delaware and only an occasional stray or some introduced deer in Rhode Island and Connecticut, there is probably no other political division of the United States, except the District of Columbia, where this species does not exist in the wild state; and this notwithstanding the fact that the game is persistently hunted by men and dogs wherever it is found.

How it may have been in the beginning we do not know, but it is certain that to-day the Virginia deer is the wariest and most cunning of any of his tribe, and while hundreds of these animals are annually killed by novices and picknickers with the aid of boats, dogs and jacks, there is no task of greater difficulty than to take up the track of a whitetail deer and kill it by fair stalking.

There is a wide range of individual variation in this species. The deer of the Adirondacks are much larger than those of North Carolina, while those of Florida are smaller still, and a still smaller form is found in Mexico. On the other hand, those of the northern plains and the northern Rocky Mountains are often very large, but not invariably so. We have killed in the Rocky Mountains on the same day two bucks, one of which a man could readily lift on to his horse's back alone, while the other

taxed the strength of two strong men to put in the same position.

Albino specimens of this deer are by no means uncommon. Individuals are quite often killed that are more or less spotted with white, and occasionally those that are pure white. As is well known, the young are always spotted, and we once killed a giant buck which had running the length of his back on either side of his spine a row of dappled spots about as large as a nickle five cent piece. The effect was given by a circle of black-tipped hairs about the spots. We have heard of one or two similar individuals, killed, we believe, in Montana.

A number of specific names have been given to forms of this deer, the characters being usually based on size or the length of the tail. There is no doubt that there are well-marked geographical races. To this species apparently belongs the so-called gazelle or fan-tail deer of which the hunter in the northern Rocky Mountains hears now and then. This supposed variety is said to be characterized by small size, small but massive antlers, with many points, and a long and wide tail. It is not known to naturalists, though firmly believed in by many intelligent hunters.

The supplement which we print to-day gives an admirably faithful picture of the male and female Virginia deer.

## THE BILTMORE FOREST.

It seems a singular thing that, although for a dozen years past so much theoretical interest has been taken in forestry in this country, no practical application of the principles of forestry has ever been made by Government or individual until within a very short time. Notwithstanding all that has been written on this subject, notwithstanding the establishment of a Bureau of Forestry in Washington and of similar bureaus by a number of the State governments, absolutely nothing has ever yet been done in this direction.

It was left for a private citizen to take up this subject and to apply these principles to a nearly ruined forest. This gentleman is Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, who recently purchased an extensive estate near Asheville, N. C. Its area is over eleven square miles, or, in acres, 7,282, and of this somewhat more than one-half is woodland, and constitutes Biltmore Forest. Up to the time of its purchase by Mr. Vanderbilt, this forest was owned by a number of different individuals, who treated it in the usual American farmer's way. They cut all the timber that was salable either for saw logs, fence rails or cord wood, and turned the cattle into the forest to graze, often burning the wood over for the sake of the pasturage. The evil results of such a course are sufficiently obvious, and the woodland—never in its best days very good—grew steadily worse.

The timber which grows in it is composed for the most part of deciduous trees, the white oak outnumbering other species, and there being much inferior oak, short-leaved pine, chestnut, hickory and other trees. There are about seventy species of trees growing naturally on the estate.

This forest was put in charge of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, as consulting forester, and in a little pamphlet printed in Chicago, in 1893, he gives an account of the treatment of the forest and the result of the first year's work. This first year's work began to be planned in February, 1892, but the first actual cuttings took place in May, 1892. An account was kept with the forest and the statement of receipts and expenses for the year, running from May 1, 1892, to April 30, 1893, shows a loss of less than \$400 out of total expenditure of \$9,900. This, while perhaps the least interesting part of the story from the forester's point of view, is given in order to show how nearly the work of reclaiming this forest was made to pay for itself, even in the first year when expenses would naturally be largest and receipts light.

Two plans for the improvement of the forest have been undertaken at Biltmore, one of them the regular high forest system, by which greater returns are to be had in the future, but nothing immediately comes back, and the other a selection forest system which entails more labor and less satisfactory ultimate results but quicker returns. For the details of the way in which Mr. Pinchot has treated this forest the reader must be referred to the pamphlet which accompanied Mr. Vanderbilt's forestry exhibit.

In addition to the forestry work done at Biltmore, a very interesting collection of trees and shrubs has been

made under the direction of Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead with the intention of planting them when the proper time shall have come, along the line of a road five miles in length which will run through some of the most beautiful portions of the estate. There are already at the nurseries at Biltmore more kinds of trees and shrubs than there are in the botanical gardens at Kew, and the number is constantly being increased. A record of the treatment given to each species is being kept and a forest botanical library to aid in study is being formed. It is also intended at a later day to make considerable plantings of forest trees, in order that something may be learned of the silvicultural character of American and foreign trees, a subject about which little or nothing is as yet known.

On the whole the forestry work at Biltmore is being carried out in the most intelligent and broad-minded manner, and it is a matter for congratulation that Mr. Vanderbilt has become so interested in this subject as to be willing to make experiments and to carry on work which promise to yield results of the utmost value to the general public.

## SNAP SHOTS.

If that rabbit relief scheme, originating in the large heart and ever fertile brain of our Chicago staff correspondent in chief, shall be carried into effect, the grateful beneficiaries may fittingly give voice to their feelings in the well known rabbit rhymes of Jonathan Swift. The Dean had been invited to dine with two elderly maiden ladies, who having been told that their guest was fond of rabbits, served up the dish to him in generous variety of forms. At the conclusion of the repast Swift gave thanks:

Rabbits young and rabbits old,  
Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,  
Rabbits lean and rabbits tough,  
I thank the Lord I've had enough.

If the shooters to whom Mr. Hough's suggestions are specifically directed shall show the dexterity and deadliness displayed by Emperor William in a hare hunt in Prussian Saxony the other day, we may look for immense train loads of rabbit meat rolling into Chicago. In this hunt, the dispatches report, the Emperor had a detachment of troops to serve as beaters, and six men followed him handing him loaded rifles as required. In two hours he scored 385 hares, an execution at the rate of three per minute.

A million of them. That is the estimate the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture makes of the Mongolian pheasants in Oregon, sprung from the eleven birds imported by Judge Denny. A trifle exuberant perhaps, but it is enough to know that the birds are past computation in the Northwest, and that they are making their way wherever put out, West or East. The latest report of success with them comes from a point on Long Island, only a few miles from this city. The Wyandanch Club, which is the new named Brooklyn Gun Club, with preserves at Smithtown, procured in the spring of 1893 five pairs of pheasants and a number of eggs. The original eggs and those laid by the birds were hatched under bantams, and the stock at the end of the season numbered 150. Last month, in December of the same year, forty-two cocks were turned out on the club's 800 acres, on a Tuesday, and on the following Saturday the members had their first pheasant shoot, twenty birds being brought to bag. The magnificent plumage of the game and its size and flight aroused much enthusiasm among the participants; and the result of the club's enterprise demonstrates anew the ease and certainty with which a district may be stocked with the imported species. In our game columns to-day, Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Illinois, tells an instructive story of his experience with the chuckor partridge, and suggests that from India may be brought this and other species which would thrive in American covers.

The first installment of Secretary Doyle's official report of the Coast Fishery Conference is given to-day. It will be followed by the remainder in our issues of January 13 and 20. This full presentation of the proceedings will be welcomed; and the papers and remarks are likely to constitute a mass of testimony for reference in all future discussions of the subject.

The paper of Mr. Madison Grant, printed to-day, should be read in connection with his interesting illustrated article on the Moose, in the January *Century Magazine*.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The Forests are leafless, the Streams in their flow  
Are fettered and bound in a mantle of snow,  
The Storm King comes down with a howl from his lair,  
While the cold wintry landscape is naked and bare.

We heed not the tempest, as cozy and snug,  
We sit by the fire, our feet on the rug,  
Our pipe 'tween our lips, and recall like a dream,  
Our many bright hours by Forest and Stream.

For close on our table, in reach of our hand,  
Where its many bright columns are readily scanned,  
Lies a FOREST AND STREAM, which at once can recall,  
The verdure of Springtime, the glories of Fall.

We roam through its pages, no need of a guide,  
By the torrent's swift rush, up the mountain's steep side,  
And join in our hearts with the comrades unknown,  
Who have thus made the pleasures of Nature our own.

Then to one and to all, who our moments thus cheer,  
Here's "the best of good luck" and a "Happy New Year!"  
And a health, in a bumper of rosiest gleam,  
To all readers and lovers of FOREST AND STREAM.

VON W.

### PADDLING DOWN THE PATUCA.

#### A Story of Travel in Honduras.

MY Paya guide halted beneath a giant mahogany, on the edge of a high bank. He slipped back from his wrinkled brow the band of tuno bark that held up the bag of clothing and blankets which he bore on his broad brown back. His fellows followed his example, and let their burdens drop to the ground, and I gladly allowed the butt of my rifle to rest on the damp leaves that carpeted the forest; for, while in the morning that gun was as a suckling pig for weight, long before we stopped it had become as a prize porker. Its 7½ lbs. bore heavily on arms and shoulders it had made sore the very first day. When I carried the gun in my hands it seemed likely to pull my arms from their fastenings. It made the miles tremendously long and the hills steep. It made the steady, even pace of those Indians villainously, cruelly fast. And the worst of all was that I could not swear at them, not even suffer a word of complaint to escape me, in face of the fact that those brown rascals had serenely jogged on, with heavy packs on their backs, hour after hour over wooded hill and through somber hollow, with manifest determination to wear out the white man.

Behind us lay full fifty miles of blind trail through a tropical forest. Before I took that little walk I shared with millions the belief, inspired by story tellers like Captain Mayne Reid, by book-taught geographers and by untaught writers, that all forests in tropical America are dense and steaming jungles of bush and vine, of bamboo and thorny palmetto, through which a path must be laboriously hewn whenever any one would go anywhere, reeking breeding grounds of deadly fevers wherein venomous serpents and poisonous tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions vie with the ferocious jaguar and the panther to give zest to life.

But I found those great tracts of virgin forest as cool and clean, as open and easy to traverse, as healthful and as free from snakes and as safe as are the woods of our Northern States. It is true that giant grasses and tangled vines, thickets of bramble and bush wall the banks of the waterways wherever sunshine warmly falls to force to profuse growth. And so they do in our Northern States. But where tall trees shade the ground in the tropics, the undergrowth is small and scattered, and the forest is as open as are our own maple and our beech woods.

Nor is it true of the hill country alone. I have ridden many a mile through cool and fragrant avenues, roofed by lofty arches of bamboo and of palms in countless thousands rooted in alluvium of unsurpassable fertility, where there was no sign of a road. In those vast wilds every passing gust sends whirling down from trees that are forever green showers of the leaves that are forever dying, to join those that carpet all the ground.

From where my Payas stopped that afternoon we looked down on the mountain stream, the valley of which we had followed ever since we sat to eat our 11 o'clock breakfast on the clean rocks, polished by centuries of its rushing floods. Here it widened into a pool wherein the bathing might have been more delightful had not the name of the stream—El Lagarto—been so suggestive. At our right was a broad and placid river. It was the Blanco, the end of our tramp through the woods.

"Well, here we are; what next?" I asked.

"Make watta now and sleep. To-morrow find pipanti perhaps," replied the elder of the Indians.

"Very good. But let one of the men hunt the canoe to-day. Two can get the dinner. See, it is only 3 o'clock."

A few minutes later I was swimming in the Lagarto and keeping watch for the ripples that would mark the approach of an alligator and give me notice to quit. A fire had been started and my hammock was slung between two trees. Three grass stalks about five feet long, tied together near their tops, made a pyramidal frame over the fire. A foot or more above the coals three other stalks were lashed horizontally from one to another of the first three, and made a triangular frame on which rested other stalks, and on these lay roasting pieces of the big black monkey that I had shot that afternoon. The Indians squatted around the fire. Each held close to the coals a bit of the monkey, spitted on the end of a sharpened stick. The drawn arms and shriveled hands were most repulsive to me, for I had then never eaten of monkey flesh; but the odor was most appetizing, for I was hungry, and my supply of frijollitas and tortillas had soured, and I had nothing else to eat but crackers. Crackers do not of themselves make a completely satisfactory diet.

The guide came toward me. He held a stick on which was spitted a thigh of the monkey. The other Indians grinned cheerfully as they watched. Their faces said plainly, "Here is one of a race that thinks itself mighty smart, and you will see that he doesn't know a good thing when he sees it."

"Shall it be said that these illiterate, these savage children can do a thing that a Yankee can not do? Perish the thought!" And I took the stick and ate the meat. I

have never since failed to pot a monkey when in woods where that delicacy is to be found. I am not prepared to say now that tender babies are entirely safe when left alone with me about dinner time.

A loud yell came from somewhere up the river while we were eating. "Boy find canoe," remarked the guide.

In a minute or two the boys ran the bow of the canoe on the sands at the foot of the bank and said a few words to the guide.

"Boy says that the owner of the pipanti wants two pesos," said the old man, turning to me.

"Two pesos. Well, you agreed to take me and my trastos from Dulce Nombre to Pau for twenty-five cents a day for each man. If you pay the two dollars out for the use of a canoe, that is your mal negocio, not mine," I declared positively.

This was manifestly not to the taste of the old man. He spoke earnestly to his fellows, in the Paya dialect, then said to me:

"We will make a balsa. To make a balsa takes much time, much."

"How many hours?"

"Hours! It is days, two days, no less."

The old fellow had me there. Making a balsa would cost more than the hiring of the canoe, and it would take a week to float to the Patuca, if the raft didn't go to pieces on some rapid—as it doubtless would. Therefore I remarked with an air of indifference:

"Very good. We will sleep now; we can talk better after sleeping."

In the morning one of the men cut from a bamboo a piece some seven feet long and six inches in diameter. With his machete he split one side of this, then flattened it on the sands. It made a sort of board, glossy on one side, downy and white on the other, and full of cracks like those in an old-fashioned split lathing. This was laid on cross pieces fitted across the canoe, and made a floor four or five inches above the bottom of the boat.

On that floor our baggage was piled and made a rest for my back as I sat with my legs stretched out before me. It made a more or less comfortable lounge on which I could lie and dream the sunny hours away when we were not making portages or shooting rapids, which was five hours of every six.

The steersman sat perched on the broad stern that sloped slightly upward over the water. Forward of the pile of baggage the three Payas who were to do most of the paddling sat on little round sticks, cut to a length that let them wedge in between the sides of the pipanti, six or eight inches from the bottom—a torturing seat for one not used to it, and not too luxurious for those whose tough hides are accustomed to rough treatment.

I had cut a joint from a hollow tree, the wood of which is as light as cork, and to it fastened one end of a piece of fish line 20 ft. or more in length. The other end I tied to my rifle. Then we were all ready to begin our canoeing. Nothing of interest happened in a long time—fully an hour. I was sound asleep when the guide poked my foot with his paddle. I opened my eyes.

"Tilba, señor, vaca de montaña," he whispered.

"Mountain cow, eh? Where?" I asked softly, rolling over and picking up my gun.

He uttered no word and made no motion, but his glittering eyes showed the way. It was enough. I slowly twisted around in my seat. There he stood, half his slate-colored body hidden by the tall grass that walled the river in. His long, flexible nose twisted about as if he was searching with it for our "wind." I raised my rifle as he turned away and the bullet struck behind his shoulder. He stopped, staggered, then broke through the thick wall of grass behind him.

The Payas had sat as still as stones, but with the crack of the Marlin they yelled like fiends. They dug their paddles into the water as though they would tear the river from its bed. They slapped the surface of the stream with the broad blades of their paddles and yelled again. The heavy canoe grated on the sand, but it scarcely touched before we were on the shore. The Indians ran through the grass, which was higher than their heads. I tried to do so, too, but it was easier to walk. In a moment came another shout that told me that the tapir was saved.

He lay on the ground gasping his life away. The .45 had passed entirely through him and torn a big hole in the side that was furthest from me when I fired the fatal shot. Yet he had run fully twenty rods before falling.

Now that I had murdered the poor beast there came the question: what use is it to me now that I have killed it? But the Payas knew very well what use it would be to them and promptly cut off a hindquarter. I bethought me then that people in these woods might think the flesh of the tapir good to eat and I had the men cut out the loin. The old guide cut off the head and stowed it in the canoe, and we started on our way.

We soon reached a rapid where the river was widely spread among smooth boulders of black granite. A narrow channel, a mere gutter, had been made by rolling aside the boulders, and across this the men laid stiff poles, eight or ten feet apart, the ends resting on the stones on each side. The canoe was unloaded and dragged down the rapid, the poles serving to keep its bottom from touching the rocks. There was in no part of the gutter water enough to help the pipanti down the rapids.

Toward evening a loud, discordant yell echoed through the forest. Again the howl sounded, and was at once answered by another like the first.

"Rain," ejaculated the guide. "The monkey cries because it will rain to-night."

We landed on the first sandbar we came to, and the men hurried to make a big and thickly thatched roof—a watta. Two of them cut down and stripped of their leaves an armful of stalks of grass. They were ten or twelve feet in length and two inches in diameter at the butt. Another man had cut two poles having crotches at the end. These he stuck deep into the sand, and in the crotches laid another pole. From this the grass stalks sloped to the ground. Then all hands brought armfuls of the big leaves of the platanio and with them thickly covered the sloping frame, and our shelter was complete.

While the others gathered firewood, made a fire and set themselves to broiling tapir steaks, the guide was digging a hole in the sand near the camp-fire. When it was a foot deep he paved it with small stones. Then he coolly raked from under the roasting pieces of meat the best of the glowing coals, and on them built a big fire in the pit.

While it was burning he split the head of the tapir, scraped and washed it well, clapped the halves together

again and wrapped them in layer after layer of the platanio leaves. The whole he tied together with a thin liana pulled from the nearest tree.

When they had eaten their supper they raked most of the coals out from the pit, put a layer of green leaves on the few embers that remained, and placed the tapir's head on them. The coals, with those from the pit, were pushed back into the trench and covered by big leaves. Then a fire was started over all. The men squatted about the light, and were still murmuring in soft, liquid tones when I fell asleep on my blankets spread out on my hammock lying on the sands.

At 6 o'clock I awoke after a sleep of 11 hours. Sunshine brightened the tops of the trees; three of the Payas were lazily stretching and yawning around the ashes of the camp-fire, while the fourth knelt and with his hands scraped away the sand and ashes from the pit where the tapir's head lay buried. The layer of leaves, toughened by the steaming, lifted what sand he could not scrape off. The bundle was lifted out and opened, and our breakfast lay steaming before us on the leaves. The proboscis was cut off and offered to me, as being the daintiest bit of the dish. I gave half of it back to the guide and ate the rest. It was tender, gelatinous and altogether good to eat. The Indians offered some of the brains, but I did not want anything better than I had.

Scarcely an hour passed before we started down the river before a soft whistle from one of the men instantly stopped every paddle. Every eye intently searched the river banks, but mine could see nothing to call for such attention, even when the guide whispered, "Tigre! Tigre negro!"

I could see no sign of the presence of the jaguar that had come to the river for a drink after a night out. I earnestly wished to see him. In fact the one animal of all others I wanted to see just then was a black tiger, biggest of the cat kind in all the Americas. 'Twas a good time for such a meeting. My rifle was ready in hand, we were a safe distance from shore, my crew could paddle away faster than any jaguar could swim, and no cat often takes to the water to follow foe or prey.

But peer as I might, I could see no sign of the tiger, not even when the men pointed at the very spot where he stood. What I did see was dim flecks of sunshine amid the dark leaves of low bushes on the sloping bank; and when those yellow spots turned to bound up the bank it was too late to do more than send a bullet humming after them.

My men were disgusted. What earthly good can one expect of a man who can't see a tiger when it stares him in the face? What good can reasonably be expected of a white man, anyway? He can scarcely see, and often he can scarcely hear; he can't find his way without a guide, he can't carry a score or two pounds of trastos for himself; he can't smell a waree even when it is near enough to hit with a stone from the hand; it may even be doubted whether he really knows enough to come in out of the wet—when the canoe turns over?

I confess that I was ashamed of myself. But I declare that the spotted skin of that deceitful brute was so like flecks of sunshine falling on the leaves that I could not distinguish between them before it was too late, and he had left me with my disgruntled crew.

They were polite enough to say little about the matter. What they did say was in Paya tongue, but I felt that it was severe criticism. I was relieved when we came near to a place that demanded all their attention. The river ran head on against a wall of rock, the base of a high hill, and disappeared. That it went somewhere was shown by the fact that it did not come back, and by the dull roar that filled the air.

We landed at the head of the pass. The crew scrambled to the top of the rocks to survey the stream. I followed to see what we were coming to. I saw a river whirling and boiling around a sharp bend, then pitching down a steep slope where the rocks hardly cared to keep themselves hidden. At the lower end of the rapids the stream was choked into a narrow passage, below which was a broad and placid pool shining in the morning sunlight. Pathway beside the stream was impossible.

The Payas steadfastly gazed at the rapids for a full minute. I saw their eyes took in every yard of the way, and dwelt a little on the head of the narrow passage at the foot of the rapids. We returned to the pipanti and they took their places while I took off shirts and shoes, tied long pieces of stout fishline to them and to my bag of clothing, which also held my ammunition, and to the other end of each cord fastened a bit of dry wood. The Indians nodded approval, which may have meant that they thought it was well for me to be ready to go in swimming suddenly.

The guide uttered a single word. The men bent forward, their paddles poised in air. The bow of the pipanti swung out a little, and we closely skirted the polished granite. As we neared the point I held my breath in fear lest the current might seize the canoe and slam it against that solid wall upon which the waters had vainly beaten through the ages.

The bow shot beyond the end of the rock. The men before me dug their paddles deep into the stream and strove to swing the canoe around the point. Behind me the guide labored to force the stern out into the channel. They succeeded, and we were flying down through the Ojo de las Aguas—the Eye of the Waters.

Boiling eddies caught at the pipanti, surging waves slapped at it, and cross currents dragged at it, to hurl us on the rocky shore. Green hillocks smoothly rose before us, to drop into boiling pits beyond the hidden rocks. Black heads of granite reached above the surface here and there.

Possibly a quarter of a minute passed while we were rushing down that rapid, toward the narrow gate, but to me it seemed to be an hour. I had time to think that it would have been far better if a whole day could have been used in making the passage. Such haste tended to give a sense of discomfort. There was a lack of repose, a positive hurry that was not well bred, if it was not actually vulgar.

The whole volume of the torrent poured through the narrow crack in that rocky dam. Near its head the surface of the river became almost smooth. In the contrast with the rush through the tumult above one might have imagined that the boat was standing still, but such fancy would have been changed by one glance at the wall of rocks slipping swiftly past.

Every Indian before me sat like lifeless bronze, his pad-



die held ready above the water. Each knew perfectly his duty, and each was ready to do it as perfectly when the moment for action should come. I sat as still as they and wondered which one of us would crawl out beyond that tumbling wall of white, under which the smooth green steep of water plunged.

Our canoe seemed to me to pause an instant at the crest—then down we went. I had no more than time to note that the surface of the water beside me was marked by fine parallel lines, and that the wind made no ripples on its face. There was a smother of foam, a canoe full of water and empty of men.

It was early for breakfast; nevertheless I thought that it would be better to go ashore at once. Three Indians started to help me as soon as we came to the surface, but they turned to the canoe when they saw me pull for the shore. Fully an hour passed in drying our things, before we were paddling down the river again. The men jested and laughed, and I felt better satisfied than when I looked down on that rapid from its head.

Many a time I stepped overboard and waded among the boulders beside the many rapids in that wild stream, while the men took the pipanti to the deeper water below. As the craft was of solid mahogany, 30ft. long and nearly 3ft. wide, the task took a deal of what an Orkney sailor I know calls "Scotch navigation—main strength and stupidity."

When traveling on wild rivers was new to me, I used to step gingerly from the canoe to the stones at the head of the portage, particularly early in the day, and then pick my way along from stone to stone until my foot would slip, a bucketful of water, more or less, would shoot up my legs and fill my shoes. After that I did not wait to make a landing, but at once stepped into the river and waded ashore when portage was to be made that day. Later I gave up all thought of keeping my feet dry, and found that my comfort was much enhanced. This is easier in the tropics, where the water in rivers is seldom below 74° F. in temperature, than it might be where the water is colder, and rheumatism tugs at one's legs.

Toward nightfall one day one of my Payas lifted his voice in a loud yell and another fired a gun. Then I knew that we were approaching a house, for these signals were but the ringing of the bell, the sending of a card to announce callers, that the ladies may have time to dress for company. Our paddles stopped and we idly drifted while the men put on their cotton blouses, which were their dress suits. From down the river came the melodious notes of a conch shell and we soon after rounded a bend.

Before us spread the broad Rio Uampu. On the high bank at the junction stood half a dozen leaf-thatched huts without a sign of walls. Before them the ground was clean swept, packed smooth and hard by the passing of bare feet of generations. Beyond the houses was a patch of banana, of yucca and of pineapples, which was a blessed sight for one who had become tired of a diet of tapir and turkey, of lizard and of monkey, and longed for fruit and vegetables.

An old woman stood knee-deep in the river at the embarcadero, her back toward us. She pretended to be too old, and wise and dignified, or too well bred, to notice us. With the yucalita, which is a little bowl made of the half of a calabash shell, she showered water over two or three blankets spread on the sands to bleach in the brilliant sunshine. They had been beaten out from the bark of the tuno, that tree from which a gum is drawn to adulterate the India rubber which these people gather thereabout and sell to innocent traders for stuff that they call rum, for slazy cottons from English looms and for sheet iron shotguns from Birmingham. Each of the old woman's blankets was adorned by a curious device drawn with red coloring of some kind that resisted the bleaching action of water and of sunshine.

As I climbed the bank a group of considerably more than half-naked boys and girls scurried away to various hiding-places, from which to peer curiously at the white stranger. Younger tots, as naked as eels, but lighter than eels in complexion, peeped from behind their mothers' skirts—not skirts exactly, perhaps, but guayapins that reached from hips to knees; such garments as their ancestors made of the tuno bark, or of cloth woven in primitive looms from such cotton as even now grows on perennial trees in those regions. The guayapin is now often nothing more than a couple of yards of denims wrapped about the hips.

A white-headed patriarch shook open the best of the hammocks that was swung from post to post across the house. I accepted the mute invitation and seated myself. His buxom young wife, plump, smiling and shining with a fresh rubbing of oil, dipped from a great olla of red pottery a calabash full of yucca. With widespread fingers she raked from the bowl the woody fibers of the root and squeezed them out, then handed the bowl to me. Surely it could not have been seasickness that I felt as I looked at the milky liquid, but a qualm from some other cause. But rejection of that drink offering would have been a hurt to the hostess, if not a distinct declaration of unfriendliness to the whole household. Down went the drink, and I lived unhurt after. The thin white gruel was slightly acid, cool, refreshing and nutritious.

A bare girl of three or four years—one cannot say summers where all the year is like our Northern June—peeped from behind her mother's guayapin. I untied from about my neck a gorgeous triumph of the weaver's art, a turkey red kerchief of cotton nearly a yard square and tendered it to the baby. She was too shy to offer to take the tempting gift from the stranger and far too timid for any white man to approach nearly. So I handed the present to the mother. She promptly and proudly draped it about her darling. That assured me a welcome in every house in that tribe.

A dainty damsel of ten years or thereabout crossed the room before me three or four times before I noticed her particularly. Men are stupid. But I won her forgiveness of my masculine obtuseness by praising the elegance of her dress, the skill shown in her beadwork, the jetty, glistening beauty of her heavy, wavy hair and shining eyes—so like those of her mother. I fixed the good impression by giving to the girl a lovely round mirror that was nearly 3in. across, framed in a zinc case that had a loop of bright, brass wire to hang it by. It was a gift that she will proudly treasure, perhaps until she is old enough to marry. Mayhap it will even help to secure for her a wealthy husband, and she'll need such a provider, for she was a dressy, extravagant coquette when I knew her, and she was but a child.

Then she wore a splendid guayapin, and that was an extravagance, a puttin' on of airs, for a miss of her years should have been content with a palupa of calico at most, or even one of soft bark, if she could not go clad in her native modesty alone, as children of five or six commonly do in her home. But no. She must boast a guayapin that would at once declare her high social standing and wealth of her family, and plant bitter envy in the hearts of all the rest of her tribe.

Her guayapin was a broad yard of cotton from a loom in Yankee land. From the middle of it a glowing golden sun shot its rays to the farthest corner of the red field by which it was surrounded. Around each arm, near the shoulder, and about each leg, just below the knee, was wound a long string of beads of various colors. They were so strung that when wrapped around her plump brown limbs the different colors formed simple devices or patterns.

On her brow orange-colored pigment made a crescent and two stars. Similar designs were on the brow of the mother, but she had on her cheeks crosses and waving lines that were not on the cheeks of her daughter. Possibly the mother's extra adornments were insignia pertaining especially to the family of her husband.

Dinner was served. After I had eaten of the ripe plantains fried in the sweet fat of the black monkey, of yucca roots pearly white and mildly acid, black frijolitas or beans that are better than any other beans, pineapple of vast size and exceeding sweetness, and inguana, white, sweet and tender, I was ready for business. The Indians were astonished. Why one should attend to business after eating dinner and before sleeping was more than they could understand. But perhaps that is the custom of those Americans of the North—anything may be expected of such a strange people. They do not seem to have learned that "manafía es otro día," and since to-morrow will be another day there is no need of hurry, which is undignified.

But I called my crew of Payas and to each of the four I counted out one twenty-cent piece for each day we had been on the way. Each counted his coin, the whole neighborhood generously assisting. I asked each in his turn, "Is it enough? Is it as much as I agreed to pay?" "Si, señor; it is all," each replied, while the chief of the Sumo wagged his snowy head in approval, and his wife wagged her tongue in gentle approbation and broadly smiled on all; for she was a good-natured woman and most motherly in spirit.

Then I opened a bag that had wrung sweat out of one of those Payas on many a hillside, back there in the woods. Out of the bag I took a kerchief for each of the men. Broad grins spread over—around, to be more accurate—their shining brown faces as they bashfully took the goods. The spectators commented volubly on my generosity, and looked envious. I took from the bag a prodigious wealth of pretty beads, and to each of the crew presented a string, and told him it was for his wife; whereat the women laughed delightedly, and joked the two who had no wives. But when to those bounteous gifts I added a round mirror and a coarse comb—I knew that they needed fine combs far more—a gasp of amazement went through the spectators, while the crew were overburdened by gratitude, and astounded that they had not before suspected that their passenger was a person of such boundless wealth; a man who could squander riches with so prodigal a hand. And that they were sincerely grateful I had ample evidences many a time afterward.

D. E. VERAS.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

THE reproduction of World's Fair photographs published in FOREST AND STREAM bring vividly to mind the vanished beauties of the wonderful "White City," and some of them, such as the "Indian" and the "Cowboy," many recollections of long past days in the Indian nation never to return. I have not learned what is to be the final disposition of these statues, or of those of the game animals which formed such prominent and attractive features on the grounds, but I hope that they may be placed where I can renew my acquaintance with them some day.

I also rejoice that "Billy" Hofer's model lounge has been secured by the FOREST AND STREAM representative. I liked that lounge. It was roomy and comfortable, and took me back to the regions and labitations where the choicest boudoirs are furnished exclusively—or nearly so—with raw or dressed hides. I hope again to lunch on that lounge when I go to Chicago and trust that no objection will be raised if "the neighbors" send in the luncheon.

Yes, the hunter's cabin was a good thing, and I have just begun to get at the true inwardness of that old rifle business. When I first entered the cabin there was in authority therein only a Columbian guard. I asked for Crockett's rifle and was shown a weapon which leaned against a saddle hanging on the wall. I poised the gun and said promptly; "That's not Davy Crockett's rifle, neither the one which was given him in Philadelphia nor that which he took on his memorable and fated trip to Texas." The guard supposed that it was, however, a relic of Davy, and, indeed, I was afterward told by one who thought he knew that this rifle was Crockett's and had been sent as such by Mr. Roosevelt. It now appears that it probably belonged to Kit Carson, which is likely. I have seen and handled scores of such weapons in Carson's time. The Villalonga rifle was in its time a very elegant weapon and did good service in its owner's hands.

Ah, well. Time flies, yet I seem to hear the notes of the marimba under the trees of Costa Rica, and to see the ladies sitting about over their coffee among the FOREST AND STREAM representatives, with the mountain hat of Billy Hofer conspicuously in the midst. (Those city editors didn't seem to mind that hat any more than they did my thick boots.) And Billy was a treasure. I came upon him one day in the forest when he was in the act of offering assistance to a distressed wood nymph. He told her that the hunter's cabin could supply the means to meet any emergency, and proved it; for she departed radiant and happy, having been offered a choice of elk skin or buckskin "whangs," or of more prosaic threads for the renovation of her damaged robe, and I observed that she accepted the loan of Billy's hunting knife to sever the whang, or thread, at the conclusion of her task.

I am glad to see that some among those of us who fagged at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit are giving the less fortunate readers of the paper some of their impressions of the Fair. I had thought to try it myself be-

fore this, but illness prevented me, and indeed while at the Exposition I was scarcely in condition to see it to good advantage.

I have been surprised that in no journal save one (and that last spring), have I seen reference made to the very remarkable collection of ancient arms and armor (not to mention many other articles of interest), which was shown in the German village. Had it been practicable I could have passed days in these rooms without being weary of the sight. There are larger collections in Europe, but few if any better selected, and many of the specimens are, I believe, unique.

I passed along the grim array of knights and men-at-arms, gazed on the numberless weapons of other days, of strange and fantastic ornamentation, wondered how men could do good fighting while burdened with such weight of iron; and as the light grew dim I fell into a dreamy mood, and as I departed I seemed to hear "the straining harsh of each crossbow," the "burr" of the wheel-lock petronels and the sound of the great curved trumpets, of which

"The Kites knew well the long stern swell  
That bade the Romans close."

KELPIE.

HUNT OF THE CATAWAMPUS CLUB.

WHAT lover of the woods does not carry in his mind the fixed resolve that at some time in the not very distant future he will take a vacation in the time of the year which best suits him, and, putting aside the worry and cares of business, will live for a time in closer communion with nature? And how many of us see the years pass in ever-quickenning procession, carrying us rapidly toward the time when our capacity for enjoying an outing must necessarily be less, and our pet dream never realized? Unmindful of the words of the poet, "Labor with what zeal we will, something still remains undone," the worker puts off his going till he has nothing else to do, and, as a rule, he never goes. The only way is to fix a date for the vacation and make other circumstances conform to it.

I do not wish it understood that I have fared so very badly for little seasons of relaxation. I had three very enjoyable canoe cruises on the St. John in the summers of '87, '88 and '89 respectively. In July '91 had a four-day cruise in a tight little canoe-yawl, and in November of the same year four of us cruised in canoes over a large portion of the middle St. John, and got in quite a seasoning of duck shooting. But most of all I enjoy an autumn outing in the big woods, and years had passed since I had had that pleasure. Therefore, last fall, when I received an invitation to join a few congenial spirits on their annual camp-hunt, it did not take me a minute to make up my mind that I would go.

How the club comes to be written of under the present name will appear later. It is an offshoot from the Fredericton Gun Club and includes all the rural members of that body.

Moore, genial, broad-shouldered and energetic, was the leading spirit of the party, and he kept it in very good order. Sometimes when he got a little "top-lofty" two of the junior members of the expedition would endeavor to take him down and sit on him for a while, but being of a build that made him an ugly one to "pick up for a scrimmage" it sometimes ended by said juniors getting amalgamated with the dust themselves. The balance of the male members of the party were known respectively as Will, David (the man who pulls the second trigger first) and W. H. Into the outing was introduced what might very properly be called an innovation. Many of us believe that the purity of language and politeness that were markedly characteristic of the crew of H. M. S. Pinafore were, in a great measure, due to the presence of the "sisters, and cousins and aunts" in the party. But it was rather with a view of introducing a new and interesting feature in our camp life than as a precautionary measure against looseness in conversation that two of the party took their wives and one his sister on the hunt. Thus it was that we had three ladies in our party, whom for the sake of brevity we will know individually as Annie, Ella and Bertie, and collectively as "the girls."

In the matter of objectionable habits our crowd came near being a model one. Neither liquor nor tobacco had any place in our outfit. But one of the boys, owing, no doubt, to a temporary aberration of mind, has the habit of periodically expunging from his escutcheon the cherry tree and little hatchet, usually emblazoned there, and substituting therefor a bow of prodigious longitude. At these times his speech varies through all gradations between mild hyperbole and aggravated Munchausenism. In this chronicle I shall deal generously with him. So far as possible I shall conceal his identity. But in the interests of strict accuracy, I regret to say it will sometimes be necessary to speak of him as the Prevaricator.

We had four dogs. Moore had a pair of red spaniels—excellent grouse dogs—while David had another of the same kind that was one of the best retrievers from water I ever saw. Then there was a nice liver and white cocker puppy that we called Scott Act, because his owner, a genial boniface, had been disciplined for violating a law so entitled.

We had a large A shaped wall tent for a general assembly room, a smaller octagon wall tent for the ladies, and a little oiled cotton A tent for a "calamity house," under which we could store supplies of all kinds.

Moore shot a heavy 10-gauge Ithaca hammerless and W. H. a 12-gauge of the same make and kind. David and Will shot English made hammer guns, the one a 10 and the other a 12.

On the eastern side of Passamaquoddy Bay, which borders on the State of Maine, there empties a small river, perhaps seventy-five miles long, known as the Magaguadavic (Má-g-a-dá-ic), but more frequently spoken of in the vernacular of the country as the "Mac-a-davy." It has its source in a chain of lakes. The first pair of the series, Pequagamus or Lily, and Mud lakes, are discharged by Stony Brook, into Second Lake, which in its turn is emptied into the Big Magaguadavic Lake, from which the river flows in a southerly direction. On the eastern side of Mud Lake and separated from it by a little kame, or horseback, from 20ft. to 100yds. wide, is a lake of perhaps twenty acres extent, called by us Catawampus, but so far as we know unnamed, and not even marked on the plans at the Crown Land Office. At the northeast end of this little lake, in a grove of hemlocks, we proposed to make our camp.

Queer specimens of lakes are both Mud and Catawampus. The water is rarely more than 2ft. deep, and over the



greater part of their area not more than 3in. A canoe propelled across either turned with her bow a furrow as clearly defined as if made with a plow. Both lakes are practically bottomless. Moore pushed a 25ft. sapling down its entire length into Mud Lake without meeting the slightest resistance.

On Oct. 8, a beautifully clear, cold morning, we started from Scotch Lake, on the eastern side of the St. John, on our 18-mile drive to Mud Lake. We had a pair of good, stout horses hitched to a lumber wagon, and our impedimenta, with a week's rations for man and beast, in a hay rack. There had been a hard frost the evening before, and the ruts in the road were frozen hard enough to make the driving very rough. We were to pick David up on the road near the western shore of Scotch Lake. While he was awaiting the arrival of the wagon a rare piece of luck came to him. A flock of bluebills went whizzing by in the uncertain light of the gray dawn, and with a lightning right and left he dropped a bunch of them into the lake. Three were retrieved. One fell so far out that he could not make the dog see it, and a native got in a whole forenoon's shooting on a pair of cripples.

Moore drove the team and the rest of us worked any likely patches of cover that lay near the road. We added one grouse to our bag before we reached Bear Island, the point where we were to cross the St. John. The name, Bear Island, has a gamy sound that harmonized well with our experience there. The outfit crossed the river on a large scow propelled by sweeps, and all the while little bunches of mergansers, with their black, white and cinnamon feathers shining in the morning sun, sailed by within easy range. It was useless to shoot at them, as, owing to the rapidity of the current they could not be retrieved.

A few hundred yards up the Bear Island shore we saw three Canada geese. We drove the team within 70yds., and as they arose, a perfect hail of No. 1 followed them. A snowstorm of feathers flecked the surface of the water, and David called to the scowman to gather them as they came down to make him a pillow. The geese flew across the river, when one let go and fell on a bar. A settler picked him up and he doubtless furnished the base of an excellent meal. Our feelings were akin to those of the man who betteth his money on the bob-tailed nag, when the bay with the blazed face and white heel captureth the race; and raketh in the spoils. Alas! that Moore's big 10-gauge was securely corded up in the center of a blanket roll.

The channel, on the western side of the island, was dry save for a few ponds. Scanning these with a glass, we saw in one of them a flock of black ducks. Our party divided, W. H. and I taking the highland side of the channel, while David and Will approached them from Bear Island way. We thus sandwiched them between two lines of guns, and if they did not rise straight in the air some one was reasonably sure of a shot. We ran into a flock of grouse in a strip of woods a little distance from where we left the wagon, and killed a pair. At length W. H. and I found ourselves looking down on the ducks from the top of a 40-foot bank. This was a new point of view for both of us, and looking at the broad backs of the birds, we adjudged them to be only 40yds. away when they really were 60. When they flushed, W. H. gave them one barrel before he took in the situation. Then they swung to the other boys, who received them with a volley. But this was one of the occasions on which we sowed liberally and harvested not. However, Will and David added somewhat to their stock of natural history lore. They saw a mink, like the smooth, polished slyster of civilization, evidently intent on securing a victim. The ducks did not seem to be troubling themselves much about him; but all the same, they took precious good care not to let him get too near. Sometimes he would slide out on a rock and make a spring at the nearest bird, but the latter would generally manage to be two or three feet away when he alighted.

David thought there was less of the fool about these ducks than about some men. Our road now lay at right angles to the course of the St. John, and as the team had to climb a steep hill all of the boys jumped out and walked on ahead. A young fellow with a light express and pair soon overtook us, and we all got on board and rode several miles, till, at last, as we came to good bits of cover, one by one the rest got out and left me alone with the driver, a lad of about sixteen. He proved to be, like most boys of his age, a regular traveling interrogation point, and had I not laid myself out to give him as little information as was consistent with civility, he would have known our names, ages, occupations and how much money we had if persistent cross-questioning could have elicited such facts. He looked slightly askance at me when, in response to his request for David's name, I explained to him that his father died when he was very young and did not leave him any name. His mind seemed not entirely free from doubt, when an inquiry as to the part of the country from which we hailed, brought him the information that it was the part where all the best men and women were reared. When, however, I made a practical application of the homeopathic principle, "Like cures like," and poured the questions in on him thick and fast, dodging a return here and countering there, a hopeless resignation seemed to settle over him, and he answered in a dull, mechanical way that might have indicated a broken spirit. It is strange how inquisitive the average citizen is. The question, "What might your name be?" is nearly as common as the salute, "Good morning," but as a rule I never impart the information it calls for. It is not good policy to repel it with a snub. Good-natured chaff, judiciously applied, will stave it off better than anything else I know of.

The Prevaricator says that a request for his name, prompted simply by idle curiosity, invariably brings the reply that it is Smith. He says that there are enough black sheep in the Smith family to preclude all possibility of your disgracing the name, and yet there are sufficient illustrious persons connected with it to make it no dishonor to its owner, and lastly, and best of all no one will undertake to unravel your pedigree. When it was pointed out that this plan involved a flagrant disregard of fact, he retorted: "Doesn't the Prince of Wales travel under an assumed name sometimes, and do you expect me to have more regard for fact than he? And haven't I as good a right to an *indeg.* anyway? And don't they insert the aliases of a burglar in his indictment, thus recognizing his right to all of them? And has a reputable citizen fewer rights than a criminal?" It is no use to reason with a man who talks that way.

At length the paths of the teamster and myself diverged, and about a half mile further on I overtook Will and David. On our way through the old Magundy road we had up several birds, but only scored on one. Will killed that. We crossed the Poquiox, and its tributary, the Magundy, the last of the St. John waters, when, as it was nearly noon, we deemed it expedient to wait for the wagon. It came along in about ten minutes. In less time than it takes to tell it the kettle was boiling, and three birds were skinned, drawn and in the frying pan. The style of cooking drew out several healthy protests from the girls.

That dinner by the roadside is one of the pleasantest of memories. What spirits we were in! What appetites we had! What a mellowing influence on the soul had the surrounding scenery, bathed in the yellow light of the midday autumnal sun!

Dinner over, every one was in motion in five minutes. David and W. H. whistled up the dogs, and started up the valley of the Magundy. Some skirmish line firing a little later proclaimed trouble for the grouse family, and when they rejoined us, two miles on the road, they had three birds. Will and I saw a snipe alight in a field near by, and started over to gather him in. We marked him by a little bush, and bore to the windward to get him just right as he arose. But he had not been idle in the meantime. He had run 40yds. right across our line of advance, and finally rose behind us, which same was a scurvy trick. We each got in one barrel, and the snipe got in some mighty good work. He flew over to the wagon, and, as if to show his contempt for the whole outfit, took a look at the rest at about 10ft. distance; and then rising high in the air, struck out for Magaguadavic.

The dogs got up a bunch of grouse in a little wood at the foot of Blaney Ridge, but we failed to reduce any to possession.

Near the outlet of Mud Lake is a large, wild meadow. An astute settler of Blaney Ridge purchased the block of land on which it is situated at nominal figures, and worked a rough road through from the settlement by which he could haul out the hay. It thus happened that we had a not very passable, but a tolerably "jackassable," road to within a half mile of our camping ground. At Black Brook, the first of the Magaguadavic waters, there is a poor bridge, and just beyond it a slough. The latter is capable of giving an immense amount of trouble in wet weather, while the former compels the unhitching of horses, and hauling the wagon over by hand. I was obliged to make a journey almost back to the settlement to recover the bean pot and frying pan, which had dropped from the wagon. The girls and W. H. waited for me. In this way it happened that tent pitching was well under way before I arrived at the place that was to be our home for the next week. On our way in Frisk, David's dog, put up a Canada grouse, which W. H. harvested.

We left the team on the lake shore, near the outlet, a half mile from camp, and the details of gathering hemlock for bedding, fuel for the night and making the horses comfortable, occupied till 9 o'clock, when we had supper and turned in. There was then a faint drizzle which did not amount to anything, and in the morning the clouds showed signs of lifting.

During the night, what the novelists term an "eldritch screech," in the woods by the shore of the lake, had attracted the attention of the campers. Some, like myself, were asleep, and but dimly conscious of the sound; while others were wide awake and heard it in all its hair-raising distinctness. Around the breakfast table, speculation was rife as to the manner of animal that was the cause thereof. The Prevaricator took no part in the discussion until, at length, in a moment of thoughtlessness one of the ladies asked his opinion. "Oh! that?" said he, as if his train of thought on some other subject had been suddenly interrupted, "that was a catawampus." When pressed for a description of the beast, he proceeded to evolve from the recesses of his imagination a truly remarkable creature, built on the same general line as a panther, but (like a liar) with more jaw-power. According to this veracious authority, no menagerie had ever been able to keep one of these animals, on account of their propensity for eating up the steel bars of the cage. But the crowning glory of the brute was its tail, which was long and tapered to a point like a buggy whip. On the edge was a cartilage something like that on the elephant's trunk. This the brute could snap with a report like a pistol. When simply amusing itself its favorite pastimes were yelling and grinding its teeth; but always just before springing on its prey, it cracked its tail. Whether this was to paralyze its quarry with fear, or simply to urge itself forward, deponent could not say. You all know how little it takes to make one laugh in the woods. The burst of merriment at this clumsy little recital was quite general. Ordinarily it would have been the subject of joke for the remainder of the day, and that would have ended its life. But we were destined to hear from the catawampus again—extensively and loud.

The forenoon was occupied with getting wood, ferrying dunnage over from the wagon and getting the team into camp. Moore and David rode the horses around the little lake and Will put up a very good apology for a stable. I ferried the hay over in a boat.

After dinner Will and Moore landed W. H. and David at the upper end of the lake and then proceeded to build some blinds for flight shooting in the evening. I struck out through the woods, and spent the afternoon hunting phantom partridges, sneaking up to the little coves to surprise ducks that never materialized, and exploring well-worn deer paths. I picked a few bog cranberries. Once a fine osprey attempted to settle on the top of a dead tree, and a charge of No. 4s from my left barrel laid him out. This looks like wanton murder, but it was not. Will is a taxidermist and I knew he wanted the bird for his collection. At last I came to a little point that extended out into the lake. On the extreme end a huge pine measured its length in the water. I walked out into the top of this and sat down. Something might come along and I would get a shot. A kingfisher let go his policeman's rattle as he went by; a bluejay rustled around among the treetops, tolling his bell semi-occasionally; a whisky-jack flitted from tree to tree as noiselessly as a ghost; but nothing in the line of game came. Some puffs of smoke, followed by quick reports, showed that the boys at the head of the lake were getting in a "grand rally." A bunch of yellowlegs flew by the blind Moore was building. There were two reports in quick succession and the survivors flew by my stand out of range, regard-

less of the confidence game I attempted by the most seductive notes I could command.

I signalled Moore and Will with an owl call to come ashore after me and thought I saw a hand waved in reply. But I did not find out my mistake till too late to get into the evening shooting. They mistook the call for the genuine article. This was flattering. But I saw the flight come in and had almost as many birds as the rest.

The ducks were mostly of the black or dusky species. There was none of the preliminary circling before alighting so characteristic of the wary bird, but as each little bunch came in high over the lake they set their wings and went down with a noise as of the tearing of strong, new cotton. Moore named them "cotton tearers." Now, here is the problem that confronted the shooters; a bird going through the air 100ft. a second and falling 40ft. the same time. It requires a mathematical nicety of calculation to beat a combination like that. When the boys came in they were pleased at having seen so much game though baffled in having secured any to speak of.

The grand rally that I saw W. H. and David get at the head of the lake was at shelldrakes, otherwise "Jacoby canvasbacks." The Prevaricator called them "Friday birds," because, he said, they were nothing but fish, pure and simple, and could be eaten in Lent, and on Fridays and fast days, without violating the canons of any church in existence. He said that when he shot one he always asked the pardon of the rest of the party, because the bird ranked as game and as such had to be eaten, but the shooting of one was really purchasing a moment's pleasure at the expense of an hour's torture of the others.

The next morning Will took the boat and went out on the lake. W. H. and David set out to find Lily Lake, while Moore and I, after doing the chores, were to build new blinds for the evening's shooting. The cheerful "rattlety-bang" right and left of Will's old gun announced to the stay-at-homes that he had "made a strike," and it turned out that he cleaned up an entire flock of broadbills by a sort of bunco game, which enabled him again and again to get within shooting distance before the birds took wing.

Moore and I had a visitor. A man from the settlement dropped in on us and we entertained him as best we could. The women cooked him the finest dinner the camp afforded. When he thought the rest of us were not looking, Will, with a Chesterfieldian bow and a smile that for blandness would throw that of Bret Harte's hero completely in the shade, presented him with a pair of the "Friday birds" the boys got the day before. Still he seemed loath to depart. Moore and I were anxious to get to work at the blinds we were to make. We were getting fidgety. At last he thought struck me that he was lingering in the hope that, as a sort of crowning grace to our hospitality, a little whisky would be forthcoming. Now, one of our ladies is an inveterate foe to the essence of corn. Waiting till she was present, I remarked incidentally that we had forgotten to bring any with us, whereupon she observed, with such evident sincerity, that to such omission the presence of the women was undoubtedly due, that I congratulated myself on the neatness of the turn. A minute or two later our guest shouldered his "Friday birds" and left us. W. H. saw him two days later, and it took him some time to convince him that I did not extract a part of my joys from the "overflowing bowl." The lady mentioned above says the moral of this is: "He who would not be taken for a whisky drinker should not talk like one."

We had little trouble in locating our blinds. We built bases on the soft marsh of dry cedar ram-pikes, and concealed them with dead grass which we cut with our knives. We had scarcely finished our work when W. H. and David arrived on a catamaran they found on the other side of the lake. They had failed to reach Lily Lake, but had found another small one that discharged into Mud.\* Their bag for the day was one broadbill, which they shot after they embarked on the raft.

Before sundown we took our places for the evening's flight shooting. Moore and I occupied a double blind in a bunch of odd-looking weed, that the Prevaricator named, the "Jimmy-rose-mary patch." Will shot from the boat, two gunshots to the south of us, while W. H. and David held forth on the catamaran, about the same distance to the north. The stands proved to have been well selected. Will made a better showing than did any of the rest either then or subsequently. He shot about a 60 per cent. gait. David made all his kills with the second, after missing with the first. Moore was fortunate enough to secure a male summer duck in full plumage, which he had set up after he went home. W. H. made only one hit. I failed to do even that.

There was joy in the camp that night, either real or well counterfeited, when the Prevaricator learned of the disposition Will had made of the Friday birds. He said, no doubt it was unmanly thus to rejoice at the misfortunes of the poor settler; but it was the way of the world to lose sight of the sorrows of others in our own joys. "Willum," said he, "you shouldn't waste your talents taxy-didymus in birds; you should go into politics. No politician who had properly learned to give away only that for which he had no use, ever made a failure." Will retorted: "Some people might have had the cheek to give the man a pair of mean, measly-looking broadbills, and those large, fine-looking shelldrakes hanging there in plain sight, but I haven't. I am not anxious to earn the reputation of a hog. I gave him the best-looking birds on the string." Some days after when the Prevaricator was asked of which of the camp scenes he would prefer to have a photograph, he replied without hesitation: "Willum a-presentin' the Friday birds to the settler."

The next morning, much to the sorrow of the women, Will took his departure. He could do anything there was to do around camp. When he wasn't working he generally had his eye out for a job, and it is needless to say that he often verified the proverb, "Seek and ye shall find." We were indebted to him for many little conveniences, among which I may mention a table, some seats, a gun rack and a washstand. Besides all this, he is one of the kind that it is good to have around.

Soon after he left there was a little episode. All hands were around the fire. It struck David that it would be a good time to sort over his cartridges and separate those containing different sizes of shot. He found one 12-gauge, and addressing W. H., who was just across the fire, he said, "Here is one of your cartridges," and drew back his hand to throw. Seeing what he was about to do I uttered

\*We have since discovered that this little lake has no visible outlet.



the warning, "Look out." He checked the motion of his hand, but too late, and the cartridge landed in the middle of the fire. With the exception of David, every one went as he looked. He grabbed a stick and tried hard to throw it out of the fire, but it was not to be found. Then all hands awaited the explosion at a safe distance. Like many another expected calamity, it was a long time coming, and nothing much after it had come. It was a full minute before the fire burned into the powder, whereas none of us thought it would take five seconds. Any one three feet from the fire would have been perfectly safe.

The excitement had barely subsided when a newcomer arrived in camp. Mr. Judson Burke had been invited to be one of our party, but through a miscarriage of the notice of our starting, in the mails, he failed to connect with the procession, as it were. However, he got around just in time to keep the original number good.

L. I. FLOWER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## Natural History.

### A NEW ALASKAN PIKA.

MR. E. W. NELSON has published in the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, a description of a new species of pika or little chief hare from Alaska which he calls the collared pika on account of the broad collar of dull iron-gray separating the yellowish-shaded areas of the head and back.

The range of this hare, according to Mr. Nelson, extends from the "mountains south of Fort Yukon, about the head of the Tanana River, to the Chigmit Mountains, near the head of Bristol Bay." The usual habitat of the animal is above timber line and its habits appear to be identical with those of the "Little Chief" hare of the mountains of the West. In size, it scarcely differs from its southern relative, the average length of dried specimens studied by the describer being about 7½ in.

The northwest limit of the collared pika coincides with the same limit of the mountain goat and trenches upon the southern part of the range of Dall's mountain sheep. A peculiarity of this Alaskan pika is the very long pelage, especially in specimens from south of Fort Yukon, which have the long dorsal hairs averaging nearly 1 in. in length.

The pikas, chief hares, crying hares or conies are curious and interesting little creatures, and have been the subjects of a vast deal of writing. They live in colonies in the western mountains from New Mexico and Arizona nearly to the Arctic Circle, frequently the highest ranges in the South and descending farther in the North. Their "favorite haunts are the masses of rocky debris at the heels of cliffs, where the animals find safe hiding-places among the boulders, and sometimes congregate in large numbers, making known their presence by squeaking notes which seem to issue from under ground and are very deceptive as to distance."

"Though timid, they are unsuspicious of danger and may frequently be seen perched upon the rocks, uttering their peculiar crying notes, or foraging quietly in grassy spots for their food, of which the provident creatures lay up great stores in their rocky granaries." Owing to their diminutive tails, short legs, squatting attitude, jerky movements and squeaking notes they are among the curiosities of animal life of the West.

T. H. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### THE MOOSE OF MATTAWA.

IT is quite possible that the moose, now comparatively numerous around the upper Ottawa River, in Canada, are the lineal descendants of those that once abounded in the Adirondacks. Of course, this can never be definitely proved, but there are many reasons that lead me to believe that such is the fact.

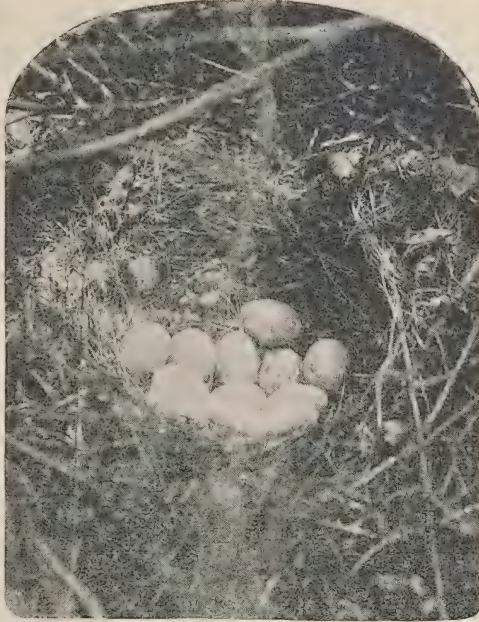
Moose are, perhaps, of all the deer tribe, the most impatient of the presence of man, and invariably retire before him, except in those instances where their haunts are shut in on every side by settlements, as is the case now in Maine, where the St. John River is dotted with farms and hamlets, and so cuts off escape to the north and east. The result is that those moose that still inhabit Maine have been hunted back and forth until they find escape impossible, and have become much less restive than their Canadian kin—in some instances they have yarded in the immediate vicinity of railroads, where they must hear daily the rattle of the passing trains. For this reason the Maine or New Brunswick hunter need not be so wary in chopping wood or building fires, for the harassed animal has long since abandoned the idea of leaving the country, for, whichever way he goes, fresh human tracks, or the sound of distant gun shots await him. But in Canada, with the vast half-explored Northland to retire to, he is under no such restraint. When his sense of smell or hearing is offended, the slighted animal moves off with dignity and quickness. Northward, ever northward, he is moving, until at no distant day he will penetrate the stunted forests which grow beyond the Height of Land and reach the range of the barren ground caribou. There he will stand at bay, until the ever-rising price of timber makes even those, his last strongholds, too valuable to be kept from the spoiling hands of the lumberman, and some day, amid the stumps and wreckage of primeval woods, a solitary moose—last survivor of the grandest deer—will turn on his pursuers in sheer despair.

They will go slowly one by one—not in herds like the buffalo or elk, but scattered over a vast extent of country and with even their present wariness increased many fold by a grim process of natural selection, they will long defy the most persistent hunter, long, but ultimately in vain. This is what happened in the story of their extermination in the Adirondacks, and this is what perhaps the next generation will see in Canada.

The moose in the Adirondacks disappeared, with individual exceptions, in the early fifties. At that time the sudden diminution of their numbers was so great that it could not be accounted for by any theory of ordinary extermination—migration alone could have been the cause,

From the natural difficulties of crossing Lake Champlain and the north parts of Vermont and New Hampshire, then fairly well settled, as was the strip of Quebec immediately north of the border, it is improbable that they fled eastward into the moose country of Maine, but rather into Ontario by simply crossing the St. Lawrence and pushing north into Muskoka and the neighboring country. At that time (in the fifties) moose abounded in that section of Ontario, but soon the settlements came and the moose left, going always north, until at the end of the sixties they reached Mattawa and the surrounding country on both banks of the Ottawa. Not that they were unknown there—for there have always been a few in that neighborhood—but they arrived at that time in numbers, and ever since the best moose hunting has been found at this point. This remarkable fact of their sudden arrival around Mattawa is widely known among the older settlers.

At the present day they are leaving in turn Mattawa and passing Lake Temiscamangue on their northward march. An Indian this fall described to the writer the astonished wonder with which some twenty-five years ago the local Indians listened to the tale of one of their number who had found a moose track on the east bank of Temiscamangue. The excited trappers gathered round the speaker with eyes glittering at the prospect of moose coming into their country, but still incredulous of the good tidings. But the news bearer told the truth, and this was the first known appearance of moose on that lake in recent times. At the present day the Little Beau Chêne Lakes are about the center of moose population. Every year finds them further north, at first stragglers, then more and more until the main body has passed, and



NEST OF RUFFED GROUSE.

From photo by A. C. McIntyre.

then one by one they vanish. In the van are ever the largest bulls, whether because the persistent hunting for large horns prevents the bulls in the center and rear from attaining their full growth, or whether the old bulls are driven out by the younger or more vigorous ones, like the rogue elephants in Ceylon. Be the reason what it may, the fact remains, and this year on the northern limit of moose near Lake Kwingwishe, northeast of Keepawa, the writer saw the largest tracks of moose that have as yet fallen to his lot to gaze upon. These patriarchal moose are far from being the most successful fighters, for their size and the complexity of their antlers render them unwieldy and unable to cope with young bulls with sharper and less elaborate horns. The occasional moose which is found dead *sur le champ d'honneur* after one of these duels is nearly always an immense beast with sweeping antlers, which had proved poor defenses against what the tracks about show to have been a mere three or four-year-old stripling.

Cows, too, are sometimes killed by fighting bulls, frenzied by a general run all round, as happens when three or four come together.

The relative merits in such a duel of ranger moose and swamp moose—the two sub-varieties—it would be interesting to learn; but this and many other facts about this fast-vanishing animal will, I fear, remain unsolved.

So, too, will the precise question as to how far moose, caribou and Virginia deer will intermingle when absolutely undisturbed. In Maine and New Brunswick all three live in the same district, but this may be the result of the diminishing size of the forests and not the natural state of things. The caribou is a migratory animal, coming and going without apparent cause, while moose frequent a given district, as do deer. Bull moose, of course, travel a great deal in the rutting season, but they never move off in a body like caribou.

In the west of the Province of Quebec the three animals have practically separate ranges—intermingling in places, but for the most part well asunder. Deer move to and fro in consequence of the movements of the wolves, which are ever on their trail, and which sometimes force their victims into the moose countries to the north. Whether the moose drive out the wolves, as the Indians believe, or whether the deer do not like proximity of moose, the former soon work south again and leave the moose in solitary possession. So we have on the south the Virginia deer, then next in latitude the moose, then the woodland caribou, a scarce animal in this part of Quebec, and last of all, beyond the Height of Land, the barren ground caribou. The center of abundance of this little-known animal is near the headwaters of the Ungava River.

In the Keepawa country, some thirty or forty miles

north of Mattawa, Hay Bay, the northernmost arm of Lake Keepawa, is occasionally visited by caribou of the woodland variety, and they are now sometimes seen in the country to the east. They were formerly quite numerous in the country around the Bois Franc and Kastanan Lakes, but either the presence of lumbermen or the advent of the moose has occasioned a migration beyond the headwaters of the Ottawa, viz.: Lakes Quinze, Expanse and Grand. At the present day in this part of Quebec they live between these lakes and the Height of Land, and it is almost impossible to find any caribou in a trip from Mattawa without immense effort.

It is a pity that some record has not been preserved of the migrations of the different members of the deer tribe in the past—for beyond the above facts, nearly everything is obscure, but the evidence given and other instances of the migration of moose, inclines the writer very strongly to the belief that the moose of Mattawa is a direct descendant of the moose of New York, and the splendid antlers that now come from that country had once their counterparts hanging in the cabin of the first white hunters of the Adirondacks. MADISON GRANT.

### FOREIGN BIRDS FOR AMERICA.

MACOMB, Ill., Dec. 26.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I read with much interest the account given in your valuable journal of the sportsmen of Maine meeting at Lewiston, called to take into consideration the feasibility of introducing the foreign game birds into Maine. I have had a little experience with foreign game birds, and perhaps I may be able to give this association information that will be interesting to them.

In 1890 I ordered five pairs of the *Francolinus vulgaris* or black partridge, of Rutledge & Co., Calcutta, India. These birds were cooped in a small shoe box with a small dish that would not hold over half a teacup of water; and the result was that all died before reaching me, with the exception of two males and one female, which arrived here safely. They were placed in a large wire cage. One of the males soon killed the other. The pair went through two of our cold winters in good order and stood the climate well. The female one day became frightened and flew so hard against the cage that she broke her wing and died. The other male died this winter from cause not known.

These birds were twice as large as our native quail and truly a beautiful game bird, and would eat anything that a common barnfowl would eat. My object in introducing so small a number was to test them and see if they could stand our climate. I am confident that they can stand any climate that our native quail can stand, and properly introduced into this country would do well. The cost of these birds was \$50 here.

In February, 1893, I ordered five pairs of the *Caccubis chukor*, or chucker partridge, through the Hon. James Currie, U. S. Consular Agent at Karachi, India. Every bird arrived here in perfect health and condition after being on the water and land forty-seven days while making the trip. I fully intended to turn these birds loose on their arrival here and have a law passed protecting them for five years, but our governor not being friendly to game laws vetoed the bill. Therefore we had to keep them in confinement and during the long, hot, dry summer they all died but one pair, which is in fine condition and doing well. This hen laid eighty eggs before she went to sitting. The most of these eggs were hatched under bantams and the little spotted beauties would live till ten days old and fall over and die. We could not find any food that would agree with them. The old bird hatched out seven in September and all died in the course of two weeks with the exception of one, which we fed on grasshoppers till he was several weeks old. As soon as the cold weather came and killed the grasshoppers we put him on to other food, but he soon died. I believe that had these birds been turned loose where they could have roamed at will, and have had a chance to live on worms, ants, bugs and insects, they would have lived and done well. They are a fine game bird about the size of our ruffed grouse. There is no question in my mind but what these birds would flourish in this country. They cost 50 cents apiece in Karachi, the coops \$6, the freight to New York \$20, the express from New York \$20.

India seems to be the home of these game birds and has a larger variety than any other country on the face of the globe. This is the home of the *Pavo cristatus*, common peacock. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of these beautiful birds are found there in a wild state. The *terocles arenarius*, sand grouse, the most beautiful plumaged game bird of India, would do well in the South and the far West.

The Mongolian or Chinese pheasant that was imported from China to Linn county, Oregon, by Judge Denney twelve years ago, have become so numerous in that State that it looks as if they had come to stay like the English sparrow. Twelve years ago eleven of these pheasants were turned loose in Linn county. The secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Oregon writes me that he is safe in saying that there are a million in his State now sprung from the eleven, and they are fast spreading into California and Washington. Quite a number have been introduced into Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and Michigan, and as far as I have been able to learn they are doing well. Mr. Simpson of Alexis, this State, turned seven pair loose a year ago last fall. They went through the winter well and last summer they could be seen in the cornfields and meadows with large flocks of young. They have introduced these birds into Milton, Vt., and I understand they are doing well in a wild state, living on birch buds, mercury 33° below zero. They are strong and hardy, and would stand the climate of New England. I hope our Eastern sportsmen will make a move and introduce this beautiful game bird. W. O. BLAISDELL.

### Willing but Useless.

I HAVE a young hen, healthy, joyous, sleek and with comb and wattles ruddy as the summer rose, but she is a grand anomaly in the gallinaceous world. For about six weeks she has gone daily to her nest, in which is a plaster nest egg, has come off it cackling with apparent perfect satisfaction but without leaving the sign of an egg. It is the only case of the kind I ever observed. In speaking of it to a lady friend she said she had a hen like this and that for her uselessness she consigned her to the pot.

N. D. ELTING,



## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

## Chicago Wants the Rabbits.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—Last week I put forward tentatively the idea that the shooters of the country would be doing a charitable and useful thing, and one not injurious to themselves, if they should send in to the relief association of Chicago all the rabbits they killed, the same to be used in feeding the unemployed poor of the city. It was stated then that the gravity of the situation could not be over-stated, that thousands of men with families were out of work and hungry, and that wholesome food of any sort would be most welcome to them.

This week we may go further, and announce definitely that the idea is no longer an experiment or a mere project, but a welcome and accepted proposition; that the Central Relief Association of Chicago has heard it, passed upon it, and received it gladly; in short, that Chicago wants those rabbits—not at the serious expense of any local game supply, but all the rabbits which the shooters of America think they can spare, and which they are willing to go out and kill. Chicago wants judgment used in this of course, but if there can be utilized here a source of food supply which otherwise would be left untouched, then Chicago asks that it may be given to the poor now suffering in her streets. Chicago wishes that sportsmanship be not injured in the least of its privileges, but that the sportsmen of the country shall give as they think they ought to give. A day which will afford fun to the shooter may afford happiness and relief and comfort and thankfulness to more than one family in this big city, where so many are now knowing the despair of an honest and hopeless destitution.

Therefore, take down the guns, and get ready for the biggest rabbit hunt that was ever known, the FOREST AND STREAM rabbit hunt for charity. Don't kill all the rabbits in the covers, but kill some, each of you, in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, everywhere, and ship them here for charity. No side-hunts, no competitions, no general slaughtering, but a conscientious saving of every rabbit killed, and a conscientious shipping of every rabbit saved. We will show that the sportsmen have no war with the people, and that no man's heart is larger than the sportsman's. Get ready for the hunt.

## Ship to 82 Market St., Chicago.

When you kill a rabbit, pull off his head and eviscerate him at once. This makes a lighter weight to carry, and it makes a lighter freight or express rate, a very important thing. Please remember this; then the relief association will not be paying tariff on what it cannot use. Of course, thoroughly cool or freeze the rabbits, if possible, after sewing up in gunny sacks. Mark the tag as follows: "Central Relief Association of Chicago, Mr. Wilmeroth, Agt., 82 Market st., Chicago.—Charity." Also please give the names of the senders and the point from which the rabbits are shipped. Do not kill squirrels, birds, or any other sort of game. Be sure to take off the heads and clean the rabbits. The shipping charges will be paid here by the association. If the shipping agent doubts this, show him FOREST AND STREAM and the following letter:

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM, Treasurer. ROBERT GREER, Manager.

## "MEMORANDUM."

## LAKESIDE FREE KITCHEN,

FOOT OF RANDOLPH ST., AT VIADUCT.

Contributors will please send regular Bill or Invoice with each lot of goods furnished, and state on same, "Contribution." Please state quantities, prices and total value, in order that proper credit may be given.

Cash contributions by Check to order of H. N. HIGINBOTHAM, Treasurer, or by enclosure addressed to him; receipt will be given by R. GREER, Manager.

"DEC. 22.—*Forest and Stream*: I am of the opinion that any number of rabbits that sportsmen would be likely to shoot could be used by the suffering poor of Chicago this winter. Mr. Wilmeroth, of No. 82 Market street, is in charge of the supplies—both receiving and distributing—on behalf of the Central Relief Committee, and I am quite sure he would be willing to cooperate with you. I will take in 500 if they can be sent in one or two lots, and will pay the transportation if not over one-half cent per pound, or if the express companies will transport the stuff free, so much the better. Yours truly,

"ROBT. GREER, Mgr."

## What Will the Express Companies Do?

There has not been time as yet to see the managers of the different express companies, yet I have no doubt that they would carry free any contributions which they were satisfied were to go to the relief association. Of this more later on. As to the managers of the railways, no less should be expected of them, for their liberality has been tried in similar exigencies before to-day.

Out in California they have jack-rabbit drives, and sometimes kill 5,000 hares in one day, which will average \$15. each. Two carloads of good meat in one day. They let it lie, or bury it. Now, I know Mr. W. F. White, the general traffic manager of the Santa Fe Railway, to be this sort of a sportsman: He would, if the relief association wished it, say a word to the freight department of his road which would bring a carload of those big hares across the continent free to the Chicago association, if the California men should see fit to put them on the cars. Mr. P. S. Eustis, general passenger agent of the C. B. & Q.; Mr. Jas. Barker, general passenger agent of the Marion route; Mr. O. L. Stone, general passenger agent of the C. & E. I. Railway, are all sportsmen, and would intercede with their freight associates. Mr. Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago & Northwestern road, is a sportsman, and he would do as much for sport or charity as any. But of this also later. It is not necessary now. You can ship your rabbits now, not prepaid unless you like, and they will be thankfully received. Mr. Greer thinks 500; he will get ten fold that this winter. He does not yet know FOREST AND STREAM and the men who support it.

Let us not talk of waste of game. In my days of shooting I have seen rabbits killed and left hanging up in the bushes, "until we come round this way again, you know," enough to make a hundred families happy for a week. Do not let us talk of wasting game. If necessary, only carry to the wagon the rabbits you otherwise would have left on tops of stumps or hanging in the forks of saplings. If rabbits are scarce in your neighborhood, don't shoot any at all for this purpose. In many localities they are so

abundant as to be a pest and a nuisance. It is to these localities that I wish the invitation to apply.

## The Hunt Has Already Begun.

Yesterday morning some young men came into the office and wanted to know where to go rabbit shooting. I told them to go to De Motte, or almost anywhere in the scrub oak thickets along the Kankakee marshes. Then I asked them to bring all their rabbits home and give them to the hungry people. They said they would. "There is some sense in that," they said. They are now absent on their trip.

This morning I got a note from Mr. J. A. Balmer, of Vincennes, and he says:

"I notice your suggestion in FOREST AND STREAM about killing some rabbits and sending them to the hungry people in Chicago. We will act on your plans, and try and get up a rabbit hunt at Bicknell. Will report on the results later."

Will Mr. Joe Freeman and Mr. John Mayfield, at Bicknell, aid Mr. Balmer in this? They are all right in the center of a great rabbit country. I have seen two wagon-loads of rabbits lying in one heap by the railroad track at Bicknell. We want one load here, for charity. This is the FOREST AND STREAM charity ball. Will the gentlemen choose their partners?

Will Mr. Chas. Irwin, at Warsaw, Ind., manage a little hunt and send us a few rabbits? Will the gentlemen of the great rabbit country at Vandalia, Ill., send us some rabbits? I have known of a wagon load being killed there in a day. Will Charlie Parent, of Marshall, Mo., attend to his section? Will Joe Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., see that his State is represented? Charity, gentlemen. While it's fun, this is in earnest.

## No. 82 Market Street, Chicago.

Remember the address, 82 Market street, Chicago, and the Central Relief Association also must go on the tag.

This address I learned yesterday during my visit to the Lakeside Free Kitchen, down under the Randolph street viaduct. Mr. Greer, the manager, who so generously gives free his own time and the use of the great cooking plant with which he has fed armies of men at the World's Fair and elsewhere, was at the time absent, but Mr. Cox, his assistant, kindly showed me through the rough but clean place where Chicago's unemployed are fed. There were long rough benches, covered with strong table ware, and back of these great steaming vats, large as hogsheads, in which were simmering hundreds of pounds of meat. There were bins of vegetables, and heaps of bread. Over all rose a steamy, meaty, but not unwholesome smell. Outside the doors stood groups of men, idle, idle, and unhappy. Of these I would rather not talk, but I know how they feel, for I have been broke myself, though never quite hungry. It's tough to be idle when you want to work. There is nothing worse in this world. But let that go.

"Could we use some rabbits?" said Mr. Cox smiling quietly. "I should think we could. We fed 5,000 men here yesterday. It takes a quantity of food to keep that up. Our ration is three of these long slices of bread with a good piece of meat, and a bowl of coffee or broth. Rabbits would go well in these big kettles, don't you think?"

"We serve only two meals a day, at 7 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. No man can now get a meal here who does not have a ticket showing that he has worked on the streets for the city. Three hours' work entitles a man to two meals and a bed. Tramps and those unwilling to work are now turned away unfed. The charity is applied as well as we know how, it being first before our minds that when a man is honestly hungry he should be honestly fed. We are doing the feeding and letting others do the scheming. We charge nothing and want nothing in reward, but we can't have too much by way of good supplies. Mr. Greer will write you. All supplies should go to the storerooms of the Central Relief Association, 82 Market street. I am sure, I think, your idea a good one and I thank you for coming. There has been a great response all over the country. The American people are generous. I am sure none are more generous than the sportsmen. If they help us their gifts will not be misapplied. Their food will go to the hungry, to the unemployed, and only to such as are willing to work when work is afforded. Go with me on the streets and I will show you noble looking men at work. Some of them have families at home. If they could take a rabbit home they would be glad. They are good workers, too. I pity these men."

So will the hearty shooters of this country pity them. Let this pity be the excuse for any failings or shortcomings in this project as viewed from a sportsman's standpoint.

## From the Orient.

From a glance at the *Japan Mail* of Nov. 2, printed at Yokohama, Japan, it appears that the enterprising dog man has penetrated even into the land of flowers. One of the advertisements offers for sale "An English pointer dog, two years old, thoroughly trained." No pent-up Uica confines the sporting interest.

It is in Japan, by the way, that a certain young Chicago enterprise has its extreme roots. Many shooters have seen the grass suits for duck shooting advertised by Frank Lawrence, of Chicago—really a very excellent article—but not so many will know that these suits are all made, every one and in every particular, away over in Japan. The peasantry use them for waterproof garments, and they are sometimes called "Japanese rain coats." The native workmen employed by Mr. Lawrence's firm are very expert in making them. There is nothing of the sort made in this country at all. Mr. Lawrence says it takes him three months to write and get an answer from the Japanese factory. He has improved the coat, applied for patent and is now awaiting the latest returns from the far-away factory in the land of squat-eyed idols.

## Dame Bang Still Lives.

Last week I wrote a very nice little obituary about a pointer dog. This week the said dog can have the pleasure of reading her own obituary, and I hope it suits the lady. Dame Bang, reported by Mr. Barker to be dead, deceased and departed, is still very much alive and in evidence, I am glad to say. Mr. Dubois writes me from Cincinnati thereon as follows:

"John Barker, John Balmer and E. Hough are all wrong about Dame Bang, and I am sorry (for your sake) that the announcement of her death appears in this

week's FOREST AND STREAM. Dame is at this moment well and hearty in the kennel of Mr. Peabody, at Madisonville, O. It appears from a letter I received from Mr. Balmer, that Mr. Barker confused Dame with Winnowing, another dog that ran at Bicknell. I wrote to Mr. Balmer, correcting his mistake, and here I see her obituary again. Is she to get her next death thrust from Bro. Waters? You have killed off Dame Bang on paper, but her 'hant' still walks."

Well, now, we have here the evidence of three men against the unsupported testimony of one. Therefore, according to the statutes, it rests entirely with us whether Dame Bang is dead or not. If we three choose to have her dead, aye, and buried, and blackberries growing on her grave, we can do so, and no one can say us nay. In this case, however, we will let it go, and I beg Mr. Peabody to present my apologies to Dame—if he is satisfied in his own mind that he has the real dog and not a "hant." To-day I have further advices from Bicknell that it was Winnowing that died.

## Ducks in Montana.

Mr. J. C. Haskell, of this city, is lately back from a trip to Montana. He was to have joined his brother, W. H. Haskell, and party, for a big-game trip in the mountains, but arriving at the Leiter mine, near Sheridan, Mont., he found that the party had outfitted and gone in, so he lost his trip. He remained and shot along the streams near the mine, doing most of his shooting along the Ruby Valley. He got excellent shooting at ducks, and he describes the style of the sport, jumping ducks from the willows, as being easy and pleasant in the extreme. This was in the middle of last month. Mr. Haskell says that is a great country for wildfowl, and that the birds stay there very late, resorting to the open places in the streams.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, a well known Rocky Mountain guide of Piegan, Montana, who stopped at the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM for a while on his way West this week, confirms much of what Mr. Haskell says as to the ducks in Montana. Mr. Schultz says that he has killed thirty-nine canvasbacks in one afternoon in a small lake not far from his place. He did not know what they fed on, but found they ate a white, insipid-tasting root, which was not the wopato of the Coast country. Mr. Schultz says he never saw a redhead in his country, though canvasbacks were often there in numbers.

## Wants Fur Country.

Mr. O. Goode, of Chicago, writes as follows:

"Can you kindly inform me in next week's paper how hunting and trapping for fur-bearing animals is in the counties of Taylor and Price, Wisconsin. Also how the land lays."

I cannot answer the above question. Can any Wisconsin man?

## Will Stay in America.

Mr. H. J. Sprengle, who so ably represented the W. W. Greener gun exhibit at the Fair, will not return to England, but will hereafter show the gun over the counters of Henry C. Squires & Son of New York, for which service no one could be better qualified. Mr. Sprengle has been little in England since his connection with the Greener gun, having been assigned the charge of foreign exhibits very often. He spent some years in St. Petersburg, Russia. A bit of a linguist and an expert in his line, he can talk gun to the Queen's taste. Mr. Sprengle tells me that this week will see the last of his goods clear of the customs and on their way to New York, where Mr. Squires will have them. The American gun exhibits were all packed long ago, but the English exhibits were long delayed here, and the boys in Chicago have groaned in spirit over the enforced wait.

## Died.

Last summer I mentioned the call at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit of Hon. James Crow of Crystal Lake, Ill., and stated that he was one who had read FOREST AND STREAM from its first number. The Hon. James Crow died a week ago, full of years and honors. He was one of the early settlers in his locality, and a man much respected and beloved.

Gen. Dutus E. Coon, who was accidentally shot and killed by a friend while they were out hunting together near San Diego, Cal., a week ago to-day, was one of the early Iowa editors, a prominent officer in the late war, and admired by many friends as a good sportsman and worthy friend.

## Fable of a Duck.

Once upon a Time there was one high in Authority, the same being the Manager of a Newspaper, and he had many Slaves. Verily, said all the People, he had a Cinch. Now a person in a far Country sent to this man a Good Thing, to wit, a Canvasback Duck, and the Duck was passing Fat. But lo! one of the Slaves fell upon this Duck, and took it Home and Ate it. And he was Glad, and so were all the Little Slaves. When the one high in Authority learned that his Good Thing was Gone, he said to the Slave, "Where is my Duck?" And the Slave said, "What Duck?" "Marry," said the one high in Authority, "Come off, also go To, Sirrah. If you eat any More of my Good Things, you will make yourself Persona Non Grata to my Sight. Therefore, have a Care." Then the Slave bowed upon the Ground. But when he went Home, the Slave gathered all the Little Slaves about his Knee, and he said, "My children, in View of the Uncertainties of Human Life, let me call your attention to one Fact, namely, that it is Better to eat your Good Thing first, and then to look for the Shipping Tag afterward." And the Little Slaves laid this to their Hearts, for lo! it was very Wise.

## The Wabash Farmer.

"Git out o' there! Git out, blank you! What ye doin' there; say, you, git off'n that land!" called the bottom lands farmer to a shooter who was following his dog through the corn on the other side of the road.

The shooter paid no attention and the farmer called again, "Say, y' hear me! Git out o' that!"

The shooter turned, came on across the road to where the farmer stood and said, pleasantly:

"Good morning."

"Mornin'."

"How are you this morning, sir?"

"Middlin'."

"Am I on your land, sir?"

"Nope."



"Is that so? Well, was I on your land when you called to me?"

"Nope."

"Why, I thought you ordered me off."

"Did."

"Well, don't you own any of this land?"

"Nope."

"Where is your land?"

"Haint got none. D'ye take me fer a millionaire?"

"Oh, perhaps your neighbors own that land?"

"No they don't neither. Don't none o' us own no land."

On'y man 'at owns any land hyur is Jedge Jinkins, an' he lives in Injunaperlis."

"Oh, then you rent that land across the road?"

"No I don't, neither. What makes ye think thet?"

"Why, you ordered me off."

"Seems like you take a good deal fer granted. So you thought I owned that land?"

"It looked that way."

"Er rent it?"

"Well, yes."

"Humph. Don't none of us own no land 'round hyur, 'n I don't rent thet land ercross the road, 'n I don't rent this neither. I just live hyur, don't never pay no rent."

"Well, then, what in the world do you mean by ordering me off that land?"

"Oh, I was jest a-hollerin'."

"Oh, you were?"

"Yep. I was jest a-hollerin' to be a-hollerin'. Seems like a feller ought to hev some rights in this world."

"Well, you haven't any right to order me off from land you don't own or control."

"Haint, eh?"

"No, you haven't."

"Humph! Say?"

"Well."

"I've just come out of jail."

"You have?"

"Yep. Was in jail six months. Tuk a shote, 'n they proved it on me. Was you ever in jail?"

"No, I can't say I ever was."

"Then you don't know a blame thing erbout it?"

"No."

"You liable to be in jail soon?"

"I hope not."

"Then you aint liable ter know nothin' erbout et?"

"No, I guess not."

"Lemme tell you."

"Well."

"It's mighty lonesome in jail."

"That so?"

"Yep. Nothin' to do, you know."

"I suppose not."

"Nope. 'N then everybody's bossin' ye round all the time."

"Yes?"

"Seems like they kind o' look down on a feller 'ts in jail."

"Well, yes."

"Like they was bettern he wus."

"Yes?"

"So a feller kaint have no good times at all, not in jail, et's so lonesome, you see."

"Yes, I see."

"He kaint boss nobody round, not in jail."

"No, I presume not."

"Humph! Well, now, when a feller gits out o' jail, when he hez been in fer stealin' a shote, fust thing he thinks of is whur he kin find ernuther shote."

"Yes?"

"Yep. 'N next thing is, whur he kin find some one to boss erround."

"Oh, I see."

"Yep. You see, my wife she left me when I went to jail."

"Too bad."

"Oh, I don't know erbout that. But ye see, me a-bein' hyur all erlone, cookin' fer merself, cuttin' all the wood alone, you see—now, hyur I am, 'n I sees you over thur, en thinks I, I'll just holler at thet feller, 'n maybe he'll think I'm boss."

"Oh, I see now very well."

"Yep. Well, why in blank didn't you fall inter line, then?"

"Well, you see, that is—"

"Oh, it is, eh? Say, you, you know what I'd do, if I c'd see my way cl'ar to et?"

"No."

"Well, I'd lick you, right now, ef 'twasn't fer goin' to jail agin."

"You would, eh? Well—"

"Yes, thet's what I would. But you see, et's so lonesome in jail."

"Yes, I see."

"Er I'd show you who was boss."

"I think I'd better be goin'."

"Well, good mornin'. Sorry you got to go. Seems like some fellers kaint git no sort o' chainece on earth. Reckon I'll go over to Bill Johnson's this afternoon. You know why?"

"No."

"He's got a boy 'at hes the rickets so' s't he kaint hardly walk. I low I'll lick that boy. I'll shorely show these yer folks erround hyur who's boss." E. HOUGH.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### Preserving the Quail.

MR. S. N. AYERS of Blue Mountain, Miss., writes as follows concerning the manner in which he induces the negroes to refrain from robbing the nests of quail. It is well known that they are very fond of the eggs. He says: "I promised some time ago to give my plan of keeping negroes from robbing quail's nests. I give them a doz'n and a half of hen eggs for every nest they find and report to me, providing the shells are left as proof of the hatching. I have been doing this for two years, and I have had nine nests reported, three last year and six this year. All hatched except one. If every shooter would offer some reward, I am satisfied that there would be twice as many quail left every year where darkies are numerous. Quail plentiful here this season. There are twice as many as there were last year. The hatching season was just right—dry. I have seen some beavies numbering between thirty and forty. \* \* \* One day this season a friend and I killed forty-two quail, though we shot poorly."

B. WATERS.

#### BOSTON AND MAINE.

NATURE does not always favor the game, and it is pretty certain that the last of the open season in Maine is proving disastrous for moose, deer and caribou in the New England woods. Reports speak of snow  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and even 3ft. deep in northern Maine, and covered with a crust in some sections. Will the deer suffer? Ask the lumbermen who are disposed to have a supply of venison. Happily they are not all so disposed. Ask the native who has a pair of snowshoes and knows where there is a herd of deer. There are several reports in the air that the snow is so deep and crusty that the deer cannot run through it; that "they give right up!" Alas, for the herd of deer that some men get into! All the reasonable hunters are declaring that the law ought to cover crusting and slaughtering deer in the deep snow at any time. But who is going to be there to enforce it? The Maine papers are complaining of the shooting of fawns this season. One paper remarks that "the hunters ought to be ashamed of shooting the little deer calves. Many of these little deer—not larger than sheep—are seen on board the railway trains that lead out of the hunting regions." They ought to be ashamed. But are they? Burglars ought to be ashamed of breaking into houses and frightening innocent women and children. Massachusetts hunters who will go down the South Shore gunning, and in the absence of ducks and other large game birds, come back with their belts dangling with the smallest of the woods sparrow family, cannot be trusted in the Maine woods where there are fawns, even if they are not a month old. Alas, for the desire to kill something! The open season on Maine big game ends Jan. 1, and who is not glad of it? It has been a season most remarkable for the amount of game killed, and it is to be hoped that the breeding stock has not been reduced. Reports indicate that in some sections there are deer enough left, while other sections have been most severely hunted. To look at the matter reasonably, it would seem that only the extreme southern or south-eastern range of the deer in Maine had been severely hunted this season, though the number taken has been remarkably large. Estimates vary, while there is little doubt but what 4,000 deer have been taken during the open season in Maine this fall. As for moose, following the reports would indicate at least 100 taken, though the killing of a moose is told of so many times that the reports are a good deal mixed. Of caribou, the number taken must be at least 200, and it would seem that this noble game is on the increase in the wilds of Maine. One has recently been taken by a party of Boston hunters, stopping at Billy Soule's beautiful camps up the Capsuptic. This is explained by a gentleman well acquainted in the section to be the first instance of the taking of a caribou on the Capsuptic for several years. One or two have also been taken north of Andover, according to reports. The lucky hunters to get the caribou at Billy Soule's were R. C. McQuillen, J. S. Clark, Jr., R. A. Davis and H. B. Callender, members of the Massachusetts Yacht Club. It seems that the caribou was shot on the ice in front of the camps, several members taking part in the shooting. The distance fired, the first shots, was 700yds. by measurement. At this long distance the caribou was wounded, and afterwards finished in the woods. It was a fine buck, and the head will be mounted for the club. The party is also reported to have killed twelve deer. Another most remarkable record, and one that speaks volumes for what protection of game has done in that State.

It is hoped that game protection will again be alive in Maine this winter. Game Commissioner Wentworth, of Bangor, is highly spoken of, and he is reported to be greatly interested in continuing the work so ably begun by Commissioner Stilwell, now deceased. Commissioner Stanley says that the border will be carefully looked after this winter. This border is looked upon as one of the best sources of game supply; a great breeding ground, from which the game will gradually drift south and toward the settlements. It is a section that cannot be much injured by sportsmen, on account of its remoteness, but it is the paradise of the skin hunters from over the Canadian border, who operate during the deep snows of winter. It is proposed to cover with extra service a fifty mile section of the border in the Allegash region; another of equal length in the region of Baker Lake and also another at Moose River. During the deep snows of February, and earlier if need be, two wardens will be put on guard in each of these sections. Beside this protection the Megantic Club will take care of a large section with its own men. It now looks like a winter of remarkably deep snows, such as have not prevailed for several years, and it is not proposed to allow Canadian or other skin hunters to destroy the moose, caribou and deer when the snows are so deep that they cannot escape. Indeed it is mentioned as undoubtedly one reason that big game has been so plenty the past season, that the past two or three winters have been noted for light depths of snow, and hence the game has wintered safely. It is not proposed to allow this good feature to be destroyed by the greed of a few hunters who care for nothing but pelts.

A curiosity in Boston market during the Christmas trade was the carcass of an immense bear. The meat alone weighed 250lbs., and it is estimated by Mr. Wheeler, of the firm of Hyde & Wheeler, where the fellow was shown, that alive he must have weighed 800lbs. He was as fat as a hog, and as long as a good-sized steer. He was shipped from Anson, Me. Bears have also been remarkably plenty in Maine this fall. A gentleman, Mr. Charlie Keyo, who has a brother in the Rangeley region, who has lately been on a visit to some of the lumber camps, says that his brother writes that it is the common remark of hunters and lumbermen that on the first snows the following of deer tracks was almost sure to end in the finding of a big bear track. This latter track has usually set the hunters wild, and they have taken up the following of bruin, seeking his winter quarters. A hunter is reported to have come upon the tracks of a big bear in the Capsuptic region, some days ago, which he decided to follow. He kept on a while, though it was drawing near night-fall. Soon he came upon the bear and shot him. It was a big one. Standing over his fallen game and meditating what to do next, as there was but little time in which to get back to camp before dark, he suddenly saw another hunter coming on the trail in hot pursuit. Soon he saw that it was the indefatigable Billy Soule. When Billy saw the fallen bear he exclaimed, "I'm glad you've shot him; it has saved me a night in the woods. I had made up my mind to camp on the old fellow's tracks. You will find

where I hit him, I think. Sure enough; examination showed that the bear had already been hard hit by Billy, who had taken a running shot. Now Billy will pardon me if this yarn is not exactly as it happened, since it was given to me second-hand, and all I care about is the fact that they got the bear. SPECIAL.

#### THAT .22 QUESTION.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Diamond Walt" wants to know where "Tode" is. Right on deck with both ears open, and saving up his pocket money for his bets on that coming match between our Western brother and Mr. Fellows. I am "not in it" with the experience of others who have given their testimony in regard to the .22 short, and hardly thought my few notes would bring forth such a torrent of recommendation and condemnation in reference to the little cartridge.

My little Stevens has been lying idle for the past few weeks, and if the experiences of those who so highly laud the range and penetration of the .22 short are true, I shall hardly dare to use the little gun on the practice range, let alone taking it out "into the open air" as "Diamond Walt" suggests, in this thickly populated State.

However, I acknowledge to a certain extent, that I am somewhat surprised at the range of the .22 short. Thanksgiving Day several of us went out for target practice, and I took along both a .38 and .22. At 100yds. good shooting could be done with the .22 short, with no wind blowing, but as for its penetration, some of those wonderful stories must be discounted. In several instances the upright posts that held our targets, were hit, but not penetrated. These were of hemlock stuff, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. through.

A short time ago two gentlemen went squirrel shooting, one using a .22 and the other a .32-40. In several instances squirrels were hit hard with the .22 several times, but lived until brought down by another shot, while those hit with the .32-40 came down at once. Of course, in such shooting a smaller caliber is the best, for if the ball does not strike in the head or shoulders the game is practically worthless, as the larger bullet tears the flesh so badly, still if I were after game and wanted to get it, a larger caliber rifle would be more to my style.

There is no doubt but that if one should hold a .22 high, that the ball would travel several hundred yards, as was shown in the account of Mr. Von Iffland, but this will not do for accurate work.

If "Diamond Walt" comes east to settle his account with Mr. Fellows, I think that silk hat will get the best of it. Of course we know nothing about "Diamond Walt's" ability with a rifle, but are simply discussing the accuracy, range and penetration of the .22 cartridge.

"Diamond Walt's" prairie dog must have been an exceedingly slow one. Those who have tried to kill them with guns that get there quicker than a .22 know that the dogs will dodge at the flash of the rifle, and a .22 ball with so little powder behind it travels pretty slowly as compared with the larger bores. When we were using the Stevens in practice at 100yds., as cited above, we could distinctly hear the "spat" of the ball against the paper target, while in using the Winchester .38 we could not hear the ball strike.

A prairie dog sitting up at 303yds. is a pretty small mark for a rifle with the rear sight thrown up to the last notch, with coarse open sights, and with a charge so light as the .22 short, with a ball traveling so slowly. I should be inclined to think that prairie dog in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred would be perfectly secure. Are you sure, "Diamond Walt" that it was not such a case as was illustrated some few months ago, where one of our correspondents made a rattling good shot on a woodchuck, only to find that he had been stuffed and set up by some of the shooter's friends? Why I wouldn't risk a .22 short on our stupid bull-headed Rhode Island woodchucks here, let alone I could hit one at such a distance.

Citing the instance of the man from the East who went out after grizzly with a .22, which I referred to in my first notes, "Diamond Walt" says he wouldn't take back water if he should run foul of a bear with a .22. Excuse me. I doubt if a man could "hold a gun right" with such odds against him. A bear has got to have a pretty big hole bored through him to make him sick. A number of years ago Jim B. had a sheep ranch out in the Western country and for a number of weeks the bears had taken it into their heads to dine on lamb at the expense of my friend Jim and his partner. They built up a big corral of heavy stuff, but one big fellow climbed the stockade several times, until Jim got mad and said he would get him. He and old Jack (the hunter I mentioned in my first batch of notes) took up their station one night and waited for his highness. He came. Jim's .44 and Jack's big .45 Winchester opened the ball, but the grizzly grabbed a lamb and started over the stockade. It was so dark they hardly dared go after him, but the next morning tracked him up and found him full of holes. On the inside of the corral where he had climbed over Jim swears there was a trail of blood and matter a yard wide. Now what would a man with a .22 do? Probably climb a tree if he could get to one, same as our friend from the East did.

No, sir. Give me the little .22 for home practice, a .38 for target work and deer, and that's as far as I want to go. We took a .45 down in Maine a few years ago, thinking possibly we might come across bear; if we had taken down a .22 the boys would have left us at the last settlement.

Now I trust our Western brother will take no offense at my remarks. I want to see that match between him and Mr. Fellows in the near future, but I don't know, after all this talk, whether it will be safe for me to appear or not. TODE.

#### Game Notes from Illinois.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Dec. 18.—A party of our sportsmen, consisting of Judge P. D. Cheney, Hon. T. S. Ferns, J. D. Perrings, Moses Collenberger and J. A. Davis, are down on Red River, Arkansas, in quest of game. Word just received from there announces the fact that game is plenty, such as geese, ducks and turkeys, while a few miles from their camp deer and bear can be found in fair numbers. Quail have been quite plenty with us in this vicinity this season and fair bags have been made. The season now closed leaves plenty of birds, in fact more than for several years, for next season's stock, if the winter is anything like favorable for them. From some unknown cause, rabbits are scarce. L. S. HANSELL.



## BILL CHADWICK'S BOOK.

"The General" sends us this cutting from the New York Recorder, which will interest those who, in the good old days gone by, used to resort to the famous Jersey shooting headquarters:

I BELIEVE it was the quaintest, most old-fashioned house I have ever seen in my life. It originally consisted of a little hovel of three rooms, and the connecting places of the new additions that had been added during the three succeeding generations were plainly visible. As it stood, with the old-fashioned porch running almost around it close to the ground and the ruddy glow of red hot stoves and open fireplaces shining on the window-panes, it presented anything but an uninviting aspect, and we went in.

While my companions were making the necessary arrangements for the gunners and guides and stowing away in them (the guides) the necessary amounts of applejack to bring them in touch with the shooting expedition, which brought us to the Jersey coast, I was attracted by a big, well worn book at the upper end of the bar.

"That's my register," said "Uncle Bill" Chadwick, who stood near me. "I guess it's nearly as old as you are."

He was pretty nearly right, for the first entry was made in the winter of 1863. It runs as follows: "Gilbert Davis visited this house for the first time in 1863 and continued to come till the present time. On his first visit he shot 200 good duck and nine geese. Elijah Cornell and John Thorne were also pioneers in 1863."

Under the date of Dec. 19, 1869, there is written: "The steamer Circassian came ashore this evening abreast this house. Mrs. Ellis, the captain's wife, and passengers were brought ashore by William Chadwick in a life car in one hour from the time she stranded."

A week later there was another wreck when "Capt. George G. Wallace, of Philadelphia, was saved by a miracle from the schooner B. C. Scribner, which came ashore here and went to pieces. Two men were drowned."

I turned to "Uncle Bill" for further particulars. "There was a high sea at the time," said he, "and the captain and his men were washed overboard before the vessel struck. The men went down and the captain grabbed a floating timber and was washed ashore. He was nearly dead when we picked him up."

Some of the early comers were not content with merely writing their names so they affixed their professions, callings and addresses. Here are samples: John Bates, Indian doctor, Flemington, N. J.; Castro De Haven, artist in colors, New York; Charles Smith, mason, Toms River; George C. De Marini, 9 East Seventeenth street, New York; Fred Goodridge, 239 Fifth avenue.

Following the names of three men who arrived Aug. 2, 1870, there are these notes: "Killed 377 large birds in ten days; 74 were marlin and curlew. Best day's bag was 72 at 'Uncle Sammy's.'" "Uncle Sammy" was the name of one of the guides who controlled good shooting grounds near by.

"Horace Greeley goes away to-day with a happy heart and a full stomach, and he got it at Chadwick's, and don't you forget it." I stared in amazement as I read this, and calling my host's attention to it, ran it over again.

"Was he the editor?" I asked.

"Yes, that's him," was the reply. "He signed his name there and one of his friends told him he ought to write something more. He laughed and said nobody could read it if he did write anything. One of the men who was with him said he would write what Mr. Greeley wanted, and that's what he said. He came down here to rest awhile in the spring of 1871."

Here are some of the scores: "Charles T. Jackson, Francis Endicott, New York, wind N.E. A little more apple juice than necessary, but we get there just the same. Killed 60 large birds, middle stand, Sept. 15, 1873.

"Dec. 15, 1873.—Lord William E. D. Vyse, London, England, Crofton Manor, West End. Thomas E. D. Powson, Antonio Raines, George Weber, Thomas A. P. Vyse killed 212 ducks and 14 geese in five days."

An honest confession is shown in this record: "Nov. 28, 1874.—J. H. Spellman, R. K. Buckman, P. G. Sanford, New York, killed 32 ducks in two days, canvasbacks and rednecks. Any one reading this would think we were corks. We cannot tell a lie. Our gunners (guides) killed 27 of the 32 in two days—broadbills, black duck and hell divers. The other five dropped dead from fright."

In the spring of '75 the first fish story was put in black and white. Three men during one day caught 138 bluefish, amounting in weight to 860lbs. The fish weighed from 5 to 12lbs. each. Then as I turned over the leaves I came upon a yarn that set me thinking.

"May 29, 1876.—S. M. Blatchford accomplished the wonderful and unprecedented feat of catching with rod and reel on one hook and at one cast 13 dogfish, the largest weighing 19lbs. This was witnessed by William Chadwick, F. Endicott, W. Fleming and R. D. Offerby, who affix their names as a token of honesty, good faith and truth."

"Why, it's impossible," I said.

"True as gospel."

"How?"

"Well, you see, it happened like this. After a big struggle he landed the biggest dogfish. The brute had swallowed the hook and had to be cut open. Twelve little dogfish flopped out. They were put in the water and swam away."

Here is a man who certainly was a thorough sport, and wanted to be "in it" at all stages. He took up half a page to write these lines:

## NOTICE.

TELEGRAPH TO

WILLIAM A. DAY,

33 West 29th street,

New York City,

Whenever the flight of snipe commences, or there is a good run of bluefish; or canvasbacks evince a desire to be shot. Sure! Sure!! Sure!!!

The next man inscribed the following on one full page:

ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE

3d of June, 1876,

AT ABOUT HALF FLOOD,

THERE DIED

at the foot of the bridge

A STRIPED BASS

Weighing 47 pounds,

KILLED BY

F. ENDICOTT,

with rod and reel in his usual elegant manner.

Witnesses signed: William Chadwick, R. D. Offerby, W. A. Day.

On Sept. 17, 1876, the register was again used for a log, when the following note was made: "During a fearful northeast gale the bark Magdalena Griffin, from Angostura, S. A., for New York, came ashore five miles south of this point. All souls saved. The vessel lost."

There is a good one under the date of Aug. 29, 1877: "The Lazy Club was inaugurated to-day. Bill Chadwick too lazy to join. Jim Lilly voted president; Deacon Berg, secretary; Gil Chadwick, messenger boy."

I looked askance at "Uncle Bill," who stood by my side. "Yes, that's right," he said. "There was no fish running then, and for want of something better to do they started the Lazy Club. Any man found moving faster than a walk had to pay a fine of \$3 or else stand treat three times in succession. If any one talked loud he was fined \$1, and any one who showed any signs of feeling or liveliness, or talked about work had to buy on the minute."

The next entry of interest encountered was on Sept. 15: "P. R. Jones landed a 52lbs. whip ray, 7ft. 5in. long, with rod and reel this day. Tide ebb. He was almost pulled in the water, and in landing the gaff was broken."

Of course there were several names signed to this as responsible witnesses. Not a story of this kind in the book for that matter was without attests and signers.

Again the log book keeper shows his hand: "Oct. 2, 1879. Steamer Charles F. Mayer, Captain Seth Hand, Boston to Baltimore, came ashore here, 17 souls aboard, all saved."

A few passages further the following appeared: "Collector Cook, of Asbury Park, the well-known sport, this day attempted to kill a bushel basket thrown in the air by Gen. Patterson. He missed the basket and wounded Bill Chadwick's only cow. He received one day's notice from the angry citizens to leave, and he left!"

HARRY B. WILSON.

## DEER AND TURKEY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

MEADVILLE, Pa.—I take great interest in your paper, and I never read an article from any one without first noticing the name of the author and wondering what his personality may be. Thinking that other readers of your paper may feel the same, let me introduce myself. I am a teacher and have been for over forty years. Were it not for the benefit I have derived from the many hunting and fishing excursions and outdoor exercise, I would not now be living to pen these lines. I am an all-around hunter, but fox hunting and wild turkey shooting are my favorite amusements. Though only an ordinary shot with both rifle and fowling piece, I am generally very successful, simply because I have made the nature and habits of the fox and wild turkey a life study. I am passionately fond of music and am something of a musician, but the sweetest music to my ear is the deep baying of my hounds when on the trail of a fox, and the *pee, pee, pee; conk, conk, conk* in the deep forests of his majesty, the king of all game birds—the wild turkey.

For many years past during the month of November or December I have alone or with some of my friends taken a few weeks off hunting wild turkeys in the wilds of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Michigan and other places, so last month Messrs. A. M. Gundaker, H. A. Johnson, Clate Kelso and myself arranged to spend a week or two in the mountain wilds of West Virginia hunting deer and wild turkeys. Messrs. Gundaker and Kelso went at the appointed time to locate a place and wrote us from Romney. On our way to Cumberland, Md., we met a number of hunting parties, among them one from Washington, Pa., the leader of which was the veteran hunter and presiding elder of the Methodist Conference, Rev. J. F. Core. I think he was the most genial gentleman I ever met—full of fun and good stories. He is a fine looking man and true sportsman. He had by far the finest Winchester rifle I ever saw, and it is said that he is a dead shot.

From Cumberland we took a branch road to Romney, arriving there at 10 o'clock A. M. At Romney we engaged a lively rig to take us to George H. Johnson's, six miles up the Potomac River, arriving there about noon. Gundaker and Kelso had gone out deer hunting, and did not get in till evening. Johnson's is the headquarters of all the hunters in that region, and the Johnson plantation is one of the largest and best known in that part of the State. Mr. Johnson is a true type of the Southern gentleman, and hospitable, a skilled hunter and a good shot. He has three sons, chips of the old block, all stalwart men and sportsmen. Each carries a Winchester and knows how to use it.

The country is very mountainous—a chain of the Alleghenies, and at that place the mountains are from 2,000 to 3,000ft. high, and the surface is covered with a kind of lava or stone, and it is almost exactly like walking on the slag used on railroads. It is extremely hard to walk on and very destructive to shoe leather.

The game, both deer and turkey, is found on the mountains, and to reach the hunting grounds we had to climb at least 2,000ft. All game is on the benches or the extreme top. The hunting grounds are either very open or very thickly covered, and turkeys are found in the former and deer in the latter places. To hunt to any advantage one must use a long-range gun, a rifle and shot for turkeys and a Winchester for deer; and unless he is a good shot and knows something of the nature and habits of deer and turkeys he has no business there.

There are two seasons of the year best adapted to turkey shooting. The first is at the opening of the shooting season, the first of October, while the leaves are on the trees, and the flocks are together, before they are hunted and become scattered and wild; and the other is after the snow falls, about the first of December, till the shooting closes, Jan. 1. After the leaves have fallen, about the first of November, till the snow comes, is the poorest time in the year for hunting owing to the extreme dryness on the mountains, causing the leaves to rattle so a person can be heard walking nearly half a mile. We went too late for the early and too early for the late shooting. I knew this, but as some of the party could not go at any other time we took our chance, and had poor success, bringing home only one deer and two turkeys—small game does not count.

There are many methods of securing a shot at a turkey, but by far the most successful one is to call them up. There are several ways of doing this. The best I have ever tried is to take a bone from the wing of a small turkey. This bone is about as large as a pipe stem and say three to four inches long. Cut off both ends, leaving it

hollow; put one end in the mouth, clasp both hands around the other end; suck the air through vigorously at quick intervals; manipulate the third and fourth finger of the left hand. When closed tightly around the bone the soft notes *pee, pee, pee*, are made, then throw them open, bringing out the louder notes, *conk, conk, conk*. This produces exactly the same sound that a turkey makes, and will deceive the oldest and smartest gobbler living. The Indians use a piece of hard board, mortised by burning, and the noise is made by rubbing their tomahawk handle on it. A knife and a board six inches square, with nails driven into the edge, makes a good call. A patent call resembling a cigar holder is used by many. Any blind nearest at hand when the hunter gets an answer to his call—a log, tree, stump, rock, or even a pile of brush, anything for concealment, till the turkey comes within range. The hunter must shoot promptly or the game is gone, as the wild turkey is the sharpest-eyed game bird in existence.

The trouble with deer driving is the hunter who is fortunate enough to bring down the game has no more claim to it than every member in the party, so the game must be divided or some one purchases the others' shares; thus a hunter often has to buy his own game at a good round price.

Both deer and turkeys are quite plentiful still in Virginia. On one drive that I participated in we routed seven deer and a flock of turkeys so close to Romney that a bullet fired from the bed of the deer or roosting place of the turkeys would have crashed through a window of the court house if aimed at that building.

I found many things of interest while roaming through the wilds and over the mountains, among which were indications of the rebellion. One day I came upon a fort remaining just as it was left 30 years ago. Then the ground around it was perfectly cleared away; now it is covered with a thick growth of trees nearly a foot in diameter. The embankments of the fort and the rifle pits were almost perfect.

Excepting a little jealousy on the part of the local hunters, the people were very kind. A. W. SMITH.

## Out of the Log Into the Dog.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following remarkable incident occurred in Smithfield Cañon in the early autumn of the present year, and while it may sound "fishy," even to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the truth of the story is vouched for by three young men whose veracity is unquestioned by those who know them: My brother and two companions were in the cañon after logs, and were accompanied by a large dog of the every-day variety, which soon found amusement in barking at a timber squirrel treed by him. Fearing the dog would injure his vocal organs, the boys decided to assist in getting the squirrel out of the tree, but no sooner had they succeeded in doing this than the little fellow took refuge in a hollow log open at one end. At this aperture the dog took up his position, and continued his noisy, but harmless attack. One of the boys, with axe in hand, commenced the task of cutting the log in two, while his companions stood in full view of the open end of the log, which was not much larger than the dog's wide, gaping mouth. No sooner had the cutting commenced than the squirrel, becoming alarmed, bounded out of his hiding place and disappeared down the dog's capacious throat, who gave two or three convulsive gulps, and the squirrel was no more. "His dogship" showed no signs of distress after partaking of his unusual dinner. A. H. WOODRUFF.

## Michigan. Winter and the Game.

In a note dated Dec. 12 and published in your paper, I am made to say that two feet of snow was a greater depth than we have had here for some years. It should have read "at that date." Our snows for the last half dozen years have not lain as deep as formerly—seldom exceeding two feet at any time. Just now we have a thaw, with heavy rains. KELPIE.

## Will Dry Out.

"THE HANNAFORD Ventilated Rubber Boots, which I bought in December last have proved as represented. They keep my feet warm, but do not sweat them. I have put these boots on with my socks wet through, and after going over my route found that my socks were dry." Respectfully, GEO. M. WOLFE, Carrier Boston Post Office.

BURR'S GUNOLUM is a new preparation for use on shotguns, rifles, revolvers, and all metals, and is warranted to prevent rust on iron, steel, copper, brass and nickel. It is not affected by heat or cold, and is thoroughly waterproof against salt water. It is conveniently put up in tubes similar to those used by artists, and so can be carried and applied with great ease and handiness.—*Adv.*

## Sea and River Fishing.

## ANGLING NOTES.

## Kamloops Salmon.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. J. M. Buxton, of Vancouver, B. C., wished for information about landlocked salmon, and it not being clear in my mind whether he referred to the fish called ouananiche in Canada and landlocked salmon in Maine, where it was originally found—in other words the *Salmo salar* that has not been to sea, or the newly discovered landlocked salmon, allied to the Pacific salmon, found in British Columbia, I wrote him about both species.

In reply he sent me the following interesting letter, from which I quote:

"The fish I mentioned to your brother is not the ouananiche which I think is found in several of the larger lakes of British Columbia. I have come across at least two distinct species of what I consider were once landlocked salmon, and which I have never seen above 1½lbs. in weight. One, I believe, is the same as the 'sockeye salmon' (this is the red salmon (*O. nerka*) which Bean says is called 'Sawqui' or 'Sukkegh') and the other is the exact counterpart of the humpback salmon. The landlocked salmon referred to in the FOREST AND STREAM as caught in Kamloops Lake, is not a landlocked fish. The writer of the article must have been either joking or ignorant of the fish in British Columbia.

"I have caught the same fish all the way from the salt water itself, in the tributaries of the Frazer, to some



hundred miles beyond Kamloops Lake. It is one of our commonest fish. Millions of all kinds of salmon pass through Kamloops Lake every year on their way to the North Thompson and the tributaries of the Great Shuswap Lakes. This fish, the so-called Kamloops landlocked salmon, rarely goes over 4lbs., and gives one excellent sport with the fly.

"The two species of fish I mentioned above are never seen except at spawning time, and are found in lakes to which salmon have access as well as those that are inaccessible. I will, however, send you a specimen of each, in spirits, next year."

As to the ouananiche being found in the lakes of British Columbia, I think Mr. Buxton must be mistaken, unless they have been planted artificially, for there is no evidence that the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*), for that is what the ouananiche really is, was ever found in the Pacific coast waters. But he does not make a point of this as he does that the Kamloops Lake salmon is not landlocked, and upon this subject he speaks from his personal familiarity with this fish and the waters where it is found.

Who the writer in FOREST AND STREAM may be that is referred to I do not know, but Jordan described and named the fish in FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 10, 1892, although it is not likely that he is the man. Jordan, it is quite apparent, has no personal knowledge of the habitat and habits of the fish, for he quoted the information furnished him on these points, but as to his classification, it will require a brave man to question it successfully.

The same issue of FOREST AND STREAM that contained Jordan's description of this new Kamloops salmon has an article with the caption "Salmo Kamloops," but it sheds no light upon the subject in question. It is possible that the small landlocked salmon mentioned by Mr. Buxton may be Bean's *O. kennebecensis*, a landlocked salmon found in British Columbia and Washington, and reaches a weight a little above a pound. When the promised specimens arrive next year they will undoubtedly aid to solve all difference of opinion on the subject that may now exist as to the identity of species.

Sturgeon Eggs.

Dr. Bashford Dean writes me, supplementary to his paper on "Spawning Conditions of Sturgeon," printed in FOREST AND STREAM Dec. 16, as follows: "The fish were all brought in by fishermen—in poor condition, out of water several hours, and in most cases probably stunned at time of capture. The fertilization, nevertheless, was readily accomplished. The eggs are easily taken from the spawning fish and the name given these locally, 'runners,' shows the fluid manner of egg extrusion.

"Several estimates were made of the number of eggs spawned, and it is safe to say that 2,000,000 is perhaps the average. In three fish I think they ran 2,300,000, 1,830,000 and 1,950,000."

I have not had any extensive experience with sturgeon fishing, but in the little that I have had, which was lake fishing, the fishermen, as the net was lifted and the sturgeon's head came within reach, gaffed the fish with a short-handled gaff like a meat hook—oftentimes two men gaffed the fish at the same time, and then proceeded to belabor it over the head with a club until it was dead, when it was thrown into the bottom of the boat to remain for several hours perhaps before the boat even returned to shore. I have often wondered if under such conditions the vitality of the spawn was destroyed, and judging from Dr. Dean's letter that I have quoted from, it is not.

The Howietoun Fishery.

I think that it will be admitted generally that at the Howietoun Fishery, Sterling, Scotland, of which Sir James Matland is the proprietor, fishculture is conducted as carefully, thoroughly and scientifically as in any similar establishment in the world. I have recently received the circular of the Howietoun Fishery for the season of 1893 and '94, and upon comparing it with the circular of 1892-3 I find a marked change in the language used when that was issued.

Speaking of trout for stocking or restocking waters: "If there is any depth of water, big two-year-olds will always be the safest and the speediest mode of stocking, but in many lakes, and in some rivers, the quantity of fish required is so large that, in the interest of due economy, time must be sacrificed, and some mode of stocking cheaper than by two-year-olds resorted to. If there are many small, gravelly streams suitable for young fry from alevinage to six months old, and clear water in abundance, their ova sown in redds is undoubtedly the best method; if there are small streams feeding the water to be stocked, but not sufficiently clear to insure the success of ova sown in redds, then three-month-olds fry are to be recommended; but our experience is that there is no half-way house between ova sown in redds and three-month-olds fry. Younger fry are too risky; they may do, but only where ova would do as well, and at half the cost." It may be well to say in this connection that "redds" are not unlike spawning beds, artificially prepared, in which the eyed ova, at the point of hatching, is planted. The circular continues: "Yearlings are, *par excellence*, the size for general purposes. They are strong enough to find their own food, thus avoiding the principal cause of mortality among fry, namely, starvation; they are easily carried, and stand the journey well; they accommodate themselves with the greatest facility to new water, and they thrive so fast in ponds that they will be found a very profitable investment."

These are excellent reasons why yearlings should be used for planting, and I have faith that it will not be very long before those who now advocate the planting of fry the moment the umbilical sac is absorbed will be converted to the use of yearlings.

I see that fish are cheaper in England than in the United States. Native English trout, *fario*, cost as yearlings, delivered at the railway station, \$50, and two-year-olds cost \$125 per thousand each. In this country our native trout are held, as yearlings, at \$65 per thousand, and as two-year-olds at \$150 per thousand.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

In a personal letter from Fish Commissioner Demuth, of Pennsylvania, occurs this paragraph: "Our hatcheries are in good shape this year. At Allentown and Corry we have 1,600,000 eggs each in process of hatching, and we expect to have at least 3,000,000 trout fry for distribution in the spring of 1894. We also intend to build a hatchery for shad on the Delaware River, and be ready to operate it on the spring run of fish. We will have trouble with

our applications for fish this season, as the Legislature passed an act making it necessary for all applications to be signed by a member of the House or Senate before going to the hatchery. We have always endeavored to give every applicant fish, without regard to location, if the waters were suitable." This is a strange provision on the part of the law makers, and smacks too much of politics and "pulls," and that sort of thing. Even New York has not got to that point, although it was once advocated by one of the superintendents some years ago, and I understand he tried to put this method in practice. Fish Commissioners are appointed for the purpose of making the very best use of all the fish raised by the State, and it is for their own interest and to their credit to make the fish go as far as possible in stocking the suitable waters of the entire State, and to a man up a tree it would appear that the whole matter of fish rearing and fish planting could be left in their hands, without interference on the part of a middleman to approve of applications, who in the very nature of things is not supposed to know as much about proper waters for certain fish as the men to whom the applications would otherwise go direct.

A. N. CHENEY.

Mississippi Fish Slaughter.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—The Dubuque (Iowa) *Trade Journal* prints the following in its November issue. Will the present or incoming Fish Commissioners of Iowa please copy into his hat:

"Vandalism in regard to the fish in the Mississippi River at Dubuque is on the rampage. Seiners are dragging the stream to the complete destruction of the life therein. Cartloads of the fish appear in the market, of all sizes, from the largest down to five inches in length, the latter weighing probably two ounces. Smaller fry are thrown on the bank to perish. All kinds of game have been exterminated in this region, and the fish in the noble river seems similarly doomed. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that it is understood that the Government has to some extent been restocking the water. Is there no way to stop this wholesale slaughter of the finny tribe? Wisconsin has taken the matter in hand and those draggers of seines and owners of nets are liable to penalties as far as its shores extend. Iowa ought to copy its laws, if not, make more stringent ones, and sportsmen and others ought to see that they be enforced." E. H.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider the Subject of the Exhaustion of Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

THE conference was held pursuant to the following CALL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1893.

DEAR SIR—The growing scarcity of edible fishes along our coast line, from Maine to Virginia, is a matter of importance that should not be overlooked by the States interested. The cause or causes of this diminution should be ascertained, and some remedy, if possible, should be applied at once by the enactment of simple and uniform legislation in all of the seaboard States, before the now reduced supply becomes further exhausted. With this object in view, and with a desire for a full, impartial and thorough examination of the whole subject, we, the undersigned citizens of the State of New York, have determined that some effort should be made to obtain a conference of the Commissioners of Fisheries, as well as other citizens of the seaboard States interested, who have made the matter a study, in order that some plan of action be adopted to secure the protection and preservation of food fishes. We, therefore, invite you cordially and request that you will personally invite such citizens of your State as may feel sufficient interest in this matter, to attend a conference to be held at the office of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York, at No. 53 Broadway, New York city, Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1893, at 10 o'clock A. M. This invitation or request will be extended to all members of the Commissions of Fisheries of the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and the Commissioners in addition will be requested to invite such citizens of their States as would be likely to take sufficient interest in the matter to attend such conference.

We sincerely hope that your State may be represented by you, as well as by other citizens, at this conference, and that the results may prove of benefit to all the seaboard States.

Please acknowledge the receipt of this communication as promptly as possible, and give such expression of your sentiments on the subject as you may entertain, and advise us whether you will be present at the conference. We remain yours very respectfully,

Austin Corbin,  
Henry W. Bookstaver,  
Henry P. McGown,  
Robert B. Roosevelt,  
H. C. Fahnestock,  
John L. Hil,  
W. C. Harris,  
Charles E. Whitehead,  
Henry S. Wilson,  
W. B. Williams,  
Albert E. Cochran,  
James E. Hulshizer,  
Edwin M. Felt,  
Thos. N. Cuthbert,  
T. B. Williams,  
James W. Beers,  
Silas C. Force,  
I. F. Parker,  
George H. Penniman,  
Jenkins Van Schaick,  
Arthur M. Hunter.

William K. Vanderbilt,  
Calvin E. Pratt,  
Phineas C. Lounsbury,  
Wm. P. Clyde,  
W. Bayard Cutting,  
Richard V. Hartnett,  
Charles B. Reynolds,  
George G. DeWitt,  
Alex. Taylor, Jr.,  
Wm. M. Fleiss,  
Samuel F. Prentiss,  
John S. W. Thompson,  
Timothy L. Woodruff,  
Paul Worth,  
H. A. Craft,  
S. W. Doubleday,  
Fred Mather,  
Ezra S. Connor,  
Watts T. Miller,  
P. Howard Worth.

L. D. HUNTINGTON,  
W. H. BOWMAN,  
DAVID G. HACKNEY,  
ROBERT HAMILTON,  
A. SYLVESTER JOLINE,

Commissioners  
of Fisheries  
State of New York.

The convention was called to order at 10:30 A. M. Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1893, in the reception parlor of the Gerlach, 55 West Twenty-seventh street, New York city. William H. Bowman, one of the Commission of Fisheries of the State of New York, was elected chairman, and Edward P. Doyle, secretary and engineer of the same Commission, was elected secretary. The following delegates were present: Bushrod W. James, Philadelphia, Pa. E. A. Brackett, Commissioner

of Fisheries, Massachusetts. Leonard Hulitt, Asbury Park, N. J. D. T. Church, Tiverton, R. I. Sylvanus Smith, Gloucester, Mass. David Banks, 10 West Fortieth street, New York. B. T. De Butts, Boston, Mass. H. B. Joyce, Boston, Mass. Atkins Hughes, Truro, Mass. J. M. R. Southwick, Commissioner of Fisheries, Newport, R. I. A. Walling, Jr., Keyport, N. J. James F. Edge, Asbury Park, N. J. Caleb Haley, Fulton Market, New York. George M. Vail, Orient, L. I., N. Y. J. O. Lewis, Wickford, R. I. Luther Maddocks, Boothbay, Me. George N. Bliss, East Providence, R. I. Parker W. Page, Commissioner of Fisheries, Summit, N. J. Robert D. Foote, Commissioner of Fisheries, Morristown, N. J. James B. Church, Tiverton, R. I. John T. Hargard, New York. James F. Church, Bailey's Island, Me. A. W. Rowe, Philadelphia, Pa. A. E. Potter, New York. Edward G. Whitaker, New York. Alfred Hand, Philadelphia, Pa. Charles F. Chamberlayne, Bourne, Mass. Nelson Lockwood, North Long Branch, N. J. S. M. Johnson, Boston, Mass. Henry C. Ford, Philadelphia, Pa. H. O. Wilbur, Philadelphia, Pa. John F. Sudler, Commissioner of Fisheries, Maryland. C. H. Angus, New York. A. M. Spangler, Philadelphia, Pa. B. L. Douredoure, Philadelphia, Pa. Jas. H. Miller, Philadelphia, Pa. Cyrus S. Detre, Philadelphia, Pa. Harry W. Quick, Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa. George Coe, Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y. Edward Thompson, Northport, L. I., N. Y. George T. Moon, New York. I. C. Young, Long Wharf, Boston, Mass. Wm. Findlay Brown, Philadelphia, Pa. Henry A. Reeves, Greenport, L. I., N. Y. Robert B. Chalker, Saybrook, Conn. I. Spicer Leaming, Cape May City, N. J. Colonel Marshall McDonald, United States Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C. Dr. Bashford Dean, Columbia, S. C. Robert F. Walsh, New York. Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. Dr. John D. Quackenbush, Columbia College, New York. Edward Sternfeld, New York. Robert E. Follett, Commissioner of Fisheries, Connecticut. Judge Henry P. McGown, New York. Edwin R. Kelsey, Connecticut. Col. John Gay, Commissioner of Fisheries, Pennsylvania. Joseph Belser, New Haven, Conn. L. D. Huntington, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. W. H. Bowman, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. Robert Hamilton, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. David G. Hackney, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York. Edward P. Doyle, Secretary Commission of Fisheries, New York. Albert E. Cochran, New York. Robert B. Roosevelt, New York. Dr. William M. Hudson, Hartford, Conn. Mayor Frank L. Ten Broeck, Asbury Park, N. J. Alvin P. Hildreth, Riparian Commissioner, New Jersey. William T. Fox, New York. Watts T. Miller, New York. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Washington, D. C. Sakaye Sawatari, Japan. Frank J. Amsden, Rochester, N. Y. Isaac Smith, Staten Island. M. F. Collins, Staten Island. M. Fitzgerald, Staten Island. M. Fitzgerald, Jr., Staten Island. J. Warren Pond, Chief Game and Fish Protector, Malone, N. Y. C. B. Reynolds, New York. John A. Githens, Asbury Park, N. J. Robert Potter, Long Branch, N. J. A. Val. Woodruff, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y. F. R. Jorgensen, Gravesend, L. I., N. Y. Julius Nelson, State Geologist, New Brunswick, N. J. John Hennessey, North Long Branch, N. J. J. W. Adams, Boston, Mass. M. C. Lohrens, Belford, N. J. Pulaski Benjamin, Fulton Market, N. Y. J. R. Reed, Boston, Mass. Owen E. Houghton, D. D. S., Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y. A. A. Adams, 199 Fulton street, New York. L. P. Streeter, Morristown, N. J. Louis Streuber, Commissioner of Fisheries, Harrisburg, Pa. W. F. Round, New York. W. B. Williams, New York. Alexander Taylor, Jr., Mamaroneck, N. Y. James Allen, New York.

Mr. W. H. BOWMAN, on taking the chair, stated the object of the meeting, and said that there was no purpose in it other than to learn the truth as far as possible, and to ascertain the reasons for the complaints of the scarcity of food fish for hook and line men and anglers; that this interest, and the invested capital on a large scale, if found to conflict with each other, should endeavor so to adjust their relations toward each other as to remove friction in order that all might enjoy fishing privileges, and at the same time the food fishes of the coast be preserved by some efforts to be devised toward that end, should it be found that a depletion is going on.

At the suggestion of Mr. Roosevelt, the representatives of the various firms and interests in attendance upon the conference had their names and the names of their principals recorded.

MR. JAMES M. R. SOUTHWICK (Rhode Island) criticised the call as being "upside down," in that he construed it as beginning with a statement that there is a scarcity of fish and concluding with requesting an investigation.

THE CHAIR said that the object of the call was to get an assemblage of those competent to speak, and that there was no thought of pre-judging the merits of the matters that were to be discussed, that it was earnestly desired that every one should have the fullest opportunity to express his views, and if the necessity presented itself to the minds of the majority, the example occasionally afforded in politics could be followed, and they could "repudiate the platform and go the man."

MR. SOUTHWICK (R. I.) said that he represented no particular class of fishermen; the interests of the hook and line fishermen should be considered as well as the interests of the net fishermen, and he thought the objects of the conference would be better expressed by the following, which he offered:

*Resolved*, That the purpose of this conference is to inquire into the general condition of the coast fisheries and to consider what, if anything, can be done to improve them.

MR. GEORGE T. MOON (N. Y., Fulton Market) said that it seemed to be a waste of time to discuss shades of meaning; it was clearly enough expressed as to the object of the conference. An expression of opinion was the thing wanted as to whether there is a diminution of fish supply on our Atlantic Coast, and if so, would legislation, and what legislation, protect the interest of the people. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion statistics were necessary, and he hoped that gentlemen were prepared with facts and figures and that the meeting would proceed to the business in hand with the least possible delay.

MR. CYRUS S. DETRE (Philadelphia) said it had been his privilege and pleasure for years to go a-fishing six months of each twelve along the New Jersey coast, and lately he had been on the coast of North Carolina; that he had noticed frequently the operations of the menhaden steamers. He said that it is his experience that the supply of game fishes is rapidly disappearing from the Atlantic seaboard, and while the menhaden industry as carried on does great havoc, he was convinced that the pound nets are far more disastrous. It seemed to him that the menhaden are disappearing rapidly, and he thought that by reason of their exhaustion the evil would regulate itself in the menhaden affairs, for the business would not pay. But the effect would be also felt on the food fishes supply, especially in the case of the bluefish, which, if they could not find bunkers, would feed on other tribes of food fish, such as weakfish and striped bass, which would also be deprived of the food supply that they had heretofore found in the menhaden. He did not speak with bias, nor as an uncompromising and out and out rod and reel man, but as an observer. There is no question that the food fish are being depleted, and it is true of the North Carolina coast. He had been told by net fishermen there that the two last successive seasons had been bad; that they are beginning to recognize the evil of what they are doing, and his informant said to him, "I will take up my pound if my neighbor will take up his." But I want to speak especially of the pound nets along the New Jersey coast. I understand there are about 28 pound nets between Barnegat Inlet and



Sandy Hook, or around Sandy Hook. These pound nets a few years ago did not do the damage that they are doing now, for the reason that they did not extend far enough into the sea. But within the last few years they have put on an extra leader that leads out into another pocket, and that pocket goes out to the bar and over the bar. We all know, or ought to know, that fish in feeding up and down the coast run in and out the inlets, especially striped bass, and feeding fish sometimes run along the bar, and over the bar, and between the bar and the shore. Therefore, fish that years ago used to escape by keeping a little further off are now picked up—all sorts of fish are picked up, all sizes of fish are picked up. These pounds are put out early in the season. Sea bass are caught with spawn and shad are caught with spawn; that destruction goes on all summer and immense numbers of weakfish are caught. I have seen 30,000, 40,000, 50,000, 60,000, 80,000, 120,000 lbs. of fish taken out of one pound in one day. Fishing will have an end if that destruction is continued year after year. They used to tell us that the buffalo could not be exterminated, nor the salmon. I do not know much about mackerel, but they tell me that they are disappearing. In addition to the destruction in the early summer and in the spring, the baby fish are caught in the fall, and in the nets a great many, large and small, are crushed, especially the small ones. So many fish are sometimes thrown overboard that they become a nuisance on the shore. There is no question that the shore fish are disappearing.

MR. CALEB HALEY (N. Y. Fulton Market) called for papers and statistics.

A member of the conference inquired what method could be employed for taking fish for market were the pound nets to be taken up.

MR. CHAMBERLAYNE (Mass.) moved that the resolution that had been offered by Mr. Southwick be laid on the table and that a call be made for papers.

MR. A. WALLING, JR. (Keyport) offered as a substitute the following:

*Resolved*, That this conference adopt as the basis of its action the declaration of its chairman that the object of the meeting is a full and free consideration of the matters within the general purpose of the call, and that a general expression of views be invited.

This substitute was accepted, and the question being put it was carried.

The following gentlemen then indicated their purpose to present papers: D. T. Church, Rhode Island; J. M. R. Southwick, Rhode Island, Chas. M. Vail, Orient, L. I.; Chas. F. Chamberlayne, Massachusetts; Henry C. Ford, Pennsylvania; E. A. Brackett, Massachusetts; Henry A. Reeves, Long Island; Robert F. Walsh, L. D. Huntington, W. T. Fox, W. T. Miller, Albert E. Cochran, New York.

MR. WM. FINDLAY BROWN (Philadelphia) suggested as a time-saving expedient that the papers be read under a call of States, but this proposition was deferred for the present, and the conference acquiesced in the motion made by Mr. Roosevelt that the paper of Mr. Huntington be first read.

MR. HUNTINGTON being temporarily absent, Mr. Daniel T. Church was heard. [Mr. Church's paper was given to a reporter, and up to time of this report going to press a duplicate had not been secured.]

MR. D. T. CHURCH went on to say as follows: In Holland they tried for 300 years to do with their fishing what these gentlemen are trying to do with our fishing, and as a consequence their fishing industry was almost destroyed. But now they let it alone, and since they have had "free" fishing they have been prosperous. A restriction interfering with fishermen and their apparatus is against public policy.

Now, as to mackerel. In 1884 they were as plenty as they were ever known before. The porgy in 1890 made its appearance on the coast of Rhode Island, and between Buzzards Bay and Sandy Hook that fish since 1890 has been as plenty, or plentier, than ever before known in the history of the fishing business. In 1881 sea bass appeared from Virginia to Buzzards Bay, all about one size, and in 1884 more sea bass was on the coast of the United States than has ever before been known in this century. As to striped bass, seven or eight years ago there were more striped bass on the coast of New England than had been known before in the last fifty years. In the year 1892 tautog were plentier than ever before known in the last forty or fifty years, as Fulton Market fishermen can show you. Menhaden in 1887 were as scarce as we ever knew them; but in the year 1888 there were more menhaden between Penobscot and Sandy Hook than has been known in a century. The firm that I represent, in 1887 had twelve fishing gangs fishing from the commencement to the end of the season, and all we caught was less than 140,000 barrels of fish. In the year 1888-9 one gang of fishermen got more than twelve gangs in 1887, one of the best illustrations of the constant fluctuations of fish. As to weakfish. Men put themselves on record that weakfish are scarce. Not in the history of the business has there been as many weakfish present on the coast of the United States between Buzzards Bay and New Jersey as there has been this year. The water has been literally jam full of them. There have been thousands and thousands of barrels lying idle, left in the nets, for the reason that it would not pay to ship them. Gentlemen think they can always catch fish when they are on the water. In Narragansett Bay there is no question that there have been more weakfish than ever before known, and on inquiry among fishermen I have yet to find one man who has caught two weakfish with hook and line, out of this immense number present. The fish were so thick that at some places you could take a gaff and haul them ashore for hours at a time. Fulton Market men will all tell you that there are thousands and thousands, many thousands of barrels of weakfish shipped into Fulton Market that do not pay for the freight and ice and barrels and usual expenses. It makes no difference whether man catches them, or not; it is only a short time when they are going to be scarce. When tautog were plenty in 1892 not one in a million was taken, of course. But in 1893 there was not one tautog in the water where there were a hundred before. That scarcity is bound to come, and man is not to be figured in those periods of scarcity. We are prepared with any amount of statistics and facts to make that plain to everybody. I say to these sportsmen of wealth and leisure that we are not your rivals, we are not in any way interfering with you. When fishing is good, it is good for all; and when there are no fish, there are none, and the fisherman is "not in it" in any way or shape. If you knew the facts you would stand on our side, and do all you could for us to help us along, instead of driving us. We are only 200 years old, or 300, as a country, and our fishery industry as a rule is prosperous because it has been free. But if you restrict us, and drive us out, we shall be the same as fishermen on the other side of the ocean.

Mr. Huntington's paper was then read as follows:

## EXHAUSTION OF COAST LINE FOOD FISHES.

### The Cause for this Exhaustion and the Necessary Remedy.

By L. D. Huntington, President Com. of Fisheries, State of New York.

THE growing scarcity of edible fishes along our coast line, from Maine to North Carolina, is a matter of importance that should not be overlooked by the States interested. The cause or causes of this diminution should be ascertained, and some remedy, if possible, applied at once by the enactment of simple and uniform laws in all the seaboard States, before the now reduced supply becomes further exhausted. Such were the convictions of the signers of the call for this conference, and this I feel assured is the honest conviction,

not only of those here assembled, but of every citizen along the coast of our seaboard States that has given the subject his consideration, excepting some of those whose vocations are such that their pecuniary interest in fish, either directly or indirectly, makes them indifferent to the supply of the future. This growing scarcity may be more pronounced at some given points of our extensive coast line than at others.

I am pleased to see that we have here with us gentlemen representing a good portion of our coast line, and well advised upon this important subject, especially so as to their section, who I feel assured will indorse as a fact the growing scarcity of edible fish.

So far as the waters of our bays, estuaries and along the shores of the State of New York go, there can be no question in my judgment, formed from observation and experience, that there is a growing scarcity, especially so for the last decade, accepting as a fact that the edible fishes have greatly decreased. The two important questions then are: First, the cause or causes. Second, a remedy.

What are the causes? There are probably a number. Possibly in certain prescribed waters, sewerage, the refuse from oil and gas works, and the discharge of other deleterious matters, might account for the fish not now frequenting prescribed waters wherein they were formerly abundant. If it were not for the fact that in adjacent waters entirely free from such causes, we find a growing scarcity, our migratory fish varying as to their abundance, some years more, some years less, they nevertheless, with possible exception, as well as our local fishes, show at every decade a decrease, we might name the above as the sole cause.

There may be other local causes suggesting themselves to those who have given this subject careful attention, especially in localities other than I mention.

Gentlemen, there are two real causes that are responsible for the growing scarcity. The first cause (which is a natural one) has led to the second, which is susceptible of remedy. The first cause I refer to is the fact of increased population, consequently increased consumption of fish food, thereby increased demand. This increased demand has called forth the ingenuity of man to invent improved methods of capture, whereby he can take more fish with less labor than with former apparatus. Therefore, of late years we see the purse net and the pound net in use in our bays and estuaries and along our shores, and the indiscriminate use of nets in general and of the purse net and pound net in particular, with no restrictions as to size of mesh or mode of use, is, to my mind, without doubt one of the principal causes for the growing scarcity of our edible fishes along our seaboard.

It is a well-known fact that our coast shore is literally lined with pound nets, many of them extending a great distance from the shore, taking all kinds of fishes that attempt to pass them or feed near them. There can be no doubt but what the pound net, to the extent and in the manner used, is the cause of the destruction and wanton waste of large quantities of valuable food fishes yearly.

Further, that it is the cause of driving off from our shores (at least along this section of the coast) large quantities of fish that follow the shores to enter our bays and estuaries, not only for the purpose of food, but for the purpose of reproducing. As evidence of this, I might cite Barnegat Bay, the Great South Bay and west end of Long Island Sound. The two bays mentioned, until within a few years past, were noted for their abundance of such valuable food fish as the striped bass, sheephead, bluefish, weakfish, kingfish, etc., while at the west end of Long Island Sound there were to be found striped bass, bluefish, weakfish, kingfish, etc. For the past few years these favorite feeding and spawning grounds of all these valuable food fish have been deserted by them, and the thousands of men of limited means who have made an honest living by taking these fish in moderate quantities within these waters, coupling with it the furnishing of boats and bait for the thousands of anglers, are compelled, from no fault of their own, to seek some other vocation to earn a livelihood for themselves and families, and I have no doubt but what this applies to a good portion of our coast shore equally with Barnegat, the Great South Bay and west end of Long Island Sound and waters adjacent thereto.

It is claimed that the use of the purse net along our shores, in our bays and estuaries, is in no way responsible for the growing scarcity of our edible fishes. I have heard it said by those interested in the menhaden fisheries that the purse nets do not take edible fish enough to supply the hands on board the boats using the nets. To any person at all familiar with the purse net as used for taking menhaden, this statement cannot for one moment be credited, as it is impossible to use this net, as the menhaden fishermen do, in waters that do not exceed the depth of the net used, without taking all fish which the net surrounds when set, unless they be so small that they escape through the mesh, or so strong that they break through the net.

I submit for consideration the following problem: Let a purse net, say 1,500 ft. long (there are much longer ones used), be set in a circle with the ends meeting (as they always are). You then have a flexible wall from the surface to the bottom, inclosing a circle of 500 ft. in diameter, or containing an area of some four and one-quarter acres. The net is then pursed along on the bottom until it is closed, thus forming a big scoop-net. Now, how do the food fish that are in this inclosure of four and one-quarter acres escape, and how are the menhaden only taken?

I herewith submit for your consideration some valuable evidence upon this point in the evidence of Capt. Nathaniel B. Church, one of the firm of Church Bros., of Tiverton, R.I., before the Senate committee in 1882. (Report 706, p. 7):

Q. Now, if you have caught food fish, state to what extent? A. We have caught so very few that we have not caught enough to eat really. On this trip of 2,000 barrels we brought in yesterday, we caught one bluefish; that is all in the whole lot. We caught probably a hundred sharks, and for the last six weeks we have been fishing off the Cape of Delaware; there, in the body of menhaden, we have not caught fish enough to eat; nowhere near enough. We catch sometimes a bonito, half a dozen bluefish, a weakfish or two. We caught three Spanish mackerel for the year, and three sheephead. We caught very few mackerel in the spring. We always make a point to pick out all the food fish we can.

Q. What do you mean, throw them back? A. No, sir; throw them on deck, to eat.

Q. You take in your fish by steam power, do you not? A. Yes, sir. Q. I suppose it is impracticable to make any careful selections? A. Yes, sir. The fish come in in quantities of five barrels in the net. They go down the same as on this floor, and they spread out. Of course you would not have time to see the whole.

Q. How are they deposited in the vessel? A. In bulk.

Q. What in? A. In a hold made on purpose. The compartment holds anywhere from 500 to 1,000 and 1,700 barrels.

Q. And the fish are brought in in the landing net, they are thrown into that? A. They are dumped down right into the box; the same as this room, exactly.

Q. What is the depth of the hold? A. The depth of my boat is about 8 ft.

Q. How much square? A. It hold 1,600 barrels. It is 33 or 30 ft. long, about 30 ft. wide and 3 ft. deep, I think. I do not know the exact dimensions; that is as near as I can guess.

Q. If you capture sufficient you throw them into that until you fill it? A. Yes, sir.

MR. OSCAR O. FRIEDLANDER, seven years a Menhaden fisherman, before the same committee (p. 23), testifies on this point as follows:

Q. Have you ever seen bluefish as large as that caught in your seines? A. An odd one here and there, sir; a straggler.

Q. The seine is unloaded into the hold of your ship pretty rapidly, is it not? A. Yes; they unload about a thousand a minute; quicker than that even. They have steam hoisters on board the steamer, and hoist them out.

Q. And the opportunity to see what kind of fish they are is to see them as they are thrown out into the bins? A. Yes, sir.

Q. They are never examined afterward, are they? A. Well, we see them at the factory as they come in.

The testimony of Samuel B. Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a fish dealer, before the same committee (p. 39), is in interesting contrast:

Q. The captains of four or five of the menhaden fish steamers have testified that they rarely catch food fish of any kind; it is an exceptional fact if they take them. Have you any knowledge in regard to that? A. I have knowledge that I received 70,000 lbs. from one of Daniel Church's steamers within the last thirty days.

Q. What fish? A. Weakfish.

Q. Do you remember the name of the captain? A. His name is Church. I think he is one of the brothers.

Q. Which brother? A. I do not know any one by name except Daniel.

Q. Well, Daniel does not fish? A. He does not now; has not for a number of years. I have been acquainted with them since they were very young; they are very nice men. He claimed that they thought they were a school of bunkers.

Q. That is, menhaden; they claimed to have taken them by mistake? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And they were put on the market? A. There were 10,000 lbs. of them put on the market.

Q. What was done with the balance? A. Barren Island, that is the load I spoke of. I should think there was 70,000 lbs. weight.

Q. Do you recollect how long ago it was? A. It was within thirty days. It is not much more than two weeks ago. I sent a check to Daniel Church for what he had sold here.

Q. With that exception, what knowledge have you, if any, as to their taking food fish? A. I have no knowledge of their taking food fish, other than they have sent to market. They have had mackerel and sent them up to market to be sold in the market.

Q. What market? A. Fulton Market; but I have no knowledge of their taking any that they sent to be tried out, except those that were used for sale. They sent these to market, but they could not be disposed of there.

Q. They describe the hold of the ship as a bin 20 ft. wide, 25 or 30 ft. in length and 3 ft. in depth; and I should judge from their description that they put fish in there at the rate of about a thousand a minute; they estimate their scoop will take a thousand, and say they can throw a scoopful of fish in a minute into the hold of a vessel that way. I suppose food fish, if thrown in that way, would not preserve long in a condition fit to use? A. They throw them right into the hold of the vessel. It is heated. The whole steamer is heated. Then they turn water in on them to cover them.

Q. That is new to me. A. And when it has lain there some time they blow it out.

Q. How the water out? A. Yes, sir. If he catches any food fish, which he does in the spring, fine mackerel, he generally sends them up to me and we dispose of them.

Q. What captain do you speak of? A. Daniel; all his captains. These fish were very fine indeed; some they dressed on deck coming up. I took out enough to make 10,000 lbs. It was night; too late to take care of them, and those down in the hold were heated. Next morning there were none taken out; they were used for sale; the captain came up to see me and I told him to haul right out.

Q. I want to inquire, to be general, if food fish are caught with menhaden in their mode of taking fish, whether they would be kept in condition for use as food fish? A. Put in the way they put in menhaden, I do not think that those that were caught in the below the surface could be fit in three hours. I think they would heat in less time than that.

Q. The extent to which they take food fish, if they take them at all, is not, I suppose, within your means of knowledge? A. No, sir.

Q. How many have you purchased of menhaden boats this season? A. I had a smack come up with a load that she took from one of the menhaden steamers, dressed them and put them below and iced them. She was down there and had her ice in. They were brought for market.

Q. Give an estimate of the cargoes you have purchased this season? A. She must have had 15,000 lbs.

Q. From the menhaden boats? A. Yes, sir; they were in pretty good condition.

Q. Do you mean in addition to the 70,000 lbs. you mentioned? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What description of fish? A. Weakfish.

Q. Any bluefish? A. I do not think there were any in that boat; in the 70,000 lbs. there were some bluefish; perhaps there might have been 500 lbs. That is all I know of coming to our market this season from any of these menhaden fishermen.

The evidence of Maurice Cresse, of Cape May City, is to the same effect (p. 154):

Q. Now, you know something of the habits of the fish. Wherever a school of menhaden is found and surrounded by a purse net is not it a necessity that whatever food fish are pursuing them are taken in with them? A. Oh, yes. I have fished a purse net myself.

Q. For the purpose of oil and fertilizers, the catching of menhaden and other fish, I suppose, is a valuable industry to the people? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Which do you regard the most valuable, that or the right of the people to have the reason for it? I regard the right of the people to have the food fish, and the destruction is very great. Now, I never saw them, but if they should catch a vessel load of what we call bluefish or weakfish, they would put them into the general cargo and boil them up. They would not get much oil, but they would get the refuse, the fish scrap, which is worth \$3 a ton.

The evidence of Mr. Eugene G. Blackford is confirmatory (p. 48):

Q. Please state in your own way what your judgment is as to the effect of the menhaden industry upon the quantity of food fishes, and the reasons for it; I would like to get your view upon it? A. My attention was called to this fact from parties calling upon me to make complaint to me, as Commissioner of Fisheries, that the menhaden fishermen were catching food fishes and carrying them to their factories to be made into oil and scrap. I replied to all those parties that my position as Commissioner of Fisheries gave me no authority whatever; that there was no law to prohibit that, and that no interference was made with the business. I have noticed, of course, as I have with everything connected with the fish questions coming up from time to time, that the menhaden interest up to within two years was a growing and expanding interest; that the number of boats was increasing year by year; that our coast was fished from Maine to North Carolina persistently from the time the menhaden appeared until the cold weather; that those points where the fisheries were commenced and most active prosecuted seemed to be exhausted after a few years—I speak more particularly of the coast of Maine, where it is called porgy fishery. They call them porgy, which is a different fish from what we know as porgies. It is the menhaden there, and that, from my own knowledge, every year those fishes which feed upon menhaden grow more scarce. The quantity diminishes most notably in the striped bass, and the present year has been one of very marked scarcity in this, one of our choicest fishes. It is not scarce in one particular point, but it is scarce all along the coast, where it is usually found. There have been several instances which have been spoken of here, of my own knowledge, where the menhaden vessels have taken large schools of food fish and have brought them to the top and made a very large catch of 1881, about a year ago, just about this time of the year, was the principal catch of weakfish. Some four or more vessels came up to Fulton Market with a cargo, a quantity of at least 200,000 lbs., nearly all weakfish, and out of that 200,000 lbs., about one fourth of it was marketed.

Q. Where had they been taken? A. They had been taken probably not over five miles from where we sat, right along this coast here, the coast of Long Island.

Q. The outer coast of Long Island? A. As I recollect, it was right in the vicinity of Rockaway they were taken. About one-fourth of those fish were in good condition—fit for food. These are fish that were lying upon the top layers, so to speak. The fish had been taken and dumped into the holds of the vessels, and it being very warm weather, heated of course where they lay packed in underneath with the weight of those on top and men were put to work discharging the fish, distributing them to every dealer who would take them, and assignment to sell. They were sold as low as one cent a pound. There was an effort for immediate distribution of the fish because of the warm weather and they needed immediate attention to keep them any time. The balance of those cargoes were sent to the factories. The vessels steamed away with them, and they were rendered into oil and scrap.

Q. Do you know to whose factory they went? A. No, sir. That is the most notable instance. That all the menhaden fishermen would rather bring their food fish to market than to put them into oil and scrap is a self-evident fact, if they were provided with proper facilities for the care of the fish; if they were fitted for market fish.

Q. Yes, I understand that they are not a desirable fish to manufacture? A. No, but you take a bluefish in the fall of the year and it is very fat.

Q. Now the other part of my question, as to the effect of the menhaden fishery upon the food fish and the reason for it; can you state that? A. In my opinion the effect of the great amount of fishing that is carried on for menhaden all along the coast breaks up the schools of fish which are followed by the striped bass and bluefish, and has a tendency to make those fish seek other feeding grounds. I speak more particularly with regard to the striped bass, as that is a voracious fish on the menhaden. The striped bass two years ago were found in more or less quantities during the entire summer and late in the fall. Very



large catches were taken on the Long Island coast, as many as 20,000 per day coming to Fulton Market. That quantity has been steadily diminishing year by year, and this year the scarcity is more marked than ever before.

The evidence of Thomas J. Horner, a fisherman of Atlantic City, N. J. (Report 706, p. 170), bears internal evidence of truthfulness:

Q. Has the supply of the fish used by the people for food increased or diminished during your experience? A. They have decreased. They have also increased in these last four years. Previous to that they diminished. When I first followed fishing if we did not catch a hundred fish a day and come along the street with less than that the old fisherman's song was sung to us. I think it is seven or eight years ago that father and I built the first fish factory that was ever built on the coast of New Jersey.

Q. You mean a menhaden factory? A. A menhaden factory. It was built for a man that belonged in Connecticut. We were the contractors to build the house. The first load of fish that came to that factory was a load of menhaden; the second load was a load of weakfish, and a full load. The next load that came to that factory was a load of drumfish. They were thrown into the waste heap as the weakfish were. I said to my father then, "Father, we have done something we ought not to have done. We have done something that we thought was going to benefit the community which will never benefit it." "Why," he said, "boy, how you talk." "Well," I said, "it is so. In less than three years from now in our little village where we go to get fish, given to us for nothing, we will pay ten cents a pound for fish in drawing your same old menhaden." A. Sometimes we caught a good many food fish, and another time we caught a very few.

Q. Well, on the average would there be a considerable quantity of food fish? A. There sometimes would be quite a number of food fish among them, and other times would be very little; whatever there was within the bounds of the net.

Q. There is a thing in your experience to justify the theory of some of these witnesses, that the menhaden were always found by themselves exclusively; that they were not largely intermixed with the food fish? A. On that I can only tell you my experience. I seldom ever made a haul but what I always caught a certain quantity of food fish. I seldom made a haul but what I caught more or less drumfish.

Q. Did you fish in shallow water? A. I calculated to fish in ten fathoms if I wanted to make a haul.

Q. Did your net reach the bottom? A. Yes, sir; the net was sixteen fathoms deep.

In a statement of Prof. G. Brown Goode, before the International Fisheries Exhibition, London, England (quoted in 79 Con. Rec., p. 4783), he says:

There can be no doubt that the extensive fisheries prosecuted by menhaden steamers in the Gulf of Maine were prejudicial to the shore fishermen by driving the fish they formerly caught for bait out to sea and beyond the reach of their nets.

The reason is also furnished by the same gentleman (Misc. Docs. 49, 2d Sess. 45th Cong., p. 117):

The purse seine is doubtless more effective than any other fishing apparatus ever devised. By its use a school of almost any size can be secured without the loss of a single fish. The enormous demands of the oil factories can be met only by fisheries conducted on the grandest scale, and the purse seine is used by the factory fleets to the exclusion of all other nets.

Mr. S. L. Boardman, of Augusta, Me., in an interesting report to the State Board of Agriculture, of which he was secretary, (1875, p. 60), states the facts as follows:

Parties engaged in taking menhaden now go off 10 or 20 miles from shore, whereas they formerly fished near the coast, and now they find the best and "most profitable fishing at that distance." This fish is included among the shore fishes described by Prof. S. F. Baird as having suffered "an alarming decrease" among the fisheries conducted on the United States, owing partly to excessive fishing throughout their spawning time in order to supply the oil factories.

Prof. G. Brown Goode, in his "Short Biography," says:

In estimating the importance of the menhaden to the United States, it should be borne in mind that its absence from our waters would probably reduce all our other sea fishes to at least one-fourth their present extent.

For various evidence to the same effect, see Misc. Docs. 49, 2d Sess. Cong., p. 75. In the same document, Prof. G. Brown Goode states this fact at p. 144:

Constant fishing on the Northern coast has driven the menhaden out to sea, though in the South their habits are much the same as of old. In New England the menhaden fishery has become to a certain extent sea fishing and is prosecuted on the grandest scale.

In Misc. Docs. 48, 2d Sess. 45th Cong., p. 111, it is said by Prof. Goode:

It is the commonly received opinion that purse-net fishing is destined evidently to destroy all the menhaden in our waters. \* \* \* The same may be said regarding pound-net fishing. It is doubtless true that the fisheries in a given locality may deplete the immediate region in which they are prosecuted. The cod and halibut may be fished for upon a single bank until the local supply is exhausted.

From the report of the United States on menhaden fisheries I find the following as to the habits of the menhaden:

They prefer the shallow places along shore and some years crowd in great numbers into the brackish sounds and inlets, and ascend some of the larger rivers for a long distance, until the water becomes too brackish for them.

Prof. Goode says (Misc. Doc. 49, 2d Sess. 45th Cong., p. 70):

They seem particularly fond of shallow waters protected from the wind, in which, if not molested, they will remain throughout the season, drifting with the tide in and out of the shallow indentations of the shore and into the mouths of creeks and rivers, on the surface of the water; but the gill nets will take them long after, and they have been so taken as late as New Year's, when they are quite plenty. This shows that they are not gone at that time. Who knows but what they are close by all winter?

"As to their habits," I would say that while they were generally credited with being an off shore spawner, U. S. Commissioner McDonald informs us that he had their habits investigated along our coast during the season of 1892, and from evidence so procured, he has no doubt of their being an inshore spawner, and that they seek the shallow, brackish water along our shores, bays and estuaries for the purpose of spawning."

This fact of itself, without taking in consideration the destruction and waste of edible fish, warrants the prohibition of the use of the purse net for the purpose of taking this fish along our shores, at least during the spawning season.

I desire to call your attention for one moment to the words of Prof. Baird, in relation to the spawning habits of fish and its importance to future supply. In his Report of 1871 he calls attention to extermination or decrease of fish by taking, thereby reducing their reproduction, as follows:

As most fish require from three to five years' growth before they are capable of reproduction, and in many cases remain in the open sea until this period is reached, it will follow that for several years after the establishment of an exhaustive fishing the supply may appear to be but little interfered with, since there are several successive crops of fish to come on at the annual intervals, and not until the entire round has been completed do the injurious agencies begin to present the evidence of their severity. It is easy, then, to understand why, after five or ten years' fishing, the supply of fish in a given bay or along a certain strip of coast will be reduced to a very considerable degree.

Prof. Baird, in his report of 1871 (Misc. Doc. No. 61, 2d Sess. 42d Congress, page 28), says:

It is not a sufficient argument in reply to this (the danger of fish extermination) to point to the enormous number of eggs laid by a single fish in each season, amounting in some instances to perhaps from five thousand to hundreds of thousands, or even millions, since the immense fecundity is an absolute necessity to preserve the balance of life under water. The eggs and the young fish furnish the appointed food to an immense variety of animals, many species of fish as well as crustaceans and other animals depending entirely upon them for support. Among the particular enemies of the eggs and the young fry may be enumerated the small minnows, cyprinodonts, the atherinas, silver sides or friars, the cunners or chogses, the young of many larger fish, the different kinds of crustaceans, including also the lobster, etc. These were not interfered with to any material extent by any form of net, as they are too small to furnish profitable employment in their capture, and they pass readily through the meshes of any nets that would be set for other purposes. Although, therefore the amount of spawn and of young fish may be materially less than a previous average, the predaceous animals just referred to will probably still destroy as many as ever, since they have every opportunity for picking up their prey at all times; and whatever the scarcity at first, they are likely to get all they require.

Prof. Baird, in his Report of 1871, at p. 18, also says:

In all discussions and considerations in regard to the sea fisheries, one important principle should be borne in mind, and that is that every fish that spawns on or near the shores has a definite relationship to a particular area of sea bottom; or, in other words, that as far as we can judge from experiment and observation, every fish returns as nearly as possible to its own birthplace to exercise the function of reproduction, and continues to do so, year by year, during the whole period of its existence. \* \* \* It is an established fact that salmon, alewives and shad, both young and old, have been caught on certain spawning beds, and after being properly marked and allowed to escape, have been found to reappear in successive years in the same locality. \* \* \* The principle is rather more difficult to establish in regard to marine fishes, but experiments have been made by competent men on our coast and elsewhere, which prove the existence of the same general principle in relation to them.

There were in use, during the year 1880, 82 steamers and 366 sailing vessels employed in taking menhaden. Now, let the 82 steamers average three hauls per day and the sailing vessels average but two hauls per day during the season of say 160 fishing days with a purse net of average length of 1,200 ft. This would be 978 hauls per day, each haul covering an area of 2½ acres would be 2,639 acres per day—430,240 acres of our waters along our coast strained every year of all the fish that happen at the time to be in it.

Gentlemen, can this be done yearly without decreasing the food fish along our coast? My figures are low estimates.

A small portion of the hauls may be made in waters deeper than the net used, in which case there is possibility of the edible fish escaping. Now, what is the effect of the constant use of this net upon those edible fish fortunate enough to have escaped it, when hauled in the shallow waters along our shores, in our bays and estuaries—the feeding and spawning ground of many varieties of our most valuable fish—but to drive them to deep water away beyond the reach of those who for a livelihood fish with hook and line, those who angle to obtain the fish food for their families, as well as those who angle for recreation, health and for pleasure?

It has been my privilege to listen to the same arguments used by those interested in a pecuniary way in taking fish with nets for market, as well as for oil and guano, also those who have a pecuniary interest in handling them after they are taken, as we are likely to hear at this conference; and right here, gentlemen, allow me to suggest that if I or you were so pecuniarily interested it is possible that we, too, would want no restriction whatsoever, regardless of waste and destruction of valuable food fishes, to in any way interfere with our making the last dollar possible, and that right now, regardless of the supply for the future. There are those so interested who claim that this important question is only a conflict or controversy between the rod and reel angler on one side, and, as they term it, the commercial fishermen on the other side. Thereby, while masquerading as men of commerce, they ignore altogether the existence of a large and worthy class of citizens, from Maine to North Carolina, whose individual capital invested, it is true, is but small and very often consists of all they have of this world's goods, but who in numbers as well as in aggregation of capital exceed by far that of either the menhaden or the pound net fishermen, or both. I refer to men, who in a small way, generally with hook and line, mostly supply local demands with their moderate catches, as well as procure bait, care for and hire boats to the anglers. Many of this worthy class of hard-working citizens are no longer able, by the growing scarcity of edible fish in the shoal waters along our shores, to make a living, and are thereby compelled to seek other vocations.

There is another class, and they are poor people, but numerous, who, when not employed, angle for the purpose of securing food for their families, and there are those termed anglers, who, for the love of the sport, as well as for recreation and health, prefer to catch their fish from the water rather than at the markets, with a zealous eye to the supply of edible fishes for the future as well as the present, they make honorable efforts to protect the fishes from destruction, wanton waste and thereby depletion.

Instances are well known where very large catches of edible fish have been made by menhaden fishermen where the quantity taken at a single haul was so large as to induce the fishermen to take them to market, the incentive being that they could realize more money for so large a quantity by selling to the market than by manufacturing them into fertilizer.

Having lived near the water at the west end of Long Island Sound for nearly sixty years and resorting to the water very frequently each year, I have had opportunities for a full observation of the use of the purse net, and I can say that I have seen bluefish, sea bass, butterfish, porgies, lobsters and oysters in the nets of the menhaden fishermen when hauling for menhaden, and could produce citizens of my locality in numbers who have seen various species of edible fishes in their nets, only in moderate or limited quantities, for the reason that edible fish in the waters of the west end of Long Island Sound are not abundant and are getting scarcer year by year.

After a full and exhaustive discussion of the subject at the annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society, in May, 1892, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the purposes and aims of this society are in direct antagonism with any business which leads to the depopulation of the waters to enrich the land, and we therefore condemn purse seiners of menhaden or any fish food or food fish for the purpose of grinding the same into guano or oil, within three miles of the shore at low water mark.

Prof. Huxley is often quoted by the purse net men, as well as by some of the fish dealers, those who look first to the percentage of gain from the fish caught and handled, regardless of the destruction and waste caused by the manner of catching. These people tell us that Prof. Huxley once said that "man was not a factor in the increase or decrease of sea fishes." This opinion was expressed by Prof. Huxley on sea fishes. Much use has been attempted to be made of it, but it fails to apply to the object of this conference, as expressed in the call, which limits the scope of our inquiry to the shallow waters along our shore, in our bays and estuaries, and to the fish therein destroyed and wantonly wasted.

Fishes which seek these waters as their natural feeding and spawning grounds, and, with one exception so far as their habits are known, remain near the shores, are the fishes which this conference was called to consider.

The deep sea fishing, as referred to by Prof. Huxley, is, in its entirety, a subject wholly under control of nations, while the shore fishing, the object of this conference, is wholly under the control of individual States.

Before leaving the subject of Prof. Huxley and his oft-quoted opinion, I would like to refer to another remark

made by the same eminent scientist. This remark, not quoted as often by fishermen as the other, was to the effect that no class of people know as little about the habits of fish as the men who catch them.

Many here present will recollect the efforts of the menhaden purse-net fishermen in 1892 to have Congress enact a law (known as the Lapham Bill) giving the purse-net fishermen the right to use that net for catching menhaden and mackerel in all waters along our coast, limited only by tide and navigable water—the laws, habits or customs of any States to the contrary notwithstanding. Strenuous efforts were made to secure this law, but fortunately it failed, and its failure saved the trouble and expense of testing its constitutionality.

The impression prevails that the menhaden fishery is an oil and guano industry, whereas it is a guano and oil industry, the value of its product of guano being larger than its product of oil. I will submit a few figures taken from the United States Report of Fish and Fisheries, Sec. 5, Vol. 1. This report gives credit to the oil and guano association for the figures as used, the figures being for the year 1890, the only year for which full figures are furnished in the U. S. Reports, although from partial figures given for the years from 1872 to 1882, the year 1880 appears to have made the largest, or best showing. The capital invested was \$2,362,841; value of product, \$2,116,887; number of fish taken, 776,000,000; steamers employed, 82; sailing vessels, 366; number of men employed in fishing, 2,543; in factories, 1,092; total 3,635. The number of gallons of oil products, 2,035,000; number of tons of guano 71,000. The value of the oil products, \$783,424, and the value of guano, \$1,362,866; the percentage of the value of products being, oil 35%, guano 65%.

There is another important matter to be considered in connection with the use of the purse nets along our shores, and that is the taking and driving therefrom of the menhaden, the natural food of the bluefish and the striped bass. The habits of these fish are to seek this food. A further serious effect upon our supply of edible fishes along our coast from the use of the pounds and purse nets is wrought by driving and preventing fish, those fortunate enough to escape the nets, from their spawning grounds, thereby preventing to a great extent reproduction, which, it must be admitted, is the foundation of our future fish supply.

As I have (qualifiedly) mentioned net men and fish dealers as being indifferent to and at least in part responsible for the growing scarcity of food fish along our shores through their desire for gain of the dollar, still there are very many honorable exceptions, and I trust the good work looking to the future supply of edible fish will receive their earnest support.

I would respectfully suggest the following remedy for the preservation of the supply of edible fishes along our coast:

First—That the use of any net in the tide waters of the coast with mesh less than about 1½ in. bar be prohibited under a penalty of say \$100, with destruction of net.

Second—That no portion of any pound net, or other known device of the kind, shall be allowed to extend more than 500 ft. from the main shore, or shore of any island, beyond the ordinary low water mark, with a penalty of say \$100 for violation of its provision, and destruction of net.

Third—That no purse net, or like device, shall be used in any waters along the coast within one or two miles of the shore, or the shore of any island, from ordinary low water mark, with a penalty of say \$100 and destruction of net.

In my judgment, if this remedy in substance could be applied by being made a law in all of our seaboard States from Maine to North Carolina, it would do no injustice to any interest, but would in time work a benefit to all.

I will but briefly refer to the growing scarcity of the lobster, not because it is of no great importance, but because I have reason to believe that there will be those present at this conference who are thoroughly competent to and will speak a good word for this valuable crustacea.

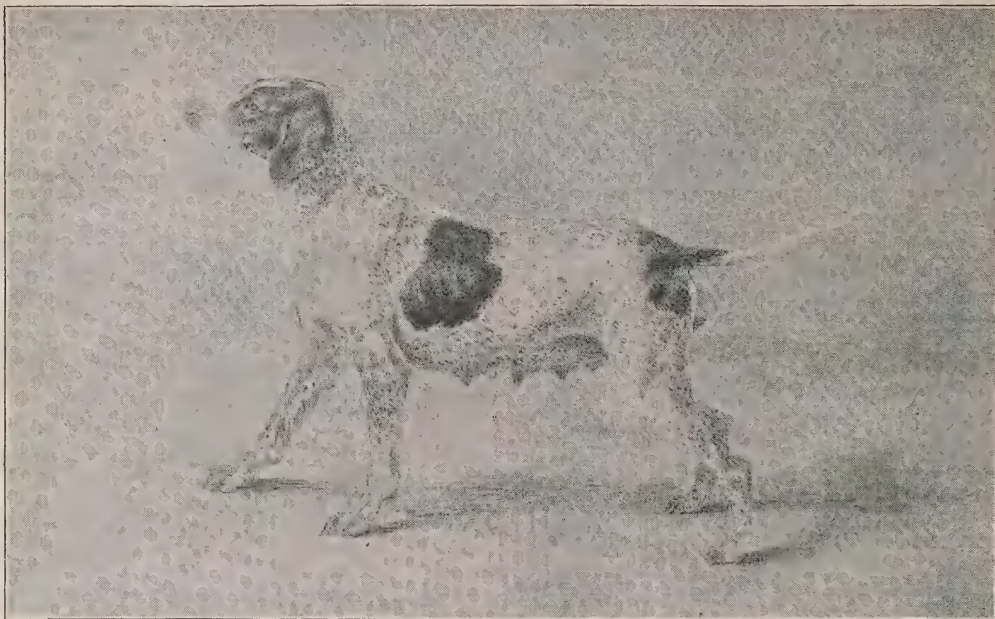
The demand through increased consumption and by the numerous canneries along the Eastern coast has become so great that they are extensively caught and used at so small a size as to greatly interfere with reproduction, which seriously threatens the already depleted supply. To remedy this evil and preserve this valuable food is a matter of very great importance, and as with the edible fish along our coast line, requires the united action, to a reasonable extent, of a number of our seaboard States to prevent the taking, killing, or possessing lobsters less than at least 10 in. long from nose to tail.

Mr. E. G. WHITTAKER (N. Y.) said: There is no portion of the policy of the State so little understood and so greatly misconstrued as its policy of fish protection. It is looked upon by a large number of people as favoring one class to the exclusion of another. This is in no sense true. It has a semblance of truth arising from the fact that the legal restrictions on taking fish afford sport and healthful recreation, advantage of which is taken by people of means and leisure. But the matter of amusement in no sense whatever enters into the spirit and reason of the law, which only tries to protect the fish in order that the food fish supply may not be diminished. It is a mere coincidence that the authorized methods afford sport, for they are the only ones consistent with fish preservation. The authorized methods inure to the benefit of all, without distinction. It is not for the delectation of those who enjoy hook and line fishing that the use of nets is prohibited in inland fresh waters, and their use in salt waters regulated. It is because such prohibition and regulation are necessary in order to avoid absolute depletion of the waters. It is not for the delectation of the hook and line fisher that the use of hooks and lines is permitted; but simply because that is the only means that does not materially diminish or injure the steady supply of fish. I want to assure every member of this conference that the Fish Commission of New York is not engaged in an attempt to preserve fish in order simply that hook and line fishermen may find sport. It is moved simply by a desire to preserve the fish for the benefit of all the people, in order that they may get fish food at the lowest possible price. But fish are intended for food, and no class of business is justified in monopolizing a food article for private gain in the manufacture of fertilizer.

MR. DANIEL T. CHURCH rose to reply to the paper submitted by Mr. Huntington. The net fishermen might seem to be inconsistent when they admit the taking of one 100 or 200 barrels of food fish after having denied that they take any food fish. But there is no inconsistency. When one looks over a field he sees that horses are in one body, that cows keep by themselves, each species keeps by itself. So it is with fishes; the menhaden go in schools; the mackerel, the weakfish, the striped bass, each in its own school, and rarely are they mixed. But once in a while two or three kinds will be caught at once. This will explain the incident of the lot of fish at Sandy Hook that had been referred to. But while a barrel containing 200 lbs. of menhaden were worth about \$1, a barrel of 200 lbs. of food fish would be worth 2 cents, 4 cents, 5 cents and sometimes 12 cents a pound. Occasionally, in the 20 or 30 years that we have been in the business, we have caught food fish in quantity and sold them for a good sum of money. Such catches are not carried to the factory, but to market, and that is a matter of common sense. Now, if it can be proven that there is no diminution of supply, and that the public are getting 20 fish where years ago they got only one, it must be that we are on the side of the public, and not their enemy.

MR. A. M. SPANGLER (Philadelphia) inquired how long such a catch would remain in marketable condition, and what preparations had they on hand for the purpose of keep-





HOPS (SALTER'S MIKE—SALTER'S ROMP).

ing the fish in proper condition until they could be taken to market.

MR. CHURCH said that a chance catch of 200 or 300 barrels of food fish would not long remain fit for marketing, but as a rule they did not make those catches; and such catches were matters of accident; in the twenty or more years of their being in the business, and the millions on millions of barrels of menhaden that they had taken, he did not think they had put into the market more than half a dozen times. We do not catch food fish because we want them. In 1881 squire were as plenty as they have been this year, millions and millions of them, and they could hardly be sold for enough to cover freight, barrels, and other incidental expenses. One of our captains this year caught 60 barrels in Narragansett Bay, and thought he had a prize. I said "Don't do it."

## The Kennel.

### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Clubs and Handlers.

The interests of a field trial club member in his capacity as such are entirely different from the interests of a professional handler, yet many field trial clubs accept field trial handlers into their membership. In their anxiety to get a membership and a revenue, they do not consider that they are accepting members whose interest in connection with the club's affairs is not the club's interest.

A handler who is a competitor has his own personal business interest to consider as a handler, and his bread and butter or his business advancement will be always of more importance to him than the club's interests. In his participation in the club's affairs his voice will not be tuned, in all probability, in full harmony with the club's best advancement. There is always a possibility that he may have some personal advantage in what he advocates.

All handlers might not do so, in fact, I know some whom I firmly believe would not. But whether they would or not, the principle is wrong. It is an injustice to other handlers, who are not club members, to compete with a handler who is a club member. The handler-member has a voice in all the club affairs. He can be heard on the amount and conditions of the purses, the time and place where the trials will be held, the rules under which they will be run, the stakes, who will be judges, etc. Other handlers, who are not members, of course have no voice in such matters. Thus there is the incongruity of a competitor in a public stake competing under conditions which he had a part in arranging, while other competitors had no such part. That is not just in principle. Members who are interested from love of sport are thus brought in contact with members who are interested for business reasons.

It is the same old professionalism appearing in another form. Among club members, whose interest is in promoting

sport, it is sure to be as disastrous in the end as it is to the amateur in competition. The best business interests of the handler in his capacity as a competitor for the club's prizes are not the club's best interests as a promoter and supporter of sport and the best advancement of the dog.

I have heard a handler denounce in unmeasured terms the judgment of the judge who was not so favorable to one or two of said handler's dogs as said handler thought he ought



JINGO (MAINSRING—QUEEN II.).

to be, thus fomenting a most unseemly quarrel, one which nearly disrupted the club, the handler at the same time being a member of the club for which said judge was acting. The handler also was a competitor for the club's prizes.

The judge was under the club's protection, and courtesy and respect were due him from every member, but the said handler's private interests entirely obliterated all his membership responsibilities and courtesy, although from any point of view there was nothing to justify the conduct.

I am not writing against handlers as handlers. There are some whom I know and esteem highly for their gentlemanly qualities and love and observance of fair play. It is only of those to whom these remarks are applicable that I write, and of abuses which are growing stronger and more harmful. If, on calling the roll, there are none to whom these apply I will admit error.

### The Unpleasantness of Judging.

In this connection a few words in respect to clubs, judges and handlers may not be amiss.

It is constantly becoming more and more difficult to secure judges. The invitation of a club is not accepted now with the pleasure and promptness of a few years ago. It requires the pressure of personal influence or the prospect of a liberal money payment, in most instances, to secure desirable judges.

Why is it so? I believe that it is due largely to the offensiveness of some handlers and some owners. Some handlers are blatant, obtrusive and malicious "kickers." They make offensive remarks, regardless of time or place, if the judges' decisions do not fit their own ideas of what is just and proper in respect to the merits of their own dogs. Some "kick" out of pure, chronic ill-temper. They delight to make remarks which will be offensive enough to excite the applause or wonder of their admirers. Some will scold and rant within earshot of the judges purposely, so that their remarks will be overheard. Once in a while one will interview the judges, sometimes honestly to get information in regard to his dog's performance, oftener to get an opportunity for argument and a vent to his resentment, afterward recounting the details of his insolence under the mistaken idea that he had been commendably courageous.

In the evening it is not an uncommon sight to see a large circle of handlers discussing in the most public manner all the peculiarities of the judges, their mistakes, their characters, their histories, all with more or less acrimony, vituperation or censure. Their integrity is questioned, their judgment condemned, and their merits are generally bandied about till there is little left of them to discuss. The noisiest and most offensive generally conclude with the assurance that they will never again appear at those trials or under such and such a judge; yet there they are as big as life when the cycle of time has brought the trials and judges around again.

### Meum et Tuum.

I have always believed that it would be better for sportsmanship and field trials if such discordant elements would really fulfill their threats and stay away. The little support they give in the way of entry fees is trifling in comparison to the harm they do by their malevolence.

I have often, too, been surprised at the cheerfully stupid

manner these same men will thus quarrel with their bread and butter. The bombastic threat to injure the sporting world by remaining away from it means only direct injury to themselves. When a handler or owner sends his entry fees to a club with the threat that unless such or such a judge is dismissed or some other one appointed, or that he will never run again under such a club, as has been done several times, he is losing in the long run, though he may have some idea of immediate advantage. Clubs have permitted themselves to be sandbagged too much by this threat to withhold support or influence.

This again brings up the question why a man will quarrel with his bread and butter. If a handler succeeded in destroying a club against which he had a grievance, and another handler succeeded in destroying another club, etc., there wouldn't be a club left in existence. If every judge against whom there was an alleged grievance or grievances were rejected there would be no judges available. Who would be the loser? The gentlemen who paid certain dues every year to maintain the club and its competition, who made themselves responsible for debts of deficits, that is, the members, would not be harmed, for they are in it from love of sport. They, from a purely economic standpoint, would be gainers in time, peace of mind and money. Therefore, to do anything tending to destroy the organization, even if it wholly destroys it, works no material loss to the members.

But to the handlers it is a loss, a serious loss. It means that a large sum of prize money will not again be theirs—money distributed by men of whom they never gave a thought of commendation. It means less advertising of the merits of their dogs in the reports of the details of the competition. It means less sales because they are cut off from meeting the assemblage of sportsmen who attend field trials often with a view to make purchases, and it means a falling off in general interest and a decline in prices. It means that they have had a quarrel with some inoffensive bread and butter and were victorious. It means that pure sport can take care of itself, while pure business as a sport can not. It means, too, that if handlers do not show more civility and appreciation they will accomplish these results. Gentlemen get wearied of banding together, putting up \$1,000 or \$2,000 in prizes, inducing a judge to act, and in return suffer round abuse from those directly participating. Abuse of a judge is directly abusing the club which he represents. He is the embodiment of the club's confidence; he is acting by the club's appointment—insult to him is insult to the club.

I remember, last month, while at a field trial, observing two gentlemen, residents of the town at which a field trial



MAID OF KENT (KING OF KENT—HOPS).



was held, who were standing in the office of the hotel where a number of handlers were gathered in a circle. As Southern gentlemen habitually do, they had called to welcome the strangers and make their stay pleasant. Their bearing and manner proclaimed them to be gentlemen. The handlers were engaged most fluently in airing a choice, ancient stock of grievances, sometimes two or three talking at a time, each one clamorous to be heard. The gentlemen stood in the middle of the floor, amazement depicted on their faces. I never saw them again. In fact, now that I think of it, no town ever passed resolutions of esteem or admiration for the sayings of the handlers.

From the Sportsman's Standpoint.

The competitive element never has had a full exposition from the club member's standpoint.

The professional, having strictly a business interest, is apt to take for granted that the club and its interests are also purely from business motives and from a business basis. The following excerpt from a letter recently received from Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, will explain the matter in a few words better than I have in many lines. It has the ring of true sportsmanship. He says: "I am quite willing to give my time and a little money—a thousand dollars a year for the past seven years would not reimburse me—for the advancement of field trials, or anything else that comes under the head of sports. I would encourage professional handlers to run their dogs, but would not be subject to their insolence. The reason I intended to abandon any participation myself as a competitor was so that there should be no cause for a cry of judges to favor me."

Referring to a letter from Mr. Brailsford, of England, in which he says: "One thing I am delighted at is that our good friend Wells has got to the top of the fence, and with the bitch you thought so highly of on your prairies."

On this point, Mr. Johnson remarks: "His allusion to Mr. Wells's victory at Chatham shows the spirit that should prevail in field trials."

While in Canada, I observed among resident sportsmen a much more gentlemanly acceptance of the judge's decisions. They do the judge the honor of considering that he is competent. If they differ, they are civil, talk it over quietly among themselves, and refrain from being offensive or discourteous to the judge. The unpleasantness in times past in Canada in reference to the judges has been started by parties from this side of the line. I hope that the Canadian sportsmen will have the good sense not to copy us, which there is little danger of their doing. In fact, we are far be-



CONSCRIPT (KING OF KENT—HOPS).

give you my opinion before asking yours. The trouble seems to me to be in most part that breeders and exhibitors do not see enough of each other at shows, and therefore the whole thing is looked upon simply as a question of business by many, and by others of getting the best of the award, and then home to get something ready for the next show, and so on, instead of business, pleasure and good fellowship, com-

there they split up into little parties. Certain of them think they have a grievance, and what they don't say about Brown they say about Robinson, etc.

Now, if instead of this arrangement the Toronto management (headed by the genial Stone, who, although he rolls quite a lot looking after the comfort of all hands, still finds time to gather some moss) would engage a large private room for show week, where all could get together and have a sociable smoking concert and a plain soda (dogmen seldom want anything stronger), a sociable evening would be spent, and who knows what sores would be healed, what friendships renewed and cemented under the benign influence of "Auld Lang Syne" and similar ditties.

How often you hear the saying, "We don't have the jolly times we used to have." Now, what are the good times referred to? Take Syracuse, Buffalo, London, Albany and other shows of a few years ago and remember the quiet evenings spent at those never-to-be-forgotten shows. If New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto and others would try my suggestion, and, at their shows the coming year, arrange for some place where the boys could get together and spend a sociable evening, I am certain the close of the coming year would see a return to the times I have referred to, and instead of a wordy newspaper war over every little trifle, a few words at the reunion while the iron is hot would settle the whole business amicably.

Now let us have your views on the subject, Mr. Editor, and why not ask for correspondence on the subject from your readers? A letter from that prince of superintendents, Mr. Mortimer, would do much to give the idea a boom, for everybody knows that though years may come and years may go, he will always be with the boys.

SOLUS.

United States Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The date of starting this club's field trials at Grand Junction, Tenn., has been changed by request of many of the club's members and patrons from Feb. 19 to Feb. 12. This change will enable handlers to reach Grand Junction from the Southern trials in plenty of time, as their trials will be finished about Feb. 9.

The Grand Junction trials will be judged by Dr. N. Rowe, Mr. W. W. Titus and Mr. Royal Robinson, with Mr. J. A. Balmer in reserve. With such an array of talent in the saddles we hope to have a very pleasant meeting.

The annual meeting of the club will be held in Chicago March 15.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 29.

The well known poodle champion Dexter has been sold by Mr. E. H. Morris to Mr. A. A. Cobb of Wilmington, Del., who intends taking up the breed.

On Wednesday last the *Fanciers' Journal* Publishing Co. made an assignment to Mr. V. M. Haldeman for the benefit of its creditors. Mr. Haldeman will sell off the copyright, good will, fixtures, etc., at public sale within a couple of weeks. It is rumored that Mr. C. T. Thompson will buy out the concern.



RIP RAP (KING OF KENT—HOPS).

COSSET (KING OF KENT—HOPS).

hind the English in these respects. Their competitions are friendly, sportsmanlike assemblages of competitors, and not an aggregation of rampant savagery. There are some more points I desire to touch on before beginning the manner of handling at field trials, but there have been some hints herein which may indicate room for improvement in the handlers themselves. If their traditions and usages of the past are unalterable, they need not look for any wide or rapid improvement in field trial interests in the future.

The U. S. F. T. Club's Trials.

The date fixed for holding the United States Field Trials Club's trials has been changed from Feb. 19 to Feb. 12, thus following immediately after the Southern trials. As previously fixed, there was a week intervening between the two trials, which, if the date had not been changed, would have occasioned a loss of time and extra expense to the owners and handlers.

The auction sale of the Cumberland Kennel Co., Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 21, resulted as follows: Mr. Frank Seagriff bought Melac for \$475; Minerva, \$135; Phoebe, \$150; Cumberland Flora, \$35; Cumberland Queen, \$20. Mr. P. Hager, Nashville, bought Zella for \$170 and Norman for \$55. Mr. H. L. Goodman bought Jennie for \$70 and Victoria and Lotta, Italian greyhound bitches, for \$10 each. Another party bought the Italian greyhound dog Prince for \$12.50. The kennel fixtures, including horse, harness and wagon, sold for \$172; total \$1,224.50. A delay in receiving the letter containing the above information made it too late for last week's issue.

B. WATERS.

609 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A New Year's Time Suggestion.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading over notes of shows held from the year 1886 to 1890, and those from the latter date to the close of this year's fall circuit, I could not help but remark a contrast.

The good feeling that seemed to actuate dogmen, with few exceptions of late, seems to have changed into one continual snarl. Jealousy, ill feeling and abuse are rampant in dog circles, and instead of breeders, exhibitors and judges working together for the good of our four-footed friends, as one united brotherhood, all the good old feeling and friendly rivalries seem to have passed away and little else remains in the hearts of many but the wish to run down the other fellow and his dog.

Why is this? And where are we to find the cause of this much to be regretted state of things in dogdom? and is there a remedy and a cure for these evils? are the questions I would ask you, Mr. Editor, and to put it properly, I first



## FIXTURES.

## DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.  
 Jan. 23 to 25.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Senteil, Jr., Sec'y.  
 Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.  
 Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.  
 March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welch, Sec'y.  
 March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.  
 March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.  
 April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.  
 April 13 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
 May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.  
 May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

## FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 15.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Salinas, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y, San Francisco, Cal.  
 Feb. 1.—Blue Ridge Futurity Stakes, at New Albany, Miss.  
 Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.  
 Feb. 12.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Saratoga entries close Jan. 6, with Lyman W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y.

## DOG CHAT.

## Huber vs. Schell.

The case of Huber vs. Schell has been exciting considerable interest among fanciers on the Pacific coast. The case was decided Dec. 4 at a meeting of the officers of the Pacific Kennel Club. The trial lasted from 8 P. M. till 12 o'clock, and was conducted with the utmost fairness on both sides. Both men were represented by counsel. The cross-examination of Schell resulted in much exposure of prevarication, contradiction and admission of falsehood on his part, finally admitting that he knew that the pointer pup Joker, which he had sold to Mr. F. C. Klein, was not by Duke of Vernon, as he had stated at the time of sale. This was the principal charge against him. The other was in connection with the St. Bernard bitch Lady Gladys, Mr. Schell having told several people that he had bred this bitch to both Duke of Edinburgh and Judge. As it was not proven that any one saw the service, this latter charge fell to the ground. Further evidence will, however, probably be forthcoming in this case. The P. K. C. officials decided to hear Mr. Schell's charges against Mr. Huber before giving their verdict in the first case, so on Dec. 11 another meeting of the club was held, and again both men were represented by counsel as before. The charge against Mr. Huber was that he had sold several pups out of Sally Brass II., though only one lived. Mr. Huber completely exonerated himself by proving that he had sold five pups out of Sally Brass II. and five out of Bella T., and proved satisfactorily, by his own testimony and that of his witnesses, the death of the rest of the litter. The meeting lasted from 8 P. M., Dec. 11, to 2:30 A. M., Dec. 12, and the following verdict was unanimously given:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 12, 1893.

The committee on the matter of the charges preferred by Mr. Henry Huber, a member of the Pacific Kennel Club, against Mr. E. P. Schell, also a member of the Pacific Kennel Club, decide on investigation that Mr. Schell was and is guilty of having sold to Mr. C. Klein the pointer puppy Joker, giving the pedigree of said Joker as being sired by the Duke of Vernon, which pedigree was proven to be false. We therefore declare Mr. Schell to be guilty and unfit to be a member of the Pacific Kennel Club and hereby expel him from the Pacific Kennel Club.

In the case of Mr. Henry Huber, a member of the Pacific Kennel Club, against whom counter charges were brought by Mr. E. P. Schell, we find that there is no proof of Mr. Huber's having deceived any one in the sale of dogs, or of having given any false pedigrees whatever. We therefore exonerate Mr. Huber and declare him not guilty of the charges preferred against him.

(Signed,) E. W. BRIGGS, President,  
 F. R. WEBSTER, Vice-President,  
 H. W. OREAR, Corresponding Secretary,  
 C. A. HAIGHT, Treasurer.

## Our Pointer Pictures.

It has always been Mr. Edward Dexter's ambition to produce a kennel of pointers of a certain build and of uniform type combined with the best field trial qualities. In this he has been ably seconded by Capt. McMurdo, who with C. E. Buckle attends to the training and developing of the dogs of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel. That Mr. Dexter has succeeded to a great extent in carrying out his views may be seen by a glance at the portraits of several of his dogs which we publish this week. The Charlottesville Kennels struck a happy nick in the King of Kent—Hops union, and few kennels can boast of having had two such handsome and intelligent field performers as Rip Rap and Maid of Kent. There have been others resulting from this union, who, while they lived, performed well in public. Hops has passed away, but this kennel has plenty of the blood to carry on the strain. To Mr. Dexter are due the thanks of pointer men in general, for blow hot or blow cold, he has persistently run his pointers against the setters and thereby done no little toward creating a confidence that led others to persist and which no doubt directly results in the good showing which the pointer made in open competitions this year and last.

Mr. Schallenberger, of Alma, Neb., whom we had the pleasure of meeting at the Chicago show, in writing us of the sale of the St. Bernard Aristocrat, says he has a new dog for the open class in Alton III., a litter brother of the well-known Altoner. He is said to be very like Altoner, though much larger, and Mr. Schallenberger's friends think he is the best dog he ever owned. This gentleman found, upon his return, that his Valkyrie, by Watch—Betty S., had whelped a litter to Aristocrat, and Columbiana, by Sir Bedivere—Columbia Venus, had whelped to Saladin. He remarks further, incidentally putting in a word for Nebraska: "My dogs never were in better health. The weather here is delightful. I have worn no overcoat since my return, and if one works at all outside he must lay aside his coat. Nebraska against the world for fine climate."

The prices received for the Cumberland Kennels' great Danes must be considered good according to the idea that prevailed among great Dane men at the Chicago show, as it was thought that Melac, considering the circumstances under which the sale was held, would not bring more than \$200. Melac is a good, strong, active great Dane and should be well worth the \$475 paid for him.

## Boston Terrier Club Meeting.

The regular meeting of the Boston Terrier Club was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Dec. 26. Meeting called to order by President W. A. Pover. After the regular routine of business had been disposed of the treasurer made his report, showing that the club is entirely free from debt with a balance in the treasury of \$82.01. The secretary reported that the silver medals of the club had been offered at all of the

leading exhibitions throughout the country, and had been duly delivered to the winners. Regarding the petition of H. Clay Glover, and others, of New York, relative to the abrogation of certain rights, etc., heretofore existing between the manufacturers and dealers in dog specialties, it was voted that as the B. T. C. does not hold exhibitions this matter is outside of their jurisdiction. In regard to the application of J. A. Boutelle, and others, of Providence, R. I., regarding the formation of a club in that city, it was voted that the secretary be instructed to suggest that they name the club the Boston Terrier Club of Providence, R. I., and to extend every possible courtesy to them; also that he be instructed to offer them the use of the club's standard and constitution and to encourage them in every possible way. The next meeting of the club will be held the fourth Wednesday in January. Mr. G. H. Huse is the secretary.

The rumors of dissension in this club are evidently without foundation, and friends of this smart little dog will doubtless feel pleased to hear that the club is on such a sound basis.

A meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club will be held Tuesday night, Jan. 9, at the Aldine Hotel, Philadelphia, and will probably have important results. It is expected that the show committee will report and the club come to some decision as to whether they will hold a show this coming spring or not. It is said there is some difficulty in getting a suitable hall. Mr. James Watson stated last week that while nothing definite had been done, it was probable that the Keystone Kennel Club would hold a show as usual. Two shows will not go in Philadelphia, that is certain, and the Keystone Club might well rest on their laurels for a year and let the older club try once more. Although not a member of the A. K. C., the P. K. C. has many friends of the fancy among its members, and would be sure to poll a good entry with a proper prize list.

It is by no means certain that the doctor who cauterizes the wound made by the bite of a dog suspected of rabies, and then orders the dog shot, ought not to be shot himself for making two such cardinal professional blunders.—Evening Telegram.

## Controversies.

The tradition that "Peace and good will toward all men" should reign at this season evidently does not obtain in the minds of two kennel editors on the Pacific slope. Surely these gentlemen, who control the columns of the only kennel journals on the coast, should set a better example. The playful terms which they apply to each other are not calculated to elevate dogdom on the coast. Such personal squabbles are of no earthly interest to any but themselves, and "Namquoit" has rubbed shoulders with dogmen long enough to know better, and we would draw his attention to a sentence from the pen of Joseph Cairn Simpson on "Controversies," in his own journal of Dec. 23: "It is quite true that when controversy degenerates into unseemly wrangles, when arguments are forsaken and personalities take the place of logic, when the amenities of debate are thrust aside and ill-temper, violent rudeness, perhaps disfiguring nearly every sentence, it is time to condemn. But opposite views, conveyed in terms which do not offend the most polished reader without exhibitions of vulgar passions, are not out of place; in fact, controversies of that kind are potent educators. With only one side of a question presented there would be small room for improvement." There is a lot of "horse sense" in those remarks.

The St. Bernards that Mr. Thomsen brought over from Switzerland for the World's Fair show and which were afterwards exhibited on the "Midway," have been taken to San Francisco and will be exhibited at the Midwinter Fair. A building is now being erected for their accommodation. Mr. Thomsen has only succeeded in selling one of his team, but one cannot but admire his pluck after meeting with so many disappointments.

The white poodle Pretty, owned by Mr. Elmore, sporting editor of the Toronto Mail, died Dec. 25. Pretty was a great favorite with his owner and, we are told, had won several prizes.

A writer in the Toronto Globe, takes a serious view of our recent comment on Mr. Jarrett breeding white collies, and in alluding to the fact remarks that among all the cockers bred in the Province memory recalls but two white ones. One bred by a Belleville breeder not long ago, and another that Mr. Geo. Bell bred which died when a puppy. "Uncle Dick" says he can breed a black spot anywhere you want it on a white dog, why not try for the other oddity—a white cocker?

Preparations are being made to make the Boston show a record one this year. Boston is always a good show town and somehow there is a sentiment attached to the show among exhibitors that is equalled only, though in a different light, by that surrounding the W. K. C. show. The club has some good fanciers at the helm, and they deserve every support.

We regret to learn that Robber Chieftain, almost as well known to show-goers as his renowned sire, had one of his legs fractured recently. The limb has been set, but it is doubtful if he will appear on the bench again.

Pointer men will be sorry to hear that Mr. J. H. Winslow's pointer Admiration died of blood poisoning one day last week. This dog has won several prizes this year, and was imported by his late owner. Mr. Winslow, one of our most popular fanciers, has not had the best of luck with his dogs, but good luck or the reverse will scarcely make much difference in this whole-souled fancier, and he will probably last as long as any other.

## Bob.

Mr. C. A. Sumner, secretary of the Southern California Kennel Club, has written a very amusing and interesting book in the form of an autobiography of his foxhound Bob, who came originally from Mr. Belmont's kennels. On every other page we find a half-tone depicting some scene in Bob's happy life. These pictures were "snapped" by Mr. Sumner and are really the best and most realistic studies of dog life that we have yet come across. "Bob, You're a Father," "In Disgrace—'I Killed a Hen,'" "I Made a Rush for the Water and She Played a Horse on Me," "On a Sunday Afternoon We Rested," "Run to Earth," "At Drill, I Gave the Word of Command—'Attention!'" "And Then—'Left Dress!'" "Homeward Bound We Rode; I Took a Corner and Jim the Other, With the Three Girls in the Middle," "Who's There?" and "Coming, Sir?" are among those that are especially good, and our thanks are due to the author for giving us such a treat. We suppose the book will be for sale, Mr. Sumner's address is Los Angeles, Cal.

## Mastiff Brampton Beauty.

Since we published the fact that the celebrated mastiff bitch Brampton Beauty had been purchased by Mr. W. Norman Higgs for exportation to America, it has been a matter for considerable discussion as to who had purchased her. Mr. Winchell kept his peace, but now we learn that this crack bitch is on her way to this country and will enter Mr. Winchell's kennel at Fairhaven, Vt. Brampton Beauty will

no doubt take the place of C. O. D. in the estimation of mastiff men. Although only a little over two years old she has won at the largest and principal shows. First in novice and open classes and special for best in open classes at Cruft's show; first open class at Preston, first and special at Sheffield and cup for best mastiff in the show; first and special for best in show at Darlington and the same at Gloucester as well as the O. E. M. C. cup (breeder's prize); first and special at Edinburgh; first and three specials at the Crystal Palace, as well as the O. E. M. C. breeder's prize; first and cup at Birmingham and first in challenge class at Cruft's show in 1893 is the record that stamps this mastiff as one of the best of the day—she holds an unbeaten record. These prizes she won when yet untrained. The appearance of such a bitch on our show benches will certainly create an interest in mastiffs that is very much needed. Brampton Beauty has been sent out here for exhibition and for sale. With Mr. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince and this bitch on exhibition admirers of the mastiff have a treat in store. With such kennels actively represented as those of Dr. Longet, Mr. Winchell, Dr. Glazier and Mr. Bunn a class of mastiff will soon appear at our shows that will go far to bring these dogs into popular favor again and make them the favorites they were when such breeders as Dr. Perry, Winlawn Kennels, Mr. Moore and others of that class were seen at our shows with the best they could breed or buy.

## A Sporting Match.

Some dog breeders or owners will consume yards of paper and quarts of printers' ink in showing how not to make a match; others will talk together five minutes and the thing is done. Such a match was made the other evening between two well known pointer breeders for \$200, that Hempstead Luck (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game) cannot beat Chancellor (Lad of Kent—Lass of Kent), John Davidson to be judge and the match to take place the first week in May.

## New Orleans Show.

The premium list of the New Orleans Fanciers' Club's show was received too late for review in our last issue. The show will be held Jan. 23 to 26 in a good hall in the heart of the city and convenient to hotels, etc. The list is well arranged and the prizes are worth trying for. Challenge classes are made for mastiffs, St. Bernards (each breed), great Danes, greyhounds, pointers, all setters, Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, collies, bulldogs, fox-terriers and pugs; the sexes compete together with the exception of pointers, where they are separated; the prizes are \$10. In open classes \$10 and \$5 are given to all breeds excepting toy terriers, whippets, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Dandie Dinmont, Skye, Yorkshire, black and tan terriers, dachshunds and poodles, which get \$5 and \$2.50, while Chesapeake Bays, Newfoundland and Russian wolfhounds get \$10 and \$15, sexes competing together. Kennel prizes of \$20 are given in mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes and Newfoundlands; and with the exception of St. Bernards, which require four, five dogs must be shown. Other kennel prizes of \$15 are given for the same number of dogs in the most important breeds. They also devote \$200 to the handlers. The one who has the largest number of dogs in his care wins \$125, but he must show at least fifty dogs; second \$50, and third \$25. Dogs handled are to be named on the entry blanks. These prizes are not open to local competition. The entry fee for mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes and Newfoundlands is \$3; for all others except toy terriers, pugs, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and whippets the fee is \$2.50, and for those mentioned \$2. If the fee for Newfoundlands is put on the same basis as that for mastiffs, the prizes should be the same, with sexes divided.

There is one objectionable feature however in this prize-worthy schedule, we refer to the rule that is becoming too general now-a-days—that if there is only one entry in any class, one-half of the prize money will be withheld. Show committees should display a little more prudence in this matter. It is not likely a handler will bring a big string of dogs, with this rider attached to his possible winnings. If a club cannot afford to stand by its prize list and take the risk of entries being large and small, they should either reduce the prizes or not hold a show at all. There has recently been much dissatisfaction on this score among exhibitors. The latter risk enough as it is to make shows possible, without asking them to partake in a chance game. The show is under A. K. C. rules, and Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes. The Adams, Wells Fargo, Pacific, United States, American and Southern express companies will carry dogs under the usual conditions. Entries close January 15, with G. W. Senteil, Jr., 190 Gravier St., New Orleans, La.

We learn from Mr. H. F. Peck, secretary of the Akron Poultry and Kennel Club, that he is getting together a good team to take to New Orleans show.

## Saratoga Show.

The D. & H. C. Co. sets a good example in offering to carry all dogs free to and from Saratoga show. The Ashmont trophy will be offered if the club secures 400 entries. Additional specials are \$20 for best four fox-terriers, \$5 for best beagle. Railroad and hotel rates have been reduced and the prospect for a good show is flattering.

Col. Ridgway, Francis S. Brown, William Ridgway and John S. Leisnring have leased 5,000 acres of land in North Carolina for shooting purposes, and intend building a club house, shooting lodge, with quarters for servants and dogs.

Mr. Jarret is well pleased with his recent trade in collies, and Chesterford Marvel will be re-registered and known as Marvel. Mr. Roberts's Donna, of Chicago, and Mr. Frank Carswell's Lady Moll have already been bred to Marvel. The pointer bitch, Bessie Girl, by Graphic III. ex Bessie Wyant, which Mr. Jarrett bought from T. G. Davey at the Chicago show, he has sold to Mr. C. M. Lea, of Philadelphia.

## A Kennel Club for Maine.

Again we hear rumors of a kennel club being formed in Maine. This time it is thought that a State kennel club will be organized. The Bath fanciers are very eager to see something done, and if the other towns do not take hold they will form a club in that city and hold a show the week after Boston. Mr. T. B. Catland, of Lewiston, and Mr. Wm. Ledyard, of Bath, are the active movers in the affair, and they are trying to bring the other towns into line. There is no reason why a good strong club should not be organized in Maine, as the State has many dogmen, several good pointers and spaniels hailing from the Pine Tree State.

## W. K. C. Show Judges.

THERE has been considerable anxiety lately among dogmen as to who would be the judges at the Westminster Kennel Club show, to be held Feb. 20 to 23. Although the list is scarcely complete there is little doubt but that those invited will accept. As we go to press we learn that mastiffs will be judged by Francis T. Underhill, Oyster Bay, L. I.; St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; great Danes, basset hounds and dachshunds, G. Muss Arnold, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English retrievers, Irish and Gordon setters, beagles and miscellaneous class, John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; pointers, Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.; English setters, American foxhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs, Major J. M. Taylor; Irish water spaniels, Clumber, field and



cocker spanies, A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York city; collies, Dr. L. C. Sauvau, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; black and tan, white English and toy terriers and Italian greyhounds, Dr. H. T. Foote, New Rochelle, N. Y.; poodles, Irish, Dandie Diamond, Scottish, Skye, Bedlington and Yorkshire terriers and toy spaniels, Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa.; wire-haired fox-terriers and old English sheep-dogs, R. F. Mayhew, New York city.

Those invited, but who have not yet accepted are Trenor L. Park, New York city, for bulldogs; C. Albert Stevens, Hoboken, N. J., for bull-terriers, and Lewis L. Rutherford for smooth fox-terriers.

It makes but little difference who judges at New York, so far as entries go, as everybody that has a dog worth anything will show. The adaptability of most of the judges for their breeds can be explained. Dr. Foote, Dr. Sauvau and E. T. Underhill are the only untried ones, and are identified with the breeds they will adjudicate upon. The selection of Dr. Cryer, who has been identified only with pugs, to pass upon such now important breeds as poodles and the different rough terriers, is scarcely treating the breeders with due consideration. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Park, Stevens and Rutherford will accept, as they have all owned good ones. Mr. Heath knows a pointer well, and should be well indorsed by his fellow-breeders. The others have faced the music before many a time.

The premium list will be issued shortly and will not materially differ in the amount of regular prizes from that of last year.

St. Bernards at Providence.

THAT a mistake has evidently been made somewhere in the awards of the mastiff and St. Bernard classes at the last Providence show is very evident from the following letter. We may here remark that FOREST AND STREAM awards were identical with those reported by Mr. Fellows, the judge, in *Fancier's Journal*:

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I noticed the correction in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the mastiff and St. Bernard classes at the Providence show. But you make the corrections under protest, I should infer by your letter to me, and I don't much wonder when you come to look at the reports in all the other papers, and especially the judge's report in *Fancier's Journal*. In this report you will notice a discrepancy in the criticisms which follow the list of awards. Mr. Fellows does not seem to find but two dogs in these classes to criticize, that is, the mastiff Abe, which really was Philip, and the St. Bernard Eulalie, which was Abe, the St. Bernard. The judge did not see Eulalie after awarding first to her in the puppy class on the stage, as his report was made after the classes were all judged. To assist in convincing you further that my version is a correct one, I would say that Abe won second at the Pawtucket show a year ago to Mr. Moore's well-known Melrose, first, and if you refer to FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 5, 1893, you will certainly experience a revelation, as your own criticisms of Abe then are in the main identical with the reports on Eulalie as per FOREST AND STREAM and *Fancier's Journal* last week. We all had a good time at the Providence show, but somebody got mixed. Who you think it was?

G. W. PATTERSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

C. W. B., Trenton, N. J.—You had better advertise for English hares.

M. H. L., Williamsport, Pa.—There is no such breed as English waterfroids.

S. H. S., Cleveland, O.—Yes, the article on bulldogs has been well received, but we do not recommend breeders. Consult our advertising columns or advertise for what you want.

J. D. C., Concord, N. H.—I have a foxhound two years old, and the enamel is coming off his teeth, chiefly around the base of the teeth, and his breath smells very badly. He seems to feel well when out hunting and eats well, keeping in good condition. Have treated him for worms and I do not think he has any. Did you ever hear of the enamel coming off from the teeth of so young a dog? Ans. The enamel only becomes diseased after distemper and then only in patches. From your description I think it is only an accumulation of tartar on the teeth. Remove this tartar, and the offensiveness will disappear—apply the following wash to the gums:

R. Acid carbol.	.....m.x.
Tr. card.	.....3 ss.
Tr. myrrh.	.....3 i.
Alum. exotie.	.....grs. x.
Aq. ad.	.....3 iiii.

Mix. Lotio.

H. J. H., Seattle, Wash.—Two weeks ago my bull-terrier bitch Bess in a short fight received a wound extending from the inside of the lower lip to the outside of the opposite jaw, passing below the skin and under the points of the jaw. A few days later while standing with her forefeet on a bench (I had shortly before dressed the wound and was then sponging her mouth as she slobbered a great deal), she slowly turned half round on her hindfeet and fell unconscious. She recovered in a few minutes sufficient to move around very slowly. This occurred in a very warm room. Last Thursday morning while she was following a cable car on a steep grade and having only gone 120 yds., the last part very slowly, she reared up and again fell senseless. When I reached her she had recovered somewhat, but her tongue was a bluish color. Previous to receiving the wound she was very lively and strong, but now is quiet and mopeish. She is now developing a case of distemper. Her age is 16 months and her puppies are 4 months old. She has been cut very badly in other fights, but has been all right till now. A half-brother has fallen in convulsions several times, both while walking and running. A neighbor has a setter pup between four and five months old, whose hindlegs appear to be paralyzed. His appetite is good and he is otherwise in good condition. Ans. The bitch may have simply fainted or may have had a fit. Keep her quiet. Allow no exercise. Dress the wound daily and give the following mixture:

R. Quinine sulph.	.....grs. xxiv.
Acid hydrobrom. dil.	.....3 ss.
Ferri phos.	.....3 i.
Aq. ad.	.....3 vi.

Give one teaspoonful three times a day.

For the setter puppy treat for worms. Give the following pills:

R. Ergotine.	.....grs. xii.
Ext. nucis vom.	.....grs. ii.

Mix and make 12 pills. Give one twice a day for 10 days and then three times a day. Give milk after meals. If there is no improvement after this use galvanism.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 15.—Brunswick Fur Club's winter meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Secy.

**Altcar Coursing Meets.**

THERE is evidently a poetical sentiment abroad in the Altcar Coursing Club, for we find the following old couplet at the head of their programme of the coming meeting:

"Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift  
As breasted stags, ay, flatter than the roe."

The inaugural meet of this club will be held at Goodland, Kan., on Feb. 20 and following days. The judge will be Wm. Green, and stipper Ralph Taylor, as previously announced. The Altcar Stake will be run, for 32 or more alleged greyhounds at \$10, winner 50 per cent. and \$15 added; runner-up 25 per cent. and \$45 added; third and fourth, 12½ per cent. and \$10 each.

Goodland, Kan., is located about 175 miles east of Denver, on the Rock Island road. A special railroad rate has been applied for, and will be made. The hotel accommodation is good; the grounds are ideal, and hares strong. Water excellent. Saddle horses and teams plentiful, and can be hired at very moderate prices. Any further information will be given by the secretary, Sam W. Vidler, Colorado Springs, Col. Intending nominators are requested to notify Mr. Vidler as soon as possible, as another purse will be made up if entries warrant.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Jr., will hunt the country round Aiken, N. C., three days a week during the winter, having taken a pack of foxhounds down with him. The country is good and foxes plenty, so excellent sport is expected.

On Dec. 27 the West Chester, Pa., hunters had a novel experience. Dropping a fox at a point north of the town, ten couple of hounds were laid on and the fun commenced. After running a short time reynard turned from his line at right angles, and entered the town of West Chester at West Gay street, and ran its entire length into West Goshen. By this neat move the fox saved his brush, as the hounds lost the scent, and the fox going away toward Frazer made good his escape, hounds and hunters being entirely at fault.

The English courser George Gragson still follows the hare and the hounds, though he is 80 years of age. He was the owner of Roaring Meg, the Waterloo Cup winner of 1862.

The winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will commence at Freeport, Me., Jan. 15, and continue one week. Headquarters will be at the Harraseeket House. Freeport is on the Maine Central Railroad, with three trains daily from Boston. The club meeting will be held Jan. 15 at 8 P. M. Fox-hunters will be heartily welcomed. A standard for judging foxhounds will be submitted.

Mr. S. S. Howland will hunt the Annapolis hounds this winter two or three days a week. The pack has been strengthened by twenty couple of good hounds from England. Foxes gray and red are plentiful in that country, and the soil is sandy and freezes only on rare occasions. The fields are of good size and fenced with rail and snake fences. The farmers are in sympathy with the sport and will join in the fun themselves. The meets will be arranged so as to afford sportsmen in Baltimore and Washington every opportunity to participate.

Mr. S. C. Bradley, so well and favorably known in field trial circles, has returned from the South to his place at Greenfield, Conn. He writes us that foxes are plentiful in his neighborhood and he can have a run almost any day.

The best fox hunt of the season took place Dec. 25, at the Three-mile House, Lancaster township, in which a large number of huntsmen participated. Reynard had a start of fifteen minutes and gave the horsemen a run of fifteen miles before he was pulled down. During the run he circled Chestnut Hill, coming back to the starting point with hounds in full view but evading them by a cunning trick finally crossed Little Conestoga Creek. Nearing historic Wheatland, the home of President Buchanan, the hounds ran into him, Mr. Hambricht being the only rider in at the death.

Dachting.

So much has been said in American papers concerning the "ballast crew" of Vigilant, that it is rather extraordinary to find an English paper, and above all the *Field*, attempting to depreciate the value of this sort of shifting ballast. As applied to Vigilant rather than to an imaginary vessel, the *Field's* assumption is that the two tons of ballast, if not carried on the deck, would be placed below the present keel; but a much more plausible assumption is that the designer has already disposed the bulk of his lead at the lowest desirable point, and that if his two tons of crew were denied him by the committee, the weight would necessarily be made up by inside lead, stored (as we assumed in our consideration of the subject) above, and not below, the existing keel, and hence less effective.

In comparing the effect of ballast in various positions, several methods of investigation are possible, but in all the controlling factor is the horizontal separation of the various weights and the center of buoyancy, and the most direct is by a simple comparison of the horizontal distances within the ordinary sailing angle of such a wide vessel. Of course the height of the weight has an effect on the result, but in the case in question, of Vigilant at her ordinary sailing angle, it is too little to be worth considering. Even admitting that the general method employed by the *Field* is correct and applicable, any man who has sailed a wide boat in summer weather with both fixed and live ballast in turn will deny the accuracy of a calculation which seeks to prove such an extremely low value for live ballast on the weather rail as compared with the same weight of lead stowed below.

The New York *Herald* of Dec. 24 contained an excellent article on stability and the metacenter, by Lewis G. Nixon, late naval constructor in the U. S. Navy and now with the Cramp Shipbuilding Company. Mr. Nixon is an expert, and his clear explanations are in strong contrast to the many blunders that the *Herald* has lately made in treating on naval matters.

A Cheap Cruise.

(Concluded from Page 574.)

FINALLY I found myself at St. Nazaire, a dreary little port on the great, shallow Loire, and by the next day I was scudding under a fresh N.E. wind westward ho! again. That night I anchored off Penoit, having done one hundred miles in fourteen hours. But it was anxious work among all those rocks. For from the Ile de Groiz, off Lorient, to the Quimper River there are miles of rocks; and well lighted as the dangerous coast is, yet every danger cannot be provided against, and the old pilot who came off to see me next morning declared I must have crossed a very dangerous patch called the Basses Jaunes, near the Glennan Islands. I don't believe I did, for there was no water on it when I passed, but I have no doubt I went very near. One gets used to an intimacy with rocks off the coast of Brittany which would startle a stranger.

The return journey to England was a little ticklish, as the crew had to sit foot and hand to do the work. The wind was ahead all the way and very strong at times, so much so that I had to lie to and strike the topmast during a heavy thunder squall. But the old boat comes out well under these circumstances, and it is then one appreciates her great b. a. m. We were two days and two nights crossing.

After a short stay in Falmouth, we took a run up to Cowes in time for the regatta week, and then returned westward. By the middle of August I was back at Falmouth, and my trekked one said he wanted to go home. He had sailed many miles, and was anxious to play the hero to his father's customers. Besides, he did not wish to go round Land's End. I now had to find another crew.

At Fowey I picked up a capital man. He was hunchbacked, but very strong and willing. He agreed to go round to Aberdovey in N. Wales for 25s. a week, finding himself, or £2 10s. the trip. I found he thought we should be a fortnight or three weeks over the voyage.

We started at 8 on Saturday morning, Aug. 26; by 10 that night we were off the Longship Light off the Land's End, and by 4 the next afternoon we were entering Padstow Harbor in a strong breeze from N. N. E. The sea was heavy outside, and it looked like worse coming. I had never been round on the west coast before and found the sea in the Bristol Channel as bad as I had been led to expect.

Padstow is a wild harbor to make for. One has to go so close to the cliffs on the west side that there is a notice board put up telling mariners to keep close in. I can't say I had much time to read this, as the wind was nearly dead aft and a heavy sea running, and it took me all I could do to prevent gybing. There are no buoys to mark the channel, and the anchorage off Padstow is limited in space as well as shallow. Next day, as the wind had lulled and shifted to the S. E. I started early. By 1 o'clock I could just see Lundy. I landed away on my star-board beam, and by 10 o'clock at night the Smalls Lighthouse was visible bearing N. by W. The wind had been playing about all day and had finally settled down right ahead.

We had sailed over 100 miles, however, since 7 that morning. All that night we made little way. The tide was sweeping out of the Irish Channel and the breeze was with it.

By daybreak next morning I could just make out what I took to be St. David's Head, looming like an extinct volcano against the crimson and gold of the coming sun.

All that day we had a hard breeze right ahead. By nightfall we were 7 miles to the north of Port Cardigan and well into Cardigan Bay. By dint of a most unjustifiable bit of audacity I had cheated the tide race off Strumble Head and slipped into Fishguard Bay, thus saving three hours' rough and tumble on the edge of the tide. The coast is very high here and I had the first idea of the coming glories of the Welsh scenery.

As for the Breton coasts there is nothing strikingly pretty or grand after passing the neighborhood of Brest. The most striking part is the rocky nature of the coast, but that is what I tried to avoid. Here the coast was mountainous; most; splendid headlands and wild cliffs, deep bays and narrow inlets, rock-studded and tortuous, opened up rapidly as we neared along the Cardiganian coast.

When night fell we were nearly landed in the very center of the great Bay which has St. David's Head on its south and Bardsey Island on its north for its limits.

We made perhaps 14 miles that night. I was afraid we might pass Aberdovey in the dark, for I had never been here before, and had not even a chart of the coast after leaving Padstow. All I had was the index sheet of the Admiralty charts, which was about as useful as the map of a railroad route.

When day dawned I found we were approaching a hilly shore, Smoke and mist hung over a dark patch in a valley, and I judged we were coming to Aberystwith.

As the day grew the wind freshened. In another hour we were opposite the town which I took for granted was Aberystwith, and sped on toward a large indentation some 6 miles ahead.

This might be the Dyvee estuary and these ridges are the Welsh Mountains so settled in my mind when I searched about for an opening in the long line of sand heaps which formed such a brilliant contrast to the purple mountains behind, rising ridge on ridge to a rugged peak which towered over all. There was no doubt about the beauty of the scenery; I was looking upon Cader Idris and some of the loveliest districts of Wales.

By sounding I soon found we had every need to be careful. The coast was so settled in my mind when I searched about for an opening in the long line of sand heaps which formed such a brilliant contrast to the purple mountains behind, rising ridge on ridge to a rugged peak which towered over all. There was no doubt about the beauty of the scenery; I was looking upon Cader Idris and some of the loveliest districts of Wales.

It had taken us four days to sail round from Fowey and we had sailed over 400 miles to get to Aberdovey, but we had the wind ahead all the way. I was glad I had agreed to pay by the week instead of the trip. However, my hunchbacked one left me here to join his ship for the winter season.

For a fortnight I was captain and crew of my old vessel once more. Finding my day-dog must either stay or go, I decided to keep him clear out before the next spring tides came on, and having explored the lovely scenery all round, I decided on putting to sea again. A tall, delicate-looking young fellow said he would like to go with me for the same wages he had received on his last voyage. He frankly said he was not a seaman, but then I had been used to that, provided he would do what I told him that was all I wanted. So the bargain was struck and we set sail with a falling tide. I found myself anchored in Cardigan Bay with a strong westerly wind and during the strongest spring-tide can be nasty. I beat over to the shelter of the long promontory which juts out from the Smodon district and ends in the wild headland of Braich-y-Pwll (don't ask me to pronounce it). There, by dint of dodging round some islands called St. Tudwells Islands, I managed to keep ourselves from harm, and then took the first chance of making for Holyhead. We spent five days in dodging the gale, but reached Holyhead in a day's sail from St. Tudwells Roads. The wind was ahead as far as Bardsey Sound. Then it fell calm. Then it blew hard and we flew across Carnarvon Bay to be tossed wildly in the fierce race off the Sauterstack Lighthouse until the final shelter under the magnificent breakwater of Holyhead was reached by midnight.

Here we remained for three days while the gale blew itself out. I decided to set sail for Douglas, Isle of Man. After three days I started again, northward, and by midnight I found myself anchored in Loch Ryan in Wigtonshire, but the seventeen hours' sail from Douglas had been a very stiff one. All went well until we were fairly across from the Isle of Man to the Mull of Galloway. Then a black and very fierce squall came down, and amid the fury and darkness of it the old ship was driven out of her course. When the misery was over a black rock was close to us on our lee, the Mull of Galloway was away to windward, and we were headed into the great inlet called Luce Bay.

It was a dead beat to windward, with a strong tide against us; for two hours we made little progress. By dark we were four miles to the north of the Mull, and from that time onward it took me all my sailing to judge where we were. It was black; I could see no light except the masthead light of many steamers, for we were right in the track of the Liverpool and Clyde traffic. I knew the shore was close on our lee, but I could see nothing of it. However, all worries have an end sometime and somehow. We reached the Mull of Galloway by midnight and anchored off Stranraer Harbor in three fathoms.

At Stranraer I experienced the first taste of Scotch cleverness. I was induced to go inside the harbor for the purpose of scrubbing. The tide never fell low enough to do it and the harbor master wanted to make me pay 10s. harbor dues and 10s. for scrubbing. I have since found that the able character of the harbor master is well supported by the rest of his countrymen with whom I have had dealings.

Leaving Stranraer we had a splendid run up to the Isle of Arran, past the well-known Ailsa Crag, and anchored in Lamlash Bay. Of course it rained hard and blew strongly most of the time; it would not have been Scotland if it had not, but the scenery between the squalls was beautiful.

From Arran I took the old ship through the Kyles of Bute, up Loch Ridd and down to Rothesay, passing between the narrowest channel of the Burt Islands. Here I had a little "fish" but it was not just as I was entering the very narrow ditch—for it is nothing more and blew strong right ahead. I had no room to wear and was obliged to work through. The tide was against me, too. By dint of hauling over the boom to windward and much care I got through without touching, but I could have touched any one of the four beacons easily with my hand. I have never been in such a tight place before.

I did not like Rothesay. It blew a gale from the S.W. and I came away under the trysail and flew up Lough Long. At one moment the old boat was nearly gunwale under, even under her trysail; the next she was bolt upright and all the sails limp and motionless. At one time the ensign blew out from the S.W., while the burgee was flying stiffly from the N.E. At this period I was not calm.

Loch Long is a most picturesque. The yachtsman anchors against the mountain side, and the boat is anchored half-way up it. I got out, climbed to the top. I think I saw all over Scotland. Anyhow, I saw the Ailsa Crag and Wigtonshire one way—the Firth of Forth and the east coast another way, and Ben Nevis and the Grampians the other way. There is not much more of Scotland to see, I don't think.

It is not often a yacht takes you half up a mountain.

From Loch Long I sailed down to the Gare Lock, where the old ship will try and spend the winter. But it can't stay any longer.

Now, I have tried to make all this as short as I could, but there were a great many places to be touched upon. Of course one does not do all these miles in a yacht almost single-handed without many adventures and risks. I had my share, and if the yachting editor would allow me space I could spin a good many yarns which might point a moral and give instruction. I have not the object of my writing this. What I am driving at is to show how very gloriously does one find a man may visit some of the most delightful, out of the way, picturesque or famous places in the Old World, simply by paddling one's own canoe. Such a sailing vessel as I am writing this paper in offers every comfort. There is no "pigging" it. I have carried my house with me down the Bay of Biscay, into every Breton nook and corner. Among the most interesting of the French passantry, where Old World ideas of religion of custom of the French people, stranger, where the memories of Lancelot du Lac, of Du Guesclin, of Anne of Brittany, of the Chouannerie of La Vendee are still realities.

From the heather and rocks of Britany to the heather and rocks of Cornwall, that kindred land, to the cultured world of latest fashion and most fin de siècle life, the Isle of Wight in Cowes week. Back



again along the sunny southern shore to the rugged Land's End, across the turbid waves to the rolling uplands and lonely peaks of the Welsh Highlands, where fairy legend and Bardic mystery hover round the summits of Sunodon and Clader Idols, or linger in the shades of Hanboris and the Vale of the Mawddwy.

From Welsh loveliness to Scottish highlands, to the land of loch and moor and mountain fell, I have sailed my course. Free from hotel bills, saved from lodging hunting, at ease and comfortably I have had a holiday which has covered four playgrounds of the tourist world and at what cost? Six months for sixty pounds. This has covered crew, insurance of the yacht and every expense, and has paid the journey of over 2,000 miles. Why don't more people do it? By the way, I have never employed a pilot; chart, lead and common sense have been my only guides.

### Shifting and Fixed Ballast.

THE *Field* of Dec. 9 indulges in a rather severe criticism of our remarks on the value of shifting ballast, and in an effort to justify its original assumption of the small value of the big ballast crew carried by Vigilant, it goes still further into the mathematics of the question. We might dispute the accuracy of the *Field's* calculations, but, assuming that the figures are correct as far as they go, in our opinion the question is one that can only be thoroughly considered from the practical point of view of the man who has sat well outside the plankstee of a yacht with his lap full of sandbags, rather than from the theoretical standpoint of the naval architect. We reprint the *Field's* remarks, as the calculations may interest our readers.

In the issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* for Nov. 25 there is an attempt to criticize our demonstration of the relative effect of weight on deck and weight on the keel on stability. We say attempt, because the writer displays an acquaintance with the most elementary laws of statics, and the conclusions arrived at from the illustration given are not only misleading, but might also be dangerous. The writer says we introduced the height of the center of gravity in the question, which needlessly complicates the matter; but the fact is the "matter" cannot be explained without introducing the center of gravity, even by aid of a quasi geometrical illustration such as given in *FOREST AND STREAM*. The statement made by this paper is as follows:

"In a wide, flat boat, at least, the height of the center of gravity need not be considered, and, the real question being the advantage of a certain weight at 4 (Fig. 1), on the weather deck, or stowed as low as practicable inside, the actual conditions are nearly as shown in the following diagram.

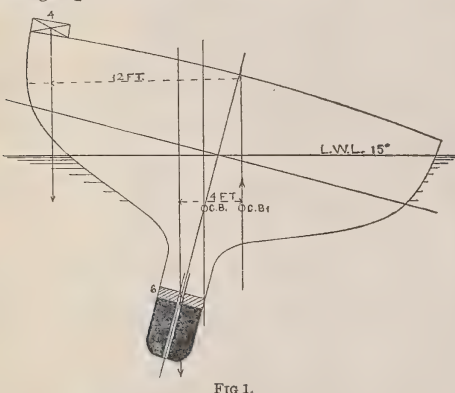


FIG. 1.

"While this section is not correct, it represents quite nearly enough that of Vigilant, and the angle of heel shown, 15 degrees, is about that at which such a model will do its fastest sailing. The advantages of five ballast depend so much on the type of boat that we have, in the diagram, attempted to represent as closely as is possible the true section of Vigilant, the position of her lead, the amount of freeboard, and the angle at which she is at her best. The lead keel is shown by the solid black, the center of buoyancy in the upright and inclined positions is indicated approximately, the weight of the crew on deck is shown at 4, and that of the same weight of lead stowed as low as possible by the shaded section at 6.

"In its first position, at 4, this weight is at a distance of about 12 ft. from C. B. 1, while in the position 6 it is about 4 ft., its righting power being measured in the one case by the lever arm 12 and in the other by the arm 4, or a gain of 3 to 1."

Now as a matter of fact the "lever arm 12 and the other arm 4" no more discloses what the effect of the different positions assigned to two tons has on the general stability of the vessel than it does the name of the captain's wife. Obviously, as the heeling of the vessel increased the lines drawn through 4 and 6 would approach each other until at last when the vessel became heeled to forty degrees, they would coincide, as shown in Fig. 2, and then the distance from the

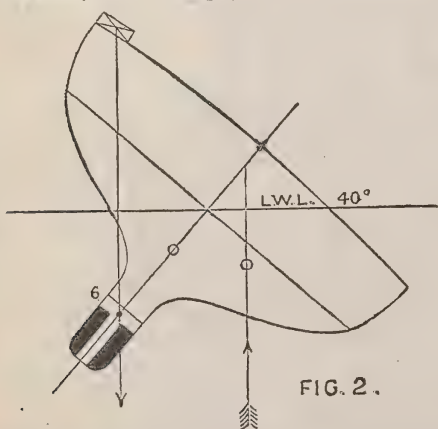


FIG. 2.

vertical line through the center of buoyancy would be the same for both, and the 3 to 1 be thereby extinguished; whereas the actual effect of the weight on the statical stability is exactly the same for either condition of heeling. To again demonstrate what does actually take place by having a crew or equivalent weight put on the deck of a

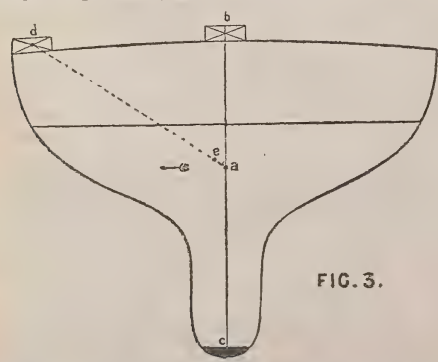


FIG. 3.

yacht, we will choose a somewhat different form of illustration, which more approaches the A B C of the problem. In Fig. 3 the general center of gravity of the vessel and all she contains, including crew, will, it is assumed, be at *a* and also that this is the location of the

center of buoyancy, as this will simplify matters. Then, if a weight be placed on the deck at *b* the center of gravity will be raised, and the distance can be determined by the equation

$$\frac{W \times F}{D}$$

where *W* the weight (at *b*), *F* the vertical distance it is above the center of gravity, and *D* the total weight or displacement of the vessel, including the weight at *b*. If the weight is 2 tons and the distance 8 ft., and the weight of the vessel 150 tons (including the 2 tons on deck at *b*), we have

$$\frac{2 \times 8}{150} = 0.107 \text{ ft.}$$

the distance the center of gravity is raised. Next, supposing the 2 tons, instead of being placed on deck, is put underneath the keel at *c*, 1 ft., below *a*, and increasing the draught by 3 in. or 4 in., then by the same equation the center of gravity would be lowered 0.147.

But in continuation, we will consider that the weight at *b* has been shifted 12 ft. out to *d*; then by this movement the center of gravity will be shifted horizontally in the direction of the arrow 0.16 ft., the common result of the two movements (putting the weight at *b* and shifting it to *d*), being that the center of gravity of the vessel is moved in the line *a d*, say, to *e*, and the vessel would heel until the center of buoyancy again came in the vertical line of the center of gravity at *e*. It should be noted that the new position of the center of gravity could be found by the equation by putting in it the distance *a d* instead of *F*, but this method in the end would be more complicated.

The net result on the stability will be next determined. In Fig. 4

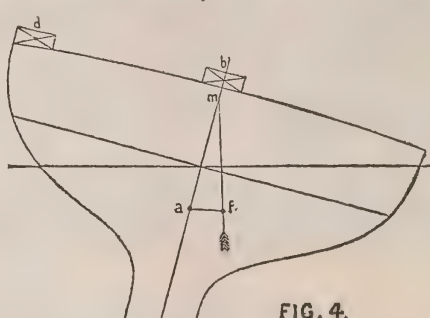


FIG. 4.

it is assumed that the vessel is heeled to 15°, and that her metacentric height is 7 ft. As the vessel heels the center of buoyancy at *a* shifts to some point, as at *f*, and the distance *a f* is the length of the righting arm on which the weight of the vessel acts, in a downward direction, through *a*, and the equal force of the buoyancy in an upward direction, through *f*.

The intersection *m* is termed the meta center, and in this illustration we have assumed it to be 7 ft. above *a* (the center of gravity.) If the metacentric height is 7 ft., then the length of the righting arm at an inclination of 15° will be 7 ft. × sine angle = 1.819 ft.

If the center of gravity is raised by putting 2 tons to *b*, then the metacentric height will be diminished by 0.107 ft., or, say, 6.893 ft., and the righting arm *a f* will be reduced to 1.785. If, on the other hand, the weight is lowered to *c*, then the metacentric height will be increased to 7.147 ft., and the righting arm to 1.851 ft.

Finally, if the weight on deck is shifted to *d*, the righting arm of 1.785 ft. (for the weight in its position *b*) would be increased to (1.785 × 16) 1.945 ft., or a net gain of .133 ft. of righting arm; and a net gain of .044 ft., on the righting arm which would exist if the 2 tons had been put on the keel at *c* instead of on deck at *b*.

The advantage, therefore, for the deck position at *b* would be as .132 to .044, or, say, as 14 to 1.

As to the *Field's* criticisms, the main question is not of the effect of the movable fraction of the ballast on the "general stability" of the yacht at all angles, but only within such a very limited angle as is essential to speed, if not safety, in a shoal wide boat. There is no need of figures to prove to the catboat sailor that the center of gravity is so far to windward that if caught aback, his crew and sandbags will capsize the boat; nor that, once heeled beyond a certain angle to leeward, her crew must swim as certainly as her sandbags will sink.

The case of Vigilant, with so larger proportion of her ballast on the keel and so little on the weather deck, is quite different in degree from that of an open sandbag boat or a sliding seat canoe, but a man with any practical experience of the immense gain in lying out over the water instead of sitting upright on the deck edge, or of edging himself out another half inch on his sliding seat, will be very slow to believe that, even in the case of Vigilant, the benefits of live ballast to windward over the same weight of lead in the keel can be as insignificant as the *Field's* figures assume to prove.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested a few weeks ago to see in your paper the representation of an approximate section of the Vigilant, with calculations of the effect on her stability of the weight of her extra large crew carried well to windward on deck, and a comparison of this effect with an equal weight stowed on top of her other ballast. I felt much interest in this, as no doubt did many yachtsmen of the calculating sort, and this interest was increased because I had previously seen an attempt in the *Field* to deal with the same problem. There was a wide difference between the results given in your paper and those shown in the *Field*, and I was impressed with the much greater accuracy and also by the greater simplicity and necessarily greater certainty of your method.

This arose from the fact that, allowing that the midship section shown was approximately a correct one, the factors entering into your calculation were practically known quantities. The center of buoyancy and the two positions treated of for the weight with their relations to the center of buoyancy and with each other could be shown without danger of serious error, and the value of these weights as righting forces, at any defined angle of heel in the vessel, could be very readily and very clearly estimated.

By the *Field* method figures were introduced, as it appears to me, quite needlessly, the gravity of the vessel, and its center of center, and the effort was made to show the relative effectiveness of the movable ballast through its modifying influence on the position of the latter, instead of by a comparison of the moments of the movable ballast in the positions in question, acting on the vessel's center of support (C. B.).

Now, it must be evident to a novice even that neither the gravity of the vessel nor the position of its center can be satisfactorily assumed, and that an error in locating it position would seriously affect the result of any computation such as that under consideration, and make of little value any conclusions formed through such assumption.

For the purpose which your article of Nov. 25 had in view, that of showing the relative effectiveness of two tons of ballast used in either of two positions at an angle of 15°, it appears to me that your method was simple, easily comprehended and correct, and that its conclusions might be accepted, as it dealt only with practically known quantities. With the *Field* it appears to me the case is otherwise.

I was therefore somewhat surprised in looking over the last number received here of that journal to see that its yachting editor comments unfavorably upon the method you have employed and the conclusions arrived at.

I cannot, however, find that he anywhere points out an error in your statement, though there is a plain inference from his remarks that you have somehow made such; and there is some asperity shown in the remark, "Now, as a matter of fact, the lever arm, 12, and the other arm, 4, no more discloses what the effect of the different positions assigned to the two tons has on the general stability of the vessel than it does the name of the captain's wife." I do not derive from your interesting article that your purpose was to show what the effect would be upon the stability of the Vigilant of two tons of ballast placed near the weather rail if she were inclined 40° or 50°, or at some impracticable sailing angle; but that your purpose was to correct the misleading conclusions of the *Field's* article, and to show how much more effective in a heavy yacht is two tons of ballast placed well to windward than would be any like weight placed near to the keel when such a vessel is sailing at a practicable angle of about 15°. For this purpose, it appears to me, your method is correct, while that of your antagonist, for reasons which have been stated, is correct only to the extent of the accuracy of his assumptions; and it is, moreover, as it appears to me, for your limited and express purpose, about as ill-adapted as is a deep-sea lead to take soundings in a duck pond.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.

BONSTAY.

Alga, cutter, owned by the late Chas. Longfellow, has been sold to R. F. Perkins.

### New Yachts.

MR. N. G. HERRSHOFF is now at work on an improved Dilemma for his own use, employing a spare fin and bulb made for the 36-foot Drusilla. Mr. Gielow has an order for a schooner similar to Loyal, the dimensions being: over all 70 ft., 1 w. 58 ft., beam 17 ft. 7 in., draft 8 ft. She will be built of wood. He has also an order for a steam launch for Robert Shoemaker, Jr., of Philadelphia, to be 47 ft. 7 in. over all, 46 ft. 9 in. 1 w., 7 ft. 4 in. beam, 2 ft. 4 in. draft. Several yachts of about 20 ft. of the Cape Cat and "knockabout" types, are building about Boston.

### Columbia.

The new steam yacht Columbia, designed and built by the Cramp Shipbuilding Co. for J. H. Lusk, made a trial trip on Dec. 19, running from Larchmont to New London, 50.3 miles, naut., in 4 h. 43 m. 57 s., an average speed of 17.35 knots.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The opening lecture of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was given at the Yacht Club house on Dec. 22, the lecturer being Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, and last speaker being Greenland and Eskimo life. Dr. Cook was a member of the first Peary expedition, and also made a second trip last summer in a small schooner to the shores of Greenland, and his remarks were specially directed to such Arctic work as may be safely and comfortably done in any well-appointed yacht. There were present three natives brought last summer from Greenland, a girl, a boy and a dog. The interest of the lecture was greatly increased by a large number of lantern views made from photos made on both expeditions.

At the annual meeting of the Harlem Y. C. on Dec. 21 the following officers were elected: Com., Walter A. Boody; Vice-Com., John Wimmer; Rear-Com., Henry Soch; Fleet Captain, W. Seardfield; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Cox; Meas., W. D. S. Hyer; Treas., T. C. Allen; Fin. Sec., H. B. McAllister; Rec. Sec., P. Macy; Cor. Sec., F. W. Creggan; Stewards, M. L. Gertz and J. C. McCarthy; Board of Directors, D. Ryan, J. F. Lior, F. J. Fitch, W. Towner, E. M. Griffiths, F. Davis and A. G. Austin.

Mr. Clarence L. Burger, Larchmont Y. C., is still working for the passage of the bill prepared by him last winter for the protection of the distinguishing flags of yacht clubs and steamship companies. The bill passed the House last year but was too late for the Senate.

The annual meeting of Oak Point Y. C. was held on Dec. 19, the following officers being elected: Com., John Corbett; Fleet Captain, R. D. Lenge; Vice-Com., John Lee; Treas., J. W. Wakeling; Rec. Sec., George Gent; Fin. Sec., Nicholas Schmidt; Cor. Sec., R. A. Blank; Steward, Morris Deutsch; Meas., John Fraser; Sergeant, W. Newbeck; Board of Directors, F. Freeman, Chairman; O. Steinhilber, J. E. Baxter, C. Durifelt, T. Hagarty; Regatta Committee, V. Roz, Chairman; V. Clark, B. Barry.

Natalie, steam yacht, after sailing from Port Jefferson on Dec. 1 in charge of Captain Wm. Kirk, has not yet been reported. The yacht, which had been purchased by strangers, was nominally bound for Philadelphia. Rumor connects her with the Brazilian troubles.

El Chico has been sold to Willard E. Case of Auburn, N. Y., and is now being fitted with a larger cockpit and prepared for shipment, under the direction of Mr. J. Beaver Webb.

In answer to various inquiries about ice yachts, we would call attention to the advertisement of F. Weslaw on another page. Mr. Weslaw is prepared to furnish the boats complete or the separate parts.

The Christmas number of the *Yachtsman* has been greatly delayed in the home post office, but arrived with the New Year in New York. Capt. Haif, who has been in Gen. Paine's employ since 1887, has been re-engaged for this year, before Gen. Paine decided to build, he transferred Capt. Haif's services to Rear Com. Rogers for Colonia, and later on engaged Capt. Barr as the sailing master of the new Jubilee.

Mr. Watson has an order for a 10-rater from Messrs. R. G. and S. Allen, of Glasgow, to race against Mr. Henry Allen's new Herresford 10.

A correspondent asks the address of a builder of the Barnegat sneak-box; possibly some of our readers may be able to aid him.

### Canoeing.

### THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

The '92 Cruise of the Shenandoah C. C.

BY THE COMMODORE.

(Continued from Page 515).

We landed at the spring below the falls a few miles further down (which we easily passed by means of the boat channel, or the left hand end) for a drink and a smoke. The "Pig Path" rapid, or fall, was next successfully negotiated, and around the next turn to the right the mill and dam at Bixter's was sighted. There proved to be an open shoot in the dam, over near the mill, but as it was a perpendicular cataract some 4 or 5 ft. high, with no depth below it, the fall coming upon the rocks without sufficient depth for the bows of the canoes to go down below the surface, as is the case at the big shoot at Goode's dam, George and I promptly declined it.

Lacy, however, who was in a reckless mood, and who hadn't had as much experience in shooting dams as he acquired a few minutes later, insisted on taking it, so, as there was no reasoning him out of it, we removed the foot log, which barred the top of the shoot and let him go. His canoe made the plunge gallantly, but her bow brought up with a crash among the rocks at the bottom just as we told him it would, and there she hung in the shoot—bow on the rocks below and stern on the dam above. She heeled until he was all but spilled out, while the water rushed in a sheet several inches deep over his decks and around his waist into the cockpit until the canoe was full. He finally, by vigorous shoves with his paddle, managed to free his canoe from the bottom of the chute, when she dropped on over into the swift, race-like channel below, down which she shot like an arrow some 50 yds., finally bringing up high and dry on the rocks at one side of the channel, with her bow and stern projecting out into space like Noah's Ark on Ararat.

There was nothing left for Lacy to do but disembark and lift her down off the rocks, which he did, first unpacking his kitchen ware until he got hold of a bucket, with which he dipped most of the water out of her. He then ran ashore a short distance below the mill and unpacked her and made a careful investigation to see how much damage she had sustained, and was most agreeably surprised to find that she had escaped with no more serious injuries than a smashed nose, her stern oak stem having smashed into splinters at the bow just above the water line where she struck on the rocks.

In the mean time George and I, after finding that Lacy needed no assistance from us, easily p. rated our canoes by getting out of them, and after tightly closing the hatches and fastening the aprons, letting them drop easily down over the shoot, which they did safely after being lightened of our weight.

We then went into an early camp by the roadside a hundred yards below the dam, by a clear spring in the bank, where we fixed ourselves quite comfortably for a stay of a night and a forenoon, for it is our intention to stop here until to-morrow afternoon. George and I fished a little at dusk this evening. I took one nice bass, while George didn't get a rise.

Sunday, Aug. 7, 1892.—Morning dawned with a fog so dense that an early start would have been out of the question, even had it been contemplated. I got up ahead of the boys and let them sleep on without disturbing them, and pattered around the camp with divers and sun dry little duties until they awoke. I put a new seat on my camp stool, as the old one was broken down, shaved, wrote up my log, etc., until in due time they crawled out of their snug little cabins and we proceeded to prepare and stow away an elegant breakfast of bacon, fried potatoes and onions, fresh bass and hot coffee and biscuits.

We had a lazy, comfortable forenoon of it, idling around in the shade by the side of the beautiful river, whose musical murmur sounded a ceaseless soothing lullaby in our ears. We read, wrote letters, etc., and put out all of our things for a good hot sun bath, including some small washing in which we all took a hand. An occasional day, or even half a day, in camp is a great convenience; in fact, almost a necessity, for things will need attention and overhauling.

We lunched at 1 and by 2 everything was packed and we were again afloat for a short cruise of eight miles to Menifee's. Quite a little crowd collected on the bank to see us off. This is a capital camping place, but being so close to the ferry and ford is rather too public, and I am afraid our tents were an annoyance to more than one driver of skiffish horses.

We had a most pleasant afternoon cruise to Menifee's, where we found, as I knew before hand, a fine spring in the reefs that put out from the high, steep bank into the river, affording an excellent camping place. We enjoyed the afternoon run exceedingly, although a heavy rain caught us in the reach below the mouth of Hawkbill Creek, which we rode out dry and comfortable clad in our rubber



Dorr	72 73-145	F Esperer	63 62-137
Ahles	72 72-144	F Krobatsch	63 01-126
Glaser	72 70-142	A Ahles	63 57-119
Rose	70 70-140	W Ahles	61 56-117
L. Aufder Heide	69 60-138	F Millar	59 57-114



### Empire Rifle Club Prize Shoot.

The two days' gallery prize shoot of the Empire Rifle Club was brought to a successful close at a late hour on Monday night—Christmas. The programme put up by the club called for twelve prizes, ranging from \$25 down to \$1. Tickets three shots each and three tickets for \$1, two tickets to count. Many of our expert gallery shooters were on hand and struggled hard for the first position on the prize list. The cheapness of the shooting was an inducement to the contesting shooters to try, try again, and the re-entries were many and often. The closing hour of the shoot found Messrs. Dorrier, Flach and Holges a tie for the first three prizes, each having a total of 146 points out of a possible 150. The scores:

F. Flach	73-146	O. Hufsch	71-142
M. Dorrier	73-146	B. Zettler	71-142
H. Holger	73-146	G. Zettler	68-140
B. Zahn	73-145	L. Busch	69-139
W. Rosenbaum	73-145	O. Boag	65-136
F. C. Ross	72-144	O. Zettler, Jr.	60-136

### Schlicht Rifle Club.

The Schlicht Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot Dec. 25 on the Schlicht ranges, 10 shots per man, 25-ring target, distance 75 ft.: Geo. Schlicht 242, G. Dorrier 237, J. Diehl 229, G. Lautenberger 217, E. O. Breilenthine 217, J. Schlicht 216, A. Andrews 215, F. Thürk 215, W. Schlicht 214, E. Hummel 213, J. Enders 210, S. Graver 209, J. Graver 202, C. Greck 215, C. Schlicht 187, L. Dorrier 182, A. Deubline 169, P. Man 174.

### RIFLE NOTES.

The fact that the Miller Rifle Club should abandon its advertised Christmas Day prize shoot, without giving the New York shooters previous notice of such action on its part, has created a feeling of dissatisfaction in the minds of those riflemen who went to the trouble of packing their rifles over to Hoboken, only to find that there was no shoot on, that will take a long time to overcome. Clubs, like individuals, to be successful must meet their obligations, or at least give due notice of their inability to do so.

The greeting of the California shooters to the eastern brotherhood will probably result in a delegation of New York riflemen making a visit to the Pacific slope in March. Poor business and the hard times will no doubt tie up many of our experts. There is no doubt that those who do find it possible to make the visit will meet with a royal reception from the California Schuetzen.

During a meeting of the members of the Zettler Club at their weekly gallery shoot on Tuesday night of last week, there was considerable talk upon the subject of individual match shooting, and the outcome was that the proposed match between Messrs. Ross and Dorrier was pushed along the path leading to a final adjustment. While this interesting subject was being ventilated two other members of the club present, Messrs. Busse and Flaisted, looked over their respective abilities as shooters, and the consequence was that the two were matched to shoot a 100-shot race on Jan. 12 for \$50 a side. Busse, winning the choice of ground, named Washington Park, so while the boys are waiting for the two experts to develop their proposed contest, they can fill in the time canvassing the merits of Busse and Flaisted.

## Trap-Shooting.

### FIXTURES.

Jan. 4.—Union Gun Club's live bird tournament, at Springfield, N. J. Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.  
Jan. 15.—Grand live and artificial bird shoot, \$1,000 guaranteed, by the Hamilton Gun Club. J. E. Overholt, Sec'y.  
Jan. 23.—Open shoot at 25 live birds, \$25 entry, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries close Jan. 22.  
Feb. 2.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.  
Feb. —Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

### DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

ONE of the greatest live bird contests ever shot in this country, one which will be "for blood," with no dropping for place, will take place on the Marion grounds of Al Heritage, next Tuesday. It will be the long talked of contest between teams of twenty men each, representing New Jersey and Kings County, N. Y., arranged by "Uncle Jake" Peitz of the Newark Gun Club, who will shoot at 15 live pigeons, under modified Hurlingham rules. The "consideration" will be \$10 a man and the price of the birds. The contest will begin at 9.30 A. M. This contest should be on to attract an immense crowd of spectators, as it is almost sure to be closely contested. Al Heritage promises to have on hand as good a lot of birds as money will buy, and the handling and driving will be carefully attended to. The composition of the teams has not been finally decided upon, but the following names have been submitted by the managers and from this list the teams will be selected: New Jersey team, Samuel Castle, C. M. Heden, R. H. Breintall, Ebenezer Francis and Fern Vanhlyke of Newark. Justus Von Lengerke of Orange, John Rigdott of Rockaway, William Sigler of Montclair, Fletcher Walters of Arlington, Charles Smith of Plainfield, James L. Smith of Hackensack, W. F. Lindsey and Ed. Collins of West Hoboken, A. W. Money and G. Money of Oakland, James Van Brackle and George Cullberry of Long Branch, T. W. Morley of Patterson, E. D. Miller of Springfield, Oscar Hesse of and E. M. Cooper of Red Bank. Kings County team: Mort. Van Brunt, Samuel Northridge, A. A. Hegeman, Dr. Van Sil, Fred'k Pfander, Garry Cropsey, Henry Balzer, D. C. Bennett, James Bennett, D. Deacon, George W. Smith, Richard L. Smith, J. H. Hackett, J. H. Hackett, Charles Winger, C. E. Morris, C. Ferguson, Jr., Charles Plate, L. T. Duryea, J. D. Voorhees, Dr. W. Wynn, Charles Dettleson. In the list of New Jersey men appear the names of several men who, in our judgment should not have been included, while on the other hand we were rather surprised to see that the names of Wm. H. Green of Harrison, J. W. Hoffmann of Orange Valley, and Dr. P. J. Ziegler of Vanarsdale were omitted. It is without doubt that the contest will be a fine team shoot in the State, while Ziegler and Hoffman are far safer than some of the men chosen. Still there is not a really weak shot on the list, and the team will make a good showing. The Kings County team is comprised of fairly good shots, but here too are included the names of some who are without doubt weaker than others who are left off. To reach the Marion grounds, where the contest will be held, take the Pennsylvania railroad to Marion station, where stages and hacks will be in waiting. There will be plenty of lunch on the grounds and the coffee will be kept boiling all day.

PUTNEY, Vt., Dec. 21.—The Putney (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club will open up its season about April 1, and will probably hold an open tournament in May, with big inducements for shooters from other States. Putney is a town of about 1,500 inhabitants, pleasantly situated in southern Vermont, on the Connecticut River, and is quite accessible by rail. Our club numbers about twenty shooters, but the most remarkable team shots in the State, while Ziegler and Hoffman are far safer than some of the men chosen. Still there is not a really weak shot on the list, and the team will make a good showing. The Kings County team is comprised of fairly good shots, but here too are included the names of some who are without doubt weaker than others who are left off. To reach the Marion grounds, where the contest will be held, take the Pennsylvania railroad to Marion station, where stages and hacks will be in waiting. There will be plenty of lunch on the grounds and the coffee will be kept boiling all day.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier tells the following good one on genial Jacob Koch, one of the leading shots of the Union Gun Club of that city: "Years ago before Jacob Koch was recognized as champion of the city, he was always on the alert to find out where the leading sportsmen went field shooting, and how many birds they bagged. One day George Stauber and Arthur Combs went out to Eden and killed eight English snipe. Coming home, Arthur suggested that George take them all to his place, as Jacob was waiting to see them there on time. Pretty soon Koch came tripping into the place as light as a feather. He went to the icebox, and his eyes stuck out like onions as he looked at the 8 beauties. 'You didn't kill 16 of 'em, did you George?' 'No, 8.' 'I felt worried, and Stauber knew it was only a matter of a few moments before he would be 'legging it' down to Combs's, so he quietly dispatched a messenger with the birds for Arthur's place, with strict orders to tell him that Jacob was waiting to see them. In came Koch a moment later, puffing like a porpoise and never stopping to say good morning until he had his grip fastened on the snipe to the icebox door. 'What luck to-day Arthur?' 'Eight beauties, kr,' was the response, which seemed to come from the bottom of the

Englishman's heart. Jake yanked open the door, and there enough there they were. 'Well, by thunder,' he roared, fully convinced that he was being bagged by the two, and to this day he doesn't know the difference. But he has changed his opinion, and he is now in the shooting box, and the other fellows like to peek into his ice-box."

ALLEGHENY, Pa., Dec. 22.—The annual meeting of the Eagle Gun Club was held yesterday. Samuel McCarty was elected President; Wm. Yellowy, Vice-President; George Whorrell, Secretary; E. Brown, Treasurer, and Wm. Kline, Captain. The directors are: A. Garloch, E. Ziemer and G. Farrand. The club has been in existence five years and has a membership of 40. It has made remarkable progress during the last two or three years and has held some of the most prominent club-bird shoots in western Pennsylvania. The club has an excellent bank account and a very large stock of live birds. The club is a member of the State Sportsmen's Association. The first members of the club were Wm. Yellowy, H. Sander, Wm. Schnaebli, E. Spencer, Wm. Parker, E. Parker, G. Whorrell, R. French, R. Hillard and J. Hillard. The first shooting ground of the club was on the bar just ahead of Bruno's, and on the same day ago the club made excellent grounds on Marshall avenue. The club has four principal shoots each year, viz., Decoration Day, July 4, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day.

In response to a request from several of the prominent trap shots of this vicinity there has been arranged a contest at 25 live birds, \$25 entry, to be shot Jan. 23 on the famous "Old Stone House" grounds of John Erb on Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. This contest will be open to the world, and invitations have been sent to a large number of experts of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. A large lot of birds will be furnished and there will be no favorites played. The prize will be \$25, and no more larger than a 12-bore allowed. If the entries do not exceed seven there will be two moneys; eight to fourteen entries, three moneys; fifteen or more entries, four moneys. Hurlingham rules to govern except as to boundary. Entries along with a forfeit of \$10 will be received at the club, Jan. 22, by C. H. Townsend, trap editor FOREST AND STREAM, 313 Broadway, New York.

PENNY AMOY, N. J., Dec. 22.—A shooting match at five birds took place to-day on the grounds of the Penny Amoy Gun Club, between William F. Hartmann, of this city, and Lee B. Campbell, of the River side Gun Club of Red Bank. The stake was \$100 a side. They shot at 25 birds each, and trap and handle for each other; one barrel and one trap. Considerable money was wagered on Hartman to win, who, on Thanksgiving Day, made clean scores in the four sweepstakes at live birds. Campbell was favored in the betting by a number of the members of the Midway Club. He won by one bird. The presence was strong and fast, and many of the kills were warmly applauded. The score was 16 to 15.

The Orange Rod and Gun Club held its first shoot under its new management on Christmas on its grounds on Watching Mountain, West Orange. There were 14 members present, and both live birds and targets were used. In one event at 5 live birds George Fisher killed 5, Samuel Schwab 4 and C. Jacobs 4. Wm. Farnham was scorer. After the shoot the members dined at the Christmas dinner at Dunn's Llewellyn Park Hotel. This club held a meeting on Dec. 19 and reorganized, electing the following officers: President, Chas. C. S. Young; Vice-President, Frank B. Storms; Financial Secretary, Hamilton Miller; Corresponding Secretary, Samuel Schwab; Treasurer, William P. Dunn.

PUTNEY, Pa., Dec. 22.—The annual meeting of the Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club was held yesterday, and the following officers were elected: President, C. D. Duetz; Vice-President, L. G. Graul; Secretary, A. C. L. Hoffmeister; Treasurer, James P. Zoeller; No. 1 Shooting Master, A. F. Hoffmeister; Second Shooting Master, Henry Eglesdorf; William Miller, Aug. Goldstrom; Gun Shooting Committee, W. G. Ulick, Aug. Goldstrom; Board of Directors, Aug. F. Hoffmeister, Albert C. L. Hoffmeister, William Miller, Fred. Miller, Aug. Goldstrom.

On Elmwood avenue, in Irvington, N. J., where the Myrtle Park Gun Club holds its first shoot of the season, was heard nearly all of Christmas Day, although the attendance was light. Although one of the youngest this club is also one of the strongest clubs in the State, and on any other day would have attracted a good list of entries. The sport comprised five events at ten targets each and the results follow: Event No. 1, Smith 10, Young 9, Osborne 8, Momm 7. No. 2, Baldwin 6, Smith 6, Osborne 6. No. 3, Smith 8, Osborne 8, Young 6, Baldwin 6. No. 4, Smith 10, Young 10, Osborne 6, Momm 4. No. 5, Young 9, Smith 8, Baldwin 7, Osborne 7, Momm 5.

Arrangements have been perfected for the organization of the Peconic Gun Club, which will be situated at Jamesport, Suffolk County. The prime movers in the matter are Edward J. Carey and James J. Noonan, who are connected with the Long Island Railroad Company. It is intended to lease and fit out a clubhouse near the shore of Peconic Bay, and, with that end in view, the men above named will shortly go to the island and select a suitable location. At a meeting held on Dec. 18 last, the following officers were elected: President, Edward J. Carey; Vice-president, James J. Noonan; Secretary and treasurer, I. Clark.

The New York Tribune of Dec. 23 did a grave injustice to the South Side Gun Club of Newark, by publishing an item stating that on Christmas Day, when the club held a live bird shoot, two boys were severely injured by stray pellets. There was no shoot on the above grounds on Christmas Day, and moreover, live birds are never shot there, the club devoting its grounds exclusively to target shooting. The two boys in question were shot at Wiedenmayer's Park in Hamburg place, while trying to flush lazy birds. They were severely stung about the back and shoulders, but their injuries are not thought to be serious.

The Brighton Gun Club, an enterprising organization of East Orange, N. J., held a shoot on its North Park street grounds on Christmas Day, targets being used. The attendance was fair and the shooting was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. In the main events, at 25 targets each, S. Badgley broke 30, J. O'Connell 28, Canfield 17, Jos. Gower, Jr. 16, G. Kutcher 14, R. Baldwin 13, J. Ackerman 9. A 10-target shoot, which ended the day's sport, resulted as follows: O'Mealey 7, Badgley 8, Canfield 8, Gower 6, Baldwin 6, Kutcher 5, Ackerman 4. The scoring was done by Mayne Potter.

Rapidly the months are passing by, and the passing of each one brings us closer to the dates selected for the great big tournament of the Knoxville Gun Club. With \$1,000 in solid cash added to the purses during the three target days, and a day's live bird shooting to follow, it ought to be a big shoot, and it surely will be a big one, with at least 100 entries in the target events. This is a very high figure to count upon, but then high prizes will always draw the shooters. You must watch our columns for the programme which we are sure to publish several weeks ahead of our esteemed contemporaries.

There is a rumor afloat that J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., is desirous of meeting John L. Brewer in one or more matches. While Elliott is conceded to be a credit for being a rattling good marksman, we still incline to the belief that he is no better than a contest with Mr. Brewer if the latter is in anything like his own form, and that on first-class birds Mr. Brewer could defeat him in seven out of ten contests. We have no doubt of Mr. Brewer's willingness to meet the Kansas City man at any number of birds or for any amount of money.

An interesting affair, and one that would attract an immense crowd of spectators, would be a contest with the four leading professionals (who are the best shot in the country) against the four leading amateurs of New York, each man to shoot at 100 first-class birds under American Association rules. It would seem that in the trap-shooting ranks of the Riverton, Westminster, Carteret, Hollywood and Larchmont clubs there could be found four men who could well sustain themselves in a shoot against a quartette chosen from Brewer, Elliott, Budd, Fulford and Claas.

An elaborate programme and one which should attract a big entry list, is that published for the fourth annual shooting tournament of the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club, on January 16th, 17th and 18th. The great event on the first day will be at 20 live birds, \$10 entry, with fourteen moneys, ranging from \$200 down to \$15. On this day there will be one 15-target and two 20-target events. On the second day there will be two 10 and two 20-target events. On the third day a live bird, miss and out event, at 10 live birds, two 15-target events and one at 20 targets.

The appended list of officers has been elected by the Frankford (Pa.) Gun Club. Edward Beck, President; Benjamin Bourne, Vice-President; David D. Mercer, Secretary; H. Leachard, Treasurer; Elmer Betson, Field Captain; E. Beck, Assistant Field Captain; John E. Crowther and Benjamin Bourne, Trustees. The club has its headquarters on Orthodox street, below Frankford.

The White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club claims Feb. 22 (Washington's Birthday) for a live bird and target tournament, and hopes to see a big turnout of New York and New Jersey shooters. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. and continue until candle-light. The grounds can be reached in thirty minutes from the Grand Central Depot in New York city.

The Harrison (N. J.) Rod and Fishing Club held their second shoot for a silver cup on Christmas, each man shooting at 15 blue rock targets. J. Crawley, who won the first contest, was again successful in getting the top score, breaking 11; W. Crowley broke 8, O. Sanford 7, W. Coyle 5, J. Rosmer 4, J. Purcell 2, Harry Wardell 0.

At the medal shoot of the Riverside Gun Club at Red Bank, N. J., on Dec. 22 each man shot at 25 targets, Irvin breaking 24, E. Cooper 19, E. Throckmorton 17, J. S. Hoyle 16, Little 18, L. Davis 5, Corwell 14, Hesse 21, John Cooper 21, Chas. Throckmorton 11.

Wm. H. McQuoid of New York and David C. Roe of Middletown, N. Y., shot a match at ten live birds each near Middletown on Christmas Day. McQuoid won by one bird. The stake was \$50 a side.

The annual shoot of the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club will be held on Jan. 16, 17 and 18, and will attract a big attendance. In the live bird contest there are usually from 75 to 100 entries.

The Clyde (N. Y.) Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, James H. Streeter; Vice-President, G. D. Barrett; Secretary-Treasurer, Anson C. Burnett.

The San Antonio (Texas) Gun Club, which shoots twice a week except during the open season, used over 100,000 targets during 1893. Go to Marion next Tuesday and see the great match between the New Jersey and Kings County teams.

Hurry in your entry for the 25-bird sweep to be shot at Erb's Jan. 23. J. A. R. Elliott expects to attend the Hamilton shoot.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### Birds and Targets at Dexter Park.

LOUIS MILLER's annual Christmas and New Year's shoots are always looked forward to by his patrons with that sort of inward anticipation that is likened to the good boy who sees the first preparations in the family kitchen for the opening of the mince pie season. So when Louis's notices for his Christmas shoot went out some days ago, his targets said, "Hullo, here comes our annual feast of birds, targets and turkey again." As the days advanced the regulars began their preparations for the anticipated pleasures of Christmas, 1893. Christmas morning opened mild and pleasant, lacking nothing in its April appearance but the song of the amphibious frog. Many of the expectant shooters were on the grounds at an early hour getting the lay of the land and a few preliminary shots at the targets. The day's sport was divided into three divisions. The first was devoted to targets, the second to turkey, and the third to live birds. The programme devoted to targets was divided into four events.

The first, at ten targets, had nine entries. Short and Kneebly, Jr., tied with seven and divided first money.

The second event called for 10 targets, with twelve entries. W. Levens took first money with nine, Schortemeier second with eight, Short third with seven.

The third event was at fifteen targets, with twelve entries. Fessenden 13, first; Levens 12, second; Kneebly and Schortemeier 11, third; Wright 9, fourth.

The fourth event, at ten targets, had eight entries. Lions, Wright, Fessenden, Schortemeier first, with six. Short second with five.

The second or intermediate stage of the day's sport having arrived, an adjournment was taken to visit Mrs. Miller's department and discuss the turkey question. Having settled this matter to the satisfaction of all, then came the third, last and most interesting part of the shooting programme, the live bird events.

The first was at 5 birds, with eight entries. The birds were A1, and made lively sport for the contestants in their efforts to stop them within the boundary. Schortemeier was the only man to kill his 5 straight. Bowen, Fessenden and Osterhout tied with 4.

The second event, at 5 birds, had eleven entries. Schortemeier, Bowen and Kraft tied for first money with 5 each.

The third event, at 5 birds, with fourteen entries, developed some fine shooting at lively birds. Dr. Little, Kraft, Schortemeier and Lair tied with 4 scores of 5 kills each.

The fourth and last event of the day called for 3 birds, with six entries. Schortemeier, Lair, Hopkins and Brannwell killed 3 each. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets:			
Levens	101011010-6	Smyth	0001010000-2
Kneebly, Jr.	1110111001-7	Jones	0100100001-3
Short	1100011111-7	Jones, Jr.	0000101010-3
Frank	0000100000-2	Schortemeier	1110111011-8
Wright	0111010011-6		

No. 2, 10 targets:			
Wright	1000101110-5	Smyth	0010111000-4
Short	0110111011-7	Frank	0101010000-3
Kneebly, Jr.	0000001111-4	Jones, Jr.	0100010000-2
Schortemeier	1111011110-8	Jones	1000100000-2
Gier	0000000000-0	Bowen	0000101011-2
Levens	1111111101-9	Bright	0110010001-4

No. 3, 15 targets:			
Lyons	0010001100101-6	Fessenden	1111001111111-13
Short	00001101001011-7	Peterson	000001000000-0
Levens	1011111101101-8	Jones	1000001010011-6
Kneebly, Jr.	111011110111-7	Jones, Jr.	1010100000010-5
Wright	000010000000-0	Small	0010010000000-2
Schortemeier	11110111001011-11		

No. 4, 10 targets:			
Wright	1011100011-6	Jones	1000101010-3
Fessenden	1110001011-6	Peterson	0000100000-1
Schortemeier	1000111011-6	Frank	0000000000-0
Lyons	0010101111-5	Lyons	0100110101-6

No. 5, 4 targets:			
W. Lair	00011-2	B2320	4 2111-5 131-3
Kaltenstroth	10110-3	02212-4	30011-3
Wright	2000-1	02102-3	32011-4
L. H. Schortemeier	2222-5	22223-5	222-3
Lyons	22220-3		
Bowen	2112-4	12111-5	20212-4 230-2
Fessenden	21202-4	01221-4	11200-3
Osterhout	21203-4	20121-4	20100-2
Dr. VanOrd	21210-4	20111-4	2011-4
Oglier	20110-8	00241-3	
J. Kraft	12222-5	12212-5	
J. Brannwell	10101-3	01112-4	
Jones, Jr.	10000-1	12111-5	
Dr. Little	12111-5	20212-4	
Hopkins	02112-4	132-3	
Keller	01220-3		

### Phoenix Christmas Day.

FR. DOVER, Ont., Dec. 27.—We inclose herewith scores made by the Phoenix Gun Club on their Christmas Day shoot. Owing to a perfect gale blowing at the time of the shooting, and from right behind the traps, the scores are very good, and better than was expected.

No. 1, 12 blue rocks:

Back	011001010001-5	Ansel	11010000110-5
Lark	110000110101-7	Watts	0000000000-0
Barrett	011010110101-7		

No. 2, 12 blue rocks:

R. Skey	010100010111-6	Barrett	1001100010101-5
E. Skey	00000110001011-7	Lawrie	1001110101101-7
H. D. Williams	100110101001-6	Fick	11111101101101-10
O. Coe	1111101101101-10	Ansel	00001100010100-3

No. 3, 8 targets:

Ansel	011111111-9	Fick	101010-3
E. Skey	111111111-8	R. Skey	0111-6
Scofield	1101111-5	Williams	1111-2

A. W. LAWRIE, Sec'y.

### Springfield Christmas Shoot.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Dec. 26.—The Springfield Gun Club celebrated Christmas with a successful shoot at its range. The day was an ideal one for the sport. It was so warm that there was no need for a fire in the club house. Following are the scores:

First, 10 singles: Hughes 9, Barton 5, Bimmel 3, Shell 7, Strong 10, Hutchins 3, Downs 9, Young 9, Tibbets 5, Elder 6, Fleming 6, Lessner 6.

Second, 15 singles: Hughes 11, Strong 12, Shell 9, Bimmel 2, Hutchins 5, Barton 9, Downs 10, Jenkins 0, Young 14, Tibbets 4, Lessner 11, Nell 3.

Third, 10 singles: Shell 6, Strong 9, Hughes 6, Bimmel 4, Barton 5, Williams 7, Young 10, Lessner 3, Fleming 6, Elder 3, D. D. Hootch 7.

Fourth, 4 singles and 3 pairs: Hutchins 5, Bimmel 1, Shell 3, Foley 1, Williams 6, Barton 3, Downs 7, Hughes 5, Fleming 5, Tibbets 6, Strong 10, Lessner 4, Young 7.

Fifth, 15 singles: Foley 4, Hutchins 10, Lessner 12, Strong 12, Shell 7, Tibbets 9, Downs 12, Young 12, Barton 5, Bimmel 9, Lessner 11, Shell 5.

J. A. EREN, Sec'y.

### Vernon Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Vernons at Dexter Park on Dec. 23 brought together only eight members in the club event. The Vernons are another of the few clubs who have adopted the old Long Island rules. They shoot at 7 birds, handicap distance. Dr. Little was the only member to kill 7 straight. Osterhout lost his fifth bird on account of his gun being above the elbow. Scores:

Vischerth	110121-5	Spadoue	031210-5
Dr. Little	111213-7	F. Thompson	062212-5
Osterhout	030101-3	Cole	030101-3
W. H. Thompson	112101-6	Brown	102101-6

### Hall Beats Bogardus.



Chicago.

TRIALS OF GEORGE HOLDEN

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—Once upon a time, a long while ago, George Holden, of this city, otherwise known as "Husky" Holden, was by some mischance elected secretary of a gun club here. Somehow or other his name got into the grooves of time, possibly through some published list of gun clubs, and since then George has been a man the world will not willingly let die. He can make the public believe that he is no longer the secretary. To the contrary, though he has long since gone into private life, he still gets all sorts of letters from all sorts of people and all sorts of places, wanting him to do all sorts of things. I have earlier described how a man once wanted him to buy two ring-tailed monkeys because he once was a secretary. This was only one of the trials. Yesterday he hove in sight with care on the snow and bathed in a perspiration induced by wrath and grief. "Now what do you think of this?" he said, as he slammed down a letter with a vicious bang.

The letter came from New Jersey, from a place which we will call Macedonia, because this was a sort of call from Macedonia, and it was signed by one whom we will call — for short. It read:

N. J., Nov. 11.—Mr. Geo. Holden, Secy. Dear Sir: Enclosed please find one of our posters, which will explain our motto. Will you kindly read it and then to your club members and explain it. You will like to help us out. We have just started, and we are trying to get on our feet. Would you, as brother sportsman, take a ticket to help us out, and place us so we can help ourselves. — Secy.

The poster was about a yard long, and in very black faced type. It announced that "on Dec. 25, a new double breech-loading gun, valued at \$40, would be shot for, the price of ticket for the gun to be \$5.50, including 5 live birds." I would not have been surprised if the poster had got his friends to take some, for the sake of the struggling Jersey Club?

Of course, Mr. Holden did not take any tickets, and he did not answer the letter. He classed it as only one more of the trials incident to his having once been secretary of a gun club, years ago. Yet I hope this may fall under the eye of the writer of the above letter, and that he will know in time how he was getting into the way to build up a gun club. Moreover, Chicago is poor this winter. More over again, George Holden isn't any secretary, hasn't been for years and doesn't intend to be, doesn't want any ring-tailed monkeys, and isn't in need of helping anybody till after Christmas.

AUDUBON PRIZES.

Audubon Club of Chicago held its last season shoot this week. L. M. Hamline won first prize for the year's record, Roll Organ second. Mr. McAnley protests second prize on a question of handicap allowed him.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

Garfield Gun Club of Chicago, will hold an all-day live bird shoot New Year's Day. There will be plenty of birds and it is hoped plenty of members on hand. E. Hogen.

Christmas on the Union Grounds.

It was by no means seasonable weather that was dealt out on Christmas Day; indeed, with the thermometer marking 52° above zero one is likely to imagine himself in the South instead of in a climate where ulsters and earbats should be in requisition. And even under the star of the Springfield and the Union Grounds, N. J., where there is usually some semblance of a cooling breeze even during the summer months, there was none during the early hours of Christmas to take the warm edge of the sun's rays. Right below the highest peak of these mountains are situated the grounds of the Union Gun Club, an organization which numbers among its members nearly all the expert target shots of New Jersey. The grounds and house as well as the practice running of the club's affairs, are in the capable hands of Enoch D. Miller, one of Jersey's most expert marksmen.

On these grounds on Dec. 25 there assembled a representative gathering of trap-shooters, the attraction being a series of open sweeps at live birds and targets, and two team contests between the Union and Maplewood gun clubs. The sport began about 10 A. M., when a number of shooters were on hand, but the bulk of them did not report for duty until about noon. Christmas is a rule one of the poorest days of the year on which to hold a shoot, as nearly every one prefers the comforts of home on that day. But the majority of the Maplewood members are so situated that they are unable to leave business except on legal holidays, hence the selection of this day for this affair. Among those on the grounds were "Uncle Jack" Harrison, of Dover, N. J.; Sigler, of Plainfield; Tom Brantingham, Dan and Scott Terry, of Plainfield; Dr. S. P. Jackson, of Millburn; George Pudney, of Springfield; A. Siskey, of South Orange; Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Linsley, of West Hoboken; R. H. Breintnall, C. M. Hedden and W. R. Hobart, of Newark; O. L. Yeomans, J. W. Smith, J. Van Idersine, W. C. Drake, of Orange; E. O. Geoffroy, of Newark; R. Sopher, of Plainfield, and J. W. Hoffman, of German Valley.

The birds supplied by Mr. Miller were a good lot and would have been still better with a little colder air and some wind. The first event on the programme was at 4 birds, \$3 entry; No. 2 the same; No. 3 at 5 birds, \$5 entry; No. 4 a miss-and-out, \$1 entry; No. 5 at 7 birds, \$7 entry. The scores of these are shown below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 5.
Yeomans	10111-3	2102-3	2121-5	
Hedden	1312-1	0111-3	1111-2	011122-6
Sigler	1121-4	0221-4	1121-5	
Hoffman	1222-4	0221-3	1221-5	
Miller	1121-4	1121-4	10121-4	111111-7
Linsley				212121-7
Geoffroy				1230121-6
Breintnall				212121-7
Sigler				111121-7
Wands				200201-2

In No. 4, the miss-and-out event, Drake, Geoffroy and Williamson missed and went out on the second round. Hoffman went out on the fifth round. Miller, Yeomans and Hedden kept on until they had killed 7 each, when they concluded to divide before the price of the birds should exceed the amount in the pot.

At this time was called one of the principal events of the day, the scores of the live bird contests between teams representing the Union and Maplewood gun clubs. In the first contest of this series the Maplewoods were victorious. The teams comprised five men each, and each man shot at 10 live birds, under American Shooting Association rules. This time the Unions braced themselves for hard work, and by careful work on the part of Linsley and Miller, both of whom ran straight scores, they won the match. The result is as below:

	Union.		Maplewood.
Sigler.....	011112122-9	Geoffroy.....	202211021-8
Hoffman.....	121222120-8	Yeomans.....	222112021-8
Breintnall.....	200121110-7	Meeker.....	0211122121-9
Linsley.....	222222222-10	Siggins.....	010101212-7
Miller.....	111212111-10-44	Hedden.....	0101221221-8-40

The final live bird event of the day was a \$1 miss and out. Yeomans left the lists on his second round, Linsley on his fifth and Miller and Sigler on the fifth each.

The live bird traps were now removed, screens adjusted, target traps put in place, and in a remarkably short time Keystone targets and live birds were engrossing the attention of the shooters. Event No. 8, \$1 entry, was at 10 targets, four moneys, and the scores were:

Fisher	110101011-6	Yeomans	111110111-9
Geoffroy	111101111-9	Hedden	011111110-8
Hoffman	201011110-7	Sopher	111100011-7
Breintnall	001010011-7	Terry	110001011-4
Drake	101101101-7	Linsley	110001011-4
Siskey	111101111-8	Miller	101111111-9
Van Idersine	001001011-4	Brantingham	001001111-6
W Smith	110001001-5		
Sigler	101000001-3		

Then came another team race, the second of a series of targets between the Unions and Maplewoods, the first shoot of the series having resulted in a tie. There were nine men on a team, each man shot at 25 targets under rapid firing rules, and here are the scores:

	Union.	Maplewood.
Van Idersine	001001010101111101101-16	
Sigler	11001011110011111011-18	
Dr Fisher	001000011100011110111-15	
Yeomans	01111101000111101111-19	
Siskey	11110111110101011111-21	
Geoffroy	01011110110110110111-16	
Hedden	01100011101101101111-16	
Drake	011101011101101111011-22	
War Smith	111101111111111110111-22-165	

	Union.	Maplewood.
Breintnall	110111111101011101101-19	
D Terry	111100111101011110110-19	
Linsley	111100100110111011011-13	
Sigler	111101101111011011011-13	
Bryant	0110101101110101100110-16	
Scott	111010101111000010010-15	
Brantingham	0011100000100101011000-12	
Hoffman	101111111101110111111-22	
Miller	111111110110111111111-22-158	

From this until dark was devoted to sweepstakes shooting, the results being as follows, all events being at 10 targets, \$1 entry.

No. 10: Yeomans 10, Smith 8, Geoffroy 8, Hedden 8, Hoffman 8, Scott 8, Miller 7, Sigler 7, Terry 5, Linsley 4.
No. 11: Hoffman 10, Siskey 9, Miller 9, Smith 8, Sopher 8, Geoffroy 7, Sigler 7, Yeomans 7, Scott 6, Hedden 5, Linsley 4, Fisher 5.
No. 12: Yeomans 9, Scott 8, Geoffroy 8, Hoffman 8, Miller 8, Sopher 7, Fisher 7, Sigler 6, Smith 5.
No. 13: Yeomans 8, Geoffroy 8, Hoffman 8, Miller 8, Scott 8, Fisher 7, Sopher 7, Linsley 6, Sigler 6, Smith 5, Jefferson 4.
No. 14: Smith 9, Yeomans 8, Miller 7, Hoffman 7, Fisher 7, Linsley 5, Geoffroy 4.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

LIVE BIRD CONTESTS OF 1893.

BELOW will be found a table giving the date, place, winner's and loser's scores of all the important contests at live pigeons shot during 1893. The table does not include the results of any of the open sweepstakes shot during the year, covering only individual and team contests.

Date.	Place.	Winner's Score.	Loser's Score.	Shot at.
Jan.				
2.	Harrison, N. J.	A. Cottrell	21	0
2.	Red Bank, N. J.	E. Throckmorton	18	25
3.	Frankford, Pa.	A. J. Rust	41	50
4.	Plainfield, N. J.	Chas. Smith	36	50
4.	Burnside, Ill.	W. S. Duer	44	50
5.	Burnside, Ill.	P. Storer	42	50
5.	Kansas City, Mo.	F. J. Smith	45	50
9.	Morristown, N. J.	R. Foote	24	25
9.	Burnside, Ill.	C. Antoine	17	25
18.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	E. M. Cundall	88	100
19.	Paterson, N. J.	Mason	44	50
25.	Frenchtown, N. J.	Stryker	43	50
25.	Newark, N. J.	H. P. Tolet	81	100
26.	Newark, N. J.	A. Willey	44	50
Feb.				
6.	Chicago, Ill.	G. Work	107	125
6.	Chicago, Ill.	A. C. Money	41	50
7.	Chicago, Ill.	A. C. Money	43	50
9.	Plainfield, N. J.	H. Gasper	37	50
10.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	N. Johnson	88	100
10.	Larchmont, N. Y.	G. Work	85	100
11.	Burnside, Ill.	Heikes	36	40
15.	Burnside, Ill.	A. C. Anson	76	100
15.	Fort Dodge, Ia.	C. A. Bryant	40	50
15.	Larchmont, N. Y.	E. D. Fulford	92	100
18.	Larchmont, N. Y.	E. D. Fulford	86	100
19.	Butte, Mont.	J. F. Cowan	23	25
20.	Paterson, N. J.	T. W. Morley	19	25
22.	Burnside, Ill.	W. Mussey	86	100
22.	Utica, N. Y.	E. D. Fulford	98	100
23.	Utica, N. Y.	H. L. Gates	42	50
23.	Utica, N. Y.	J. L. Brewer	79	85
24.	Utica, N. Y.	J. L. Brewer	45	50
28.	Newark, N. J.	H. Gasper	45	50

March.				
1.	Newark, N. J.	T. W. Morley	45	50
9.	Burnside, Ill.	Clark	20	25
9.	Burnside, Ill.	W. T. Wells	19	25
10.	Burnside, Ill.	Kleinman	43	50
14.	Newburg, N. Y.	Higginson	82	100
22.	Marion, N. J.	R. Ryan	21	25
25.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	H. E. Buckwalter	41	50
25.	New York, N. Y.	J. L. Brewer	49	50
27.	Newark, N. J.	R. Schrafft	19	25
30.	Utica, N. Y.	M. Mayhew	88	100

April.				
1.	Burnside, Ill.	E. Bingham	83	100
3.	Carteret, N. J.	F. Hoey	46	50
6.	Carteret, N. J.	G. Work	87	100
6.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	H. Williams	18	25
7.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. L. Brewer	96	100
7.	Burnside, Ill.	W. Mussey	18	25
10.	Larchmont, N. Y.	F. G. Moore	180	200
14.	Carle, Pa.	C. E. Humer	34	50
14.	Red Bank, N. J.	P. D. Linsley	44	50
24.	Coney Isd., N. Y.	R. T. Clayton	34	50
26.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. Martin	31	50

May.				
11.	Oskaloosa, Ia.	C. W. Budd	80	100
20.	Omaha, Neb.	F. L. Parmelee	98	100
30.	Pelhamville, N. Y.	J. L. Looie	20	25

June.				
1.	Newark, N. J.	G. Raynor	23	25
4.	Norfolk, Va.	N. Appar	72	100
16.	Portland, Ore.	H. Beal	46	50

July.				
14.	Coney Isd., N. Y.	C. E. Morris	23	25
14.	Coney Isd., N. Y.	E. F. Langcake	23	25
14.	Coney Isd., N. Y.	C. E. Morris	24	25
17.	San Diego, Cal.	M. Chick	92	100
25.	Davenport, Ia.	T. Ladin	47	50
25.	Davenport, Ia.	G. Somerson	17	25
27.	Coney Isd., N. Y.	B. F. Langcake	41	50
31.	Fanwood, N. J.	A. W. Money	90	100
—	Indianapolis, Ind.	J. F. Martin	18	25
—	Marion, N. J.	J. W. Hoffman	36	50
—	Paterson, N. J.	T. W. Morley	23	25

Sept.				
7.	Coney Isd., N. Y.	C. E. Morris	91	100
23.	Jerseyville, Ill.	C. Ferguson, Jr.	31	50
23.	Jerseyville, Ill.	C. Spencer	48	50
30.	Rutherford, N. J.	C. F. Lenone	80	100

Oct.				
10.	River River, N. J.	E. Hill	90	100
13.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. J. Edgerton	24	25

14.	Chicago, Ill.	G. T. Hall	72	100
17.	Burnside, Ill.	Annie Oakley	24	25
17.	Burnside, Ill.	R. J. Stevens	36	50
24.	Pelhamville, N. Y.	P. Pickner	38	50
27.	Paterson, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	96	100
27.	" (tieshoot)	J. A. R. Elliott	24	25

Nov.				
2.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. F. Shepherd	19	25
7.	Fanwood, N. J.	C. Smith	25	30
7.	Newark, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	23	25
11.	Larchmont, N. Y.	" Walsrode"	89	100

Dec.				
7.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Jones	15	25
7.	Pine Brook, N. J.	S. Castle	21	25
8.	Paterson, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	98	100
9.	Union Hill, N. J.	M. F. Linsley	43	50
21.	Newark, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	193	200

Dec.				
7.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Jones	15	25
7.	Pine Brook, N. J.	S. Castle	21	25
8.	Paterson, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	98	100
9.	Union Hill, N. J.	M. F. Linsley	43	50
21.	Newark, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	193	200

Dec.				
7.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Jones	15	25
7.	Pine Brook, N. J.	S. Castle	21	25
8.	Paterson, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	98	100
9.	Union Hill, N. J.	M. F. Linsley	43	50
21.	Newark, N. J.	J. A. R. Elliott	193	200

On the Old Stone House Ground.

A holiday without a live bird shoot on John Erb's Newark grounds would be a sorry holiday indeed. Christmas like each and every holiday for the past twenty years, brought a choice shooting coterie to the grounds to practice on a hard-flying lot of birds. There were only five in the party but still there were trapped 230 birds during the afternoon, each man taking part in four events at 10 birds each, \$5 entry, and one 4-bird event. The results:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Elliott	122212121	111011211	011121211	121210111
Castles	210111221	111011221	111011211	111011211
Hollis	121121211	121211111	012121211	121211210
Cannon	222012222	121021202	013012011	222011220
Johns	010021202	210210122	002121002	012010101

Club Team Shoot at Paterson.

7 The popular shooting grounds at Willard's Park, Paterson, were visited by a large number of sportsmen on Thursday, Dec. 28, and they were treated to an exhibition of good shooting at good birds. The attraction was the contest for club teams of three men each, at 15 live birds per man, \$30 entry, Burlington rules to govern excepting boundary which was 50yds. For this there were five teams entered, the New Utrecht Gun Club team having failed to materialize. The small number of entries was undoubtedly due to the weather, which was decidedly unpleasant up to noon. During the morning flakes of snow alternated with a drizzling rain and soon the ground was in a disagreeable condition. After 1 o'clock the weather was better. Had the morning been clear the list of entries would probably have reached 8 or 10.

The teams that entered were the Climax Gun Club of Fanwood, Cosmopolitan Gun Club of Plainfield, Union Gun Club of Springfield and the Newark Gun Club (two teams). Their composition was as follows:

Climax: Chas. Smith, Plainfield; E. D. Miller, Springfield; Neaf Appar, Erona.

Newark No. 1: C. M. Hedden and Samuel Castle of Newark; W. H. Green, Harrison.

Newark No. 2: M. F. Linsley and Ed. Collins of West Hoboken; Dr. P. J. Zeglio, Warrenville.

Cosmopolitan: John Rothaker, Germantown; A. W. Money, Oakland; T. W. Miller, Paterson.

Union: J. L. Smith, Hackettstown; N. G. Money, Oakland; J. W. Hoffman, Orange Valley.

Previous to the big shoot, a couple of sweepstakes were shot at 7 live birds each, \$5 entry, three moneys. The results:

No. 1:				
Castle	1011111-6	J. L. Smith	1111111-7	
N. G. Money	1111111-7	Hoffman	1100111-5	
Hedden	1111111-6	Zeglio	1101111-6	
A. W. Money	1111111-7	C. Smith	1101111-6	
Hollis	1111111-7	Rothaker	1101111-5	
Morley	1111111-7			

No. 2:

N. G. Money	102121-6	Rothaker	102122-5
Linsley	222122-5	Collins	212121-7
Morley	212121-7	Miller	212121-6
A. W. Money	212121-7	J. L. Smith	212121-5
D. Terry	112121-7	Appar	112121-5
Castle	112121-6	Hoffman	112121-7
C. Smith	112121-6	Zeglio	







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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## LOOKING FORWARD.

WITHOUT seeking to magnify his office, it may be said for an editor who is good for anything, that he is never satisfied with the doing of to-day, but has an eye always to the greater achievements of the future. He takes pride and pleasure in the success of his work, if haply it be successful; and contemplates with satisfaction the record of the garnered years; but his gaze is forward, not backward, and he dreams and plans and works for the larger success and the brighter records to be won in the years that are before.

It has been the good fortune of the editorial staff of the FOREST AND STREAM to have many kind words from old and new readers, expressive of approbation of the volumes, which one after another have had their growth, each one taking on its weekly accretions like the rings of the growing tree trunk in the forest, until there now stand on the office shelves forty-one bound volumes, embracing the endeavor and accomplishment of half as many years. But need it be said that there are anticipations of yet better things to come, and plans for volumes yet to outline those already closed? For the year 1894—this is the ambition of those who are in conduct of it—the FOREST AND STREAM is more adequately than ever before to fill the requirements of a sportsman's journal. To the attainment of such accomplishing is asked the co-operation of friends and contributors old and new. If the FOREST AND STREAM is to-day the sportsman's favorite journal, it is such because the sportsman himself has made it so. He spoke happily and truly who said that the paper was like more than anything else to a club of congenial fellow sportsmen, who gathered to tell their stories to one another through its columns, to exchange their experiences and to meet and to part with good will and good cheer.

Is a sportsman's paper a luxury or a necessity? The fact, that in these hard times when we are all cutting down on luxuries, the subscription list of the FOREST AND STREAM is holding its own, appears to demonstrate that one sportsman's paper at least is a necessity, or a necessary luxury.

A report of the annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game at Syracuse, Jan. 11, will be given in our next issue.

## NEW YORK SUPERVISORS' LAWS.

THERE appears to prevail general indefiniteness of information respecting the authority of county supervisors of New York State to enact local game and fish laws, and respecting the relation of such supervisors' enactments to the general game and fish codes of the State. The section of the general law conferring upon supervisors authority to modify its provisions in their counties is very explicit, and leaves no room for uncertainty. It reads, the italics being ours:

POWERS OF SUPERVISORS.—SEC. 273. Boards of supervisors may pass at their annual session such laws and ordinances as shall afford additional protection to and further restrictions for the protection of birds, fish, shell-fish and wild animals, except wild deer, and to prohibit the taking and killing of the same, but no such ordinance shall be operative until a duly authenticated copy thereof shall have been filed in the office of the clerk of the county, and published in the papers in such county in which the session laws are published, and filed in the office of the Secretary of State, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to furnish a copy of such ordinance to the chief game protector, and to print all such ordinances in the volume of session laws for the current years. No such ordinance shall take effect until the first day of May next after its passage.

This means that supervisors may not abridge a prescribed close season, but may lengthen it; may not authorize any mode of hunting or fishing forbidden by the general law, but may prohibit modes of hunting or fishing which the general law permits.

County and other local laws adopted under authority conferred by this section are to be interpreted in connection with the general law. Thus, the State law makes the close season for rabbits from January 1 to September 1, and does not prohibit the use of ferrets. But in Sullivan county a supervisors' ordinance of 1893, now in force, prohibits the killing of rabbits between September 1 and October 1, and forbids the use of ferrets at any time. In Sullivan, then, the general close season, from January 1 to September 1, is extended one month, and covers the term from January 1 to October 1; and ferrets may not lawfully be used even in the open season.

## FADS AND FIELD SPORTS.

FOOTBALL—the college athletic fad of the times—is the subject of an interesting discussion in the January *Forum*. In the course of his paper on the merits and demerits of the game, President Warfield, of Lafayette College, bears noteworthy testimony to the value of field sports. "While I am a strong believer in college athletics," he writes, "I am not at all of the opinion that they are the best form of bodily exercise. I fully agree with the view expressed by Professor Mahaffy in his 'Greek Thought,' that not athletics of the gymnasium and the *palestra*, but 'field sports—hunting, shooting, fishing—have produced the finest type of man.' The virtues of horsemanship, shooting and fishing are more akin to mastery of self, and the close relation of man to nature. They beget the larger and the broader man. But they require time and money beyond the scope of college life. Even at Oxford, tandem driving has long been reckoned the eighth deadly sin, and fox hunting, which my reverend tutor indulged in each Thursday during the season, came next in the *index expurgatorius*."

Field sports expensive? Yes, in a degree; yet it will surprise the novice to discover how meagre and trifling is the actual necessary "bed rock" expenditure of money required for his moderate and reasonable participation in the sports of rod and gun. In these days of perfected appliances, cheap rods, cheap guns, cheap ammunition and cheap camp equipments, a young man of very limited means may count himself among field sportsmen and find the money question by no means a discouraging problem.

One decided advantage field sports have over other forms of exercise and recreation is that the taste acquired for them in early life is likely to be permanent. Their charms and enticements and zests and rewards do not grow stale as the young man merges into maturity and acquires the ripeness of age. He who in boyhood days takes pleasure in shooting and fishing has found in those pursuits a lifelong heritage of opportunity for health up-building and brain refreshing and spirit mending, such as his less fortunate brothers can never know.

Compared with these outdoor recreations of abiding virtue, all others are passing fads and violent crazes—violent and passing not only in the life of the individual, but in the favor and participation of the public. One

form of popular amusement succeeds another, is followed madly for the moment and then is forgotten in the next craze. But the interest in shooting is with its votaries as fresh and vigorous as the very woodland itself, which, though it may seem to be dead in the bleakness of winter, is but sleeping quiescent, to put forth new life through all its million sturdy trunks and outstretching arms in the springtime; and the love of fishing, born in the barefoot boy on the home farm, endures with him into old age and persists so long as the heart beats quicker at the sound of the splashing mountain stream, and the senses are pleased by the grateful scent of the wood mould and the flickering of the sunlight on the moss.

If these sports are manly, and make the youngsters manly, are they not also youthful sports, and do they not make the old man, for the hour at least, young again! If such be the rare and potent virtue attached to field sports—and thousands can testify that this is so—the man who in his college days cultivates a taste for the rod and gun is laying up store for his renewing in after years something of the gladness of his youth.

## DOGS AND MEN.

IN Lovell's "Panælogicominalogia" are enumerated all the rare medicinal properties attributed by the ancients to dogs. It would require a more extensive work, and one, too, which should be no less formidable in title, to detail the various physical, mental and moral qualities ascribed to the dog by ancients and moderns.

An ancient Latin couplet, quoted by one of the story tellers of the *Gesta Romanorum*—that curious collection of moral tales told by the mediæval monks—runs thus:

In cano bis bina, et lingua med' cina,  
Naris odoratus, amor integer, atque latratus,

which is to say: "In a dog there are four things: a medicinal tongue, a distinguishing nose, unshaken fidelity and unremitting watchfulness."

In the quaint homily based on the story we are told that priests ought diligently to cultivate these four canine qualities, *first*—that their tongue possess the power of a physician in healing the sick in heart; *second*—as a dog by keenness of scent distinguishes a fox from a hare, a priest by the quickness of his perception in auricular disclosures should discover their true character; *third*—as a dog is the most faithful and ready in defense of his master, so priests should show themselves staunch advocates of the faith; and *fourth*—as a dog by barking betrays the approach of thieves, so the faithful priest is the watchdog of the great King.

It is to be said for this monkish preacher of the Middle Ages, that he had quite as true an insight into dog nature and discovered in canine qualities material for precepts fully as edifying and instructive, as did the English clergyman who some hundreds of years later wrote in his "Divine Songs for the Use of Children," the well known lines:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so.

For the nature of dogs is like the nature of men, two-sided; and if as Isaac Watts teaches we should learn in infancy to shun the bickering ways of quarrelsome dogs, it is none the less true that we have not yet outgrown the time when we may readily discover, as did the monk, some other canine qualities which are well worthy human emulation.

A NEW YORK man brought suit against another man for having purloined letters addressed to him under an assumed name. The court threw out the case on the ground that when the plaintiff had had recourse to an alias he had put himself outside the protection of the law. There are hotel proprietors in the woods and restaurant purveyors in the town who carry this principle to a further extreme in their close-time traffic in game. They themselves bestow the outlawing alias, and following the adage, *Give a dog a bad name and hang him*, they convert venison into "mountain mutton" and quail into "royal birds" and ruffed grouse into "European partridges;" and do a brisk trade until the game protector happens along and "rounds them up" in court, where they discover that the penalty for birds out of season is equally as severe, whether the illicit game be dubbed by the fantastic cognomen of "royal birds," or go under its plain, every-day American name of quail.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XX.

### A Rainy Day.

It was a May day with April weather. The rain had poured down in intermittent showers during the night. In the morning the rising sun transmuted the gray mist to floating gold and turned the tremulous strings of sun-drops on every bending twig to resplendent jewels.

The sheep began to scatter over the pastures, mumbling out calls to their lambs as they cropped the wet grass.

But the robins sang vociferously for more rain, the sun veiled itself with a drifting cloud, bordering it with gold and shooting from behind it broad, divergent, watery bolts, a film of shower was trailed along the mountain side, the blotches of sunlight narrowed and faded into the universal somber gray, and after a brief pattering prelude the rain poured down again and swept across the blurred landscape in majestic columns that fled along the earth while they upheld the narrow sky.

Then it stopped as suddenly as it began, the sun shone out and revived the drowned splendor of the earth, the bedraggled robins sang again and the murmur of the swollen brooks rose and fell more distinctly with the puffs and lulls of the inconstant wind. Then the sky would darken and blot out the patches of blue and the half-built arch of a rainbow, and the new showers chase away the straggling sunbeams and the pour of the downfall overbear all other sounds.

Thus it was pouring, when Uncle Lisha came into the shop from the house and put on his apron, stooping low as he tied the strings to look out through the blurred panes upon the narrow landscape. The innumerable jets of the puddles leaping up to meet the rain, the pelted dodging leaves of the plum and cherry trees bending over their fallen blossoms, that like untimely snow lay beneath them, where a group of fowls stood, bedraggled and forlorn, with shortened necks and slanted tails.

Beyond, all objects became flattened and more indistinct till in the gray background, mountain and sky met and dissolved in each other.

An umbrella was coming up the road, dodging from side to side as the bearer avoided puddles and sprang across rivulets. The misty fabric materialized into blue cotton, and presently entered the shop, closed, with its depressed point streaming like a conduit, followed by Pelatiah, who set it to dribble in a corner as he said "Haow de do" and then "Gosh" as a sufficient comment on the weather.

"I'm turrible glad you've come, Peltier," said Uncle Lisha, searching among his tools for his pipe, "fer it's a lunsome kinder day, an' I wan't expectin' nob'dy. It's kinder chilly, an' I don't b'lieve but what you'd better whittle up some kindlin' an' start a fire in the stove."

Nothing loth, Pelatiah got some wood from the box, and kneeling before the stove, whittled some kindling, laid and lighted it, and still kneeling, intently watched the slow progress of the flame.

"Wal," said the old man, looking at him with kindly anxiety, "haow be ye gettin' long? Feelin' any comf'tabler in yer mind?"

"It aches contin'al," Pelatiah answered.

"You don't go to Hamner's no more?"

Pelatiah shook his head as he got on all fours to blow the reluctant fire, and answered, "Not sence you gin me a talkin' tu 'n under the bridge."

"You done almighty well, boy, an' you jest stick to 't. When you haint tu work, you go a-fishin' as often 's ye can, an' when it gits so 't there haint no fishin' go a huntin', an' twist 'em, they'll fetch ye aout. Sick tu yer fishin'."

The two doors opened almost at the same moment, and Sam entered from the kitchen leading his now toddling boy, followed by his father bringing in an ox-bow to whittle and scrape where litter offered no offense, while Solon and Antoine came in from the rainy outer world.

"Hoddy do, all de company?" Antoine saluted, "What you'll said 'bout fishin's? Ah spouse probly you an' Peltiet tink you felt pooty plump for ketch so much feesh antit." He got beside the stove steaming in the growing warmth and preparing also to smoke. "Wal seh, Onc' Lasha dat ant nothin', nothin' for wat Ah'll do wen Ah leave in Canada."

"Naow lie, dum ye," Uncle Lisha growled.

"Haow many tam," Antoine demanded with grieved impressiveness, "Ah'll gat for tol' you Ah ant never lie? M'sieu Mumpson, he'll read me 'bout George Washins Son chawp a happle tree wid hees new saw, an' tol' hees fader he'll do it 'cause he'll can't lie. Ah'll chawp more as forty happle, probly feerty tree fore Ah'll lie, me. Yas sah. But Ah'll goin' tol' you. Great many tam, but one teeky tam Ah'll go feeshins an' Ah'll row meh hook wid nice waum on it an' de traout was so hungry in hees belly an' so crazy in hees head dey'll go after it so fas, de fus one git it, de nex one touch hol' hees mouf of dat ones tail an' de nex de sem way till dey was twenty probly 'f dey ant fifteen all in string, an' Ah'll pull it mos so hard Ah'll cant, an' seh, Ah'll gat all of it honly de middlin' one was kan o' slumber, an' broke off, so Ah'll loss de hine en' of de row. Hol' on," as Uncle Lisha began to open his mouth, "Ah'll ant finese. Wen de traout in de water see where Ah'll sot mah deesh of waum on de bank, he'll beegin jompon de bank for gat it, an' tumble top of herself for gat hit. Den seh, Onc' Lasha, Ah'll peek up mah deesh an' shook it, an' holly 'caday, caday' an' dat traouts folla me home so fas! Ah'll had to run an' shut de door for keep it from feel up de haouse."

"Ann Twine," said Uncle Lisha, heaving a sigh of relief and sinking back into his seat till the leathern bottom creaked, "I was raly afeared you was a-goin' tu tell one o' your lies." Then bending over his work and as he drew the threads, grinning as if that might insure the perfect closing of the seam, "I s'pose I c'n pooty nigh match ye, Ann Twine, on'y my story 's true."

"Ah'll wan' hear you tol' jus' one o' dat kan, soh."

"Wal, onte aout West, where I was in Westconstant, the was a man went an' chopped a hole in the ice in a crik tu water his cattle, an' there was a dozen bull paouts come up in the hole, an' he begin a-heavin' on 'em aout tu kerry 'em hum fer his dinner, but fust he knowed, it filled up full, an' he run tu git a bushel baskit tu scoop

'em up, an' when he got back the hole was a-runnin' over wi' fish, jest a-bilin' over on 't the ice, an' kep' a-duin' so till they run over on 't the shore furdur an' furdur, till he begun tu be afeared they 'd kiver up his farm an' spile it. But the folks begin tu hear on 't an' come wi' their teams f'm twenty mild off, an' hauled the bullpaouts away in reg'lar percessions, thirty, forty, sled loads in a string, an' fed 'em to the hawgs, an' m'nured the land wi' them. till folks didn't know whether they was eatin' pork or fish, on'y fer bein' no bones, an' the hull kentry smelt like a fish kittle all summer."

Uncle Lisha looked around upon his audience, all of whom wondered silently, except Antoine, who asked:

"You'll see dat, Onc' Lishy?"

"Wal, no; it happened the winter afore I went there, an' I didn't exactly see it, but I smelt it."

"Wal, you ant miss much, Onc' Lishy. It ant be much for see jes' few bullpawt. If Ah'll ant gat so hol' Ah'll fregit for rembler mos' all Ah'll see, Ah could tol' you someetin's."

"What's the reason you don't tell us more o' your experiences aout West, Uncle Lisher?" Solon asked.

"What's the reason," the old man demanded, with a twinkle in his eye, "at you an' Ann Twine don't tell us some o' your experiences upon the maountain 't other day?"

The treasure seekers stared at each other in blank amazement, wondering how their secret could have escaped their keeping, when in fact it was only shrewdly guessed at by their host.

"Why, we haint got nothin' tu tell," said Solon at last. "Wal, I haint, nuther, not 't appears wuth tellin'. Say, folks," during which the mischievous twinkle of his gray eyes brightened, "du you know 'at two men, which they names I wont call, went up on't the maountain a-sarchin' arter money 'at the man 'at baried it hisself couldn't find agin? O, the's fools an' allus will be, but I call 'em the two 's the beatin'."

"If the was sech men, which I don't omit the was," said Solon, breaking the awkward silence, "they wan't huntin' nothin' but onnat'ral cur'osities, er minnyrils, er Injin relishes. Wal," as a gleam of sunlight patched the littered floor and the baby struggled between his father's knees to reach it, "the sun is a divulgin' aout, an' I guess I'll be a moggin'. Goin' my way, Antoine?"

"Did they, raly?" Sam said, with a smile broadening on his face as the door closed behind them.

Uncle Lisha slowly nodded his head and Sam laughed outright, while the little boy reached for the intangible sunbeams.

"Can't git it, bubby, no more'n they could what they was arter," chuckled the old man.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

## HUNT OF THE CATAWAMPUS CLUB.

(Concluded from Page 5.)

WE all spent the day around camp. We got wood enough to last the remainder of the week. We cut a road through the woods to the outlet of the little lake. By way of variety there was a shooting match with Will's little .32 Remington, in which Bertie tied Moore for first place.

Then there was a game of "five and forties" to see who would stay and keep camp with the women. It fell to Judson's lot, but David insisted on taking his place. David is one of those fellows who, if they had squarely won a place within the pearly gates, would be willing to share it with some less fortunate individual.

To explain why it was necessary for one of us to stay in camp with the girls I will have to tell a story, which, I suppose, properly belongs to an earlier part of the chronicle.

Wednesday evening, after the flight was over, Moore and I sat for some time in our blind. It was the kind of evening that makes one feel that the world is beautiful and a good place to be in, at times. There was a broad band of orange, gold and crimson in the west, which reproduced itself in the smooth surface of the lake. The western shore, shadowed by the trees, was inky black; the east and north were immersed in the soft yellowish light of the after-glow. There was something suggestive of peace in the whole scene. It will be essential, therefore, to explain why we sat there, with our guns across our knees, saying nothing.

At last a sound, weird, tremulous, and withal not very distinct, echoed among the hills away to the northeast. It was about over before it attracted my undivided attention, though I was in a measure conscious of it when it commenced. In answer to the look of inquiry I gave my companion he said, with a laugh, "The catawampus." Then came, loud and hoarse, the *h-o-o-o-t! h-o-o-t! hoot-hoot! hoot-hoot!* of an owl. Moore resumed: "I guess that's the fellow that made the noise. The variety of their notes is endless. The celebrated 'Dungarvon whooper' was nothing but an owl. I heard it myself." While he was yet speaking the report of a rifle rang through the woods on the eastern hills. "Wasn't that the Winchester at the camp?" I asked. "Yes; what do you suppose is up?" "Oh, I don't know, perhaps Burke has arrived and they are firing to let us know." "Well, we had better be going, anyway," and we gathered the crowd and went.

The passage from the shooting ground to the camp was tedious, and probably occupied 45 minutes. "Oh! we thought you never would come," greeted us in a chorus of three female voices, and in a tone that showed they were mighty glad to see us. "Why, what's wrong?" "The catawampus has been here." The laugh at this was general, as it was derisive. "Did you hear him grind his teeth?" asked one. "He couldn't have snapped his tail, or there would have been no one left to tell the story," said another. "Owl," said the Prevaricator, laconically, thus deliberately going back on his own addition to the fauna of North America after its existence had been recognized by no mean authority. "Oh! it is all very well for you men to make fun, but something did come, and we are not going to stay here alone any more, so there. This is an uncanny place for three women to be, and no man within a half-hour's journey." It was evident they were in no mood to stand any nonsense, and the attitude of the boys at once grew conciliatory. David suddenly remembered that he had always thought it wasn't right to leave them there, without the fear-destroying influence of masculine society. Then it was surprising how quickly the rest discovered rust-pits in their consciences from the same cause. The Prevaricator declared that he didn't care much for shooting, anyway, especially when he got

nothing; but he knew of no greater pleasure than to sit around and talk to two or three nice women. This would probably have placed him a lap in advance of the rest, in the estimation of the women, had it not been for the feature of his character that was responsible for his name.

Moore asked them for their story. "Well," said one, "we were busy cooking when we heard the awfullest yell away off there in the woods, and it kept coming nearer and nearer—" "An owl is always restless when he has a disordered stomach," interjected the Prevaricator, but no one noticed him. "And at last it sounded right there on the hill back of the camp. And when the horses began to snort and the dogs to growl, we thought it about time to get scared, too, and Bertie went to the tent for the rifle and sent a bullet in the direction of the sound. The next time we heard it it was further off, and it kept right on away from camp." Moore asked them to describe the sound. "Well, the beginning of it was something like the roaring of ice in a large lake in winter—" "Jest the noise an owl always makes when he has a bad attack of cramps. Now, when I first heard that owl to-night—" but here Bertie interrupted the speaker with a quiet "See here." She fixed her eye on him and continued: "I was born not very far from the big woods, and I have lived there the greater part of my life. I have heard all the noises which owls make. That may have been a catawampus, for I don't know the animal, but it was no owl."

It is impossible to say with any degree of certainty what the animal was. The panther does scream; but in my opinion this was not a panther. The common red fox has a cry that will almost curdle the blood of a tenderfoot. The *toupe cervier*, or lynx, can make a noise that will send swift chills up and down the spinal column of the person who hears it for the first time, in the still hours of the night. But, even about the noise this animal made, there was a halo of uncertainty that would have been joy to the heart of a professional gambler. The most we could learn from the girls was, that it ranged somewhere between the roar of the pugnacious "butter-milk cow," that haunted the back pastures of our fathers, and the wail of the slumber-disturbing didymus cat, that frequenteth the yard fences of mankind in general, and city-dwellers in particular.

Returning to the evening shooting: Moore and I occupied the "rose mary" blind; Judson had the raft all to himself and W. H. shot from the boat away up toward the head of the lake. On his way up he made a brilliant double on two birds, which proved to be coots or mud-hens—the first I ever saw in this province. They were therefore valuable specimens for the taxidermist. I improved on my shooting of the previous evening. Moore shot his same old gat, while Judson did not seem to be able to master the reversed parabolic curves of the mud lake duck. One incident of the evening I will not soon forget. The flight had slackened, and we were debating the advisability of returning to camp, when there was a rocket-like roar, and a "cotton-tearer," which had probably selected the site of our blind as his alighting place, passed within three feet of my head and came near smashing himself against the gun-barrel. I threw up the gun, caught as good a sight as I wanted, and fired. The smoke cloud hung for a second, and when the bird rose above it, he was so far away that the greenest greenhorn would not have thought of firing the second. I have made many misses for which I could easily account, but I can only explain this on the theory that the shot never overtook him. We left our boat that night at the outlet, and walked to camp by our newly cut road, lighting our way with birch bark flambeaux. It was a weird-looking procession.

Our evening programme varied but little. It was usually late when the last of the work was done. Then sometimes a part of the company would try a rubber at cards, while the rest sat round the fire and talked. Some of the party could sing; and semi-occasionally they favored us, though not quite so often as they were asked. David had a little song of his own, but he never rendered it save when he was appointed overseer of the frying pan. It was set to the music of the "White Cockade," and to make the tune suit the rhythm, the last word of each line had to be spelled. It was sort of a apostrophe to Moore, who besides being easily the first man of the party, bore the name of the first man in the world—Adam. The following is the first stanza:

"When I have some h-a-m,  
A-frying in the p-a-n,  
I don't care, A-d-a-m,  
For you, or any man."

Friday morning, two expeditions set out for Second Lake. Judson and W. H. went by way of Blaney Ridge, and Moore and I by the wilderness route. Both parties were cheered by the sight of much game. Out of eighteen rises W. H. and Judson brought down three birds. Moore and I were more fortunate. We scored our first within a quarter of a mile of camp. Several succeeding rises netted us nothing. Then Moore dropped one into the middle of Stony Brook. We took a short cut over the hills and though the dogs put up several, when we reached the lake we had added nothing to our bag. Second Lake is a lovely sheet of water—clean, its banks well wooded, with a fine sandy gravel beach at the point where we struck it. It must be seven or eight miles long with an extreme breadth of about a mile. I would have liked to launch a canoe on it, but then we are always longing for the unattainable. While we were examining the tracks of some deer, on the shore, we missed a good chance at a flock of grouse the dogs put up. We followed the shore up to the point where Stony Brook discharged. The fresh breeze bore a gentle quack to our ears, and in an instant we were on the alert. I crept back into the woods, and climbed a tall pine. There they were, four of them in a little branch across the stream. Moore was almost within range; I tried to attract his attention with a sharp hiss, but he did not hear me. The ducks saw him and jumped. There was a lightning double, and three lay on the mud. It is exceedingly frigid weather when Uncle Adam is far behind on a jumping shot. We went up the stream to look for a chance to cross over, and I ran into and killed another partridge. On my road out to where the ducks lay I saw a snipe near me, but he sailed away while I was exchanging a 7 for a 10 cartridge. Then I saw the dogs making game on the edge of the woods, and I got there in time to cut short the career of another grouse out of a bunch the dogs put up.

After a brief consultation, we abandoned our idea of going around the head of the lake and hunting some nice cover on the other side. We decided to follow Stony



Brook back to Mud Lake. Alas! that foresight is so much rarer than hindsight. Moore with one dog took the left, and I with the other the right bank of the stream. For a time everything went well. Moore bagged a bird. We ate our luncheon on a driving dam at the edge of a large wild meadow, covered with a rank growth of "blue joint," which, by the sign, had furnished many a dainty meal for the deer. We found a line of mink traps, and at the head of the meadow a temporary camp of the trapper, evidently an Indian.

It being early in the day, we were tempted to follow the left branch of the stream up to Lily Lake, but very fortunately, as it proved, concluded that it would be a good trip for the morrow. Proceeding, one on either side of stream, we struck a swamp covered with young tamaracks a dozen feet high, as large as a man's thumb, and as plentiful as hair on the back of a dog. Next came a vast region of shin-hopple of a size transcending anything I ever saw in my travels. This innocent-looking shrub creeps along the ground for about two-thirds its length, and then curves abruptly upward. It is as difficult a customer to get along with as a man two-thirds humility and one-third arrogance. Its scientific name I know not unless it be *Ursellus overendicus*. In this instance, the curved portion was about five feet high, and really, I wish we could get one single useful crop to grow as thickly. To make any progress you have to walk on the humble portion of the stem, and force your way through the thicket formed by the standing part. Then perchance a creeper, with a little less humility than its neighbors, will catch you on

was yet plenty in the hope that there would be enough on the morrow to give us both a taste of this fascinating sport. His self-denial is thoroughly appreciated, and I may say here that he is not the only member of the party who has allowed me to share in chances which he could easily have monopolized.

David thought he had fun enough for one day and did not care to join us in the flight shooting that night. W. H. and Judson didn't get back till dark and so Moore and I had it all to ourselves. The former took the rose-mary blind while I shot from the boat near where Will did his good shooting a few nights before. The flight was not so good that night as it had been. The incessant pounding at the birds was beginning to have its effect. The principal event was a long shot made by Moore. He missed a "cotton-tearer" with his right and doubled him up like a wet rag with the left at 70 yds. with No. 5 shot.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. W. H. was unwell and stayed in the tent. Moore and the girls went beech-nutting. David, Judson and I started out for a season of unalloyed bliss in the snipe pocket. We had a little seance with a grouse down at the outlet. He offered Judson a straightaway shot, which he failed to accept. Then he curved back toward me and I handed him one which the bird failed to accept. He went right over the head of David who unfortunately was at that moment a few feet from his gun.

The snipe pocket was a piece of marsh of moderate firmness to all appearances. Yet the water oozed out around the foot at every step. And if one stood still for

tree, and she brought him down at the first essay, with a strictly off-hand shot. She intended to have the skin set up, but it was spoiled by the bullet.

In the afternoon Judson and David went to the settlement for some apples, and got not only them but the week's newspapers, which were sent us by the man Will presented with the Jacoby canvasbacks. They returned too late for the evening shooting. W. H. went out on the lake for a paddle. Moore and I strolled away on the beech ridge that extends northward from the camp.

I have frequently lamented my inability to take my reader with me, and make him see the things as I saw them. If I could do this now he would have no difficulty in understanding why, that afternoon, when we got nothing save a big gray owl for Will's collection, was the pleasantest I spent in the whole week.

The ridge was a "horseback," perhaps 100 yds. wide and the same number of feet above the level of the lake. It was mostly covered with a growth of beech. The trees were so wide apart that a horse could be ridden at a canter the whole length of the ridge without the rider being inconvenienced by them; still their foliage was dense enough to exclude the "undiluted" rays of the sun. Here and there was a bunch of rock maple, birch or hornbeam, or three or four giant hemlocks, 4 ft. in diameter and 75 ft. high. The surface of the horseback was remarkably level and free from "cradle knolls," but every hundred yards or so there was a bowl-shaped depression. These varied in size from 20 ft. in diameter and 8 or 10 ft. deep to 50 yds. in diameter and 60 ft. deep. They were very symmetrical



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK—GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

the shin, and lucky you are if you do not go down. After I had got over about eighty rods, I pushed through to the bank of the stream in the hope of finding better traveling; but it was the same on both sides clear to the edge of the water, and the stream was too deep for wading. There was Moore, his head only visible, and his jaw set, tramping doggedly forward, with a tumultuous accompaniment of swaying shrubbery.

All things earthly have an end, and so, at length, I came out on a wide, open barren. It would appear now as if my troubles were over, but not so. At every step I sank half way to my knees, and my bootmaker will tell you that is no mean distance. The barren had been once covered with a sparse growth of scrubby spruce. This had died and the trunks were disposed on the ground after the criss-cross manner of jackstraws. These had to be avoided, or stepped over. Worse than all, the trail had taken an abrupt bend and I had "overrun the trail" a half mile. The sun appeared to have focussed his rays on that plain. My blood seemed to be at fever heat. What I could see of my face was of the color of a boiled lobster. Dash was trailing along at heel and he seemed to wish that nature had favored him with a few inches more of tongue that his panting might do the occasion the better justice. Moore had been in as bad a fix as I. The water of the stream was dead, and so deep he could not wade it, and so he was also carried a half mile out of his way. We at length got together and found a deer path that led us out to the head of Mud Lake. Blessed be the deer!

We would have been overjoyed to see David out on the lake in the boat, but he was not. And although the two miles to camp were over ground rough, bouldery and ram-pike strewn, it was as a beaten track compared to what we had just passed over.

We read of a certain scriptural character "choosing the good part." That is what David did, all unconsciously, when he elected to stay around camp. A phenomenal piece of luck was this, and it fell on a deserving head. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon he went over to the lake. While prospecting around he struck a snipe pocket and with sixteen shells killed fifteen birds. But he happened to remember that snipe shooting was my particular "weakness." So he withheld his hand while game

any time the ground would gradually sink till the water poured in over the boot tops. The cranberry bogs were the nearest approach to solid land.

We were scarcely ashore, when a pair arose to David, and he missed both. I soon made a Dutch double on another pair, and to perfect the sequence Judson followed on a single. Then we sprang out, and the fun began. The snipe rose in singles, pairs and little wisps. In circling, those started by one would often come within range of some of the others. Then there would be a puff of smoke and very probably a small gray body falling through the air. Once I marked down a pair about 50 yds. apart. I walked up to the nearer, which flew to the right and fell dead to my first barrel. I made a mental note of the place he fell, but feared to pick him up lest I lose my line on the other, which I went on and killed. It should have occurred to any one with common sense that a living snipe would be easier found than a dead one, but it did not so strike me. I failed to find the first, but during the search I started the largest Wilson's snipe I ever saw and killed him at a good strong 40 yds. with No. 10s.

The best snipe we started I missed with both barrels. We marked him down, and not to hurt my feelings David went over and missed him some more in the same way. Again we marked him a quarter of a mile away, and all three of us closed in on him. I was given the first chance, and I went in and beat the ground through and couldn't start him. Then we sent in the dog with a like result. David, who had exhausted his supply of fine shot loads, asked me to lend him my gun that he might go in and try his luck. He at length kicked him out of a tuft of grass, within two feet of which I had passed several times. A half suppressed "you son of a gun," mingled with the spiteful crack of the little hammerless and the bird was added to our bag, bringing the total up to thirty-four.

We found a bog covered with a small kind of bog-cranberry known as the "greyhound," and after eating all we wanted, picked enough for a stew.

During the morning around camp there was another rifle shot in which the writer tried in vain to equal Bertie's record on the birch bark Catavampus target. W. H. challenged her to try a red squirrel high up in a fir

in shape, the rims being always perfectly circular, and the slope of the sides very uniform. They looked as if they had been marked out by compasses, and excavated by machinery. Their sides and bottom were covered with a thin dwarf growth of hardwood, similar to that on the rest of the ridge. For want of a better name we called them "pot holes."

The afternoon was cloudless and there was not a stir in the air. The foliage of the trees was of a bright yellow color, and enough leaves had fallen to cover the ground. With a golden canopy over our heads and a golden carpet under our feet, who can blame us for imagining that we were treading the aisles of one of nature's palaces? It must have been under the spell of an afternoon like this and amid similar scenery, that one of the greatest of our American poets wrote:

"Ah! it were a lot too blest  
Forever 'mid thy leafy shades to stray,  
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest,  
To rove and dream for aye,  
And leave the vain, low strife  
That makes men mad—the rush for wealth and power;  
The passions and the cares that wither life,  
And waste its little hour."

We wandered away for a couple of miles and then loafed along back. We did some talking, but it was mainly in the line of calling each other's attention to something to admire. First it would be a lot of thrifty, smooth beech trunks; then a grove of giant hemlocks; then a particularly symmetrical "pot-hole;" and again, a view from the edge of the horseback over miles of ever-green forest.

Our attention was rudely distracted from the landscape when we neared camp by Dash running into a porcupine. While we were extracting the quills, the other dog, who is one of the few that can worry a quill pig without sustaining punishment, treed the animal, and Moore went on to camp to get Bertie to come and shoot it with the rifle. I was left on guard. After waiting long enough for him to go to camp and return several times over, I shot the brute. Two minutes later they arrived. Not finding the women in camp, Moore had followed them out to the



cranberry bogs. I trust I have been forgiven for my indiscreet haste, but the memory of it still lingereth.

Again Moore and I had the evening fight shooting to ourselves, and to say truth there was not much of it. It is the privilege of sportsmen to behold Nature in her various moods; and I would not have missed that evening on the lake for more money than I have made any day this year. Thick clouds had risen suddenly and completely filled the sky. The air was still. The silence was so intense that you could almost hear it. Every report of Moore's gun was followed by the shrill shriek of the shot and the irregular, spattering sound as they dropped on the surface of the lake. Then it would echo, and reëcho, and "re-o-echo," as I once heard a budding orator say, till it gave one the impression of a range of mountains tumbling down about his ears. The eastern ridge first caught the sound and flung it to Flat-top Mountain in the west, which passed it over to Blaney Ridge on the south, and it ended in one long, wild roar down the valley of the Magaguadavic. Each discharge warned every duck within ten miles that there was trouble in the Mud Lake district; and they were not slow to profit by the hint.

Sunday was a still, cloudy day. It looked as if it might rain at any moment but it did not. We spent it loitering around camp, the lake shore, the beech bridge, and the cranberry bogs. Two of the women took a boat and went out for a paddle on the little lake. After they came in, another lady and her husband went out on Mud Lake. This was the indirect cause of a little accident that is better related impersonally. The feminine member of the expedition was the head of the cookery department, and her arrival in camp was somewhat later than the usual hour for commencing preparations for supper. We had only flour enough for a single batch of bread. Instead of graduating the water to the quantity of flour, she, in the excitement of the moment, reversed the process, and "drowned the miller," as the saying goes. Then there was woe and lamentation. We had some "store biscuit" but these were needed for a lunch on the road the next day. We memorialized the cook to prepare it for the table as best she could, and we would attend to the rest. We assured her that we only needed nourishment; the form did not so much matter. At length she complied with our request, and placed before us a cross between a very thick "slap-jack," and a mighty heavy "short-cake." The Preparator called it a "dough-godger." When it was turned out on the table, each man hastened to do it honor. To break it was impossible. So four of us each grasped a side and pulled. It stretched to the form of a Maltese cross, and the women who did not make it laughed till the tears came. Then it gave away with a rebound as of India rubber. With the exception of one, who generously shared his piece with another who had none, each wrestled manfully with, and finally vanquished the part that fell to his share.

Our last night in camp differed very little from the rest, except that we remained out of bed slightly later, and the deck of cards rested in their case. There was apparently no touch of that shade of sadness which usually fore-runs the breaking of camp. Everyone seemed in good spirits.

Monday morning was still and very cloudy. The work of striking tents, packing and getting breakfast went on simultaneously. By the time it was fairly light we were ready to move. Though all were sorry the end had come you could see no evidence of it in any countenance. For we were not as people without hope. And then there was a necessity for immediate and energetic action, and work is a sovereign remedy for useless regrets and vain repinings. David, Judson and I packed the dunnage down to the outlet, thus shortening the ferry one-half. The women spent the time carving the initials of the party on a tree.

About sunrise the canopy of cloud that had hung over us for the last forty hours began to lift in the west, and this promise of a lovely day was fulfilled to the letter. About the same time Moore and David pulled out with the horse. A week's vacation had put the brown on her mettle, and she objected in true Western fashion to allowing David a seat on her back. The difficulty was partially adjusted, when they passed out of sight. Then we heard a wild thrashing in the brush, coupled with an exhortation liberally adorned with quotations from standard literature; and we knew the mare had been temporarily victorious. David afterward acknowledged that she bucked him off in fair fight.

To Judson and me was assigned the duty of escorting the women down to the outlet. We were standing around the camp-ground just before forming our little procession. We heard a dog give tongue out on the burnt land, and then a grouse sailed in over the sprouts and alighted in a hemlock overhead. One thought of how useful he would be about noon, and then I walked to the rack and picked up a gun. A second later and a headless bird lay on the ground. "A shame," you say? That was the unanimous verdict of the women. And I set down naught in extenuation. I probably would have done it even had we not been short of provisions.

A walk of two and a half miles through woods, a slight delay in helping the team over Black Brook, and we were on the ridge overlooking the place that for a week had been our home. Had we been less strong in the hope that we would see the place again, we would not have bidden it good-bye so cheerfully. It had afforded us slim opportunities for slaughter, still, we got enough game to supply the camp. Including the snipe, we got considerably less than a hundred head in all. But whatever was lacking in quantity was made up to us in variety. Our list of ducks included the black mallard, or dusky duck, the gadwall, bluebill, broadbill, wood or summer duck, sheldrake and mudhen. In snipe, we had Wilson's and the summer yellowleg, while our grouse embraced the ruffed and the Canada. We had many valuable specimens for the taxidermist, the rarest of which was a wood-drake or male summer duck in perfect plumage.

The bracing air appeared to have an invigorating effect on the people, horses and dogs. Scott Act pitched into every dog that showed himself on the road; and none waited for either revenge or second nip. Perhaps they were not so cowardly as their actions indicated. They probably reasoned, that if the other dogs were so blood-thirsty as the pup, they would as lief take their chances with a pack of hungry wolves.

We took a slightly different road from the one we came, and it led past the scene of a famous tragedy of twenty years ago—"the place where Teague was shot." The trouble that ended in the death of Teague was caused chiefly by bad rum; and the end was more in keeping

with the eternal fitness of things than is usually the case, for it was the rumrunner that was killed. He was shot by Charles Davis, a blacksmith, while trying to force an entrance into his shop. Davis himself made the pistol with which the deed was done. He has served out his fourteen year sentence, and disappeared.

At Lake George, about two miles from this spot, over fifty years before this, there had occurred another murder, of peculiar interest to the sportsman as well as to the historian. It marks one of the very few instances in the history of the Province when a collision between the red and the white man ended in bloodshed. John McGeorge, the first settler at Lake George, shot a caribou. This the Indians held to be an infringement of their rights, and one of them shot McGeorge. The enraged settlers set out to hunt down the murderer, but instead got on the trail of his companion, who was captured after a two-days' chase, during which time he had not a bite to eat. If I remember aright, the unfortunate Indian suffered death, and the man who fired the shot never was taken.

We made our noon camp in a wood not far from the residence of Mr. Alexander Rosborough. David putting on the brogue of a near friend of the Rosborough's, gave us a list of the names of the family. "There is Ritchie and John Ritchie, and Ritchie P., and Henry, and curly-headed John (these are the back field ones, d'ye mind), and there's Aleck, and Thomas Samuel, that lives ferbye Skipton's, on the main river." We always mention the place of this halt as our camp "ferbye Aleck's."

While we were here something happened that served to illustrate the truth of the saying that "it takes all kinds to make a world." A horseman passed by on a "pale horse." He was elegantly dressed. The "shine" or gloss on his stand-up collar was just lovely. His waxed mustache had about the right turn, his soft felt hat about the correct crease. His saddle and bridle were the best of their kind, as was also a field glass case that was strapped about him. But his horse looked as if his appearance might be improved by a more generous ration, and he was decorated with certain dun-colored maps of the great continents, those of Africa and South America on either quarter, and the others, with sundry islands, scattered over his body. The sight was enough to inspire any one with the instincts of a horseman with a desire for a short private interview with the animal. To the accompaniment of a currycomb and brush. The rider looked neither to the right nor to the left. It is anybody's privilege to salute another on a country road, and Moore gave this man a cheery good-day that ought to have brought a response from a wooden man; but he honored it with neither word, look nor gesture. "Ah!" said David as the horseman disappeared over the hill, "there's nothing in that fellow but—" and his eyes had in them a far-away look that indicated mental abstraction, as the reason for the unfinished sentence.

Here Judson left us. During the short time he was with us he had shown the mettle of a sportsman and we hoped to meet him again. On our way to the St. John River David picked up one grouse. At Bear Island we waited some time for the ferry-boat that took us over a week before, but it was propelled by another man whose way of getting around easily accounted for the delay. Here David collected the mail for his neighborhood, thus getting it a day in advance of the regular service. But he did not do this work impartially. One missive for John Touch he did not bring and two that he did get he failed to hand over to the postmaster. The name on the letter was not John; in fact, I think she would be exceedingly angry if you called her John. But I believe she got the letters sooner than if they had been left at the post-office.

On our way out we had a whirl at a grouse which afforded us quite an amount of fun, and did not hurt the bird. If W. H. had not mistaken the end of the top lever for the safety of his gun, he might have called him down, for he was offered one of the prettiest shots I ever saw.

And now the time for breaking up our little party was approaching. The flow of talk and good-natured chaff which had scarcely failed since we set out, ceased of a sudden. Every mind seemed abstracted—preoccupied. Now and then some one would break out in a little fragment of song, and those of the rest who knew it would join in, all singing in a subdued voice. After a while some one hummed a bar of an old hymn that has stood the constant wear of a quarter of a century, and which will probably survive the present generation: "The Sweet Bye and Bye." The chorus breathed the wish of the entire party. Instantly it swelled loud and clear. And though there be those who would take exception to the application of the term "beautiful shores" to those of our little lakes, we all hope to meet there again in the "Sweet bye and bye."

L. I. FLOWER.

#### Put a Note in Your Local Paper.

DANVERS, Mass., Dec. 31.—The open season on game birds of Massachusetts expires to-day. Game has been scarce all the season, consequently hunting has been limited. Many quail were winter killed last year. The ground has been covered with crusted snow, trees and bushes full of ice for the last four weeks, so it has been unfit to do any hunting. I think much game has been spared. I never knew of a month of December more favorable for the preservation of game birds than the past. Let every true sportsman notify his local paper for publication that it is now illegal to kill any game birds and that there is a heavy fine for so doing, and that the complainant will be rewarded by a conviction in sharing the fine. I always make it a rule to keep our village paper posted and it has a tendency for good. J. W. B.

Sandow, the strong man, is the owner of a Great Dane that is said to be very intelligent, like most of these dogs. Sandow is now performing in New York, and among feats of strength is an act in which he sustains on a stage, a grand piano and a whole Hungarian orchestra. This the dog does not like at all, being afraid that his master will get hurt. One day recently the platform on which the piano was placed got wet by accident and became slightly warped. When it was placed on Sandow's chest that night and the piano was lifted to it several loud cracks were heard. The dog had been watching the performance as usual from the wing, but when he heard those cracks he began to howl dismally, and it required the united efforts of several stage hands to keep him from dashing on the stage. When the curtain finally dropped on the act the dog rushed at Sandow and rising on his hind legs, licked his master's face and jumped about him in an ecstasy of joy. Now they have to keep the dog locked in a dressing room until Sandow has finished his performance.

#### CHANGES IN THE EAST.

As Seen by Western Eyes.

THE people in the East can scarcely realize how their country is changing. No one except one who at long intervals revisits the scenes of his childhood and wanders through the woods and along the streams he loved when a boy.

The amount of timber is in many places much greater than it was forty years ago. I found last year that old fields in New Jersey where I used to clip the whistling wings of the dove as he rose from the blue sheets of bugloss were grown over with timber of very respectable size. What used to be mere brush or second growth saplings now begins to look like virgin forest. Yet you may stroll through it day after day without hearing the leaves jar beneath the spring of a gray squirrel or find any crumbs that have fallen from his lofty table. The bugloss still shows in the adjoining field, yet you may walk half a day without seeing the arrowy line of bluish gray that marks the course of the dove, and still longer may you wait before across the yellow harvest field you hear the soft, sweet call of Bob White.

One could hardly expect to see the ruffed grouse rise roaring from every laurel glen or hear as of yore the woodcock's twittering wing in every bit of swamp. But surely one has a right to look for the striped sides of the chipmunk along the old stone fence, or the flash of the red squirrel's coat amid the darksome grove of hemlocks.

Here and there at long intervals the mottled breast of the wood thrush lit up the somber shades, and his pure silvery notes made a welcome contrast to the rattle of the buckboard of the modern country Jake in the highway near by. But where was the lustrous dark blue and crimson of the redstart that used to shine in every bit of wood, and the bright scarlet of the tanager that used so to fire my young love of the woods and all their inhabitants?

The great glory of the maple is as bright as ever, and the broad head of the beech looks as if time had made no impression upon it. But I looked almost in vain for the rich livery of the oriole that used to make them so cheerful, and from the broad hickory that still stood out in the old field the brown thrasher poured no more the sweet volume of his evening song. Where the axe had spared the chestnut and walnut they looked as bright as ever and the ash and the basswood seemed in the heyday of existence. But the red and white of the woodpecker flashed no more amid the green and mute was the voice of the cuckoo that used to make the woods of late summer seem so mournful. The gum tree smiled still in brightest green and in early fall turned into as rosy flame as ever, long before most of the other trees knew that the summer was over, but in vain looked for the gold of the highholder that used to come for the bluish berries; and even the robin that used to keep him company at his morning and evening meal, though the most abundant of the birds yet left, was none too plenty here. Down in the tangled shrubbery the mellow voice and varied song of the chat is heard no more and a glimpse of his golden breast, always hard to get, seems now impossible.

The butterfly weed still flames in the meadows beside the blue of its cousin the milkweed, but where is the bobolink that hovered over it while his little soul bubbled so sweetly forth, and where that silvery ripple of song that used to fall from where the upland plover was winging his way across the summer sky? The golden breast of the meadowlark, once so common, shines rarely now amid the elder's bloom, the thistle sheds its down as silky and abundant as ever, but the cheerful chirrup of the yellowbird is rarely heard above it as he rises and falls in wavy flight, and along the ledge you may watch for hours before you hear the catbird tune his pipe or the wren come out to speak his little piece. In the open ground the bluebird yet warbles and around many places the robin is still abundant. But this is probably on account of protection, for when you go to the thicket you may range for miles without hearing the friendly greeting of the chewink or seeing his ruddy breast along the ground as he scratches up the leaves. And beneath the giant elm where you spent so many pleasant hours in boyhood you may now sit half a day without seeing the little creeper or nuthatch stealing along the limbs and looking under the leaves for slugs, for from the end of some dead limb will you often see the little pewee flutter out and catch his fly and come back to tell you his little plaintive tale before he starts for another.

The cause?

Breechloaders, boys and bonnets. The English sparrow seems to have little or nothing to do with it. The disposition of the wite man to get away with all that is fair in nature as soon as possible is enough to account for it when it is aided by a cheap breechloader with cheap and good store ammunition, what wonder the country girl knows the indigo bird or the oriole only from her bonnet when every lot that can "rustle" five dollars together can now get a gun and ammunition that will shoot better than most of the guns of forty years ago as we knew how to load them?

It was to be expected that game would become scarce. But who ever expected to hear woodcock talked of about as we talk of grizzly bears in the mountains of California? In Farmer Scrump's woods a cock was seen last month. Major Swipes saw borings of one last week five miles west of town. Colonel Buckstapper is alleged to have shot at one yesterday some ten miles east. And General Snagby is said to have a couple staked out somewhere in the big swamp at Huckleberry Run waiting for him to get time to take them in. At 3:35 (dawn) of the opening day a score of high bred pups with pedigrees as long as the faces of their masters pointed each other on the spot in old Billick's swamp where somebody had seen some borings the week before.

The brooks seem to have changed as much as any part of the land. Many of them now go dry about the time the ground is in good walking condition after a rain. Some that we used to have boats in and swim comfortably in for many a rod are now foaming torrents during a storm and nasty little slimy sewers a few days after. Along their dirty shores the little teeter snipe trots no more. The kingfisher has left, perhaps because the water is not deep enough for him to dive with safety. No more by day do you see the green heron or the bittern standing pensive and well fed along the bars, or at night the snowy plumes of the night heron droop over his long neck as he settles down upon the shore for his evening meal. Upon the ripples the sucker no longer suns himself and the old time deep hole where the sunfish used to lie is deep on



with mud and tin cans or old boots. For miles along it you may stroll at night without seeing the rippling wake of the muskrat or smelling his fragrance in the night air, and along the banks of the stream a muskrat hole is about as rare as elephant tracks. The little eels that used to wiggle about in the little coves, the little crawfish that used to shoot backward out of sight under the stones, even the little skaters and water beetles that used to dart and circle on the clear waters seem to have gone from most of the small streams.

The woods and dales are no longer the places they were. However heavy the timber or the underbrush, if anywhere within a few miles of a town, or along the highway between two cities, tramps' nests and loafers' trails disfigure its fairest shades, the spring, once so clear, with such delicious water that you used to turn considerably out of your way to go to it, is now nasty with mud, broken bottles and remnants of tramps' dinners, while the mossy banks on which you used to pick the fragrant red berries of the wintergreen is now rolled flat with dirty pants and littered with scraps of paper, bits of rag, fragments of old stockings, tobacco sacks and bones.

The severe drought undoubtedly had something to do with it, but surely could not fully account for the difference I found in the wild flowers. The jewel weed that used to wave so gracefully above the brook, with its curious orange-tinted flowers shining amid its deep green so long in the summer was surely not as abundant as it once was; and in late summer I looked as vainly for the purple-tinted snake head of the chelone as I did for the yellow and white petals of the dicentra in the spring. Rare was the gold of the evening primrose, and scarce ever the day-blooming variety that used to be so common. The lovely lavender of robin's plantain, so much like an aster, was seen only at long intervals; the ground cherry, once so common, I looked for in vain; places once so fragrant with pennyroyal were bare of anything, and even the delicate, reddish tint of the sorrel was scarce. Along the roads the yarrow grew dense and white, and the adjoining fields were snowed over with the carrot or dotted and starred with St. Johnswort or Black-eyed Susans, but the delicate little pink phloxes, the soft hue of the bluets, were as rare along the opens as in the woods; the pure white of the pyrola or Prince's pine, or the tender pink of the Arctostaphylos in the meadow.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## Natural History.

### EXPERIENCE WITH QUAIL.

IF I do not mistake, the history of Bob, a domesticated quail, was published in the FOREST AND STREAM many years ago; but be that as it may, the *Youth's Companion* and other publications afforded thousands of readers the pleasure of reading his history, which was not less wonderful than interesting.

When I got him he was somewhat over half grown. Having been hurt in some way, he was delirious, but thoroughly recovered in a day or two, upon which he exhibited the fear and shyness common to the bird. I had taken the precaution to clip his wings, and when he ran in terror out of the house I easily caught him. By extreme care and gentleness in handling I could plainly observe his fear subsiding, and knowing that he must be experiencing the pangs of hunger, I held him to the window within reach of a fly. To my astonishment and pleasure, he seized and swallowed it. He tamed more quickly than any other bird I ever saw. A house chicken will get out of one's way, but Bob made you step over him. His tameness lost him one or two of his toe nails, which fact made him a foe to the human foot, which he would peck at and with a good hold strike at in the manner of the domestic cock. At that time I had a Gordon setter with a scent keener than any other dog I ever owned. With him I concluded to get a companion for Bob. Accordingly, my son and I went out before quail were full grown, and the dog made a point. I took off my coat with which to cover the bird. So accurately did the dog point that we hit the spot exactly, and the bird was a prisoner. It was a female, a cunning little beauty, but she had toes with a slight lateral curvature, and so we named her Crook. We made a second attempt to get a bird in the same way, and succeeded. It was a male. We called him Grouse, as his conformation approached that bird more nearly than do most quail.

The first year Crook did not lay, although she acted as if she would like to show us an albuminous specimen of her own creation; but the second year I put the birds in a roomy aviary and she laid twenty-three eggs. I had put some small boxes on the ground in which were holes for the birds to enter and in one of these she laid her eggs; but for some reason they would be scattered outside the box. Whether she or the males did such a seemingly unnatural thing I could not ascertain. But Bob had made as neat a nest as ever bird made in the grass a few feet from the box. The question arose in my mind, had Bob tried to get those eggs from the box into his own nest? Possibly, I would put them back into the box which was shielded from the sun and did not want them in the nest Bob had made, because the summer was exceedingly hot and I feared the heat would spoil them.

Crook acted as if she wanted to set, but really did not. So I took the eggs and put them under a hen. She broke all but one, which she hatched. Did the little newcomer show the fear so proverbial of the young quail? Not a bit of it. It would run after me with its constant peep, peep, peep, almost from its very birth. The fourth day of its existence I accidentally set a picture frame on it and crushed it. Did I mourn for that wee bit of a bird? I did, and perhaps foolishly, but my grief was keen and to this day I cannot recall the circumstance of its death without emotions of sadness.

Soon after this Crook died and I concluded to get eggs from the field. I put some under a bantam and she hatched eleven. Thinking the birds were very hardy I took them under my own care. I fenced them in near the window so that they could get plenty of sunlight. I fed them on chopped whites of eggs principally. For one week they were lively as bees and altogether an interesting family. At night I covered them with cotton. But they came to grief and I with them. One day as I came home at noon my boy said he had given the birds a grand feast of grasshoppers and that their strife

for the possession of the choice morsels was amusing in the extreme. Of course, I was pleased, but at night I noticed that the birds were drooping. After that they began to die, one or two daily. Two of them, however, lived three or four weeks; one of them could fly upon a chair.

I will say that these birds did not exhibit the fear of man as they do in the field. I now wish I had left them with the bantam hen, for she might have raised them, and yet I doubt it, especially in an aviary. I once paid about \$10 for California quail eggs. They were sent to me from parties in that State, but were so badly shipped that none of them hatched. Thus ended the scheme that was the dream of my life—raising quail. I am now without a pet of any kind and don't think I will have one unless some one donates me a parrot, which would probably outlive me and for whose demise I would not be called to mourn.

WEST VIRGINIA.

N. D. ELTING.

### THE YELLOW BEAR.

AT a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Bureau of Ornithology and Mammology of the Agricultural Department at Washington, describes the skull of five bears from Prairie Mer Rouge, Morehouse parish, La., which he regards as belonging to the yellow bear mentioned in the year 1800 by Shaw and described in 1821 by Edward Griffith who, in his work on the carnivora, named it *Ursus luteolus* and gave a colored plate of it. His remarks are called forth by a recent paper on "Species of North American Bears" by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 16 last.

By Shaw the yellow bear is said to inhabit Carolina and by Griffith to be abundant in Louisiana. It is said to have a "more pleasant and agreeable countenance" than the European bears, the forehead to be "more convex, the nose more conical than in the black species; the ears also stand further back; the physiognomy may be said to be more fox-like and the hair not so long or thick. It is gentle in disposition, which, indeed, is expressed in the countenance of the animal very decidedly."

The material which Dr. Merriam describes consists, as has been said, of these five skulls. Contrasted with old skulls of male black bears from the Adirondacks, the three old male skulls from Louisiana are longer and flatter and are also longer in proportion to breadth. The molar teeth are larger than in any known species of the black bear group, the last molar being particularly large. There are also some details as the cusps of the molars, but this is a character which varies widely in the individual and with age. Dr. Merriam concludes that the remarkable skull recently described by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown can not be *cinnamomum* of Audubon and Bachman, but is *luteolus* of Griffith.

At the same meeting Dr. Merriam read a paper describing four new mammals from southern Mexico, collected by E. W. Nelson. These are a hare, a squirrel and two species of pocket gopher.

In an earlier paper Dr. Merriam describes eight new ground squirrels of the genera *Spermophilus* and *Tamias* from various localities in California, Texas and Mexico.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. Brown has given us lovers of sport such a treat about the natural history of bears, I am going to tell about a family of bears I ran across in the Clearwater country in 1865.

Along in the summer I received a letter from my father in the States saying that he expected to be in Walla Walla about the first of August. My brother and I had been discussing the matter, and as we had not seen him for four years, we thought that one of us had better go down and meet him, get everything fixed comfortable for the family and return. On Saturday we cleaned up our boxes, re-torted our gold in a fry-pan, and made our weekly division after the grub bills had been taken out. It was decided that I was to start early next morning for Walla Walla.

On the way I met Indians, but as they were Nez Perces I knew they were friendly; they were going to the buffalo illi, so they said. I had crossed the mountain and had got well down, when, as I came out from a fir thicket into an opening, not more than 20yds. ahead of me there was a black bear with four cubs—two cinnamon and two as black as coal. When they saw me they started off for the cañon. I dropped pack, jerked out my navy revolver and took after them, intending to capture a cub if I could. Two of the cubs took to a big pine tree, but the old bear and the others got to the thicket in the cañon. I went back to the tree and there the little fellows were, away up near the top. I sat down and watched them for half an hour thinking the old bear would come back and hunt her lost cubs, but getting tired of watching I went on as there was no way for me to get them down without shooting them, which I had no intention of doing as I could not use the meat.

This summer, while I was at Wilbur, Wash., the stable keeper had two bears which he had bought from an Indian, who said they had one mother, yet one is as red as a cinnamon stick while the other is a coal black. He tried to sell them, but as he was only offered \$4 each he said he would keep them and kill them when their robes were prime, for then he could get more. LEW. WILMOT.

### "Sounding the Alarm."

If there is any sport I enjoy more than another it is hunting squirrels. The article in FOREST AND STREAM "Sounding the Alarm" was so true to nature that I venture to give its counterpart. Probably some other squirrel hunters, "A. L. L." among the number, may have had the same experience. Several years ago, while I was waiting for a gray squirrel to come out of a hollow tree into which he had gone, my patience was nearly exhausted and I was on the point of leaving him to some other fate, when a large ivory-billed woodpecker alighted on an old chestnut tree within twenty feet of the tree the squirrel was in and at once sent forth his shrill call. He had hardly done so when out came the squirrel and I shot him.

Last fall a party of four of us camped up Licking Creek about the middle of October to hunt squirrels for a few days. We had a squirrel dog with us and when he would tree a squirrel that would get into a hollow tree one of the party would wait on the squirrel to come

out, while the others would go on with the dog. About 11 o'clock, when within about one mile of camp, the dog treed one in a large oak and I sat down to watch. I had waited nearly an hour without a sign when I recalled the circumstance of the woodpecker's call, and I thought, why would not the call of a turkey answer as well? Acting on the thought, I took out my turkey call and had given but three calls when out popped the squirrel.

Now, do you not think that in both these instances the squirrel associated these calls with safety? Knowing the woodpecker to be a very wary bird he believed that when he alighted so near the coast was clear; and for the same reason in the second case the wild turkey's call was notice that no danger was near or he would not be there. If some of the wild creatures cannot reason they have a way of arriving at conclusions that amounts to the same thing.

SANCIO PANZA.

### Protection for Skunks and Foxes.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Broome county Board of Supervisors have passed a law protecting the fur-bearing animals of the county—fox, skunk and muskrats. It is needless to ask what the effects of such a law will be. Who as a close student of nature has not noticed the destructive depredations of the skunk and fox upon our only game, the ruffed grouse? Many a nest of eggs in various stages of incubation are destroyed by the repulsive skunk. Aside from what he catches in summer, what person accustomed to the woods in winter has not seen the oft-told story of reynard's tracks leading to a single disturbed place in the snow's surface, the scattered feathers of the noble grouse which had sought shelter from the cutting winds telling the rest all too well?

I have gunned in nearly every part of the country, and I do not know of a place where this bird can be so generally found as here, consequently there is no place where such a law would work more harm. In Pennsylvania, or some parts of it at least, a bounty is paid on fox skins, which is the proper thing, and from observation gained from being afield nearly every day of good weather of open season, I find birds far more plenty in such localities.

H. W. B.

### Some Queer Things in Canada.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Jan. 3.—A few days ago a remarkable incident happened in the township of Murray, a few miles from this city. While Mr. Andrew Spencer was going home at night from a neighbor's he was attacked by some animal. To his surprise he, after a short struggle, knocked down an owl which measured 4ft. 8in. from tip to tip of the wings. Mr. Spencer's injuries were slight.

On New Year's Day a fawn, which had apparently been pursued by dogs, ran into the barnyard at Mr. James Murphy's, Hungerford Township.

A robin, which sang with spring time vigor, was seen in a garden here last week, and a large garter snake was killed by the wheels of a wagon on a road near the city.

R. S. B.

### Short-billed Guillemot in Connecticut.

AFTER the severe storm of wind and snow which swept along the New England coast about Dec. 20, a disabled bird was picked up by a little daughter of the care-taker at the Hammonasset Fishing Association club house and kept by her for a few days as a pet. It was called a duck and efforts were made to feed it on corn. One of the club members who happened to be at Hammonasset about this time saw it and identified it as the short-billed guillemot. It had evidently been blown in by the storm and thrown down here, a dozen miles north of Madison, the nearest salt water point. When seen it was pretty lively, sitting up in its box and turning its head from side to side, but no doubt it has since perished.

### Lectures on Birds.

LECTURES by the official staff of the American Museum of Natural History, this city, will be given Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock, in the library, illustrated by specimens. The first course will be given in January on the "Birds in the Vicinity of New York City," by Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator in the Department of Ornithology and Mammalogy. Jan. 6—"Why We Study Birds. How to Study Birds. Our Winter Birds." Jan. 13—"The Birds of March, April and May, and the Spring Migration." Jan. 20—"The Birds of Summer. Birds' Nests. Birds' Songs." Jan. 27—"The Birds of Fall and the Fall Migration. Birds in their Winter Homes."

### A Long-Lived Canary Bird.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Thinking it might be of interest to some of your readers to know how long a Canary bird may live, I send you the following account of the death of a bird which belonged to my sister. In a recent letter she says: "I am sad over the death of my little bird. He died last night. I have had him twelve years and have taken care of him every day. Do you wonder that I miss him? Mrs. P. gave him to me when the Captain died and she had the bird for ten years; so he has lived for twenty-two years—a most wonderful age for a Canary."

MRS. H. F. HENSHALL.

### The Linnæan Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 23, 1894, at 8 o'clock. Papers: Leverett M. Loomis. (1) "On the Causes that Necessitate Bird Migration." (2) "On the Views Held Concerning the Migration of Young Birds of the Year." C. B. Riker: "Experiences During Collecting Trips on the Amazon River."

ARTHUR H. HOWELL, Secretary.

### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3)



## Game Bag and Gun.

### A DEER HUNT IN NEW JERSEY—1893.

NEAR the close of the deer season in New Jersey, a chase occurred lasting two days which seemed to me to be worthy of record in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and I have persuaded a gentleman who participated in the hunt, and in fact, directed it, to write out its particulars for publication, and his account is subjoined. Supplementing it, from what I know of the ground, and from conversation with my friend, I will say briefly that Port Elizabeth, the village near which the chase took place, is near the Maurice River, in Cumberland county, and three creeks, Manantico, Manumuskia and Muskee, empty into that river near the village. The "deer woods" of New Jersey, consisting largely of scrub, oak and pine, approach within three miles of the village. These "woods" are of considerable extent, and if the Russian Jews do not continue their advance into them, will for many years to come, preserve the deer, which are fairly plentiful. My friend, the Colonel, has omitted to state that on the first day of the chase some shots were fired at the deer without effect, however, on the second day no shooting was allowed, it being agreed that guns might be used after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, if the deer were not previously captured. As the deer was killed by the dogs no shot was fired on the second day. Further, as the chase progressed tired dogs were brought to heel, until they were rested, and then put on the trail fresh, so that the deer was always pursued by fresh hounds, until about 4 o'clock of the second afternoon the whole pack was loosed upon her. The doe weighed, dressed, 90lbs.

F. S. J. C.

#### The Story of the Chase.

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed a hunter's morning, as a party of us tumbled into an open wagon at 5 A. M. on the seventh day of this month (December). After a ride of four miles we were on the ground, and each hunter silently sought the stand he had selected, while the driver, with a couple of fine deerhounds, entered the woods on a drive. The morning was indeed a typical one, still and frosty, with just a suspicion of air from the southwest. Hardly had the dogs entered the "neck" when the buglelike cry of Old Jock went echoing through the woods to the distant stands. It was immediately taken up by Jule, and in ten minutes the game was afoot and flying for life before the eager hounds; now leading off a mile straight, then doubling on her (it was a doe) tracks, dodging in every direction for an hour or more, when, finding it impossible to shake off her pursuers, she broke out of the neck and headed for Jones's Mill Pond, intending to take water there.

Two of our party had been delayed until 9 o'clock getting off that morning, and while on the way to join us suddenly ran into the deer coming down the road. They stopped, cast the leash from their hound, and the deer, meeting this unexpected obstacle, turned and ran back for a mile or so. The two hounds, "catching the double," now joined in, and the three were pressing the doe closely. She changed her tactics and again tried short doubles, and after an hour's furious run succeeded in throwing the dogs off for five or ten minutes. They soon picked up the lost scent, and the deer having considerable start, another hour was spent in short runs and circling. All the hunters being thoroughly acquainted with the woods, left their stands and were closing in with the chase, thrilled with the music of the hounds and as eager as they to catch a view.

About noon the deer took water in Manumuskia Creek, near Reeves's Mill, waded up the stream about 400 yds., went out, made a short circuit on the opposite side, and again entered the stream and waded up to a point where the stream divides out into a number of shallow rivulets encircling numerous small islands. Selecting a hummock of grass on one of these, she lay down to rest and await results.

The hunters searched each side of the stream for a mile, but failing to find where the doe had come out, got a boat and believing her to be concealed on one of these islands, proceeded to search them out in detail. About 4 P. M. she sprang from her hiding-place not over 30 ft. distant from one of the hunters, and in five minutes six dogs were on her flying heels. Straight away on her back track she flew for a couple of miles, and then commenced dodging in short, sharp circles until dusk, when, finding it of no avail, she again headed for Manumuskia Creek, taking water about half a mile above our village, Port Elizabeth.

It was now dark and we succeeded in calling off the hounds, with one exception, Old Jere swimming the creek and picking up the trail again on the opposite bank. The doe now went straight away for another two miles through open meadow, but finding she could not shake off the hounds, made for Maurice River, opposite the village of Buckshotem, where it is 200 yds. wide. She swam across and the chase ended for the day.

We gathered our hounds, gave them a good warm supper and bed, then waited eagerly for the morrow.

At gray of dawn next morning we stood upon the banks of Maurice River with a boat in readiness to cross, awaiting sufficient daylight to see. The stillness was only broken by the crowing of the cocks on the surrounding farms, or by the occasional cry of the eager youngsters of the pack, or the suppressed whine of the older dogs. We crossed, unleashed the dogs and were "casting" up and down the bank when a long note from Martin announced the finding of the trail. It was open meadow for miles, and the doe had walked out of the water the evening before and lay down in a bunch of rushes 100 yds. from the bank. Soon the pack opened on the trail, and in another moment the game sprang up in full view of dogs and hunters, making straight for the river, into which she plunged, heading for the opposite bank.

We all tumbled into the boat and it was a race for the opposite shore. The deer breasted the river like a tug, with head and neck only out of water, and landing first, started across a mile of meadow and open farm land for the woods, being in full view of hunters and hounds the entire distance. In three minutes the dogs were on her track and the villagers were aroused from their slumbers by the deep-mouthed chorus less than a mile away. The day was as lovely as the preceding, and every bush and leaf sparkled in the quiet dawn with its frosty jewels. On

reaching the embankment of the West Jersey Railroad the deer doubled back and struck north to Manantico Creek, but not wishing to take water yet swerved back to the left, and for three hours tried every available tactic with which to throw off the hounds, but failing in this, she took water in the Manantico, fording it and entering a dense swamp, lay down a half mile from the bank.

We had lost twenty minutes going half a mile up stream to an old mill dam and crossing. On the opposite side the dogs were again let loose and the chase was soon on again. For an hour she ran in long leads and then adopted entirely new tactics. After gaining considerable space on the dogs by short doubles she would take an old lumber road where there were no bushes to catch the scent and speed away down the middle of it for half a mile, then turn short on her track and run back a quarter of a mile, where she would leap off, and after running a short distance commenced doubling and back-tracking again.

For a while this gave her an advantage, the dogs overrunning the track where she dodged off and losing the trail for five or ten minutes. We soon caught on to the trick, however, and whenever a fault occurred with the dogs, two of us would hastily take back a hound on each side of the road and soon pick up the lost trail.

So went the chase until about 2 P. M., when the deer again took to water, crossing the creek and laying down on the opposite hillside. We crossed and beat down the bank, when the doe sprang from her bed in full view of dogs and hunters. The dogs were cast loose and again the race for life commenced. It was very evident to us all that the deer was greatly fatigued, as were we likewise, but the knowledge that the game was well nigh spent infused renewed life, and away we all went, deer, dogs and men, the latter scattering in different directions, each one anxious to be in at the death.

The deer now ceased to make any long leads, confining herself to short doubles, abrupt turns and back-tracking, all in the space of a mile square. Every now and then a quick, sharp burst of music (not to the deer) told us that the dogs had caught a "view," and we now changed our policy of silence to loud and encouraging cries to the pack, urging on the laggards to renewed efforts.

Round and round the circle flew the chase; a "view hallo" from some one told the deer was in sight; shorter and shorter grew the circles, until, just as the sun was going down behind the low trees, a wild chorus of bays told us the chase had ended. Running up from all directions the hunters closed in to find the deer down and surrounded by the pack of baying, tired hounds. Pipes were lighted, a pole cut and the quarry lashed to the middle, and as darkness deepened we entered the village. That night, around a warm fire and amid circling smoke, we discussed the "points" of the hunt until nodding heads carried us one by one to our homes, where we continued the unflagging chase—in our dreams. J. H. W.

### CEPHUS DODGE'S TWO SHOTS.

OCCASIONALLY I see accounts of some notable shots recorded in *FOREST AND STREAM*, such as killing two woodcock at one shot, or two grouse at one shot. This brings to mind that I once shot two ruffed grouse with one bullet. It was not a very remarkable shot, however. I had been hunting deer one sunny day in October, without even getting a chance shot. They seemed to be laid up somewhere out of sight; and as I was somewhat tired, I sat down on the dry leaves, leaning my back against a long log, when I heard the queerest of all queer noises. I couldn't guess what it was until I looked over the log; and then I saw about three rods distant two old cock grouse walking slowly around on a little circle of two or three feet diameter, each one keeping opposite and facing the other, all the time keeping up that low cawing noise. They made no attempt to fight, but appeared to be having a serious quarrel. Now, the most natural thing to do was to lay the rifle across the log, and when both necks came into line to cut both heads off; and this I did. "Potted," did you say? Well, perhaps so. But I thought then, and think now, that the birds made a cleaner broil than if they had been killed on the wing and filled full of No. 6 shot.

I remember many remarkable shots made by old-time hunters, some of which may be worth mentioning now. Away back somewhere in the '30s there lived a man in Ashtabula county, O., by the name of Cephus Dodge, who for aught I know might have been grandfather or great-uncle of Ira Dodge, of bear hunting fame in Colorado. At that early day the country along the northern border of the State was sparsely settled as compared to the present population. Deer and wild turkey were plenty, and Dodge was a noted hunter, and was considered a dead shot on deer. He used a heavy rifle with large bore, as such guns were thought to be a prime necessity then and there, where the face of the country was comparatively level, with rather open but heavy timber, and mostly clear from thicket and underbrush; consequently deer were shot mostly at long range.

It was after a fall of snow in November that Dodge came out of the woods very late one night, and said he believed that he had broken the record of all the remarkable shots that were ever made.

His story was about as follows: Early in the day he started five deer, which kept together and which he followed a roundabout way during the day, without getting a shot within reasonable distance. Toward night they began to bunch, as he said, but would start again before he could get in shooting distance. It was getting near night, cloudy and stormy withal, and he concluded to shoot into that bunch when he should see it again, let it be short or long distance. A half mile of travel brought him in sight again. As he said, he couldn't tell heads from points, but he held high and pulled for the center, when the bunch vanished at once. On going up he found one deer which had fallen dead in its tracks, and, following, in less than eighty rods he found two more. Now it rather strikes me that had I made such a shot I would have gathered up the slain and gone home satisfied. But Dodge knew well enough that the two live deer which were left would not go far without a halt, so he followed the trail until he saw a dark spot in the distance which he thought might be the broadside of a deer. He drew up and fired, it being so dark that he could barely see the sights on his gun, and the two deer started off on a run. He found spots of blood on the snow, but night had closed in and it had grown so dark that he could follow no further, so he left for home.

The next day the two deer were found; shot plumb through and near where he had left the track the night before; those with the others were hauled in with a team, and Dodge was ready to make oath that he had fired his gun but twice at the five deer.

As might be expected, they proved to be an old doe and her two fawns and two yearlings, supposed to be the fawns of the year before, that were still following the doe. In the early days it was not rare or uncommon to find one yearling and sometimes two following the mother doe irrespective of the later family of fawns; but in later times such families were generally broken up and scattered by hounding and hunting. Had those five been a miscellaneous lot of old deer they would not have kept together ten minutes after being started the second time.

GRAND VIEW, TENNESSEE.

ANTLER.

### CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

#### Rabbit Money.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 29.—From North Dakota I have the following letter:

"I have just finished reading your appeal to sportsmen on behalf of the hungry people of Chicago, and wish you to know that I am in line with the kind of charity you suggest. Jack rabbits are abundant in North Dakota, but sending them to Chicago would benefit the transportation companies more than it would the hungry; so I inclose \$2 cash and will ask you to hand it to the proper committee or wherever it will do the most good. Just hand it in as from a reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, as I desire no acknowledgment in print or otherwise."

I do not counsel the sending in of one cent of cash by sportsmen outside of Chicago to feed the poor of Chicago. It is like a drop in the bucket, and settles nothing. Moreover, it is Chicago's bucket, and Chicago ought to feed her poor, and no one's else. Therefore, I have sent back the \$2 with as much thanks to the giver as though it were used. I am not a philanthropist, and I don't want anything but a carload of rabbits, the freight on which the relief committee will pay, at 82 Market street. We shall be hearing of the *FOREST AND STREAM* fast rabbit freight for the Chicago poor next, but I don't want to joke about this. Let the fat and wellfed laugh. The hungry are not laughing. Send the rabbits.

#### Foxes.

"C. D. F.," of Hunter, N. D., has the following to say about foxes and fox colors:

"For many years I have studied closely the habits and nature of the fox, and have successfully hunted and trapped them in several States. I do not think I ever lived in a locality where black or silver gray foxes were not seen now and again by farmers, teamsters and amateur sportsmen generally. They see them but never catch them, and methinks a closer inspection would show them to be the gray or the cross fox, or perchance some homeless dog.

"Few men have lowered as many brushes as I have myself, and I have never seen a living fox that I for an instant supposed to be a black or silver gray. The cross fox wears a beautiful coat and when the sun strikes it just right has quite a silvery look and is doubtless sometimes mistaken for his more aristocratic neighbor. With this variety, however, as well as the still more plebeian gray I am quite familiar.

"Once, some dozen years ago in M. Ryder's wholesale fur store in St. Paul, I was shown a skin of what they called the black or silver gray, and was at that time informed that both names were used for the same animal whose fur was in some cases almost black, while lighter in others and more of a silvery gray. I have before me as I write the latest price list from Back, Becker & Co., of Chicago, who quote black fox, \$75 to \$100 and silver fox \$50 to \$100. If by the latter is meant the silver gray, they are considered of different values at least, if not of two distinct species. I will say in conclusion, that a veteran fox chaser of my acquaintance claims the black or silver gray to be a sport or freak bred from the common red, and stoutly avers that he once unearthed a family consisting of a mother red and four young cubs, one of which was black and suckling side by side with three golden colored chaps, all of which he captured and all of which died on his hands soon after. What a group that would have been for taxidermical skill."

The veteran fox chaser mentioned has solved "C. D. F.'s" question, though no fellow can find out just how or why some red foxes are black, some silvery and most red, any more than we can tell why one bear cub is cinnamon and the other dark in color, as sometimes happens. The Natural History department of *FOREST AND STREAM* could tell some interesting things on this subject if it would.

#### Auxiliary Rifle Barrels.

An "Enquirer" writes as below in regard to auxiliary rifle barrels:

"I am intending soon to change my habitat to the wooded parts of Wisconsin. I shall be where deer and black bear are plentiful, and am considering what kind of a gun I shall use. Can you tell me about the auxiliary rifle that is so largely advertised for use with shotgun? I have never had an opportunity to examine one. Do you consider it an effective weapon, and would the strain from an auxiliary of large bore—say .45-70—be too great for a shotgun of 8 or 9 lbs.? I want the combination of shot and rifle, and I want a large caliber for the latter. I have lost many deer shot through and out with .38 cal. The shock is not great enough to stop the game at once and the hole when small is apt to close and prevent bleeding externally. No small bores for me in future."

I regret that I can not give advice as to the purchase of guns, as the matter is so much one of personal preference, and there are so many good ones in the market. I will say, however, that I have not known so large an auxiliary barrel as .45 cal. Will the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* give their experiences hereon?

#### Near New Orleans.

"W. L. B." wants to know and says: "Will you please inform me, as soon as convenient, of the nearest place to New Orleans that good quail shooting may be obtained. None of my friends have hunted in that vicinity, and I ask this of you as you are looked upon as the great source of information concerning the game haunts of the country."

Thanks. The people are not on to me yet. About New



Orleans near-by shooting I don't know much. Magnolia, Miss., not far north of that city, used to offer good quail shooting, and from there on up along the Illinois Central there is good quail country, the supply, of course, subject to local conditions, as is always to be remembered. West of New Orleans, into the cotton country, how near depends on what "near" may mean. I have always found Mr. A. Cardona, Jr., of H. T. Collam & Co., New Orleans, about the best posted and best natured shooter on earth, though I do not feel privileged to send letters or inquirers directly to him.

Is No Dog Man.

The following letter from Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., of Cincinnati, O., I offer not as bearing upon the *res adjudicata* of Dame Bang's death, but as proving beyond a peradventure that Mr. Peabody is no good dog man:

"The FOREST AND STREAM, and especially the Western department thereof, is usually correct, and I seldom differ with the editorial staff in any statement they may see fit to make, but I must really take exception to the obituary notice of my pointer Dame Bang, for I really feel that you do her an injustice. Dame is not dead, but on the contrary is enjoying most robust health. I am at a loss to know how the rumor started, and I am quite sure you will be pleased to know it is without foundation. I was disappointed at Dame's field trial performance this fall; not that she was unplaced, but because her work in public was so absolutely devoid of merit. Since then, however, I have shot over her three days and she proved herself all right again."

I will file this as additional proof that Dame Bang has perhaps not yet joined Molly O'Brien. Three of us say Dame is dead, and only two say she isn't. Legally she is dead, and cannot be officially recognized without additional proof. But what I want to call attention to is the unheard of admission on Mr. Peabody's part that his dog's public work was "absolutely devoid of merit." What is the world coming to? No such statement as that was ever before published in the sporting press. We will let it go in, but it must not be accepted as a precedent. True dog men can only look at it in grief and pity. Till now, all unplaced dogs have been victims of the grossest ignorance and injustice.

The telegraphic brevities have the following, all too brief:

"Cook Colgate, abandoned by the Carlin party, has been heard from and a party will be sent for him."

It would be a strange thing indeed if Colgate should be rescued, but the matter seems too improbable.

Mr. T. Benton Leiter, once prominent in Mak-saw-ba Club of this city, has for the past two years been in Montana in charge of the Leiter mine, near Sheridan. He owns a quarter interest, the remainder belonging to his uncle, L. Z. Leiter, one of the wealthiest men of Chicago. The mine is running twenty stamps and cleaning up the trifling of \$1,000 of gold a day, so it looks as though Benton could keep the wolf away from the door for a while. This I learn from Mr. W. H. Haskell, who has just been out visiting and shooting with Mr. Leiter for a time. Mr. Haskell killed four mountain lions on the trip, two of them kittens. He saw an old one and four kittens in one bunch. On his last hunt up into the mountains of the Upper Gallatin the party killed four elk and thirteen deer. The canvassback shooting on Red Rock Lake, not far from the mine, was very good this fall.

Mr. Herbert G. Rich and Mr. Frank E. Rich, described to me as two very pleasant young gentlemen, called when I was absent. Their cards do not give their residence, so I can't locate them. I am sorry we couldn't locate each other.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

NOTES OF A SHOOTING TRIP SOUTH.

TO ONE whose nerves have been worn to the quick by the ceaseless hurry of city life the easy-going ways of the South are balm and healing. A poor pilgrim from the North, condemned to hustle and elbow and push lest he get eternally left, cannot but envy the fearlessness of the morrow that is everywhere shown, and the pleasing disregard of Father Time, whom he has been accustomed to respect and worship as coequal with the Almighty Dollar.

I stood on the deck of the little steamer Norman L. Wagner, plying from Edenton, N. C., to points on the Chowan River one day a few weeks ago, and watched the negro stevedores take life easy as they lay prone on cotton bales on the dock or sat with their legs swinging idly over the side of the boat. The warm Southern sun shone overhead and a thick-lipped songster whistled melodious appreciation of it. Their trucks were lying where they had last been used, and their bale hooks served only as playthings to hack chips from the wharf stringers.

Presently another steamer for which we had been waiting hove in sight, and the negroes all went over to see her make the landing. Apparently they had no further interest than as spectators. A few parcels were run off the newly arrived vessel, and then a passenger or two of those who had landed came straggling our way. The captain whistled, and some passengers who had gone uptown on various errands, came down and sauntered aboard.

The captain meanwhile was sitting in the pilot house with both feet comfortably out of one of the windows, and when questioned would not venture any opinion as to when the boat would leave. At last, some time after the last passenger had come aboard, and he had made up his mind that sufficient time had elapsed and he could leave with propriety, the captain withdrew his feet from the window, and appearing at the door gave orders to cast off. The boat had gotten under full way and was already some 100 yds. distant, when a negro was seen running down the wharf waving his arms and showing other signs of excitement. His voice came borne faintly over the waters:

"Hol' on dar, bar'l cabbage done got left."

"Oh, pshaw!" was the captain's only remark, as he philosophically proceeded to turn the boat back.

I left New York Tuesday night and arrived at my destination, Avoca, N. C., Thursday, having stopped one night in Norfolk. Had I been in any special hurry I could have gone through in nineteen hours. After leaving the railroad at Edenton, N. C., one has to go about three miles by steamboat. There is no special inconvenience attached to this, however, as the boats are in waiting for the trains and the transfer is simple.

Avoca is the name of a large plantation belonging to Dr. W. R. Capehart, late judge of the department of fisheries at the World's Fair. It is also a post-office and connected with the Norfolk & Southern R. R. by steamer from Edenton. Its name, which is aptly given, is derived from Tom Moore's poem "The Meeting of the Waters." It lies at the head of Albemarle Sound, which is here fresh water, and into which, within a radius of a few miles, six streams of considerable size pour their water. Near the doctor's fine old mansion Salmon Creek, and the Chowan River unite, and a mile or two eastward four more rivers, including the Roanoke, enter the infant sound. The land comprising the plantation has long been under cultivation and is as a rule high land. Here and there it is intersected by belts of pine woods or timbered lowlands, which afford cover for numerous wild turkeys and a few deer. Elsewhere the land is devoted to raising crops of corn and cotton, and peanuts and peas. Peanuts and peas, chosen food of the quail. What a theme for an epic! On them the little brown denizens of the autumn fields grow sleek and fat, till they are fit to burst their skins, but unfortunately, also, they grow independent. An hour or two feeding in the morning and the same time in the evening gives them all they can hold, and for the rest of the day they follow their inclinations and it is hard to tell where to find them. Sometimes they are flushed in the scrub pines, sometimes in the straw fields and at other times they refuse to be flushed at all. In average hunting with a good dog a man should get up half a dozen coveys per day without exertion. An energetic man who wanted to make a record could do much better, but there are plenty of quail for steady, every-day shooting, and the supply is not likely to become exhausted.

Dr. Capehart built an attractive hotel at Avoca a few years ago. It had a glass-enclosed veranda where the ladies could sit while their husbands and brothers were off shooting, and the furniture and service were both modern. Good shooting and good accommodation are not to be found in conjunction every day, as most sportsmen know, and the hotel at once entered on a prosperous career. But unfortunately it was burned to the ground last winter. Dr. Capehart is caring for some of the hotel guests at his own place this winter; but to many sportsmen the burning of the hotel was a great misfortune. Quail this year are flushed in the inclosure where the hotel stood last. They have short memories.

The Doctor is talking of rebuilding for next year. He plans a central hotel and dining hall, to be surrounded by cottages. This plan, which has met with so much success in the Adirondacks and other Northern resorts, should prove popular.

The quail are more abundant at Avoca and neighboring points on the Norfolk & Southern Railroad than last year, if anything. In the center of the State, from Weldon north, there is no shooting worthy of the name.

At Mount Airy, N. C., the birds are again found in quantities. Last winter was one of the coldest ever experienced in the South. Broad rivers were frozen over, and people crossed on foot where in former years there had been uninterrupted navigation. The effect on the quail crop in certain localities was disastrous. Along the coast, however, they did not suffer to any great extent. The natural cover protected them from the snow and furnished them means of ingress and egress. Moreover, they have not been hunted in a great many localities on account of the general impression that the crop was small. Mr. Wood, the station agent at Edenton, hunted two days recently with a friend and bagged fifty quail. He wasn't at all satisfied with the result, and said it was due to poor shooting, and that they could have easily bagged that many in a day.

"It doesn't seem quite fair," my wife wrote in a letter, "to shoot turkeys at night on their roosts." I had something this same idea myself when I first tried it the night of the day after I arrived in Avoca. Between me and the full moon a great turkey was crouching close to the limb of a tree and I was just out of gunshot. I had stolen along cautiously with my dinky guide through the woods toward the roost, and if ever an honest man felt like a chicken thief I did. But just at that moment the turkey straightened out his long neck, and by the "moonshine" I saw that he was perfectly aware of our presence. He showed his exact knowledge of shotgun range by taking wing the next moment; and as I saw him majestically sail away through the treetops my feelings underwent a sudden revolution. At that moment I realized that it was a case of misplaced sentiment. I determined the next time a wild turkey came my way to throw sentiment to the winds and take with thankfulness any unfair advantage fate might offer.

I had often heard of the wild turkey's cunning, but one never learns except by experience. During my short stay at Avoca I saw turkeys no less than six times, but I failed to bag one. The first day after my arrival while walking within less than a mile of the house, I unexpectedly came on a dozen or more feeding in a little neck of a field that ran down into the woods. I had a rifle with me for just such game, and fired twice at the turkeys as they started for the cover of the woods. Two who had not seen me took to trees near by and a third flew to a tree some distance back in the woods; what became of the others I could only surmise. To all intents and purposes they might have been swallowed up, for I did not see them again.

For ten minutes I squatted in a most uncomfortable position, hoping to get a shot at the turkeys in the trees, which were hidden from me by the dense web of interlacing branches, though they could not have been more than fifty yards distant. First one leg went to sleep and then the other. I could imagine that the turkeys, sitting still as statues, enjoyed my sufferings. Finally one of them began to yelp, and then walked out to the end of the limb on which it had perched. I could just make it out by its movements, but could not see any part of its body clear of the branches. The turkey was going to fly and I had to shoot. Bang! The turkey never moved. Bang! Still it kept its position in the limb. At the third shot however, it flew and was joined by its companion. The bullets had glanced aside in the intervening branches and it had not been touched. Both turkeys had flown by me in plain sight, not a hundred yards off.

The third one I had not heard fly and I waited two

blessed hours hoping it would attempt to rejoin its companions who were on the opposite side of the field from it. At the end of that time I heard him drop down from his perch in a most inaccessible piece of swamp, and I gave up turkey hunting for that day as a bad piece of business.

The next time I saw my guide he told me he had shot a nice hen turkey the day before. "I was shootin' robins," he said, "when she flew down off the roost right in front of me, and I killed her one barrel. She was only twenty steps off." This man shot upward of thirty turkeys last year, and is an expert caller. Dr. Capehart has a fine turkey tail tacked up in his home. It came from one of a pair killed by Mr. Todd, an amateur, who called the turkeys to him and then killed one with each barrel. Their aggregate weight was 43 pounds.

Avoca is a great place for gray squirrels. While waiting for the turkeys to roost one night with Turner, my guide, at the edge of a swamp, I saw ten or a dozen within range at one time. They were running over the ground making a great racket, or up and down their den trees, making equally as much noise. They seemed to know we were after turkeys. As we paddled home across the creek later in the night Turner said: "Do you remember that little island where we stopped? It ain't more than two acres, but I killed fifty-fo' squirrels on it once." Later he added: "That year squirrels were the thickest I ever knew them. I killed them faster than my family could eat them, and I had to salt them down. One time I had a po'k bar'l full."

Salmon Creek is said to be a fine (large-mouth) black bass water in season. Two catches are reported that together weighed 84 lbs. They were taken on live bait. There are also wall-eyed pike and abundant perch in the creek, and one has fresh fish to eat at any season of the year. Another product of the creek is beavers. Mrs. Capehart has a magnificent cape made from the skins of three, and a skull or two with curving yellow teeth like those of immense rats are lying round the house in evidence.

The Doctor once exhibited these at one of the State or county fairs, and an intelligent reporter who wrote it up got beavers confused with seals. His article long made Avoca the Mecca of ladies whose husbands were sportsmen, and no doubt some are still petitioning their baser halves to go shooting and get them a "sealskin."

Back again in the rush of the city, there still tingles in my ear the note of a little Adirondack sparrow that I heard in a Southern swamp. The mockingbird sings there also in January, and the hermit thrush; but sweetest of all was that bell clear whistle of an old-time friend of the North Woods.

J. B. BURNHAM.

AN AVAILABLE ROUTE TO COOKE.

BILLINGS, Montana, Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A railroad to Cooke City has for several years past been anxiously looked for by the miners of that camp, as the millions of wealth now in sight will have to lie idle on the dumps and exposed to view in the mines, until a railroad is built to furnish cheaper transportation than there now exists, before the mines can be successfully worked.

One of the greatest obstacles now in the way seems to be to determine a feasible route. It has been asserted at different times by parties who claim to know that there is only one route by which a railroad can reach Cooke City, namely that via Cinnabar, thence up the Yellowstone River and through the National Park; but our law makers at Washington have wisely seen fit to keep the bars up against any project tending to injure or deface any part of our National Pleasure Ground, for which the people of Montana—with the exception of a few who perhaps may be personally interested in having a railroad go through the Park—feel very thankful.

It is not necessary to infringe in any way on the National Park to reach Cooke City with a railroad. A far better route is found by following the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone from its mouth to its source, as it heads in the heart of the Cooke City mining camp. A few years ago I ran a transit line from the mouth of Clark's Fork River to Cooke City, being one of an engineering party sent out to make a preliminary survey for a railroad to that point. We found a good practicable route, and one that would not be at all expensive to build, excepting for nine miles in what is known as the box cañon of the Clark's Fork, which would be somewhat expensive, but in my opinion not any more so, if as much, as it would be to build the same distance up the cañon of the Yellowstone River, in the National Park.

The Clark's Fork route offers a great advantage over any other contemplated, right to Cooke City. In the matter of a snow-fall, the Clark's Fork River from its source to where it leaves the mountains, runs in a southerly direction, consequently is on the south slope of the mountains. It is a fact well known to all who are acquainted with the location of Cooke City and the winters of Montana, that the snow-fall is far greater on the north and west slopes of the mountains than on the southern slopes; so much so, that a railroad could not be successfully operated more than four months in a year on the north and west slopes of the mountains, while on the southern slopes, until you get within ten miles of Cooke City, the snow-fall is but little greater if any than in the valleys.

The Clark's Fork route presents other advantages that would be considered by a railroad company. Such are the extensive marble quarries that have been discovered near the line of this route, only awaiting the advent of a railroad to become valuable, and last but not least, the celebrated Bear Creek coal mines are within about six miles of this route. These mines have been visited by numerous coal experts from all parts of the United States, and they have been unanimous in pronouncing them the largest deposit as well as the best quality of coal known to exist in the Northwest; equal in quality to the Rock Springs coal of Wyoming.

To conclude, I hope that our law-makers at Washington will continue to keep the bars up in the future as they have in the past, and not permit our National Pleasure Ground to be used by a railroad or any other syndicate, that would in any way deface one of nature's greatest marvels in the known world, and the only place left that affords protection for game.

GEORGE T. LAMPOR, U. S. Deputy Surveyor,



## THE .22 SHORT.

COLUMBUS, Neb., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading the controversy in *FOREST AND STREAM* over the .23cal. rifle and see that in to-day's paper there is another letter from "Diamond Walt" of this State, in which he insists that he killed a prairie dog at 303yds.

Now I will give you my experience with the .22 short. I shot a dog seven times in the head at a distance of not more than 10ft. and did not kill him. Afterward I shot at a mark on the side of a barn at a distance of 60ft., and more than half of the bullets did not bury themselves in the board. With the .22 long, however, I have killed antelope at perhaps 100yds.

This, as you know, was several years ago. Is it possible that the penetrating power of the .22 short has improved so much of late years?

[The writer of this note has been intimately known to us for over twenty years, and is perhaps the best rifle shot at game that we have ever known. He crossed the Missouri River in 1856 and from that time until game was exterminated from the plains and the Indian wars came to an end, he was constantly engaged in Indian fighting and in hunting.]

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thought I had heard the last of "Diamond Walt" and his wonderful .22 short rim-fire cartridge. Some men die hard, so I must tackle him again. I watch the rifle scores very carefully, and it is not often I see eight bullseyes in ten shots at 200yds. There is not much shooting done at 300yds., but only a short time ago two crack teams shot a match, ten shots at each range, 200 and 300yds.; at 300yds. only two men on each team got two bullseyes. It is reasonable to suppose that they used the best rifles that could be bought, as the match was for \$1,000. So I rise to remark that the man who shoots alone is a great shot. You can find him at every cross road. I have met him all over America. I have seen him fire at a stone or a stump half a mile away. The dust would fly and then he would tell about what a wonderful gun he had.

"D. W." might shoot a .22 short rim-fire cartridge 325yds., but all the same, a light wind would drift the ball 6ft. It makes no difference to me who supports "D. W." I still maintain that it is an impossibility for the .22 short to do the work "D. W." says it will. The man don't live and the man never will live, who can do the shooting "D. W." says he can do with that cartridge. Men nowadays do not hide their lights under a bushel or in Nebraska. "D. W." can make a million in a year if he can shoot just half as good as he says he can. There is not a village or city east of St. Paul where he cannot get a hat to shoot at for all the money he can raise; and then he can give exhibitions, for no one ever saw such shooting east of Nebraska.

A bet is a poor argument, but "D. W." talks about dollars, so I will talk business. Messrs. Margeson & Owen, manufacturers of carousels or merry-go-rounds, are well-known as business men all over the United States. They will bet \$1,000 to \$500 that "D. W." can't hit an 8in. bullseye eight out of ten shots at 303yds., and \$1,000 to \$800 that he can't do it at 200yds. Our gun club will form a syndicate and bet \$5,000 on same basis.

I have been in South Dakota and know all about prairie dogs. "D. W." might have killed one at 303yds. by firing into the town, but he did not fire at the particular dog he hit. I have shot them with a .45-90, but they most always dropped into their holes. I have one stuffed and "D. W." can't hit it if he fires at it all day (and I will place it on the ground at 300yds.), unless he uses a telescope. As I said before, a bet is a poor argument, but some men must be hit in the pocket if you want to touch their hearts.

I did not shoot alone when I won my medals and badges, but in fair open competition. I did not try to see how big a lie I could tell, but did try to see how steady I could hold. "D. W." cannot teach me anything about a rifle, I've handled one for forty years. I've traveled nearly all over the world. I've killed everything that can be killed in America, from a chipmunk to a silver tip on land, and pickerel with a .22 short and whale with a bomb lance in the water—from mule to men, white, black, red and greasers. I was a sharpshooter on the Potomac, a scout on the plains, a ranger in Texas; and when I went from Galveston to Santa Fe and Pike's Peak in 1857 I assure you that there was plenty to shoot and plenty of chances for being shot, but I am not dead yet, and think I can teach "D. W." something about guns and how to shoot one. Rifle shooters have spent millions of dollars to get the best gun for off-hand work at 200yds. and 80% of the guns used are not less than .38-55.

Again I say, the man who shoots alone is a great shot, but if "D. W." can do half as good as he claims he can, then he should come East and do the trick. Makers of .22cal. rifles will give him more a month than he can make in Nebraska in a year, and riflemen in the East want to see such a shooter. If "Diamond Walt" comes here I will bet him \$25 even up that he can't put eight shots out of ten in an 8in. bullseye with a .22 short at 303ft. off-hand.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

SALEM, Neb.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 23, "Diamond Walt" appears to be anxious to prove the wonderful power and accuracy of the .22 short and proposes to do it "next fall." Now he need not wait till next fall nor go so far as New York State, for if he will come down into this corner of his own State, I will endeavor to accommodate him with a shooting match. I can shoot a little bit myself and if "Diamond Walt" can do what he thinks he can with the .22 short he can win all of my money and then my gun.

I don't believe that there is a man (or woman either) in America or anywhere else who can "put eight out of ten shots in an 8in. bullseye at 303yds. with a .22 short off-hand," and if "Diamond Walt" thinks that he can do it and will come down here and try it, I think that I can raise enough money for a "starter," and when he is through trying it I will lend him enough money to get back to Exeter on.

I have owned and used some .22 rifles myself and found them very good for killing English sparrows, but when it comes to killing game I prefer something a little larger. I have shot squirrels with a .22 and knocked them out of the tree, but when I went to pick them up they were not here, but had crawled off in the weeds to die. When I

hit them in the head I usually got them, but when hit "a little too far back" they got away.

A prairie chicken will sometimes fly a mile with a .22 bullet hole through it.

I shot a hog a few weeks ago with a .22 short out of a Winchester single shot, and it did not even squeal or shake its head; but when I shot it again it went down and I found the two bullet holes less than an inch apart in its forehead.

I should like to see "Diamond Walt" try his .22 short on a blacktail deer. If he wasn't nearer than 303yds., he would go a long time hungry for venison I'm thinking.

J. F. LAYSON.

## ADIRONDACK NOTES.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Many deer were killed up the West Canada Creek this fall—thirty-five on one runway, a guide told me. As usual deer were killed in numbers appalling to a sportsman in and about Moose River. Moose River deer are said to be as plentiful as ever, but it cannot be true. Men will tell of seeing ten, twelve or even twenty deer at one time on Canochagola Stillwater in times past, while now two or three deer seen at once there is an unusual incident.

About Northwood this fall the deer were more numerous than in the five years just gone. Some say because the big woods are overflowing with them, some say that they were driven out by dogs, some that the lumbermen frightened them from their usual haunts. That they were here is evident, and the woodsmen act accordingly with their dogs and rifles. A deer dead in the present is more to them than the narrow possibilities of ten dead in the future.

It was much the same with trout last summer. They were more numerous than in the five years past. Were they driven down stream by logs and high water? or did they bite better than usual? or were they actually increased by fewer fingerlings being kept in the past? At any rate the trout rose readily to the fly or took bits of shiners and earth worms with avidity to the delight of the woodsman, his sons and his summer boarders.

But while deer and bear and trout seem to be increasing the partridges are nearly gone. All summer long they were in every patch of woods, some woods second growth, even among the briars, but they have disappeared. Perhaps foxes and chick hunters got them? Maybe they went to the beech ridges to feast on the nuts.

Bears were numerous during the summer and fall. Few were killed, and they were trapped for the bounty and hides. I know of only four being caught within five miles of Northwood, which, considering the numbers that roamed around the clearings, was small. It is well there were no more killed by traps or otherwise. Our southern Adirondack bears are harmless till cornered, then what animal will not fight? They may in some places knock down calves and sheep, and run away with pigs, but here they eat beech nuts and berries and black cherries, perhaps a little carrion now and again, and such other lawful food that they may find in the woods or in the edges of the clearings.

It is a credit to kill a bear or deer by still-hunting, and it speaks well of a man's nerves and marksmanship if he kills a deer on the jump before the dogs, but to some trapping bears is revolting, and shooting swimming deer is detestable—a hammer, a boat and a guide to paddle would serve as well—while the bounty on dead bears is a shame and inducing to pot-hunting. There are times and places in the Adirondacks where dogs are necessary for killing deer, but the runways usually, if not always, cross woods, roads or inwood clearings where a sportsman could kill his deer man fashion.

Shameful waste is sometimes seen in the Adirondacks. A man sat, a few years ago, and shot four deer as they were crossing. The poor things crept to the bushes and there died and rotted. Partridge and rabbits go to the dogs and bait traps in the fall when crows and bluejays could as easily be procured, but it is more honorable to kill a rabbit or partridge than a simple crow or hawk, even if it is only to bait a trap.

There is a growing sentiment among the woodsmen which makes the killing of male game more honorable than the killing of the female. Now that only two deer can be killed in a season, bucks alone are sought and very few does are killed. The slayer of a male bear is praised while the killing of a cock partridge is mentioned; I have even heard a woodsman say that he would not shoot a female partridge if he could help it. But if males alone were killed too much would die even then. It is a sad thing for mankind that he cannot eat his cake and have it still. Yet unless he ceases to be human he will eat and kill till all is gone, then he will mourn his greed as a child a dismembered toy.

Woodsmen wonder at the examples they are asked to follow. "Because sportsmen kill not for food or clothes! Kill only in the fall! Shoot partridges only when they fly!" Yet even as the sportsmen ask they tell of a score of partridges or fifty ducks killed during a single day. I know of no woodsman here who has killed five partridges in a day.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

## How do you Cook your Quail?

MR. HOUGH in his recent essay on Emerson and other things tells with considerable enthusiasm how to clean a dozen quail in six minutes. His racy description reminds one of the stories of the great stock killing yards which Chicago modestly allows hold the world's record for dispatch in converting the raw article into beef, mutton and pork.

No doubt the skinning and otherwise preparing a dozen quail in six minutes is a world's record also, but to one who has been accustomed to regard quail as a luxury it seems a sinful waste of good material. What does it profit a man to dress twelve quail in six minutes if after he gets them dressed they are not fit to eat? Mr. Hough may not be an epicure and it may suit him just as well to have his quail boiled with corned beef and cabbage, but I'd like to know what other way he would suggest to cook a quail that was skinned?

A quail, as every one knows, is naturally one of the driest of birds, and it is always a question with cooks how best to preserve its juices. To take off the skin is to take away the greatest part of the juices, and such a quail broiled or roasted would be little better eating than cottonwood chips. In North Carolina they cook a quail in the middle of a big potatoe. This little receipt is worth a column on skinning quail.

J. B. B.

## ANOTHER "ARABIAN SPIKE BUCK."

HUNTER, N. D.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a late issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* I noticed an article contributed by "W. H. J." in which was a partial description of an "Arabian spike buck." This reminds me of a buck I killed in the fall of 1887. This was also in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, at the head of the Whitefish River. I killed two nice bucks that morning in less than an hour, and both were "five prongs" and of about the same weight, but very different in build. One appeared to be more than usually chunky, with very heavy neck and horns; but this may have been partly due to the company he was in, as the other buck was by far the most rangy animal I ever saw of the deer kind. His neck, and for that matter his entire body, was very noticeably slender, and on his head was a wonderfully symmetrical pair of horns of toy size. I have no record to refer to, but they were of only about one-half the ordinary thickness, while the other pair mentioned were probably of more than average size. We had the horns together in camp for several weeks, and the contrast made them quite a curiosity.

Another fact I noticed was that the tracks made by the slim buck were about double the size of those left by his more portly conqueror.

This Liliputian set of horns were intended for a friend in Minneapolis, and I delivered them prepaid and properly tagged to an express agent at Prentice, Wis., but being in great haste I neglected to take a receipt. It is needless to add that my friend received no horns, and they are probably in use to-day as an ornament in some express car or local office, while the quarter I paid the agent is no doubt in circulation somewhere and doing all the good it can.

But what I started to write about was the peculiar coloring of my ornamental buck. His back and upper sides were of the usual color; the belly and groundwork of legs were pure white, the legs being thickly covered with blotches of a reddish brown. I don't know the meaning of those hard words in the item sent by "W. H. J.," but I do not think my buck had anything so serious as that affecting his mouth, and the eyes, if I remember rightly, were of normal color. The slender proportions of this animal and his delicate horns, together with the spotted (this must be where the Arabian comes in) legs made him an object of much curiosity to the few who saw him. I wonder if I did kill an "Arabian spike buck" and never knew it? *Quien sabe?*

C. D. F.

## Maine and Massachusetts.

THE open season on big game in Maine has closed. The last week of the season was a remarkable one—remarkable for deep snows and snows covered with crust. In some sections of the State the crust was strong enough to support a person, and in these sections the deer have suffered, though the story will never be told. Several Maine deer were seen in the Boston market the other day, almost the first seen from that State this year. If crusting has been badly followed of late, more deer will be likely to find their way into this market. Boston deer hunters have all been at home for nearly a couple of weeks, or since the coming of the deep snows in Maine. Geo. H. Cutting, of Andover, Me., guided a party on a deer hunt in the vicinity of C Pond the week before Christmas. They got no deer. The snow was over two feet deep and covered with a crust that would not bear the hunters, and they could not move over it, either with snowshoes or without, without making such a crashing that it was impossible to approach any deer.

SPECIAL.

## Old Style Flint Locks.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In "Kelpie's" reminiscence of the Fair in your edition of the 6th inst. he speaks of the remarkable collection of arms and armor shown in German village. Did "Kelpie" or any other sportsman who chanced on this collection notice the locks on some of the old pistols? Flint locks they could hardly be called, as the flints were in the pans, the steels in the locks. Another peculiarity was that the lock was reversed and the throw or fall was toward butt of pistol. This style of construction may have been common in some makes of old arms, but I had never chanced on it before, and it struck me as being very peculiar. The date of this arm I do not remember, but the workmanship was very fine. "Kelpie" is right in saying that many of the specimens were unique, and the collection certainly did not receive the attention it deserved.

[The backward striking lock was a common form in early arms.]

## Seventeen Thousand Dozen.

It is estimated by conservative men that during the last three days of mild weather seventeen thousand dozen quail have been spoilt and thrown away, in the State of Indiana alone. We do not believe that this will cover the number. When we think of the fact that every little country store, at cross roads and in hamlets where there are not half-a-dozen houses, handles quail and rabbits, it will be seen that the above figure is not large enough. These little stores hold the quail till they get "enough to ship," and when they know that they are "souring" and will not be received by the city merchants, they are too timid (fearing to be charged with the freight) to even try to send them. When the Almighty, in His wisdom, puts in some law-makers at Indianapolis whose brains lie in their heads and not in their bellies, we will have a law against the sale of quail, just as they have in Illinois.—*Evansville (Ind.) Tribune, Dec. 24, 1893.*

## In the Guard House.

WORD was received in the city the past week that Henry and Frank Rockinger are confined in the guard house at Camp Yellowstone. The offense for which they were imprisoned was the killing of game in the Park, they having been caught by a detachment of soldiers in the act of removing the carcass of an elk that had been killed not more than four or five miles from Mammoth Hot Springs. It is stated that the men made no attempt to deny their guilt, but simply plead the necessity of providing their families with meat in extenuation of the offense. As the killing of elk is prohibited in Montana as well as Yellowstone National Park, there is no excuse for this flagrant violation of law, and the Messrs. Rockinger will receive little sympathy from the public for the punishment meted out to them if the facts are as related.—*Livingston Enterprise.*



## Sea and River Fishing.

### ANGLING NOTES.

#### "Five-Cent Fish and Four-Dollar Rod."

A FARMER writing to the *Americus Times* gives a number of reasons for the hard times and the scarcity of money. His text seems to be that we buy more than we produce. Here are two of the reasons which follow the text:

"We send a 15-cent boy out with a \$20 gun and a \$4 dog to kill birds. We land a 5-cent fish with a \$4 fishing rod."

A \$4 fishing rod is supposed in this instance to illustrate opulent extravagance, whereas, in truth, a \$4 split-bamboo fishing rod, for there are such things, is the proper tool for a 15-cent boy to use; when he goes fishing, and perhaps as a natural sequence he lands a 5-cent fish. Whether he does or not this is as it should be. A good fishing rod, like a good anything else, requires good material to start with, and time and skilled labor to fashion it; and when it is finished it represents several times \$4 in material and labor alone, to say nothing of the legitimate profit of the manufacturer. A first-class bamboo rod with the care that a skillful angler gives his tackle will do good service for many years, and this, coupled with the fact that such a rod always affords the user a sense of delight and a feeling of security under trying circumstances, makes it cheap at the price commonly asked for it, while a "cheap and nasty" rod is dear at any price.

When a man splits up his hands in holy horror at the cost of the best split-bamboo rods, best of materials, best of labor and best of skill in putting the rod together, and dilates with smiling face over the excellence of a little red wagon, it is safe to put him down as short on rods and long on red wagons.

There is another view of the matter. How much has the \$4 rod to do with making the boy a 15-cent boy? The odds would probably be 100 to 1 on, without being a false price, that if the boy should be furnished with a good, serviceable rod and other tackle in accord with the rod, would make him into a \$1,000 boy, and he would then land some \$4 fish.

The funny man of the daily press frequently takes a whack at the fisherman with his fine tackle in comparison with the barefooted boy with alder gad and pin-hook. Frank Stockton has heard the story, for one of his characters is made to say: "That old story about the little boy with the pin-hook who ketches all the fish, while the gentleman with the modern improvements who stood alongside of him, kep' throwin' out his beautiful flies and never got nothin' is a pure lie."

#### The Fly-Fishers' Club.

At the annual dinner (the tenth) of the Fly-Fishers' Club, London, with Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R. A., in the chair, and Mr. Wm. Senior, angling editor of the *Field*, and Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, in the vice chairs, the club gathered together the famous fishermen, angling authors and writers of Great Britain and Ireland; as it has done ever since it was organized, to hear excellent speeches and fine music after the members and guests had discussed the good dinner provided. America is generally represented at these dinners, and last month Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, was the representative. This reminds me of what I read in an alleged sporting paper lately. The writer said that having tired of the fishing in America he decided to leave it for a time and go over the border into Canada and try the fishing there.

The Fly-Fishers' Club has in the United States the following honorary members: Mr. Henry P. Wells, Mr. Fred Mather, Mr. Gonzalo Poe, Dr. J. A. Henshall, and the writer of these notes; but not one of them has ever been the American representative at the annual dinner of the club, which fact is doubtless cause for regret, by each of the gentlemen so honored.

At the recent dinner Mr. Marston, replying to the toast "The Fly-Fishers' Club," spoke of the threatened destruction of the lovely rural scenery of England by advertisements, which were to be seen in the fields and even on the banks of favorite rivers. The members of the club, living as they did in all parts of the country, would, he felt sure, do all they could to prevent this desecration of the landscape. They all knew that ever since Walton's time milkmaids and anglers had always been on the best of terms. Well, he would just give them an instance of the extent to which the modern system of advertising had permeated to the remotest districts. He was fishing in Devonshire, and on his way to the river one fine morning he met a pretty milkmaid. Of course he made a bow and said, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" fully expecting to get the well-known reply. Judge of his astonishment when the fair maiden, with a curtsy, said: "Good morning. Have you used Perkins's soap?"

#### An Angler's Den.

In the Christmas number of the *Fishing Gazette*, London, Mr. Francis M. Walbran has an interesting article about "A Few of My Angling Friends," and in it takes occasion to describe the "den" of Mr. Frederic M. Halford, the great apostle of dry-fly fishing, the author of "Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice," "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them," etc., and who has written much about angling over the pen name of "Detached Badger." This is an extract from the article:

"And how about the great 'Detached Badger'? All right, my friends, I have not forgotten him. On Sunday last I spent a most enjoyable afternoon in his company, sitting opposite to him in his model angling den. I use the word 'model' advisedly, for never have I seen a more perfect angler's sanctum. Under the window is a table with sockets to hold fly vice, with drawers on all sides for fly-dressing, with one of the new electric lamps devised for that purpose, and described by my host in the *Field*. To the right are more cabinets and drawers, containing the archives of the new club water owned by Mr. Halford; to the left are sinks, shelves, tables, etc., devoted to microscopic work. Facing the window is an ample library of angling works, flanked on each side by cupboards devoted to rods, nets, reels, lines, etc. On the wall, to the right facing the window, are the original plates for Mr. Halford's standard work, 'Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice.' Facing these is a picture which has a strange

fascination for me; it represents the familiar old Sheep Bridge at Houghton, drawn by Mr. A. W. Cooper, the well known artist. An angler stands on the bridge in the act of casting; underneath is written, 'The Sheep Bridge, Houghton, on the Test. In memoriam, Oct. 16, 1886. Francis Francis' last throw.' Long do I linger in my contemplation of this picture, and for once I disobeyed the commandment, 'Thou shalt not covet.'"

Sinks and shelves devoted to microscopic work are not, commonly, adjuncts to anglers' dens in this country, but Lee's reference helps one to understand why the Halford patterns of floating flies and May flies are so true to nature as to deceive the very elect of the trout. Mr. Walbran, who is an artistic fly dresser, makes a specialty of the Halford flies, and specimens of his May and floating or dry flies are before me as I write. They are not conventional flies, quite the contrary; for at first glance they seem to be the real thing, as, in fact, a visitor took them to be when first discovered on my desk, and they are the result of "microscopic work" on the natural insect to obtain the pattern which Mr. Walbran has followed so closely.

The Halford floating flies have already been adopted in this country and are made by some of our fly dressers, but as yet our fly tyers have not deemed it necessary to closely counterfeit the various specimens of May flies which is so skillfully done on the other side, but that will be a subject for another note. The practice of dry-fly fishing is growing in this country in the open country streams. When I first tried it I did so only after I had failed to get trout that I saw rising, and which utterly refused my wet fly, or rather a dozen different patterns of wet flies, and I was astounded at my success. One of the editors of the New York daily newspapers wrote me that he had killed trout on Long Island with the dry fly when all the wet flies in his book had failed.

A couple of years ago a Vermont angler came converted to the dry fly and there was an item about it in one of our papers. Mr. Halford read it and in writing me soon after said: "It is certainly a source of gratification to find one's little efforts appreciated by anglers in the United States, the more so as my work was more specially devised for the use of our chalk stream fishermen here. However, it goes to prove that the habits of our *Salmonidae* do not differ greatly in different climates, and that the popularity of the sport is tending to work the same improvement in the education of your trout as it has already over here."

Certainly, if anything made by the hand of man—or woman—will deceive the wisest trout that swims, it is one of Mr. Walbran's up-winged floating flies, or one of his cleverly counterfeited May flies—when the "May fly is up."

#### German Brown and English Brown Trout.

A fishing paper quotes from an exchange that a lake in Maine has been stocked with "Von Behr, German brown trout, and Loch Leven or English brown trout." The common trout of Europe, *S. fario*, are called "brown trout" in Great Britain, when they are not called "yellow trout," and in Germany they are called *Bachforelle*, or just plain brook trout, and not brown trout at all. The fish are found in all the trout waters of Continental Europe, as well as in the waters of England, Scotland and Wales, and to call them French brown, Irish brown, German brown or English brown trout would be like calling our own native brook trout (*fontinalis*) New Jersey speckled trout or Connecticut speckled trout because they happened to be found in the waters of the States named. "Von Behr" is the name given to the European trout in this country by the U. S. Fish Commission because the first eggs of the species were sent here by the late Dr. Von Behr, president of the German Fishery Association.

Loch Leven trout are not even the fish that are called brown trout in England, so it is absurd to call them English brown trout. While the antecedents of the Loch Leven trout are in doubt, they have a specific name of their own, *L. levenensis*, and are found almost solely in Loch Leven in Scotland.

A. N. CHENEY.

#### "FISHERWOMEN."

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

Why should it be considered *outré* for ladies to fish? I cannot understand! I wanted to go trout fishing with my husband; I had caught my large black bass, turning the scale at over 4 lbs., and had earned my right to enter the anglers' brotherhood, and wanted to initiate a new split-bamboo rod, the gift of a friend of my husband, so was determined to do some trout fishing even though I had to go alone.

I found the creek out of which so many toothsome trout had been brought to our camp table. I had to fish with worms because all the flies were in my husband's fly-book. I had been fishing long enough to know "where the trout hide" and dropped the baited hook in a clear space beside the old log and let the bait sink.

Away went hook and line across the hole, and I gave a gentle strike, but in the excitement of the moment I had not calculated the momentum of the movement, nor the laws of specific gravity, nor the fact that I had forgotten to change my shoes. Suffice to say, my high heels slipped up and in less time than it takes to tell it I was diving for trout to find where they hid.

Somehow I climbed the log, and, strange as it may seem, I had clung to my rod all the time I was in the water. Of course I got wet, but I took out a splendid trout and hurried off to camp. I presented a delicious trout on the table for supper when we sat down to the evening meal.

We had a hearty laugh over the mishaps of the day, but it was the beginning of trout fishing for me. Since that time I have joined my husband in many a fishing trip, and I am enjoying life as I never expected to. Such a plunge as I got over this trout would have been my death warrant only a year or two previous. My physician knew some of the delights of trout fishing, and advised my husband to take me along and see if life in the open air would not be beneficial to me.

I am longing for the end of the official life of my husband so that I can once more go camping. Now I spend six or eight weeks every season with him behind the ponies on the broad prairies of Minnesota during the chicken and wild duck shooting, and like to handle a little 16-gauge Lefevre as well as I do my split-bamboo rod.

I have for many years contended that the cause of so much unhappiness in our American homes comes from

the fact that we womenkind are too much absorbed in the cares of the family life; we do not enter into what our protectors enjoy, and the little trouble these hunting and fishing trips cause annoy us; our apathy alienates little by little, until indifference comes in and the home circle becomes a dreary blank.

I love to be thought something of, and love to join my husband in either fishing or shooting trips, and I am very far from being Amazonian in either tastes or stature; my big son can let me walk under his outstretched arm.

There is so much to enjoy in the voices of the evenings, and the brooks' murmurings, that I never tire of them.

LUCY J. TOMLIN.

#### MAINE FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.

THE first annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association was held in Bangor on the 2d inst. The Fish and Game Commissioners and many other prominent sportsmen of the State were present, besides a considerable number of guides, wardens and other persons interested in the preservation of our fish and game.

The opening address was delivered by the president of the Association, E. M. Hersey, of Bangor. After alluding briefly to the objects of the Association, Mr. Hersey gave an account of the work done on the west branch of the Penobscot by the patrol of the Association, Mr. B. L. Fowles, who has been stationed during the past season at Pesnadamcook Lake. Through Mr. Fowles's efforts, it is said, dogging has been practically abandoned and summer killing lessened. The relations of sportsmen to lumbermen, including the matter of camp-fires, were touched upon, and the necessity of protecting cow moose urged upon the attention of the Association.

Col. E. C. Farrington, secretary of the Association then made his report. After giving some further details of the work done during the past season, Col. Farrington suggested that the game sections of the State should be divided into districts, each district to have its patrol. The patrol should receive a fixed salary, and should be on duty the year round. In this way the laws would be better enforced and abuses reformed. Col. Farrington also suggested that the "special laws" should be replaced by general ones, and that some provision should be made for the transportation of fish and game by the citizens of the State during open time. After attending to routine business, the Association passed the following resolution:

Whereas, The greater number of special laws relating to the protection of fish in the inland waters of the State prove ineffective in their operation, becoming such a hindrance to the proper enforcement of salutary legislation, that the governor, Hon. Henry B. Cleaves, in a special message to the Legislature under the date of Feb. 13, 1893, called its attention to the advisability of providing by general law for the regulation of such matters; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the duty of this Association to take such action as will lead to more general and effective legislation, regarding both special and general laws as is consistent with the best interest of the State and to aid in securing such beneficial results. The president of the Association is hereby empowered to increase the committee on legislation from three to seven, on which shall be the president of this Association.

Hon. Wm. T. Haines, of Waterville, then delivered an address on the propagation and protection of fish. After treating this subject from an historical standpoint, Mr. Haines urged the necessity of more hatcheries and fishways, and suggested that if mill owners would be too heavily burdened by the construction of fishways, the State should in such case undertake the work at the public expense.

Fish and Game Commissioner T. H. Wentworth then spoke on "The Protection of Large Game; What is Being Done?" Mr. Wentworth believes that moose and caribou are on the increase, and thinks it possible that the existing close time of six years may do something for deer in the southern counties. He says that the principal enemies of the large game are the summer hunters and the hide hunters, the former being the worst and most destructive. He suggested that the difficulties of securing a conviction for dogging are such that it would be better simply to forbid killing in the water.

Hon. C. E. Och, of Caribou, then spoke of the resources of Aroostock county as a fish and game region, and called attention to the necessity of taking some means for restocking the Aroostock River with salmon.

Hon. J. F. Sprague, of Monson, next discussed the question Residents vs. Non-Residents. He concluded that the State derived more benefit from non-residents than it would by having game killed for the market.

Hon. Henry O. Stanley, Fish and Game Commissioner, then addressed the association on "Propagation of Fish, Necessity and Methods." After lamenting the falling off in the supply of game fish in the more accessible regions, Mr. Stanley then proceeded to demonstrate the superiority of re-stocking by artificial propagation rather than by trusting to close time and natural methods. He also favored rearing fingerlings where practicable instead of turning out the fry. Mr. Stanley also said a timely word on the matter of fish food, urging every one who was interested in the fishing in any particular pond or lake to stock his water with smelt, and describing how this could be very easily done.

Hon. A. M. Spear, of Gardiner, then spoke on the question, "Should the Game Preserves of the State be Controlled by Associations or Private Persons or Parties?" Mr. Spear's argument was learned and his conclusions were that neither the Megantic Fish and Game Association nor any other person or persons could control the right to fish and hunt in any particular area.

Mr. Manley Hardy, of Brewer, then spoke on the "Illegal Transportation of Game." He was of the opinion that much game was illegally sent out of the State. Mr. Hardy also delivered many plain, hard, common sense ideas on game protection in general.

Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, then spoke on "Special Fish and Game Laws," arguing against private and special legislation.

Short addresses were also made by E. G. Gay, of Lewiston, on the "Propagation of Game Birds in Maine;" J. H. Kimball, of Bath, on "Shore Fisheries;" H. N. Fairbanks, of Bangor; A. J. Darling, of Enfield, and Jock Darling, of Lowell.

F. S. BUNKER.

#### The Ice and the Trout.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—The bitter weather which has set in on us for December, 20<sup>th</sup> on the 13th and 14th, threatens destruction to what few trout were left in this region, as the brooks were very low, and I fear for the result.

SAMUEL WEBBER.



## MAINE AND MASSACHUSETTS.

THE pickerel season is on in Massachusetts, and Christmas Day, Dec. 25, was really the opening day with a good many men who love fishing through the ice. Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, of the Boston grain trade at the Chamber of Commerce and with A. P. Aldrich & Son, put in Christmas Day on his favorite pond, Crane Pond, partly in Byfield and partly in Georgetown. Mr. C. O. Bail-y was with him. They were determined to reach the pond early, and having some distance to make, they were up by 4 o'clock in the morning, which is really pretty early for this season of the year. Their only desire was to reach the pond before anybody else. They had every reason to believe that others would be out on that day. With bait can, ice chisel and traps in hand, they made all speed to the pond, and were there before daylight. They lost a good deal of courage when before they were within a quarter of a mile of the pond they heard the cutting, crunching sound of an ice chisel. Getting to the pond they found another party there. They had been at work with a lantern, and had already nearly 50 holes cut and traps out. The early fishermen evidently knew the ground to perfection, for their traps were set completely around the pond, in the form of an ellipse, and just the right distance from the shore. The pond is a small one, and for a moment Claude and his friend were a little discouraged, but they concluded that their only hope was to set their traps in a row directly up and down the pond, through the middle, lengthwise, and within the ellipse of the other company's traps. They set to work, and soon Claude had two traps in, with the hooks baited, and was cutting a hole for the third one, when the first flag was down. Running to that trap he soon had a fine pickerel. It was just daylight, and the other company had not yet taken a fish. The first hook was quickly baited again, and by this time the second flag was down and a pickerel was secured. In this way the sport continued at intervals, scarcely giving Claude and his friend time to get the whole of 25 of his traps out till the early morning was over. At the close of the day they had taken 25 handsome fish, from 1 lb. to 2 lbs., and exactly the same number as the other party had taken with their whole 50 traps. Mr. Tarbox's idea now is that through the middle of the pond is often the best, though previous to Christmas Day he had always supposed that the best grounds in that pond was a certain distance from the shore, and about where the other fellows traps were out.

The upper pond in Wassfield yielded some fine strings of pickerel on Christmas Day, and it was well fished. This pond has been closed altogether by law for a number of years till the close season was off on Oct. 1, 1893. The effect of the close time has evidently been good. The number of pickerel is good that the fishermen are getting, and the size is much larger than before the close time. The ponds in Reading were also, many of them, fished on Christmas Day. At Hurd's Pond, in Wayland, some good strings of pickerel were secured.

But the Christmas pickerel fishing of Mr. E. C. Paul did not prove as pleasant as it might have been. Mr. Paul is also of the Boston flour and grain trade, at the Chamber of Commerce. His home is in Taunton, however. There are some ponds down there that he delights to fish. He was out on Christmas Day on one of these ponds. The day was unusually warm, it will be remembered, and the snow nearly all departed, and the ponds as far south as Taunton begun to break up. Mr. Paul and his man had got well to work with traps and lines when they found that the pond they were on was breaking up. They started to run for the nearest shore. The ice was cracking and breaking behind them, and actually cracked and broke under their feet as they ran. They got ashore without severe mishap, however, but a good deal exhausted and somewhat frightened. The fright made Mr. Paul's man actually sick, and he began to wretch and vomit; so sick that he could scarcely stand. An old countryman had seen them running for the shore and had come down to see if he could be of any assistance. He consoled the sick man and congratulated him on his escape, remarking that the pond was a dangerous one. "I got in there once myself!" he remarked. "I was in all over and the ice broke every time I tried to climb out on to it. I was more scared than you be," he said to the sick man, "and did not vomit either!" Mr. Paul had to laugh here and the sick man felt better. "I got out, though," the countryman continued. "It was a blusterin' cold day an' I see that every time I put my mittens out on the ice they nearly froze there. I had on big yarn mittens. Then I thought how to save myself; just to wait till the mittens froze solid on to the ice. I did it and that gave me a bolt on the ice, so that I pulled myself out, high and dry."

"You're a liar!" shouted the sick man, who was now well from the effects of the hearty laugh the three men enjoyed.

Mr. Edward J. Walker, who died at Plymouth last week, was an ardent lover of the rod and reel. He loved to fish the ponds and streams in the country about him, and not infrequently paid big prices for the privilege of fishing in private, stocked waters. He never seemed to care for the fish, generally giving his catch away.

Mr. B. D. Wyatt, of Boston, has leased property in Hancock county, Me., covering Tunk and a number of other ponds. He has been stocking these waters with some 14,000 young fish this season, including German brown trout, Loch Leven trout, English brown trout and landlocked salmon. A club has been organized through Mr. Wyatt's exertions, and camps and hatcheries are being built. Some seventy-five members are already on the books of the club.

## Protecting the Headwaters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much interested in the remarks of Commissioner Titcomb, of Vermont, read at the meeting of the Fish and Game League at Burlington, a short time ago, as given in your paper.

His plan for the protection and increase in the supply of trout by shutting off all fishing in small streams or headwaters of large streams (usually consisting of little rills, the outpour of some spring), struck me as being more feasible than the present six-inch law and the difficulties of its enforcement. There are few times when a basket is searched, although we often have a peep at the top layer; but trout, you know, like apples or potatoes, always come with the big ones on top. While if any one is found fishing on a posted brook that would settle it, no more evi-

dence being required. I have seen some very flagrant cases of the violation of the six-inch law in New York, Massachusetts and Vermont; and although I reported one, I did not hear any more of it. My business being that of a commercial traveler, I cannot take the time belonging to my employers to appear as a witness in such cases, or perhaps some one would have suffered; whereas, had there been a law forbidding fishing in a brook, the chances would be that they would have a number of witnesses. As to allowing the taking of trout of any size in all other waters, as proposed by Mr. Titcomb, I think there would be nearly as many fingerlings returned to the water then as now, for those of us who return the little fellows now would be apt to do so anyhow, while those who keep the poor little fellows because they fry up so crisp and brown so that you can eat them in your fingers, could not keep any more than they could catch; and they could not get as many down stream as up near the headwaters.

I hope to see this discussed, and tried in Vermont at least, whose mountain streams are so well adapted to it.

H. C. KIRK.

## "Coahoma" as Seen in a Vision.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not contributed anything to your columns for a good while, having nothing of sufficient interest to communicate. I am, however, minded to relate a dream, which my little twelve-year-old daughter related to me when I visited my home Christmas. It is a very simple affair, but appeared to me quite funny. It should be borne in mind that I am a civil engineer, that my business keeps me from home most of the time, and that my present employment is on and along the Mississippi River, some 150 miles from my home.

My little daughter Fannie said, "I dreamt that mama was going to a reception at Mrs. Blank's, and she saw father coming down the street, and he looked very forlorn and troubled about something, and his clothes were all torn and dirty. And mama said, 'What in the world is the matter?' And father said, 'I have ruined all the fishing in the river.' And then they came home and father wouldn't come in the house, so we carried him a chair out in the street, and he sat out there with his face buried in his hands. He said the fish had laid a great many nice eggs, and he allowed the negroes to go and get the eggs, and the fish wouldn't lay any more till next year, and so the fishing was destroyed, and he felt so bad about it; and after a while he got up and went away to his work up the river."

COAHOMA.

Dec. 29, 1893.

## Black Bass of the Patapsco.

ALBERTON, Md., Dec. 27.—I have been an interested reader of your many articles upon fishing, particularly those relating to the spawning season of the bass. Our law designates the month of May as the close season for this fish as its spawning period. In the last ten days of October, 1892, I took in one afternoon four small-mouth bass from 1½ lbs. to 2½ lbs., which, when opened, revealed in all well opened spawn; and to this day I regret that catch.

The Patapsco River is a small, rocky stream, rarely exceeding 50 yds. in width, with sluggish pools and swift rapids alternating, the water mostly of wading depth, and would be an ideal stream for bass if it were not for the numerous dams across it, there being seven of these structures between Alberton and Relay, a distance of only eleven miles. A few years ago fair sport could be had in these waters, but since the breaking of the Alberton dam on July 3, 1892, very few fish have been caught. Young bass were placed in the mill race at this place on Dec. 23, 1885, by Mr. S. F. Cobb, manager of the Alberton Cotton Mills, and this gentleman informed me that none other than these were put into these waters during the twenty-three years he has resided here. We hope to see this river restocked with this noble fish.

G.

## Osprey Rod and Gun Club.

ALBERTON, Md., Dec. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Osprey Rod and Gun Club was organized last night at the residence of Dr. Wm. B. Gambrill, near this place. The object is to develop a knowledge of, and to practice legitimate sport with, rod and gun, and for social intercourse. It is the purpose of the members to spend an outing in tent or shanty for a week or ten days of each year, in pursuit of health and pleasure, and not to make a murderous record. It will be a part of their work to encourage respect for, and obedience to, the game and fish laws of the State, and, wherever they may be able, to exert an influence, and to call the attention of proper authorities to all willful violations that may come to their notice. They will also use their influence in having the waters of this State properly stocked with game fish. Dr. Wm. B. Gambrill, a practicing physician of this place, was elected President; Mr. Elmer M. Harn, principal of the Ellicott City High School, Secretary, and Mr. W. C. Hagan, telegraph operator at Hollifields, B. & O. R.R., Treasurer.

## The Hendryx Reel Catalogue.

THE illustrated catalogue for 1894 of the A. B. Hendryx Co., of New Haven, Conn., manufacturers of fishing reels, has just been received. It is a handsome volume of 86 pages, with a black and gold cover, and on each page are found illustrations of reels or parts of reels, which can hardly be looked at by the angler without a desire to own most of them. The Hendryx Co. claims for its reels in an especial degree, the desirable qualities of lightness, durability, wearing qualities and low prices. They manufacture reels of all sorts and descriptions and call especial attention to their patent adjustable globe bearing, which improvement, they say, is the most important addition to fishing reels ever made, as no ordinary accident will unfit for use a reel which has those bearings. We can well imagine that there will be a very large demand for this catalogue.

One of the interesting exhibits at the World's Fair was the fisheries. Here was to be seen a species of nearly every fish to be found in the waters of the United States and "adjoining territory," and all the different kinds of tackle with which to catch the wary fish. The FOREST AND STREAM had a cozy corner in the building where the thousands of its readers failed not to call and receive a warm greeting from some one of its representatives who was ready to give all the information possible.—*Ashtabula, O., Sentinel.*

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

## THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider the Subject of the Exhaustion of Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

(Continued from Page 12.)

MR. A. WALLING, JR. (Keyport) said that he had been appointed to represent the National Association of Purse, Pound and Trap Fishermen recently organized, and he represented more particularly on this occasion the pound-net fishermen engaged on the Atlantic coast of New Jersey and the south shore of Raritan Bay, and those for whom he appeared were fearful that this conference might through mistake, or ignorance of facts, make some recommendation that would be prejudicial to that interest, and he had prepared a paper that would clearly demonstrate the propositions of the gentlemen for whom he appeared.

Mr. Walling then read his paper, as follows:

The first pound net that was set on the New Jersey coast was placed there about twenty-five years ago. There has been a gradual increase of the number until during this year from a point about twelve miles north of Barnegat to Sandy Hook there are twenty-four pound nets. It is a fact susceptible of the clearest proof that each pound each year has on an average taken the same quantity of fish, or, rather, that there has been a slight increase in the annual take of each pound. That is to say, in twenty-five years there has been an increase of twenty-four times the quantity of fish taken, twenty-four times more fish have been taken in that territory this last year than were taken twenty-four or twenty-five years ago. In 1892 there were taken in those twenty-four pounds about 7,000,000 lbs. of fish, and for 1893 the statistics show about 10,000,000 lbs. of fish taken. This proves that the quantity of fish coming annually to our shores shows no diminution. It is the experience of the men engaged in this business that there is no diminution of the quantity of fish coming to our shores. Fishes are irregular in their habits; one kind will come this year, and the next year they will be gone, for some years, and then they will come again. It seems to be that man's devices, as Capt. Church has said, figure but little in this matter, the ocean supply of fish is as unlimited and inexhaustible as saving grace. The pound nets along the coast furnish a large percentage of the market supply. Without pound nets the market could not be supplied; it would be an absolute impossibility for any other device in common use to furnish a supply of food fish necessary for the markets of this country. The remainder is furnished by the seines, hook and line, and other means of capture. It is a matter of common knowledge that many of these fish cannot be taken except by some character of nets. The shad will not bite. Very few of the large weakfish that are found upon the Jersey coast will bite. They must be taken in the pound net because that is the form of net that can be most effectively used upon the coast. The result has been an increased distribution of this valuable article of sea food. The markets are now supplied with food that twenty years ago was not known, as to some kinds. There is not a market within a thousand miles of the coast that does not have its fish branch, simply because man's devices have provided fish for them from an inexhaustible supply, coupled with improved transportation facilities and improved methods of taking fish. Prescott, in his "History of the Aztecs," states that by a system of carriers fresh fish from the Gulf of Mexico were placed on the table of Montezuma for his morning meal; that luxury was restricted to the royal table and the common people got none. But in this country every man is a Montezuma in his fish supply and in his ability to get food fish at a reasonable price. Why? Because man's devices have increased the supply and made it possible to distribute fish all over the land. It is within the knowledge of most of those here that the price of food fish has steadily diminished from year to year. In support of my assertion I have here a statement signed by all but two of the wholesale fish dealers in Philadelphia which says that the supply of food fish, such as weakfish, sea bass, Spanish mackerel and bluefish, has greatly increased during the past ten years, in view of the fact that the population of this country has increased about 16 per cent. in that time.

PETITION FROM FISH DEALERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

We, the undersigned fish dealers of Philadelphia, do by these presents, as set forth, affirm that the supply of food fish such as weakfish, sea bass and Spanish mackerel, butterfish and bluefish has greatly increased during the past ten years. In view of the fact that the population of this country has increased about 16 per cent. during the last decade, the increase of food fish has been such that the supply has been greater than the demand, thus causing the average price to be less during the past five years than in former years, which fact can only be attributed to the increase of the supply by the natural causes of propagation, as well as the increase and improvement in the devices for catching fish. It is a well known fact that weakfish abounds in our waters to a very much greater extent every year, and is an evidence that the propagation must be on the increase instead of a decrease, and its prices which naturally follow the production of any commodity, whether it be large or small, is an evidence (during the period as stated) that what we say is a well known fact. The average price for weakfish in their season and during the period alluded to has not averaged over two and one-half cents per pound, which enables thousands of our population to avail themselves of a commodity at prices within the reach of all classes.

A. W. Rowe & Co.	E. F. Hopkins.
B. F. Sparks & Co.	M. H. McCormick & Co.
Wm. T. Benner.	John Dickinson & Co.
Gluckman.	J. A. Dee & Co.
John McCormick.	A. S. Helms.
M. E. Hinckman & Co.	A. M. Wilson & Co.
C. C. Walrer & Co.	Hall, Stiles & Co.

The supply has been greater than the demand, thus causing the average price to be less during the last five years than in former years, which fact can only be credited to an increased natural supply, as well as to the increased devices for catching fish. Weakfish abound in our waters more and more every year, and reduction follows reduction in prices. It is a well known fact that the average price of weakfish in their season during the period alluded to has not been over 2½ cents a pound, enabling thousands of our population to avail themselves of fish at prices within the reach of all.

In conclusion, I wish simply to say that if the object of this meeting is to recommend legislation, I trust that you will bear in mind the interests of the wage-working millions, and that you will not recommend legislation that has for its object the advancement of the interests of a much less numerous body of men. I offer the following resolution:

First.—That the use of pound nets in fishing has continuously increased the take of food fish, and this too, without any perceptible diminution in the average quantity of fish annually coming to our shores.

Second.—That as a result of pound net fishing there has been a steady annual increase in the supply and distribution of food fish, and a wholesome and necessary article of food has been furnished to the people at reduced prices.

Third.—That the interests of the wage-working millions, who are thus supplied with food fish at reduced prices, are far more important, and upon the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number, should receive more attention from the law-making powers than the interests of the limited hundreds who clamor against the pound nets for the reason that their use interferes with the indulgence by this class of people of their taste for sport, or upon some other ground of no greater merit.



MR. ROOSEVELT—You say that the supply of fish on the Jersey coast has not diminished by reason of the pound fishing. Are you acquainted with the supply of fish in Barnegat Bay?

MR. WALLING—I cannot say that I am familiar with the supply of fish in Barnegat Bay. I represent the pound-net interest on the Atlantic coast, and it is capable of the clearest proof that there is no diminution in the supply. As to Barnegat Bay, it was claimed that the use of seines destroyed their hook and line fishing; they went to the Legislature and got a law passed prohibiting the use of seines in that bay, and it is a fact that this last season, when those seines were prohibited they could catch no more weakfish than before.

MR. JOHN GITHENS (Asbury Park) said: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I stand before you a pound net fisherman and a merchant. It will be my wish to start right, and to make a faithful and impartial statement. I can say that all the bluefish taken in our pounds in a season's catch will not amount to 5,000lbs. This can be substantiated by the bills where we have sold our fish. As to weakfish, I defy any man to show me where ocean weakfish have been caught largely with hook and line. Five hundred or a thousand boats will not catch 100lbs. of weakfish a day. I have lived on the Atlantic coast since I was eight years old, and not 100lbs. of bluefish will the pounds average in a day. Asbury Park, with its population of 40,000 people, requires from 10,000 to 15,000lbs. of fish per day for its supply, in addition to that which is required for interior cities. As to weakfish, in Barnegat Bay they are small fish, as a rule; while the kind that I catch in my nets are a different fish and do not go into the bay, but come up the coast. Now is there a single pound net below Barnegat Inlet, except one at Cape May? With regard to the destruction of small bluefish, we will frankly and honestly admit that it is true to a certain extent; but not nearly to the extent that is reported, that there are millions and millions of them destroyed. It is the thimble-eye mackerel. But there is a smaller percentage of fish lost from getting into the pounds than in any other method of fishing. In all the history of our pound fishing (and that happened this season), there has been only one instance of our getting 20,000lbs.

In answer to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Githens said that the pound nets are usually complete for fishing about June 1, or a little sooner, and that they do get spawning fish; but he thought that the loss could not be great because each spawning fish has about a million eggs.

MR. ROOSEVELT said that spawning weakfish had nearly two million eggs, and that the pound nets catch the fish before they have a chance to spawn.

To this Mr. Githens made inquiry how is it that weakfish are more plenty than ever before, after twenty-four years of pound fishing?

MR. ROOSEVELT said that was something he wanted to find out—how it is that the more nets there are the more fish there are to be caught.

MR. GITHENS said that the average cost of the fish sent to the markets of Philadelphia, New York, Detroit, Chicago and Buffalo this year was not more than one and one-half cents a pound.

A desultory conversation then began, interrupting Mr. Githens' further remarks, and upon the suggestion that no progress could be made in that way a recess was taken until 2 o'clock.

#### Afternoon Session.

Meeting called to order by the chairman, William H. Bowman, at 2:30 o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, of Pennsylvania, said: I want to suggest that in order to expedite business the secretary call the roll of States, beginning with Maine.

The chairman suggested that he put it in the form of a motion.

MR. THOMPSON then moved that the secretary proceed to call the roll of States, beginning with Maine, and that all papers, and all persons who desired to speak from Maine, be heard in their order, and that the States then be called as far as represented.

The motion was carried.

A. M. SPANGLER, of Pennsylvania, then spoke as follows: I shall probably be met, as I was by one of our menhaden friends who figured in the convention at Chicago, with the remark that I do not know what I am going to talk about. However, living in a fresh-water country, I may not be supposed to have a great amount of knowledge in regard to coast fishes, but I guess if I were to give you an account by years, I can count more years' familiarity with the fishes of the coast of New Jersey than any man in this convention, for I am a pretty old fellow. I am celebrating my seventy-sixth birthday to-day. (Applause.)

I have been a fisherman along this coast almost ever since I knew what it was to catch a fish, and I will give you the results of some of my observations. Forty years ago I could go along the Jersey coast from any point from Sandy Hook to Cape May, and around into Delaware Bay, and throw my line into the water and catch a fish of some kind. There has during that time been a great decrease. Fifty years ago the bluefish made their appearance on the coast in very large numbers; in fact, in such tremendous numbers that you might go where you would on the coast or go a mile from the shore and you would be sure to meet those fishes in schools in pursuit of the menhaden, as you know they do, until they have earned the title of being the butchers of the sea. Just in proportion as the menhaden fishing interests increased the plentifulness of bluefish on the coast has decreased. I remember the time when I could fix the arrival of the bluefish in Barnegat Bay with almost an absolute certainty from the 6th to the 10th of June. I had instructed my friends along the coast to telegraph me whenever the fish made their appearance, and was ready to go at the first notice. Now I don't know when the fish make their appearance. I have taken a great many bluefish in our central bays.

The assertion was made here this morning that such a thing as taking a weakfish at sea was an unknown thing. I wish I had as many dollars as I have taken weakfish at say eight or ten miles off shore, drifting much of the time, or trolling or taking by anchoring. You will find that it is not only the bluefish that have decreased, but also the weakfish. I went out one day last summer with seven others and we did not get as many fish in waters we used to take in hundreds of fish in a day, as a good healthy man could eat here for his supper, and that was the story that was told along the entire coast. It has been contended here quite successfully, as the paper read by Mr. Huntington will show, that the statements made by the menhaden advocates in regard to the taking of food fish were altogether unreliable. I will say this to you that they certainly were not sustained by their sworn evidence that was given in the investigation from which the matter was read here this morning. You may take weakfish, bluefish, striped bass and sea bass and blackfish and all other food fishes of the coast, and you will find that there has been a gradual decrease in them, just as there has been in our American waters generally. The idea that the supply is inexhaustible is simply a piece of nonsense. There is nothing that is inexhaustible, and we have demonstrated that. We have done it in the buffalo, we have done it in our forests. In a thousand ways we have shown that there is probably no such thing as inexhaustibility. These food fishes are not so liable to change. They don't fluctuate as the herring and the mackerel and the menhaden are said to do. I recollect distinctly when you could not go anywhere a mile from shore without encountering millions. I have seen menhaden so plentiful that the boat was actually impeded in its progress by the mass of fish; yet I have it

from Mr. Church, over his own signature in black and white, that he has had to send his boat hundreds of miles and not get a fish. That does not look anything like inexhaustibility. About ideas in regard to the salmon fish on the Pacific coast. I was out there last year and I wanted to familiarize myself with some of the facts connected with them, and the result was I found the British Columbian Government had extended the close time of fishing a month, because of the scarcity of the salmon. They once believed out there that the salmon could not be exhausted. What is the result? To-day the Columbian River is practically no longer a salmon river. The fish are exhausted and in British Columbia, as I said to you, they had to extend the open season in order to prevent the fishermen from starving.

Arrangements are being made for the purpose of protecting the same kind of fish on the Alaska coast. They also were supposed to be inexhaustible. There is no greater fallacy than such a statement as that. I hope that this congress will bear the fact in mind. I could tell you a great many things in regard to the depletion of fish along the coast. We have been told here that fish are more plentiful, that they are more cheap than they have ever been. It is only the process that is leading to exhaustion. It was stated here by one of the gentlemen that where there was one pound net twenty-four years ago, they now have twenty-five or twenty-six and they catch twenty-five or twenty-six times as many fish. That does not show that the supply has increased, simply because they catch more fish now than they used to, when they only had one net while now they have twenty-five.

About the price of fish. It is claimed they are cheaper. I say they are not cheaper. There may have been times when there have been gluts in the market. When those bad-smelling boats come in here loaded with fish, which the markets cannot take, as they are already overstocked, no doubt there is a glut. Who wants them? These boats are not fitted with any appliances for preserving fish, and these hauls of food fish are made in midsummer, and are dumped in the hold with other fish. Of course by the time they reach the markets they are in a pretty bad condition, and have to be sold at any price. This of course operates to reduce the average price of food fish in our markets.

What becomes of their argument in the face of the testimony that was produced here to-day? I don't say that the gentleman misstated facts, but I do say that they don't seem to have shown what appears to be the ground bottom facts, just as my friend Mr. Church stated in Chicago in regard to the bottom fish. I don't know how many of you are familiar with net fishing. I never was a commercial fisherman, but I have had a good deal to do with drawing nets. Mr. Church made this statement, that they did not take food fish to any extent for the simple reason that food fishes are principally bottom fish and escape along the edge of the nets. Anybody that knows anything about the nature of fish knows that the bottom of the sea where these nets are drawn is as smooth as this floor, and if a bottom fish sees a lead line coming toward him, it is not possible that he is going to run toward it, but rather the other way, and is caught with the rest of the fish when the net is pursed. Anybody that knows anything about net fishing must know that this is a fact. These menhaden, or commercial fishermen as you call them, have come here in full force, and it has seemed to me to be a strange thing that you called a convention for the purpose of considering a matter of this kind and at the same time invite more people here who are opposed to any reformation than those who are in favor of it. It strikes me very forcibly that if the friends of the fisheries interests of this country should know that if the fish-producing waters of the United States, the finest on the face of the earth, were in the same condition that they were fifty years ago before obstruction of the fish production had grown to its present proportions, they would produce fish enough to supply the entire wants of our enormously increasing population without any increase in their cost. I can take you to fresh water rivers, like the Delaware, where formerly fish were plentiful, but the same destructive policy was used there as along the coast, except that fish baskets were substituted for pound nets, and the fishing became greatly exhausted. When the fish baskets were removed fishing began to increase again and is now almost as good as it ever was.

Col. Marshall McDonald then read the following paper:

#### Relations of the Community to the Fisheries.

BY COMMISSIONER MARSHALL M'DONALD.

THE interest of the general community, or the great body of consumers, relates to the quantity, quality and cost of the supply drawn from the waters. A wise public policy should not only permit, but should encourage the largest production of which the waters are capable, but at the same time should insist upon the observance of such conditions and restraints as are necessary to maintain supply.

To the State Commissions and to the Federal Commission of Fisheries are duly committed, each in its own sphere, the custody and conservation of the resources of the water.

The means to be employed are:

1. The artificial propagation of fishes and the distribution of the young to new or depleted waters.
2. The establishment and enforcement of such regulations as to the times, methods and apparatus of the fisheries as careful inquiry into the conditions of the fisheries, and the influence of these conditions upon supply shows to be necessary.

In discharge of the delicate and responsible duties with which we are charged under the law, it will be necessary to occupy a middle ground between the extreme views which prevail, and which demand on the one hand absolute freedom to fish without restraint or question, and on the other insist upon unreasonable and oppressive restraints, which would strangle the market fisheries and so restrict supply as to enhance the cost of living to the great body of the people.

#### Artificial Propagation.

I am disposed to think that in this country we have relied too exclusively upon artificial propagation as a sole and adequate means for the maintenance of our fisheries.

The artificial impregnation and hatching of fish ova and the planting of fry have been conducted on a stupendous scale. We have been disposed to measure results by quantity rather than by quality, to estimate our triumphs by volume rather than by potentiality. We have paid too little attention to the necessary conditions to be fulfilled in order to give the largest returns for a given expenditure of effort and money.

The argument that underlies and justifies fish-cultural methods, and which has built up and liberally sustained our State and National Commissions is this: The percentage of survival under artificial methods is so largely increased that by hatching but a small proportion of the total egg supply in any given field we may equal or surpass the results from natural reproduction in the same area, even when nature's efforts are not contravened, restricted or rendered abortive by the adverse conditions under which the fisheries are prosecuted.

Our methods in this respect are the methods of the farmer. From an acre of ground he harvests twenty or thirty, or, under the best conditions, forty bushels of wheat. He sets aside one bushel of seed, and the rest he may safely exchange for the necessities, the comforts or the conveniences of life.

This one bushel, sown under proper conditions of tilth and fertility (either natural or supplied), is a sufficient guarantee of the future harvest.

It is the same in our fish-cultural operations. By our methods we give to a small percentage of fish ova the poten-

tiality of the entire reproduction under unrestrained natural conditions.

In the same measure, therefore, as we enlarge the means for artificial propagation, may we ease or release our restraints upon the commercial fisheries and permit a larger catch without apprehending a deterioration of our fishery resources.

We must not, however, be unmindful of the fact that the prosecution of the fisheries, without reasonable and necessary restraints, is sure in the end to make adequate reproduction by artificial methods impracticable by obstructing or shutting off the sources of the egg supply. Protection, therefore, and reasonable regulations as to the times and methods of the fisheries, are just as essential for their maintenance as is the largest measure of artificial propagation.

The two are intimately and essentially related and interdependent; each implies the other; both must concur and have equal consideration in devising a rational and fruitful administration of our fishery interests.

We should, I think, keep always in view that the object of public fishculture is to assure the utmost realization of the resources of our waters, and to permit the largest production that can be accomplished without deterioration or impoverishment.

We should insist upon whatever measures of protection or regulation that may be found necessary to accomplish this end.

On the other hand, we should be careful not to embarrass or harass the enterprises of our hardy and adventurous fishermen by restraints that are not clearly necessary to accomplish the end in view.

In pursuing this wise and conservative course, we must expect to encounter the opposition and denunciation of men of extreme views on either side; men who base their conclusions upon misapprehensions derived from limited and local observations; who have mistaken coincidences for causes, sequences for consequences, and who are dogmatic, dictatorial and arrogant in the assertion of their own opinions, and intolerant and denunciatory of opposite opinions in proportion to their own ignorance.

#### The Necessity of Protection.

I think that every one who has given careful, intelligent and disinterested study to the conditions of the fisheries will be forced to the conclusion that there is not one of the important commercial fisheries which may not be pushed to such extremes as to make it necessary to adopt proper regulations and restraints in order to maintain supply. There is no diversity of opinion in reference to this so far as it relates to the resident species of our rivers (such as the basses, the trout, the pike-perch, the pickerel, etc.), or those anadromous species such as the salmon and the shad, which though attaining their growth in salt water are compelled by the necessities of their nature to enter our rivers for the purpose of reproduction.

When, however, we seek to apply the same conclusions to the coast fisheries, strenuous and intemperate opposition arises on the part of those who are engaged in the prosecution of these fisheries. They insist that the proportion of fish taken by man is so insignificant in comparison with the vast numbers destroyed by adverse natural agencies that therefore the amount withdrawn by him from the aggregate supply of the ocean can have no effect in determining the deterioration. In support of this they quote Prof. Huxley, who is said to have declared that the destructive agencies exercised by man are so small compared with the destructive agencies of nature that man's efforts constitutes no important factor in determining the decrease in the abundance of any species.

Now it is undoubtedly true that the number of fish of any species taken by man is absolutely insignificant compared with the vastly greater destruction wrought by the agencies of nature. The inference therefrom, namely, that the agency of man is therefore no factor in determining the decrease of species is not sustained by the facts. Man exercises his destructive influence upon that small remnant of the total production which has survived the natural casualties, upon that small portion which is left to secure the maintenance of the species. Any invasion by man in however small a degree necessarily disturbs the balance of nature and introduces deteriorating influences which must determine decreasing production unless we interpose, and by artificial reproduction and by regulating the conditions of the fisheries we restore this balance. I can make this plainer by an illustration drawn from agriculture. Of the total production of the cereals of the world one-tenth is required for seed; the other nine-tenths may be and are consumed either for food or in the various arts. If the one-tenth reserved for seed is kept intact we have the means of continual reproduction of the world's supply. Should, however, by reason of famine or diminished crops the world's supply fall short of the demand for food and it became necessary to trench upon the one-tenth reserved for seed, it would result, of course, in a diminished acreage and a decreased production which would continue as long as these influences lasted.

Now, in the case of our market fisheries, man is operating upon that portion which is reserved for seed, and the reproduction of which is necessary in order to keep up the supply. When by our operations we withdraw any proportion of this remnant from production, it is necessary for us in order to keep up the balance to have recourse to such regulations and restraints as will permit the least interference with natural reproduction and at the same time by the vastly improved methods of artificial reproduction provide compensation for any deficiencies in natural supply.

Careful attention should be given to the fact that nearly all of our important market species, such as the scup, the sea bass, the squeteague, and the Spanish mackerel, in large, if not in entire measure, either spawn immediately upon our coast line or in the different bays and estuaries which indent it. The active operations of the fishermen are conducted upon their spawning grounds, or their apparatus is so located as to intercept the approach of the species to their spawning grounds. The effect of these methods, unless properly and intelligently restrained and regulated, must be to diminish the supply and to impoverish the fisheries. When, however, we attempt to deal with any particular fishery, we are confronted with inadequate information in regard to the habits, distribution, and conditions of distribution of the species which is the object of our solicitude. I may illustrate this by reference to the menhaden fishery.

The menhaden, as you know, is not a food fish. It is, however, a most abundant species upon our coast line. Its range extending from Florida to Maine. The menhaden is itself doubtless a source of food, probably a main source of food to many of the commercial species which frequent our coast. On the other hand, it is the object of one of the largest fishing industries prosecuted on the coast, an industry which furnishes occupation and living to many men, which has an invested capital of probably a million and a half dollars. The annual product of the fisheries reaches about the same amount per annum. The oil obtained is applied to various uses in the arts. The scrap, composed almost entirely of ammonia and phosphates, is largely employed in the manufacture of ammoniated superphosphates, and thus indirectly, if not directly, this species contributes vastly toward the food supply in furnishing essential elements of fertilization to the farmer.

The menhaden fishermen have opposed any restraints upon the prosecution of this industry. They have insisted that nothing was known in regard to the habits of the menhaden; that it spawned offshore; that it was not amenable to fish-cultural methods, and that nothing that man could do therefore could influence their abundance. Meanwhile we were in ignorance of the natural history of the menhaden,



and therefore not in a position to combat the statements made by them. Two years ago, the Lapham Bill having furnished the motive of the inquiry, careful investigations were instituted for the purpose of arriving at such knowledge of the life history of the menhaden as would permit us to suggest intelligent regulations respecting the fishery. Very much to my surprise I must confess it was shown by these investigations that the menhaden spawned in the brackish estuaries and creeks along the entire coast line from Virginia to Massachusetts. While we have not obtained direct evidence as to this, since we have not yet succeeded in impregnating and hatching the eggs, yet the circumstantial evidence is conclusive and indicates beyond question that what I have stated in regard to their spawning habits is true. It is evident, therefore, that if the fisheries are pursued in such a manner as to cut off the fish from access to their spawning grounds either by the use of purse seines and pound nets along the coast, and of weirs and gill nets in the creeks and estuaries, it is certain to result in a diminution of supply which will affect alike the menhaden fisheries themselves and the abundance and distribution of those economic species along the coast which feed in large part upon the menhaden. What the specific regulations should be I am not prepared to say.

Commissioner McDonald submitted the subjoined statistics: Spanish Mackerel.

Not artificially propagated, spawns in Chesapeake Bay and to north. The aggregate catch of this fish in 1880, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890 and 1891 was as follows:

1880.....	1,887,423lbs.
1887.....	663,604lbs.
1888.....	748,267lbs.
1889.....	1,404,566lbs.
1890.....	1,535,749lbs.
1891.....	1,691,987lbs.

The maintenance of the catch has been due to a much larger production in the Gulf States, while in the States of the Atlantic coast a serious decline has been experienced. The variations of the output in the Gulf region are as follows:

1880.....	20,000lbs.
1887.....	325,841lbs.
1888.....	350,769lbs.
1889.....	615,310lbs.
1890.....	700,459lbs.
1891.....	731,890lbs.

The most conspicuous decrease in the catch of this fish has occurred in Virginia. This State had a larger yield of Spanish mackerel in 1880 than all other States combined, and it is still the leading State. The decline here can evidently be traced to the capture of the fish in large quantities at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay before they have been able to reach their spawning grounds. In 1887 and 1888 the production dropped to a very low mark, but it has shown signs of increase in recent years. The catch in 1880, 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1891 was as follows:

1880.....	1,609,668lbs.
1887.....	108,000lbs.
1888.....	239,952lbs.
1890.....	648,793lbs.
1891.....	739,910lbs.

In New Jersey, the changes since 1880 have also been marked at times, the catch declining from 200,000lbs. in the year named to 53,781lbs. in 1891. The average catch per pound net on the New Jersey coast in 1880, 1887, 1891 and 1892 was as follows:

	No. of pound nets.	Average catch per net.
1880.....	11	13,636lbs.
1887.....	7	2,500lbs.
1891.....	12	2,815lbs.
1892.....	23	3,115lbs.

#### Shad.

Bred artificially in large numbers. Introduced on west coast:

Regions.	1880.	1892.
New England States.....	2,117,392	\$88,730
Middle Atlantic States.....	12,024,579	\$26,982
South Atlantic States.....	3,932,563	\$80,078
Pacific States.....	.....	655,750
Total.....	18,074,534	995,790

#### Scup.

Regions.	1880.	1891.
New England States.....	8,643,358	8,571,765
Middle Atlantic States.....	1,550,000	400,858
Total.....	10,193,358	8,972,623

#### Sea Bass.

Regions.	1880.	1891.
New England States.....	629,400	\$1,557,935
Middle Atlantic States.....	1,486,200	2,101,418
South Atlantic States.....	527,000	\$79,684
Total.....	2,642,600	4,539,037

#### Sea Mullet.

Regions.	1880.	1890.
Middle Atlantic States.....	110,700	\$250,740
South Atlantic States.....	4,369,000	5,573,623
Gulf States.....	2,407,250	15,185,117
Total.....	6,886,950	21,009,480

#### Squeteague.

Not bred artificially and spawns in bays and salt water or brackish waters. A comparison, by geographical regions, of the yield of this species in 1880 and at the present time discloses the taking of 15,463,560lbs. in the first-named year, and 19,173,447lbs. in 1892, as exhibited in the following table. Every section shows an increase, but this is most marked in the New England and Gulf States:

Regions.	1880.	1892.
New England States.....	532,060	\$829,430
Middle Atlantic States.....	12,604,500	13,503,907
South Atlantic States.....	1,827,000	1,885,677
Gulf States.....	\$500,000	2,959,433
Total.....	15,463,560	19,173,447

\* Estimated; no accurate figures available.  
† Figures for year 1889.

The individual States in which a noticeable increase in the production of squeteague has occurred are Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and the Gulf States generally. States exhibiting a diminished output are New York and Delaware. Especially worthy of notice is the reduction of the catch in Delaware, where the yield was 2,618,500lbs. in 1880, and only 837,510lbs. in 1892. It may be stated, however, that up to 1890 the production was well maintained, and it would seem that an effort to increase the catch in 1889 and 1890 resulted in a large falling off during each year since.

#### Bluefish.

Not bred artificially, spawning habits or grounds not known, movements irregular and under influences not well understood.

The aggregate catch of this fish in 1891 was somewhat less than in 1880. The only region showing a diminished output

was New England. The increase in the other coast sections was about 3,500,000lbs. The figures for the separate regions were as follows:

Regions.	1880.	1891.
New England States.....	5,526,341	\$1,322,598
Middle Atlantic States.....	8,267,217	10,649,613
South Atlantic States.....	850,000	1,452,984
Gulf States.....	\$64,250	610,256
Total.....	14,707,708	14,035,451

\* Partly estimated.  
† Figures for 1889.

The decrease in New England is confined to Massachusetts. In 1880, the catch reported for this State was 4,273,841lbs.; in 1889 it was only 986,967lbs. The very large production in 1880 indicates the eastward movement of an unusually large body of fish in that year, although there was a conspicuous decline between 1887 and 1889; the catch in 1887 being 706,882lbs. and in 1888 689,904lbs.

In reply to a question:

COL. McDONALD—As a matter of fact, the salmon spawn far up the river.

MR. BROWN—As far as the investigation of the Fish Commission has gone, is there any analogy between the salmon and the menhaden or any resemblance?

COL. McDONALD—The resemblance is in this. There is a very marked resemblance in this respect; the salmon spawn in the headwaters if they are not prevented from going to the headwaters by the obstructions in the river, and by the intervention of nets, so that they cannot get there, fishing in time will cease. The menhaden spawn in the estuaries, and if you prevent them from going to their spawning grounds, and if you intercept the menhaden on its way to the spawning ground, you will have the same effect in one sense as in the other. Any fish that spawns along the coast line is subject to the same condition of depletion; I mean the fishes that run into our rivers, like the shad or the salmon.

MR. BROWN—When did you, in your investigation, find the menhaden heaviest with spawn?

COL. McDONALD—In the spring.

MR. BROWN—Since when?

COL. McDONALD—In the last two years.

MR. BROWN—Cannot you be a little more particular than that? I would like to know when you first discovered the menhaden were heaviest with spawn?

COL. McDONALD—The investigation disclosed the fact that menhaden were shore spawners.

MR. BROWN—Did you not say several years ago that menhaden were off-shore spawners?

COL. McDONALD—I have said so.

MR. BROWN—Whether it is in the spring or in December there is no fishing going on when the menhaden is heaviest with spawn?

COL. McDONALD—It is a question of temperature entirely where fish spawn, at least that is my judgment, where fish are under the instinct of reproduction and are moving for the purpose of reproduction. You find that the scup strikes on our shores when a certain temperature of water is found. The shad comes into our rivers only when the river gets warmer than the sea, so you may state as a general fact that the movement of our coast fishes, having reference to spawning, I don't mean after movements which are determined by a pursuit of food, but the spawning movement is influenced by temperature.

MR. BROWN—Then in your judgment a temporary absence from certain localities on our coast is due almost entirely to temperature?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Fishculture and Food Fish.

In his annual message Gov. Flower, of New York, has this to say about fishculture:

The Legislature of 1893 passed bills providing for two new fish hatcheries, one in Sullivan county and the other in Steuben. I refused to give my assent to these measures unless the establishment of the hatcheries was made conditional upon the decision of the Commissioners of Fisheries that the places named were properly located for the propagation of fish. This condition was inserted in the measures, and the Commissioners have decided that certain kinds of fish, chiefly trout, could be successfully propagated in the waters of these localities, and have accordingly made agreements for the building of the hatcheries. It would be unwise, however, in my opinion, for the State to establish any more hatcheries. We have enough of these already. Trout is particularly a game fish, and public money should rather be used for the propagation of food fish, such as pike, perch and whitefish, from the bountiful supply of which greater benefit will accrue to the people of the State. As I said in my last annual message, merely to conserve sportsmen's interests would not justify large appropriations for fish culture from the public treasury. The measure of opportunity is much wider than is prescribed by any such narrow aid. There are 1,500 square miles of water within the area of our State capable of producing an unlimited supply of fish food, thus cheapening in large degree the cost of living to the people, creating additional employment and adding to the State's wealth. Every stream might be made to yield largely to the food supply of the farms through which it runs, and every lake might give means of livelihood to more men and furnish cheap, palatable food to more families. Liberal stocking of fry hatched and distributed in the waters of the State, assisted by proper regulations for catches, would be an important industry in that vicinity, profitable alike to the fishermen and to the public.

In the direction of applying this policy it is worthy of note that of the 80,000,000 young fish raised in the State hatcheries during the last year, the larger proportion was of what might be strictly called food fishes. The total stocking of fry hatched and distributed in the waters of the State was fifty per cent. in excess of the hatching and distribution at any previous year. Eighteen million whitefish were planted in Lake Ontario. This lake was formerly famous for its whitefish, but constant fishing had so depleted it that until the present year the catch on the American side was comparatively insignificant. As a result, however, of the persistent stocking of the lake by the Commissioners of Fisheries during the last five years, the fishermen report a large increase in the catch during the season recently closed. The Commissioners should be permitted this year to make a still larger plant, and to continue the work until the lake is thoroughly stocked.

#### REGISTRATION OF NETS.

I would suggest the passing of an act providing for the registration of nets and their use throughout the State under proper supervision. The mesh of these nets should be large enough to permit the escape of small fish not yet old enough to breed, and the net should not be used at all during the spawning season. Their use should not be permitted in trout streams nor in lakes where there are none but game fishes. In this way food fish could be taken where desirable and yet the game fishes be protected. As the Commissioners are now stocking the waters of the State with many varieties of fish that can not readily be taken by hook and line, some provision should be made for their capture, while at the same time protecting game fishes. The law passed two years ago prohibiting the catching of bullheads and suckers by any other means than angling proved a great hardship, and as a result nearly every county in the State was last winter exempted from its provision. The system of registration and allowing the use of nets under the safeguards proposed, would, in my opinion, be satisfactory both to the anglers and to the farmer to whom the common varieties of fish prove an agreeable addition to his ordinary bill of fare. A small fee should be charged for registering, and for the permit to use, in order to pay the expense of this work, and the registration would give the Commissioners accurate knowledge of the location of every net in the State, together with the name of its owner, and would enable them in a great measure to prevent improper use and at the same time allow the needed facilities for the capture of food fishes. This system has worked very successfully in Canada.

#### The Missouri Commission.

CINCINNATI, O.—Governor McKinley has appointed Mr. M. W. Renick, of Middletown, Fish and Game Commissioner, vice John H. Lohr, of Hamilton, resigned. Renick is considered an authority on fish and game. WILLIE WICK.

#### Spirit Lake Poachers.

ALTHOUGH, in the expressive language of Fish Commissioner Griggs, fifty-seven Iowa applicants are now after his red locks, he still retains his office and many Republicans are working hard to have him continue. The report of Mr. Griggs is now in press and will soon be issued with an appendix containing notes on the habits of many of the fishes of Iowa.

The commissioner went on a little crusade against the illegal fishermen during Christmas week in company with a member of the Minnesota commission. J. S. Berry was found on the Minnesota side of Spirit Lake with a lot of fish in his possession, for which he was bound over to the June term of court with fines amounting to \$375. Then Mr. Griggs nipped a number of poachers on the Iowa side, and so the chase continued up one side and down the other, until the law breakers gave up in disgust. H.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. J. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.  
Feb. 1.—Blue Ridge Futurity Stakes, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Sentell, Jr., Sec'y.  
Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.  
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.  
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.  
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.  
March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.  
April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.  
April 13 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.  
May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 15.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Salinas, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y, San Francisco, Cal.  
Feb. 1.—Blue Ridge Futurity Stakes, at New Albany, Miss.  
Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.  
Feb. 12.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

#### Resolutions.

In bidding the old year good-bye it is gratifying that it has been so exceptionally full of good fellowship and free from acrimony.

It is gratifying that so much progress has been made in matters appertaining to the dog.

It is gratifying to observe that the prevailing idea of the liberty of speech, in relation to sportsmanship, has not been, by a large, seriously abridged.

It is gratifying that the kennel press has had one kindergarten lesson of what true editorship should be, in the past year.

It is gratifying that nearly all the old worthy editors are still on deck.

It is to be deplored that some dogmen have fallen by the wayside, and others have left us.

It is gratifying to notice that public opinion in the past year has undergone a change in respect to considering freedom of speech freedom to abuse.

It is a good time to make resolutions.

When your friend borrows a dog to go shooting, do not lend him the worthless dog of the kennel. If he says that dog is no good do not wring your hands and exclaim that he has ruined your best dog.

Do not sell a worthless dog for a first-class price, on the ground that you do not know anything about him, but that you sent him to a first-class trainer.

Do not think that your dog can get a \$100 education for \$10.

Do not expect to get a dog intellectually and physically beautiful for \$5. It costs more than that to raise a puppy.

If your dog does not win at a bench show, abuse the judge. That is honored usage. A lot of people then will think you are an offensive person, while a few will think you are misused. The former will tell their thoughts to the world, the latter will tell their thoughts to you. Both will estimate you at your true worth.

Above all, ardently love man's best friend, the dog, at so many dollars per dog. The love of the dog for his own sake is not proper progress. Progress in canine matters is sometimes obstructed by love of the dog. That is, a higher price is asked than progress will warrant, sometimes.

Resolve never to make the same mistake twice. Endeavor to keep the canine world up to the high degree of good fellowship, courtesy and progress of the past year.

Endeavor to believe less than we hear of each other in some respects and more in some other, otherwise the kennel world is dubious.

Never forget that the color of a dog, or whether his coat is long or short, is of far more value than any man's character, therefore let the man's character suffer if, in your wisdom, you consider it necessary.

If, in your writings, you are kind and courteous as becomes gentlemen, one time is excusable, but please see that it does not occur twice. It is an example that others may imitate, therefore it is not to be encouraged. Seriously, 1894 will be a bad year for the writer who is not gentlemanly.

In 1894 do not write a story about Fido to advertise your kennel.

In 1894, do not write 400 columns of challenges, at \$5 per challenge. The public might, after a while, consider that it is not instructive literature.

In 1894, if you become a sportsman after reaching manhood, try to behave as if you were a born sportsman. The sportsman of yesterday is noisy and nervous. The sportsman, "to the manner born," is civil and deferential to the judges. He is courteous too, to others. It may be hard, but try.

In 1894, try to make a field trial dog as much like a plug-shooting dog as possible. The latter is used chiefly for killing birds over; the former is used chiefly to sell. In proof of this look up the records, and observe how many field trial winners of late years have been sold.

Nevertheless, some field trial dogs are good field dogs—nevertheless, not many.

The American eagle is not a game bird. Any foreign sportsman, who goes gunning for the national screamer, is likely to return home empty handed. Foreign papers please copy.

In 1894, when you get a stud fee, please not to make a mistake to breed your customer's bitch to the younger and abler dog.

In 1894, resolve that each of the four days of a dog show will not be over twenty-four hours a day in duration.

In 1894, resolve that each day of a field trial will see you a wiser and better man.



Look upon the past year as twelve months which are gone.  
In 1894, do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

Field Trial Grounds and Game.

I quote the following paragraph from a letter received recently from Mr. J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, Ind.:

"Mr. J. Mayfield has gone to Pontotoc, Miss., for the winter."

"The amount of shooters the field trials have developed here is astonishing. Not only have the local shooters increased, but so many, who have been here at the trials, come again to shoot, and others, who have read of them, come, it is only a question of a short time till there will not be birds enough here to hold trials."

There is a problem confronting field trial clubs, with a seriousness never before existing, in respect to the preservation of game on field trial grounds. Several clubs did not hold trials last year, for the sole reason that there were not birds enough on their grounds to afford the necessary opportunities to test the dogs' performances. A simple lease of the grounds has often brought no more returns than the privilege of going on the grounds without trespassing. Often the birds are shot by local shooters before the trials are held, with a strong probability that the land owners were perfectly aware of the injustice.

Clubs should be careful to exact something more in their leases than the mere privilege of holding a field trial on the ground leased. Nor should indiscriminate shooting be permitted on the club's grounds after the trials. That privilege should be confined strictly to club members, and even to them there should be a limit to the number of birds killed each day and the number of days. The conditions are changing fast as the years pass, but the forces of destruction on the one hand far exceed the forces of protection or reproduction on the other. Between the hard winters, the hawks, foxes, skunks, cur dogs, etc., the wet seasons, the nets, traps and shooters, the stock of quail is rapidly diminishing, while the gunners multiply beyond computation. It would be a source of rejoicing were they multiplying as sportsmen, but a large ratio look upon the gun as an instrument for producing meat.

A gentleman calls my attention to the matter of publishing the names of applicants for membership by the Pointer Club, whether the applicants were accepted or rejected, as was done recently. It does seem as if it is unnecessarily frank on the part of the club to publish the names of rejected applicants. Those who contemplated joining might think seriously before applying for membership, if being rejected their names are to be published.

B. WATERS.

The Russian Wolfhound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last July Lieut. Henry T. Allen, of St. Petersburg, Russia, whom I believe knows more about the Russian wolfhound, so called, than any one outside of Russia, wrote a very instructive article for the *Fanciers' Journal* about this breed of dogs; an article which all who are interested in the dog would find instructive reading. I would especially commend it to those who feel competent to judge the dog at our bench shows, for the conclusions arrived at by several judges during the past year were far from the type which is stated very clearly in that article, were far from the type as established by the English Barzoi or Russian Wolfhound Club, and were far from what I had been taught was the true type of this dog while spending a winter in Russia two years ago. That the decisions of many of the judges should be a "little off" is not surprising as this dog is new to America, and there have been very few opportunities to study the breed as it should be studied. The difficulty has been in confounding this type with the greyhound type, and if continued we shall have neither the true Russian dog or be able to compete with dogs bred in England. The whole subject is so well discussed by Lieut. Allen and was so well written up in the English *Stock-Keeper* two years ago, that it is a very easy matter to get started right. The spring circuit is now near at hand and we are apt to be in the same position a year from now as we are now unless those to be invited to judge this year will take the trouble "to book up a little." The National Greyhound Club, of this country, could do no better than to adopt the standard now adopted in Russia and England. Such action would give an incentive to all breeders of these dogs and there would be no such discouragements as now exist when one finds he has been getting his dogs into condition only to learn that this and that judge has another type in mind. My understanding of bench shows is to encourage breeding, and until a type is fixed the breeders of this dog can never expect to improve the breed. To the Greyhound Club I would also make this suggestion, that the dog be known as the "Russian greyhound." I noticed that Lieut. Allen in his article gave them this name. While the name in Russia is "Barzoi," the translation of the word is "a fast running dog" and may as properly be called Russian greyhound as Russian wolfhound. The word wolfhound does the dog injustice. We must bear in mind that very few people yet know the dog and from the name one gets the impression that he is savage and treacherous. Many a letter has my kennel man answered in reply to this inquiry. At the bench shows it is noticeable how cautious people are in going near them when they are told that they are wolfhounds. As a matter of fact they are very affectionate, are never surly and can be trusted anywhere. As a companion for a walk or for carriage they cannot be excelled, and for a house dog they stand without a rival. For three years I have been breeding these dogs and have sold puppies in all parts of the country, and never but once have I had a complaint about their disposition or a criticism as to their value as a house dog or a companion. That the dog is extremely popular in this country goes without saying and is daily growing more popular as he becomes better known. Indeed my prediction is, that within a few years he will be the most popular breed we have. Why won't the breeders and owners of this dog start the ball rolling by giving to the public their views. Where is Mr. Wade who has done so much for other breeders? Where is Mr. Roger Williams who has made a study of this breed of dogs and is now breeding himself? Where are Mr. Huntington and Mr. Hacke, who also have kennels of this breed of dogs?

CHAS. STEDMAN HANKS.

BOSTON, MASS., JAN. 1.

A Deer Drive in Virginia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We had a deer drive the day after Christmas with the Hon. E. A. Watson's pack of hounds. There were eight of us stationed in a circle on top of the mountain in front of the hotel, and when the hounds started the deer (a large buck and doe), they made right for the center of our line and passed within shooting distance of Slocom Howland (Yale '95 S.), who succeeded in killing the buck, which proved to be a fine one with ten prongs. It weighed 136 lbs. after being disemboweled. To-morrow we expect to have another drive in the same place.

CLARENCE HOWLAND.

NIMROD HALL, Va., Dec. 23, 1893.

Mr. Fred Church has imported, through Mr. Whelan, a bull-terrier dog that is said to be a "scorcher," to beat Carney and Monarch.

The Canadian Kennel Club and the A. K. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As to the Canadian and the American Kennel Clubs joining, I would say that I am a Canadian. I have many friends in the United States that I thoroughly trust and admire, but when it comes to such organizations as kennel clubs, I am Canadian, and as far as my vote goes will never consent that all Canada in doggy matters shall sink itself to the level of one of the many make-believe clubs in the United States. There is the Keystone Kennel Club, of Philadelphia: does it not consist of James Watson alone, as far as doggy men go? And are there not plenty of others like it?

We have our own club, now a most respectable one, with a wise and prudent, well-known "doggist" at its head. Canadian dogmen comprise:

W. H. Auld, Strathroy; C. H. Akerley, Tonawanda, N. Y.; J. Ayre, Toronto; Dr. T. Armstrong, Toronto; W. H. Apted, Toronto; John Atkin, Montreal.

Geo. Bell, Toronto; John Briggs, London; H. Beddington, Hamilton; T. D. Burns, London; W. H. Beattie, Wilton Grove; J. O. Bennett, Toronto; F. C. Bolts, Igersoll; R. W. Boyle, Toronto; W. Barclay, Georgetown; P. Brown, Toronto; W. Brodie, Scotland; H. C. Bates, Kingston; Geo. Bowman, London; W. Barber, Toronto; Frank Burton, Montreal; J. W. Brown, Toronto.

J. L. Campbell, Toronto; F. E. Curtis, Simcoe; C. H. Corbett, Kingston; E. A. Cleghorn, London; Thos. Carson, Kingston; Ray J. M. Crombie, Montreal; F. H. Cunningham, Ottawa; Hiram Card, Elora; C. R. Christie, W. G. Cumming, Montreal; R. A. Cunningham, W. S. Chambers, J. B. Carmichael, Victoria, B. C.

T. G. Davey, London; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; H. B. Donovan, Toronto; J. Douglas, Toronto; W. H. Drummond, M.P., Montreal; George Douglas, Woodstock; A. Dorland, Wellington; Ben Davis, Toronto.

A. E. Elmer, Kingston; H. A. Elkers, Montreal; E. B. Elliott, Maywood, Ill.

H. Falconer, Shelburne; L. Farewell, Toronto; M. M. Fenwick, Bowmanville; R. H. Fairthorne, Perche; H. A. Fraser, Westmeath; Fred Flynn, Hamilton; A. J. Ferguson, Montreal.

S. F. Glass, London; Richard Gibson, Delaware; J. C. Guillott, Windsor; A. Geddes, Ottawa; H. Gorman, Sarnia; G. M. Gibbs, Parkhill; A. F. Grant, Ottawa; Dr. H. S. Griffin, Hamilton; H. Marshall Graydon, London; A. J. Groves, Toronto; Bruff Garrett, Toronto; T. Gilbert, Brantford; G. M. Gibbs, Sarnia.

Geo. C. Hare, Hamilton; F. Hobart, Toronto; Samuel Holmes, Chatham; W. Hutchins, Montreal; Philip Hart, Belleville; Robert Hall,



IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS, 1893.

Romayne, Currer Belle IV. and John Cassidy.

Peterborough; Fred Hatch, Whitby; Oscar Hendry, Simcoe; J. W. Humpedge, London; Geo. R. Hooper, Montreal; John Hood, Hamilton.

Inspector Jas. Johnston, Toronto; H. L. Jeffery, Stratford; Geo. Jay, Victoria, B. C.

R. E. Kent, Kingston; J. F. Kirk, Toronto; P. J. Keating, Toronto;

Dr. J. Kime, Chatham; J. Kennedy, Hamilton.

A. G. H. Luxton, Mount Forest; A. Laidlaw, Galt; Jas. Lindsay,

Montreal; London Hunt Club, London; J. M. Lottridge, Hamilton.

J. G. Mitchener, Toronto; Dr. A. E. Mallock, Hamilton; Dr. G. L. Milne,

Victoria, B. C.; J. C. Morgan, Toronto; Andrew Murdoch, Hamilton;

W. R. Mumford, Toronto; Geo. L. Maxham, Quebec City; A. E. Mussen,

Montreal; Thos. L. Moore, Montreal; Alfred Magnusen, Victoria,

B. C.; Robt. McEwen, Byron; J. K. McDonald, Toronto; Thos. McGaw,

Toronto; C. A. McHaffie, Cornwall; Jas. G. McDonald, Montreal,

N. B.; Wm. McDonald, Hamilton; A. A. McDonald, Toronto; J. H. Mc-

Nally, Montreal; Alec McKinnon, Toronto; R. S. McDonald, Fort

Saskatchewan, N. W. T.

J. C. Nichol, Montreal; J. S. Niven, London; Mrs. C. M. Nelles,

Brantford; J. W. Magee, V. S., Delaware; J. A. Noble, Narval; R.

Northcote, Toronto.

G. S. Oldrieve, Kingston; Daniel O'Shea, London.

W. B. Palmer, Hamilton; G. W. Prescott, Toronto; J. A. Pitt, Mon-

treil; Dr. W. J. Prendergast, Montreal; P. J. Packard, Victoria, B. C.

F. W. Shaw, Forest; A. Sprackin, Woodstock; C. A. Stone,

Toronto; W. S. Smith, London; P. J. Smythe, Toronto; C. H. Smith,

St. Stephen, N. B.; A. D. Stewart, Hamilton; C. Seale, Hamilton;

John Smilie, Toronto; F. N. Stanton, Toronto; Geo. B. Sweetman,

Toronto; Shirley Stewart, Toronto; H. Stableford, Watford; John

Saunders, Harristown; John Smith, Toronto; Jas. H. Smith, Montreal;

H. S. Sepselson, London.

Alan Treblecock, Toronto; S. H. Thompson, Toronto; H. P. Thomas,

Belleville; W. H. Thorne, St. Johns, N. B.; W. H. Thomas, Montreal;

H. P. Thompson, Toronto; Jarvis Thompson, Jr., Woodstock; R. W.

uck, Shelburne; W. Torcher, Hamilton.

W. T. Virtue, Montreal.

E. J. Walsh, Woodbridge; J. S. Williams, Toronto; F. S. Wetherall,

Compton; Robt. Wanless, Sarnia; Hess Wilkins, Leamington; R. T.

Williamson, Guelph; Hugh M. Williams, Carleton Place; W. B. Wells,

Chatham.

And is it proposed that all these representative men shall

be balanced by Mr. Watson's club and others like it. Not with

my vote.

Toronto, Ont., Jan. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your letter of the 29th inst, I may state that I have heard as yet nothing from any of the members since the publication of the A. K. C. meetings. But I know what the feeling was a short time since. The universal feeling was that the A. K. C. treated us in a very unjust manner, and "no surrender" of any of our privileges would be acceptable. Nor do I think that the C. K. C. will give up any of its power to legislate for Canadian dogs or owners. The C. K. C. is anxious that no injustice should be done to any one, and I think, will be prepared to negotiate another compact on different lines, and as Mr. Vredenburg puts it, the old compact was too much of a "jug handle" kind, the next one, if it is negotiated, will be part of the "jug" as well as the "handle" for the C. K. C. I think this is only just as the A. K. C. treated the C. K. C., as if it was of no account, and allowed personal interest to juggle the compact out of existence without giving the C. K. C. any notice that such a motion was to be brought up, and if I mistake not, in a most illegal way. These were the sentiments of the members last September.

Since then I have been using my influence among them to get something definite into shape which may be mutually agreeable and of use to owners and exhibitors, and I have formulated a plan which I am going to bring up at the next executive meeting on Jan. 26, which I hope will be carried out, at least in part.

I am sure all the members of the C. K. C. are pleased to have Mr. Watson and Major Taylor on the new compact committee, as they are both well known to most of us in Canada.

J. S. NIVEN,

President Canadian Kennel Club.

LONDON, Ont., Dec. 30, 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think that a strong effort should be made to re-unite the A. K. C. and the C. K. C. We on this side of the line, I am sure, wish to be one with you and work in harmony with you in every possible way, and it is too bad that a separation should have occurred as the result of the malicious blundering of a single individual. We have a good president this year, and a faithful, careful and popular man, and I am sure he will bend all his energies in the direction of a renewal of peace and good feeling between the two clubs.

A. D. STEWART.

HAMILTON, Ont., Jan. 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to the Canadian Kennel Club coming in with the A. K. C. I would be perfectly willing if the registrations were less. One dollar for each registration is too high. I don't think the C. K. C. will agree to the A. K. C. proposal that I read in your *FOREST AND STREAM*. My own opinion is that we would be better if we were all under one club.

GEO. DOUGLAS.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., Jan. 5.

DOG CHAT.

Pomona Kennels Burned Down.

The owner of the Pomona Kennels, Mr. Charles E. Idell, of Germantown, Pa., sustained a severe loss on Wednesday, Jan. 3. He tells us that his entire kennel of dogs, with the exception of the silver terrier Jacko (2d at Wissahickon and Mt. Holly shows last year) were destroyed by fire. The kennel building was 24x12ft., 8ft. high in front and 6ft. high at the back. The building was separated into seven compartments. Among the dogs destroyed were the 5/16lb. King Charles spaniel bitch Minnie, winner of 2d, at Wissahickon and Mt. Holly shows; black cocker bitch Tottie, by Ober ex Belva; a promising young red bitch Nina, by Cherry Punch ex Lady Gay; the imported Yorkshire stud dog Nipsey, a very pretty silver terrier bitch called Ruby, a terrier bitch Lady; five promising Yorkshire puppies; the Yorkshire bitch Wilson; a Yorkshire terrier dog called Marco, and an old family dog, a brown toy spaniel named Sue. Mr. Idell estimates his loss at \$1,500 on which there was no insurance. The fire was discovered by some neighbors at 1 A. M. on Wednesday, and although a bucket brigade was quickly formed the flames spread so quickly, the building being of wood and covered with tar paper, that it was impossible to save any of the stock. Mr. Idell is not disheartened, however, and will commence building another kennel at once and purchase a new stock of cockers, toy spaniels and Yorkshires. He has already purchased three King Charles spaniel puppies. A collie bitch Maud, due to whelp last Saturday to Seminole Kennels' Curzon, was fortunately away from home at the time.

Russian Wolfhounds.

Mr. C. S. Hanks, owner of the Seacroft Kennels of Russian wolfhounds, makes a suggestion in another column regarding the, to some extent, misnomer, at least as far as this country is concerned, under which the Russian wolfhound is said to labor. The breed is too handsome to be allowed to suffer from any mistaken idea that may arise in the public mind owing to the name of "wolfhound." Mr. Hanks's suggestion, therefore, that the National Greyhound Club adopt the name "Russian greyhound" for this breed does seem to merit consideration, but before action is taken we should like the breeders of this handsome animal to express their views so that the pros and cons can be carefully weighed and adjusted. In this connection it might be well to revert to the old generic name of Barzoi. Mr. Hanks tells us that after his return from the South in the spring he will commence building new kennels and move his present one to higher ground which he has purchased. The Seacroft Kennels have also issued a handsome little card giving the breeding of their well-known fox-terrier Damson, own sister to Dominica.

The C. K. C. and the A. K. C.

In another column will be found several letters from prominent Canadian dog breeders in regard to the proposal advanced by Mr. Vredenburg at the recent A. K. C. meeting. We had no idea of and we do not think Mr. Vredenburg realized the strength of the Canadian fancy at the present moment. That the C. K. C. if it joins the A. K. C. should be only represented by one delegate does not seem fair. They should have three or at least two delegates to represent them. The more one considers the question the more impracticable appears Mr. Vredenburg's proposition. Unless provision was made by the C. K. C. covering the expenses of their delegates we are afraid that their representation would simply resolve itself into the method adopted by most of the Western clubs—a representation by men selected from the ranks of New York fanciers. As the matter stands at present the Canadian dogmen are asked to convey their registrations to the A. K. C., and pay \$10 for the privilege of paying a delegate's expenses to the A. K. C. meetings.

Mr. James B. Blossom, in sending us a Kennel Note of his Irish setter bitch Duchess whelping eleven pups by Dr. Jarvis's recently imported Signal, remarks that this litter deserves mention from the fact that it is the first of this dog's get in this country, and that if there be anything in mating field broken dogs, and there is a good deal, the result should be good. Signal won on the other side. First Irish setter Puppy Stake, fourth Irish setter All-Age Stake, second St. Leger Stake (all setters), first Irish Setter Club's Cup and Puppy Stake in 1891; second Irish setter All-Age Stake, Irish Setter Club's cup in All-Age Stake, third (divided) Grand All-Age Stake and Irish Setter Club's cup for best setter in Grand All-Age Stake in 1892. Mr. Blossom further remarks that he intends to breed all his Irish bitches to dogs of proved field trial abilities, and thinks that a similar plan, if followed and persisted in by all Irish setter breeders, cannot fail to greatly aid in placing the coming Irish setter upon an equality with pointers and English setters in the field, and that quickly.

Death of Prof. Batchelder.

Some time since we published a rumor to the effect that Prof. Batchelder was dead, and asked for confirmation of the report. We now hear that it is only too true. He died from suffocation by gas in Boston. Prof. Batchelder's troupe of performing dogs was a good one, and no doubt many of those who followed the shows will regret, as we do, to hear of his untimely death.



## W. K. C. Judges.

The remaining judges for the Westminster Kennel Club show are announced as follows: Bulldogs, E. A. Woodward, Chicago, Ill.; bull-terriers, C. Albert Stevens, New York City. Smooth fox-terriers, T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y. English foxhounds, A. Belmont Purdy, Garden City, L. I. Mr. Woodward is the secretary of the Bulldog Club and has owned King Lud, Harper, and still owns some very good ones. Bull-terrier men will be pleased no doubt to see Mr. Stevens in the ring; he exhibited prominently several years ago and Mr. Bellin is well known in his fancy. No better choice probably could have been made than Mr. Purdy for foxhounds; he has always taken a great interest in fox-hunting, has been an M. F. H., in fact we believe was the organizer of the first hunt club on Long Island. Writing hurriedly we are afraid we did Dr. Crier a little injustice last week. We know that Dr. Crier is one of our very oldest fanciers, but we have so generally associated him with pugs in late years that we forgot that he had judged poodles at Brooklyn and Chicago and was one of the earliest to import Skyterriers. The premium list will not be ready for a week or so. Mr. Mortimer tells us that while the money prizes will not be quite as large, the classification will be increased. Entries will close Feb. 5.

Spratts Co. have secured a loft in Chicago, where they have stored benching for about 800 dogs, and this will be used for the Western shows. They have long considered such a move, owing to the exorbitant freight charges to which they were subjected in bringing their material from New York and also the uncertainty of getting it to the shows in time. Dogmen who have come in contact with Mr. C. Coleridge Vickery, the genial assistant manager of the company, will regret to learn that he severs his connection with the firm in March. Mr. Vickery has had an offer from the other side, but prefers remaining here for the present.

We hear that the Chicago Kennel Club show was over \$1,000 behind. This will surprise most of those who were there, as the attendance, though not as good as formerly, was fairly good, and the show was open five days. We understand that prize money was not all paid.

The premium list of the Mascot Club's show will be out Jan. 20. It is expected to be the best yet offered in the West. We should like to see the club give another good show, and after the year's rest they should attack the problem with renewed vigor. The club room is No. 953 Monadnock Building, Chicago.

There is little prospect of a show in Pittsburgh this year, owing to the Duquesne Club's inability to secure a suitable building. The club tried to secure the Horne Building on Penn avenue, but failed. Rather than not have a show at all why not use the old rink, where so many good shows have been held heretofore?

## A Mastiff for the Mikado.

Mr. Chas. E. Bunn writes that the scarcity of sales at Chicago show did not affect his kennel, for he sold more dogs there than at any show he ever attended. He disposed of three at good prices. These included Eole, the winner of second in the open bitch class, which went to Mr. F. E. Waller, of Chicago, and a bitch pup to Mr. F. W. Sandborn, of Oak Park. The third was sold to Mr. S. Schida. Mr. Schida is a Japanese gentleman; in fact, he is the Royal Commissioner to the Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco, and he intends to take the pup to Japan with him as a present for his royal master. Mr. Bunn is also waiting for a few details to complete a sale of a pair to go to the City of Mexico. He adds, "So you see, at present I have no reason to complain, and am doing my share to make America hold her own in dogs."

## Heavy Mastiffs.

The mastiff bitch Boss's Princess, owned by Mr. J. L. Winchell, must be a giantess in her way. The other day she was weighed by the weigh master of the town and tipped the beam at 205 lbs., and as she has a litter of pups in not good shape and could be estimated to weigh, according to her owner, 30 lbs. more. She measures 80 in. from tip of nose to tip of tail, stands full 32 in., girth 44 in. (tight). Mr. Winchell sends us an interesting letter which, however, must lie over until next week. Boss's Princess has been shown but once and then at Brooklyn, when she won second and also took the special for best mover.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Geo. Douglas's Woodland Queen. She is renowned as a matron of cockers, counting such celebrated winners as champion Black Duke, champion Black Duchess, champion King Pharo's Sister, Silver King and Compton Bandit among her progeny. Mr. Douglas thinks she is the last of the old Tippoo strain, Woodstock Dinah dying last spring. This well known cocker man ran up to Detroit last week to have a look at Pickpania, who is coming so rapidly to the front, and thinks him a much improved dog over his Toronto form. He congratulates himself that he owns a younger brother by Black Duke out of Woodland Jade, that "will make them all skate." By the way, the veteran Joe Spracklin has something up his sleeve and has been heard to remark lately that all the spaniel men will have to take off their hats to him at New York next month. Mr. Spracklin forgets there are some ladies in the fancy, too.

The *Fanciers' Journal* property will be sold at auction on the 16th. If not disposed of in a whole, the plant and good will, etc., will be sold separately. The paper will not be published again under the present management.

In our report of the International field trials we referred to the scarcity of birds and its cause, and hinted that the club grounds would probably be restocked. Mr. Wells, the secretary of the club and a game commissioner of Ontario, now proposes that a purse be raised among the lovers of the dog and gun in Chatham, and with the fund import quail from Virginia, where they can be bought for \$5 a dozen. The subscribers to the fund will then be asked to unite in renting a preserve of 1,000 acres, with privileges exclusively secured, in which the birds will be turned loose to breed and multiply. The proposition is cordially indorsed, and the scheme will doubtless be at once put into effect.

## N. E. K. C. Meeting and Dinner.

The monthly meeting and annual dinner of the New England Kennel Club took place on Thursday evening last at the Revere House, Boston. Among those present were Samuel Hammond, Jr., in the chair, John P. Barnard, Dr. J. Frank Perry, James Greese, Sid L. Brackett, Arthur B. Sharpe, Herbert Merriam, Harry W. Smith, Andrew B. Cobb, J. W. Newman, F. A. Curtis, Jean Grosvenor and Secretary D. E. Loveland. The daily press was represented by Walter Barnes, of the *Journal*; George S. Mandell, of the *Transcript*; George Ryan, of the *Globe*; W. A. Power, of the *Traveler*; J. M. Kelley, of the *Post*, and W. B. Atherton. We regret to hear that owing to illness Mr. Ed Brooks and Mr. George Fletcher were unable to attend. The business meeting did not take up much time and the party soon marched to the dinner table, when, after behaving like good and true dogmen, the evening was given up to speeches, reminiscences of dogdom, etc. Dr. J. Frank Perry and Mr. Herbert Merriam, who has just returned from a shooting

trip in the South, were the principal speakers. Other speakers followed, and one and all congratulated themselves and others that they were alive, and dogmen at that. Secretary Loveland promised several improvements at the coming show and assured every one that the same democratic spirit would prevail as made their show last year so popular.

There seems to be lots of bargains in our business columns this week. Avert & Thayer Kennels offer for sale field trial winners and shooting dogs, deer hunting hounds, etc.; S. H. Soewell, field pointers; C. T. Brownell, Gordon setter puppies; Kennebec Valley Kennels, pointers; E. W. Fiske, cocker spaniels; Toon & Thomas, prize-winning dogs; Terra Cotta Kennels, Russian wolfhound pups; T. G. Davey, broken pointers and setters; J. J. Scanlan, several well-bred Irish setters; F. F. Dole, noted bulldogs; J. Hope, pointers and Irish setters; Standard Kennels, beagle pups; Samuel Jagger, the noted St. Bernard Councillor Joe, litter brother to the celebrated Lady Mignon; Goshen Stock Farm, beagles, foxhounds, etc.; J. B. Cook, trained foxhound; J. Fox, Lewellyn setter pups; National Beagle Kennels, beagles; P. Bauer, coon dogs, etc.; J. H. Miller, trained foxhounds. In the stud: P. Dorsey's celebrated beagles.

Mr. George Raper, the well known judge, was married Dec. 27 to Mrs. Mordue, of Normanby, Yorkshire. Friends of Mr. Raper on this side the water will, we are sure, join us in wishing Mr. Raper and his bride every prosperity and happiness.

It is rumored that a new dog paper is shortly to come out. It is not stated where it will go in.

Contrary to general report the Swiss Mountain Kennels' St. Bernard bitch Sunray did not whelp at the Chicago show. In fact she was taken home and did not whelp until the middle of the week afterward, and then one dead pup. She was too fat when bred and was kept in that condition afterward. This kennel will show a strong team at Saratoga next week.

It is reported that Mr. Sidney Smith intends coming over for the New York show.

Mr. A. W. Smith, of Buffalo, N. Y., has sold out his interest in the kennel to his late partner, Mr. W. S. Patterson, of Mayville, N. Y. This includes the good black and tan bitch Louie. Mr. Patterson also gets three of Louie's pups by Broomfield Sultan. Mr. Smith still retains his love for the breed, and when business permits will own another good one or two.

Mr. Loveland, secretary of the N. E. K. C., tells us that it is the intention of the club to give increased classification and prize money at their show in April next. "We do not want it all, and when the exhibitors show a desire to help, as they did last year, we cannot do less than return the compliment by offering more liberal inducements in return."

We see in our business columns that Mr. F. F. Dole is willing to part with two or three good dogs, among these are the bulldogs Argonauta, 1st puppy and novice class N. Y. show 1893, and the noted dog Rustic Swell. The prices seem reasonable, too.

The picture of Irish setter field trial winners which we publish this week is from a photograph taken before the trials at Thomasville, N. C., by one of our best amateur "fiends," Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, and which Dr. Davis kindly allowed us to use.

## Mayor Stewart Now.

We do not meddle much with politics, but when we see a good fancier voted by his fellow citizens into a good thing one cannot help feeling more than a passing interest. Mr. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, Ont., has been elected Mayor of that city. He had two opponents and he beat the second man by 1,665 votes, and the third man was buried out of sight; more than this, he beat the two combined by 200 votes. He has already held high office in Hamilton, having been Chief of Police and an Alderman, but this election puts him at the top of the tree.

Mr. Stewart has long been identified with the bulldog and fox-terrier fancies, and has always had the best interests of Canadian dogdom at heart, therefore we are sure his many friends will join us in congratulations. Mr. Stewart is also president of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club, and is also secretary and Chief Warden of the Game and Fish Commission of Ontario.

A serious accident happened to Mr. F. H. F. Mercer the other day. While driving over a bridge his horse bolted and threw him violently to the ground. His head struck the pavement and he was rendered unconscious. Mr. Mercer was carried to his rooms where he now lies dangerously ill.

The meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club that was to have been held Jan. 2, was expected to be a lively one, as some of the members are not pleased with the decision that exonerated Mr. Huber. It is stated, however, that the officers of the club have the confidence of the majority of the members, and the decision will be upheld.

## Pacific Coast Field Trials.

The Pacific Coast field trials, while they will not be overburdened with entries, are creating considerable interest among field sportsmen on the Pacific coast. There are said to be about ten entries in the Derby, but the All-Age Stake is expected to do much better, and show the spectators some good field work. The trials take place Jan. 15, and as Salinas is but 118 miles from San Francisco, an opportunity is offered sportsmen to see good dogs at work, and this may result in great benefit to both the field and bench interests of the Coast.

The question of responsibility on the part of show committees for specials donated by outside parties is cropping up in the *Scottish Fancier*, and we see that Mr. W. Brodie, who was recently a resident in Toronto and who owns the noted terrier Irish Ambassador, is mainly the cause of it. It seems that two years ago he gave a special at the Dumfries show for the best Irish terrier pup sired by one of his dogs. This has not yet been given to the winner's owner, and hence the trouble. This raises a rather interesting question as to whether a show committee is responsible for such specials. We do not know the "law" in such a case, but it seems logical that if a committee advertise certain specials as an inducement to exhibitors to enter at their show they should also assume such responsibility as would insure the winner of such special receiving his just due. The show committee here stands in a position like that of an indorser of a note; they are responsible to the winner of the prize, and must for their part look to the giver. It would be quite impracticable to adopt any other system. Exhibitors cannot investigate the responsibility of every man who offers specials. But it very clearly is the business of the committee, before they hold out the promise of a special, to inform themselves of the true character of the special, the responsibility of the man who offers it, and to make suitable provision to insure its payment. In a word, the nearer we come to usual business common sense ways in our dog showing, the less friction and the more satisfaction will there be in it.

## KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

## BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Katie Noble—Breeze Gladstone. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Katie Noble (Count Noble—Queen Meg) to his champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Sept. 18.  
Queen of Hearts—Breeze Gladstone. W. H. Wallace's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Queen of Hearts (Sportsman—Sweetheart) to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Sept. 24.

Peggy Breeze Gladstone. E. D. Jones's (Yorkshire, N. Y.) English setter bitch Peggy (Cluch—Fraud II.) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Oct. 14.

Belle Bucklelaw—Breeze Gladstone. C. K. Westbrook's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Belle Bucklelaw (Bucklelaw—Vic Fly) to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Oct. 16.  
Lady Roderigo—Breeze Gladstone. W. C. Goodman's (Paris, Ky.) English setter bitch Lady Roderigo (Roderigo—Royal Fly) to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Oct. 26.

Bleaze—Breeze Gladstone. W. S. Bell's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Bleaze (Count Noble—Tessie) to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Nov. 9.

Nanon—Breeze Gladstone. S. M. Mitchell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Nanon (Ben Him—Mary) to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Dec. 5.

Nellie G.—Ben Hur of Riverview. H. R. Sack's (Lymanville, R. I.) English setter bitch Nellie G. (Breeze Gladstone—Lady Snowflake) to F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview (Ben Him—Zoe W.), Dec. 8.

Spec Lomond—Milton. Grand View Kennels' (Danbury, Conn.) rough St. Bernard bitch Spec Lomond (Hesper II.—Quinta Lomond) to McCarl & Cattaneo's Milton (Tartar—Lady Gair), Nov. 29.

Lady Alma—Sir Douglas. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Alma (Eberhart's Cashier—Mabel E.) to their Sir Douglas II.—Lady Verne, Dec. 4.

## WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Edgewood Fly. T. A. Holcombe's (Salt Lake City, Utah) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Fly (Duke—Alice), Nov. 22, seven (four dogs), by his Little Prince (Bendigo—Kid).

Fly M. Geo. Meister's (Jackson, Mich.) Gordon setter bitch Fly M. (Buck—Gyp), Dec. 8, nine (six dogs), by his Louis S. (Beaumont—Fly M.).

Roche Tacit. A. C. Bradbury's (Englewood, N. J.) wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Roche Tacit, Dec. 24, seven (three dogs), by J. W. Taylor's Roche Talma.

Chicago Fawn. J. B. Wickers' (Pittsburgh, Pa.) pointer bitch Chicago Fawn (champion Fritz—Virginia), Nov. 9, nine (four dogs), by T. Johnson's Manitoba Shot (Cotton—Psyche).

## SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Orphan Girl. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped July 8, 1893, by Happy Toby out of La Belle Senora, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to John Ward, same place.

Young Cashier. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 7, 1893, by Eberhart's Cashier out of Cashier's Daughter, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Miss Laura Francisco, Decatur, Ia.

Cloudf. Black curly poodle dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Dr. Robt. Salter, same place.

Nellie. Fawn pug bitch, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to E. F. Cunney, same place.

Monk of Burness—Belle Mur whelps. Orange belton English setter bitch, by A. L. Fookes, Columbus, O., to Dr. P. J. Gavin, South Boston, Mass.; also a black, white and tan bitch to J. G. Pickering, Clarks-ville, Va.; black, white and tan dog to R. B. Hurt, Wheeling, W. Va.; orange belton bitch to A. Muth, Natchez, Miss.; orange and white belton bitch to W. Houser, Dansville, Pa.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. O'B. Lawrence, Mass.—See answer to F. B. D. for mixture.

M. W. Paterson, N. J.—If you will tell us which show you wish to exhibit at, we will tell you how to go about it.

Mrs. Birmingham, Ala.—Ollie B. is not registered in the published stud books. She may have been registered in 1893, and this you can ascertain by writing to the secretary of the A. K. C., 44 Broadway, New York.

B. H. S., North Attleboro, Mass.—Nesta (A.K.R. 1494), by Duncan out of Bess. Bess by Mec out of Wilson's Duce. Mec by Mr. Herkett's collie from Scotland out of Mr. Gerrard's bitch from Scotland. Duncan's pedigree cannot be traced. Write to Mr. Jas. Watson, Box 770, Philadelphia. He imported Nesta. The Chesapeake, Rake, is not registered.

Subscriber, New York.—I have an English setter pup seven months old; she is timid and is afraid of everything. What will be good for her timidity? Ans. Let her accompany you as much as possible in your walks. Always treat her kindly, but do not pet and caress her every time that she is apprehensive or frightened. Let her, by actual experience, learn that there is no danger impending. If you could take her out rabbit hunting with a beagle and let her chase and kill, or assist, it would do much to increase her courage. If the timidity is associated with a high degree of nervousness it may require a lot of time and patience to correct it.

J. M. P. Sistersville, W. Va.—Please inform me what are the markings of a Gordon setter. I always thought a Gordon was black, with tan markings on legs, breast, muzzle, and dots of tan over eyes; but a few people here have got black dogs that they claim were bred direct from Scottish Gordons. If they are the true Gordons my dog must be a cur, and an awful long pedigreed cur, too. Ans. You are substantially correct. The Gordon setter should be of a deep black, with tan markings dispersed as follows: On the forelegs below the knee, on the feather on forelegs, on the throat, on the cheeks and muzzle, inside the ears and over the eyes, on the belly, inside the thighs and on the vent.

F. B. D., Kegar Falls, Me.—I have a cocker spaniel bitch. She has sores come on her head, and the hair comes off. It seems to itch quite badly and on the inside of the ear it is red and sore. Ans. Treat for worms, and give the following all over the dog every other day:

Sulphur sublimed ..... 8 oz.  
Oil of tar ..... 5 oz.  
Cottonseed oil ..... 2 qts.

Mix. Also give dog this mixture:

Iodine sulph. .... 3 vi.  
Pot. bicarb. .... 3 i.  
Sod. bi carb. .... aa 3 i.  
Aq. ad. .... 3 vi

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

X. Y. Z., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Dutch is by Old Victor out of champion Countess (E. K. C. S. B. 5,510) pedigree unknown (vide E. K. C. S. B.). Old Victor (E. 2,791) pedigree unknown. Victor came out of the Black country and died in June, 1872 (vide E. K. C. S. B.).

Marquis (E. K. C. S. B. 2,713) is by Tarquin (E. 2,776) out of Fuss, by Nelson out of Gaby Young Fawn.

Nelson (E. K. C. S. B. 2,754, Vol. I), by Harding's Old Nelson out of Flower, by Old Tim. The other Nelson (E. 2,759, Vol. I) is by Old Billy (E. 2,722, Vol. I) out of Julie—both noted prize winners and both whelped in 1872. Tarquin (E. 2,776), by Young Victor (E. 2,792) out of Fuss, by Hink's Gambler (2,787) out of Young Fuss.

There are Countess by Gambler (E. 2,747, Vol. I) out of Little Fuss. Principio by Bendigo (15,637) out of Dr. Remison's Kit, by champion Sting out of a bitch by Sankey. Bendigo by Pratt's Baron (13,078) out of Maggie May (10,829), by Old Prince out of Kit, by Dick.

Champion Jubilee by Richmond out of Spot I., by Shamrock out of Elsie. Shamrock, by Erin out of Flora. Richmond, by Young Modoc out of Lillie. Young Modoc, by Modoc out of Malloye.

There are also Countess by Gambler (E. 2,747, Vol. I) out of Violet, by Old Victor out of Fuss. Candidate, by Marquis out of Florence. Marquis, by Tarquin (E. 2,776) out of Hink's Fuss.

The information contained above will also give the particulars of Edgewood Fly and Little Prince's breeding, sufficiently so to register. Queen of Spain we cannot find. A number of these old bull-terriers had the same names, but we think we have traced those mentioned to their proper owners. If all is not plain write again. See notice at the head of this column.

## The Gentler Sex Enjoy It, Too.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Papa takes the FOREST and STREAM from the news company in Baltimore, and we all are very much disappointed when it is a day over time on our table. We enjoy the good stories of the outings of people, and contrast them with our own experience. Mrs. R. J. H. BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 5.



# Hunting and Coursing.

## FIXTURES.

Jan. 15.—Brunswick Fur Club's winter meet. Bradford S. Turpin Sec'y.

## COURSING IN CALIFORNIA.

THE San Francisco Coursing Club had their second meeting in the Newark Park on Sunday last, Dec. 24, and it was a decided success. Twenty-four of the crack dogs of this section of the State entered for the meeting, and it is, I think, no exaggeration to say that they were the pick of all the kennels, and when the draw was made not one of the crowd that attended would undertake to pick out a winner, that is, for single courses, except at even money. Skyrocket and Little Banshee were the only ones of the "cracks" that did not show up for the meeting. The entry money was \$50 each and the stake was named the "Xmas Cup."

Considerable excitement was exhibited by the leasmen over the event, and had the weather kept fine there would certainly have been a large number of people in attendance; but for once the weather completely foiled the sportsmen, and when Sunday morning broke it was evident that the day was to be a bad one, and in all probability wet jackets were in store for all who went for outdoor sport.

The regular sportsmen, however, were not to be balked of their pleasure, and about one hundred of them appeared at the ferry prepared for anything—rain or shine.

On arriving at Newark, about 10 o'clock, it was found that the running ground was in fine order, though there were a few pools of water to be seen here and there over the surface, and heavy clouds were forming toward the southeast that indicated a downpour, which came along in due time, and shower after shower came down throughout the rest of the day that reminded one strongly of a tropical rainfall.

Mr. Dugan, the manager of the park, informed the committee that there were thirty-five of the finest hares in the running ground that had ever been seen there, and "depend upon it," said he, "you will see great coursing," and most assuredly he was correct, for stouter running game was never seen at Newark, and not till the third course was one of them killed—the two first hares especially being regular "road runners."

It was just ten minutes past 11 when the first pair of dogs were handed Mr. Wren, and as he and Judge Grace moved out the rain was coming down like "ramrods," as one of the bystanders expressed it, and when the last brace was handed to him it was exactly 3:30, thus finishing the twenty-four dog stake, after allowing for the luncheon time, in about three hours. Finer coursing has seldom been seen on this field, and notwithstanding the heavy and incessant showers, the crowd seemed to revel in the sport and appeared not to know that there was anything but sunshine. But of course it must be remembered that there were none there but the genuine lovers of the game, and to them, as a rule, good weather or bad weather seems alike—if the coursing is only good.

All the dogs acquitted themselves wonderfully well, but of course the pride of place must be given to the winner, as he met in his run down the card the very pick of the dogs, and he disposed of each one of them in the most workmanlike manner, showing a vast improvement over his Thanksgiving Day running, clearly proving his owner's assertion when the coursing commenced that he was a 50 per cent. better dog than on Thanksgiving Day. On that occasion he was beaten after a fine trial by Jack Dempsey, but this time Jack was well beaten by his sister, White Cloud, who fell after a strong effort in the next round before Shortstop, thus completely reversing in each of these cases the running of the three dogs. From this it would appear that dogs are as liable to change as horses. The other dogs that particularly distinguished themselves were Queen Bess, Vida Shaw and the Australian dog Waratah, who showed an extraordinary dash of speed, indeed, surpassing any of the dogs of the meeting, and actually losing his course with Queen Bess, paradoxical as it may seem, through his great dash of foot. The following are the details of the courses:

### First Round.

**DOTTY DIMPLE—CHIEF OF THE VALLEY.**—Dotty Dimple and Dowling's Chief of the Valley met a boomer, and the way it scampered before the hounds was a caution. The course was a very long one, each of the dogs doing a great deal of work, though in the commencement Dotty had the best of it, but not by a great deal, and when the hare made good his escape Mr. Grace must have stopped to think which of the two had the balance to its credit. Dotty got the verdict.

**QUEEN BESS—GLENFARRON.**—Queen Bess and Glenfarron were then sent after a flyer. The old veteran Glenfarron made play at once and shot out, the black bitch raced up sharply and both ran for a hundred yards close up to the game. The bitch then shot out and brought the hare round, and nearly all the rest of a long trial was hers and the hare escaped.

**WHIP—NATIVE SON.**—Whip and Native Son were sent after a regular flyer, and it was a long run to the game before either dog got near enough to turn it. Whip, however, got there by a length, but the white dog could give no help. Whip eventually killed and won.

**WARATAH—PRIDE OF THE PARK.**—Waratah and Pride of the Park were next called out. This little beauty was made a hot favorite, as all remembered her work with Long John the week previous. Just as both dogs were put in slips, however, Pride broke away and got on to a hare, which gave her a heavy course before she killed. After half an hour she was again put in slips, but Waratah proved altogether too much for her and beat her, though she made a very game effort at the finish of the course.

**MARVELOUS—OLYMPIC.**—Marvelous (late Home Rule) ran a great course with Olympic. The course took place during the heaviest of one of the showers, but it could be seen that Marvelous had the best of it after the first two or three turns. He killed and won.

**MARY ANN—RUSTIC MAID.**—Mary Ann and Rustic Maid had a fair course, but as the work got hot it was seen that the Maid was throwing up her head and allowing her opponent to do as she pleased, showing that the Maid had learnt a little too much. Mary Ann, of course, won after a most exhausting trial.

**WHITE RUSTIC—JENNY G.**—These two also had a great course, and to the astonishment of the talent Rustic beat Jenny, always a reliable and a clever bitch after a fine trial. This was the first appearance of Jenny for many months. She was a hot favorite, too, and, indeed, the first of the dogs on which odds was given. The hare escaped.

**VIDA SHAW—LONGFELLOW.**—Vida Shaw and Longfellow were next in order, the latter being the favorite, but upset the talent in an unmistakable manner and won a decided victory. The hare was a regular stinger, too, and the course was a heavy one for both dogs.

**WHITE CLOUD—JACK DEMPSEY.**—These dogs are brother and sister, and from the decided manner in which Jack defeated her in the Thanksgiving meeting he went out a 2 to 1 favorite. But never were tables so completely turned, and again the knowing ones fell, as the bitch gave Jack an unmerciful thrashing at all points of a long course. She led him to a hare by a length and beat him well at 11 points.

**SHORT STOP—RED PRINCE.**—These were slipped to a rattling hare, but Short Stop got first turn by three lengths, and won a long course, doing all the work.

**MAGPIE—QUEEN OF THE VALLEY.**—Magpie had really the great course of the day with Queen of the Valley. The work done in this trial was most severe for both dogs, but Magpie eventually got the flag by a clever kill. The course caused great excitement, so clever was the work. Magpie was a little faster, but the Queen was the closest worker and the stamina of the hare was wonderful.

**LONG JOHN—COUNTRY BOY.**—They went out as equal favorites, but John made a show of the Boy and won easily. Why Country Boy was ever supposed to have a show with Long John it is difficult to conjecture, except that he is said to be very fast after the patent hare.

### First Ties.

**QUEEN BESS—DOTTY DIMPLE.**—Queen Bess and Dotty Dimple had a great run to the hare, running as if in slips for fully three hundred yards and then Dotty reached out a length ahead and secured the turn. Both dogs then did some clever work but the hare broke away, and in a long reach to the escape Queen Bess had all the best of it, and when puss escaped the Queen had a decided advantage and got the flag.

**WARATAH—WHIP.**—Just as this pair of dogs were being placed in slips the owner of Whip held him loosely and right in front of him a hare jumped up. Of course he shot away and had quite a course to himself. He was allowed half an hour's rest, but he had no show with Waratah, who won, a sharp course.

**MARVELOUS—MARY ANN.**—Had a great course after a flying hare, which managed to escape from them. Marvelous won after some clever work.

**VIDA SHAW—RUSTIC MAID.**—Were slipped to a great hare that gave both dogs an extraordinary lot of hard work both in running and in turning, but it eventually fell to the fangs of Vida Shaw. In this course Vida hurt one of her forefeet and came back to the kennels very lame.

**SHORT STOP—WHITE CLOUD.**—This course was a surprise, as it was thought the white bitch would, after her defeat of Jack Dempsey, be at least a match for the San Jose crack, but she never made a point in a comparatively short course.

**LONG JOHN—MAGPIE.**—This was another short course.



A KENNEL AUTHORITY PICKING A BONE.

the hare being more of a dodger than a runner. John got the flag.

### Second Ties.

**QUEEN BESS—WARATAH.**—Slipped to a hare from the upper escape. The dog shot out, and when he got alongside the hare he was fully six lengths ahead of Queen, but running wide of the game. The hare doubled back and Queen coming in its way she ran in, wrenched and killed, getting of course the flag, but only by pure accident.

**VIDA SHAW—MARVELOUS.**—Vida Shaw was sent out to meet Marvelous on three legs, but by her wonderful pluck she absolutely beat this fast and clever dog after a fine course, Marvelous getting the lead up by two lengths. The hare was both a flyer and a worker, and it was here that Vida shone. She eventually got the kill, which secured her the course.

**SHORT STOP—LONG JOHN.**—Short Stop bowled Long John over in a canter.

### Third Ties.

**QUEEN BESS—VIDA SHAW.**—This was a great course, though the Queen had always the best of it. Yet Vida, notwithstanding her injury, fought well, and was never far away from her opponent through all the points of a great trial.

**SHORTSTOP—TOM HAYES.**—This was a bye for Shortstop. Tom didn't give the crack and winner of the stake a point. He beat him in the run-up, and in another dash picked up the hare, and thus beat the great Shortstop pointless. Of course Tom Hayes was fresh and this was Shortstop's fourth course within three hours' time.

### Final.

**SHORTSTOP—QUEEN BESS.**—Queen Bess and Shortstop, after the latter had his half hour's grace, were then called up and sent after a great hare. The course was a fine one, but Shortstop managed to get first turn, and then some clever work was put up by both dogs, Shortstop all through having a little the best of it, and when the hare fell he was a decided winner.

Mr. Grace and Mr. Wren gave thorough satisfaction all round, as usual.

### SUMMARY.

T. J. Cronin's w & f b Dotty Dimple	beat	J. Dowling's br d Chief of the Valley.
T. Cooney's b & w b Queen Bess	beat	M. Tiernan's r d Glenfarron.
J. Cranston's bl & w d Whip	beat	J. Shannon's w d Native Son.
R. E. de B. Lopez's b & w d Waratah	beat	J. J. Edmond's br b Pride of Park.
J. Cranston's br d Marvelous (late Home Rule)	beat	M. Tiernan's br d Olympic.
M. Tiernan's f b Mary Ann	beat	Dowling & McCormacks w & bl b Rustic Maid.
Dowling & McCormicks w d White Rustic	beat	T. J. Cronin's w & bl b Jennie G.
J. J. Edmond's w b Vida Shaw	beat	J. H. Perigo's bl & whtd Longfellow.
S. A. Cummings's w & br b White Cloud	beat	T. J. Cronin's wht d Jack Dempsey.

P. Curtis's br d Shortstop	beat	A. Merrill's f d Red Prince.
P. Ryan's blk & wht d Magpie	beat	J. Dowling's br b Queen of the Valley.
M. Tiernan's br d Long John	beat	S. E. Portel's blk d Country Boy.

### First Ties.

Queen Bess beat Dotty Dimple. Vida Shaw beat White Rustic. Waratah beat Whip. Shortstop beat White Cloud. Marvelous beat Mary Ann. Long John beat Magpie.

### Second Ties.

Queen Bess beat Waratah. Shortstop beat Long John. Vida Shaw beat Marvelous.

### Third Ties.

Queen Bess beat Vida Shaw. Shortstop a bye.

### Final.

P. Curtis's bridle and white dog Shortstop (Midnight—Peasant Girl) beat T. Cooney's black bitch Queen Bess (Laurelwood—Black Bess) and won the stake, \$40; Queen Bess took \$25, Vida Shaw \$15, Marvelous and Long John \$10 each.

The Merced interstate meeting will commence on Washington's Birthday. The number of entries will undoubtedly be large, and the first money will be either \$400 or \$500. The San Francisco Club will also hold a large meeting in their park the week after the Merced meeting, so that all who may come from a distance will have another big stake to play for without having to lose much time.

The sport is growing fast all over this coast, and greyhounds that have any pretensions to good breeding cannot now be had here for less than \$75 or \$100, while two years ago the same could be had easily for \$25 or \$30.

### GAZEHOUND.

### Beagle Hunting in England.

If only the American hares could be induced to run in the open as their English cousins are wou't to do, how much more interesting it would be to follow the merry little hounds in this country. This sort of thing is denied our beagle men, however, and as a usual thing we must be content to rush through briars and swamp at the imminent risk of limb and cuticle, with a multiplicity of checks giving us our only views of the hounds, and if it was not for the music there would be precious little to encourage one to undergo the fatigue. Just to show the happier conditions under which our cousins across the water take their sport we will give an account of a run with the Worcester Park beagles which we find in the last English Field.

This good little pack has been showing the most remarkable sport this season, scarcely having had an indifferent day. On Wednesday, the 6th, they met at Harefield House, Chesham, and punctually at 11:15 a move was made to North Chesham, as the covert on the Epsom side were going to be shot on Friday. The drawing for a quarter of an hour, a hollow some way off was heard, and our master set off at a rare pace. No sooner were hounds laid on than it was apparent that scent was all that could be desired. Our hare took a most extraordinary line, straight into Sutton, and, after running down one of the streets, in at one gentleman's front gate and out at another one; hounds suddenly checked. A wag was here heard to ask whether our worthy master would not like to make a cast down the High street, as it appeared the only spot where hounds had not run. Mr. Simpson, however, noticed a hound sniffing about at the wooden paling in front of a small house, and the good lady, at that moment coming out, invited him to draw her diminutive back garden. Every one felt inclined to laugh, as it had been cleared of everything except a group of three cabbages. Mr. Simpson, however, went in and there was puss, who was up and off like a shot, managing to just squeeze out between the wall of the house and the fence—a space apparently not big enough to let a cat through. Hounds were quickly taken round, and, after running right round the churchyard, went out into the country through the football field, till finally we lost her on Mr. Lee's field. Time, one hour.

Our master here handed over the horn to our energetic whip, Mr. Longman, and after drawing one or two fields blank, we crossed the road and drew toward the kennels. Hounds seemed every now and then to have a bit of a line, and sure enough when within about half a mile of their kennels up got Sarah, and a grand run ensued. They raced over the grass like foxhounds, every member of the pack giving tongue, over the Epsom road below the Queen Victoria Inn, on to Mr. Hale's land, then right-handed up through Mr. Fiddymet's into Non-such Park, where they checked, with only Mr. Longman and two others with them. A dash of about ten minutes followed. Willing and Wasteful hit it off again, and up got puss who had been squatting and crossed the heavy plow land of Mr. Martin's, across the line, through Harefield House garden, and away like wind, the field being about as completely spread-eagled as it has ever been my lot to see. It was now evident that her point was the very covert which had been purposely avoided; however, it was utterly impossible to stop hounds and the only thing was to blunder on as best we could, for there was no more "run" left in us. Fortune favored us, however, for just as we got into the same field as the covert bordered, we saw our hare just in front, clear dead beat, and the way Livery and Tragedy drew out from the pack and rolled her over within 100yds. of the point was a treat which only the few blown mortals who were there could properly appreciate. This was a three-mile point from where she was found, five miles as hounds run, all over grass, with the exception of one plowed field, and with only one check. Time 45m. and every hound there.

A three-mile run over grass is something for our Kreuders, Reeds, Chapmans and Jamiesons to dream about, but, alas, we fear with no possibility of realization. Even our friend Phœbus would feel disposed under such circumstances not to push the height of his beagles over the 15in. line. In the account of another day's work with the Cheshire beagles we find the hounds called off after a run of an hour and a half in the open, and this after killing the first hare at the end of a fifty-three-minute "gallop."

An interesting account is also given in the same paper of a run with the Surbiton beagles, in which a noted beagle, Rosemary, came to an untimely but glorious end. After a good run, the hare being hard pressed, "puss" turned toward a railway cutting, the walls of which were of chalk rock with a sheer fall of 43ft., and to the consternation of those below, Rosemary, with the hare in her jaws, was seen to disappear headlong down to the metals below, followed instantly by seven other hounds. Poor Rosemary and the hare were found lying dead together, and most of the others lay where they fell, stunned by the fall, while, to make matters worse, those few of the hounds able to move narrowly escaped being cut to pieces by a passing train. After the wounded hounds were taken back to the kennels, the remainder of the pack, seven couple, found two more hares, one of which afforded a run of one hour and a quarter before she was pulled down. "Poor Rosemary was left to her last long sleep near the spot where she fell, in the midst of the scene of many of her former triumphs."

### American Foxhounds.

THE anxiety displayed by the different clubs, which have the welfare of the American foxhound at heart, to adopt or formulate some standard whereby these hounds shall be judged in the future, is very commendable. At the same time, we are afraid that this zealous feeling may lead to some confusion. Already we have two associations or clubs in the field whose intention it is to form a standard at an early date, and another club is to be formed at the coming Saratoga show with this end in view. The arrangement of a standard is too important a matter to be considered hurriedly or in the interest of any one strain; it should be a welding of all interests, so that the result should conduce to the common weal. The National Fox Hunters' Association, an association composed of the most prominent fox hunters in the country, and who are also members of the other clubs, is the only body of sportsmen on which this duty should devolve. There would be no objection to the fox hunters at the Saratoga show and those of the Brunswick Fur Club carrying out their intention, with this reservation, that before finally adopting such standard as they may propose, they would forward the same to the committee on standard, selected by the







be extended in other ways as well. I have found that if you bring a certain amount of trade to one man he will usually give lower rates, but at present we have the spectacle of a well-known New York dealer in canoe jewelry putting his prices as has been remarked—"50 cents worth of name and 50 cents worth of goods for \$1 spent." Other dealers in canoe goods take their cue from him. My idea might cut down some of this.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.



old maps and logs stowed away, would it not be a good plan for him to produce them once in a while in FOREST AND STREAM or somewhere else for the benefit of his fellow members?

JOHN T. HOLDEN, A. C. A. 1292.

### THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

The '92 Cruise of the Shenandoah C. C.

BY THE COMMODORE.

(Concluded from Page 17).

As we sat by the spring, welling out from a deep crevice in the moss-grown rocks in the cool ravine, enjoying a quiet smoke and rest, Lacy was much amused by our description of how we had landed here last year with the intention of camping for the night and how old man Foster had worked us away by pointing out the superior camping facilities afforded by McIntire's—a mile below—and the danger we ran from camping on the public road (as he dignified the grass-grown wheel tracks, which, so far as we could see, only led from his tumble-down house to his tumble-down stable), quite evidently taking us for a couple of suspicious characters, whom it was well to be rid of as soon as possible and whom it would be unsafe to have on the premises over night.

Lacy was also interested to learn that on our memorable '88 cruise George and I made the run from here to Riverton between lunch and supper (arriving there after dark). We had good water then—rather too good, in fact—while on the present stage of water it would be a long day's run from here to Riverton.

About half-past 11 or 12 o'clock we reached the stove factory just above McCoy's Falls, where water had decided to lie by for lunch and a noonday siesta. This, like yesterday's lunch place at Milford, proved to be a very uncomfortable spot. The weather was intensely hot and close, the shade was thin and poor, as the trees were little better than bushes, and it was stilling close and hot under them. The water was poor and a quarter of a mile away.

After lunch, of course, of entering ourselves, we changed our quarters to the opposite side of the river, which, as it was a sand bank densely overgrown with willows, was scarcely an improvement upon our first landing place. The shade was better and more abundant, but the undergrowth was so dense that there was no breeze and it was stiflingly hot; and altogether our situation was an uncomfortable one. There was a small stagnant pond, a few yards inland, evidently left behind by some recent overflow. There were fish in it, for when George threw small toads in it they were instantly snapped up. A trial with his fishing tackle produced no results, however.

At 4 o'clock we re-embarked and resumed the cruise, and a quarter of a mile below George discovered that he had left his fishing rod behind, so he went sweating back after it, while Lacy and I paddled on leisurely to the head of the falls, where we laid by, up under the bank in the shade to wait for him.

After getting his rod and paddling half way down to us, he was observed to turn back and again return to our siesta-ground. On rejoining us it developed that he had also left his camp stool behind and a second return was necessary. The subject was beyond swearing and the second return was made in a gloomy silence. George is a careless boy around camp, and would go off and leave his head behind if it wasn't tied on.

There is a post office at the stove factory, and while we were there we mailed letters, including one from the boys to their Berryville friends stating that owing to low water and intense heat, we would not be able to reach Castleman's Ferry by Thursday, and therefore had decided not to start on Thursday. At McCoy's Falls the river widens out to a most imposing breadth, but is correspondingly shallow and of course full of reefs, and we had difficulty in finding water enough to get through, even with our small light draft canoes; and hang-ups, even in the boat channel were most annoyingly frequent.

There is one place in this falls where we have always missed the channel, and owing to the scant water, we missed it more than on any other year. The channel goes in at the head of the falls, close up to the left bank, and continues down a quarter of a mile, when it takes advantage of a smooth still reach between two lines of reefs, to cross over to near the right bank. We have always missed the exact place where it crosses, and gone too far down before crossing, to our great annoyance; for, once out of the channel, it is peculiarly difficult to get through this wide shallow, and, as a rule, we have been unable to locate it positively, however, in time for next cruise, after, as usual, missing it to-day.

At the upper part of the falls there are three chains of grass grown rocky islets extending clean across the river, forming, with the connecting reefs of great limestone reefs, over which the water falls in cascades of frothy white foam, and, as a rule, a barrier impassable to any kind of boat except through the boat channel.

The channel passes through the first and second of these chains, close to the left bank, as before stated, while, on approaching the third and densest chain, it runs out almost across the river and then goes down through the islands in a long, narrow, straight canal, down which the water ripples and rushes with the speed of a millrace. To-day is the third time we have missed this channel, and, as a result, below, having missed the upper end of it every time heretofore, but I'll warrant we'll run down it next cruise.

After securing the channel the remaining three miles of the falls gave us but little trouble. At the ford near the foot of the falls we passed one of the gondolas or flat boats similar to the ones formerly used in navigating the river in the ante-railroad days, loaded with barrels from the heading a few miles above, and moored to a log above the bank. While at the factory we learned that their entire product was boated down the river through the falls to this ford, and thence hauled to the railroad, a few miles away.

As we slid smoothly along past it on the rippling current, we at once saw how it is that these big boats can navigate such a shallow river, for it floated like a leaf on top of the water and did not draw much, if anything, over two inches less than half what our light canoes drew. We still wonder, however, how they get them over some of the reefs and falls we shoot, without their hanging up amidships; or how they swing them across some of the sharp turns in the channel, for the boats are 70 ft. long and 10 ft. wide—as big as a ferryboat.

We had an exciting shoot over the old dam and down the short, steep rapid below it, the foot of the falls, and by P. M. we reached our chosen camping-ground at the mouth of a small creek, where we camped in '88. There is a good spring in the bank of the creek some 50 yds. up from the river, and we all walked up to it over the roundabout path along the bank above the creek—for the driest route up the creek bed is very muddy—and enjoyed to the utmost a refreshing drink of water as well as a lemon decoration before making camp. We pitched the camp on the bar but a foot or so above the water, much as we did in '88, and the spot made a very comfortable camping-place, and we had a good supper and pleasant evening in camp before turning in for the night.

Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1892.—We were out at 4:30 this morning and hurried through with our camp work and were aloft again by 7:30, so as to get off as early as possible and avoid the heat of the day for this, the homestretch of the cruise. The 10 miles from here to Riverton is a troublesome stretch, as the river is so broad, shallow and full of reefs that it is difficult to find water enough in places at the present stage. However, profiting by the cruises of '88 and '91, we knew pretty well now where to find the best water, and so had but little trouble.

The event of the day—indeed, of the entire cruise—was the running of the shoot in the Blakemore Dam, opposite Front Royal, a shoot we have always heretofore declined. This shoot is a massive log structure built out from the face of the dam—which is some 7 or 8 ft. high—and sloping down to the level of the river below at an angle of about 60 degrees. Pretty much all the water in the river rushes and roars down this huge trough with tremendous power and violence, and pitches off the lower water in a perpetual spray about a yard high, while, even in the shoot itself, owing to inequalities in the floor, the water rolls and pitches in huge waves, making a horribly rough passage.

It looked safe, however, with good management, so with tightly closed hatches and aprons drawn up to our chins we engaged it, one at a time, George first, Lacy next and the Commodore last. The plunge was a most exciting one, and the canoes were completely buried in the water at the perpendicular drop at the bottom of the shroud, the water rolled in a solid sheet, a foot deep clear over our decks, from stem to stern, and the sharp crests of the waves struck us in the face. We a-l-shipped a little water here, not to exceed a half gallon all told. It was a most exciting episode, and worth the whole trip. I now feel satisfied for I have never yet portaged this dam, but if they had had a shot at avoiding the shoot, and we have always heretofore considered it too horribly rough to run.

The remaining four miles of the cruise were made without incident. We got a glimpse of the old, old story in the shape of a spruce looking young man and his equally spruce looking best girl evidently from the summer hotel at Front Royal spooning in a beautiful shady nook on the river bank; they were probably fishing, but if they had had a shot from a rifle it is not likely that it would have received much attention. At exactly noon we ended the cruise by landing among the miscellaneous collection of sail boats, skiffs, and gondolas, moved under the steep high bank just above the big dam at Riverton; and, after making the canoes fast, we climbed the rickety flight of steps leading up to the road above, along which we walked to the flowing spot where we were refreshed and cooled with beer and lemonade. After we returned to the canoes (taking with us a bucket of water) and paddled across to the left bank and had our lunch and then lazily unpacked the canoes, drew them ashore and put up the camp on our old camp ground, a beautiful piece of turf on the tree-

lined river bank by the roadside, and made ourselves comfortable for the rest of the day, as we cannot comfortably get things packed and shipped for home until to-morrow.

After putting the camp in order, I walked across to the post office to get my letters from home. On the way over I passed a fine large house, evidently full of summer people, for the ample veranda was crowded with young people, among whom I noted considerable of the fair sex. My not too presentable canoeing costume—short trousers, long stockings, etc.—muddy and travel-stained from the long and arduous cruise—seemed to attract some attention and afford some amusement to the company, as well as to offer a little opportunity for brilliant remarks at my expense, as I inferred from some of the observations dropped as I passed along. One very witty young man wondered audibly what I would take for the "pants," while his fair companion wondered whether I would be willing to throw in the helmet in case a trade was consummated. As I really did not care to dispose of either, I turned a conveniently deaf ear to their remarks and hurried on past, and on returning I took occasion to slip down a convenient back way, fearing that if I again made myself visible somebody's intellect might receive a strain.

On my return to camp, George and I took advantage of the several hours of afternoon still left us to go fishing. George went down below the railroad bridge with his fly tackle below the mouth of the north fork, which comes in about a quarter of a mile below our camp while I fished from the dam with bait. This place is fished to death, and at least twenty men and boys were fishing around in different parts of the river; but I caught three nice bass, while George returned at supper time with a string of some seven or eight fine ones.

We had an elegant light supper and had a party of lady visitors in camp while I was getting ready for the morning's outing, doing the heavy sitting around, and entertaining the visitors with preposterous and untrustworthy accounts of their adventures and hairbreadth escapes during the cruise, while I did the rest. One pretty, bright-eyed young miss asked who did the cooking and Lacy replied that the Commodore officiated in that capacity in addition to his other duties, and incidentally expatiated upon the Commodore's skill as a culinary artist, upon which point Lacy may fairly be considered an authority. "Oh, how nice!" she exclaimed, as Lacy concluded his panegyric. "And you two gentlemen just take him along with you for that purpose!" She was much abashed when the boys broke into a loud guffaw, which gave her to understand that the Commodore was permitted also to associate with them on terms of entire equality.

Thursday, Aug. 11, 1892.—We got a leisurely start this morning, as there was no hurry; so leisurely, in fact, that when our fair visitors of last night came down again at 9 o'clock to see the camp by daylight and to see us pack they found me just beginning to get breakfast and Lacy in the midst of a shave. In due time we were packed—our fair friends waiting their process—and we were off with exclamations of wonder that much plunder could be stowed into so small a space—and the boats were clattered across to the Virginia Midland R. R. station and shipped for home via B. & O. freight, and at 12:30 we embarked in a chair car on the N. W. road and were soon speeding back up the river for home. We took a late dinner at Wright's Hotel at Sheridan and had the usual tedious wait at Basic City, and at 6:30 we reached Stanton, and the cruise of '92 was over. Next year we will start from Mt. Crawford on North River instead of cruising through Middle River, and will push right straight along for the lower river without dallying along as we did on this cruise.

This dallying on a cruise is really the pleasantest part of the trip; there is no hurry, and it is better to take things easy, even at the expense of shortening the objective point of the cruise, as we did this last time, by stopping at Riverton instead of Harper's Ferry; but we find that from two to three weeks is as long as we care to stay out, and next year we will push along rapidly over the more familiar upper river and dally along after we get further down, which will be better; for the further down we get the better the fishing becomes, and we can thus spend more time in becoming better acquainted with the lower river. Next year we intend to inscribe on our banners our legend, after the classic motto of the famous Pike's Peaker of '49, "Harper's Ferry or bust," and we have no idea of busting.

### CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Appropos of the kauri, or cowree, pine, recently mentioned by a correspondent; Mr. F. A. Perrot, of Port Townsend, Wash., has sent us a small piece of the wood. The grain is somewhat similar in appearance to beech wood, so much used here for planes and other tools. Mr. Perrot says: "I have worked many thousand feet, and it is one of the best, if not the best wood I have ever used; light, durable, free from knots and finishes well. Kauri pine is worth \$2 to \$25 per thousand in New Zealand. In regard to the Spanish cedar, which is sold in Sydney, where it is brought from Queensland, for \$22 per thousand."

A correspondent asks for information concerning the St. Francis River, Lakes Memphremagog, Willoughby and Chrysal, and the Passumpsic River, on which he proposes to cruise in a canoe.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., Jan. 1.—Mr. J. A. Montague, V. E. Montague and the writer must take credit for opening the canoe season so far as Traverse Bay is concerned, having enjoyed a two hours' sail in the canoe into this New Year's Day. For some years it has been our custom to take a sail on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day, something the outside world, who judge northern Michigan winters by what they read, would hardly think possible. Great interest will be taken in canoeing here during the present year, several canoes being under construction, from which great speed is expected.—S. E. P.

The annual meeting of the Red Dragon C. C. was held on Jan. 5 at the Colonnade Hotel. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the offices for the ensuing year: Com. H. E. McCormick; Vice-Com. H. B. Fleishman; Treasurer, A. S. Penner; Quartermaster, W. J. Smith; Correspondent, F. O. Gross; Fleet Surgeon, W. C. Fetridge, M.D.; House Committee, W. J. Scott (chairman), H. D. Bachman, F. W. Noyes, H. Blummer, M. D. Witt.

At the election of the Hoboken C. C., Jan. 3, the following officers were elected: Com., Rich Biege; Vice-Com., G. V. Strahan; Treas., L. C. Kretzmer; Sec'y, P. C. Gotschalk; Capt., Theo. Forst.

### Rifle Range and Gallery.

#### Jerseymen at the Targets.

THERE was a good-sized crowd of riflemen and their friends in the Greenville Schutzen Park on New Year's afternoon. The weather was warm and springlike and the light fine. The Zettler Bros., with a party of New York and Brooklyn friends, were present and participated in a little informal practice. Five members of the Greenville Club shot off a 50-shot handicap match for refreshments and a nominal stake. M. Dorrier was out with his new Ballard match rifle, his first appearance with it on the range. Michael gave a little exhibition of what he can do by putting up two scores of 234; he then let up a little to allow the other fellows to keep anywhere near him. The weather was warm and pleasant, but as the day advanced the light became a little too hazy for fine shooting. This, however, made no perceptible difference in the zeal of the shooters in their efforts to reach the center of the bull. Chavant, who by the way has been improving in form of late, expressed himself as being satisfied to forego

his usual handicap and start scratch. Hansen was late in getting out to the park and was handicapped with the uncertain light in the last half of match. Under more favorable circumstances his score would be many points better. Collins brought out a new Ballard .38-50 for trial. His score shows quite an improvement over those of the past few weeks. A few more practice shoots and his handicap will come down several points. Colin Boag, with the aid of his handicap, reached the highest total of the day.

During the afternoon the portly form of that leader of experts, Barney Walker, walked into the shooting house. His entrance was the signal for an enthusiastic impromptu reception to this popular exponent of target-shooting. After a cordial hand clasp with all present, Barney was interrogated as to the whereabouts of his gun. His answer was that he dropped it in just for a social visit. All out of practice, had hardly fired a shot since the Chicago International tournament last summer, but the growing reputation of the Greenville Club, and the good repute of Jerseymen in general, had induced him to cross the Hudson and venture a trip to Greenville on the icy line. Mr. Barney Walker, in a shooting house among riflemen is very much like a drop of water on a hot stove cover, and on this occasion he was in his usual lively mood. It did not take him long to brew a little rivalry between two of the shooters present—Messrs. Hansen and Plaisted. Barney picked out Hansen as, in his judgment, the better man of the two, and proceeded to arrange an impromptu match, ten shots per man, risking a small bet on his judgment. Hansen expressed himself in sport and made his care free, as he expressed it. As a general thing the shoemaker is quite successful in picking a winner, but in this case he was a little off, as the appended scores will show. When the two contestants commenced their race the day had so far advanced that the shades of night were crowding the daylight to that extent that the light was poor and the location of the bullseye somewhat uncertain. After each man had fired two shots Walker expressed himself as feeling quite sure of his expenses. The third round, however, gave him a slight chill, and as the race progressed he ordered a little tonic to ward off the inevitable. Scores:

Plaisted.....	17	14	24	23	31	25	21	24	22	20	—210
Hansen.....	16	17	19	22	22	25	19	23	24	18	—204
The result was somewhat of a surprise to Walther, and yet did not change his faith in the correctness of his judgment, and to convince those present that he had not made an error he offered to back Hansen, in a 50 shot match for a moderate fraction of his shoe factory. His offer was accepted, and the match will be shot off on Saturday, Jan. 20, between 1 and 4 P. M.:											
Hansen, scratch.....	19	16	32	17	25	24	30	23	19	17	—204
Purkess.....	19	24	32	21	24	24	30	23	19	17	—219
C Boag.....	21	19	20	22	16	17	19	22	22	25	—203
Plaisted, scratch.....	19	22	24	18	16	18	24	25	23	19	—208
Chavant, scratch.....	16	17	19	22	22	25	19	23	14	18	—204
Collins.....	16	23	18	20	24	19	14	18	23	21	—195
Plaisted, scratch.....	23	22	17	25	14	21	12	21	0	16	—191
Chavant, scratch.....	18	18	10	11	21	20	24	20	30	19	—193
Collins.....	20	24	19	12	17	20	30	17	24	20	—197
Purkess.....	19	21	17	24	17	15	17	19	21	23	—196
C Boag.....	16	25	15	23	21	21	18	24	19	23	—205
Plaisted, scratch.....	19	17	13	21	22	19	18	22	21	18	—190
Chavant, scratch.....	22	17	19	14	5	19	22	22	20	23	—198
Collins.....	23	22	21	19	22	21	23	24	22	19	—213
Plaisted, scratch.....	18	25	23	20	21	23	24	23	19	21	—204
Chavant, scratch.....	20	21	16	23	23	23	21	22	22	22	—213
Collins.....	23	21	25	32	25	18	24	21	24	23	—226
Plaisted, scratch.....	23	22	23	24	15	13	23	23	15	23	—232
Chavant, scratch.....	14	24	23	23	22	31	22	21	21	17	—207
Collins.....	18	19	23	19	15	25	18	25	23	23	—207
Plaisted, scratch.....	18	21	21	22	23	21	25	25	24	23	—216
Chavant, scratch.....	13	24	23	21	21	25	21	24	21	23	—216
Collins.....	20	25	19	21	24	18	24	19	20	23	—213
Plaisted, scratch.....	19	23	23	19	23	25	17	23	24	22	—220
Chavant, scratch.....	23	22	22	13	17	20	20	25	23	23	—208
Collins.....	16	20	22	24	20	30	23	30	19	17	—301
Plaisted, scratch.....	17	24	23	35	17	18	21	25	31	25	—216
Chavant, scratch.....	23	22	24	12	19	14	23	14	23	31	—185
Collins.....	14	24	15	20	30	24	23	19	17	22	—204
Plaisted, scratch.....	22	23	21	21	24	18	22	22	23	23	—218
Chavant, scratch.....	22	23	21	24	18	22	22	23	23	23	—218
Collins.....	22	23	21	24	18	22	22	23	23	23	—218



Rifleman vs. Bowlers.

A novel match took place last week in Jersey City between a rifle club team and a bowling club team. The contest was made up under the novel rules of the match on the alley and on the gallery, the total scores of the two to count. The match was between teams of the Greenville Rifle Club and the Catholic Club. The first contest was on Wednesday night on the Catholic Club alleys. The rifleman went into the bowling contest with a confident faith in their ability to center the alley and down the pins, but when tried to send the balls down center of alley they found that the balls rolled upon an eccentric that seemed to carry many of them into the gutter, much to the disgust of the perspiring shooters. The result was that the Catholic team won the bowling match by a margin of 418 points (pins).

The return match was shot off on the gallery ranges of the Greenville Club on Saturday night. The members and friends of the Catholic team were promptly on hand and filled with a zeal to try and hold their bowling margin or at least enough of it to leave them a surplus to their credit on the grand total. The bowlers, however, found it somewhat difficult to make their bullets and the targets connect, one member making a clean score of goose eggs. The result was that the Greenville team won the rifle match with a margin of 1,123 points or a net margin on the two matches of 705 points.

The result of this novel match is that the Catholic Club now express its intention to build a set of ranges in its fine club house on Jersey avenue and educate a team of rifleman. Should the club carry out its intentions in this matter, the Catholic Club will be a formidable force in its bowling members, some good material out of which to make good rifleman. After the close of the match the Greenville Club entertained the visitors in a liberal manner and sent them home filled with that respect toward the Greenville Club which is born of good fellowship. Scores:

Greenville Rifle Club.									
Robidoux.....	25	22	22	22	22	22	22	23	231
Dodds.....	10	22	24	25	24	20	25	25	226
Lutz.....	24	24	22	19	25	25	25	20	222
Purkess.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	23	234
Gotthardt.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	23	21	229
J Hill.....	24	23	23	22	21	20	18	18	209
Collins.....	25	25	24	24	24	23	23	19	236
C Boag.....	25	25	23	23	23	23	21	20	230
Barth.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	242
Graef.....	24	24	23	22	22	21	20	19	216
Captain, C. Boag; judge, E. A. Graef.									
Catholic Bowling Club.									
O'Donnel.....	20	11	12	0	17	24	17	0	113
Cavanagh.....	12	16	13	16	17	23	15	13	178
O'Brien.....	25	0	0	0	28	21	15	10	175
Reish.....	24	22	18	17	10	0	0	0	109
Reish.....	23	20	18	12	10	9	9	0	119
F Riordan.....	15	11	10	0	0	0	0	0	36
E Riordan.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mallen.....	30	20	19	17	15	15	11	0	135
Owens.....	24	23	23	21	19	16	16	9	182
Moran.....	25	24	22	21	20	19	19	0	152
Captain, O'Brien; judge, O'Day. Mr. Plaisted acted as scorer.									

Denver's New Year's Shoot.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The third annual prize shoot, which was the opening of the 1894 rifle competitions under the auspices of the Denver Rifle Club, was a complete success. Marksmen were present from different parts of the State, and from 9 on the day the range was packed with shooters. Nothing was lacking on the part of the management, and the firing continued smoothly as fast as the shooters could load and fire. Including preparatory shots, the score sheet shows that over 1,100 shots in all were fired. The prize list contained over seventy valuable prizes. The match was open to everybody. No marksman could win but one prize, and that was determined by his score, the highest score being first choice of one prize on the entire prize list, and the subsequent shooters in rotation according to their scores. Three shots, off-hand, distance 300yds., American standard, any gun sight or trigger pull:

J P Lower.....	8	9	9	26	H McMurtry.....	4	5	9	18
J Speth.....	8	9	9	26	S S Blight.....	10	4	4	18
O E Adamson.....	8	10	8	26	E F Warren.....	5	9	4	18
H Woods.....	9	7	10	26	R R Wright.....	6	6	5	17
W Peterson.....	10	10	8	26	E C Robinson.....	6	6	5	17
A W Johnson.....	7	8	10	25	J H Dean.....	4	8	5	17
J C Bates.....	8	7	8	23	D W King.....	6	6	5	17
F O Welker.....	7	9	7	23	Capt Sharp.....	5	3	8	16
C F Hollingshead.....	8	9	6	23	H S Sill.....	8	4	4	16
J N Lower.....	6	7	10	23	P Stenick.....	7	3	6	16
H B Bird.....	10	10	10	23	G W Crater.....	4	9	3	16
J A Kibler.....	6	7	10	23	A J Johnson.....	5	3	7	14
H B Gilbert.....	6	9	7	23	F A Burgen.....	8	4	4	16
C L Dow.....	8	8	6	23	U G Purinton.....	8	4	4	16
Geo Schoyen.....	6	10	10	23	M Mahoney.....	5	4	5	14
C A Purinton.....	5	10	7	23	R E Foote.....	5	6	3	14
C M Wilcox.....	9	8	5	23	W Rhodes.....	9	2	3	14
W A Rhodes.....	8	9	4	21	F Crater.....	6	6	2	14
A Brentiss.....	8	7	10	21	S C Schuler.....	6	7	14	
C C Ford.....	8	8	5	21	C Kibler.....	8	6	13	
C Gove.....	8	9	4	21	E M Harmon.....	3	3	6	12
D J Crockett.....	7	6	7	20	L Parnell.....	6	8	3	12
A E Hamilton.....	7	7	6	20	J Duff.....	6	2	4	12
A E Parnell.....	6	8	6	20	P H Anderson.....	3	3	6	12
H A Willis.....	8	7	5	20	W A Uimer.....	3	4	4	11
J Knapp.....	6	10	10	20	S C Schuler.....	3	7	10	
G Pickett.....	6	10	4	20	N Parnell.....	3	3	10	
T N Thompson.....	9	8	8	20	E R Murphy.....	3	3	10	
E R Dow.....	7	4	8	19	P H Balf.....	0	5	4	9
H Simmons.....	10	5	4	19	C D Wissenback.....	1	6	2	9
E George.....	6	10	3	19	O L Cowan.....	1	3	3	7
F Crockett.....	7	6	5	18	A R Anderson.....	0	3	2	5
J Crater.....	6	6	6	18	Jos N. Lower, Sec'y.				

New York Rifle Club.

The New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly competition for prizes and medals at Zettler's gallery, 12 St. Mark's place, on Jan. 6. There were nine members present, who made the following scores, the two best to count on each day:

R J Young.....237 245 G E Gensch.....235 237 E B Barker.....221 226  
M Herrington.....236 240 H Duane.....230 235 Jas Duane.....208 225  
ER Chadbourne236 238 A H Isbell.....239 230 F C Hamilton.....206 212  
E. R. Chadbourne, Sec'y.

Miller Rifle Club.

At the weekly gallery shoot of the Miller Club last week sixteen members participated. Captain E. Fisher led his members with the good score of 241. The scores: Captain Fisher 241, Kruse 238, Schlicht 238, J. Meyer 236, Brandt 233, Dewey 230, F. Meyer 228, Vanderhayden 224, Leil 223, Meyns 223, Miller 220, F. Solt 225, Murphy 220, Scott 225, Stadler 222.

RIFLE NOTES.

President B. Walther is reported to have received a letter this week from M. Dorrier, of New Jersey, authorizing Walther to make a match for him with F. C. Ross for a 100 shot gallery match to be shot on the Cypress Hill range, three weeks from signing articles. Stakes from one to two hundred dollars a side. This ought to bring about a match for the Cypress Hill range is Ross's favorite ground.

There is an effort being made to establish a league among the rifle clubs in Hudson Co., N. J. We trust that the Jersey reformers will succeed in forming a league that will add a little life to many of the clubs, who at the present time are in what Mr. Dana would describe as innocuous desuetude. This leads us to inquire as to what our Newark gallery shooters are doing these long winter nights. It is many moons since we have heard anything from the many clubs who used to make this city the centre in gallery shooting during the winter months.

The Busse-Plaisted match, one hundred shots each, will be shot off on Washington Park range on Friday of this week. It is expected that many of our prominent experts will be on hand to witness the contest.

L. P. Hansen, of the Excelsior Club of Jersey city, is matched to shoot Plaisted, a 50 shot race on Saturday, January, 20th, on the Greenville Schuetzen Park range.

President B. Walther, of the Zettler Rifle Club, was a visitor at the new club house of the Greenville Rifle Club on Saturday night. He was highly pleased with the arrangement of the house and its ranges, and he prophesied a successful future for this young and energetic club.

We learn that Win. Hayes has returned home from his visit to the South very much improved in health.

Brother Hough's statement in last week's issue that the Windy City gun gallery shooters who were game enough to put up their lure to the extent of from \$50 to \$500 in a 100-shot gallery match has created a little interest among our local shooters. They have suggested to our rifle scribe, Plaisted, that if the ambitious Chicago shooters were to give out something in the way of a challenge that was bona fide all wool and a yard wide, the New Yorkers would try a piece of it. What do you say, Chicago? Business in New York with the rifleman at the present time is very dull and they are inclined to accept most anything that will break the monotony of their present surroundings.

Zettler Rifle Club.

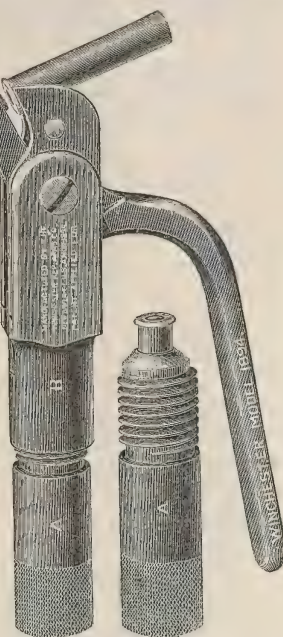
The first monthly meeting of the Zettler Club for the year 1894 was held at headquarters on Jan. 2. There was a light attendance, for which the holidays were no doubt responsible. The shooting of the members after the close of the meeting was of that quality usual to these experts. H. Holges got the champion medal on the excellent score of 247 on his first entry, and he also divided honors for the best 10 shot score with R. Busse, 247 each. Scores:

Champion medal: H. Holges 247, R. Busse 245, F. C. Ross 244, B. Walther 245, G. Nowak 240, B. Zettler 239, L. Flach 238, F. Schmitt 236, H. D. Muller 235, M. B. Engel 235, C. G. Zettler 237.

Best 10 shot scores: R. Busse 247, H. Holges 247, F. C. Ross 246, B. Walther 245, P. F. Schmitt 245, G. Nowak 246, M. B. Engel 245, B. Zettler 244, C. G. Zettler 243, L. Flach 243, G. Zimmerman 243, H. D. Muller 241.

Winchester 1894 Reloader.

The Winchester Arms Co. send us a description of their 1894 model reloading tool, designed to make more easy the reloading and resizing of large sporting ammunition. By a strong lever, a motion (not more than .03 of an inch) is imparted to the slide. The cartridge is contained in the die A, as shown in the cut. The die screws in to the frame. The shell, with its charge and bullet, is put together by hand and put into the die A. The die is screwed into the frame as far as it will go readily. A motion of the lever toward the die will force the cartridge into the die through a short distance. The backward motion of the lever loosens the cartridge in the die and withdraws it partially. The die can then be screwed up through a part of one turn. The repeated motion of the lever and continued screwing up of the die bring the cartridge its full length into the die, inserts the bullet to the right



distance, crimps the cartridge around the bullet, and reduces the shell to its original size, so that it will go freely into the gun.

With this tool it will be found to easily reload the largest cartridges, compressing the powder, putting the bullet to place, and reducing the shell on the outside to its original form. By the reverse motion, that is, by lifting the handle of the lever away from the die, the slide is lifted and the cartridge, by means of the extractor, is drawn a slight distance out of the die. When the handle is returned to the die, the latter can be unscrewed a corresponding distance. Another motion of the lever draws the cartridge still further out of the die, and with a few motions it becomes so loosened in the die that the latter may be easily unscrewed. As soon as the cartridge is loosened in the die, the extractor loses its grip, and the die and cartridge are taken from the frame together. This tool, new in principle, permits, with the use of little force, the most exact reloading, including the resizing of the shell. A measure, giving the exact quantity of powder, set of bullet molds, charge cup and primer extractor accompany the tool. The tool weighs two pounds. It will be made to load the following sizes of ammunition: .32-40, .33-55, .35-56, .40-55, .40-62, .45-70-405, .45-70-500, .45-90, .50-110 Express.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 16-18.—Grand live and artificial bird shoot, \$1,000 guaranteed, by the Hamilton Gun Club, J. E. Cray, Sec'y.  
Jan. 23.—Open shoot at 25 live birds, \$35 entry, on Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J. Entries close Jan. 22.  
Feb. 22.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.  
Feb. —Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.  
April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.  
April 24-27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.  
May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.  
May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.  
May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.  
June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.  
June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.  
June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.  
June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.  
Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wagonhook Park, Altoona.  
Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The fourth annual tournament of the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club, to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, bids fair to be as successful as their former affairs. The big event will be the opening shoot at 20 live birds, \$10 entry, for which \$700 is guaranteed. First money is \$300, second money \$100, third money \$75, and so on down to the fourteenth, which is \$15. Entries for this event will be taken on Monday evening at the Brunswick Hotel, Hamilton. Entries made after 12 M. on Monday will be charged 10 per cent. extra. The high guns will take the money. Hamilton Gun Club rules will govern. The rise will be 30yds. and the boundary 100yds. On the same day there will be a 15-target event, \$1.50, with \$30 guaranteed; a 20-target shoot, \$2 entry, and a 20-target sweep, \$2 entry, with \$10 guaranteed. Wednesday's programme comprises 15 targets, \$1.50 entry; 10 targets, \$1.50 entry, \$25 guaranteed; 20 targets, \$2 entry, \$50 guaranteed; 20 targets, \$2 entry, Thursday, live bird miss and out, \$5 entry; \$10 guaranteed with surplus, 20 entries to fill; 15 targets, \$1.50 entry, \$30 guaranteed; 20 targets, \$2.50 entry; 15 targets, \$1.50 entry, \$25 guaranteed; 10 live birds, \$5 entry.

Sportsmen throughout the East are clamoring for a chance to witness a match between E. D. Fulford and J. A. R. Elliott, who have never met one another before the traps in this section. The furthest east trap match during the series of five matches was William'sport. Fulford is a member of the Newark Gun Club, and his clubmates are anxious to see such a contest as above take place on the club grounds at Erb's. Elliott is also hanging for an opportunity to pull even with his old opponent, who during the series referred to won four matches to Elliott's one. Elliott desires to shoot in the East, where business will detain him for several months. He stands ready to arrange one or more matches at 100 live birds per man for \$250 or more a match, each match, and the sooner they are arranged the better will he be pleased. When Fulford was in this section a few weeks ago Elliott approached him on the subject, when Fulford said he would not be able to go into a contest until February. Fulford also preferred to shoot in Chicago, but to this Elliott declined to agree to a trip West, saying that he considered the East good enough to shoot in as long as both men were at hand, and that he saw no sensible reason for making a thousand-mile journey in order to shoot. Whether they will come together or not remains to be seen, but we are inclined to the belief that the public will have an opportunity of gauging their respective skill before many weeks have elapsed.

The fourth shoot for the medals of the Riverside Gun Club, was held at Red Bus, N. J., Jan. 5. The contest was at 25 bluecock targets, from 5 traps, unknown angles. Oscar Hesse was high with 23, using Walsrode powder as a matter of course. E. M. Cooper broke 22, Albert Ivins 20, E. Throckmorton 19, T. Davis 18, L. S. Campbell 18, John Cooper 17, J. S. Hoey 17. In a 5-man team shoot at 10 targets, rapid-fire, the scores were: Team 1: E. M. Cooper 9, W. M. Little 8, E. Throckmorton 9, Oscar Hesse 6, H. C. White 3; total 44. Team 2: Albert Ivins 9, John Cooper 4, J. S. Hoey 6, T. Davis 4, E. Garsney 4; total 33. Team 3: Oscar Hesse 8, E. M. Cooper 7, Ivins, Hoey and Throckmorton, 5 each; Campbell 4. At 5 singles: Throckmorton, John Cooper and Ivins, 4 each; E. M. Cooper 3, Hoey and Hesse, 2 each.

The Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club enjoyed its annual dinner at Smalley's South Orange Hotel on Friday evening, Dec. 30, there being a goodly number of members present. Speeches and singing followed and afterward came the election of officers for 1894, this resulting as follows: President, J. Warren Smith; Treasurer, T. B. Smith; Recording Secretary, Walter G. Laidlaw; Corresponding Secretary, O. L. Yeomans; Manager, D. W. Van Idersine; Field Captain, William Drake; Governors, Samuel B. Tillou, J. Siggius, W. C. Smith, William Drake, Albert Barry, D. W. Fisher, D. W. Van Idersine, O. L. Yeomans and Walter G. Laidlaw. The club is in fine condition financially, as well as numerically, and a lively season is contemplated.

A private live bird shoot was held at Belleville, N. J., on Tuesday, Jan. 3, there being four even teams of 5 birds each and on at 6 birds. The results: Team No. 1, five birds, Hill 5, Campbell 4, Keller 4, Parker 4, Weston 3, Stayer 1, McNulty 0, Stanier 0. No. 2, same, Hill 5, Parker 5, Weston 5, Keller 4, McNulty 3, Stayer 1, Campbell 1, Stanier 1. No. 3, six birds, Hill 6, Parker 6, Campbell 5, Leighton 5, Keller 4, Weston 4, Ortholf 4, McNulty 3, Stayer 1, Stanier 1. No. 4, five birds, Leighton 5, Hill 4, Parker 3, McNulty 2, Keller 2, Weston 2, Ortholf 1, Stayer 0, Stanier 0. No. 5, five birds, Campbell 5, Hill 4, Leighton 4, Parker 4, Weston 4, Ortholf 3, McNulty 1, Stayer 1, Keller 1, Stanier 0.

The New Year shoot of the newly organized Orange Rod and Gun Club, held on their grounds on Watching Mountain, West Orange, N. J., was a pleasant and successful affair. There were sixteen members present and they shot at 5 live birds each. C. H. Jacobus and George Fisher killed 5 each; C. C. Young and Hamilton Meller 4 each, Joseph Young and Solomon Wood 3 each, George Wood, William Manwood, Samuel Booth, William Heberis, Frank Storans, Rudolph Wagner and G. M. C. Mantock 2 each, and Thomas H. Lippe 1. After the shoot the members repaired to Duun's Hotel, where a banquet was served and a pleasant evening enjoyed.

We are pleased to say that Rollo Heikes, the genial blonde who is so expert at smashing targets, is entirely recovered in health, but Chicago is no longer to contain him as a resident. He is now located in his old home, Dayton, O., and will go into the shell-loading business on his own account. Rollo was completely run down, and by the advice of his physician he spent some time in the South recuperating. While a believer in climatology he has arrived at the conclusion that the man who goes to Chicago for a change of climate usually gets a surfeit.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company publish a pretty panel embellished with a picture of a Gordon setter and litter of puppies, all of whom are seriously contemplating the amount of damage they have wrought by partially emptying a box of Smokeless shells. In the background is shown a kennel, game bag and gun, and underneath is a calendar for 1894. Taken altogether it is a pretty conceit and a neat ornament for office or club room.

Under date of Dec. 21 notices were sent out for a 50-bird sweep, \$50 entry, to be shot at Erb's on Jan. 18. All the recipients of said notices impress upon their minds the fact that the shell-loading business has been cleared off and that in its stead there have been arranged a 25-bird sweep, \$25 entry, to be shot at Erb's, Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, Jan. 23, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. Entries will be taken up to Jan. 22 by C. H. Townsend, Box 2332, New York.

Washington's Birthday at Dexter Park this year will, as usual, be devoted to targets and birds. This is the one day in the year that the patrons of Dexter Park turn out to give "Billy" a little benefit, and as a consequence the day has been calendarized by the shooters as "Trapper Mills's day." The shoot will open at 9:30 A. M. with target sweeps and continue until 1 P. M., after which birds will be in order.

There will be a fat year for the frequenters of tournaments. Already two have been announced, each with \$1,000 added money; and Washington and Cincinnati are likely to fall in line with similar affairs. Then Charlotte, N. C., is considering the feasibility of giving a three-days' shoot immediately preceding the Knoxville shoot, and they will probably add from \$500 to \$1,000.

The new catalogue of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company of Cleveland, Ohio, is ready for distribution and will be sent to any address on receipt of a stamp to cover postage. Every shooter should have this catalogue, as it contains many half-tone cuts of great interest. The company has also ready the programme for tournament, Jan. 10-21 at which they add \$1,000 in cash.

A letter from Arthur S. Mattingly, secretary of the Capital City Gun Club of Washington, D. C., informs us that his club is now the only organization of the kind in the city and that its membership comprises every good shot in the city. They are now considering the feasibility of holding a tournament in June and adding \$1,000 to the purses.

Leander S. Campbell of Little Silver and James Van Brackle of Long Branch had a fill, trap and handle match at Perth Amboy. The conditions were 25 birds per man, 21yds. r.e., 50yds. boundary, gun below elbow until bird was on the wing. On the twenty-first round Campbell was shot out, having killed only 11 birds to Van Brackle's 16.

A number of well-known sportsmen will go to Norfolk, Va., next Thursday to witness the 100-bird match between "Dutchy" Smith of Plainfield and Neaf Apgar of Evona, for a stake of \$250 a side. The party will start from New York on Wednesday afternoon and return on Friday.

Jersey shooters were disappointed at the falling through of the contemplated live bird match between Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville, and T. W. Morley, of Paterson. These men are very evenly matched as regards skill, and a contest between them would be an interesting event for their many friends and clubmates.

The Atlantic City (N. J.) Rod and Gun Club has decided to hold its tournament on June 12, 13 and 14, instead of during the third week in June, in order not to conflict with the Chamberlin Cartridge Company's tournament.

The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will hold its eighteenth annual tournament at Columbus, Neb., on May 15, 16 and 17, and will add \$1,000 to the purses. The shoot will be under the auspices of the Columbus Gun Club.

And now we understand that John L. Brewer is anxious to have another "go" at J. A. R. Elliott, and as the latter is more than anxious a meeting, or even a series of them, are likely to result.

T. C. Wright and T. W. Morley, both of Paterson, will shoot a match at Willard's Park on Tuesday, Jan. 16, each man to shoot at 50 live pigeons for \$50 a side.

The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association will soon publish an advance prospectus of the New York State shoot to be held in Utica in June.

Notice is given elsewhere that the Chamberlin Cartridge Target company has discontinued their Eastern office. A list of agencies is given. Secretaries of clubs are requested not to fail to promptly send us the results of their annual elections, change of shooting days, etc.



## New Year's Day at Dexter.

LOUIS MILLER'S New Year's cards inviting his friends and patrons to attend his New Year's shoot on Monday last, was the means of bringing together an agreeable and enthusiastic group of shotgun devotees.

The day was fine, the air tempered to that degree that makes one's overcoat a burden. The events of the day were divided into 12 events; 9 at targets and 3 at birds.

The first event at 10 targets had 8 entries. Fred Thompson of the Vernon Gun Club, broke 9 for first money. Messrs. Wood and Floyd tied with 8 each for second.

Second event, 10 birds, 7 entries. W. H. Thompson first with 10; F. A. Thompson second, 9.

Third event, 10 targets, 7 entries. W. H. Thompson, Ferris and Heyer second with 8 each.

Fourth event, 10 targets, 7 entries. Heyer first with 9, Wood second with 8.

Fifth event, 10 targets, 9 entries. Osterhout first with 9, Ferris second with 8, W. H. Thompson, F. A. Thompson and Soper third with 7 each.

Sixth event, 10 targets, 8 entries. Ferris first with 10, Woods second with 9, Heyer and Osterhout third with 8 each.

Seventh event, 10 targets, 8 entries. Woods, Heyer, Schortemeier and F. A. Thompson first with 8 each. Osterhout, Ferris and W. H. Thompson second with 5 each.

Eighth event, 10 targets, 8 entries. Woods first with 9, Schortemeier and Thompson second with 8.

Ninth event, 10 targets, 9 entries: Thompson first, with 10, Schortemeier second, with 8, Bowen third, with 7.

Tenth event brought a change in the monotony of targets to live birds. This event brought together 12 contestants, 5 birds each. Schortemeier, Bowen and Thompson tied with clean scores.

The eleventh event, 7 birds, 16 entries, was an interesting sweep. The birds were good and strong, and in most instances when the traps were opened the birds made good flight for the next county. Fessenden, Schortemeier and C. H. Meyer dropped all of their birds inside the boundary and got clean scores to their credit. Osterhout slipped up on his last bird and finished with 6 kills to his credit. Wood and Kellenstroth also killed 6 each. Otten, Schumacher, Johns, Bowen and Simpson 5 each, Meyer, F. A. Thompson, Dr. Little and Keim 4 each; C. Meyer, while last, with 3, got about as much of the pot as the others, for he had no division to make.

The twelfth event was a mix and out affair with 6 entries. Otten and Bowen dropped out on the second round. Schortemeier on the fourth and Dr. Little on the fifth. Smith and Thompson then divided. Scores:

No. 1, 10 singles: W. H. Thompson.....001111110-7 F. A. Thompson.....011111111-9 Wood.....011111110-8 Ferris.....101111100-7 Brown.....000101000-2 Osterhout.....101111110-7 Floyd.....101011111-8 Heyer.....100110111-7

No. 2, same: Floyd.....101010000-4 W. H. Thompson.....111111111-10 Wood.....011111110-8 Heyer.....010000111-4 Ferris.....011110011-7 F. A. Thompson.....111011111-9 Osterhout.....101110111-8

No. 3, same: Wood.....010011110-6 Osterhout.....111111110-9 Floyd.....110000110-5 Ferris.....011111110-8 W. H. Thompson.....011011111-8 Heyer.....101110111-8 F. A. Thompson.....100111011-7

No. 4, same: Wood.....111011101-8 Osterhout.....100111011-7 Heyer.....101111111-9 Ferris.....011010111-7 W. H. Thompson.....111011011-6 Floyd.....111010011-6 F. A. Thompson.....110100111-6

No. 5, same: W. H. Thompson.....101011110-7 Osterhout.....111111111-9 Wood.....011110110-6 Floyd.....000010110-4 F. A. Thompson.....101111111-8 Soper.....011111111-6 Ferris.....111110110-6 Hosiord.....100011000-3 Heyer.....101110110-6

No. 6, same: Schoemaker.....101110000-5 F. A. Thompson.....101100101-6 Soper.....000101101-5 Woods.....011111111-9 Heyer.....111010109-6 Osterhout.....111000011-6 Ferris.....111111111-10 W. H. Thompson.....111110111-9

Osterhout.....110100011-6 Schortemeier.....011011111-8 Bowen.....011110111-8 F. A. Thompson.....101111110-8 Ferris.....001011101-6 W. H. Thompson.....111010001-6 Woods.....110111011-8 Soper.....111010001-5 Heyer.....000110111-3

No. 7, same: Bowen.....010010100-3 Osterhout.....011101011-7 Woods.....111111110-9 Hazen.....101010110-6 Schortemeier.....111111011-8 Soper.....111001101-6 Thompson.....101101111-7 Ferris.....010110111-7

No. 8, same: Schortemeier.....110111111-8 Woods.....000110111-6 Thompson.....111111111-10 Soper.....010101010-6 Otten.....000101010-3 Bowen.....101010111-6 Osterhout.....101010011-6 Shoemaker.....111010100-5 Heyer.....101010011-5

No. 9, 5 live birds, entry \$3.50, four moneys: Heyer.....02211-4 Peters.....31013-4 Schortemeier.....32222-5 Bowen.....3123-5 Soper.....32201-3 F. Thompson.....32111-3 Skidmore.....12002-4 Fessenden.....21021-4 Kittenstroth.....11101-4 Woods.....02222-4 Schumacher.....02310-3 Floyd.....11022-4

No. 11, 7 live birds, entry \$5, four moneys: Kellenstroth.....011211-6 Bowen.....210100-5 Otten.....21023-5 Schumacher.....202310-5 Dr. Little.....012120-4 Morray.....020202-4 C. Meyer.....1201000-3 Johns.....0120123-5 C. M. Meyer.....212211-7 Fessenden.....211212-7 Osterhout.....21120-6 Schortemeier.....222222-7 Wood.....110221-7 F. Thompson.....0201110-4 Keim.....112020-4

No. 12, miss and out, entry \$1.20: Schortemeier.....2120 Smith.....11111 Thompson.....30 Thompson.....12111 Bowen.....30 Little.....21110

## The South Side's Annual.

This year for the thirteenth consecutive time the members and friends of the enterprising South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., assembled on the club grounds to enjoy the New Year's "annual" shoot, which has become a State fixture. The day was all that could be desired, with its bright sunshine and balmy air. The attendance was good, as in former years, there being a number of out of town shooters present. Among the visitors were Harry and Ed Landis and Mr. "Henry" of Philadelphia; John W. Hoffman, of German Valley; Fred Van Dyke, of Danville, N. C.; Miller of Springfield, Dr. Crane, of Rahway; J. W. Smith, of Orange; Creveling and Strader, of Jersey City; Van Idersine, of Orange; O. L. Yeomans, of Maplewood; J. B. McCullum, of Irvington; Hibbard, of Elizabeth; Walters, of Arlington; N. G. Money, of Oakland; Craft, of Irvington; "Dutchy" Smith and "Tee Kay" Keller, of Plainfield, Sickley of South Orange.

An abundant and tasteful lunch was provided by Day, the well-known Newark caterer. Firing was kept going in the shooting house, and in every way possible the comfort of the shooters was attended to. Messrs. Hobart, Terrill and Breintall were the managing committee. It was nearly 11 o'clock before the sport began and between that time and 4:30 P. M. over 3,600 bluecock targets were thrown.

The result of the day's sport is appended:

No. 1, 10 singles: Hoffman 7, Hobart 7, Geoffroy 8, Van Dyke 8, Landis 9, Miller 7, Terrill 6, Henry 6, David 8.

No. 2, 10 singles, entry \$1: Hoffman 7, Hobart 8, Miller 9, Landis 10, Geoffroy 9, Van Dyke 9, Dr. Clark 6, Henry 4, David 7.

No. 3, 15 singles, entry \$1.50: Hoffman 13, Van Dyke 13, Geoffroy 13, Miller 11, Hobart 13, Henry 11, Landis 12, David 11, J. W. Smith 13, 9, Hadden 9, Hobart 7, Henry 7, Dr. Clark 6, Henry 8, Hoffman 10, J. W. Smith 9, Landis 10, David 8.

No. 5, 15 singles, entry \$1.50: Geoffroy.....1100101111111-12 Hedden.....0110111011111-12 Hobart.....1011101111111-13 Hoffman.....0101111111111-13 Thomas.....1011011011111-11 Landis.....1101100110111-12 Breintall.....1111101111111-14 Henry.....0101111111111-12 Van Dyke.....0011110111111-14 J. W. Smith.....1010111011010-10 Miller.....0011110111111-12 David.....1111101101010-12

No. 6, 10 singles, entry \$1: Breintall 6, Hibbard 6, Whitmark 8, Creveling 5, Strader 8, Van Idersine 8, Miller 7, Geoffroy 8, Van Dyke 10, Thomas 8, Hobart 6, Hedden 6, Landis 10, J. W. Smith 8, Henry 6, Hoffman 9, David 6.

No. 7, 15 singles, entry \$1.50: Landis.....1101111111111-14 Thomas.....0101011111100-10 David.....1101011001111-12 Whitehead.....1111101100111-32 Breintall.....1110111101111-13 Hoffman.....1111111111111-35 Hobart.....1110110111111-12 Miller.....1011111111111-33 Geoffroy.....0111011101101-10 J. W. Smith.....1111101111101-13 Van Dyke.....1011101101111-12 Henry.....1011110111111-33

No. 8, 10 singles, entry \$1: David 9, Landis 9, Geoffroy 9, Hobart 9, Strader 9, Miller 9, Van Dyke 9, J. W. Smith 9, Henry 9, Hoffman 9, David 9.

Creveling 7, Strader 7, Hedden 7, Hibbard 8, Van Dyke 8, Van Idersine 4, Walters 6, Breintall 6, N. E. Money 8, Miller 7, W. Smith 8, Thomas 7, Hoffman 8, Henry 9, Craft 6.

No. 9, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 6, David 4, Hobart 5, Thomas 4, Henry 4, J. W. Smith 6, Hedden 6, Geoffroy 7, Breintall 7, Van Dyke 6, Van Idersine 6, Whiteback 6, Walters 7, Miller 7, Hoffman 6, Money 8.

No. 10, 20 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 11, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 12, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 13, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 14, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 15, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 16, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 17, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 18, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 19, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 20, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 21, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 22, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 23, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 24, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 25, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 26, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 27, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 28, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 29, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 30, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 31, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 32, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 33, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 34, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 35, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 36, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 37, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 38, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 39, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 40, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 41, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 42, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 43, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 44, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 45, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 46, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 47, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 48, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 49, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 50, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 51, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 52, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 53, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 54, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 55, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 56, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 57, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 58, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.

No. 59, 10 singles, entry \$1: Landis 10, David 10, Hobart 10, Thomas 10, Henry 10, J. W. Smith 10, Hedden 10, Geoffroy 10, Breintall 10, Van Dyke 10, Van Idersine 10, Whiteback 10, Walters 10, Miller 10, Hoffman 10, Money 10.







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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.  
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1894.

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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

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## SPECIMEN COPIES.

Any reader of the "Forest and Stream" may on request and without expense have a specimen number of the paper sent to a shooting or fishing friend.

## PORTRAITS IN INK.

V.—ONE WHOM WE ALL KNOW.

If all sportsmen were like our harmless friend, game might live a quiet life and die of old age, while its human enemies were getting ready for a campaign against it.

Even though it makes you impatient, you cannot help being amused by the fuss of his constant preparation, nor fail to be warmed by his steady enthusiasm that burns on and on like a slow-match, which never fires the mine of action.

What careful selection of guns, what labor of tinkering and cleaning them, what cautious purchasing of a new one and endless testing of its qualities, what thoughtful study of ammunition and close measurement of charges, what nice adjustment of all appurtenances go on while the season draws near, endures and is gone.

Then at once with unabated zeal he begins planning for the next, and refurnishing his equipments, targeting his guns, wearing them out with innocuous use. So his year passes in a round of pleasant anticipation and free of vain regret.

Once in its course, perhaps, he is betrayed into going shooting while yet unready. Your report of the abundance of squirrels, his favorite game, in your neighborhood, gets the prompt response of a promise to come in a day or two for a raid on them. During the week or a fortnight that await its fulfillment the woods are overrun by a horde of gunners, and every squirrel is killed or made alive to its own safety.

At last, late in the afternoon of the last day, your friend arrives with a wagonload of guns and equipments, whereof nine-tenths are quite unnecessary. When he has made a studious selection from his embarrassment of riches, you go forth with him in the propitious last hour of sunlight.

You are so fortunate as to accomplish stealthy approach to a squirrel that, unconscious of danger, sits rasping a nut on a hickory branch, and as a courteous host should, you signal your guest to take the easy shot.

Slowly unlimbering his gun from under his arm, while he calculates the distance, he cautiously raises the weapon to its deadly aim. You hold your breath in expectancy breathless; but if you held it till he fired, you would have no further use for it.

A busy spider runs out to the steadfast muzzle and cables it to the ground with a silver thread. The squirrel turns his nut, half eaten, to begin on the other side, and suddenly becomes aware of enemies. Down drops the nut with raspings of shuck and shell, and up goes the squirrels behind the sheltering trunk, then out upon the further branches, and so goes plunging and scampering through upper byways in swift retreat to the heart of the woods.

Without lowering his gun, the dilatory marksman turns an almost triumphant face toward you, as who should say, "If he had not moved his fate was sealed."

He never risks a shot at running or flying game. You would as soon think of an oyster snatching its prey as of him shooting on the wing. If his game will not wait, it may go unscathed.

When the delayed opportunity arrives, he is as little exalted by success as cast down by failure, and calmly accepts good fortune with quiet thankfulness.

Whether he bears home a light or heavy bag, he seems never to be weighted with the burden of disappointment nor to be troubled with jealousy, while you can but envy his constant pleasure of anticipation, his sure enjoyment of participation.

Happy old man, long may he potter in endless preparation, long continue his meandering in the woods, a rarely harmful foe to all their denizens.

## SNAP SHOTS

THAT is an interesting reminiscence of war times which Dr. Ellzey sends us in reply to a Maryland correspondent's inquiry concerning the effects of prolonged close periods on quail and other game. Dr. Ellzey's testimony shows that in Virginia a close season extending over several years brought a great increase of partridge (quail) and other birds. On the other hand, some of the sportsmen of central New York are of opinion that these good results are not certain to follow such prolonged periods in that latitude, and at the meeting of the New York Association last week they asked that the five years' prohibition of quail shooting in certain counties should be removed. With the migratory instincts of imported birds and the peril of extermination by severe winters, they argued, the gunner might wait patiently year after year only in the end to find the game fields barren as before. Opposed to this again was the testimony of Mr. A. E. Babcock, of Monroe county, in the same State, who reported that some of the quail put out by Mr. Kimball, of Rochester, two or three years ago, were still flourishing, and should be given further protection.

Our Maryland correspondent, it will be remembered, testified that killing off a percentage of the old birds and scattering the coveys had actually promoted the breeding of the birds in a locality observed by him. This is supplemented by a report of Mr. W. C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, in the northern part of New York, who has been successful in introducing quail from West Virginia. The report was read before the Genesee Valley Association in Rochester last week and is given in our report of that meeting in another column. We would be glad to receive further testimony and opinion on this subject. The importation of quail from one locality into another is assuming proportions which entitle it to such discussion; and in many districts the native supply has fallen so low that interested persons would gladly forego shooting for a period of years if they were fully assured of the good results to follow.

At the Megantic Club banquet in Boston the other evening Dr. Heber Bishop gave some interesting figures of the development of the Megantic idea. The club has a membership of 270, which is widely scattered in this country and Canada; controls in its preserve 250 square miles of territory, over the waterways of which it travels by means of its 100 boats and steam launches, and by 75 miles of trails on land; and having disbursed \$50,000 in improvements, it has a comfortable surplus of \$15,000. The members killed fifty-one deer in 1893, and a number of caribou. The trout and salmon caught were numbered by the thousand; while vast numbers of ova have been produced in the club hatcheries, and yearling trout have been put into twenty-eight lakes. A novel diversissement of the evening was the introduction of a dead caribou from the Maine preserves, which was carried around the hall by Dr. Marshall and Mr. Wendal Stevens. Like all the Megantic reunions, this was an occasion of true woodland camp good will and enjoyment, long brightly to be remembered by members and guests.

The Sunday fishing law of this State has been receiving some attention since the recent Court of Appeals decision brought it to notice. A resolution asking for the repeal of the law was discussed in the Genesee Valley Association at Rochester the other day; but adoption of the resolution was deprecated on the ground that the public might misinterpret the motives of the step and the attitude of the society toward the observance of the Sabbath. This disposition of the matter was the wise one. The debate of a Sunday fishing law soon lapses from the comparative calm and serenity of fish protection talk into the heated and possibly rancorous discussion of religion, and ends in nothing more profitable than the firmer intrenchment of each party to the dispute in his own position. As for the Sunday fishing law in this State, it has been and is practically a dead letter except when made use of as a spite measure. It will continue to be a dead letter, or if enforced will be repealed. In either event, game protective societies need not make hazard of their influence by taking action on it.

Fish Commissioner Hackney, of this State, raised a laugh in the meeting of the State Association last week when he said in effect that at the time of his appointment to the Fish Commission he had known nothing about fish and he did not now. Mr. Hackney is something of a

humorist and apparently does not fail to recognize that his being on the Fish Commission is a huge joke, although just where the joke comes in for the people of the State, even Mr. Hackney might confess himself unable to determine.

The second annual winter meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in Syracuse last week, demonstrated anew the wisdom of those persons who were instrumental in 1892 in providing for the fullest exercise of the two-fold activity of the organization—a summer meeting for its shooting tournament and a winter meeting for its deliberative convention. This is an old story, but one which is well worthy of renewed attention, for in solving the problem with which they were confronted the organizers of the Association on the new basis led the way in which similar associations in other States may profitably follow. Under the present arrangement both summer tournament and winter convention have been entirely successful and satisfactory; each interest has had recognition, neither one has interfered with the other. Never before in its history has the Association been more prosperous nor more powerful than now.

The proceedings at Syracuse were characterized by earnestness, unanimity and an unselfish spirit. The findings of the deliberations may or may not in every case have been the wisest, but of one thing there is no question, the advocates of the several measures adopted urged them because of a deep conviction that in so doing they were contending for the common good.

A happy selection of officers has been made for the new year. Gen. Bruce is one of the old guard; his devotion to the Association has never wavered; it was his persistent and unwearied effort which eventually brought about the reorganization, and under his guidance healthy growth and greater achievement may be anticipated. Mr. Bannister, the vice-president, has been one of the most active promoters of fish and game interests in central New York, and will bring influence and strength to the State organization. Of John B. Sage, the old and new secretary-treasurer, it may be said that his occupancy was coeval with the creation of that office, has been coexistent with it, and promises to be coterminous with it.

The presentation of a gold watch by the Association and the district protectors to Major J. Warren Pond was a fitting recognition of the Chief Protector's public services. Major Pond is a quiet, sensible, unassuming, experienced, well informed, faithful, fearless and efficient officer. As Mr. C. H. Mowry well put it, he does not do his duty alone for what there is in it, but is actuated by higher motives. He deserves the good opinion, the support and the backing of every citizen, and of every association of citizens which desires to see the game and fish protective laws enforced. The force of district protectors are as a body likewise efficient, honest and undeterred by threats in the performance of their duty. They are a very creditable branch of the public service. Their presence by invitation in the convention was an earnest of the feeling entertained for them by the sportsmen of the State.

The first annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association was held in Chicago last week, and is reported at some length in our staff correspondence from that city. We invite a reading of the report, for the proceedings illustrate in a striking manner what we have already said respecting the scheme of a national association.

The "same old grind" has begun at Albany. Our special correspondent at that point has sent in his first report of game and fish bills in the Legislature of 1894. A long catalogue, we may be certain, will follow. They will be reported promptly in our game columns.

The annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held in Boston, last Tuesday evening; just as these pages were going to press. Our report of the pleasant reunion is of necessity deferred until next week.

Michigan has a new tri-county protective association organized at Detroit last week. An expected report has not come to hand in season for this issue.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### SOME CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

SOME Christmas sports that we witnessed recently in the colored quarter of a large Southern city were sufficiently novel and picturesque to call for a chronicler.

For two weeks before the holiday the following notice had hung in the post office, being posted on a large dry goods box in which reposed peaceably a fox and a coon: "On next Christmas Day in the morning, a big race will take place out by Jerry Simpson's old field. The race will be between this coon and Pomp Cammell, butcher, ten miles for \$100 a side." The "old field" had been prepared for the occasion by marking out therein a circular race course some 5yds. wide, and inclosing it with a high fence of palings, the latter too near together to permit the coon to slip through. Rude board seats were placed within the circle. Ten cents gate money was charged, and there was a booking office, liberally patronized, where one could bet his money on the favorite contestant. As the hour arrived the area within the inner palings was densely packed with black humanity.

Abraham Lincoln acted as herald, or master of ceremonies. He wore a cocked hat with a high feather, a field officer's coat bespangled with gold, blue tights on his lower limbs, and twirled a marshal's baton.

"Is yo gemmen ready foh de race?" he began. "Has yo made yoh bet?"

No objection being made he called for the contestants. Pomp Cammell, a tall, long-legged negro, clad in tights that left his arms and legs bare, entered the ring and was introduced to the audience; the box containing the coon was then placed beside him. "You Pomp Cammell an' yo gemmen know de terms of dis race, ten miles, two laps ter de mile, fer a purse of \$100, whoebber cross de line fust on de twentieth lap, whedder man or coon, to take de puss, an' de coon to go scot free. Is de umpires ready? Is Pomp Cammell an' de coon ready? Den go!"

He waved his gay silk handkerchief and the contestants were off amid the cheers, shouts and laughter of near a thousand spectators. The raccoon, stimulated by the hope of regaining its liberty, ran at its utmost speed, though awkwardly, with the negro at its heels, the latter making no attempt to pass it, his object being rather to tire it out and so win the race through failure of his competitor to come to time.

Round and round the ring flew coon and man, followed by the plaudits and exhortations of the spectators, until at the tenth round the poor little animal, with an almost human cry of distress, threw itself in a heap against the palings and lay there panting, while Pomp continued on and easily won the purse.

After the cheering and congratulations had subsided the leaders conferred together and again the herald made proclamation:

"Pomp Cammell hab won and de coon hab lost. Pomp Cammell now offers ter run agin a fox, de champion sprinter ob Polk county, on de same terms as de previous race, an' do challenge any one ob yo gemmen to run wid him."

At once there rose a cry of "Bob Ash! Bob Ash!" and a tall, loose-jointed negro was pushed to the front. "Led-dies and gemmen," proclaimed the herald, "I meks you acquainted with Mistah Robert Ash, de champi'n runner of Manatee county, who will run agin Pomp Cammell an' de fox. Am yo ready, gemmen? Am de fox ready?" Being answered in the affirmative, he again waved his handkerchief, and men and fox sprang into the narrow course, the fox taking the lead in his break for freedom, his brush elevated, his long, sharp nose pointing straight down the course, and his feet flying like castanets in a Spanish gipsy's hands.

The men were not far behind, and again the matter resolved itself into a question of endurance. It was observed that after the first round the fox slipped along with the ease and lightness of a zephyr, seemingly intent on keeping out of the way of his human competitors; the latter as they lumbered along—in contrast with the fox—were saluted with a torrent of cheers, exhortations, groans, invectives, hand clapping and hisses, according as the fortune of the day seemed to favor or desert them. It soon became evident, however, that the fox was a foe of very different caliber from his predecessor. By the time the fifteenth lap had been reached he was loping along as gaily as ever, wondering no doubt when that long lane would end, but fresh as at the start; while his pursuers were becoming winded and in danger of total collapse. Indeed, on the eighteenth lap the Manatee county champion stumbled, fell and refused to rise again. His antagonist held on and completed the twentieth lap; but slowly and with pain, while the fox leaped gaily over the line several yards in advance of the surviving champion. A wicker-work barrier was then thrown across the course before him, which turned him into a corral, where he was captured and returned to his box.

After the applause had subsided and pots of money had changed hands, the box was taken into an open field, and while the crowd stood at a respectful distance the master of ceremonies thus addressed its occupant:

"Br'er Fox, you am game! You am an athlete! Br'er Coon was a baby, but you am a man. In open field you hab run down de champions ob Po'ke county and Manatee. You hab earned de freedom ob de woods, an' you am gwyne ter hab it. Tek it, Br'er Fox, an' llope!"

He kicked open the box amid the breathless stillness of the audience. Reynard appeared, looked about for a moment as if to get his bearings, and then swept lightly across the field, over the rail fence and into the forest, followed into its recesses by the cheers and good wishes of his natural enemies.

In the afternoon there was a shooting match, advertised for 3 P. M., thus allowing ample time for the eating of the Christmas turkey. It had its inception in the desire of old Jupiter Yulee to dispose of a patriarchal gobbler belonging to him which had been offered for raffle to three church fairs and declined by each.

The match was held in an open field just outside the quarters. The terms were a dime a shot, all firearms except rifles to be entered.

The ill-fated bird was tied to a stake sunk in the ground so that only its head and neck appeared, and whoever succeeded in killing it took the bird.

I do not know that this differed much from other shoot-

ing matches further north, except in the nomenclature of the contestants and the quality of their firearms.

Abraham Lincoln appeared with a battered old army musket. Ulysses S. Grant with an old ancient flint lock, altered to a percussion cap exploder. George Washington with a particularly dilapidated and disreputable looking English fowling piece. Ben Franklin with ditto. Tecumseh Sherman with a Springfield rifle, altered into a musket. Phil Sheridan with a discarded breechloader, which refused to work in the natural way and had to be loaded from the muzzle. It was a very motley collection of firearms indeed, and the visitor made a point of slipping behind a colored brother whenever any one fired, but strange to say no accident occurred except that Julius Caesar and Winfield Scott were twice nearly bucked over by the recoil of their guns. On the twelfth round a chance shot from Wendell Phillips's big ducking gun struck the unfortunate bird in the neck and it succumbed.

AUGUSTUS ST. CYR.

### PADDLING DOWN THE PATUCA.—II.

#### A Story of Travel in Honduras.

(Continued from Page 8.)

A HAPPY village looks down on the meeting of the waters of the Pau and the Uampu. Pathless tropic forests are on every side. In their shades the shy ocelot and the jaguar prowls after the pheasant and the pavoreal, and pounce on careless monkey or on vicious peccary. The tapir browses at night on tender foliage, and dozes in his bath through the midday hours. The mountain lion lurks in the craggy hills, and the black tiger sneaks beside the trail of the traveler, and attacks biggest of prey or fiercest of foes. No Sumo nor Paya dare leave the firelight there after dark. Too many demons and dangers haunt those gloomy shadows.

While bright day lights those woods the Indians hunt and fish, collect rubber and gather sarsaparilla. Meanwhile the women kind cook and beat blankets out of the bark of the tuno tree, or they laboriously weed the plantations, and bring from them canoe loads of bananas and of yuca. Or they peel from the tuno trees great sheets of bark, which they anchor with stones on the gravelly bed of the river. And when the bark has rotted in part they lay it in folds on the bottom of an upturned canoe and pound it with corrugated beaters of hard and heavy wood; they rub and rinse the bark in the clear river, and beat it again until nothing is left of it but a broad sheet of fibers intricately interwoven by nature's loom.

White-haired patriarchs sat in the sunshine and idly watched the women at their work. Nude babies swung asleep in the shade of the thatched roofs, or crawled about among dogs and pigs and poultry on the smooth earth. Older children ran about in happy play, or gaily swam and splashed in the placid river. Two boys slyly crept up behind a buxom dame knee deep in the river, bent and busy with her washing. Together they dashed showers over and drenched her, then turned to fly. They were too late. She ran and swam and dived more expertly than they, and quickly had them by the heels. Great was the splashing and laughing before she let them slip from her, and pretended to pursue again.

Sweet cassava boiled in an earthen pot over the fire in the middle of the hut. When cooked enough part would be eaten as potatoes are; part would be rolled in corn husks and roasted in the oven. The rest would be washed and added to the fermenting yuca in the immense olla of red pottery in the corner, that a cooling, nourishing drink might be ready for any who might come.

Over the smoking fire hung little sheaves of seed rice, by slender cords tied to the slim poles on which rested the steep thatch. Each cord passed through the center of and supported a bowl made of the half of a big calabash shell. When ant or mouse or other creeping thing may descend to reach the store of food below the slippery surface of that bowl it is treated to a surprise.

On floors of crickery resting on round joists overhead were piles of maize in the husk. Skins of deer and of peccary, of monkey and of jaguar, lay on the corn. Under the wide eaves hung a section of hollow branch of tree, its ends stopped with clay. Stingless bees as big as house flies crawled through a knot hole in its side to store honey rich in flavor. Beside a rafters was stuck the only bow I ever saw in Mosquitia. Near it was a cheap shotgun and new paddles in reserve.

At each rounded end of the house were beds resting on crickery of split-bamboo, supported by stout forked sticks planted in the ground. The beds themselves were thick piles of tuno blankets and for covering the sleepers used sheets of cotton that were once white, perhaps. Great wealth enabled the chief and his favorite wife to sleep under most rare and gorgeous bed-spreads of chintz, whereon were wonderful pictures of horses and bareback riders coursing around rings in raiment of bright colors.

Half a dozen hammocks were stretched across the house, and swung gently in the breeze what time they were not occupied by some man or child, or thrown over a joist to put them out of the way of the housewife. Women may use hammocks there; no doubt they do when no men are near, but I have seen no Indian woman in a hammock when there was a man in the house.

Mealtime came to that village soon after sunrise. It lasted through the day and after darkness fell. Always there were pots boiling, plantains or green bananas sputtering in the hot ashes, or meat sizzling over the coals. Whenever a pot-bellied youngster tired of play, he or she plucked a ripe banana from the bunch swinging near, or stuck a plantain up to roast, or gnawed the meat from a bone. After that the growing hope of Sumo humanity slept the sleep of the care-free and full-fed, until ready for another round of jollity, feasting and sleeping. Surely these neglected beings should have the benefit of missionary teaching. They do not know that they are in an unhappy state of sin. They should be taught that they are, in their ignorance, in worse case than are the drunken, blaspheming, murderous products of our blessed civilization.

One morning my baggage was stowed in a long, low pipanti hewn from a tuberose trunk. The gifts had been distributed and the patriarch of the tribe had shaken my hand in lingering farewell. A good-looking young woman took her place in the stern of the canoe, her broad-shouldered spouse pushed the craft off and I gave to the assembled crowd my last greeting. We paddled away and an old woman on the bank addressed a parting word or more to us. The girl in the pipanti replied as we

entered the current of the Uampu. The old woman shouted another sentence. Our pilot responded. Again the old woman's voice came to us and our girl chanted an answer. Once more the message came from the village that was hidden then by a bend in the river. Now the chant was taken up by our deep-chested paddler in the bow, who sent his voice melodiously back over the water. So it went, chant and response, back and forth, until we could no longer hear a voice from Pau.

Except for a stop to gather a few pineapples and to cut a bunch or two of bananas, we made no pause before high 12. Rapids there were, but the two Sumos easily steered the canoe so skillfully that scarcely a gallon of water came over its sides, that were little if any more than four inches out of water when in the still reaches.

Before us a hill rose a thousand feet into the blue air, its crest crowned by cliffs of white. It seemed not more than a mile or two away.

"El Rio Patuca," said the Sumo in the bow, pointing to the hill.

"Will we breakfast there?" I asked.

My crew grinned and shook their heads. They did not tell me that the whole day would be past before we would reach the big river that washed the foot of that hill; isolated outpost thrown far into plain from the host of mountain peaks in the south. All the hills we had seen since leaving Pau were on the right bank. All were independent knobs of basalt, of porphyry or of volcanic ash, hardened by ages. As we paddled on they became separated widely from each other. Each was clothed from foot to crown by tropic growths, and on the crest of each the soldierly palm royal lifted its plumes high against the blue beyond, and above the heads of its more lowly neighbors.

At noon the girl beached the pipanti on a sandbar. Her husband scaled a fish killed on a rapid an hour before. The wife made a bowl of uabal, stewing a slice or two of sugar pineapple with the bananas. I wrote a page in my note book, and fell asleep on the clean sand while watching snowy clouds floating athwart the sunny sky, far beyond the delicate fernlike foliage of the guanacaste above me.

'Twas a pity to awake from such sleep, merely to eat of the fish and plantains, the yuca and the pineapples, and the frigitolas or little black beans, than which none are better. But the coffee was black and of excellent flavor, and the Sumos enjoyed it immensely. Usually they must content themselves with no better drink than chocolate made of seeds gathered from trees growing wild in the forest hereabout, roasted and ground by a pestle in an earthen pot, and briskly stirred into foam by a carven stick that bristles with little pegs.

After coffee, cigarettes for the two Sumos, siesta for me, until that girl again aroused me with a softly-spoken, "Adelante, señor; adelante."

I took my place in the canoe and closed my eyes to finish my nap, but that girl seemed determined to torment me without reason. She flipped a drop or two of water into my face, and whispered, "Tilba, señor; tilba wass."

This was Waikna tongue, but was shorter than the Spanish, and she knew that I could not understand her native idiom.

The tapir stood stupidly surveying us. He was not thirty feet distant, and stood as still as a stone. It would have been a shame to have missed him. A cockney sportsman could have hit him with a club. So I scored a clean miss. The tapir went away. The girl dropped her paddle across her knees and stared at the rifle and then at me. There were no knot holes in the canoe, so I had no place to crawl into. I tried to stare that girl out of countenance, but gave it up. I tried to look as though I wasn't ashamed, and gave that up, too. Then I tried to blush through the dark tan and to sweat in my hot embarrassment, and succeeded completely. I wanted to kick those two Indians because they said never a word in comment. They couldn't say anything, because their dictionary has not provided words for feelings of disgust. The very most they could have said would have been, "He missed that tilba!"

But luckily for me the idioms of English are rich in expressions that beautifully fitted that fleeing tilba and the maker of the gun, and the man who couldn't hit the broadside of a hill with it.

I was not on speaking terms with those Sumos before sundown was near. Then I happened to see a pavoreal settle on a high branch before either of the couple with me saw it. I know this sounds pretty fishy, but it's true. Possibly the fact that the turkey was astern of us and the Indians were facing forward, had something to do with it.

"It's a big chance against me, but I'll take it, even if it bankrupts my reputation as a shot," said I to myself, and stood up. The girl spoke one word and both sat as still as the trees in the forest. The big bird fell with a prodigious splash into the river, its breast torn open. I felt better. I might expect to be well fed that evening, and a long shot that brought down a bird surely was more creditable than one that would knock over at close range a tapir as big as a yearling bullock.

We rounded a wide bend in the river the next day. Before us swept a broad stream, golden in the glare of sunshine. It was the Guayape, which is said to have got its name from the guayapin or skirt worn by women who dwell in the region through which it flows. Guayape is also the name of a people whom Humboldt saw in South America. This may show that those people took their name from the skirt; or that the garment got its name from them; or that both got their name from the river; or that— Scientists will kindly choose sides and fight it out among themselves.

Beyond the river rose the hills which we had seen the day before. Half-a-dozen brown-thatched watas stood at the edge of the terrace between the river and the hills. Broad, dark leaves of the plantain waved at us promise of abundant food. A little patch of lighter green told that here might be a supply of cider from the sugar cane. An orange tree jeweled with golden balls told of refreshing juices to be had, and two marafones bore rich burden of crimson and cream-colored, acid fruit, which obligingly turns its seed out into the world, thus keeping its flesh free of hard obstacles to tender teeth—an example recommended to the peach and other northern fruits.

This was a Waikna town, therefore my Sumos wished to leave me there. Pipantis and paddlers were there in plenty. The way back to Pau was long and full of wearisome rapids. Besides, the Waiknas were bad, very bad. Did not they come up the river in swarms and carry away







## Natural History.

### AS TO BEARS.

THERE has been a good deal written of bears of late, and I will add something to the literature upon that question, with the editor of FOREST AND STREAM'S permission. Are there three varieties of the bear family in the South? I think there are, and will tell you why, because I have seen them.

First is the great black bear of Louisiana and Mississippi. I saw one killed three weeks ago in the big Atchafalaya Swamp of Louisiana. It weighed 672 lbs. on a pair of cotton scales. The big bear is perfectly black. It has a white horseshoe-shaped mark on the breast. It is a fighter from 'way-back, and will decimate a pack of bear dogs in short notice if not killed soon.

Then there is a long, thin bear almost as slender as a panther. It is an incomparable runner, and will tire out the best pack that ever took a trail, if allowed to. It is only found in the Yazoo, Miss., country. In color it is like a dark-red calf. It weighs about 250 lbs.

The third kind is the common brown-red bear that ranges mostly in hilly or mountainous country. Its habitat is from the White Mountains of New England to the Alleghenies, and the great Southern mountain ranges of Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and the hilly regions of the further South.

Now, are these three kinds of bear, only natural variations, caused by locality and climate, or are they veritable different varieties of the ursine family? Our closet naturalists have not noted them. I should like to hear from some one who has knowledge whether I am right or wrong in the theory that they are really of different families of the bear kind. Closet naturalists have much yet to learn. Every Southern man who has hunted much knows that in the great Southern swamps there is a great owl, bigger than the *B. virginianus*, standing almost 2 ft. high, with monstrous power. I have seen one of these great owls dash into a flock of mallards at an evening, and carry off one as easily as it would carry a quail. Its markings are not like those of the great horned owl of our natural histories, yet naturalists seem not to have noticed it. So of these varieties—or new kinds—of bear. Tell us something about them. W. H. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13.

### The Wilson Ornithological Chapter of the A. A.

THE December election of officers resulted as follows: President, Willard N. Clute, Binghamton, N. Y. Vice-Pres., Reuben M. Strong, Oberlin, O. Secretary, William B. Caulk, Terre Haute, Ind. Treasurer, Lynds Jones, Oberlin, O. The Chapter is in a very flourishing condition, with seventy-three active, four honorary, and thirty-one associate members. The past year has been devoted to a special study of the warblers, and the forthcoming report promises to make a very interesting paper. Any information regarding the Chapter will be cheerfully furnished by the secretary.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### ARE LONG CLOSE SEASONS DESIRABLE?

A LATE issue of FOREST AND STREAM contained a call for experience as to the value of long close seasons. Those of us who lived before, and again after, the great war in the counties of Piedmont, Virginia, contiguous to Washington, remember as the effect of the close season established by military occupation of that country during four years, a prodigious increase of game. It was not at any time during those four years a safe thing for anybody suspected of being a Yankee to be found abroad in the field with a gun. Johnnie Reb on the other hand durst not bring out from its hiding place his old gun, for per-adventure a raiding party might catch him out, and carry him a prisoner to Washington, in which case he would never see the old gun any more. No close season, it may be believed, was ever so carefully observed. Accordingly in the autumn of 1865, we found great abundance of partridges, ruffed grouse, woodcock, and other game. The old camp grounds, on which the boys tented no more, were literally alive with partridges. The fame of this thing went abroad, and an extraordinary concourse of market-shooters from Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia, descended upon us. Virginia was at that time District No. 1, Gen. Canby in command. I wrote to Gen. Canby protesting against the butchery of all our game in District No. 1 by hired pot-shooters from city restaurants. My friends laughed at me for a fool, to be writing to Canby, but he issued an order embodying some of my suggestions. As soon as we got a Legislature I drafted a game law and sent it to the delegate from my county. He introduced it, and it passed the House by a unanimous, or nearly unanimous, vote, but the Senate threw it out *nem. con.* The next session practically the same bill passed both branches by large majorities and became a law. This law caused the market-shooters to decamp. The previous year a party of men hired to shoot for a Philadelphia restaurant shipped during two months a thousand partridges a week from the vicinity of Rapidan station. For some years subsequent to this we had grand shooting in that part of Virginia. I myself frequently bagged in those days forty or fifty birds in a part of a day.

Guided by the experience narrated above, I should say a long close season would again be followed by a great increase of game, provided we had favorable seasons for wintering, and hatching and rearing broods. On the other hand, if we had four years close season and the winter preceding the open season should be such as last winter we should be back again where we started. During forty-five years' experience as a shooter I have never seen as few birds as the present season, and it is the first season in that time I have not fired a gun. I have two coveys on my farm which have not been shot at and I hope they may get safe through the winter; if so, and they have favorable seasons for hatching and rearing, the supply in this immediate vicinity will be fairly established. My judgment is in favor of an open season each year from Oct. 20 to Dec. 20, the shooting restricted to three days a week, as we have it here now in the case

of ducks. This would prevent visiting shooters on vacation following the birds every day from daylight to dark. It would also prevent the ruin of all our dogs by not being shot over for several years. In any case land owners can post against shooting when birds need further protection. Shooting three days a week would also discourage making a business of shooting for market. Other shooters and land owners would not tolerate shooting by any one on close days, and the law would be well enforced. The Berghites ought to favor this law, for it would prevent what often amounts to atrocious cruelty in shooting over used-up dogs every day. It seems to me that three open days a week would be desirable from many points of view, and I am not able to see any valid objections to the plan. I believe a very important feature in game protection would be to encourage land owners to intervene by posting when birds are usually scarce. In similar cases by common consent sportsmen ought to forego their shooting for the time in whole or in part. My best wishes always for FOREST AND STREAM and a Happy New Year to all its readers.

CUMBERSTONE, Md.

M. G. ELZEY, M.D.

### THE POWDER TESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers are certainly indebted to Mr. Armin Tenner for his letters on ballistics and his report of experiments conducted at Chicago and Carney's Point, N. J. His articles are instructive to those who have not made the theory of shotgun ballistics a study and interesting to all of us.

The fact only that Mr. Tenner has not left it to his readers and the public to judge and form their own conclusions, but has himself sat in judgment of the various powders used according to his own individual, possibly prejudiced, ideas, by comparing and summarizing the alleged results into total figures of merits, induces me to draw the attention of your readers to a few irregularities and the impropriety—yes, impossibility—of making anything like fair comparisons of the general practical merits of the powders used from the results chronicled.

On the other hand, much information may be gained as regards the comparative adaptability and effectiveness of various shells and primers. The results obtained by Mr. Tenner closely agree with the many continuous experiments made by me during the last few years, the results of some of which were published in your paper.

Although knowing that Mr. Tenner has been interested in Germany in Walsrode powder and is to-day on very friendly terms with Messrs. Wolf & Co., the manufacturers of Walsrode powder, I am far from impugning any wrong motives on his part. I believe that Mr. Tenner's intentions are perfectly honorable, but at the same time he was prejudiced in favor of Walsrode powder. My criticism will, therefore, be entirely friendly, and I think that Mr. Tenner must agree with me in the justness of my objections and criticism.

The first thing which is bound to attract the attention of all versed in ballistics is the apparent lack of uniformity in Mr. Tenner's results, both as regards "bursting strain," or as it is generally called, "initial pressure," as well as velocities.

Mr. Tenner says in his introductory article that an "increase of bursting strain up to 1,000 lbs. may still be considered natural and permissible, and an increase of velocity of 50 ft. may be regarded as of no importance." I certainly differ with Mr. Tenner. Should I receive such variations under normal conditions with evenly and properly loaded Schultze, E. C. or black powder ammunition, I should be tempted to suspect some disorder or imperfect arrangements of the instruments or their manipulation.

But these trials show allegedly much greater variations with even standard black powders than what Mr. Tenner calls permissible, which powders we all know cannot be excelled for evenness in results. This, together with other very contradictory results, will always leave a well founded doubt as to the proper working or manipulation of the instruments employed.

Black powders in general are less liable to be affected by differences in primers, wads, pressures, etc., than nitro powders. Yet we are told that 3½ drs. of FFF (I believe FFF G was meant) DuPont's in a series of only five shots gave a variation of 2,044 lbs. in bursting pressure and 89 ft. in velocity. Again, 8½ drs. Dead Shot FF (presumably FFG), one of the most even and reliable of black powders made in the world, gave a variation of 136 ft. velocity, nearly 300 per cent. more than Mr. Tenner calls permissible.

These figures prove beyond peradventure that something was wrong, for such variations with these standard and reliable black powders cannot be accounted for by any possible or at least excusable difference in loading.

On the contrary, the difference obtained in five series of five shots each with Schultze powder, namely, 40, 30, 30, 20 and 23, as per table A, seem excusable. At the same time, however, some of the variations in bursting strain are entirely out of place.

I am not acquainted with Mr. Tenner's spring device for measuring initial pressures. There is hardly a week, however, where I do not use the lead crusher gauge, such as is in use by the London Field, Schultze, E. C. and other concerns looked upon as authorities, and I have never been able to make this gauge lie or record anything like similar variations in pressures with perfectly prepared ammunition of standard powders. I, however, retain the character of each kind of ammunition, and if I test two kinds of cartridges giving pressures varying 50 per cent., my instrument so correctly records them, whether I alternate both kinds with each shot or use up one kind before trying the others.

I am also led to believe that it is not advisable to simultaneously try velocity and pressure with one shot. Velocities must certainly be disturbed thereby. The barrel on the force gauge used by Mr. Tenner for measuring velocities is, moreover, a cylinder bore, and in these days of chokebores and high grade ammunition, a cylinder barrel is out of place.

It will not give nearly as even results as a choked gun. Balling of shot is much more frequent in a cylinder than in a choked gun, and as often very open patterns are made with a cylinder bore, the results apparently obtained may be misleading according to the adjustment and kind of target plate in connection with the chronograph, and Mr. Tenner did not use the most approved. Moreover, the barrel on Mr. Tenner's force gauges not being a regu-

lar gun, may be better adapted to one than another kind of powder.

The phenomenon of even velocities and greatly varying bursting strain with one kind of ammunition, and a reversal, is noticed throughout Mr. Tenner's trials. I am well aware that bursting pressures and velocities are not dependent upon each other, and that even a gun barrel may be burst at the breech by a detonating explosive without giving sufficient accumulative energy to send the shot out of the muzzle. At the same time none of our standard powders, evenly loaded, will vary in bursting pressures thousands of pounds and retain even velocities, although these same velocities may be obtained with an accompanying higher or lower initial pressure under different conditions of loading.

I do not wish to convey the idea that Mr. Tenner is not able to properly handle his instruments. He had, however, to rely for a great deal of the work done upon other and some not experienced parties. Moreover, I believe that the putting up of chronograph, etc., was too provisional to be anything like as perfect as those in use at the E. C. or Schultze powder works. The latter have their shooting range some 150 or more feet from the recording rooms with its instruments. The chronograph is resting on solid rock and concrete foundations reaching several feet deep in the ground to prevent any and all possibility of outside interfering influences.

I have among my records a series of trials made at the Schultze works, at which I assisted, consisting of some 300 shots with different kinds of shells, and about a dozen different kinds and combinations of wadding. All charges were 42 grains of Schultze and 1½ oz. of English 6 shot, and various amounts of crimp, etc., were tried also. The greatest variation in velocity recorded for any one style of loading was less than 30 ft., and the greatest range of all velocities was covered by 52 ft. The initial pressures recorded were also normally even.

So much of the *modus operandi* of the instruments; and now a few words as to the comparative manner of preparing the ammunition used. Even if we suppose that the figures quoted were correct, it is an apparent injustice to make comparisons therewith under the circumstances.

Equitable comparisons as far as the practical and real value of the powders are concerned including Walsrode are impossible for the following reasons:

The Walsrode cartridges used were furnished by its agents specially for these trials. Each charge of powder of course was weighed to a fraction of a grain. The waddings used over Walsrode were not the same trade wads used over the other powders, but they were of a selected kind most suitable for it. The shells used also were only of kinds found most suitable. In other words, Walsrode ammunition was tested under best possible conditions, to which I do not object.

On the other hand, however, Schultze, E. C. and I suppose other powders, did not fare so well. To this I object if comparisons are to be made.

Being under the impression that these trials should be made exhaustive and practical to get at the real merits and reliability of the various powders in the market, V. L. & D. refused to furnish Schultze powder and requested Mr. Tenner to procure his Schultze powder in Chicago, San Francisco or wherever he pleased, thinking that different lots of all powders would be so procured in different parts of the country.

Some of the powder loads for cartridges to be tested were weighed, but many were not, and simply measured, and it is the easiest thing in the world to vary a 3-dram measure from 1 to 5 grains in weight. No pretense was and is made that these cartridges were skillfully loaded and to best advantage. Ordinary trade wads were used exclusively, but Mr. Tenner does not give us particulars in a single instance of what wadding was used, and everybody knows that proper and suitable wadding is an all important factor for best results with nitro powders. I proved this to Mr. Tenner by firing loads up to 54 grains of Schultze, retaining the same excellent and even results.

To base a comparative table of merit upon the results of such one-sided test seems unfair to say the least.

What kind of a showing would Walsrode powder make under exactly reversed conditions? This powder is so violent and so sensitive to the difference of a few grains in weight, different kinds of wads, shells and primers, that the agents dare not sell it in bulk, but only in shells, and then put up only in "winter" and "summer loads."

Before this powder as such can be made a marketable article, we shall have to change our guns, shells, primers, and educate everybody away from equal loads by measure, as those of black powders.

If Walsrode had been loaded by dip measure in the same variety of shells as Schultze with similar wadding and by the same parties, some cartridges would have fired, others half-fired and still others not fired at all in spite of the fact that the primer exploded. So little of this powder in quantity is safe only to use, that if the loader had by mistake put in two loads into one shell, which is easily possible and not detected, there would have been a bursted gun and probably a broken head in the bargain.

As for Schultze and E. C. ammunition loaded to best advantage, I will say that there would not have been variations of thousands of pound pressure and hundreds of feet in velocity. World's records and scores of hundreds of straight kills and the manufacturers' reputation and financial successes would have guaranteed its effectiveness and evenness in results.

We will go a step further, and for argument's sake overlook the various irregularities and unequal features of these tests and see how Mr. Tenner arrives at his total points of merit of the different powders. Here again he has certainly laid himself open to criticism.

Entirely too much weight is laid upon theory, and some absolute practical advantages are wholly lost sight of.

At best it could be claimed that the total figures of merits applied to the alleged actions of the particular kind of loaded cartridges and not to the powders used, as such, for instance: Schultze and E. C. do not receive a single point of merit for always being absolutely of just one-half of the accepted specific gravity of black powders, so that they can be handled and loaded like black powders by anybody. On the contrary, Walsrode receives no demerit for the want of it, although its agents would want of it not to have this demerit and its ever present dangers. Again the sample hardened grain Schultze powder receives no credit for showing throughout the highest velocity with all varieties of shells and primers, while Walsrode can be and was only used in special or specially prepared shells



and cannot be used in others. Certainly these are merits and demerits of powders for practical as well as commercial use.

Walsrode has one undeniably theoretical advantage that it is not as much affected by extreme damp and heat as the other powders, but Mr. Tenner lays too much importance upon this point. Schultze or E. C. cartridges are generally not stored on wet cellar floors or in red hot baking ovens. Thousands of shooters the world over can testify to the fact that loaded Schultze and E. C. cartridges can be safely kept one year or five, and there is not a day in the year where cartridges some years old are not used with as much satisfaction as black powder cartridges of similar age. This is, as is well known, not the case with all other nitro powders.

Another feature of Mr. Tenner's table of merits is that he allows 30 points for "least bursting strain in proportion to velocity." Under this head, one special powder is credited with 29 out of the possible 30 points of merit, which according to his own standard of desirable killing force has never once with the regularly loaded trial ammunition of 3drs. reached a velocity of penetration which is sufficient and meritorious.

This is all wrong. Of what good is a comparatively low bursting strain when the accompanying velocity is not sufficient for practical work? None whatsoever. It only makes matters worse.

On the contrary, instead of figuring a very low bursting strain as a merit, I should penalize it as a distinct demerit and as lacking a desirable element of force which of necessity must be present in all high grade and practically most excellent ammunition. Bursting strain up to an easily permissible degree influences time from the instant the cap is detonated to the time the charge of shot is well under way, and it helps to reduce total time from the pressing of the trigger to the shot reaching its object. I would as little think of using cartridges with a decidedly low bursting pressure for my own use at game or at the traps, as I would think of using a powder with a dangerous bursting pressure.

A fine grain of black powder will generally give a somewhat higher velocity as well as considerably higher bursting strain than a coarse grain of same kind.

The disregard of the difference in total time consumed induced Mr. Tenner to say that a quartering bird, flying at the rate of forty miles an hour, 40yds. from the gun, need be led only two or three inches more with a charge of coarse grain than with one of fine grain black powder, or practically not at all. Every observing practical shooter knows differently, and Mr. Tenner as easily as anybody else can figure out the difference by feet and inches.

Again, with the same propriety and for the same reasons that in years past the high grades of black powders, such as the Curtis & Harvey, Orange Lightning, etc., giving greatest velocities, were preferred by all who wanted the best to the cheap grades of black powders, although the latter gave correspondingly lower bursting pressures, do we want now a nitro powder giving high velocity and great killing force, although the bursting pressures are higher than those of cheap powders.

I am far from advocating excessively high initial pressure as desirable. What I wish to say is that cartridges giving low initial pressures, coupled with low velocities, are damnable worthless for practical use, and that I look upon a certain amount of the energy, which Mr. Tenner calls bursting strain, as absolutely desirable as long as a half-way decent gun is being used. For this reason it is a farce to figure the actual merits of powders as Mr. Tenner has in the above instance.

For highest actual velocity only 20 out of the total 200 points are allowed, although velocity is what we all want most, as long as it is coupled with sufficiently close pattern and safety. A conflict of Mr. Tenner's theories and actual practical value to the sportsman.

To go into details would carry me too far, although the basis of awarding other points of merits are as open to criticism as the aforementioned ones.

However, the study of ballistics is inexhaustible, and there is lots of room for honest differences of opinion. I, for one, hope that Mr. Tenner will make his American testing institution a practical and to himself a financial success, and I shall be ready at any time to give Mr. Tenner such assistance as is in my power.

Should, contrary to my judgment and that of other parties in positions to judge, a powder like the Walsrode be found desirable from a commercial point of view, then both the Schultze as well as the E. C. Co. would put a similar powder upon the market within a few months' time, which both, I have reason to believe, would prove decided improvements on the original of these condensed strength Walsrode powders. I think, however, that there will be no occasion for it.

The question whether a powder of decreased bulk and increased strength, as compared to best of black powders, is desirable has been answered in the negative by the failures of several such powders, and the signal practical and financial success of the two powders, which have been made to compete with black powder bulk for bulk and measure for measure, and one half in specific gravity, namely, Schultze and E. C. powders.

I know that it is much easier and also less expensive to make a nitro powder of condensed strength, but possible changes are not aimed in that direction as far as E. C. and Schultze powders are concerned.

One of the greatest prides and boasts of the Schultze Co. is that for nearly ten years they have not changed their powder, and that no matter where Schultze powder is for sale the world over, it is of alike standard strength and kind, owing to the fact that such immense quantities are mixed and kept in magazine and mixing houses for from one year and over, under constant observation. Special "family powder," strong, weak, extra good or poor batches, are never issued as such.

The wonderful success of the American E. C. powder, with its hard grain and consequently easy manner of loading, has induced the Schultze Co. contemplating to improve their powder in this respect. Since a year they have been filling their magazines with a powder which is in all appearances the same as their regular powder, but the grain is as hard and indestructible as black powder. The same standard of strength and quickness, specific gravity and bulk will be retained, but the loading will be greatly simplified, as various pressures on wads will not make any greater practical difference in loading than with black powder. This hard grain powder will be issued some time this coming fall, and I know will meet with general favor,

In conclusion, and referring to Mr. Tenner's tests, I will say that although the proverb goes that figures don't lie, it is necessary to know how they were arrived at, and even then without practical tests it will be difficult to arrive at their real practical and commercial value.

JUSTUS VON LEMBERKE.

### THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

THE first annual meeting of the National Game Bird and Fish Protective Association was held in the Sherman House, Chicago, Jan. 10. The president, Mr. M. R. Bortree, presided. There was a fair attendance of members present, the majority residents of Chicago. Following is the list: Messrs. E. K. Adams, M. R. Bortree, F. S. Baird, C. Essman, Thos. P. Hicks, W. N. Low, W. B. Leffingwell, J. Roberts, C. Sparre, Jr., Geo. W. Strell, H. B. Tefft, R. S. Mott, N. S. Birkland, A. M. Birkland and Dr. C. W. Lichtenberg, all of Chicago, and Mr. J. P. Barnum, Prairie du Chien, Wis., Mr. A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo, Mich., and Mr. T. E. Pond, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Bortree briefly reviewed the work of organization in previous meetings.

On motion, several applications for membership from individuals and clubs were accepted.

It was voted that the president and secretary be authorized to pass on the nominations of honorary members.

Mr. Lakey caused a long and fruitless discussion by presenting the following as a resolution:

Whereas, The gun is an article used mainly for man's pleasure and seldom for his pecuniary profit; and

Whereas, Many objections are made by some of our Legislatures to the expense of enacting and enforcing proper laws for game and fish protection; and

Whereas, Some good men are opposed to appropriating State or public money for such purpose; therefore,

Resolved, By this Association in annual session, that we believe it would be no injustice to the sportsmen, or the men that keep and use the gun, to ask our several State Legislatures to enact and enforce suitable laws for the levying and collecting of a license tax on each and every gun in its domain, and to punish by fine and imprisonment or both any person carrying or using any gun of any kind whatever, for the purpose of shooting or trying to kill any song game bird or water fowl, or wild animal of any kind or description whatever, without having paid such license or tax; and further,

Resolved, That such license or tax should not be less than \$2.50 or more than \$5 per arm; and further, that such license or tax should go to the support of and to enforce just and proper laws for game and fish protection.

Mr. Low seconded the resolution as a matter of courtesy, and then proceeded to show its unsoundness. After quite full discussion the sentiment was that the idea was good, but that it wouldn't do now, but might do some time later. It was tabled.

Mr. Baird then offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Large quantities of game are continually being shipped to this and other markets, contrary to the laws of the various States where it is killed, and therefore be it

Resolved, That the president of this Association be and he is hereby directed to cause written notice to be served on the express and other transportation companies, notifying them that unless they cease receiving and shipping game from States having non-export laws they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law by the joint efforts of the State Association and national associations, and in the event of their failing to obey the laws of the several States, prosecution be at once brought against them.

After the resolution was seconded, Mr. Low was promptly on his feet and informed the assemblage that as president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association he was competent to do the work of protection in Illinois. The whole gist of his remarks was that the Association was "usurping the functions" of the State Association. It was admitted that there was illegal game in the Chicago market from non-export States, and therefore it was plain that the Illinois State Association was not entirely efficient in enforcing the game laws. But dignity and function were an issue.

Mr. Mott made the point that the lowliest citizen in the State had a right to take action in enforcing the law. It was not a right confined exclusively to any individual or association; but he did object to the resolution because he considered that, not having any money in the treasury, the Association could not prosecute. It would be making threats it could not fulfill.

Mr. Bortree showed the good which could be accomplished by diligent personal efforts. He and Mr. Pond had called on several express companies, all of which promised not to transport any more game illegally.

Mr. Baird then said if the Association could not fight it had better quit at once. But he knew they could fight without money. He had assisted in prosecuting twenty-one cases in Chicago without money and twenty of them were convicted.

Mr. Leffingwell was in sympathy with the resolution, but thought nothing could be done without money. In the country, neighbor would not inform against neighbor, and an informer was looked upon as odious. Stacks of grain and hay were burned sometimes and mischief done in retaliation.

Mr. Barnum cited several instances where illegal shooting and cold storage was suppressed by a firm notice of intention to prosecute. The threat alone was sufficient. Much time was consumed in this discussion, The resolution was adopted.

Treasurer Hicks reported seventy-five members at \$1 each, and three clubs at \$5 each. After deducting expenses, there was a balance on hand of \$7.95. The report was accepted.

The secretary, on the motion of Mr. Mott, was instructed to cast a ballot for the same list of officers for the ensuing year: President, M. R. Bortree, Chicago; First Vice-President, A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Second Vice-President, Joseph H. Hunter, Washington, D. C.; Secretary, F. E. Pond, Milwaukee, Wis.; Treasurer, T. B. Hicks, Chicago; Attorney, F. S. Baird, Chicago.

All dues paid in are considered applicable to 1894. Mr. Low objected.

It was carried that any application for membership properly vouched for by any member be accepted by the Association and the applicant be considered a member.

Mr. Strell presented a preamble and resolution as follows:

Whereas, Game and fish wardens are the legalized protectors of game and fish in their respective States; and

Whereas, With their hearty support and co-operation with this Association, protection of game and fish would be made easier,

Resolved, That this society obtain the addresses of every game and fish warden throughout the United States, keep the same on file, and pledge each and every one to the moral and financial support of this Association, and, further,

Resolved, That this Association will notify all game wardens of ille-

gal shipments from their section whenever possible, and ask for the prosecution of offenders.

Mr. Low seconded the resolutions.

The president, secretary and treasurer were appointed to select a design for a club badge, have the badges made and charge a suitable price for them to members, the price not to exceed \$2. It was not compulsory on members to buy them. The committee on badges is to report at the next annual meeting, to be held in Chicago.

The purposes are specifically set forth in Article I. of the Association's constitution, as follows:

"This Association is formed for the purpose of securing co-operative work among State sportsmen's association, game wardens and individuals in protecting game and fish during the close season; to obtain harmonious legislation by and between the several States, territories and districts in their game laws; to discourage the reckless killing of any and all kinds of game for pleasure or for pecuniary profit, prevent the unnecessary destruction of forests and the killing of insectivorous and song birds, encourage a general adoption of the game warden system, extend the number of State and National parks by proper legislation, foster the introduction and protection of new species of game; ascertain, defend and protect the rights of sportsmen, and promote the affiliation of all worthy members of the fraternity throughout the United States."

A most deplorable state of game destruction was described in a letter, under date of Jan. 5, from Mr. J. N. Wass, president South Dakota Sportsmen's Association, B. resford, S. D. He wrote: "The Dakotas should be the grandest grouse and wildfowl State in the Union, but is fast being depleted from two causes. First, shooters from all over the Union come here to help us slaughter our game birds, and most of them are not disappointed. Second, and by far the most destructive cause is the winter trapping along the Missouri River. Observation and experience have proved to me that our pinnated grouse are to a certain extent migratory, and last fall they began their southward journey in October, and it lasted to some time in November. They go south to the Missouri River where they winter in the wooded bluffs and valleys, and are now congregated by thousands along the river from Yankton, S. D., all down through Iowa, and it is by trapping and shipping that their numbers are lessened more than by shooting. I do not know how far up the river the birds use. Vermillion and Elk Point are two places where the people all seem linked together in gam' traffic. It has been stated that in the winter of 1888-89, at Elk Point, S. D., there were paid out for chickens alone \$39,000, and I have looked up the matter sufficiently to believe the statement not overdrawn. It is impossible for an individual to get a conviction there, for it has been tried, and the officials have helped the parties under arrest to escape from the court room while having a preliminary trial, and they are now at large. It will take concerted action to accomplish any good there. I think that there is no place in the whole United States where more good to the sportsmen at large could be accomplished than by having game wardens sufficient to properly patrol the Missouri River for both Iowa and South Dakota; for birds wintering along that stream spread themselves all over South Dakota, if not Iowa, in the spring to nest and rear their young. Enough birds passed here last fall, going south, to stock a good portion of the State well next spring.

"I believe if it was looked into it would be found that a good share of the chickens received at Chicago came from the Missouri River country. Protection here would affect a large scope of country."

There were many more letters which the secretary had with him, but owing to the dilatoriness of the meeting, there was not time to read them during its continuance.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

### Restocking Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 8.—All the true sportsmen of the State of Rhode Island are glad to see the way the State Protective Association is taking hold of the restocking plan.

This year has been reported as certainly the poorest of any known for fairly good bags. Last year's hard winter practically exterminated the hardy little Bob White, while that staunch and sturdy old monarch of our Rhode Island timber, the ruffed grouse, is very scarce. The boys have fixed the law now so that nothing can lawfully be killed after Jan. 1, but of course it is practically impossible to keep the law enforced. The association is doing good work, but the same old cry "Lack of ready cash" is heard when active work is needed. There are a good many free, open-hearted sportsmen here who are willing to put their hands in their pockets, but it is hard work sometimes to draw them out full when they think that they alone are supporting the association. But to the credit of those who do help along the association and its good work much can be said, for the laws are much better respected than some few years ago, and all we want now is to make good the big hole in the game supply.

Mr. Thos. Aldrich has been south looking up quail, and as a result a good many hundred birds are now being let loose throughout the State. Mr. Aldrich brought home some 300 quail a week ago Saturday, and despite the adverse circumstances they were in excellent condition. The larger part of the quail were subscribed for by members of the association, and upon arrival were delivered to the parties, who liberated them wherever they may choose. Several parties who had not subscribed to the general fund have now made application for birds, and the result will be the State will soon be pretty well restocked. The birds are supplied by the association at cost, and as fast as disposed of more are ordered. They are being distributed mostly through the Blackstone Valley, Scituate and Kingston.

Messrs. Carpenter and Bender, of the Farm and Field Club, took some eight dozen birds out to the farm yesterday and reported in first class condition. Next Thanksgiving possibly the boys will have broiled quail. The Farm and Field Club are getting ready for a big fox hunt soon. Foxes are thick near the "farm" and parties in that section have secured several this season. Today.

### A Virginia Shooting Ground.

WAVERLY, Va.—There is plenty of game here, such as wild duck, wild turkey and many deer. Squirrels I have never found so plenty as they are along the streams, rivers and swamps.

F. UG



## NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game held its annual convention in Syracuse, Jan. 11. The delegates met in the capacious assembly room of the Yates, which had been put at their disposal by the renewed courtesy of Proprietors Averill & Gregory. The following clubs were represented:

Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club—W. H. Fox, W. H. Knapp.

Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association—Aaron Mather. Sundown Fishing Club, Poughkeepsie—J. S. Van Cleef. Oundaga Gun Club, Onondaga Castle—C. J. Smith, Isaac Waterman, John Loft, Martin Hill.

Pierrepont Gun Club, Utica—W. Pierrepont White, E. J. Millsaugh, Henry P. Crouse, Isaac H. Maynard, Hugh White.

Black River Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Utica—Geo. W. Chassell, W. E. Wolcott.

Caledonia Fishing Club, Caledonia—Jas. Annin, Jr.

Niagara Co. Anglers' Ass'n, Lockport—G. W. Weaver.

Anglers' Association, St. Lawrence River—R. P. Grant, G. H. Strough, G. M. Skinner, Clayton; W. H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwell, Alexandria Bay.

Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Propagating and Protective Association, Rochester—F. J. Amsden.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club—Thos. H. Maguire.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga County, Syracuse—J. N. Babcock, George B. Wood, M. J. French, John Buss, Amos Padgham.

Steuben County Fish and Game Protective Association—Z. L. Parker.

Auburn Gun Club, Auburn—C. W. Brister, C. G. Curtis, L. E. Fiero, Geo. Nellis.

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, Syracuse—C. H. Mowry, C. G. Courtney, H. McMurchy, A. C. Ginty, H. Ayling.

Erieville Fish and Game Protective Association, Erieville—J. V. Perkins, F. I. Whitnall.

Central New York Game and Fish Protective Association, Seneca Falls—Chas. Bannister, Dr. A. H. Fowler, Fred J. Davis, J. D. Aldon, Dr. F. G. Seaman, J. George Stacey, A. M. Schermerhorn.

Honest Fisherman's Association, Seneca Falls—F. G. Seaman, Dr. Gould.

The president, Charles B. Reynolds, of FOREST AND STREAM, was in the chair and the secretary was John B. Sage, of Buffalo. There were present also Gen. D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse, president of the Onondaga Anglers' Association and Vice-President of the State Association, and Chief Game and Fish Protector Pond, with the entire force of the district protectors.

On motion of Mr. Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, who advised the meeting that a Michigan association of similar aims was at that hour forming in Detroit, this message of good will was dispatched:

Herschel Whittaker, Fish Commissioner, Detroit:

The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game send greeting to the new State Association of Michigan.

JOHN B. SAGE, Sec'y.

Later in the day a response was received, reading:

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 11.—John B. Sage: The Tri-County Club thank you for greetings and wish your society long life and activity.

HERSCHEL WHITTAKER.

On suggestion of Mr. Amsden the following message was sent to Governor Flower, not as an indorsement of all his acts and recommendations with respect to fish and game legislation, but as expressing the satisfaction of the delegates that New York has an executive who is honestly interested in the subject. The text ran:

Governor Russell P. Flower, Albany, N. Y.:

The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game wish to express their gratification that we now have a Governor who shows an interest in the objects we are laboring for.

JOHN B. SAGE, Secretary.

It had been hoped that the members of the Fish Commission would attend the meeting, but the only one present was Commissioner Hackney, who, being called upon to speak, made a hit by saying, "I am not much of a speech-maker, but I am something like Gen. Grant, I smoke." He said humorously that when elected a member of the Commission he knew nothing about fish, and had kept up the record. "The Commissioners," he added, "will gladly work in concert with the Association as to legislation and law enforcement." Forest Commissioner Wm. R. Reed, of Potsdam, addressed the meeting, speaking in high terms of the forestry force. On motion of George H. Strough, of Clayton, it was declared to be the sense of the meeting that the foresters should be given authority to protect game and fish.

Messrs. John N. Babcock of Syracuse, W. S. Gavitt of Lyons and Dr. Gould of Seneca Falls denounced the fyke nets in Seneca River as destructive in an inordinate degree and seriously menacing the existence of the food fishes of that river and all the waters of which it is the feeder.

Mr. Gavitt read a letter from Senator Saxton declaring a change of front on this question. The feeling of the convention found expression in the report of the legislative committee recommending that the clause allowing nets in the Seneca River should be eliminated.

Mr. Aaron Mather called attention to the questionable action of the Livingston county supervisors who had prescribed a tax of \$10 on non-resident fishermen. Secretary Thompson of the St. Lawrence River Association, Mr. C. H. Mowry of Syracuse, and others declared that it was impossible to get good legislation from many of the boards of county supervisors because they were in the control of the netters and fish pirates.

Mr. W. E. Wolcott of Utica read an interesting report on the deer of the Adirondacks, in which he said: "One year ago reports received from the Adirondack region were to the effect that deer were increasing in numbers at an encouraging rate. This year the reports are not quite as favorable. Beyond a question the deer are on the decrease in some portions of the woods, while in a few localities it is believed they are still on the increase. Some think the apparent gain in numbers at certain points is due to the fact that the deer have been driven there from other sections, and this seems quite a plausible explanation. If the deer are increasing in spite of the adverse conditions that exist it is certainly remarkable. A guide at Big Moose Lake saw the carcasses of ten deer last spring decaying in the woods between Big Moose and Raquette lakes. He thought that the animals had starved to death. The snow was six feet deep in that locality for forty consecutive days and the mercury below zero. Carcasses were also found in other parts of the woods and many are inclined to think that the trouble

was caused by dogs getting into the deer yards in the winter and stampeding the deer. Some reports have been circulated to the effect that feed for deer is becoming scarce in the Adirondacks, but this idea is utterly absurd. A Utican who has frequented the woods for many years saw less than a dozen deer last summer on a trip to Twitchell and Big Moose lakes, when he had been accustomed to see fifty. It is said by parties who claim to know, that a very large number of deer was killed last winter for use in lumber camps in the southern part of the woods. Deer are reported as increasing in numbers at Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence county; North River, Warren county; Raquette Lake, Hamilton county; Fulton Chain, Herkimer county. A falling off is reported at Harrisville, Lewis county; Morehouseville, Hamilton county; North and South lakes, Herkimer county, and Sacandaga Valley, Saratoga county.

"At the Bisby Lakes, Wilmut, Beaver River, Leroy Lake, Blue Mountain Lake, Moose River, Piseco Lake, Schroon Lake and other localities they are about holding their own; and at Honnedaga Lake they are increasing. Advice received from various parts of the Adirondacks indicate that the number of deer killed last year was much smaller than the year previous."

Protector Pond was asked his opinion respecting the operation of the present deer law; and expressed a conviction that its provisions were wise and efficient. The seasons he would not change, nor would he forbid any one of the three modes now legalized—floating, hounding and still-hunting. The followers of each several mode, said Maj. Pond, are a check on those who hunt in other ways. The hounder will see to it that the floater does not get out before his time; and the still-hunter will not abide the hounds in the woods after their season has run out. Deer, according to his observation, are on the increase; they have doubled within the last ten years; and if no more shall be killed annually than the estimate for 1893, of 700 deer, the yearly increase will not be taken, and the number will be growing constantly. In certain localities the food supply was insufficient last winter.

Numerous desired amendments of the fish and game laws were submitted and were referred to the Committee on Legislation. The report of the committee, which was of necessity incomplete, left some of the propositions to be considered at a subsequent time, and their action on them will be reported in a later issue of the FOREST AND STREAM.

## Report of Committee on Legislation.

To the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game:

Your legislative committee would respectfully report: That a large number of amendments to the game law have been submitted to your committee by various organizations and individuals for their consideration, several of which are general in their application and are important, and many of which are local in their character. That your committee are of the opinion that it is not advisable for this Association to suggest many or any radical amendments to the existing game law; that the few amendments we suggest are such as experience has demonstrated will improve the law and will tend to gain for it the support of the inhabitants of the localities affected. That in our judgment it is important that the law should meet the support and approval of the mass of the people in order to make it effective. We believe that the better class of citizens throughout the State begin to realize that adequate protection for fish and game is necessary and that such protection is in the interest of the common people. That in our judgment it was not advisable to recommend special legislation for particular localities, but that the general law should so far as possible be made uniform in its provisions throughout the State. We deem this very important, because when the law is uniform the people everywhere will learn to know and respect its provisions. Your committee would report that in the limited time at their disposal it has been impossible to consider and act upon all the amendments and it would suggest that as to such amendments on which your committee has taken no action, it be given power to sit after the adjournment of your body and consider them, and submit such amendments as may be deemed advisable to the Fish Commission and to the Legislature.

We would recommend the following amendments:

Sec. 44. After the word "Ulster" insert the words "or Sullivan," and after the word "time" strike out the balance of the section. [This adds Sullivan to the counties in which deer may not be hunted. Sec. 44 now forbids hunting them in any manner in Sullivan prior to 1897.]

Sec. 70. Amend by striking out the words "sunset and daylight" and inserting in place thereof the words "one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise." [The time during which wildfowl may not be pursued.]

Sec. 73. Amend by striking out the five-year provision as to certain counties named therein. [Removes five-years (from 1893) close season on quail in Genesee, Wyoming, Orleans, Livingston, Monroe, Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Tompkins, Tioga, Onondaga, Ontario, Steuben and Cortland counties.]

Sec. 74. Strike out the words "fifteenth day of August" and insert the words "September first." [The opening date on woodcock and grouse.]

Sec. 75. Amend by striking out the words "fifteenth day of August" and "first day of February" and insert in place thereof the words "the first day of September" and "the first day of January." After the words "or sale thereof" strike out the word "between" and insert in place thereof the word "after," and after the word "January" strike out the words "and the first day of February" and also the last four lines of the section commencing with the word "unless." [This will entirely confine the sale of woodcock and grouse to the proposed open season, Sept. 1-Jan. 1.]

Sec. 110. Amend by inserting after the words "Oswego bass" the words "in any of the fresh waters of the State; nor pike, pickerel or wall-eyed pike in the American waters of the St. Lawrence River" [Provides a close season in St. Lawrence River waters for pike, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, from Jan. 1 to May 30.]

Sec. 132. Strike out all of the section in parentheses. [Removes waters of Lake Ontario in Jefferson county from present exemption from net law.]

Sec. 138. Strike out all of the section after the word "Troy;" also strike out the words "Hank Falls" and insert in place thereof the word "Eddyville." [This removes the exception by which nets are allowed in the Seneca River. Also forbids nets in Rondout Creek below Eddyville.]

Sec. 140. Amend so as to prohibit the fishing with fyke net or nets of any kind in the waters of Essex county, or in the Seneca River in Cayuga, Wayne and Seneca counties.

Sec. 142. Strike out the words "and in the Susquehanna in the town of Oswego, Tioga county, and from the first day of September to the fifteenth day of October in the Tioughnioga and Otsego rivers in the county of Cortland." [Prohibits eel-weirs in waters named.]

Sec. 374. Amend this section so as to limit the powers of the boards of supervisors to restricting the open season for fishing and hunting and providing penalties only for the violation of such provision, and that all local acts of boards of supervisors heretofore passed, so far as they are inconsistent with this act, be declared void. [To correct the doubtful constitutional character of certain supervisors' laws.]

We would respectfully recommend that the Legislature be urged not to pass any amendments to the game law permitting the spring shooting of wildfowl, or the use of

nets of any kind for catching fish in any of the waters of this State where it is now prohibited.

We would recommend that the wardens of the Forestry Commission be granted the powers of game protectors.

WALTER S. MACGREGOR (Syracuse),  
J. S. VAN CLEEF (Poughkeepsie),  
W. S. GAVITT (Lyons),  
G. M. SKINNER (Clayton).

## Nets in Inland Waters.

The suggestion contained in Gov. Flower's message, that nets be licensed in certain inland waters, was discussed, and it was the uniform expression of opinion that such a system would prove injurious to the fish food supply; and this conviction found expression in a resolution offered by Mr. John N. Babcock, of Syracuse:

Resolved, That the several associations or clubs having a membership in the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, be and hereby are requested to use every honorable effort with the members of the Legislature from their respective districts to prevent the passage of any and every amendment to the game laws permitting the use of nets in any of the inland waters of the State, including the River St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario within the present limits.

## Report of Committee on Forests.

Gentlemen of the Association:

At the last annual convention of the State Association the committee on forestry, consisting of Gen. D. H. Bruce and myself, submitted a report setting forth at some length the danger that threatened the Adirondack wilderness, and outlining the steps which up to that time had been taken in the interests of the Adirondack State Park. The subject of forest protection should be and doubtless is one in which every member of this Association takes a deep interest, and in our constitution it is specified as one of the objects for which the organization exists. Therefore a few remarks, intended to supplement the report of a year ago, may be appropriate at this time. The dangers that threaten the forest are multiplying with a rapidity that is appalling and disheartening to the many who have loved the great Northern Wilderness for the freedom it brought them, and they look with feelings of inexpressible sadness upon the changes wrought in their favorite haunts. During the past year the lumberman has invaded new sections with his ax and saw; trout streams have been dammed to obtain sufficient water to float logs, saw mills, which have greedily consumed all available timber near them, have been moved on to fresh scenes, where other mountains and valleys are being denuded; and the wood acid works have continued to devour the hard wood with unabated zest. The wilderness which had previously been girdled by railroads and transversed by one line, has been further mutilated by spurs running in from various quarters. Modern locomotives, palace cars and freight trains thunder through the dim recesses of the forest, where the larger game lately found a safe retreat; the path of the pedestrian is crossed by fallen logs and the landscape marred by unsightly stumps and piles of brush.

The report of the hunter's gun is drowned out by the terrific explosion of dynamite blasts in stone quarries, iron mines and railroad cuts. The angler, while wading a stream in quest of brook trout, is compelled to go ashore and remain there because the gates in some dam further up stream have been raised to let out water sufficient to float logs down to the saw mill. Below the mill he finds his favorite pools filled with sawdust and other refuse and notes with sadness that the spawning beds of the speckled beauties have been broken up. When one is peacefully dreaming in his boat on a placid lake, watching for a deer to come down to the water, it is exceedingly unpleasant and disenchanted to be aroused by the shriek of a locomotive or the clatter of a wagon on a newly made road near by.

The tourist can scarcely follow a blazed line or trail in any direction without having his progress barred by a wire fence too high to climb, or an equally discouraging barrier in the form of a notice printed in large black letters on white cloth; "This is a private preserve; no trespassing allowed," or words to that effect. The result is exceedingly depressing and altogether foreign to the ideas that lovers of the woods have hitherto held. Freedom is gone, and with it one of the greatest charms of wilderness life. Personally I can find no fault with the clubs, for I have been hospitably entertained by several of them, and have standing invitations to become the guest of others, but I take it that to even the club men themselves, or many of them, there are some things lacking under the new regime that they enjoyed under the old. And one of these things is the unrestrained freedom which has vanished before the march of civilization.

Doubtless, for the present at least, the clubs and their preserves must be considered in the light of established facts. They have come to stay unless aggressive measures are taken by the State to acquire title to the land by right of eminent domain. Some who have invested capital in the Adirondacks have no doubt done so with a view of making money through the rise in real estate, which has had a very marked upward tendency for several years past. Probably such persons would be glad to dispose of their holdings if paid a fair advance on the purchase price, and it would seem to be wisdom on the part of the State to buy up all available property at the earliest possible moment.

The legislation thus far secured in the direction of forest protection seems utterly inadequate. Much was hoped from the act in relation to the Adirondack Park, which became a law last spring, but the exchanging of lands does not appear to be enlarging the park very materially.

The Adirondack Park contains about 2,750,000 acres. The State owns within the park about 550,000 acres, and outside of the park lines but within the Adirondack preserve about 140,000 acres. Of these outlying tracts about 10,000 acres have been sold during the past year for \$35,000. This money, according to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, was paid to the State Treasurer, and is held by him as a special fund for the purchase of land within the Adirondack Park. The Commissioners have been unable to buy any land with this money, as it has to be reappropriated by the Legislature before the Commissioners can use it.

At a meeting of the Commissioners held Dec. 7, 1893, applications were received for spruce timber over 12 in. in diameter 8 ft. from the ground, and they sold the spruce timber on about 17,000 acres. This money, when received, will be placed by the State Treasurer in the special fund to buy land. The sale of timber was all on land within the Adirondack Park.

A writer in criticizing the present forestry system, says:



"Vast game preserves worth millions are to pay no taxes, while the State is made the gamekeeper of these same preserves, and the property of the rest of the State is taxed to pay the expense."

The Forest Commission in its last annual report after alluding to the exchanging of lands through the medium of sales and purchases says: "But if the State ever acquires enough territory within the Adirondack and Catskill regions to protect the important interests dependent on the preservation of the forests located there, it will have to inaugurate some more liberal and comprehensive plan. After making ample allowance for any increase in acreage arising from exchanges, three-fourths of the Adirondack forest will still remain in private hands and beyond the control of the State. About 500,000 acres are owned by private clubs; but as these clubs, with few exceptions, have granted large timber rights to prominent lumber firms, the outlook for the private preserves is but little better than that of the forest at large."

The commissioners again recommend as in previous annual reports, the appropriation of money for the purchase of forest lands in the Adirondack and Catskill regions, and strenuously urge that the amount be commensurate with the importance of the interests involved. There seems to be no longer any question as to the necessity of preserving the forests around the headwaters of the Hudson and other large streams having their source in the Adirondacks, and public sentiment in favor of an Adirondack State Park has become so strong that our Senators and Assemblymen cannot afford to disregard it. The times appear to be ripe for prompt, energetic and liberal legislation along this line, and it is hoped that every member of the associations here represented will constitute himself a committee of one to urge our legislators to push the good work onward.

The members of the Forest Commission are deserving of commendation for the efforts they have put forth in behalf of the Adirondack Park. The one thing lacking to secure what is desired is the funds to enable them to purchase lands. If the Commissioners had the money at their disposal there is no doubt the State would soon have a park to be proud of. W. E. WOLCOTT, Chairman.

The following resolutions, which accompanied the report, were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in convention assembled, does hereby express its conviction that the State should take, by right of eminent domain, lands within the limits of the Adirondack Park, as rapidly as funds therefor can be provided. That the State Legislature is hereby earnestly requested at its present session to take steps to provide for liberal appropriation for the purchase of such lands or for lending the State to obtain funds for such purpose. That it is the sense of this convention that no timber should be cut and sold from the Adirondack Park, and that the exemption of club lands in that region from taxation is unwise.

#### A Testimonial to Chief Pond.

A pleasant incident of the meeting was the outcome of a suggestion which came originally we believe from Mr. Henry Loftie. During the afternoon session (Mr. C. H. Bannister having lured Chief Protector Pond down into the subterranean vaults of the Yates), Mr. C. H. Mowry addressed the convention in a neat speech testifying to the good work done by Mr. Pond, as an officer who was doing his duty not for what there was in it, but because sincerely interested in that work; and then Mr. Mowry proposed that a fund be contributed then and there to provide a gold watch, to be given as a token of the Association's regard. It was no sooner said than done. The district protectors were invited to join, and in a few moments the required amount was in Mr. Mowry's hands, including a dollar which some one had collected down stairs from Maj. Pond himself under pretense that a watch was to be given to Sec'y Sage. Messrs. Bannister and Mowry repaired to the jewelry store of Messrs. Baker & Lathrop, and purchased a handsome watch. The formal presentation was made in his usual happy vein by Gen. Bruce, who spoke not only for the Association, but for all good citizens of the State, when he assured Maj. Pond of the esteem in which he is held for his record, and exhorted him to renewed watchfulness. Responding, Maj. Pond said that his own success and that of his staff had been in large measure due to the support of the Association, and of local societies, particularly the Anglers' Association of Syracuse. It is quite the correct thing now, when one meets Maj. Pond, to ask him what time it is.

#### Officers for 1894.

Messrs. Amsden, Gavitt and Skinner as a committee on nominations suggested as President, Gen. D. H. Bruce of Syracuse; for Vice-President, C. H. Bannister of Auburn; for Secretary-Treasurer, John B. Sage of Buffalo; and in presenting these names the committee spoke in high terms of the deep interest Gen. Bruce had shown in the Association and the part he had taken in putting the organization on its present basis; he was the father of the Association, and the hour had come for recognizing his claim to the honors of the office. The ticket was elected by acclamation, and in its choice of officers for 1894 the Association has given assurance of a year of usefulness and accomplishment.

The committee on legislation was retained, with the substitution of Mr. Strough in Mr. Skinner's place the chairman is Walter MacGregor, Esq., of Syracuse, and to him should be sent all suggestions respecting desired amendments.

#### New York Association for the Protection of Game.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—On invitation of the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, the forty-ninth annual meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game was held at the Gerlach on the evening of Jan. 8.

After discussing the usual excellent dinner, during which the president congratulated the club on the progress made and the great improvement in public opinion regarding the game protection, the association adjourned to the meeting room, where the usual routine of business was transacted, and the following officers elected for the year 1894: President, Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, Col. Alfred Wagstaff; Counsel and Treasurer, Thos. N. Cuthbert; Secretary, Wakeman Holberton; Executive Committee—E. G. Blackford, chairman; C. F. Imbrie, Wm. Carpenter, and the officers of the Association.

Mr. Edson Bradley and Col. E. A. McAlpin were unanimously elected members of the Association. Mr. Austin Corbin gave an interesting account of his success in stocking his New Hampshire preserve with elk, deer, moose, wild boars, buffalo, etc. W. HOLBERTON, Sec'y.

#### GENESEE VALLEY ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association was held last week in the Rochester Chamber of Commerce. The attendance of members was so large that it is evident great interest is being taken in the work of the Association. The Association is not an old one, having been organized only about a year ago. Herbert Wadsworth, of Avon, the president of the Association, occupied the chair. Secretary F. J. Amsden read this very encouraging report of the executive committee:

The executive committee has met seven times during the year with full attendance at each meeting. Three hundred and forty-five members have been elected and 147 have paid their dues for 1893, \$1 each.

A digest of the game laws, both for fish and birds, was printed on paper and cloth and posted throughout the counties. This the committee think is the most effective method of using the funds. It helps to remove the excuse often made for violation, that is, ignorance of the laws, and we would recommend to our successors the continuance of the practice.

The committee has had presented to them a proposition from Mr. Wadsworth, offering to set apart a strip of land in Livingston and Monroe counties, bordering on the Genesee river, amounting to one hundred acres or thereabouts for the use of this Association, for the purpose of forestry, game and fish. The executive committee gave it careful consideration at several meetings, but on account of the financial disturbances nothing was done. We hope our successors will take up its consideration at an early day, for it certainly is a very generous offer.

Last spring the Conesus Lake Association had a severe struggle with the violators, in which the association was successful. To aid them in their efforts we made them a contribution of \$25.

Your association has been instrumental in the appointment of several special game protectors, and in each case they have proved good men and done excellent work.

The deputy game protector, George M. Schwartz, though he has an extended field, has been very active and efficient. During the year he has captured 214 nets, valued at \$3,297, made thirty-one arrests and secured for the State \$202 worth of game. In Onondaga Bay, which has his special attention, is now practically free of netters, and fishing is greatly improved, and now that the sewerage of the city has been diverted, it will in the future be again a great resort for our citizens in recreation and fishing.

The ponds west of Charlotte have been guarded by Special Officer Marshall. He has captured thirty-four nets, worth \$550, and made six hundred arrests and collected \$173 in fines. The upper river and Black Creek are in the hands of Special Officer Brooks and his work begins to show by improved fishing. This is a water that should be kept free from all illegal fishing. Its nearness to the city affords angling for many of our citizens who cannot spare much time. It is a resort for the mechanic's evenings and holidays, and must be to them a source of pleasure. The park commissioners express an interest and join with us in its protection.

Honeyoyad Hemlock Lake has had the oversight of Special Officer Lyman, who has done well. He has the assistance and encouragement of the Hemlock Lake Association, which has a large membership, and who are determined to stop unlawful fishing. The lake is noted for its salmon, trout, black bass and perch. All it needs is protection to afford good fishing. The wall-eyed pike planted by the State Commissioners are beginning to be caught there.

Conesus Lake and Hemlock Lake, is another resort for many people from Rochester and elsewhere. It is a prolific water for pike, bass and perch. If netting can be stopped it will abound with them. The Conesus Lake Association is determined that there shall be no illegal fishing in it. Special Officer De LaVergne is the special protector of this water and is giving satisfaction.

Your committee feels very much encouraged with the work that has been done during the past year, and are confident that the good fishing the coming season will be the proof of it.

The State Fish Commission fully appreciates our Association and have and will continue to plant considerable numbers of young fish in the various waters. A plant of muskellunge was put in Conesus Lake last season and ought to prove a great addition to the water when they arrive at maturity.

What efforts have been chiefly directed to the protection of fish, we have not lost sight of the birds and close watch has been kept on the dealers to see that the laws were not infringed upon. We have also warned and watched the express companies to prevent the carrying of game from county to county, except in the possession of the person who shot them. This, we think, is one of the best provisions of the law and will help to prevent much of the market shooting that has done so much in the past to exterminate our birds.

Considerable work has been done in the subject of transplanting birds, and we have endeavored by correspondence to get the assistance of those who have tried it, and hope that something may soon be done in this line. One of our members, Mr. Wadsworth of Genesee, has been doing something in the line of pheasants. Your committee would suggest that this Association make another attempt, giving them out to some of our country members who can and will give them the proper attention.

The report was adopted. Mr. Amsden called the attention of the Association to the action taken by the Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association which at its meeting at Auburn a few days ago adopted a resolution favoring the repeal of the law passed in 1892 prohibiting the shooting of quail for a period of five years. The Central New York Association desired that the Genesee Valley Association take similar action and to bring the matter before the meeting Mr. Amsden offered a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the meeting that the prohibitive law should be repealed.

A. E. Babcock spoke against the repeal of the law. He reported having seen during the past season while out shooting a number of beavies of quail in this county. He was sure that if the law was repealed these quail would soon be shot away.

The quail question has not been satisfactorily settled in this county. Some years ago some quail were procured from the South and liberated in this county, but they did not do well and it was generally thought by sportsmen that the winter of this latitude was too severe for them. It was supposed that none of these quail had survived, but Mr. Babcock's report shows that some of them did. With the information furnished by Mr. Babcock before it, the Association decided that it would be unwise to ask for the repeal of the prohibitive law on quail, and Mr. Amsden withdrew his resolution and a resolution in favor of the continuance of the law upon the statute books was adopted.

The quail subject being up, Mr. Amsden read an interesting letter from W. C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, N. Y., in which he gives his experience in the transplanting of quail:

I tried the experiment here when we had extremely cold weather at times, as well as deep snows, with a great deal of doubt as to the outcome of the experiment. The results have exceeded my expectations. I bought some ten dozen West Virginia birds, from the mountainous parts, having them arrive here the last of March and fore part of April in two lots, and only know of six birds having died. I put them out immediately on their arrival near good cover, where I had first scattered some small grain, in lots of from four to six in one place, not trying especially to liberate cocks and hens equally divided. I kept track of them during the summer of '92 and they mated and hatched out good big beavies, and the county was full of them, although many of them that I first liberated crossed the lake and nested in Vermont. Along about October a great many began to travel, and I heard of beavies being seen miles away, mostly from the northwest. This traveling I find can to a great extent be stopped by killing off, as soon as the young are old enough to look after themselves somewhat, the old pair of each bevy, and especially the hen birds. During the fall of '92 I broke some pups on them and had very fine sport, in-

deed. I never tried to see how many I could get, but averaged say about a dozen a day for something over a month, that is, the most I killed in any one day was twenty-three and I tried never to kill over half a bevy, leaving the rest for seed. I had some buckwheat planted and left standing near some of the covers that I thought they would winter in, and aside from arranging with some of the farmers to feed them if they came around and looking after them a little in a few spots did nothing further. I knew of six beavies or parts, staying around near the region they were put out in that came through all O. K. Ten miles away one day late in February, when snow was deepest, I saw one bevy with twenty strong birds. They were living on a side bank covered with jumpers and cedars and feeding on seeds, etc., in a marsh on the lake front near, one bevy being under the floor of an old pavilion and one in a pine thicket. During the mating season this year I heard them all over the grounds where I had put them down, and also some in Vermont and heard of them for miles around, especially in Vermont. Last winter was considered hard on them everywhere, but these seemed to have stood it all right. Instead of looking them up and locating the beavies this season, I didn't look for any until a day or two before the opening of November. I found then only three beavies during the course of an hour or two's work with dogs, although one had some forty birds in and was probably two beavies joined preparatory to traveling, as I have not seen them since. I went out the opening day and once since only. I found three beavies, although the farmers told me that where there were lots during the summer they haven't seen any since October.

I did not pay the attention to the quail that I should have done. I had good sport one fall and they wintered well and this, the severest winter on birds known for sometime, and if I had killed the old of every bevy this fall there would be more here now, although there are enough now for seed in '94, if they winter. From the experience I had and from that of many friends I should advise you not getting birds until late, say the last of March, when you can turn them down immediately on their arrival. Where they are procured early and wintered in a barn or elsewhere they don't seem to do as well and they seem to die off rapidly whether because too many are kept in one place or not I don't know. If you try and winter them, keep them in several houses where they can get sunlight, having a fine meshed net around the sides, say a foot from the walls and one overhead—have a place fixed in one part with bushes so that they can run and hide; cover the floor with gravel, sand and a dusting place, lots of fresh water and feed, some green food as well as seeds, and don't try and keep over three dozen in one place.

If you will plant some buckwheat and grains near the covers and let it remain, it will afford good feed for them in winter, and you, of course, as a club, will have them looked after—more carefully than I did—and above all, have the old birds killed off before they travel if you want to keep the beavies around where they were raised. W. C. WITHERBEE.

An interesting report was read from Simon Marshall, the special game protector appointed by the Association in April of last year, in which he reported having during the past season captured and destroyed sixty-eight nets worth \$550. Mr. Marshall's territory included Braddock's Bay, Cranberry Pond, Long Pond, Buck Pond, Round Pond, all in the town of Greece. He made sixteen arrests and secured nine convictions. Mr. Marshall has four cases pending in the courts at the present time. The amount collected in fines from the parties convicted was \$173. Mr. Marshall reports that he finds it difficult to get assistance in his work, as the farmers are afraid of the illegal fishermen, who take pains to warn the farmers that if they tell the game protector, trouble will follow. He also reports that in a fish suit, fishermen and jurors have little regard for their oath. Mr. Marshall says that if he continues in the employ of the Association next season he will have a boat of his own which he can load into his wagon, and take to the water in pursuit of illegal fishermen as he discovers them while driving along the shores of the ponds, streams and bays. He reports having been greatly assisted in his work by State Game Protector Schwartz, who has aided him in making captures.

President Wadsworth spoke briefly in reference to the proposition which he made some months ago to the Forestry Association, and the fish and bird men of this locality. He said the conditions of the proposition were that a fish hatchery should be built by the fish and bird men at some suitable point along the river or its tributary streams. By this scheme Mr. Wadsworth hopes to bring to the attention of the farmers along the river the value of preserving the fish and game, and he believes that little can be accomplished unless the farmers heartily co-operate with the sportsmen.

The committee on nominations, composed of Messrs. Brown, Gillette, Roth, Vogel and Annis, reported the following list of officers and they were declared elected: President, Wm. S. Kimball; First Vice-President, Herbert Wadsworth; Second Vice-President, E. A. Babcock; Treasurer, H. D. McVean; Secretary, Frank J. Amsden. Executive Committee: H. S. Woodworth, J. B. G. Warner, Dr. H. S. Miller, Daniel C. Bascom, H. M. Stewart, Thos. W. Fraine and Dr. David Little.

Mr. Edmund Redmond offered this resolution, which gave rise to some earnest debate:

*Whereas*, A recent decision of the Court of Appeals confirmed the constitutionality of that clause in the Penal Code and game law which forbids shooting or fishing in this State on the first day of the week; and

*Whereas*, It is not the province of the Legislature to prescribe in what manner the people shall observe their days of rest; and *Whereas*, Angling or shooting for amusement, in season, is in no way injurious to the State, but a pastime that should be free; therefore

*Resolved*, That this Association regards the law in question as a vexatious interference with the rights of the people; an uncalled-for abridgment of their liberty; calculated to generate ill-will between men, and in no way good, but opposed to the spirit of the State constitution; and

*Resolved*, That we would be pleased to see the obnoxious law repealed and that the secretary be requested to send a copy of this preamble and resolution to the committees on game laws and Penal Code of the Senate and Assembly of this State.

The motion was eventually referred to the executive committee, on suggestion of Dr. E. V. Stoddard, who said: "If the morning papers report that we have adopted such a resolution, nine out of every ten men will at once exclaim: 'That is a nice Association, it votes in favor of Sabbath desecration.' These men will say this because they do not think and because they do not understand



us. What we should do is to drop this resolution and appoint a committee to go to work in a quiet way to secure the repeal of the law. If we adopt the resolution we are sure to be misunderstood and criticised."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

#### How Do You Cook a Quail?

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your edition of Jan. 13 I notice that "J. B. B." asks some questions as to how to cook a quail, and as I think I know something on that subject (at any rate, my friends who have tried the quail all say that they have never yet tasted any to compare with those that are cooked in the manner I describe); perhaps it might be of some interest to "J. B. B." and to your readers to have the recipe laid before them.

As to skinning the quail: that is something ridiculous. It should be carefully dry-picked and drawn, the same as you would draw a chicken that is intended to be roasted. Under no consideration should the quail be split open.

As soon as the bird is carefully drawn and washed out inside, stuff it with a dressing consisting of bread crumbs, salt and pepper, a trifle of onion and a trifle of parsley chopped together, also a very small quantity of breakfast bacon chopped in with the dressing, and stuff the bird behind and before with this dressing. Then take some slices of breakfast bacon and slices of onion and lay them on the outside of the quail and fasten them thereto by winding some linen thread around about them until the whole surface of the bird is covered with alternate slices of breakfast bacon and raw onion. Then pepper and salt the outside slightly, and after placing a good big piece of good butter on the top of each bird, put them in a baking pan and into a hot oven.

As soon as the butter is melted (which will be in the course of two or three minutes) baste each and every quail with the melted butter, etc., and when the birds commence to turn slightly brown, thrust the tine of a fork into the breast of each bird and if no blood issues therefrom the birds are done. If the oven is good and hot it doesn't take but a very few minutes to prepare them in this manner. In fact, it is almost the same process as is followed in roasting a chicken.

Now, if care is taken that the birds are not overdone it will be found that they are perfectly juicy and tender, and that the flesh will leave the legs and breast of the bird easily, in fact, will almost drop therefrom.

I have never seen at any of the New York or other restaurants or in any hotel, quail broiled that were fit to eat. They were so dry and tough that it was almost impossible to detach the meat from the body of the bird or from the legs, and when it was detached it was so dry as to be next to tasteless.

If my sportsmen friends will follow the above directions carefully I think that they will one and all admit that never before have they known what a delicious bird and how juicy a quail is when properly cooked.

ROBERT C. LOWRY.

#### A New Michigan Club.

HOLLAND, Mich., Jan. 10.—A long needed gun club has at last been organized here. Its objects are the importation, propagation and protection of game and fish. The following officers were elected: President, M. G. Manting; Vice-President, H. Kiekintoeld; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Baumgartel.

We have a beautiful sheet of water here called Macatawa Bay, six miles long and from one to one and one-half broad, which was once teeming with fish, but by illegal netting and spearing its waters have become so depleted that one has to be an expert to make a fair catch of fish. The same can be said of the game; shooting out of season has been so much indulged in that our pointers and setters are nearly useless. Of course the deep snow last winter is the cause of the present scarcity of quail, but game of all kinds is on the decrease. Heretofore, and to a more or less extent at the present time, public sentiment has upheld the law-breakers, but happily a better sentiment for the protection of game and fish is being awakened. People who once said that it was impossible to deplete our waters by netting are now, when they can no longer make their accustomed catch of bass or pickerel, seeing that something must be done. It is the idea of the club just started to give the Mongolian pheasant a good trial, to stock a few suitable brooks with trout, and to protect, as far as possible, our game and fish from further destruction. We shall endeavor to encourage our warden by offering rewards for convictions and to assist in other ways when possible.

A. G. B.

#### Save the Does.

RED BANK, N. J., Jan. 10, 1894.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As an old deer hunter and sportsman for the past thirty years, I must protest against the brutal and inhuman hounding to death of a doe in southern New Jersey, as related in your issue of Jan. 12. No Feejee Island cannibal would eat the meat of a doe two months in fawn and hounded down for two days, until she dropped from exhaustion. The pole that was cut to carry the "quarry" might better be used to pound common sense in the perpetrators of this brutal and unsportsmanlike outrage. Shame!

OSCAR HESSE.

#### Illinois Game.

MACOMB, Ill., Jan. 9.—Two weeks ago a flock of geese passed over this city going north. Is not this uncommon for this time of year? Are having fine weather for the game, no snow and no cold weather. There were lots of quail left at the close of open season and if pot-hunters leave them alone will have an abundance next season. Would like to help fill "Chicago and the West's" rabbit kettle, but there are probably less rabbits around here this year than ever before; in an all day hunt two of us failed to even see a rabbit.

EN AM.

#### A Load of Meat.

THE other day there drove into the vicinity of the markets in Boston a countryman with six saddles of deer, in the hides, on his sled and a saddle of moose. No one among the commission dealers there took pains to ask him his name or where the venison came from. It was plain enough to them that it came from Maine; the saddles were "cut long," after the Maine style, and were very fresh. He desired to sell his load and was offered five cents per pound for it, "right through," by one dealer. This price he would not accept, and it took him a

long time to sell out. It is suggested that he could not have got more than eight cents per pound, and, after paying freights and other expenses, there could have been but very little left. He appeared a good deal disappointed at the low figures offered. The deer were very thin and poor, and all does but one or two. They were plainly the results of late December crust-hunting, and even the marketmen told him that it was "a shame to kill them." It is not positive as to how he came by the venison, but it is suggested that he had drawn it all the way from some part of Maine with his team. It is greatly to be hoped that his trip cost him double what his venison came to, so that neither he nor any of his neighbors will ever care to try such a trip again.

SPECIAL.

#### Shooting Resort.

If you are seeking a place where you can find some pretty good quail shooting, and be cared for in true Southern style, where our doors are open to strangers and a hearty welcome from all is given, you can come to the Hotel Central, at Aulander, N. C., and find the clever and ever obliging S. W. Everett in charge. Manager, guide, servant, or anything to make it pleasant for his guests. Teams, guides and dogs furnished if desired. A nice country to get about in. Roads good, generally speaking. People kind and friendly to strangers. Located on the Norfolk & Carolina R. R. A direct line for Florida and other points South. Two trains run from Norfolk. Good water and a pleasant climate, and the hotel is located in a thriving village that welcomes capital.—*Adv.*

### Sea and River Fishing.

#### A KINGFISHER COROLLARY.

ACCORDING to a promise made the editor when we were gossiping about old friends and old times in the shadows of the FOREST AND STREAM pavilion at the World's Fair, I send a few notes as corollary to "Kingfisher's" account of our camp in Algoma at Lake Waquakobing in the summer of 1892.

[NOTE. "Big Basswood" does not suit me as a name for that lake, being utterly inappropriate from whatever point of view. The Indian appellation (meaning, I believe, "Clear Water") is far more descriptive, but I suppose people will stick to the "basswood" if there wasn't a linden in all Algoma.]

The camp of the Kingfishers was misty and dreary on the morning of Aug. 9, 1892, for at early dawn had "Old Hickory" packed his "pie box" and departed for "the banks of the Beautiful River."

The Kentucky contingent had, not long before, pulled out for their homes in a village hard by the rushing torrent of the mighty Elkhorn, and we thought it was odd that they should be willing to live so far off.

Things were lonesome, and didn't suit. Among other matters which urgently needed rectification was the cook. It was unanimously voted that he was, as it were, quite too fresh, perhaps more. Something had to be done. We sat around the sulky fire, made medicine (Indian fashion) and reviewed the situation. On one point all were practically agreed—we must elect a new management, vice the "dear departed." It was of no avail to bully the cook for he didn't know when he was well used, and we must have somebody as a scapegoat. It was necessary to the peace and dignity of the camp and it should be done. It was done.

The New Management rose to the importance of the situation, and in full official costume, with the awe-stricken cook, Kingfishers and Canadians keenly conscious of their minor importance, he gracefully, and in a few well chosen words, indicated his plan of action:

"We've got to have a better start mornings, and better regulations for meals. This plan of putting a hardtack in your pocket and going off to fish all day with no further stomachic preparation aint the thing, nohow you can fix it. I will at once proceed to formulate some rules for the better guidance of all and singular."

There was no nonsense about the N. M., and in a little over four minutes by the Colonel's \$350 repeater, the following notice reared itself against the tent-pole:

"Hours for meals. Breakfast 6 A. M. sharp. Lunch 12 M. Dinner 4:30 P. M."

Then the N. M. went fishing in the lake with the Abbey & Imbrie combination rod, and a box of barnyard hackles. The rest of us were sitting about the camp when he returned, reaching the landing just in time for luncheon.

"First of the season," were the words which, from the stentorian lungs of the N. M. came sounding up the hill, as he strode along the rocky path leading to the camp.

"What is it?"

"Go and see 'em."

Now, I have no doubt that the other fellows wanted as much as I to know what he had to show us, but they were proud and haughty, and preferred to pose as cynics, who didn't believe that he had caught anything, anyhow. So I went down alone to the boat, where I examined critically its lading. Then I in turn toiled up the hill, where I found the N. M. with some glassware in his hands, and evidently disposed to make himself as comfortable as the nature of the circumstances would permit.

Sorrowfully I gazed upon his classic features for a time, then slowly said: "Cannot you do better with \$75 worth of fishing tackle and nine miles length of lake than catch two suckers?"

I do not now recall his reply, but well remember that those were the only specimens of that noble fish captured during our stay; and the N. M. eventually became, I think, somewhat wearied with hearing about them. The "damnable iteration" was too much for him, and he fished for them no more.

A glorious good management was he, the suckers to the contrary notwithstanding, and the next day the following bill of fare was adjusted to the tent pole:

#### MENU, AUG. 10, 1892.

##### Soup.

Bouillon.	Scrambled Eggs.	Broiled Ham.
Browned Potatoes.		Bread and Butter.
English Plum Pudding.		Sherry Wine Sauce.
Coffee.		Milk.

For whatever reason, no suckers or other fish appeared on the menu.

I know not where the N. M. got the sherry wine, but remember that he proffered a glass thereof to one of our English acquaintances, who, however, made answer:

"Well, sir, no, sir; thank ye, sir; but if you 'ad a little drop of some think 'ard, I'd take it with pleasure."

As Kingfisher said in his account thereof, ours was a pleasant camp; but it would have been far more so had

we made it at a distance from any habitation, as is our usual custom. The lake is well worthy a visit—it is one of the most picturesque in scenery, and most remarkable in its attributes that I have ever visited. Its waters and its fish resemble so strongly those of Lake Superior that many believe in the existence of an underground communication between the two lakes.

The bass were biting rather better before than after Aug. 10, but there was no difficulty in catching all we needed. They were, however, taken further from shore and in deeper water than during the earlier part of our stay. I remember that I one day fished in Clear Lake, using the leg of a red squirrel for bait, and found it very satisfactory. I have taken trout with this bait in some of the lakes of Maine. It is very tough and lasts a good while.

In Clear Lake there are a good many wall-eyed pike (called by the natives "pickereel"), and weighing from 1lb. to 2lbs. each. These were a nuisance, and would play the mischief with a tender bait.

We often used flies, but as far as my observation went, they were not usually taken by the bass unless when below the surface; and this reminds me that on the Rangeleys I never knew a very large trout to take the fly when at the top of the water.

Kingfisher has told the facts about the fishing better than I could do it, though he might, had he been so disposed, have added a good many notable episodes which occurred during our stay.

One of the agreeable features of angling in Lake Waquakobing with any sort of bait is the total absence of every kind of small fry—nothing there to nip and tear your lure, as is mostly the case in other waters.

We did a little desultory fishing after "Hickory" left, but cared not to bring in many fish, and wasted none. I do not care for fishing unless the product can be utilized, and we might infinitely have increased our catch had we been so disposed.

The day before we broke camp, I went with a companion to explore a certain island. Much of the shore of the lake is precipitous, and in windy days it is well to be cautious how you steer, for in many places no landing can be made and a boat might easily be dashed to pieces on the crags through careless handling. But the scenery is very fine, and we skirted the iron-bound coast, casting here and there for trout, and admiring the dark cliffs, clothed here and there with red and yellow lichen and waving birches, the fern and the campanula.

I caught a good many bass while trying to take trout, but the latter seldom bit. Their time was earlier or later in the season. On this particular day, my companion, for some reason, wished to make a string of twenty bass. By the time that this was accomplished, I had caught twenty-seven. All were returned to the water as fast as taken.

I note these catches for a reason, and not because I have any desire to disparage the skill of my companion, who is an experienced angler. He fished with a fly and a living frog (on the same line), I with the dead frog only. He, as I remember, made several double catches. I do not think that it is necessary to use live bait.

I do not much care for fly-fishing below the surface and of late years use the fly but little, even for trout, as I find the strain on my eyes too great.

About these days there was a football game near camp, on a little clearing by the church, and likewise a picnic in the woods. The "Royal Templars of Temperance" of Day Mills, and "Iron Bridge" of Mississauga, had a match. Some of the Kingfishers offered a prize of \$5, which was won by the "R. T. of T."

From the stunning costumes which emanated from our tents on this occasion, it was suggested that this be in the future known and respected as "Biled Shirt Camp." On this occasion, Harry photographed a number of people, but the films proved worthless.

At last the time came when we must pack up, and one morning early we were pounding over the road to Dayton, feeling rather sleepy. One man roused himself sufficiently to ask, as we rattled over a bridge:

"What's that in those bushes by the creek?"

"Only a pair of cartwheels."

"So it is. I thought at first that it was one of 'old Ketchup's' tarpon reels."

On passing a rock about 60ft. long of jasper conglomerate, which is quite abundant in this region, we were reminded that "Old Snakeroot" had used up Mr. Dyer's sledge-hammer in his geological investigations, and it was remarked that had old Sam seen this specimen he would never have lost sight of it until he had it set up on his lawn at Frankfort.

I meant before this to say something complimentary of the toads, which during the last few evenings of our stay came about our camp-fire in search of the flies which were attracted by the firelight.

They became quite familiar, and we had much pleasure in watching their movements. They seemed to be quite successful in securing their game, though they sometimes hopped too near the blaze and came to grief.

Kingfisher, having taken no notes, erred in his statement that Mr. Dyer had no fishing-rod proper, for he is an accomplished fly-fisher of old, and possessed one of those heavy, old-fashioned, brass-mounted English fly-rods, with a reel, and a spike in the butt, which might in former days have served a Pawnee for a buffalo lance.

We have many pleasant memories of this camp. The lake afforded us as fine bass fishing as I have ever seen, but I will venture to prophesy that in five years its bass will have become comparatively scarce.

We were well treated by our Canadian friends, and in return tried to be as civil to them as possible, and I think succeeded in giving them a few points in casting for bass for I remember that one of them remarked one day after we had become pretty well acquainted that at first he couldn't see "how we got our lines hout."

KELPIE.

#### The Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

A REGULAR meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club was held in the Grand Pacific Hotel on the evening of Jan. 11. There were thirteen members present, the president, Mr. G. W. Strel, in the chair. The resignations of Messrs. W. G. Baker, W. A. Brooks, A. J. Merritt, J. S. Rossiter and C. A. Sturges were accepted. The report of the secretary-treasurer showed a small balance on hand after all the debts of the club were paid, including the cost of the Walton House at Jackson Park. A balance of \$22.23 on the house was ordered paid. The club has enough cash on hand to place it out of debt. Mr. Morrell, of the executive committee, reported that the committee



had requested of the South Park Board that the Walton House be allowed to remain at South Park as long as possible. There was reason to expect that the request would be granted and the Walton House remain there permanently. Out of \$150 appropriated for the tournament, which was the sum expected to be expended on it, the committee returned \$63.44. Besides being out of debt the club was reported in good condition otherwise. Of subscriptions \$80 were reported still unpaid. Great progress in skill in casting was reported. From casts of 61ft. with the fly, at the beginning, there were now records covering from 96 to 106ft. In bait-casting there were records of as high as 170ft. The total amount of tournament entry fees was \$189, expenses, \$275.56. Mr. J. Edmund Strong was unanimously elected a member of the executive committee, vice Mr. Rossiter, who resigned. Twenty delinquent members were dropped from membership. This left 40 active members in good standing. It was carried that notice be given to members that at the next meeting an amendment to the constitution, permitting honorary membership, will be proposed. Mr. B. W. Goodsell was unanimously elected vice-president in place of Mr. Brooks, who resigned. The tournament committee's report was accepted and the committee was discharged. It was reported that there are widespread violations of the law against seining in Illinois. One member said he knew of 3,000 seines being sold in Illinois alone in the past year. On motion, an entertainment committee was appointed to arrange a club banquet in the near future.

B. WATERS.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Scale of Hooks.

A friend called upon me to-day to ask about the numbering of hooks, as he wished to order some flies in season for the spring fishing to be tied on Pennell hooks. So far as I know all the fly tyers in this country use the "old" or "Redditch-scale" in numbering hooks; anyway, flies or hooks ordered by numbers from the "Redditch-scale" will be filled even if the hooks ordered are numbered by the "new scale."

I do not at this moment recall who it was that first advocated a new scale for numbering fish hooks, but think it was Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell at the time his turn-down-eyed hooks came out. I know there was quite a controversy about it in the *Fishing Gazette*, the Redditch manufacturers contesting for the old style, and Mr. Pennell for the new, by which his "Pennell-Limerick" hooks were numbered as well as the "Pennell-Snecks." Since that time the "new scale" of numbering hooks has been adopted to a greater or less extent for hooks other than those that I have mentioned, and for the convenience of others who may desire light on this subject I give both the old and new scale of numbering. The upper figures are those of the old or Redditch-scale commonly used in this country, and the lower figures are those of hooks corresponding in size in the new scale:

Old Scale: 0-5-0-4-0-3-0-2-0-1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17  
New Scale: 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 00 000

The 5-0, the largest hook of the old scale, finds its counterpart in 19 of the new scale, 17 of the old scale finds its counterpart in 000 of the new scale. The hook numbered 000 in the new scale is the smallest made, and it is small enough, and too small for the generality of fishing in this country.

Some hook makers used to number by the old scale to 20, and I think 22, but this was done by omitting the old numbers after 13. I have compared some hooks that I possess and numbered by the makers 20, and find that they correspond to 000 of the new scale and 17 of the old scale, as I have given it above, so that it may be assumed that these hooks are the smallest made, except it may be for some special purpose. Certainly they are about as small as the ordinary man's fingers can fix to a leader with neatness and dispatch, particularly if the man has arrived at an age called the "four-eyed stage" or eyeglass stage.

### Walbran's "Anglers' Annual."

I have received from Mr. Walbran, Leeds, England, a copy of his "Anglers' Annual" for 1894, and although it is bound in paper, I think every one who possesses a copy will feel that it is of a character to deserve a more permanent binding and thereafter a place on the book shelves of the angling library.

There are excellent articles in the "Annual" written by Mr. Senior, Mr. Marston, Mr. Jardine, Mr. Tod, Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Murray, Mr. Bickerdike and Mr. Walbran, and there are four full-page illustrations of aneling scenes. The frontispiece is a beautiful half-tone of "Summer Trout Fishing," in which Mr. Senior and Mr. Walbran are shown on the Wharfe at Pool.

In "Winter Grayling Fishing" on the Yore the other extreme is portrayed. If Mr. Senior looks to be hot and thirsty beside the still water of the Wharfe, Mr. Walbran looks to be anything but hot as he wades the Yore, everything but the water being covered white with snow.

The next full-page picture shows Mr. Fraser Sandeman, author of "By Hook and by Crook" and designer of the Sandeman salmon flies (there is a full-page reproduction of the Sandeman salmon flies in the "Annual"), salmon fishing on the Eden, and then there is a very taking picture of pike fishing. Besides the literary and artistic features, the 800 pages of the "Annual" contain about 200 illustrations of fishing tackle, all of which is fully described in the text.

### Precocity of Salmon.

A few years ago when I was planting a lot of salmon fry (*salar*) I took one can of the little fish to a small feeder of the trout stream in which the plant was being made, that I might turn them into still, shallow water and watch them for a time before they were swept down stream. The little salmon had been all night on the cars traveling from the hatchery on Long Island, and at the end of the railway journey the cans containing them had been placed in a wagon and driven six miles to the stream. The fry had but just absorbed the umbilical sac, and had not, I think, been fed in the hatchery, and owing to the lack of ice and detention at a railway junction they had arrived at their destination in not the best of condition, and it was for this reason that I emptied one can where I did to examine the contents.

When the water in the little feeder had cleared and become still after the roar from pouring the water out of the can into the stream, I got down on my knees with my face close to the surface, and was peering into the water; the little salmon were huddled at the bottom of

the brook in groups, as the young of the salmon family will huddle behind or on the down stream side of stones, or in depressions in the sand to get out of the force of the current, when a big black ant, as I now recall it, fell from an overhanging bush on to the surface of the water, directly over the salmon fry. The ant struggled on the water and instantly several of the little fish left off trying to hide their heads behind the stones and in the sand, and "rose to the fly" with all the dash and vigor of a trout native to the brook. They circled about the struggling ant as if they would devour it, if it had not happened to be nearly as large as one of the fry, and gave every evidence of the game character that distinguishes the adult salmon when it rises to the artificial fly of the salmon fisherman.

I have narrated this incident on a number of occasions, but the frequency with which some of my hearers have raised their eyebrows, as one does to imply doubt, has caused me to look the story up; and this reminds me that there are people who do express doubt concerning a statement simply because they have no personal knowledge of it. For a number of years I tried to convince a number of skeptics that the small-mouth black bass did grow to 8lbs. in weight. I knew it because I had caught one, but I honestly think that a lot of men in New York city did not believe it until I sent a larger one to New York and telegraphed to FOREST AND STREAM where it could be seen. Since that time a small-mouth of 10lbs. has been caught in the same lake and no one questioned the weight or the species. But I have drifted away from the precocious salmon, and the fact is I have just found unexpected confirmation of my experience.

### Mr. Senior Catches Baby Salmon.

Please remember that all I claim is that salmon fry raised to an ant in the water, and then read the following, which is the experience of Mr. Wm. Senior ("Red Spinner"), angling editor of the *London Field*, told in Mr. Walbran's Annual previously referred to:

"I got a bit of salmon fishing anyhow out of the Exhibition. A friend told me that the wee samlets hatched out in Wilnot's breeding troughs in the Canadian Court would rise at a fly, and that he had caught one. I challenged him to the proof, and he rigged up for me a whippy top for rod, a length of string for line and a foot of drawn gut for cast. The fly was, I am bound to say, the smallest I had ever seen made. The hook was the tiniest, and the dressing of the artificial midges a most ingenious thing, reflecting, as the reporters say, the greatest credit upon the tyer, Mr. Kenneth Cornish. It was great fun to see the little salmon of little more than an inch long rising at the fly dabbled on the surface. They came with a boil just as a big fellow would do, and made at once for the nearest cover. I got one at last by fairly working the tiny midge under water, and out, dangling in the air, came a small fish amid the laughter and applause of the crowd. This salmon fishing, I should add, was done in the breeding trough. The youngster was of course put back."

It seems that friend Senior challenged proof when he first learned that salmon fry would rise to a fly, so I will forgive those who raised their eyebrows at my story.

### The Saranac Convention.

An item has been going the rounds of the newspapers stating that a convention had been called at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks, to appoint delegates to go to Albany and oppose proposed changes in the game laws said to be favored by Dr. W. Seward Webb in the interest of his private park in the Adirondacks. The tenor of the entire item was so contrary to my own knowledge of Dr. Webb's views in regard to the protection of fish and game in the Adirondacks, and of his conduct in relation to fishing and shooting on his preserve by others than himself that I did not believe there was cause for such a convention. Now, it seems, that prominent citizens of Saranac Lake, headed by Dr. Trudeau of the Sanitarium, have signed resolutions in which it is denied that such a convention is to be held, or that Dr. Webb proposes to ask for changes in the game law, or that there is any feeling against Dr. Webb. On the contrary, the people of Saranac are "very much incensed over the false report sent out from there by an irresponsible party who evidently has some pique against Dr. Webb and the railroad company." Dr. Webb has always been very willing to grant permits to hunt and fish over his preserve. I know the permits require the holder to observe the State game laws and to be cautious about fires, and those are about the only restrictions. Before the State amended the game laws in 1892 the permits limited the game to be killed to less than the State law allowed, but now the State has come to Dr. Webb's standard.

A. N. CHENEY.

### BOSTON AND MAINE.

The weather has not been favorable for the pickerel fishermen in the ponds in the vicinity of Boston. Several excursions have been planned, but blustering weather, with more snow and the mercury down below zero, have been sufficient to keep the fishermen at home. But the bait will keep, and it is likely to be used as soon as the weather is mild enough. On Monday some fishing was done on the ponds in Bayfield and Georgetown, but not a pickerel was taken, by one party at least, though they do not like to have their names mentioned. The Upper Pond in Wakefield is still a much-talked-of location for the pickerel fishermen, the pond where the close time for several years was terminated Oct. 1, 1893. Some good strings continue to be taken there, when the weather permits. On Monday and Tuesday last this pond was visited by fishing parties, though with very poor success. The pickerel fishermen all mention warm days as the only days favorable to their sport on the ponds in winter. They continue to discuss the relative merits of shiners or chub and tomcod as bait. It is generally agreed that the shiner is the best bait, but that he does not live long on the hook. The tomcod is a far tougher fish on the pickerel hook, and it is much more difficult for the pickerel to get him off the hook without getting hooked himself.

A pickerel story grows out of Antoine Bisette's last, told in "Danvis Folks" in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week. In Antoine's case there was a long string of trout all trying to get at the bait by swallowing each other. Our pickerel case was on one of the ponds near Andover, Mass., the other day. Our friend Charlie MacIntosh tells it. He was fishing with a boy on that pond. They had some thirty traps out. The day was windy and cold, and the fish did not bite well. They were about discouraged

with keeping the lines free in the holes, the ice making so fast that they had to be cleared every five or ten minutes. At last one of the flags was down, and both man and boy ran for the spot. The boy arrived first, hooked the fish and commenced to pull him. "He's only a little one," said the boy; but no sooner than said the line began to slide through his fingers, and he could not hold it. The man took hold and soon had the fish up to the ice, though not without considerable hard pulling. The fish came up through the ice part way, and the boy laughed. "I told you it was only a little one!" he cried. Sure enough there was a little pickerel scarcely more than six inches long—or the tail of him. But another big pair of jaws was coming up through the ice. It was a monster pickerel. He had seized the little pickerel evidently about the time the line began to slide through the boy's fingers. He had turned the small pickerel and had swallowed him head foremost, hook, minnow bait and all, and was firmly hooked. The small pickerel had the minnow bait in his mouth also partly swallowed. There were really three fish on the hook, the largest weighing nearly 3lbs. But the fish were not in a string, as in the case of Antoine's trout. That functionary will also do well to "remble him" when he tells another "true" story, that fish invariably swallow their prey head foremost.

SPECIAL.

## QUEER THINGS.

"His angle rod made of a sturdy oak;  
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;  
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,  
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale."

—A Giant's Angling.

LAST summer while salmon fishing in Newfoundland I was informed by a very reliable gentleman that during the month of September, 1892, he hooked a 12lbs. salmon which took the fly with avidity, and after landing him discovered an unusual enlargement of the abdomen. On opening the stomach he found a large field mouse, almost intact, as if but recently swallowed.

Queer! Is it not—with the fact staring us in the face that salmon do not feed in fresh water.

While fishing the same river last spring one of our party hooked and lost a salmon by the breaking of his leader. Of course it was a monster, and the whole camp was turned into mourning for the loss. On the second day after this the same pool fell to the lot of another member, and at night he returned to camp with a salmon of 12lbs., which had hanging from its mouth the fly and portions of leader which were lost by the previous angler.

Queer! Is it not—

First—That the big fish always get away!

Second—That this fish did not start for the ocean with the hook in its mouth, as it is so often stated they do!

Another queer thing has occurred to me. Why do certain persons write so enthusiastically of the game qualities of the much talked about but over-rated ouananiche, and pour all sorts of maledictions on the head of Mr. Lowry, who happens to differ from them in regard to the fighting qualities and nomenclature of this fish?

Let me say in all timidity (for I know there are sportsmen from whose wrath I shall suffer) that I read Mr. Lowry's article for the first time while camping at the beautiful Fifth Falls of the Mississipi River, and had taken my first ouananiche only a day or two before. I felt there and then I could say "Amen" to it, and after catching many large fish during our stay of nearly a week and spending another week at Isle Malin—where only small ones were taken—I could indorse the article almost in its entirety.

If ouananiche fishing is to be compared with salmon, trout or black bass fly-fishing, I must have struck the wrong season and logy fish, and I can but feel that those who talk the loudest and throw their hats the highest, have not yet learned to successfully cast the fly and enjoy the ecstatic thrill which the salmon, trout and black bass impart.

This somewhat mysterious ouananiche has its place as a game fish, but please let it rank where it belongs, and its supporters "whoop er up" as much as they like—if there is no axe to grind; but add a postscript for the guidance of those who may believe their stories and wish to follow in their footsteps; this luxurious fishing is only for the wealthy, as the hotel company claim to control the waters of the lakes and rivers, and the fish that dwell therein; therefore, to cover cost of this franchise, they explain a charge of \$6 per day is exacted for the service of two canomen, with supplies for them and yourself.

Facts are sometimes queer things, aren't they?

"There are more things in heaven and earth and fishing, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Now, Mr. Editor, when we come to think of it, the world is full of queer things. How did it seem to you when you found the recent convention so fully in possession of the net fishermen? This meeting was called by philanthropic, whole-souled men for the purpose of devising ways and means to stop the depletion of the food fish along the Atlantic coast. Surely, "The wicked flee where no man pursueth," for these very innocent net fishermen appeared in numbers, braced up by attorneys and wonderful statistics; and through these, and their oily tongues proved satisfactorily (to themselves) that net fishing could not cause any diminution, but the supply had increased, and they were humanitarians toiling for the dear public.

Noble men! your children shall rise up and call you blessed (because of the ducats left them); but the other fellows' children—alas! alas! they may hurl fearful anathematics on the despoilers. "God bless the rich, the poor can beg."

I wonder, though, if I can be mistaken; and if after all you and I have seen with our eyes, and heard with our ears, these public beneficiaries. The net fishermen are right; and, in order to increase the future world's supply of food fish, we should enlarge and multiply these harmless nets.

Wouldn't it be queer?

QUEEREST.

### Game and Fish Bills at Albany.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

ASSEMBLYMAN THORNTON has introduced these amendments to the game law: Allowing the taking of sturgeon in the Hudson River with nets of meshes of not less than 7in., between June 1 and Sept. 1; reducing the size of meshes from 14in. to 15in.; making the close season for wildfowl from May 1 to Sept. 1.

Assemblyman Horton has an amendment making it lawful to fish for bullheads, eels, suckers, catfish, pickerel and pike with spear in the streams of Wayne county that empty into Lake Ontario.



## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

## THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider  
the Subject of the Exhaustion of  
Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

(Continued from Page 34.)

LUTHER MADDOCKS, of Maine, then addressed the convention as follows:

I was sent here by a class of men on the coast of Maine who make their living by using the purse nets, drag nets and purse seines. I am a fisherman myself by birth and occupation, and while I do not do a great deal of fishing now, I am brought in contact every day of my life with the different classes of fishermen on the coast of Maine, as well as Massachusetts. We are brought here to-day under a call of the New York Fish Commission to discuss the question of the exhaustion of coast line food fishes, starting out with the broad assumption that there is a scarcity of food fish. Gentlemen, who says so? Ask the men down at Fulton Market. Ask the men at T Wharf. Ask the men at Dock Square in Philadelphia. They will tell you they have fish for sale at 25 per cent. less than what we sold them twenty-five years ago—hake at 75 cents a hundred, cod for 2 cents a pound, herring for 1/2 cent or 3/4 cent a pound. We are told here that there is a scarcity. In order to make fish cheap, you must adopt the best facilities for catching them. Can you get up any better scheme to lower the price of fish?

I am speaking from a fisherman's standpoint, gentlemen. If there is no scarcity existing, and the statistics do not show any scarcity, why are we here? There seems to be a misapprehension of the facts, and we, as fishermen, are willing to submit to the most thorough investigation. If you will produce a committee of disinterested men to investigate this matter, and find that there is a scarcity and that the cause is the purse seines and nets, we will listen, we will join hands with you and regulate it; but until that time we are not going to plead guilty, not by any means. Gentlemen, when we made our treaty with Canada a few years ago, or attempted to make one, it was said we no longer owned the bait supply, and people asked, What are you going to do about it? How are you going to get your bait for fishermen? It set us thinking on the coast of Maine and Massachusetts, and the result has been we have built up the best bait fishing in the world. The fishermen are getting a bait cheaper than ever before. Gentlemen, we will corroborate these statements. We are entirely independent of the British American Provinces so far as bait goes. Canada is a competitor in the fish market to-day. They are sending their herring to Philadelphia by the carload and stand on the wharves to-day in competition with the herring and the cod on the coast of Maine. They are getting them cheaper there and transport them. The duty to-day is 1/2 cent a pound on fresh fish.

Suppose you inquire into this law—what will be the result? The idea as given out here by the paper which was read by Mr. Huntington (I hope I may be pardoned for criticizing it in a friendly way), starts out on the assumption that there should be a law, and that law, as proposed, would result in the total annihilation of the business. Talking about the catch of menhaden within two miles of the shore and sustaining the business, it cannot be done! Talk about regulating your traps according to that idea is also ridiculous. It cannot be done! We would have to abandon the fish business if such a law was enacted. I would like some other easier way to make a living. It is hard work, exposure and all that sort of thing. It is not a soft snap at all, as the word goes. Our men supply a great deal of fish and they are a class of men who cannot come to court and defend themselves, and they want to be heard and I believe they should be heard.

SYLVANUS SMITH of Gloucester, Mass., then addressed the meeting as follows:

I come here in the interest of my people. We have about 400 sailing vessels which fish in the deep sea. Some years ago when the Canadians prohibited us from taking bait on our shore, we looked about to see what we should do for bait for our fishermen. This is not a question of menhaden, though we use them for bait. Our business is to get our living out of the sea. Whatever is done to take the pound fishing away, strikes a people who are dependent upon it for a living. We cannot exist as a fishing city without the pound. Last year there was some legislation prohibiting the pound fishing in Buzzards Bay. We did take some bait there.

Our business is fishing, and no business has a better record than that has in our city, and when you take away the pounds it is the first blow at our fisheries. Our people asked me to come here to see what you propose to do. This is a vital question to us, but whether weakfish come in along the Jersey shore or not is of no consequence as far as we are concerned.

When you enact a law that prohibits the pound fishing you strike a double blow. We cannot go on the Nova Scotia coast and take fish there without violating a law, or any other fish within three miles of land. We sometimes go there and take fish for baiting by paying a tax of \$1.50 per ton.

That law can be revoked at any time at their pleasure. As Mr. Maddocks says, along our shore they have built cold storage or freezers to keep fish bait for us. If you take away the pounds the cold storage is done for. We depend upon them for our bait.

There is another great question we have to look at in our past—the supply of seamen for our wars. Look at the record of Massachusetts in the past. What was their record in the navy? I see the whole thing is in the sportsmen's interest, and the hotel keepers signed a petition against these traps. Why? Because they want to fill up their hotels. I want to say that anything you do against these traps will be a double blow to the fishing industry.

ROBERT POTTER, of New Jersey, spoke as follows: I am president of the Pound Fishing Association of Long Branch. I have fished for fifty years. In '43, with a hook and line on the rocks at Long Branch, and in '61 I commenced fishing the pound. It has been said here to-day that they could go along the Jersey coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May, throw off a line and hook a fish most every time. When they did that I must have been asleep. I have followed fishing for a living for about 50 years. When I want to catch fish, I generally launch my boat, and go off shore on the rocks. If I took my boat and line and went along the shore, back and forward, to catch fish for a living, I would have fished my life out. A fellow is a fool to undertake to fish along a shore for a living. I have fished the pound in the Bay and since, for about 18 years I have fished the pound outside. I was one of the first men who ever set a pound out in the ocean and for the last 3 years I have caught more fish with a pound than I ever caught in my life. At first we could not make a living at all. We stuck to it, and when we first commenced we could not catch many, hardly enough to make a living, but we kept at it and the fish struck on. Fish are not always on that coast. When I first commenced with a pound you could not catch 50 lbs. in a day. A few years after that you could catch 1,000 lbs. of porgies in half a day, and from that to 6,000 lbs. with a hook and line. They were gone in a few years, were not on the coast at all. When I commenced in '43 I never saw weakfish. There

CATCHES BY VAIL BROS., ORIENT, L. I.

G. M. VAIL.

1880, 250 boxes, average \$8.50.

1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.
Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.
5 \$51 58	7 \$88 23	13 \$153 45	4 \$28 89
10 36 53	9 86 77	31 192 08	10 106 56
16 89 32	5 31 94	18 70 95	24 156 34
12 60 11	14 119 16	16 03 53	12 90 01
18 117 73	17 67 07	16 73 95	17 158 93
8 31 81	9 46 59	21 139 40	26 180 90
20 68 97	9 103 81	18 95 06	23 91 31
20 76 82	14 124 47	18 139 93	19 89 67
9 85 26	11 142 09	9 75 86	15 205 70
20 233 34	18 252 35	9 67 45	18 143 09
19 108 37	17 135 59	7 78 07	19 227 33
20 173 95	17 119 37	7 98 98	20 239 23
10 99 76	18 240 40	5 91 51	7 69 53
9 91 25	20 194 64	7 65 98	6 84 45
4 70 68	20 99 67	6 103 03	7 77 78
8 142 27	10 87 60	9 146 31	4 58 40
5 79 11	13 143 26	13 210 36	3 36 96
4 40 59	7 100 69	4 70 69	5 49 01
6 100 19	8 137 91	9 108 98	6 90 54
14 307 37	16 121 81	6 59 40	11 150 31
5 52 35	10 53 75	15 117 73	4 50 35
3 25 09	6 66 99	16 116 79	8 70 65
16 91 64	13 60 93	8 40 84	5 54 85
21 138 18	5 37 63	6 37 73	5 36 09
19 83 45	10 22 23		4 4
18 135 55	10 47 04	257 \$2,438 09	4 29 11
3 22 10	7 58 98		
318 \$2,617 42	314 \$2,748 40	Av.... \$8 49	285 \$2,558 24
Av.... \$8 23	Av.... \$8 75		Av.... \$8 97

1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.
Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.
3 \$36 35	19 \$305 11	2 19 68	4 \$21 33
4 39 62	22 162 59	7 92 44	4 37 09
10 100 89	23 172 07	11 112 87	7 179 13
37 202 85	24 122 05	15 134 13	21 253 98
22 123 94	12 60 58	21 105 66	22 123 57
16 71 59	20 179 53	22 183 06	20 103 77
31 162 49	21 167 71	15 155 85	31 191 14
28 141 88	16 121 35	36 239 30	24 236 36
18 133 07	11 100 83	25 185 44	23 214 40
24 129 16	18 213 80	23 205 04	22 237 52
21 221 69	8 121 64	25 263 96	26 196 39
20 167 31	10 126 65	30 455 78	39 347 46
14 144 55	14 263 06	29 320 33	23 174 55
11 102 72	9 142 93	24 211 09	7 69 20
16 133 10	17 189 46	11 169 73	5 57 50
9 71 62	8 150 03	6 77 61	13 91 80
7 129 83	13 172 02	14 245 15	5 62 12
7 104 53	11 159 90	5 80 13	13 129 62
6 95 88	10 151 68	7 162 78	6 73 66
8 100 61	11 145 81	7 122 33	10 162 63
5 59 59	11 141 17	14 162 05	12 139 36
5 45 29	13 137 18	9 148 74	8 110 31
6 58 62	6 62 80	12 148 01	6 82 35
8 66 50	6 93 18	27 148 26	10 108 18
6 17 12	25 103 59	8 77 86	27 151 15
16 58 58	24 147 93	10 79 43	13 85 12
4 40 12	6 48 94	5 46 22	12 36 90
6 30 87		3 39 28	
2 7 86	388 \$3,908 37	4 56 52	432 \$3,722 42
385 \$2,794 53	Av... \$10 07	417 \$4,599 93	Av... \$8 61
Av... \$7 65		Av... \$11 03	

1889.	1890.	1891.	1892.
Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.
6 \$37 59	13 \$90 66	7 \$90 87	3 \$22 88
10 93 69	18 114 37	11 78 16	6 43 68
18 109 46	38 187 41	35 123 70	11 71 38
19 87 63	30 255 14	29 192 65	29 192 49
30 226 35	13 114 26	14 90 94	23 319 60
31 257 08	24 181 47	28 259 18	37 248 38
19 214 06	7 42 90	24 125 78	51 359 49
24 198 66	27 262 81	40 60 06	8 48 09
27 347 84	9 93 55	36 192 38	33 277 79
22 220 28	24 224 52	9 114 39	38 380 23
10 68 39	33 369 28	21 237 81	6 63 54
21 155 46	9 96 77	21 216 93	55 350 76
35 326 41	16 157 39	28 165 59	5 44 30
34 435 70	19 231 21	44 342 86	18 286 55
25 400 54	6 92 81	23 228 58	8 102 93
20 232 19	13 140 44	5 41 71	34 220 96
22 412 92	2 28 00	16 204 40	12 57 15
19 178 84	15 255 01	15 190 94	35 260 50
13 241 56	6 106 19	9 13 12	20 216 02
11 80 19	13 125 02	15 173 14	9 57 04
9 207 32	21 316 84	1 6 47	5 74 85
7 76 01	12 198 73	7 70 86	7 92 47
7 83 25	21 188 10	6 157 37	10 113 22
14 97 15	6 71 61	3 51 60	23 168 85
5 59 33	2 28 75	7 79 60	4 41 56
18 135 08	17 196 31	9 79 65	10 135 79
19 76 99	12 144 44	9 84 34	3 47 67
7 38 59	7 148 55	10 85 30	12 199 26
10 53 29	10 79 98	3 35 06	3 50 94
	13 115 25	15 188 09	6 91 35
513 \$5,232 86	24 209 06	11 134 99	23 275 72
	22 145 38	6 70 41	13 71 87
Av.... \$10 20	16 153 85	2 63 54	30 47 95
	6 103 05	6 57 24	29 127 35
		6 43 81	16 64 15
		6 74 22	24 101 33
		16 118 50	15 82 44
		6 48 59	9 44 81
		20 78 18	20 118 61
		8 40 75	9 50 91
		579 \$4,643 70	9 51 32
		Av.... \$8 02	9 32 60
			669 \$5,782 36
			Av.... \$8 39

1893.	1893.	1893.	1893.
Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.	Boxes.
1 \$37 03	7 \$89 05	7 \$138 19	2 \$72 35
14 108 63	13 119 53	3 50 31	2 72 00
14 199 66	30 158 42	10 147 21	12 163 78
4 217 29	34 242 59	4 62 57	4 28 26
53 251 41	21 152 91	2 38 12	8 109 47
10 42 77	20 239 50	8 103 29	10 70 94
41 190 67	5 54 55	4 47 06	20 103 25
35 325 50	11 83 23	6 72 31	10 133 93
39 399 82	23 241 96	2 14 82	10 69 31
5 55 37	8 93 86	8 56 39	30 55 65
25 334 11	4 77 35	4 15 30	12 121 25
			606 \$5,408 26
			Av.... \$8 92

Year.	Catch.	Year.	Catch.
1884.....	16,470	1889.....	47,495
1885.....	17,517	1890.....	38,670
1886.....	11,632	1891.....	30,023
1887.....	15,375	1892.....	28,026
1888.....	36,375-97,419	1893.....	21,318-145,538

were none on our coast. There were some in the rivers, but not outside. I have fished from the ocean, six miles at sea and never caught a bluefish for a whole summer sometimes, nor a weakfish. For the last three to five years the weakfish have been coming on our coast thicker and thicker.

It has been said here to-day by several people of Asbury Park that there will not be any more pounds. It don't pay them to put in a pound south of Asbury Park. Then, again, they say that the pounds killed Barnegat Bay, so they set these pounds just as close to the inlet as they can set them and catch the fish in Barnegat Bay. North of Barnegat Bay the closest pound to Barnegat Inlet is about 12 miles and the closest pound south of Barnegat Inlet is about 60 miles.

If those two pounds, one 12 and the other 60 miles distant, shuts off the fish of Barnegat Bay, then I don't know what I am talking about.

Then, again, they said last summer there were no fish in Barnegat Bay, could not catch any fish. In the New York Herald it said that the sail boats that carried out excursions for fishing in Barnegat Bay year before last, could make from \$400 to \$800 for the summer. Last summer they could not make anything.

Last winter they passed a law in the New Jersey Legislature that there should not be any nets in Barnegat Bay. Year before that there were plenty of fish. Last year there were no seines or nets in Barnegat Bay and the anglers could not catch anything.

I remember on our South Shrewsbury River there were about a dozen families made a living fishing in the river, and for the last year there were no nets and there were no fish there. They don't catch any. You say the pound has caught them all. They say the bluefish don't come in to the shore. It is a known fact that the fishermen go outside and bait these bluefish and hold them there. They won't come into the shore as long as this bait is there. The bait also feeds the sea bass and you can see them solid in the water so full of bait they won't bite. When the boats are on the shore the sickles are there still and hold them there. That is the reason they don't come in to the shore. It has been said here again they can catch these large weakfish with a hook and line. I have rowed through them for miles, schools of weakfish, and never caught any. Squid they have for a bait for them. There will be schools of them but you cannot catch any large weakfish.

MR. POTTER, of New Jersey, gave the following information in answer to questions asked him by Mr. Roosevelt:

Q. How many pounds between Long Branch and Ocean Beach? A. There are nine, nine in seven miles.

Q. What is the average catch? A. I have a statement here which gives the number of fish caught in the pound in five years, from year to year, by C. A. Valentine. In 1889 he caught 698 boxes and 108 barrels (a box will average about 350 lbs. and a barrel about 200 lbs.); in 1890 he caught 709 boxes and 103 barrels; in 1891 he caught 735 boxes and 83 barrels; in 1892 he caught 980 boxes and 112 barrels; in 1893 865 boxes and 56 barrels. You remember there was a heavy storm in August which took out all the pounds, poles and everything almost, and it took two weeks to get them in again and that out of the fishing in 1893.

Asked by MR. HULETT, of Asbury Park:

Q. What I want to know is this: How much fish are destroyed during the week? A. How many fish destroyed?

Q. Yes, in this pound during the week? A. When we catch weakfish we don't catch anything else.

Q. How many weakfish are destroyed and other fish? A. They don't destroy weakfish. They destroy other fish.

Q. I beg to differ with you. I wanted to know what your idea was? A. They don't destroy any.

Q. Is it not so that there are tons of fish destroyed in those pound nets every week? A. No, there are not tons of fish caught every week. I have fished for two or three weeks and did not catch over 50 lbs. a day.

Q. Your pound net will hold 5,000 weakfish? I want to get the average a day and how much is destroyed out of that catch, the catch in the nets and the average destruction?

I. SPENCER LEAMING, of New Jersey, asked the following questions of Mr. Potter:

Q. In giving your statistics of Valentine & Co. are you acquainted with the gentlemen and their fisheries? A. Yes, sir; I am one of the partners.

Q. Then in giving your statistics in 1889 you say you caught some 300 or 400 boxes, but you don't say anything in regard to your pounds. Are your pounds any larger or more numerous? A. No larger.

Q. You have not increased them in quantity? A. No.

GEORGE M. VAIL, of Orient, L. I., read the following paper prepared by:

H. A. REEVES: We do not know what ultimate object or purpose the proposed congress may have. In so far as the formal call goes, there is nothing to afford a basis for even conjecture. It merely alleges that there is a "growing scarcity of edible fishes" along the coast and asks for a conference to see if the cause or causes and remedy or remedies cannot be discovered and applied.

To such an inquiry, honestly conducted by men of true scientific spirit and capacity, no objection would be raised. The trap-fishermen of eastern Long Island (and no doubt those from other sections would agree with them) will welcome any scientific investigation, if honest and complete, into the questions at issue between themselves and others, who, as they believe, through imperfect information or inadequate consideration, oppose the taking of food fishes by means of nets.

Outside of the call, as is well known, the leading idea of some promoters of this congress is to restrict or to stop altogether the use of nets for taking the edible fishes of the sea.

They allege that these fishes are "growing scarce along the coast line," and they maintain that this alleged scarcity is due to what they call the destructive effect of net fishing; they therefore demand that the use of nets be restrained or prohibited by legislation uniform on the part of all the seaboard States, or, if that cannot be obtained, by the Federal Congress.

With this as the publicly disclosed purpose of some, at least, among the movers of the congress, we may without hesitation or delay proceed to define the position held by the trap fishermen for whom we speak.

They must be understood in the outset as not objecting to a scientific inquiry into the facts relating to their business, and by such an inquiry, provided only that it be a full and fair one, they are willing to stand.

Obviously, before any general measure of restriction should be enacted, whether by the States or the Federal Legislature,



other fishermen have put down traps in close proximity to their own; and it also shows that the average prices at which the fish were sold in Fulton Market for the year 1893 were less than for the average of the twelve preceding years.

Inasmuch as Fulton Market is the great mart of the fish trade, and prices there may fairly be held to control, it is important to note this fact, that the average prices for the past year were not up to the level of former years.

With the constantly spreading demand for fish food, it is undeniable that the supply must have kept equal pace with the demand, or else prices would inevitably go up. That prices did not go up, but on the contrary averaged lower for 1893 than for a dozen years before, is proof positive that there is no such "growing scarcity of edible fishes along our coast line" as forms the only basis for the call of the present congress. Certain it is, that whatever be the case elsewhere, there is no such scarcity in the waters of eastern Long Island.

2. In all ages and in all parts of the world there have been seasons when fish in given waters have been comparatively scarce, and these eastern Long Island waters are no exception to this rule. But the record proves that, while the traps have steadily increased, there are in some seasons an abundance of fish even in the upper portions of the bays.

It follows logically and inexorably that the pounds and other traps on the shores of these bays have little or nothing to do with the movement of bodies of fish coming in from the open ocean. It would therefore be in fact, as well as in theory, a grossly wrong as well as a mischievous thing to meddle with the traps upon no better basis of ascertained fact than now obtains.

We therefore demand, on behalf of the trap fisheries of Long Island, that they be let alone until after there has been a fair, full, conscientious and conclusive inquiry into the facts, which must determine whether they ought, or ought not, to be interfered with.

It may be added that, as shown by the printed extract from *La Nature* herewith shown, although the movements of cod and herring have attracted attention for centuries, it is only within four years past that, by the Scottish Fishery Commission, the first really reliable and accurate data bearing on the movements of fish in the open sea have been obtained. This again proves the need of a careful and exhaustive scientific investigation before resorting to legislation.

Vail Bros. have also kept a record for the past ten years of the catch of weakfish made by them in their traps. It shows that for the first five years the number taken was 97,419, while for the last five years the number was 145,538.

Q. ROOSEVELT asked Mr. Vail:

Q. How many traps and nets did you use in '80 and '93? A. We used in '80 six traps and in '93 seven traps, with an addition in '89 of one trap, and the others are set in the same place exactly, and this trap I don't think has caught anything.

HENRY C. FORD, of Pennsylvania, here said that the order was to go by States.

THE CHAIRMAN—We will give Mr. Ford the floor.

Mr. FORD then addressed the meeting as follows: I have but a very few words to say. We have heard a good deal from the fishermen, but a very little from the Fish Commission, with the exception of Col. McDonald, and last night I happened to think of the causes of the depletion of our greatest rivers, and I have just jotted down a few ideas which I think will not take me over the stated time. It is hard to propose what to do. The fact struck me to have this conference appoint a committee composed of both fishermen and anglers, who might probably formulate some laws that would be of advantage to all.

#### The Experience of Pennsylvania.

ALTHOUGH Pennsylvania has no seaboard, yet the protection or devastation of those great estuaries the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, directly affects her two largest rivers, the Delaware and Susquehanna. Therefore her fishermen, both commercial and individual, have an interest in protesting against any method of fishing that interferes with the ingress or egress of anadromous fish.

The numerous pound nets along the Maryland shores of the upper Chesapeake and in the vicinity of the Susquehanna, the hundreds of fish weirs erected in the fourteen miles of its course through Maryland territory, have ruined one of the greatest shad producing rivers of the United States, and practically nullified the efforts of the State and U. S. Commissioners in stocking the 600 miles of the two branches of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania and New York.

Here is an evil that calls loudly for the exercise of judicious inter-State legislation. As to the Delaware, an inter-State act with New Jersey has been greatly instrumental in making this river what it is to-day in shad production—probably the largest shad producing river in the United States; its production having increased from a valuation of \$81,000 in 1881, to over \$500,000 ten years later. By this act pound nets are forbidden, fish weirs have been thoroughly eradicated from the river and all net fishing ceases with the close of the shad season in early summer.

Pennsylvania has also forbidden the destructive pound net in the Lake Erie territory, but to little avail, as long as other bordering States permit it to the fullest extent.

The abolition of pound net fishing has again been of such advantage in the Delaware that it would not again be permitted in the waters of the State. What has been so good for the fishing interests of Pennsylvania would certainly be of equal benefit to the waters of New York, with its noble Hudson and the numerous bays that burst through the sands of Long Island; or for Connecticut, where the shad fisheries of its best river have been ruined by the iniquitous pound net, and especially to the Chesapeake, where it has been used to such an extent that but little is left of the old time great fisheries.

It seems that the best and only way to remedy the abuses that are so injuriously affecting the fishing interests of the country, is through vigorous and concerted action. If the organization of such action is merely left to the Fish Commissions and protective societies of the several States it will fail. These bodies naturally only take cognizance of the abuses that threaten their own communities or States.

The remedy for this would be the formation of a powerful organization, comprising members from all the seaboard States, whose committees could act unitedly and intelligently in their own State Legislatures, or where national interference is demanded, could make their influence felt in the halls of Congress. Our State fish protective associations have been productive of the greatest good in our interior State fishing interests. Why should not an "Atlantic Fish Protective Association," be equally Argus-eyed to discover and repress illegal and destructive methods of fishing on our seaboard.

H. C. Ford, President,

Pennsylvania Commission of Fisheries.

B. F. DE BUTTS, of Massachusetts, said:

I represent the Boston Fish Bureau. It consists of an association formed of merchants in the salt and fresh fish business. We have members in the city of New York. We have members in St. Louis, in Chicago, and in fact about all the larger cities of the United States. Our bureau is maintained for the purpose of procuring and compiling statistics in relation to the fisheries, not only of New England, but of the United States, anything that is of interest to the fish business, not only as fishermen but as merchants. We also furnish for the United States quite frequently, statistics and information relative to the subject in which Prof. McDonald I believe will bear me out, so that an examination of those facts should substantiate or be of value in this discussion.

We find that in our statistics from the year 1810 up to the

present time, speaking of mackerel, speaking of herring, that these years of fluctuation, these years of increase these years of an abundance and scarcity continued, just as much previous to the use of the purse seine, the pound net or the trap, as it does to-day. So that we claim that it is not the introduction of the improved implements of mankind that are employed in the fisheries that is producing any diminution in the fresh or salt fish supply. We are increasing the supply of food fish for the great masses of the United States. I will further say that, in this connection, following the histories of Norway, Sweden, Great Britain and all the fishing countries of the great world, we find these same years, these periods of scarcity, these periods of plenty existed. Take the herring fisheries of Norway. There was a period of thirty-two years when there was not a fish caught in the shape of a herring on the coast of Norway. Now here is something that humanity does not understand. We claim that it was some law of nature, but at the expiration of thirty-two years the herring returned to the coast of Norway more abundant than ever was known before. History tells us of a similar instance when there was a period of sixty-two years. We take the fisheries of Scotland, the same law applies there. We take the fisheries of Sweden, Denmark, the same law applies there, consequently we claim that it is not the implements used by mankind at the present day that creates this increase and decrease in the supply.

There is one fact I believe that has not been brought out by this conference. I am not only a catcher of mackerel, but I am a merchant in that business. In 1887 we made up our mind as merchants that our supply of mackerel was going to be short in this country. Incidentally I saw a notice that mackerel were selling in the London markets at 2 pence a hundred. I endeavored to ascertain, through all means possible, if those mackerel were the same as the species we were catching and selling here. It was impossible to obtain the information, notwithstanding we had hundreds of our people visiting that country every year. I did succeed finally in getting partial information, and I at once proceeded to the Irish coast, and from the west coast of Ireland was imported the first mackerel into the United States. We followed those fish through the season, we followed them to the English coast, to Norway and Sweden, and I ask you simply to look to-day and ascertain what our supply of food fish is from foreign countries. We have received of the catch of Ireland 40,000 barrels of mackerel. Previous to 1887 not a barrel was salted for import. The catch of Norway this year amounts to just a few barrels less than 10,000. The bulk of that has been imported into your own city, together with a few that have gone into Boston.

Now, gentlemen, legislate, make laws to protect your own fishermen of their resources for furnishing you a cheap supply of food fish, and what is the result? I, as a merchant, if I can import from any foreign country, will do so if I can get them cheaper. You are wiping out the great American industry that has been in existence since 1600, and for what? For the benefit of a foreign industry. These are facts that I wish you all to look at, and before you legislate and make laws that will interfere with this business, let us understand just what the fishermen want and just what they require. Gentlemen, I thank you.

I would like to say in addition to my few remarks that I will furnish you with statistics on the salt fisheries of this country since 1810. I will furnish you with advice since 1831. I will convince you by statistics that the price of mackerel to-day solely depends on the supply and the demand. In 1884 I dumped enough mackerel on the docks of New York from my own vessels to supply your community here for 30 days, as other gentlemen present engaged in the same fishing will say. They would not bring 1 cent apiece, when they usually sell for 7 cents or 9 cents, and yet this great and abundant supply of fish in 1884 was 10 or 20 years after your purse seine had been in use and your pound nets that have been destroying this vast amount of food fish. The same applies to 1831, before there was a pound or purse net or anything of that kind used.

These are facts borne out by statistics that we will be glad to furnish you.

E. A. BRACKETT, of Massachusetts, read the following paper on lobsters:

#### Protection and Preservation of Our Lobster Fisheries.

BY EDWARD A. BRACKETT.

The protection and preservation of the lobster fisheries has more or less occupied the attention of the Massachusetts Commission. That this important industry is gradually growing less every year is apparent to every one who is familiar with its history.

Lobsters do not belong to the great ocean fisheries; they are bay or estuary fish, with little or no migratory habits, simply moving in-shore during warm weather and retreating to deeper water in winter. From their limited range they can be easily depleted by over fishing, but mainly through the destruction of the egg bearing and immature lobsters, all of which can be controlled by wise legislation of a uniform character in the States interested.

I am glad, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, that this call for a conference of the several States, in the hope that it may lead to uniform laws wherever climatic conditions may permit, has come from the State of New York.

In the efforts of the Eastern States to protect this industry, we have been handicapped by the fact that the State of New York, as well as States further south, permit the sale of egg-bearing and short lobsters, prohibited by law in the New England States. The practical effect of this has been to tempt our fishermen to violate the laws made for their own protection.

I have no comments to make here on the universal adoption by the fishermen of that Christian precept: "taken no thought for the morrow." Whatever else may be charged against them, it cannot be said that they do not live up to this rule.

Your fishing smacks have swarmed in our waters, carrying on an illegal traffic, to that extent that Maine and Massachusetts have been obliged to patrol the coast with police boats, while on land, in blissful ignorance of interstate laws, we have interviewed thousands of these lobsters traveling southward by rail and given them a much needed rest in Boston Harbor. The State of New York, and especially the City, is the great dumping ground for lobsters illegally caught in other States. All of this arises from lack of uniform laws in the various States interested.

Admitting (what I think will not be denied by any one familiar with its history) that the lobster fishery is a waning industry, we come to the question: What can be done to arrest its downward tendency? For reasons which will be stated further on, I think we will have to give up the idea of accomplishing this by artificial hatching.

In 1889 we conducted a series of careful and exhaustive experiments in artificial hatching, and the following statements were made in the Massachusetts Report for 1891. Many of the facts then demonstrated were, at that time, new, and we are not aware that any of them have been called in question:

"In 1889, at a hearing before a legislative committee on fish and game, for the purpose of discussing the question of a close season on lobsters, the fishermen claimed that they spawned every month in the year. Our investigations have shown this to be correct, but not in the sense which the fishermen claimed for it. Such spawning is an exception to the general rule, for the bulk of the spawn is deposited in June, July and August.

"While engaged in hatching lobsters in April, 1889, some facts were discovered leading to the conclusion that lobster

eggs did not hatch in the winter. To verify this, egg-bearing lobsters were secured in the fall and kept in cars until spring. The temperature of the water was taken every day, and a few eggs were sent to Prof. Garman, at Cambridge, every two weeks, for microscopic examination. It was found that little or no progress was made in the development of the embryo until the water reached the temperature of 50° F., and no eggs were hatched until the water rose to 55°. These experiments have demonstrated the fact that, no matter at what time the eggs are deposited on the swimmerets, they require a certain degree of warmth to mature them. It is doubtful whether, if hatched below this temperature, they would find the animalculæ necessary for their food.

Our experiments in hatching lobsters showed that, with proper arrangements, it was easy to hatch them by millions, but such an arrangement would require a hatching house, with machinery for lifting the water so that there would be a constant flow over the eggs and that the young lobsters could be kept in confinement only a few days, after which they either destroyed each other or died from starvation. No efforts yet made to feed them have succeeded, and however successful one may be in hatching them, they should be let loose at once to take their chances in the open sea. Egg-bearing lobsters put in boxes, properly prepared and floated in sheltered places, demonstrated the fact that there were no unimpregnated eggs. All hatched at about the same time. Whether they are impregnated before or after the eggs are laid has not yet been positively determined.

These experiments were carefully and scientifically made with a large number of egg-bearing lobsters and several millions of eggs. It should be remembered that the female carries her eggs in a way that protects them from their enemies and that after they are hatched the shells remain attached to the swimmerets for several days, and that it is easy to detect the lobsters whose eggs have been recently removed by violence. An examination of hundreds of lobsters with egg shells attached taken from the traps show that whether in the open sea or in confinement the eggs all hatch.

If these investigations are to be relied on (and they must stand until further investigation proves that they are in error) it does not seem possible that any advantage is to be derived from artificial hatching, except in localities where the egg-bearing lobster is not protected by law. The advantage of artificial hatching of fish applies only where under certain conditions or circumstances, impregnation is defective or where the eggs are exposed to danger during incubation, and where the fry can be easily transported to stock other waters.

In our experiments we repeatedly removed the eggs from the swimmerets and hatched them in boxes on wire screens. We found that even with the most careful handling, this could not be done without a loss of from ten to twenty per cent., and this is verified by the experiments at Wood's Holl during the past season, under the direction of the U. S. Commissioners, where from 10,037,300 eggs \$315,000 were hatched, showing a loss of 1,219,300.

Satisfied that the conclusions drawn from our investigations were correct, we recommended a law protecting the egg-bearing lobsters, which was passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and has been fairly enforced, but it is too soon to realize any benefit from it, for it is generally understood that it requires from five to seven years for the newly hatched lobsters to reach the length of 10½ in., which is the legal length in our State.

There is no question that this, together with the ten and one-half inch law, has been beneficial, but the latter law does not go quite far enough, as lobsters do not generally spawn until they reach a length of eleven, or eleven and one half inches, and the consequence is that there has been an alarming decrease in egg-bearing lobsters during the last four years, as will be seen by the sworn returns of the Massachusetts fishermen:

1890.....	70,909 egg-bearing lobsters.
1891.....	49,773 " " "
1892.....	37,230 " " "
1893.....	32,741 " " "

These lobsters are returned at once to the water, alive.

The returns from the Wood's Holl Station give an average of over 14,000 eggs per lobster. On that ratio our returns for 1890 should give 992,727,000 eggs, and the decrease since 1890 would be 534,352,000.

Whatever good may have accrued from the passage of these laws, it must be admitted that the industry is still on the decline. Should the protection of the egg-bearing lobsters fail to restore these fisheries, then it may be necessary to fix the marketable length at eleven and one-half inches. Again, if this should not be sufficient, then for a time prohibit the catching of all female lobsters.

There can be no question that one of the most serious obstacles to the preservation of our fisheries is the destruction of the young fish, for if they were allowed to mature sufficiently to deposit their spawn, if only for one year, it would go a long way toward keeping up the supply. The importance of this cannot be overestimated, for it lies at the foundation of the preservation of all our fisheries and marks the line between failure and success, and unless we look to it carefully one of our most important food supplies will continue to be a waning industry.

In the bays, the lakes and the rivers the decline of the fisheries must be apparent to every careful observer. The theory that they can be maintained by artificial breeding against the wholesale destruction of both old and young fish, is wrong; for there will become a time (and in some instances it has already come) when the supply of mature fish, upon which we must depend for eggs, must fail.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, we need not go far to look for the cause of the depletion of our fisheries. In addition to the enormous destruction everywhere necessary to sustain the lower forms of life that prey upon each other, man steps in with his engines of destruction, regardless of the laws of reproduction, and destroys the balance of nature. The tendency once downward, requires energetic and heroic efforts to arrest its further depletion. Already the great shad fisheries of the Connecticut, the Merrimack and other New England rivers are gone.

In the economy of living, in the interest of the people who have a right to demand a supply of wholesome food at reasonable price, it is our duty to do all we can to protect this important industry.

It may be said with much force that every business should be allowed to take care of itself, and that there should be no interference. That may be true so far as the manufacturers and consumers are concerned, but in the fisheries, as in the products of the soil, it requires careful consideration and intelligent action looking not only to our immediate wants, but also to those who will come after us. Let us hope that meetings of this kind may be frequent where the interests of the fishermen as well as of the people may be freely discussed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).



## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.  
Jan. 23 to 25.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Seutell, Jr., Sec'y.  
Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.  
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.  
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.  
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.  
March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.  
April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.  
May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 1.—Blue Ridge Futurity Stakes, at New Albany, Miss.  
Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brunmy, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.  
Feb. 12.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

#### The Field Trial Dog.

AS AN example of what a useful, practical working dog should be, the field trial dog has for years past steadily grown in disfavor. In practical exhibitions wild, half-trained dogs, with handlers rushing and scrambling to save the work of the dogs or prevent willful errors, could not well produce other results. Strictly for commercial purposes a distinction was made by one who competed largely in field trials, between a field trial dog and a plug shooting dog, the latter name from its derivation carrying an odium with it. It was wrong.

A writer in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 16 gives an excellent letter on the field trial dog and the plug shooting dog, he writing over the *nom de plume* of "Nil." If writers holding such views would present them as intelligently as the writer referred to there is no doubt but what a better and more correct understanding would be reached.

As a matter of fact, there should be no difference between the best field trial dog and the best shooting dog. A winner at a field trial ought to be a most satisfactory performer in practical field work. There are no inherent principles in the competition nor in practical field work which create a true distinction between a field trial dog and a field dog.

In talking over this matter with some of the most skillful handlers at the trials in North Carolina in November last they frankly admitted that a field trial winner ought to be the best field dog. They concede it fully, but under certain loose methods of conducting field trials, the best dog, if well broken, may not win anything, and, indeed, may make a poor showing, as will be more fully understood by further reading.

#### This and That.

Both in theory and practice field trial handling, if confined to an exhibition of a thoroughly trained dog's best performance, is a simple art. The purpose of a field trial competition is to determine which are the best dogs in it, and if handling were practiced for the same purpose the competition would at once be simplified and relieved of many complications, annoyances and abuses, and thereby it and sportsmanship would be the gainers. From the handler's standpoint, however, winning the prizes is of more immediate interest and profit to him than seeking out the best dog in the stake. The winning of his own dog is therefore his chief interest. When handled within the proper limits of fair play there is no exception to be taken to that duty. As a handler is in a competition with the special mission for the time being of displaying his dog's capabilities, it is but natural that he should take advantage of every circumstance which by rule or usage is recognized as allowable and legitimate. The judges are to determine the rest. In short, the field trial is theoretically to determine the best dogs in the competition, while the handler is intent on winning the place and money with such dog as he has, be the same good, bad or worse.

#### Imperfect Training.

But there never has been any strict exaction, by clubs or judges, in respect to good training, and wild, half-broken dogs have often won. Here is where the bars were left down for endless complications, evils and errors to enter. This circumstance of field trial competition made the half-trained dog a feature of the trials, and developed a new one, namely, that of the handler assisting his dog to an unlimited extent, if no restrictions are placed upon him. Thus it is often the dog and handler combined which are doing the work which should be done by the dog alone. Such is decidedly wrong in principle and unfair, and the unfairness of it is glaringly conspicuous when an experienced handler is opposed to an amateur.

Field trials can never be satisfactory to the public nor accurate in results till clubs and judges make the most rigid exactions in respect to dogs being perfectly trained.

With the half broken dog, an infinity of endless maneuvers, scrambles and pretenses are introduced in handling, all foreign to the work but useful to win money. The amateur in his first experience against a half-broken dog in competition is bewildered. There are details to learn and meet which he never knew or considered. Knowledge and sharp decisiveness of action are apparent at every move of the expert handler, and by finesse and rushing, if he doesn't succeed in making his own dog win, he may make the well-broken dog, if such he be, make a bad showing.

The expert, too, in most instances has a physical superiority in so far as it concerns the competition, since from constant practice he can outwalk and outlast his friend the amateur.

#### Studying Outside Matters.

Then there are many other incidental matters, outside of the competition of their own dogs, which many professional handlers look closely after. They walk as close to the judges as the management will permit, when other handlers are competing, observing the haunts of the bevis, the best way to approach them to advantage in respect to cover and ground, thus after the first day or two such handlers know the whereabouts of every bevy on the grounds and the best way of approaching them. At the same time, they are closely observing all the weak and strong points of their competitors' dogs.

I have often, too, heard the fallings of competing dogs exposed in strident voice, under an ostensible show of jocularity, but really so that all within hearing might observe what he observed and bear it in mind in making their conclusions. Such is a most reprehensible act, unsportsmanlike and justly offensive to all right-thinking sportsmen, and particularly obnoxious to interested owners and handlers. Whether public remarks accomplish the purpose of the utterer or not, such remarks, which are intended to prejudice

or prejudice the competition, should not be tolerated by any management for a moment. It is the judges' prerogative to decide the competition, and crying the excellence of one's own wares and mercilessly exposing the failings of others' dogs, under a cloak of jocular good fellowship for the judges' and reporters' benefit, and, incidentally, for the benefit of prospective purchasers or spectators, is not the way to raise field trials in the esteem of gentlemen nor make a fair and honorable competition.

#### Some Fallacies.

But to return to the half broken or wild dog. It has been a favorite argument with field trial supporters that the half-broken or wild dog, a winner at a field trial, can be made just as steady and good in actual field work as any dog regularly used for that purpose. That is but partially true. It is just as it happens. If it is true, why have the same dogs been brought to the trials but half-broken in their aged form? Some dogs will work with great dash and vigor if not required to work to the gun. As self-hunters they show increasing industry. But if forced to work to the requirements of the gun they develop into irregular workers and loafers. They will work for their own pleasure or profit but their desire for work extends no further. With a handler who can "hustle," as scrambling and rushing to gain every advantage is called at field trials, the many failings of such a dog are supplemented or concealed by the expert "hustler," and the dog goes rattling down through the records as a wonderful performer, though not properly finished in training by his handler.

Then there is the dashy, flashy dog, rattle-headed, with little sense, but great at going across fields at high speed. It may be that he picks out the open, easy places to run in, and notwithstanding the apparent air of industry in his work he might not find a bevy in a day save by accident. But again the expert handler comes in as a competitive factor. He can furnish the brains for a rattle-headed dog. If the handler has located every bevy he can direct him accurately. He turns him at the end of his casts by a whistle, he directs him by a signal of the hand as to the next course, and he nurses and coaches him in locating and pointing birds. It is true that he may make a great deal of noise and intimidate or balk his opponent's dog if he is well broken, but then again, it seems a pity that so good a dog as the rattle-headed dog is not well broken—so a dog as the average amateur or sportsman. As a matter of fact, the rattle-headed dog has about all the training that he is capable of receiving. His mental grasp can assimilate no more.

More instances could be mentioned, but enough has been shown to point out the evils of rushing and the impossibility of reaching accurate decisions with half-broken dogs as recognized factors in a competition.

#### A Remedy.

But how can the evil be remedied? Easily. If a dog is not properly broken, particularly in the All-Age Stake, retire him after the first heat. No matter how excellent he may seem, if he is not broken, no accurate opinion can be formed of him from a competitive standpoint. Running him is an injustice to every well-broken dog in the stake, for no well-broken dog is ever in actual work subjected to such a storm of whistling and loud orders as is bestowed on the rattle-headed or half-broken dog. Moreover, there is no excuse for an expert handler bringing a half-broken dog into a competition. Some handlers habitually bring in a larger stock of excuses into a competition than they bring in the way of applied training, but it always seemed to me that a handler who got 100 per cent. for training ought to produce something better than 75 per cent. of excuses and 25 per cent. of training at the trial.

The thoroughly trained dog is handicapped at a field trial, less so than formerly, but still enough to be serious. Often he will turn to the opposing handler's whistle and often he is turned by such whistle with unfair purposes. The constant whistling and calling confuses him, and, sometimes, in trials, good, well-broken dogs have quit working entirely out of pure indecision, or inability to get out without at once being turned back again by the whistle. There has been more attention paid to better breaking in the last year or two, but there is a vast deal of room for more improvement.

#### That Resolution.

I read with much amusement in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 30, the mention of the resolution, drawn up at Lexington, N. C., in 1892, in a style which would have made Lord Chesterfield turn green. It seemed a bit timorous to put that pretty resolution in a dark pocket for a whole year. It is, too, too bad that it didn't seem to make much of a jolt when it was sprung. I want to see the resolution in print again, so that the present and future may take warning:

Whereas, Published reports of work done by bird dogs running in the public trials have so often been untrue as to various dogs, misleading to the public, damaging to the reputations of handlers and owners, therefore be it

Resolved, That we demand of the sportsmen's papers that such reports contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

That is not a request, but a husky, bustling "demand," sir! My heart sinks when I think how the careless, or ignorant, or mendacious reporter has been slamming his lead pencil about in a manner "damaging to the reputations" of that chaste band of martyrs, the field trial handlers. I am disposed to think the resolution is a joke, but I would be pleased to see the names of those in print who signed that resolution, before saying more.

#### The Mascoutah Club's Show.

Jan. 10.—The premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club's show is now being prepared and will probably be ready for distribution next week. The prize list is said to be quite liberal, and every breed of dog has a class provided for it. Many of the prominent specialty clubs have placed their club medals for competition at this show. It is probable that the entries will close about the last of February. The management is working in earnest, and the indications are that the club will hold a most successful show. Entries will close on Feb. 24.

#### The Northwestern Field Trials.

At a meeting of the Northwestern Field Trials Club held recently it was decided to hold their annual field trials in Manitoba. Mr. Hunter, the vice-president of the club, informed the club that good grounds could be secured at Jamestown, Dak. Mr. Johnson announced to the club that he had decided to retire from field trials as a competitor, though he will still give them his support otherwise. He intends hereafter to take recreation in his vacation by practical field work with his dogs.

On the 15th inst., Mr. Johnson will be one of a party of forty, who go to St. Paul, Minn., to attend a curling bonspiel, and on returning they have another week at the big bonspiel at Winnipeg. It is described as being great sport, with the best of hearty good fellowship among the gentlemen who participate.

I think that the club did wisely in deciding to hold the trials in Manitoba. A greater number of the members live in Canada; it is really a Canadian club, it has good enough grounds and accommodations in its own country, and a gentleman too, whose skill and industry in arranging for and managing the trials are a matter of satisfactory proof. It is not a mere diversion to do the work of a field trial club. It is sometimes wise to leave well enough alone.

Mr. J. T. Mayfield, who has settled at Pontotoc, Miss., for the winter, writes me under date of Jan. 3 as follows: "I

have been here since Dec. 23, and I am well satisfied with my location for training. Quail are not what one would call abundant, but I found plenty. The farmers have posted against market-shooters. The day is not very far away when every farmer in this State will protect his birds. I read my *FOREST AND STREAM* every week with much pleasure."

Mr. P. T. Madison, the popular sportsman and secretary of the U. S. F. T. Club, in a letter under date of Jan. 7 in his earnest manner writes: "I desire to congratulate the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The paper last week was a corker."

Mr. Harry L. Goodman has returned to Chicago to live, after a residence of a year or more near Nashville, Tenn., where he was occupied as manager of the Cumberland Kennel Co. B. WATERS.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### Heavy Mastiffs.

##### Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There is no question but that several St. Bernard dogs and at least one bitch have weighed over 200 lbs., also that there has been one mastiff that has weighed that and more. Far oftener when you come to the dogs that are claimed to weigh so much there is generally this: If they were in condition they would weigh so much. It is something like the notice lately in a Boston daily paper that Mr. So and So lost his champion mastiff dog (a champion never before heard of) that stood 5 ft. 9 in. high and weighed 175 lbs.

My aim has always been to breed mastiffs of great size and correct type. To get great size, not fat, but bone and muscular activity and strength, combined with the perfect disposition the true mastiff is noted for. That I am succeeding I offer three such dogs as Beaufort's Black Prince, The Lady Hopspur and Boss's Princess, which I claim to be three of the largest living, the first two the best type and the best headed ones as well. And in Boss's Princess the largest and heaviest with perfect body, legs and feet, but with a slightly old type of head when compared with Black Prince. A bitch perfect in color with blackest markings, which she probably took from her dam, which was of the brindled Ilford Cromwell breed, which goes to prove, as Mr. Taunton asserts, that unless we breed to the bitches occasionally we are in danger of losing the clear distinct marking of the mastiff. Boss's Princess has been shown only once at Brooklyn, where she should have had the easiest sort of a walk over; there she won the special prize offered for the best moving mastiff in the show, and after five days confinement she weighed in thin flesh 183 lbs. To-day, with a litter of pups (not for sale) she weighed 205 lbs., not estimated, but weighed by the weighmaster of the town. I could easily estimate she would weigh 30 or 40 lbs. more if in condition. She is over 80 in. in length from nose to end of tail, she stands full 32 in. under stick measure and girths 44 in. (tight). On her sire's side the blood of champion Colonel Cromwell predominates. She always had the greatest liberty—the run of a thousand acres. A house dog constantly at play with the children, affectionate, intelligent, companionable and always to be trusted.

With such results accomplished as can be shown in Beaufort's Black Prince and in Boss's Princess, can we not hope for something better than we have yet seen? Greater size, more activity and strength, and at the same time with the true mastiff disposition. The American public are as ever ready to buy the best. Breeders never need be afraid of being over-topped with first-class mastiffs. We do not hear of them being sold at ruinous prices, given away to any offer, as often advertised; they are a different class of dog. Twenty-dollar gold pieces are not obliged to be sold at half their value. Aim to breed the best, study each mating, and if the results are not as good, or better, than either sire or dam, or you did not get what you expected, try something else. Another important point for a breeder is to know a correct one when he sees it; if he does not, how can he expect to breed correct ones?

J. L. WINCHELL.

FAIR HAVEN, Vt., Jan. 6.

#### Mercer vs. Mills Thrown Out of Court.

SOME time since *FOREST AND STREAM* published a letter from Dr. Wesley Mills in which he characterized as fraudulent F. H. F. Mercer's action in entering another man's dog in a bench show without that man's knowledge and consent and for the benefit of the said Mercer. Having a proper knowledge of the facts in this case we refrained from allowing these columns to become the medium for Mercer's friends to heap vituperation upon Dr. Mills for his action in the matter, especially as such vituperation contained no proof of the fallacy of Dr. Mills's assertion. For this we have been subjected from time to time to much adverse criticism of the "no let up" order. We were quite content to rest the case on the evidence; and that our position was correct is proved by the following dispatch to the *Montreal Gazette* of Jan. 10. As will be remembered, Mercer brought suit against Dr. Mills for libel damages, on account of this charge of fraud, and it was this case which came up last week. The *Gazette* says:

OTTAWA, Jan. 9.—The action brought by F. H. F. Mercer of this city, against Prof. T. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, claiming \$10,000 damages, was yesterday afternoon non-suited by Justice Armour. A jury had been empanelled and Mr. J. B. Aylesworth, of Toronto, for the plaintiff, addressed the court briefly. After reading extracts from the evidence given by Prof. Mills in Montreal, His Lordship declined to allow the case to go to the jury, and the view he took appeared to be a surprise to Mr. Mercer and his friends. The entering of the dog owned by a gentleman in Massachusetts by the plaintiff was an unwarrantable action, was a fraud, and being such, statements of fact concerning the affair could not be a libel and there were no grounds upon which to base an action.

From a gentleman who was present at the trial we learn that—"The Toronto lawyer had finished part of his opening address to the jury and was quoting Dr. Mills where he said it was a fraud, when the judge suddenly and emphatically exclaimed, addressing the plaintiff's attorney, 'I think it is a fraud—don't you?' He then non-suited Mercer on the spot, saying that he would not listen to such a case." Mr. Little was not present at the trial, as he was ill at the time. Before Dr. Mills left the court house he was served with another writ at the instance of Mercer claiming a similar amount on other statements in the alleged libelous article.

#### Columbus, O., Dog Show.

PREMIUM lists for the Columbus Fanciers' Club dog show, to be held Feb. 23 and March 1, 2 and 3, are now ready to mail. With a liberal premium list and the judges they have selected, the club expects a good entry. The judges' names, as sent to us by Mr. T. A. Sherwood, are: E. Bardeol Elliott for great Danes; Major J. M. Taylor, all setters and pointers, and A. E. Pitts for mastiffs and pugs. The balance, we believe, will come under Mr. G. Bell's judicial eye. The club will give two handlers' prizes, \$80 to the handler with the largest string of dogs and \$40 to the second. Another valuable special has been added to the list by the Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels, of Toronto, Can. It is a model of a fox-terrier in silver, on a handsome stand, and is a very fine piece of work, modeled after the style of those donated at Toronto last fall; and as it is to be awarded to the best fox-terrier, smooth or wire dog or bitch, it should bring some of the cracks into competition. All inquiries for premium lists, etc., should be addressed to Mr. Geo. F. Mooney, 276 North High street, Columbus, O.



### The Westminster Kennel Club Show.

THE wheels of time seem to be well oiled these days, and work with alarming swiftness and smoothness for some of us. There is nothing that brings this fact more directly home to the fancier's mind than the sight of another W. K. C. premium list. The W. K. C. show is the pivot around which all other kennel events revolve, and marks the commencement of the fancier's new year. As soon as Christmas week jollities become a memory the fancier turns his thoughts toward the show of the year, and when fancier meets fancier the first question is generally, "Have you heard who the judges are?" It is not necessary to ask of what or where. In connection with no other show is there that absorbing interest to know the full list of judges as with the W. K. C. show, and when they have acquired the information, probably in the case of no other show has it so little effect upon the entry. The judges announced and their fitness for their several positions discussed, the premium list looms up, and, while they know this important feature will be forthcoming in ample time for due preparation, there is always some anxiety to know whether their own particular breed has received that due attention which its importance—in their own minds—fully entitles it to. Take the poodle man, for instance. He doesn't care a snap whether the pointers or St. Bernards are divided by weight or coat, but feels sure that the club would not be doing its duty to kenneldom if it did not provide classes for coris, curls; trimmed, untrimmed, white, black, brown and the rest of it.

Well, every one will soon be able to judge for himself, for once more the premium list of the W. K. C. show for the current year lies before us. This one makes the eighteenth, and a glance through it will show that while the club has scarcely made the spread of last year, the increased classification in several breed makes the list a more impartial and all round good one.

Taking the breeds in their proper order we find that mastiffs are scarcely so well considered as last year. They have \$15 and \$10 provided in the challenge classes; \$20, \$10 and \$5 in open classes, and puppy and novice \$10 and \$5, with sexes together, this makes a falling off of \$35 from last year's list. St. Bernards are much better treated, the entries being of course much larger, \$20 and \$10 in challenge; \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5 in open, and \$15, \$10 and \$5 in puppies being the order for roughs and the same for smooths, and the novice classes have \$15, \$10 and \$5. The other breeds that are provided with the same amount as mastiffs are great Danes, Newfoundlanders, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, field and cocker spaniels, poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, dachshunds, beagles, white English and black and tan terriers and the different rough-haired terriers, pugs, toy spaniels (one challenge class for King Charles) and Italian greyhounds. Newfoundlanders, foxhounds and white English terriers have no challenge classes, and only spaniels, poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, beagles, Irish and wire-haired fox-terriers, have puppy classes in their section. Pointers, setters, collies and smooth fox-terriers are treated the same as St. Bernards, with the exception of Gordons, and there in the puppy and novice classes the sexes compete together. Those breeds where open classes are not divided and \$15, \$10 and \$5 are provided are English retrievers, Chesapeake Bay dogs, Irish water and Clumber spaniels, smooth collies, bob-tail sheepdogs, basket hounds, toy terriers and miscellaneous. This year schipperkes, Welsh and Clydesdale terriers and harriers must take pot luck with the "freaks" of the fancy.

In the way of kennel prizes, the club offers \$20 for best four mastiffs, rough and smooth St. Bernards (each), pointers, all setters, rough collies, bulldogs and smooth fox-terriers. Those getting \$15 are bloodhounds, great Danes, wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, the different spaniels (each), poodles, bull-terriers, dachshunds, beagles, Irish terriers, Yorkshires, pugs and toy spaniels. Other breeds get a brace prize of \$10.

The different specialty clubs have about the same list as last year, but space forbids our giving them more than passing notice; it is unnecessary. We remark, however, that as usual the Mastiff, Collie, Bulldog and Fox-Terrier clubs lead in the value of their offerings. A new special is that offered by the W. K. C. of \$100 cash or plate for the best four pointers and English setters run at public field trials in the United States or Canada. Entries close Feb. 5 with James Mortimer, room 310, 44 Broadway, New York city, and the fee is as before, \$5.

There is little more to notice unless we draw attention to the new rule, XVI., in "Additional Rules," which says: "During the show dogs can be taken from their benches for exercise between the hours of 12 and 1 and 6 to 7 P. M. only. All large dogs must be exercised on chain. This rule will be strictly enforced." The latter part of this rule is an innovation that is commendable and will do away with the boisterous actions of some of the big dogs while in the exercising rings, that is at once terrifying to the smaller dogs and a source of danger at all times.

The judges we have already announced, and when we say that Mr. Mortimer will superintend, assisted as usual by John Reid, this is a guarantee that the management and arrangements will be as good as experience can make them. Spratts Co. of course will feed and bench, and Sanitas will purify the air. Messrs. Thos. H. Terry and H. B. Cromwell will shoulder the duties of the bench show committee.

### Scottish Terriers at New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The list of the judges for the W. K. C.'s big show is always looked for with great interest by intending exhibitors and by dog owners in general, but I regret to say this year's list is a great disappointment to breeders of Scottish, Skye and Dandie terriers. These breeds have made such rapid strides within the last few years as to deserve better treatment than they get, as a rule, at the hands of show committees. I am sorry to say the W. K. C. this year is no exception.

There is no doubt this year's show at New York would have brought out a larger class of Scottish terriers than have ever been shown before, had a judge competent to judge them been appointed. We always look for judges at New York of the specialist order, and of course, this year in many breeds we are getting it, but unfortunately the Scottish breed of terriers will have to put up with a specialist in pugs to award the prizes to their classes. Everyone knows Dr. Cryer to be a gentleman, most competent to judge his particular breed, of which he has bred so many good ones; and of course coming from Philadelphia, which I hear is the stronghold of Skyes, he may know this breed, but we very much doubt his ability to set us straight as to type, size and the many perplexing questions, such as flat-heads, coat, etc., that bother the breeder of the hard-haired Scottish terrier, and I am afraid the W. K. C. will find they have made a mistake this year and I fancy I am not alone in this opinion.

SCOTTISH TERRIER.

### Too Flustered to Shoot.

WE all know the man who found so many rabbits one day that he did not know which one to shoot at first. Mr. J. R. Beebe, of Montrose, Pa., had something of that experience when he had put a two-line ad. in FOREST AND STREAM the other day. He wrote of it: "I had so many calls for my dogs I did not know which to answer first."

The Detroit people are quietly arranging their plans for the next show to be given by the City of the Straits Kennel Club, March 7 to 10. The club expects to give \$2,500 in prizes.

## DOG CHAT.

Pade.

For fear that an erroneous idea may become general owing to the writings of those who have not seen the dog and who were not present when he ran at the trials, we may say that we believe it is the general opinion of those who saw Pade at Nannet, that the picture as published in *Turf, Field and Farm* is no more like him than chalk to cheese. The rough sketch we published in our report of the trials, conveys a better idea of the points on which the club based its decision. The photograph has been taken very cleverly, and one would suppose the dog to have a straight and proper beagle front, whereas it is well known the dog is crooked like a basset, but of course not so much so, and his body is larger than the photograph would lead one to suppose. The dog photographed shows a dog deeper and shorter than the dog that ran at Nannet, in fact there is little similarity, and if the decision of the Beagle Club had rested on the evidence of the photograph furnished, Mr. Dorsey would have had the prize probably. There was other and stronger evidence than that, the whole evidence showed an amount of obscurity and "shielding" behind it that should not exist in a straightforward entry such as the club desires to see run at their trials. A correspondent in another paper writes: "The idea of the present Beagle Club undertaking to instruct Pottinger Dorsey, the oldest hand at the breed we now have!" The idea is not that the club wishes to instruct Mr. Dorsey but rather that the club is surprised that Mr. Dorsey, an official judge of the club, had an idea that the club would accept a dog that he confessed was not a pure beagle and one that he would not breed to for bench show form. The National Beagle Club's field trials are for beagles, in the same light as other field trials are for pointers and setters and not for "droppers." Where the field trial committee erred was in allowing the dog to compete; he should have been thrown out when measured and examined by the judges before the trials. This unfortunate affair could not have happened had the club made a rule that all beagles entered for its trials shall be registered with the N. B. C. before filling, and this should be done before the next trials. Mr. Dorsey knew as well as we do the light in which a beagle that wins at the N. B. C. trials is regarded, and we ask Mr. Dorsey as "one of the oldest hands at the breed we have," if he would honestly wish that type of beagle to be perpetuated. A winner at the field trials is much sought after in the stud, and those breeders who would seek his services would unwittingly do an incalculable lot of harm to their kennel, by introducing such an unknown quantity, one that is not acceptable either through pedigree or form. Mr. Dorsey has advertised the dog at stud in our columns, but this makes no difference in our estimate of the dog.

### The Pet Dog Club.

A meeting of the above club was held at the residence of the secretary, Miss Bannister, Jan. 10, at 15 East Forty-fifth street. It was decided that the club hold its annual meeting as usual, at the W. K. C. show. Several changes in the by-laws were under consideration during the meeting, and final action will be taken at the annual meeting. The membership of the club has increased and its future promises to be bright.

### The Philadelphia Kennel Club.

The annual meeting of the P. K. C. was held at the Aldine Hotel, Philadelphia, Jan. 9, when the following officers were elected: President, J. H. Winslow; Vice-President, Dr. G. G. Davis; Secretary, Dr. George DeB. Darby; Treasurer, S. Murray Mitchell. Directors: J. J. Snellenburg, Dr. Glass, Dr. Littleton, Chas. Phelps, Jr., and G. Schreiber. We are pleased to find that the treasurer's report showed the organization to be financially in good condition. The club, headed by the popular fancier Mr. Winslow, has now a good list of officers, and we fancy that the new secretary, Dr. Darby, from what we know of him, will prove a good selection. A secretary should have no private ends to serve, but work heartily and earnestly for the good of his club by disseminating without favor to one paper or the other the doings of his club. By this means public interest is excited in the doings of the organization. If such a club hides its light under a bushel it cannot hope to secure as large a membership as one that is not afraid to let the public know what it is doing. The club decided to hold a dog show this year and considerable money has been guaranteed for that purpose.

The meeting was as usual a social one and the punch bowl was a prominent and absorbing feature on the long table in the library of the hotel. Besides those officers named, and the members and friends present, were F. G. Taylor, G. Hay, Sbarswood Brinton, C. T. Thompson, Phil J. Walsh, and Major J. M. Taylor. It was the first meeting since the field trials, and there was lots to talk about and as usual in such gatherings, President Winslow's happy thoughts and jollity were contagious. The show committee was reappointed after hearing their report and told to go on with the arrangements for the coming show, the dates for which will be April 10 to 13, the week following Boston. The latest members elected are, Phil J. Walsh Jr., G. A. Loder, C. M. Gilbert, Paul Kellar and F. H. Flear.

### Champion Dick Swiveler Goes West.

Mr. A. B. Truman, of San Francisco, Cal., seems determined to raise the standard of Irish setters on the Pacific coast, and to that end he has brought from the East many good dogs. His Mike T., that did recently, and his Lady Elcho T. have hitherto been the best at the California shows. Now that Mr. Truman has purchased Dick Swiveler from the Oak Grove Kennels he has secured a dog that can boast of having beaten such cranks as champion Tim, Mack N., Chief, Mac A., Barney, Kildare, Gerald, Desmond II. and others. Dick has a record of three first prizes at New York in three consecutive years. In his veins runs the blood of the best strains of Irish setters. Through his sire, the field trial winner and bench champion, Bruce, he is directly related to Elcho and Noreen, and his dam, Leigh Doane II., was the winner of a first prize at field trials. This combination of field trial and prize winning blood should prove extremely useful to the breed in California, for the dog is yet able to stamp his progeny with type and quality.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Jan. 26, at 3 P. M. Among the important matters for consideration are: 1. To finally correct and pass by-laws, etc. 2. To consider their relations with the A. K. C. 3. Election of new members, any other business that may come up.

The Toronto Kennel Club evidently has a proper conception of the duties and responsibilities of a kennel club. So many kennel clubs are such merely in name, and when they meet a few times in the year they come together, at best, in very perfunctory manner. Not so the club in question; their meetings, like the Philadelphia K. C. and the N. E. K. C. are made occasions for a little social jollity and good fellowship. The Toronto K. C. goes a step further and calls upon its members for papers on their specialties. For instance, Mr. A. A. McDonald, late owner of the well known fox-terrier Blemon Trump and others, read a paper on the

"Smooth and Wire-Hair Fox-Terrier" at the meeting of the club held at headquarters last Thursday evening, and imparted to his fellow members much interesting information on these breeds. President Kirk, after proposing a note of thanks to Mr. McDonald for his able paper, announced that the club would hold its fourth annual spring club show in April. A smoking concert is also announced for next month.

Mr. C. Walter Lougest, of Boston, Mass., has increased his stock of Bedlington terriers by the purchase of Professor from Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Huntington, L. I. Professor is by the noted Tick Tack out of the no less noted Christmas Carol. Mr. Lougest having already purchased the bitch Tibbie, winner of three firsts and one second, can now claim ownership of a good brace of these all too scarce terriers. By the way, we wonder that these game terriers are not more popular in America. For gameness, companionship and a rough and tumble quality ready for any sport that comes along, there are few terriers his equal. Perhaps it is that the hideous fashion in which some of these dogs have been shown here is accountable for their present "exclusiveness."

Although Mr. Winchell's letter in another column slightly savors of "much vaunting of one's own," we think in the interest of the mastiff breed it merits perusal. Mastiffs lately have to some extent been allowed to languish, and at some of our best shows during the past three years the entries have not been such as the importance of the breed and the money offered should command. St. Bernards have to some extent pushed them temporarily to one side, but all mastiff lovers should feel elated over the prospect of a revival, and that while several of our best breeders have not exhibited as generously as they might have done, they have not been idle at home, and have succeeded in breeding several dogs of more than average merit. In fact, such animals as the late C. O. D., Beaufort's Black Prince, Ingleside Minting, Emperors Maximilian and William, Leamington and others we could mention, could hold their own in any competition either here or on the other side. We make the latter assertion simply from comparing them with the mastiffs that have been imported, and whose records showed that they were among the very best in the land they came from.

In company with Mr. S. Jagger we paid a visit to the New York St. Bernard Kennels at Kingsbridge. Mr. Jagger, as the owner of Mignon, was much interested in Princess Florence, who is looking well and hearty and growing quite a coat. Mr. Hughes shipped on the s.s. Cufic last week the St. Bernard bitch Surprise, that was shown at Newark last month. She goes to Mr. Shillcock's kennels at Birmingham, he having repurchased her at \$200. Another bitch will probably be sent over for this kennel before the New York show.

At the meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club held recently the report of the Schell Huber decision was read and the club endorsed the action of the committee. The secretary was instructed to prefer charges against Mr. Schell before the American Kennel Club. The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$861.04. A meeting of the club is to be held Jan. 17 to elect a committee of five members to take charge of the coming show in May. The charges preferred against Mr. Huber by Dr. Regensburger will be heard very shortly.

The first entry received by the W. K. C. for their coming show was that of the St. Bernard Lord Walbeck (Young Bute—Miss Anna), owned by Mr. S. Miller, New York, and we hope it will be followed by a thousand more.

Mr. E. O. Damon, proprietor of the Meadow City Kennels, has about decided to bring out their pointer bitches from Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Kennels, Shropshire, England. With these and Strideaway and Soul II., he expects to have a kennel that will uphold the pointer standard in the field. Mr. Damon paid \$1,000 for Strideaway, so it does not look like very hard times in pointer circles.

Mr. Samuel Cushman, secretary of the R. I. Poultry Association, in writing to the press, thanking it for the courtesies extended to the association and valuable aid rendered, says: "The bench show of dogs was the best held by this society. Another year this department will probably be in charge of dog fanciers, and run on the plan of the bench shows."

### The P. K. C. Show.

The committee appointed by the Philadelphia Kennel Club to take charge of the coming show consists of Messrs. F. G. Taylor, S. Murray Mitchell and Dr. Glass. They held their first meeting at the Aldine Hotel on Friday last. The show will be held April 10 to 13, as previously stated, at Tattersall's, where the Keystone club has held its two shows. Mr. J. A. Wenderoth, of the latter club, was present and an important agreement was entered into whereby all of the members of the Keystone Club with one exception will be nominated for membership in the P. K. C., and if elected they will withdraw from that club, which action will probably wind up that organization, which really had no excuse for existence except for the purpose of giving a show under A. K. C. rules. The Philadelphia Kennel Club will then apply for membership in the A. K. C. and its application will be passed upon at the annual meeting of the latter club next February. This is a far more satisfactory state of affairs, though at the same time exhibitors should feel thankful to the younger club for the good it has done in showing that a show can be successfully held in Philadelphia, which action has encouraged the older club to take heart of grace once more and resume their former position.

### Bulldogs.

Mr. Cyril F. W. Jackson, secretary of the British Bulldog Club, sends us a prospectus of the second Produce Stakes for bull bitches and their produce whelped on or before April 31, open to all breeders of bulldogs, whether members of the club or not. Nominations for bitches must be sent in at least one week before the bitch is due to whelp. The whole of the entrance fees received for this competition, less one-eighth part forfeited to the club to cover expenses, will be divided into prizes as follows: For dogs, first, one-fourth of total entry fees; second, one-eighth, and third, one-sixteenth, and the same for bitches. The competition will take place at such show held between April 1, 1895, and Aug. 31, 1895, as the committee of the club shall select. The fees are: To nominate a bitch, \$2.50; for each puppy alive at the date of the produce certificate, 75 cents; for each puppy finally entered in the stake, \$2.50. For further particulars, rules, etc., our bulldog men, if they wish to enter their stock, should apply to Mr. Cyril F. W. Jackson, Hinton Charterhouse, Bath, England. Last year the stake had sixteen bitches nominated with their produce of fifty puppies. If our breeders could only raise some pups something of the sort should take well here.

That white collie, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Now we have a letter from Mr. Armstrong, manager of the Cragstone Kennels, which contain Sefion Hero, Roslyn Wilkes, etc., in which he says that breeding white collies has nearly driven him crazy, but that he has got them at last. "I have a nearly white pup or two in every litter I breed, and in some cases half a dozen of them; but in many cases there



were a couple of marks that knocked them out. Two days ago, one bitch whelped seven, all pure white bodies with sable heads. How is that for collies?" Except for the prettiness of the thing we don't exactly see the use of perpetuating the "albinos," and we judge that Mr. Armstrong is not yet quite color blind, from the fact that he adds a postscript to his letter, in which he says he is now going to try for some good black, white and tans. This is better, and is a tricolor we should like to see become more general on our show benches. Such a dog is the Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, and as Mr. Jarrett, the owner of Chestnut Hill Kennels, in a late letter also told us he was trying for them, there is a good chance that before long the color will take its old place in popularity.

We hear that Mr. W. H. Child, owner of the Oakview Kennels, Glenside, Pa., so long and favorably connected with dogdom as a breeder of beagles and Irish setters, has sold all his dogs and will henceforth give his attention to poultry breeding. He already has fine flocks of Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. We are sorry to lose such a thorough fancier as Mr. Child, but as he has been in ill health for some time past perhaps the gentler occupation will prove more interesting.

According to a press dispatch, the entries for the Saratoga show number 327, which must be considered an excellent entry, especially as some very good dogs will be benched.

Mr. Huntington, owner of the Marlborough Kennels makes use this week of our business columns to invite those who wish to exhibit at the coming W. K. C. show to send their dogs to his kennels to be conditioned. A recent visit to these kennels showed us that the condition of the dogs under John Stokes's care is the first consideration, and cleanly and warm quarters the next. The kennels are within 45 minutes of New York and are set in 65 acres of meadow.

#### Boston Terrier Club.

The annual meeting of the Boston Terrier Club will be held at Young's Hotel, Wednesday evening, Jan. 24, at 7 P. M. Officers will be elected for the coming year and other important business transacted. The presence of members is earnestly desired. G. H. HUSE, Sec'y.

#### Death of Bull Bitch Grit.

Mr. John H. Matthews, the well-known bulldog exhibitor and breeder, conveys to us the news of his old bull bitch Grit's death. We cannot do better than quote his letter: "My old favorite bull bitch Grit came to an untimely death on the second day of this new year, and I feel her loss very keenly, as she was the first bulldog I ever owned, and the most successful breeder I ever had in my kennels. Some unfortunate misunderstanding with her old companion, Dolly Tester, resulted in a fight, and the night watchman in charge of my stable, where the dogs were quartered, discovered the trouble too late to rescue her from her danger. She was badly bitten and crushed, and her old age could not provide strength to withstand the struggle of death, and she died the following morning in the arms of my kennel man, who was then attempting to bandage her wounds. Grit was several times bred to my old champion Portwood Tiger-Badajos, Quiberon, Portwood Pinch and Cock Robin being the best of her get, Cock Robin winning at New York in 1891 the Bulldog Club's puppy bowl and first in the puppy class, with Portwood Pinch second. Grit in 1893 won the Bulldog Club's medal for the best brood bitch, being sustained by Quiberon and Badajos, Badajos being twice a winner of seconds at New York shows. Poor old Grit has contributed more to the pleasure and encouragement of my bulldog "hobby" than any of the many others, and in her good qualities of kindness, keen common sense, faithful affection and fortitude in times of trouble she surpassed any bulldog I ever met. So her bones will rest in peace under the lawn and beneath the vines at my home, which must be her home."

#### Greyhound Specials.

Mr. Horatio Nelson, President National Greyhound Club, offers the following cash prizes at the W. K. C. show: \$20 for best American bred greyhound (dog or bitch) which has won two courses in public, same to have been the property of the exhibitor at least six months prior to W. K. C. show. \$15 for best American bred wolfhound (dog or bitch) and \$15 for best American bred deerhound (dog or bitch.)

Mr. S. Jagger, who is at present on a visit to America, offers for sale in our business columns his rough-coated stud St. Bernard Councillor Joe, at what is now considered a reasonable figure. Councillor Joe is one of the wonderful litter that produced two of the best St. Bernards in England at present, Lord Douglas and Lady Mignon. Joe, as his press notices show, is a very showy dog with massive, well-marked head and heavy bone. He is winner of several prizes in England, and the only reason he is for sale is that Mr. Jagger's Lady Mignon is in whelp and his kennel room is wanted. One hundred pounds was offered for this dog six months ago, but he was not then for sale.

Mr. Elliott has sold Toronto Wonder to Mr. F. C. Anderson of Chicago.

#### To Grow Up with the Country.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
Wm. Wade of Hulton, Pa., has presented me with a magnificent-looking Russian wolfhound pup, by Argoss—Princess Irma. Mr. Wade is a gentleman who likes practical evidence and does not take any stock in old world fables until proof is given of their truth. And I propose giving this pup, "when matured," a thorough test, in competition with my greyhounds on jack rabbits, coyotes and gray wolves. And I hope we will come down to some positive knowledge of their wolf-killing qualities.

The pup seems to have a fair turn of speed and plenty of grit, which is required in a good wolf dog, and as far as I can judge at present seems strong and vigorous, so he ought to answer as an example of what the breed can do.

Some day, after I have thoroughly tested him, I will give the coursing world the results of my experience.

D. C. LUSE.

GREAT BEND, Kas., Jan. 9.

#### The Saratoga Show.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Jan. 16.—[Special to Forest and Stream.] This show opened to-day with 321 entries. The largest entries are in foxhounds, pointers, English setters, spaniels, collies, poodles, beagles, fox-terriers, mastiffs. Brampton Beauty is here, and the collies Sefton Hero and Chorlton Phyllis. The quality is well represented. Such kennels as Winchell's, Hellgate, Seacroft, Maybrook, the Governor's, Thurber's, Spring-side, Red House Farm, Joe Lewis's, Seminole, Dixon's, Swiss Mountain, Fiske's Cragstone, Meadowmere, Hillhurst, Hornell-Harmony, Debonaire, Frank Deole's, Beverwyck and Lansdowne are here with some of their best. Woodlawn Park enters thirty-three not for competition. Fine hall and good weather.

Henry Brooks has purchased the Scotch terriers Tiree and Rhudaman. H. W. LACY.

#### New England Field Trial Club.

TAUNTON, Mass., Jan. 14.—The annual meeting of the N. E. F. T. C. was held Jan. 11 at the Hotel Thorndike, Boston. Officers for 1894 were elected as follows: President, Dr. J. W. Hayward; Vice-Presidents, D. A. Goodwin, G. W. Lovell, Harry Dutton, Edward Brooks; Secretary, Arthur R. Sharp; Treasurer, Walter C. Baylies; Board of Governors—E. K. Sperry, J. L. Wells, Chas. P. Curtis, Jr., A. L. Finney, Herbert Ames, Herbert Merriam, H. W. Smith, E. O. Damon; Committee on Grounds and Game, Dr. J. W. Hayward, Walter C. Baylies, Arthur R. Sharp; Delegate to A. K. C., Walter C. Baylies.

The report of the committee on grounds and game showed that good work had been done on the preserve in the way of planting feed for birds, but the severe weather of last winter had played havoc with our supply of game. For this reason we were obliged to abandon our trials. At present we have a number of coveys of good native birds and it is to be hoped that these will winter well, and with fresh importations give us enough to run successful trials. It was the sense of the meeting not to advertise trials for 1894 until we are assured of a proper game supply. ARTHUR R. SHARP, Sec'y.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to call your attention to two mistakes in answer to correspondents' column, in issue of Jan. 8. In answer to J. D. C., Concord, N. H., "Alum Erectile" should read "Alum Exsic." And in answer to H. J. H., "Give milk after meals," should read, "Give the pills after meals."—T. G. S.

G. J. S., Pensacola, Fla.—You do not give sufficient details. Are the dogs thin, and do they continue to lose flesh? Have they any skin trouble?

The following have been answered by mail: "G. J. S.," Pensacola, Fla.; "J. M.," Washington, D. C.; "J. O. B.," Lawrence, Mass.; "W. A. K.," Austin, Texas; "O. R. G.," Blacksburg, S. C.

S. M., Washington, D. C.—1. This is a case that requires a personal examination. 2. Why not send the dog to your nearest veterinarian. 3. Any of the advertised verminifuges will answer your purpose.

H. N. S., Oskaloosa, Iowa.—You will find dogs trained on squirrel, advertised from time to time in our columns. They are generally some cross of hound and other things. A cocker spaniel should make a good dog for this purpose.

W. F. F., Winnipeg.—There may be one or two puppies come in subsequent litters that will show the effects of the mesalliance, but if the bitch is bred true afterwards the majority of opinion is that subsequent litters are not affected.

D. A. C., Toledo, O.—Bruce A. (A. K. C. B. 7122), by Anderson's Ned out of Nellie, by Graham's Frank out of Abbott's Tip, by Bismark out of Elmer's bitch; Frank, by Gatzner's Ned out of his Vic. Nellie, by Frank out of Tip (A. B.).—The sire and dam are litter brother and sister. Nelly G. (A. K. C. B. 7344), by Doncaster (3399, Vol. III) out of Fanny, by Buster out of a supposed pure Laverack bitch. Doncaster, by Druid out of Nilsson.

## Hunting and Coursing.

#### Winter Meet of the Worcester Fur Co.

THE Worcester Fur Company, of Worcester, Mass., is the oldest of the numerous fox hunting organizations of New England, and its fall and winter meets never fail to bring together a large number of the lovers of the chase. Sociability and good fellowship rule in these hunts, and, whether the conditions for sport be good, bad or indifferent, one is sure to enjoy himself in greeting old friends, and making new acquaintances, seeing some celebrated hound, or hearing the history of the last successful hunt, and capping one good story with a better one. Hence it is not surprising that these events are always anticipated with pleasure by the club members and their guests, and become, if possible, more popular as the club grows older.

The winter meet of '94 occurred on Jan. 10, when the club hunted the Purgatory district in the town of Sutton. This well known hunting ground is a wild stretch of woodland, the greater part covered with a heavy growth of pine, oak and chestnut. The country is rolling and in the vicinity of the far-famed Purgatory den so thickly studded with boulders and ledges that it is possible for a fox to run a long distance, jumping from stone to stone, without once putting his foot upon the grass or fallen leaves. Hence many of the foxes when hard pressed by the hounds seek to throw off their pursuers near the den, and the runways and roads leading in that direction are favorite stands for the hunter.

The club headquarters for the day were at the Tourtellotte House, Millbury. Many of the club members and guests arrived on Tuesday evening, so as to be ready for an early start on the next morning, and it was indeed a merry party that passed the evening in the hotel office smoking and spinning yarns. There were Messrs. A. B. F. Kinney and John M. White, the former president of the Fur Company and the latter proprietor of the Tourtellotte; both well known to the fox hunting fraternity everywhere as enthusiastic and successful hunters and owners of the celebrated Kinney-White pack of foxhounds. With them was Mr. David M. Earle, whose great feat in fox hunting is depicted in a spirited crayon sketch which has the place of honor on the office wall. The fox is running for his life in the middle of the road, hard pressed, not by the hounds, but by Mr. John M. White's hunting rig, the horses on the run, their owner holding the reins, and Mr. Earle steadying himself for a shot between the heads of the flying steeds. The game was secured—it was a head shot and an unique hunt. In the party, too, was a lucky member of the Fur Company, Mr. R. D. Butler. He is a recruit in the fox hunting ranks, but his place is not in the awkward squad, for he has never yet participated in a hunt without securing a fox or at least getting a shot or two at the wily game. Reynard, indeed, is no sooner jumped by the hounds than he begins to search for Mr. Butler, and is not happy till he yields him his pelt or receives a double salute from his gun. Other hunters arrived from time to time and joined the group about the roaring fire, and many a good story was told before the hands of the clock warned us to turn in if we would be up betimes in the morning.

The Tourtellotte House was astir early on Wednesday. A hearty breakfast was eaten before sunrise, and then the hounds were coupled and stowed away beneath the seats of numerous hunting wagons, while the sportsmen dressed in their heaviest of winter clothing crowded in above them. On the arrival of the early morning train from Worcester the procession started for the hunting grounds, President Kinney in a light, democrat wagon leading the way, the barge "Happines" bringing up the rear. As we neared Purgatory the hunters divided into small parties, each going to an appointed place, so that the region should be well covered with men, and hounds should be cast off in all the places where foxes were likely to be found.

The Kinney-White pack was divided into two divisions. Mr. J. M. White took with him the flyers Logan, Aggie and Fly, the former the celebrated winner of the Brunswick Fur Club field trials of '93, and with his party, which consisted of Messrs. R. D. Butler, C. A. Bigelow, Guy C. Whidden and Bradford S. Turpin, hunted from Gates's. The hounds were in splendid condition, and no sooner were they cast off than they struck a good track, and after a few minutes' trailing jumped their game. Then the music began, but the driving

was not as sharp and continuous as one could desire. Now there was a burst of melody that made one's nerves tingle with excitement, and then all would be still, to be again succeeded by more longings. The hounds worked well together and were full of life and snap, but the hunting conditions were most unfavorable. About half the ground was hidden by a light covering of crusted snow and elsewhere the fallen leaves were full of ice and frost; the scent lay badly and rapid work was impossible. It was, however, a perfect day to be afield; there was no wind, and there was the possibility that the scent would improve at a later hour, so the interest never flagged and no one left the field till the day was done.

No sooner had Mr. White's little pack started their fox than Reynard began to look for Mr. Butler, and after a half hour's search found him at the cross-roads. Mr. Butler thus got the first shot of the day, but for some reason or other failed to secure the game. The fox kept on and finally threw off the pack on the ledges near Purgatory Den, but he doubtless will fall to Mr. B.'s gun later in the season.

Meantime in the pine woods near the old schoolhouse Mr. W. N. Walling cast off his handsome little beagle Belle Diamond and the foxhounds Hunter and Duff, the latter the bright star of Mr. J. H. Baird's pack. The three went to work with a will and it was not long before the fox was up and running for life toward the east. In his path was Mr. A. W. Hunt, but just as he was congratulating himself on his good luck Reynard turned sharply away and headed for Mr. Henry W. Mower. While the fox was rapidly approaching that gentleman Mr. J. Dearden was guarding a runway a quarter of a mile or more away.

There was nothing of interest going on in his vicinity, and just for the sake of doing something, he shot at a crow high on a limb overhead. He missed the bird of ill omen and also turned the fox from Mr. Mower just as his finger was pressing the trigger. On sped Reynard toward Northbridge, the pack driving prettily and the little beagle holding her own with the foxhounds and doing her full share of the work. As the game went through the Poor Farm swamp it ran upon Mr. C. W. Wells. This gentleman had never seen a running fox before, but instead of letting him pass without a shot, as most novices do, he gave him the contents of both barrels and had the satisfaction of knocking him down. Then the hounds came up and finished him after a lively battle, the fox being game to the very last moment.

The work done by the little beagle in this race excited universal praise, but not content with what she had already done, she started in afresh and soon jumped another fox and ran him alone for some hours. Those sportsmen who were unacquainted with the merits of the beagle were more than surprised at Belle's hunting qualities, and one was heard to remark later in the day, "The ky-on-dle is certainly in it." She was indeed, and that, too, despite the fact that she was fat and in no condition to do her best.

Meanwhile President Kinney cast off the second division of the Kinney-White pack in the "dark woods." The hounds were Jumbo, a July—Native cross, and a credit to his name, Ben, Ring, Trump and Diamond, and no sooner were they off the couplings than they harked to a hound driving on Leland's hill, and soon went out of hearing far in the distance. Mr. Byron Stewart hunted with this pack.

In the large party that hunted from Cad's were Messrs. L. E. Divoll and Del Hamilton, with their hounds Jack and Hector; J. H. Locke, O. M. Bond, C. H. Howe, Herbert Hopkins and C. B. Holden. The hunt there, however, was not a success, and only those who left that part of the grounds and went further east enjoyed any sport. Messrs. G. W. Barnes, O. C. Ward and W. B. Gage hunted from Fuller's with the native hound Carl. On the northern edge of the grounds Mr. John Williams ran the well-known field trial performer Jos. J.

That fine little worker started and saw two foxes but neither of them was shot. Hon. John R. Thayer ran Leader, and Mr. C. E. Whitney hunted with him. In the Merriam district Messrs E. S. Knowles, Geo. Newton and E. T. Smith ran Dick Turpin and Spot, and though they did not get a fox they enjoyed a splendid hunt, the hounds running well all day and being within hearing of the hunters most of the time. This district is seven or eight miles distant from Purgatory, and why the scent should have been so good in one place and so bad in the other, is a puzzle difficult to solve.

Among other gentlemen who took part in this hunt were Messrs. E. H. Cate, Alden Rice, Henry F. Rice, George E. Conley, Leander White and A. W. Walls. As the day wore on the driving became more difficult, and there was little good work done after 12 o'clock. Some hunters got together in little groups, ate their lunch, told stories and waited for something to turn up. Others wandered from one part of the grounds to another, trying to get into the hunt, and only giving up at dark because there was no hunt to get into. Finally, as we were moving toward the wagons ready to start for the Tourtellotte, a blinding northeast snowstorm set in and we arrived at headquarters white with snow, but with pleasant memories of the day's sport.

Promptly at 6 o'clock the hungry hunters, reinforced by Messrs. Paul Wheeler, Alvin Fisher, W. R. Dean, Jos. Smith and some others who had been unable to take part in the hunt, were seated at the long tables in the great dining room of the Tourtellotte. The clatter of knife and fork, the merry jest and abundant good nature disproved forever the charge recently made by a correspondent in FOREST AND STREAM that Northern fox hunters are dyspeptic misanthropes.

Never did a good dinner disappear quicker and never was one more enjoyed. When cigars were reached President Kinney in a few words welcomed the guests and members, and then happily introduced a number of gentlemen who spoke briefly. Mr. C. W. Walls told how he killed his fox, and Mr. R. D. Butler was called upon to tell how he missed his. Mr. A. D. Fisher made a plea for the slow hound in fox-hunting, and Hon. J. R. Thayer made a lively speech on hunting ethics. The questions which he introduced were discussed by a number of other gentlemen, and at a late hour, after electing Messrs. R. D. Butler, S. C. Buckman, J. M. Watson and Alvin D. Fisher to membership, the club adjourned, having added another successful meet to its fox-hunting history. BRADLEY.

#### Whippet Racing.

Whippet racing is exciting considerable attention among the "fancy" round London just now and one of the first meetings of the newly formed Whippet Racing Club has just been held at East Dulwich. The sport, as we have many times pointed out, is a most exciting one and entirely free from the objectionable features that brought rabbit coursing into disrepute. The neighborhood round Harrison and Kearney, N. J., is a veritable stronghold for the sport in this country, and those who would like to see how the races are conducted, will have an opportunity of doing so on Washington's Birthday and the Saturday following, when a 200 yds. handicap race will be run off at the Kearney Athletic grounds. Entries close Feb. 12, with Harry Smith at the grounds.

Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, secretary of the Brunswick Fur Club, writes: "I like your editorial on the foxhound standard in the last FOREST AND STREAM. You are quite right." By the way, Mr. Turpin has resigned his position on Shooting and Fishing. This is a surprise, as he had got together a very interesting department. Later he writes that he had a great hunt with the Kinney-White pack on Thursday last. "We had three foxes going at once, all within hearing and all hard pressed. The driving was continuous all day. We got one fox."



### An Impromptu Coursing Meeting.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 5.—In order to keep up the interest at Goodland, Lighthall, Taylor, my brother Arthur and myself took a run down to Goodland on the 30th ult., and took with us Bon Bon, Bonny Belle, Birdseye and Irish Lass. The Goodland boys, who had been advised of our coming, had a delegation at the depot awaiting our arrival. After a few preliminaries we agreed to meet at Walker's store and get up a stake for the following day. At the appointed hour the boys were all of them on deck. The Goodland boys entered four—Rear-Admiral, Rook and Roy's Vanish. Vidler sent down Van's General with Taylor for C. A. White; Lighthall entered his Rough and Ready (a litter brother of the "unknown quantity," Buster), and the St. Patrick Kennels entered the four mentioned above. Taylor was called upon to do the slipping, which he did in a most satisfactory manner, while Frank Bradley officiated in the capacity of judge. Bradley's decisions met with general favor, there not being a single kick heard on the grounds.

At 10 o'clock the road south was lined with about 150 buggies, horses and carriages, vying their way to the little white school house, which had been designated as the starting point. At 11 o'clock the first brace were ordered to the slips.

**REAR-ADMIRAL—ROUGH AND READY.**—Slipped at about 60 yds. Rear Admiral at once shot to the front and made the turn six lengths in advance. He served himself three times before Rough and Ready could get in. Rough and Ready now took a hand, and passing Admiral, wrenched several times, then turned twice, each time placing Admiral, and racing past him. The rabbit then struck a corn row and straightened out, leading the dogs a merry procession for several miles, when he made good his escape. Rear Admiral quit in the cornfield in plain sight of the hare. Rough and Ready won.

**RHEA—IRISH LASS.**—These two white bitches (half sisters) made a pretty brace in the slips, and considerable speculation was indulged in as to which would raise the flag, but when they were slipped Rhea at once shot to the front, turned her hare twice, made a few wrenches, when the hare broke for the hills and escaped. Irish Lass, who was running very cunning, never had a look in.

**ROOK—BIRDSEYE.**—Birdseye made the turn by a good length, placed Rook and passed him, wrenched several times when Rook came in for a nice sequence. Some lively exchanging then took place, in which it was given and taken. Birdseye passing Rook was using her hare nicely when he took to earth. The flag went up for Rook. (I would have given the red bitch the verdict.)

**BON BON—ROY'S VANISH.**—Bon Bon led easily and staying right on top of her hare, scarcely allowed Vanish a look in.

**BONNY BELLE—VAN'S GENERAL.**—Bonny Belle led from the slips and turned the hare two lengths ahead of General. She worked the hare single-handed in full view of the crowd and forced puss to take to earth. General fell twice in the course and ran very awkwardly.

#### First Tie.

**RHEA—ROUGH AND READY.**—Rhea was the quicker away from the slips, and opened the gap until she took the turn fully eight lengths in the lead. She worked puss very rapidly for a long time, finally killing after a very long course. She never allowed Rough and Ready a look in. This course was a hard one on the bitch and used her up, so that she was drawn.

**ROOK—BON BON.**—Bon Bon made the turn by a length, threw puss to Rook, who turned back to Bon Bon. It was give and take until the hare was taken out of sight of the crowd, where puss was forced to take to earth. The hat came off. After the next course they were again put in the slips. Bon Bon led easily and working the closer in a well run course was an easy winner, as the hare escaped in a timber claim.

**BONNY BELLE—BIRDSEYE (bye dog).**—As several bets were made on this course the interest was as keen as in the other courses. Bonnie Belle led, turned, placed Birdseye, raced past and repeated the dose. Birdseye then got in, made several strong wrenches and turned to Bonnie, who dashed in and killed.

Rhea having been withdrawn and the only two being left in belonging to us we divided with them.

Every one voted it a fine day and returned home well pleased. In the evening the Goodland boys entertained us in a pleasant way until our train came along. The rabbits seem to be just as plentiful as they were in October and somewhat stronger. The Goodland boys are keeping the pot-hunters off the grounds and are getting ready for a rousing meeting in February. They have a trainer for their dogs who thoroughly understands his business.

**IMPROMPTU STAKE (Goodland, Dec. 31, 1893).**—Entrance \$5; first \$25, second \$15, third \$10; 10 subscriptions.

#### First Round.

A. C. Lighthall's red dog	Goodland Kennels' white and black dog
Rough and Ready (Lady-Gold)	Rear Admiral (Maj. Glendyne-Lady Alice)
Goodland Kennels' white and brindle bitch	St. Patrick Kennels' white and black bitch
Rhea (Major Glendyne-Daisy Dublin)	Irish Lass (St. Patrick-Daisy Dublin)
Goodland Kennels' black dog	St. Patrick Kennels' red bitch
Rook (Walnut-Humming Bird)	Bird's Eye (Babazon-Queen Belle)
St. Patrick Kennels' brindle and white bitch	Goodland Kennels' black and white bitch
Bon Bon (Dingwall-Miss Fisher)	Roy's Vanish (Walnut-Graham Glendyne)
St. Patrick Kennels' black and white bitch	S. W. Vidler's s. C. A. White's red and white dog
Bonny Belle (Dingwall-Miss Kitten)	Van's General (Babazon-Verdure Clad)

#### First Ties.

Rhea beat Rough and Ready. Bonny Belle a bye.

Bon Bon beat Rook.

#### Second Ties.

Rhea drawn, Bon Bon and Bonny Belle divided.

L. F. BARTELS.

### HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

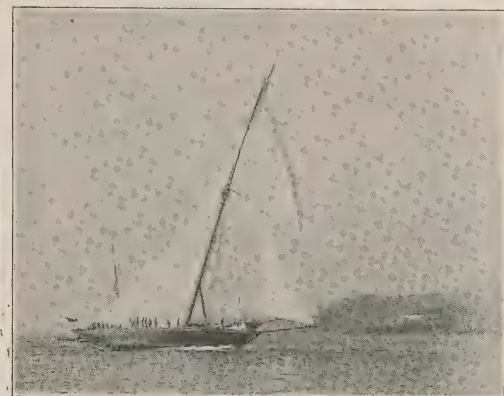
The Green Spring Valley Game Protective Association is an organization composed of a number of large land owners and sportsmen in Maryland. At a meeting of the association held at Rogers Station, Jan. 8, the committee on by-laws proposed a number of rules, all of which were adopted excepting one requiring members to chain their dogs or prevent their running at large. This was approved as far as foxhounds were concerned, and the question of their running at large was left open until the next meeting. The secretary stated that the land owned by the gentlemen who have already joined was something over 16,000 acres, and that others were expected. Gamekeepers will be employed to keep out non-resident gunners and strange dogs. Mr. William Bell Johnson was elected Vice-President, Mr. George Brown being previously elected President, and Charles B. Rogers Secretary. The following Board of Governors were elected: George Brown, T. Edward Hambleton, Stephen Cockey, Wm. Bell Johnson, H. Carroll Winchester, Wm. Cockey, Henry A. Parr and Thomas Brady. The yearly dues are \$10 and a number of new subscribers were enrolled at the meeting. It is proposed to stock the waters with trout and the grounds with grouse and other feathered game.

It is rumored that Mr. W. S. Clarke will judge beagles at Boston show. A good selection, we should think, as many would like to see this experienced beagle man in the ring.

## Yachting.

### Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Jan. 9 at the town club house, New York, Com. Center presiding. The reports of the board of trustees and the various standing committees were read, showing the club to be in a prosperous and satisfactory condition. The secretary's report showed a net loss of eleven members this year, the present membership, 383, being just 15 less than the limit. The large increase of the dues from \$35 to \$50, necessitated by the establishment of the Oyster Bay station in 1892, has naturally resulted in the loss of some members who were unable to avail themselves of the increased privileges, and this loss has been larger in the second than in the first year. It has, however, been smaller than first estimated, and has been more than counterbalanced by the addition of new members, the limit being reached for the first time this summer. The present business depression occurred at the



BRITANNIA—CUTTER.  
From an amateur photo.

worst possible time, the second season of a very expensive venture, which had not yet progressed beyond the experimental stage; and all things considered, the club has fared very well, the financial reports were very satisfactory, the fleet is larger than ever before and the membership is very close to the maximum limit. The following officers were elected: Com. G. H. B. Hill, schooner Ariel; Vice-Com. E. C. Benedict, steam yacht Oneida; Rear-Com. Walter C. Tuckerman, cutter Liris; Sec'y. Henry W. Hayden; Treas. Walter C. Hubbard; Meas. John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. West Roosevelt; Fleet Chaplain, the Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D.; Race Committee, Macomb G. Foster, Walter C. Kerr, Valentine Mott, R. A. Rutherford, and George Wendell; House Committee, George Bullock, Walter C. Gilson, Walter T. Owen, W. Emlen Roosevelt and Arthur Deane Weeks; Committee on Lectures and Entertainments, William Van Rensselaer Erving, William Foulke and F. Delano Weeks; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith, and W. P. Stephens; Law Committee, F. Kingsbury Curtis, Alfred Ely and Frederick DeP. Foster; Trustee, Herbert L. Satterlee and J. Langdon Ward.

The retirement of Mr. d'Oremieux from the office of secretary marks a very important decade in the club's history, his term of office having begun in 1883, the year in which the formula now universally known as the "Seawanhaka rule" was first adopted. The thorough



SATANITA—CUTTER.  
From an amateur photo

and efficient manner in which the immediate duties of the secretaryship have been performed for this long period is widely known outside the club; and in addition Mr. d'Oremieux has been one of the leading spirits in establishing the high standard for which the sailing and other rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. are so justly noted. The care and labor which he has so freely given for these many years have contributed in no small degree to the present prosperity of the club. The race committee was authorized to correspond with the owners of the large singlestickers in regard to a race early in the season, for which the club will offer a cup of \$500 value.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The final race for the champion pennant for 10 catboats belonging to the Cooper's Point Y. C. was sailed yesterday. The contestants were the Kinsey and Humphreys. It was an ideal day for racing. A slashing breeze blew from the west, with a southerly tendency, and everything seemed *coulour de rose*. Captain R. G. Wilkins was referee and starter, and he gave the word precisely at 2:30 P. M. Both boats crossed the line neck and neck, carrying their full racing sails. The course was from Wilkins slip round Petty's Island and back. They tore through the water side by side, neither seeming to gain an inch; in fact, sometimes they were so close that glasses could be touched in New Year's greetings. They rounded close together, and then sheets were flattened for the home-tretch. The breeze had meanwhile increased, and they both luffed like mad in the squalls, but neither dared to stop to reef. Tack and tack they neared the goal, each trying to outmaneuver the other, but it was a case of "Jack's as good as his master," and what one did the other did. As they came for the finishing line it was hard to say which was ahead, but the Kinsey had the weather gauge and just crossed ahead of her opponent. The times were: Kinsey 3m. 28s., Humphreys 3m. 29s., one of the closest races ever sailed. Captain Warner Kinsey sailed his namesake, and Captain John J. Grindrod the Humphreys. Both men handled their boats admirably, as the time will attest, making the entire run of 11 miles in this time over the same course has only been beaten on two occasions, namely by the R. G. Wilkins, which did the distance in 57m., and the William Kinsey, which sailed the course in 55m. 9s.—*Philadelphia Item*, Jan. 2.

Com. E. D. Morgan and Mr. C. O. Iselin have in a substantial manner recognized the designer of the boat which defeated the British challenger for the America's Cup. It was intended to give a reception to Capt. "Nat" Herreshoff at New York after the international cup races were over, but the Bristol designer abruptly left for his Rhode Island home and the plans of Messrs. Morgan and Iselin, the heads of the syndicate owning the Vigilant, were frustrated, and it is for the time. It was still felt, however, by these gentlemen and others who composed the syndicate that some recognition was due to Mr. Herreshoff, not only as the designer of the fastest yacht afloat, but also on account of the services which he rendered in the management of

the craft during the races. The result of this feeling was that one day during the Christmas holidays a messenger arrived at Bristol from New York and presenting himself at the door of Capt. "Nat's" residence asked to see the designer. The messenger was informed that the captain was very busy and could not be seen, but he insisted that he must have a brief interview with him. The yacht builder then presented himself and the messenger handed him an envelope and then departed. On opening the letter a handsome Christmas present of five bank bills of the denomination of \$500 each met his eyes, together with a note from Messrs. Morgan and Iselin asking him to accept the sum as a tribute of their appreciation of his services. Captain "Nat" kept the secret well and the facts did not leak out until to-day.—*New York Herald*.

To the many who are familiar with the previous editions, it is only necessary to say that the fifth edition of "The Naval Architect's, Ship-builder's and Marine Engineer's Pocket-Book," by Clement Mackrow, M. I. N. A., is an enlargement and improvement of the fourth edition. To others we can recommend the work as indispensable to all associated with the occupations enumerated. Following the general plan of the standard engineering pocket-books, this book is devoted specially to naval architecture and marine engineering, and is a compact but comprehensive treatise on the subjects. All of the calculations relating to a vessel are dealt with in detail, the mathematical formulas being supplemented by clear and simply worded descriptions. One feature of the work, which will specially commend it to amateurs and to those whose educational advantages have been limited, is a brief but clear and thorough summary of the principles of arithmetic, trigonometry, geometry, mensuration, algebra and mechanics. The many miscellaneous tables include logarithms, sines and tangents, weights and measures of all kinds, weight and strengths of materials, distance tables, tonnage tables and a numerous and useful collection of figures relating to the calculations of the naval architect and designer. The book is clearly printed on thin paper, 700 pages, and is handsomely bound in flexible leather. It is published by Crosby, Lockwood & Son, London.

At the annual meeting of the Biscayne Bay Y. C. on Jan. 6 the following officers were elected: Com. R. M. Munroe; Vice-Com. Lewis D. Benton; Sec. Kirk Munroe; Treas. A. S. Haigh; Meas. Richard Carney. The annual regatta of the club, open to yachts of all recognized clubs, will be held as usual on Feb. 22. Com. Munroe has sold Wabun and is building Duster. The new yawl Flying Cloud, designed by Waterhouse & Chesebrough, built last summer by Lawley for Mr. S. F. Moore, of this club, arrived in the bay and is a beauty. She is 66ft. over all, 45ft. l.w.l., 15ft. 6in. beam, and 4ft. draft, with interior finish of carved butternut. After the regatta she will make a cruise to the Bahamas. Lieut. Henry A. Baucrus is Meas. G. Herbert Millett; Regatta Committee, Louis Wunder, F. W. Bobbett and F. L. Townsend. The secretary and treasurer's report showed the club to be in a prosperous condition. The club fleet consists of three steam yachts, one naphtha launch, three schooners, thirty cabin sloops and yawls, five jib and mainsail yachts and twenty-six cats.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia was held at 1,530 Chestnut street on Jan. 19, the following officers being elected: Com. Col. Anthony J. Drexel; Vice-Com. Russell E. Tucker; Rear-Com. Henry S. Jencks; Sec. Addison F. Baucrus; Meas. G. Herbert Millett; Trustees, Col. Anthony J. Drexel, Victor J. Petry, R. J. W. Koons and Frank H. Rosengarten; Race Committee, Addison F. Baucrus, George M. Freeman and Edward H. Johnson; Committee on Admissions, Charles H. Brock, Edward D. Toland, G. Herbert Millett, Alexander Van Rensselaer and Dr. Archibald G. Thomson. The reports of the trustees, race committee and treasurer were read and showed the organization to be in a prosperous condition.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was held on Jan. 10, the following officers were elected: Com. William P. Fowle; Vice-Com. J. Prince Loud; Rear-Com. David C. Percival Jr.; Sec. Everett Paine; Treas. J. R. Rhodes; Meas. John W. Dunlop; Executive Committee, Francis A. Seaman, Henry Taggard; Regatta Committee, George W. Mansfield, John B. Paine, Harry P. Benson, Arthur G. Wood, Benjamin L. Knapp; Membership Committee, Herman Parker, R. Henry W. Dwight, Fred C. Newhall, John A. Jennings; House Committee, Walter I. Fields, Henry W. Perry, Albert Poor; Board of Judges, George W. Mansfield, George H. Wheeler, D. H. Follett Jr., William C. Farrell, Charles M. Barker. The Treasurer's report showed the club to be in excellent financial condition, its debt having been reduced nearly \$2,000 during the year.

On Jan. 10 Valkyrie was placed on the new balance dock at Tebo's, where she will lie until spring. Mr. J. Beaver Webb has charge of her, and will give her a new outfit of larger spars, with new rigging similar to the Herreshoff boats. Her copper will be removed and the hull smoothed off and recoppered later on, and the interior will be refitted. Canvas has been hung over her sides to prevent the taking of photographs. Mr. Kersey has just returned from a short trip across, and reports that Lord Dunraven will come out in May in company with Lord Wolverton, and will race the yacht here through June. Valkyrie's mast has been sold to Samuel Pine, who has made from it a mizenmast for the coasting schooner Maggie Abbott.

On Jan. 6 an organization to be known as the Harvard Y. C. was formed at Cambridge, Mass., the officers being: Com. H. G. Barby, '94; Vice-Com. B. A. Reed, Jr., '94; Sec. F. S. Saltonstall, '94; Fleet Surgeon, T. A. Mullins, '94; Sec. Treas. C. Morgan, '94; Meas. David Vail, '94; Election Committee—G. D. Wells, '94; H. G. Barby, '94; S. Batette, '94; E. Tuckerman, '94, and C. Morgan, '94. The club starts with a fleet of 30 yachts. The burgee has a black crossbar on a crimson ground, with a white H on the bar. Only yachtsmen may become active members. The annual cruise will begin with a rendezvous at New London on the day following the coming race.

On Jan. 7, the Williamsburgh Y. C. elected the following officers: Com. Alfred Smith; Vice-Com. Alfred Sothen; Rear-Com. Geo. Schmitt; Rec-Sec'y. Henry F. Huper; Fleet Surgeon, William H. Schiller; Treas. Henry Roth; Meas. Lawrence W. Rice; Steward, Edward Einhart; Sergeant-At-Arms, William Neuhoff; Board of Trustees, John Eismann, A. S. Brush, Theodore Meyer, Reinard Perino and William Kahn; Regatta Committee, Edward Einhart, William Jackson and William Neuhoff.

Roi, Cape Cod cabin cat, which arrived in these waters in 1892, has been sold by her owners, Messrs. Lynch & Thomas of Larchmont, to Mr. Chester W. Chapin, owner of sch. yacht Tampa, who will take her to Florida. The Roi was launched in March 1892, and was at the top of her class in 1892, winning six firsts and one second out of seven races. In 1893 she was chartered to a Larchmont yachtsman, and under indifferent handling made a very poor showing. She was built by D. C. H. Crosby.

The nominating committee of the New Rochelle Y. C. have posted these nominations for officers for 1894: Com. Henry Andrus; Vice-Com. R. F. Black; Rear-Com. Jabez Harris; Sec. F. R. Crawford; Treas. B. B. Strong; governors of last year; Meas. H. Morse. The election will take place at the club house, Echo Island, on Feb. 5.

The Capital Y. C. of Washington, D. C., has elected the following officers: Com. John V. Coffey; Vice-Com. C. J. Norris; Sec. I. P. Libbey; Treas. Charles F. Karr; Men's: Leonard J. Wilson. The club is considering the project of a houseboat, located on the Potomac, in the vicinity of the lower terminus of the Alexandria & Mount Vernon Electric Road.

Nonpareil, yawl, Mr. Harold A. Sanderson, after being badly wrecked in the great storm at Larchmont last August, was sold at auction on Jan. 11, being purchased for \$1,800 by C. J. Mahoney. She is 80ft. over all, 67ft. 11in. l.w.l., 15ft. 9in. beam and 11ft. 6in. draft.

Cleopatra, steam yacht, designed by Mr. Watson and built last year for Mr. John Lysaght, former owner of Semiramis, is reported as sold to Mr. Arthur L. Barry, owner of Sapphire, steam yacht, who will use her in American waters.

Messrs. Cousins & Pratt, the sailmakers, of Commercial street, Boston, have issued a calendar with an admirable picture of the schooner Alcaza under light sails.

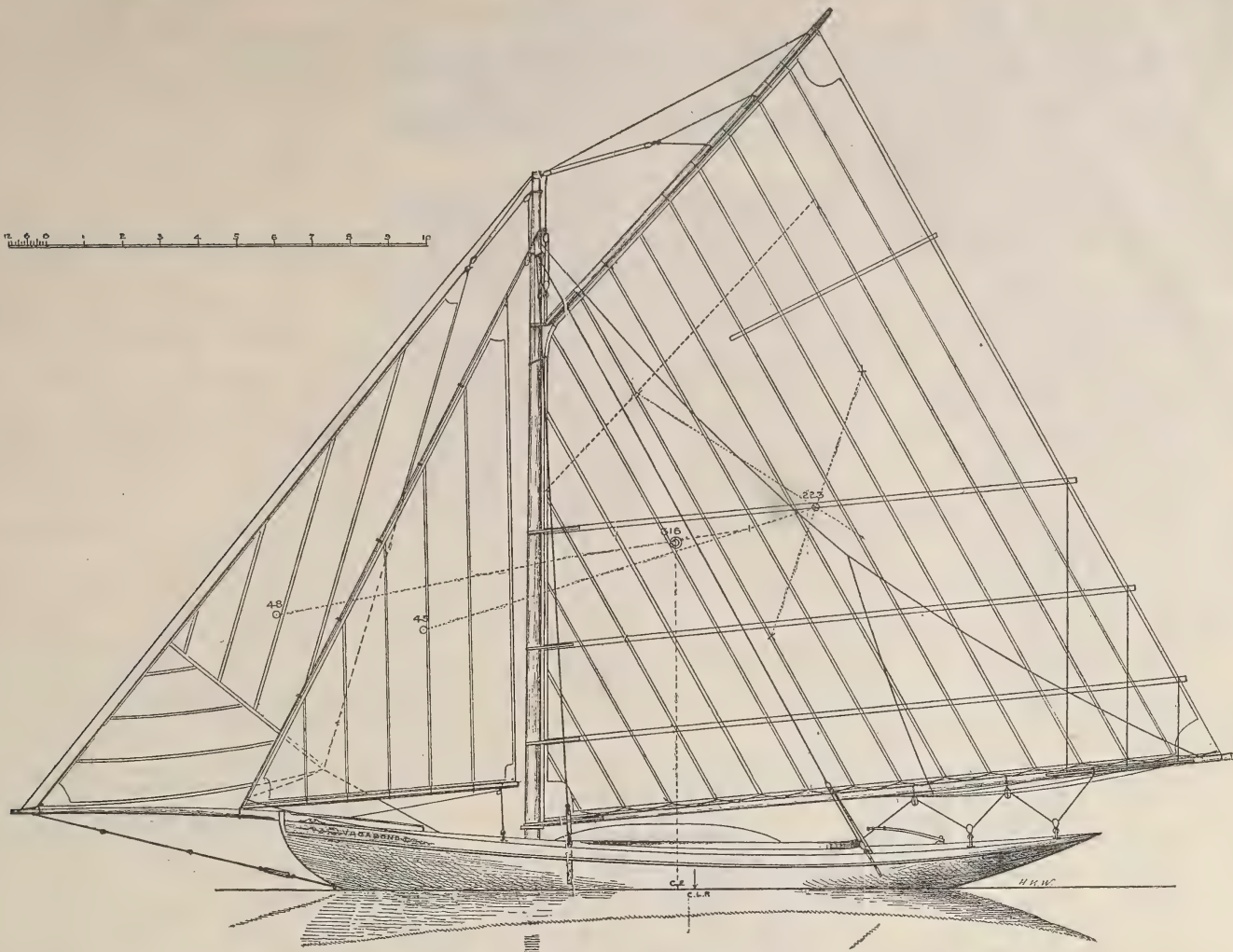
Sagamore, steam yacht, Mr. E. L. Scott, has returned to Philadelphia from England, the projected cruise around the world being abandoned. The annual meeting of the Hudson River Y. C. was held on Jan. 10 at 989 Eighth avenue, the following officers being elected: Com. E. Langerfeld; Vice-Com. James E. Grover; Sec. A. G. Buckholz; Treas. R. V. Freeman; Meas. D. Little; Fleet Surgeon, William Geoghan, M.D.; Steward, John T. Hufnagel; Board of Trustees, R. V. Freeman, chairman; Joseph Stidger, John Kelly, James E. Grover, E. Helmsdadt, George Allen, C. Ward, Samuel Blum, Charles K. Tucker and Wm. Henderson. Ex-Com. Henry F. Allen, who declined re-election, had served five consecutive years as commodore of the club.

The Monaquet Y. C. held its annual meeting in Weymouth on Jan. 8, the following officers being elected: Com. John Cavanaugh; Vice-Com. Russell G. Hunt; Sec. Chas. G. Sheppard; Treas. Dana Smith;









SAIL PLAN OF SINGLEHANDER.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings of descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

Canoeing on the Shenandoah.

AFTER the concluding sentences of Com. Webb's cruise last week, our readers may be glad to know that the cruise of 1893 was a success, and that after a very hard and exciting run of three weeks, with very high water from the great storm of Aug. 28, which overtook the party at Columbian Falls, above Massanutten, the desired goal, Harper's Ferry, was reached. It may interest those of our readers who have followed Com. Webb's many cruises to know that a very good chart of the river, prepared by him, was published in the *Sail and Paddle* of March, 1893. The 1893 cruise, from Mount Cranford to Harper's Ferry, 172 miles, occupied eighteen days, prior to which was made a six-day cruise of sixty miles, from Bushing's to Shenandoah.

Though not intended for publication, the following extracts from a letter from Com. Webb are interesting:

"I am preparing to build a new canoe this winter, as my present one is pretty well battered up after five seasons' hard use. The old one is built upon the lines of your Raritanian model, and it has proved a splendid cruising boat. Its faults are, it is a little too small for entire comfort in stowage and sleeping; also it is a little wet in rough water, owing to the long, narrow bow and in shooting falls, narrow and dams it is very apt to plunge under.

"In 1888 I used a canoe built on the lines of your Jersey Blue, except that it had only a half inch flat keel, and the stern was rounded away like the bow. Take it all around, it was the best cruising model I have yet tried, as it was so roomy and comfortable. Its faults were it was hard to swing round quickly (and in shooting rapids some lively swinging round is frequently necessary), and it was hard to paddle against a head wind.

"It was a remarkably buoyant and dry boat in rough water, and I am going to build my new canoe from the same lines, except that I shall give her a long, sloping bow and stern, something like the Raritanian, so that she will turn quickly."

Com. Webb has sent us copies of the *Stanton Vindicator*, containing accounts of his cruises of 1891 and 1893, for filing in the A. C. A. library with the FOREST AND STREAM account of the 1892 cruise.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The sixth annual meeting of the Puritan C. C. was held on Jan. 6, and the following officers were elected: Com., Jas. W. Cartwright Jr.; Vice-Com., Geo. R. Underwood; Rear-Com., Charles D. Cartwright; Treas., Lothrop Hedge; Sec'y, Charles F. Dodge; Meas., John R. Robertson. Directors, Vice-Com., Rear-Com., Treas., Sec., and E. S. Gilmore and Jas. Bragdon. House Com., Com., Lothrop Hedge and Francis B. Wheaton. Membership Com., Jos. E. Hill, Frank A. Heyer and Samuel Johnson 2d.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 6, the Hartford C. C. had its annual Christmas tree. There was a good attendance of the local club and every one received a present, nearly all such being a "grind" on some particular fad or failing. One canoeist who is making a desperate attempt to raise a goat (he calls it an Imperial), received everything possible to make it a success in the line of old razors, straps, etc. Another member, prominent in the militia, received a cap and tin sword, and another man with the same inclinations was presented with a wooden gun. Along in the evening our friend Knappe dropped down from Springfield, and among other things talked "war-can-e," telling us of the races we were going to have at the Eastern Division meet next year. The races in this class which have been so long talked of, seem at last to be a certainty.

The first camp-fire of the Connecticut River Canoeists' Club was held at the house of the Springfield Canoe Association on Saturday evening, Jan. 13. The attendance of about 140 or more speaks very plainly of the good cheer which is dispensed at Springfield, large delegations being present from Hartford, Holyoke, Northampton and South Hadley Falls. F. A. Nickerson, ex-Com. A. C. A., and Messrs. Seavey, of New York, and Parmele, of Hartford, both ex-vice-commodores, were on hand, together with many other shining lights of the canoe-

ing fraternity. The Calla Shasta band furnished the music. Banks first showed his musical proclivities on the bass drum at Willsborough in 1892. Other entertainment was furnished by a band, similar, though not as extensive, to the "coon band," from Sag Harbor in 1890. The men expressed their approval and satisfaction with the first camp fire in glowing terms.

The Hartford C. C. have ordered a 25ft. war canoe from Robertson, of Auburndale, Mass.

We have received from the honorary secretary of the British Canoe Association, Dr. John D. Hayward, of the Mersey C. C., a circular notice of the meet of 1894, which will be held from July 30 to Aug. 20, on Salcombe Harbor, Devonshire, England.

The Shuh-shuh-gah C. C., of Winchester, Mass., has elected the following: Captain, R. Apollonio; Lieutenant, F. B. Moulton; Secretary, H. C. Holt; Purser, J. W. Richards; Executive Committee, J. M. Marshal.

The committee of the new Connecticut River Canoeists' Club has sent out the following notice: "At a meeting of canoeists held Dec. 16 at a camp-fire given by the Hartford Canoe Club it was voted to form the Connecticut River Canoeists' Club, whose object was to unite all canoeists on the Connecticut River and vicinity in a social way, to hold as many gatherings as convenient in the form of camp-fires, etc., during the winter months at the different localities, and the below named committee was appointed from the localities present. The first of these camp-fires will be held at Springfield, Mass., on Saturday, Jan. 13, at the Springfield Club's house, and it is hoped and expected that all interested in canoeing will be present. The expense of these camp-fires will be limited, not to exceed \$1 per capita, and be divided among those agreeing to be present. The committee-man from your vicinity respectfully requests that you notify him on or before Jan. 10 of your intention that he may make necessary arrangements." The committee consists of Emil C. Knappe, Springfield, chairman; F. W. Theis, Hartford, secretary; C. F. Schuster, Holyoke; C. H. Davenport, Jr., South Hadley, and J. R. Giffellow, Northampton.

The Detroit Boat Club, whose house was destroyed by fire last October, has completed all arrangements to build a very handsome house on the old site. It will be 132x104ft., three stories high, and will cost \$15,000. Permission has been obtained from the Government to use the land. This successful recovery from the very serious misfortune which befel the club is largely due to the efforts of the president, W. C. Jupp. The club has ordered a complete outfit of new boats.

In these dull times it is pleasant to learn that at least one boat-building firm is busy; the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. report more orders than in any previous year, and are now very busy. They will build all of the barges and club boats for the Detroit Boat Club, and have much other work in addition.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Southin S. Farmer, Newark, N. J.

Through Train Service to Florida and the South.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, ever on the alert to provide whatever its patrons desire, has established for this season an unexcelled through-train service to Florida and the South.

First and foremost comes "The New York and Florida Special," composed exclusively of Pullman vestibule smoking, dining, observation, sleeping and drawing-room cars. No extra fare will be charged on this train over and above the usual Pullman berth charges. It will leave New York Wednesday, January 10th, and every week day thereafter until April 19th, 1894, at 12:10 P. M., Newark 12:35 P. M., Trenton 1:35 P. M., Philadelphia 2:30 P. M., Wilmington 3:10 P. M., Baltimore 4:45 P. M., and Washington 5:55 P. M., via Richmond and the Atlantic Coast Line and Plant System, arriving at Jacksonville 5:30 P. M., and St. Augustine 7 P. M. the following day.

There are two additional express trains via the Atlantic Coast Line, the one leaving New York daily at 9:30 A. M., Newark 9:55 A. M., Trenton 11:08 A. M., Philadelphia 12:10 P. M., Wilmington 12:50 P. M., Baltimore

2:24 P. M., Washington 3:46 P. M., arriving Charleston 6:50 A. M., Savannah 8:23 A. M., Jacksonville 1:35 P. M., St. Augustine 3:40 P. M., and Tampa at 10:35 P. M., with buffet sleeping cars from New York to Charleston, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa; the other leaving New York daily at 8:30 P. M., Newark 8:55 P. M., Trenton 10:15 P. M., Philadelphia 11:33 P. M., Wilmington 12:19 A. M., arriving Charleston 11:00 P. M., Thomasville 1:07 P. M., Jacksonville 8:40 A. M., St. Augustine 10:50 A. M., and Port Tampa 7:15 P. M., connecting at that point Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays with Plant Steamship Line for Key West and Havana, with buffet sleeping cars from New York to Richmond, Thomasville, Jacksonville and Port Tampa. Both of these trains make direct connections, via Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Indian River Railway, to St. Augustine, Palatka, Ormond and Rockledge (Indian River).

Two trains leave New York daily, via Washington, Richmond & Danville and Florida Central & Peninsular Railroads, the one leaving New York at 4:30 P. M., Newark 4:55 P. M., Philadelphia 6:55 P. M., Wilmington 7:41 P. M., Baltimore 9:20 P. M., Washington 10:43 P. M., arriving Columbia 12:05 P. M., Savannah 4:00 P. M., Jacksonville 9:00 P. M., and Tampa 7:30 A. M., with sleeping cars from New York to Jacksonville and Tampa; the other leaving New York at 12:15 night, Philadelphia 3:50 A. M. (or 7:20 A. M., changing at Washington), Baltimore 9:42 A. M. (changing at Washington), Washington 11:01 A. M., arriving Savannah 4:30 A. M., Jacksonville 9:30 A. M., and Tampa 5:00 P. M., with sleeping car from New York to Jacksonville.

Passengers from New England can make close connections with these trains at Philadelphia and Washington by using through trains, with parlor and sleeping cars, leaving Boston, via Shore Line, at 9:00 A. M. week-days and 7:30 P. M. daily, arriving Philadelphia 6:05 P. M. and 6:40 A. M., and Washington 9:45 P. M. and 10:42 A. M. respectively.—Adv.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York City Corps.

FOURTEEN members of the New York City Corps had a fine evening's sport on Friday night. The men were divided into teams of seven, under the lead of Capt. Runge and Capt. Kuhlman, and a series of matches was shot off in which the honors were easy. Scores:

First shoot:			
A Runge (captain).....	236	H Kuhlman (captain)....	213
O G Zettler.....	242	R Russe.....	242
A Ludwig.....	235	H Witte.....	239
H Molzen.....	208	C Rehm.....	231
M Wiewer.....	192	H Muuz.....	206
H Radloff.....	234	F Roedel.....	202
H Weldelken.....	239-1537	F Facklam.....	226-1559
Second shoot:			
Capt Runge.....	234	Capt Kuhlman.....	204
Zettler.....	244	Busse.....	241
Ludwig.....	233	Witte.....	230
Molzen.....	234	Rehm.....	230
Wiewer.....	201	Munz.....	227
Radloff.....	233-1353	Roedel.....	201-1345

Empire Rifle Club.

SEVEN members of the Empire Club were present on Jan. 3 to participate in the first shoot of the new year. During the past year a disturbing element (Hymen) has been permitted to fasten itself upon the membership of the society, and the result has been that the attendance at the weekly meetings has been rather light. It is now claimed by the management of the club that they have succeeded in placing a temporary quarantine upon the disturbance, and it is expected that there will be no further development during the coming year. Scores: Ben. Zahn 243, Wm. Rosenbaum 240, L. Buss 234, Jac. Grimm 233, Charles Zettler, Jr. 233, H. Zettler 231, Z. G. Maisenholder 233.



## Jerseymen at the Targets.

The weekly handicap shoot at Armbruster's Schuetzen Park on Saturday of last week brought together quite a good-sized crowd of riflemen and friends of the shoot. The attendance at these meetings is growing larger from week to week, showing that there is an increased interest in rifle matters among the Hudson county riflemen. This week, Jan. 20, the 50-shot match between Capt. Hansen, of the Excelsior Club, and Plaisted, of the Greenville Club, will be shot off on this range. President Walther, of the Zettler Club, is interested in this match and has promised to be on hand to witness the contest. In the 50-shot handicap match shot to-day there were seven entries, Messrs. Dorrier, Hansen, Plaisted, Collins, C. Boag, Chavant, and Scheeline participating. The old champion, Dorrier, was in fairly good form and put up a good score. Capt. Hansen seemed to be in good trim. Plaisted's match with Busse the day before seemed to have exhausted his nerve force; his score was away below his average. Chavant made some brilliant scores, but his total for the 50 shots was hardly up to his average. William C. Collins, with his new Ballard, showed up well, and with a little better acquaintance with his gun will be heard from later.

## Fifty-shot handicap:

Plaisted, scratch.....	19 19 10 24 19 21 12 17 14 20—175
Dorrier, scratch.....	24 18 22 21 22 23 23 23 23 23—221
Hansen, scratch.....	22 22 22 24 19 23 21 20 19 21—196
Collins.....	22 22 22 22 24 19 23 21 20 19 21—196
C Boag.....	22 22 22 22 24 19 23 21 20 19 21—196
C Scheeline.....	22 22 22 22 24 19 23 21 20 19 21—196
Chavant.....	22 22 22 22 24 19 23 21 20 19 21—196

After the close of the 50-shot race Dorrier and Plaisted indulged in a little individual race of 25-shots, in which Dorrier got the best of his competitor by a small margin.

Dorrier.....	23 24 22 22 21 22 23 22 20 20 21 24
Plaisted.....	25 21 17 20 25 18 25 23 20 20 23 23

Capt. Henry Mahlenbrock, of the Hudson Club, was present, and assisted in making matters interesting in the shooting house. The afternoon's sport was concluded with a series of 3-shot pools. Scores:

First pool:	
Dorrier.....	23 24 22—66
Plaisted.....	25 21 20—66
Hansen.....	20 21 23—66
Chavant.....	10 21 23—66
Boag.....	15 23 18—66
Second pool:	
Dorrier.....	23 23 23—69
Plaisted.....	23 23 23—69
Third pool:	
Dorrier.....	23 23 23—69
Plaisted.....	23 23 23—69

## Plaisted vs. Busse.

The 100 shot rifle match between Geo. W. Plaisted of Greenville, N. J., and R. Busse of New York City, which has been looked forward to by our local riflemen with feelings of interest for some weeks, was shot off on Friday of last week in Washington Park.

There was a large gathering of exponents of the rifle to witness the contest, and many of them had their pocket-books well lined hoping to turn an honest penny. Prominent among the many were to be seen Gus Zimmerman, Barney Walther, Chas. Zettler, John Hill, Gus Nowak, H. D. Muller, C. H. Chavant, Geo. Schlicht, Wm. Rosenbaum and others. The conditions of the match called for 100 shots each, Schützen rules, \$50 a side. Barney Walther was made referee and stake holder, and Gus Nowak official scorer. The contest was booked to open at 10:30 A. M. but it was past 1 o'clock before the referee put in an appearance. Another half hour was lost in perfecting the details connected with the match. The weather was clear and cold, and the large stove in the shooting house was kept in active work to supply the necessary warmth to keep the shooters and visitors comfortable. At 11:30, after each contestant had signified his readiness to begin the match, referee Walther called time and ordered each man to his allotted target.

Busse was the first to score, making a 21; Plaisted followed with 22. The first 10-shot string was 213 for Plaisted and 205 for Busse, giving Plaisted a lead of 8 points. The second string Busse gained 4 points. On the third string he gained 23 more, and on the fourth 9 points more, making at the end of the fourth string or fortieth shot a lead of 23 points in favor of Busse. At this point there were signs of a serious panic in the ranks of the Jerseyman. The fifth string showed a slight change. Plaisted cutting down the lead one point. The match was now half through and Busse was 27 points in the lead. With the two men equally matched a lead sufficient to forecast a victory for Busse, and yet there was no betting. In the sixth string Plaisted let out a link, putting up 236 against Busse's 214. In the seventh string Plaisted let loose a little more reserve, making 224 against Busse's 220. At this point Busse's lead of 27 points disappeared and the two contestants stood on even terms. Plaisted's eighth, ninth and tenth strings were 217, 216, 215, against Busse's 194, 206, 203, giving Plaisted the match with a margin of 46 points. Scores:

Plaisted.....	22 24 14 16 24 19 22 21 21—213
Busse.....	23 18 25 17 19 21 20 23—207
	19 21 20 20 20 17 23 24 17—201
	22 22 18 17 17 18 16 21—193
	18 25 21 22 19 19 22 24 21—215
	25 24 30 22 22 21 25 23 23—226
	23 24 22 21 23 22 19 24 25—224
	20 16 19 23 23 25 22 20 23—217
	19 22 24 24 14 15 23 24 19—216
	22 23 25 25 23 23 23 13 21—216
	21 20 20 17 13 22 22 19 21—208
	24 19 23 23 22 22 19 24 16—211
	23 24 21 25 25 22 19 21 23—224
	19 21 19 23 15 17 23 23 21—202
	22 24 20 21 20 20 22 18 24 23—214
	22 30 20 23 13 11 23 22 16—214
	22 18 21 20 21 21 24 25 23 21—209
	22 19 21 16 18 24 23 21 23—194
	23 23 19 18 23 21 17 18 25—206
	21 21 21 21 23 16 23 21 20—203

Gus Nowak, scorer; Bernard Walther, referee.

## Hudson Rifle Club.

On Monday evening, Jan. 8, the Hudson Rifle Club held its annual meeting for the election of officers. There was a large number of members present, and after all the business had been transacted and reports read the election took place. Several important resolutions were discussed and adopted. The club no longer has the offices of president, vice-president and secretary, as it was decided to do away with these and to have the captain act as chairman at all meetings in order that no discord may arise. A shooting master was elected to take the place of lieutenant and it is an office which the club has long been in need of. Three committees heretofore attending to all the necessary business of the club were honorably discharged and a board of directors consisting of five of the club's most reliable members were elected. This committee changes the former mode of working and has brought things to a minimum point, so that few will do more satisfactory work than many did before the change.

The election was full of life and great rivalry existed in several of the offices, but resulted in the re-election of nearly all the old officers, as follows: Captain, Henry Mahlenbrock; Shooting Master, Henry E. Boddy; Cor. and Rec. Sec'y, Charles E. Bird; Fin. Sec'y, Charles Stadman; Treasurer, John Rehan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph Buch. Board of Directors—George W. Morgan, Thomas A. Reynolds, A. Braun, Sr., Samuel Middleton and Captain Mahlenbrock. Considerable business was transacted, and after the treasurer's report was submitted, which showed a good balance, it was announced by the treasurer that the club had started the year 1894 free and clear

of any debt. After the close of the meeting several team matches were shot and the boys enjoyed a jolly, pleasant and profitable evening.

The following best scores of 10 shots were made during the evening: C. Hutch 248, H. Hansent 247, H. Mahlenbrock 244, J. Rehan 244, C. E. Bird 241, A. Braun, Sr. 242, T. A. Reynolds 240, H. E. Boddy 240, C. Hadernan 238, S. Middleton 237, T. Pfaffenberger 235, J. Buch 235, G. W. Morgan 230, C. Schleimermacher 219, H. Hoersch 221.

P. S.—Captain Mahlenbrock would like to hear from all the Hudson county rifle clubs in regard to hold a tournament before the winter season.

## Port Chester.

PORT CHESTER, Jan. 8.—The Port Chester Rifle Club started a 50-shot match for the club championship several weeks ago, but every Saturday a stormy day prevented the match from coming off until Dec. 23, when they managed to shoot out 30 shots before darkness set in. It was then agreed to finish the match on the succeeding Saturday. Only one member appeared on that day and shot out his 20 shots, but as it was the only member present the scores did not count, and it was again postponed to Jan. 6, on which day the remaining 10 shots were shot off. The leading member in the first day's race was in decidedly bad form and barely missed losing his scalp. But such are the ups and downs of rifle shooting. The following are the scores:

Jan 6.....	24 23 23 23 24 18 18 22 21—214
Hess, Dec 23.....	14 20 15 21 21 17 11 20 23—183
Jan 6.....	23 20 23 25 18 22 23 15 20 16—204
Bachmann, Dec 23.....	24 20 23 16 14 15 17 15 25 21—190
Jan 6.....	23 14 17 23 21 18 20 19 19 20—193
Horn, Jan 6.....	23 23 21 19 15 16 23 21 23 20—200
McNeil, Dec 23.....	15 17 18 21 15 16 20 19 17 17—185
Jan 6.....	16 21 21 30 15 15 18 25 18 23—196
Boeger, Dec 23.....	15 17 18 21 15 16 20 19 17 17—185
Jan 6.....	15 15 9 13 11 16 21 20 24 19—163
Boeger, Dec 23.....	9 19 16 23 0 22 11 0 20 23—148
Jan 6.....	10 33 14 16 9 9 13 12 24 19—148
Smith, Dec 23.....	19 24 21 16 11 13 9 15 15 30—163
Townsend, Dec 23.....	23 21 21 20 19 23 19 21 21 25—213
Smith and Townsend were absent on Jan. 6.	

## Eastside vs. Columbia.

The Columbia Rifle Club, of Paterson, N. J., shot a team match against the Eastside Club last week for a purse of \$40 a side and the championship of Passaic county. The two clubs have come together before in team contests, and it has generated considerable rivalry among members and friends of the two organizations as to which has the best team. In the last contest, shot in October, the Columbia team won on the small margin of 10 points. In the last match, which was shot on Saturday of last week on the Bunker Hill range, each club put forward its best men. There was a large gathering of the friends of the two teams, and the interest in the contest was kept at a white heat until the last shot was fired. The Columbia team won by a good margin and are now hailed as the champions of the county. The range shot over was 100yds., German 20-ring target, 10 shots per man, possible 200. Scores:

Columbia Rifle Club.	
J. Irons (captain).....	19 18 14 19 15 17 14 17 16—163
H. Wolf.....	15 19 14 13 18 20 15 13—149
J. W. Johnson.....	18 20 17 19 17 17 15 16 16—173
T. Kelley.....	14 18 16 14 14 16 18 17 11—153
W. McCullough.....	19 20 16 19 19 16 18 17 13—175
G. Reynolds.....	15 19 8 12 10 10 17 17—126
R. Gonne.....	12 20 18 17 12 9 12 15 15—147
J. McVeigh.....	16 17 19 16 18 18 15 16 13—167
W. Dutcher.....	17 14 18 17 17 16 20 20 17—172
R. McCullough.....	19 18 17 15 18 18 17 19 18—1604
Eastside Rifle Club.	
W. Newby.....	16 17 13 16 11 15 16 16 15—152
T. Murphy.....	13 16 11 16 19 19 7 17 15—140
J. O. Welch.....	18 17 19 18 19 19 11 0 18—157
B. Maskell.....	16 19 17 18 13 17 18 15 16—104
C. Vemorell.....	18 15 7 18 16 16 14 12 16 8—140
C. Gallagher.....	15 12 11 16 18 15 14 11 19—146
A. Newby (captain).....	14 15 16 17 19 15 17 17 16—166
W. Brooks.....	17 18 16 18 15 16 18 19—174
J. Foster.....	15 13 10 15 10 15 15 15—132
Judges—Edward Alcott, John Ranson. Scorers—James McVeigh, Columbia; Wm. Newby, Eastside.	

## Winans Trophy Contest.

DR. SAMUEL J. FORT, of Ellicott City, Md., came forward last month with the following challenge:

"ELICOTT CITY, Md., Dec. 20.—I hereby challenge Mr. W. E. Petty, present holder of the Winans Trophy, to shoot me a match for that trophy, Feb. 6. Match to be shot under rules formulated by Forest and Stream and at a place to be selected by the representative of that paper."

The challenge was promptly accepted by Mr. Petty, and the match will take place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6, at the gallery 12 St. Mark's place.

This will be Dr. Fort's first appearance in a contest of this kind, but he has long been interested in pistol and revolver shooting, and is a well-known writer for the sporting press on subjects connected with hunting and small arms.

Mr. Petty is shooting in good form at present, though he was recently somewhat out of trim, as a result of experiments with smokeless powders, and the match promises to be one of unusual interest. For the benefit of all out-of-town sportsmen who wish to be present, it may be stated that St. Mark's place takes its start at the junction of Eighth street with Third avenue, and is conveniently reached by the Third Avenue Elevated (Ninth street station).

## Smith &amp; Wesson Pistol Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 13.—Standard American target, 20yds.: C. S. Axtell.....8 8 8 9 9 10 10 10—91  
J. H. Wesson.....7 7 8 9 9 10 10 10—90  
W. Stadden.....6 7 9 9 9 10 10 10—90  
J. B. Goodrich.....7 7 7 9 9 10 10 10—88  
A. L. Smith.....6 7 7 8 8 9 10 10—88  
C. Clark.....6 7 7 8 8 9 9 10—83  
J. R. Buchanan.....5 6 7 8 8 9 10 10—81  
O. E. Hodskins.....5 6 7 7 8 9 10 10—81  
F. G. Hodskins.....3 5 7 7 9 9 10 10—79  
E. Talbot.....6 6 7 7 8 8 10 10—77  
T. Reed.....5 6 7 7 9 9 10 10—75  
H. T. Boughton.....6 6 6 7 7 9 9 10—75  
A. C. Southall.....4 6 7 7 8 8 9 9—73

## Lady Miller Club.

The members of the Lady Miller Club enjoyed a pleasant night on Tuesday last, trying to find the center of the bullseye. The ladies shoot weekly, and have become quite proficient with the gallery rifle. The scores: Mrs. Meyns 220, Mrs. Stadler 217, Miss Kloepping 219, Mrs. Fisher 210, Mrs. D. Miller 212, Mrs. Abner 213, Mrs. Borden 208, Mrs. Schroeder 200, Miss Mannheim 201, Miss Volk 204, Miss Sanders 204.

## Greenville Rifle Club.

The weekly handicap gallery shoot of the Greenville Club was well attended on Friday night, nine men members participating. The scores are appended: 10 shots, possible 250. Scores: Agnew 224, Dorrier 220, Collins 238, Graef 204, C. Boag 232, J. Boag 231, Lutz 238, Holzappel 220, Robidoux 237, Scheeline 230, Plaisted 233, Lembeck 204, Wuestner 183, Huelse 206, Daniels 222, F. Wuestner 210, Hill 229, Gassman 205, Becker 211.

## RIFLE NOTES.

The Harlem Rifle Club held its annual meeting on Jan. 5. The new board of officers are as follows: Charles Hutch, Captain; C. H. Denner, Lieutenant; E. W. Busby, Shooting Master; J. H. Boyken, Secretary and Treasurer. The club has one of the finest gallery ranges in the city. It is located corner Third avenue and 115th street, under the Harlem Hotel. With the immense population in the Harlem district to draw from this club should be one of the strongest on Manhattan Island.

Our Paterson correspondent informs us that rifle interests in Passaic county are active as follows: William Dutchers says that a match is on between Dutch and Dietrich on the one side and James Irons and Robert McCulloch on the other, 100 shots per man, on the Bunker Hill range, for a liberal purse.

While the Plaisted-Busse match was going on last Friday, Charles Zettler, being in an enthusiastic condition, challenged the champion, Zimmerman, for a 10-shot race then and there. Gus, being in an accommodating spirit, accepted the "defi," and the match started. The scores are as follows:

Zimmerman.....	27 27 23 22 23 24 24 21 21—297
Zettler.....	21 15 23 18 23 19 24 17 16—193

At a meeting of the Our Own Club, of Hoboken, on Monday last the club voted to enter a team in the Hudson County Gallery League.

The Greenville Club instructed its shooting committee to confer with the delegates of the other clubs who may desire to form a league. We have received many inquiries of late from riflemen interested in our experiments with nitro powder in the rifle. For the time being we are not in position to satisfy the longings of our inquiring brothers, for the reason that thus far our experiments have been limited to a few samples of powder that have as yet not been put upon the American market and the quantity supplied to us has been of such a limited quantity that no definite results have been gained. We are now waiting for samples that were promised many weeks since. When these come to hand we shall go ahead with our experiments and the results of our labors will appear from time to time in these columns.

The Hansen-Plaisted match comes off at Armbruster's Park this afternoon and all lovers of the sport who can spare the time should be on hand to see the sport. President B. Walther, of the Zettler Club, will be master of ceremonies.

Many of our rifle shooting patrons are inclined to the belief that "Diamond Walt" and his .22-caliber has had altogether too much tickle and waltz in the columns of Forest and Stream. Our local gallery shooters, many of whom are expert with the .22-caliber and the .22 short ammunition at the distances for which this cartridge is intended, at times find it difficult to keep 10 shots in a 2in. bullseye at a distance of 100ft. with the machine rest; and when they read the vapors of some snark whose situation is such that it is an almost impossibility to get fresh ammunition from the factory, and who sets up claims for such ammunition as can be picked up at the nearest crossroads store, that can hardly be accomplished with the larger calibers, there is a unanimous desire of those versed in the use of factory ammunition to sit upon the individual.

The three days gallery tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club will be opened on the club ranges, No. 219 Bowers, this afternoon: Any .22-caliber rifle, 35-ring target, tickets 35 cents for 3 shots, 3 tickets for \$1, tickets unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by one shooter, best ticket unlimited. Bullseye target, open to all-comers, 3 shots 50 cents, 4in. bullseye, entries unlimited. Premiums—For the most bags, \$3; second most bags, \$2. Shooting will commence each day at 1 o'clock P. M. and close at 12 o'clock P. M. Intermission from 6 to 7 P. M. Ring target will close at 11 P. M. Bullseye target at 10 P. M. Shooting Committee: Gebhard Krauss, Chairman; R. Busse, H. Holges, H. D. Muller, M. R. Engel, B. Zettler, shooting master.

Our local riflemen are patiently awaiting the final denouement in the "Diamond Walt" match. It is the only panacea for their highly congested interest in these two experts.

R. Busse of the New York City Corps, has instructed us to present his compliments to Ignatz Marten of the Williamsburg Schuetzen Corps, and inform him (Marten) that Mr. Busse would be pleased to shoot him a match of 50 or 100 shots for a moderate stake, distance 200yds.

Charles Zettler has a slight attack of match fever, and is said to be looking for some shooter in his class. Some one remarked that Charles would probably have to go outside his class to find an easy mark.

## California Rifle Shooting.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 1.—"Diamond Walt" is indeed a diamond of the first water if he can do some of those fantastic things with his .22 short mentioned in your issue of Dec. 23. The purity of the air of South Dakota must be unparalleled. Ozone must have replaced the oxygen of the air in the deleterious country. I am afraid "D. W." in such atmospheres as I breathe would lose money on a wager that he could put two shots, instead of eight, out of ten, off-hand, in an 8-inch bullseye at 303yds., with his .22—and he might loop off those three odd yards.

The face-simile of your 50-shot score made with nitro black powder, shows a very fine bulging of shots. I earnestly hope for the quick advent of the day when a clean, smokeless, even-shooting powder will be furnished riflemen for target work.

The series of matches for the possession of the Siebe all-comers' medals for 1893 closed yesterday. Fifty shots on three separate occasions, or 150 in all, were fired by each competitor, on 25-ring target. Winners (final) are as follows: Military (Springfield) rifle, C. Meyer, 305 rings; Capt. H. Geo. Helm, 333; pistol, Col. W. E. Kellogg, 3,314. All-around, Ed Hovey, who made with pistol 2,320, with any rifle 3,162, and with Springfield 2,914—a very good all-round score. ROSEL.

## The Manhattan Athletic Club Shooting Range.

This range at Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue was opened Jan. 2, and since then has been well patronized by the students of Columbia College and many of the crack shots of Conlin's old gallery, corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway, and in the evening many of the ladies who belong to the bowling clubs who meet at the club house in the evenings. Some of them shoot remarkably well and promise to become crack shots. The best score made so far was by John Blydenburgh, full score at long range, 10 bullseyes. This is the first one made.

Several of the revolver shots will try their skill shortly and some good shooting may be expected. All lovers of rifle and revolver are cordially invited to pay a visit and try their skill. J. S. CONLIN.

## Heidenreich Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—On Jan. 7 we had a match shoot with the Fort Lee Rifle Club for refreshments with this result:

Fort Lee Rifle Club.	
F. Gooden.....	214
W. A. Hicks.....	220
G. Schlicht.....	238
W. Dalton.....	226
W. Steel.....	221
G. Graf.....	227
Res. Roberts.....	225
E. Wenter.....	223
L. Henders.....	223
Val Horn.....	225-2215
Wm. M. May, Sec'y.	

## New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—The New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot at Zettler's Gallery, 12 St. Marks place, on the 13th inst. The German target, off-hand, range 100ft., and two target shots each day for medal scores. The following members were present and made the scores opposite their names:

E. R. Chadbourne.....	242 239
E. Barker.....	237 232
O. E. Gensch.....	242 238
F. C. Hamilton.....	231 227
A. H. Isbell.....	241 237
David Crocker.....	220 218
R. J. Young.....	239 238
James Duane.....	222
M. Herrington.....	237 237
V. Daly.....	237
E. R. Chadbourne, Sec'y.	

## Our Own Rifle Club.

The Our Own Club, of Hoboken, seems to be in a high state of activity. On Tuesday night of last week the club held its monthly meeting, its regular weekly shoot, also a special shoot for poultry donated by Capt. Hencken. The scores in the weekly shoot are appended as follows: F. Sessman 237, J. H. Kruse 237, H. Stuber 231, A. Maiz 232, Capt. H. Geo. Helm 233, Bliger 220, V. E. Bohmcke 221, A. Moser 219, C. Feldman 218, Schulz 212, W. Keller 212.

In the competition for Capt. Hencken's poultry the following scores were made, 3 shots, possible 75: A. Maiz 75, F. Sessman 74, Captain Hencken 74, A. Steuber 74, J. H. Kruse 74, W. F. Diller 61, C. Feldman 61.















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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.

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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## SPECIMEN COPIES.

Any reader of the "Forest and Stream" may on request and without expense have a specimen number of the paper sent to a shooting or fishing friend.

## SNAP SHOTS.

A RECENT book of stories by Edward Eggleston is entitled "Duffels;" and the author has a bit of pleasant word gossip about a sportsman's term which "Nessmuk" made familiar. When the Indian trader, or "bushloper," exchanged his goods for peltrie, says Mr. Eggleston, his staple was a certain coarse cloth, brought from Duffel in Holland. After a time the term came to be applied to the trader's stock, of which duffel was the chief part; then to all kinds of small wares, and by a natural transition to the contents of a traveler's or camper's outfit—the pan and kettle and gun and woods whatnot.

Another term which has an interesting development is "sport." This is the commonly accepted appellation for the user of rod or gun in the back districts to which he repairs for shooting or fishing. As such persons usually hail from the town, and are at first practically the only townspeople who invade the wilderness, the word "sport" comes to be synonymous with city man. Afterward when summer hotels are built, and others than sportsmen find their way into the wilderness, they too are classed all alike as "sports." In the Adirondacks the summer visitor from town is dubbed "sport," though he may not know a gun from a fishing rod nor woodchuck ragout from mountain mutton stew. It is needless to say that the clear distinctions, which some of us are endeavoring to popularize, between "sport" and "sportsman" are totally unknown in the woods. The single name does for all; it is broad enough to embrace the respectable member of society who has traveled to Florida this week for a shooting or fishing excursion, and the gentry whose presence and performances there have disgraced the State. We can well understand how a decent "sportsman" southbound might have shuddered at being taken for a "sport."

This is the season when those who are so fortunate as to have opportunity for winter outings are looking toward Florida and the South, and for their benefit we would like to hear from correspondents who may point the way to good fishing and shooting resorts. Information of this nature printed in our columns is of direct profit to many readers. Mr. Hough, of our Chicago office, is just now on a visit to Texas and we may expect that in the near future his "Chicago and the West" budget will enlarge upon some of the favored game regions in the Lone Star State.

Our correspondents "O. O. S." and "Awahsoöse" are engaged in a lively discussion between themselves as to the proper mode of dispatching the man in camp who makes an unendurable nuisance of himself by talking politics. They are agreed that to give him short shrift is the only course open to his outraged fellows; but they appear unable to determine which is the more sportsman-like method of disposing of him, one holding that he should be cast over a high cliff, if there happens to be a cliff available, while the other contends for anchoring him in seventeen fathoms of water, if there be a pond or an ocean handy.

Two topics which are to be avoided not less studiously in these columns than in camp are politics and religion. If, as has been said, a consideration of Sunday fishing laws trenches perilously near upon religion, a tariff discussion comes quite as closely to talking politics. And yet never is the tariff under consideration in Washington but that sportsmen are on hand to make it serve in some way their notions of securing protection for game, and

an examination of such tariff provisions proposed by them may involve none of the vexed questions of home and foreign manufacture, but may have to do only with the preservation of the game supply. Such, for instance, was the proposition of Commissioner Huntington of Ohio to tax the eggs of wildfowl imported from the Northwest, that breeding ducks and geese might not be robbed for the supply of the albumen market. Another is the gun duty scheme projected by a Michigan correspondent, which is detailed in another column as having been suggested to Chairman Wilson of the Ways and Means Committee.

The proposal is in short to increase the duty on firearms and ammunition for the purpose of making these articles more expensive, so that only rich people may afford to purchase them, and that guns, becoming a luxury, may be confined to the use of a few; all this to the end that game may not be pursued by the owners of cheap firearms, but may thrive and multiply and replenish the earth, for the amusement of the rich, as aforesaid.

There is no denying that cheap guns are responsible for the dearth of game in many localities; nor that if these arms were taken away from their possessors the covers might teem once more. To cut off the supply of cheap guns would, in theory, at least, be a factor in conserving the game. If the imposition of an impost on imported arms should prove inadequate for the attainment of such an end, the advocates of a high tariff for game protection only might proceed a step further and lay a good round internal revenue tax on guns manufactured in this country. Once let a Ways and Means Committee be fully committed to a policy of game protection by taxation, and it need not halt at a duty on the gun alone, but might tax the entire outfit, shooting togs, dog and dog whistle, not exempting the tall talk the shooter indulges in when he comes home.

This is theory. As a matter of fact we question whether any such expedient as making the sport of shooting more costly will effect game protection. More than this, we question whether game protection secured at such a price would be a desirable thing to have. We have no sympathy for nor confidence in any scheme which means in effect, "The game for the rich—the poor be hanged." We object to any plan which would determine a man's right to enjoy shooting by the relative bigness of his purse. We do not concede for the moment that in this country the privilege of field sports is to be accorded to the rich and to be denied to the man of moderate means, or of limited means, or of no means at all.

More than this, we believe that such propositions as the one under consideration, by which field sports are set apart as the indulgences of the caprices of a privileged class, are calculated to do more harm to the cause of game protection than ever they can do good. There is enough feeling on the subject already in many sections—a sentiment very generally held by those who live in the country particularly, that shooting and fishing are the sports of a class, that the aim of protection and fish protection is not to secure the benefit of the people as a whole, but of a favored few. This feeling, we may say, and very truly, is mistaken and all wrong, and has no basis in fact. But it exists, nevertheless. It is a very real sentiment, held to none the less tenaciously for being a fallacy; and it constitutes a powerful obstacle to the right protection of game and fish, as every individual or club or association actively engaged in the fight for protection can testify. The true path toward game protection lies not in the direction of intensifying this prejudice-blinded sentiment; but of allaying it. The enlistment of the masses in the cause of conserving the game and fish supply is to be secured by teaching the masses, and truly, that the cause is for the benefit of all, not of a few.

What the future has in store for the shooters and the anglers who are to come after us, we may not foresee. Some prophesy that America is by and by to be without game save in the preserves of the wealthy. It may be. Others are hopeful that with a growing appreciation of the value of field sports, with a wider diffusion of information and of common sense on the subject, and with a corresponding regard for the common rights of all in the

game supply, there may be opportunity for all, without regard to money distinctions.

The preserve system is the one most easily attained. It will come of itself readily enough if we continue to follow a policy of *laissez faire*—"let things slide." To inculcate and cherish a spirit of provident regard for the sportsmen of the following generations, and to create a public sentiment which shall insure to them the privileges with which we of to-day are blessed—this is an alternative vastly more difficult of attainment, but it is the one which should be adopted by every public-spirited and patriotic American sportsman who is enjoying the opportunities of the present.

Mongolian pheasants promise to be in demand for years to come as game birds for stocking public and private shooting grounds. For that reason the breeding of a supply to meet the demand might prove a profitable enterprise for some one having the facilities. Some of the young men who write to us now and then asking for profitable trapping territory, might better turn their attention to raising pheasants for gun clubs. The birds are prolific and easily reared.

Along about New Year's, when January is fairly under way, here and there, in every city and village and hamlet, may be found enthusiasts who begin to reckon up the time that must elapse before the trout season will open. They can tell you off-hand the precise number of days, to that auspicious date. About this time, if not earlier, they spend hours over their fly-tying tables, putting together their contrivances for the taking of fish on that first day. And about this time, too, they begin to write to their fellows reminding them of the important date and exhorting them to let nothing stand in the way of the proposed reunion on the stream. Thus angling is a pursuit which extends its pleasures of retrospection and of anticipation through all the months. And yet there are unknowing folk who would measure the profitableness of a day on the stream by the weight of the catch. But such reasoners are not anglers, even though they may have gone fishing.

A genius who knows nothing about alligators avers in an evening paper that an alligator on land cannot turn about quickly because its legs are so short. On this principle a snake cannot turn around at all, for it has no legs, long or short.

We are frequently given to understand that this is a family journal, by such a note as this from a Scranton, Pa., correspondent:

By the way, we use articles from FOREST AND STREAM to read in the Out Door Department of our Chautauqua Circle and the ladies enjoy them exceedingly.—J. H. F.

And it has been told to us before now that the FOREST AND STREAM is regularly read aloud in many a home. To betray the trust thus reposed in us by confiding friends, and to admit into these pages anything to which exception might be taken would be a most grievous offense. Prompted by such considerations we deem it only fair and honorable to throw out a warning against the promiscuous family reading of the lay sermon in this issue from the pen of Rev. J. H. La Roche. The doctrines there expounded are calculated to make trouble for more than one fisherman who has been used to bidding his family good-bye upon leaving home for camp; for if Mr. La Roche shall have his way the family will refuse to have any good-byes said.

Is the assertion true that the average man shoots better on paper than he does in the field, does more execution with a pen than with a gun, holds with aim decidedly more true when telling of it than in the doing, and brings down his game at longer range in print than in the air? Human nature has something to do with this no doubt; and even the true sportsman is intensely human, so human that he forgets the misses and recalls only the happy shots. Mr. W. B. Mershon of the Saginaw Crowd, whose doings in the Bad Lands were recently chronicled, prides himself, we believe, upon having so far overcome human nature as to give in his relation a true account of the good shots and the misses of that expedition. This, he thinks, may have left in the minds of readers an impression that the crowd was a party of pretty poor shots; but if the truth were known they might prove to have done about as well as the average.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### PADDLING DOWN THE PATUCA.—III.

A Story of Travel in Honduras.

(Concluded from Page 47.)

A POCK-MARKED, stumpy Sambo dipped his brand new mahogany paddle into the river beside a brand new mahogany canoe at sunrise. With dignity befitting the office of captain of a white patron's canoe he cried in severe tones:

"Lux! Lux!"

Three men forward obeyed the order to push the boat off. The usual farewells were chanted by crew and by friends on the bank at the embarkadero. The village was in sight until we were a mile or more from the landing. The voices of the women floated to us across the placid waters in cadence that grew more melodious as the distance increased. They ceased when we entered a rapid where the weight of the current swept into a sharp bend. Great masses of talpatali, in which the waters had gnawed countless holes, choked much of the width of the river; but there was neither danger nor difficulty in dashing through to the smooth water below.

We entered a long, still reach at noon. Midway down its length stood a dozen watas on a high clay bank that made a narrow terrace at the foot of a low range of hills. We were welcomed by all the habitants of the place, for all were sober. Ualpa-tanti was dull, in fact. The rubber gatherers—the huleros—were in the forests of the Amacwass, or River of Honey Bees, of the Cuyumel, and of the Uas-presini, or Swiftwater, getting together a new supply of precious gum with which to buy yet more precious powder, shot and rum—particularly rum.

It would be unjust, I knew, to judge that camp by its dead appearance. I knew that two or three times each year it was full of life and liquor, of debased men and of women who tried their worst to be more degraded than their fit companions—and failed. But life and property were comparatively safe, for even when one man robbed another of his woman bloodshed rarely followed. Once in a while a man might cut another rather badly with a machete; but they would excuse him because he was quite too drunk to know what he was doing. And they would tie the pieces together and in a few weeks they would be ready to go on again getting rubber or getting drunk.

There was nothing to stay there for. Before me lay an hundred miles of river, wide and deep, wherein were no rapids, no dangers, no excitements. Not a mountain would vary the monotony of the low and level banks. They would be dull but for the profuse bloom, the brilliant orchids, the fuscias, the soldierly palm royals and the bamboos that leaned far out over the milky flood that was the contribution of hundreds of streams, dashing down from the hills of Olancho over placers where golden stores await the batea of the women who wash out a few yellow grains during the week, then piously devote some to the blessed saints, a few more to bet on the next Sunday's cock fight, and thus to dutifully add to the happiness of their spouses. The rest would pay for a bit of bright ribbon.

My Waikna crew were not silent men, nor solemn. Shouts and laughter came often from them. They slapped the water resoundingly with their paddle blades, and yelled enough to scare the scalp from a statue of stone. Now and then one would take a header into the river, and then pretend that he had seen a turtle. Once in a while one did bring up a boca-toro or "bull-mouth" turtle, whereat there would be great rejoicing.

So there was when their keen black eyes would get sight of an iguana barking on the tops of the tall grasses or on some branch of bush or tree.

"Kokomoke, kokomoke, boss!" they would whisper, eagerly. If I could manage to make out the form of the big lizard—that was in color so like the limb or the grass on which it lay, my gun would rise, the men would be as still as the wood they sat in, intently watching. At the crack of the rifle every man would yell like a lunatic. If the game was killed it would be pitched into the pipanti and loud would be the chatter.

As we managed to kill three or four iguanas each day, and as they were usually 2 to 4 ft. long, with enough white and tender flesh in each to make a good meal for four men, we seemed to be in little danger of starvation.

We camped on the edge of a prairie at Uaxmuth, a name that means the "cry of the hawk," and may be a corruption of "hawk's mouth."

One could have jumped from the edge of that prairie into the deep river, 30 ft. below; but it did not occur to me to try it. It was more in my line to sit in my canoe and note how the red volcanic mud and gray ashes had become sifted all through the deep bed of keen-edged, sharp-cornered fragments of milk-white quartz. No man can guess how deep that bed of quartz fragments may be; but any man who knows sugar cane would guess that that red soil would make the best of sugar fields; one need not guess that that land would grow good oranges, for there was ample proof of that on the three or four trees which were grouped where houses stood, before evil spirits took possession and drove the people away.

Superstition is most useful to some people. If fatal sickness often visits a house or a village, it is much simpler to believe that the devil is in it and to abandon the place to evil influences than to go tediously prying into the occult secrets of nature for the cause of the sickness. It is easier to say, "Mafia has taken the house; let us leave it," or "It is the will of God; let us be resigned," than it is to find the sources of disease and remove them. So, through their superstition and experience, the natives of Mosquitia have in the course of generations come to dwelling in salubrious places, that are also free from annoyances, and convenient.

One of the crew started a fire and began getting supper. The others unloaded the canoe and fixed my bed on the ground. I took a look at a tiny brook that flowed among the palmetos not far away. A deer rose from the grass. He coolly stared at me ten seconds, more or less. I didn't hurt him, although I have seldom allowed deer to long stand and make big eyes at me. Vexed as I was I could not have brought myself to shooting the fellow. I hadn't even brought my gun. I had my voice with me, though, and let it go into a yell that would have charmed an Indian. Then the buck went away.

It is very pleasant to have a rifle in camp, sometimes.

There was a big drunk, a mishla, going on in the Waikna village of Cropunto when we landed there. One of the boozy men at the landing gave us first news and invitation to join the festivities. My men looked so wishful, and really needed a big spree so badly that I had not heart hard enough to refuse them. Besides, they would surely have stolen away if I had not, with most generous air, made virtue of the necessity and told them to go. After that they would have felt that a grievous slight had been put on village and on tribe, if I had refused their hospitality.

The way to the village led through a belt of straight young willows to the pine-fringed prairie. A mile from the river stood a grove of mangos, cocoa palms, orange and lemon trees. The houses stood on the northern side of the grove; but, although hidden from our sight, it would have been quite easy for us to find them without guide other than the din that came to us from thundering drum and squeaking pipes of bamboo.

On the great pines beside the trail big spots had been shaved free from bark. On these places curious images bearing crude resemblance to men, had been cut through what was left of the bark. From the lines dripped translucent, glistening tears of pitch. The figures may have been cut to express the Waikna sense of the beautiful in art, but my captain gravely admitted that their purpose was to keep the devil away from the village. I judged that they were frightful enough to drive out of the country even a devil of decently artistic tastes.

A big canoe rested on two logs before the biggest wata in the village. It was two-thirds full of liquid on which floated a score of little cups made of the shell of the calabash. A swarm of little stingless bees hovered about the canoe, or crept down its sides to the edge of the mishla within and drank their fill, or gathered whatever they could of sweet with which to fill their cells.

Beside the canoe a Waikna swayed on groggy legs, while he held out to a friend a calabashful of the tipple. Near them a couple of Sambos embraced with mandrin friendliness. A mother stood beside the drink and held a cup of mishla to the lips of the naked babe sitting astride the woman's hip. Two or three nude youngsters dabbled with cups in the fermenting drink, supping now and then. Men sat talking or dozing in the huts, or under the shelter of the eaves. Other men lay asleep in the shade of the lime trees and the shrubbery. There they would lie until their stupor would so far leave so as to allow them to resume their enjoyment.

Few of the women were as drunk as the men were. Some of the women were quite sober. They took upon themselves to see that none should find machete, or knife or other weapon, and that no half drunken reveler should fire a thatch, and so perhaps turn the whole village out of house and home. They attended to whatever cooking was done during the carnival; but only a little food would be wanted while the mishla should hold out, to fill big stomachs and little.

Quarrels arose, now and then. Two men squabbled before the door in which I stood enjoying the scene. One of them persisted in refusing to pay the value of the wife he had coaxed into leaving the other. This was very unfair, the more so since her first husband offered to take half price for the damaged goods. Possibly he thought the girl would be dearer to him than she had been to her first purchaser at par.

Patience ceased to be a virtue of the wronged spouse. He rushed away to a palmeto thicket and caught up from a bunch of reeds the rusty-headed manatee harpoon he had hidden there. He ran back toward the plunderer of his domestic altar and brandished the spear threateningly.

Then there was a row; women screamed, men shouted. The cause of the fracas looked on. Perhaps she was vain of being the cause of such commotion. No one tried to stop the fierce slayer. It may be that his harpoon looked altogether too dangerous, in the hands of a husband driven to desperation by a deep wrong that nothing less than two red blankets, or a good cow at the very least, could right.

When that weapon came within throwing distance the offender decided to go away. He flew down a grassy slope, the pursuer yelling close behind. The fugitive stopped behind a big pine tree, and picked up a piece broken from a rotten limb by its fall from above. The avenger halted, then turned and ran toward the houses. He was followed by the other and the rotten club. Before the door they began squabbling again. At last the wronged husband declared that he would surely shoot a cow—anybody's cow—if he was not at once paid for his stolen wife. That brought the other to terms. He knew that if that should be done he would have to either pay the value of the cow to her owner, or leave the country. And there was the chance, in fact it might be said to be likely that the fellow would kill one of the best cows he could find; for he was manifestly desperately angry.

They turned to me to umpire their game. It might sound better to say that they elected me judge. The husband demanded that the wife come forward, then told how good a housewife she had been.

"She make big plantation, big," he cried. "She paddle the pipanti better than two men! She cook the fish and the deer better than any woman!" The mireen grinned.

"Oh, no!" shouted the other, "she lazy. I go hungry all the time. She not worth one, one old blanket; but I give one for her."

The girl's smiles vanished.

"She worth ten pine blanket, ten. She is strong like a horse. See how fat she is," he exclaimed, appealing to the judge. "She is fat, big fat, and smooth. Look at her, how young and active. No man will be hungry in her wata, for she can catch the boca-toro and the iguana and the fish. He must pay two blankets—and a cow."

The girl was won completely by such eloquent public proclamation of her virtue—no, not virtue, but her charms. She smiled on her former husband. I thought I saw a way to a Solomon-like decision; but there was no need for haste. Let them dispute a little more. I had plenty of time.

The Waikna, who feared that he would have to pay for his offense against the moral laws of Mosquitia, again labored to reduce the penalty by belittling the value of the property in the estimation of the court. He succeeded so well in counting up her faults that he brought a gust of laughter from the women who were looking on. He also brought a hurricane of vituperation from the cause of contention. She declared that she never would go back to him, and that he was not half the man that her true

husband was. Whereat that gentleman looked hugely flattered.

"Go away now. Come at nightfall and I will give my decision," said I, mindful of the example of those wise judges who manage in like manner to get time to reflect, and perhaps to get counsel of their wives as well.

While the captain of my crew was boiling eggs and roasting plantains for my supper he told me what the women of the place were saying of the case. I sent for the culprit and advised him to give up the girl. I reminded him of the shameful abuse she had heaped upon him, then told him that I would try to get him out of his trouble without the loss of more than one blanket. But he must not tell any one that I had promised to do this. He agreed.

There was no difficulty with the married couple. Each was quite ready to return to the other, who had so boldly published the high qualities both felt that they possessed. The bright red blanket was promised. The wife returned to her happy husband, everybody went back to the mishla and by bedtime they were all most completely, satisfactorily drunk.

'Twas nine o'clock the next morning, before we could get away. The paddlers begged for another day, for such a soul-satisfying mishla as this at Cropunto would not be seen again in years; and life is uncertain at best. But my captain reminded them that the patron had freely given his consent to their staying the day before, when they might have been required to keep on down the river, and so been deprived of all share in the carousal. Besides, if they hurried back they would be in time to get another chance at the festivities and drink.

A couple of the men managed to swill a quart or two apiece of the mishla, before we started. Their fellows in the bow were nearly sober, but their wild paddling gave the steersman trouble. An hour after we started we crashed into the top of a fallen tree at Poon-cara-crichma. The eddy under the point was tremendously strong and deep; but it was only a little way to the sandbar below. I felt quite interested in the question whether or not the crew were so drunk that they would not get out of that whirlpool alive.

There was no need for worrying. The two who were most drunk did sink. The others instantly swam in pursuit of the canoe and our belongings. I held to a branch a minute, looking for the float that was fastened at the end of a long piece of fishline. My rifle was at the other end. When it bobbed to the surface I noted the spot, and considered how I should reach it through the boiling current. It was a stiff pull, but I managed to catch the cord and swim toward the bank. Then one of the two drunken Sambos swam toward me, to give me help in case of need. He may have been sobered by his ducking; his instinct of swimming, born of long lines of ancestry who were dwellers by the sea, and cultivated by daily use from infancy, may have been too strong for mere rum to wash out or to stupefy. However that may have been, he swam high and easily through the eddies, and stayed by me to see that no harm should befall the patron.

The rifle caught in something on the bottom of the river. Down that Sambo promptly went head first along the line, while I stood neck deep and held its end. A minute later he came to the surface and started for the bank with the gun and a mighty puffing.

By that time all the rest of the crew were spreading the baggage in the sunshine on the dry gravel. To have left them wet all day would have been to spoil the goods.

That afternoon we paddled down the western outlet of the Patuca. The channel tortuously led through deep alluvium of unsurpassed fertility. On the banks the Santa Maria stood in groves, and tall ceibas stood, their smooth, swelling boles showing gray amid the brown and green, giant columns that support enormous masses of bloom. Bamboos shot out far over the water; from sunny spots where dense masses of grass, eight or ten feet high, walled the river. Curtains of vines hung from the branches full forty feet above the water; they would be thickly studded in the cool morning with morning glories, purple and pink and white. Floating on the water were clusters of minute and dainty blossoms, resting among delicate little leaves from which pretty pink and white rootlets hung down into the clear water. In broad coves acres of white lilies, pure and fragrant, their perfect petals scarce touched by marring insect, perfumed the gentle breeze.

The banks became low. Vast fields of grass replaced the forest. Cranes and egrets, the ibis and the flamingo stood among the reeds or flapped over the waters. Ducks flew up as each after each, bend after bend opened before us. Great flocks of muscovies quacked in ponds where wild asparagus grew. Ripples widened from moving spots where little knobs showed that alligators' eyes were watching.

We paddled silently along miles of water as straight as any canal, and as uniform in width. Its even banks were like artificial levees. What race dug this channel? Was it done when the great temples of Copan, of Palenque and Uxmal were new, and Central America was rich in people, in commerce and in art; when all the inland waters of this region were connected by navigable channels, and their craft could go without hindrance from Payas Peak to Chiriqui Lagoon in the far south, as they could have done, indeed, scarcely more than half a century ago.

The stars looked down upon us as we picked our way through wide and shallow channels, out into the waters of Cartago Lagoon, rippling under the refreshing trade wind as softly and peacefully as though they had not been through many decades the home of the bloodiest pirates that ever ravaged town on the Spanish main.

It was an hour after we entered the lake before we jumped overboard from our sinking canoe, that was filled by seas that curled and broke breast high on us, as we stood knee deep. We were only a few rods from the bluff edge of the prairie where a white man's comfortable hut stood beneath the rustling leaves of the cocoa palms.

HONDURAS.

E. W. P.

### The Minnesota Moose Law Works.

DULUTH, Minn.—A deputy sheriff from the northern part of Minnesota recently brought to the city two half-breeds on the charge of violating the State game laws, by the killing of moose which are protected by our game laws until 1898.

They were given a trial, convicted and sentenced to sixty days each in the county jail. This is the first conviction for the violation of the game laws this season.

Y.



## IN THE INDIAN RIVER COUNTRY.

ATLANTIC, Brevard County, Fla., Jan. 9.—Once more at home on Indian River (for what is known as the Banana is only a part of the same water running around Merritts Island), amid summer sights and summer sounds in this beginning of the new year, only the shortness of the day reminds one of the time of the year.

Looking seaward I see a vessel sailing not far from shore to keep out of the Gulf Stream; looking riverward I see the white sails of a yacht and hear the reports of the guns as the occupants shoot at the ducks on the Banana. I say shoot at, for the majority of those who sail up and down the river duck shooting, seem to consider 200yds. about the proper distance, and as it affords amusement to the hunter and seldom harms the ducks, both parties ought to be satisfied. But when once in a while some one comes who really wants to get some ducks, he finds that they have learned what they consider the safe and proper limit for the sportsman's approach, and do not propose to allow him to get within a distance that might prove harmful. These were the views expressed to me in somewhat different terms by an Englishman, who was a veteran sportsman, but who found it impossible to approach the ducks within any decent range before they would take flight. Little difference does it make to those who, sailing along these placid waters, have only to experience the bliss of being, of mere existence in such an air. I would like to ask some one wiser than myself in bird lore of the habits of some of my feathered neighbors.

There are a lot of jays who are very intimate about the house, coming so far as to perch on the corner of the verandah and make remarks about the conduct of domestic affairs. They seem to fully appreciate the privilege of a large pan of water kept filled for their especial benefit and that of the mockingbirds close to the verandah.

What I want to ask the wise man is this: Why do these jays bring acorns from the dwarf oaks that grow so plentiful here, and deposit them in the center of the pineapple plants? Now the leaf of the pine is armed with a thorny barb, and it is very difficult for us to remove the acorns; it must be for the bird as well. This same saucy jay is the bird which, you may remember, according to the tradition of the colored people, goes to school every Friday and returns on Sunday. Indeed the one who first gave me this information told me that if I would consider, I would remember that I never saw any jays between Friday and Sunday. However it may be with jays in general, our blue-coated neighbors have evidently postponed their visit to the under-world, or perhaps have lost their weekly reckoning; for although it is Friday to-day, they are rather more numerous and loquacious than usual.

Snipe are now quite plentiful in the savannahs—that is, some days they are plentiful and some days there are none. But that is the habit of snipe in this part of the country.

My neighbor, the Artist, does not allow any shooting on his premises, and is rewarded by an occasional view of a deer quietly feeding. It looks as if prohibition in this direction would become the order of the day in the neighborhood; and in that case we shall keep up our acquaintance with wildcats, coons, bear, deer, etc.

Our old friend Jim Ponce, the famous hunter of St. Augustine, has gone to Lake Worth for the season, and is expected to supply the tourists who will make their pilgrimage there with game. He will be an acquisition to the society of the lake, with his inimitable stammer and droll ways, to say nothing of his skill as a hunter. Those who accompany him on his hunting expeditions must learn to view without alarm Ponce riding through the scrub at break-neck speed, with his doublebarreled gun loaded with buckshot lying at full cock across the saddle in front of him, untouched and apparently liable at any moment to fall and explode, scattering its contents in a most promiscuous manner. In fact, however, it never does fall nor go off accidentally; but as a deer bounds up from before the dogs not far away, Jim will halt his horse and raise his gun to his shoulder as if with one motion, and it is very rarely the deer does not fall. Jim will make many new friends this winter and tell some new stories in a way no other man can tell them. W.

## THE SINGING MOUSE STORIES.

Lake Belle-Marie.

LAKE BELLE-MARIE lies far away. Beyond the forest the mountains are white. Beyond the mountains the sky rises blue, high up into the infinite Unknown.

I do not know where the Singing Mouse lives. No man can tell what journeys it may make such times as it is absent from the room that holds the pine table, and the book, and the candle, and the open fire. But last night, when the faint, shrill sweetness of its little voice grew apart from the lonely silence of the room, and I turned and saw the Singing Mouse sitting on the corner of the book, the light of the candle shining in pink through its tiny paws, almost the first word it said was of the far-off Lake of Belle-Marie.

"Do you see it?" asked the Singing Mouse.

"You mean—"

"The moon there through the window? Do you see the moon, and the stars? Do you know where they are shining to-night? Do you see them, there, deep in the water? Do you know where that is? Do you know the water? I know. It is Lake Belle-Marie."

And all I could do was to sit speechless. For the fire was gone, and the wall was open, and the room was not a room. The voice of the Singing Mouse, shrill and sweet, droned on a thousand miles away in smallness, but every word a crystal of regret and joy.

"A thousand feet deep, or more, or bottomless, lies Lake Belle-Marie, for no man has ever fathomed it. But no matter how deep, the moon lies to-night at the bottom, and you can see it shining there, deep down in the blue. The stars are smaller, so they stay up and sparkle on the surface. The forest is very black to-night, is it not, and the shadows of the pines on the point looks like a mass of actual substance. Wait. Did you see that silvery creature leap from the quiet water? You may know the shadow is but shadow, for you can see the chasing ripples pass through it and break it up into a crinkled fabric of the night."

"Do you see the pines waving, away up there in their tops, and do you hear them talking? They are always talking. To-night they are saying, 'Hush, Belle-Marie; slumber, Belle-Marie; we will watch, we will watch,

hush, hush, hush!' Didn't you ever know what the pines said? They wish no one ever to come near Lake Belle-Marie. Well for you that you only sat and looked at the face of Belle-Marie, and cast no line nor fired an untimely shot around her shores! The pines would have been angry and would have crushed you. You do not know how they live, seeking only to keep Belle-Marie from the world, standing close and sturdy together and threatening any who approach. It would break their hearts to have her hiding place found out. You do not know how they love her. The pines are old, old, old, many of them, but they told me that no footprint of man was ever seen upon those shores, that no boat ever rested on that little sea, neither did ever a treacherous line wrinkle even the smallest portion of its smoothest coves. Believe me, to have Belle-Marie known would break the hearts of the pines. They told me they lived all the time, only that they might every night sing Belle-Marie to sleep, and every morning look upon her face, innocent, pure, unknown and unknowing, therefore good, sincere and utterly trustworthy. That is why the pines live. That is what they are talking about. In many places I know the hearts of the pines are broken and they grieve continually. That is because there are too many people. In this valley the pines do not grieve. They only talk among themselves. In the morning they will wave their hands quite gaily and will say, 'Waken, waken, Belle-Marie! Sweet is the day, sweet is the day; God hath given, given, given!' That is what the pines say in the morning.

"The white mountains yonder are very old. How strong and quiet they are, and how sure of themselves! To be quiet and strong, one needs to be old, for small things do not matter then. Do you know what the mountains think, as they stand there shoulder to shoulder—for they live only to shield and protect the forest, here in the valley. They told me they were thinking of the smallness and the quickness of the days. 'Age unto age!' is what the mountains whisper. 'Æon unto æon! Strong, strong, strong is Time!'

"And yet I knew these mighty pillars lived only to shield the forest which shielded Belle-Marie. So I stood upon the last mountain and looked upon the great blue of the sky, and there again I saw the face of Lake Belle-Marie; and the circle was complete. And I sought no more, for I knew that from the abode of perfect, unhurt nature it is but a step up to the perfect peace and rest of the land where lives that Time whose name the mountains voice in awe.

"And now, do you see what is happening on Lake Belle-Marie? Through the cleft in the forest the pink of the early day is showing, and light shines through the spaces of the pines. And down the pebbles of the beach, knee deep into the shining flood, steps a noble creature, antlered, beautiful, admirable. Do you see him drink, and do you see him raise his head and look about with gentle and fearless eye? This creature is of the place, and no hand must harm him.

"Let the thin blue smoke die down. Attempt no foot further on. Disturb not this spot. Return. But before you go, take one more look upon the Lake of Belle-Marie!"

So again I gazed upon the face of the lake, which seemed innocent, and sincere, and trustworthy, and deserving of the protection of the league of pines, and the army of the mountains, and the canopy of the unshamed sky. And then the voice of the Singing Mouse, employed in some song whose language I do not yet fully understand, faded and sank away, and even as it passed the walls came back and the ashes lay gray upon the hearth.

E. H.

## Natural History.

## FISHING DOGS.

READERS OF FOREST AND STREAM who visited the Esquimaux village at the World's Fair will remember the "husky" dogs there on exhibition. These animals are perhaps the most interesting of all the various classes of our canine friends and during this summer I had ample opportunity to study some of their characteristics.

Of course they are used only in winter, when four or more of them hitched one before the other to a toboggan like sleigh, can accomplish hundreds of miles in a remarkably short time, all the while being sustained by one three or four pound fish a day apiece. During the summer they run wild and rely solely on themselves for their food. While at Lake Winnipeg this summer, I was shooting ducks near a fishing station where forty or fifty huskies which had come down from the North during the winter, were running around.

Their mode of securing food is indeed peculiar. In the morning, they swim across the deep channels at the mouth of the Red river to the shallows where the water is seldom deeper than three feet. They paddle themselves up and down quietly, while keeping a careful watch below them. Suddenly one disappears into the water and when he comes up he has in his mouth a fish. He swims ashore and enjoys his meal at his leisure.

Many times as I have been paddling through sloughs in search of game have I been warned by a low growl, that I was approaching one of the wolf-like dogs, and pushing aside the reeds with my paddle revealed a husky, evidently tired of his swimming tactics, standing in a few inches of water ready to pounce upon the first fish that passed in front of his ambuscade of rushes.

My first experience with these dogs rather startled me. We were returning to camp one bright moonlight night about ten o'clock, after a long day's shooting up the river. We were paddling slowly along about 100yds. from the shore, when a quick splash occupied our attention. It was soon followed by another, then another, then several together, till in all twenty-two objects of some sort had thrown themselves out of the water. Along the path that the moon made on the surface we could see the heads of these animals coming straight for our canoe. We rested on our paddling to see what was to happen. They came near rapidly but still we were unable to determine what they were. At last when within about 15yds., they seemed to notice who we were, and making a sudden turn to the right, gave us a wide berth and passed across our bow. We could then see that they were a band of huskies which were off to do their night's fishing in the neighboring shallows.

ROD. RANDOM.

## "SNOOKS."

I HAVE have often noticed in FOREST AND STREAM some very interesting accounts of dogs and birds that had done wonderful things. I am a great lover of birds, and until very recently was the owner of a pet canary by the name of Snooks. He was without exception the cutest bird that I ever heard of. Every morning when my husband shaved, his favorite place was on the collar of his dressing robe, and his delight was to pick at the hand that held the razor. He had a habit of hopping all over the floor after me, and many a time I have found him between my feet. We had put a bell in his cage and taught him to ring it whenever he wanted us. My husband would say to him, "If you want me, ring your bell." At once he would hop on his perch and ring until we had given him a hemp seed. I always covered him up at night and placed him in one of our closets. Sometimes he would wake and hear my husband's voice. Immediately his bell would ring, although he was in the dark.

He was a good bather, and when he had drained every drop of water out of his bathtub I would bring a pitcher and refill the tub while he stayed in it, then would go on with his bath. Once, when we were away, a friend of ours took care of him for two weeks. She told us that he never sang a note. The night we returned we brought him in our room, opened his cage, and although it was almost dark, he sang to us as if his dear little throat would break. The next morning he did the same, and after that only sang in his usual way. It showed us that the dear little fellow had missed us.

One Christmas morning I went from our front room to the hall room back where we had a sick friend who was very fond of him. He walked after me all the way, then entered her room and perched on a table and looked all around as if to say, "Merry Christmas to you," and then walked back again through the hall to our room. Of course I talked to him all the time to show him I was with him.

The dear little pet was getting old and blind, so we thought it our duty to have a friend chloroform him. For several years we had made a companion of him, so you can imagine how we felt at parting with him.

CLAIRE ADAMS.

## BLACKSNAKE DESCENDING A TREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For two or three months I have been almost the sole possessor of a snake story which bothers me, and I have concluded to risk my reputation by telling it, in the hope that some of your naturalists can explain the phenomenon.

One day this fall I was out at Crève-Cœur Lake, and after rambling through the woods until late in the afternoon I came down to the station to await my train. Passing a large hickory near which three ladies and a gentleman were picnicking, I saw a blacksnake on the trunk of the tree about 12ft. from the ground. To the best of my recollection the tree was about 7ft. in girth and 20ft. to the nearest limb. Its bark was very tight and smooth for a hickory of that size, and there were no knots or excrescences below the limbs. The taper of the trunk from a couple of feet above ground to the first limb was so slight as to be imperceptible. The snake was motionless as if asleep. Its position on the tree was, in the main, diagonally upward from left to right, head toward the top, but the body arranged in graceful curves. I wondered how it could support itself on so straight and smooth a trunk.

The ladies were alarmed when I called their attention to the reptile, as they had been under the tree several times, and near it all afternoon. I opened fire on the snake with a pocket revolver, and scored two bad misses, but the third shot broke its back about 6in. from its head.

Then began a singular performance. The snake did not drop. It slowly released its folds, its head gradually slipped lower and lower down the trunk, its body straightened out accordingly, until finally the snake lay perpendicularly on the trunk, head downward, in a perfectly straight line. We could not detect the slightest curve from tail to head. Then it began slipping down the tree so slowly that we could scarcely see it move, but its body still remained rigid and straight, as though paralyzed. I think that in ten minutes it did not slip down more than 2ft. after once straightening out. I then shot it through the head; there was some muscular contraction and soon the reptile relaxed and fell to the ground. It measured 4ft. 10in. in length.

Now how does a snake descend a nearly vertical surface so very slowly without perceptible muscular movement in a perfectly straight line, when its belly scales slope the wrong way for the trip?

HORACE KEPHART.

St. Louis, Dec. 31.

## White Deer.

I WAS very much interested with reading the announcement recently of a white deer being killed in western Pennsylvania, as I have hunted in that locality for a number of seasons (mostly for grouse). I was telling my father about it, when he said: "That is nothing unusual, for your grandfather killed three white deer in one day in Venango county, about nine miles above Oil City, on Oil Creek. I remember it very distinctly, for I was sent to bring them in and skin them. They were snow-white, with the exception of a few grayish spots on either side of the shoulders of one of them." This was probably a few years prior to 1838, when Mr. Joseph Gayetty shot the one on Horse Creek. I speak of this to show that the albino deer was not such an uncommon animal in that locality in early times.

J. S. RICKETTS.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 12.—Last fall a large albino buck deer was shot a few miles from here. To-day a farmer living in the same section brought into town a last spring's fawn very curiously marked. The head and back are colored like an ordinary deer, but the belly and the inside of the legs and tail are pure white. Its eyes are colored like the common deer and show no traces of albinism.

H. C.

## A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).



## Game Bag and Gun.

### MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Mass., Jan. 16, and was in all respects a most enjoyable occasion. There were present more than one hundred members, and among the guests of the evening were Gov. Greenhalge, ex-Gov. Long, State Treasurer Marden, H. A. Thomas and Rev. Charles Follen Lee.

The banquet hall was elaborately decorated with game pieces and other reminders of the woods, and Mr. Walter Brackett's salmon pictures adorned the walls.

At the annual gathering the president usually delivers an address reviewing the work of the year and the promise of the future; and keeping up the custom, Pres. Wiggin spoke as follows:

*Gentlemen of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association:*

The cardinal principles of our organization are the securing and enforcing of proper restrictions upon the killing of fish and game; the introduction of new species of fish, game and useful birds, and the dissemination of useful information relating thereto. The year which has just closed upon us has been fruitful of events which are of interest to our Association.

It began with the usual contest over the Gilbert trout bill, so-called, in the great and General Court. That bill seems to be possessed of as many lives as the most venerable member of the feline race. It seems to thrive on opposition. Twice, in spite of all opposition, it has passed the lower House, and been defeated in the Senate; and once it has passed both Houses, and received its quietus in the veto of the Governor; but I trust that we have heard the last of that pernicious measure, for the present at least.

Defeated in the Legislature, the author of that bill immediately took measures to test the application and constitutionality of the trout law in the Supreme Court; but there, as in the Legislature, he was destined to defeat. The Supreme Court has passed squarely upon two phases of our trout laws. The two questions raised before the court were these: "Does the law providing for a close season on trout extend to trout artificially raised and owned by a private individual? And is the statute constitutional?" Upon the first of these question the court says, after referring to the several statutes upon this subject:

The object of all these statutes was to protect and preserve the trout. The same statute which first forbade their sale also contained the provisions upon which the present statute is founded, to encourage their artificial propagation and maintenance. In order to make the protection of the trout more effectual, it was deemed necessary by the Legislature to punish the sale, during the close season, of all trout except those which are alive. This was probably on account of the difficulty in distinguishing between trout which had been artificially propagated or maintained, and other trout. On the construction contended for by the defendant, the law could not be so well enforced. In view of the provisions of Sec. 26, it seems to us plain that the penalty imposed by Sec. 53 extends to artificially propagated trout.

2. Nor have we any doubt that the statute is constitutional. The importance of preserving from extinction or undue depletion the trout and other useful fishes of the Commonwealth, has been recognized and illustrated in many familiar statutes and decisions from an early time. Such protection has always been deemed to be for the good and welfare of this Commonwealth, and the Legislature may pass reasonable laws to promote it. Such laws are not to be held unreasonable because owners of property may thereby, to some extent, be restricted in its use. It has often been declared that all property is acquired and held under the tacit condition that it shall not be so used as to destroy or greatly impair the public rights and interests of the community.

So far, then, our trout law seems to be safe. Let us hope that our Legislature will let it remain undisturbed.

In legislation upon our other fish and game laws during the past year the results were equally gratifying to us, for every measure which we advocated became a law, and every measure which we opposed was defeated. I do not wish to be understood as claiming that to the efforts of our association these results were mainly due, for that would be claiming too much, but I do feel gratified to know that after so many years of opposition in our efforts to secure the enactment of wholesome laws, we were at last so nearly in harmony with the people's representatives, or they with us, and I care not which way you put it.

Legislation for the protection of shellfish in this Commonwealth began as early as 1795, and for trout and pickerel in 1822. Legislation for the protection of game came later, the first law having been passed in the year 1839. From the earliest date to the present time great progress has been made in the perfection of those laws, and some of our ablest statesmen have not felt it beneath their dignity to aid in this noble work. It is said that Daniel Webster, just prior to his election to the U. S. Senate, was sent to the Legislature from the town of Marshfield, and served in that body for about ten days, during which time he lent his aid in perfecting the law protecting the speckled trout. And we know that more recently we are indebted to the earnest efforts of ex-Gov. Robinson for those wise and stringent protective provisions contained in the laws of the year 1869. When such men as these are willing to lend their aid to the measures which we advocate, we do not need to apologize for our own existence.

Our earliest laws were framed solely to protect the fish and game, but in later years there has been a growing tendency toward legislation favoring propagation to supply the waste which is constantly going on. Our laws to-day are in the main sufficient for the protection of both fish and game, and I am confident that an enlightened public opinion will in the end secure their enforcement.

The great problem of the future will be to supply the waste that is constantly going on. This field is broad enough for both public and private enterprise.

The restocking of our streams with trout and other fish has already been entered upon by the Commonwealth, but many of us feel that the work is lacking in that vigor and push which should characterize a great and powerful State like Massachusetts. Until last year she had no public fish hatchery within her borders, where she should have had at least a half a dozen. She was the leader in her protective laws, and she should not now be found lagging behind her sister States in making good this waste in her food supply.

The work of propagating game birds in this State has hitherto been solely carried on by private enterprise, and that, too, almost entirely by this Association, but the

success which has attended our efforts has been far beyond our most sanguine expectations.

Since we began our work in this line three years ago, we have liberated in more than sixty different localities in the State, the following birds: Pinnated grouse, 751; sharp-tail grouse, 146; Southern quail, 1,020; Arizona quail, 832; Oregon quail 26; total, 2,775. We also liberated 87 northern hares, footing up to a grand total of 2,862 head of game at an expense of over \$2,000.

So far as we can learn these birds have bred as well as upon their native grounds. If they have, the increase must have been in the neighborhood of 15,000 birds. This makes quite an addition to our game supply.

One of the questions which immediately confronts us is, shall these birds be protected from wholesale slaughter? In one of the recent reports of our committee on enforcement of game laws I find the following: "As to snaring cases, we have been utterly unable to secure evidence sufficient to prosecute. There is no danger of our partridge being exterminated by the gun in open season, or by the depredations of vermin, but it is a very significant fact that probably five-eighths of the birds which are brought to our markets bear no signs of wounds."

The frequent changes in our fish and game laws are a great hindrance to the prosecution of our work. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that those laws have undergone more than one hundred changes in the last ten years, and some of them have now come back substantially to what they were ten years ago. To prevent these constantly recurring changes in this wholesale slaughter of our fish and game, and to push on the work of increasing the supply, in hearty co-operation with our State authorities, will engage the energy and zeal of our Association in the years which are to come.

Witty speeches were made by Gov. Greenhalge, ex-Gov. Long, State Treasurer George A. Marden and others. U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald wrote: "I feel a keen interest in the objects of your association, and realize that in your sphere you are as important for the improvement of our fisheries as are the fish commissions. While artificial propagation is essential also, and should be conducted on the most liberal scale, the work must be done under the greatest disadvantage unless the results obtained are conserved and made permanent by proper protection. To secure this we must look to such associations as yours."

### AMERICANS IN SOMALILAND.

SOMALILAND, Dec. 4, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As elephants are growing scarcer in Africa every day so the reports of encounters with them are less frequent than formerly. I therefore send the following account of a good day's sport I had with the beasts, hoping it will interest your readers.

When we reached our present camp on the morning of Nov. 29 we hardly expected good news so soon, as we had had great luck at our last place. There we three, Dr. W., L. S. and myself, Americans, and S. K., an Englishman, had shot two lions, two leopards, one wart hog, one wild dog and a hyena, and several varieties of antelope. S. K. shot the two lions from a zereba in one night over a donkey.

However, we found on our arrival two reports of elephants from different quarters. We immediately separated, Dr. S. and S. K. going to the north and I to the south. I met with no luck until Dec. 2. I was awakened at 4:30 A. M. by a great deal of loud talking in camp, and presently my tent curtain was thrown back and a crowd of black heads was revealed; as many voices told me I must get my elephant gun at once.

I found that some people from a village near by had come to me with the report that elephants, "hundreds of them," had just passed through their valley. I swallowed a cup of cold tea and putting four biscuits into my pockets started in pursuit. I took my four shikaris and four horses, thinking, perhaps, to drive the elephants. The whole village followed at my heels, much to my disgust. I was shown the spoor and I made out that the elephants were traveling rapidly.

I will now pass over seven long hours' tracking under a broiling African sun as not very interesting reading. About 11:30 I observed a water hole about a mile ahead, indicated by a grove of those magnificent trees called "burray" in Somaliland.

We were sure the beasts must be resting there. As the large number of followers were making a great noise, I made them all stop and await me. I then advanced on foot with my 8-bore doublebarreled rifle and one shikari. I had just reached the woods when I was startled by snorting only about 200 yds. ahead. Making my shikari remain where he was, as he was annoying me in his excitement, I now advanced alone.

There were the elephants, and plenty of them. I think there were sixty in the bunch before me, big and little. One mother with two little ones beside her not bigger than donkeys, others standing from 7½ to 10 ft. high at the shoulder, as I afterward measured. Some were lying down and others flapping their great ears lazily, perfectly oblivious to any impending danger. I took a good look at them and then studied the wind and my chances for escape if charged. Creeping up around a bush, I got within 50 yds. of the nearest, and taking aim at the one with the longest tusks just behind the ear, I fired.

Then I ran; you may be sure I ran, for the whole woods seemed to rise up in protest. All this time there had stood another lot of elephants just to the side of me, that I had not seen at all. Down they came on me, apparently from all directions. I had to dart around bushes, first to escape one pair of great ears with uplifted trunk and then another, until they could wind me no longer. I then fired at one fellow, aiming at his ear a little behind the meatus and had the satisfaction of seeing him drop like a great lump of lead. Loading quickly I fired both barrels at another behind the shoulder, wounding him severely. He only made off as fast as he could. I ran a couple of hundred yards and intercepted about a dozen that were walking away at a quick pace. I shot one of these at about 80 yds. through the heart. He could only stagger a few yards before he dropped. All his companions came for me, screaming as loud as they could. They could do nothing, however, as I had the wind in my favor and could easily dodge them. I emptied two barrels into one of them as he crossed before me at about twenty yards, and then there was another case of "elephant chase man." He could not scent me as I ran hard and dodged behind bushes, but he persisted in his chase. Just at this

moment my men all came running toward me, having heard the shooting.

On they came directly toward the wounded brute. I shouted to them at the risk of having the beast charge me again, but it was of no use. The elephant caught sight of the men in their white sheets and was down upon one of them in an instant. I had just time to fire, and by a lucky shot I turned him toward me again. I shot him for the fourth time as I ran around to get a broadside, and this staggered him. He turned on his heels and walked away in a groggy fashion. I was very much exhausted by this time and would like to have rested, but my men were shouting to me to come after an elephant I had wounded and which was scuttling away. This was the first elephant I had fired at while they were all standing still. My shot had struck just over the heart, but whether it penetrated the heart or not I never found out, as I had no time to cut the bullet out. He showed wonderful vitality, for it took six more bullets to bring him to bag, and all planted about his chest.

I had the assistance of my men now for the first time. The shikari I had taken into the woods with me ran off at the first charge. My men kept the elephant at bay by riding around him until I got up with him. I gave him both barrels at about 70 yds. as he was charging one of the riders, and for the first time missed one of the shots. It was excusable, as I was out of breath from my exertion. I was a quarter of an hour chasing this fellow, which was the most vicious brute of all. I put five more bullets into him. When I fired the last two I was within 25 yds. of him, and, fortunately for me perhaps, I stopped his career. I had fired eight times at him, seven of the 2-ounce bullets taking effect. I had now had about half an hour's chase after firing the first shot, and it seemed to me much longer, as I had been running constantly with my 8-bore, weighing 16 lbs.

The firing was no joke either, as I used 10 drs. of powder to a charge. I used hardened spherical bullets. The afternoon and next morning was spent in cutting out tusks and looking up the two wounded elephants. As it turned out all five elephants lay dead within a radius of half a mile. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to me. I had fatally wounded five elephants with no assistance whatever and on foot. Only did assistance come in finishing up the last beast, the first one I fired at. I was also overjoyed to know that no animal had gone off wounded. When I returned to camp the following afternoon, which was yesterday, I found that Dr. S. and S. K., who had left me four days previously, had found two lots of elephants on two different days and had shot eight. The first day Dr. S. killed four and S. K. two, and on the second day, Dr. S. killed two more.

As we talked matters over we all came to the conclusion that we would let elephants alone in the future and turn our attention to lions, koodoo and other game. We could find more elephants, but we had all the tusks and trophies we desired. A. DONALDSON SMITH.

### THE POWDER TESTS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The powder tests carried out by me in conjunction with other disinterested parties, at Chicago and Carney's Point, and my report on the same, are naturally subject to the laws which apply to all human deeds and creations, especially those of a public character—they are criticisable.

I am far from denying to any one, and particularly to persons more directly interested in the results and affected by my opinion, the right to point out to me any and all errors or omissions which, in their belief, have been made, and to show that my conclusions were based on false premises or shaped regardless of the latter.

I was fully aware at the time that, notwithstanding all efforts on my part, to do justice to all concerned and to avoid, if possible, every cause for controversy, of which I am not particularly fond, I should hardly succeed in accomplishing this end, and I now find that my fears in this respect were well founded.

Mr. Justus von Lengerke takes issue with me on several points in reference to the manner in which the tests were carried out, and to the basis chosen by me for comparing and judging the properties of the several powders.

While I think I owe it to those who assisted me so ably in carrying out the experiments, and to myself to answer Mr. von Lengerke's letter, I shall, in performing this unpleasant duty, confine myself mainly to that part of his criticism which is intended to convey the impression that I was prejudiced in favor of a particular powder, that the instruments employed are either unreliable or were improperly handled, and that the powders were not treated alike. I shall not discuss with him the demerits or merits of the several powders from a commercial point of view. His communication proves that he did not rush into print blindly. He evidently has given the subject considerable deliberation, and has endeavored hard to impart to his ably written comments the highest possible weight.

I further admit that his arguments breathe on the whole a degree of fairness and of justice toward one with whom he pleases to differ, as they are seldom found under similar circumstances.

I have given his arguments a careful study and the attention they merit, and I regret that he has apparently not treated my report in the same manner. Had he done so I ought to have been spared the trouble of here traveling again over a great deal of ground fully covered in my report, and of replying to questions to which the answers can be found in the same.

Mr. von Lengerke has, as I know and as his communication proves, devoted much time to the study of the nature and actions of gunpowders. He has acquired and commands an amount of general knowledge in the premises, rarely found by persons of his line of business and his calling. But his assertions and arguments likewise show that he either does not want to give to the sportsmen the benefit of all he knows about the behavior and nature of gunpowders, especially nitro powders, or that, like for all of us, there is still a large field of observations and researches open for him before he can claim to master the subject thoroughly. All those who have had occasion and still better opportunities and facilities than he to go a little deeper into the mysteries of the theory of shot shooting, agree in the opinion that the bottom of knowledge has not been touched, and that the true character of nitro powders and the laws governing their explosion in a confined space have not been fully



established, and are not likely to be determined in the near future. I shall try to show Mr. von Lengerke that he wrongfully finds fault with me on the principal questions at issue.

I made my reports as exhaustive as possible, I gave all the figures as they were obtained and employed as the basis of comparison in order to afford the readers the opportunity to judge for themselves if my method of judging the powders was a fair and correct one. I should have been thankful to Mr. von Lengerke if he had shown that mistakes were made, since I do not claim infallibility for myself and cheerfully acknowledge an error if I have made it. I have nothing to say against Mr. von Lengerke's objection to the standard of merits as laid down in my report. This settles down to a question of difference of opinion, and a difference of opinion is natural and permissible.

Mr. von Lengerke calls attention to the fact that I once had business dealings with Messrs. Wolff & Co., the manufacturers of Walsrode powder in Germany, or, as he puts it, that I was interested in Walsrode powder, and that I am now on very friendly terms with the firm. This statement, I presume, was made to substantiate his assertion that I have been prejudiced in favor of the powder. The facts in the premises are as follows: About four years ago I furnished to Messrs. Wolff & Co., two cartridge loading machines patented to me the same as I sold similar machines to other European powder mills, ammunition manufacturers and military authorities, and in return I bought of that firm, on the same terms as others, powder, and disposed of the latter in the same way as others. I have had no business transaction with Wolff & Co. for the last three years and am not interested, directly or indirectly, in Walsrode or any other powder abroad or in this country. If I were, I would not consider myself qualified to take an active part in establishing and maintaining in this country a testing institution, and would certainly not blame any one to look upon my assertion that, so far as I am concerned, the establishment will be on carried upon a strictly impartial basis, as a deceit.

I am on friendly, but by no means on very friendly, terms not alone with Wolff & Co. but with all other powder, gun and ammunition manufacturers with whom I ever came in contact, and I shall make due efforts to establish friendly relations with all interested parties in America, and last but not least with Messrs. von Lengerke & Detmold. If I fail in accomplishing this, the fault will surely not be on my side.

Of course Mr. von Lengerke is the sole master of his thoughts. If he thinks that my former relations to Wolff & Co. have clouded my judgment, I fail to see how I can convince him of the contrary.

Mr. von Lengerke complains of a lack of uniformity in my figures of bursting strain and velocities. He thinks something must have been wrong, that either my instruments are unreliable or were improperly handled. His conclusions are false in both respects. My instruments are reliable and they were manipulated right and by experienced persons. The variations were solely due to the bad behavior of the powders, or to be more precise, the powders simply behaved as powders are likely to behave.

The chronograph is not a difficult instrument to handle. It can be manipulated by any person of average intelligence—yes, even by a boy, after a few hours' instruction and a day's practice. It weighs less than 50 lbs., and does not require a foundation of rocks and concrete to stand upon, as Mr. von Lengerke describes it, and as it is suited for a building 20 stories high, all it wants is a firm foundation to prevent its being jarred, that's all. The electric current must be brought in harmony with the magnets and maintained there. For this purpose the instrument is adjusted every time and day it is used, and regulated at certain intervals during the work.

These precautions were all taken at Chicago. The chronograph was placed in a separate room and building some distance from the place where the shooting was done. At Carney's Point the chronograph of Messrs. DuPont was employed, which stands on a solid foundation, and was manipulated by a gentleman possessing a high degree of knowledge on ballistics, and who has been brought up in the powder manufacturing business. This instrument registered the same irregularities as they were found at Chicago, not because there was anything wrong with it, but simply for the reason that the powders repeated there the jumps they made at Chicago.

There will always be variations as long as the primer, the wad, the crimp, the cartridge chamber, the bore of the barrel and other causes too numerous to mention, have a bearing upon the explosion and the behavior of a propelling agent in the gun barrel.

If it is true, as Mr. von Lengerke says, that black powder generally gives very uniform results. But the tests were not carried on with a view to determine the qualities of the different black powders. Not all kinds of black powders were used, and of those employed only the cheap grades were taken. If the black powders had been included in the test, the better grades would have been also tried, and in such a case the evenness, no doubt, would have been much more satisfactory.

I am not in position at this juncture to express an opinion on the merits of the different black powders made and used in this country, but I do believe that Mr. von Lengerke's assertion that "Dead Shot" FFG is the most even and reliable in the world, is a bold one, and that he will have quite a task on hand in substantiating this claim anything like convincingly.

All nitro powders, when tested under different conditions show great variations. They are composed of such chemicals which are more or less subject to change through the effects of storing, dry heat, humidity and cold. They, as a rule, develop their gases more suddenly than black powder, are particularly sensitive to artificial obstructions in the gun barrel, to increased charges, etc. But even when the charges are not increased beyond the limit, when all other conditions appear to be in a normal state, it will occasionally happen that the regular service charge of a nitro powder produces a bursting strain, or as it is sometimes wrongfully called, initial pressure, far higher than the average gun barrel can stand. This occurs even in England, where the climate is comparatively uniform and also the percentage of moisture in the air. Nitro powders have a good deal in common with tamed wild beasts. A wild animal tamed and brought up in captivity may appear docile and gentle for a long time, but its wild nature is liable to show itself at any moment. A smokeless powder too may behave well right along, but it is

nevertheless more treacherous in its action than the black powder, it requires care and constant watching.

Mr. von Lengerke quotes the London *Field* as an authority on ballistics. It may be of interest for him to know, that the *Field's* powder tests are carried out by taking recoil, velocity, penetration and pattern simultaneously. In Chicago only the bursting strain and velocities were taken together, and this can and must be done. But the method employed at Chicago comes nearer to his view, as he will see, than that followed by his authority.

The Chicago and Carney's Point powder tests, as every one knows, bore a public character. They could have been and were witnessed and controlled by disinterested parties. The E. C., Schultze, S. S., American wood and DuPont powders were all loaded by Mr. Wm. M. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., who performed his work carefully and thoroughly, and who has no especial love for any particular powder. He commands an amount of experience in loading nitro powders possessed by very few persons the world over.

Not all of the Walsrode powder used was furnished by the Walsrode agent, some was procured by outsiders and loaded in shells by machinery in Germany a year prior. These shells were used as they came.

Mr. von Lengerke says that I ought to have stated what wadding material was used. This question is answered in my report not less than sixteen times. The U. M. C. Co.'s wadding, consisting of a trap wad, a first quality white felt and a black edge wad, was employed for all nitro powders except the Walsrode, for which the cheap-so-called Express wad was used. The diameter of all felt wads was the same. The figures taken for comparison were those, as stated in the report, obtained for all other powders with the Smokeless and Nitro Club shells, for Walsrode those of the special shells. The powders were thus brought on an equal footing as regards the best adapted shells, and the same rule applies to the wadding material.

Where the powders were measured this work was done as carefully as possible, and the variations as determined by weighing five loads of each of the powders were less than  $\frac{1}{10}$  gr. The actual figures were as follows:

3drs. of Schultze powder by measure weighed respectively:	1. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	2. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	3. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	4. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	5. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.
3drs. of E. C. powder by measure weighed respectively:	1. 44 grains.	2. 44 grains.	3. 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	4. 44 grains.	5. 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.
3drs. of S. S. powder by measure weighed respectively:	1. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	2. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	3. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	4. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	5. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.
3drs. American wood powder by measure weighed respectively:	1. 37 grains.	2. 37 grains.	3. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	4. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.	5. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

Does Mr. von Lengerke claim that a difference of 1 gr. one way or the other, or even 2 grs., accounts for the irregularities? Should any powder be so extremely sensitive to such trifling differences in the charges?

All nitro powders, as previously stated, react comparatively very heavy to largely increased charges, bulk for bulk, the Walsrode undoubtedly more so than others. I agree with Mr. von Lengerke that a double charge of Walsrode powder is quite certain to do mischief. But does any one claim that such a charge can be used with impunity? Can any other nitro powder be used in such extreme loads? Does not my report show that as far as the reaction to increased charges is concerned, Schultze powder approaches the black powder nearer than the Walsrode? Has the former not been credited with nearly double as many points of merits as Walsrode in this department?

It was not my office to judge the powders from a commercial point of view or from the standpoint of convenience. Had I done so the various powders would indeed have made a different showing. I could only, as I did, rate the powders strictly on the basis of their relative ballistic merits. Mr. von Lengerke's censure of the Walsrode and his claims for the Schultze and E. C. powders do not concern me, neither do I find it necessary or advisable to discuss with him the best basis and method for judging a gunpowder's qualities, but I must correct one statement he makes. He says the Walsrode powder was fired from the special shells only. My report does not say so. Mr. von Lengerke pronounces it as wrong when I credit a powder with a high point of merit on account of its comparative low bursting strain in view of the fact that this powder shows a mean corresponding velocity somewhat below the average. Here I beg to differ with him. I for one will rather take say five yards less distance in killing force in the bargain for the guarantee that the powder I use is less dangerous than others and less liable, to damage my gun, and perhaps do me bodily harm, and I believe there are others who feel the same way. He claims that a certain quantity of bursting strain is necessary and essential for a sufficient good killing force. I hold that the lower the gas pressure is in proportion to the velocity, and provided the latter is equivalent to a satisfactory penetration, the higher such a powder ought to be rated. I can furnish Mr. von Lengerke black powders which will produce a higher average velocity than any nitro powder with about one-half the bursting strain of the latter. Such a powder means the least danger for the gun and gunner.

Whenever we are in a position to claim for a nitro powder that it will not produce a higher bursting strain than a good quality of black powder, that it is just as safe as the latter, then the days of black powder will be counted, in spite of the difference in price. I believe such a powder will make its appearance some day, but it is not in the market now.

From his statement I am led to infer that Mr. von Lengerke believes that Curtis & Harvey's or any other equally good grade of black powder will produce a higher bursting strain than the cheaper grades of black powder. If his crusher gauge has shown him such to be the case, I can only advise him to drop it, and to follow the example of Messrs. DuPont and the U. M. C. Co. and substitute for it a pressure gun with the modern spring device, as I employ it, for his crusher gauge then has deceived him for once, and very badly at that.

Mr. von Lengerke thinks that I am mistaken when I say that the difference in the arrival of the pellets between those propelled by a quicker-burning black powder and a coarser-grained, slower-burning powder practically amounts to very little. If he does not think that I know what I speak of he may look over his files of the London *Field*, one of his recognized authorities in the premises, and he will find that the *Field* has arrived at the same conclusion as I have.

I am very sorry that it has not been my good fortune to avail myself of Mr. von Lengerke's help at Chicago and Carney's Point. I am glad to know, however, that I shall

have his co-operation in the future. I appreciate his assistance very highly indeed, and am happy to believe that henceforth all points of difference between us can be settled on practical grounds, and that I shall not be called upon again to trespass so largely on the space of your paper and on the indulgence of your readers under similar circumstances. The testing institution ought to be the place for Mr. von Lengerke to enlighten me on the merits and demerits of a propelling agent, to which he, like all others, is most welcome. I am not too proud to learn, and do not claim to monopolize all the knowledge on the theory of shot shooting.

ARMIN TENNER.

MATLOCK, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have been much interested in reading the results of the late powder test as carried on by Mr. Armin Tenner, but there are some points on which I wish some further information, and hope that Mr. Tenner or some of FOREST AND STREAM'S readers will enlighten me.

In testing the black powders for bursting strain, velocity, pattern, etc., (1) would not the higher grade powder have given much better results than the common brands such as were tested, and (2) would not the coarser grain powder of the brands tested have given better results than the fine grain? (3) In what shells were the black powders tested, (4) and would other and higher grade shells have given better results? (5) What kind and quantity of wadding was used, and were the black and nitro powders wadded alike?

(6) In table I, where the nitro powders were tested with black powder priming, the American wood, Schultze and E. C. powders fell so far below the requisite velocity as to be useless for live bird shooting. This is rather surprising as at many large tournaments scores of 90 per cent. and over have been made with these powders loaded in common shells with black powder priming. During the past season I have used for my duck and chicken shooting 3½ drs. Schultze powder in a U. M. C. "New Club" shell primed with ¼ dr. FFG black powder, one card and two black-edge wads over powder, 1½ oz. shot in a 10-gauge gun, and it gave me the very best of satisfaction. (7) It would seem as if the powders were not so loaded as to secure the best results, as in many cases throughout the test the American wood and the S. S. and the E. C. powders did not give sufficient velocity to be regarded as a killing charge, while we all know that these powders, as loaded for the use of expert live bird shots, give almost perfect results. You may say they use heavier charges, but Mr. Tenner states as his opinion that 3 drs. and 1½ oz. of shot will give more satisfactory results than a larger charge. There must be a discrepancy somewhere, and I hope Mr. Tenner will explain it for the benefit not only of myself but of others who may have noticed the same thing.

P. C. BISHOP.

*Editor Forest and Stream*:

In reply to your correspondent's queries: (1) Probably yes. (2) Hardly, if both grains were of the same grade. (3) In the new Club shells. (4) No. (5) U. M. C. Co.'s wadding, consisting of a trap wad, a felt and a thin black edge wad, or several of the latter only. The wadding of the E. C., S. S., American wood, Schultze and DuPont's Smokeless powders consisted of a trap, a white felt and a black-edge wad. (6) The use of common primers primed with black powder has been discarded in Europe, and in some countries the priming with black powder is prohibited by law. If Mr. Bishop and others employ ¼ dr. of black powder for priming their shells, they may thereby secure a pretty thorough combustion of the nitro powder charge, but the pattern will certainly be more uneven than with the No. 3 primer, and under certain conditions such a quantity of black powder may impart to the nitro powder a high degree of violence. The bursting strain of such a load may not be fatal to one particular gun, but many guns will not stand such a pressure.

I would not recommend more than 1 gr. black powder for such a purpose, and if only this quantity, as it ought to be, is employed, the penetration will not reach the limit which governs a corresponding load of nitro powder exploded by a No. 3 primer; 3½ drs. Schultze powder for a 10-bore gun may be regarded as a light charge, and such a charge, even if primed with ¼ dr. black powder, may still be considered as comparatively safe. But some gunners load 4 and 4½ drs., and these maximum loads should not be primed with ¼ dr. black powder.

If Mr. Bishop has never met with any hang-fires or faced some extremely wild shots, i. e., open patterns, with his ammunition, he has been exceedingly lucky. All the powders Mr. Bishop refers to were loaded at Carney's Point by Mr. Wm. M. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co. and under my supervision and those of others. He may rest assured that all powders were loaded carefully, and properly. Mr. Bishop evidently has not studied the figures of velocities carefully, for as a matter of fact, S. S. and Schultze powders developed under normal conditions very high velocities. E. C. powder, too, made a very good showing in this respect, and American wood only lacked somewhat in velocity with the increased shot charge.

The different powders were rated for penetration as follows: American wood, 16 points; S. S., 18 points; DuPont's, 19 points; Schultze, 18 points; Schultze (Pompton), 20 points; black powder, 20 points; E. C., 18 points; Walsrode, leaf, 17 points; Walsrode, grains, 18 points. If anything, these figures prove that there was not such a marked difference in point of penetration as Mr. Bishop makes it appear, and I fail to see why he should speak of a "discrepancy somewhere."

ARMIN TENNER.

KITTANNING, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I would ask Mr. Armin Tenner a question in regard to Table O in your issue of Dec. 23. In the result of moisture test he places the total loss in velocity at 43 ft. for Walsrode powder in grains (taken for example only), and which he has obtained by adding the loss in velocity when subjected to 75 per cent. humidity to the loss in velocity when subjected to 85 per cent. of moisture. Now, it seems to me that the total loss should only be 38 ft. instead of 43 ft., for the loss of 5 ft. in subjecting the powder to 75 per cent. was increased to 38 ft. by an increase of 10 per cent. of moisture, or an increase of 33 ft. for an increase in moisture of 10 per cent.

It is reasonable to suppose there was a loss in velocity for every per cent. of increase of humidity, and when the moisture reached 75 per cent. there was a loss of 5 ft. On the same line, a certain loss resulted from an increase of moisture of 85 per cent.; but it is not to be supposed that



the loss of 5ft. in 75 per cent. humidity is additional to the loss of 88ft. in 85 per cent. humidity.

Now, I hope Mr. Tenner will not be offended at my calling his attention to the above, for there is no offense or censor intended, and the above is called forth by the fact that I desire to obtain as much information as possible from his articles and want to be put right when wrong.

J. M. C.

#### Editor Forest and Stream:

"J. M. C.'s" assumption is correct. The actual total loss in the case cited by him is 38ft. only. The values quoted in Table O should be taken figuratively; they were merely given to show the basis by which the various powders have been judged in regard to their hygroscopic nature.

ARMIN TENNER.

RED BANK, N. J., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. von Lengerke says: "So little of Walsrode is safe to use, that if a loader should put in a shell a double load, which is easily possible and without detection, a broken gun would be the result." He further states that the agents dare not sell the powder in bulk, that it can be used in specials only.

As to his statement that we do not dare to sell it in bulk, the hundreds of American sportsmen who have applied for it and are loading it with best results know better. The American sportsman is not so dumb as Mr. von Lengerke would like to make him, he desires straight-forward and fullest information regarding a new explosive, not misleading ones. We have, it is true, refused to put a new invention out at random until we could make sportsmen familiar with it. Our instructions devised by experts cover every point, and no sportsman desiring to load his own cartridges is left in the dark about Walsrode powder, he cannot possibly go wrong unless he willfully disobeys our instructions and overloads; and even here Walsrode gives him fair warning to desist, and thus we are able to-day to show a cleaner record than any other explosive on the market.

A double load cannot be detected, says Mr. von Lengerke. I will throw out a double load of Walsrode put in by Mr. von Lengerke himself and mixed in one hundred standard loads, in five seconds by the watch, and so can any other sportsman. A double load of Walsrode, either in specials or ordinary American shells, and loaded as per instructions, can simply not be shot.

O. HESSE.

#### DEER IN ONTARIO.

TORONTO, Can., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following the example of the neighboring States, the provincial governments of Canada have passed stringent laws for the protection of our game, notably deer. It is not so many years ago since I saw in the Muskoka country a couple of double sleigh loads of venison going to the Bracebridge station for shipment to Toronto, where the commission merchants made a good thing out of it. Since then the law has been altered and now no one is allowed to take more than two deer during the season, which this year was from Oct. 20 to Nov. 15. The season of '93 was remarkably mild and as a consequence many deer were left in the woods simply because they spoiled. I know of one party near the head of Lake Joseph, Muskoka, that lost some ten or twelve through the heat. The weather was more like late spring than fall. Everybody I have spoken to, with the exception of two, favor a season from Nov. 1 to 30, which would insure tolerably cold weather. At Gravenhurst wharf on my way down I made a photograph of some forty deer on their way to the front, and the stench was such that the men in the express car had to leave the doors open all the way to Toronto.

Before the present law came into force, American hunters, as well as our own, went into the north country and slaughtered indiscriminately; but to-day all that sort of thing has been pretty well stopped.

The killing of moose, too, has been prohibited for some years, yet a party of hunters within eight miles of where I was this fall killed one. They were "smart Alecks," and it was decided that the man who did the shooting should inform on himself. He went to Rosseau, told his story to a justice of the peace, and was fined the smallest amount—\$20 and costs. Of course he brought the moose with him and it was confiscated. For safekeeping it was placed in the barn of Monteith's Hotel, but, strange to say, hide, hoofs and horns had disappeared by morning. This rather annoyed Game Inspector Wilmott, and he lay low for the party on their return. He found them at Beau Mauris, in company with the foot of a moose, and the man in whose trunk it was captured has contributed \$50 and costs toward the carrying out of the game laws.

The charge of \$35 to Americans for hunting in Muskoka, Haliburton and Parry Sound districts would be considered very fair and just by many if they were allowed to take their deer home with them; but the law prohibits exportation. I know of one gentleman—in fact, he was a member of our party—who comes from Lockport, N. Y., and who has hunted on Lake Joseph for twelve years. Within that time he has not killed twelve deer, and yet he has to my knowledge spent on Lake Joseph alone over \$8,000. The majority of the hunters here favor a small registration fee to all going into the country to hunt. Americans should be charged a similar amount, but the exportation of any deer they may kill should be prohibited, or else a charge made equal to the value of the animal, so as to prevent pot-hunting.

I am well aware that opinions differ regarding hounding and still-hunting. Yet without expressing an opinion pro or con I may say that the shortening of the hunting season has had a noticeable effect on the number of the deer. However, with all due deference to those who disagree from my opinions I will say that I think the period for hounding should be reduced to a couple of weeks for a few years at least, and then let the remaining two weeks be devoted to still-hunting. I have had some experience in hunting, for I have followed the caribou in Labrador and the Hudson's Bay country, antelope on the prairie of the Canadian Northwest and others of the *Cervidae* in the Rockies and British Columbia.

Now to show how much some people know of deer hunting and how easy it is to get petitions signed I send you one that originated in London, Ontario, and which was sent down here a week ago to the Maple Leaf Club, with a request to secure signatures. It was accompanied by a letter which stated that the petition had been signed

by prominent business men, bankers and others, but it never said that any hunter had signed it.

#### PETITION.

To the Honorable the Speaker and the Members of the House of Assembly for the Province of Ontario:

We, the undersigned, beg to submit to your honorable body, and humbly but earnestly beg to call your attention to the fact that during the open season great numbers of hounds are taken into the forests of the Muskoka, Nipissing and Parry Sound districts, where they are let loose to hunt the deer, which, finding themselves beset on all sides, immediately take refuge in the numerous lakes and bays, where men are stationed in boats and slaughter them in great numbers. It is painfully evident that if this practice is allowed to continue a few more seasons it must end in the extermination of the deer in those districts.

Wherefore we, the undersigned, humbly pray that the heartless, cruel and unsportsmanlike system of killing deer in the water, at present in vogue in this province, may be stopped, and that amendments to the effect following be made to Sec. 2 of the "Ontario Game Protection Act of 1893."

1. The open season for deer shall be from Nov. 1 to Nov. 13, both inclusive, in each and every year. 2. It shall be unlawful to shoot or take any deer or fawn while it is in open water. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc.

Of course the club would have nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, shooting deer in the water is a comparatively easy matter provided the deer takes to the water and some one is there to get him. But the season in Canada is later than in the Adirondacks and the deer don't go to the water the very first thing when the lakes have a temperature of about 32° F. Anybody at all conversant with deer hunting knows how an old buck will play with a dog, particularly if the dog should be a slow one. The buck has no intention of wetting anything but his mouth, any more than his hunters, unless circumstances render it necessary. Again, there are very few places in Muskoka where water hunting is carried on—withstanding the protests of bankers, brokers and other business men who sign a petition to the contrary.

WAGUSH.

#### ALVAH DUNNING.

ALVAH DUNNING, one of the best known of the Adirondack guides and hunters, and perhaps the oldest, for Alvah says that as a boy he carried water for the soldiers of the war of 1812, has fallen on the ice, fractured his skull, and a doctor who was called to attend him says that he cannot recover. Mr. Wm. H. Durant, owner of Camp Pine Knot, on Raquet Lake, had the old man carried to one of his cottages and has hired two men to care for him. A correspondent of the *Glens Falls Star*, writing to the editor from Raquet Lake, says that Alvah had \$270 in currency in his pocket, and although he was known to have had \$500 in gold besides, he has not been able since the accident to tell where he hid it. Those who have a copy of the report of the New York Forest Commission for 1892 will find the sole illustration of the volume to be a reproduction of a photograph by Stoddard of old Alvah standing in the doorway of his cabin on an island in the Eighth Lake of the Fulton Chain. Those who have ever seen him will recognize the figure at once, although the face is hidden in the shadow of his hat. His hound sits by the side of the door and a deer is suspended on a pole near by. He had another camp on Osprey Island, in Raquet Lake, which long ago made way to civilization in the form of a modern cottage. It was this island, by the way, which was named for Mr. Murray, who made the Adirondacks so famous, but when it was changed to Osprey there was nothing left in the whole Adirondack region with which Adirondack Murray's name was connected.

In Stoddard's illustrated lecture upon the Adirondacks he shows on the screen two pictures of old Alvah Dunning, and in this way his face has become familiar to thousands who never saw him. In one he stands holding a ruffed grouse in his hand, and a good picture it is, but to me there is something pathetic in it when I think of all the big game Alvah has killed, and then to be caught by the sun with a little bird in his hand as a trophy of his skill. It is reasonably sure that old Alvah Dunning killed the last moose killed in the State of New York, although this act is sometimes credited to ex-Governor Horatio Seymour.

Four years ago it was reported that a moose had been killed near Long Lake and I asked Mr. C. E. Durkee, then superintendent of the Adirondack Railway, to investigate the matter for me, and he saw Alvah Dunning and Jack Shepherd, found the statement was untrue, and then repeated to me that Alvah killed the last moose, so far as known, over twenty years before that time.

When "Ned Buntline" lived at "Eagle's Nest" on Eagle Lake, Alvah was in his prime, but Ned and Alvah held different views about the manner of killing game, and it came to the point of armed neutrality, and many stories are told to this day about the two men and their scraps. One will be sufficient to relate here, and it is told for the cold truth to the present time. Ned did not believe in hounding deer, and Alvah did, so Ned warned Alvah not to let his hound run over his property at Eagle's Nest and said if he did he would shoot the dog. One day during a blow on the lake Alvah landed with his hound but stood with his legs astride of the dog's neck. Ned asked if Alvah landed for refuge, and Alvah said no; for convenience, whereupon Ned shot the dog from between Alvah's knees. That is the story; but Ned Buntline told me there was not a word of truth in it. He said he warned Alvah, who knew enough to heed the warning. That Alvah was lawless about killing game, and he taught him one or two lessons for his own good. Old Alvah is about the last of the old-time hunters who have lived alone in the woods in northern New York and found sufficient companionship in nature for his needs during the long winters, and "guided" for a living in the summer. That such a man should, after long years of peril by field and flood, come to his death by a fall on the ice such as one might get on Broadway, is one of the ironical phases of fate.

A. N. CHENEY.

#### Ohio Game Birds and Seasons.

The Ohio Fish and Game Commission reports that they were not remarkably successful in the experiment of introducing the English and Mongolian pheasant into the State, the eggs and old birds coming too late. They recommend that the open season on quail, ruffed grouse or pheasant, wild turkey and rabbit, be made uniform, and that the law be so amended as to make the open season on squirrel, snipe, duck, rail, marsh-hen, plover, woodcock, geese and brant, meadow lark and dove, from the first day of September to the fifteenth day of December.

WILLIE WICK.

#### CARIBOU IN AROOSTOOK.

In many parts of Aroostook county, Maine, caribou are found in fair numbers. During the past three years I have spent two weeks or more in Township No. 7, usually starting on my trip the latter part of November. The old Aroostook road runs through this section and the houses (with exception of an occasional settlement) are about four miles apart.

When hunting for caribou in this region it has been difficult to know where to look for them, they would be here to-day and to-morrow quite a distance away. They seemed to be continually going somewhere and never to get there. Many a time have I taken an early start and going east from the house I was staying in and cruised all day over miles of ground, hard-wood ridges and spruce swamps, seeing plenty of signs where my game had been during the past few days, but failing to find a fresh track and returning at night to find that the game I had been looking for had been during the day all through the woods west of the house, and at times almost within shooting distance of it.

The caribou as I have found them in this region were much easier to still-hunt than deer. Many of the local hunters said that they never had any luck trying to still hunt deer, but could generally do well with caribou. A man living in that region who is a successful hunter said to me, "A caribou is the numbest thing we have in our woods." They do not seem to pay any attention to teams on the road, often crossing quite close to them. They would come out in the open fields quite close to the houses. Three came out one day within 150yds. of the house I stayed in, and were shot at four times by a boy before they left; another crossed a field within sight of the house and was followed and killed.

Following a single caribou, however, I have found to be often rather discouraging. A caribou when traveling alone is likely to keep it up for hours, and as they are fast walkers the chances of coming up with one (unless it stops to browse or lie down) are not very good. I have followed and killed two in this way. One I followed about half a day, and was getting discouraged when I came up with him. The second I saw crossing a lake on the ice, and five minutes after it entered the woods I was on its tracks and followed it nearly a mile, walking as fast as I could before getting a shot; of course, when still-hunting caribou, whether singly or in droves, any one has to work carefully. They may not be as wary and constantly on the alert as deer, but they are by no means fools.

Some remarks have been made recently through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* regarding the horns of the cow caribou. I have talked with men who I know have seen and killed a great many caribou, and they claim that not over one out of every three of the cows they had seen or killed had horns. My own experience is somewhat different, but I have not seen one caribou where they have ten, although I have seen and shot fully as many as two-thirds of the sportsmen who go to the Maine woods. Of seven caribou I have seen which I know were cows, all had horns. One of them I shot thinking it was a bull. This cow had but one horn and that was quite large (for a cow) with a number of points. Another cow I shot whose head I have, has a very even set of horns, each horn measuring 12in. in length, and eight points on both. A cow I saw soon after it was shot had a very pretty set of horns measuring 14in. in length (each horn), and having twelve very regular points.

Regarding the horns of the bulls, the men stalked with all said that I would not find a bull with a heavy set of horns after Dec. 1, they claiming that they dropped their horns fully three or four weeks earlier than moose or deer. A large bull I saw when on my last trip which was killed about Dec. 5, had dropped both horns and from appearances they had been off for some time.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

C. M. STARK.

#### MORE TALK ABOUT THE .22.

CLAREMONT, S. Dak.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been greatly interested in the recent articles on the .22 rifle. I am not an expert, but I have had some experience and made some shots with these little guns that go a long way in my own mind to prove the "prairie dog shot" of "Diamond Walt" perfectly possible. I once shot what is called here a prairie eagle at a distance of a few feet over 40 measured rods. The bird was standing on the ground, his back toward me. The bullet struck him at the base of the neck. He fluttered around a little after he was shot, but did not have life enough to get on his feet again. He measured about seven feet tip to tip. I shot him with a Stevens rifle and .22 short cartridge; this was ten years ago, and my experience is that the .22 ammunition is of much better quality now than at that time.

Since this discussion has been going on we have been making some experiments with a new model Marlin rifle, (the only good .22 here), the rear sight being a Lyman leaf, we cannot do any target shooting with it over 150yds., but if "Tode" will take his station at that distance and let me shoot at him, I will guarantee he will find the "spot" he tells about so emphatic that one will last him a life time; and that in future he will have a greater respect for a .22 short. We find this Marlin .22 good for jack rabbits, prairie chickens, &c., up to 150yds.

The small rabbits are frequently seen in the streets of our little village, and one day this fall I shot at one over a block (300 ft.) away, breaking his hind leg. This was done with a cheap rifle and .22 short cartridge.

I hope "Diamond Walt" will go East and see Mr. Fellows, for though he may not succeed in putting eight out of ten shots in an Sn. bullseye at 303, one thing he will do will be to convince Mr. Fellows and some others that they are "not on" to the possibilities of a good .22 rifle with the .22 short.

POCKET GOPHER.

APPLETON, Wis., Jan. 13, 1894.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Gentlemen, I have been an interested reader of the .22cal. controversy and am surprised at the widely different results reported in this week's issue. "Plainsman" speaks of the poor penetration of the .22 short. There must have been something wrong with gun or ammunition. I have been doing a little shooting with a .22cal. target pistol, "Stevens diamond model," 6in. barrel, with U. M. C. short cartridges. I can hit the bullseye sometimes, and could oftener if I could hold as well as the pistol shoots, but as for penetration, every bullet shot goes right through two inches of white pine, and half at least of them will be buried in a plank behind the target at a range of 60ft. Penetration enough.

C. V. Y.



# SUCCESS IN BREEDING QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN the month of November, 1892, I procured two pair of quail and put them in an ordinary packing box 2x2ft. and about 6ft. in length. Wire cloth was put in one end and in two places on the side, so that the birds could not at any time get out of sight. This box was kept during the winter in a woodshed adjoining the kitchen, and some member of the family was continually passing back and forth before the birds, and a pair of small bantam pullets were put in with them. The quail at first were very wild and were continually dashing about the box whenever any one approached. Before the winter was over they became much quieter, and would at times pick up some of the feed while it was being thrown to them. When the fine spring weather came I had a nice poultry run constructed with poultry netting. This run was 12x6ft., with an addition 6x4ft. closed in and roofed over.

The birds got along very nicely and in June commenced to lay. After they had laid six eggs a weasel got in during the night and killed the two quail hens and badly wounded one of the male birds. The eggs were put under one of the bantam hens, which faithfully attended to her duties; the cock quail meantime standing sentry and promptly taking her place on the nest whenever she came off to feed. Four of the six eggs were fertile and hatched out in due season. The young birds were fed at first with hard boiled eggs chopped very fine, followed later by all manner of feed. But I found later that in the way of grain or seeds, timothy seed was their special delight; and in other kinds of feed grasshoppers were greatly relished by them. The young birds would fly up 5 or 6ft. to take the hoppers from the hand.

These birds are now full grown, very large, with beautiful plumage and as tame as chickens, and if hungry will assail you with a chirping call plainly asking food; and when their wants are attended to they will continue to give evidence of their pleasure and satisfaction.

The poultry netting first used by me was 1 1/2 in. mesh and it was through this that the weasel gained access. To prevent a repetition I again covered the run with 1/2 in. netting, and if I had it to do again I would use 1/2 in. mesh.

I hope to be successful in raising a larger number next season and, of course, will require an enlarged run. If my expectations are realized I will cheerfully give your readers an account of my success with any additional information that may be attained during the coming season.

ALLAN DUNCAN.

WYOMING, Ontario.

## Long Close Seasons on Quail.

MR. W. B. MERSEON sends us this interesting note on the Michigan three years' close season on quail: "As to the success attending the three years' close season on quail, I can say that to some extent it is a matter of speculation. There is no doubt that at the beginning of the close season quail were very scarce in Michigan, and it is an undisputed fact that at the termination of this period they were extremely plentiful. I remember no time when there were so many. I have hunted quail in Carolina, Virginia and in the Western States, and never found better shooting than we had here at home a year ago this fall. But there were no quail worth speaking of last year, and the question arises, was it because they were allowed to be shot off? I do not believe the number the sportsmen killed has much to do with it. A covey here and there are cleaned out by them, but there are thousands of coveys that never have one of their number killed by sportsmen, yet they entirely disappear in the spring. The fact is that during the three years that they were protected we had open winters one after the other; very little snow, a great deal of the time warm; and none of the birds were winter-killed. Yet the winter one year ago was unusually severe, probably the hardest winter we have had in ten or fifteen years. The result was that the birds that were left over after the shooting season closed were winter-killed. That is about all there is to it. With several open winters in succession, we can depend on it that quail will increase; but no matter how many birds there are left at the end of the shooting season, if we get a hard winter like we had a year ago 90 per cent. of them will disappear.

"I believe they will do well this winter. We have had very little severe weather, and I would not be surprised to find them in abundance when the season opens next November.

W. B. MERSEON."

## A Louisiana Quail Country.

NEW ORLEANS La., Jan. 13.—I note in your issue of to-day "W. L. B." wants information regarding quail shooting near New Orleans. He can find as good a quail country as any in the Union in the parishes of Iberia, Vermillion, Lafayette and St. Landry. Should he desire large bags I am sure that he can find his wants in the vicinity of the pretty little town of Abbeville, the parish seat of Vermillion parish, situated on the Abbeville & Vermillion R.R., a branch of the Southern Pacific at New Iberia, the distance from New Orleans being 145 miles, or about five hours. I am just from that section and learn that quail were never known to be so plentiful. I can safely predict that if friend "W. L. B." will consent to making the trip and get a good guide (there are many there, and thorough sportsmen at that) he can kill from 75 to 100 quail a day, and if the weather be favorable he could bag equally as many snipe.

Quail about Abbeville have been shot at but little this season owing to the enormous crops that have kept every one busy, and those who did hunt have shot the mallards in preference, and how they did slaughter them.

Should "W. L. B." decide to make the trip I will give him all the information necessary, with letters of introduction, etc., and if my health permits might join him for a day or two.

A. CARDONA, JR.

## Italian Laborers and the Quail.

DONALDSONVILLE, La.—The game here, such as deer, rabbit, duck, dove and bear, is fairly plentiful, but we have hardly any partridges. Planters have been employing large quantities of Italians, and during the summer they hunt the partridges in the roads as they are rolling in the dust. All plantations are cut up on each side of all roads with large canals, and by getting in and following those they can crawl up almost on their quarry. The birds are consequently being gradually destroyed. The planter takes no interest whatever in the preservation of the game.

A. G.

## That New Jersey Deer Drive.

GENESE, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I've shot a deer through the back of the head while it was in the water and I'll never do it again. I've let the life blood out of the throat of a poor little spike-horn after both its front legs had been smashed by a big bullet from my old Snider carbine, and had the poor little brute look right up in my face and *ba-a!* and I've done sundry other mean things that I'll never do again, and only hope to be forgiven for them. But if ever I am guilty of taking part in the chasing for two whole days of one little 90-pounds doe by fresh relays of dogs in an open country, as was chronicled by "F. S. J. C." and "J. H. W." in last week's FOREST AND STREAM as having occurred at Port Elizabeth, N. J., in December, I simply won't think of forgiveness either of the Almighty or the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I am not a kicker and hate to find a jangle going on in our FOREST AND STREAM camp, but I can't keep quiet this time.

The men who took part in that race were not sportsmen, and the account of it was not worthy a place in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

LA CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM is an account of "A Deer Hunt in New Jersey;" a graphic story of an exciting chase ended by the pulling down of the deer. I am not ashamed to confess that my sympathies were with the deer throughout, and it would have been very pleasant to read that the innocent little creature at last escaped. No doubt if opportunity had offered, I would have been an enthusiastic member of the party, without a thought of anything save the capture of the deer, but after the hot blood of the chase had cooled, it would not be a pleasant memory, for then the fright and suffering caused the deer, would have forced themselves forward and would not down. For this reason I have long ago quit chasing game with dogs.

No doubt lovers of the chase will argue that it is no more cruel to capture game with dogs, than with the gun, death comes, as a rule instantaneously and almost painlessly, while in the chase, the agony of fright, and desperate effort to escape, is often prolonged for hours, and in the case cited, for days. It must be admitted that there is an element of cruelty in all field sports. Most of us are in fact more or less ashamed of having enough of the savage in us to want to kill something, and we compromise with ourselves by killing only such things as we or some one else likes to eat. If it were not for easing conscience in this way, it would be just as much sport to shoot blackbirds, as snipe or wild pigeons, yet there are thousands of ardent sportsmen who would scorn to shoot a blackbird, or any other harmless bird unfit for food.

The cruelty in shooting, is wounding game that is not finally captured. I confess admiration for the man who will lose an hour of good shooting, in order to find a wounded bird. It requires self-denial at the time, but a good reward comes, when warmly tucked in bed, the shooter reviews the particulars of the day, and don't have to remember the bird that went off with a leg hanging down, and was not found again.

O. H. HAMPTON.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., Jan. 18.

## Nebraska Close Season Shooting.

HASTINGS, Neb., Jan. 16.—Now that the close season is upon us one would naturally expect that the guns great and small would be laid to rest, but as far as my observation goes they are as active as ever. In every town I have visited so far I have seen men starting out, gun in hand, and the inference naturally is that they do not all go after rabbits. By the way, has the State of Nebraska any game laws? My copy of *Game Laws in Brief* says it has. If that, however, is a mistake, please count me in as a candidate for the prize for errors.

While in St. Louis, I saw a wonderful profusion of game of all kinds even for that large game market, and all through the residence portion of the city, men were carrying game for sale at extremely low prices; quail were offered as low as \$1.15 per dozen. As both quail and chickens that were openly offered for sale on the streets showed no shot marks, I infer that a great deal of trapping is going on in that vicinity. This I know, as I ate some of them myself.

Up to date the winter has been remarkably mild, with scarcely any snow, and consequently the prospects for game next season are particularly bright. That is, if the pot-hunters I see daily leave enough for seed. No one, however, seems to take enough interest in the matter to stop it. Are the sportsmen of Nebraska asleep? Something should be done and that quickly or the profusion of feathered game on its broad prairies will soon be like the deer and antelope, but a pleasant memory of the past.

I see from the report of the Fish Commission, that during the past year something like 17,000,000 fish and fry were planted, but from observation I believe it to be a waste of time and money. Fish are seined out faster than planted in all the waters of the State, and no effort seems to be made to stop it, at least I have never heard of a prosecution, and evidence could easily be obtained in any town near water containing fish. The violators of the law as a rule openly boast of their catches.

W. R. H.

[The *Brief* gives the law if not as now "in force," at least as it is on the statute books.]

## Note from the "Saginaw Crowd's" Winter Retreat.

SAGINAW, East Side, Mich.—Game Warden Stone has been stirring up the marketmen here. Recently we made a seizure of fifty-four birds, partridge and quail, the majority of the latter seeming to be snared birds. At Green Brothers' fish market he unearthed a lot more. I do not know how many, but there must have been a dozen or more ruffed grouse.

The "Saginaw Crowd" won't have to go away from home another year. There was an account in our last week's paper of the killing of two wildcats and three bears by a party of four farmer's boys at Lee's Corners. This is only twelve miles from Saginaw. It seems that they were following the track of a wildcat made in the fresh snow that finally led them to a big windfall, which proved to be the hiding place, or winter quarters, for a bear and two cubs. As the wildcat was hotly pressed he stirred up the bear, who in turn was stirred up by the doughty hunters. I do not think this is a fairly tale, for the meat market was adorned with the carcasses of the three bear and the Mossback went home with forty odd dollars in his inside pocket.

W. B. MERSEON.

## Old and New Style Shooting Matches.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Jan. 5.—Members of our gun club and other sportsmen in this part of Illinois, are rejoicing over the beautiful weather we have had this fall and winter up to date. No snow, sleet, heavy rains or cold; it is warm and more like May than January. It insures an abundant yield of quail for the coming season, should it continue. One violator of the game law has come to grief here for offense, shooting four quail out of season. He was arrested and taken before Squire Erwin and fined \$20 and costs, amounting in all to \$29.45. It will probably be some time before he sits down to such an expensive dish again. Many of our shooters have been enjoying the good old-fashioned holiday sport of our fathers called "turkey shooting." It has been the custom since I first came to this country, when a boy in 1840, or rather something similar. In the old times beaves, hogs and sheep were shot for, but only with rifles. The natives had no use for the "scatter gun," as the shotgun was then called. Forty yards off-hand and sixty with rest, closest lead to the center. Many a time have I seen the "swallow fork" cut as accurately as though done with a center bit. But now the tables are turned; the rifle here is laid aside and the shotgun is used, turkeys are substituted for beaves, the distance from the targets is 35 and 40yds., dust shot is the size used, and the man that does not get one of these pellets within 1/4 in. or less of the center, is not likely to have turkey for his dinner unless he buys one from his more fortunate neighbor. A match of this kind came off yesterday a few miles east of town. The boys report having a good time along with fair success, and that their turkeys did not cost them more than twice as much as they could have bought them in the market at home for.

L. S. H.

## A Tariff Discourager on Guns.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Jan. 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: Some months ago I wrote Chairman Wilson of the Ways and Means Committee, asking that he consider a proposition to place a tax on firearms and ammunition. I note that Senator Voorhees advocates such a tax and will probably offer an amendment to the revenue list to that effect.

It seems to me that such a tax would greatly benefit the sportsmen of the country in conserving game, and the community at large in limiting the reckless use of firearms. The fact cannot be gainsaid that for the country at large game is a luxury, and no one should grumble at paying a reasonable price for the privilege of its pursuit.

I have advocated in letters to the aforesaid legislators a tax as follows: On all single-shot guns, rifles and pistols, a tax of \$15 each. On double-barrel guns \$20. On repeating guns and revolvers \$25 each. On ammunition one cent for each shell. The tax on ammunition would of course have to be placed on powder, shot, balls, etc.

There would be some little difficulty in arranging this tax, but nothing insurmountable. The finer grades of powder for pistols and rifles would have to bear several times the tax of the coarser shotgun powders if the one-cent-a-shell tax was to be carried out.

I can see nothing but good from such taxes, so far as the community at large and the sportsmen in particular are concerned. It would doubtless cut down the sale of arms and ammunition, and so work ill to manufacturers. But here, as elsewhere, the good of the many is the first consideration. We have a few factories making fine arms, we have thousands of sportsmen, and above all, we have a fast decreasing game supply.

CHAS. T. MCCLINTOCK.

## Vermont Small Game.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Jan. 6.—The open season on ruffed grouse closed last Saturday. The birds are in excellent condition, owing to the abundance of beech-nuts here; and there is a fine prospect of their wintering well, for the weather is very mild thus far and the snow has nearly all disappeared. On going into the woods I find the snow covered with gray squirrels tracks, which shows that the wily gray fellows will be plentiful next fall. By the way, I have been much interested in the many accounts of gray squirrel shooting in your columns, and I would like to give an idea of the facilities we offer for this exciting sport. An hour's ride in any direction from this town will bring one into splendid shooting grounds. Especially is Skitchenaug Mountain, which runs for several miles parallel to Connecticut River, a haunt for the sly beauties. On the sides and top ridges of this mountain one reaches the "forest primeval." Here, on a bright frosty morning of September or early October, as the hunter steals along the winding woodroad or scrambles over ledges and mossy logs and breathes deeply of our pure mountain air, he will find sport that will make his nerves tingle and his heart beat fast.

Let the hunter stay a week at any of the beautiful farms which spread their meadows between the base of old Skitchenaug and the broad Connecticut. The mountain is big enough so that he won't need to spend two days in one place, and if he is worth a little bit, I can guarantee him some royal sport. The best bag taken out of the woods this fall was of twenty-nine in one day by Mr. M. B. White and the writer.

W. W. BROWN.

## East Side Rod and Gun Club.

STAMFORD, Conn., Jan. 18, 1894.—At the annual meeting of the members of the East Side Rod and Gun Club, of Stamford, Conn., the following officers were elected for 1894: Edw. W. Ricker, President; Dwight Waugh, Vice-President; Harry F. Devens, Treasurer; John R. Kinsey, Secretary. Directors: A. W. Sibley, Nathan Olmstead, Charles E. Thompson. Amusement Committee: Henry Oothout, J. D. Goulden, A. S. Pitt. After the election the members present enjoyed a fine supper prepared by the club steward.

J. R. KINSEY, Sec'y.

## Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 16.—At the meeting of S. A. of C. M., held Jan. 15, the following ticket was elected: President, W. M. Kennedy; Vice-Presidents, W. K. Shiras, W. S. Edwards, D. M. K. Lloyd, Utiles Baird, Nathaniel Ewing; Secretary, Theophilus Sproull; Treasurer, D. P. Corwin; Naturalist and Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Riggs; Board of Directors (seven to elect), W. G. Brown, Dr. Jos. N. Dickson, A. P. Tallman, S. B. Elkins, C. C. Scaife, Geo. Shiras, III., H. P. Pears.



## News from Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—Notwithstanding that this and all the outlying game States have close seasons now in force and nearly all have now export game laws, the game supply is so abundant in South Water street, in Chicago, that it is a drug in the market. The illegal traffic seems to be without any check. Prices are quoted openly. In to-day's (Jan. 13) *Tribune*, prices are quoted cheaper than domestic fowls, as follows: "GAME—Mallard and redhead ducks, \$2.25 to \$3 per doz.; small ducks, \$1 to \$1.35; teal ducks, \$1.75 to \$2; plover, \$1.25 to \$1.50; jacksnipe, \$1.25 to \$1.60; fine dark prairie chickens, \$3 to \$3.50; quail, \$1.25 to \$1.90; antelope saddles, 9 to 10¢ per lb.; venison saddles, 11 to 11½¢ per lb.; jack rabbits, \$1.50 to \$3 per doz."

Some officers of the National Game Bird and Fish Protective Association had a conference Saturday, Jan. 13, with the State Fish and Game Warden and some prominent sportsmen, in respect to taking measures to enforce the game laws. It was stated that the Monday and Wednesday previous, consignments of fish from Fox Lake to a south Water Street firm had been made, and fishing in that lake in violation of the law is reported. A committee of three was appointed to secure evidence and prosecute, a large fund having been raised for that purpose. Messrs. M. R. Bortree and T. S. Baird were the representatives of the National Association at the conference. There will, in the near future, be a similar conference in Milwaukee, to enforce game protection in Wisconsin. B. WATERS.

## Mr. Hedges's First Deer.

MR. CLARENCE E. HEDGES, of Rochester, has of late been entertaining his guests with a deer story; and to substantiate it he has for office adornment the fine Adirondack buck, mounted in lifelike attitude, killed by him in 1893.

## New York Game and Fish Protectors.

J. WARREN POND, Chief Game and Fish Protector, headquarters Capitol at Albany; home address, Malone. JOHN LIBERTY, Clerk, office Capitol at Albany.

- First District—ROBERT BROWN, JR., Port Richmond.  
 Richmond, Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties.  
 Second District—WILLIAM KIDD, Newburgh.  
 Orange, Rockland, Westchester and New York counties.  
 Third District—MATTHEW KENNEDY, Hudson.  
 Rensselaer, Dutchess, Columbia and Putnam counties.  
 Fourth District—ISAAC KENWELL, Indian Lake.  
 Hamilton and all of Essex lying south of a line drawn from the southeast corner of Franklin county, east to Port Henry on Lake Champlain.  
 Fifth District—BYRON A. CAMERON, Ray Brook.  
 Franklin, Clinton and all of Essex lying north of a line drawn from the southeast of Franklin county, east to Port Henry on Lake Champlain.  
 Sixth District—JOHN HUNKINS, Hermon.  
 St. Lawrence, except the town of Hammond.  
 Seventh District—FRANK JOR, Boyd.  
 Lewis and all of Herkimer lying north of the towns of Russia, Ohio, and all of Oswego north of a line drawn from Pulaski to the northwest corner of Oneida county.  
 Eighth District—JOHN FIELDS, Middleville.  
 Fulton, Montgomery, Schoenectady, and all of Herkimer lying south of the north line of the town of Russia and Ohio.  
 Ninth District—SHERMAN F. SYDER, Davenport.  
 Delaware, Sullivan, Broome and Tioga counties.  
 Tenth District—HARRISON HAWN, Cicero.  
 Oneida, Madison, Cortland and Oswego, from Pulaski to the northwest corner of Oneida county district.  
 Eleventh District—JOSEPH NORRUP, Alexandria Bay.  
 Jefferson and the town of Hermon in St. Lawrence county.  
 Twelfth District—HENRY C. CARR, Union Springs.  
 Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne and Tompkins counties.  
 Thirteenth District—PENN. YAN.  
 Yates, Schuyler and Ontario counties.  
 Fourteenth District—GEORGE M. SCHWARTZ, Rochester.  
 Monroe, Orleans, Wyoming, Genesee and Livingston counties.  
 Fifteenth District—CHARLES HIXSON, Youngstown.  
 Niagara, Erie and Chautauque counties.  
 Sixteenth District—JAMES McMILLIN, Broadhead Bridge.  
 Ulster, Greene, Albany and Schoharie counties.  
 Seventeenth District—CHARLES H. BARBER, Greenwich.  
 Warren, Washington and Saratoga counties.  
 Eighteenth District—ENNAM BRANSFORD, Cooperstown.  
 Otsego, Chenango and Oneida counties.  
 Nineteenth District—CAMERON COTTON, Bath.  
 Chemung, Steuben, Cattaraugus and Allegany counties.

## Game and Fish Bills at Albany.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

ASSEMBLYMAN HENNESSEY has introduced an amendment to the game law so that section 47 shall read: "Crusting, Yarding and Jacking. Deer shall not be hunted, killed or captured by what is commonly known as crusting, nor while they are yarded; nor shall they be hunted, shot at, killed or captured by what is commonly known as jacking or floating, or hunting deer with lights, in order to lure them or attract their attention."

Assemblyman O'Reilly introduced an amendment to the game law as, in section 36, to give protectors power to serve subpoenas issued for the examination, investigation or trial of all offenses against the law; also, section 33, providing that only the actual expense of seizure of nets shall be a county charge; also, that special protectors shall have \$3 a day for the time actually spent, and not to exceed \$100 in any one year in any one county, exclusive of expense, all of which shall be a county charge; also, section 49, including hares with rabbits as to the close season; also, section 244, allowing courts of special sessions in towns and villages, and the several city courts having jurisdiction over misdemeanors to have jurisdiction of all offenses committed within the county where said courts are held, in the same manner as though the defendant had been taken before a magistrate of the town where the offense was committed.

## Concerning "Forest and Stream."

It is hard to make ends meet but I must have the paper.—P. (St. Paul, Minn.)

Inclosed find \$1 of Uncle Sam's hard earned cash. Don't know where I can get more comfort out of it than to send it to you for he "F. and S." for 3 months. May your shadow never grow less.—A. F. O. (Kankakee, Ill.)

I think if some of your writers who are so down on the game hog, out of season shooters and pot-hunters, would make a present to the said undesirable people of a year's subscription to your paper, we would hear less of this objectionable class.—J. B. P. (Granby, Que.)

I think the last number for the month of December the most excellent of all the "good ones" for the past two years. Long may the nimble chronicler of Antwine's "true stories" and the perfect revealer of New England's peculiar shrewd wit and wisdom in homeliest phrase, continue to write. I believe Cable has revealed the Creole type as Miss Murfree has that of the mountains of Tennessee. But Mr. Robinson touches things I know and have heard the like of repeatedly, and is doing equally good work not only from the sportsman's but also from the literary standpoint. No more welcome guest comes to us in type than your paper, and I wish to express my personal and growing appreciation of its increasing excellence.—D. A. J. (West Winsted, Conn.)

The powder test report by Mr. Tenner, the expert, is very interesting and is worth more than the yearly subscription price of your valuable publication, the "F. and S." to every sportsman.—A. G. (Bozeman, Mont.)

## Sea and River Fishing.

## SUBTERRANEAN WATER RIGHTS.

IN the Circuit Court of Ohio for the Sixth District a decision was handed down this morning which will be of wide interest, not only to anglers and fishcultivists in this State but in the entire country. The case was reserved for decision in Toledo from the Circuit Court sitting at Sandusky, to which court it came on appeal from the Court of Common Pleas of Erie county, and is entitled "The Castalia Trout Club Co. vs. the Castalia Sporting Club Co. et al." The facts, briefly stated, are these:

The plaintiff company, duly incorporated under the laws of the State for the purpose of fishing and propagating fish, etc., is the owner of the head springs and pools of Cold Creek and the waters flowing therefrom through their own grounds and the grounds of the defendant company and thence into Sandusky Bay. As is well known, the stream formed from the outflow of these springs is peculiarly adapted to the propagation and growing of brook trout, having a temperature at its head of 53° winter and summer, and in the last few years it has afforded the finest fishing for these and other varieties of the *Salmo* family. The members of Castalia Club Company, known from its location on the stream as the "upper club," are largely residents of Toledo and Sandusky, while those belonging to the Sporting Club Company are principally residents of Cleveland, and this organization is locally recognized as the "lower club." The latter company, it should be added, is also incorporated under the Ohio laws for purposes similar to those of its neighbor.

Nearly three years ago the plaintiff in this case (the upper club) acquired the ownership of a piece of land adjoining the natural course of that part of the stream owned by them, and proceeded to construct upon it a winding stream or channel, which carried the water over a circuitous course some three and a half miles in length before delivering it within the grounds of the lower club. In February, 1892, the latter sunk a large artesian well on its grounds a short distance below the boundary line, and the result was an enormous flow of water which lowered the pool on the premises of the upper club (known as the "Blue Hole") eleven inches, as was alleged. The upper club thereupon filed a petition for a perpetual injunction, alleging that the water issuing from the artesian well of the lower club flowed directly through a natural underground channel from the upper springs of the stream, and claiming that the defendants had no right to divert such stream from its regular channel. In their cross petition the defense alleged that they had no intention of injuring the property of the plaintiff, but that the act complained of was done simply to promote their own interests; but they further asked the court to perpetually enjoin the upper club from diverting the water into what is known as the "meadow stream," alleging that not only was the volume of water delivered to them materially lessened by such diversion, but that its temperature was so much raised by the prolonged exposure consequent upon its circuitous course as to make it practically unfit for the purpose of propagating or growing trout.

The court, all the judges concurring, granted the prayer of the plaintiff for a perpetual injunction restraining the defendants from digging other wells, and announced that it would also issue a mandatory injunction requiring the defendant to close the well already bored by Feb. 24 next. It also declared that it found no grounds for interfering with the "meadow stream," so-called, inasmuch as it did not materially affect either the volume or temperature of the water passing through it. It is probable that the case will go to the Supreme Court on error.

Messrs. Clarence Brown, of Toledo, and E. B. King, of Sandusky, appeared for the plaintiff, and Messrs. E. D. Potter, Jr., and Judge Ingersoll, of Cleveland, for the defendants. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO O., Jan. 20.

## ANGLING AND DOMESTIC FELICITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The straightforward good sense of Mrs. Tomlin's letter in your issue of Jan. 13 is worthy of serious consideration. Without saying much about it, men are aware that there is room for improvement in the matter of domestic felicity. The discussion whether "marriage is a failure" or not is proof of this. Now some of the most successful matrimonial alliances I have known have been the result of sympathy of interest in outdoor sport and recreation. I have in mind a charming couple who have for many summers whipped the streams of Canada together, shared the rough and smooth of camp life in the wilderness, and seemed to grow nearer and dearer to each as other the years passed by.

The husband is one of the most genial and companionable of men; full of wit, humor and good nature, a man among men and one of those men who "hate contentions and love quietness, and virtue, and Angling." The wife is a strong and helpful woman, delightful in conversation, kindly in heart and brilliant in social graces. What more could one ask? These may have been natural gifts, but one cannot help feeling that their coming close to nature's heart had at any rate enhanced their lovableness.

Like most men who find consolation for the ills of life, and inspiration for duty and work "by field and flood," the writer has tried "his princely hand" on making "fishin' wimmin'" with more or less success. He believes that it is entirely within the range of possibility to make "compleat anglers" out of the majority of American women. You cannot get the love of outdoor sports into some men any more than you can get a joke into a certain class without a surgical operation. It is a matter of moment that the high-strung, nervous and somewhat delicate American woman should find somewhere a source of recuperation. She is overtaxed with work, and household cares and the rearing of children, but especially with the constant demands of social intercourse. It is no great wonder if under this constant strain she grows nervous and irritable. The wonder is that she remains as helpful and charming as she is.

Perhaps if the majority of men were asked why marriage is not more successful they would lay the blame on the nervousness of women. However unjust this may be, there is something in it for women as well as men to consider.

Will not outdoor sports, which mean so much of recu-

perative force to men, act as a palliative to this demon of nervousness?

All hail to the bicycle riding, rod and gun handling sisterhood!

I write to advance the love of sportsmanship among women not only as better than pills and sarsaparillas for tired nerves, but because field and stream and camp open up such rare delights which cannot be found otherwise.

There are some things worth remembering. Patience is the first virtue in angling, good nature the second. Patience in a fishing sense means that calm determination to abide the fish's pleasure about biting, to endure a little fatigue, sometimes mosquitoes and a hot sun, and even an occasional and unintentional bath when the treacherous rocks "cause our feet to slide." Good nature means cheerfulness under all these petty annoyances and the other ills that only give zest to enjoyment if one will so look at them.

The minor details, such as baiting the hook, handling the rod and reel, playing the fish, landing and removing the hook, are very easily learned if a modicum of this patience and good nature are applied.

It is to be hoped that we shall hear more from "fisherwomen" in the pleasant pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

J. H. LA ROCHE.

## LANDLOCKED SALMON IN SEBEC LAKE.

WITH hardly an exception, those who have fished for ouananiche in the Lake St. John region arise and say as one man that there is no fish on earth like their fish, and no sport like their sport. This may be so. There are so many witnesses that it would seem as if it must be so, and yet it is difficult to understand why the landlocked salmon, which is at least morphologically identical with the winnisch, might not afford as good sport in Maine as in Canada, the conditions being the same.

The conditions seem to be that the fish shall be taken from boat or shore, in swift cold water, with tackle light or heavy, according to the angler's fancy. Such conditions obtain very early in the season, when the ice has just gone out, and to a certain extent during the month of June and September, at the inlet to Sebec Lake, in Piscataquis county, Maine. This lake is twelve miles long and about four miles wide in its widest part. It is surrounded by high hills and mountains all heavily wooded. There are very few clearings on its shores. Its principal feeders are the Wilson Stream and the Ship Pond Stream. About half a mile above the mouth of the Wilson there are falls and, alas, a spool mill, and something less than a quarter of a mile above the mouth of the Ship Pond Stream there are also falls. Below these falls on both streams are rapids, and in these rapids the fish are taken in early spring. Fish may also be taken at times by trolling in the lakes about the mouths of the streams from the time of the spring run until the first or middle of June. After the June rise and in September the salmon may be found in the Ship Pond Stream at certain places, particularly at Cow Yard Falls and the Salmon Pool. It was in the latter locality that an incident once occurred where the punishment seemed to fit the crime.

When the C. P. R. R. was being built some Italian laborers came down the Ship Pond Stream to dynamite the salmon pool. One charge of dynamite had been exploded, and just as another was thrown in an Italian waded in after the salmon which had been killed by the first discharge. Dynamite worked the same on the Italian as on the fish, so they took him out and buried him right there, but neither his grave nor his ghost seems to prevent an occasional repetition of his deed. Last fall the pool was dynamited and scores of salmon were left to rot on the banks of the stream. The salmon of Sebec Lake seldom attain a weight of more than 6 lbs., though occasionally one of 7 or 8 lbs. is taken. An average catch will weigh something better than 3 lbs. apiece.

When the salmon first come up out of the deep water in the spring they are very dark and have a greenish cast, but after having been in the quick water for a short time they change to a silvery white color on the sides and belly; the black markings come out in clear relief and they become much harder fighters. The fishing season opens just as soon as the ice goes out of the lake. At this time the smelts run up to spawn, and the salmon seem to follow them. At all events, they appear in the quick water together and go away together. The run usually lasts about ten days.

At that season of the year it is customary to use bait, although I have no doubt that a patient trial of the fly would be rewarded by a certain amount of success. The best bait is a shiner from two to three inches long. In my opinion it is best to hook the bait through both lips, on a No. 6 sprout hook at the end of a 9 ft. single gut light salmon leader, without any sinker, or with only a single duck shot on the snell.

I then let out from 75 to 150 ft. of line and allow the bait to go pretty much where the rapids and eddies carry it. The best of tackle is indispensable to success, and under the most favorable conditions one must expect to lose some fish.

In June and September there is some excellent fly-fishing on the Ship Pond Stream, particularly at the localities above mentioned. There is the usual difference of opinion as to the "most killing flies," but I think it is generally agreed that the dark Montreal, cowdung and professor are among the best. Personally I have had the best success with the dark Montreal, probably because I have used it most.

Sebec Lake may be reached either from Dover or Abbott Village. From Dover one goes by private conveyance five miles to Blethen's Landing, and then takes one of the little steamboats to go up the lake. From Abbott Village there is a daily stage to the head of the lake, leaving Abbott about 11 A. M.

There is a hotel at the head of the lake, where plain, homely fare may be obtained at a dollar a day. There are also a set of sporting camps about two miles down the lake, but I do not know what the charges are. Guides and boats are scarce, although not expensive, about \$2 a day being thought a good price for a boat and boatman.

As regards the size of catch one might expect, I can only say that it all depends on circumstances. Three years ago my catch was 45 lbs. dressed weight; time, two and one-half days. Two years ago a friend of mine and I took 85 lbs. of dressed fish in three days. A year ago I caught 27 lbs. in one day, and then unfavorable weather came on and no more fish were taken for several days. These figures refer to the early spring fishing. On the stream in



June and September one can hardly expect to catch as many.

I do not wish to be understood as intending to compare Sebec Lake to Lake St. John. Sebec Lake is a very small place and the fishing grounds are limited, but the anglers are likewise few, and the expense of the trip small, a consideration which unfortunately has some weight with many an honest angler.

F. S. BUNKER.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Growth of Planted Land-locked Salmon.

MY note about planting Lake George, N. Y. with land-locked salmon, in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Dec. 30 last, has been the cause of a number of queries that have come to me since that issue of this journal. Chiefly I have been asked how old and how big "fingerlings" were; how soon after the salmon were planted in Lake George would they be large enough to catch; why landlocked salmon were called ouananiche, and what the word meant; and some other questions that no man on earth can answer unless he can look into the future further than the human eye can see, even with a heap of right smart guessing as an aid.

The salmon that the U. S. Fish Commissioner called "fingerlings" in the extract quoted from his letter, will be from ten to thirteen months old depending upon the time that they will be planted and also upon whether their age is reckoned from the time the eggs are taken or from the time they are hatched. The eggs were taken last autumn and are now being hatched at the salmon breeding stations of the U. S. Fish Commission in Maine. When hatched the fry will be reared at the station, until sometime next summer or early fall when they will be brought to Lake George in one of the fish cars belonging to the Commission, and planted in trout streams tributary to the lake. In size they may be from four to over six inches in length, depending upon the food they may get and the time they are planted. A lot of fingerlings of the same age will not be of the same size, for some grow fatter than others. I planted one lot of fourteen-months-old *salar* that had been hatched in the same troughs and reared in the same ponds and they ranged in length from about 3½ in. to 7½ in. as the extremes.

As to the time that salmon, planted this year in Lake George, will be large enough to catch, I prefer to state what had been done in other waters under somewhat similar conditions in the way of growing them, instead of speculating on my own account as to the future of salmon not yet planted.

I have mentioned Sunapee Lake, N. H., as water in which landlocked salmon have become established from plantings of fry. A few miles from Sunapee on a different watershed in the town of New London, is situated Pleasant Lake, a body of water about two miles long, spring fed and from 80 to 100 ft. deep. Two years ago last spring trout and salmon fry from the Sunapee Hatchery were planted in Pleasant Lake, and last fall the men from the hatchery were sent to Pleasant Lake to see how the fish were growing. They took spawn from brook trout 3 lbs. in weight and found landlocked salmon up to 6 lbs. in weight. Please remember that this growth was accomplished in two and a half years time from the date that the fry were planted.

### Lake Pleasant.

Dr. Quackenbos wrote me very recently about this lake, and I must quote from the letter:

"Lake Pleasant is 805 ft. above the sea, very deep, clear and cold, so phenomenally adapted to the ouananiche. Large brook trout were native to its cold solitudes, and a knowing few still capture these incarnations of symmetry and celestial dye, but wisely keep their own counsel. Lake Pleasant has the requisite depth of 100 ft., the necessary extent of territory, the appropriate cold temperature, inflowing streams abounding in vegetable and animal organisms, and what is most essential, an interested and vigilant body of land owners, who have awakened to the fact that the success of their efforts to stock this charming lake will convert their chateaux into profitable boarding houses and make the picturesque hamlet, heavened among the pines at its foot, the seat of select hotels.

"Scytherville may have lost her prestige as a manufacturing village, but a grander future awaits her if Pleasant Lake, which is the pride of her people, shall become the home of the landlocked salmon, superlatively the finest game fish in the world.

"So I predicted two years ago, and I referred to Sunapee as a precedent. The stocking with black bass brought a large but job-lot contingent to its shores who cared for little else than meat. There was one among them, and you know who he was, who raised the Isis veil and beheld the nature goddess in all the details of her beauty and infinity of her powers, who looked beyond the bass at the bare-bosomed Sunapee herself, who felt her mysterious personality and who preached her charms to friends until he brought hundreds to her shrine.

### Best Fishes Draw Best Society.

"I contend that not until the fishes were refined to the extreme—until ouananiche and saibling were introduced—did the most refined element of society seek the 'Shores of Rock.' I contend that they only were capable of loving aright. The ouananiche beckoned them, they came, they felt that unearthly mental calm and heavenly content, they loved and the cultured alone can love—at first sight and forever.

"But you will sicken of poetry, you want facts. Yet Aristotle says poetry is truer than history, and so it is—it is all soul fact, soul utterance of eternal truth.

"In Lake Pleasant the ouananiche breakfasts, lunches and dines on smelts, and takes smelts between drinks. In consequence he grows rapidly; no other fish grows so fast with food. We know to 5 and 6 lbs. in two years and a half from the egg. Twenty such were viewed by Cheney and Sargent as they crawled through the underbrush to a 'hole' in one of the inflowing streams.

"Ouananiche of such size in companies of twenty after two and one-half years, and ready to reproduce their species. It is the triumph of fishculture, the supernal and dizzy summit of the art's effort. Where can it be equalled? You can equal it in Lake George. In three years you can have the millionaire and the foreign nobleman bidding for your farms at fabulous prices. The loveliest lake in this Western land 'stiff' with the gamest of fishes. But Col. McDonald must be thorough, as no doubt he will be. Close every inflowing brook that is planted,

and stock thoroughly along its whole length. Keep stocking for five years, carefully protect in breeding season and you have done it! We have salmon at Sunapee that weigh 20 lbs., big fellows that go right through the nets at spawning time like the charge of an angry rhinoceros, ripping everything to pieces—fish that wreck tackle mercilessly and plunge the coolest heads into buck fever at 120 degrees in three minutes. They are the biggest fighters for their size in water, and he who kills a 10-pounder even, after the conflict cannot help feeling he has not lived in vain. I have arranged with Fraine to mount a 25-pounder I know must be in the lake, and I have a strong presentiment he is coming to my hook, and when he does there will be no buck fever."

Such enthusiasm is contagious, and even as I write the quotation I feel like mounting a rod, putting on snowshoes and going out into the fields to have a cast into the snow banks for practice, to be in readiness for the June fishing at Sunapee which I hope to enjoy. Lake Pleasant is closed for two years more (I believe that is the correct time), but when it is open to fishermen it promises to rival the parent lake for landlocked salmon and brook trout.

### Ouananiche.

Ouananiche, the name by which the land-locked salmon is known in Canada, and which is growing in favor in the United States, is an Indian word, and I am indebted to Mr. E. T. D. Chambers of Quebec for the following explanation of it. In the Montagnai's dialect *ouananiche* means salmon, and *iche* is a diminutive; so that ouananiche means "little salmon." I have an idea that English-speaking people after hearing the Indians pronounce the word spelled it phonetically, "wananiche," "winninich," "win-inich" (for these spellings are all used), which expresses the pronunciation near enough but does not describe the fish except as it is compared with the sea-run specimens, which grow to over 50 lbs., for the ouananiche grows to over 25 lbs. in weight in fresh water, and cannot therefore be considered a very little salmon.

### To Strike or Not to Strike.

From salmon planting to salmon fishing is but a step, and to secure a salmon after it rises to the fly it must first of all be securely hooked, and salmon fishermen do not fully agree as to just how it is done. I really think they do agree more nearly than they seem to when one says he strikes and another says he does not, and it is more a difference of opinion of what constitutes a strike. I think that Mr. David Wilson, honorary secretary of the London Fly-Fisher's Club, strikes the happy medium in telling how he does it. He was wading a salmon river and made a long cast toward a rock in mid-stream, the fly struck the rock and bounded back into the pool where it was taken by a fish as follows: "The salmon was hooked in the roof of the mouth, well toward the gullet, which would point to the conclusion that it had seized the fly when the line was perfectly slack and swallowed it well down. I did not 'strike' in either case. In fact, I never do strike a salmon except in very slow running water, but always make a practice of winding a fish up short at once, and putting on sufficient strain to make sure the hook has gone home."

### Grubs.

From killing a salmon, to the lure that brings it to gaff, is but another step, albeit a step backward. I have just received from Mr. George Holland of Winchester, Hants, whom the Badminton Library says is one of the most excellent professional fly tyers in the three kingdoms, samples of "grubs" which he tells me are now being used for salmon in Great Britain. They appear to be the best possible lure for ouananiche, and unless all signs fail they will prove very killing. They are hackles with the hackles for most part tied in in three sections, although some are tied palmer fashion. They are not unlike some Scotch sea trout flies that Mr. Chambers agreed with me last year were excellent ouananiche flies. The grubs shall have a trial when the season opens, and I'll warrant they will give a good account of themselves when the score is rounded up.

A. N. CHENEY.

## BOSTON NOTES.

THE Boston pickerel fishermen have had one or two very nice days of late, and they have improved them, but without very heavy strings as the result. There is a complaint that the ponds within twenty miles of Boston are badly fished out. Friday last was a most beautiful winter day, or rather it was more like a day in April, and many of the pickerel fishermen were out. On some of the Plymouth ponds there were more men and boys than there was room for holes. The Reading ponds were covered with fishermen. In Andover the ponds were alive with fishermen. On one pond there were twenty fishermen, each with from 25 to 100 traps. A friend of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, who could not go himself, was asked to loan his traps to another intimate friend. He owns a beautiful outfit of about 100 traps, made to order. He much disliked to loan his outfit; but it is hard to refuse a friend. The traps were taken and used. Time came to take them up and start for home. The water was cold and the lines were beginning to freeze. The team was waiting before the lines were half of them out and nicely wound. Haste seemed to be necessary, and the lines were taken out as rapidly as possible and the traps all gathered into a mass. Well, some of the traps were crushed and broken; the lines were badly kinked and snarled. The friend who borrowed had not time to return in good order told his friend when returning the mass of kinked and broken tackle, to have it picked out and put in repair and he would pay the bill. "It was absolutely not possible to wait and take the lines out as they should have been taken out," he said. Those lines have been straightened out; the traps have been put in repair. Has the friend paid the friend for the damage and trouble? Oh, no! Between friends such a small matter could not be thought of. But why will friends ask to borrow tackle of a friend, when they are well aware that the tackle they would borrow is the pet and pleasure of the owner, and that next to wife and children or brothers and sisters, that very tackle is the dearest thing to the friend's heart?

The tarpon fishermen are getting ready and some of them have already started for Florida, though but one or two tarpon have yet been taken, according to the latest accounts. Mr. Charles A. Dean is already in Florida ready for a fight with the tarpon. Dr. Mixer, of Boston, is getting ready for a tarpon trip and will be off some

time this week. W. S. Hills, the blind fisherman, is getting ready for his winter fishing trip to Florida. He is not yet decided as to just what point he will go, but it is to be where there is the best fishing. His health demands the trip, and yet, though totally blind, the fishing is the important item. Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, fits out his tackle so that he can arrange it by the sense of touch. Mr. Hills's man George Horton will be with him, and his eyes, where eyes are absolutely necessary, will have to answer for both. Mr. Hills is a lover of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. He has it read to him with great pleasure. He remarked the other day that he should very much like to see "Special." "Yes," he said, "I would give a good deal to see him. I would give many thousand dollars to 'see' him!" Well, Mr. Hills shall shake hands with him on the very first opportunity. In the meantime, may some great tarpon shake his rod till his hands are tired, but with a final victory that the *FOREST AND STREAM* shall hear about.

Mr. Patrick Kelley of Cambridge, with his friend, Dr. Golding starts for Florida this week. The Doctor is a successful veterinary surgeon, and Mr. Kelley is a well known builder of Catholic churches. He was a dear friend of the late Father O'Brien, and their trouting trips have been frequently mentioned in this paper. It is curious to note that both Dr. Golding and Mr. Kelley will go to Florida, each well in his own estimation, but for the other's health. They will both take in the fishing.

Mr. Walter L. Hill has lately returned from his winter shoot at the camps of the Ragged Island Club, in Currituck Sound, Va. He goes there as the guest of Mr. Woodward, former president of the club, if not in that office now. The shooting was good, though not up to a year ago in the ideas of Mr. Hill. The five shooters there together, including Mr. Kimball and Mr. Hart, New York tobacco men, had a most enjoyable time, with beautiful weather a good part of the time. They got canvasbacks and all of the best ducks of the season. The birds were rather shy, for the reason that night shooting is being practiced up in the flats where the birds should be allowed to spend the night in peace. Mr. Hill's affection for the Ragged Island Club is growing stronger and stronger, and he hopes to take Mr. Woodward, with some of the other members, on to Moosehead Lake after trout this season. One day the entertainers told Mr. Hill, when he started out for the blinds in the morning, that he must get up as good an appetite as possible, for the dinner that day was to be a special one. When they came in, sure enough there were canvasback ducks done to a turn, with terrapin dug on the island, and all the delicacies of the season. The dinner was fine and so were the terrapin. But Mr. Hill could not forbear telling the story at table of a Yankee who ate terrapin for the first time at a dinner in Washington some years since. "Yes, the dum sculpin are fine," he remarked in an aside; "but I tell you honestly that I'd rather have a dish of Boston baked beans!" SPECIAL.

## PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

THERE was a large attendance at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, held on Saturday evening, Jan. 13, at the rooms, 1,020 Arch street, Philadelphia. At the request of Mr. A. M. Spangler his name was withdrawn as a candidate for the presidency and the election resulted as follows: President, H. O. Wilbur; Vice-Presidents, Edwin Haggert, Wm. H. Burkhardt, Dr. Bushrod W. James; Corresponding Secretary, J. Penrose Collins; Secretary, Marion G. Sellers; Treasurer, Wm. S. Hergesheimer; Executive Committee, Henry C. Ford, Howard A. Chase, Chas. H. Fitzgerald, J. R. Sypher, Geo. T. Stokes, Henry A. Ingram, Col. John Gay, Wm. P. Thompson and Cyrus S. Detre.

The following report was made by the special committee delegated to attend the coast fishery conference in New York:

To the President and Members of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

GENTLEMEN: The special committee appointed at the last meeting of the Association, to attend a conference called by a number of prominent citizens of the State of New York, for the purpose of considering the subject of the constantly growing scarcity of edible fishes along the Atlantic coast line, respectfully reports, that all of the committee, whose names are appended to this paper were in attendance, and nearly all of them participated actively in the proceedings.

Much to the surprise of the committee, the conference, which it was generally understood was to be composed of men opposed to menhaden and pound-net fishing, as practiced for years past and now, had, instead, a majority of representatives of the destructive methods of capturing coast fishes. Those menhadenites and pound-net advocates came fully prepared with statistics, truthful or otherwise, and which were made part and parcel of the proceedings.

By previous understanding and having a majority, they, in a large degree controlled the conference, restricting debate and voting down propositions of every kind intended to bring about the desired reforms.

The discussion was opened by Mr. Detre, a member of the committee, in a vigorous speech denunciatory of pound-net fishing. He was followed in a lengthy paper by Mr. Huntington, president of the New York Board of State Fishery Commissioners, the opponents of reform interjecting papers, prepared expressly for the occasion. Some of these statements were completely refuted by testimony that could not be impeached, but the reformers from the start worked at a disadvantage, and as might have been expected, the conference was practically a failure.

While a full discussion of the subject was desirable and intended, it soon became apparent that the representatives of the interests the conference had been called to restrict within reasonable limits were in the majority, and, understanding their advantage, became not only aggressive, but in one instance at least absolutely insulting.

It was clearly apparent to your committee that with millions of capital invested, with a number of Congressmen and ex-Congressmen peculiarly interested, and with such organization as guarantees unity of action in endeavor to menhaden or pound-net fishing is assailed, that unless the same unity of action, backed by like determined effort, can be effected by the fish protectionists, the warfare will be a most unequal one for them.

But, discouraging as is the outlook, we should persist in our efforts to abate or at least modify these great evils, having for encouragement what seems to be an absolutely assured fact, that the evil will work its own cure, for so marked has become the scarcity of edible coast fishes, that not a great many years will elapse before menhaden fishing will become unprofitable, unless the steadily increasing scarcity of those fish ceases.

As to pound-net fishing, it has assumed such vast proportions along the coast, and is so terribly destructive to spawning fish in the spring and to the young of those that escape in the fall, that unless such restrictive legislation can be had as will effectually protect the food fishes, there is no telling how soon the supply of them along the coast will be practically exhausted.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

A. M. SPANGLER,  
CYRUS S. DETRE,  
HENRY C. FORD,  
ALFRED HART,  
BERNARD L. DOURDELOURE,  
JAMES H. MILLER.

The work of the Association for the year was reviewed in the report of the executive committee, an abstract of which must be deferred to our next issue.



### Mountain Trout Waters.

Mr. H. L. STORY, formerly of Story & Camp, organ builders of Chicago, but now a resident of San Diego, Cal., where he raises fruit, has been a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM* for twenty years. Last fall he visited Macdonald Lake, in northwestern Montana, whither he was attracted by Mr. Charles Hallock's letters to this paper. He made camp with Frank Geduhn at the foot of the lake, of which Macdonald Creek is the outlet. A private letter from the camp says of his experience:

"Trout fishing in Macdonald Creek was excellent. He would catch from 20 to 40 while going down to Flathead River. At the head of the river he caught numerous 2 and 3-pound mountain trout and large landlocked salmon or Dolly Varden trout. From there he went over the range to Camas Lake, where he got satisfied to his heart's content, especially fishing at night. At the head of that lake is great sport. As soon as the fly touches the water one has a fish.

"Later we went to explore the Upper Camas Lake, to which I had never been before. We found it the prettiest of the lot; the most picturesque mountains surround it; two creeks tumbling down their sides in snowy cascades empty into it. At the head of it is partly open country, where we saw, reaching nearly to the water's edge, a huge snowdrift like a young glacier; but the lake was literally alive with large mountain trout. Mr. Story said, 'I never imagined there was such a splendid place in the United States.'

"There is a glacier northeast of Macdonald Lake and a large lake at the foot of it. Two prospectors saw it this summer from a mountain further north." F. G.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider  
the Subject of the Exhaustion of  
Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

(Continued from Page 55.)

MR. ATKINS HUGHES, of Massachusetts, said:  
I represent part of the pounds in Cape Cod Bay. I was the first one to put a deep water pound in there in 1891. At that time very few fishermen ran into Boston in the summer time, for the reason that no bait could be obtained. The next year we put in two pounds and they have increased now to about forty pounds. Our principal business is catching bait for these fishermen; there are about forty pounds engaged in it, and the number of vessels has increased from probably three or four to half a hundred. They are depending fully on these pounds for their bait. Only yesterday when I was in Boston, there was a large fleet of vessels waiting for bait. I received a telegram from my captain stating they had 300 barrels of bait in the weirs. I went down and I got an order for 200 barrels of that bait to come to Boston to supply those vessels. If the pounds had not been there, I don't know where they could have got their bait. After these pounds are taken up, for about a month those vessels will be actually without bait. This year we have taken steps to provide for that time when they are without bait, by putting up freezers, which cost about \$15,000.

To show that fishing could not be carried on in Boston without these pounds, if there should be a scarcity of bait in these weirs, you will see sixty vessels collected for bait, and during that time you will see the price of fish advance in the Boston markets; or if the time happens when there are three or four days that we cannot get fish, it increases the prices in the Boston market. So I say for that reason the trap should not be interfered with.

Another reason, which is a local one, however, is that in the town in which I belong it is the only industry they have. Every person in the town is interested directly or indirectly in these weirs. It is the only means they have of getting a living; and I say, as I have said before, that the moment you do away with these pounds in Cape Cod Bay and around there, you will do away with our means of support.

Q. What else did they catch except herring for a bait?

MR. HUGHES—Squid. The net is an inch and five eighths mesh.

Q. So they take the young fry of all kinds that are valueless for food?

MR. HUGHES—They take all kinds of fish that come along. I wish to make a further statement in regard to these weirs. They are taking some edible fish which could not be caught in any other way. Of the albicore or tunny fish we formerly could not sell more than a pound or two a week. This last season we shipped every one we caught to the New York markets. They will average from 50 to 75 lbs. a day, and I have seen 2,000 lbs. taken in a day. At that time we could not make use of them, but now we can sell them. Without these pounds you could not catch those fish. There is another fish that is becoming edible, that is the whiting. They are a very fine fish, and we ship more or less to the New York market. The consumption is increasing every year, and in time there will, no doubt, be a large market for those fish. I say for this reason the pound should not be interfered with.

The following paper was presented by J. M. K. Southwick, being an extract from the Annual Report of the Rhode Island Commissioners of Fisheries for 1892:

#### The Menhaden Fishery.

The present season has been worse than the last, which was exceptionally a poor season for these fish. These two past years have proved a serious setback to this important fishery of our State. The menhaden fishery may be said to have commenced with the invention of the purse net, about forty-five years ago, and has developed into an important industry. In the statistics furnished by the United States Commission we find as follows:

"Rhode Island is now more interested in this branch than any other New England State, and the industry ranks among the most prominent enterprises of the State. The capital invested in 1880 was \$452,925; 573 persons were employed and 177,133,333 fish were handled, for which \$265,700 was paid. The manufactured product, consisting of different grades of oil and various kinds of fertilizers, were worth \$427,757, an increase of \$317,208 over 1887 and \$93,070 over 1888."

The failure of this fishery the past two years was in part to be attributed to the restrictive legislation of other States.

The menhaden are a wandering ocean fish, and according to the best authority we have, spawn upon the ocean, wander along the coast, from Newfoundland to Florida, sometimes appearing at one place, sometimes at another in large numbers. To pursue them successfully it becomes necessary to follow them wherever they are to be found. The antagonism existing in some localities between the practical fishermen and he who fishes for sport or recreation is unwise, and we

believe it often leads to great injustice. We believe in fostering both interests. The one is an industrial interest that produces much that is necessary to life and affords the means of livelihood to those engaged in it. The other, a healthy change and relaxation to the merchant, the student or the professional man seeking relief from over application to their several duties, or any one else who chooses to avail of it, and we believe it right for the State to provide for and preserve this privilege by all fair means, and within reasonable limits, with the same care it would a public park, and very much to the same end.

#### Hibernation.

A boat sunk between Fort Adams and the torpedo station about twenty months ago was raised Feb. 13 and found to contain quite a colony of fish and some small lobsters. The boat had a large quantity of mud in her that had settled so firmly together that it quite stopped the hole made in her, and also the holes in the well, so that both the boat and her well were bailed free of water and the boat floated to the shore at the city dock. The owner thinks that there were half a bushel of cunners and tautog found in her, all in the mud, and we are told that some of them were so embedded in the mud as to leave an imprint of their form.

#### The Fluctuations in the Number of Fish and the Natural Cause of their Depletion.

The fluctuations from year to year and for indefinite periods have been noted all along throughout the whole history of them. Often a great diminution without known cause has occurred and also immense numbers appear with out any known reason; such has ever been the case with fishes. These fluctuations were as clearly observed in the middle ages as now, the increase and diminution then caused the rise and fall of towns; their settlement and opulence, as well as their decay and poverty, have been due to the increase or diminution of the fishes. In later times the changes have been no less obvious and important.

The influences that produce these changes upon our coast is of especial interest to us. Unquestionably the great factor in producing the change in numbers is among the fishes, the larger, or best armed, destroying the smaller or weaker. But those most reduced with us are those that cast their spawn in the fresh upper water of our streams. Some of these have been so long absent, or their numbers so reduced, that we hardly realize that they once existed in great abundance in our waters. Of these the most important are the salmon, shad, herring and bass. While the influence of natural causes is sufficient to produce this change, the generally accepted theory is that the depletion is caused by the obstruction to streams, pollution of the water and such as arise from the development of the country. We incline to the belief that this is the primary cause of the depletion of the anadromous fishes.

The appearance in ever varying numbers of the fishes that visit our coast every season affords room for much study and no end of speculative theory. Their history while absent is one of the unrevealed mysteries of nature. They are governed by natural laws that baffle all efforts at investigation. Still it is a subject of great interest to the student of natural history and to the political economist.

The fluctuation in their number is phenomenal, often coming in abundance when few are expected, and few when large numbers are looked for, for instance, the appearance of scup in our waters in 1872. Prof. Baird said in 1877: "I was quite satisfied in my own mind that unless something of this kind was done, very serious results would happen. Very much to my disgust, I must admit, the next year, even with all the abundance of these engines, the young scup came in quantities so great as to exceed anything the oldest fisherman remembered. Since then scup has been very much more abundant than it was when I wrote my book and report."

Another instance occurred in the menhaden fishery of 1889 (referred to in our report for that year), few being expected, but overwhelming numbers appeared, exceeding that of anything known in former years. So it must ever be until we know more of them. Change is the immutable law of their existence.

#### Some of the Destructive Agencies That Are Always at Work to Decimate Their Numbers.

First of these is the enormous destruction of the spawn by other fish and by storm. The terrible havoc made by other fish upon the young, and the merciless destruction that continues all through their fish life, by other fish, birds and animals, and to this may be added their own cannibal propensity that does not stop to discriminate between their own relatives and others, and to these causes may be added diseases, heat or cold, parasites, convulsions of nature, and the numberless vicissitudes of fish life, known and unknown, observed or not observed by investigators. Sometimes whole colonies are destroyed by unknown causes, as was the case with the tilefish that were discovered by Prof. Baird in such large numbers, and seemed to be annihilated at one stroke.

Having considered the natural causes that affect all fish, and referred to some of the indirect influences of man upon the fresh-water spawning fish, we will now inquire into the direct act of man, the capture of ocean fish in large quantities as is now possible by the use of improved methods.

What is the effect upon the fisheries?

Who can answer?

We had thought to leave this question, but inasmuch as our State has especial interest in the solution of this question, as our largest fishing interest is directly and vitally affected by its determination; we feel that we should not be doing our duty by evading it, lest we might, like too many others, "step in where angels dare not tread."

We will first see what others have to say about it. The English Commission under Prof. Huxley examined a vast number of witnesses, received answers to nearly 63,000 questions and visited nearly all the fishing localities of Great Britain and Ireland, many of which had been fished over for many centuries, and though in addition to our modes of fishing by weirs, nets and seines, the beam trawl is there used, which is far more destructive to fish and their spawn and young than any other mode of fishing by us, that commission came to the unanimous conclusion that there was no danger to the sea fisheries, either in the open sea, or in bays and arms of the sea from over-fishing. The points indicated are the following: "That no amount or kind of fishing can diminish the schooling or wandering fishes of the high sea, such as the herring, mackerel and menhaden."

The same conclusions were arrived at in regard to the great herring fishery of the North Sea, in fact, while the investigation was being made (if we remember right), an immense quantity of their spawn became detached from the bottom by a storm, and were driven upon the shore, where it was fed to hogs or carted off for manure, showing that natural causes were at work that were quite sufficient to produce, and did produce, great changes, compared to which the catch by man was not to be considered.

The late Prof. Baird estimates the daily destruction of other fish upon our coast at 10,000,000,000, or 2,500,000,000 lbs. by bluefish alone, and says that their food consists of menhaden, mackerel, herring, scup and other species.

Does this slaughter go on all the year?

He also gives us an estimate of the number of menhaden devoured on the coast of New England at three thousand million millions (3,000,000,000,000,000) in the summer months.

Does this continue when they are absent from our coast?

He further says "that this calculation might be pursued to any extent, but I have presented enough to show that the question of human agencies in the way of affecting or influ-

encing the great ocean fisheries is scarcely worth considering."

Who is there that knows more about this subject?

Whom shall we consult?

If no better is offered we shall still quote from him: "If it were in any way our duty to take measures for the prevention of the destruction of life in the sea, and of maintaining the field of fish generally at its largest figure, we could accomplish it in no better way than by increasing the extent and magnitude of certain of our fisheries."

"Thus I have shown that there may be a saving of herring by the capture of the cod and ling on the British coast. For every bluefish captured in the waters of the United States many hundreds of other fish are left to enjoy their life, perhaps, however, in their turn to be the means of increasing destructiveness in another series of animals."

"The capture of whales gives a respite to the schools of mackerel and menhaden, while the destruction of the herring and menhaden relieves, though in an infinitesimal degree, the drain upon the crustaceans and the smaller fish."

We repeat the question, What is the effect of the taking of fish in quantities now possible by human methods?

We have in the foregoing presented the conclusions of three different Commissions composed of eminent scientists, who made as thorough investigations as it were possible, and all agree in their conclusions.

We were sure from past experience, there are hundreds ready to "step in" and say there can be no question about it. But we will ask them to pause while we consider the question further, and ask them the questions that we think have an important bearing upon the question before us. The depletion of fish in our waters are chiefly salmon, shad, herring and bass, and as these are all fresh-water spawners and some of them have left our waters long before the adoption of modern appliances, none of them have been taken in large quantities by them. This fact may have some significance as to these fish; but we are not now considering them at all.

We propose to apply all we have to say here to the ocean fishes, those taken by methods considered most destructive to us.

These are the scup, menhaden, and the bluefish, two of these we know to have been rare in our waters, the scup in 1794, and the bluefish in 1892.

What caused the depletion of the scup in the last century? Or the bluefish in the early part of this century?

In 1870 it was thought that scup were being exterminated, since which there has been an uninterrupted fishing for them by improved and continually increased numbers of traps and the catch of the last year far exceeds any former year. How is this possible; were they being decimated?

How were it possible to take such exceeding large numbers of menhaden in 1889 and 1890, if their numbers had been so decimated by previous years fishing?

Will some one wise in such matters tell us where these fish are when absent from our waters?

How old they get to be?

Are they subject to vicissitudes when absent?

What nature?

What becomes of all the old fish?

With such immense numbers the natural mortality must be very large. Why do we not see some trace of them?

Do predaceous fish live on others when absent from us?

Do menhaden live on the spawn of other fish?

Do mackerel devour the spawn of lobsters?

Do menhaden?

If so, what effect does it have upon the stock in the waters?

Do small fish or crustaceans affect the number of large ones by destroying their spawn?

If bluefish destroy menhaden, mackerel, herring and scup, may not these fish compensate by devouring the spawn or young of the bluefish, and in that way retaliate upon their enemies?

If any one can answer these questions, then would we vote wise enough to have a hand in the government of the fishes.

God alone rules the universe and to his infinite wisdom we must leave this until we have learned at least something more than we yet know; then it will be quite time to try to assist him in the government of the fishes of the sea.

We think that there will be found here some difficulty in governing the fisheries suggested, just what to foster and protect, and which to destroy in order to preserve the most desirable and have a favorable result.

Who is there wise enough to know how to do this?

Who is there that can say that any plan to govern is more than an experiment and it apparent success comes he is by no means sure it is through any means he has applied?

#### High Prices do not Indicate Scarcity of Fish.

PROF. BAIRD in Report for 1886, page 23:

"One supposed evidence in our increasing scarcity of fish is the increase in price at such stations. This is, however, a fallacious argument, as the market is regulated by the rates obtainable in the centers of supply rather than elsewhere, and the local prices necessarily must correspond."

This does not entirely account for the advance in prices over former years, when there was no such thing as a fish market and the fisherman sold direct to the consumer from his boat landing or from a wheelbarrow at the street corner.

Now all is changed. The fisherman ships direct to the wholesale dealer, or to the retailer, who have large markets and heavy rents, quantities of ice, and help to clean and teams to deliver, besides long book accounts and losses. The retailer fixes his prices and makes his margin to cover all these contingencies, and most of the fluctuations of the wholesale market, and maintains a quiet, uniform price not much affected by the degree of plenty or scarcity of fish.

The second convention of the Fish Commissioners of the New England States occurred in Boston Nov. 16, 1892. These meetings offered the means of interchange of views of representatives of the different States that cannot fail to be of profit to all. The subjects discussed chiefly were relating to the protection of fish and game. A proposition was favored limiting the size that a lobster could be taken at to 10 1/2 in. We believe that a uniform rule is generally desired by the fisherman, and to some extent it may help the fisheries. But we feel sure that in order to be effective it should include those States that furnish a market for the great bulk of the product.

The lobster business has grown to be of much importance, they furnish a delicious and healthy food, and the taking of them is the means of livelihood of a large class. Experiments are being made to propagate them, and it is with deep interest we watch for favorable development in this line. We trust that some day we may do something in the way of increasing their numbers in the waters of this State. The Fish Commissioner of Newfoundland has under his direction hatched and planted in 1892, 426,285,000 lobsters.

MR. GEORGE N. BLISS, of Rhode Island: I came here at the request of two other members of the Fish Commission, as one member is present to represent the State of Rhode Island. Rhode Island is a small State, but is largely composed of water. It exists only for the purpose of forming Narragansett Bay and the waters next adjacent to the city of Newport, and every man in that State is interested in the fish industry. There are a great many questions of fact here which are disputed. Things are stated to be a fact by one gentleman, and said to be a deliberate lie by another. There should be some fair chance for a jury to hear all the evidence and give a verdict. But, perhaps, if all these papers are printed and all these statements are put in type, we may possibly be able to get some information out of the mass.

I am a fisherman for pleasure. I have been a fisherman all



my life whenever I could get the opportunity. My business is to spend money in fishing, not to make it. At the same time, I have come in contact with fishermen, have been well acquainted with these men who get their living by fishing, and I ought to know something about it. I am satisfied these men have to use the pound nets. You cannot supply by hook and line the demand for fish. It must be done by these improved appliances. There should be an opportunity, of course, to give the fish a fair chance to spawn, and that, I presume, is really the object of this meeting—to devise some method by which the fish may be allowed freer development in the matter of reproduction, so the spawn may have a fair chance to hatch. It is a very easy matter to make statements, but very difficult to devise some method by which to accomplish desired results. I believe the weir, pound and purse nets should remain. There are places like Buzzard's Bay where they should be prohibited, and I think this is the time to discuss the methods by which they may be prohibited, that the spawning grounds may be open and easy of access. I do not believe that man can decrease the fish of the ocean; and I wish to say here, in answer to something that has been said about the Churches, that I have a couple of boys who have been fishermen ever since they were able to travel alone. I sent them out on Church's steamers on several occasions when they were catching menhaden. Those boys were on board when 2,000 barrels of menhaden were taken on a trip, and they could not pick enough edible fish out of the lot to feed the crew. They came back and reported all the facts to me. It is, therefore, not true that they take large supplies of food fish when they are catching menhaden, or that they catch every kind of food fish. The Churches are truthful men and they do not make statements which are not true.

N. B. CHURCH, of Rhode Island, followed Mr. Bliss, and said: There is one statement I want to make in contradiction of Mr. McDonald's assertion in regard to the spawning of menhaden on the coast of New England. I am a practical fisherman and have fished for thirty years along the coast, from Maine to Hatteras. It has always been known by those who are familiar with the menhaden fishery that there is a certain body of fish of that species on the coast in the spring that are full of spawn. We have always argued that the fish do not spawn on the New England coast, but we made that statement in the broad sense of the term.

In the year 1892, contrary to all the observations that have ever been made, there was an immense body of fish struck on the coast about May 17, in the vicinity of Barnegat, that went into the bays and estuaries, and those fish were full of spawn. It was known to all the fishermen on the coast that this was something out of the general run, and against all the statements that we had ever advanced. That was the fact, and no one can contradict it.

From my observation, 90% of the menhaden that leave the coast in the fall are mature or nearly mature with spawn. I have been master of a large fishing steamer, and have had members of the United States Fish Commission aboard my boat on purpose to investigate this subject. They have made observations under my own eye, and ascertained that the fish leave the coast in the fall full of spawn, a fact well known to all menhaden fishermen. These fish return in the spring without any spawn. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that they spawn after they leave the coast. I have no doubt Colonel McDonald will say they go down the coast and spawn in the bays of the South Atlantic States, but such is not the fact. My observation is that, perhaps, two years in ten, the body of large menhaden that leave in the fall strike the coast near the east end of Long Island, and follow down as far as Atlantic City and then disappear. As a rule, however, they apparently go straight out to sea when they leave the bays and sounds. I presume that 90% of the fish that go down this shore in the fall turn off the coast at Brigantine Shoal. So much for the spawning.

MR. ROOSEVELT—Will you kindly tell us where they spawn? A. I have not the least idea.

Q. Do you think they could spawn in the open ocean? A. I can best answer that question by a story. One summer I had on my vessel two boys who got into a hot dispute on one occasion, and after contesting over the disputed matter for half an hour, one of them said to the other, "I would give a good deal to know what you don't know on that subject." That is just the way I feel in regard to this matter—I would like to know all that others don't know.

MR. CHURCH then resumed: About the bluefish—we all know that bluefish were very scarce on this coast in 1887. Bluefish were worth about 25 cents per pound. But in the fall of that year, in September I believe, small bluefish made their appearance in great numbers. I said to a member of the Fish Commission: "Within five years there will be an abundance of bluefish on this coast." In 1888 and 1889 bluefish were caught by the boatloads and cargoes. Everywhere the sea was full of bluefish. In the four years of 1888, 1889, 1890 and 1891 there was an immense body of bluefish on this coast. In 1891, I landed somewhere about forty thousand or fifty thousand barrels of menhaden, and I will venture to say that I could have loaded more bluefish in bulk than menhaden. There were numerous schools of bluefish from Delaware Bay to Portland, Maine, containing from 1,000 to 25,000 barrels. Still, the gentlemen here say there were no bluefish. In 1887 the menhaden catch, as my brother stated this morning, was the poorest we had had up to that time. The total result of all our fleet's fishing was about 140,000 barrels. The next season was phenomenal for the extraordinary plentifulness of menhaden. I could have taken one boat myself and landed at our factory the same quantity of menhaden that was taken by the entire fleet the previous year. This immense body of fish came in, I think, in June, and extended along the coast from the vicinity of Block Island to Maine. I do not think there are many of the gentlemen here who appreciate the marvellous immensity of a body of fish like that which I have referred to, and the most conservative estimate of which would seem almost beyond human conception. Take a school of fish the size of this room. There may be one barrel, 35 barrels, or 25,000 barrels in the school. Go to the masthead of your steamboat, and your eye cannot reach the limit of some bodies of fish that may often be seen. I have little further to say, but if any gentleman wants to ask any question in regard to the fishing on this coast, I am prepared to answer him. There is one other thing I want to say in reply to my reply to the statement made by Mr. Chamberlayne. He made the statement he did, knowing that I was on record, under oath, as saying that in catching menhaden we did not catch food fish to any extent. That will, perhaps, explain why I answered him as I did. That is a matter of record, and why people laugh and scorn at the idea that a man does not catch food fish when he is fishing for menhaden I cannot understand.

MR. ROOSEVELT—Do you mean to say you refuse to catch food fish? A. I mean to say this; that in catching menhaden fish we do not catch food fish. We may set a net 100ft. deep in six fathoms of water but we do not catch food fish.

Q. If you saw a school of food fish would you not catch them? A. Our business is menhaden fishing. It is not uncommon to see a school of food fish, it is a very common occurrence to see bluefish, mackerel and squeteague. There have been instances when food fish were caught by mistake. No man can tell the difference, at times, between squeteague and menhaden when schooling. Food fish are worth from 1 to 10 cents a pound. Do you suppose a man who caught a thousand barrels of food fish would carry them to a fertilizer factory (to be made into fertilizer) at 25 cents per barrel, when he could get so much more by selling them for food? It will not be difficult to see this, for any one can understand that we don't go fishing for fun.

JOHN O. LEWIS, of Rhode Island: I came here to represent the village of Wickford, and I am sent here by our people to show you and tell you that fish for the past six years and for

some few years previous to that have been plentiful with us. The talk is now to stop the trap fishing, because it diminishes the quantity of fish in our waters. You stop the trap fishing, and these fish which I catch, butterfish, squeteague, and if you take away the traps you take away those fish from me, which you cannot catch with a line. I have not heard of a single instance in the waters of Wickford where one has been caught with the hook, but they do catch them once in a while while fishing for blackfish. Take those fish from me which you do not catch with hook and line, and I will not give a cent for trap fishing. Last summer, about July 1, one day we were crossing the bay and we saw something in the water. We could not tell what, but by going on the masthead of the boat we could look down and see below the surface weakfish, and just as far as our eyes could see to show the color red in the water (you know how they show red in the water), this school of fish was there.

I can take my oath that what Mr. Church said here this morning was true about weakfish, and what Mr. Southwick has also said about weakfish being in Narragansett Bay this summer, that they have never been so plentiful before since I have known what a fish was. We have set this summer eight traps. There were times in the summer for three weeks at a time that we could not open our traps, and there were some of them we could not begin to take the fish out that went into them, the traps were so full we could not unhitch the lines. We would simply haul by the line and roll up between two sticks, and the fish we could take care of in one boat we loaded in one skiff. If we could have taken those fish out as we did years previous to that, I would venture to say I could have caught more fish in 1893 than I ever caught in my life, put them all together. Years before we could clean our traps out very well, take out every fish without any trouble. We could take about ten barrels, and that is as many as one can take out and save and get to market in good order.

#### SOUNDS TAKEN BY LEWIS BROS.

Price—Cents.	Price—Cents.
1896.....85lbs.....65	1890.....58lbs.....40
1887.....154lbs.....65	1891.....650lbs.....40
1888.....241lbs.....65	1892.....88lbs.....40
1889.....441lbs.....45	1893.....1062lbs.....48

#### BARRELS OF FISH CATCH BY LEWIS BROS.

1886.....250bbls.	1891.....725bbls.
1887.....320bbls.	1892.....998bbls.
1889.....490bbls.	1893.....295bbls.
1890.....602bbls.	

#### Remarks of MR. ROBERT WALSH:

MR. CHAIRMAN—This question should not be approached unintelligently. From the evidence of the best known and most widely experienced men engaged in fishing as well as from the writings and researches of the scientists and ichthyologists of the United States Bureau of Fish and Fisheries, we have in this country alone sufficient data to decide whether or not repressive legislation would be advisable. But as this evidence has already been placed on record in the publications of the Commissioner of Fisheries, and by the statements of such men as Captain Collins, Mr. Atwood, Captain Church and others, before the Senate of the United States in connection with the reception of evidence concerning the Lapham bill, I think that my appearance in the matter will be more profitably confined by elucidating the comparative effects of such legislation in Great Britain and other European countries.

As a matter of fact, knowledge of the habits of sea fishes was very imperfect until recent years, but the economic value of the supply of fish attracted considerable attention from legislators and rulers from the earliest times, and as a consequence from time to time enactments progressive or repressive were petitioned for and considered. For instance, in 1675 the fishermen of the southern Irish coast petitioned the King through Secretary Burchard that the length of the nets used by the French fishermen broke the shoals of the pilchards and drove them from the coast. This petition prayed that the Government should restrict the use of these long nets by the Frenchmen; but, for some reason or other, the request of the Irish fishermen was not acceded to, and the Frenchmen continued to fish for pilchards inshore and in the deep sea without restraint. It is recorded in the annals of Kinsale that for three years from 1675 to 1678 the supply of pilchards diminished to such an extent that the native fishermen discontinued that industry. The falling off in the supply was attributed to "the depredations of the Frenchmen;" but in the following year, 1679, notwithstanding that a fleet of three hundred French sail, "each boat carrying nine one league in length," swept the coast with these nine hundred leagues of nets uninterruptedly, previous to and during the three seasons referred to, the pilchards returned in "greater numbers than ever before seen on this coast." This fact is proved from the writings of Sir Robert Southwell, who was himself one of the signers of the petition to Secretary Burchard in 1675.

In 1881, '82 and '83, a somewhat similar petition was made by the fishermen on the southern Irish coast concerning the too early fishing for herring by the Scotch fishermen. I was at that time chairman of the South of Ireland Fishing Company, and relying simply on the statements of the local fishermen I heartily approved of their appeal for repressive legislation in connection with the south of Ireland herring fishery, in the shape of instituting a close season. I had not then made any research into the habits of the fishes or concerning the effects of man's efforts, by any method for their capture upon the supply, and with others who were as deeply interested in the progressive development of the Irish fisheries as was I, I was astounded when Professor Huxley and other famous scientists, as well as the inspectors of fisheries appointed by Her Majesty's Government, pooh-poohed our request, and informed us that not alone was there no necessity for appointing a close season, but that from their observations and investigations they had decided that the supply of herrings or of other migratory fishes could not be diminished by any means or appliances that could be used by men for their capture.

The fishermen and boat owners on the southern Irish coast, myself among the number, felt aggrieved by this decision, and it was universally predicted that the herrings would be driven from our coast by the fact of the Scotch fishermen plying their nets—over two thousand miles of them—before the time when the Irish fishermen considered that the season should begin. But no such result has happened. It is true that sometimes for a season or two, or even for five or ten years, the supply of herring and other migratory fishes, such as mackerel, pilchard, etc., seem to disappear, altogether or partially, from the coast. But, as regularly, or perhaps I should say as irregularly, they return with increasing numbers, as did the pilchards in 1679.

These are matters which it will be observed have come under my own personal observation and with which I was intimately connected. It will be understood from what I have said that during the years 1880, '81 and '82, I was under the impression that fishing for migratory fishes at irregular periods and with destructive appliances was economically dangerous to the progress of a fishing industry. But upon learning the decision of the authorities to whom I refer concerning the effect or rather the utility of curtailing the methods employed for the capture of fishes, I studied the question and arrived at the conclusion that the comings and goings of migratory fishes or their production cannot be influenced by man.

Bearing out the statement which I have just made, and upon much higher and practically unimpeachable authority, the following quotation from the report of the commission appointed by Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, un-

qualifiedly takes the position that the supply of migratory fishes cannot be increased or diminished by man. That commission consisted of Professor Thomas Henry Huxley, the Rt. Hon. George Shaw LeFevre, and the Rt. Hon. James Caird. With all the resources of the British Government at their disposal and after three years of exhaustive inquiry into the condition of the sea fisheries of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, these men deliberately presented the following report:

"We find the laws relating to sea fisheries to be complicated, confused and unsatisfactory; many restrictions, even of late date, are never enforced; many would be extremely injurious to the interests of the fishermen of the community if they were enforced, and with respect to these and others, the highest legal authorities are unable to decide where and in what precise sense they are operative.

"We advise that all acts of Parliament which profess to regulate or restrict the modes of fishing pursued in the open sea be repealed; and that unrestricted freedom of fishing be pursued hereafter, and for the present we advise that all acts of Parliament which profess to regulate or restrict the modes of fishing pursued inshore be repealed."

In the face of this statement, and bearing in mind the high authority and the historical data at their command concerning the condition of the fisheries which they investigated, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the supply of migratory fishes is practically inexhaustible. But I cannot quite agree with that portion of the report of the Royal Commission referred to which suggests the advisability of enacting laws to permit the unrestricted freedom of fishing inshore. As a matter of fact in the course of his address at the International Fisheries Exhibition in London in 1883, Prof. Huxley made it very plain that the statements made by him and the other Commissioners referred chiefly to migratory fishes. Monsieur Bimband, one of the greatest French authorities, states that the supply of migratory fishes is absolutely inexhaustible and cannot be affected by any means or appliances adopted by men for their capture. But he asserts, and it is pretty generally conceded that fishes which spawn locally inshore might be depleted or even exhausted by continuous or depredatory fishing. The class of fishes known as inshore or local fishes does not comprise mackerel, herring, bluefish, striped bass, whitefish, menhaden, or any other of the great species that form the basis of our industrial fisheries.

I shall only give one other example of the effect of repressive legislation on the economic and industrial development of fisheries, and this example should of itself be considered of serious import in the discussion of any question relating to proposed restrictions, or for the protection, of fisheries. In the opening of the legislative session of the Dutch Parliament 1865-66, the King of Holland drew attention to the fact that for three hundred years, "up to 1857 the Dutch fisheries were burdened with many restrictions intended for their protection and encouragement. The period within which herrings could be fished was limited. The places of fishing, the times, the nets, and the tackle were all under regulations. But the fishery languished and declined, and it was determined by the Legislature to try the effect of another system. A law was passed in 1857 abolishing all restrictions, regulations and enactments as to close time, trawls, nets and lines. Every one was left free to fish the sea in any mode, and at any time he deemed most advantageous, while a Fishery Commission was established to collect the statistics of the various fisheries, and report annually to the legislature on all matters affecting the interests of the fisheries.

"The result has been a steady and continuous improvement."

These statements comprise the result of the investigations of governments and scientific and practical authorities for over four centuries; and in every instance, notwithstanding the erroneous ideas that existed in the minds of fishermen and others, those engaged in the research decided against repressive laws and established the fact that fishing with nets or with any other appliances cannot influence or decrease the supply of migratory food or other fishes.

Now, I do not believe that the gentlemen who signed the petition calling this meeting fully understood the facts to which I have referred, or they would not place themselves in opposition to the published decisions of those great authorities, in science and ichthyology, whom I have quoted and who have in many cases made life studies of the subject which is now under consideration. I notice that in the circular calling this meeting the statement is made that during the past year the spawning ground of mackerel and other migratory fishes has been discovered to be local and in shore. \* This statement is an error—in fact it looks uncommonly like an intentional error. No man knows where these migratory fishes pass the winter, and after twenty years' experience and investigation the best living American authorities cannot definitely locate the precise ground where any of these fishes spawn.

I do not think that I can add further new matter to this argument. It is the duty of the people of the United States to insist through their State and National Legislatures that the food fish shall be conserved and protected; but it is as clear as the sun at noon that the only fisheries which can be benefited by restrictive or protective legislation are those of oysters and other shell fishes, crustaceans, and those fishes that are known not to be migratory. It is therefore apparent that those who seek for the enactment of repressive legislation have not given this matter the attention or study necessary to place before the Commissioners an intelligent argument, and so far as my experience and understanding of the facts enable me to form an opinion, I believe it is the duty of the representatives of the people to oppose by every and any just means all attempts at legislation which would restrict our fishermen in their freedom of fishing for migratory fishes by every means at their disposal.

However, as this question is of such vital national importance, and as no satisfactory solution of the problem has been offered, I would suggest that the following resolution be adopted by this meeting:

(This resolution was not handed in.)

\* The circular does not seem to so state.—ED.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### First Tour to Florida via Pennsylvania Railroad.

This year's series of Pennsylvania Railroad tours to the land of sunshine and flowers will be inaugurated on Jan. 30th, when a luxurious special train, composed entirely of Pullman sleeping and dining cars, will leave New York at 9:30, Trenton 11:05 A. M., Philadelphia 12:10, Wilmington 12:50 P. M., and thence via the most direct route to the destination point—Jacksonville. At this latter place the tourists are left to follow their own inclination as to where they shall spend the two weeks allotted to them. The great number of side trips that are available renders a selection from which a choice may be made to suit the desires of the most exacting. The unsurpassed climate according with the cloudless, azure-blue sky throughout the immense confines of the State, and the healthful effects to be enjoyed by a sojourn within its borders are sure to be appreciated by the strong as well as the feeble, in whatever direction they are prompted.

\$50 from New York, \$25 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from intermediate or contiguous points within a generous radius are made on the most liberal basis, and include railroad fare, sleeping accommodations, and meals en route in both directions while on the special train.

The remaining dates of the series are February 13th and 27th, and March 15th and 27th.—Adv.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable,



POODLES.—These made a strong showing, our two principal kennels coming out in force. In the black curlies, Meadow



mere Kennels had it all to themselves with ten entries in the different classes. They made a smart showing. In open dogs, Mike had no difficulty in scoring over Jumbo. Jabot was absent. In bitches, Dinah won nicely from two others very like her, but she beats them in length of muzzle and general smartness of carriage. Between Juno second, and Jeanne, third, there is little to choose; the former is better in loin, if anything. The four placed ones were also shown in the puppy classes.

In brown curls the Hill-Hurst Kennels made another pretty display, and from the remarks made these unusual colors bid fair to become popular. Poobah and Diamant were placed in order named; there is little to choose between them. In the bitch class, Vivette scores over Bellona in head and in "chic" carriage. The puppies shown one can tell little about as yet.

In corded poodles the only dog shown was Fritz, and though thin in cords, it would take a crack-a-jack to beat him; he has been a frequent winner. Betsy, in bitches, has also been out before and was looking better.

**BULLDOGS.**—At first glance there seemed a big entry here, but the Woodlawn Park Kennels marked their nine entries N. F. C. King Lud was alone in his glory and looking well. The only bitch shown was Lady Nan, and she was at Providence. One cannot leave this breed without giving Mr. Robinson, the manager of the Woodlawn Park Kennels, a word of praise for the way he benched six seven-month-old puppies, by Rustic Sovereign out of Rock Rose. They are all lusty, well grown youngsters, full of life and vigor, fat as moles, and several of them promise to make winners. One especially, a light brindle, has an almost old head, with capital wrinkle. Those who know how difficult it is to raise even one or two from time to time will appreciate the fact when we say that certainly not in this country has such a collection been shown, and we doubt if it has occurred in England. We trust they will feel no ill effects from their little outing, but will turn up bright as ever at New York.

**BULL-TERRIERS.**—Another nice lot, though entries were small. The well-known Kit and Starlight came forward in the challenge bitch class, no dogs entered, and Starlight suffered defeat; she was scarcely in shape and loses to the other in skull, but beats Kit in true shape of muzzle. In open dogs, the Newark winner, Ted Pritchard, scored over Lord Blandford; he is a smarter terrier all over, but is a bit cheeky and was shown a trifle light; both get their tails up. In bitches, Mr. Dole brought out another good one in Edgewood Topsy that simply smothered Edgewood Esther; the former is throaty and brow is a little prominent, and she should have a stronger under jaw; otherwise all round she is a well made one. Nery loses in front and head and tail. A nice pup in Tarquin was shown; neck not clean enough, tail faultily carried; at present shows a capital head and good eye.

**DACHSHUNDS.**—Mr. Manley supplied the only entries with the well-known Don Quixote II. and Jessie Victoria, and they were well shown.

**BEAGLES.**—Two kennels—the Hornell-Harmony and the Debonair—came out in force, and the consequence was a capital display. In challenge dogs Royal Krueger, going a bit in front, beats Doctor in head and body and general type. In bitches champion Elf was alone and looked well, too. In open dogs (4) Sherry again beat Roger W., as at Toronto, but I cannot see where Sport of Rockland beats King Bannerman; admitted that King is too full in eye and brow and a little broad between the ears, his muzzle is excellent, and it is not a bad head, while in front he is better than Sport, and much better in body and stronger behind; he should have been third, and he can beat the winner in brush and carriage, and is not so far off in body. The handsome Daisy Corbett with a little less length would win easily over Popsey, whose full skull and long body are against her. Myrtle the Mouse is much better type; if she were a bit truer in front and did not get her brush over she would be close to Daisy and can beat Popsey, anyhow, in true type especially. Mr. Wixom is too good a fancier, we are sure, to take these remarks in any other way than they are meant. Reserve went to Helen R., feet out and open in toes, long in body and not the type we want. In under 13in. class dogs (2) Razzle was placed over Little Wonder, a big winner. This was correct, as Wonder, though he gets it a little in head and sweet quality of expression, loses so much in substance and depth and coarseness of body to Razzle, Laddie was absent. Hornell-Harmony came to the front again with Evangeline and Dazzle in bitches. The former is well known. Dazzle has much quality, but should be stronger in muzzle, and is hardly true enough in front; here is where she loses to the winner. Actress, third, is long and needs furnishing, and should be shorter in head. Wee Willie, vhc., is too broad in front and skull, body of fair type. Razzle beat Actress in puppies easily enough.

**FOX-TERRIERS.**—These were pretty strong classes for a small show and the Beverwyck Kennels had quite a field day, and what pleased that good fancier, Mr. Rathbone, better, they were all home bred ones. In challenge dogs Beverwyck Punster was alone and looked well. Grouse II. was absent in the corresponding class. In open dogs (10) first went to a new one, Beverwyck Kingpin, scarcely a year old yet; he had a somewhat easy win; his length and shape of muzzle is good but skull is a trifle broad, and neck should be longer and cleaner; stands on capital legs, good bone and nice body, coat fair, and he is a terrier all over. He is by Starden's King out of Moonbeam. Lansdowne Poverina came next; he loses in flatness of skull and was shown a bit light. Beverwyck Bobbin was third; shows a bit too much daylight, is sharp in muzzle, good legs, but hardly clean enough in shoulders. The well known Holster was reserve; his skull is faulty and he loses in character to the others; is a pretty terrier. Of the others, Venio, Jr., was the best, little full in skull yet, but a terrier all over. Blenton Rattler could do no better than c. Mark Twain I liked better than Kenyetta Punch, both he, better head and substance, but rather long cast. Woodlawn Park Kennels had three here N. F. C. In bitches (5) first went to a smart little one in Beverwyck Punlass, weak in muzzle rather, but good front if feet were better. Lansdowne Trim took second; she is round in skull and muzzle should be stronger; she was shown in whelp or seemed to be. Beverwyck Twinkle, third, has too much stop and is big in ear; nice front. Lady Bell loses in head and front, otherwise a nice stamp. King pin won easily in dog puppies and Punlass in bitches. There was only one wire-hair in competition, the well known Oakleigh Bruiser. The other four entries came from the Woodlawn Kennels.

**IRISH TERRIERS.**—If the Woodlawn Kennel had been competing there would have been plenty of competition in all classes with their eight entries, as it was competition rested with Crib and Galtees in the challenge class. Crib's far better head pulled him through though Galtees is truer in front. In open bitches the only competing entry was Hill Top Surprise, the Newark winner.

There were no black and tan terriers entered, something we don't remember hearing of before and wonder what Doctor and Ben could be thinking of.

**ROUGH TERRIERS.**—Glenshea was the only Scottish terrier entered and of course won. No Bedlington, but Skye terriers showed up well with the same dogs that Mr. Shinn showed at Chicago, and which were then described. The Welsh terrier Devr was marked N. F. C.

**YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.**—Two in open dogs, and first went to Actor, a poor sort, dark body color and waxy light tan. Jacks, next, is a silver terrier, a bit large. In bitches Lady Nell still getting lighter and not beautifully so in tan, was alone.

**PUGS.**—Seminole Kennels just about farmed the classes.

Attraction and Midget were the challenge winners. In open dogs first went to the well-known Medlar, getting gray; he was alone. In bitches (4) Silver Queen won; light in body and small-faced, a pretty little thing with nice trace and legs. Bess, well known, came next and pushes the other for the win; cobbler in build. La Belle Petite has nice wrinkle, is a bit long cast, but has a good front and is a smart little piece of dog flesh.

**TOY SPANIELS** were drawn blank.  
**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—The challenge winners were supplied by Spring and Sprite, both looking tiptop. Another well-known face, Lady Lee, won in open bitches, second going to June, a white and fawn, too broad in skull and large sized.

**MISCELLANEOUS** prizes were withheld and in the selling class first went to Myra, an Irish setter. H. W. LACY.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

**MASTIFFS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince. Bitches: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, W. Norman Higgs's Brampton Beauty; 2d, J. L. Winchell's Ingleside Cambria Princess.

**ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.**—CHALLENGE—1st, Fred Schmitt's Otis. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Tracy Gould's Maulpratt; 2d, James Morrissey's Grover. Bitches: 1st, J. Brett's Alberta. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Scottish; 2d, Castle Point Kennels' Columbus. Reserve, North Milton Kennels' David B.

**SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and reserve, A. T. Phelps's Survivor and Marco, Jr.; 2d, Fred Schmitt's Hellgate Keeper. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, A. T. Phelps's Burton Belle, Belline of Watervliet and Peggy. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Belvedere. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Scotch Gloria.

**BLOODHOUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Victor. Bitches: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Judith. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Brough.

**GREAT DANES.**—1st, Calvin S. McChesney's Hepburn Apollo.

**NEWFOUNDLANDS.**—1st, Phil J. Walsh's Carlo; 2d withheld.

**GREYHOUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—1st, Joe Lewis's Wild Rose. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Maybrook Kennels' Dakota; 2d, W. F. Minard's Uncle Dick. Bitches: 1st, Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar III. Puppies: 1st, Maybrook Kennels' Dakota.

**AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Ranger II.; 2d, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Elite. Bitches: 1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Femur. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, F. M. Whipple's Ned and Spot; 3d, Willow Brook Kennels' Drum IV. Reserve, Edgar North's Robin Hood. High com., The Governor's Keyland's Dover. Puppies: 1st, 2d, reserve, and very high com. (2), The Governor's Kennels' Moose, Blizzard, Tempest, Jags, and Nance. High com., C. W. Ernst's Sport.

**ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Willow Brook Kennels' Crook; 2d, Bucklewell Kennels' Mike. Bitches: 1st, Frank F. Dole's Rosemary; 2d, Bucklewell Kennels' Shot.

**CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, B. Alton Smith's Rough and Cleveland. Bitches: 1st and 2d, B. Alton Smith's Tivoli and Rose.

**POINTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. Bitches: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Sal II.; 2d, Red House Farm Pointer Kennels' champion Fan N. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. O. Smith's Molton Banner; 2d and 3d, Springside Kennels' Springside Hal and Hylas of Vaso. Reserve, C. McChesney's John. Very high com., J. R. Hyland's Ossington Boy and Dr. W. Seymour's Peter. High com., J. E. Hodgman's Dock. Bitches: 1st, Springside Kennels' Springside Nell; 2d, W. C. Root's Bloom of Kent; 3d, C. Connell's Fan Tan II. Reserve, Forester Kennels' White Rose. Very high com., Red House Farm Pointer Kennels' Bella and Forester Kennels' Forester Lady. PUPPIES—Bitches: 1st, Springside Kennels' Springside Siren; 2d, Red House Farm Pointer Kennels' Queen Bee.

**ENGLISH SETTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. Fiske's Glendon. Bitches: 1st, W. Boyce, Jr.'s Spectre; 2d, J. Lewis's Victoria Liberty. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Victoria Kennels' The Earl; 2d and 3d, H. Pape's Critic and Cactus. Reserve, H. Northwood's Wordsley Duke. Very high com., D. J. Peters' Robin Goch and W. W. Kendall's Carlton Hero. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. Brett's Maid Marion and Flour of Sulphur; 3d, Mr. Dix's Brownie. Very high com., H. Northwood's Amy Robsart.

**IRISH SETTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim and Pride of Paisy. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Laura E. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Moutauk, Jr., and Tim's Daughter; 3d, J. W. McCormick's Bronze. Reserve, W. J. Totten's Exile. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' Delphine and Biddy; 2d, Dr. W. Jarvis's Rosamond; 3d, W. J. Totten's Beauty T.

**GORDON SETTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Janet; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Waverly. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington. Bitches: 1st, Highland Carador's Highland Yola. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Miss E. A. Wadsworth's Dick Noble.

**FIELD SPANIELS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs (over 28lbs.): B. F. Lewis's Newton Abbott Torso; 2d, E. A. Wilson's Bradford Mohawk. OPEN—BLACK—Dogs (over 28lbs.): 1st, R. P. Keasby's Echo. Bitches: 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Fairy.

**COCKER SPANIELS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs (not over 28lbs.): 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Middy and Red Doe. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggle. OPEN—BLACK—Dogs (not over 28lbs.): 1st, E. H. Fiske's Jay Kay; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Raven, Jr.; 3d, H. B. Field's Brantford Jet. Reserve, E. W. Fiske's Wilfred. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Topsy and Rideau Rhea; 3d, E. A. Wilson's Miss Phyllis. Reserve, W. Fiske's Dame Vernon. Very high com., E. W. Fiske's Corktown Cleo and Eugene. ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs (not over 28lbs.): 1st, C. T. Sackett's Othello; 2d, E. W. Fiske's Brantford Rufus; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dandy S. Bitches: 1st, E. W. Fiske's Red Nibbe; 2d and 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ruth S. and Hamilton Beauty. PUPPIES—ANY VARIETY—Bitches: 1st, G. O. Van Epps's Negress.

**COLLIES.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Highland Kennels' champion The Spire; 2d, J. P. Morgan's Kelsy. Bitches: 1st, L. Stansfield's Highland Floss; 2d, J. P. Morgan's J. J. Myr Dear. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Setton Hero; 2d and reserve, Seminole Kennels' Goldust and Curzon; 3d, H. R. Barry's Christopher June. Very high com., W. B. Tocher's Cawdor and Al De Ber Collie Kennels' Al De Ber Archie. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Charlton Phyllis; 2d, 3d and com., Seminole Kennels' Ormskirr Gipsy Maid, Bertha II. and Sweet Marie. Reserve, H. R. Barry's Passaie Bass. Very high com., W. B. Tocher's Carador Mayflower. High com., L. Stansfield's Highland Rose. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, L. Stansfield's Highland Bobbie. Bitches: 1st, W. P. Smith's Trefoil Princess.

**POODLES.**—BLACK CURLY COATED—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Meadowmere Kennels' Milo and Jumbo. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, Meadowmere's Dinah, Juno and Jeanne. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Meadowmere's Jumbo and Jabot. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Meadowmere Kennels' Juno and Jeanne. BROWN CURLY COATED—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Hill Hurst Kennels' Poobah and Diamant. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Hill Hurst Kennels' Vivette and Bellone. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Nap and Hill Hurst Tartuff. Bitches: 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Hill Hurst Posey. CORDED—Dogs: 1st, Garden Kennels' Fritz. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Betsy.

**BULLDOGS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, John Congdon's champion King Lud. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, John Congdon's Lady Nan.

**BULL-TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Kit; 2d, Frank F. Dole's champion Starlight. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Frank F. Dole's Ted Pritchard; 2d, Castle Point Kennels' Lord Blandford. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Frank F. Dole's Edgewood Gipsy and Edgewood Esther; 3d, Castle Point Kennels' Nery. Puppies: 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Arguin.

**DACHSHUNDS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Don Quixote II. Bitches: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jessie Victoria.

**BEAGLES.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger; 2d, B. L. Lewis's Elf. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Elf. OPEN—Dogs (over 13in.): 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sherry and Roger W.; 3d, Standard Kennels' Sport of Rockland. Reserve, Debonair Beagle Kennels' King Bannerman. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Daisy Corbett and Popsey; 3d and reserve, Debonair Beagle Kennels' Myrtle the Mouse and Helen R. (Under 13in.)—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Razzle and Little Wonder. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Evangeline and Dazzle; 3d, Weeks & Cloud's Actress. Very high com., Debonair Beagle Kennels' Wee Willie. Puppies: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Razzle; 2d, Weeks & Cloud's Actress.

**FOX-TERRIERS.**—SMOOTH CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Punster. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Kingpin; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Poverina; 3d, Andrew Hopper's Beverwyck Bobbin. Reserve, R. G. Stewart's Volstead. High com., A. T. Cochran's Venio, Jr. High com., Hallock C. Alvord's Mark Twain and Kenyetta's Funch. Com., L. B.

Banks's Blenton Rattler. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Punlass and Beverwyck Twinkle; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Trim. Reserve, Phil H. Donnelly's Lady Bell. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Kingpin; 2d, W. H. Keeler's Kingpin. Bitches: 1st, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Punlass; 2d, J. Bennett's Daltry. Wire-haired CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Hillhurst Kennels' Oakleigh Bruiser.

**IRISH TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. F. Kenney's Crib; 2d, H. O'Connor's Galtees. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, G. G. Hammill's Hill-top Surprise.

**SCOTTISH TERRIERS.**—Bitches: 1st, T. H. Garlick's Glenshea.

**SKYE TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, S. Barr's Sir Thomas. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Princess May; 2d, C. A. Spilux's Lady Stafford.

**YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.**—Dogs: 1st, J. Foster's Actor; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Jacks. Bitches: 1st, J. Foster's Lady Nell.

**PUGS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Attraction. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Midget. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. Adams's Medlar. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Seminole Kennels' Oliver Queen and La Belle Petite; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bess.

**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Joe Lewis's Spring. Bitches: 1st, Joe Lewis's Sprite. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, Joe Lewis's Lady Lee; 2d, E. A. Hall's Rosa.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—UNDER 25LBS.—Prizes withheld.

**SELLING CLASS.**—\$30 or UNDER—1st, J. Luckhurst's Myra. Reserve, J. W. McCormick's Dow (Irish setter).

Specials follow regular awards.

#### Philadelphia Kennel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Philadelphia Kennel Club claim the dates March 27 to 30 inclusive for their next annual bench show, to be held at Tattersalls, Philadelphia.

At a meeting of the Keystone Kennel Club, held on Friday, Jan. 12, it was unanimously resolved to resign from the American Kennel Club and form an amalgamation with the Philadelphia Kennel Club by individual application for membership in that club, which application will be acted upon at the next meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, held at the Aldine Hotel on Tuesday, Feb. 12.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club a resolution was adopted that application be made by the Philadelphia Kennel Club for membership in the American Kennel Club. The secretary was instructed to inclose the treasurer's check for the \$10 admission fee.

It is deemed advisable for the best interest of the dog fanciers of the city of Philadelphia and the promulgation of the dog shows, that the Keystone and Philadelphia Kennel Clubs join issue.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club is the oldest organization of its kind in the country, and has a prestige among dog men second to none. There being a friendly feeling on the part of Mr. Wenderoth and Mr. Mundy, the most influential members of the Keystone Kennel Club, with the members of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, it was deemed for the best interest of all concerned that the Keystone Kennel Club should resign its membership from the American Kennel Club, that the Philadelphia Kennel Club might have a successful dog show, and offered the Tattersalls building for the purpose. The dates claimed for the show being March 27-30 inclusive, will follow immediately after St. Louis and before Boston, which will fit in very nicely for the dogs coming East to Boston from St. Louis.

A large guarantee fund was subscribed in a very few minutes at the last meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club and the members were very enthusiastic in their intention of giving a rattling big dog show on the dates claimed.

The newspapers all sent their representatives to the meeting of the club and have assured the members of their friendliest co-operation. The prospects of a most successful show for Philadelphia, to be the largest in its history, are very promising. The premium lists announcing the names of judges and all other matters of interest connected with the show will be distributed in a very short time.

DR. GEORGE D. B. DARBY, Sec'y.

#### Scotch Terriers.

We were unable to give, in a telegraphic message from Saratoga, more than just meagre particulars of the sale of Tiree and Rhudaman, a bit of news which we dropped upon on the journey to Saratoga. It seems Mr. Henry Brooks, who has done so much to bring forward this game breed, has entered into partnership with Mr. Oliver Ames, Jr., and uniting their kennels their dogs will still be shown under the name of Wankie Kennels. It will be remembered that some time since we alluded to the fact that Mr. Ames had become a welcome convert to the fancy that is identified with the Land O' Cakes.

By the purchase of such a good dog as Tiree, both on bench and as a sire, together with Rhudaman, the kennel is creating a monopoly in this breed. Mr. Brooks tells us that they have a fine litter by Tiree out of Culbearn, and two fine young bitches by Kilroy out of Brunhilda, that we believe we have spoken favorably of before, and they will make their debut at New York show. The kennel will show at New York a very even and strong team with Kilroy, Tiree, Rhudaman, Kilree and Tam in black brindles and near one type; then as brindles they will show Culbearn, Diana, and the novice Frieda. In all they expect to show 17 terriers, if novice and puppy classes are made. The old idea which obtained as a rule in this country that these terriers were mere lap dogs, is one that cannot be exploded too quickly. The impression arose doubtless from the nondescripts that masqueraded under the name of Scotch terrier, Yorkshire terrier, Skye terrier, et al, and their acceptance as pet dogs. The Scottish terrier is no ladies' lap dog, and would probably take it as a dire insult to be so thought of, still, as a house dog and a merry, intelligent dog he can scarcely be surpassed; but his true forte is the destruction of vermin. They are working dogs full of gameness and go and deserve to become popular. Mr. Brooks has made a bench show room in his kennels that he may better show visitors and others the good points of the dogs, and also to be able to exhibit them collectively.

#### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

THOSE who contemplate visiting the field trials in Mississippi next month may save themselves a great deal of annoyance by engaging accommodations ahead of their arrival. There are signs which indicate that there will be a pretty good attendance, consequently there may be a pressure on the hotel and livery accommodations. Every one who owns a saddle will do wisely to bring it with him. The average Mississippi saddle, at least such as is for hire, is a marvelous combination of awkwardness and dilapidation. The girth is almost certain to be a composite affair of a misfit buckle, a torn and worn piece of short leather, and all missing parts supplied by bits of string. If you haven't a saddle of your own, it is well worth the trouble of borrowing a good one.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club is setting itself at work in earnest for a successful show. The indications are that it will be one of the great events of the year. Then, too, the boys all like Chicago. It has a glorious climate, a good imitation of a seacoast and more unemployed men than any other city. It breaks the record in everything.

B. WATERS,

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.



## DOG CHAT.

### Banquet of the S. P. and K. C.

The Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club held its first annual banquet on Thursday evening last at the Commercial Hotel. The guests sat down to the following "feed" at 11 p. m.

MENU.		
Celery.	Blue Potatoes aux Citron.	Olives.
POTAGE.		
Green Turtle aux Queuenelles.		
Finger Rolls.		
POISSON.		
Kennebec Salmon, Anchovy Sauce.		
Potatoes Parisienne.		
ENTREES.		
Larded Quail Stuffed, Currant Jelly.		
Tenderloin of Beef aux Champignons.		
Rice Croquettes, Sauce Maraschino.		
ROTI.		
Vermont Turkey, Oyster Dressing.		
LEGUMES.		
Potatoes a la Duchesse.		
Asparagus Tips a la Cream.		Petit Pois.
DESSERT.		
English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.		
Assorted Cake.		Assorted Nuts.
Neapolitan Ice Cream.		
Cafe Noir.		

The menu card was tastefully arranged; on one side was the list of good things to eat and on the other the list of good things to hear. Mr. F. W. Taylor was toastmaster and sat at the head of one long table where the chicken enthusiasts lived up to the old saying, "Birds of a feather &c." The dog men, or as one envious man put it, "the growlers" occupied another long table, which some of the good chicken men helped to fill also; in all the company numbered about eighty. Before commencing proceedings the Saratoga Male Quartette rendered a "Song of Welcome" in a most acceptable manner.

When cigars were lighted, Mr. Gaylor spoke about "Our Initial Show" and outlined the work of the club, what they had done and what they expected to do. Mr. James Robinson, manager of the Woodlawn Park kennels, responded to the toast of "The Show Room as an Educator." He made a happy speech and dwelt on the good dogshows did to the local interest wherever held, and that but for dog shows the dog would never have reached the high state of perfection and public estimate it enjoys at present. Mr. W. A. Fuller then responded for "The Poultry Fraternity," and one would gather from his remarks that somebody's dog had been at his chickens some time or other. He objected to the chicken men being saddled with the expenses of a dog show and that it was the chicken men who had to go down into their pockets to pay for dogmen's fun, judges etc. This led Mr. T. Gould to jump up and remark that if the dogmen did seem to get the big end of the deal it was only proper, as it is so much more expensive for them to take their dogs round to show and it cost them more to get good dogs than it did to get good chickens.

Mr. F. F. Dole made a happy speech in responding for the "Dog Fraternity." Among other things he said that the man who owned a dog must be a good fellow, and one with a big heart. He said further that next to the time he spent with his family his happiest hours were those he spent with his dogs and the dog fanciers. Mr. German Hopkins then gave us a good song, and H. W. Lacy responded to the toast of the "Dog Press," remarking that the kennel reporter's task was not always the pleasantest, that if he did not console with the "kicker" and meet the views of the one who knows it all, he was apt to get hurt where the chicken did. He assured the company however that professional kennel writers had no animus or bias whatever, and tried their best to help the fancy along, and not injure one man's dog to praise another. He then called upon Major Taylor to help him out. The latter said that he was not there to make a speech, but to report what was said by others, and that they would have what he had to say next week, when it would be safer probably to express his opinion—at a distance. Mr. John Wandell, our host, then spoke for "Our Exhibitors," and said what a nice lot of fellows they were. Mr. Robert Armstrong then responded to the toast of "The Sociability of the Fraternity" in a witty speech that brought down the house, especially when he referred to the fanciers of little America and Great Britain.

Mr. Chas. R. Taylor spoke feelingly in behalf of "The Lady Fanciers," and remarked that they kept the dogmen from going to the dogs. Mr. G. Hopkins gave "Our Host" in an appropriate manner and echoed the sentiments of all present by saying he was a jolly good fellow. The "parting song," rendered by the male quartette was very well rendered but came too soon. Mr. Hoyt also spoke of the "congeniality of dogmen" and made a very able speech especially as this is a subject that can stand a lot of talking about. The only unpleasant feature of this most enjoyable affair was Mr. Gould's uncalled for attack upon the dog press, his remarks were so evidently personal that they were received in the silence they merited. Mr. J. Otis Fellows was called upon for a few words, and took occasion to thank the dogmen for their good wishes and the purse of \$50 that was subscribed by his many friends in recognition of his uniform kindness and ability as superintendent. All voted the first show of the S. P. & K. C. a great success and it was a late hour when the company sought their couches.

### Mascoutah Kennel Club Show.

The premium lists of the above club's forthcoming show are not yet ready for distribution, but the advance proof we have seen, just before going to press, indicates that the club means to have a show this time second to none in the country. The list of prizes is almost as liberal as that of the W. K. C., and 213 classes are provided. On the whole, the list is very fair to all and is one that will be sure to draw a good entry. Those breeds which have \$20 and \$10 in challenge, and \$25, \$15, \$10 and \$5 in open, and \$15 and \$10 in puppy and novice classes are mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes (excepting that puppy and novice sexes compete together), greyhounds, pointers, setters, (all breeds, but no novice classes), collies, (puppy and novice \$5 and \$3 and \$10 and \$5.) Fields panels get \$15 and \$10 in challenge, and \$20, \$10, \$5 and medal in open. Considering the small number of field spaniels that are shown just now this seems waste of money, rather should the cockers get it, they bring much better entries. Those breeds getting \$15 and \$10 in challenge, and \$15, \$10 and \$5 and medal in open, are bulldogs, bull-terriers, foxhounds, Russian wolfhounds. The others range from \$15 and \$10 in challenge classes to \$10 and \$5, and from \$15, \$10 and \$5 to \$10 and \$5 in open classes, the different rough terriers getting the smaller allowance. In view of the rapid strides these breeds have been making lately, and the distance of Chicago from the best kennels, it would be well to deal a little more liberally with them. The club would not lose by it. The club is most liberal with kennel prizes, of \$25 in most cases, and \$15 to \$10 for best single specimens. Other cash specials are also given by friends. The different specialty clubs have done well, especially the Mastiff, St. Bernard and Collie. The Garfield Park cup, value \$150, is up for fox-terriers. As it is early yet the list of specials will be greatly increased. The entries close Feb. 27, but we are not aware what the fee will be, and the show will be held in the old Battery D and Second Reg. Armory. There will not be any too much room. The club offers a handler's prize of

\$100, to the handler showing the largest number of first and second prize winners, and \$25 to the second with same conditions. This is a bid for quality as well. The judges chosen are: St. Bernards, Newfoundland, pugs, Blenheim, King Charles and Prince Charles and rubyspaniels, Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass. Mastiffs, Great Danes, bulldogs, all terriers, Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds and poodles, Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I. Pointers, Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, New York. English and Irish setters, Chesapeake Bays and beagles, Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York. Gordon setters, bloodhounds, foxhounds, deerhounds, dachshunds and miscellaneous, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Field, cocker, Clumber, Irish water spaniels, Jas. F. Kirk, Toronto, Canada. Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds, Mr. R. D. Williams, Lexington, Ky. Collies, Mr. John A. Long, St. Louis, Mo.

This list seems a good one and should create confidence. Spratts will feed and bench, and Mr. John Read will superintend. This is a guarantee that the show will be run properly.

Hard times don't seem to affect our advertisers, they keep up a steady gait, and they are all genuine "bill" ads. too.

### W. K. C. Show.

The committee has decided to make two classes for Boston terriers, to be known as 139A and 139B, with prizes \$15, \$10 and \$5; a class for Russian wolfhound puppies to be known as 34A; dachshund puppies to be known as 144A; wire-haired fox-terrier bitch puppies to be known as 166A, and Scottish terrier puppies to be known as 189A. A field trial class for Gordon setters, to be known as 35A, \$15, \$10, \$5, is also added; also a puppy class for any breed where such class is not already made, provided there be not less than five entries. The following special prizes have been offered since the premium list went to press: Mr. J. G. K. Duer, president of the W. K. C., offers \$25 each for the best St. Bernard, pointer, collie and fox-terrier in the show. A friend of the breed offers \$15 each for the best harlequin great Dane dog and bitch.

### An April Show.

There is a rumor afloat, of a very substantial nature, that a combined specialty show will be held in April next in Madison Square Garden, in connection with the proposed Farmers' Implements, etc., exhibition. The breeds to be exhibited will be collies, spaniels and St. Bernards, and final arrangements are pending. It is thought the clubs will consent to take the show up, as they assume no risk, the "Farmers" standing the expense of premiums, etc. Mr. Mortimer is to superintend. Mr. Thomas Terry, we believe, is the chief mover in the affair.

It is not unlikely that a few of the Albany fanciers will get together soon to hold a show some time this year. Messrs. Clarence Rathbone, John Bennett, John Craig, and P. Donnelly are the plotters. We trust it will come to something; there would be a great terrier show with Mr. Rathbone at the helm.

The Boston Terrier Club have offered two special prizes, consisting of silver medals, at the coming show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club—one for the best dog and the other for best bitch.

Mr. John Congdon, owner of King Lud, has purchased in England the noted bull bitch Cadajas.

### Pittsburgh Show.

Pittsburgh will have a show, after all, but they will wait till Sept. 1. At the annual meeting of the Duquesne Kennel Club held at the Allegheny Athletic Association club house Jan. 17 the following officers were elected: S. Lincoln Boggs, President; James O'Hara Denny, Vice-President; Wm. E. Littell, Secretary-Treasurer; Board of Governors: John M. Chaplin, John Moorhead, Jr., William Arrott, Henry M. Breckenridge, Dr. John S. Phillips. The club has decided to give a show this coming September and \$2,000 will be hung up for prizes.

Dr. Foote has sold the black and tan terriers Rochelle Lord and Rochelle Scott, both known on the bench to Mr. W. A. Scott, New Cumberland, W. Va. Broomfield Madge (within one win of championship honors), to H. W. Lincoln, Brooklyn, N. Y. This nearly cleans the Doctor of this breed, having only the champions Sultan and Mensbrook Maiden and two young dogs of their get left. He is in it strong with wire-hairs now, and will put some of his Brittle stock down at New York.

### The Woodlawn Park Kennels.

On Thursday afternoon, at the invitation of Mr. James Robinson, the manager, a number of visiting dogmen were driven out to Woodlawn Park Kennels in two large sleighs. The kennels are situated about four miles out of town on the banks of Saratoga Lake, on what was known as the old Schuyler estate. In the handsome mansion overlooking the lake Mr. Robinson is settled, and after thawing out, as the drive from town was a pretty stiff one in the teeth of a nor-easter, we walked down the hill to the kennels. New kennels are to be built, but at present the dogs are housed in several cottages and small kennels.

First we came to a batch of make-shift kennels with small yards in which were some Irish terrier pups, by Jackanapes. Adjoining this kennel was another building in which the cooking apparatus and feeds, &c., were housed and, judging from appearances, hard times evidently have not struck this side of the hill. Further on a small cottage, finished in oiled pine, gave shelter to a mixed lot of young stock. The small rooms have been divided off by a wire partition into two compartments. On the ground floor was a corner for the bull matron, Rock Rose, who is by Rabagas out of Roseleaf, and whose breeding is therefore A1, going back to old Duke and others. She is the mother of the wonderful, litter spoken of in our report, and is heavy in whelp again to the same dog. Another room is reserved for bitches in season; another still contained two young bulldogs, the next room was the quarters of the notable pup family and, for the information of other breeders, we may say that these pups get no coddling, the temperature in the room being about 50°, of course they are kept warmer at night. In a room leading off the verandah were five collie pups, by Wordmansterne Trefoil, out of Flora Maid, and about twelve weeks old. One especially looked promising.

Upstairs the rooms were divided in the same way. In one compartment were three pups by Conrad II. out of Gem. Another compartment had three promising fox-terrier pups seven weeks old, by Chief Justice out of Miss Domino, that was imported for George Raper in 1893. In another room was a wire pup by St. Broom out of Jess Frost, five months old, that stood on good legs and boasts a good coat; a smooth bitch pup by Blemton Victor II. out of Maystorm kept him company. She has good length of head and is promising. Beyond this cottage was a range of four kennel yards, with two small kennel buildings dividing each pair of yards. These are the collie kennels, and some lusty-looking collies by Toronto Wonder bounced out. They have capital coats and one or two have good heads. The kennel yards run up the embankment steep enough to suit even a Highland collie.

After a look at the Hilton club cottage, directly on the shore of the lake, a move was made to the house and after a chat and a drink to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson,

we bundled into the sleighs and behind a pair of Col. Hilton's prize hackneys it did not take us long to reach the other side of the city and Woodlawn Park and the Stock Farm. It is a wonderful place with its 36 miles of handsome roads for driving. Under the chaperonage of Mr. Donnelly we were shown some of the handsome hackney stallions and mares this farm is celebrated for, and saw the handsome chicken houses and other stock buildings only in the distance. It was dark when we reached the town again and every one was delighted with the trip.

### Pointer Imports.

The three pointer bitches that Mr. E. O. Damon is importing come through Spratts Co. They are, as stated, from Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's kennels. They are Ightfield Spree, liver and white, by Prawn out of Guelph; Ightfield Leiger, liver and white, by Loveridge out of Kate, and Ightfield Dove, white and liver ticked, by Loveridge out of Damask. Mr. Damon writes that Strideaway is doing good work in Gray's hands, and that he will be in good shape for the United States Trials B next month. He will be shown in New York if he can get him back in time.

At Cruft's great London show, there will be 538 classes and 245 specials, certainly the biggest thing in dog shows ever thought of.

The Fanciers' Journal plant was purchased at the sale Jan. 16, by the Poultry Weekly and will probably be issued as a monthly.

Mr. Jarrett does not like to miss a show even if he does not exhibit, so he took a flyer up to Saratoga. He did not go back empty handed, for he purchased five collies from the Woodlawn Park Kennels. They are by his old dog Toronto Wonder and are to be sprung at New York—some of them, rather. Mr. A. C. Bradbury also bought another one of the same litter, quite a promising youngster, too. It looks as if there is going to be some fun at New York and keen competition. We have never seen so much excitement among the collie men as to what the other will put down. Mr. Jarrett also bought for Mr. Hopkins two black and white collie pups by Red Roland, 10mos. old, and that are well fit to show. The bull-terrier bitch Matchless he traded to F. E. Dole for the foxhound Rosemary, so she strikes the old trail again. In a note from Mr. Jarrett he remarks "I think I had more fun at Saratoga than at any show I remember," and so say all of us.

### Columbus Show.

Premium lists are piling in upon the dogmen at a great rate and the Columbus Fanciers' Club is the next to command attention. This show will be held Feb. 28 to March 3. Challenge prizes are \$10. In open the prizes are \$10 and \$5 for the larger breeds, and from spaniels down the rest including greyhounds, get \$8 in challenge and \$8 and \$5 in open. This is further reduced in the terrier classes to \$5 and \$3, and even \$5 only for first. The will be handlers prizes of \$60 and \$40 for the largest number in charge of one handler. Kennel prizes of \$10 will be given by the club and other specials will be announced later. Entries close Feb. 20, first day of New York show, with George F. Mooney, secretary, 276 North Highstreet, Columbus, and the entrance fee is \$3.

Mr. Edward Booth has sold the smooth-coated St. Bernard Duke of Alma to Mr. E. J. Hearle of New York city.

Mr. F. F. Dole has sold the bull-terrier Cordonna to Dr. Huidekoper.

We see that the well-known exhibitor and dealer Fred Kirby, has been using his hands in a more direct manner than he generally uses his tongue, and has consequently felt the strong arm of the law. He pleads *non vult*.

The poison fiend is on the alert for victims in Essex, Conn. Last week his record was fifteen well bred "bird" dogs that died from poison. A reward has been offered for conviction or information.

Mr. E. K. Sperry, of New Haven, president of the Gordon Setter Field Trial Club and former secretary of the New England Field Trial Club, has been very sick with "grippe" for the past two weeks, and even now can hardly raise his head from the pillow; but a council of physicians recently decided that his musical voice would again be heard before the blue-birds and the Bob Whites.—B. B.

### Pacific Coast Field Trials.

SALINAS, Cal., Jan. 20.—[Special to Forest and Stream.] In the Derby the winner was W. G. Kerckhoff's Betsy Mark by Gath's Mark, Ightfield Sophie; second, A. P. Kerckhoff's Mercury by Dick Bondhu out of Sunlit; C. Robinson's black pointer Red by Old Black Joe and J. M. Bassford's pointer Adelia by Bismarck and Beulah divided third. All Age Stake first, H. Y. Payne's Countess Noble second, Kemyer's Smoky by Tennessee Bob ex Hoosier Bede, and third, Chas. Studarus' pointer Clay. Rained all week. NAMQUOT.

The trials will scarcely be as successful as they have been. In the first place the weather was bad, rain falling all week. Then the grounds at Salinas were not found to be suitable, most of the underbrush having been burnt off in the fall had left sharp stumps sticking up that would, it was thought hurt the dogs and for this reason many of the sportsmen returned the first night. The main reason however was that the advertised judges, Messrs. Vandevort of Pasadena, and Pugh of Bakersfield, did not turn up and their places could not be filled satisfactorily; there was some friction evident. But we shall know more about it all when the report comes in.

## Hunting and Coursing.

### BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S WINTER MEET

THE Brunswick Fur Club held their sixth annual winter meet at Freeport, Me., Jan. 15-20. As a hunt it was not a success, for scent lay badly, except on Thursday, and the deep snow and brittle crust made the work of the hounds difficult in the extreme. Though a failure as a hunt, it was a great success in a social way. The attendance was very large, and the renewing of old friendships and the making of new ones cannot be but beneficial to the club and bind the members closer together. Among those present were Messrs. A. B. F. Kinney, E. D. Buller, O. M. Ball, J. F. Randall, G. F. Lovett, E. S. Bodwell, H. O. Stanley, F. F. Roberts, G. E. Hackett, Robert Jordan, E. A. Graves, G. C. Knight, E. G. Simpson, W. H. Smith, C. J. Gilman, S. Knight, Jr., J. L. Doolittle, L. P. Huntoon, A. F. Varney, A. G. Hall, A. C. Heffenger, W. A. Bragdon, Bradford S. Turpin, H. H. Stetson, W. B. Stone, H. M. Gragg, J. N. Martin, H. J. Given, R. D. Perry, E. M. Snow, F. P. Shaw, E. B. Nickerson, L. E. Conant, F. W. Eddy, A. McDonald, G. P. Ridley, N. Q. Pope, A. B. McGregor, E. Barron, Geo. P. Berry, S. D. Pendar, L. O. Deunison, N. Stewart, E. E. Barker, Geo. N. Drake and many others.

Twenty-three hounds were present at the meet, and considering the unfavorable conditions under which they worked



they did remarkably well. Clay, Pealer, Steve and Bonnie are worthy of especial mention. The pack was composed of: CLAY—White Oak Hill Kennels' b. w. & t. dog (Goodman). STEVE—White Oak Hill Kennels' b. w. t. dog (Goodman). FLINT—White Oak Hill Kennels' b. w. & t. bitch (Goodman).

POLAND PETWORTH—White Oak Hill Kennels' w. b. & t. bitch (Goodman). SUNDAY—White Oak Hill Kennels' b. w. & t. bitch (July). PEALER—White Oak Hill Kennels' b. & t. dog (July). RED JACKET—Robert Jordan's red dog Whitlock (Gold Dnest).

BEN—L. O. Dennison's b. & w. dog Buckfield-Byron). SALLY—G. P. Berry's b. & t. bitch (native). DIAMOND—S. D. Pendar's b. & t. dog (native). POPPLE—R. D. Perry's b. w. & t. dog (Wild Goose-native).

HUNTER—F. W. Eddy's b. & w. dog (native). ROVER—W. B. Stone's b. & w. dog (native). BONNIE—L. E. Conant's b. & t. dog (native). DICK—L. L. Conant's b. & t. dog (native). FOREST HUNTER—A. McDonald's b. & w. dog (native). LINDA—A. McDonald's b. & t. bitch (native). GROVER—A. McDonald's b. & t. dog (Haseltine). PADDY—N. Stewart's w. b. & t. (English). DENNIS—N. Stewart's b. & t. dog (English-Cook). ROCK—E. B. Nickerson's w. b. & t. (Cook-English). MARCH—H. J. Given's b. & t. dog (Avent-native). GOLDEN ROD—W. H. Stetson's b. w. & t. dog (Cook).

The club headquarters were at the Harraseeket House, an excellent hotel, where all were well cared for. The table was good and the rooms warm and clean. The hounds were kennelled in a stable nearby.

The annual meeting was held at the Harraseeket House on Monday evening. As this was the first meeting of the club as an incorporated organization, there was a deal of legal red tape to be observed, and consequently Mr. H. J. Given, who had been chairman of the first meeting of the associates, called the meeting to order and Mr. F. E. Roberts acted as clerk, in place of the president and secretary, both of whom were present. The election of officers for '94 resulted as follows:—President, Mr. N. Q. Pope, Poland, Maine; Vice-Presidents, Mr. L. A. Dennison, Waltham, Mass., Mr. Harvey J. Given, Brunswick, Maine, Mr. W. R. Dean, Worcester, Mass.; M. F. H., Mr. F. M. Whipple, Newtonville, Mass.; Secretary, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass.; Treasurer, Mr. W. B. Stone, Waltham, Mass.; Executive Committee, Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass., Mr. R. D. Perry, Phillipston, Mass., and Mr. S. Knight Jr., Brunswick, Maine.

President Pope having taken the chair, the reports of the secretary and treasurer were accepted; the latter reported all bills paid, and \$335.60 in the treasury. Dr. A. C. Heffenger, in reporting for the executive committee, suggested that at future field trials the entries be divided into two packs, and that the best of the hounds in these packs be run together on the last day of the trials. It was thought that the large number of entries could be judged better in this way than in any other. He then offered for criticism and suggestion a standard for judging American foxhounds and this standard was referred to the executive committee. It was voted to apply for membership in the American Kennel Club, and to refer to the executive committee the project of making an exhibit of the club's foxhounds at the Boston show. The following active members were elected:—Mr. W. A. Bragdon, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mr. G. W. Pierce, Brattleboro, Vt.; Mr. G. W. Baker, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. J. F. Randall, Portland, Me.; Mr. E. B. Mallett Jr., and Mr. F. S. Soule, Freeport, Me.; Mr. R. D. Butler, Milbury, Mass.; Mr. H. M. Gragg, Waltham, Mass.; Mr. O. M. Ball, Worcester, Mass. The honorary members elected were: Mr. Wm. L. Thompson, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. F. H. Brown, Waco, Texas, and Editor Turf, Field and Farm. After adjournment a short time was spent in story telling and planning for Tuesday's hunt, and then all sought the comfortable quarters with which the hotel provided us.

TUESDAY.

At daylight a heavy fog hung over the little town and the rain fell steadily; but after breakfast the rain ceased and hasty preparations were made to start for the hunting grounds. Those who had snowshoes were indeed fortunate. They could go anywhere with safety; but the man who went out shod only with the customary footgear of an ordinary citizen had to confine himself to the beaten paths. If in a rash moment he left the road, he at once broke through the crust and floundered about in three feet of snow.

The hounds were divided into two packs. Rover, Forest Hunter, Red Jacket, Hunter and Bonnie were cast off near the shore. A fresh track was difficult to find, but finally Forest Hunter trailed to a start and drove his fox alone for a half hour or more. Then Hunter and Rover joined him, and the three followed well till the fox was shot. Reynard had a long lead on the pack and used all his arts to throw the hounds, but in vain. He was finally headed off by Mr. L. O. Dennison, who thus secured the first trophy of the meet.

Meantime Mr. N. Q. Pope's handsome pack of Goodmans and Julys were doing their best to jump a fox southwest of the village. Clay, the winner of the field trials of '93, showed that he had not forgotten how to hunt, and he was ably supported by Pealer and Poland Petworth. The others, too, were busy, but no fox was started, and by noon the sportsmen were back at the Harraseeket.

In the afternoon an unsuccessful attempt was made to find a fox near the shore. This trip planned as a hunt, developed into a sleigh ride, and many miles were covered by the party, who obtained a fine view of the icebound coast of Maine; but not a fox or a track did they discover.

At a club meeting in the evening the executive committee reported back with approval Dr. Heffenger's foxhound standard, and requested the secretary to send copies to the sportsmen's papers inviting criticism or approval. The proposed standard reads as follows:

"The American Foxhound: His Type and Standard." The best type for an all-round American foxhound differs in many essential points from the English, though the standard for judging the value of each part of the hound, with two exceptions should be the same. The American hound should be a smaller dog and lighter in bone and muscle than the English. He is to be a runner of endurance with killing speed. Dogs should not be over 23in. nor under 21, nor weigh more than 60lbs., while bitches should be from 20 to 22in. and weigh not more than 50lbs.

A hound springing 75 per cent. of the points as hereinafter stated, will outclass at every point in hunting American game his larger English congener. In formulating the American standard the value of the head is reduced from 15 to 10, and general symmetry increased from 5 to 10.

The head (value 10) should be comparatively small, with the muzzle between 4 and 4½in. long, square and slightly expanded nostrils. The drops short and well folded in. The skull may be either domed or rounded, though the latter is preferable. There should be sufficient stop to give symmetry to the head. The eyes should be dark brown and the ears medium or short, low set and closely pendant.

The neck (value 5) should be slim, though strong, and no trace of throatiness should exist. It may be straight or slightly arched on upper surface.

The shoulders (value 10) should be of sufficient length to give leverage and power, well muscled but with a clean run, and not too broad. The scapulae should incline toward the center on top, to give an almond shape.

Chest and back ribs (value 10). The chest should be deep for lung space, the English standard of 30in. in a 24in. round being good, though a shallower chest with well-sprung ribs

gives just as good wind. The back ribs should extend so far that only a couple of inches of flank exists.

The back and loin (value 10) should be broad, short and strong, straight or slightly arched. There should be a straight line from side of back to prominence of hip, to give proper strength of coupling.

The hindquarters and lower thighs (value 10) should be strongly muscled if the hound is to have speed and endurance. The ham should be nearly straight behind. The stifles should be low set, but not too much bent. There is such a thing as having too much muscle in the quarter for freedom of movement, and in consequence speed is reduced and grace of movement compromised.

The elbows (value 5) should be set straight, but not too much in for perfect freedom of motion, for otherwise speed would be compromised, and the hound would be liable to sore in shoulder from friction during every long run.

Legs and feet (value 20) are of the utmost importance, for if they are not of the best they will never hold a hound up during an all-day run in even a smooth country, while in a rough one he would soon become a quitter. The legs should be straight, placed squarely under shoulder, and have plenty of bone without clumsiness. A slight angle at knee certainly gives strength to the joint and maintains straightness of leg. Of course the foot should be round, close, cat-like, not too large, well knuckled and horned, and placed at right angle to leg.

Color and coat (value 5).—A good hound cannot have a bad color. Of course, the black, white and tan markings with the various "pies," are conventional and should be given the preference, though crossing with the harrier has made blue mottled and tan markings perfectly legitimate in the American hound. The coat should be coarse, though less so than the English.

The stern (value 5) should be of medium length, carried like a sabre and with good brush. A docked stern should not disqualify a hound, but simply handicap him in points according to extent of docking.

Symmetry (value 10).—The form of a hound should be harmonious throughout, if the highest speed and endurance is to be obtained, and this is so important that its value has been double over the English standard. He should show his blood, quality and hound character in every aspect and movement.

SUMMARY.

Head	10
Neck	5
Shoulders	10
Chest and back ribs	10
Back and loin	10
Hind quarters and lower thighs	10
Elbows	5
Legs and feet	20
Color and coat	5
Stern	5
Symmetry	10

Total 100

It was voted that the field trials should be held during the week beginning Nov. 5, '94. Mr. G. F. Lovell, Portland, Maine, was elected a member of the club and the meeting then adjourned.

WEDNESDAY.

On Wednesday morning the thermometer stood at 12° above zero, there was no wind, and the sun shone in a cloud less sky. The cold wave had strengthened the crust in the open fields, but in the cover snowshoes were still a necessity, and their possessors were looked upon as particularly lucky individuals. The day was a severe one for the hounds. Trailing on the icy crust was difficult, indeed almost impossible; then, too, their feet were badly cut by the ice, and the course of many a hound could be traced by blood marks on the snow. Nevertheless all worked well and did their best, and the unsatisfactory result of the day's sport was due to the unfavorable conditions and not to the hounds themselves.

Three packs were out in the morning. East of the village the White Oak Hill Kennels pack, reinforced by Paddy and Dennis, trailed for three or four miles and finally had to abandon the track without putting up the fox. While they were at work Grover, March and Rock were cast off further east. They at once winded a fox and in a moment he was running; but the hounds followed only with the greatest difficulty. They were frequently at fault and the pace was so slow that the chase was little more than a piece of cold trailing. Clay and Pealer joined in the hunt, but the fox was lost after an hour's work.

A second pack, Rover, Hunter, Bonnie and Dick, was put to work in the "thousand acre swamp." They, too, had the good luck to wind a fox, but though they kept him moving for an hour he finally escaped with ease after amusing himself for some time playing like a rabbit.

Linda, Sally, Popple and Diamond tried their fortune at the Porcupine ledge, but luck was not with them, and a ten-minute run by Sally was all the amusement they could offer their masters.

An unsuccessful attempt to jump a fox near the village in the afternoon completed the hunting for the day.

THURSDAY.

Thursday morning was cloudy. There was no wind and the mercury marked 15° above zero. Every one predicted a snow storm before 12 o'clock, but the clouds broke away and the day proved to be the best of the week thus far for hunting. The scent lay well on the crust, and rarely does one see better work on bare ground than was done to day under the most difficult hunting conditions. For hours the driving was furious, and though in the cover the hounds broke through the crust at every jump, yet they pressed their game till late in the afternoon despite their sore and bleeding feet. The work of Pealer, Clay and Bonnie is especially worthy of mention; for nearly eight hours they drove their game and then had to be caught off the track.

To-day for the first time all the hunters went to the same grounds and all the hounds were cast off at the same time at the foot of the Porcupine Ledge. Hunter, Rover, Sally, Ben, Dick and Bonnie, with the hounds of the White Oak Hill pack, soon jumped three foxes. One of these skunked away without any of the hounds getting upon his track; but the others were not so fortunate. One was driven far to the east and hotly pursued for hours till he went to earth. The other was driven till late in the afternoon, and was playing in a strip of woodland when the hounds were caught about sunset. The packs were in hearing all day and the fox was viewed time and again by the hunters, and yet none of them succeeded in getting a shot. To be sure, he was fired at once, but only in an unsuccessful attempt to turn him upon another hunter. His escape from death seems little less than wonderful when one considers that a score of men were lying in wait for him at every crossing and runway, and others with snowshoes and sleighs were doing their best to head him off.

This hunt was justly considered one of the best in which the club has ever taken part, and those who were present will not soon forget it.

FRIDAY.

Rain fell during the night, but Friday morning was clear and still. The thermometer marked 42°, and by noon a warm wind was blowing from the south which seemed a foretaste of early spring.

The hounds were cast off on the grounds where we had such good sport on Thursday. But either the scent did not lay or the rain had washed out all the tracks, for no trail

was found which the hounds could work. The hunt continued till noon, and then hounds and hunters returned to the village.

At a business meeting in the afternoon, Mr. D. M. Morris, Camp Point, Ill., and Mr. Joel Hunt, Atlanta, Ga., were elected honorary members of the club.

Many of the hunters went home on Friday, and by Saturday noon all had departed and the winter meet of '94 was a thing of the past.

The Foxhound Standard.

The standard which the Brunswick Fox Club has arranged, and on which they invite discussion, is printed in another column. Before it is adopted finally it will probably need a little trimming, but the main points are good and we invite foxhound men to make criticisms or suggest improvements if any can be made. The Saratoga foxhound men were to arrange something in the way of a standard at a meeting to be held last Friday, at 2.30 P. M., but as our reporter has made no mention of it as yet, probably the thing fell through.

Mr. S. S. Howland, who is hunting the Annapolis, Md., country this winter, has sent to England for twenty couple more of the best hounds that can be secured.

The St. Louis County Coursing Association intend, during the proposed St. Louis show in March, holding a meeting with a sixty-four dog stake with a guaranteed purse value of \$1,000. Ten dollar fees will rule, so that the club will not have to raise very much themselves. This would be a most pleasant adjunct to the show.

Pachting.

Corinthian Y. C. of Baltimore.

THE Neptune Club is a very enterprising rowing club of Baltimore City. It has had among its members a large number who cared more to handle the tiller than the oar who had been led to attach themselves to the club because of the very convenient location of its club-house. These "sailing members" were constantly increasing in number, and last summer the fleet owned by them numbered more than a score. While the club-house was convenient of access, the anchorage was a very poor one in a southeast blow, and the several storms of last August and October damaged more or less every sailing craft anchored in front of the club-house. Some were completely wrecked.

This forced the greater portion of these "sailing members" to seek a better anchorage; and they, together with a number of other yacht owners have organized the Corinthian Yacht Club of Baltimore. The club was incorporated November 20, 1893, and the following officers have since been elected:

Com. Adelbert Nickel; Vice-Com., H. F. Dorton; Rear-Com., P. W. Hemsley; Sec., H. W. Meredith; Treas., W. E. Heiser; Meas., E. W. Graef; Fleet Captain, N. T. Slee; Trustees, W. J. Lord, E. W. Graef, P. W. Hemsley, N. T. Slee, H. F. Dorton and Thos. J. Briery.

The club-house secured is a brick structure pleasantly located on the west bank of Stone-House Cove, an arm of the Patapsco, and has plenty of surrounding ground. The water in the cove is deep and the anchorage is thoroughly safe in any and all kinds of storms. In addition to these advantages the club-house can be easily and quickly reached from the heart of the city by means of an electric railway, which has a station only three minutes walk from the grounds.

The yacht clubs hitherto organized in Baltimore have mostly been formed by the wealthy, and have never been of the Corinthian order. They have as a rule increased very slowly in membership after their first organization. Around about Baltimore, there are a number of small yachts owned by young men who love the water and take much pride and pleasure in sailing their own boats. They have never been gathered into any club for the reason that an amateur sailor is not attracted to join clubs whose boats are mostly sailed by hired hands. The new club, started as a purely Corinthian organization, is just the thing needed, and with the advantages possessed, its future is assured. Indeed it is a fact, taking into consideration that the club was organized after the yachting season had closed and amid a general financial panic, that its success thus far has been phenomenal.

Cleveland Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Cleveland Y. C. was held on Jan. 10 in the new club rooms in the Case Building. A large number was in attendance and the meeting was very enthusiastic. The following directors were elected to serve three years: J. N. Richardson, John Barth, W. H. Kolbe, G. W. Luetkemeyer, J. O. Gardner. To serve one year as Messengers, C. R. Luetkemeyer; Assistant Messengers, Ernest Junger, Surveyor, Conrad Krause; Surgeon, Dr. E. E. Beeman. The following directors hold over: For two years, G. W. Gardner, P. W. Rice, W. R. Huntington, P. P. Wright, E. W. Radder; for one year, W. P. Francis, Luther Allen, Ed Overbeke, F. G. Overbeke, C. W. Kelly.

Several amendments to the constitution, by-laws and sailing regulations were offered and will be acted on at the next meeting. The report of the secretary-treasurer for 1893 showed the club to be in a most flourishing condition.

Immediately after the adjournment of the annual meeting the new Board of Directors organized and elected officers and committees for the ensuing year, as follows: Com., Geo. W. Gardner; Vice-Com., W. R. Huntington; Rear-Com., F. G. Overbeke; Sec.-Treas., J. O. Gardner; Regatta Committee—Luther Allen, W. H. Kolbe, W. P. Francis; House Committee—E. W. Radder, Ed Overbeke, C. W. Kelly. Capt. Wm. S. Mack was elected to membership in the club.

The members of the club are jubilant over the new club rooms, which were opened for the first time last Thanksgiving Day. The rooms are finely equipped with a combination billiard and pool table, upright piano, elegant carpets, luxurious chairs and all other necessary furniture for the comfort of the members. A large number of the leading periodicals of the day are on file. The members are showing a growing appreciation of the efforts of the directors and officers to give them as much as possible that is conducive to the comfort of members. It is hoped that the club will be able to raise enough money to put up the new club house on the lake shore at the foot of Erie street, the foundation for which was put in last summer.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Com. Caldwell H. Colt, Larchmont Y. C., owner of the schooner yacht Dauntless, died on Jan. 21, at the Punta Gorda, Fla.

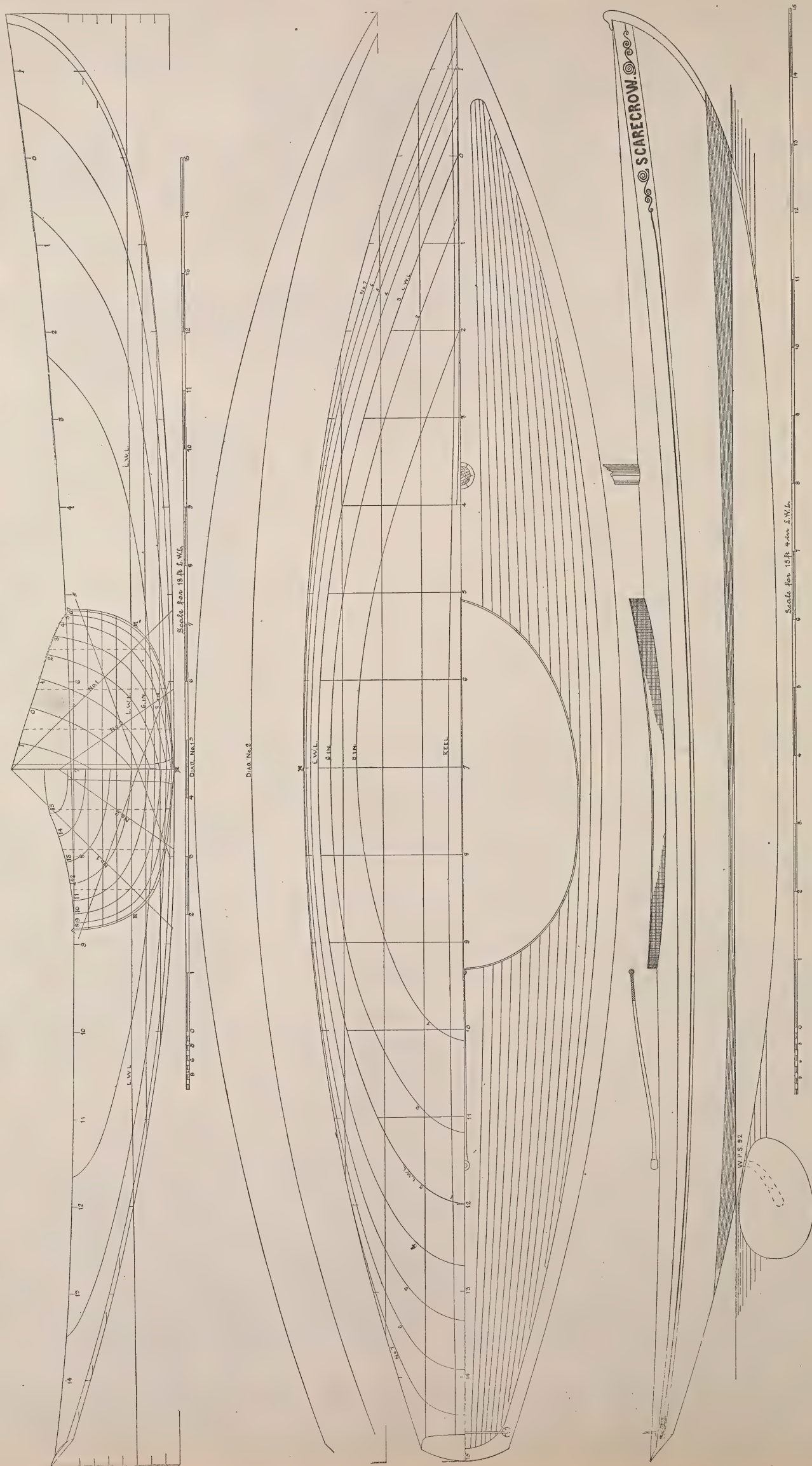
Mr. Will Fife, Jr., will build from his own designs, a racing 20 rater for one of the Jamesons, presumably Mr. F. B. Jameson, of Dublin.

White Ladye, under charter to Mr. Ogden Goellet, has arrived at Cannes.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was held at the Sturtevant House, New York, on Jan. 13, Com. Grant presiding. The reports for the year were read, showing the club to be in a satisfactory condition. The new club-house erected this year at Echo Bay having been fully paid for, and a balance left in the treasury. A large number of expenses of running it had been paid. The membership of the fleet has reached a total of 80. Some amendments were made to the constitution, among them one creating the office of Rear-Commodore. The following officers were elected: Com., Charles Pryer; Vice-Com., R. T. Clark; Rear-Com., C. M. Connolly; Sec., J. D. Sparkman; Treas., C. A. Harriman; Executive Committee—Charles Pryer, R. T. Clark, J. D. Sparkman, C. A. Harriman, F. S. Grant, H. A. Goun, and Chamberlain and W. P. Stephens. Com. Pryer, F. B. Jones and W. P. Stephens, were appointed a committee to prepare a revision of the racing rules. The fleet adopted a very neat and attractive cap device, a white button encircled by a wreath of laurel leaves, the white ground bearing a blue cross with a white star in the center. Largely through the efforts of Com. Grant, the fleet has been placed on a permanent basis and installed in a suitable home during the past season, and it begins the new year under very encouraging auspices. One proposed feature which is likely to be popular is a scrub race every Saturday afternoon for any small craft which may present themselves at the station.

The Schoodic Y. C., of Calais, Me., held its annual meeting on Jan. 9, and elected the following officers: Com., Willard H. Pike; Vice-Com., E. A. Davidson; Sec'y, Louis M. Todd; Treas., Geo. W. Hinds; Meas., Stephen Chambers; Chairman of Regatta Committee, Irving W. McAllister. The club burgee, adopted in 1893, is a triangular flag, blue ground, with a red diamond extending one-half way from point to base, and with a white star in center of the blue. The length of star to be one-half width on haliard. Fly to be one and one-half times hoist.









SCARECROW—SAIL PLAN.

THE FIN-KEEL SCARECROW.

THE little fin-keel which was first described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Nov. 24, 1892, has proved by far the most popular design which we have ever published, and a number of boats were built last year and have given general satisfaction to their owners. Beside the original Scarecrow, for Mr. C. J. Stevens, Mr. Ayers, then at Bay Ridge but since then located at Nyack, New York, built two of the 18ft. size and two 15ft. of a slightly different model, also from a design by Mr. W. P. Stephens, designer of the original; the St. Lawrence Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. of Clayton, built eight in all, of both sizes, one of the smaller size forming a conspicuous feature of the Company's exhibit at Chicago; while a number were built by amateurs. Most of them were intended for cruising and general sailing only, but in England the design was reduced to 16ft. l.w.l. to make 0.5 rating, by Mr. Wm. J. Hodge, the builder, of Dartmouth, and a very light and handsome little racer was built from the lines for Capt. Henry E. Bayly and Mr. G. A. Passingham; Picaroon, as she was named, making a very good record in her class about Plymouth and Dartmouth.

Various arrangements of fins and heavy boards, and several rigs, have been tried on the different boats; but the sail plan and fin originally designed by Mr. Stevens is to all appearances the best combination for speed, and we illustrate them in preference to any others. As stated when the design was originally published, the peculiar sail plan was designed by Mr. C. J. Stevens after a long experience in canoeing, and the design for the hull to fit this plan was made by Mr. W. P. Stephens, while various details of the boat were worked out in company.

The end in view was a fairly fast boat under a moderate sail plan, to carry two men and all cruising duff, or to carry four or five persons in ordinary sailing, the boat to be used about New York for short cruises and day sailing. This purpose she has fulfilled admirably during the past year, being in constant use about the Lower Bay, her anchorage being at the New York C. C. station, off Bensonhurst, and at times making runs through the Gate and into the Sound as far as Norwalk and Oyster Bay. With a crew of two, three or four, she has proved fast, able and comfortable, while easily handled by one man. The sail area, just over 300sq. ft., has proved about right for such work; but for racing the boat will easily carry some 50ft. more.

In the case of some boats built from the design a mistake has been made as to their power and intended use, and they have been over-canvased and overcrowded, as though they were Cape cats in dimensions; as much as 450sq. ft. being disposed of in mainsail and jib, while the ballast and live weight have put the centerboard trunk fairly under water, flooding the cockpit. It is hardly necessary to say that when abused in this way the design has not proved a success; but to all those who understand the capabilities of a model, and who desire a boat for cruising, afternoon sailing or even racing in certain classes, the Scare-

crow can hardly be improved upon, so far as general excellence at a moderate cost is concerned.

The lines here given appeared with the first description of the boat, on Nov. 24, 1892, but as this number has been for some time out of print, while the demand for it continues, we are obliged to republish them, reserving until next week the construction drawings and description of fin and method of building. The hull itself is closely allied to many light draft designs before published, and is equally well adapted for a common centerboard and a small amount of inside ballast, instead of the fin; the sail plan of course being reduced in proportion. One of the 18ft. size built by Mr. Ayers, had instead of the fin a heavy centerboard, of 600lbs., carrying a yawl rig of 318ft.: 178 in main, 75 in jib and 65 in mizen. Another had a plate board of about 175lbs., with a yawl rig of 290ft., but with some 500lbs. of lead cast to fit inside. The smaller size, 15ft. 4 1/2 in. l.w.l., would answer well with a plate of 100lbs., and 175sq. ft. of sail, a moderate amount of inside ballast being required when sailing alone, the weight being made up at other times by extra passengers or cruising equipment.

The interior of the hull may be divided to suit the taste and uses of the owner, but the arrangement shown, of a watertight and self-draining well, has proved very satisfactory, while the tight bulkheads are essential to safety in a ballasted boat. For some purposes the watertight floor may be dispensed with, the ordinary floor boards on the ribs being used, giving a greater depth inside and more room for stowage, and for accommodating the largest possible number in afternoon sailing and smooth water this arrangement will be the best, provided the centerboard trunk is built higher, as the hull will easily bear an extra immersion under such circumstances that would submerge the low trunk shown in the drawings.

In the original Scarecrow the well is narrower than here shown, but 2ft. 9in., but of the same length and oval at the ends. A deck hatch is placed just forward and another just aft of the well, giving access to each compartment, the hatches being made flush, to match the deck planking. In the construction plan a different and better arrangement will be shown, the bent oak coaming extending sufficiently far over the well, both forward and aft, to admit of the hatches being placed within it, where they are better protected from spray, while they do not mar the appearance of the bright deck.

The original design, of 18ft. l.w.l., was made to a scale of 1 1/4 in. to the foot, but as a smaller boat may be equally well built from the same lines, all dimensions were taken off, including the second table of offsets, with a scale of 1 1/4 in. to the foot, an odd division, but which gave a very good size, a little over 15ft. l.w.l. We may explain again here, in answer to a question that is frequently asked concerning the drawings in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, that the original designs, usually from 24 to 42 in. long, and on various scales, 1/4 in., 3/8 in., 1/2 in., 5/8 in., or 3/4 in., are each reduced by photography to make the largest possible reproduction that our page will admit of, 14 in. extreme length. In nearly

every case this involves an odd scale, and the usual fractional scales of the draftsman will not fit; but as the proper scale for the drawing is given with it, this is of little moment, and in addition, we endeavor to give all dimensions so fully that there is little need of measuring the drawings.

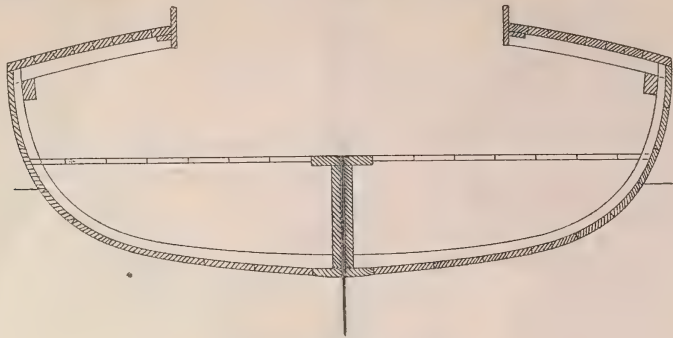
At the same time, any desired scale may be used on the reduced drawing as published; for instance, a scale of 1/4 in. applied to the present design as printed will give a length of 27ft. 10 in. over all, 20ft. l.w.l. and 6ft. 1 1/2 in. beam, while a scale of 3/8 in. would give a waterline of but 13ft. 6 in. The design is capable of expansion or reduction to any size within the limits of 20 or 21ft. l.w.l. down to 12ft., and by the use of the scales mentioned, or of special scales made by dividing the waterline in any desired number of parts, a boat of any size may be built from it. The tables of offsets are for the two sizes, 18ft. and 15ft. 4 1/2 in., but similar tables may be taken off from the body plan on the appropriate scale for the desired size of boat.

The dimensions and elements are as follows:

	15ft. 4 1/2 in. l.w.l.	18ft. l.w.l.
	FT. IN.	FT. IN.
Length over all.....	21 4 1/2	25
L.W.L.....	15 4 1/2	18
Overhang, bow.....	2 10 1/2	2 6
stern.....	4 8 1/2	5 6
Beam, extreme.....	4 3 1/2	5
L.W.L.....	4 3 1/2	5
Freeboard, least.....	10 1/2	1
Sheer, bow.....	11 1/2	1 1
stern.....	7 1/2	9
Draft, without board or fin.....	4 1/2	5
Round of deck.....	4 1/2	5
Displacement, pounds.....	1150	1833
per inch immersion, pounds.....	256	342
Area, midship section, sq. ft.....	2.07	2.80
lateral plane.....	7.87	10.00
L.W.L. plane.....	47.33	64.26
Fore end of L.W.L. to—		
midship section.....	9.00	10.50
C.B.....	8.35	9.72
C.L.R.....	7.80	9.09

The fin of Scarecrow is of 1/4 in. Tobin bronze plate, the actual weight being 247lbs., while the estimated weight of the lead bulb is 400lbs. To these weights must be added 12lbs., the weight of a flanged casting bolted to the upper side of the fin to support it in the trunk, a total of 660lbs. The slot was made the full length of the well, as a matter of





SCARECROW—MIDSHIP SECTION.

TABLE OF OFFSETS—15FT. 4 1/2 IN. BOAT.

Stations spaced 1ft. 3 3/4 in. Waterlines spaced 2 3/4 in. Buttock lines spaced 1/2 of extreme beam. Diagonals as in body plan.

STATIONS.	HEIGHTS.		HALF-BREADTHS.									
	Keel.	Deck.	WATERLINES.									
			Deck.	No. 6.	No. 5.	No. 4.	LWL No. 3.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
II	2 5	2 5	0 1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	0 1	0 1	0 1
I	1 27	3 3 1/2	4 6	0 3	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 7	3	.....
0	7 6	2 1 1/2	11	6 6	5	2 1/2	.....	.....	.....	1 0 7	9 1	.....
1	4 3	2	1	4 1	0 6	11 1	9 1	6 4	2 1	.....	1 6 3	1 2 1
2	2 4	1 10 1/4	1	8 2	1 6	1 4 1	2 7	1 0 3	8 1	.....	1 11 2	1 5 4
3	1 2	1 0 1/2	1	11 3	1 10 1/2	1 9 1	7 8	1 5 2	1 1 3	.....	2 3 3	1 7 7
4	0 4	1 8 1/2	2	2 2	2 1 2	0 4	1 11 1	1 9 1	5 6	.....	1 6	1 9 4
5	0 1	1 7 3	2	3 3	2 3 2	2 3	1 11 6	1 9 1	3 4	.....	2 8	1 10 6
6	.....	1 6 6	2	4 2	3 7 2	3 4 2	2 9	2 1 2	1 10 7	.....	1 6 1	2 9 2
7	.....	1 6 2	2	4 2	3 7 2	3 4 2	2 9	2 1 2	1 11 4	.....	1 6 0	2 9 5
8	0 1	1 6 2	2	4 2	3 7 2	3 4 2	2 9	2 1 2	1 11	.....	1 5 3	2 9 2
9	0 6	1 6 1	2	3 2	2 7 2	2 3 2	1 4	1 11 7	1 8 6	.....	1 1 3	2 8
10	2 2	1 6 1	2	1 4	2 1 2	0 4	1 11 1	1 8 6	1 4	.....	3 2	2 5 3
11	4 6	1 6 1	2	11 3	1 10 1	9 5	1 7 5	1 3 4	5 6	.....	2 3 1	1 8 2
12	7 6	1 6 1	2	1 1	7 2	1 5 3	1 1 2	.....	.....	.....	1 11 6	1 2 4
13	11 6	1 7 3	1	4 3	1 2 2	9 4	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 7 6	10 3
14	1 3 6	1 8 1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 3	5 6
15*	1 7 1	1 10 1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	11	1 7

TABLE OF OFFSETS—18FT. BOAT.

Stations spaced 1ft. 6 in. Waterlines spaced 3 in. Buttock lines spaced 1/2 of extreme beam. Diagonals as in body plan.

STATIONS.	HEIGHTS.		HALF-BREADTHS.									
	Keel.	Deck.	WATERLINES.									
			Deck.	No. 6.	No. 5.	No. 4.	LWL No. 3.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
II	2 10	2 10	0 1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	0 1	0 1	0 1
I	1 5 2	2 8 1/2	5 4	0 4	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 6	3 3	.....
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\* Transom.

All measurements to outside of plank. Small figures are eighths of an inch.

convenience and also to allow of a little variation in the position of the fin; but on trial it proved that the weight, with the fin as far forward as possible, was a little aft; the boat, with a crew of three in their proper places, going slightly by the stern. As an experiment, a weight of 100lbs. of lead was stowed close by the heel of the mast, and this brought her to the proper fore and aft trim, while the position of the fin, as regards the lateral resistance, proved just about correct. Although there was no need of this extra lead, so far as carrying sail went, the general result was so satisfactory that it was left in her through the season, no alterations being made in the weight of the bulb. In the full-size sections of the bulb, which we shall give next week, the form has been slightly altered to throw the center of weight further forward, while this weight has been increased to 440lbs (giving 275lbs. for the smaller size). The estimated weight of a 3/4 in. plate of Tobin bronze for the larger size is 242lbs., and of 3-16 plate for the smaller size, 130.5lbs.

The intention was to rig the fin so as to be easily lifted, using a pair of sheer legs stepped on or beside the trunk, and a small differential block. The block was secured and carried as ballast, but no attempt was made to hoist the fin during the whole season, and save for convenience of shipping and unshipping, it was practically a fixture. By means of such a block and sheer legs, a fin of 600 or 700 might be readily lifted for beaching or on any special occasion, but with anything heavier the whole apparatus should be solidly built into the hull.

At the same time the method of construction shown, with a tight

trunk coming up to a high floor, has certain structural advantages apart from the lifting of the fin, and where space low down is not a requisite, it may well be followed in place of the usual plan, of securing the fin by angle bars entirely outside the hull. There is an element of weakness in the trunk and deck, and the cutting of the keel; but on the other hand, while the same construction is carried out safely every day in center-board boats, and presents no special difficulties, it offers less strain and leverage on the floors and keel than if the fin be bolted directly to the latter. In the present case the fin plate extends up to the top of the trunk, the trunk being well braced by two half bulkheads on each side, as will be explained later, and the leverage on the keel is materially lessened, as nearly a foot depth of the plate is housed in the trunk as compared with some 3in. or less embraced by the angle plates. If the trunk is properly constructed, this method may safely be depended on, and may be used even where it is not desired to lift the fin. In this case, the strength may be materially increased by two or more bolts, similar to that of a common centerboard, through the sides of the trunk and the fin, one at each end and one in the middle, and as low down as practicable. With such a construction, the fin may be shored up in the water and the hull lowered down over it, or floated over it at high tide, the bolts being then inserted and set up; and the fin may at any time be dropped in shoal water in the same way.

The sail plan of Scarecrow is a marked departure from the boom and gaff mainsail found on all American sail boats, and is the result of an extended course of evolution carried out on canoe sails by Mr. Stevens since 1884, beginning with the old square-headed balance lug, peaking the yard higher in each new sail, and finally, on the advice of Mr. Wilson, of Wilson & Griffin, the yacht sailmakers, abandoning the battens just as they were coming into use in yachting after a long trial by canoeists. The mainsail was illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 19, 1888, the details being the same in this new and larger sail, except for the battens.

Like the sails then described, those for Scarecrow were made by Mr. F. M. Wilson, of Port Jefferson, Long Island, and being well made originally and very carefully tended in use, they have been a success in every way. The rig here shown, a mainsail and jib, was tried by Mr. Stevens on a canoe several years since, but was abandoned because the room in a canoe is so limited that the crew and the main boom were constantly in each other's way. No such difficulty exists in the new and larger boat, and the canoe rig, of main and mizen, has been discarded for the sailing boat rig of mainsail and jib. The sails are made of a special grade of light cotton, selected after many trials. The spars are hollow, made by Mr. C. K. Young, of Bridgeport, Conn., who also made a very neat outfit of blocks for the boat, the boxwood canoe blocks being too light and the best of the regular yacht blocks too clumsy and heavy.

The chainplates for the main shrouds and runners are of Tobin bronze, 3/4 in. thick, the traveler is of 3/8 in. round Tobin bronze. The standing rigging is of phosphor bronze wire rope, 3-16 in. in diameter for main shrouds and forestay and 3/16 in. for runners. A special light turnbuckle was made for the shrouds, one on each side. The main boom is fitted with a light bronze jaw, neatly leathered, with a tack line to hold the boom down. The heel of the yard is fitted with a similar jaw. On the yard are two cheek-blocks, and on the masthead are two similar blocks. On deck at each side of the mast are three blocks, rope stopped and lashed to brass screweyes; one on each side of main halyards, one on each side for quarterlifts, one to starboard for jib halyards and one to port for a special heel rope for the yard.

The main halyard is one long line of English linen cord, the bight passing around the mast from forward aft, the two ends being rove each through its cheek-block on the yard, and then over the sheave of its mast block and down to its leading block on deck. In the bight is a knot which keeps the middle of the halyard always near the yard. The two ends are taken in hand together and then through halyard up nearly to place, then one end is belayed and the yard set up hard by the other. When the sail is reefed, the heel rope comes in to hold the yard firmly in to the mast in its lowered position.

The jib halyard block is spliced into an eye in the end of the halyard and a loop is then made around the hounds of the mast, with a light lashing to hold it in place. The loose end of the halyard is then rove through the block in the head of the jib, and then through halyard up in the halyard and down to the leading block on deck. The jib sheets are led well aft, their position having been shifted several times from forward aft, and with a gain each time. With the area shown, no bowsprit is required, the tack of the jib merely leading to the stemhead, but any increase of area would probably call for a short bowsprit.

This rig, which is very similar to the lug sail used on all small racing boats in England, differing mainly in the mode of setting, the lug being hoisted with a single halyard and a hook and traveler on the mast. The double halyard, jamming the mast and yard tight together in its bight, helps to support both spars better than when the yard hangs loose from the traveler. The rig has the advantage of light weight of spars and also of a low center of effort, and with the spars properly proportioned to their work the sail sits very well. Mr. Young's spars are noted for their strength and lightness, and in this case he has taken special pains to secure both qualities.

W. P. S.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK].

It is announced that Valkyrie has been placed in dock at Brooklyn, New York, and she will undergo some preparation for the early American regatta. We understand that the object is not so much to test Valkyrie's capabilities against the American yachts as it is to familiarize her crew with the general surroundings of American yacht racing, including also its social amenities, which are vastly different from anything of the kind in this country. The first effect of the polite attentions of American citizens on a simple-minded crew unused to attentions of any kind is said to be quite overpowering. If this is the case, it is very necessary that they should become inured and hardened in this pleasant side of American yachting. With regard to the America Cup, matters rest pretty much the same as they did at the conclusion of the last races. No challenge will be given this year, but if all goes well, two English noblemen will associate in issuing a challenge for races in August or September, 1895.—Field.

Romola, steam yacht, née Catarina, ex San Peur, will leave New York for England, in charge of Capt. Hammond, late of the Lady Nell.

## Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

### Reforming the A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 13 Mr. J. T. Holden asks for a discussion of the question as to "what the A. C. A. is doing or is going to do for its members," and then proceeds to set forth certain statements which are partly true and to make certain suggestions which are for the most part not feasible.

To my mind, the question should be put in another way—What are its members going to do for the A. C. A.? In an association which is supported by an annual subscription of \$1, and in which the officers hold no large amount of work and take a good deal of abuse for nothing but love of the sport, it seems to me that if anything more is

to be done than is accomplished at present, it should be for and not by the executive.

Before entering on a discussion of the faults which prevent the growth of the A. C. A., it would be well to be agreed as to what those faults are. Mr. Holden seems to lay the blame principally upon the ladies' camp and the racing contingent; but I think if he reconsiders the subject it may occur to him that the lack of interest in racing is due to the laziness of the general-purpose-built-by-himself canoeist, rather than to the activity of the individuals who spend money and time in perfecting and using the racers.

This is demonstrated by the fact that at the Brophy's Point meet a race for cruisers and open canoes, for which the handsome prize of any was offered and in which the conditions were made for the especial purpose of keeping out the racing men, was only entered for by seven or eight canoes, or at least that number was all that started. The conditions of the race were published in the FOREST AND STREAM and in the Year Book, so that no member can plead ignorance of them.

The paddling race for single paddles, also for a special prize, was even more poorly contested; and it was found that the most interest centered in the races where known racing men, such as Messrs. Butler, Archbold and others of the ilk, contested with the most perfect appliances that could be procured.

If the larger class of canoeists represented by Mr. Holden want to remedy this state of affairs all they have to do is to attend the meet, and if in their opinion the present racing regulations do not suit them I am sure any reasonable suggestions will be considered by the regatta committee.

Now just a word as to the other cause assigned by Mr. Holden and other correspondents for the decline of interest, to wit—the ladies' camp.

There is, no doubt, a certain contingent of A. C. A. men who object to Squaw Point, but in my own experience of Association meets, which has been intensive rather than extensive, I have been unable to see why this feeling exists, and I am sure the general opinion of the members could be ascertained the majority would be found in favor of continuing what has been, in their opinion, one of the pleasantest features of the meet. Last year—1893—the dance and camp-fire may have been overdone, though that should be attributed rather to the excess of hospitality of the home club than to the existence of Squaw Point. No doubt the 1893 meet had its faults, but for Mr. Holden's information, in that the hotel, a frame structure containing eight bedrooms and nothing else, was remote from the site of most of the camp-fires and that the dancing platform was roofed in by the canopy of heaven. The general mess, without which the general camp would suffer more than Squaw Point, was, to say the least, not a scrupulous affair, and was regarded by a great many members as an education in the right direction, inasmuch as it promoted a tendency to private messes as being more satisfactory and less expensive.

The suggestion as to an A. C. A. publication has been dealt with by you, and I think an analysis of the financial report of the last two years will show the absurdity of such a proposition, while the maps and charts may be set down in the same category as racing; it remains with the members themselves to remedy the evil.

But we may all agree with Mr. Holden that the advance of the A. C. A. is not what it should be, and he is quite right in starting a discussion relative to the cause of its retarded growth. The suggestion I would offer is that this matter can be dealt with by the canoe clubs better than by individual members, and as an instance of what can be done I would like to tell you about our own club, the Cataract.

Formed of old and enthusiastic A. C. A. men, of whom the city contains but one or two, the Cataract has made a leading principle of the A. C. A. must be considered of as much importance as the club itself, and to that end it was arranged that unless a member signified his wish to the contrary, his first annual subscription or initial fee of \$2 is paid by the club purser to the A. C. A. as his initiation fee to the A. C. A., the club getting no money from a member during his first year, but the second year and so on is still \$2, but \$1 is sent to the A. C. A. and the balance retained for the club funds. In consequence of this practice the Cataract is not very rich, but they have a goodly A. C. A. representation.

This example might be followed, with modifications, by almost every club, and when the fees are larger it will be all the easier. In this way the clubs, as such, will have a direct interest in the Association, and the best location for them will be taken in such a way as to give the club sailing and club four paddling. More than that, if there was a real rivalry between clubs, the racing board might see their way clear to putting on other races, such as the war canoe, tug of war, etc., which will test the strength of the canoeist real and proper, and in which the "camp dude" will not have a place.

It seems to me that what we want is an increased membership, and from the best location for them, and changes that are necessary for the good of the Association. Let us have some more suggestions as to how to secure that enlargement.

R. EASTON BURNS.

### Western Canoe Association.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The midwinter meeting of the executive committee of the Western Canoe Association was held on Jan. 13 at the Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, at 2 30 P. M. Com. Woodruff, Vice-Com. Huntington and Sec-Treas. Gardner were present, and Mr. P. A. Mettling was represented by Mr. N. H. Cook. An invitation had been extended to all the members of the W. C. A. by the Mahan-Wauk Canoe Club of Milwaukee to attend a banquet at the Hotel Pfister on Saturday evening, given in honor of the meeting and the visiting canoeists.

Previous to calling the meeting of the executive committee to order an informal meeting of all the members of the W. C. A. who were present to attend the banquet, about thirty-five, had to discuss the best location for the 1894 camp. Of course Ballast was suggested, as all the members who have ever been at Ballast are in love with the place and are anxious to see the meet there every year. But the preponderance of favor was for some point in Wisconsin, preferably on one of the lakes near Madison, and it was recommended to the committee that they select Picnic Point, on Lake Mendota. A general discussion of the matter of the standing rig for the class of canoes was also agitated and the committee was requested to take some action.

All but the members of the executive committee then withdrew and Com. Woodruff called the committee to order. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and the treasurer's report was read and accepted. After the discussion as to the much discussed place for the 1894 meet had been decided and seconded by Mr. Huntington that the 1894 meet be held at Picnic Point, Lake Mendota. The motion was carried. After consulting the almanac to insure a full moon at the time of the meet, it was decided to hold the meet from July 7 to 21 inclusive.

A motion was made by Mr. Cook to change Rule 1 to read, "Class 3, paddling length not over 16ft., beam not over 26in., depth as above not over 9in." The motion was seconded by Mr. Huntington and carried.

The following races were recommended by the regatta committee and accepted:

1. Paddling, class 3; one-half mile.
2. Paddling, class 4; one-half mile, record event.
3. Hurry-scurry; run 25yds, swim 25yds, paddle 25yds, turn canoe over and over and paddle 25yds. to a finish.
4. Sailing and paddling, classes A and B; one and one-half miles, sail first half mile, paddle second and sail third; record event.
5. Sailing for Gardner cup, free for all classes; best two heats in three, each heat to be two turns of the course, or three miles; record event.
6. Sailing for the W. C. A. trophy, classes A and B; best two heats in three, each heat to be two turns of the course, or three miles; record event.
7. Sailing for Wentworth cup, class C; best two heats in three, each heat to be two turns of the course, or three miles.
8. Sailing, cruising races only; 3 miles.
9. Sailing (passenger race), free for all classes; 3 miles.
10. Consolation race.

The discussion of the standing rig was then taken up and fully considered, but a motion to allow it was lost by three to one, as follows: Ayes, Huntington; nays Woodruff, Cook and Gardner. A motion to adjourn was carried.

The banquet in the evening was a most magnificent affair and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present.

### A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: H. W. Fleischmann, Philadelphia, Pa.

### CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Hartford C. C. was held on Jan. 16. The old officers were re-elected, with the exception of F. B. Lewis, Secretary, and G. D. Wright, of the executive committee. The officers for the ensuing year, who also compose the executive committee, are: Pres. Dr. Geo. L. Parmelee; Com. John D. Park; Sec. Lincoln S. Hickmott; Treas. William Davidson; Member-at-Large, J. W. Danforth. No office was created to accommodate the growing needs of the club, Reginald Birney being elected Vice-Com. The various reports were read and accepted. The committee in charge of the annual dinner announced that it would take on Feb. 24. A war canoe has been ordered of Robertson, of Auburndale, Mass. It will be 25ft. long and will accommodate from 10 to 15 men, and is expected to prove a source of much enjoyment.







leave Chicago at 3:23 o'clock each afternoon during the carnival. Regular morning and evening trains, leaving at 8:28 A.M. and 8:23 P.M. will stop to let off passengers. Chicago Tribune







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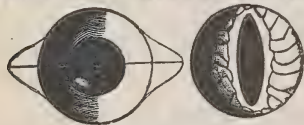
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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.  
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## A PLANK.

THIS is 1894. We have just been celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the coming to this continent of men equipped with firearms. For four centuries, from the time of Christopher Columbus to that of Charles Delmonico, we have been killing and marketing game, destroying it as rapidly and as thoroughly as we knew how, and making no provision toward replacing the supply. The result of such a course is that for the most part the game has been blotted out from wide areas, and to-day, after four hundred years of wanton wastefulness, we are just beginning to ask one another how we may preserve the little that remains, for ourselves and our children.

With all the discussion of the subject in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM from 1873 to 1894, there has been and is a general consensus of opinion that the markets are answerable for a larger proportion of game destruction than any other agency or all other agencies combined. The practical annihilation of one species of large game from the continent, and the sweeping off of other species from vast regions formerly populated by them, have not been brought about by the settlement of the country, but by the unrelenting pursuit for commercial purposes. The work of the sportsman, who hunts for the sake of hunting, has had an effect so trivial, that in comparison with that of the market hunter it need not be taken into consideration. The game paucity of to-day is due to the skin hunter, the meat killer, the market shooter.

From the beginning wild game has played an important part in the development of the country. It has supplied subsistence when there was no other food for the pioneer and the settler. Buffalo and elk and deer and grouse and quail and wild goose and wild duck have sustained the men who first cut into the edge of the unbroken forests of the continent, who blazed the trails westward, and pushed their way, directed as mariners at sea by note of sun and stars, across the billowing prairies. Many a halt would have been made by these advancing hosts, had they been compelled to depend upon sutler trains, instead of foraging on the abundant game resources of the country as they took possession of it. For generations, then, it was right and proper, and wise and profitable that game should be killed for food; that every edible creature clothed in feathers or in fur should be regarded as so much meat to be spitted or potted or panned.

But times have changed. Conditions are not what they were. Game still affords food for the dweller in the wilderness, for those who live on the outskirts; and for people in such situations venison is a cheaper commodity than beef. But for the vast and overwhelming multitude of the people of the continent game is no longer in any sense an essential factor of the food supply. It has become a luxury, it is so regarded, and it is sold at prices which make it such. With the exception, perhaps, of rabbits or hares, the supply of wild game as marketed is not such as to reduce the cost of living to persons of moderate means. The day of wild game as an economic factor in the food supply of the country has gone by. In these four hundred years we have so reduced the game and so improved and developed the other resources of the country that we can now supply food with the plow and reaper and the cattle ranges cheaper than it can be furnished with the rifle and the shotgun. In short, as a civilized people we are no longer in any degree dependent for our sustenance upon the resources and the methods of primitive man. No plea of necessity, of economy, of value as food, demands the marketing of game. If every market stall were to be swept of its game to-day, there would be no appreciable effect upon the food supply of the country.

Well, then, why not recognize this, and direct our efforts, in line with such a recognition, toward the utter abolition of the sale of game? Why should we not adopt as a plank in the sportsman's platform a declaration to this end—*That the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons?* To share and express the sentiment is one thing, to put it into execution is quite another. Perhaps the time is not ripe for such stringent measures. Yet this very rule of no game traffic holds in certain county

laws in this State; and one of these days it will hold in every State, East and West, North and South. It may not be brought about in our day, but the present moment is not too soon to adopt the plank as a working principle and to work for it.

That which stands in the way of the present prohibition of the sale of game in the larger cities is the magnitude of the commercial interests involved. The traffic is one of large proportions, much capital is invested, and the business not one which would readily be sacrificed. No one of these considerations, however, can withstand a campaign of education and the creation of a public sentiment which will surely follow when that education shall have taught the community the true place of wild game in the economy of the civilization of the present.

## NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Governor of North Carolina might say to the Governor of South Carolina: "We do things differently here." For, while in South Carolina they now tax the non-resident shooter \$25 and put him into jail for thirty days if he goes gunning without a license, in North Carolina they welcome the sportsman from abroad, lay open their hotel registers for his name, point the way to their quail fields, and send him home with an invitation to come again.

Just now the citizens of Southern Pines, in North Carolina, are doing their best to make happy a company of visitors from the North and the South, who have gathered in response to their invitation to join in a "week of old-time Southern sports." The fun began last Thursday, Feb. 1, with a quail hunt; Friday there was another quail hunt with an opossum hunt at night; to-day the programme calls for a rabbit chase; Monday it will be a squirrel hunt; Tuesday a wild turkey hunt, with a coon hunt at night; and on Wednesday a deer hunt by day and a fox chase by night. Just how the committee in charge has arranged with the game for this programme is not explained; but every self-respecting coon, mindful of the honor of the Tar-heel State, doubtless remained closely at home on the night put apart exclusively for the opossums, and the foxes will keep out of the way when it comes the turn of the coon. In addition to the hunting there are set down a barbecue, a possum supper and other festivities, not to mention speech-making, which of course will not be up to the mark of that heard over Asheville way in Buncombe county.

Altogether this is a very agreeable way for Northern and Southern men to come together; and such meetings cannot but promote friendlier feelings between the residents of different sections, who participate in them. The exchange of courtesies between the sportsmen of the North and the South has been going on ever since wartime picket lines were abandoned; they will continue and multiply and exert their blessed influences, even in the non-resident license fee districts.

## SNAP SHOTS.

In his interesting story of the last wild turkey hunt of western New York our correspondent, Mr. J. L. Davison, tells us that being asked why he had not killed one of the birds, he replied, "I have not lost any turkeys." In the West "I have not lost any bears" is the conventional retort when one is rallied for not hunting the grizzly. It is a retort which has been current for hundreds of years. In an old-time volume entitled "Epigrams both Pleasant and Serious, written by that All-Worthy Knight, Sir John Harrington, and never before Printed," London, 1615, is the rhymed version of it:

A Gallant full of life and void of care,  
Asked his friend if he would find a hare,  
He that for sleepe, more than such sports did care,  
Said, Goe your waies, and leave me heere alone;  
Let them find hares that lost them, I lost none.

If the sportsmen of the seventeenth century were as much given as are those of the present day to putting into type hunting stories "never before printed," it would be reasonable to assume that this one had been going the rounds for a hundred years or so before.

There are more old stories than new ones under the sun. For instance, that familiar anecdote told by "Antler" and others, of the genius who was taken out by his host to hear the music of the hounds. When the pack was in full cry, he was asked how he liked the music. "The dogs make such a confounded racket that I can't hear any music," was the response. This was in Tennessee.

As told in "Wit and Mirth," in the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, printed at London in the year 1630, the story runs: "A Mayor that was on hunting (by chance) one asked him how hee liked the Cry. 'A curse take the Dogs,' saith he, 'they make such a bawling, that I cannot heare the Cry.'"

Speaking of bears, we have all heard the story of the man who was wrestling with the bear and prayed, "Lord if you can't help me, don't help the bear, but stand one side, and you'll see the all-firedest bear fight you ever did see." Well, this is old too, older than the oldest settler; for away back in the days of the Leshes, their chief once prayed before going into battle: "Be on our side! An' gin ye canna be on our side, aye lay low a bit, an' ye'll see thae carles get a hidin' that must please ye."

Gen. Peter Turney, Governor of Tennessee, seventy years old, is an enthusiastic deer hunter and rider to fox-hounds, and has the credit of being able to stand as much hard work in the field as any other man of the State, old or young. "Uncle" Tim Dyer, of Vinal Haven, Me., is twenty years older than Gov. Turney, and, according to the Lewiston Journal, he has celebrated his ninetieth year by taking alone and unaided, fishing in an open dory, a halibut weighing 332lbs. This teaches us that while there is life there is hope of catching a bigger fish than we have ever caught before. Our frequent contributor, Mr. J. G. Rich, of Bethel, Me., is seventy-three years old, and has to his score as hunter a credit of seventy-three dead bears, equivalent to one for each year. Perhaps Mr. Lew Wilnot of Washington may tell us of some one in the Northwest who can equal this record, or "Coahoma" may find an equally redoubtable bear hunter in the Mississippi swamps. The lists are open to all—"Podgers" alone barred.

Some years ago after the first stories of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" had found their vast and appreciative audience, Mr. Robinson suggested that some of the future chapters might be illustrated with portraits of Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovel and others of the Danvis folk; and he sent down what he averred was a faithful likeness, done by his own hand, of Lisha Peggs. No doubt it was, but the face and the figure there sketched were so at variance with the portrait we had conjured up while reading the Shop papers, that we told Mr. Robinson that his sketch must certainly disillusionize a multitude, destroy at one fell swoop unnumbered hosts of the Uncle Lishas of individual fancy, and find but a sorry welcome for this new one—even though the true one—with which he sought to supplant them all. So the portrait was not printed, and to-day Uncle Lisha is known to FOREST AND STREAM readers as a personage of a thousand forms and faces, and never two of them the same.

Hill City is a town of Kansas in the jack rabbit belt. The Mayor and the Council sent out a frantic wire the other day offering to contribute 10,000 of their jacks to the poor of large cities, if only a prize fight arranged for a Florida city could be transferred to Kansas and set down in Hill City's "midst." Here is a precious band of philanthropists for revenue only. Having 10,000 rabbits to give to the poor, they yet refuse to ship them, unless two bruisers can be induced to maul one another in Hill City in the sacred name of charity.

A novelty in game protective schemes was a measure under discussion, and rejected the other day, in the Ohio Legislature, to make every alternate year a close season on quail. This would be a capital plan, if only due care were taken to put it into effect so that the close time should follow the hard winters; and to insure this, the Legislature might call in the help of the weather sharps to predict the cold years, as Joseph foretold the seven years of famine in Egypt.

It is an old saying that we must have our winter some time, meaning that if the cold weather be not prolonged during the usual term it will come with intensified rigor before the opening of spring. Nevertheless, this is proving to be so far a season of unusual mildness, and in consequence of marked advantage to game, over a wide area in this latitude. If the favorable weather conditions shall continue in corresponding degree through the winter, the result will be manifested next autumn in an increased supply of quail and other game.



## DANVIS FOLKS.—XXI.

## June Training.

BESIDES beautifying the earth with the greenness of woods and fields, the bloom of innumerable flowers and the sparkle of limpid yet unshrunk streams, and gladdening it with the songs of thronging birds as happy as the golden days were long, the first month of summer brought also upon its first Tuesday the June Training.

In the year whereof this partial record is made the day was unseasonably ushered in, according to established usage, by the ceremony of "wakin' up officers." A party of the younger men made the rounds of the homes of those dignitaries, arousing them with volleys of musketry, when, if they were men of proper martial spirit and alive to its encouragement, they would come forth with refreshment befitting warriors.

The cock's prolonged clarion notes were saluting the unfolding banner of dawn, when Captain Peck was awakened by a volley whose rattling thunder was intensified by wads of green grass rammed down on the double charges of powder.

The Captain speedily made his appearance at the door, rubbing his sleepy eyes with the back of a hand that held a tumbler while the other bore a brown jug that coldly bumped his naked leg.

"Mornin', gentlemen," he said in tones that strove valiantly through drowsiness to become hearty; "hope I see ye well this mornin'. Walk right up an' refresh yourselves."

He essayed to advance toward them, but hastily withdrew his bare foot from the dewy doorstep.

"Sarjint Daow, won't you jest kinder take a holt o' this an' pass it raoun'?"

The tall sergeant, setting his gun against the doorpost, swung the jug over his arm, and with accurate judgment of his men measured out to each a fiery charge suited to his caliber.

Then with a lusty cheer for "the Cap'n in his uniform," they departed to surprise as stealthily the lieutenants in their strong-holds.

Meanwhile their commander bore the depleted jug to its cupboard and the burden of military honor back to bed. He did not feel himself at all a hero when he curled up his legs in obedience to Mrs. Peck's petulant command:

"Solerman Peck, take your col' feet off'n me. They're julluk tew frawgs. I don't b'lieve it no part o' military desiplyne fer a captain of a company to be a-galivantin' raound in—his—shirt tail—in middle of er—night tu—tu—squerronk," and with a trumpet blast delightful to his ear she resumed her interrupted march into the land of Nod.

The beautiful day was not far advanced when the one street of the Forge village began to exhibit the half indolent bustle of a country holiday. Boys were arriving, heated and panting from a haste that had not till now permitted them to stop even for the nursing of stubbed toes. One of Antoine's brown-skinned, black-poll'd brood carried a smooth bit of board on the hollow of his arm whereon were displayed twists of molasses candy, and already was crying his home-made confection in his father's own English:

"Lassin candle. Two for cen' a piece."

Militiamen came in, on foot and in wagons, and men straggled from one to another of the increasing groups on Hamner's stoop, the steps of Clapham's old store and of the new and popular Bascom's as interest or curiosity impelled them.

Here and there a man hurried about his belated chores. White-haired exempts sat at their doors, agape with languid, senile curiosity. Women in unwontedly early tidiness of dress went back and forth from house to house, bearing openly or under aprons, some neglected or forgotten provisions for the day whereon relatives or friends might desire entertainment.

A very fat and no less benevolent-looking old man in a blue homespun frock, seated on a tall-backed, splint-bot-tomed chair, in a lumber wagon, that also held a barrel of spruce beer behind him, drove his fat and sedate old horse near to the front of Hamner's hostelry, and clambering carefully down over the stout thill, unhitched his horse and led it away.

"Wal," said one housewife, as she dropped the rush curtain under which she had watched him, "I guess the' haint no daoubt but what its trainin' day, fer ol' Beedle's come, an' he's sot up clus tu Hamner's. Won't that rile Hamner? But it don't make no dif'ence, his cust'mers aint hankerin' arter spruce beer."

Not far off a little board booth that had grown the day before, began to blossom out with the yellow cakes of ginger bread, a jar of striped candy and green tumblers of lemonade, which attracted many flies and a few boys to its rough counter.

Old Beedle coming back, removed the end board from his wagon and made a counter of it whereon he placed his tumblers, shoved the tap of the cask beyond the end of the box, took out the chair, seated himself comfortably, and proclaimed his readiness to serve customers with beer at one cent a glass, counting the change that he carried in a canvas shot-bag, while he awaited their coming.

Then Joseph Hill and his father drove in, with the long gun aslant, the son being permitted to carry it to-day in such honorable service, for so the veteran regarded it, though "June trainin'" was becoming a mere farce among a people whose martial spirit seemed almost dead.

Sam Lovel marched past in his long-strided fox hunting gait, followed by Pelatah with downcast eyes, bearing his irksome gun. Time was when he looked forward with a thrill of pride to the day Lowizy should see him adroitly practicing his lesson in the art of war, but that

Hamner's clock. "Sarjint Daow," he called, as he bustled forth, "you can fall in the men naow."

At the word, the drummer began to rattle the call familiarly set to the words, "Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, Dan, Dan," and the men came straggling into line, a few ready and alert, but the greater part listless and careless, and some bearing only clubs and broomsticks in place of proper weapons.

Standing stiff as a ramrod at the head of his rank, Sam looked with supreme disgust on these military mummers who should have withered under the fiery indignation of Granther Hill's glances.

"You'd orter be court-marshelled an' shot, blast ye!" he growled, "an' so ye would ha' ben, ef ye lived when folks hed spunk tu du anythin'," and he shook his impotent staff. "Pooty critters you be tu make sojers on!"

It gave him some comfort to see his own gun, upheld by his son, towering like a naked color staff in the center of the line.

"Jozeff haint turrible hefty on sojerin', but he kerries a gun 'at's used tu the business, anyway," he remarked to those about him.

Uncle Lisha, standing by his side, uttered in snorts and ejaculations his grief and indignation at the spectacle of the unsoldierly bearing of men whose fathers had so gallantly borne the evergreen emblem of Vermont through the storm of Plattsburgh fight.

At last the company was got into line and partially straightened by the united efforts of all the officers, in pulling a man here and pushing another there, then they faced to the right. The fifer rocked back and forth from foot to foot to assure himself of the time the order was given to march, fife and drum struck up "Yankee Doodle," and with an irregular tramp of four-score pairs of feet, the Flood-wood Company of Danvis went marching down the street, all the boys running beside it, the women waving their handkerchiefs and the Captain's pompon bobbing proudly before it.

Then it was countermarched and returning to Hamner's, halted there and went through some antique manual of arms, during the performance of which some who felt the need of refreshment after such arduous service, dashed out of the ranks and into the barroom and presently reappeared wiping their lips to leisurely resume their places, without reprimand.

The men were soon dismissed for their nooning, and a cordial invitation was given by the genial Bascom, to all who would, to partake of a free lunch of crackers and cheese at his store, thereby greatly increasing his own popularity and depreciating that of his less patriotic rival who sat almost alone in the shadow of his own store, placidly awaiting his foreseen time, as he said softly to himself,

"That feller's got pretty nigh the len'th o' his rope. He won't be givin' away crackers an' cheese next trainin'."

The Captain dined at Hamner's with his officers and most aspiring privates. Cap'n Hill and Uncle Lisha were honored guests of village friends to whom they told stories of the warlike days of which they had been a part. The larger number of the militia men having providently brought their rations in pockets, tin pails and baskets, gathered in picnicking groups at centers most convenient for the irrigation of their dry fare, some squatting on the platforms of pumps and well curbs, where the gulping crescendo of the one and the splash and bump of the other's bucket, often interrupted or overbore the flow of joke and repartee.

Some roosted on the thills and other available perches afforded by old Beedle's wagon, where draughts of the spicy beer were within easy reach, and some, burning with a valiant thirst that neither water nor beer could subdue, occupied the thin benches in the noontide shade of Hamner's stoop, firing volleys of wit at each other and at the boys who stole past them to gaze on the Captain's sword that now hung peacefully behind the bar, while its owner wielded meaner weapons against the sacred rage of hunger.

A horde of boys swarmed about the benevolent old Beedle who dispensed smiles and kindly words with his foaming glasses of innocuous beer and always gave the right change for every "fo' pen' sha p'ny," though its Spanish blazory of pillars and scroll was quite effaced. And boys crowded about the booth in eager purchase of the choky but delicious gingerbread as yellow as old gold and of greater worth to their hungry stomachs.

Meanwhile there was hospitable clatter of plates, knives and forks in every wayside house, the sound whereof made hungrier every passer by.

"A turrible free-hearted creature" said one of Bascom's guests to a fellow soldier, jerking his head sidewise toward the smiling proprietor, while he turned a fresh cracker in search of the best point of attack, "an' pears



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK—GRAND FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

was an ended dream. Now, Beaver Meadow and Stony Brooks were calling him with concerted babble, and he would rather go a-fishing than join in this foolery, or rather, still, go out to battle, to die and forget and perchance draw one tear from those blue eyes that were always haunting him.

Capt. Peck, scarcely recognizable by those to whom he had first appeared that morning, was proudly conspicuous on Hamner's stoop in a square-topped, broad-visored cap with a red, white and blue pompon, enormous yellow epaulettes on the shoulders of his tightly buttoned blue claw-hammer coat. White trousers incased legs that were frequently entangled with the scabbard of his huge sword. His first lieutenant wore a bell-crowned beaver hat and a blazing red coat, a relic of some defunct uniformed company, while his junior in rank was designated only by a huge red sash encircling his loins and the cavalry saber depending from it. The fifer and drummer sat on the steps toying with their instruments, with a group of boys gaping in tireless expectancy before them. Sergeant Dow lingered near, awaiting orders, without a trace of drowsiness from his self-imposed early duties.

The Captain endeavored to draw his watch from its padded fortifications, but failed, and went to consult



to be a candid sort o' man, but it beats all natur haow he's borryin' of ev'rybody."

"N'yum, n'yum, n'yum," mumbled his full-mouthed comrade with assenting nods.

"Yis, borryin' of ev'rybody," continued the other. "Why they say 't he's borried \$300 of the Butties gals 'at they'd laid up a tailorin', without a nite o' security. Poor ol' critters, fifty year ol' the youngest on 'em is. All they'd got saved up. Hope they won't lose it, but I d' know."

Sam overhearing them, raised his eyes from the smoked herring he was peeling, to study the face of his friend Bascom, a genial, beaming face, with restful eyes that met another's but for an instant, but surely there was no guile in it.

During the nooning, the village street so nearly resumed its ordinary peaceful aspect that Joel Bartlett, clad in his Quaker garb, appeared in it as a not incongruous figure, mounted on a wagon load of grain and driving sedately toward the mill. Millers being exempt from military duty, and but few grists being likely to come to the mill on this day, it seemed a propitious one for Joel. He was suspected by some of possessing a worldly, unconfessed love for music, embracing even the martial strains of the fife and drum.

As he slowly turned the corner, holding an attentive ear, and casting a wistful, furtive glance up the main street, he attracted the notice of Beri Burton, whom frequent calls at Hamner's bar had made pot-valiant and more than usually aggressive.

"See that aire dumb sneakin' Quaker," he mumbled, with one-half a doughnut in his mouth while he pointed at Joel with the other half. "Goldumb Quaker, ridin' roun' comf'ble, when better men 's sarvin' the country. Goldumb ef I don't make him git daown off'm his waggin an' shoulder my muskit." And starting up from the group with which he was lunching, with long, shambling strides, he advanced rapidly toward Joel, shouting vociferously, "Hol' on thar, you Bartlett, I got some'pn fer tu tel ye."

When Joel became aware that he was addressed, he drew rein and awaited Beri's approach, asking quietly as the other came beside the wagon:

"Was thee a-wishin' to speak to me, friend Burton?"

"Yis, I be," growled Beri, "but I haint none o' your 'friend Burtons'. I want you tu git ri' daown here."

"No, I thank thee, I don't feel drawn to get down," Joel answered. "I can converse quite freely where I be."

"Goldumb ye, you will feel drawn daown 'f ye don't pile off'm thar. What business you got a-ridin' raoun' wi' your dumb drab broad brim clos' when decent folks is a-duin' thar dooty. You gotter git ri' daown here an' shoulder a muskit like a hones' man oncte in yer sneakin' life."

His brawny hand grasped one of Joel's butternut-dyed stockings and Joel drew the other close under his haunch.

"I'm a man of peace," he said, "and hev no call tu handle carnal weepsons."

"You come daown er I'll pull ye daown, I will."

"Oh, you'd better let him be, Beri," mildly expostulated a militiaman who had drawn near. "He haint 'bliged to train, ye know, an' if we want we wouldn't."

Beri's answer was a more vigorous jerk of the enthralled member.

"If thee yanks me so hard, friend Beri," said Joel calmly, "my f'other foot is lierce to slip, an' if it should hit thee in the face an' hurt thee I should feel grieved."

Beri pulled more savagely, roaring, "Come off'm thar."

Joel, as he slid a little from his lofty seat, let fly his loose foot full in the face of his uncouth adversary, who, staggering backward with his hand to his battered nose, howled with pain and rage.

"Dumb ye," he roared, glowering darkly up over his bruised features, and making feeble demonstrations in the same direction, "I've a good minter break yer neck."

"Friend Beri, I hope my foot won't slip agin, but if it does I haint answerable."

"Goldumb ye, I won't dirty my fingers wi' yer Quaker carkiss. I've hed a wolf's foot in my maouth, an' a Quaker's hoof in my face, an' I do' want no wus disgrace."

Joel's contracted brow and closely puckered lips relaxed and his face assumed its usual placidity as he resumed his seat, and chirruping to his horses they moved sedately onward, while Beri shamled away, as much abashed as it was in his nature to be.

Joel had the miller and mill to himself for half the afternoon, but it was noticeable that when the company paraded for afternoon drill and fife and drum struck up "The White Cockade," "Yankee Doodle" and their one other tune, "The Road to Boston," he took himself out of the noise of the mill clack and rushing water, and with his back resolutely turned to the music gazed into space in abstracted meditation.

At about 1 o'clock the drum resumed its monotonous iteration of "Uncle Dan," and "the sinners of war," as their commander flatteringly styled them, wandered again into crooked alignment, shouldered arms, marched and countermarched, wheeled right and left like a wave-tossed seine, "charged bay'net" to the affright of the scurrying host of boys, and at last, at 4 o'clock, "pised arms" and disbanded; and the farce of "June Trainin'" was ended.

After buzzing about for a while with as little purpose as a swarm of flies, the greater part of the militiamen and spectators departed, while some lingered to do forgotten errands or regale themselves with the seductive sweets of gossip and strong waters at Hamner's.

Berries of boys trudged homeward shrilly recounting the events of the day. Old Beedle went jolting over the highway, his empty cask rumbling and his well-filled shotbag chinking a tune very pleasant to his ears.

Sam, Pelatiah and Antoine bore each other company homeward.

"By the gret horn spoon!" the first exclaimed, "I'll stay tu hum an' pay my fine afore I'll jine sech foolin' agin. It gits wus an' wus every year, a-pomponadin' back an' tu like a passel o' sheep, every man duin' jest as he's a mind tu, an' larnin' nothin'. I'd rather stay tu hum an' du nothin' er work in Huldy's posey bed."

"I'd rather go a-fishin'" said Pelatiah, regretfully, as his wistful eyes followed the winding copes and straggling ranks of elms that marked the courses of his favorite streams. "An' what's the use o' trainin', anyway? The' won't never be no more fightin'. It's gone aout o' fashion, seems, ough."

"It won't, never, I'm afeard, till folks gits tu be angels er geese, which they're gittin' mighty nigh. Fust ye

know, the' 'll come a war, kerslap, an' nob'dy ready 'mongst all the stuff, we've got tu make sogers on, jest as good sogers as fit in the Revolution an' eighteen-hunderd-an'-twelve. But I s'pose it don't take long tu larn tu kill folks, an' it's hopesin' we won't haf tu."

"Ah 'll goin' tole you de truf, sah, Sam," said Antoine, who had been a cordial and interested spectator. "It was mos' look wus as de Papineau war, on de Patrick side of it. De British he look pooty honly he 'll gat too much gaun an' shoot it too much. He can leek more as honded tousan' you feller. Why, seh, he 'll leek me, mahsef."

Just relieved of his holiday coat and hat, Uncle Lisha sat sweating in his shirt sleeves when Sam entered his kitchen. Joseph Hill, who had come a mile from home to rest himself, lounged in an easy chair.

"I seen one man tu-day," said Uncle Lisha, looking at Huldah, "at looked julluk sech sogers as we hed tu Plattsburgh, an' the fust letters of his name is Samwil Lovel."

"I doan' know but what I'd jest about as lives train as not tu; an' about as lives not tu as tu," said Joseph, serenely unenvious of the compliment that reddened Sam's cheek, "on'y it makes father swearin' mad 'cause I can't git the right foot forrid tu, which it 's allers the left, he says, an' I don't see haow on airth you're goin' tu, erless ye take kinder of a half hitch, hipperty-hop."

"Wal," said Uncle Lisha, "there's Bubby, an' the womern folks, an' me an' Drive haint got tu train, hev we, Bubby? Ah! seee here, daddy's man, he's go fin' aout what 's in Uncle Lisher's cut tail pocket. It felt julluk a sugar plum a-tunkin' agin' the calf o' my laig all the way hum."

With the little boy holding on to his tan-stained forefinger with one dimpled fist and leading the sad-faced hound by the ear with the other, he went over to where the blue coat was hanging on the wall.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

**UNCLE ISIAH ON THE HAMMERLESS.**

HE was seated on a box in front of one of the little cabins that "befoh de wah" served as quarters for the field hands employed on the plantation.

A solitary chicken of doubtful sex and very nondescript breed was pecking in the gravel at his feet, and a delicate wreath of blue smoke circling from his corn-cob pipe formed a halo around his shining black pate. The warm sunshine, for although it was near Christmas the rigor of winter had not yet reached Virginia, poured its yellow rays over him and glistened on the barrels of an old-fashioned fowling piece, which he was busy oiling and putting in order.

My new Parker hammerless had arrived that morning and I was naturally anxious to test its shooting qualities, so I called around to get Uncle Isiah to accompany me. Hearing my footsteps on the gravel walk as I turned the corner of the smoke-house, he hastily removed his blackened pipe from between his lips, and, half shuffling to his feet greeted me with: "Good mohnin, howdy, howdy Marster Ned? I done been a hearin' de quail pipin' all de mohnin down yon'er by de ribber, an' I was just a cogitatin' wedder I'd better go up to de house an' call you, case I know you all couldn't miss no such mohnin as dis; jess listen to dem quail, 'peahs like dey jess pipin' ter be shot!"

"What you got dere honey? Dat yo' new gun? Lemme look. Laws-a-mussy, you done broke it all raidy! My! Yo' pa sholy will be mad? 'Taint broke! Yes it is, look yeah, an' yeah, don't tell me dis gun ain' broke, whar's de hammers?"

"Hammerless gun—cose it is, jess like I said; made dat way—go way—don't pester me wid no sich foolishness! what good am a gun what haint got no hammers? How you gwine to shoot hit off?"

"Law me! Well, dat ob de beat me, for a fac! Dey's insidel' Well, dat am de mos' curiousness gun I ebber did see. Lemme look agin. Umph! What fo' dey put 'em on de insidel' What's dat? Jess you hark heah. De pussen what climbs a fence an' den done turns roun' an' pulls de gun through after him, jess 'serves to be shot, an' he's sure ter do it some way if you done gib him de bestis and safes' gun in de worl'."

"Dis yeah suteny does s'prise me, 'deed it does!"

"Didn't I done teach you all how to handle a gun? Didn't I tote dat big duck gun ob yo' pa's down to de corn-fiel', so as you could shoot yo' fust rabbit? Didn't I go along wid you de day after 'Chris'mus fo' yeahs ergo come nex' 'Chris'mus, when you got yo' new breechloader? Didn't I teach you how ter climb de fences—huh? An' now you ain't know enough to han'le a gun wid hammers on it—I-se powerful ashamed ob you, suh—yes, suh, I cert'n'y is!"

"Look yeah, you see dis ole gun? Don't you turn up yo' nose—dere haint no style about it—I knows; dis yeah piece ob string am wrapped around de place where it broke de time yo' pa fell down wid a big wounded buck on top of him. He done gib me de ole gun for killin' de deer jess in time. 'Tain' no breechloader, an' you jess hab to pour de powder into de top end, but she's a mighty pow'ful shooter jess de same, an' when Mister Cottontail see me a-comin', he jus' 'low he gatter git up an' move mighty quick, an' keep er-movin', or he done fin' hisself dead. When I see ole Bob White line up plumb between de hammers I know Bob White done gwine to sizzle in my skilket befoh night. No, suh—you keep yo' hammerless gun; dis yeah nigger's done got used ter de ole times, an' he's like de ole mule what hab done trabbled in de furrow all his life—you can't make no bob-tailed fancy circus horse outen him, no mattah how hard you try."

THE GENERAL.

**Canadian Folks Are Not Cockneys.**

SOREL, P. Q., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of 20th inst. I regret to notice a curious inaccuracy in "Kelpie's" interesting letter—I refer to the cockney dialect which he puts into Canadian mouths.

I know eastern Canada pretty well from Halifax to Winnipeg, and can assure "Kelpie" that a misuse of the aspirate is not a characteristic of Canadians. The last paragraph of his letter plainly infers that it is.

During a residence of several years in the United States I have met at odd times people who apparently believed Canada to be a pocket edition of England, and thought all Englishmen were cockneys. I should have expected a man of "Kelpie's" attainments to be better informed.

PINTAIL.

**Natural History.**

**THE VARYING HARE.**

THIS animal, the Northern hare (*Lepus americanus*) abounds in northern Maine, New Hampshire and Canada. It is pure white in winter, cinnamon brown in summer. Weight about 6 lbs.; ears, length of head; hind feet very large; small forward; a very swift runner, outstripping the fastest dog. They feed on grasses in summer and tender twigs of birch, hemlock and spruce in winter. Live entirely above ground, making forms of dried grass or leaves on which they lie, under thick cover of shrubs and evergreen bushes. Chiefly nocturnal, choosing a dry, sunny knoll in daytime, where they quietly ruminate in daylight, commencing their travels about sunset, and on moonlight nights roaming continuously, otherwise starting out at daybreak for a morning frolic. This hare does not occur in the Western States.

The Northern hare is a beautiful animal in its winter dress, and appears very much larger than it is, having long ears and legs which deceive the eye, and making immense bounds when started, giving it the appearance of a flying creature. These hares have been sent into many of the States of the Union to stock preserves. A curious fact in regard to this animal is, that it cannot be baited in the summer season, when the herbage of nature is green and fresh. Only when the earth is covered with snow will they enter the boxes set for their capture. For the last ten years I have sent perhaps thousands into many of the States, several hundred each year; more to New York perhaps, and Pennsylvania, also Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Michigan, and even to Florida and to islands in the sea.

The beagle is the best dog for hunting them, and they give great sport ahead of these dogs, circling in large circuits sometimes a mile away. I have known two hunters to start out without a dog, one with a gun, the other acting as dog, following and barking in imitation of a dog, and in due time bringing the hare around to his partner with the gun. They will thrive equally well on mountains or in swamps, and are great breeders. They always circle when started by man or beast. I once saw one come out of the woods on to Mollychunkumunk Lake, and start off down the lake on the ice. A few minutes later a fisher cat came on to the lake on the hare's track and spun down the lake in pursuit. As soon as the hare perceived that he was followed, he commenced to circle, the fisher keeping the inside ring, and the circuit growing smaller in each round until finally the fisher made a game dinner of his prey.

Many carnivorous birds feed on this animal, especially hawks and owls, and also the beasts of the forest. The bear, fox, mink, martin, fisher, lynx and many others, and it seems a wise provision of nature that the hare should breed so prolifically to supply the needs of such a horde of meat eaters, and can it be any worse for the hare to be killed by a dog than by the lynx or fisher, or picked to pieces by an owl? After all, it is the survival of the fittest law.

J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Maine.

**Another Grouse in Town.**

ALBANY, N. Y.—On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 14, a ruffed grouse was discovered in the poultry yard of the Olcott mansion, on the heights east of Greenbush, across the Hudson from this city. The bird seemed to have dropped in to feed, and three gentlemen, Douglass Olcott, H. A. Vanderpoel and H. H. Valentine, watched it from the windows of the tool house. Presently the bird became alarmed at the appearance of a cat and it rose to clear the picket fence, but apparently did not see the wire screening above the pickets, in the meshes of which it became entangled and finally fluttered down into the space between the wire and the pickets, where it was easily caught by Mr. Valentine. Upon examination it was found that the foot and shank of one leg were missing, but there was a perfectly healed "stump," and the grouse (a hen) seemed to be in otherwise excellent condition, being fat, clean-feathered and of first-class wing power as was shown later. The bird was examined with great interest by the gentlemen and by two setters and a pointer who were present; then Mr. Valentine took it out to the eastern edge of the hill, the side of which is wooded, and offered it liberty. It rested quietly upon the man's outstretched hand for a moment, not seeming to realize its release. Suddenly it raised its head and with a mighty rush tore through the trees, down the hillside, and disappeared on the opposite side of the wide valley.

HORACE B. DERBY.

**Big Tracks and a Large Yell.**

ASHLAND, Wis.—I am in the woods a great deal of my time, as my business is surveying and looking up lands for different lumber companies. Last fall I had a fifty-five days' trip, and my attention was drawn several times to a certain animal's track always in the largest swamp and roughest country. The track is about 3½ in. in diameter and generally there are two together. The steps are very regular and about 32 in. apart and in a direct line. The beast travels over a great deal of country. The track is round and shows three toes and a center very plainly. I should judge the animal is as heavy as a good-sized dog from the appearance of the signs. I have been very close to it. One night about 9:30 I went out of the camp and very near the camp, say 50 yds., the same animal gave the most terrifying yell I ever heard in the woods. I have heard wolves a great many times and have shot and trapped them; but this is no wolf. I am told it is a panther; some say it is a jaguar, others a cougar, some a Rocky Mountain lion. I believe all these names to apply to the one animal. If you would be so kind as to give me some information in regard to this animal through your valuable paper or otherwise I will be very much obliged.

J. A. G.

**Foreign Travel.**

ATTENTION of travelers is called to the advertisement on page vi of the *Crédit Lyonnais*, of Paris. This is one of the largest banking establishments in the world, having a capital of forty million dollars. It occupies a magnificent marble building in Paris, and has branches in most European cities. Letters of credit may be procured of the leading banks and bankers in the United States, and cards admitting to the reading and writing rooms will be furnished by their New York representative, Charles Einselder, 15 Wall street—adv.



## Game Bag and Gun.

### HUNTING WITHOUT A DOG.

SPORTSMEN will one and all admit, I think, that the ruffed grouse furnishes by far the finest sport of any of the feathered tribe. At any rate, such is my opinion, and consequently, most of my time afield has been spent in his pursuit.

His rendezvous is the choicest part of the woods, among the pines and hemlocks. Just such a spot as I would choose were I to live in the woods, and, in fact, I have been many times tempted to desert the city and live out here with the grouse, as Thoreau did. Is it to be wondered at that the grouse is an independent, saucy fellow, living, as he does, out in the woods all the time, breathing the pure air, scented with the odors of the forest? How I envy him. It is a pleasure simply to be out here, even if no game is secured; and many a happy day I can look back upon when I have wandered about from sunrise to sunset without firing a shot or seeing a solitary bird. The question, How many birds have you secured? never concerns me in the least. Ask that of the pot-hunter or market-hog. I go for the pleasure and recreation, and many times having secured a brace of birds, I have left others untouched for a future day.

The first question to present itself was, what kind of a dog should be used; and in working out its solution, I have tried about every variety known to the sportsman's category. Taking all into consideration, I have found the cocker spaniel most satisfactory. It is a pleasure to watch these little fellows quarter back and forth with shining eyes, their excitement amounting almost to frenzy at times.

One spaniel that I used would occasionally play some very shabby tricks on me. Led by curiosity, I followed him into the cover and watched him, to learn the cause of his pranks. I soon found that he was having as good sport as I, and that I was missing half the fun. The grouse were playing the pranks, not the dog.

On my next excursion, I determined to try the experiment of leaving the dog behind and doing the hunting as well as the shooting myself. I soon discovered that never before had I known anything about the ground I had been in the habit of working over. Heretofore I had supposed that I was perfectly familiar with every piece of cover within a radius of twenty miles of my home; and so I was, with the ridges, wood-roads and foot-paths; but never before had I even dreamed of the existence of so many bewitching nooks and shady dells as were hidden away in those woods. I was so engrossed in exploring them that I completely forgot about the grouse; until as I was passing down the deep bed of a narrow streamlet, thickly shaded above and on both sides by a heavy growth of scrub pine, a grouse jumped from the bank into this ditch and ran its whole length at lightning speed before he rose. That was his trick, and he had fooled me a dozen times before at this very spot, while using the dog. A heavy charge of shot stopped him this time, however. It was a greater pleasure to me to outwit that wily fellow than to secure a score of ordinary birds; and it was with a feeling of triumph that I laid him away in my game bag. I never pass the spot now without penetrating to that little stream in the pine clump and living over that bit of sport.

Since then, I have come more and more to hunt without any dog. It is harder work, of course, or better exercise, whichever you may choose to consider it. A strong suit of canvas is necessary to withstand the brush and brambles. I enjoy passing quietly along through the woods, meeting new acquaintances, no dog to scare the animal life away, veritable still-hunting. The habit is soon acquired of judging the most favorable spots to find the birds. The sides of a well-wooded gully or blackberry patch, or, in late fall, the sunny edge of a clearing, are promising spots. You have but to seat yourself in a favorable locality and exercise a little patience to discover their hiding places. The young birds practice drumming in the fall and will soon be heard calling, as it were, "Here I am, come and try your luck." When the snow is on the ground, the tracks reveal the presence of the birds, and form a sure guide as to their whereabouts.

It is my custom, a few days before the opening of the season, to take my own dog, borrow my neighbor's and any one else's that I can, and, going of course without my gun, work over the entire ground with the dogs; thus finding about how many birds there are and where to look for them. Then, on the opening day, I saunter out by myself, "To hear the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall." No necessity of watching a dog all the time, and bursting the lungs bawling after him; but plenty of opportunity to enjoy the surroundings.

The majority of the shots secured will, of course, be snap-shots in the brush at short range, and require a great deal of skill. But the greater the skill required, the keener the sport. Then, there is the satisfaction of having met the game on an equal footing and taken no unfair advantage of him. But best of all, the lively scramble up and down has thoroughly tested every muscle, and filled the lungs with the elixir of the woods.

I would be pleased to hear through these columns from other sportsmen who have tried this method of grouse hunting in densely wooded districts, where it is impossible to see further than a few yards at the utmost. B.

### Nova Scotia Moose Heads.

WINCHESTER, MASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my description of a moose hunt, under the heading of "Two Guaranteed Moose," in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, I spoke of C. R. Peavey as being very successful in finding moose for parties he guided. I have just received quite a long letter from Peavey, in which he says: "The day after I saw you at No. 7 a party came to my place and engaged me to go after moose with them. We started early from Oxbow and reached camp that night. On the third day I put them up to three large bulls, and they killed the three. They were the three finest heads I ever saw together, all with big antlers. One had ten large prongs on one side and nine on the other. The second had eleven points on each horn. The third had the largest antlers, twelve points on one horn and nine on the other. The one with eleven on each horn is said to be the best head seen in this region during the season. We swamped a road to them and hauled them out. I had been home four days when Algie and his man came out, each having killed a bull." C. M. STARK.

### MARYLAND'S GAME INTERESTS.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md.—The well developed movement in this State toward a better protection of its game supply is exceedingly gratifying to every one who has aided in bringing it about, and to none more than myself. Recognizing that we have all the natural elements of a vast game preserve, I have seen, year by year, a gradual decrease in the sum total of game, and a wonderful increase in the number of men afield, as well as a marked development in the effectiveness of both men and firearms.

Indulgence in trap-shooting during three-fourths of the year has added many recruits to the army of devotees of field sports, and increased their skill in a measure. Against this what has there been in favor of the game? Nothing, beyond a few desultory efforts upon the part of a few enthusiasts to restock the depleted coverts. The severe winter of '93 had its effect in aiding the general destruction, the market gunner and trapper got in their work, the hawks and foxes helped along, and the curious specimens of legislative action known as the Maryland game laws overshadowed the whole thing, actually abetting game destruction rather than aiding game protection. Just take the law as at present in force upon Bob White in the several counties:

Oct. 1-Jan. 1 in Alleghany.	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 in Talbott.
Oct. 15-Dec. 1 in Garrett.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1 in Frederick, Wicomico.
Oct. 15-Dec. 31 in Harford.	Nov. 1-Jan. 10 in Cecil.
Oct. 20-Dec. 25 in Washington.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1 in Caroline, Dorchester, Worcester.
Oct. 20-Dec. 24 in Carroll.	Nov. 1-Feb. 15 in Somerset.
Oct. 31-Dec. 24 in Howard.	
Nov. 1-Dec. 15 in Montgomery.	
Nov. 1-Dec. 24 in Anne Arundel, Baltimore, Charles, Prince George, St. Mary.	

The general State law makes the open season Nov. 1 to Dec. 31; yet here we have local county laws which practically make an open season throughout the State, for all sportsmen able to travel and for the ubiquitous market-shooter, from Oct. 1, the date of the open season in Alleghany county, till Feb. 15, the last day of the open season in Somerset county. It may be argued that there are also local trespass laws and others requiring licenses to shoot, which prevent indiscriminate shooting throughout the State. But I am sure that any fair-minded sportsman will admit that the trespass laws and the license business is as much honored in the breach as in observance.

In Howard county, where I live, a non-resident is supposed to require a license to enable him to come into the county; up to date there have not been a dozen sold, and I know by personal observation that a hundred non-resident sportsmen is not an overestimate of the number hunting in Howard this season without license. I have no hesitation then in asserting that such laws are practically dead letters, and are better off the statutes than on them.

To still further lengthen the open season, look at the rabbit law. Here again we have a State law making the open season from Nov. 1 to Dec. 31. Now look at the county laws:

Sept. 1-Jan. 15 in St. Mary.	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 in Talbott.
Oct. 15-Dec. 24 in Carroll.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1 in Caroline, Frederick.
Oct. 15-Jan. 1 in Alleghany.	Nov. 1-Jan. 15 in Somerset, Washington, Worcester.
Oct. 20-Jan. 15 in Dorchester.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1 in Montgomery.
Oct. 31-Dec. 24 in Howard.	Nov. 1-Feb. 15 in Wicomico.
Nov. 1-Dec. 24 in Anne Arundel, Kent, Prince George, Queen Anne.	Nov. 5-Jan. 1 in Harford.
Nov. 1-Dec. 26 in Baltimore.	Nov. 20-Jan. 10 in Cecil.

Here we have an open season from Sept. 1 to Feb. 15. Could anything be more inimical to the welfare of the game, more satisfactory in making people law-breakers? Or less effective in the object for which the laws are supposed to be made?

These same laws make a virtual open season for woodcock from June 10 to Feb. 24. I met a man this fall who is in the habit of killing woodcock late in February during favorable seasons about the time of the evening when these birds begin to perform their curious mating evolutions. Verily we have need of not only stringent game laws, but a campaign of education as well.

The great scarcity of game this season past has created a reaction, and there seems to be a widespread feeling that a general close season of at least one year would be an advantage, and a bill to make that a law has been introduced into the Legislature. If passed this will surely give us time to make headway in securing either the repeal of all county laws and the enactment of a general State law or the revision of existing laws and each county adopting the same open season.

Dr. Ellzey's letter in a recent issue of your paper is one of the best I have yet seen and should have due weight, for the Doctor is a student of nature as well as a sportsman from the ground up. His suggestion of having certain days of the week as hunting days during a general open season, is in my opinion the most sensible and practical idea of breaking up market-shooting and other unfair advantages taken against the game that has been offered so far as I know. I do not agree with his boundary dates, for I think Oct. 20 too early by eleven days in our latitude. We rarely have killing frosts until Nov. 1, sometimes not until Nov. 15. At the same time, while not agreeing with Dr. Ellzey to secure legislation along the lines he has suggested, I will gladly aid in securing the passage of such a law making the dates Oct. 20 to Dec. 20.

There is one question I would like to ask Dr. Ellzey in regard to the period during the "late unpleasantness;" I was then too young to remember about the weather conditions, but during the four years' compulsory close season was not there any winter corresponding to last winter, which did not succeed in killing out the birds?

I must confess that I do not favor the so-called migratory theory as to the disappearance of the birds in certain vicinities. That some, perhaps many Bob Whites, migrate, we know or surmise, but that there is a general migratory movement I very much doubt. The movements of Bob White seem to me to be governed by the food supply of a vicinity, and the cover supplied by that locality is another factor in causing the so-called migration. For instance, where I live the entire district is yearly getting cleaner, and yearly I have noticed that the gross number of Bob Whites seemed about the same, but the coveys were more widely distributed, always using as near good cover as possible. On my own place there are usually two coveys hatched out and raised, this year three. One covey stayed, the other two left, one, as well as I could determine, going to an adjacent farm where there was a large swamp, the other to a branch about a mile distant from my house, where there was such excellent cover that fully one-half

the cunning rascals are alive and hearty to-day, with fair prospects of pulling through the winter.

Of course there is only subjective testimony; the birds certainly hatched in my fields; there were no birds in either of the two localities that could be found by two dogs and a man who knew every foot of the ground. Later, when cold weather came and the fields became bare and food scarce, two coveys were lost from my place, and when the season opened I found two coveys, one in each of the above mentioned places, where none were found before.

There is one other argument in favor of a close season—that we could undoubtedly succeed in getting together a fund to purchase rabbits and partridges wherewith to restock our coverts. Fifty thousand pairs of Southern birds put out through the State and a close season for one year would, I think, make a very decided increase in the general supply. Short open seasons thereafter with resting days between shooting days and all could have sport. May this, the millennium of sportsmen, become an accomplished fact. SAMUEL J. FORT, M.D.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md.

### ADIRONDACK DEER SEASON OF 1893.

MR. W. E. WOLCOTT has compiled and published in the *Utica Herald* a statistical report of the Adirondack deer supply, which is well worthy a careful study.

In order to obtain all the information possible concerning deer and the workings of the game laws, the opinions of prominent hotel men and well-known guides in the Adirondacks have been asked, and the views expressed by each are given in brief below:

A. D. Barber, Honnedaga Lake, Herkimer County—I think deer are increasing very rapidly in this section, and believe the reason is the stopping of jacking or floating in the Adirondack League Club preserve. I have noticed several articles in the papers about deer starving, which I cannot understand, for beech nuts are plentiful. The deer have not as yet yarded up, but are traveling about everywhere and feeding on nuts. My men see deer every few days while at work near this lake, and they say they look nice, and must be in good condition. I still think the season for running dogs should begin later, say not before Sept. 20, or even Oct. 1. Everyone knows the meat is far better then than early in September.

David Helms, Long Lake, Hamilton County—Deer are increasing. I think that as there are so many sections of the woods where the deer are starving for lack of food, the hunting season should be extended until Dec. 1. I saw a guide from Moose river tract last week, who assured me that according to the best of his belief there would be at least 200 deer starved this winter in that section. I was in the Beaver river country in June, and saw acres where there was hardly a green twig in sight. I do not wish to be understood to say that there is not feed enough in the woods for the deer, but in certain sections, where they yard thickly, as the snow gets deep they do not move around much and finally cannot get away far enough to find sufficient food to keep them alive. In the Cold river and Preston pond region last spring, there was a large number found dead with no marks on them, and the men who found them said they had starved. So long as venison is not shipped away to market, there is no danger of deer being killed off to any harm.

Henry Studor, Bisby Lakes, Herkimer County—Deer are about holding their own. The guides in our locality do not favor jacking. By this mode of hunting many deer are wounded and go off in some thicket to die. The idea of deer starving to death is all nonsense. There is as much feed in the woods now as there was twenty years ago, if not more.

Theodore C. Remonda, Morehouseville, Hamilton County—Deer are decreasing. The guides and people generally favor a law that would prohibit hounding and give a hunting season open from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. There are three things necessary to the increase of deer: The prohibiting of hounding, mild, open winters, and protectors that protect. If the present mode of hunting deer continues the deer will soon be exterminated.

O. L. Howland, Rudeston, Hamilton County—Deer are just holding their own. It is the opinion of the guides and other people about here that hounding should be abolished and the hunting season extended a month later. Floating does not harm the deer after Aug. 15. Hounding is what destroys the deer, and it must be stopped in order to protect them and have them increase.

Byron E. Cool, of North Lake, Herkimer County—The game law of 1893 seems to give satisfaction both to the sportsmen and guides, but it is a fact that many deer were killed out of season in this locality last year, and the unlawful acts can not all be laid at the door of the woods-men that live or work here. From signs that do not fail it is evident that some who call themselves sportsmen had a hand in it. What we must have is better protection. I do not notice any change in the number of deer.

C. H. Bennett, Raquette Lake, Hamilton County—The guides in this section would like very much to have the hounding extend from Sept. 15 to Nov. 20. They would like still-hunting allowed until Dec. 15 and jack hunting done away with altogether. This would give general satisfaction to both guides and sportsmen. Deer are increasing.

Sam Danakin, Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain, Herkimer County—Deer are increasing. I find that the vote of the guides in the Adirondacks is almost unanimously in favor of abolishing the jack and leaving November a hunting month. There never was any need of blocking out November, as the law limiting the number of deer killed covers the whole business, and every hunter and sportsman knows that November is the natural hunting month. When I say "guides" I do not mean the great army of boys and men of all occupations that flock into the woods with their jacks for their summer outing, and pose as guides during the season and return to their jobs again.

Munroe H. Bullock, Stillwater, Lewis County—Deer are increasing. This locality is now owned by a club and we only kill what deer are wanted at the house. The guides think the game law is all right as it is for it gives everybody a chance to hunt as he likes.

Charles Fenton, Number Four, Lewis County—The number of deer reported as killed here by hounding last fall, 280, may appear large, but it is below the true figure if anything. This portion of the woods was filled with hunters and dogs during the hounding season, and the deer have been nearly exterminated. Guides and others in this vicinity are now opposed to hounding.



Jack Thomas, Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence County.—Deer are increasing here. The general opinion of guides in this locality is to have the open season from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, and stop jacking. Give us the same time to bound deer as they have in other counties.

Orrin Harris, Pyramid Lake House, Essex County.—Deer are increasing. Guides and everyone else in this section would like to have the law changed so as not to permit the hunting of deer in any form until Sept. 15. They would also like the season extended to Nov. 15, and to have the time for still-hunting and hounding the same. I have hunted deer more or less for 45 years, and have studied the matter a great deal.

W. H. Roblee, North River, Warren County.—Deer in this locality are increasing. There should be no jacking or floating. We would like fifteen days more bounding and fifteen days in November for still-hunting. Guides Henry Maxham, Frank Maxham, Richard Burch, George Raymond, Henry Straight, Nathan Bennett, Henry Bennett, W. H. Bennett, Fayette Weller, Fred Barrs.

Thomas Salmon, Sacandaga Valley, Saratoga County.—Deer are increasing in this locality. The guides and hunters think the hunting season should open Sept. 15 and end Dec. 1. Venison can not be kept during warm weather. Eight out of ten deer spoil when the attempt is made to keep them early in the season. As parties are anxious to carry venison home it is the opinion of all who hunt deer that the season should be set a month later all around, and that there would then be fewer deer killed and more eaten.

Reports from various sources give the estimated number of deer killed last year in the localities mentioned as follows:

	Floating.	Hounding.	Still-hunting.	Total.
Honnadaga Lake.....	45	5	50	
North Lake.....	5	31	36	
Bisby Lakes.....	13	5	18	
Pulten Chain.....	65	45	110	
Stillwater Beaver River.....	10	10	20	
Number Four.....	25	250	325	
Harrisville.....	6	100	130	
Morehouse Vie.....	30	7	43	
Wilhurst.....	5	30	40	
Rudston.....	30	200	245	
Long Lake.....	25	40	90	
Raquette Lake.....	50	100	160	
Cranberry Lake.....	200	15	250	
North River.....	50	50	50	
Sacandaga Valley.....	..	50	50	
Pyramid Lake.....	..	6	7	
Total.....	471	995	208	1669

The figures given above show that 1,669 deer were killed last year in the localities specified, and as there are some points from which no reports have been received, there seems to be every reason to believe that the aggregate number of deer killed in the Adirondacks during 1893 was over 2,000.

DUCKING ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 4.—“Then you will come by for me in the morning, Bob?” “All right, Dave, 6 A. M. sharp; till then good-bye.”

According to promise, 6 A. M. next morning found me turning the corner at F. street, and, dark as it was, I could see Dave standing in the doorway, bundled up in a overcoat which looked as if it might have been left behind by a member of the Peary expedition. Dave jumped into the light buggy, along with a mixture of gum boots, hunting coats and canvas decoys, and we were off.

As our destination was only a little over six miles distant, we let the two dogs run, in order to keep them warm, for, although we were in semi-tropical southern California, the morning was fresh, to say the least. One of the dogs, a Gordon setter, Nellie, could trace her pedigree back to the time her ancestors had come over with Noah. The other was a common, everyday “yaller” dog, who gloried in the name of Shep. But what Shep lacked in pedigree he made up in usefulness and general good sense, and consequently we were not averse to his company.

After a drive of about forty-five minutes, we pulled up at the gate of the ranch whither we were bound. Signs were displayed in conspicuous places to the effect that any and all trespassers would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, and warning would-be shooters to keep out. But these possessed no terrors for us, for nestled safely in the pocket of my coat was a permit for myself and friend. The lake is situated on the extensive ranch of Col. A., who very generously allows me the esteemed privilege of shooting on it. It is about a mile long and very narrow, in some places not more than 40yds. across, in others it reaches a width of about 200yds.

The greater part of the lake is full of a dense growth of tule, which affords an excellent hiding place for the myriads of web-footed wildfowl which frequent it; but there is a stretch of open water at each end where there is room to set decoys and enjoy blind shooting. Besides this open water, there are numerous openings in the tule where one may surprise an old mallard quietly feeding on the smartweed and wild celery. Very few people are allowed the privilege of shooting here, and this, combined with the fact that the birds are not shot at more than once a week, makes this place a very superior one for duck shooting.

After reaching the lake we walked on down to the boat house, putting up several flocks of widgeon and teal on the way down, but we refrained from shooting at them until we should have our decoys set and our boats hidden. It was agreed that Dave should take one boat and Nellie and pull for the lower end, while I should take Shep and the other boat and go to a certain opening in the tule, where I surmised I would get good shooting. Dave had the longest way to go, so he said that he would fire a shot to let me know when he was ready.

It did not take me long to row to the entrance of my chosen opening, but I did not row in, as I could hear the widgeon whistling and occasionally an old mallard croaking, and I wished to get a shot at them before I set my decoys. So after bidding Shep to charge in the stern I inflated the decoys and laid out some shells where I could get at them conveniently. Then, as I had nothing else to do, I sat down in the boat and waited for the signal to begin. Dave put up several large flocks of green-winged teal on his way down to the lower end; and as they wheeled by me with a graceful sweep, not more than 40yds. away, I was strongly tempted to let drive into them, but I recollected my promise to Dave and refrained from doing so.

Finally the welcome shot rang out, and with a quick shove of the oar (the water was not more than 5ft. deep), I sent the old boat gliding toward the opening, not more

than 40yds. away. Quietly guiding its course with the oar, until I had almost reached the opening, I laid the oar down and quickly caught up my gun. I took a firmer grip on the barrels, and as the boat shot from behind the last bunch of tule, the ducks left the water with a roar of wings. This was my opportunity, and a hasty double shot into the thickest of them brought down five, all widgeon, while two more glided off at an angle, plainly hard hit, and finally fell dead at the other end of the opening. I dropped the decoys overboard, one by one, and without stopping to retrieve the fallen birds, I pushed the boat between two clumps of tule, which effectually hid it from sight. I could hear Dave's gun booming away at the lower end, and I knew that he was having good sport. I did not have much time for reflection, however, as flock after flock wheeled over the tule, either to pitch headlong among the decoys or else to cautiously circle around to assure themselves that all was well, when with set wings they would glide down and drop their feet to alight. I levied a fair toll from most of the flocks, though sometimes missing what were apparently the easiest kind of shots.

For the first hour or so the shooting was fast and furious, and it was with difficulty that I restrained Shep from jumping out of the boat in his excitement. After that it settled down, and the birds came sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, and at other times in small flocks. The way those teal decoyed was a caution! Dave's gun would ring out, and I would see a dark cloud rise out of the tule from the lower end and head in my direction. Then I would square myself in the bow, and here they would come, rushing through the air like bullets, so fast that it would make my head swim to watch them. Sometimes they would swerve off, and drop down in some other part of the lake, but oftener they would attempt to light among the decoys, for the opening which I had selected was a favorite resting place of theirs.

And so it went, the birds swooping down, giving me a splendid opportunity to cover myself with glory by making a handsome double or leaving me to bless the shells and the poor quality of powder with which they were loaded, as the case might be.

When the sun, from his high perch in the heavens, announced high noon, and the “inner man” strongly hinted at substantial refreshment, I pulled out from my hiding place, and put Shep to work retrieving the birds, at which job I helped him by means of the boat.

When finally the last duck was placed in the bottom of the boat, there was a goodly heap of them, and I was not ashamed of my morning's work. After pulling leisurely along in the genial rays of the sun, occasionally waking up a long-legged blue crane from his midday siesta, I arrived at the boat house. Dave soon came up, and I knew from his contented look that he, too, had been successful, and indeed he had been, as the pile of ducks in the bow of his boat proved.

After lunch we counted and strung the birds, and found that we had bagged just 81 ducks to the two guns. There were nine varieties represented—canvasback (in the minority), mallard, sprigtail, widgeon, spoonbill, bluebill, greenwing teal, cinnamon teal and ruddy duck. The majority of the birds were teal and widgeon, with a fair number of sprig and mallard. It was no small job packing the heavy birds to the corral, so we concluded we would drive down after them in the buggy. We piled everything into the buggy, and although this necessitated putting our feet in our pockets, we reached town safely, and delighted with our morning's sport. CULPEPPER.

THE LAST WILD TURKEY OF NIAGARA.

LOCKPORT, New York.—Mr. D. G. Elliott's interesting article on the wild turkey of North America brings to mind “fond recollections” of an incident of nearly thirty years ago. I am not an old turkey hunter, for I never hunted wild turkeys more than half an hour in my life; but within that short time I claim to have killed the last wild turkey in Niagara county, New York. It happened in this way:

A Mr. Townsend, who lived just beyond the present city limits of Lockport, and adjoining the home of the late ex-Governor Washington Hunt, had procured some wild turkey eggs, which were put under a domestic hen turkey, and she succeeded in raising a brood of sixteen, which as far as circumstances would permit, were practically wild turkeys. They kept to the woods of Wyndham Lawn, some twenty or more acres, and adjoining fields, and it was almost impossible to get within shot of them, except a rifle.

A few days before Thanksgiving Mr. Townsend invited Mr. Charles Craig, an expert with the rifle, to come down and shoot his wild turkeys. That afternoon I was out after quail. At that time Bob White was plenty within two miles of the city, and the first I ever saw sold was when a gentleman from Boston bought from a shooter on the street a dozen for one dollar; while now you could not contract for a dozen of Niagara county quail for \$100.

On my way home I passed through the woods of Wyndham Lawn, and when about in the center was startled by a large bird flying out of a tree overhead. As it sailed through the woods I saw that it was a turkey, and wondered why it should have been so high up in the trees; it was at least forty to fifty feet from the ground. A few minutes later I met Messrs. Townsend and Craig, and the former asked me if I had seen anything of turkey. I told him that I had just frightened one—or one had frightened me by flying out of a tree over my head. He asked me why I had not shot it. I told him that I had not lost any turkey, and did not know that it was ruable to shoot other people's turkeys when they were in the woods. He said that this was the last one of sixteen that they had been hunting during the day, and had looked for this one for an hour; and that if I saw it again I was “to shoot it on the spot.”

I carried a 16-gauge muzzleloader with No. 8 shot. This I withdrew and put in No. 6, and started in the direction the turkey had taken. Coming to a high stone wall at the edge of the woods and looking over, I saw the turkey skulking along another stone wall running at right angles with the one I was against. It was at least ten rods across to him, but I thought it was my only chance, and I took it, and so also did the turkey. I climbed over the wall and went for him. I found that one shot had gone through his head. Hearing the shot Townsend came in that direction. As I got back over the wall he came up, when I handed him his turkey, and walked up to his house where he showed me the other fifteen, which Craig had shot with the rifle, most of them through the head,

To make this story complete I suppose I should have said that they were all shot through the head—as that was Mr. Craig's intention—but some of them were shot through the neck.

I also presume that I should say that Mr. Townsend gave me one for Thanksgiving; but he must have forgotten to do so, and it never occurred to me to propose such a thing. But I have the satisfaction of thinking that I shot the last wild turkey of Niagara county and possibly the last of New York State. J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, Jan. 20.

CHAT OF GAME AND GUNS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 22.—The State Game Protective Association have acted on a good idea. They have had printed a large number of cardboard signs stating the fact that the law is now on for all game in the State, and threatening punishment for any offense. These are being posted in conspicuous places throughout Rhode Island, and may let the out of season shooter know that he has something to respect.

The liberated quail seem to be doing well, but we have reports that the lawless are killing a few. We have in mind a private reserve not far from the city, where a genial sportsman goes with a few select friends now and then. He purchased a supply of quail and liberated them on his farm, but we hear that more or less of them are being shot by surrounding farmers. We understand that our friend don't care to make a complaint for fear of getting the ill will of the farm folk. Of course this is his own lookout, but it hardly seems right for one man to supply birds for others to kill, and out of season at that.

A little different case was that at our “farm.” The club has a shooting privilege of nearly a thousand acres, and on this tract are a good many promising rabbit spots. A certain person owning a small tract near by rather defied the right of our club to stop him from using ferrets, but when he found that we meant business and that one or two of the members were authorized constables, and were prowling around with blank warrants in their pockets, hunting for rabbits, and “keeping their eyes peeled” to catch him in the act—well, we believe he has quit. If we can't win such men over with good argument, treat them as sportsmen and show them that we are only doing what is right (and the average farmer will come around if you use him right), then with the mulish species we must try the other measure. The way of the transgressor is hard, but the Protective Association's is harder.

People wonder how gunning accidents occur. Here is a possibility, and it shows the ignorance of some thick-headed handlers of a gun. Some few days ago we boarded a car bound for the outskirts, to experiment with a rifle. Out in the mill district two specimens swung aboard with shotguns. One was a rusty single-barrel. On the nipple, for it was a muzzle-loader, was a bright new cap, and the hammer was set firmly down upon the cap. And still we wonder at accidents. We kept pretty close to the butt of that gun every time the car rounded a curve, for the individual holding it was not over-particular how he allowed the hammer to swing around.

Probably if an accident had occurred on the car sportsmen would be debarred from carrying guns thereafter. TODE.

IMPORTING BIRDS FOR VERMONT.

To Members of the Vermont Fish and Game League, and to all others interested in the introduction and propagation of new varieties of game:

At the third annual meeting of the League, held in Burlington, Nov. 17, a committee was appointed for the purpose of introducing new game into our State.

It is proposed by the committee to begin their work at first with a few hardy varieties of feathered game, such as are adapted to our climate and State.

Through the kindness of the president of the Maine Game Protective Association we can import with them black game and capercaillie from Norway and Sweden, and sharp-tailed grouse from the Northwest. We also expect to be able to secure a quantity of quail from Tennessee.

The black game, which are the largest of the grouse family, thrive in countries where the flora is similar to ours and the winter climate much more severe than in any portion of our State.

The sharp-tailed grouse are very hardy game birds, as they are found in large numbers north of the Saskatchewan River, where the winters are extremely severe. They are bud-eaters and would do as well as our native ruffed grouse in any part of our State.

It is believed that the common Virginia quail can, with a very slight expense, be helped through our winters, and is a very desirable game bird for our lake and valley towns.

The time has arrived when energetic and vigorous measures should be taken to protect our fast disappearing native game, and to introduce and propagate new varieties. To do this latter work requires funds, which we propose to raise by subscription, and we now appeal to you and to your sportsman friends to assist in making Vermont the banner game State of New England.

The first cost of black game is \$4.50 a pair, with quite as much more for transportation charges, and the cost of sharp-tailed grouse will be about the same. We expect to be able to land quail here at 50 cents a pair. Arrangements will be made so as to secure desirable localities to be used as game preserves, where these birds can be bred and then be distributed to other parts of the State.

To perform this work successfully the committee should have at least \$500 to \$800, and the orders for black game and grouse should be given at once. This we shall do as soon as a sufficient sum is subscribed to guarantee payment on first lot of birds. Please send in your subscriptions promptly to A. W. Ferrin, Treas., Montpelier, Vt.

N. P. LEACH, Chairman,  
W. Y. W. RIPLEY,  
W. S. WEBB,  
J. M. GELOT,  
B. R. SEYMOUR,  
St. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Jan. 9. } Committee.

National Association.

In our report of the National Association resolutions, the resolve as printed to “pledge each and every game and fish warden to the moral and financial support of the National Association, should have read, “pledge to each and every,” etc.



## GUN TAX AND GAME MARKET.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As to the idea of taxing firearms for the purpose of lessening the destruction of game in this country, will you permit a reader of your valuable paper to express the view that such a plan would utterly fail to accomplish the desired end. The rapid destruction of game is due more to the profit which "market gunners" find in pursuing their vocations than to shooting for sport; and the man who finds a living in such work will be far more likely to pay even a heavy tax upon his implements of trade than he who goes into the field purely for amusement and recreation. The result would be, therefore, that many who now shoot occasionally would give up the practice as being too costly, while those who kill probably nine-tenths of the game would have the field practically to themselves and, the interest of the true sportsman having flagged, "pot-hunting" and trapping would flourish as never before.

Prohibition of sales seems to the writer the only possible remedy for the difficulty, and with proper laws there should be no great obstacle to practical accomplishment of this. It may be urged that prohibition does not prevent the sale of liquor, but the fact is that the cases are not similar. The passion for stimulants and the desire to eat game dinners are scarcely comparable, besides which fact is a still stronger one, that the men engaged in the liquor business, or rather, who would engage in it contrary to law, are a very different class from those who deal in provisions. Entire prohibition would perhaps not be accomplished, but with the appointment of inspectors in the large cities the sale of game would be immensely decreased, and the incentive to market shooting correspondingly lessened. Game cannot be watered or adulterated like liquor, and the price would rise to cover the risk, so that the demand would fall off, and dealers find the profits too small in proportion to the risk. SALENO.

## NOTES FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

*Treed by a Moose.*

ON the first day of January, '94, William Hamilton, a law-abiding guide and woodsman of Greenville, went into the woods to "explore" for spruce. It being the first day of close time, he left his rifle at home, feeling that it would be better not to fall into temptation than to be delivered from evil.

While picking his way through some old "works" and thick black growth, Hamilton stumbled upon a big bull moose. The moose seemed offended at having his privacy thus intruded upon, and after spending a few seconds in tossing around a pile of old spruce tops, he started for Hamilton. In the meantime the man had climbed a little spruce, and from the top of this managed to get into a big birch, where he spent six long and weary hours waiting for his majesty to withdraw.

## The Results of Protection.

Speaking of moose, there seems to be no doubt that the moose are steadily becoming more abundant, in spite of the hide hunters and summer "sports." Along the Canadian boundary the hide hunters are most abundant. They come over the line, kill everything they can that has a hide or pelt, and then return to the place whence they came, leaving no trace of their work except the rotting carcasses of their victims. The summer sport may be a dry-goods clerk, or he may be a Brooklyn millionaire, but whether rich or poor he is the same selfish, jealous, cowardly, mean-spirited vagabond. To "get his share," he kills wantonly, if he can, for the love of slaughter, or for the joy of boasting of it afterward, everything that runs, swims, or flies. And with shame it must be confessed that many of those who should be most interested in protection, the hotel keepers and guides, close their eyes to these crimes, for the sake of a few ill-gotten dollars.

Caribou are probably holding their own in the more inaccessible regions north of Katahdin and on the Alleghush, but near the southern boundaries of the great forest they are becoming scarce.

Deer are wonderfully abundant. Twenty-five years ago, as the writer well remembers, deer were no more common than moose are now. But under the protection of the much-abused game laws, the deer have steadily multiplied, until they are now almost a nuisance to the farmers whose grain fields are on the borders of the hunting grounds. Still they are the same shy animals, and patience and skill, and oftentimes good luck to boot, are needed before the hunter can fill his lawful quota.

The Maine game laws may have worked injustice in isolated cases—dogs may have been killed which ought to have lived, wardens may have taken bribes from the rich and punished the poor, the backwoodsman may have been cut off from his natural supply of meat—but still the final result is that large game is becoming more plenty, and that is what the law was made for. Therefore it is good law—it is accomplishing its purpose.

## Open Season for Trout and Togue.

The open season for trout and togue (to residents of Maine) begins Feb. 1. There has been a difference of opinion as to whether this winter fishing should be permitted. The law was passed as a compromise, by which the anti-protection element secured to the native population a portion of their "rights" while giving up others, such as the right to snare and spear fish on spawning beds, etc. But after all, the winter catch in Moosehead Lake consists mainly of togue or lake trout, comparatively few brook trout being taken through the ice; and it is a matter of doubt whether the summer fishing is at all injured by the capture of these "lakers." The lake trout is hardly considered worth mentioning as a game fish where "square tails" abound, and furthermore, he is accused (though I think unjustly) of living largely on small brook trout; so, all things considered, it was perhaps wise to allow the farmer and his boys the doubtful pleasure of fishing through the ice with a limited number of lines.

F. S. BUNKER.

We take great satisfaction in the fact—for it is a fact—that fish and game protection in Maine is a wonderful success, especially in regard to the big game, some three or four deer having been killed in this little county during the late open season, a statement that could not have been made during any year of the last forty.

There is one matter of great importance that troubles

the philanthropist along our coast—is the encroachments made on the rights of our shore fishermen by the menhaden and mackerel seiners, who log-rolled through the Legislature last winter a repeal of a portion of the law forbidding the use of seines in our small bays, etc. We are in the hope that this thing will be straightened out next year, when we trust our law makers will get their eyes open to the true state of the question. N.

Bath, Me.

## A GUN TESTING INSTITUTION.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the following prospectus of an American testing institution for sporting firearms, powders and ammunition:

## Principal Aims.

THE American testing institution is intended to perform in this country the work done in Europe by the so-called proof-houses and by the several private establishments devoted to the systematic testing of hand fire-arms, gunpowders and ammunition. The main object of this institution is to serve both the American shooting fraternity at large and the interests of our home industry in the several branches and lines related to this class of trade, by conducting ballistic trials and researches involving questions which, to be solved convincingly and conclusively, require continuous and systematic labor, and which very rarely can be brought to a satisfactory and beneficial issue through the individual gunner and in the absence of the necessary scientific instruments.

The work of the institution, although serving as a whole the same end, may still be divided into three distinct classes or departments.

## Department A.

This department is devoted and embraces the testing of hand fire-arms, gunpowders, ammunition and their parts, wadding material, shot, etc., as the same are now in the market and as they may be introduced, from time to time, hereafter.

The experiments of this class will, as a rule, bear a public character and their results will be made known either through the columns of the principal journals devoted to shooting, or by means of printed proceedings distributed among the members of the institution.

These experiments will chiefly consist in determining as often as circumstances may require the ballistic values of the various articles referred to.

All such tests are carried out at the expense of the institution, and in view of the fact and considering that they involve considerable expense and continuous labor, all sportsmen in sympathy with the undertaking and favoring the good cause are requested to aid the institution by having their names enrolled upon the membership list.

The annual membership fee is \$2, payable at the time of the filing of the application, and for every subsequent year, as long as a member desires to retain his membership, twelve months from date of first and every further payment respectively.

A contribution of \$25 at one and the same time entitles to a life membership. The privileges of members are set forth in another chapter.

## Department B.

This department is devoted to tests of a private nature and all information furnished herein to the gunner will be strictly confidential.

In view of the well known and established fact that the shooting qualities of a gun are governed by certain factors, and greatly affected by the peculiar properties of a propelling agent, by the size of the powder and again the size of the shot charges and pellets; by the proportions of the powder and shot charges; by the wadding material and the diameter of the wad; by the crimp of the shell, etc., the gunner, not meeting and knowing how to meet these conditions, frequently, although using the best ammunition money can procure, and which may render very satisfactory average service, finds himself unknowingly handicapped merely for the reason that the cartridges and loads he employs are not the best suited for his particular gun. With the gun barrel material, the machinery and tools at present at the command of the gun manufacturer, the latter scarcely, if ever, succeeds in producing two guns with shooting qualities precisely alike, and for reasons of a similar nature the same loads will behave differently in one gun than in another. One gun will give the best mean pattern and penetration with a heavier powder and lighter shot charge, one again with the proportion of these charges reversed to a certain extent. One gun will do the best service with a coarser shot; one gun requires a larger size wad, and one gun will shoot a certain powder better than others, etc.

The individual gunner is seldom in a position to determine this quite important question. This problem can be solved more systematically, readily and satisfactorily by the testing institution, where for this purpose all the different kinds of powder, shells, wads and shot are constantly kept in store, and where these tests are carried out with the aid of the requisite suitable instruments, and other means not at the command of the great mass of gunners.

The institution will take pains to establish for every gun, new or old, the most advantageous and best adapted load.

The charges for such work on a double-barreled shotgun of any gauge will be, exclusive of ammunition, \$5; for *bona fide* subscribers of FOREST AND STREAM, \$4; for members, \$2.50.

Unless instructed otherwise every gun and barrel will be tested with black and four different nitro powders, which the holder of the gun may designate.

A copy of the records of such a test is furnished to the owner of the gun, thus enabling him to judge for himself whether the conclusions arrived at by the institution and the counsel given him by it are justified by the results obtained.

## Testing New Guns for Pattern and Penetration.

A gunner contemplating the purchase of a new gun should first of all duly consider what kind of shooting he intends to do and probably will do principally with the gun, and whether he is a poor, fair, or first-class shot. Generally the gun manufacturer or dealer is asked to furnish a very close shooting gun, one which he will guarantee to

give a pattern all the way up to 80 to 85%, although a gun of this description is rarely found among twenty thousand, provided the standard load of No. 7 shot is used and the target is placed 40 yds. distant from the muzzle. In most cases a gun of this kind would prove comparatively worthless in the hands of the shooter, and even a gun averaging a pattern of 65% means often a very severe task upon the shooting talent of the purchaser, and will not do nearly so well in the field and close range shooting as one producing a mean pattern of only 50 to 55%. All tests for pattern are comparatively useless unless the corresponding velocity or penetration is established simultaneously and found to reach the standard figures. But if the demands of the gunner are within reason he has a right and ought to know what his gun in point of pattern will and can be made to do, and no manufacturer or dealer in guns should hesitate to guarantee the shooting qualities of a gun.

There are several tricks known and sometimes practiced by unscrupulous dealers to make a gun give the very best pattern. The gunner reads the figures obtained or even counts the pellets in the 30 in. circle and is happy. He does not comprehend that this beautiful showing means nothing in the absence of the corresponding velocity.

In testing a gun for pattern the velocities developed by the loads employed must first be established and if necessary raised to the standard limit. This done the standard of merits as laid down in the accompanying table should form the basis for determining the shooting qualities of a gun.

These figures are based on exhaustive pattern tests, in which thousands of guns of different gauges, grades and makes were used. A manufacturer or dealer declining to have a gun subjected to a test on this basis is hardly deserving the confidence and patronage of the shooting fraternity.

## Points of Merits Governing the Shooting Qualities of Better Class Guns.

IN 30 IN. CIRCLE AT 40 YDS. FROM MUZZLE.

	10-gauge.		12-gauge.		16-gauge.	
	Pellets.	Per c't.	Pellets.	Per c't.	Pellets.	Per c't.
Common cyl. barrel,	160-180	35-40	135-150	36-41	112-124	35-40
Improved cyl. barrel,	170-193	39-44	145-162	38-44	118-134	39-44
Light chokebore bar.	185-225	40-52	155-195	42-52	128-158	40-52
Medium chokebore b.	218-260	48-60	185-225	50-60	152-186	48-60
Full chokebore barrel	240-280	58-65	215-240	58-65	178-200	58-65
Extra full choke bar.,	260-295	60-66	230-250	60-67	190-205	60-66

A certificate stating the shooting qualities of the gun and the loads employed, and giving the number of gun, length and weight of barrels, names of maker and owner, etc., is furnished to the gunner. Every gun so tested will have the testing mark of the institution impressed upon the round of the barrel near the breech:



F. (G) (H) E. C. 44.

The mean patterns obtained with a gun will be divided into three classes: F. will stand for fair, G. for good and H. for high. An average pattern of from 40 to 45% will be considered as a fair pattern, one of 45 to 55% a good pattern, and one of 55 to 65% a high pattern.

The marks impressed on a gun barrel as above would mean that the gun gives a fair, good or high pattern, whatever letter may be employed, and that it produces the best mean pattern with 44 grains of E. C. powder.

The names of the several powders will be abbreviated as follows: Sch. for Schultze, E. C. for American E. C., A. W. for American wood, S. S. for S. S., W. for Walsrode, D. P. for DuPont's smokeless, L. d. for Leonard, and B. P. for black powder.

## Charges of Testing a Double-Barrel Shotgun for Pattern.

Any gauge \$5, for *bona fide* subscribers of FOREST AND STREAM \$4, for members \$2.50, exclusive of ammunition.

## Sporting Rifle Tests.

Finished sporting rifles will be tested for strength—final proof—with a black powder charge double by weight or measure of the regular service charge, or, at the holders' option, with an equivalent load of nitro powder.

Charges for testing a sporting rifle for strength, \$3; for *bona fide* subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, \$2.25; for members, \$1.50, exclusive of ammunition.

## Establishing for Sporting Rifles the Proper Charge of Nitro Powder.

The same reasons which prompt the sportsman to substitute a smokeless powder in the shotgun, let it appear desirable for the hunter to use, if possible, the modern propelling agent instead of black powder in the sporting rifle. The superiority of the nitro powder over the black is even more marked in connection with the rifle than with shotgun ammunition.

As a rule, the smokeless powder will give a more even and flatter trajectory than the black powder, and the recoil of the former is decidedly lighter; two factors of importance in point of accurate shooting. Smokeless rifle powders are fast taking the place of black powder for hunting large game, in several European countries, and a huntsman who has employed a smokeless powder for his rifle once, very rarely nourishes the desire to fall back upon the old propelling agent.

The nitro powder is much less noisy than black, and the report of a rifle shot frequently resembles that produced by a strong cap. Provided the wind is favorable, the huntsman often finds time for a second and third shot at game standing some distance from him, if he happens to miss his mark with the first or second shot. This is rarely the case when the noisy black powder is employed. At short range the huntsman can easily de-



termine not only whether his shot has taken effect, but also *where* the bullet has hit.

It is hardly necessary to point out here the causes why the different powders intended for shotgun ammunition are not adapted for the rifle. It is worse than folly to attempt to load rifle ammunition with smokeless gun powders. A rifle powder must burn slower and develop the gases less suddenly than a gun powder, and even when a powder meets these requirements the layman is not in position to establish the suitable charge for his rifle. There are many points to be taken into consideration, and in attempting to accomplish the object in question the hunter will find himself confronted by various problems which can be solved only with the aid of instruments.

The twist of the barrel, the size, shape and weight of the bullet, size and shape of the shell, and the primer, each and all must be considered separately and combined.

The first step for finding the proper charge is, of course, to determine the velocity and bursting strain as produced by the service charge of black powder, and then to make the nitro charge conform to these values. Even when and after this is accomplished it is often found that the bullet will strike regularly a point from 1 to 3 in. above the mark. This result is frequently blamed to the powder, whereas it is simply due to the lesser recoil, and can readily be remedied by a slight change of the sight.

As a rule, the shooting is more accurate, the deviations are smaller with the nitro powders than with the black, the penetration showing about the same values in both cases. The majority of smokeless rifle powders require a special primer, black powder priming will only answer in rare instances, and special primers are always preferable. The No. 3 primer, as employed for smokeless shotgun shells, is not adapted for rifle ammunition, but suitable special primers for all kinds of metallic ammunition are now being made by the U. M. C. Co., and shells provided with these primers will soon be available to the sportsmen. Such special primers will be used for making the experiments herein referred to. The Institution is prepared to establish for every make of sporting rifles and all kinds of rifle ammunition the proper corresponding charge of nitro powder. It is preferable if the rifle is sent to the Institution, together with a number of loaded shells as heretofore used. For the regular standard rifles and metallic ammunition the corresponding nitro powder charges can be established in the absence of the particular rifle or cartridges. Rifles sent to the Institution for this purpose will be stamped similarly to the barrels of shotguns.

Charges for establishing the proper nitro powder charge for a rifle, irrespective of caliber, \$5; for *bona fide* subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, \$4; for members, \$2.50, exclusive of ammunition.

#### Department C.

This department is devoted to proving raw gun barrels or finished guns for strength with the proof-house charges of black powder and shot, or any nitro powder the shooter may designate.

The proof-house charges for a finished gun are 6½ drs. DuPont's FFF black powder and 1½ oz. of shot No. 7 for 12-bore. Any substantially built gun ought to resist and withstand the strain developed by such a load, and no manufacturer or dealer should hesitate to see a gun subjected to such a test.

But the case is different whenever nitro powders are to be substituted for the black powder. Many of these change their properties through the influence of climate or age. They are all, loaded bulk for bulk, more violent than black powder, at least whenever the charges are increased beyond the standard loads. For this reason it cannot be expected that a gun manufacturer will guarantee a gun against the action of highly increased nitro powder charges. It can fairly be presumed, however, that a gun having been subjected to the black powder proof-house test will withstand any gas pressure developed by a slightly increased charge of nitro powder, and if such a gun is bulged or burst by such a load afterward, this is either due to the nature of the powder or to some extraordinary cause.

Even the cheapest kinds of guns are subjected to the proof-house test in Europe before they are salable; and since American guns, as a rule, are built stronger than the cheap grades of European guns, no well-founded reason can be presented why American guns should not be subjected to such a test. This, however, is a matter to be settled between the gunner and manufacturer, and the institution does not recommend that such a test should be made compulsory just at present, at least not as far as the raw barrels are concerned. The buyer of a gun, or rifle, however, has a just right to condition the purchase upon the test for finished guns and rifles with the same propriety as a man will condition the purchase of a horse upon the examination by a veterinary surgeon. All guns and rifles tested for strength will have the institution's marks impressed upon the barrel.



12 CH. 3. SCH. 52.

The marks impressed upon a gun as above would indicate that its caliber is 12, that it is chambered for a 3 in. shell, that in addition to the black powder proof charge it has been tested with 52 grs. of Schultze powder, and that the barrel is chokebore.

The charges of powder and shot for testing finished shotguns are as follows:

#### 10-GAUGE.

8 drs. or 219 grs. DuPont's FFF black powder, or 5 drs. of E. C., American wood or Schultze, 4½ drs. S. S., 4½ drs. DuPont's smokeless or 50 grs. Walsrode powder, and in each case 2 oz. or 87½ grs. shot No. 7.

The respective service charges being: 4 drs. black, E. C., Schultze, S. S. and American wood, and 3½ drs. DuPont's smokeless, and 38 grs. Walsrode powder and 1½ oz. of shot.

#### 12-GAUGE.

6½ drs. or 178 grs. black powder or 4 drs. of E. C., Schultze, S. S., American wood, 3½ drs. DuPont's smokeless, or 40 grs. Walsrode powder and 1½ oz. of shot No. 7. The respective service charges being: Black, E. C., Schultze, American

wood and S. S. powders 3 drs., DuPont's smokeless 2½ drs., Walsrode powder 29 grs., and 1½ to 1½ oz. of shot.

#### 16-GAUGE.

5½ drs. black powder or the equivalent in any of the nitro powders and 1½ oz. of shot No. 7.

Service charges: 2½ drs. or 75 grs. black and 1 oz. of shot. In order to save to gun manufacturers unnecessary expense and inconvenience in transporting guns to and from the institution the latter will make arrangements to have guns tested for either strength or shooting qualities or both by their officers at the works and on special terms.

#### Privileges of Members.

From the charges quoted heretofore it will be seen that the members of the institution pay only one-half of the regular prices.

In addition to this concession the institution will answer all questions submitted by a member and pertaining to shooting, free of charge. The members will also receive all printed proceedings gratuitously. Furthermore, the institution will assist its members in ascertaining the true causes for damaged guns, with a view of substantiating a claim for indemnity. All damaged guns, especially when the barrels are bulged or burst, should be sent to the institution with as little delay as possible after the occurrence, and before the traces of the damage have been clouded, accidentally or intentionally.

The gun should be accompanied with a statement describing the circumstances in connection with the accident, and in which the following questions ought to be answered:

1. Did the accident occur in the field or at the trap, and if in the field did you climb any fences prior to firing the shot causing the damage, or pick up a dead bird from soft or marshy ground?
2. Are you sure that the barrel, when the shot was fired, was free from artificial obstructions, such as dirt, snow, wads, or parts of the shell?
3. Did you fire a number of shots from the other barrel previously, and may it not be possible that the crimp of the shell had given away and the top wad, with the shot charge, moved from the shell and up in the barrel?
4. What size shell, what kind of powder and how much, what size shot and what charge, what kind of wadding material did you use?
5. Have you fired the same ammunition from the gun previously, and to what extent?
6. Did you load the shells yourself, or did you buy them, and of whom?
7. How long have you used the gun, and from whom did you procure it?
8. Has it ever, to your knowledge, been rechambered or previously bulged?
9. Do you intend to be indemnified, by whom and on what ground?

A number of the same lot of shells used at the time should be furnished with the gun. If the institution finds that the cause for the damage is unmistakably due to some of the agents beyond the control of the gunner, and that either the material of or the workmanship on the guns are poor, or the powder employed shows a marked degree of violence, the institution will assist the owner in placing the fault where it belongs and in being indemnified to the extent of his loss.

In order to facilitate our researches for the cause of the bulging or bursting of gun barrels, and in regard to the behavior of the different powders, all damages to guns coming under the direct notice of sportsmen should be reported to the institution.

It is the intention of the institution to establish, as soon as circumstances make it expedient and permissible, branches in different parts of the country, and one at Chicago, Ill., in the near future.

Whenever a large number of members or gunners desire to have experiments carried out in closer proximity to their homes than New York or Chicago, they may correspond with the management of the institution with a view to have such tests conducted in other localities, and if considered expedient by the latter, such a request will be complied with on terms to be agreed upon.

#### Working Programme.

Experiments as contemplated being carried out in the near future, and questions to be solved in Department A:

1. To what extent are the several propelling agents for shotguns known and employed in this country affected by cold, and how can this influence be prevented or neutralized?
2. What constitutes the maximum range for 8, 10, 12 and 16-bore shotguns, respectively (a), for still producing a pattern securing a fair chance for hitting a duck or similar size game, and (b) at what distance do they cease respectively to produce a killing effect with the different powders and sizes of shot?
3. What constitutes the best wadding material for shotguns? Is the lubricated felt wad preferable to the dry felt and why? What should be the diameter of the wad for the various bores to insure the best pattern and penetration? How far does the consistency of the felt influence the shooting effect?
4. How do the different materials of the shotgun barrels compare in point of strength or power of resistance?
5. How should the various nitro powders be loaded and used?
6. What are their chemical compositions and how do they compare in point of stability with black powder?
7. Which is the best shot in the American market?
8. What shells and primers are best adapted for the several nitro powders?
9. Will common shells if primed with black powder give as good a result as the No. 3 primer?
10. What caliber of rifle should the gunner employ for large game shooting, and what are the relations of the different bores, size, nature and weights of bullets in point of producing a certain and sudden killing effect?

It is hardly necessary to say that the last-named problem can only be solved satisfactorily and conclusively on practical grounds. To determine this important question in a convincing manner, suitable live animals will be employed as experimental objects.

As previously remarked, all tests carried out in this department are intended to serve and benefit the shooting fraternity at large. They involve considerable expense and require continuous and hard labor. It is therefore hardly necessary to say that every sportsman in sympathy with the objects herein set forth should contribute

his share toward defraying these expenses, and induce his friends and fellow sportsmen to follow his example.

The shooting sport is nowhere in the world followed by such a large number of men as in the United States, and if countries much smaller in size than America and with a less number of shooters can, as they do, maintain similar institutions, it would hardly speak well for the spirit of the American shooting fraternity, and our desire to be independent of Europe as regards a source of popular knowledge and education on the theory of shot shooting, if such an institution cannot be maintained here merely for want of appreciation and support at the hands of the American sportsmen.

The institution believes that its objects can only be reached if all intelligent gunners will aid its work by offering suggestions in what directions the tests should be made, and kindly submit to the institution such observations of value which they may have obtained in practice or by experiments. For this purpose an Advisory Board has been created, consisting of members capable and willing to assist the work of the institution by offering suggestions intended and suited to form a basis for further experiments. The members of this board are: Wm. Bruce Leflingwell, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. M. Thomas, ballistic expert, U. M. C. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; Lieut. G. N. Whistler, ballistic engineer, New York; Justus Von Lengerke, New York; Paul North, Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., Cleveland, O.; D. Kirkwood, Boston, Mass.; R. J. Carroll, M.D., Sec'y Red Hook Gun Club, Red Hook, N. Y.; J. A. Krieger, M.D., St. Louis, Mo.; Will H. Cruttenden, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Chas. F. Tolman, Canton, N. Y.; James M. Colwell, Kitanning, Pa.; E. D. Fulford, electrician, Utica, N. Y.; M. F. Lindsley, American Wood Powder Co., West Hoboken, N. J.; W. K. Park, Wilkes-Barre Gun Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; H. E. Winans, Newark, N. J.; W. R. Fall, Las Cruces, N. M.; R. L. Young, Las Cruces, N. M.; J. Palmer O'Neil, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Edward Carlin, New York; Chas. Macalister, Esq., South Seaville, N. J.

The institution will be established at Dexter Park (P. O. Station E), Brooklyn, N. Y. ARMIN TENNER, Sup't.

#### The Old Stamping Grounds.

WISCONSIN used to be my old stamping ground twenty-five years ago, when I beat with dog and gun over its brown stubbles and grassy coverts, for chicken and quail; tramped its sloughs and marshes for "Jack" of the sinuous flight; worked its rivers, lakes and bayous for teal, mallard and canvasback, with waders, canoe and punting boats, and the bass and pickerel with shimmering and twinkling spoon spinning with throbbing pulsations along upon their rippling surfaces, or with the mocking lure and the deadly spear through the hole in the ice, shaded by the windowless house over it, and the watery depths lighted up beneath by the reflected rays of light from without. When I camped with genial spirits in the early summertime upon the bold banks of old Koskonong with canoe, rowboat, sailboat and steamer, to pay our yearly devoirs to ye finny tribes; and as regularly camped in the Indian summer of the brown October, amid the scarlet and russet lined woods of the timbered lands bordering the streams, and upon our favorite island at the head of Koskonong Lake, surrounded by lake and bayou, by lagoons creeping through mazes of reeds and wild rice, teeming with ducks; there to steep ourselves for weeks, in the hazy golden glamour, and the sensuous delight imparted by the atmosphere of this intoxicating epoch in the life of the departing summer.

It is twenty odd years since I left these experiences behind. I have traveled far and wide in other lands, while most of the sporting friends of those days have dropped at intervals off the trail, and but few of us are left to recall them; but it is a pleasure nevertheless for the survivors to do so.

I formerly wrote for *Wilkes' Spirit* under the name of "Paulson," and but few of the writers upon it in those days are left. D. B. BREMER

#### More About that Deer Drive.

McKEE'S ROCKS, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading "A Deer Hunt in New Jersey in 1893" I am indignant. Here is a well-told story of how a lot of men set a pack of dogs on a poor doe and chased it two whole days, and finally to death, bringing "the tired dogs to heel until they were rested," and then "put on the trail fresh, so that the deer was always pursued by fresh hounds, until 4 o'clock of the second afternoon, when the whole pack was let loose upon her." No shooting was allowed on the second day. It seems to me that it would have been more merciful to shoot the poor beast before it was so tired that it could not run any more, than to let the dogs run it down and kill it, as the story goes. If there is sport in this manner of worrying a poor beast to death, there must be sport in dog fighting. In the latter each contestant has an equal chance, while the poor doe had no chance at all with the fearful odds against it.

I cannot imagine anything more cruel than this chase seems to me. I was born in New Jersey and lived there until I was old enough to understand the stories of hunting told by grandfather and uncles. They did not chase deer to death in those days. J. H. B.

TORONTO, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very much pleased to read in the FOREST AND STREAM an article by Oscar Hesse, under the head of "Save the Deer." I also read the article to which it referred, and was disgusted at such unsportsmanlike hunting. In my opinion, the use of dogs should be stopped, and then there would be no such hunting as this. OLD WOODSMAN.

#### A Virginia Game Section.

SURRY, Va., Jan 23.—In this section deer are found in large numbers. I know of several parties who have killed some eight or ten this season. I have myself seen in the last few weeks as many as six in one drove, and it is a very common sight to see two or three at one time. Wild turkeys are found here in flocks of from five to twenty-five, and our local hunters kill quite a number of them. Squirrels abound in great numbers. I have killed as many as fifteen in one afternoon without a dog, and that in two hours. Wild ducks are found during the latter part of the season, but not in such large numbers. In the ponds and creeks are found chub but they are not as plentiful as they were a few years ago, owing to so many of them being speared during the spawning season. C.



### Small Game in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 19.—A great many ruffed grouse were left in the covers of Tompkins and adjoining counties at the conclusion of last season's shooting, and this supply, by reason of the unusually mild weather which has marked the winter thus far, has done splendidly. The past season was notable for the large number of grouse bagged in central New York counties. In Tompkins county a local law forbids the shooting of quail for five years. But unless restocking is resorted to, the expiration of the five-year limit will still find the quail supply too small to tempt one afield. No more vivid example of game extermination is afforded than that which marks the almost total blotting out within a comparatively few years of the seemingly almost countless number of quail. Only the wary grouse, aided by advantages which the less timid quail does not take kindly to, seems able to cope with the invading and ever-increasing army of gunners. It is this characteristic of the grouse which makes the sportsman hopeful that, with a proper enforcement of the law, good shooting may be vouchsafed to him for years to come.

A good many rabbits were killed during the past season, enough were left to insure good sport another fall. But the right to use ferrets should be stricken from the statute books.

M. C. H.

### A "Big Bear of Arkansas."

HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Here is an account taken from recent issue of my paper, the *News*, of a bear hunt in the mountains adjacent to Hot Springs: "The largest black bear that has been seen in this part of Arkansas for several years was killed Dec. 6 by a party of hunters composed of Messrs. E. F. Bledsoe, M. L. Duncan and W. J. Bledsoe. They found the bear on a high peak of the Ozark Mountains, thirty miles north of Hot Springs, and trailed him for several miles over the mountains with a pack of bear dogs, and finally surrounded him on a high rocky peak, where he was held at bay by the dogs until the hunters arrived. After killing two dogs and wounding three others, he was finally brought to the ground by several well directed shots from Winchester. Mr. Duncan had a narrow escape. After the bear was badly wounded he made a savage rush at him, and not having time to get away, the bear struck at him with its ponderous paw, tearing his coat almost to ribbons. The bear measured 8½ ft. in length and was 13 in. across the head." Game shooting in this section is fairly good. Bear and deer shooting may be found in the mountains twenty or thirty miles distant from the city. FOREST AND STREAM is a welcome visitor to me.

J. L. WADLEY.

### Northwestern Iowa.

MATLOCK, Iowa.—The chicken season of 1893 was without doubt the most unsatisfactory of any in the history of the State. Birds seemed to be fairly plentiful during the summer, but after the season opened, they proved to be almost impossible to find and very wild. The last two weeks of the season were the best. I did not hear of a person getting over thirty during the entire season, and most of them scored only ten or a dozen.

The quail shooting was more satisfactory than the chicken, though not so good as the favorable conditions would seem to warrant. Reports from some parts of the State indicate that the rabbits are becoming so numerous as to be a nuisance.

P. C. B.

### The Winter and the Game in New Hampshire.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 23.—Our postmaster is a sportsman, and told me yesterday that he had been out in the woods and that they were full of gray squirrel tracks, showing that they were "wintering over" well. The bitter cold of early December, of which I wrote you (20° below zero), moderated about Christmas, and so far we have had a mild January, in great contrast with last year, but cold enough to make a good ice crop and snow enough to harvest it without interfering with the cutting; and the loads of logs are going by, as I write, to the mill.

SAM WEBBER.

### To Fight the Grouse Trappers.

MITCHELL, S. D., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The crusade against the pot-hunters in this part of the State, and particularly about Vermillion, for trapping quail and prairie chickens has begun in dead earnest. The gun club here is on the lookout, and will enforce the law in order to make the number of game hogs less. They deserve no sympathy and will in this way meet their proper classification. The sportsmen at Sioux City have contributed \$300 toward enforcing the law.

H. G. NICHOLS.

### Mass Meeting at Seneca Falls.

A MASS meeting in the interest of fish and game protection will be held at Seneca Falls next Monday, Feb. 5. President Bruce of the State Association, Mr. S. J. Trusden of Rochester, and others will be among the speakers. The meeting will be held under the direction of the Honest Fisherman's Association, a new body which is setting out with much enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose to restore to the public its heritage of fishing waters.

### Ohio Game Legislation.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 25.—The House of Representatives yesterday discussed whether or not quail should be protected. The discussion finally resolved into a bill which strictly forbids the sale of any quail, under any consideration. Another bill, closing the season for a year and for each alternate year thereafter, had just been defeated. It is made unlawful to sell or ship out of the State at any time of the year any of the birds mentioned.

WILLIE WICK.

About a year ago the Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. of Jersey City, issued a pamphlet on painting graphite. It embodied an elaborate scientific opinion by Prof. E. H. Thurston on the value of graphite as a lubricant, and much interesting information on the subject from practical men. The pamphlet has had a large circulation, and the company has been enabled to obtain from well known men a vast amount of additional knowledge on the uses of graphite. Another pamphlet, twice the size of the former, will be issued early in February, and a copy will be sent free of charge to all interested in the subject of friction and lubrication.—*Adv.*

MANY sportsmen and others are deterred from visiting the South in the winter months by the considerable expense of a railroad trip. They are thus deprived of a great deal of pleasure that they might otherwise obtain and of renewed health and strength to combat the ills of modern civilization. These individuals should turn their attention to our fine fleet of coastwise steamships that run regularly between Northern ports and the Southern seacoast towns. The expense of a trip on one of these vessels is small, and the ocean voyage delightful under favorable circumstances. The Mallory S. S. lines connect New York with Georgia, Florida and Texas.—*Adv.*

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

In the fall of the year 1890 I spent a few days visiting friends in the village of Portage, Cambria county, Pa. While there I became acquainted with a family whom we will call Green. Mr. Green was a professional miner, but delighted in the sports of rod and gun. It was no unusual thing for him to spend a day or two in the mountains during the hunting season when work was slack, and seldom did he come home without a well-filled game pouch, which brought sunshine to other families than his own.

One day Mr. Green and a companion were out after squirrels. They traveled some distance before they reached their favorite hunting grounds. Game was not very plenty that day, and they feared they would have to return to their homes with but little to show for their day's sport. Finally they reached a rocky ledge, and there near the top of a good sized sugar tree they espied a fine gray squirrel. At the crack of the rifle the squirrel fell a few feet where it lodged in the forks of the tree. All their efforts to dislodge it proving unavailing, Mr. Green being an expert climber, resolved that he would not go home without the squirrel. A few feet from the large tree in which the squirrel was lodged, stood a small tree whose top reached to the lower branches of the larger one. To climb this was the work of a few moments only, and when among the branches of the tree that held the prize, he easily ascended to the forks where he secured his game. This was at an altitude of about 30 ft. from the ground. On his way up he saw the skin of a large blacksnake, but it gave him no uneasiness, as he had often seen such skins before. He was standing on a large bare limb, and just beneath him or rather in front of him, he saw to his horror the form of a large blacksnake issuing from the hollow of the tree, and making such demonstration as to convince the hunter that he intended to resent this unwelcome intrusion on his domain. It was impossible for Mr. Green to descend without sliding over the hollow from which the snake was advancing.

"Well, what did you do then?" I asked as he stopped to fill his pipe with his favorite brand of tobacco. After enjoying a few puffs and assuring himself that it was in good working condition, he answered:

"What did I do? Well, I did not know what to do. I first felt like jumping from the tree, but when I looked down 30 ft. at the rocks below, I concluded that if I must finish my hunting now, I would do it bravely like a man. I knew that if that snake got a few coils of his cold body around my neck, I must soon depart for the Indian's happy hunting ground. My companion could not render the least assistance, as he could not see the monster, and he could not shoot him without endangering my life. It took but a moment to take in the situation. I could not take hold of him with my hands, as with one I must hold on to the limb, and I doubt whether a giant grip with two hands could have held him. Neither could I use my feet against him, for his position was such that I could not reach him in that way. The only weapon I could lay my hands on was a little switch about ½ in. thick and 2 ft. long. With this I began to strike at the snake, but he managed to dodge it every time, and he seemed to me to be coming nearer and nearer every moment. I was about to give up in despair, when I succeeded in hitting him a sharp blow on the head. Immediately he drew back, and finally retreated into the hollow of the tree. I then feared to cross the hole, fearing he might return to the attack. I saw the hole was full of dry leaves, and quickly as possible I struck a match and applied it to the leaves. Almost instantly the whole inside of the tree was ablaze, and without waiting to learn what effect it would have on the snake, I slid over the burning hole and soon reached the ground in safety. I tell you, Mr. Brown, when I see a snake skin on a tree, nothing can tempt me to try my snake experience over again."

REV. G. W. BROWN.

## Sea and River Fishing.

### FISHING RIGHTS IN CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 27 I find considerable comment upon the relation of tariff and internal revenue taxation on guns, to the preservation of game. I do not think I can improve on your able article in defense of the rights of all classes to enjoy the sport; but permit me to carry the argument further and apply it to such legislation as is within the power of States to apply.

If any sportsmen believe that the supply of fish and game can be maintained by narrowing the number of citizens who participate in it to a few wealthy ones who can afford to maintain what is called a preserve, and this to be stocked, as is often the case in Connecticut, at the expense of the public appropriation for fish (we having no Game Commission), such a theorist has my sympathy for his lack of judgment. If any one can point to a single object of importance that was sought and successfully brought about and maintained, that benefited a few at the expense of a large majority of the people, I should like to be informed of it and how it was done. If we are to maintain the supply of fish and game it must be done by annually propagating and stocking our forests and waters; at least, this applies to our own State of Connecticut, where there are no remote districts. Such work must be carried on by a proper commission at the public expense, therefore, how can such work go on if the public do not get the benefit of it? Our Fish Commission will have a good deal to answer for before the next Legislature unless a different policy is pursued from the past. All trout supplied by this State are given to any citizens who apply for them, and all restriction placed upon applicant is wholly confined to the blank form of application; 95 per cent. of these fry are placed in private waters. Further, our statutes provide that all waters stocked by the Fish Commissioners shall be public waters, thus plainly showing that the intention of the law is to have the Commission stock our State waters themselves.

And still another menace to the general public. Notwithstanding that we have a number of good public streams a trespass sign nailed to a tree along its bank pre-

vents the public from getting access to such waters. While no fair-minded person wishes to take the right of a farmer to protect his crops away, still, there is no reason why the public should be prevented from walking along the shore of any public water where the land is not cultivated. Before our different towns hold their elections for members to the next Legislature there should be a fair understanding from the nominees of both parties as to whether the people at home are to be heard or the lobby backed by money. If the latter, then the sooner the sportsmen of ordinary means accept the issue and prepare to fight it out to a finish, the sooner we can settle it. It is enough to remind the people from the small towns that their representation is much greater than in the large cities in proportion to the population, and only the greatest degree of fairness can command the support of any number of those now in sympathy with them.

Will the true sportsmen of Connecticut prepare for one big fight for their rights? C. W. HALL.

### ANGLING NOTES.

#### Birds and Fishes.

ONCE when I was fishing in Brant Lake in the border of the Adirondacks, my boat was anchored quite near to the shore, and on a tree overhanging the water was a kingfisher, or rather it took its position after the boat was anchored. After the kingfisher had taken a good look at me and the guide—sized us up as it were—it proceeded to do some fishing on its own account. I had a field glass in the boat, and through it I watched the bird, entirely neglecting my own fishing, for the bird was having better luck than I dared hope for.

Over and over it dived from the limb of the tree into the water and nearly every time it brought out a small fish, but occasionally it missed. Somewhere I have a memorandum of the kingfisher's catch, but I shall not look for it as I have a score to quote which will give mine cards and spades and a beating. Then I was more impressed with the fact that such fishing as I saw done by the kingfisher was as destructive of young fish as the work of the human poacher is destructive of adult fish than I was with the number of fish caught in a given time. Now, from later advices I am inclined to think that there are feathered poachers who can discount human poachers when poaching against the watch.

Mr. J. J. Armistead, proprietor of the Solway Fishery in Scotland, says: "A heron shot at the Solway Fishery on Dec. 13 was found to contain twenty-four American trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), some of them over 6 in. long. The bird had not been at the pond seven minutes, as he was seen to arrive and was immediately stalked and shot by one of the men."

Twenty-four trout, some of them over the legal length provided by the New York game laws, caught in seven minutes by the watch would seem to be one of those transactions which is called "crowding the mourners." I doubt if anglers, as a rule, object to fishing birds getting their share of fish, for "tis their nature to" as much as for "bears and lions to growl and fight," and they cannot really be blamed for it, for Watts says, "God hath made them so." But when it comes to the point of a fishing bird making a "fish hog" of itself, that is another matter, and a pocket rifle (not one of those rear-pocket affairs with a cork in the muzzle), carried by an angler along a trout stream and used as opportunity offers, might arrest some of the fishing birds that are caught in the act of overdoing the business. Fishing birds will not be convinced that a trout diet is too rich for their blood, and for this reason a friend of mine takes a rifle to kill the halcyon as certainly as he takes a rod to kill trout. Personally I do not object to the kingfisher, and prefer to regard him as a guide, as John Burroughs says he is, instead of a fish poacher to be killed on sight. Burroughs says: "He will not insure smooth water or fair weather, but he knows every stream and lake like a book, and will take you to the wildest and most unfrequented places. Follow his rattle, and you shall see the source of every trout and salmon stream on the continent." I cannot, however, plead for herons that kill twenty-four trout in seven minutes.

#### Exit the Sea Serpent.

We have been told that George Washington's hatchet is a myth; that William Tell did not shoot an apple from the head of his son; that Robin Hood, Friar Tuck and Little John did not exist in the time of Richard I., or any other time; that Columbus did not discover America, and have been told various other things that have shaken and shattered certain beliefs of our youth; but all through this period of disillusion in later years we have clung, feebly to be sure, to a belief in the sea serpent. Now the sea serpent must go, has gone in fact, and we begin to doubt if anybody really ever struck Billy Patterson.

Dr. Jordan is who disposes of the sea serpent in a California newspaper as follows: "Although there have been many reports of the 'sea serpent,' there is not at present the slightest positive evidence to prove that such a creature now inhabits the sea. It is not within the realm of probability that any marine reptile of large size other than sea turtles now exist."

"The sea has been as fully explored as the land. The fishes of the sea, from the surface to the depth of five miles, are as well known as the animals of similar size on any of the continents except Europe. The larger animals which swim near the surface in the open ocean are for the most part well known and have been known ever since oceanic navigation began. Probably not half a dozen specimens of marine animals reaching a length of 15 ft. have been discovered in our century. Most of those now known were known to the ancients."

Jordan classifies the sea serpent story under seven heads, but as there is no sea serpent it is not necessary to give here the list of things that have been taken for it. I am satisfied to say *vale* the sea serpent, but I expect it will pop up again next summer, in the newspapers.

#### Fresh Fish for Lunch.

Mr. A. H. Savage Landor has written a book of travel with the title, "Alone with the Hairy Ainu," describing a visit to the island of Yezo or Yesso, a convict settlement of Japan. As he traveled north on the island to find the hairy people he halted at a wayside tea house for refreshment. Every one knows that fresh fish are better for the table than fish that are not fresh, but hereafter I shall question the oft repeated question that "fish cannot be too fresh," for Mr. Landor proves that there are times and



places when fish may be too fresh, not in a slangy sense, but literally. He thus describes the serving of his lunch: "I sat down in the tea house on the soft mats, and my *benito*, Japanese lunch, was served to me on a tiny table. There was water-soup; there was seaweed; there was a bowl of rice, and raw fish. The fish, a small *funa*, was in a diminutive dish, and its back was covered by a leaf; the head projected over the side of the plate. On the leaf were placed several neatly-cut pieces which had apparently been removed from the back of the underlying animal. As I had long been accustomed to Japanese food of this kind I ate to my heart's content, when to my great horror, the *funa*, which had been staring at me with its round eyes, relieved of the weight which had passed from its back into my digestive organs, leaped up, leaf and all, from the dish and fell on the mat. All the vital parts had carefully been left in the fish, and the wretched creature was still alive.

"For days and days after I could see in my mind the staring eyes of the *funa*, watching each movement of my chopsticks, and its own back being eaten piecemeal! I had often eaten raw fish before, but never had I eaten live fish!"

Mr. Landor had an experience of a highly exciting nature when he attempted to make a sketch of a group of the Ainu engaged in cutting up a fish. The hairy men, when they discovered what he was doing rushed upon him, destroyed his picture, palette, brushes and paint box, and threw him upon the sand and waved a big knife over his head. He took them to a Japanese police station, where an apology was made to him and the explanation offered that the strange people believed that to paint the picture of a fish caused all the fish to disappear from the water. What a pity that among more enlightened people there is not a superstition of this sort that will cause them to rush upon some of the artists who paint pictures of fishes and destroy the paintings and the artists.

#### Distribution of Trout Fry.

The season is now approaching when the various Fish Commissions of the land begin to distribute the fry of brook trout that they may have hatched during the winter. Trout fry are sent out from different hatching stations at different ages, from the stage just after the umbilical sac is absorbed up to fingerlings, or yearlings. In a recent personal letter from Mr. Henry C. Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, he tells how the distribution is made in his State:

"Our trout fry are reared in troughs and are distributed between April 1 and June 1, when they are from three to five months old. The mortality in the troughs is very slight and scarcely noticeable.

"Competent messengers are sent with the cans when the fish are distributed, and it is unusual to find more than five dead fry in a can containing 1,500. I have made personal investigations in regard to this point.

"I recall an instance when six cans of fry were sent 200 miles by railroad on a warm day in June, and then transported over 20 miles of mountain road before they were deposited in the streams. There were but three dead fry, the six cans containing 9,000 trout. Of course they had competent attention *en route*. When there is any mortality among the young fry (and I have seldom heard complaint of any), I have found that it has been owing to neglect on the part of the parties receiving them to properly care for the fish after they had left the hands of our messengers.

"The great increase of trout in the Pennsylvania streams, an increase substantiated by hundreds of letters from parties benefited, is the result, doubtless, of our system of distribution at a medium age as above stated."

This is a most excellent and satisfactory showing that Mr. Ford makes of the work of his Commission, and one, doubtless, the people of the State are proud of, as well they may be. Commissioner Demuth, of the Pennsylvania Commission, writes me that at Allentown and Corry hatcheries they have about 3,500,000 trout fry that will be ready for distribution after the spring freshets are over; and that at the Erie hatchery they have hatched and planted in Lake Erie a large number of whitefish and pike-perch.

A. N. CHENEY.

#### Kennedy Smith.

KENNEDY SMITH died at Stratton, Me., on Jan. 8, of pneumonia, after a short illness of four days. Mr. Smith was born in Readfield, Me., in 1833. His life was like that of most Maine boys, up to the time of the breaking out of the war of the rebellion; and he was among the first to answer the call of the country and enlisted in the First Maine, a three months' regiment. After serving that period he re-enlisted in the Tenth Maine, for two years. Serving that time also, he again re-enlisted in the Twenty-ninth Maine, for three years, and was discharged with that regiment at the close of the war, having had about five years active service at various points from the Potomac to the Gulf.

He was a born hunter and fisherman and lover of nature, and as a pioneer of Franklin county he commenced the development of the Dead River region in the interest of sportsmen in 1873, by cutting trails into the forest and building camps at Tim Pond for their accommodation, and later at Seven Ponds and Round Mountain Lake.

His social and genial qualities were such that he made hosts of friends among sportsmen all over the New England States, who will feel a personal loss in his decease.

M.

#### Tri-County League.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 26.—On the evening of Aug. 10 last, upon a numerously signed petition, a number of gentlemen met at the parlors of the Russell House in this city for the purpose of organizing a fish and game protective association. It was contemplated that the jurisdiction of the club so formed should comprise the counties of Wayne, Macomb and St. Clair, which practically cover the American waters of Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and St. Clair River. The meeting was organized and an association was formed for the purpose specified and covering the territory named which was called the Tri-County Fish and Game Protective League.

It was determined to make the organization a popular one, in which the interests and sympathy of every man who loved game and sport might be enlisted. For this purpose the membership fee was made low and the yearly dues the same, both being placed at the sum of \$1. The club has about 150 members, and the meeting of January,

1894, was its first annual meeting. At this meeting reports were received of the work to date. After the election of officers and an executive committee of two members from each county, the president and secretary being ex-officio members, the club authorized the bringing of suits against parties who were infringing the laws by winter fishing, and the meeting adjourned.

HERSCHEL WHITAKER.

#### A HENRY CLAY FISH.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—It seems that there must have been big trout in the near vicinity of New York in the days of Henry Clay. The other day Mr. William Bellamy, a brother of the gentleman who wrote "Looking Backward," showed me a rare diagram of a brook trout. Mr. Bellamy is with Mr. Geo. D. Dodd, of the firm of George D. & Horace Dodd, fur dealers, on Milk street. The shop itself is a curious place for the naturalist, if not a genuine old curiosity shop. Very rare stuffed animals are to be found there, and without "stopping to tell a lie," Mr. George Dodd shows me the "real George Washington hatchet." If the implement is not really the truthful hatchet, it is certainly old and of antique pattern enough to have been lied about a great many times. In the same shop it is matched by flint-lock guns and rifles enough to please the collector of ancient arms. The first time I called Mr. Dodd met me with flint-lock in hand. The gun laid away, the brook trout diagram was brought out, with this inscription: "This is an exact outline of the 'Clay trout,' taken by Francis Dodd, in Snedico River, Long Island, on March 4, 1848, at 1 o'clock P. M. Length, 19 in.; girth, 12 in.; weight, 3 lbs. 14 oz., after having been freely and been taken two hours; named unanimously by the company present at Snedico, the 'Clay trout,' with the health of that illustrious individual drunk standing."

On the other end of the diagram is further inscribed: "Presented to the Hon. Willis Hall, on the occasion of his dining Henry Clay, the city's guest, on the 8th day of March, 1848."

I have never read that Henry Clay was a lover of the line and the rod, but his character would indicate that such must have been the case. Mr. George Dodd, grandson of Francis Dodd, is of the opinion that Mr. Clay was both a hunter and a fisherman during the few leisure hours of his very busy life, and notwithstanding he had been defeated in the race for the chief magistracy of the country, the fishermen of Long Island all loved him. Doubtless the sportsmen who fish the Long Island streams for the fingerlings of to-day in the early spring will be interested in the above record of a big brook trout.

The Boston pickerel fishermen continue to be disappointed. Early last week the weather had continued fine and the pickerel ponds were covered with fishermen and their traps. But the results were very few fish. Some of the fishermen of greater experience, though fully intending to have tried the pickerel once more this winter, observing the ill success of the rest, have staid at home. It is suggested, now that a storm and bad weather has come, that if the pickerel are allowed to "rest awhile," that some good strings may be taken in March. Some of the pickerel fishermen are glad that the ice-fishing has come to an end, even though the fact that the ice fishermen are getting no fish, for they do not approve of ice fishing at all, and anything that defeats the methods they despise is satisfactory.

Some of the ponds in Maine are yielding enormous quantities of pickerel this year. A traveling salesman who came down over the Maine Central Railroad the other day tells me of some pickerel fishermen who got on the train at Winthrop with some big strings. They set an ordinary washtub full of pickerel into the baggage car. The fish were doubtless taken in either Lake Maranacook, which is above the village of Winthrop, or in Anabesacook, which is below. But some miserable net-fishing is going on in Maine this winter. Mr. James L. Raybold calls my attention to three enormous boxes of pickerel, sent from "down in Maine," for sale. One of the boxes weighed over 1,000 lbs., but the other two were not quite as heavy; but the whole must have contained at least a ton of frozen pickerel. About the necks, or just behind the gills are the marks of the deadly gill nets. The fish are taken in great quantities by the net-fishermen after the ponds are frozen.

It is doubtful if the ton of fish netted the fishermen above \$50 after all the charges were paid. Think of the hours of sport and recreation this ton of fish would have afforded to legitimate fishermen with rod and reel. Think of the summer boarders they would have drawn! Think of the boat and camp rentals and the guide and cook hire that ton of fish might have represented! Now the ponds from which they came must be simply exhausted. Trout and bass must be destroyed as well as pickerel. Truly one man is as good as another in this country and has as good a right to what he can earn. But the right to earn a paltry \$50 for a couple of men should not be allowed to stop the incoming of thousands of dollars to the great majority of men, to say nothing of the sport of catching the fish with rod and line, to which sport the net-fishermen have just as good a right as other men. SPECIAL.

#### Cayuga Lake Nets.

ITHACA, N. Y.—A petition is circulating in this community which has for its purpose the passage of a law by the present State Legislature granting the right to use seines and nets at the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake for the taking of bullheads, suckers, etc. The petitioners claim that if it is right and just for the people residing at the lower end of the lake to haul seines for the capture of all but game fish they should enjoy the same privilege. In other words, that there should be no discrimination against the citizens at one end of the lake in favor of those at the other extremity.

M. C. H.

#### The Tarpon Season.

MR. E. VOM HOFFE sends us a note from Mr. George B. Magoun, written from Punta Gorda, Florida, in which the writer says of the 1894 tarpon season: "Last week I killed three tarpon weighing 95, 99 and 78 lbs. respectively. The two first I killed on the same day, which breaks the record for this place for the month of January. These fish are rather small, but I am hoping for larger ones later. My brother killed a fish last week weighing 90 lbs. Only four others have been killed here this season. As it is unusual to take them so early, I think that the season promises to be a fine one."

#### Visalia County Waters.

VISALIA, Cal.—We in this county are just beginning to feel the necessity of preserving and improving our game, and have begun during the past season by stocking our nearest mountain streams with 40,000 rainbow and "cut-throat" trout, with the promise from our State Fish Commission of more during this next year. M. L. W.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider the Subject of the Exhaustion of Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

(Continued from Page 77.)

MR. CHARLES F. CHAMBERLAYNE, of Bourne, Mass., submitted the following paper:

#### Buzzards Bay; An Experiment.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: Theseaboard States owe much to the zeal and public spirit which have prompted this meeting. They are all intensely interested in finding a happy solution for the problem here presented. How best to make fish food abundant and yet keep in mind the just claims of the future; how the fact that spawning fish must be protected is to be reconciled with the other fact that it is only while spawning that most food fish visit the coast; when to limit the short-sighted greed of the fish pirate and not too timidly save what was destined to be used; in short, just what is income, to which, as life tenants, we are entitled, and what is principal, which the trustees should keep intact for the remainder of men, are important and difficult questions. The inherent difficulty is intensified not only by conflicting interests and the prejudices so created, but to a still greater degree by the slight range and uncertain nature of our knowledge. Whether the little we know about fish is accidental or fundamental; whether facts hotly disputed really exist, and if so, what they prove; whether both sides are each seeing one side of a shield, and what is needed is a wider range of vision to harmonize and explain conflicting stories, are the mysteries which are met rather by assumption than demonstration, or by an inconclusive reasoning from defective premises which only makes the darkness deeper. Indeed, it may well be that no general ironclad regulation, applying indiscriminately to all waters, will work justly to all interests, but that the part of wisdom will be found to consist in preserving the fisheries of particular waters by methods especially adapted to their demonstrated needs. For this reason actual experiments in fish preservation, under fixed and observed conditions covering a considerable period of time, are of more than local value. Such an experiment has been made in Buzzards Bay, and its general results are respectfully submitted to this distinguished meeting. It is of course distinctly understood that Buzzards Bay is not here to urge anything regarding waters other than its own.

#### Conditions Stated.

Our experiment took place under the following conditions of situation, formation and temperature. The general course of Buzzards Bay is from northeast to southwest, with an extreme length of 20 miles and an average width of 6 miles. Not over 12 fathoms at any point, the depth of its channel averages 8 fathoms, rapidly lessening toward the headwaters and either shore; ledges and other fishing grounds seldom showing more depth than 8 to 12 ft. In temperature, its waters at the mouth of the Bay are about 2 degrees warmer than adjoining waters. This temperature rises as the water shoals, being 8 or 10 degrees higher at the head than at the mouth. The Bay is entirely free from strong currents; is practically landlocked; the shores are sandy or marshy; the bottom is gravelly or covered with eel grass. Its headwaters run into innumerable shallow coves and lagoons, often extending long distances inland. Tidal rivers, streams, brooks and creeks, rich in fish-food, both algae and clams, quahags, scallops, mussels, oysters, razor fish and many varieties of crustaceans, empty into it.

#### A Spawning Ground.

It is apparently due to these and similar conditions that Buzzards Bay is a spawning ground and nursery for fish. It has been derisively asked whether every well conducted fish as soon as it begins to apprehend the pains of maternity, heads for Buzzards Bay to enjoy the distinction of spawning in so favored a place. The originator of this little pleasantry is a very distinguished Boston lawyer. Poor fellow! he was having a rather hard time! He was contending that Buzzards Bay was not a spawning ground, face to face with an ocular demonstration that the claim was false. Before him, on the table, were 26 bottles, in which were 26 species of young fish, 16 edible, including menhaden, scup, squeteague (weakfish) tautog, bluefish, sea bass, etc., ranging from half an inch to an inch in length, caught in Buzzards Bay, and preserved in alcohol. These specimens had been caught by the expert of the National Fish Commission Station at Woods Hole with a sweep seine of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. mesh. With a bolting cloth surface net he catches young fry of all kinds with the sack still attached. In number these fry are simply beyond computation.

#### Legislative Protection.

As early as 1856 certain public spirited citizens, entirely uninfluenced, we may assume, by what are now amiably called "dudes," "sportsmen," "gamesters," millionaires, etc., then unknown in the matter, brought the attention of the Legislature to this situation, and inaugurated for the benefit of whom it might concern, a systematic effort to remove nets from Buzzards Bay. A glance at the map is needed to explain the story. The headwaters of the bay separate Wareham on the west from Sandwich (now Bourne) on the east. Following down the east side of the bay is the town of Falmouth. On the west side of the bay Marion, Mattapoisett and Fairhaven succeed Wareham. But little was attempted at first. The statute of 1856 (Chap. 176) prohibited the use of "any seine or net for the purpose of taking any fish, except bluefish," within one mile of the shores of Sandwich and Wareham. In 1870 (Chap. 249) this protection was greatly extended by drawing a line across the head of the bay, including Wareham and Sandwich and parts of Falmouth and Marion. Within this protected zone no person was permitted to "draw, set, stretch or use any drag-net, set-net, purse or seine of any kind, or construct, maintain or use any fish weir, yard or pound, for taking fish of any kind anywhere (within the limits established) or in any bay, cove, inlet, creek or stream bordering on or flowing into said waters." In 1874 (Chap. 283) the protected zone was further extended down the bay to include a portion of Mattapoisett. The following situation had been created: Within the protected zone all nets, fixed or movable, were forbidden. Below it movable nets were permitted without restriction. Fish weirs, etc., could be set under licenses granted by the selectmen of the respective towns, below the line, to their citizens.

Considerable apprehension was apparently felt regarding these pounds and weirs, and attempts were made to regulate



their action and determine their precise effect on the fisheries. By Chapter 104, of 1876, as amended by Chapter 28, of 1881, the owners of all mechanical apparatus for catching fish were required to return under oath to the Fish Commissioners, their daily catch of edible fish, specifying each kind, upon blanks furnished for the purpose, under a penalty of not less than \$10 or more than \$100. Chapter 61, of 1880, provided that from May 1 to June 15 no pounds, etc., should be set in Buzzards Bay "between the hours of 6 o'clock on Saturday morning and 6 o'clock on Sunday evening," under a penalty of not less than \$100 or more than \$200.

#### Steady Growth.

As in 1856, the first nets to be abolished, when a change came, were gill nets etc.; not because regarded as at all so dangerous to the fisheries as pounds, but because as a matter of town politics, it was easier. Outsiders, from anywhere, could, it was claimed, injure town fisheries by gill nets while pounds had at least the advantage of being profitable to one's own townsmen. In 1886 (Chap. 192) a sweeping act, covering the entire bay provided that no person should "draw, set, stretch or use any drag net, set net or gill net, purse or sweep seine of any kind for taking fish anywhere in the waters of Buzzards Bay, within the jurisdiction of this commonwealth, nor in any harbor, cove or bight of said bay," except certain parts of Fairhaven. In 1890 (Chap. 229) and 1891 (Chap. 327) these exceptions were repealed. The use of all movable apparatus was absolutely prohibited in Buzzards Bay.

#### Pounds Abolished.

Pounds, etc., continued for some years to be licensed by the selectmen. But the citizens of Falmouth, Mattapoisett and Fairhaven took a hand in the matter by the simple expedient of electing selectmen pledged against licenses. Fairhaven led off. In 1890, after two unsuccessful attempts, the anti-pound element, composed equally of line fishermen and citizens (Fairhaven has practically no summer residents or visiting sportsmen) elected their candidates as selectmen. In 1891, by an increased majority and in 1892, with practical unanimity, the town re-elected the same officers on the same platform. In 1891 and 1892, Falmouth at its annual meeting, by a two-third vote elected its selectmen to issue no more licenses. In Mattapoisett, the selectmen refused to issue licenses, and were continuously re-elected on this understanding. In 1887 (Chap. 198) Westport procured a law which they construed as forbidding them to set pounds, and in 1892 the entire bay, except Dartmouth and the Elizabeth Islands, petitioned the Legislature for the removal of pounds. The effort succeeded the year later. By Chapter 205 of 1893, it is provided that "No traps, weirs, pounds, yards or station any apparatus of any kind for the taking of fish, shall be set, used or maintained in the waters of Buzzards Bay or any harbor, cove or bight thereof." The experiment of 1856 was thus completed in 1893, and no nets, fixed or floating, are at present permitted in Buzzards Bay, except so far as pound licenses already issued are allowed to expire by limitation.

#### Restriction Popular.

Even from so bare and brief a story, certain deductions follow. In the first place, in at least one instance, consistent fish preservation has strongly commended itself to native populations. From 1865 to 1893 there has been no step backward. No community to which fish protection has been extended ever asked for a return to the old conditions. Each extension of the protected zone has always been demanded by a new community anxious to share advantages enjoyed by their neighbors. No one from without has imposed these restrictions. Honestly or otherwise, at any rate frequently, it is said that such fish protection has been the work of "sportsmen," for wanton pastime or elegant leisure, contemptuous of the rights and interests of their less fortunate neighbors. If there is still an honest believer in so ancient and discredited a fallacy, let him visit the annual March town meeting of a Buzzards Bay town. It is a gathering which every one attends. It is a leisure time. It is the event of the year. Everything in which the average citizen is interested, schools, roads, taxes, town officers, etc., will be settled for a year. The summer resident, the sportsman, are far away. Here and there is a long-boated fisherman, but the wielder of the 8oz. rod is sought in vain. Faces, clothes, speech, manners, everything, is eloquent of the very quintessence of town meeting democracy. Every man is aware that, to put it modestly, he is just as good as his neighbor. It is a motley, turbulent, but earnest and honest assemblage. Its shrewd common sense is not easily misled by specious reasoning. It can neither be led nor driven against its will merely to oblige some one else. Indeed, if our excellent Buzzards Bay citizen has a fault in the world it is that he is rather apt to regard his neighbor's wanting something as reason enough for opposing it.

Yet precisely such meetings as this, year by year, have enacted that there shall be no pounds in Buzzards Bay. Under such circumstances, to claim such exclusion to be the work of sportsmen is simply false. The expression is graphic, if not parliamentary.

It will be noticed also that the larger the area over which restriction has been extended the more rapid is the growth of popular opinion in its favor. It accordingly has happened that while the earlier steps are short ones and occur at long intervals, the final steps are giant strides and follow each other in quick succession. In fact, it has long been an open secret at our State House that outside opposition to fish preservation in Buzzards Bay has not come so much from a feeling that Buzzards Bay ought not to have what she wanted, but from a deep rooted apprehension lest the rapid growth of sentiment among our people in favor of this change might prove contagious to other localities and thereby bring on a flood of similar attempts in other parts of the State, which might seriously complicate the bait question for Gloucester and other fishing ports of Massachusetts.

#### A Natural Feeling.

It is easy to account for this growth of local feeling. The experiment in the first place has borne results in the matter of food. The persistent claim for netting has been that it made cheap fish. Our people find no fish cheaper than those they catch for themselves. To them no fishing is really cheap which ends in local extermination, and they find that while under the new conditions Buzzards Bay yearly recruits the stock of food fish to enrich adjacent waters, it also furnishes to any who dwell upon or visit its shores in perfect equality of opportunity an unfailing supply of cheap and nutritious food. It is unnecessary to say that this is exceptionally beneficial to the poor. A much quoted instance is that of Fairhaven. In 1889 so persistently had netting been carried on that the goose of the golden egg was dead. Everything had been cleaned out, and the netters themselves no longer cared to oppose the naturally intensified demand for a change. The effect of abolishing traps was marvelous. From an absolute dearth of fish they began to be again plenty, of larger size than formerly, and found in places to which they had long been strangers. So marked was the change that the overseers of the poor of Fairhaven testified before the Legislature that they could appreciate the removal of pounds by the decreased demands for town relief. They were satisfied from seeing the large number of poor men—heads of families—who fished from the long bridge between Fairhaven and New Bedford that never had anything occurred in the history of Fairhaven so beneficial to the poor. They testified also that the market price of fish in Fairhaven continued as low if not lower than formerly, the line fishermen finding no difficulty in furnishing the market with a steady supply of excellent fish.

This benefit of cheap food is not confined to our own citi-

zens. People from all parts of the State and all sections of the country enjoy, on equal terms with ourselves, the benefit of cheap fish food. To cite one instance among many. The valuation of the village of Onset Bay, in the town of Wareham, is about \$450,000. Included in this total are over 300 houses of non-resident tax-payers, costing less than \$1,000 each. This can mean but one thing—that people of moderate means find that during the heated term the fish they buy or can catch enable them to live cheaper in a modest seaside cottage than at home. To their children, equally with those of the rich, are extended all the health-giving privileges of the shore, its bathing, fishing, air and scenery. Cheap trains, cheap rents and cheap fish food bring health and recreation within the reach of all classes of our people.

#### Handline Fishing.

An incidental result of removing pounds has been a great increase in handline fishing. In our experience the price of fish, like that of other commodities, has been found to be regulated by demand and supply. The pound netters themselves and many others of our people have found profitable employment in supplying the market, and find no difficulty in doing so, with little, if any, increase of price. The moment more than a fair profit is realized, others go into the business. This arrangement is much more satisfactory, both to consumers and to the fishermen, for several important reasons. (1) The supply is regular and "dependable." The catch of the line fisherman is not subject to the violent fluctuations characteristic of pound netting. For days a pound may make small catches and then suddenly there comes an avalanche of fish. There is no market that will take them. It will not pay to ship. Many fish, especially smaller ones, are killed by suffocation or gilled in the nets. They are thrown away. The other fish are yarded, waiting for a market, without food and chafing against each other, until, in an enfeebled condition, they are sold. (2) The fish, as caught by line fishing, are fresh, mature and in good condition, comparatively free from spawn. (3) The present method more evenly distributes over the community the common wealth of the sea. For a few men making large profits and employing a few persons for a short time in the spring to drive the poles, it substitutes a large number of persons making a fair living over a long season. A few figures will explain the feeling of our people in this connection. In eleven years four men in Falmouth by the aid of pounds caught 7,997,365 edible fish, divided by species as follows:

Striped bass.....	2,549	Kingfish.....	1,382
Shad.....	2,687	Bonito.....	5,007
Squeteague.....	82,769	Sea bass.....	45,661
Mackerel.....	86,187	Sea herring.....	1,037,372
Bluefish.....	28,362	Alewives.....	917,716
Tautog.....	51,088	Menhaden.....	987,711
Scup.....	3,433,207	Butterfish.....	525,114
Flounders.....	91,977	Squid.....	235,506
Spanish mackerel....	211	Other edible fish.....	480,380
Eels.....	2,439		

In 1889, a single year, six pounds in Falmouth caught 31,848 menhaden, 82,720 alewives, 191,201 butterfish, 301,394 scup, and other fish making a total of 603,176 fish. Three Mattapoisett pounds caught 43,280 fish. The eight pounds of Fairhaven caught 275,976 alewives, 256,487 butterfish, and a total of 504,345 fish. The thirteen traps of Dartmouth caught 276,487 alewives, 112,770 scup, 130,208 butterfish, and a total of 569,707 fish.

Here are thirty men catching at least 2,007,604 mature edible fish, nothing being said of spawn and young fry. The instinctive feeling of injustice from comparing such catches with the average catch of a handline fisherman who is equally meritorious and whose rights in the common property are precisely equal, has had no small effect with us in changing the system. The more even distribution of the harvest of the sea is apparent in the prosperity of our boatmen, the increased comfort of their homes, and the large number of splendid fishing boats in which their earnings are largely invested.

#### "Sport or Business?"

Only less important than the value of the food which fish give us is considered attractiveness to others. In this is involved our general means of livelihood. The fish as food not only has proved an attraction to large numbers. The incidental or accidental sport attendant on their capture has brought us prosperity in still larger measure. It is practically all we have. Take it away and we would have but little left. Our people once led a seafaring life. The sea is no longer open to our ships. We used to manufacture. The conditions are not such as to enable us to carry it on. Our sterile soils cannot compete on staple crops with the fertility of the West. The Buzzards Bay towns, in this necessary absence of other pursuits, have largely and seriously entered upon the business of entertaining summer guests.

This new element has very happily arrived to supply in part, at least, our previous loss. Abandoned farmhouses have become tea-table residences; unproductive fields magnificent estates. Drowsy towns have become hustling communities. Sandy highways grown to broad avenues. Generous in-doorments for social and educational improvement has become the order of the day. Falmouth, from a quiet town of small valuation, and high tax rate, boasts a valuation of about \$5,000,000 with a tax rate of \$6.15 per thousand. The valuation of Wareham has increased \$500,000 since 1876, while the manufacturing valuation has fallen off nearly \$200,000. Onset growing from \$600 valuation in 1876 to \$450,000 in 1890. Bourne since 1884 has added over \$345,000 to her valuation, adding in 1890 over \$96,000, and in 1891 over \$83,000. Nothing else, even remotely, compares with this in beneficial results. It is impossible to put a dollar's worth of new valuation into a town without benefiting all its inhabitants. But entire communities show the direct, as well as the indirect, advantage of the influx. The liberal wages paid to our carpenters, masons, teamsters, plasterers, painters, and a host of others, who find steady and remunerative employment in building the houses, often of moderate cost, which are needed; the ready and excellent market which is furnished our farmers for their produce; to our grocers and provision dealers for their supplies; the wages paid for services of boatmen, gardeners, coachmen—all tell the same story. There are very few families in all our towns who do not owe some welcome increase of comfort or accession of income directly to the new prosperity.

I am keenly conscious that this phenomenal growth in wealth and population attendant on and largely based on the fish preservation will be met with the outcry that this is preservation for "sport." As a matter of fact this is not so, as has been seen in the successive action of forty Massachusetts legislatures in endeavoring primarily to protect the food supply. This is not the place or any consideration of the general value of "sport" and "sportsmen." But Buzzards Bay has never recognized the proprietary right of a market man in the fish of the coast. In endeavoring to preserve the equal rights of all citizens in their common property it has considered that, within common limits, the right of one citizen to catch fish for food in an orderly manner, gaining health and relaxation from the incidental pleasure, was fully as good as that of his neighbor to catch the same fish for the market. Sport has not yet been decreed a crime and it has not been definitely ascertained that wealth, leisure and refinement place their possessor beyond legislative protection.

#### Cost Value of Sport.

Indeed Buzzards Bay recognizes that there may be hard cash for it in the pleasures of others. This is an aspect of

the question which daily becomes more obtrusive. To the visitor the fishing may possibly be sport. But to the hotel-keeper with whom he stops, his money is "business." To the boatman who carries him, it means merely a hard day's work for fair pay. To all whom the innkeeper's prosperity or that of the boatman may benefit, it is most strictly "business." Should the visitor enjoy his trip, he buys land—more "business" to the man who sells it; he builds a house, which makes "business" for a host of others; he builds a family, and his improved land, are then perpetual tribute payers to the town. He brings his friends to repeat the process. Each bluefish he catches brings us at least \$15 or \$20, the benefit of which must go through the community. The market value of the same bluefish is usually not over fifty cents.

This business seems to us as legitimate as any other. To furnish health through relaxation may be fully as beneficial to the community at large as furnishing it through medicine. This business is our bread and butter. It is an incidental result of preserving our food supply of fish. If the food supply of the country needs these fish, it must have them. But if the food supply is best conserved and recruited by methods which incidentally yield such splendid results in giving livelihood to whole communities, the result is to the credit of the experiment. At any rate, Buzzards Bay so regards it. To multiply instances of how much this means to us is unnecessary. The distinguished President of the United States will suffice as a conspicuous example. It is commonly accepted as true that he has been attracted to Buzzards Bay largely, if not solely, by our excellent fishing and the incidental enjoyment which to him means health and beneficial energy for serious work. He catches a moderate number of fish, the market value of which is not high, and allows none to be wasted. To enable him to do this he has bought, from our people a large estate at a good round price, and on it he pays a good round tax. He employs native boatmen during the season and native caretakers, gardeners, etc., throughout the year. The establishment patronizes local tradesmen, icemen, milkmen, farmers, etc. This year he builds a lodge and extensive additions to his present house. Native carpenters, painters, masons, teamsters, etc., are given steady employment. When these buildings are completed, our assessors will visit them. The value will be added to the valuation of the town. In so far as it extends, this increase will benefit the whole town, the whole country, the entire State. Every citizen of Bourne will either have more town comforts for the same money or the same town comforts for less money. Buzzards Bay would hardly be benefited by exchanging all this for the market value of the fish which the President catches, whether considered as food or fertilizer. This aspect of the fisheries brings our section in many times the amount of revenue resulting from the market value of all her fisheries, and it represents an industry which is great and growing. Our people realize that it is an industry directly dependent on the fishing, both for the measure of its value especially in regulating the duration of the season during which the golden stream flows in our direction. It is therefore not surprising that our towns have insisted upon fish preservation with ever increasing emphasis and keener appreciation of the advantages accruing from it. It is therefore not to be wondered at that Buzzards Bay is to-day practically a unit against any change of the existing system; and that any degradation of sea-shore values so caused would generally be regarded as practical confiscation.

#### Minor Results.

We have not only learned in Buzzards Bay the value of fish preservation itself, but experience has given us some definite results as to what legislation is valuable in securing it. We have ascertained, for example, that any limitation of the species of fish for which fishing is permissible is absolutely delusive. If any fishing is permitted with a forbidden device, no fishing with that device can be prevented. Under the law of 1856, while seines and nets were forbidden in Buzzards Bay within certain limits, their use for bluefish was prohibited. It was soon learned that all persons operating a net or seine within these waters were invariably fishing for bluefish. It was impossible to show the contrary. Officers were unable to enforce the law. "Its teeth had been drawn." Any such limitation was, therefore, dropped in subsequent statutes. So in 1892, when fishing of the purse seine was absolutely prohibited in Buzzards Bay, a certain fisherman of Fairhaven, engaged in fishing for fresh cod, complained bitterly that he was unable to catch menhaden for bait in his own town for his own vessels. He made out a case of undoubted hardship and slight direct injury to the fisheries. His legislative counsel suggested an act limiting the catch at any one time to 50 barrels, required obtaining a license from the selectmen of his town and other precautions against injury. His bill was rejected by the Legislature, however, on the sufficient ground that, as a practical matter, any such restrictions were necessarily futile and incapable of enforcement. If purse seining for bait were allowed, all purse seining would be for bait. No officer would incur the trouble and risk of boarding a vessel if any reasonable chance existed that the conduct of the vessel could be lawful. It is only when any fishing of a kind easily recognized is absolutely forbidden within certain limits that evasions of the law are found to be difficult and officers are enabled to enforce it with the necessary confidence. For similar reasons, any regulation of size of mesh, depth of seine, etc., are of no value, and an attempt to allow short purse seines in shallow waters would, so far as our experience goes, work irremediable mischief.

Neither have we found it possible in the absence of an efficient ocean patrol, for which no facilities exist and which could be maintained only at great expense for fish preservation to get any advantage from prohibiting nets during certain days of the week. Most alewife fisheries of the bay are so regulated, and such regulations, if they could be adequately enforced, would be, as our people have claimed, a good solution of the pound question in certain waters. Indeed, it was the remedy suggested by Prof. S. F. Baird in 1872. But Buzzards Bay has tried that to its satisfaction. In 1880, as has been said, it was provided that pounds should not be in use between 6 A. M. Saturday and 6 P. M. Sunday between May 1 and June 15. The idea would not work. The law was a dead letter. No one was charged with its enforcement, and laws do not enforce themselves. The expedient of forbidding pounds absolutely during certain seasons of the year would not seem open to these objections. It has not been tried on Buzzards Bay.

Our experience has amply demonstrated the advantages of rewarding the diligence of our officers and citizens generally with a certain proportion of a large penalty or forfeiture. The conditions almost invariably attending the violation of such laws, especially at night, make it necessary in the absence of a coast patrol boat, that an immense amount of nerve and patience be used to secure convictions. It is perhaps inexpedient that this should be left to private enterprise, but as long as it is so left it is obviously necessary that it should be enlisted and rewarded. No instance of an unjust charge induced by hope of reward has been ever suspected. In case of conviction, the labor, at best, is poorly paid.

#### Our Enemies.

The only other possible value of the Buzzards Bay experiment is a mention of the enemies which the fish preservation has encountered. A more continuous legislative warfare does not exist in Massachusetts. Each session of our Legislature brings its annual attack. But to Buzzards Bay even this also has its compensation. It bears eloquent testimony to the success of the experiment; for the intensity of the efforts to break down the fence is usually somewhat in proportion to the richness of the pasture. The fish are there and



these men know it. As other waters become depleted the contrast becomes still more striking.

These attacks have come mainly from two sources: 1. Domestic netters. 2. The United States Menhaden Oil and Guano Association.

Of the two, our domestic netters make us comparatively little trouble. Their claim always has been very simple—that the food supply of the country is dependent on them; that were it not for them fish would be beyond the reach of the poor. The disinterestedness of this claim has never deeply impressed the Legislature, in view of the fact that however much the poor might indirectly profit, the immediate benefits of pound netting entered the pockets of the netters, whose share in the common property becomes grossly disproportionate to their equitable claim.

It is otherwise with the United States Menhaden Oil and Guano Association. This trust aggregation of capitalists in its desire to catch menhaden for oil and guano has apparently found Buzzards Bay a thorn in its side. So far as known, Buzzards Bay has never attacked the Menhaden Association except in self-defense. It does not concern itself with other waters; proclaims no crusade against nets; merely defends itself; has no capital, no especial organization; does not question the right of this rich and powerful association to go anywhere its energetic and intelligent managers please to send it except into Buzzards Bay. Yet for many years the Association has waged unremitting war against Buzzards Bay's protection. In 1889, in defiance of the law of 1886, the Association's steamers openly used their purse seines in our bay, inflicting injuries upon the fish supply which are even now but partially repaired. They were arrested and their boats confiscated after a stubborn hand to hand fight with the Massachusetts officers. The legal questions involved were carried to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts on appeal and to the Supreme Court of the United States by writ of error. In both courts, the protection of Buzzards Bay was sustained. In February, 1892, the Buzzards Bay towns were called upon to remonstrate at Washington against a bill brought by the Association and their allies, to annul their legislative protection by a proposed act of Congress called the "Lapham Bill." The allies of the Association were out in force. The wholesale fish dealers who desired to sell the fish of Buzzards Bay on commission; the fertilizer dealers, who wanted to sell the ammonia and phosphoric acid of their fish for manure; the oil men who wanted the porgy oil; the net and twine men who wanted to sell the seines, etc., necessary to catch the fish, united their money and their efforts under able counsel and astute leadership against the protection of Buzzards Bay. The public at large were promised cheaper food; the farmer cheaper and larger crops; the shoe-maker and rubber better and cheaper oil, if only Buzzards Bay could be opened to the steamers of the Association. Again the protection of Buzzards Bay stood; the bill being rejected on such principles of the constitutional limitations of congressional power as apparently preclude its revival. While the bill was general in its terms, the assault in argument was directly on our bay.

As this law cannot be defied with impunity or annulled with success, there is but one further assault against Buzzards Bay open to the Association. It can possibly induce the Legislature to repeal our protective legislation. Already its fertilizer customers are attempting to persuade farmers of Massachusetts that their interest lies in buying Buzzards Bay fish in an ammoniated fish scrap superphosphate at \$85 per ton when staple ingredients, like nitrate of soda or nitrate of potash will give better results for \$14 to \$19.50 per ton; already the men who buy the Association's menhaden oil are using the public press to teach the leather men, the painters, the miners, that their business will thrive beyond precedent if they can only get the menhaden from this little tract of water. After a business career of twenty years, with unlimited freedom to range the Atlantic Coast, the Menhaden Association now declares that unless it can get into Buzzards Bay next season, it must go out of business. Buzzards Bay, remembering the dreadful days of 1889, when the Association literally ladled out with purse seines 100ft. deep all the fish in her 12 fathoms of water for oil and manure, knows that millions of property and the food and livelihood of thousands of her people demand that the Association should be excluded. It is for her, therefore, a matter of life and death. The Association say it is the same to them. It is therefore a combat *à l'outrance*—a battle of extermination. It is in fact a conflict of distinctive principles. It is fish preservation against the most destructive agency ever devised by the wit of man; of the idea that spawning fish should be protected in their periodical visits to the coast against the notion that fish are inexhaustible in fertility and that we know nothing about them except that they must be killed whenever, wherever and however possible; of the people against a trust; of thousands of hardy fishermen against a gigantic monopoly; of the rights of the coast dwellers to the bounties of the shore against the claims of foreign capitalists to make the sources of food and prosperity into superphosphate manures. Financial support of the interested nature which contributes largely, Buzzards Bay does not and cannot have. Moral support, if her cause be just, she claims and ought to have. May we hope that enough has been shown to entitle her to that of this very distinguished congress?

H. B. JOYCE, of Massachusetts, said: I am in the mackerel fishing business, and have been for quite a number of years, and as far as education and knowledge of the subject goes, I have the feeling that I perhaps know as much as the general run. Our industry is threatened by adverse legislation because we use the large seines to capture fish, and a large portion of the season it is not practicable to capture them by any other method. There are times, however, when the hook can be used.

The mackerel is a fish we have pursued from Cape Hatteras to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and we really feel sure that the same fish travels that distance. In connection with that fact I would mention other fish, like the menhaden, which appears in May on the Long Island coast, and the bluefish which turns up near the Florida coast, and some seasons comes as far as Maine, and other seasons has been known to stop as a body south of Hatteras.

My experience leads me to believe that all fish of any size, except lobster and halibut, are migratory to a great extent. Even the codfish, which we have taken off the shores of Cape Ann have French hooks in them, which they must have got at a distance of 700 or 800 miles from where they were finally caught. The halibut are the same. They migrate from a depth of 2,500ft. of water to six or eight or ten near the shore.

I do not know whether spawning has the effect of making these fish journey or not. The movements of almost all classes of migratory fishes are occasioned primarily by the desire of spawning or reproduction; but in another great majority are influenced by the enemies that follow after them, and in the case of these fish I remember perhaps 75 per cent. of the destruction of the species is caused by enemies of one class or another of migratory or predatory fish. In connection with this we have had to compete with Canada. We think that Canada has a hand in the fight in this matter; and we have information of where Canadian fishermen have stated that they are negotiating, or taking measures for negotiating, an international agreement, regarding purse net fishing. Their interest in doing that is that the great bulk of their mackerel fishing is carried on by means of pound nets on the Nova Scotia coast and gill nets on the entire coast. The gill nets extend from a mile to six miles to sea. If any sort of legislation can be had whereby we can be ruled out and their system of fishing remain, I for one shall feel

very much disappointed. There has been some legislation in regard to our industry to prevent the catching of fish during the spawning season. We do not have any means of knowing whether that has been of benefit or not. We have had increased production for the past two seasons, perhaps an increase of 200 per cent. over five years ago, and the experiment was too short to determine really whether the results were beneficial or not. But if any legislation can in any way benefit fish, I contend that it can only be by covering the hatching grounds as far as possible and protecting them from damage, and that every one who fishes should have a free right to use any device or invention that the needs of his business may make most successful or practicable.

BY THE CHAIRMEN—Were there any practical results from the close season?

MR. JOYCE—We know we have had a little better catch for the past season. Whether that came from the close season or not, we don't know.

Q. What is your judgement about making a close season for mackerel?

MR. JOYCE—The only benefit I can see to accrue from that would be that the markets would be cleaner and we would have a better price when we did get at it.

MR. CHAMBERLAYNE—Would not it take about three years for the benefit to become obvious?

MR. JOYCE—I think it would.

MR. RUSSELL REED, counsel for the Game and Fish Protective Society of Massachusetts, said that for the past five years he had the honor of being the counsel for this Society, and that the sentiments of the last five gentlemen, except Mr. Chamberlayne, who spoke from Boston, and who represented what we call the Fish Trust of Massachusetts, does not entirely represent the whole sentiment of that State. I shall speak for the State, and what they do not represent the whole fish. We believe that laws are necessary for protection of fish. In all these years ever since I came of age, I have believed in protection.

I came here years ago at the request of the FOREST AND STREAM to help form an association for the protection of fish and game. Every time I find any question raised regarding the protection of fish and game, especially regarding protection of fish, I find the dealers always oppose any consideration of the subject whatever. After the law is passed we have a little consideration and a little protection. But always as we go along we find the right sort opposed to anything, and I regret very much to say, with all possible deference to some of the friends in Massachusetts who have spoken to-day, that we have in our State I believe the most outrageous system of game laws known to any part of the United States. It is an awful thing, we know, and we have tried to remedy it. We cannot do it and it is thanks to our dealers that we cannot.

Statement of MR. IVES W. ADAMS, treasurer of the American Net and Twine Co., before the Conference of Fishermen, New York, Dec. 13, 1893:

I represent the netting manufacturers who have interests in common with the fishermen and in the supply of our food fish, both salt and fresh water. Fish have been caught with the use of nets, etc., ever since we have any record of anything. The industry which I represent has been established in this country over half a century, and its experience with fishermen and fishing firms and supplies of fish has been varied, and in my opinion is of importance in determining the diminution (if such there be) in this supply. I desire first of all to make a point, upon which I think all parties are agreed, and which should not enter into the discussion of these matters, and that is that we all agreed that such fish as salmon, shad, fresh-water herring, trout and kindred fish whose instincts take them into fresh water to propagate their species, all such fish need protection undoubtedly. It is manifest that these species coming into fresh water to spawn can be completely destroyed by the illution of the water or the excessive use of nets. But fish like mackerel, menhaden, bass, herring, bluefish, squeteague, etc. do not need protection. The supply of these fish depends more upon natural causes, which causes science has not been able to determine. Why there have been years of plenty and years of scarcity is still an unanswered question, and implements of capture are not a factor in these changes.

I present for consideration a chart showing the catch of mackerel as reported by the State Commission of Massachusetts, taken and commencing with the year 1809 up to the present date. No stronger argument, we believe, can be adduced in regard to the changes in the supply of the sea spawning fish than this simple report. It has been claimed that the purse seine was the cause of the present diminution of these fish. Why the purse seine was not invented or in use until the year 1865. The hook and line was the method of taking these fish up to that date. It will be seen by simply referring to this chart that during the years previous to this date—1865—there were seasons of great plenty and seasons of great scarcity. Did the hook and line cause it? By no manner of means. It will also be noted that after the use of the purse seine for twenty years, one of the largest catches of mackerel that was ever taken on the New England coast was made in the year 1884. Therefore, does it not prove conclusively that the methods of catching these fish has nothing whatever to do with the supply?

I am also pleased to present a list of the wholesale prices of the leading kinds of fresh fish dealt in by the T Wharf Fresh Fish Association, of Boston—an association which handles more than one hundred millions of pounds of fresh fish annually. It will be noted that the average prices of these different kinds of fish were less in 1893 than in 1883, the two dates during which these prices were compiled. This, we think, goes to prove conclusively that the prices of salt-water fish have not appreciated in value during the last decade, but, on the contrary, are growing cheaper as compared with early dates.

Another point which I desire to emphasize is the one bearing upon bluefish and menhaden. It is claimed that menhaden are food for bluefish and other kinds of free roaming salt-water fish. And while I do not pretend to deny that the bluefish do prey on the menhaden, I do deny that they are a special food for the bluefish. It seems to me that a stronger evidence of this cannot be adduced than the presence in Buzzards Bay this last season of immense quantities of menhaden during practically the entire season, and at the same time the absence, notably, of bluefish, notwithstanding bluefish were found in very large quantities upon this coast, all around the Cape and in Vineyard Sound, but were not to be found or caught in any number in Buzzards Bay. If bluefish feed upon menhaden largely, is it not fair to suppose and expect that they would be found present with them? Or where they were in admittedly immense quantities during the larger part of the season of 1893?

I could go on and give many more instances bearing upon this point equally as conclusive to our minds, as the result of our intimate connection and association with fishermen and fishing firms in this business for the last fifty years. Is it for one minute to be supposed that we would advocate that extent of fishing which would destroy or annihilate the very means by which we gain our livelihood?

In conclusion I would say that I feel that the different sides of this question could be brought much more nearly together if there were less prejudice and more knowledge brought about by experience in these matters.

Speaking for myself and those interested with me, I feel that we are entirely willing to submit these questions to careful and practical investigation by representatives from the different interests. I believe that such an investigation carefully and thoroughly made, taking plenty of time, would

result in removing from all minds the prejudice which now seems to me to exist without cause. I should like to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the object and purpose of this conference is to inquire into the general condition of the Atlantic Coast Fisheries and consider what can be done (if anything) to improve them, and the representatives from the several interests be appointed to conduct this investigation and report at such time as in their judgment may be thought best.

Statement furnished by T Wharf Fresh Fish Association, of Boston, an association distributing one hundred million pounds of fresh fish annually. Prices are for two dates, 1883 and 1893, showing lower average prices for the later date.

PRICES OF FRESH FISH FOR 1883 AND 1893.

	Haddock.	Steak Cod.	Market Cod.	Small Mackerel.	Small Mackerel.	Blue-fish.
	Cts pr lb.	Cts pr lb.	Cts pr lb.	Cts pr lb.	Cts pr lb.	Cts pr lb.
1883.						
January....	3 1/2	7 1/2	5	....	....	....
February....	2 1/2	5 1/2	5	....	....	....
March.....	2	5 1/2	3 1/2	....	....	....
April.....	2	4	3	....	....	....
May.....	2	4	2 1/2	....	....	....
June.....	2 1/2	5	2 1/2	2	7	7 1/2
July.....	3	5 1/2	2 1/2	4	12	7 1/2
August.....	3 1/2	3 1/2	3	4 1/2	11@16	7 1/2@10
September..	2 1/2@4	5 1/2	2 1/2@4	4	9@12	9 @10
October....	2 1/2@4	5 @6	3 1/2	1 1/2@3 1/2	9@12	7 @10
November..	4	5 @6 1/2	2 1/2@3 1/2	3 1/2	10@12	10 @12
December..	2 @3 1/2	4 @6	2 1/2@3 1/2	....	10@12	....
1893.						
January....	3 @5	5 @8	3 @5	....	....	....
February....	2 1/2@4	6 @8	3 1/2@4 1/2	....	....	....
March.....	2 1/2@5	6 @8	2 1/2@5	....	....	....
April.....	3 @4	4 @6	2 1/2@4	....	....	....
May.....	2 1/2@4	4 @6	2 1/2@4 1/2	....	....	....
June.....	2 @4	4 @6	2 @4	....	....	....
July.....	2 @3 1/2	4 @6	2 @3 1/2	4	9@12	8 @11
August.....	1 1/2@3 1/2	4 @6	2 1/2@3 1/2	5@7	12@15	6 @9
September..	2 1/2@4	5 1/2@7	2 1/2@4	6@8	12@16	7 @11
October....	2 1/2@4	6 @7	2 1/2@4	6@8	12@14	6 @10
November..	2 1/2@4 1/2	4 1/2@7 1/2	2 1/2@4	6@7	11@14	7 @10

Statement of I. C. YOUNG, a member of the Massachusetts Fish Commission:

I represent the shore fisheries of Massachusetts, and when I say shore fisheries, I include pounds, weirs and lobster traps along our coast. These fisheries are of great value to us. The pounds and weirs of Massachusetts not only furnish a large supply of food for the citizens of our own State, but are distributed through New England and the West. This is not a local question, it is national. It has been well said by Mr. Hughes, of Truro, "that without the traps and pounds of Massachusetts Bay, the fresh fish business of Boston would be practically destroyed."

Certain seasons of the year they take all their bait from these weirs along the coast of Massachusetts, and even to Maine. If they could not procure their supply of bait here, they would be obliged to go to the British Provinces, and it is the experience of the past that so much time has been spent about the harbors in waiting for their bait, that the trips were unprofitable, even if they secured a fair catch of fish. And for this reason, if for no other, our weir industries should not be disturbed.

It was the decree of the Massachusetts Legislature of 1893, that Buzzards Bay should be exempted from the operations of the pound and weir fishermen, after the termination of their present leases. We hope to see good results from this legislation, and will report to you after giving it a trial for a few years.

The matter of bluefish, of course, is an important one to fishermen and sportsmen, and many of our fishermen make good money by taking these fish by hook and line or nets along the coast, and particularly with hook and line in Buzzards Bay and the waters of Vineyard Sound.

In 1886 there was a bill reported to the Legislature prohibiting all seining about the islands of Martha's Vineyard, which included all kinds of fish. An amendment was put in which exempted mackerel. When the bill was before the House the friends of the prohibitory bill said "there was no such thing as mackerel to be found and caught within the three-mile limit." The amendment was accepted and the bill passed.

I will ask any mackerel fisherman, dealer or any one interested in this particular branch of our fisheries, what the outcome would have been had the bill passed as originally drawn? Why, sir, a very large proportion of the catch of mackerel on the New England coast for the season of 1893 were caught on the Atlantic side of Martha's Vineyard, within the three-mile limit.

I contend, as far as the fishermen of Massachusetts and New England are concerned, the value of the shore fisheries cannot be counted in dollars. They furnish untold employment for our citizens by the shore, and there are hundreds of thousands of dollars invested on account of these fisheries. And why should they be legislated out of the State to the advantage of the Provincial fishermen? They should not.

As for the diminution of food fish in the ocean, as has been said here to-day, it is beyond the power of State Legislatures to regulate them. This year we have a good catch; next year, of any particular kind, we may not have any. I was in the fish business for years, in 1884, when there was a catch of mackerel of nearly 600,000 barrels, and from that time until 1892 there was a constant decrease of these valuable fish along our coast, and in part I think this was owing to the over-fishing of that year, as the mackerel were so abundant and were taken in such large quantities, that too many small fish were undoubtedly worthless destroyed and others driven from our shores, and have since sought other feeding grounds. They are gradually returning, and without doubt in a few years they will be as plenty as in former times.

A few words more before I finish. The protective laws that Massachusetts now has on her statute books will be enforced. And as for Massachusetts, in speaking for her, she will legislate in the future as in the past—for the greatest amount of good to the greatest number.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Its Appreciation Is Continent Wide.

From a letter written in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Robinson's writings are a constant delight. My old home is not far from that of Uncle Lisha and the rest. I spent my vacation on the shores of Lake Champlain last summer, and had intended to initiate a "little one" of six years into the order of bass fishers, and show him how his father used to take them when he was a boy, but alas! I arrived there sick and passed the whole two weeks in bed. Not quite that, though, for I did crawl down to the boat one day, and propped up with pillows, the boys rowed me out for a troll. I took a nasty long pickeral about as long as my arm and a lively little bass. So ended my '93 vacation, and FOREST AND STREAM must keep my spirits up till the time again comes around to "get among them" again. Long may you prosper, bulldog pictures and all!

From a letter written in Silverdale, Wash.

You have never had my name on the mail list, but nevertheless I have managed to find FOREST AND STREAM at almost any point in the West, and have taken some long rides through the burning sun of the sage plains to secure this same paper! Sometimes I have been without it for several weeks, but always hunted up the back numbers as soon as I could reach a newsdealer, and then—well, I don't rest until I have read it from cover to cover. Heretofore I have been a rolling stone, never long in one place, and consequently had no fixed address,



## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.  
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 20.  
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 21.  
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 24.  
March 30 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.  
March 27 to 30.—Philadelphia Kennel Club Show, at Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. G. G. Darby, Sec'y.  
April 8 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.  
May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 1.—Blue Ridge Futurity Stakes, at New Albany, Miss.  
Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.  
Feb. 12.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. H. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

**Don't forget that New York show entries close on Monday, Feb. 5, with Mr. James Mortimer, Room 310, 44 Broadway, New York. Entry fee \$5.**

### PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

SALINAS, Cal., Jan. 19.—The eleventh annual trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club were finished to night. The light entry, the rain and the kicking of a few disgruntled ones caused the trials to result in a partial failure. The trials were held on the estate of Mr. Jacks, some 20,000 acres of rolling land covered with manzanita, scrub oaks and sage brush. On Sunday the early arrivals drove out to look at the grounds and were only shown one corner of this vast acreage. It so happened that the corner shown them was a very undesirable spot for holding field trials, on account of high brush, and some of the party became very much dissatisfied, both at the grounds and at the club's committee that selected them. On Monday, it more than rained, it poured, and the entire combination induced a few of the party to give up in disgust and go home. In consequence several parties who had dogs in training for the All Age ordered their trainers not to start them. It was thought that the attendance would break the record, but these reports and the wet cold and threatening weather kept the people at home. From 85 to 100 people followed the dogs during the week in place of from 100 to 500, as is usually the case.

The first impression that we received of the grounds and the evil that resulted from it was without foundation. The first heat of the Derby was run on bad ground, but before the second heat was finished we found thousands of acres of as fine field trial ground as one could wish for. Had the weather been bright the trials would have been very successful in spite of all the other drawbacks.

The club and visitors were the guests of the Salinas Rod and Gun Club, represented by C. Z. Hebert, and for open-handed hospitality we never saw their equal. On our return from viewing the grounds a "bull's-head" dinner awaited us. On Wednesday evening we were given a concert in the parlors of the Abbott House, the headquarters of the club, by the local brass band. On Friday night a ball was given in our honor that, in spite of the rain, brought out 100 couples, followed by a banquet. And in every possible manner the gun club endeavored to make the stay of the visiting sportsmen a pleasant outing.

At the annual meeting of the club on Thursday evening the following new members were elected: W. H. Bryant, Suisun; Crittenden Robinson and W. S. Duval, of San Francisco; J. M. Morrison, H. J. Kilgariff and E. C. Weinreich, of Sacramento; E. F. Northam, of San Jose, and Judge N. A. Dorn, C. L. Hebert, A. F. Bullene, J. C. Meador and G. Lapierre, of Salinas. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, J. G. Edwards (his eighth year in office); First Vice-President, C. Z. Hebert; Second Vice-President, Andrew Jackson; Secretary, J. M. Kilgariff, Executive Committee: Judge C. N. Post, C. Robinson, P. D. Linville, W. J. Golcher, W. G. Kerckhoff, Wm. Schreiber and Judge N. A. Dorn. Resolutions of regret at the death of C. J. Miller were passed, and Judge Post, J. M. Bassford and H. T. Payne were appointed a committee of three to draft same.

The system of running now in use by the Eastern Field Trial Club was adopted for the next trials. In short, the spotting system in place of the heat system.

Resolutions of thanks to the Salinas Rod and Gun Club were adopted.

Among the many that visited the trials were President J. G. Edwards, Secretary J. M. Kilgariff, P. D. Linville, Wm. Dornier, Andrew Jackson, C. A. Haight, Thos. Higgs, H. T. Payne, E. T. Allen, A. E. Magill, A. Russell Crowell, W. J. Golcher, J. Ross Jackson, Crittenden Robinson, David Thorn and R. Little of San Francisco, Judge C. N. Post, Chas. Studarus, N. E. White, E. C. Weinreich, J. E. Terry, Henry Gerber, H. J. Kilgariff and J. M. Morrison of Sacramento, R. M. Dodge and W. H. Bryant of Suisun, Wm. De Motte of Raymond, John Hughes of Capay Valley, J. M. Bassford of Vacaville, E. F. Northam of San Jose, W. H. Shockley of Candelaria, Nev., M. D. Waters of Galt and many other well known sportsmen.

The dogs were run as follows:

#### The Derby.

The start for the grounds on Tuesday morning was delayed until after 10 o'clock by a very heavy shower, and then through a misunderstanding the party drove to the grounds by way of the bridge, about six miles or more out of the direct route. As Mr. Jackson, the chosen judge, had not arrived, J. M. Kilgariff officiated in his absence.

**REX AND MERCURY.**—The first brace, the black pointer Rex, handled by owner, and the English setter Mercury, handled by M. D. Walters, were put down at 1:05 in heavy brush. The heat was an unsatisfactory one. The brush was too high and too dense. Mr. Robinson was lost by the judges several times, and of more importance still, Rex was lame, starting in on three legs. He is naturally a wide-ranging, fast dog, but from being lame and the coddling that naturally follows an injury of the kind—a sprained ankle—he was disinclined to leave his handler for any length of time.

After being down about forty minutes Mercury located a bevy, but they flushed wild, and as it was found to be impossible to work them in the thicket, the dogs were ordered up, and after a drive of a half mile or so were again put down in more open ground. Mercury immediately pointed a covey in low brush, Rex caught wind of the same covey and pointed staunchly. Birds flushed wild and flew into a dense thicket. Shortly after Mercury pointed a single bird, and Walters shot and killed. Both dogs steady to shot and wing. Down nearly two hours. Mercury much the best in pace and range.

**BETSY MARK AND ADELIA.**—The second brace, the English setter bitch Betsy Mark, handled by M. D. Walters, and the

pointer bitch Adelia, handled by Chas. Studarus, were put down in good low chemise and sage brush cover shortly after 8 o'clock. Like the former brace it was an unequal contest as Adelia has a large swelling on her neck, doubtless goitre. Like the other pointer she was disinclined to leave her handler. Betsy Mark showed phenomenal pace and range from the start and kept it up. Betsy soon located a covey which flushed wild, she started to break in but stopped instantly at command. Adelia pointed the same covey just as they flushed. Walters shot to make the birds lie. Moved on a short distance Betsy again pointed staunchly. Adelia when called up refused to back. Adelia then found a single bird and pointed it staunchly. Betsy when called up to back walked all around Adelia and pointed the same bird from the opposite side of the brush. The dogs were taken up for water at 3:53, then put down again immediately. Betsy pointed a single and Adelia backed for an instant and then moved on. Order up at 4:03, Betsy Mark winning the heat.

#### Second Series.

**MERCURY AND BETSY MARK.**—This brace were put down at 4:07 to decide first money. After an hour's hunting Betsy pointed staunchly and Mercury backed. A single bird flushed. A little further on both dogs pointed staunchly a few rods apart. Mercury's bird flushed wild, and when he was called to back did so just as the bird flushed. Moved on, Betsy pointed again and Mercury backed. Ordered up at 5 o'clock. Betsy is the best in pace and range, Mercury the most stylish. Betsy won the heat and first money.

On Wednesday morning a report reached headquarters that the river was rising and the ford dangerous. A party was sent to investigate, and this caused another delay. Shortly after 9 a start was made and the ford crossed without accident. Andrew Jackson, the substitute judge, arrived on Tuesday night and took the place of J. M. Kilgariff during the balance of the trials. The weather was dark and threatening, with occasional showers.

**MERCURY AND ADELIA.**—This brace were put down at 10:50 to decide second money. Mercury was the first to find; the bevy were runners but he roared and pointed again. The birds were flushed by the handlers. Ordered on Adelia pointed two singles in rapid succession. Then both dogs pointed singles. Then both dogs pointed but no birds could be found. After being down nearly one hour they were ordered up and Mercury given the heat and second money. Rex and Adelia divided third without running.

#### SUMMARY.

The Derby, 25 entries, 4 starters, \$5 to nominate, \$15 to start, 50% to first, 30% to second, 20% to third.

A. P. Kerckhoff's lemon and white English setter dog Mercury (Dick Bondhu—Sunlit), beat Crittenden Robinson's pointer dog Rex (Old Black Joe II.—Black Bess).

W. G. Kerckhoff's black, white and tan English setter bitch Betsy Mark (Gath's Mark—Ightfield Sophie), beat J. M. Bassford's liver and white pointer bitch Adelia (Bismarck—Queen's Last).

#### Second Series.

Betsy Mark beat Mercury.

#### Third Series.

Mercury beat Adelia.  
Betsy Mark won first money, \$92.50. Mercury won second money, \$55.50. Rex and Adelia divided third, \$37.

#### The All-Age.

It was thought that the All-Age this year would be the largest in numbers and best in quality ever run in this State, but the miserable weather and the false report about the grounds and birds caused the owners of Glenheigh, Starlight, Sam Weller and other good ones to withhold their entries. The entry was small, but what it lost in number it made up in quality. Six better dogs it would be hard to find. Mr. Bassford withdrew his entry, Tommy Tickler, after the first heat. This action we can only condemn. While the heat was very hotly contested and very close we think the decision just, and Mr. Bassford is old enough in field trial work to take his "medicine" with better grace, even though it be a little bitter.

**LUCINDA AND BETSY MARK.**—This brace, the first in the All-Age, were put down at 12 o'clock in long cover. The former a daughter of Rip Rap, handled by De Motte; the latter a daughter of Gath's Mark, handled by Walters. Betsy located a single almost immediately. Lucinda, when called up to back, refused, ran in ahead of Betsy and failed to point; Betsy perfectly steady. Walters shot and killed. Betsy retrieved tenderly. Betsy soon after pointed and then left. Soon after Lucinda pointed at the same bush, but left it. Shortly after the reporters jumped a bird from the same bush. Betsy next located a covey and roared, but Walters called her off. Ordered on, both dogs pointed, but no birds were found. Betsy then located and drew to a staunch point on three birds; Lucinda backed staunchly. Moved on a few rods, Betsy pointed again. Down a little over one hour. Betsy best in pace, range and point work. Betsy won.

**COUNTLESS NOBLE AND TOMMY TICKLER.**—This brace were in the writer's estimation the best pointer and best English setter ever run in a Californian field trial, and a more brilliant heat could scarcely be imagined. Countess Noble was handled by Walters, Tommy Tickler by De Motte. In range they are about equal. In pace the pointer has shade the best of it. In style I prefer the pointer, but it is a matter of opinion only. Countess is just as stylish a setter as he is a pointer, but somehow his dash and high head, his rigid points and quick action pleased me a little the best and at least one of the judges was of the same opinion. Countess was the most obedient. In point work they were about even. Judge Post's score placed them exactly even on points of merit with three points off Tommy's score for breaking in. This breaking in is disputed by handler, owner and one-half the spectators. Judge Post and the writer declare that the dog certainly started to break in. The other judges were not in sight of the dog.

The pair were put down in low cover but soon worked into cover waist high. The most of the heat was run in low chemise and sage on the sides of low ridges in full view of the spectators. Another thing that caused the spectators to growl was the impression that the pointer got the first point. It was frequently asked, "Why did the judges prolong the heat when the pointer had the best of it from the start?" This impression was a false one; Countess was the first to point. It was in heavy brush and no one but her handler, Judge Post and the two reporters on horseback saw her. Tommy was lost shortly afterward and found by the marshal staunch as a rock on point. His horse nearly ran over him. De Motte flushed the bird and shot. It was thought that he missed, but shortly afterwards Countess drew to point and Tommy backed. De Motte's dead bird was found. The brush was too dense for good work, and at 2:15 the dogs were ordered up and a move was made to better grounds. The grounds used for the balance of the heat cannot be excelled for field trial purposes in the wide world. The ground is covered with low chemise and sage brush, and is just rolling enough to afford a good view of the work done, and there is at least 5,000 acres of the same nature.

At 2:40 the dogs were put down again. Countess made a very wide cast and located a large covey, roared it beautifully and came to point on the brow of a rise. Tommy, called up by handler, winded the covey and pointed an instant before Countess. Birds flushed. Moved on, Tommy pointed and Countess backed. Countess then pointed a single, which flushed wild over the hill. Ordered on, Tommy pointed a single. De Motte fired and killed. Tommy broke

in, but stopped instantly at command. Cast off again, Tommy pointed a single and De Motte shot and dropped the bird, but Tommy could not find it. Countess next pointed a small bevy, and Walters shot and killed. Countess retrieved quickly and well. Ordered up at 3:25. Down 1h. 25m. Countess won.

**SMOKY AND CLAY.**—The former a large, heavy-boned English setter, handled by Walters, the latter a stylish pointer, handled by Studarus, were put down at 11:30 A. M. Thursday in sage brush and low cover. Clay found very quickly, and a bunch of three or four were flushed by Studarus, who shot and killed two. Clay was steady to shot and retrieved well. Smoky made a good cast and pointed a covey staunchly; Clay winded same covey and also pointed staunchly. Smoky next drew to a point, but broke it and went to roading; no birds found. Moved on to the scattered covey and Smoky drew to a point. Clay when called to back ran in ahead. Smoky then roared again and made two points in rapid succession. Walters shot and killed. Smoky when ordered to retrieve pointed the winged bird and pinched it a bit when he retrieved it. When he was pointing Clay again refused to back. Clay next pointed a single bird and Smoky two. Ordered up at 12:35, Smoky winning. Smoky is the widest ranger and is stylish in roading, but Clay is the most stylish on point.

#### Second Series.

**COUNTLESS NOBLE AND SMOKY.**—This brace were put down at 3:20. Countess pointed a single after a long hunt, then Smoky pointed a single and Countess backed. Ordered up at 4, just in time to avoid another sharp shower. Heat undecided. The same grounds were used on Friday as on Thursday, but the cold and rain had apparently driven the birds to the bush, as they were not found very plentiful. This brace were put down again about noon in low cover, Countess winning in a walk. She excels in quartering, pace range and style. She pointed three singles and a covey to Smoky's one single, and won first money.

**SMOKY AND BETSY MARK.**—This brace were put down after lunch to decide second money. It was thought that Betsy had a cinch, and she is unquestionably the better of the two. But the unsteadiness that made itself manifest in the Derby completely took possession of the bitch. She pointed four singles and a covey to Smoky's six singles, and excelled in pace and range, but spoiled her chances by breaking in three times. Smoky won the heat and second money.

**BETSY MARK AND CLAY.** were put down at 3:30. Clay first pointed a single and then a covey after roading very prettily. They were ordered up at 3:48 and put down again in new country at 4:05. Clay soon pointed another single, but birds were still very scarce. Betsy is the best in pace and range, but Clay is more stylish and shows an excellent nose. Ordered up at 4:40, Clay winning the heat and third money.

#### SUMMARY.

All-Age Stake, \$20 entrance, 50% to first, 30% to second, 20% to third. Six starters.

W. G. Kerckhoff's black, white and tan English setter bitch Betsy Mark (Gath's Mark—Ightfield Sophie) beat William Schreiber's liver and white pointer bitch Lucinda (Rip Rap—Sal).

H. T. Payne's lemon and white English setter bitch Countess Noble (Stanford—Lilly C.) beat J. M. Bassford's lemon and white pointer dog Tommy Tickler (Bismarck—Beulah).

K. E. Myers's black and white English setter dog Smoky (Tennessee Bob—Hoosier Belle) beat Chas. Studarus's lemon and white pointer dog Clay (Berge's Tom—Queen Croxteth).

#### Final Series.

Countess Noble beat Betsy Mark.

Smoky beat Betsy Mark.

Clay beat Betsy's Mark.

First, Countess Noble; second, Smoky; third, Clay.

NAMQUOIT.

#### W. K. C. Show.

FOR the convenience of intending exhibitors at the W. K. C. show, we have a number of premium lists and entry blanks at their disposal, and we shall be happy to afford any help or instruction to those who desire it in making their entries. There is always a little grumble among the "regulars" about the entry fee of \$5, but it must be remembered that the W. K. C., while it indulges in the largest premium list, also assumes a much larger financial risk than any other kennel club. Something like \$15,000 is at stake before an entry is received. The rent of the Garden alone is \$6,000, and their advertising bill last year was \$2,600. For these and other good reasons we hope the exhibitors will see that a good entry is forthcoming.

The American Spaniel Club offers the following special prizes, open to members of the club only:

**Cumber Spaniels.**—James L. Little offers \$5 for the best kennel of four or more, and the same for best bitch and dog.  
**Field Spaniels.**—Newton Abbott cup (donated by E. M. Oldham), value \$50, for best bitch; to be won four times.  
**Geo. R. Preston**, \$5 for best pup, dog or bitch. The Oborg Camera Co. (A. C. Wilmerding, proprietor), one Tom Thumb camera, value \$10, for best other than black. A. E. Foster, camera, value \$6, for best black dog; donor not to compete.

**Cocker Spaniels.**—Henry Brooks, \$5 each for best American bred black dog and bitch pup; \$5 for best American bred pup, dog or bitch, any other color. C. G. Browning, gold-mounted fountain pen, value \$6, for best headed cocker. Swiss Mountain Kennels, \$10 for the best trio of cockers bred by exhibitor; donor not to compete. C. T. Sackett, \$5 for best black cocker in open classes, and the same for best other color cocker in open classes. Charles M. Nelles, \$5 for best dog or bitch, other than black, never having previously won a first prize. William West, \$10 for best bitch. The Blair Camera Co. (New York), one Bullseye camera, value \$8, for the best dog, any color. Dr. F. W. Kitchel, one silver-mounted pipe for the best liver and white dog or bitch.

E. M. Oldham offers \$5 for the best moving spaniel of any breed. The club also donates a nice list of cash specials to the Detroit, Chicago and Boston shows.

Irish water spaniels will be divided by sex. A field trial class will be made for Gordon setters with prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5. "A Friend" offers \$15 for best American bred wire-hair fox-terrier in open, puppy or novice classes.

#### White Wonder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your notes of White Wonder on Dec. 30, 1893, you say: "White Wonder was never shown here after it was proved he was deaf at Boston in 1890." Will you kindly correct that statement, as it was proved he was not deaf at Boston in 1890 and won first in the open class.

[We were under the impression that the dog did not compete for the special against Attraction after we placed him first in open class on account of the decision that the dog was deaf. If a dog cannot possibly hear a whistle close to his ear he is deaf according to the rule and this was the case with White Wonder at Boston in 1890.]

#### Fox-Terrier Stakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club just sent out, under the head of specials and stakes offered by the American Fox-Terrier Club, an error is made in publishing the fact that the second division of the seventh Grand Produce Stake and the Yankee Stake of 1893 will be judged. Both of these stakes were judged at Providence last fall, and were included in the above list through a printer's error.

THO'S SMITH, Sec'y A. F.-T. Club.



POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

In a Chicago daily paper, under date of Jan. 18, I note the following dispatch from Washington, D. C.: "W. I. Buchanan, of Iowa, was to-day nominated as Minister to the Argentine Republic. Mr. Buchanan is well known in Chicago through his connection with the World's Fair. He is one of the original Grover Cleveland Democrats. A good many influences united to secure him the Argentine mission, which he sought. It is the most desirable of all the South American posts."

I am sure that every one will rejoice at Mr. Buchanan's good fortune and success. As chief of the Department of Agriculture, he brought together exhibits from nearly every part of the world, and presented a magnificent department for the instruction of the people. It is true that he made a failure of the dog show, but that comparatively was but of secondary importance and but one detail of thousands. I have a mild suspicion that if Mr. Buchanan finds that there is not a single dog in the Argentine Republic, he will not grieve thereat. While he was the subject of a great deal of frank criticism in connection with the dog show, when criticism was in order, I have always felt that his opinions of dogmen would be well worth reading.

Stud Fees.

The reduction in the stud fee of Lad of Rush will be hailed with satisfaction by pointer breeders. In this connection Mr. J. L. Adams, his owner, in a private letter writes me: "I have decided to put him at \$50, to be in the reach of all. I have done very well with him. He is a great sire as well as a great dog, and the public will find that out next fall. There are now five of his pups, out of my Devonshire Jill, 10 months old the 3d of this month, now in training. Horace Smith of North Carolina has one belonging to Mr. D. G. Rowland, of this city. C. H. Smith of South Carolina has two belonging to me, and Blankenbaker has two belonging to me. All five are good ones and will be heard from later on. All the handlers, or at least Smith of North Carolina and Blankenbaker speak very highly of the ones they have. I have had no report from Smith of South Carolina. He has not had his but a few days."

Pointer men can justly feel a pride in the present good standing and records of the pointer, and should feel encouraged to added effort, particularly when the opportunities for breeding are available at such reasonable rates.

Prizes at Field Trials.

There is a matter in regard to the prize money which is put up each year by the different field trial clubs, which I think is worthy of discussion, and that is the largeness of such sums. Each club tries to give the largest sum it can possibly raise.

For sport and for an incentive to trainers to compete, such large sums are not really necessary. In any event, the club which hangs up large sums of money for competition sooner or later gets embarrassed financially. The Central Club, I believe, lost an important sum of money every year.

The Eastern Club at one time had quite a large sum in its treasury, and now has a respectable balance, but small compared to what it once was.

The United States has a good balance, but a real unfortunate trial would come near exhausting it. It is harmful to the sport when a club quits permanently in consequence of being a loser. It were better to go on year after year on a sound basis than to give one or two trials and quit losers.

The money won is but a small part of the value received at a field trial. Dogs make reputations and are a source of revenue to the owner, to say nothing of the honor of the winning. Bitches which have made a reputation by winning are more valuable sometimes in the way of a revenue than the stud dogs.

Moreover, when there are so many field trials and the patronage divided up a good deal, each club assumes a greater risk in offering large sums. There is nothing inherent in it as a sport which requires such large prizes. Unlike nearly every other sport which is displayed in public competition, there are no gate receipts. All depends on the number of entries. Taking into consideration the history of field trial events in this country and the deficits which several clubs have experienced, it seems to me that all have been trying to do more than they safely could. Again, it is necessary to give so much money in prizes to induce owners and handlers to come forward and make reputations for themselves and their dogs, all of which is so much capital?

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Heavy Mastiffs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue Mr. J. L. Winchell writes a very excellent article on "Heavy Mastiffs," and the FOREST AND STREAM comments slightly on the same.

The fact that mastiffs are again forging to the front is certainly encouraging to the breeders who have hung on to the grand old breed. I have been confident for several years such would be the case.

The real value of a mastiff is not appreciated until one is owned. I admit, on the bench the more showy St. Bernard, with his gay color and brilliant coat, overshadows the mastiff. But when a dog is wished for—a general all-round companion, yard and house dog; the mastiff, of all large dogs is king.

A St. Bernard washed, groomed and in good coat, as seen at a show, is indeed a pretty sight, but take one to your home, give him his liberty in wet weather and dry, in hot and cold climates, and see how much he resembles the beauty you saw at the show, unless indeed you can keep a groom for him alone.

A mastiff, owing to his short coat, is much the easier to handle, in fact, a roll on the grass is all he needs to keep his coat in shape, and he will generally take care of himself.

Of course the sensational prices paid a few years ago for St. Bernards was bound to set breeders for revenue crazy, and St. Bernards became the rage. And another reason why mastiffs were given up in the East (Note—I will not admit such to be the case in the West, for where in the West in any years did you see as good a display of mastiffs as at Chicago in 1892 and 1893?) is the fact that a good mastiff is perhaps as hard to breed as any animal I know of, and many, after trying and failing, gave up and dropped by the wayside. If you breed a poor mastiff you have nothing but a yellow cur. A St. Bernard, even not up to show form, and though lacking in muzzle and character, owing to his showy color will often pass with a novice, whereas a mastiff without type, muzzle, skull and all that goes to make a mastiff, is a cur in appearance.

What I started out to say I must now bring forward; Mr. Winchell lays great stress on size. I would sound a note of warning; size is one point only and really about the last to be considered, if we are to sacrifice anything let it be size. Indeed I have made up my mind after years of study on the subject, the perfect mastiff should not weigh above 150 to 160 lbs. and the bitch 125. In my own kennel I value some 100 lbs. to 110 lbs. mastiffs more than I do some weighing 150 to 175 lbs., equally as well bred, but not so trim or symmetrical as the smaller bitches. In the past we all have striven for size and what have been the results? Ruined legs, cow-hocked, snipy muzzles and awkward ungainly beasts.

In this second wind which mastiffs are gaining, let us lose sight of size and breed good mastiffs with soundness and type. I well remember what "Billy" Graham once wrote

me years ago. I gave him an order for a good mastiff to be purchased in England, but my one instruction was he should not weigh less than 175 lbs., my one idea was size. Mr. Graham replied "he could find no good mastiffs that heavy, but at 150 lbs. could send a typical and sound mastiff." This set me to thinking, and I have since learned there is much besides size to a mastiff.

Mr. Winchell mentions the names of his dogs and uses the names of them in his article, which I believe gives me license to also refer to them as an illustration, otherwise I should mention no particular dogs. We want type and we want soundness. We want to breed dogs with type as found in the head of Black Prince, but we do not want his short body or bad hindlegs. In Boss's Princess is the body and soundness without the type as presented in the head. As I have pointed out we must have both. What is a head without body, and what is a body without a head? The even, well-balanced mastiff is what we want, and not the typeless giants. In breeding for a while, should we not let size go?

I believe a bitch of the description of Boss's Princess, no matter what her size, should always be beaten by smaller typical bitches. In support of my theory follow mastiff literature backward for twenty to forty years and he will find the majority of all good mastiffs were not giants. Take, for example the mastiff of this age—Beaufort. He easily stands at the head, has type, has soundness, has all that goes to make a dog, but he is not large. Again, I sound the bugle, beware of that false god—size.

In conclusion, I wish to say to Mr. Winchell I wish him to understand this is no attack on his dogs; I refer to the mastiffs as a breed. I may say also that I have seen quite a number of Black Prince's pups, and in no case has he transmitted his bad hindlegs or short body. For this reason and possessing type he will be of great value as a breeder.

CHAS. E. BUNN.

PEORIA, ILL.

New Orleans Dog Show.

THE dog and poultry show opened here under very favorable auspices on Jan. 23. The building is well adapted for the purpose, being roomy and well ventilated. The weather is bright, warm and clear, and the attendance is quite equal to the anticipation of the club. While the entries are not so numerous as expected, there are some good specimens in almost all classes, in fact notably so in St. Bernards, the showing made by the Argyle Kennels being most excellent, and a great feature of the show; their benches being always surrounded by a large number of admirers. In fox-terriers, pugs, pointers and setters many good specimens have also their admirers.

Much disappointment is felt at the absence of Ben Lewis, who had written he was coming with a large string, and from whom no explanation of his absence has been received. Many dogs he had applied for have been absent on account of being promised to him. This is much to be regretted on account of the managers' having tried so hard to make their show a success—they feel the disappointment keenly. However, with the present fine weather continued, and the great interest manifested in the show by the best class of citizens, little doubt is felt of its proving short of a success financially.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

The show was disinfected with Sanitas, and local benching was used. The papers, especially the *Times-Democrat*, devoted plenty of space to the show, and the attendance throughout seems to have been good. There were 124 entries in the dog department, and about 500 in that devoted to poultry. Mr. John Davidson judged all classes, and the work was not a difficult one for this veteran in the business.

LIST OF AWARDS.

**MASTIFFS**—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. H. Winship's Stanley. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. L. O'Connor's Beauty. Very high com., H. J. Cassard's San Costanza.

**ST. BERNARDS**—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, C. A. Pratt's Sir Bedivere. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Prince George; 2d, L. I. Doize's Lord Malcolm. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Rustic Beauty. Very high com., Mrs. A. S. Wheeler's Ruby II. Com., H. J. Weinmann's Sassy. Puppies: 1st, withheld; 2d, C. P. Ellis's Grover Cleveland. Very high com., L. P. Gilbert's Paris. High com., C. E. Kells, Jr.'s Gerould.

**ST. BERNARDS**—SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Alton II. Very high com., L. I. Doize's Don L. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Belle; 2d, L. I. Doize's Belle.

**DEERHOUNDS**—Prize withheld.

**GREYHOUNDS**—Bitches: 1st, R. D. Williams's Maid Marion; 2d, and high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Alice and Chesterford Fredica.

**FOXHOUNDS**—CHALLENGE—1st, R. D. Williams's Commodore. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, R. D. Williams's The Admiral. Bitches: 1st, R. D. Williams's La Joya.

**POINTERS**—Dogs: 1st, Eldridge Kennels' Rush of Lad; 2d, F. F. Myles's Roswald. Very high com., J. A. McIlhenny's Tomo. High com., Mrs. G. D. Fisher's Fisher's Nero. Bitches: 1st, Leinster Kennels' Bess Graphic; 2d, G. D. Fisher's Fanny L. Very high com., L. J. Meader's Lady Blanc. Puppies: Very high com., F. J. Wilz's Fritz.

**ENGLISH SETTERS**—Dogs: 1st, F. F. Myles's Modoc; 2d, B. A. Michel's Ucaas. Very high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Surprise. High com., G. H. Bernou's Spokane and F. F. Myles's Jesse James. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Barker's Belle McLean; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Jennie.

**IRISH SETTERS**—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Washington's Kildare Beverly. High com., J. J. D'Aquin's Gumbo. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Eakins's Bessie Finmore. Puppies: 1st, W. H. Eakins's Bessie Finmore.

**GORDON SETTERS**—Dogs: 1st, Dwight Kennels' Heather Lad. Bitches: 1st, Dwight Kennels' Dwight Effie. Puppies: 1st, Dwight Kennels' Dwight Effie.

**COCKER SPANIELS**—CHALLENGE—1st, G. Bell's champion I Say. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. Bell's Troubled. Very high com., Larry Wilts' Don Lee. High com., J. A. McIlhenny's Prince Mac. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. Bell's Realization and Patti. High com., J. A. McIlhenny's Princess Mac. Puppies: 1st and 2d, G. Bell's Troubled and Queen West. Very high com., Miss Ada Wilts' Sophia Harrison.

**COLLIES**—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. David Morgan's Fordhook Comus; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Bruce. Bitches: 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Bess. Puppies: 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Bruce; 2d, L. N. Schoenfeld's Bonaparte.

**BULLDOGS**—Dogs: 1st, P. E. Mary's Bully.

**BULL-TERRIERS**—CHALLENGE—1st, Luzboro Kennels' Crisp.

**BEAGLES**—Dogs: 1st, Middleton Kennels' Adam. Bitches: 1st, Middleton Kennels' Snow.

**FOX-TERRIERS**—Dogs: 1st, R. E. Fishburn's Glendon Spark; 2d and very high com., Leinster Kennels' Dixie Tartar, Jr., and Shelby New Forest. High com., C. J. Michler's Regent Box. Com., W. H. Collins's Hotfoot Dodo and C. R. Kennedy's Regent Boy. Bitches: 1st and very high com., W. H. Collins's Hotfoot Flurry and Hotfoot Viress. 2d, R. Rogers's Rosalind. High com., J. Chittenden's Blemton Queen. Com., Leinster Kennels' Wilton Leah. Puppies: 1st and 2d, E. G. Olden's Infanta Stipend and Driftwood Vinnie. Very high com., W. H. Collins's Hotfoot Daisy. High com., Leinster Kennels' Vi. Com., W. H. Collins's Hotfoot Dodo and Hotfoot Gem.

**IRISH AND SCOTCH TERRIERS**—Dogs: 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher.

**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS**—1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Oolah.

**PUGS**—CHALLENGE—1st, A. H. Parker's Cassia. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, German Howard Pug Kennels' Dixie Drummer; 2d, A. E. Shaw's Dixie Penrice. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. C. J. Michler's Lady Treasure; 2d, German Howard Pug Kennels' Sateen II. Very high com., T. W. Castleman's Coquina. High com., C. J. Michler's Baby Ruth. Puppies: 1st, A. Alouzo's Bon Mot; 2d, German Howard Pug Kennels' Young Penrice.

**BLENHEIM AND KING CHARLES SPANIELS**—1st, J. A. Wilts' Dottie.

**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS**—F. H. Hoy's Idiom.

SPECIALS.

For largest number of dogs in care of one handler, first withheld; second, T. A. Howard; third, E. B. Elliott.

DOG CHAT.

Detroit Dog Show.

Exhibitors will have to be careful this spring. The premium lists for the early shows are coming out pretty well together and well ahead of time. FOREST AND STREAM, however, will post the time for entries closing, so that no one need be left in the cold. The City of St. Straits Kennel Club's premium list for their second annual show is the next to command attention. It is an easy one to review. The prizes are liberal enough in the more popular breeds, though they fall off in the small terrier classes and some of the other breeds should have had the sexes divided. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, pointers and setters (with the exception of Gordon setters) and collies, get \$15 in each challenge class and \$15, \$10 and \$5 in open classes. The first three breeds mentioned also have puppy classes, with \$10 and \$5 as prizes, with sexes competing together. Other breeds get \$10 in challenge classes and \$10 and \$5 in open, and we are pleased to find that no money is wasted in puppy prizes. Field and cocker spaniels and foxterriers are the only breeds where challenge classes are divided, and in poodles, Irish water spaniels, bloodhounds, Dandie, Skye, Bedlington and Scotch terriers sexes compete together in open classes, and do not aspire to the dignity of challenge classes. Mastiffs and St. Bernards, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, Great Danes, pointers, English setters and collies get kennel prizes of \$15; the others must be content with \$10. The spaniel specials are good and chiefly cash. The Mastiff Club has also done well by the show. Fox-terriers get a silver trophy from Mr. G. Bell and also a \$100 cup from H. Walker & Sons. Handler prizes, which seem to be a necessary adjunct to almost every show nowadays, are \$25 and \$15 in value, for having largest and second largest number of dogs respectively. The judges are: John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., for hounds, grey hounds, pointers, setters, dachshunds and beagles; James Mortimer, New York, mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, collies, deerhounds, bloodhounds, fox terriers and Irish terrier; Chas. H. Mason, Philadelphia, wolf hounds, spaniels, poodles, all terriers (except fox and Irish), King Charles spaniels, Italian greyhounds, bull dogs, pugs and miscellaneous. Mr. Samuel Brenton will be the veterinarian. The bench show committee is composed of George M. Hendrie, chairman; Thos. Blake, Louis Hilsendegen, Guy D. Welton, C. A. Parkinson, W. Howie Muir, Thos. C. Quellette and Chas. Thurman.

which is an earnest that the dog men will be well looked after. Entries close Feb. 21, the second day of New York show, and must be made to Guy D. Welton, 6S West Woodbridge street, Detroit, Mich. The fee is \$3. An important fact that Canadian exhibitors must remember is that all dogs coming from Canada must be consigned to E. B. Welton, Detroit, for bonding through customs. The American, National and United States Express Companies will carry dogs under the usual conditions, and exhibitors should remember the show begins on Wednesday morning and closes the Saturday night following. Enclosed on a separate leaf are a number of cash specials for different breeds that will probably be greatly increased before the catalogue is printed. In pointers, English and Irish setters, the club gives a \$10 special for best four with field trial records. We should suggest that this be altered for dogs that have run at public field trials.

CHAS. E. BUNN.

PEORIA, ILL.

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The Nicholls—Mills Suit.

The *Toronto Mail* of Jan. 19 reported the recently decided Nicholls—Mills case as follows:

"A decision has been rendered by Judge Lynch in the case of H. A. Nicholls of Chicago and T. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, which is the close of a very peculiar case. About a year ago Dr. Mills, who was then president of the Canadian Kennel Club, owned a bitch of the great Dane breed named Minerva's Fawn and Mr. H. A. Nicholls of Chicago had a dog of the same breed named Melac, and Dr. Mills, desirous of obtaining the services of the dog, wrote to Mr. Nicholls on the matter. The Chicago gentleman replied that the services of the dog would cost \$50. Dr. Mills replied that that amount was more than he could afford to pay, to which Mr. Nicholls replied that, in the interest of improving the breed of dogs in Canada, he would give the services of Melac for a choice of two pups out of Fawn's litter. The dog was sent to Montreal, and in due course of time Fawn gave birth to a litter of thirteen. Dr. Mills gave no intimation of this fact to Mr. Nicholls, and when the latter gentleman wrote repeatedly for information, Dr. Mills ignored his letters and made no reply. Mr. Nicholls, feeling that his courtesy had been ill-requited, sent an agent to Montreal to investigate the case. He made a demand upon Dr. Mills for the choice of two pups, and upon his being refused placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Greenshields, the well known lawyer. The case was ably argued before Judge Lynch. It appears that Dr. Mills sold all the litter except one bitch and two dogs, the former worth \$40 each and the latter worth \$50 each, and the judge decided that Dr. Mills should give Mr. Nicholls the bitch and one of the dogs, and if the defendant neglects to deliver the bitch and one of the dogs he shall pay to the prosecutor \$90; or if he keeps the bitch and delivers one of the dogs he shall only pay \$40. The conduct of Mr. Mills in this peculiar transaction has elicited some pretty sharp criticism from members of the Kennel Club."

We are in receipt of a letter from Dr. Mills, in which he writes: "You may state on my responsibility that I have directed my legal adviser to take an action for damages for libel to the extent of \$10,000 for statements made by the *Toronto Mail* in a case in which I was concerned in court. It is being circulated, and this may tend to neutralize very damaging statements. The article in the *Mail* is a tissue of falsehoods, published, I believe, at the instigation of some ill-disposed person."

Field Trial Classes.

Instead of confining the Field Trial classes which were instituted by the Westminster K. C. to winners of field trial records, would it not be better for some of our best shows to so word the conditions for competing in this class that any dog having acknowledged field merit and training may stand a chance of winning. This may be done by field trial judges awarding certificates of merit to dogs which, though they fail to get into the money, show undoubted merit in their work. In dog breeding and in many other conditions of life the rule of the greatest good to the greatest number should obtain. This idea of "working" classes first originated with the English Kennel Club, and such certificates will be given for the first time at the coming Kennel Club and Pointer Club trials to entitle them to compete in the proposed "working" classes at the Kennel Club shows. If these prizes are made valuable, pointer breeders who breed for show honors only will be induced to give greater attention to field qualities, and we shall not see so many pointers and setters, whose only claim to admiration lies in the fact that they are handsome, or as "C. H. B." in English *Kennel Gazette* puts it in reviewing the pointers of the year in England, "Sportsmen would take more interest in dogs, which they were satisfied knew their business, and we should see fewer handsome pointers degraded into mere prize-winning machines." This remark does not apply perhaps so forcibly to pointers in this country, as many of our best are trained, but to the setters it is applicable. We make the suggestion that at the field trials this month the judges be instructed to award such certificates, and that the Mascoutah Kennel Club so



alter their field trial class conditions that any good-looking certified working pointer or setter may have a chance to win in its particular breed class, and if a field trial winner "gets there" at the finish all the better. The Lorillard medals were very good in their way, but similar prizes given at dog shows would have a more far-reaching effect.

The entry fee for the Mascoutah Kennel Club's show is \$4, and entries close the day after New York show. Mr. John Read will superintend.

In his remarks about the New Orleans show, Mr. Davidson alludes to the disappointment caused by Ben Lewis's failure to bring down a string of dogs he had promised. In justice to Mr. Lewis, we may say that he worked hard to get a good string together and had nearly seventy dogs promised. The sudden death of his brother-in-law just before the Saratoga show, however, upset his arrangements. By the way, Ben Lewis, who has "crated" more show dogs than probably any man in America, has generally succeeded in making friends with the baggage masters, and so getting from show to show without much expense. His Saratoga trip, however, nipped him hard, the railroad authorities referring him to the express companies, and they started him off with an express bill of \$56, which, with other personal expenses at the show, would leave little on the profit side of the ledger for that trip. This arrangement between the railroad and express companies, we are afraid, is going to hurt the entries at shows this spring, and unless some of our most influential exhibitors, such as Col. Hilton, August Belmont, Thomas Terry and others, take up the matter, we fear little can be done by the A. K. C. to lessen the burden. The express companies have a good thing, and they know it.

#### Pugs.

In the review of this breed in the *Kennel Gazette* (Eng.) "Verites" remarks that the past year will be remarkable for the number of good pugs which have been sent to this country from England. These include Dong, that died on the way over, Drummer, (one of their best stud dogs) Finsbury Dude, Haughty Madge, Royal Dusky, etc. While this writer allows that there is a perceptible improvement in symmetry, style and color, and that English pugs are being reduced in size, he is equally certain that breeders are losing a most important characteristic of the breed, the square, deep muzzle, and advises them to give this point their most careful attention. H. W. L.

Mr. Chas. S. Hanks has heard from Fort Custer, where it will be remembered he had loaned his Russian wolfhounds Groubian and others to the regiment quartered there. One of the bitches has whelped and the other missed. Groubian they took out hunting, but he was too fat and out of condition, so got footsore very quickly. Lieut. Hughes, in a letter to Mr. Hanks says he has no doubt of Groubian's pluck, as he has already proved it by several rough and tumble fights with the dogs at the fort, and thinks when conditioned, he will be able to run down a coyote. They will try for wolves later on.

The annual meeting of the American Spaniel Club will be held at Madison Square Gardens, February 21, 1894, at 4 P. M., the second day of the show. The annual dinner will also take place during the show, and this is an event that dogmen, whether spaniel cranks or otherwise, would do well not to miss. The fun runs fast and furious and there is no formality.

#### Bull Bitch Haphazard.

Mr. John Coles, of Linden, Mass., who purchased the bull bitch Haphazard, received her from England last Saturday. That this bitch will be an acquisition one may judge from her list of winnings, which are as follows: In 1892—Cirencester, reserve and special for best bitch, never before shown; Gloucester, third in open class, first novice and special for best novice dog or bitch; Birmingham, first in open class and special. In 1893—Bath, first in open class and special for best bitch; Manchester, first in open class; Preston, first in open class and special for best bitch; Bulldog Club show, second in open class; Bristol, first in open class and special for best bitch; Cirencester, second in open class; bulldog show (Aquarium), second in winners' class; Birmingham, first in winners' class and first in open class. These are the only times she has been shown. With the Woodlawn Kennels' success in raising puppies we imagine that the prospects for this breed's increasing popularity are much brighter.

#### Bloodhounds.

At the Newark show Dr. Lougest, of the Mount Vernon Kennels, Franklin, Mass., as we stated at the time, told us that he intended giving up St. Bernards and devoting his attention mainly to mastiffs and bloodhounds, and was after some hounds in England. Now we learn that he has just completed the purchase of three—Alchemist (19,751), McCom and Kaween (20,205). He expects them to arrive from England in about three weeks. They are well known on the English show bench and are said to be thoroughly trained to hunt the clean boot. Alchemist is the winner of twenty firsts and challenge prizes at all the leading shows, and is the sire of 108 puppies out of eight bitches, including the prize winners Norfolk Matchless, Thanma, etc. He was formerly owned by Dr. Lougest and now comes back to him. The *Kennel Gazette*, in speaking of him at the Birmingham dog show of 1887, says, "Alchemist is one of the biggest and most muscular hounds I have ever seen. His body is simply perfect, good sloping shoulders, immense wrinkle, plenty of bone, good eye and leather; he has the largest ears of any bloodhound living." If these hounds should arrive safely and in time the public will see them at the New York and Boston shows, after which Alchemist will not again appear in public but will be reserved for stud purposes.

#### Manitoba Field Trials Club.

The annual meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, held in the Manitoba Hotel, Winnipeg, on Monday, Jan. 15, was received too late for publication last week. There was a good attendance present and an enthusiastic meeting was the result. After the usual routine business had been disposed of these officers were elected for the ensuing year: Patron, C. C. Chipman, Esq., Commissioner of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg; President, F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg; First Vice-President, John Woolton, Manitou; Second Vice-President, D. M. Telford, Winnipeg; Secretary-Treasurer, R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg; Managing Committee—W. F. Ellis, Manitou; F. W. Scott, J. H. Rose, Dr. Dalgleish, Winnipeg; R. Adamson, Virdon; Auditors—T. L. Peters, Alex. Clarke, Winnipeg. It was decided to hold the next trials of this club at Morris, Man., on Wednesday, Sept. 5. The selection of a judge, the arranging of prizes, stakes and other business in connection with the holding of the trials, were left in the hands of the managing committee and will be made known at a later date. The outlook is very promising, as the officers elected by the club are all active workers and take great interest in everything pertaining to canine matters. There is every reason to believe that this will be by far the most successful season in the history of the club.

#### Special Car for Western Shows.

Ben Lewis and others were talking at Saratoga of chartering a special car for the circuit of Western shows, and in view of the recent move on the part of the railroad and express companies, this would seem to be almost necessary. By this means Mr. Lewis and others could land their dogs in Phila-

delphia in good shape from the St. Louis show. Unless something of this sort is arranged it will be almost impossible to hold the dogs in good condition for so many shows. Having a special car, dogs can be exercised and properly attended to while on the journey. Arrange the boxes along each side of the car, leaving a good wide alleyway down the middle, covered thickly with sawdust, and the dogs could travel to San Francisco without discomfort if the proper man looked after them. In 1886 we took 65 dogs in this way to Cincinnati, the car being provided through General Shattuck's influence, and the journey was made without the least discomfort, the dogs being fed and watered regularly and properly exercised. We should think it would be to the interest of these Western clubs to unite in the expense of such a car, the clubs pay half and the handlers and owners the balance. It is as much to the club's interest as the exhibitor's. Many exhibitors in the East would send to these shows under this arrangement who would not trust their dogs to the express companies so far West.

The Boston Terrier Club will give to the classes at the W. K. C. and New England Kennel Club shows \$40, to be offered in four prizes of \$10 each for best dog and bitch and best dog or bitch bred and owned by exhibitor, and best kennel. The W. K. C. competition is open, that at Boston is confined to the Boston Terrier Club. The new officers are: President, R. J. Clark; Vice-President, Arthur Mulvey; Secretary, Dr. H. P. Rogers; Treasurer, W. C. Hook. The above-named, with Dwight Baldwin, W. H. Chalm and D. J. Colburn, form the executive committee. Mr. Chas. I. Nesmith, of Reading, has been elected to membership.

Dogmen are often amused at the gush of the average daily reporter when assigned to do a dog show, but the reporter of the *Times Democrat* of New Orleans seems to have been imbued with the right sentiment, when he wrote the following in his description of the show just held in that city: "Old dogs, in this ever-moving world there is a big place for you all, and even the forsaken yellow cur, adrift upon the cold city streets has some friend, some hand that would give it sustenance if it could. Your love and faithfulness has made many a bright spot in a life's history, and, who knows, maybe there's something for you in the other world. As an old man once said: 'Hereafter would be kinder lonesome without dogs.'"

We are rather surprised that Mr. Hanks' letter, asking some of our Russian wolfhound breeders to discuss the much vexed question of type in those hounds, has brought forth so little. It is certainly true that this subject should be settled. There is some difference in the type of these dogs, and we do not think that breeders should lose sight of that distinctive and peculiar appearance that most of the dogs imported direct from the Russian kennels seem to possess, in the striving to breed merely for greyhound make and shape.

We are always glad to hear from Mr. W. H. Child, and this time more than ever pleased to find that our "par" regarding his selling off his dogs is not entirely true. He sold his beagles only. "I hope the time is far distant when I do not own a dog. I still own an excellent Irish setter bitch, and have a promising cocker that I am very anxious to try on game." We believe Mr. Child has purchased some beagles from Mr. Wixom, and he hopes before Nov. 1 to have a "covey" of these merry little hounds. His many friends will regret to hear that he has now been laid up two and one-half years this month, and is still only able to sit up a few minutes each day. If good wishes brought back good health Mr. Child would soon be among us again.

Mr. Chapman speaks of a daughter of his charming little beagle Butterfly, by Fitzhugh Lee, 8 months old, that will come out at the New York show, and she must be good if as he says, "she can beat her mammy now."

#### Finglas Changes Hands.

Mr. W. L. Washington, of Allegheny, Pa., has bought the noted Irish setters Finglas, champion Ruby Glenmore and Dick Finglas (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore), a 20-months-old dog that is said to be a good one. Finglas and Ruby Glenmore are too well known to require further mention at our hands. Mr. Washington intends to exhibit again, and with the above purchases and a number of dogs he already has in his kennels, he expects to add some interest to Irish setter competitions this spring. Finglas will be placed at stud, presumably in FOREST AND STREAM.

#### "Bob."

We shall be able to offer in a week or so copies of the autobiography of the fox-terrier, "Bob," by C. A. Sumner, secretary of the Southern California Kennel Club. When Mr. Sumner wrote the copy he had no intention of going to press, as it was simply for home circulation, but his friends so bothered him for a set of the photos that he went to the printer, and with the help of Mr. Pariser, the booklet is the result. It does not matter whether the reader is interested in fox-terriers or other dogs; it appeals to any one who loves dogs and can understand the quaint humor that runs through "Bob" from nose to tail. The reproductions from photographs alone are worth the price, \$1.50.

As a matter of news we may say that a person high in authority in the National Beagle Club has been disqualified by the New England Beagle Club for non-payment of entry money, and the matter is about to be placed before the A. K. C. There must be some mistake here, as it seems a very foolish business.

#### Canadian Kennel Club Meeting.

An important meeting of the executive committee was held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Canada, last Friday afternoon, President J. S. Niven in the chair. The other members present were Dr. H. S. Griffin of Hamilton, Ont., C. A. Stone, J. S. Williams, R. W. Boyd and Secretary Donovan of Toronto, and S. F. Glass of London, Ont. The question of affiliating with the A. K. C. was the subject of much discussion, but nothing definite was done further than referring the matter to a committee composed of Dr. Griffin, F. S. Wetherall of Compton, Que., and T. G. Davey of London, Ont., who will confer with the committee appointed for the purpose by the A. K. C. The case of Mr. Goodman against Dr. Mills in which judgment was given for H. L. Goodman, also came up, but no action of a disciplinary nature was taken until investigation shall show if the published accounts are true or not. A number of new members were proposed.

Mr. Bousfield, the owner of the Bay City Kennels, in view of the hard times, has reduced the fees of St. Augustine and Lord Dante, the well-known St. Bernards, so that those at a distance can afford to avail themselves of this good blood. St. Augustine has been doing good work at stud; the Bay City Kennels have now a promising litter by him. Alta Kennels, Santa Rosa was bred recently to Lord Dante. St. Augustine was out of shape when shown at Toronto, but Mr. Bousfield tells us he will be in the "pink" when seen at the spring shows. All the stock are doing well, and Mr. Bousfield looks forward to a good year.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club will have a special show committee composed of the following members: G. H. Thompson, Charles T. Thompson, J. J. Schellenburg, P. Walsh, G. Schreiber, H. G. Sinnott and Dr. L. C. Sauveur.

The dogmen should not suffer under this direction. F. G. Taylor, Dr. Davis, L. Finletter, Dr. A. Glass and Dr. Littleton will form a field trial committee. We remarked a couple of years ago that the P. K. C. had come to life again, they have done more than that, they have been born again.

The Saratoga show clearly demonstrated that when chickens and dogs are exhibited in the same building, the dogs claim almost the entire attention. Judging from the attendance at Saratoga the club would scarcely have had fifty people to look at the poultry alone. There would have been a much larger attendance but for a revival meeting of fervent proportions that was under way during the week. "Our only German" was bewailing this fact, and remarked that he would rather listen to a good dog than a bad preacher any day.

In justice to Mr. Haldeman, who is seemingly being made the scapegoat, on both sides of the Atlantic, for the collapse of the *Fanciers' Journal* at the expense of the real truth, a little light should be turned on. Previous to Mr. C. H. Mason's occupation of the editorial chair the subscription list was 784, within sixty days after this the list had fallen off over 200. It is time that a lot of this garish foolishness should be stopped and truth be known. There is a slight difference between guerrilla journalistic methods and sober editorial work. They don't mix.

Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfer has sold the rough St. Bernard bitch Mascot Bernie by Sargano out of Fless, winner of first, Baltimore, 1893, to Messrs. Woodin & Hoyt, The Heights, Berwick, Pa. This is a good bitch and should do well for her new masters, as she is both a breeder and a winner. Mr. Diffenderfer has now about closed out his St. Bernards, having only a few small pups out of Bernie left.

It was stated at Saratoga that Mr. William Marshall, of Scotland, will accompany his brother John Marshall when he returns from his visit to the old country, in time for the New York show. Mr. W. Marshall is well known as the breeder of Scottish Prince and other good ones; Altonette is also one of his breeding. He breeds them, and Mr. Sydney Smith brings them to the front.

At a meeting of the farmers of Chester county, Pa., under direction of the State Board of Agriculture, the following resolution was proposed and adopted by Henry L. Brinton, R. H. Hough and J. W. Hickman: "Whereas, the farmers of Chester county have suffered great damage from dogs being permitted to run at large; therefore, be it resolved, that this meeting demand at the hands of the Board of County Commissioners such a tax levy upon dogs as will give ample protection to sheep husbandry, even to the full maximum limit of the late act of Assembly, approved the 25th day of May, 1893. Resolved, further, that we urge upon farmers to consider their interests in the matter, and aid in enforcing the law against irresponsible persons and others who seek to evade it."

A bill will be introduced in the House at Columbus, Ohio, which provides that the sheriff of each county shall keep a certain number of bloodhounds for use in tracking escaped criminals, and in detecting petty thieves. We do not know whether these are to be the English bloodhound or the heavy Southern hound. The purpose is good, and either will do.

A well known whippet, Sally, has just been purchased by an English fancier, Mr. Craven. She is a big winner in whippet races, and the fact that she was bred in Philadelphia, where she won several handicaps before being exported to England, is our excuse for mentioning the fact of her transfer.

The great Dane, Ulric, has been sold by Mr. R. T. Martin, owner of the Rosemont Kennels in Ireland, to a fancier on this side the water. Ulric has been a big winner at the best shows, and Mr. Lloyd says that he is also a most companionable dog.

Among our "Specials," which are becoming so popular among dog breeders, as they recognize them as a sort of "quick delivery" system, we find that C. E. Bunn offers mastiff pups for sale; H. N. Howell, pointer dog Valentine, field trained; Meadow City Kennels, well bred English setter pups; W. I. Baker, well bred pointer dog; Geo. Douglas, choice cocker brood bitches; J. Feulner, English setter dog. J. F. Kelly wants dogs to board, and a trained pointer. In the stud C. E. Bunn places his noted mastiffs and E. A. Cook the well-known smooth fox-terrier Raby Trigger, whose services should be eagerly snapped up at the low fee of \$10.

Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford will have their annual sale of fox-terriers on the afternoon of the last day of the New York show. They will put up about 80 terriers.

"Uncle Dick," known in other departments as J. Otis Fellows, has been taking a hand in the discussion about the "bore" of a 22-cal. ball, in another department of FOREST AND STREAM, and his letter in answer to "Diamond Walt" has brought him letters from all over the country about rifles to use. This week letters come from Montreal, North Dakota and Louisiana. There is no "choke" about FOREST AND STREAM, it "scatters" all over this country. By the way, Mr. Fellows has been accused of doing too much work at the Saratoga show. He had to do something, for he tells us that he started the show with seven men and an assistant "super," but other influences cut this number down to two boys by Friday A. M., and they had to do all the work on the last day.

England will hold a toy dog show at the Royal Aquarium, London, in May. The Toy Spaniel, Pomeranian, Schipperke and Pug clubs join forces.

#### The A. K. C. and C. K. C.

The statement published in other journals that the A. K. C. had telegraphed to the City of the Straits Kennel Club not to honor the Canadian registration in accepting entries of Canadian dogs requires explanation. This telegram was sent in answer to one from the Secretary of the Detroit club asking whether Canadian Stud Book registrations would be recognized, and paying for a telegram in reply. The A. K. C. answered that as all relations with the C. K. C. had been severed, Canadian dogs must either register or list with the A. K. C. before entering.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club has applied for admission in the A. K. C. and this application will be passed upon at the annual meeting.

#### Mr. Harrison Buying Greyhounds.

We knew that such a keen rider and sportsman as Mr. Mitchell Harrison would soon become a convert to the sport of coursing, and we were not surprised to hear he had formed a partnership with Mr. Sam W. Vidler in the Broadmoor Kennels soon after his arrival at Colorado Springs. The kennel now consists of Benarita, Lady Graham Glendyne, two bitches by Lord Neversett—Partera, Voltaire, Van's General, and a thirteen-months dog by Lord Neversett—White Lips. This is the nucleus of a first-class kennel. The dogs will be run at the Altcar meeting next month. If Mr. Harrison goes in for coursing as keenly as he did for collies, his accession to the ranks of coursing men is a good step forward for the sport in this country.



**Russian Wolfhound Type.**  
*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
I was glad to see in a contemporary reply to my letter of two weeks ago. A little public discussion of the much mooted question of the type of the Russian wolfhound will undoubtedly be of the greatest benefit to all of us who have become interested in this breed of dogs. This correspondent and I at the first go off are now ready to lock horns, and a still further discussion by other admirers of the dog may bring out other differences of opinion which will eventually crystallize into something tangible and may result in a standard being established so that we will all know what to breed to. My controversy is in his saying that we should judge the dog on greyhound lines. I say no, not by any means, and why? First, because it is falling into an error which the best breeders of Russia are trying to eliminate, and by the best breeders I refer to the Imperial Kennels, Col. Dietz, Prince Galitzin, Grand Duke Nicholas, and Mr. Karacoff. I mention these names as authority in order to get at the bottom of the matter, as the question might properly be raised, either that I am mistaken about my authorities, or the type which I claim they advocate is not being bred by them. Second, I say that the English greyhound cross is not a true Russian type.  
It is a fact not generally known that these dogs are zealously guarded in Russia, and that few kennels can boast of having the pure breed. A dozen kennels would probably include all the kennels of pure-bred wolfhounds in the whole kingdom of Russia; as many kennels, but not those now considered the best ones, are known to have crossed their dogs with the English greyhound with the hope of gaining speed, thus of course taking away the pure-bred type. I cannot state too forcibly how I was impressed in Russia with this feeling among the best breeders against such crossing. Indeed it is quite a usual thing to see on the streets well-grown, handsome dogs, that readily would have passed for good ones if it were not for being so crossed. It is because of this crossing that shows the greyhound type that many a dog has been purchased very cheap in Russia and exported to this country and England. It is such importations that we ought to guard against, and yet we cannot if we judge the dog on greyhound lines.  
Another reason why I object to judging on greyhound lines, and to my mind a very strong reason, too, is that it is not in accordance with the standard as adopted in Russia, and surely the Russian standard must be the "best Russian type," which is what this correspondent calls for. Yet if we do not take the real Russian type, which he later in his article seems to object to on the ground that we are not showing the dog or judging him in Russia, we shall also have to turn our backs on the English standard, which is practically the same. The result, therefore, will be one standard for Russia and England, another for America and perhaps still another for Australia and Timbuctoo. Surely it is better for us all to pull together in this matter, especially as we have now nothing to undo. Surely it is better to have a friendly rivalry between the English and American breeders, which must be of benefit to both. Surely it is as easy to judge the dog here on Russian and English lines as any other imported dog.  
One word more and I have finished. We have only to look at the young stock now being exhibited, most of them out of good imported bitches but mated with dogs built on greyhound lines, and we cannot but notice that we are getting further and further, not only from the type of the imported stock, but are also getting dogs not nearly as graceful in carriage or as beautiful in outline. Thanks to others the ball is now rolling. Will not the other breeders and admirers of the dog give their views? Let us get at this in the right spirit, and the result of our combined opinions will go far toward establishing a standard in this country, and put us in a position to breed as handsome and as useful a dog as ever graced the bench. Just one more word. Will this writer give the "eminent authorities" he speaks of advocating the greyhound type, so that we may have a dig at them if necessary? I inclose herewith a copy of the English type of Russian wolfhound, which was published in the *British Fancier* since my other letter. By publishing it in your paper it will not only be of benefit to those interested in the breed, but will give an opportunity to discuss why or why not the English standard should be adopted in this country.  
CHAS. STEDMAN HANES.  
Boston, Mass., Jan. 23.

**POINTS OF THE BORZOI AS DEFINED AND ADOPTED BY THE BORZOI CLUB.**  
1. *Head.*—Long and lean. The skull flat and narrow, stop not perceptible, and muzzle long and tapering. The head from the forehead to tip of the nose should be so fine that the shape and direction of the bones and principal veins can be seen clearly, and in profile should appear rather Roman-nosed. Bitches should be even narrower in head than dogs. Eyes dark, expressive, almond-shaped and not too far apart. Ears like those of a greyhound; small, thin and placed well back on the head, with the tips, when thrown back, almost touching behind the occiput.  
2. *Neck.*—The neck should be carried somewhat low, with the neck continuing the line of the back.  
3. *Shoulders.*—Clean and sloping well back.  
4. *Chest.*—Deep and somewhat narrow.  
5. *Back.*—Rather bony and free from any cavity in the spinal column, the arch in the back being more marked in the dog than in the bitch.  
6. *Loins.*—Broad and very powerful, with plenty of muscular development.  
7. *Thighs.*—Long and well developed, with good second thighs.  
8. *Ribs.*—Slightly sprung at the angle of the ribs; deep, reaching to the elbow and even lower.  
9. *Forelegs.*—Lean and straight. Seen from the front they should be narrow, and from the side broad at the shoulder and narrowing gradually down to the foot, the bone appearing flat and not round as in the foxhound.  
10. *Hindlegs.*—The least thing under the body when standing still, not straight, and the stifle slightly bent.  
11. *Muscles.*—Well distributed and highly developed.  
12. *Pasterns.*—Strong.  
13. *Feet.*—Like those of the deerhound, rather long. The toes close together and well arched.  
14. *Coat.*—Long, silky (not woolly), either flat, wavy, or rather curly. On the head, ears and front legs it should be short and smooth. On the neck the frill should be profuse and rather curly. On the chest and rest of body, the tail and hindquarters, it should be long. The forelegs should be well feathered.  
15. *Tail.*—Long, well feathered and not gaily carried.  
16. *Height.*—At shoulder of dogs, from 26in. upward; of bitches, from 24in. upward.  
*Faults.*—Head short or thick. Too much stop. Parti-colored nose. Eyes too wide apart. Heavy ears. Heavy shoulders. Wide chest. "Barrel"-ribbed. Dew claws. Elbows turned out. Wide behind.

The attention of all judges of this breed at dog shows is earnestly requested to the club standard, as by this means alone can the ONE (true) type be preserved.

**Gordon Setter Club.**  
*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York on Thursday, Feb. 23, at 7:30 P. M. (the third night of the dog show), for the election of officers and members, and the transaction of such other business as may then come up. Members are requested to send in their annual dues, \$5, and the names of those to be proposed for membership, to the undersigned.  
In addition to the cash prizes in the Gordon setter classes, already announced by the Westminster K. C. (some \$300), the Gordon Setter Club offers \$5 each for the best and next best dog and bitch in the open class, belonging to a member of the Gordon Setter Club. Also, the *American Field* silver vase, for the best Gordon setter shown, which has been the property of a member of the Gordon Setter Club for six months previous to the closing of the New York dog show entries, to be won three times, not necessarily continuously, before becoming his property. L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y.  
YONKERS, N. Y.

**Dogs are Property in Kentucky.**  
*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
A special dated Harrodsburg, Ky., Jan. 2, states that Ivan Harris was up in the police court the previous day charged with felony in the stealing of a dog valued at over \$20, and the proof being positive, Judge T. M. Cardwell held him over in a bond of \$200 to await the action of the Grand Jury in February. The Court of Appeals of Kentucky, in a recent decision, has laid it down as law that dogs are property.  
EDWARD WICK.  
CINCINNATI, O.

**KENNEL NOTES.**  
Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.  
NAMES CLAIMED.  
Prepared Blanks sent free on application.  
*Red Riding Hood.* By C. F. Gentz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich., for red dachshund bitch, whelped June 12, 1893, by Hundesport's Zaenker out of Lina L.  
*Sally Kent.* By C. F. Gentz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich., for black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped July 20, 1893, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Polly (Hundesport's Zaenker—Lina K.).  
BRED.  
Prepared Blanks sent free on application.  
*Lass of Kippen—Coronet.* E. G. Duncle's (Brookton, Mass.) pointer bitch Lass of Kippen to G. W. Lovell's Coronet, Nov. 7.  
*Sally Kent—Ridgeview Faust.* A. M. Hopper's (East Orange, N. J.) pointer bitch Sally Kent (King of Kent—Westminster Sal) to Victoria Kennels' Ridgeview Faust (Beppo III.—Lady Norrish II.), Oct. 22.  
WHEELPS.  
Prepared Blanks sent free on application.  
*Sally Kent.* A. M. Hopper's (East Orange, N. J.) pointer bitch Sally Kent (King of Kent—Westminster Sal), Dec. 19, nine (four dogs), by Victoria Kennels' Ridgeview Faust (Beppo III.—Lady Norrish II.).  
*Duchess.* J. B. Blossom's (New York City) Irish setter bitch Duchess (champion Dick Swiveler)—Yuba, Jan. 4, eleven (four dogs), by Dr. Wm. Jarvis's imported Signal (Muskerry—Nancy Lee).  
*Grove Duchess.* Chatham Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Grove Duchess (champion Baron—Dutch Rose II.), Jan. 2, six (three dogs), by John Moorhead, Jr.'s champion Streatham Monarch (Streatham Flyer—Trentham Baroness).  
*Belle of Surrey.* J. G. Lipsett's (Roxbury, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Belle of Surrey (Comet II.—Rose), Dec. 17, seven (five dogs), by Chatham Kennels' Chatham Prince (Hinks—The Shrew).  
SALES.  
Prepared Blanks sent free on application.  
*Rhoda—Breeze Gladstone.* H. C. Higginson's (Newburg, N. Y.) English setter bitch Rhoda (Bob Toombs—Vic Gladstone), to F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Nov. 22.  
*Katie of Lansdowne—Ben Hur of Riverview.* F. G. Taylor's (Lansdowne, Pa.) English setter bitch Katie of Lansdowne (Breeze Gladstone—Nellie Benon) to F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview (Ben Hill—Dec. 2).  
*Glady's Kent.* Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1893, by Kent II. out of Countess Addie, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to Mr. Barstow, Providence, R. I.  
*Duke and Alice.* Black and tan dachshund dog and bitch, whelped June 12, 1893, by Hundesport's Zaenker out of Lina L., by Chas. F. Gentz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich., to M. H. Wangerin, Scott, Wis.  
*Duch.* Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped June 12, 1893, by Hundesport's Zaenker out of Lina L., by Chas. F. Gentz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich., to T. H. Noble, Elk Rapids, Mich.  
*Red Panny.* Red dachshund dog, whelped June 12, 1893, by Hundesport's Zaenker out of Lina L., by C. F. Gentz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich., to W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis.  
*Al De Ber Bazzard.* White, with sable markings, rough collie dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1893, by Bendigo out of Patient, by Al De Ber Collie Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., to A. P. Howard, Georgetown, S. C.  
*Al De Ber Bendigo and Al De Ber Charlie.* Sable and white rough collie dogs, whelped Aug. 25, 1893, by Bendigo out of Patient, by Al De Ber Collie Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., to J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo.  
*Al De Ber Ben.* Sable and white rough collie dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1893, by Bendigo out of Patient, by Al De Ber Collie Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., to C. W. Ballard, New York City.  
*Star.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Feb. 25, 1892, by Star of the East out of Rownell's Dream, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to G. K. Hazeltine, Concord, N. H.  
*Romeo.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Aug. 26, 1893, by Doctor out of Queen Noble, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to W. E. Collins, Chester, N. J.  
*Jack.* Water spaniel dog, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Fred Walker, same place.  
*Dorothy.* Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped May 5, 1893, by Happy Toby out of Midget Nellie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to G. W. Nitraver, Middletown, Pa.  
*Ben Hessen—Maid of Kippen whelps.* Liver and white pointers, whelped July 31, 1893, by J. O. Gabriel, Westover, Pa., a dog to L. W. Roney, a dog and bitch to H. C. Trexler, a bitch to B. Hufford, all of Allentown, Pa., and a dog to F. Curtis, Reading, Pa.  
*Hundesport's Znenker—Lina L whelps.* Black and tan dachshunds, whelped June 12, 1893, by C. F. Gentz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich., a dog to L. Fuelling, St. Joseph, Mo., and a bitch to Dr. E. Guenther, Newark, N. J.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**  
There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.  
T. W. T., Boston, Mass.—You will find cocker spaniels of the best strain advertised in our business columns.  
C. C. H., Macon, Ga.—You will find the best pointer and Irish setter kennels advertised in our business columns. It would be invidious on our part to make a selection.  
G. M. S., Iva, Va.—It would be invidious on our part to recommend any one breeder of great Danes or bloodhounds. Consult our advertising columns or advertise for what you want.  
J. K., New York City.—Greyhounds have been known to work out the trail of a hare, but it is a most uncommon occurrence; the average greyhound has no idea of using his nose for such a purpose.  
S. H. J., Portchester, N. Y.—There are two Tramps registered in the A.K.C.S.B., Vol. V, viz. 7,735 and 10,902; 7,735, by Bacchanal out of Warren Lady, litter sister to Clip (7,708); 10,902, by Viper (10,903) out of Vixen (10,966), Nettle (9,946), by Wick out of Nettle.  
P. A. H., West Medford, Mass.—Is the black cocker spaniel bitch Topsy registered in the A.K.C.S.B.? And if so what is her pedigree? Ans. Topsy, (A.K.C.S.B. 11,554) by Ober out of Black Garrie, by champion Obo II. out of Critic; Ober, by Obo II. out of Critic.  
W. L. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—We are afraid you can do nothing for the fox-terrier's ears. At the same time, one can never tell much about how the ears will be eventually carried during the first six months of a puppy's life, though there is little, if any likelihood of a prick eared one getting them down any time unless cut, and this of course is out of the question for us to advise. Tampering with the ears of any dog will render you liable to disqualification, if the dog is shown.

N. A. W.—Is there such a thing made as a dog shoe, and if so will you kindly give me the address of some dealer from whom I might get them. Ans. We know of no one who manufactures dog boots. You can make them yourself, however, by taking a piece of soft leather and bending it up around the dog's foot and tying it just below the pastern.  
R. G. De P., Jamestown, N. D.—We should say that a cross between a deerhound and greyhound would be the best for hunting wolves; though strong specimens of either breed have been known to make good wolf dogs. You must, however, use at least two dogs to tackle a gray wolf. The Russian wolfhound is also supposed to be a good dog for the purpose, but those over here have not yet been sufficiently tried on this game for us to recommend them.  
D. J., Exeter—I have a valuable setter which has some trouble in his ears, commences shaking his head with a rolling motion, resting after each turn and gradually increasing speed, ending with violent shake. He is now very hard of hearing, and is I fear growing worse. Several other dogs in this vicinity are similarly affected. Ans. Wash the ears out with hot water. Pour a little of the following lotion in twice a day:  
℞ Liq. plumbi-sub-acet. .... 3 iij.  
Tr. opii. .... 3 ii.  
Aq. ad. .... 3 iij.  
Mix. Lotio. Use as directed.  
W. H. S., Chillicothe, Mo.—1. I have a thoroughbred blue belton bitch. I am not positive, but think she is in whelp to one of her pups; if so, will the pups be any good? I know they are inbreeding them now but don't know how close the relationship is. 2. Where can wild rice be bought, and what time of year should it be sowed? Ans. 1. This is often done to preserve type, and in your case probably the pups will be as strong and vigorous as any others. 2. In the proper season the names of several reliable dealers will be found in our advertising columns. The seeds should be sowed in the fall as soon as it is ripe. If kept it soon loses its vitality.

**Hunting and Coursing.**  
*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
In reply to your article which appeared in issue of Jan. 20, headed "Pade." You say: "For fear that an erroneous idea may become general, owing to the writings of those who have not seen the dog, and who were not present when he ran at the trials, we may say that we believe it is a general opinion of those who saw Pade at Nanuet, that the picture as published in *Turf, Field and Farm* is no more like him than chalk to cheese. The rough sketch we published in our report of the trials, conveyed a better idea of the point on which the club based its decision." The picture that appeared in your contemporary (though I have not seen it), was taken from a true photograph of Pade, and we all know a camera is not prejudiced in its work. You say, "The rough sketch you published in your report of the trials conveyed a better idea of the points on which the club based its decision." Now I will ask you a question: was the picture in your report, representing to be a rough sketch of Pade, not an old cut you had in the office to represent a dachshund. I would think so, as it seemed to represent a dog of solid color, and did not Mr. Lacy say in same report, Pade's "color is a sort of dirty fawn shot with dark hairs." Now if Mr. Lacy could not carry in mind Pade's form better than he did his color (which is fully one-third pure white), can one be duped so much as to be made to believe his prejudiced pencil could beat a camera in giving a true reproduction of self. You say, "The dog photographed shows a dog deeper and shorter than the dog that ran at Nanuet, in fact, there is little similarity." Do you insinuate I have substituted another dog to procure the photograph I claim to be taken from Pade? I don't see where there was anything informal in Pade's entry. I gave his sire and dam and name of breeder. What more is required?—and I deny having said Pade was not a pure beagle. What would be the use of me refusing to withdraw him if I had acknowledged him not to be a pure beagle? did say I would not use him in the stud to produce show dogs, but when one wants to cut down height and breed beagles for giving sport in the chase, I know of no dog so well calculated for that purpose as Pade. Here I wish to explain myself. The short leg and long cast beagle has been a very familiar dog in Maryland for many years, and are looked upon as pure as the taller and more compact formed ones. The low, long cast type has many admirers and was many years ago encouraged by breeding. And by-the-by, they in my opinion have not made so great an error as some would have us do now, i. e., breed dogs so cobby as to destroy all action and usefulness. The type of beagle like Pade was bred by Mr. Remus Dorsey, of Maryland, at least fifty years ago, and by Mr. Jones, from whom I bought Pade, who was a breeder over thirty years ago. They traced back to the importations of Judge Anthony M. Johnson, of Howard county, Md., and George Morris of Philadelphia, Pa. I don't want to be misunderstood. I don't claim Pade to be a typically formed dog, yet he is a very attractive-looking dog, and is classed by the sportsmen of Maryland as a pure beagle.  
You also ask me if I "would like that type of beagle perpetuated." I most assuredly do. You need not cross that type on your bench show form unless you please, and even if Pade is used considerably in the stud, how much more harm will he do than several champions we all know that can not, or will not, run a rabbit well enough to tell which end of the trail the dogs are on. They have great attractions to those who know no better with win after win to their credit, and when you use him on the hunt or chase you find he is not worth one cent. Men that are so conscientious as to forewarn parties not to infuse such blood as Pade's in the veins of their dogs, should lay aside their conscientiousness enough to induce people to breed from perfectly worthless dogs, because they may have enough wins to entitle the dog to be a champion, and at the same time is not worth the powder and shot to kill him. Breed the dogs that can make out quickly a little tangle in a trail, and one with the nose, judgment, ability and willingness to do it, transmit those qualities, and you will find out the beagle will become far more popular than he is to-day among the sporting class. The beagle is a dog of the chase, and that instinct should be cultivated by breeding to such dogs as have all the qualities of a sporting dog. Here is where so much harm is done. They will breed a good running bitch to champion so and so because he is an old rounder, and has picked up win after win, which looks very nice on paper, and if you knew as much about his qualities, as a loafer on the hunt and chase, you would be more disgusted than pleased. Referring to your estimate of Pade, I would imagine it would have but little weight, as you have shown a one-sided and misleading account of all connected with the dog.  
POTTINGER DORSEY.  
NEW MARKET, MD.  
[We find nothing in the above letter to alter our opinion of Pade as a beagle, such as the members of the National Beagle Club would desire to have run at their trials. Such a dog is at variance with the standard, which standard the N. B. C., as a member of the A. K. C., and in fealty to its constitution, must uphold. It was just such indiscriminate breeding and lax ideas that has brought the great diversity of type and malformation in most of the American foxhounds of to-day—breeding for nose and pace and nothing else. The strain of beagles Mr. Dorsey alludes to above as imported may have been pure enough, but the very evidence of any one's senses who has spent any time in the Southern States will show that while such dogs as Pade may be called beagles, they may be no more like the original strain, through careless and indiscriminate breeding, than the general run of American foxhounds of to-day are like the original English hounds from which they are said to be descendants. Dogs like Pade can be seen around the negro cabins



in the hills of North Carolina and their form is derived probably from a mixture of pretty nearly every cross-roads dog that are near a size and have enough hunting blood in them to give tongue on a trail. It is natural that Mr. Dorsey should uphold his dog, especially as the dog is a good rabbit hunter, and we do not for a moment insinuate that any other dog was substituted to make the picture. Knowing Mr. Dorsey, we may at once drop that side of the question. What we meant is that the dog is so placed that his crooked front is not discernible, and that he looks deeper and not so long as the dog seen at Nanuet. The camera is not always true and may be made to flatter a dog as much as it may be made to caricature him. Before leaving this part of the subject we may ask why Mr. Dorsey refused to have the dog photographed at Nanuet; the dog was there, Mr. Dorsey was there, and our camera was there. Mr. Dorsey had no such scruples when we "snapped" him with champion Lee II. the year before. That reminds us that another question may be asked. Mr. Dorsey's Ch. Lee II. is acknowledged to be a good field dog, and his title proclaims his place on the bench. Now, which type of beagle would Mr. Dorsey rather perpetuate in his capacity as an official judge of the N. B. C., which he was at the time of the field trial? It is possible to get such types as Lee's, combined with field qualities, then why not aid the N. B. C. in its good work rather than bring forward a dog like Pades, whose ancestors rest under a cloud, as practically admitted in the evidence. It is to get dogs of the type of Lee II. (of course he is slightly over size, but that is outside this question) and to frown upon the Pades, that the N. B. C. has its being.]

#### That Foxhound Standard.

Mr. L. W. Clute asks us what is meant by "the drops short and well folded in" in the standard of the foxhound head as arranged by the Brunswick Fur Club. We confess to ignorance on this point unless it alludes to the nostrils. Speaking of foxhounds reminds us that, like a good sportsman, Mr. Clute does not wish to sail under false colors and corrects the mistake we made in saying in our Saratoga report that he had bred and raised the large Workman-Lill litter. Messrs. C. Whitney Tillinghast, Jr., Joseph H. Harrington, Geo. B. Harrison and Frank W. Edmonds own the "Governor's" kennel and raised the pups, although Mr. Harrington is entitled to the chief credit, as he took personal supervision of them until they were old enough to be taken away, when each of the other men took two pups, leaving six at the kennels, where, together with Lill, the mother, they have been looked after by Mr. Harrington. To Mr. C. McChesney we are also indebted for correct information on this subject.

#### American Foxhound Club.

The American Foxhound Club was organized at the Saratoga show, Jan. 10. Little real business was done beyond the election of officers and enrolling of members. There was a good deal of discussion regarding a standard, and Mr. Lyman W. Clute tells us that he expects to issue this in two or three weeks. The officers of the club are as follows: President, Lyman W. Clute; Vice-President, Jo. J. Harrington; Secretary, Geo. B. Harrison; Treasurer, Dr. H. T. Thurber. Members: J. Otis Fellows, Chas. W. Tillinghast, Jr., F. W. Edmonds, Calvin S. McChesney, A. T. Phelps, Wm. Tallman, C. S. Wixom, F. B. Zimmer, Tracy Gould, H. W. Lacy.

#### HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

A quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York city, on Feb. 22, at 2 P. M. Members are earnestly requested to attend.

### Yachting.

#### THE FIN-KEEL SCARECROW.

(Concluded from Page 84.)

THE amateur boat builder of to-day little knows how much he has to be thankful for, and what immense advantages he enjoys over the preceding generation. Our own experience extends back to a time when the whole literature of boating and yachting that was available, or at all suitable to the wants of the young amateur, was included in a few brief articles in the English boys' books and annuals of sports, these articles being remarkable chiefly for their entangled woodcuts and ingenious misinformation. At this same date, at least about New York, the sources of practical information were as barren as the literature of yachting and building; and the enterprising amateur who loitered too long about the door of a South street boat shop was not infrequently invited in forcible language to move on, the invitation being accompanied by indications of a use of force on the part of the jealous builder against the intruder who was "stealing his trade." In our own jack-knife days, after perpetrating several wooden lilels on the art of naval construction, we were fortunate enough to enjoy the favor and acquaintanceship of an old-time New York boat builder, whose virtues as a man and a mechanic were polished rather than dimmed by a devotion to a certain flat bottle, and his subjection to "the controlling influences of drink." Under his kindly and generous guidance we were inducted into the mysteries of the craft, the technical terms, the making of molds and the bending of timbers, and even to the crowning one of "spiling off" and setting a garboard. What we then learned is all within the reach of younger amateurs to-day through "Canoe and Boat Building," and all branches of designing and building have been fully treated by able writers.

Published designs, practically unknown in the days of our amateur apprenticeship, are now abundant, and the course of the amateur, what with the many improved tools of comparatively recent manufacture, and the available assortment of materials and fittings, is indeed an easy one. One of our early essays in a timbered and planked boat, after various experiments in the scow and bateau line, was a Rob Roy canoe from Macgregor's description; and we remember yet our disappointment on procuring the American reprint of the English edition of the "Rob Roy in the Baltic," to find that the American publishers, presumably through motives of economy, had not reproduced the designs of the canoe which appeared in the original book.

Whatever disadvantages may be justly laid to the score of modern yachts and small craft with long ends, this much must be said in their favor, that they are easy means to build, the beam is moderate, the whole form is full and fair, without the humps and hollows of the old fine-bowed craft with full quarters, the timbers are easily cut or bent, and all of the fore and aft members, the clamps, plank sheers, wales and planking, come into place easily and with little bending and distortion of the wood. The present model, whose lines and sail plan appeared last week, is no exception from the general rule in this respect, and is excellently adapted to the wants of the amateur, giving a most serviceable boat when completed, and offering no special difficulties in the construction.

The scantling which we give will undoubtedly seem light to those unaccustomed to modern building, and there are many of the old class of boatbuilders who, if called on to build, will at once propose to double all of our sizes; but if the work and material are as good as they should be in a small pleasure boat, there need be no fear of the strength. We may say to those unfamiliar with light work that the present scantlings for an 18ft. boat are heavier than some of the 31ft. racing boats.

Reasonably light weight is of importance in any small craft unless intended for fishing, lightering or the roughest class of work, and every effort toward it should be made, in proportioning all parts to the work they must bear. In selection only the best of material, in fitting every joint to a perfect bearing and in using plenty of fastenings, screws or riveted nails, and setting them in the most careful manner. Strength can never be obtained through the use of inferior wood in large pieces and held by few and cheap fastenings, while this method involves a weight which is fatal to a boat, even if she be intended for cruising and general use rather than racing. The following sizes are given on the assumption that no sappy, grain-cut or knotty wood will be used, that the clamps, plank sheers and wales,

with most if not all of the planking, will be in single lengths, and that every joint will be carefully fitted and fastened.

#### SCARECROW—TABLE OF SCANTLING.

	18ft. l.w.l.	15ft. 4in. l.w.l.
	Inches.	Inches.
Keel, sided.....	6	5
moulded.....	1-3/4	7/8-5/8
Stem, sided.....	2	1 1/2
moulded.....	3/4	3/8
Keelson, sided.....	4 1/2	1 1/2
moulded.....	2 1/2	2 1/2
Frames, *sided.....	1 1/4-1 3/8	1-3/4
moulded.....	9	8
spaced.....	1	1
Floors, sided.....	1 1/4-7/8	1 1/2
Clamp, sided.....	2-3/4	1 3/4-1 1/2
moulded.....	1 1/2	1 1/2
Deck beams, sided.....	1 1/2	1 1/2
moulded.....	5/8	5/8
Planking.....	3/4	3/4
Deck.....	3/4	3/4
Coaming.....	3/4	3/4

\*Two frames at mast, the frame at runner plate and each bulkhead frame will be sided 1 1/4 in. in the larger boat and 1 1/2 in. in the smaller.

The first step in the construction will be the "laying off" of the lines full size on the floor; if the floor is rough and dirty, common roll detail paper or even the cheapest kind of roll building paper may be tacked down. The waterlines in the sheer plan, and the stations, will first be drawn in, using a chalk line and straight-edge, then from the table of offsets given last week, the various curves of the keel, stem, half deck, waterlines and sections will be laid down. All of this work is best done to the outside of the planking, though it is quite common to consider the inside only; however, the builder's chief aim is to get the outside, not the inside, of the boat, like the design, and this is best done by laying down the outside of the boat, just as she will be when completed.

The main rabbet line is then drawn on the stem in the sheer plan, being the intersection in the half-breadth plan of the various waterlines and the line representing the half-breadth or thickness of the stem, each of these various intersections being squared up to its corresponding waterline on the sheer plan. A mould for the rabbet is then made, of 1/4 or 3/8 in. pine. The inner rabbet line is not shown in the plans, but may be drawn in by laying off the thickness of the planking on each of the waterlines in the half-breadth plan, and noting the intersection with the side of the stem. The details of this work are very fully given in "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," and are too lengthy to reproduce here.

For building with steamed frames special moulds will be needed, one at each alternate station, or at 0, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14; fewer moulds are often used, but the work is more difficult for the amateur and the results are apt to be less satisfactory, and in the end the time of making a couple of extra moulds will be well saved. In laying down, the waterlines of the half-breadth plan and the diagonals may be run in from the table of offsets with a long flexible batten, then the true widths on these lines at each station may be laid off on the body plan, marking each width on the edge of a thin wide batten laid on the floor and transferring it to its proper place in the body plan. As a result the lines in each of the three plans should show fair and true, very slight departure from the original spots being necessary. A certain amount of error in enlarging eight times, as in the present case, is inevitable; but the original drawing was carefully made, and the lines on the floor should show very fair if carefully laid down.

The thickness of the planking must now be deducted from each of the sections in the body plan for which a mould is needed; a line being drawn 5/8 in. (3/4 in. for the smaller boat) inside of the section. The moulds will be cut out of 1 in. pine or other soft wood, to the outline of the inner line, and properly braced together and jogged to fit across the keel.

The keel should be of clear, straight-grained white oak, the grain running so that any edge points aft. The widths of the keel vary, being greater amidships, as shown, and diminishing toward each end. The thickness is also diminished from Sta. 7 aft, being 1 in. extreme thickness, 3/4 at the rudder post and 5/8 at the transom for the 18ft. boat. The stem should be cut from a knee or crook of hackmatack or oak, sound and solid at the head where the jibstay is secured. It will be marked out from the sheer plan, the rabbet marked and partly cut, and the sides outside the rabbet beveled away to a thickness of about 1/2 in., leaving some wood for the final finishing. The upper 6 in. at the stem head is usually left square, to be beveled away after the gam mon iron, if one is used, is in place.

The construction of the centerboard or fin trunk is somewhat unusual, and was devised to fit these little boats; in place of the usual bulkheads just the length of the trunk, one piece of oak plank is used, the lower side cut to fit the curve of the keel, and running as far forward and aft as its depth will admit. The depth shown is 4 1/2 in., the thickness being 2 in. and the length over 12ft., thus stiffening the middle half of the keel very effectively and compensating for the small size of the keel itself. This combination keelson and bedpiece is fitted to the keel, canton flannel soaked in thick paint being laid between the keel and the keelson, and the keel is fastened with screws, nails or through bolts to it; then the stem is fitted and a few fastenings put in to hold it, and an "anchor stock" of oak, 1 in. thick, is fitted, as shown, over the joint of keel, keelson and stem, and fastened by through rivets. In a larger craft it would be desirable to continue the keelson further aft, at least beyond the rudder trunk, but in the two sizes under consideration it is not necessary.

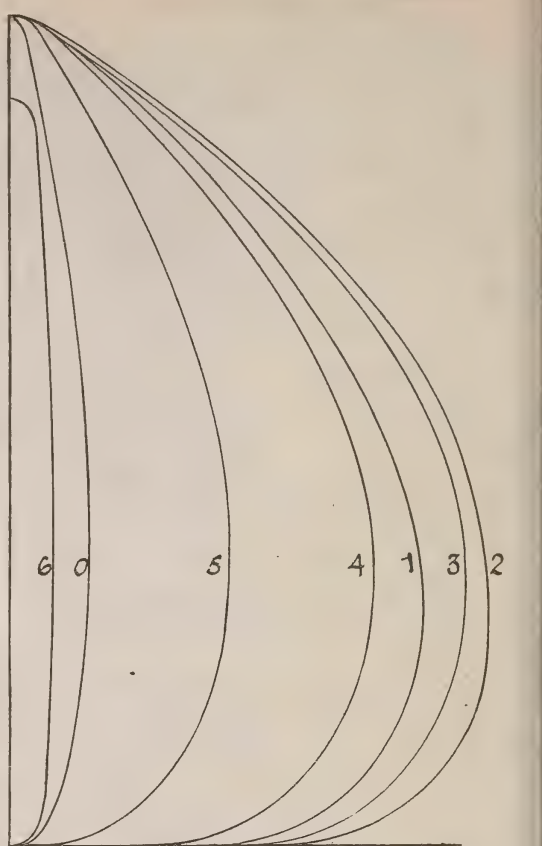
The frame may now be set up on the stocks and shored to the exact curve of the keel in the sheer plan. The moulds are next fitted and shored in their proper positions, the spacing being marked on the keel from the drawing on the floor before the keel is set up. The moulds must be so placed as to leave room for the bent frames beside them. The last section shown, at Sta. 14, may be solid, of 3/4 in. oak, and should be shaped with special care as it will be left permanently in the boat. It will make frames, floor and deckbeam in one, the round of the deck being worked on the upper side; and when fitted will be screwed to the keel strongly. If its exact shape and bevel be determined, either by laying it off on the floor or by battens sprung over the moulds after they are in position, it will be a great aid in getting out the sternpiece or transom.

The transom is not made square across, but the after face has 1 in. of round athwartship; it must, however, be worked perfectly straight on the line of its rake, that shown in the sheer plan and the sectional drawing of the sheer. In some cases the round has been omitted, giving a square, homely look to the stern; and in others, through lack of care, the piece has been rounded in all directions, a very unship-shape proceeding.

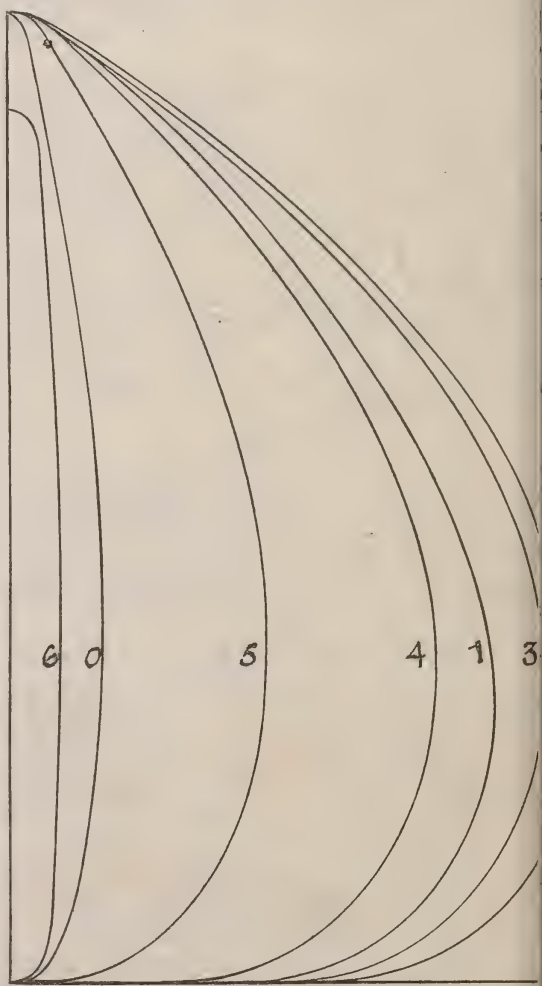
This piece is best worked out of a solid block of oak or mahogany, one of the flat sides being first dressed to the required round, 1 in. in a breadth of 18 in., a mould being first swept out to this curve. When the after side is thus properly shaped, the block may be set up on the keel at the proper angle, and jogged down over the keel, as indicated in the construction plan. While temporarily secured in this position, the true outline of the piece may be determined by means of battens run over the moulds and the solid frame aft, the piece first being roughed out and then, using a batten constantly, the exact outline and the correct bevel being obtained, so that every plank will fit fairly and neatly to it, and the whole counter will be symmetrical. The piece must be left wide enough for the curve of the deck at the center. After the outside and edges are finished the inside may be hollowed out, leaving at least an inch of thickness all over.

The laying off of this piece so that it may be cut directly from the solid block is a rather difficult matter for the amateur; but by proceeding in this way, first working the round of the after side, then fitting to the keel at the proper bevel, and then completing the shape by battens running fairly over the last three or four moulds, a very good job may be made. If several ribs are to be built from the design, it will pay to use one large block, from which a number of pieces, say 1 1/2 in. thick, and of the correct curvature, may be cut at one time by a band saw, thus saving labor and waste of material, as much less wood will be used than if each piece be worked from a separate block. In some cases a solid block is fastened to the keel and worked to shape, but this involves much useless weight in the worst possible place, and the construction given is greatly superior strength is needed at these points, and the frames are cut by larger fastenings. The moulding of the frames, the depth, will be 1 1/2 in. at the heels, 1 in. at the turn of the bilge, and but 3/4 in. at the head, the smaller sizes being diminished in proportion. The sweep of the sections is so easy that but one timber block will be required, and this will be made to a light shape, and sawed to the middle of the transom at Sta. 7.

The timbers will be steamed well and bent on the block while hot, then each will be taken in turn and beveled to fit the ribbands at the



SECTIONS OF HULL FOR 15ft. 4 1/2 in. L.W.L. BOAT, FULL SIZE.



SECTIONS OF HULL FOR 18ft. L.W.L. BOAT, FULL SIZE.

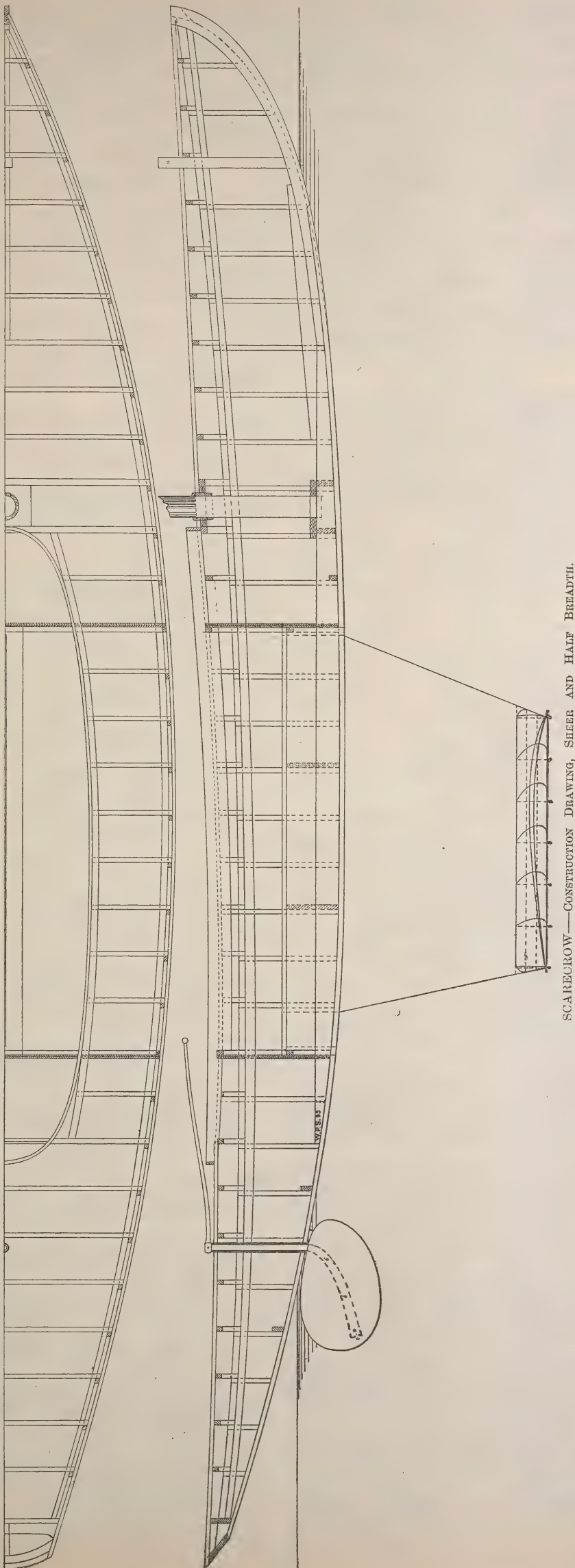
proper position, fitted to the keel, its curve straightened until just right, and set in place, being held by wire nails through each ribband. A very good plan for holding the bent frames to the ribbands in small boats and canoes is to use, in place of nails, a short piece of annealed iron wire say 1/16 in. diameter or under, which may be passed around the two and its ends twisted together. The wire is very cheap, and in removing a ribband each loop is cut with the pliers in less time than a nail can be drawn.

The heels of the two pair of 1 in. head timbers and those between them abreast the centerboard slot (which has not yet been cut) will be mortised about 3/4 in. into the keelson, the ends of the other timbers will butt against the keelson and be nailed to it and the keel. On the frame just forward of the fore bulkhead is a cross floor, which passes through a mortise or jog in the keelson. A similar cross floor may be worked just against each bulkhead on its inner side, but will hardly be necessary.

The absence of cross floors of oak or of iron knees is a feature of this boat which would hardly be admissible in a larger craft; but the two bulkheads, in connection with the half bulkheads to be described, have been designed to provide against any possible weakness in this direction.

The heels of all the timbers should be well fastened to the keel with clinch nails or riveted nails and burrs, and the keel itself may be further strengthened by a through bolt of 3-16 rod, run edge to edge, at each end of the slot. Cross floors of 1 in. oak are worked on two frames in the after compartment, as shown, the floor already mentioned crosses the keel just ahead of the fore bulkhead, and on the





two frames next the mast solid half floors 1in. thick are worked, well nailed or screwed to the timbers, keel and keelson; and on top of them is bolted a piece of 1in. oak, 10in. wide, with a couple of edge bolts through to keep it from splitting. The last piece forms the mast step a circular hole being cut in its center, and the keelson just beneath it is a mortise for the tenon on the heel of the mast.

After the timbers and floors are in place and faired to the ribbands, the rabbets and bevels being all right, the upper ribband is removed, a spiling taken, and the wale worked and set. It may be of mahogany or clear Georgia pine, and being needlessly heavy. The garboard will run up on the stem to near the fore end of the waterline, while it will run out on the transom aft. The planking should be planed on both sides before working; with the facilities offered everywhere by planing mills there is no longer any excuse for using rough stuff for planking, and much time will be saved by the use of clean well planed boards, in which all checks and imperfections are seen at once. The stuff for the larger size should be dressed in the mill to a full  $\frac{3}{8}$ in., finishing it a little less than this thickness after the final planing when in place; that for the smaller boat being  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. before laying.

The rabbet need not be cut to quite the thickness of the planking, involving a little more labor in the final planing, but leaving the planks thickest on the bilge and lighter at the ends. The planking must be fitted very closely to the bulkhead timbers, thick red lead paint being used in the joint and each plank drawn up to place it on copper nails while the paint is fresh. The planking is put on above and below alternately, the last plank, the "shutter," coming on the bilge. The planks will run from 3 to 5in. in width amidships, of course tapering considerably at the ends. They will be fastened to the stem and transom with screws.

When the planking is on and fully fastened, the two clamps of Georgia pine or even clear spruce, are got out and put in place at the proper distance below the wale to admit the deck beams above them, and are well riveted through the wales and the head of each timber. The sizes given are for the middle and ends, as they may taper considerably. The deck beams may be of spruce, sided  $\frac{7}{8}$ in. and moulded  $1\frac{1}{4}$ in., spaced the same as the frames. The two partner beams, next to the mast, are each sided  $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.

After the two bulkhead beams are fitted and fastened, the bulkheads may be built, two thicknesses of white pine or white cedar being used. The strips may be 3in. wide and  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick, one layer being fitted and lightly nailed to the deck beam and frame, thick paint being used in the joints; the strips running diagonally across the boat, at an angle of 45 degrees with a vertical line. After this layer is in place, the whole bulkhead is covered with a layer of canvas, well painted on both sides, and a second layer of wood, running diagonally in the opposite direction from the first, and crossing it at right angles, is fitted; screws then being put through the two layers into the deck beam and frame, after which both layers are well fastened together by copper nails with the points riveted or clinched, these nails being about 3in. apart. In this way the bulkhead is very strong and watertight, and not liable to warp or crack as a single thickness of wood would do. Some neat work is necessary in the fitting, and plenty of thick paint must be used. One object of the bulkheads is to give ample transverse strength to the hull, and they must therefore be well fastened.

After the main bulkheads are in, the deck beams are all fastened to the clamps, and the plank sheers and partner pieces, both of mahogany if a handsome finish is desired, are fitted and screwed to the beams and wales. A solid fitting is put in for the mast partner between the two partner beams, as shown. The after ends of the plank sheers are connected by a piece across the counter.

The hull is then taken from the stocks and the slot for the centerboard or fin is accurately laid out and cut, from bulkhead to bulkhead, and the head ledges, of oak,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, are put in place; then the sides of the trunk are built up, of 1in. clear pine, to the required height, and  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. through bolts are driven through them and the keelson and keel and riveted outside of the keel, being spaced about 10in. apart. In this way the trunk is an integral part of the hull, while it divides the open compartment in the center of the boat into two tight compartments below the floor.

A ledge of spruce or oak about 1in. square is riveted across each bulkhead, flush with the top of the trunk, to carry the ends of the floor boards. The spaces on each side of the trunk are further subdivided by two half bulkheads in each as shown in the sheer plan of the construction drawing, each being of solid wood,  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, fitted tight and well fastened to the timbers and also to the keelson and side of trunk, the latter connection being made strong by means of light metal knees in the angle, or of square cleats of hard wood through which screws are driven into the keelson and trunk on the one hand and the bulkhead on the other. If desired, limbers may be cut to connect the three sub-compartments on each side, but it will probably be better to have each one as nearly watertight as possible.

There is a slight error in the section published last week, in that the keelson is there shown as continuous from keel to floor, whereas it should be but  $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, the remainder being made up by a separate piece of pine, as already described. The half bulkheads may be further secured by a screw or nail through the keel into the end of each next the keelson, while on top the first plank of the floor is of  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. oak, 3in. wide, and well screwed down to the upper edges of the side of the trunk and the ends of the half bulkheads.

It is safe to assume that the transverse strain of the deep fin, tending to split the hull in two, will be considerable, but in the boats already built there have been no signs of weakness, and the bulkheads and edge bolts through the keel, with such cross floors as are shown, will give ample strength. If, however, the construction is to be adapted to a larger size of boat than 18ft. l.w.l. a few iron floors would be desirable.

In case no attempt is to be made to raise the fin, a knee of  $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ in. bar iron may be fitted in the angle between the heels of each of the bulkhead timbers, one at each end and two in the middle of the well, and a  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. screw-bolt with nut may be run through the side of each knee, of every pair, of course passing through the keelson and fin, just as a centerboard pin would do.

The arrangement of the well coaming alluded to last week and here shown in the construction drawing is an after thought, and presumably an improvement on the original plan, which included an oval well of the width shown in the construction drawings, and with the same curve, but shortened up to fit within the bulkheads, the two hatches being in the deck just forward and abaft of the well.

In the present plan the hatches occupy the same positions, but the coaming, of  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. oak, is carried beyond the bulkheads to inclose the hatches, which are better protected from spray, and at the same time may be built as honest, straightforward hatches, and not as the fraudulent and clumsy "blind hatches," which are so thoroughly unsatisfactory in use, and which no amount of care and good workmanship can make other than a disfigurement to a clean, bright deck. The coaming is supported by side pieces  $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide and  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, let in flush on the whole deck beams, which they cross, and carrying the inboard ends of the half beams, which are jogged to receive them. The coaming is steamed and bent to shape, and is fitted to cover the end of the half beams, both in the well and around the hatches. It may be set and fastened before the decking is laid, a small filling piece being put in the space between it and the side pieces at each end.

The deck, if laid in the ordinary way, of one thickness caulked and payed, should be not less than  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick for the larger boat and  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for the smaller; but if finish be no object, a dryer and more serviceable deck, and one that has much to recommend it, may be made by omitting the hard wood plank sheers and covering the whole deck with  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. cedar or other light wood, and over all stretching 8oz. canvas laid in paint. Still another plan is to lay a deck of  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. cedar or pine, covering it with a light canvas or drill, well painted, and then to finish with a layer of clear white pine, say  $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and 5-6in. thick; making a handsome and tight deck.

The success of all double skin work depends largely on bedding the two skins of wood and the canvas between them in thick, adhesive paint, and in putting in fastenings close together, so as to make one solid structure of the boards and canvas. It is most essential in this work that all the fastenings should be promptly put in to draw the surfaces together and prevent airholes before the paint has time to set.

The coaming is made deep enough to cover the ends of the half beams, except at the extreme after end, where it is shown as fitted on top of the deck for the short distance abaft the after hatch. The hatches will be of the same thickness as the deck, and a ledge,  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. square, will be fitted on the inside of the coaming, the upper side flush with the top of the deck beams, forming a rabbet for the hatch, which may be fastened with stout thumb screws. The hatches should be strongly built and well battened on the lower side, and the fastenings should be quite heavy, as in the event of an accident they will be subjected to a heavy pressure.

The side decks are strengthened by two knees, not shown in the cross section, directly over the half bulkheads. The flooring of the cockpit may be of  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. pine, fitted closely to the sides, so as to be as nearly watertight as possible. The section of floor adjoining each of the oak pieces on top of the trunk will be fitted to lift up for stowing ballast or any heavy stores, and for removing any water, a small metal pump of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. piping serving to clear either of the large compartments, through the hatches, or the smaller ones through the openings left when the floor sections are lifted. A light locust post,  $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in., is fitted in the forward deck, as shown, with a pin of  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. brass rod through it for belaying the cable.

The rudder trunk will be a pipe of brass or iron, of 1in. internal diameter, the lower end being threaded like a gas pipe. The keel will be reinforced by a block of oak about 2in. thick and 6in. long, screwed to the keel, and the pipe will screw tightly into this block and the keel. On the deck and keel the ends of the pipe will be covered by round brass plates. The rudder is made of a round bar of  $\frac{3}{8}$ in. steel



or Tobin bronze, forged to the shape shown, the lower end bent and flattened out until it is only  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick at the extremity, tapering up into the full round of the bar where it enters the pipe. The sides of the rudder are of  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. sheet metal, two pieces, the curved stock passing down between them. The pieces are fastened together by small rivets, spaced 1 in. apart, around the entire circumference; and they are also riveted to the stock itself by three or four  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. rivets. The span in the center along the stock is filled with tar and rosin or some similar composition, to keep out the water. This makes a strong rudder, and the construction is less difficult than by other methods.

The tiller shown is of metal, but a wooden one is lighter and better. The head of the rudder stock is threaded for a metal cap 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter and 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. high, which is screwed on and carries the weight of the rudder. Through the cap and stock a  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. hole is drilled, running thwartship. Two side plates of sheet brass, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick and 6 in. long, are got out, a hole for the pin being drilled near one end of each, with three holes for  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. rivets. The two plates are bolted to the cap, and the wooden tiller is placed between them and secured by the rivets, swinging freely in a vertical direction on the bolt.

The fin will be cut from a sheet of metal, either steel or Tobin bronze, the latter being the better, as it will not corrode, while steel should be galvanized unless the boat can be hauled out frequently for painting. The fin may be bolted through the trunk, as already described, or it may be fitted, as in Scarcecrow, with a flanged plate similar to a double angle iron, which closes the top of the slot and prevents the wash of water. Some provision should be made for draining all water from the trunk, the flanged plate may be bent a little below the level of the floor, forming a gutter, which will catch all water that runs along the floor when the boat is heeled from one side to the other, this water draining down at the ends of the slot.

After the deck is laid, the outside of the hull should be carefully planed off, the planking making a fair surface with the keel and stem, and all the lines running fair out to a thickness of about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. at the outwater, which will be protected by a plate of brass or iron by way of stemband. The keel in particular should be planed fair with the planking, all corners being removed. The outside of the hull may be varnished or painted.

The lead bulb must be cast in two halves and bolted on each side of the fin.  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. bolts being used. The shape of the half bulb is shown in the sheet plan. Dimensions being given at one-sixth the entire length apart; and the full size of each of these sections, for each size of boat, being given separately. The lead may be cast in the sand or in wood. In the former case a wooden pattern will be made, exactly like the half bulb, from the full size moulds, made directly from our drawing. Lead in casting will shrink about 5-16 in. to each foot; so, to get the full weight, the pattern must be made about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. longer than the finished size, and moulds being used a little further apart than shown in the drawing to divide up the extra length. No special allowance for shrinkage need be made in breadth and depth, other than to cut the moulds a little larger rather than smaller than the drawings. From this pattern a mould is rammed up in sand and a casting made.

If the mould is to be made in wood, a thick block will be required of some coarse pine, the outline of the bulb in length and height will be laid out on one face, allowing a little for the shrinkage, and the block will be hollowed out with gouges, using solid sections of thin board cut from the drawings to get the exact shape at each station. When this hollow mould is smoothed off it may be whitewashed, to prevent charring; a piece of plank is nailed over the hollow, and the hot lead is poured through one or two 1 in. auger holes in the plank. With the shape of bulb shown, a mould will be required for each half, as the two pieces will not reverse the work. Some lead may be saved by making both ends of the bulb alike, so that one mould or pattern will answer for both sides; but the weight will not be so well placed.

The best fastenings for a boat of this kind, if a fine finish is desired and the wood is to be kept bright, are copper nails through the planks and timbers, larger copper nails through the heels of timbers, bulkheads, clamps, etc., and copper rod in the few places, like the trunk, in which the largest nails would be too short. Wherever copper nails or bolts are used they should be headed up over copper washers or burrs; and where such through fastenings cannot be used, as in securing the ends of the plank to the stem, brass screws must take their place. The additional expense of brass screws in fine light work is not enough now to justify the use of iron, as the latter, even if galvanized, will show rust in the wood. Some lead may be saved by making both ends of the bulb alike, so that one mould or pattern will answer for both sides; but the weight will not be so well placed.

It is quite common, however, to use galvanized iron bolts, screws and nails for all except the plank fastenings, which are of copper, riveted. If the boat is to be painted, a very good job may be done by using galvanized iron for all fastenings, even for the plank. The light iron boat-nails will hold forever when driven into oak, and require no washer nor riveting, the points merely coming through the timbers above the planking.

Where the term rivet is used above it must be understood as referring not to what is known to hardware dealers as a rivet, but to a fastening, either a nail or a piece of wire or rod, which is used with a washer, over which the end is turned with a light riving hammer. The inquiry has frequently come to us for special rivets for boat work, but such rivets are not used by boat builders, the cut copper nail with a rather rough surface being much better. Wherever copper nail or bolts are used they should be headed up over copper washers or burrs; and where such through fastenings cannot be used, as in securing the ends of the plank to the stem, brass screws must take their place. The additional expense of brass screws in fine light work is not enough now to justify the use of iron, as the latter, even if galvanized, will show rust in the wood. Some lead may be saved by making both ends of the bulb alike, so that one mould or pattern will answer for both sides; but the weight will not be so well placed.

W. P. S.

### "Knockabout" Boats.

[From the Boston Globe.]

PRESENT indications are that it is the 21ft. "knockabout" and not the 21ft. racer, which will furnish the greatest amount of sport next season among the yachtsmen of the city. A few weeks ago there was a fair prospect that the 21ft. racing class might be started by the offer of the \$500 interclub challenge cup by the Hull, Massachusetts and Corinthian Clubs, but the withdrawal of the Hull Club from the matter seems to have removed the last hope in that direction, and the outlook now is for little more interesting racing in the once interesting class than there was last season. Two or three new boats are in sight, but they are not likely to be of much interest, as they are not of the class of the largest, which would be too short. Wherever copper nail or bolts are used they should be headed up over copper washers or burrs; and where such through fastenings cannot be used, as in securing the ends of the plank to the stem, brass screws must take their place. The additional expense of brass screws in fine light work is not enough now to justify the use of iron, as the latter, even if galvanized, will show rust in the wood. Some lead may be saved by making both ends of the bulb alike, so that one mould or pattern will answer for both sides; but the weight will not be so well placed.

In the knockabout class the outlook is, however, much more promising. The success of the type both for pleasure sailing and for racing under handicaps was so pronounced last season that yachtsmen's eyes have been opened to the sport that can be had at less than half the cost of a racing 21-footer. The result is likely to be a "boom" for the class and type which will result in some lively racing.

That such interest in the class is being taken by yachtsmen is amply shown by the action of the Corinthian Club in adopting a definition of a "knockabout," and in placing limitations on new boats in the class to prevent, if possible, that "out-building" which is the bane of a strictly racing class, and which, if allowed, would soon make a racing class of one which was intended only as a cruising one, with such fun as might be had from incidental racing under practically even conditions.

The Hull Y. C. also testifies to the growing popularity of the class by the action taken at the annual meeting. It was decided to build for the use of club members a couple of knockabouts in the hope that they would be the nucleus of a class at Hull, which would give some lively sport the coming summer. The hope seems likely to be realized, for several members were so pleased with the idea that they agreed to build boats to the class, and the club has agreed to build a half dozen or more boats are practically assured, and the only question now seems to be as to design and cost. The matter is in the hands of a committee from which a report may soon be expected, as they are having designs prepared upon which estimates of cost can be given. This committee will report to the executive committee, which has full power to build if it is found advisable.

The Hull plan contemplates the building of the boats from one set of designs and as nearly alike in every way as it is possible to make them. In this way not only will the cost be greatly reduced but the question of the best boat will be largely eliminated and that of best skipper substituted. More sport is expected from the races which will follow than as if different designs were represented. The boats will, of course, be built to the rule, and it is not allowed of any wide departure in model, and the Hull boats will undoubtedly be the same size, weatherly, easily handled and by no means slow craft which their Marblehead predecessors have proved themselves to be. At the club races at Hull, however, the new boats will race as one class, and any club boat built for the class must be of the same design and construction as those decided upon by the committee.

But while the Hull Yachtmen are thus taking up the knockabout, the Corinthians are not idle, and although names cannot now be given it is almost certain that additions to the fleet will be made by gentlemen who have much the same interest in the class as those about to come into it at Hull. The announcement of the Corinthian Club's action on limitations for the clubs will show them what must be built

or rather what cannot be built, and it does not take much time to get up a design for a knockabout or to build one when the design is ready.

The Corinthian rules were formulated after careful study of the questions involved by yachtsmen who had owned or sailed the boats in question. Their aim is to keep the boats what they were intended to be—knockabouts. The club's definition of a knockabout is as follows:

"A knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel (not to include a fin keel), decked or half-decked boat of fair accommodations and rigging simply, without bowsprit and with only masted and only one headsail, and capable of being comfortably managed by one man in any ordinary summer weather."

The definition is a very complete one, but without limitations it would hardly accomplish the purpose desired. Limitations have therefore been placed upon the class as follows:

"Load waterline not to exceed 21 ft.; beam not to exceed 8 ft.; crew three persons; depth adships from gunwale to rabbet line shall not be less than 8 ft. 3 in.; freeboard shall not be less than 16 in.; mast at deck not less than 5 ft. from forward end of waterline. The limits on beam, depth, freeboard and place of mast not to exclude any existing boats which otherwise would come within the requirements. The sail area shall be limited to 500 sq. ft., measured by the formula: multiply 85 per cent of the beam by one-half the sum of the gaff and the distance from top of sheave of upper throat haliard block to stem head."

The effort of these limitations will be to prevent the adding of ballast and sail, the most common means of "out-building" to prevent designing of a shallow-bulld boat after the manner of a fin-keel, and to insure seaworthiness by a liberal free board and small sail plan. About the only thing left to a man who desires to "out-build" will be in the way of lightness, but, as this cannot be carried to as great a length as in a racer, it would seem as though the rules were about what is required.

So good luck to the "knockabout." The type is one in every way worthy of encouragement. Its most enthusiastic friends predict for it that it will displace the long popular catboat for pleasure sailing, which would be a result by no means to be regretted, for fewer capsize and accidents would be likely to be reported.

W. E. ROBINSON.

### Caldwell H. Colt.

The funeral of Com. Caldwell H. Colt, Larchmont Y. C., whose death at Punta Gorda, Fla., on Jan. 21, was announced last week, took place on Jan. 26 at Hartford, Conn., his birthplace and the home of the family. The body was accompanied from the South by Lieut. Henn and Mr. A. F. Comacho, who were on the ketch Oriole with Com. Colt on his winter cruise. The coffin was borne by eight Com. Colt's old manufacturing company, the honorary pall bearers being Com. E. D. Morgan and a Secretary J. S. Y. Odde, N. Y. Y. C.; Vice-Com. A. H. Sanderson, Larchmont Y. C.; Randolph Hurry, A. F. Comacho, George A. Cornack and Augustus Mott, of New York; Louis O. Jones, of Newport; John H. Hall, James B. Moore, Dr. C. F. Beach, George H. Day and William C. Skinner, of Hartford, and Lieut. William Henn, of the British Navy. A number of other persons were present from New York.

Caldwell Hart Colt was born on Nov. 24, 1853, and inherited a very large fortune from his father, Col. Samuel Colt, inventor of the famous Colt revolver, who died in 1861. His career as a yachtsman began as a boy in the old sloop Lizzie, and later he bought the sloop Wizard. In 1881 he purchased the schooner Dauntless, with which his name has been constantly associated, as she has been in constant service at home and abroad. In 1892 he was elected commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., which office he held at his death. His mother is the only surviving member of the family.

### Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

THE annual meeting of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron was held at their club house, Halifax, N. S., Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8 P. M. The report of the management committee and the treasurer's statement show the squadron to have had a very successful year financially. The membership is now in the neighborhood of 250.

The rear-commodore moved a resolution "to reduce the rig allowance to schooner-rigged yachts from 40 to 15 per cent." After a lengthy discussion the question was referred to the sailing committee, to report on at a special meeting of the squadron to be called at a later date to receive this report.

The following officers and committees were elected for the ensuing year: Com. Jas. W. Starrs; Vice-Com., Frank S. West; Rear-Com. John E. Butler; Treas., A. E. Jones; Sec'y, H. M. Wykle. Management Committee: T. H. Bell, F. K. Warren, Jas. Fraser, A. A. McKay, J. Lithgow. Sailing Committee: A. W. Corgwell, M. D. G. O. Hart, Lieut. H. E. Harsh, R. A. W. G. Jones, J. T. P. Knight, John F. Starrs, M. P. Measures; F. H. Bell, H. Flowers.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Edmund Blunt, late owner of Azalea, schr., died at his home in Brooklyn on Jan. 24, of the grip, after a short illness. Mr. Blunt was born in Brooklyn in June, 1842, and was a son of Edmund Blunt of the firm of E. & G. W. Blunt, makers of nautical instruments and publishers of nautical works and maps, and a grandson of Edmund March Blunt, who was also a famous writer on nautical subjects, and who in 1798 published "The American Coast Pilot," a work containing a complete chart of the Atlantic seaboard, and the outbreak of the war Mr. Blunt joined the Twelfth Regiment as a private. He afterward joined the Seventh Regiment, and later was transferred to the Fifth New York Cavalry. He became connected with Gen. Kilpatrick's staff, and while serving under him earned his title of captain, which, however, he dropped in private life after the war. Mr. Blunt was a member of the New York, Larchmont and Atlantic Yacht Clubs.

The annual meeting of the Winthrop Y. C. was held on Jan. 16, the following officers being elected: Com. W. C. Torrey, Vice-Com., Chas. A. Heney; Sec. Chas. G. Bird; Treas. Geo. E. Leighton; Messrs. Harry Hutchinson; Board of Directors, J. Stearns Cushing, Clarence H. Billings, Geo. L. Cade, Geo. A. Foxcroft; Regatta Committee, Wm. A. Garratt, Wm. Ginn, Lyman S. Weston, A. T. Bliss, Theodore P. Grant; Membership Committee, Lyman J. Gillies, John MacConnell, Jr., Albert Partridge, Quincy Kilby, Fred O. Carey, Walter T. Milton, Herbert G. Finn, Harry A. H. John G. Cuthbertson. Com. Torrey has appointed Wm. A. Garratt fleet captain.

The annual meeting of the Hull Y. C. was held on Jan. 18, the following officers being elected: Com. Lewis J. Bird; Vice-Com. Wm. H. Crane; Rear-Com. Albert L. Pope; Sec. Wm. A. Cary; Asst. Sec., Caleb Nichols; Treas., James R. Hooper; Messrs. William E. Sheriffs; Executive Committee for two years, William B. Lambert, J. Winthrop Dutton and George E. Cutler for one year; Membership Committee for two years, Norman F. Greer, Arthur J. Selridge; House Committee for two years, Stewart Jordan, Frank T. Wendell; Regatta Committee for two years, Clarence V. Souther, and for one year, Timothy E. Jacobs.

The annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was held on Jan. 16, the following officers being elected: Com. Dr. Chas. L. Brown, sp. Tempus; Vice-Com., F. G. Pauly, sp. Flora; Rear-Com., Louis H. Zocher, sp. Liberty; Treas., Chas. R. Smith, Jr., Sec. Z. S. Crooker; Messrs. Geo. M. Rae; Fleet Surgeon, E. Ringer, M. D.; Board of Directors, Wm. L. Ward, Harry Stephen, V. J. O. Skinner, John J. Delaney. The secretary's report showed 188 active and 8 honorary members, and 77 new members elected. The club fleet now includes 3 schooners, 31 cabin sloops, cutters and yawls, 2 open sloops, 15 cabin cats, 8 open cats, 4 steam launches and 6 naphtha launch, a total of 69 yachts.

The Manchester (Mass.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., A. Walpole Craigie; Vice-Com., Guy Soule; Rear-Com., Chas. Jackson; Sec. and Treas., C. A. Cooley, 3 School st., Boston; Messrs. A. Burham Jr., House Committee, E. P. Stanley, E. P. Crooker, G. A. Cooley. The club has arranged the following races: June 17, club sweepstakes; July 7, open regatta; July 27, Minot's Ledge cup; Aug. 3, 10, 17, pennant regatta; 4th week in August and 1st and 2d in Sept., Manchester Club's cup races.

The following nominations for officers for 1894 have been made by the Atlantic Y. C.: Com. David Banks; Vice-Com., P. G. Sanford; Rear-Com., Alexander E. Ketchum; Sec'y, H. V. Nash; Treas., H. C. Winthrop; Messrs. E. L. Gielow, Trustees, T. A. Arnold, E. B. Havens, N. D. Lawton, J. R. Maxwell, J. F. Ackerman and Jefferson Hogan. Membership Committee: J. C. Seely, Edmund Finn and E. J. Bergen. Regatta Committee: H. B. Howell, H. J. Gielow, John L. Bliss, S. F. Russell and G. W. McNulty.

Captain Thos. A. Welch, the pilot of the tug F. W. Devoe, which ran down and sunk the yacht Amelia in June, 1891, drawing three men, has at last been taken to Sing Sing to serve out a five years' sentence. All possible excuses and delays have been made in order to save him from a just punishment, the evidence showing that he was intoxicated at the time of the collision.

Vagrant, the new knockabout boat designed by Stewart & Binney for W. A. Harvey of Boston, and building by James McIntyre, will be 30 ft. over all, 21 ft. l.w.l., 7 ft. 10 in. beam, 4 ft. 6 in. draft, with 550 sq. ft. in a mainsail and jib and 3,500 lbs. of iron on her keel.

Natalie, steam yacht, whose mysterious movements have been reported from time to time, has turned up at Savannah, Ga. She is supposed to be connected with some West Indian or South American rebellion.

The Hull Y. C. have asked for plans and estimates from several designers for a "one design" knockabout boat, from which several boats will be built by the club, and some by individual owners.

John W. Sullivan, the builder of yacht engines on South street, New York, has purchased the balance dock at Pier 52, East River, and will use it in connection with his works near by.

Emerald, yawl, of San Francisco, once well known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, has recently been seized for smuggling opium at that port.

Mr. A. B. Sands, the head of the well known firm of Sands & Son, yacht plumbers, died in New York on Jan. 12, at the age of 74.

Barracouta, steam yacht, is fitting out at Philadelphia for a cruise to the West Indies.

Atlanta, schr., formerly Calypso, has been almost rebuilt at New London.

## Canoeing.

William M. Carter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please find enclosed action taken by a special committee appointed by Com. Irving V. Dorland, of the American Canoe Association, to take action regarding the death of the Association's old friend, Mr. William M. Carter, of Trenton, N. J. This copy is sent you in accordance with the direction of the Commodore, and I beg to remain, with great respect, ROBERT J. WILKIN, of Committee.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 27.

My Dear "Bob,"

Your "resolution" is excellent, and I have nothing to suggest. Dear old Carter, what a good fellow he was—so brave, plucky and cheerful, for he knew all the time that he could not last very long; he has said so to me many times. Camp was never the same to me when he was absent. We old patriarchs are beginning to drop out, but I hope I may show my white head at many a meet yet. Yours sincerely, ROBERT SHAW OLIVER.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 28.

My Dear Wilkin:

I am truly sorry to hear of the death of our old friend William M. Carter. We all know in part at least that the Association owes a great deal to him for his faithful energetic management of its affairs during his term of office. Few know this so well as you, and probably you did not know all the good work that he did. But we all know what a good fellow he was, what a loyal friend, what a hearty, bright, cheery type of the true canoeist he always proved himself to be. I think the Association does well to put on record for future generations of canoeists to read its tribute of pride in his work and of affection toward the man. At the same time how difficult it is to express in a formal minute all that you feel and all that you think the man deserves. There is one thing about Carter, his memory will be fresh with us who have known him without the aid of written words. Heartily yours, E. B. EDWARDS.

PETERBORO, Ont., Jan. 25.

The announcement of the death on Saturday, the 14th inst., of our late associate and friend, William M. Carter, even after his long illness, comes suddenly upon us, and quickens us to unite with his many friends in the expression of sincere sorrow and sympathy for his bereaved mother and relatives, however vainly we strive, through a sense of our individual loss, to interpret the full measure of their affliction.

Mr. Carter was the first one to join the American Canoe Association in 1883 from lower New Jersey and the South, and was an interested and useful member to the time of his death. In 1888 he was elected secretary-treasurer of the Association. His sterling character and his incisive business methods were of the utmost advantage in placing the affairs of the Association on a sound basis, while his hearty, cheery manner rendered him personally popular with all the members who had business with him either in camp or elsewhere.

His whole life among us was one that endeared him to us, and although during the past year or two his failing health prevented that active participation in our pleasures that was his wish, his influence upon us had once revealed itself in the character and results of his work.

On behalf of the Association which he has so well served, and on behalf of its members, from one end of the continent to the other, who mourn a personal friend, we, in response to the direction of the Commodore, place on record this tribute to a faithful and efficient officer, to a true canoeist whose memory will always remain green among those who have known him.

ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, Albany, N. Y. } Committee.  
E. B. EDWARDS, Peterboro, Can. }  
ROBERT J. WILKIN, Brooklyn, N. Y. }

JANUARY 27.

### Scarcecrow's Sail Plan.

In your illustrated sketch of Scarcecrow published this week the following statement is made: "The peculiar sail plan was designed by Mr. C. J. Stevens after a long experience in canoeing," etc. Allow me to say that the only peculiarity or novelty which appears in this sail plan is the shape of the mainsail in combination with the position and manner of setting the gaff. Now, as you will probably remember when reminded of the fact, I used precisely the same kind of mainsail and gaff, set in the same way, on canoe Red Jacket at the 1886 meet of the A. C. A. In the issue of the FOREST AND STREAM dated March 10, 1887, is an account of the Flying Pontoon, built by me for the designer, W. L. D. O'Grady. Accompanying the account appears a cut, made from my sketch sent you, which clearly shows the same mainsail now said to have been "designed" by Mr. Stevens. As a matter of fact, the first sail of the kind I ever saw was furnished by me for a little sharpie built in 1879, and I have been using the same arrangement on sharpies, Bouncers, etc., ever since the latter year. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Jan. 27.

We had no intention of claiming any special originality for the mentioned, our readers probably know that in shape and general details it is much older even than Mr. Clapham claims. The full details of the rig as used in the canoe Red Jacket may be found in the second edition of "Kendall's Yacht and Boat Sailing," 1880; and, we believe, in the first edition, 1876. Though by no means new, the rig is not in common use here on canoes or small craft, and in this case was adopted by Mr. Stevens as the result of continued tests of other rigs, and with no reference to the many previous experiments, successful or unsuccessful, with a gunter-rigged leg-of-mutton sail.

### A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION.—Arthur M. Ashenden, Frank S. Ashenden, Thos. R. Humeston, Louis H. Lamb, Frank H. Mason, Ernest W. Makepeace, Edward J. Hoves, Asa Hall, James M. Ramage, Fred L. Bardwell. CENTRAL DIVISION.—Gardner O. Leonard, Albany, N. Y. ATLANTIC DIVISION, C. O. Buncherhoff, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Springfield Canoe Association was held on Jan. 16, and the following officers were elected: Pres., E. H. Barney; Vice-Pres., J. G. Reed; Capt., E. C. Knappe; Lieut., H. D. Banks; Sec. Treas., Percy S. Gates; House Committee—W. L. Sadler, chairman; E. W. Makepeace and W. E. Parsons. The president, vice-president, captain, lieutenant, secretary-treasurer and chairman of the house of directors constitute the directors. It was voted that the association apply for membership in the New England Amateur Rowing Association, and also that the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association be invited to hold the annual meet at Calla Shasta on May 30, 31. The hospitality of the canoe club was extended to the members of the Association during their stay, and E. C. Knappe, purser of the Division, thanked the club on behalf of the Association for its offer.

The funeral of Wm. M. Carter took place on Jan. 16 from his home, 521 South Warren street. After the funeral services the remains were taken to Paterson for interment. The funeral cortege left Trenton at 11:47 A. M. and arrived at Paterson at 2:07 P. M. The bearers were Dr. Fred Woodward, Wm. Lawrence, Robert Lucas, Fred Donnelly, Edward Anderson and Harry Allen. They were all members of the Park Island Canoeing Association, which sent a floral emblem of a canoe paddle, trimmed with smilax. The casket was of red cedar, covered with black cloth and trimmed with extension bar handle and plate of silver.

The canoeists and their friends of New York and vicinity, will hold a dinner at the Arena, 39 W. 31st street, on Saturday, Feb. 17 at 6:30 P. M. These dinners have always been very pleasant and well attended, and it is hoped that this one will not be any exception. Those desiring to attend will please send \$1.50 to C. V. Schuyler, 860 Broadway, New York, on or before Feb. 15.

The Rochester C. C. is enjoying the cold weather, ice yacht sailing being now popular on Irondequoit Bay, where the club house is situated.

The Fallside C. C., of Hoboken, held a very pleasant smoker at its club house, Hoboken, on Jan. 20.







target and the 12in. German target with the 14in. center. There is no doubt that if Mr. Hayes had made any effort in the matter, he could have made the target popular. But he is a man of large business affairs, and the shooting his hobby. He had a number of the targets printed, sent them to his shooting friends, and that was the end of his interest in the matter. Those who have shot on the Hayes target pronounce it to be better than either the standard American or the German target, especially the size of bullseye, 8in. being considered too small and 12in. too large. While Mr. Hayes holds a copy-right upon the target, he informed us many months since that the privilege of using the target was open to all riflemen who desired to adopt it. This target and the two others referred to are the best that we have seen in our experience in rifle shooting on the 200 yard range, and if all clubs would adopt one of the three or settle upon an improvement, taking the good qualities of each, it would certainly add to the interest of all who enjoy rifle shooting. We confess, however, that the possibilities of adopting a standard target by the fraternity at large are very remote. For there is no devotee more stubborn than he of the rifle, and when he becomes once wedded to a particular style of arm, target or cartridge, he is immovable.

During the shoot of the Jerseymen at Greenville Schuetzen Park last week it was suggested in the interest of rifle shooting that an invitation be extended to outside clubs who may have opportunities for winter practice to shoot a series of friendly (telegraph) matches on the 200yds. range, five or ten men a side. If this suggestion meets with favor and the same clubs who they can communicate with the Greenville Rifle Club, care FOREST AND STREAM.

Jas. Conlin reports that shooting in his new gallery in the Manhattan Club building is highly satisfactory; his old patrons have found him out and are giving him generous support. An interesting feature in connection with the new gallery is that many society ladies visit the range for practice with the rifle and revolver.

Many of the crack shots connected with the Naval Reserve will start a series of matches soon. The Columbia College students are also perfecting themselves with the rifle and revolver.

Our German-American riflemen are highly interested in the coming team match, which takes place on the Zettler ranges, 219 Bowers, on Feb. 7, between the members of the New York Schuetzen Corps, New York City Schuetzen Corps, New York Central Schuetzen Corps and the Harlem Independent Corps. These four Corps represent a membership at some 500 or more, and there is great speculation as to which team will carry off the honors.

That veteran rifleman M. Dorrier has been confined to his home and bed for the past week or more with a severe attack of diarrhoea. His physician reports that had the illness occurred in hot weather with the same vigor, Michael's shooting days would have been over. The latest reports from the patient are that he is slowly mending.

The Zettler Rifle Club is sending out programmes for its sixth annual team rifle shoot, to be held on the Zettler ranges, near Washington's Birthday. Four valuable trophies will be open for competition for the teams that enter the tournament. All clubs desiring to enter teams should communicate with Chas. G. Zettler, 219 Bowers, New York City.

We received last week a communication from H. Holden, Port Dover, Ont., one of Canada's old riflemen of thirty years ago. This old veteran, who was a prize winner as far back as 1863 in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Brockville, writes us that the love for the rifle still abides with him.

At a special meeting of the Greenville Club on Jan. 29th it was decided, after a lively debate, to enter one team in the new Hudson County League.

At the meeting on Jan. 21 to organize the Hudson County Gallery League, the following board of officers were elected: President, A. W. Steuber, Our Own Club; Vice-President, C. H. Chavart, Greenville Club; Secretary, Julius Kruse, Our Own Club; Treasurer, Henry Mahlenbrock, Hudson Club. Each team will contain five men, but the members must be residents of Hudson County.

At a meeting of the Pittsburgh Rifle Club, Jan. 16, three new members were elected and the following board of officers: Geo. Hodgson, President; Jesse B. Jones, Vice-President; Deane W. Bailey, Secretary; Louis Brehm, Treasurer and Executive Officer; Geo. E. Finkler, W. C. Graebner, W. H. McClelland, D. H. Stouer, Jas. E. Carson and D. W. Frazer, Directors.

## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

### FIXTURES.

Feb. 13-15.—Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

Feb. 15.—Springfield Gun Club tournament, at Pittsboro, Pa.

Feb. 22.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

Feb. 22.—Targets and birds at Dexter Park, Long Island. Trapper Mills's day.

Feb. 22.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooter's League, season of 1894, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club of Albany, N. Y. H. A. Kratz, Sec'y.

Feb. 22-25.—Cumberland Gun Club jubilee, live birds and targets, at Lowell, Ind.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh Gun Club will add \$300.

April 24-27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.

May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

May 2-3.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Springfield, O. Springfield Gun Club will add \$300.

May 8-10.—Ohio Trap-Shooter's League annual meeting and tournament, at Columbus, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

May 17-18.—Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, at Canajoharie, Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fourth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club. \$500 added money.

June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12-14.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Granger, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14-16.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament, at Tacoma, Wash.

June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsonnook Park, Altoona, Pa.

Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Reading Shooting Association issues an attractive programme of events for their shoot on Feb. 13, 14 and 15, to be held on Reading Grounds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa. The house and grounds are under the management of the well-known and popular Harry Matz, who will spare no pains to make everybody feel at home. Meals and sleeping accommodations will be provided at Mr. Matz's hotel. The Reading and Southwestern electric cars from Ninth and Franklin and Third and Penn streets run every ten minutes direct to hotel and grounds. The first two days will be devoted to targets, the events in order of 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The programme will be started at 10:30 A. M. each day. The third day will be devoted to shooting live birds, the events being 5 birds, \$4; 15 birds, \$10; 7 birds, \$5 entry, and a \$3 miss and out. Entries include price of birds. Four moneys in each event unless less than eight shooters.

"The Cumberland Jubilee" is the imposing title given to the fourteenth annual celebration of the organization of the Cumberland Gun Club of Lowell, Ind., the jubilee to be held on Feb. 22 to 25, inclusive. Included will also be the first annual winter carnival of 29 sportsmen of Chicago, the whole being in charge of a committee of 29 prominent sportsmen. The programme comprises both live bird and target events, as well as rifle shooting, turkey shooting and a rabbit hunt. On the first day there will be an open shoot at 5 live birds, \$3 entry; open shoot at 25 targets, \$3.50 entry, for four moneys and a silver smoking set presented by J. H. Robbins; Gammon handicap at 20 live birds, \$5 entry, open only to members of the Cumberland and Prairie gun club, prize a \$150 trophy; Prairie Gun Club Stake, open to all, 10 live birds, \$5 entry, a purse to be added by the Prairie Gun Club. Second day, \$3 miss and out, winner to take the entire pot and a \$75 silver and inlaid gold water service presented by the "Monon Route." George C. Gale Sweepstake, for Cumberland Gun Club members only, 35 live birds, entry price of birds, prize a \$100 trophy; 10 targets, entry \$1.50, open to all. Third day, Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett Stake, 5 live birds, \$5.00 entry, four moneys and a silver bamboo rod, 10 targets, \$1 entry; banner contest for teams of 5 men each, 10 live birds per man, entry cost of birds, prize a silk banner. Fourth day, optional sweepstakes at live birds and targets; rabbit round-up over the Cumberland Marsh, starting at 8 A. M.

The chances are considered bright for a series of matches between the Kansas City expert, Jas. A. R. Elliott, and the Utica marksman, D. Rulford, who recently defeated Elliott in four out of five contests. The matches will probably comprise five matches at 100 birds each for \$250 a side each match. The first two matches will take place in New Jersey, probably on John Erb's Newark grounds late in March, the third in Pittsburgh, the fourth in Chicago and the fifth in Kansas City, Mo. Each man is confident of being able to win a majority of the matches.

On Jan. 25, the day of the team match at Earle's Hotel, on the Elizabeth road, the following sweepstakes were shot: No. 1, at 5 live birds; Last shot 4, Batch 3, McCandless 2, Folsom 0. No. 2, same: Batch 5, LaMott 4, Dovey 2, McCandless 0. No. 3, at 10 live birds: Lot 0, Koegel 9, Perment 8, Pierson 8, Woodruff 8, Batch 7, McCandless 5, Lankhaus 3. No. 4, at 8 live birds: W. Terry 8, Batch 7, Woodruff 7, D. Terry 7, LaMott 6, Koegel 6, Brantingham 6, McCandless 5, Perment 5, Heiney 5, S. Terry 5, Lankhaus 4, Hall 4, Dackerman 4.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 23.—At the last meeting of the Forest Gun Club, the following officers were elected for the year: President, Mr. James A. Miller; Vice-President, Mr. John C. Martin; Field Captain, Mr. Charles Irvin; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Morison. At this meeting it was decided to join the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. Any nearby club wishing to shoot a friendly match, can be accommodated by addressing Wm. Morison, Sec'y, 323 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Last November a stake of \$20 was placed in our hands, this to be shot for at 25 targets each by T. W. Morley of Paterson, and Chas. F. Lenoue of Passaic. On the day set for the match a postponement was made, owing to sickness in Mr. Lenoue's family. That was early in December, and we are still waiting for another date to be arranged. The match was to be play or pay, and as Mr. Morley is ready to shoot at any time, we should like to hear from Mr. Lenoue as to his intentions.

At the annual meeting of the West End Gun and Rod Club, of Newark, N. J., Elmer Walmsdorf was elected President; Chas. Neigert, Vice-President; Lawrence Spahn, Treasurer; Louis Heinhausen, Secretary; Wm. R. Betschick, Sergeant-at-Arms; John O. Young, Captain; Tony Rabinovich, Assistant Captain. An important meeting will be held on Feb. 12, and every member is urged to be present.

Next Thursday will be the date for the regular monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club on Erb's grounds, and it is hoped that the attendance will be sufficiently large to justify the holding of a meeting to decide upon a date for shooting a return team match with the Parkway Gun Club of Brooklyn, to whom they owe a match. The members of the Parkway are anxious that the match should be arranged for an early date.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, reports that the second tournament of the 1894 series will be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 18 and 19, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Gun Club, who will add \$300 to the purses. The third tournament will be held at Springfield, O., on May 2 and 3, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club, who will add \$200 to the purses.

The return match between the Parkway Rod and Gun Club and the Newark Gun Club, fifteen men on a side, ten birds each, will be shot off on Miller's Dexter Park grounds on Thursday, Feb. 1. In the previous match shot in Newark last fall, the Newark team won by three birds, consequently the Parkway have strong hopes of defeating the Jerseymen in the coming match.

The following officers have been elected by the Syracuse Gun Club: President, Harvey McClurkey; 1st Vice-President, Willis A. Holden; 2d Vice-President, Geo. A. Mann; Secretary, A. C. Ginty; Treasurer, Willard Hookway; Field Captain, Chas. H. Mowry; Lieutenant, Geo. H. Mann; Executive Committee, Chas. A. Mowry, W. Hookway, Geo. A. Mann.

The annual meeting of the Connecticut Trap-Shooter's League for the choice of officers for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly be brought, will be held at Hotel Heublein, Hartford, on Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1894, at 1 o'clock P. M.

The patrons of Dexter Park are remarking that for the past three months Miller has furnished the best birds seen on any of our local grounds in many months. This is highly gratifying to the patrons and speaks well for the energy of proprietor Miller.

The River Bend Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J., has changed its name to the Yantacav Gun Club, and has elected officers as follows: President, Ernest R. Tilton; Vice-President, George L. Malcolm; Secretary, Wm. J. Berg; Treasurer, Conrad H. Ray; Captain, George Deakin.

Mr. Samuel Castle, the veteran trap-shoot of the Newark Gun Club who has been ill with a gripe for three weeks, is convalescent, and will probably take a hand in the club shoot next Thursday.

The Syracuse Gun Club has reduced its initiation fee to \$3, its dues to \$3 a year, and the price of targets to one cent each. It will hereafter shoot on Tuesdays of each week.

Wm. F. Dackerman and Wm. M. Parker, both of Elizabeth, will shoot a 100-bird match for \$150 a side, on the Elizabeth Gun Club grounds, on Feb. 22.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Anaconda Rod and Gun Club.

ANACONDA, MONT., Jan. 23.—Inclosed I hand you scores of our weekly shoot. With traps completely housed and a comfortable club house the cold weather does not annoy us, and unless storming hard a few of our most enthusiastic members are always on hand. Our system of shooting for the medal creates quite a rivalry, and a person has to shoot a very stiff race to hold it, as it is not confined to an individual match, but all have the privilege of entering. The weather was fair, and Mr. Cruger, the holder of the medal, shot a very stiff race up to his last five birds, but Twoby's nerve was more lasting, and he landed winner by one bird only.

Class A Medal.  
F O Cruger.....111111110110110101100-19  
C A Tuttle.....01111111111111111111110-20  
G S Bartlett.....01100001111111111111111-18  
Dr Rockefeller.....10001101111111111111111-17  
D Twoby.....11100111111111111111111-21  
Twoby wins Class A medal.

Class B Medal.  
Dr McKenzie.....0110111111111111111111001-15  
W J Ashford.....1110110010010011111111001-15  
Ties for Class B medal:  
Dr McKenzie.....1100101111111111111111001-15  
W J Ashford.....10100001011111111111110-15  
Ashford wins Class B medal.

Sweepstake, 25 singles, \$1, 60 and 40 per cent.  
D Twoby.....1011111111111111111111111-21  
C A Tuttle.....1100101010011111111111111-15  
F O Cruger.....1100001111111111111111111-19  
G S Bartlett.....1011111111111111111111111-18  
Dr Rockefeller.....1011111111111111111111111-18  
C. A. T.

## Interstate Tournaments.

The fourth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be given at Chicago, Ill., May 17, 18 and 19, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club, at Garfield Park race track. Live birds and inanimate targets. Amount of added money will be announced later.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager I. M. & D. A.  
The fifth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be given in conjunction with the second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap Shooters' League, at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 30, 31, and June 1, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club. The Gun Club will add \$200 to the purses.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager I. M. & D. A.

## Live Bird Shoot at Erb's.

TUESDAY, Jan. 23, the day set for the 25-bird sweep on John Erb's Newark grounds, was as favorable as could be expected for the season, but the stringency of the money market or some other cause must have affected the sportsmen, as a bare handful appeared, not enough in fact to justify the starting of the above event; and consequently the day was devoted to sweepstake shooting. The birds, which were from the Kansas City lofts of J. A. R. Elliott, were a rattling good lot, all old birds of fine plumage and fit to fly for their lives. If Mr. Elliott could guarantee under all circumstances to furnish as good birds as used on this date, he should be able to place a big lot of birds in this vicinity.

Quite a number of spectators were on hand to see the big event, but although disappointed in this, they were treated to some fine work by such experts as Elliott, Fulford, Class, Hollis, Lindsley, Erb and Walters. The sport was opened by a couple of sweepstakes at 10 live birds per man, \$10 entry, three moneys, the scores being as below:

No. 1. No. 2.  
Elliott.....0231111301-8 111112101-9  
Class.....112102211-9 2311121112-10  
Fulford.....111112112-10 111112111-10  
Lindsley.....233232123-10 233232323-10  
Erb.....111021301-7 2111111112-9  
Hollis.....102212121-8 2111111112-9

The outcome of even No. 2 occasioned a dispute on the part of one of the contestants which in our opinion was entirely uncalled for as well as unjustified. Previous to the event it was understood that there were to be three moneys. Before shooting at his last bird, Mr. Hollis, the last man on the list, approached the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, who was acting as scorer and cashier, and asked if in case there were only two moneys, would he have the purse would be divided 60 and 40. He was informed that the conditions were "three moneys" and if there were only two winning scores third money would be added to first. Mr. Hollis went to the score and killed his bird, this leaving two classes of winners only, three men killing 10 each and the others killing 9 each. The Mr. Hollis made a decided "kick" against the decision of the cashier, meanwhile using language which to do him justice we do not think would have been used had he taken a sober second thought. The only man to side with Mr. Hollis was Mr. Elliott, while our decision as to the proper disposition of the money was upheld by Messrs. Erb, Fulford, Class and Lindsley, and by the old veteran, Mr. Jacob Pentz. Finally becoming disgusted with the unreasonable arguments advanced we turned the money over to Mr. John Erb, who soon settled the dispute by adding third money to first and giving the shooters their choice as to whether they took their share or not. It is needless to say that they each took their share. Only once before, to our knowledge, has this point been raised, and then it was raised on the same grounds, by the same gentleman, and was decided against him.

The above event came a series of three 10-bird events between Fulford and Lindsley, the first to pay for the birds. The result: Fulford.....111011122 211211111 211111111-29  
Lindsley.....023221120 202102322 132110202-23  
Then Fulford and Class had a go at 25 birds for the cost, this resulting this way:  
Fulford.....222111110 1120120121 11111-32  
Class.....222111111 222121111 12311-23

The finals of the day were at 5 birds each, \$5 entry, three moneys:  
No. 3. No. 4. Ties.  
Class.....1211-5 1121-5 1112321  
Lindsley.....12122-5 1122-5 20  
Fulford.....1111-4 2121-5 1231212  
Walters.....111-4 1111-5 212111  
Hollis.....1012-4 1012-4 212111  
Erb.....1011-3 1010-3  
C. H. TOWNSEND.

## Hell Gate Gun Club.

On Tuesday of last week thirty members of the Hell Gate Gun Club participated in the monthly shoot of the club at Miller's Dexter Park grounds. The weather was fine and the birds of first class quality, giving the shooters plenty of work to stop them within the boundary. There was not a clean score made during the afternoon. Such good shots as Donohy, Col. Voss, Lind, Egan, and Dannefeller being able to grasp only seven of their ten birds.

There was so much time consumed in shooting out the club event, that the shades of night were closing in when the last man had finished his score.

A three bird sweep by starlight with five entries followed the club event, Col. Voss by good luck in guessing the direction in which his birds had been blown, won the money with a clear score. Scores:  
10 birds, Hurlingham rules:

A Moller.....2001111000-5 E Doenick.....1110001113-7  
J Linck.....2021200122-7 R Regan.....121201001-7  
P Woelfel.....0200001001-2 J F Jay.....010201112-6  
C Moltzen.....0012000100-4 H W Voss.....110203113-7  
L Friesen.....0001000100-3 E Petersen.....01030102-5  
J Newman.....0000000000-0 F Rabenstein.....010010231-5  
C G Rieger.....1701001011-3 J Strahman.....000202120-5  
J Brode.....110200001-5 W Hagan.....011201001-5  
O Weber.....1101100101-6 J H Voss.....111002010-5  
J Schubert.....300024201-5 E Petersen.....110220021-6  
C Rabenstein.....1312011130-7 G Schafer.....200001000-2  
A Knell.....0201001022-5 J Thau.....01001001-5  
J Selin.....2011210100-6 C Forster.....212110020-6  
S Linder.....2210021000-5 J P Dannefeller.....211000000-3  
J A Daniels.....0000020121-4 E Marquart.....000111001-4  
Sweep, 3 birds, \$1.50 entry:  
C Forster.....120 E Doenick.....000  
F Trostel.....110 J H Voss.....111  
C Weber.....000

## Spokane Rod and Gun Club.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—There was a good attendance at the Spokane Rod and Gun Club shoot yesterday. The air was very frosty, but the sun shone beautiful, and all taken together, it was a splendid day for shooting, there being no wind to mar the flight of the famous bluecock. The shooting was not up to the average, with the exception of T. B. Ware, who got 23 out of 25, and who added the winner of the A class medal for the eighth consecutive time. The B class medal fell into the hands of W. D. Knight for the third time.

Following are the scores:  
Medal shoot, 30 singles and 5 pairs:  
T B Ware (A).....1111111111111111110001 10 11 10 10 11-23  
Eckhart (A).....0011011100010110101 10 11 10 11-23  
Carson (A).....110001110010011011 01 11 10 10-18  
McBroon (A).....01111101010101000000 11 10 11 10-17  
Warren (A).....111010001001010111000 10 10 10 10-14  
Mason (A).....10000101010101010101 00 10 10 10-12  
W D Knight (B).....1010101000001010101 10 10 10 10-12  
Duffy (B).....01010101010101111101 10 00 00 00-11  
No. 2, 10 singles:  
T B Ware.....001111111-8 Eckhart.....01011011-6  
Warren.....101111011-8 Burke.....01011001-5  
McBroon.....100111101-7 Duffy.....001001100-4  
Mason.....111010100-6  
No. 3, 10 singles:  
Mason.....100111110-8 Eckhart.....00111011-7  
Knight.....11011011-8 Ware.....10100110-5  
Gorrings.....101010101-7 Duffy.....00001011-4  
J. W. WITHERS, Sec'y.

## Esculapian at the Trap.

On Wednesday of last week five disciples of Esculapian met at Dexter Park to compete for honors at pigeon shooting. There is probably no city in the Union that can boast of so many physicians with trap-shooting proclivities as can the City of Churches, and of the score of clubs in the city there is hardly one that does not contain upon its membership roll the name of some resident physician. The five who were gathered at Miller's of Wednesday were fully alive to the necessity of making a good showing when facing the traps, and the rules for shooting being liberal, "go as you please," each contestant was in position to bring out his strongest points. Some of them had favorite patients whose rapid recovery depended largely upon a generous supply of pigeon blood, previously contracted for, and as a professional physician's pride it was necessary to have the birdcane patient become impatient as to the treatment. The birds furnished by Miller were of that quality that are up and away when the traps are opened, and the consequence was that the doctors were compelled to resort to what is known professionally as "heroic treatment," in shotgun parlance termed both barrels—in some instances simultaneously.

In the competition Drs. Lord and Horne got on to their birds from the start and succeeded in killing 9 and 8 respectively. The others seemed to be a little uncertain as to the necessary treatment, and resorted to some experimenting which was fatal to the accumulating of large totals and somewhat damaging to their pride as experts with the gun. The afternoon's sport, however, was highly enjoyed by all, and they no doubt returned to their practice and their patients physically and mentally the better for their afternoon's outing with the gun and birds. Scores:  
Dr Freed.....212101111-9 Dr H Berg.....002010021-4  
Dr Forst.....021010221-7 Dr Horne.....121020221-8  
Dr R Berg.....001020002-3



E. L. B., Afton, Ia.—String measurement is taken from the center of the target shot at, and not from the center of a group of shots. A's shots are several hundred per cent better than B's.



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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## THE ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION OF TRAFFIC IN GAME.

IN Great Britain and various other countries artificial game destruction is offset by artificial game production. Birds are bred by the million, to be killed by the million, marketed by the million, and replaced by the million. The system is that of a gigantic poultry farm. The supply is inexhaustible. Game in market is thus a legitimate article of traffic.

In America conditions are different. Here we are wholly dependent upon the natural increase, unaided by human agency, for the maintenance of the game supply. And the natural increase is by no manner of means adequate to withstand the augmented destruction. While the game stock has been growing less and less, the drain upon it has been growing greater and greater. Shooters who pursue it for sport have multiplied a thousand-fold; consumers ten thousand-fold. There is not to-day enough game for the two classes. One or the other must surrender its claim in favor of the other. The sportsman must yield to the game dealer or the game dealer must give way to the sportsman. Which shall it be?

Selfish and personal considerations aside, the answer is readily found. That interest must give way which is of least advantage to the community, and that one must be preserved which is of paramount public importance. This is to say that the game must be saved for the enjoyment and benefit of those who pursue it for the sake of the pursuit. A grouse which gives a man a holiday afield is worth more to the community than a grouse snared or shot for the market stalls. The game supply which makes possible the general indulgence in field sports is of incalculable advantage to individuals and the nation; but a game supply which makes possible the traffic in game as a luxury has no such importance.

If this be granted, public policy demands that the traffic in game should be abolished. And if public policy demand this, the commercial interests involved, although of magnitude, are not to be considered. This is advanced doctrine perhaps; it is radical; it goes to the root of the thing. But as we have said, the time has come to take an advanced position. When a political party formulates its platform, it does not confine its declaration of principle to the advocacy of such measures alone as are susceptible of immediate attainment; but going further than this, it commits every man who marches under the party banner to the support of certain other principles, the struggle for the supremacy of which must be arduous and protracted, and the triumph in them long deferred. The planks of the party platform stand for the articles of party faith; they embody a declaration of "the things hoped for," and which may not be the achievement of one administration nor of a succession of administrations.

In like manner, when we suggest this declaration, *The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons*, as a plank in the platform of that vast party of men scattered in hosts over this country, interested in preserving the game of the continent, the suggestion is made without any optimistic delusion that such a system could be effected at once. But we do hold that the principle of the absolute prohibition of traffic in wild game is the true one, that it is the only one which is adequate, and that it is the one to which sportsmen as a class should be committed, heartily, unreservedly, with determination, courage, steadfastness, patience and persistency. The campaign must be a long one; but will it not be a campaign for that which is wise, just, and of public advantage?

## LEAD-POISONED WILDFOWL.

THE accounts of the destruction of ducks, geese and swans by lead-poisoning which are printed on another page bring to public attention a new element of danger to our wildfowl, and one for which a remedy will be hard to find.

It is easily to be seen how the birds collect the shot which seems so fatal to them. The best shooting points are on the feeding grounds, and so it is precisely on these feeding grounds that the gunner ties out his decoys and does his shooting, scattering the shot discharged from his gun far and wide over the muddy bottom from which the birds procure their food. Dabbling in the mud for food or pulling up the grass, the fowl take in this shot, which they cannot distinguish from particles of sand or gravel, and which when it passes into the gizzard, is—up to a certain point—subjected to the same digestive processes as the food eaten.

The gizzard is a grist mill. Its tough, leathery walls hold the fine gravel which is necessary to digestion and the peristaltic action of the organ keeps these tiny mill-stones moving against each other, and against the food which enters the gizzard, thus grinding the grain, seeds or grass into fine particles which are then readily acted on by the gastric fluids. Just as the food is ground up when taken into the gizzard, so the soft shot is ground into fine powder.

Lead as a metal is not poisonous, but it is readily acted on by the gastric juices, and may thus be converted into a violent irritant poison. In the human subject most cases of lead-poisoning are caused by the acetate being taken into the stomach, but there are also recorded many instances in which the dust of metallic lead has caused poisoning, and metallic lead is often detected in the tissues of individuals so poisoned. It is evident that lead dust, such as shot becomes after being subjected to the grinding process of a bird's gizzard, would be much more readily acted on by the gastric juices than the same quantity of lead taken in larger pieces into the stomach of a mammal.

The chemical change which takes place in the lead, converts it into a poison which produces acute corrosive gastritis, to which very likely may be added a certain amount of mechanical poisoning, caused by such particles of the metal as have not been dissolved by the gastric fluids, but have passed unchanged into the intestine. In the geese and swan dissected in the South, the mucous membrane of the gizzard was found to be corroded and broken down and the intestines much inflamed, the veins, gorged with black blood, showing plainly against the exterior white walls of the intestines.

The symptoms of the sick birds captured agree with those to be looked for in this poisoning. The birds are dumpy, stupid and stagger in their walk, and have little control over themselves; in other words, the brain is affected. One specimen appears to have had convulsions. All had difficulty in breathing; the respiration was interrupted and hurried; vomiting took place; there was fever.

Apparently not much has been written on this form of poisoning in animals, yet in 1853 Dr. G. Wilson, in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, states that he detected lead in the organs of animals that had perished from the effects of drinking water impregnated with carbonate of lead from a neighboring manufactory, and of eating grass in the blades and roots of which lead was ascertained to be present.

It may be conjectured that while wild birds which have died from this cause are by no means fit for food, there is little danger to human life from their consumption. The poison acts quickly on the affected tissues, paralyzing and actually destroying the digestive organs,

and the bird through lack of nutrition speedily becomes thin in flesh and would not be marketable.

It is evident that the condition of things described by our staff correspondents as existing in the waters referred to is one that is likely to grow worse instead of better. It is true that the numbers of birds actually known to die from this cause are not large, but the proportion of those seen must be very small in comparison to those affected and destroyed without coming under observation. Mr. Ashley Corbell, a Currituck gunner of long experience, has expressed to us the belief that during some seasons five hundred geese alone, that have died from this cause, have come ashore in his own locality.

As stated by our Chicago representative, the existence of this disease has been known in the office of FOREST AND STREAM for a year, and the reasons which we had for not mentioning it have only now ceased to exist. By a curious coincidence the examination of the Currituck wildfowl had been made only a few days, and the notes on the cases had only just been written, when it became possible to publish the interesting facts, and Mr. Hough's manuscript was received at this office.

The subject is one which is of the greatest interest to all gunners; and the naturalist and medical man as well will find in it food for thought. There are people who believe the number of our wildfowl is reduced by the gathering of their eggs for albumen, but here is an agent of destruction much more real and alarming. The actual facts, free from speculation or fanciful and absurd theories, are now for the first time laid before the public in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

## A THIRTY-POUND TROUT.

WE had from Dr. Nordqvist last year a little account of the game fishes of Finland—the salmon, the black-spotted and red-spotted trouts, the pike, pike-perch, yellow perch and other well known species. This week we publish a translation of a trout fishing story by a Finland angler. The charming illustration accompanying the article has been furnished by Dr. Nordqvist for our use; it was first published in the *Fishery Journal* of Finland at Helsingfors.

The trout described is the fish known in New York and some other States as the brown trout, and at the stations of the U. S. Fish Commission as the Von Behr trout (*Salmo fario*). The fish was far above the average weight, so that the feeling of triumph naturally belonging to Mr. Thesleff will be appreciated by American anglers who delight in record breaking. The bait used is a little whitefish allied to our so-called lake herring.

This plain and straightforward account of an evening's enjoyment will serve to remind us that "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The home of the birch, the May fly, the trout and the salmon is a wide expanse, and the divinity that woe man into this fair domain reigns over many lands.

## SNAP SHOTS.

ON many ducking grounds this has proved to be a great year for game. The fowl have come in tremendous hosts to localities where the supply has been wanting in recent years. The fluctuations of years of plenty and years of scarcity go far toward confounding some of the pet theories about game and the measures which are advocated as essential to provide for the maintenance of the stock.

Wanted in New York city—a live game protective association to hold up the hands of the district game protector and aid him in his campaign against the restaurant proprietors who serve game out of season. The field of activity is wide, there is much to do, and just now no organization of the kind to do it.

The negro with his cheap gun is an ever-present factor to be reckoned with in maintaining the game supply in the Southern States. Trespass laws intended mainly to keep off negro shooters are in many sections extremely severe.

We have prepared and shall print next week an interesting and suggestive report of the wild game which has been introduced into the various game preserves of the United States.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### A BANQUET.

#### An Incident of Surveying Life.

AFTER repeatedly pressed invitations, the ladies had consented to come over to dine with us next day, provided we would send the skiff to bring them across the river. I pondered. "This brings on more talk," was the channel into which my otherwise unoccupied brain turned. Ladies would not deign to partake of our ordinary, everyday, morning, noon and night bill of fare. That would be inviting them to do too much. Something must be done and that right quickly. My troubled conscience took me into the store past which my route back to Camp Zenora led me. Next came a strip of brown paper and a pencil, when, by dint of more pondering, the following memorandum (verbatim) resulted: Meat, 2 cans beef, apples (for baking), 2 cans tomatoes (to stew), 1 can pineapple, 1 cocoanut and 1 dozen oranges for ambrosia, cheese (for macaroni), potatoes, 2 dozen eggs.

The ferryman landed me a mile above camp, when my tribulations began in earnest. The oranges broke out of the sack. Ditto cocoanut, to say nothing of the five cans, which a paper sack was too frail and my pockets too small to retain with safety. In a fit of desperation, I removed my overcoat from off my back, spread it on the ground, and tumbled oranges, cocoanut and canned goods into it tumultuously. Then catching it up by the four corners, I proceeded, trying, the while, to keep my grip on the other corner during my efforts to regain control of the three that were escaping it.

Next morning came. The cook was sick and obliged to call in an assistant in the person of Aunt Alexander, whose shanty stands circumscribed by a small clearing of few paces beyond a stone's throw from Camp Z. The axman, too, had to be pressed into service until it was time for him to start across for the company.

I staid in camp to direct—to "keep house," so to speak—and to make the ambrosia. We could not find the cocoanut grater, hence the need of a hatchet, a big nail and an empty tin can. The axman was provided with these and "started off right," then I left him to make the cocoanut grater while I hid the old shoes in a corner and washed off the soap dish.

Pulverizing the cocoanut on our new grater was a most attractive occupation, at the same time detracting from the symmetry of my fingers; but I got through with it and made a fine bowl of ambrosia in a milk crock, for be it known we are advancing with the times and keep a cow and a new calf pen in camp now.

The ladies came and were seated in our several chairs, while we sat on the bed. They tried to draw us into conversation, but we were too much engrossed with the weighty affairs of housekeeping to have any mind for trivial topics. In fact—more is the shame—that conversation came to be a sort of "yes'm," "no'm," "I reckon so" affair, when, fortunately, dinner was announced.

If a cook ever sets two chickens on a small dish with no gravy and too much onion not cooked enough in the dressing before me, when I am in a low chair by a high table, with company—feminine company—all around it, and a dull knife and a short fork to carve with, and no spoon to get out dressing with, and both chickens turned the wrong way for carving and cooked so soft that the breast won't slice when I can not carve anyhow, that aforesaid cook would better take the precaution to be very tolerably sick, he would.

But I'm equal to most emergencies, and blundered through. The cook hadn't cooked any macaroni, had overlooked the tomatoes, and brought both cans of beef on the table in the cans. He hadn't put enough butter in the dish, which made the guests think we were short. Some of the ladies wanted water, and I had to confess that we had but three glasses, and hence Nos. 4 to 10 (inclusive) would have to be content with tin cups. They kindly consented, though it was apparent that they couldn't quite appreciate the situation.

The axman was sent out with the beef to put it in a dish. He lost his memory and forgot to bring it back—the beef, or memory either.

"Change the plates, Hughes!"

He did. In spite of the fact that the poor ducky had never waited on ladies before and was somewhat lost, he finally got out with the plates and chicken dish and back with a crumb wiper and a plate of cake that one of the lady guests had kindly provided us with. Also in the course of time clean plates came, and Hughes was convinced that it was proper to take out the corn bread and rice, though potatoes and the fated beef that he had brought in at the last moment (on being reminded of it) had to be endured through the next course.

A long delay followed, and was finally ended by the arrival of Hughes with clean knives and forks.

"We don't need those, Hughes," I tried to say kindly, though I was mad at him for taking up so much valuable time to wash them when we didn't need them. But right here is where I made a gross mistake. I soon found that we did need them; but it was too late to recall them.

A further delay.

Softly approaching the front of the tent, Hughes motioned me out with an air combining stealth with a certain style of self-satisfaction possessed by one on the point of conveying a piece of startling news to the ear of an intent listener.

"De cook wants ter see yer," he whispered.

I went to the cook tent, where I found that his disabled majesty had sufficiently regained his health to be able to sit upright beside my crock of ambrosia, where he was getting ready to souse a heathenish kitchen spoon into the top of it, over which I had taken so much pains to round up a snow white mound of cocoanut.

"Mus' I put it in de saucers out hyer?" he queried with assumed innocence.

"Look here," I thought to myself, "this thing is beginning to weaken my nervous system." Then I replied to the cook in impressive rhetoric, and the belated crock was forthwith conveyed to the table.

"All's well that ends well," they say. The ambrosia was a success, if some did have to use cups instead of saucers.

True, there were some obstacles in the way of satisfactorily disposing of the spiritual food (the ladies worried one or two slices of orange into subdivisions of a politely

palatable size, then gave up in despair—the more timid among us in their efforts to dissect the inconveniently large slices, splattered pineapple juice and cocoanut gratings over the lady sitting on either side). With ambrosia 'tis always thus. I, however, solved the problem. To eat ambrosia and yet comply with the latest regulations and by-laws on etiquette your requisite is tact. Quietly select a slice of orange. Don't make a fool of yourself by attempting to cut it, but simply fold it. It is still too big, but that doesn't matter. Just keep your eye open. When everybody else is looking down in a fruitless attempt to cut a slice in quarters with a spoon with a flexible handle, you slip your folded slice between your teeth and chew right fast. This operation may be repeated until all the slices are disposed of.

I will close the scene with a few friendly suggestions. First, never ask ladies to dine at your camp. Again, if you should ask them and they accept, open the ceremonies by informing them that they are in camp—that camps are not houses; never were and never will be—that camp fare is for working men, not for ladies, but you hope they can endure it for about twenty-five minutes; that you have six goblets, six knives and six forks on your property list, but that three goblets are broken, one knife is retained behind the scenes for kitchen use, one fork and two spoons are lost and another fork has one and one-half teeth broken out and that you haven't the housekeeper's standby—a next-door or over-the-ally neighbor that you are trying to get even with for that quart of flour and a nutmeg that she borrowed seven weeks ago and forgot to return. Lastly, have the same kind of dinner and servants' attendance that you have every day, for if you go to putting on style, the thing won't work out right. Lastly—but not least, if your cook gets sick you have the heartfelt sympathy of

MISSISSIPPI.

### HOW THE SLEEPERS GOT EGG NOGG.

THE south bound Chicago & New Orleans limited had stopped for orders one afternoon at a small town in Mississippi, a day or two before Christmas.

The passengers gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to move about a little in the soft, pure air, for the day was an ideal one, and the earth, flooded with the bright, warm sunshine, was especially delightful to those of us who hailed from the ice-clad North.

The town was typically Southern, but most picturesque and fascinating to Northern eyes. The streets fairly swarmed with negroes—big, little and middle-sized—the women clad in bright-hued garments, the men in every degree of artistic raggedness. They had come to town to do their Christmas shopping. Standing about everywhere were their rigs—and such rigs, and such cattle! Each a masterpiece—from an artist's point of view. Mules, oxen and horses, little and big—and of every age, sex and previous condition of servitude. These were harnessed to inconceivable carts by a confused jumble of ropes, straps and chains, knots serving in place of buckles or snaps. Most of these vehicles had brought in wood, cotton or produce to exchange for Christmas goods at "de sto'." The platform at this station held a score or more of loungers, and among them was a typical white-haired old "daddy," bent with age and rheumatism, basket on arm, leaning on the traditional cane—rapt and serene. With him ensued the following:

Tourist—What have you in your basket, uncle?

Uncle (expectantly, doffing his hat)—Aigs, sah.

T.—How many?

U.—Bout er dozen, sah, I reck'n.

T.—How much do you ask for them?

U.—Fo' bits, sah.

T.—Fifty cents? Isn't that a little high, uncle? Why (at a venture), they are selling at the store over there for twenty-five.

U. (sadly)—No, sah, thutty cents! Dat's wot dey git fo' dem—an' dey won't gimme mo'n twainy cents. I done heerd as how aigs wuz sca'ce, an' I done fotch dese in—an' I gwine ter git fo' bits fer dem, or I done gwine ter tote 'm back home.

"Y' see, sah," he continued, with a far-off look in his eyes and totally unconscious of the knot of tourists and idlers gathered about him, indeed, more as if he was thinking aloud than addressing any one in particular, "y' see, sah, I lowed ter git sum Kismus gif's fo' de li'l' g'anchil'n—dah's Pete—he 'mos' fo', an' he (with a chuckle of pride)—he want er gun—but li'l' Rose—tell you, she tink heap o' her ole g'andad—Lor! she fat an' smoo'f like er baby 'possum—she put up her lip an' got tear in her eye when my gal hol's her up dis maw'n ter shake de ole dad 'day-day' wif her li'l' han's." Then, after a pause, remembering himself, he shook his old head and said, decidedly: "No, sah, dey can't git dese yer aigs f'm me less 'n fo' bits, dey can't!"

Just then a brisk, prosperous looking young fellow—passenger edged forward, and with incisive broken-like accent exclaimed: "That's right, old man; hang on to them. Don't let 'em get away from you. You're dead right, daddy, 'aigs is sca'ce' just now, and it's a bull market! Let me see 'em," he said, peering into the basket. "Wha-a-t? Fine eggs like that for fifty cents a dozen? Don't you do it, uncle! Why, up in Chicago at the Auditorium you'd get a dollar a dozen for them. Here you, John Henry," to the grinning buffet porter standing by, "can you make egg nogg?" "Yes, sir-ee, boss; I don't take no back seat fer nobody on egg-nogg, and got a big punch bowl in de buffet, too." "Got any milk?" "No, sah, but kin git it next stop." "All right, get an extra gallon," and taking the basket from the arm of the bewildered old ducky who had vainly endeavored to follow the quick, snappy talk, the brisk young man placed in his open palm a shining silver dollar just as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

At the sight of the dollar each Ethiopian optic in the crowd grew as big as the coin itself visible in the old man's hand, and as we were hurrying aboard one inquired with bated breath of the porter if he "know'd dat gemman." "Oh," said that functionary easily, "dat's the She-Kawgo gemman wot builded de World's Fair." At this each eye in the group became more distended if possible, and a gaze of unparalleled intensity was focussed upon the young gentleman in the well-fitting brown tweed, while the mouths of the party grew positively alarming in their cavernous suggestion. All except the old man, who stood dazed in precisely the same attitude as when left by this *fin de siècle* Santa Claus. And thus they remained gazing speechless until we lost sight of them as the train moved on.

After the night had fallen "Mr. Santa Claus," as we had jestingly dubbed him, produced from his traveling-bag a bottle of smooth old Monogram and in due course appeared a brimming punch bowl of royal egg-nogg, presided over by the beaming "John Henry." A mixed committee on invitation was sent into the rear sleeper, and soon the men therefrom appeared, followed later by every lady in the car, not even excepting two tailor-made girls who had hitherto maintained a most frigid, touch-me-not expression. Formality was forgotten and all was jollity and good feeling, and especially was every phase of the little incident of the afternoon gone over and dwelt upon at length. It was the "one touch of nature." When the cups had been filled and handed around by the delighted porters, one of the party arose, and in a few well chosen words pledged a Merry Christmas to the old ducky's "Santa Claus." "And," added the gentle voice of a sweet-faced old lady, "may his every Christmas be as happy as he has made the hearts of the poor old grandfather and those two dear little black children."

L. J. M.

### MY FOUR PET SHOTS.

I.

THIRTY years, and a trifle more, have gone down the dusty way of time since the first outbreak of the hunting spirit which has ever been my best and constant love—but the scene is fresh before me. A summer day; a twelve-year-old boy; a .22 single-barreled Frank Wesson "tip-up" pistol; a flock of puddle ducks a hundred yards away, floating on the surface of the mill pond; an overpowering temptation; a shot, vaguely into space; a stormy interview with Mistress Brady, the blacksmith's wife; a dollar, mulcted from the prized hoard in my savings bank, and the first of my shots became a memory.

II.

Eight years passed. The great war was over; a people made restless by the turmoil of stirring events were pressing hard against their western boundary, and the railroads were pushing out into a vast region, almost as bare of settlement as in the day when Coronado pierced to its heart in search of fabulous Quivira. The dreams of a boyhood filled with Bonneville and Mayne Reid, were about to be realized, as I rode with a party of hunters out from the terminus of the building railroad down into the buffalo country, in that day, quite as often, the Indian country. Southward we went, across the Smoky Hill, the Arkansas and the Cimarron, far into the nameless waste now known as Oklahoma. There were some fifteen in the party, my especial friend and protector being a grizzled Scot named Brister, a veteran of the plains, with shoulders as broad as his native dialect, and a head in proportion to both.

When we made anything like a permanent camp it was the custom to send out small parties of three or four on a side hunt, rarely going far from camp, and coming in when a wagon load of skins had been secured.

On one of these occasions we were riding across the plain, Brister in the lead and I closely behind, heading for a slight rise crowned with scanty brush, from which we could get a look over the country beyond, when, as we got within easy reach, our horses threw up their heads and looked earnestly onward with pointed ears and open nostrils. Suddenly Brister wheeled his horse, calling out to me, "Inja-a-ans, la-ad, ro-on for ca-camp!" As we dashed off, a couple of arrows went by and a wild yell told that the chase was on. We were better mounted, or had stronger reasons for getting ahead, and outran them all but one fellow on a gray pony, who kept well up on the left flank, until I felt a slight shock as an arrow ripped through my trouser leg and dug into my saddle, slightly cutting the skin above the knee, and almost immediately another flashed by in front. This had to be stopped, and a couple of shots, unsteadily delivered from our galloping horses, turned him off in a wide sweep to rejoin his party. It was a mad race for camp, but we got there first; the two men we had left behind running out and opening fire as soon as they saw the coming outfit, which brought our pursuers to a stop and held them while we got our animals down into an angle of the coulees by which we were camped, so disposed that four men could defend it and pretty well prevent an enflading fire.

For several hours a lively skirmish kept up, several Indians racing by, one after the other, and sending a few arrows over our heads, but there was plenty of powder and lead in the rifle pit, and after several casualties the fun was pretty well stopped, with the exception of my friend on the white pony, who continued to dash by at intervals. Each time he got a couple of shots, but nothing seemed able to touch him. I harbored some resentment for this fellow, and four times I fired at him as he swept by, missing him cleanly each time; then I concluded I was giving him too much room, and as he came by for the fifth time I sighted close in and as my Sharp .45 spoke out he developed a sudden curvature of the spine, slipped down, a limp man, on the off side and parted company with his gray pony forever. A wild charge from the whole band followed to keep us from the body, but the rattling fire of four rifles was too much for them in the open and they broke and scattered over the plain. Our position was too strong, and toward night we got safely back to the main camp.

On my library wall, under a rack of rifles, hangs a splendid collar of elk teeth—a memory of that dead Kiowa brave.

III.

More years have gone by—few of them without their weeks of life in the glorious Rockies. Again in camp, among the western foothills of a gigantic chaos of eruptive rock, piñon, juniper, agave and sahuara.

My companion was a loved comrade of many a hunt; as gallant a soldier as ever dismounted his troop and led it up the mountain side in a bold dash at some Apache stronghold, and as true a sportsman as ever laid eye along a well-browned barrel; long since gone into the silent night where taps and reveille alike are unheard by his dulled ear.

Game was scarce where we were; a set of bad weather had kept us in camp, and as meat was running low, I started out one morning alone to try and pick up a black-tail somewhere in the mountains behind us. Several miles up the trail I picked my horse and went on afoot. It was a hopeless quest. Nothing was to be found. The bitter wind which blew on my left increased as I went higher. Presently down came a rattle of sleet, and in five minutes the landscape was hidden in a drifting fog of



snow. Down came my hat over my eyes, up went my coat collar, and with rifle jammed under my arm and hands well down in my pockets I took the back trail. I had passed the worst of the way and got within a mile of my horse when, just as I was turning a curiously regular, round hillock, which looked like the tumulus of some forgotten race, a gruff snort came to my ear, and looking up, above me towered a gigantic grizzly, just raising himself on his hindlegs. There was no time to get my rifle to my shoulder; a snap shot from the hip was all I could manage, and I dashed off to the right rear, somehow getting a fresh cartridge into place as I ran. No record-breaking sprinter could have beaten me to the top of a rocky point which stood near by, and when I got there, utterly winded and found that everything looked peaceful and no enemy in sight, I would have drawn a deep breath of content if the spasmodic state of my diaphragm had allowed, but as it was I simply sat down in the accumulating snow until my lungs and nerves had got down again to a working basis.

The only way back to my horse lay down that trail, and by that way I must go. I knew, too, that my shot must have told somewhere, and I had a curiosity to know where, so down I went, keeping a close eye ahead, rifle well to the front, ready for a fight or another footrace as the moment should decide. No sign of bear until I reached the end of my tracks, and there, right where he had stood, he lay, like the ambitious youth of poetry, lifeless amid the falling snow, so close to the tracks I had stood in when I shot that I examined his brawny chest to see if the powder had not burned him. My snap shot had caught him full in the throat, smashed the cervical vertebra and so completely unraveled the spinal cord that he never could have known he was hit.

He was a fair-sized bear, but less by four-fifths than I had expected; and the thought has often come to me that if his plan of battle had been the same as mine, and he had run away in the opposite direction, I would have gone through life with the fixed conviction that grizzly bears sometimes grow as large as Waterhouse Hawkins's restoration of *Hadrosaurus*.

IV.

One more—and on this I dwell, perhaps, more lovingly than on the others. It was not so long ago, and what can be dearer to the lover of the rifle than to recall a successful stalk and at the end its lifeless object before him on the ground.

My six weeks' hunt was over and I was back in the little settlement in the Park, putting in a few days shooting sage grouse while my guide and henchman was getting his badly rattled harness into shape to drive me by buckboard a hundred miles across the Gore Range and down the Blue River to the hated sign of civilization—the two lines of iron rail which would carry me back to my Atlantic home.

The weekly mail carrier came in and casually said that he had seen a nice bunch of antelope down by the "Big Mesa." That evening I remarked to my host that it was a long time since I had tasted antelope and I would have a try at them on the morrow.

Early morning found me traveling along the streak of soil which had been just enough specialized to earn the courtesy title of "stage road." Five miles or so brought me to the base of the mesa, which I skirted for some distance before I could find a place to get my horse to the top; then a long and fruitless search for my game, until I reached the further edge, from which a wide, saucer-shaped valley fell away, sloping up again to the base of the mountain opposite; there they were, on the far side, more than half a mile away.

Approach was not easy; there was little wind, but that little was full on my back, and that protected them across the width of the valley; a ridge ran out just behind them, but several were feeding up too near its crest to make it possible to reach them from that side.

Careful inspection showed a deep coulée running from the foot of the mesa on my left, in a winding course across the valley and below the wind, and with my glass I fixed a bush growing on its edge, from which I could get a long but open shot. Turning back, I got down into the coulée without exposing myself, and riding as near as I dared, threw the bridle over my pony's head and taking to my own legs got under cover of my bush.

During the half hour it had taken to get there, the antelope had moved off and a stretch of at least 500 yds. was between us. There were some thirty of them, and my glass showed one buck with what, even at that distance, seemed extraordinary horns, and I badly wanted him, but I am not one of those rare shots who get game at such distances; indeed, in my whole life I do not believe I have sighted it half a dozen times so far off; but there was nobody by, if I missed, so I set about it. My gun was a .50-95 single shot Winchester, made from my own specifications; no more accurate rifle ever came to shoulder, and I had shot it enough over known ranges to be pretty familiar with its drop at long distances. There was no need to hurry, so I put up my sights to the highest point, made a good allowance for the remaining distance, and the buck was not as much surprised when 312 grains of solid lead caught him in the ribs, as I was to see his side-way jump, landing on the ground. But like his kind, he was up and off in a second and before I could get back to my horse and get him up on the flat, the whole bunch was out of sight.

I knew the lay of the land moved from them to the right, so I swung that way myself to head them, quite forgetting the creek which I would have to cross and which came on me suddenly. It looked deep and cold, but it was too late to hold up, and my little white-footed bay had his blood up and I doubt if I would have stopped him if I tried. In we went with a plunge, and when that was over, it mattered little as for wetness, whether the rest of it was 2 ft. or 2 yds. deep—but we got through, and over beyond the second rise I came on my antelope, looking very sick, at the steep base of the mesa, up which the rest had gone. He started off into the sage-brush as I came up, but he was nearly done and twice I rode him to a standstill, the second time jumping off and raking him with a shot which put him down to stay.

Half an hour later I was riding across to cut the road, with all of his best qualities behind my saddle, including a pair of horns 14 in. in vertical height.

The greater part of the interval between my first and second shots found me wrestling with the classics and kindred pleasures of youth. I was always troubled over my *Virgil* and a hard nut I found in "*forsan haec olim*

*meminisse juvabit*," but it deeply impressed my budding perceptions, when at last I got it out. Since then, over the camp-fire, in comfort and in peace, in cold and in storm, sometimes too, alone and in hunger, how often has it come back to me? "Perhaps some day it shall rejoice us to remember these." B.

AT NIGHTFALL ON A SIDE-LINE.

THE frequent mention of the panther in recent numbers of your valuable paper, tempts me to relate an experience I once had with this class of varmints.

Years ago, I dislike to think how many, when our national proclivity for wanting to see foreign parts induced me to turn my back on "The Land of Cakes," my footsteps turned toward Demerara, or more properly British Guiana, in South America. Arrived in the colony, my natural inquiries turned to the hunting and fishing to be had. Of both I may have something to say later, but at present I shall relate one little hunting episode, where the tables very nearly became turned as between hunter and hunted.

The great industry of this country is sugar making, and the plantations run for miles along the banks of the great rivers and along the coast line, but hardly ever are they found back from the water front. The reason of this is that the land, for several hundred miles from the coast, is low-lying alluvial jungle, subject to overflow at any time, hence enormous embankments along the water fronts are raised and constitute the only roads of importance. The plantations generally run back from the water in long narrow strips, some of them extending deep into the jungle. The system of drainage employed necessitates large canals, or side-lines as they are locally called, which run the length of the plantations on either side, and form a dividing line between the cane fields and the almost impenetrable woods. Across these canals, late in the evening, the deer come to eat the young sugar cane, of which they destroy quite a quantity, and it was at such a place that I found myself, with several others, waiting impatiently for a shot.

Our mode of procedure was to string ourselves out, 100 yards apart, along the canal and on the field side of it, and as the deer crossed over, shoot them down. It was not very sportsmanlike, but it was about the only way that venison could be got, for to follow the deer through the tangled mass of tropical vines that constitute the undergrowth of the woods was out of the question. I had taken my stand at a point where the overhanging limb of an enormous mango tree reached across the canal and above my head. I had laid my rifle down carelessly on the ground to my right, thinking I would have plenty of time to move it to my left shoulder, from which I shoot, and little thinking how important this casual action was afterward to become to me.

As sunset approached I could hear deer or other animals moving in the jungle, but as often as they came near where I was I could hear them dash off as if in mortal dread. This was repeated several times, so concluding that I was not sufficiently concealed, and that my chances for meat were slim, and as the darkness would soon follow the few minutes of twilight of the tropic, I prepared to get up from my uncomfortable position, prone on my stomach, and to start for our horses.

At my first movement I was startled by a low, purring growl that seemed to be right by me. I gazed intently across the canal, but could see nothing. Again I made a slight movement, and again the warning growl sounded to my ears. Up the canal and down the canal I cast careful glances, but nothing was in sight on the well cleaned banks. Suddenly the recollection of the limb of the mango tree, extended above my head, flashed on my mind, and carefully turning my head without moving my body any more than I could help, I glanced upward. What was my horror to see, almost immediately over my head and crouched low down to the limb, an enormous puma or South American lion, whose fiery eyes were fixed intently on me and whose long tail was jerking backward and forward in that spasmodic way that indicates that "Kitty" is about to spring.

To say I was scared within an inch of my life is saying what every one will readily surmise, but after a moment's thought the gravity of the position seemed to steady my nerves, for I can well remember even after a lapse of many years the train of thought that flashed across my mind. It was something in this line: Here is a puma which, like the Scotchman under the tree, has come out to get some venison for supper, but owing to the scent of the puma or the sight of the Scotchman, the deer have concluded not to eat any cane at this point of the canal; therefore the puma, being the hungrier of the crowd, concludes that the moving mass under him and partly hid by the cane leaves, will do instead of venison. Now, my gun is on my wrong side for shooting (as I cannot see well with my right eye) and besides my position, prone on the ground, makes shooting overhead an impossibility. If I move, the puma will jump; and before I can regain a standing position my neck will be cracked. What is to be done?

All this time, and it seemed an age to me, I never removed my eyes from those of the puma, and I noticed with some satisfaction that he would occasionally close his. My determination was soon taken! Slowly I commenced to turn on my back, and one can hardly understand the pain it gave me to make that slow turn, never for a moment taking my eyes off the puma's. Any sudden movement on my part would have been instantly followed by the spring of the varmint in the tree, but at last I was fairly on my back and, as luck would have it, with my rifle lying on my shooting side and the muzzle toward my feet. With the same care observed in turning over, the rifle was slowly raised and, with the thumps of my heart almost making a fine bead impossible, the trigger was pressed; and without making any sound that I can remember, my ugly friend rolled from the bough, shot through the brain, and stone dead.

With the fall of the puma I sprang to my feet and clubbed my rifle, as it was a single-shot only; but the few spasmodic jerks of the creature's limbs told me that the trouble was over.

Then it was that I lost my head, and sent yell after yell ringing out on the air, which soon brought my companions to my side. As soon as a glance at the puma indicated the state of affairs, they in turn would join me in my hysterical shouts, till a sight was presented that would have staggered the appearance of a mouse in the dormitory of a female college.

The pelt went to Scotland along with other trophies picked up.

A DAY AT MAXOM'S.

THE faint, cold light of dying day was just fading in the west as I finished loading my last cartridge.

A little flutter of wind now and then rattled the loose blinds on the shutter and caused the naked branches of the magnolia, which leaned over the house, to beat a rat-a-tat against the side of the gable.

Father, who had been reading the last number of *FOREST AND STREAM* until the twilight gave place to the less steadier gleam of the fire, and who was now busy filling his favorite brier, looked up as I crimped the last shell and rose from my task with a sigh of relief. "Finished?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "and there will be frost enough tonight to make a good day of it to-morrow; there are a few big coveys in that lower field that need thinning out."

Here old Isiah entered the room bearing a bundle of short lengths of pine and hickory, and as he proceeded in his unrivaled style to build up the huge fire, I filled the brown bowl and drew my chair up alongside of father's. For a while we sat in silence watching the sparks so full of life as they darted fresh from the flames, winging their silent way out into the night to disappear—where? Like tiny human lives they are lost in immensity! Indeed, *Ik Marvel*, the home of philosophy is in a wood fire.

The tobacco smoke soon softened the sharper outlines and angles in the room, and the jolly iron dogs who have guarded our hearth for the last century assumed very grotesque shapes in this living background of flames.

"You are using wood powder now," said father, as he pulled a hassock toward him and rested his slipped feet upon it. "Well, in my day Hazard and Du Pont are the only names I remember in connection with clean, strong-shooting black powder; with 3½ drs. of powder and 14oz. of No. 10, a miss was seldom scored. I never looked for anything better, and would rather put my faith in it today than in your patent brands. Yes, Isiah, bring up the decanter on the right of the sideboard. You can put on a kettle of water—and turn in whenever you feel like it."

Presently a little jet of steam was adding to the misty atmosphere and the merry hum of the kettle mingled its melody with the clinking of spoons in the bottom of our tumblers as we stirred the hot "lemonade" so the "stick" would assimilate.

"You remember our old friend Jim Lillie," said father, inhaling the fragrant steam that rose from his glass, "Well, Jim and I took a trip down to Charley Maxom's long about in January some years ago. It was before Charley built his new hotel near the head of Barnegat Bay; at that time he had a small country tavern at the forks of the road, near the village of Point Pleasant, a little over three miles from the railroad station. There were lots of quail and ruffed grouse about there, but you would not be able to find them unless you had a native for a guide.

"We got to Charley's toward evening. The weather was cool and clear, and as we rode from the depot in an open wagon you can imagine how glad we were to draw up alongside of that round, white-bellied stove, that stood in the extension of Maxom's tavern. We stepped into the main building for supper. The supper consisted of fried cod, home made bread (none of that sawdust kind that crumbles all to pieces when you try to spread the butter, but moist and sweet, Mrs. Maxom always put potatoes in her bread), and a cup of tea. The cod had been taken that very day about five miles off shore abreast of Island Beach, and had only been out of the water long enough to freeze. We saw them brought in from the wagon like so many sticks of cord wood shortly after we arrived. I could have made a supper off of that alone.

"Thawed out and appetite appeased we adjourned to the extension, a very natural thing for all wayfarers to do at Maxom's. Seated and enjoying our pipes, we opened up a little talk with Charley. 'What is the prospect of getting a few birds to-morrow Charley?' 'Wa—ll, General, thar air some birds around, 'n' if you kin git Johnny Loveman to go 'long you'll be apt to find 'em. I'll send over to Johnny's and find out if he'll go.'

"We got word from Johnny that he would be over early in the morning. That point settled, and as Charley was getting our candles ready I said, 'Hadrn't we better leave word to be called, Jim?' If there was any one thing that Jim was opposed to, it was getting up before daybreak. 'Called? No, what do you want to turn out early for? We'll take our time, have some more of that fried cod in the morning and a good cup of coffee, there's nothing like having a good breakfast to start on.' 'All right, that suits me, good night.'

"But we were called all the same, for we slept a little late and they detailed one of the youngsters to walk the hall and ring the breakfast bell until he received some evidence that we were up and doing. I had been up a few minutes and was adjusting a worm screw to my cleaning rod to bore a hole through the ice that had formed in the pitcher, when I heard Jim in the adjoining room advising the bell-ringer in these words, 'See here, young man, I want you to get out of this hall P. D. Q.; we don't want any more of that music and if you come up here again I'll help you down. Skip.'

"Rigged for the day's tramp we went down stairs and steered right for the extension to see if Loveman had arrived.

"'Good morning, Charley, has Loveman put in an appearance yet?' "Wal, thar's his dorg, reckon he ain't very fur off. Here he comes."

"Loveman was a young man about 27 or 28, slim built, strong and wiry, his face was the color of an old time powder flask and covered with a mosquito proof skin.

"'Your dog, Mr. Loveman?' " "Yes, sir, thar's one of the best English pointers in this country. I have shot over him a good many years and 'though he can't hear a dern thing, I wouldn't swap him for the best high-priced dog that comes down here. It's a fine day and I may have a chance to show you some of his good points in the field.'

"After a first-rate breakfast we took our guns, dropped a few cartridges in our coat pocket and started as lightly rigged as the weather would permit to shoot out the balance of the day.

"We followed the road that ran to the south'ard of the house for an hour or more, smoking and chatting, with the old pointer trailing on behind, until we came to a break in the rail fence, and the wagon tracks told why the rails had been removed.

"'Now, Jim,' said Loveman, 'we ought to find some



birds in here.' The old dog began to take a little interest, and jogging on about twenty yards ahead would now and then look around for instructions, with his eyes fixed on Loveman.

"Ten minutes' walk along the wagon track brought us to a little clearing of about two acres of buckwheat stubble. Although we knew that our guns had been properly loaded, just as we struck the edge of the piny wood outside of the settlement from force of habit we broke barrels and looked again.

"A wave of the hand—the dog went on and turned a slight bend in the path; there he stood like a statue. You can see the picture. The recollection of that scene sends a thrill through me, and I step back over the intervening years and stand with ready gun waiting for that statue to move.

"Jim, go off to the right there a little. General, come up a little closer and keep well over to the left." Loveman walked up behind the dog, stamped his foot, the old dog went on and up got the bevy, about ten in all. Loveman killed with his right; then shifting his gun to the left shoulder, brought down a left-quarterming bird that I had selected for my own. The reports were almost simultaneous, but not quite close enough together to justify my putting in a claim. Jim got one, and after marking them down in a little piece of swamp a short distance away, sent the old dog after the dead birds. Then a few allusions were made about Loveman having 'wiped my eye,' and we started for the swamp. Loveman went through, while Jim and I took up a position where we thought we could get a shot as the birds came out. We did not have long to wait before we heard the report of his gun, and sure enough back came the birds toward the stubble. Jim and I each got a brace, the three spared kept right on.

"I had not done any quail shooting to speak of for a year or more, and I was right glad to hear a proposition from Jim to this effect: 'What do you say if we start back toward the house?' The days are short and we are about five miles away. I know of one or two fields where we are liable to find some birds on our way back, and we'll take in the pines and may get a stray grouse.' As you will imagine, I readily consented, and we started on the back track for Maxom's.

"Four grouse were added to our bag before we struck the road. As we drew near the house, coming up on the leeward side, we sniffed the odor of frying cod, and although a little familiar, it seemed to sharpen the appetite as it had on the evening of our arrival.

"Well," said Maxom, as we entered the extension, 'you did get a few birds, didn't you?'

"Is supper ready, Charley?" I asked.

"Not yet, but it will be when you get washed up.'

"Well, we can't wash up any too quick.' 'Me, too!' quoth Jim.

"After supper I skipped the extension and going to my room took up the pipe—but too tired to enjoy it, I turned in very quickly. Perhaps the bed would have been more comfortable if I had spread a blanket over the corn husk mattress, but I fell asleep thinking about it.

"We got out a little later in the morning and did just as well without going so far from the house. The country has changed since then, but I believe, if you should go down there about the middle of January and get Johnnie Loveman, that he would find some birds for you. I have a hankering after the old stamping ground, but it is no use thinking about it, still, I cannot help it, for all I know so well that I will never be able to shoot over a dog again. Oh, for a good pair of legs!"

We had long since found the bottom of our tumblers. The inane giggle of the kettle reminded us of its presence, and as father with great care and nicety as to quantities refilled the glasses with "lemonade," I could tell by the moisture in his eyes that the memory of the dead days had distilled the tears from his heart, which, like dew on fading flowers, awakened for the moment the slumbering life within. And so—good night. THE GENERAL.

#### "PODGERS" COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—Why don't I write? Well, I don't exactly know myself, unless it is because I am getting torpid, or have nothing to write about that would interest. You see, I have not been out after bears or game of any kind, except quail on toast at a restaurant, hence have no "wise saws or modern experiences" to quote; in fact, I am ashamed to say that I have not wasted a cartridge in the pursuit of even a duck or a snipe, as plentiful as they have been, and as exceptionally good as the shooting has been this season. So much for a combination of laziness and the confinement of office work. The nearest to indulgence I have come has been to furnish up my guns occasionally and make a mental resolve to drop business and go after canvasbacks that very week, but there are no fewer of that species for all me.

The winter shooting has been glorious, and the bags made of mallards, sprigs, spoonbills and canvasbacks have been heavy and most satisfactory. Quail, also, have been abundant, so I have had no excuse. But, *entre nous*, as one gets older and more indolent it requires more effort, and then, his enthusiasm has in a measure toned down, and on the whole he seems willing to let the boys have a show. He don't want to be a pig and have all the fun.

As to writing, it is about the same thing again. There are so many aspirants for literary fame, and who like to record their doings, that it is mean in us old stagers to occupy the space that they might otherwise have to air their bear stories and experiences. To give the boys a show is no more than fair. Besides, readers get very tired of too much of one sort and kind. "Variety is the spice of life," as the chap said who kissed the cook—and of course, with that retributive fatality that accompanies evil deeds, was caught at it by his wife, the moral being that a man should not kiss cooks, or if so inclined, should have no wife, as the combination don't work well, ending, as it universally does, in the discharge of the cook, as all of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who have tried the experiment know. In extenuation, it may be said that there is now and then a mighty good looking cook. I don't know that this digression can be said to come under the head of legitimate sports that are the proper calling of the FOREST AND STREAM unless it is admitted that there is some fun in it. We might take a vote on it from your readers.

I have read some very good articles in the recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM from new contributors.

Mr. Perry's trip down the Patuca is very interesting and has the merit of a new field, and of being instructive as well, for we know very little of the country he described. And what a paradise it must be for the impecunious in these hard times, where a cotton handkerchief will pay board for a month and a string of beads win bright smiles from the belle of the village. Think of that, ye Benedicts, who cannot reconcile madam after a little domestic difference under a sealskin or one of these new "humplers," that spread a woman out to such dimensions as would astonish nature and discourage her from ever again undertaking to create another "female form divine," if her work is to be so caricatured. The fashions of the belles that Mr. Perry described down on the Patuca have the merit of simplicity at least, and on the principle of beauty unadorned should meet the requirements of the climate, at least.

I see the Catawampus Club scribe continues to record the doings of that enterprising institution. Somehow it does not appear to strike the best field for its operations, the record of game and fishing is meager. Why not light out for a better location? I know of places that will discount that one all hollow and are easier to reach. To think of a whole day resulting in one or two ducks, when here, for instance, if a shooter does not bring home a couple of dozen mallards and a half-dozen canvasbacks he is ridiculed. But then this is a civilized country where the geese fly low and I suppose we should sympathize with you poor benighted folks who know no better than to live where you do.

I take off my hat in humble deference to Mrs. Lucy J. Tomlin for her advocacy of giving women a chance to enjoy some of the sports that men so selfishly monopolize. Why should they not accompany their husbands and brothers in their expeditions, and have a taste of camp life? What could be pleasanter than on returning from a long tramp to be greeted with the bright cheery smile and welcome, to say nothing of the chances of a smoking repast having the merit of a degree of cleanliness that the average man cook considers quite a secondary matter, and not in keeping with camp theories, which include the acquisition of the proverbial peck of dirt the first few days. I suppose some woman in reading my argument will say, "That's just like a man; he only thinks of a woman as a cook, and see how his selfish nature crops out." I deny the charge *in toto*, for I am not a believer that a woman should be a good cook to be a treasure. Callow editors of country newspapers dwell on that sort of rot, just for buncombe, but there is not a man of any degree of decency who wants to be met on his return home by a red-faced dishevelled object, redolent of fried ham. It takes away all the sentiment, but in camp "things is different;" there she takes to it for fun. I am supposing of course that there is a man-of-all-work to do the chores and general skirmishing; but she can oversee and boss the business. And what a difference! Your coffee will have the genuine flavor. The meat won't be burned to a crisp, and the roast duck won't need to be sent to the barber's shop to get shaved, the slap-jacks won't taste of the last bacon fry. Then again, how nice to have them around. They make the camp sunny and cheerful, and moreover, keep the man animal on his good behavior. He washes himself and combs his hair. But aside from all these disadvantages to the man, there is to be considered the real pleasure it is to the woman, and surely she should be gratified. When I see a woman showing any taste for boating and outdoor sports (I don't call baseball a legitimate evidence, that is only an opportunity to "mash") I want to take off my hat to her. There is at once a bond of sympathy between us, although she may not be aware of that fact, but she could have my corner seat in the street car with pleasure. So I say, there should be a general uprising of women who can or would enjoy camp-life if they had the chance. Let them rise in their might and strength and insist on being recognized, and we all know what the result would be. The man would give in, surrender, for he is as we know at heart an arrant coward where women are concerned; and all she has to do is to say, "The next time you go to camp I am going;" and you can hazard your best patent leather she will go. I would suggest to the madam that next Christmas a gentle hint that instead of a sealskin this year it would suit better to have a nice little 16-gauge hammerless and a split-bamboo. You will be surprised and edified to see with what alacrity "hubby" will take to the idea, for there is novelty in it. He is so tired of that same old gag of a sealskin every year (last year's one having gone out of fashion) that the new departure will strike him favorably. Again the cost of the gun and rods will not amount to half the cost of the garment, over which fact he will chuckle, and say to himself, "got off easy this year."

Now that Mrs. Tomlin has started the ball, I hope other ladies who have similar tastes (or would have if they had a show) will not allow the idea to rest, but will keep up the agitation. Let every woman disposed to favor this new departure come out squarely and give her views. The editor of the FOREST AND STREAM won't dare to refuse to print anything you send. He knows better than to do otherwise, for he has had experience no doubt and knows the folly of attempting to oppose the will of the gentler sex that can be much otherwise than gentle if irritated (bet ye). Let us hear from the supporters of Mrs. Tomlin's suggestion.

I see that the Broome county (N. Y.) supervisors have passed an edict to protect all fur-bearing animals, which, as you say, extends immunity to cats, dogs, coons, skunks, etc. It is fortunate for the industries of Connecticut that its officials have not the same views as to what constitutes legitimate protection, as a similar one would give the death blow to what at this time constitutes a thriving and profitable business in that State, which, in the vernacular of the gentlemen pursuing it, it is called "skunkin'." On one occasion as I was out after chestnuts, in the vicinity of East Lime with a party of ladies, our sense of smell was suddenly outraged by an all too familiar odor, and the ladies applied their handkerchiefs and were irresolute as to which way to run, so we pursued a path we were on, but the odor grew stronger as we proceeded. A halt was called, and I was detailed to go ahead and spy out the ground, and the safety of going on. Presently I struck it heavy, and at the same time an old chap with a bag over his shoulder, and two measly mangy dogs following. At this point the odor was almost overpowering, and I hailed

my neighbor and remarked, "Some danger around here, I reckon. We must be close aboard the essence peddler." Whereat the old chap chuckled, and remarked, "Ain't no skunks around; it's me and the dogs you smell." I said, "For Heaven's sake, have you had an encounter with one? Again the old fellow chuckled and answered, "A counter with em? well I guess so. That's my business, I am what we term up here a 'skunker.' Me and General Grant, and General Lee have it hot and heavy with 'em every day, I ain't had no luck yet to-day, but I guess we will have 'em fore night, won't we, General?" addressing his remark to one of the dogs, who rolled up a pair of inflamed eyes, and wagged a mangy tail faintly.

I said, "How came you to name your dogs after such distinguished men, for such a business? It is not very complimentary." "Wall!" said he, "some folks might say so, but them are dogs is such fighters, I had to name 'em arter them kind of fellers." During the talk I had edged around to windward. I said, "What do you do with your game when you get it?" "What do I do with em? Skin 'em of course, and sell the skins for 50 cents apiece, and make right smart of money at it too. I made \$3 last week." Who buys your skins? "Peddlers from the city." "And what is made of them?" The old party laughed long and loud at my ignorance. "What do they dew with 'em? Why, make up for the wimmen to wear, and sell 'em to 'em, and call 'em Connecticut sables, or some other way-back name; and they ain't none the wiser."

I went back and told the ladies that the trouble could be laid at their door, as the cause of all our woes was a missionary in quest of tribute to their decorations, whose labors would probably materialize in the shape of a Christmas sealskin. There was an indignant protest from the whole bevy. The best of it was, however, that one lady of an inquiring mind on arriving home learned to her horror that she was wearing a Connecticut sable herself, and had been since her last birthday.

It is evident that the Supervisors of Broome county, New York, are stupidly ignorant of an industry that they could turn to great profit individually and at the same time relieve their neighbors of unpleasant nocturnal visitors to their hen roosts. Three dollars a week is not to be despised, to say nothing of the odd (cents) to be added, and how welcome the industrious supervisor will be when he comes home to the bosom of his family after a hard day's "skunkin'." It is a bare possibility that the supervisors of Broome county may discover their mistake and rescind the "taboo," so far as relates to Connecticut sables, and turn their attention seriously to the industry.

PODGERS.

## Natural History.

### BREEDING QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The recent communications on the hatching of quail (FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 13 and 27) are very readable and interesting, but, if the writers will pardon me, they present nothing that is especially new. It is not an unusual or difficult thing to hatch the Virginia quail under a bantam hen and to bring them to maturity. It is not quite so easy, but still not to be regarded as difficult, to hatch them under the parent bird from eggs laid in confinement. Some of my own quail hatched in this way about 1885 lived in my coops for more than two years, and were always bright and healthy.

But the singular fact in all these experiments, and I have known of them in some form for at least thirty years, is that so far as I have been able to learn, we have never succeeded in breeding beyond the first generation reared in confinement. Just why this is true, it would be hard to say. There is no trouble in inducing birds that have been reared in a coop to mate and lay, and the eggs are all of them fertile—at least they were in the case of the pair of quail which I mated, both of which had been raised in the coop, and which were not related. But the hen refused to sit, and from what I can gather this will be the case with a majority of the birds so reared.

Here is another obstacle to the extended rearing of quail in confinement which many of those who plan to enlarge their operations do not seem to take into account. Quail are not polygamous as are the grouse, but pair off like our song birds. Hence to secure successful breeding each pair of birds must have a separate inclosure. A male quail caged with two hens during the breeding season will mate with one and fight the other, and in time will kill her if she is not removed. With half a dozen or so in one inclosure you will get a number of eggs, and they will be fertile, but none of the female birds so situated will sit. Bantams are poor mothers for young quail compared with the true mother. Lastly, there is no good reason why young quail hatched in confinement should not come to full maturity, provided always they are hatched early enough in the season to become well feathered before the nights grow chilly, and given proper food while they are chicks.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 3.

### Surmises that it was a Lynx.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent in the current issue describes the tracks and voice of an animal and desires its identification. I have an opinion that the animal is a lynx.

PINE TREE.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE anecdote told by the Rev. G. W. Brown in Camp-Fire Flickerings of Feb. 3 reminds me of some snake stories I heard last summer while waiting for my train at Gunpowder Station, P. W. & B. R. R. I was entertained by several of the boatmen and fishermen who live near there relating to snake stories. Each vied with the other in telling the biggest snake lies, all of which I took in as though I believed them, leading them on by remarks and questions. After several rather mild anecdotes, one of the men said: "You know that burnt-out tree that stands along the railroad near Magnolia? Well, me and my boy was hunting pa'tridges up there one day when one got up between me and the boy, and I hollered for him to lay down so I could shoot; but he said, 'Not much, pap; there



is a big blacksnake right here.' I went up to him, and there was the biggest blacksnake I ever seen. I threw a stone at him and he ran into that holler tree. I told the boy to git some greasy waste from the track and we would smoke the snake out. We built a good fire in the tree and went on with our hunting. The next morning I was a-passing that tree and noticed a lot of snake bones on the ashes. I raked them up and they filled to the brim the water bucket I was a-carrying."

Then old man Brummell spoke up. "That ain't nothin'. I kin show you a tree down in Gum Swamp that has a bigger den than that in it. I'll bet you a hundred dollars I kin take you ther' now, and ther' will be a blacksnake on every limb and a dozen with their heads a-stickin' out of a hole in the trunk."

Then Jim Camper spoke up: "I'll tell you a snake story. One day me and Tom Gray was cuttin' wood up on Laurel Ridge, and we downed a big black oak. It had a hole near the fust crotch, which I thought was a squirrel den, but if it was there weren't none in it. I crosscut the log 4ft. below the hole and noticed something strange looking in the bottom of the hole, which ended just where I cut, and I found it was the tail of a blacksnake. The weather was awful cold, and I knowed that snake was dead, but I wanted to see him anyway; so I cut a long slit from the hole down and got him out. He was a buster, and I cut him in three pieces with my ax. His insides was solid ice; you could see the ice crystals like all through his flesh. I threw the pieces down by another tree, and after a while when the sun got on 'em, I swear, all them pieces began to wiggle."

I said, "Pretty good, Camper. Who is next?" Norell the track walker spoke up: "Did you ever see snakes balled? Well, one day late in the fall I was a-huntin' black ducks in Sunday Ma'sh and went ashore to get a drink of water; right on the bank of the ma'sh there was a ball of snakes as big as a flour barrel and they was a-squirming and rolling around just like a football."

I asked him what kind of snakes they were, and he said, "Ev'ry kind of snake I ever see, blacksnakes, vipers, water snakes, garter snakes and corn snakes."

The next narrator was telling a marvelous tale of how he was charmed by a snake one day while fishing on the bank of a stream, but as my train came along I did not hear whether the snake swallowed him or not. E. A. R.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 3.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 1.—To-day is the last day of the legal season for selling grouse, quail or venison, no matter where they come from. Illinois grouse, quail or venison cannot be sold at any time. City Game Warden Chas. H. Blow asserts that all found violating the law will be promptly prosecuted. The Chicago Tribune gravely states that after Feb. 1 it will be unlawful to kill any "robin, bluebird, swallow, martin, mosquito hawk, whippoorwill, cuckoo, woodpecker, catbird, brown thrush, redbird, hanging bird, buzzard, wren, hummingbird, dove, goldfinch, mockingbird, bluejay, bullfinch, thrush, lark, cherry-bird, yellowbird, oriole or bobolink."

The Tribune should add that it is also unlawful to kill any of the above-named birds before Feb. 1.

Daily Press Makes a Discovery.

The San Francisco Chronicle has made the startling discovery that Wm. Weavey, of Durbin, N. D., has made a discovery, the same being the raising of "cattleoes" from a buffalo and Polled Angus cross. It adds the usual story about the excellence of the breed. No apologies are made to Buffalo Jones or others, who might be able to help the discovery out a little.

From Kansas.

Mr. Charles J. Mitchell, of Independence, Kans., says: "Can you tell me a good place for duck shooting in either Craighead, Poinsett or Mississippi counties, Ark., that is not occupied by a private club?"

The new law on quail has been fairly well observed here, and as a consequence, a good many more birds are to be found to-day than this time last year. The winter has been exceptionally favorable to them, and I think a year or two more of close season, if the law can be enforced, would give us good shooting once more. But I am afraid that as soon as quail get fairly abundant again, the law will be ignored, as there seems to be no real interest in game protection here. I rather think the rest the quail have enjoyed this season is due more to the scarcity of the last two or three years than it is to the new law."

Can some of our Arkansas friends answer Mr. Mitchell's question? I am not familiar enough with the county lines. As to the Kansas quail and their protection we may suppose the result of "protection" will be there, as elsewhere, much cry and little quail, until finally the scarcity teaches its lesson, the rare becomes valuable and the protection begins to protest. THE FOREST AND STREAM editorial "plank" of last week is the only one. Hold out to stop the sale of game altogether. We will come near to that before we prevent extinction.

Has a System.

In an issue of early November "Hoodoo" had the following comment: "In your last issue Mr. Hough describes, among other things, a group of mounted lions at the World's Fair, two of which were 'kittens,' which he astutely surmises (because of the difference in their color) 'were not of the same litter.'" Going on "Hoodoo" cites a fable as proof that mounted lions never have more than one kitten at a clatter time, and the editor of FOREST AND STREAM corrects him by showing that the fable is away off. There is only one more gentleman to be heard from on this point and that is the intelligent compositor, saving, perhaps, the proof-reader with the eagle brain. In my description I did not write "mounted lions" but "mountain lions," meaning the American big cat, panther, cougar, puma or California lion, etc. I allow this latter animal often has a whole flock of little cats. I have an infallible system by which I can always lay hands on anything in my desk. That is how I happened to answer the above criticism so soon since last November.

Will Move.

On May 1, the firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros., so long

known here at 108 Madison street, will remove to 149-151 Wabash avenue, a thoroughfare until recently given over to wholesale houses. Large and better quarters will be secured by the change.

Feb. 2.—Mr. W. B. Wells, one of the most enthusiastic and thorough-going as well as one of the best known sportsmen of Canada, arrived in this city to-day from his home in Chatham, Ont., on his way to the Southern field trials of New Albany, Miss. Mr. Wells has along a string of good youngsters, and will do a little shooting after the trials, either at New Albany or further South. He thinks the birds still abundant enough in his country to secure the future for them and to make certain the success of the International trials next year, although the numbers have been much cut down by a combination of causes. At the FOREST AND STREAM office, Mr. Wells happened to meet Mr. W. L. Wells, of this city, whose friends also call him "Billy." The two fell to discussing family trees, and came very near proving that they both had a common ancestry somewhere or other. Anyhow, they are both red hot sportsmen and good people, and therefore related closely in a good way. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

PROHIBIT THE SALE OF GAME.

DANVERS, Mass., Feb. 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: I read with a good deal of satisfaction the article in your last number that suggested a law to stop the sale of game birds at all times of the year. I think this would be a step in the right direction toward preserving game. I know it is a large undertaking and cannot be done at once, but if every sportsman in the country should make this something to work for it could be accomplished. I do not want to deprive of game any one who cannot shoot it, but the ones that do not shoot it are the ones that are to be blamed for the rusting state of the game laws; they don't hunt but want to be able to buy game at any and all times, and are willing to pay an extra price to get it out of season, thereby holding out an inducement to men who are willing to do anything for money, to kill any kind of game they can find and at any time of the year they can find it. I hope some of the sportsmen will agitate this matter. A. W. B.

LIMA, Ohio.—Editor Forest and Stream: When I read the article written by McClintock in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, on the taxation of firearms, ammunition, etc., that go to make up the outfit of a sportsman, I was surprised at the stand taken by this correspondent. It looks to me that he wishes to protect the game for a favored few, the rich, those that are more abundantly blessed in this world's goods than the majority of the lovers of the rod and gun.

The tendency of the country is already toward the European plan of game preserves, in which the rich only can indulge and the poor assist only by camp drudgery and carrying game killed by their superiors (in riches only). What was more disgusting than the large drive for hares, given by one of the monarchs of Europe lately, where a large number of peasants were required to drive the game into a small space, and numerous attendants to load the guns as they were fired. Thousands of hares were killed in this manner. In his enthusiasm of wholesale slaughter this king exclaims, "What glorious sport." Is this sportsmanlike? How much more skillful and sportsmanlike if each hare had been given a chance for his life. Suddenly started from his cover, he makes rapid strides for another known cover, but if the hunter has not lost his wits, and with sure aim is as suddenly stopped by a charge from his favorite gun. With what pride is he consigned to the game-bag can only be imagined by those that have been there.

But again to my subject. If Mr. McClintock wishes to see the game preserved, let him petition the Legislature of his State to prohibit the sale of game. There is where the danger lies, and not with the sportsman that spends his two weeks' vacation in the woods after deer, or a day off during quail season in the field. Let every State make laws prohibiting the sale of game, and also let the hunter have his game to take home with him. If there was no market for game the market-shooter would seek other avocations. It is the market-shooter that depletes the game. The sportsman that hunts for the pleasure in it, would kill only enough that could be used in camp and at home. The market-shooter does not hunt for the pleasure he derives from it but for the money he makes.

Hundreds of deer and thousands of quail and other game are destroyed by being kept too long in the markets. In this way, the Indiana Game and Fish Association reports, that the least possible estimate on the number of quail that was destroyed in that State alone was 17,000 dozen. The dealers would buy them up, especially those small country dealers, a few at a time, until the required number for shipment was secured, and by the time they reached their destination they were unfit for use.

Let Mr. McClintock watch the stations on the railroads leading into the hunting districts of this State. He will be surprised at the amount of game that is shipped to the game dealers of Detroit. He will also be surprised at the large amount of this game that is unfit for use. In one carload of 200 deer saddles it was stated to me that there wasn't one fit to use. This I can substantiate by a gentleman who saw it. What is done with all this meat that goes to Detroit is asked by many. All the game is shipped there that is for market. Is it possible that the law of this State prohibiting the exportation of game out of the State is made for a favored few? Game shipped to other States as "poultry," "veal," etc.? Surely Detroit people cannot consume all of the game that is shipped into that city.

I say, let every State pass laws prohibiting the sale of game. "In union there is strength." These ideas of prohibiting the sale of game have been expressed in the meeting of the National Game and Fish Association which has recently organized and in which I heartily concur. There being no market for game the market-hunter will not hunt, and the sportsman will only kill enough for his own use.

The majority of sportsmen are men of limited means, and to put such an exorbitant tax on their hunting outfit, means that they must forego the pleasure of a vacation in the woods, therefore, they are "chained to business" the year round. Because, "no gun no vacation." But the rich man, with his \$400 grade double barrel, or his fancy repeater, has the good time. Why? He has plenty of money and guns, and has the man of limited means to run his business while he is gone,

This is a free country. The poor man should have the same privileges as the rich one when it comes to a vacation in the woods, along the stream, or afield. The President of this country cannot command a boatman to row his boat on a duck hunt without compensation to the boatman. We are his equals when it comes to rights and privileges.

Put a tax on firearms, etc., and the rich man has the advantage over the poor man, although the poor man is as much of a sportsman at heart as the rich man. If Mr. McClintock has more money than he knows what to do with, instead of putting it in taxes on his own guns, buy another gun and present it to some poor sportsman that is "tied down to business" for want of a gun.

A member of the Legislature of this State has introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of quail. Make the law on all of the game, gentlemen, and Ohio will be first to lead in the right direction for the preservation of game. SELMO.

CONCERNING A HIGH TAX ON GUNS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been for many years a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, always with interest, often with pleasure and occasionally with indignation. As for instance, I notice in last week's issue a proposition to levy a tax on guns and ammunition so high as to be absolutely prohibitory of the privilege of any but the rich bearing arms. To enact such laws is to say to the working man that he must forego the right to go to the woods and streams for such relaxation or recreation as may be found in communion with nature in her wildest—and to most of us her pleasantest aspects. It is to say to him that he shall have no escape from the debts, duns and deviltries of this working world. It is this spirit that gives England her game laws and fills her jails with poachers. E. P. HALBERT.

MISSISSIPPI.

TRENTON, N. J.—Editor Forest and Stream: In looking over my last "STREAM" I read the article on taxing guns and it set me thinking. I have been led to believe by meeting sportsmen both in the field and on the stream that they are as a rule broad-minded and large-hearted, when here comes along a man who, if I can read aright between the lines, thinks that the pleasures of the field and stream should be preserved for only those who are wealthy, for surely no one would advocate such an un-sportsmanlike and undemocratic idea unless they possess more than a fair share of this world's goods. But how about us poor fellows? I know, and in fact we all know, that such a law would shut out a good many men who, I am satisfied, are as true sportsmen as your correspondent, men who look forward through many weary months with a joy only known to the sportsman to the short two weeks' vacation that they are allowed during the year. And how carefully they look after the small amount of money they can spare from the family use for this outing. Now a tax of \$20 would spoil the whole trip. Personally if they keep the tax from my rod it would not be such a hardship to me, as my friends say I see a bass or pike in every mud hole. But I do like a few days' gunning, and if such a law was passed I would have to do as a thousand others would, just sit on the fence and watch the sport. JERSEYMAN.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Jan. 27 I note an article from Ann Arbor, Mich. I have been a constant reader of your valued columns for nearly twenty years, and in all that time I have never yet seen anything in print to equal that heartless and senseless article. Think of it, you American sportsmen who have to work for a moderate salary. How you have worked every day through the long, hot summer so you could get a few days off in the fall to go into the woods or fields with your dog and gun, and this Michigan man wants to crush out this one bright spot in your life by a tax or rather a robbery of \$20 on your gun, which you had to save your hard-earned dollars to buy. And what more? He says you should pay a tax of one cent for every shell that you shoot in it. Think of it, you men who love to hear the crack of a breechloader. No TAX.

THE .22.

ONE of my friends is often trying experiments with rifles, of which he owns half a dozen or more. Living on a farm and owning a good deal of live stock, several of the experiments have proved disastrous to cattle or hogs. One day he took a shot at one of the horns of the old bull, "just to see the bull shake his head and to hear the bullet sing." A valuable cow stood four or five feet beyond the bull, her head about opposite the bull's hips. Her head being about on a line drawn at an angle of 45 degrees to the line followed by the bullet, when the shot was fired the cow fell, to the great surprise of the shooter, and died in a few minutes. Careful examination, both before and after skinning the cow, failed to show any wound; but some months afterward, after all the flesh was gone from the skull, a narrow hole, a mere slit half an inch long, was found in the center of the forehead, and the flattened bullet was found in the skull cavity. No doubt the bullet had been flattened against the bull's horn and had struck the cow's head edgewise, making so small a wound that no blood flowed out, and leaving no visible mark. The bullet came from a .22 short cartridge.

Another of this man's amusements was shooting hawks and crows with a .50 express, "just to spread 'em wide open." One day a hawk alighted on a gate post 50 yds. from his house. Half a mile away, and right in the line of fire, stood a neighbor's house. He could not move, for the hawk would fly. Sighting at the hawk, he noted that the line of sight struck the ground some distance short of the house, and concluding there was no danger, fired at the hawk, and was surprised at missing it and that no dust cloud appeared where the bullet ought to have struck the dry ground. His neighbor was surprised, too, for the bullet entered the side of the house about four feet above the floor, passed between two people who were within three feet of each other, and was stopped by a stud in a partition wall. Examining the gun, he found that the sights were set for 700 yds., and then he remembered that the day before he had been shooting at long range from his front porch, and one of his workmen calling him, he had set the gun in the house and forgotten about the sights. The incident convinced him that it was not safe to shoot such a gun in a settled country, except at a well-backed target. O. H. HAMPTON.



## THE POWDER TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The report of the powder and primer tests conducted by Mr. Armin Tenner, published in the December numbers, makes very interesting reading, as it deals with subjects of paramount importance to sportsmen who love the gun. At the same time it is somewhat of a disappointment to me, as I had been led to believe the tests would be carried on in a thoroughly scientific manner, and the results collated and discussed so carefully and concisely as to command the respect at least of all critics, if not to insure unqualified acceptance, which is rather too much to expect. A close study of the paper impels me to say at this late date that, whether the tests were well done or not, the published results are incomplete in accompanying detail which is necessary for a reader to have at hand to correctly draw his own conclusions. To specify, I may mention the following omissions which occur in some instances: Weight of powder charge; whether all powders were weighed or measured, or were some weighed and others measured; details of loading; density, humidity and temperature; and there are many errors in the tabulated results, either of calculation or typography.

The most remarkable point about the paper is the rating given the various powders by an arbitrary system of points of merit. There are fourteen qualities, with a possible rating of 200 points for each powder. Information is given to determine only nine of these qualities of the fourteen, the remaining five, or 36 per cent. of the qualities, which are credited with a total of 44 points of merit, or 22 per cent. of the whole number possible, are very considerably determined for us by Mr. Tenner. He has also omitted a cold test, which is of greater importance, practically, than the heat test, which is given 15 points; for while a sportsman in this latitude frequently uses ammunition in winter at a temperature of 10° above zero, Fahr., he rarely ever stores his shells in the kitchen range or subjects them to a temperature of 205° before going shooting.

He also has an unpleasant way of making statements at variance with his published results. I will specify two cases. First, his statement on page 496, that in these tests the patterns made with nitro were superior to those of black powder. From Table "C," comparing the average results of what he calls "service charges," we find the average pattern of 3drs. of FFFG and 3drs. of FFG black powder is 221 pellets, or 60% of pellets in the charge. The average pattern of 3drs. of nitro loaded in shells which are subsequently shows are the best—namely "Smokeless"—except in case of Walsrode, which is taken at 29grs. in special shells, is 179 pellets, or 49% of charge. Second, he states in his report, and subsequently sticks to it when criticised by Mr. von Lengerke, that the difference in arrival of the pellets of shot driven by coarse or fine grained black powder, does not "practically cut any figure" in shooting at quattering birds. Referring to Table "A" we find the velocity of 1½oz. of No. 7 shot propelled by 3drs. of FFFG powder is stated to be 890ft. per second. To travel 40yds. at this rate would occupy  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of a second, during which time a cross flying bird going at the rate of 60 miles per hour, or 88ft. per second, would fly 11.9ft. The velocity given to the same charge of shot by 3drs. of FFG powder is stated at 812ft. and 788ft. per second, the average being 800ft. At this velocity the shot would require  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of a second to travel 40yds., during which time a cross flying bird, at the above mentioned speed, would fly 18.2ft. Therefore, it would be necessary to lead a cross flying bird, at a distance of 40yds., the difference between 13.2 and 11.9ft., or about 16in., more when using coarse than when using fine grained powder. If the powder charge were the same in each case the difference would be still greater, as it would probably be if there was a greater difference in size of grain than one number. This does not take into account the quicker ignition and combustion of the finer grain, which would, no doubt, occupy less time in starting the charge and sending it to the muzzle, from which point Mr. Tenner's velocities are computed. Two-thirds of this distance, or 11in., would be the difference if the bird were flying forty miles per hour, and not 2 or 3in., as erroneously stated by Mr. Tenner. As to the speed of birds I am convinced from watching their flight from fast moving trains, the speed of which is known, that sixty or more miles per hour is only an ordinary gait for many game birds.

His treatment of the results to determine nine of the fourteen qualities of the various powders, is also, in some cases, as open to question as the above-mentioned instances. I cannot judge of the way in which he handled the remaining five qualities, as he did not give the facts.

If a man is scientific in his tests and accurate and conclusive in his judgments, I think no one can complain if he does show that one powder is better than another, or that a certain powder is poor trash. But if he does not come up to this standard, if his tests and statements and way of reasoning and conclusions are open to just criticism, then I say publishing such a report inflicts an inexcusable injury to some manufacturers and furnishes false capital to others.

T. H. G.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After carefully perusing Mr. A. Tenner's reply to my criticism upon his powder tests, and knowing that the subject under discussion is of general interest to your shooting readers, I beg leave to once more trespass upon your columns and good nature.

I am not fishing for compliments, but I wish to thank my worthy antagonist for his gracious and complimentary references to me personally. I certainly appreciate his fairness and gladly acknowledge his superior scientific knowledge of ballistics, although we differ widely as to the ballistic merits and practical values of certain explosives.

Unlike some blackguards and nincompoops, who imagine themselves experts on ballistics, although in reality they know not the very beginning of the A B C of explosives, Mr. Tenner confines himself to arguments and alleged facts and figures and refrains from personal abuse.

Nobody can appreciate more thoroughly than I what a thankless task it is and how much labor is involved in preparing, conducting and chronicling the results of ammunition tests of such wide scope as those held at Chicago and Carney's Point. It was therefore very reluctantly that I took exceptions to Mr. Tenner's deductions, but as he is endeavoring to establish an American testing institution for arms and ammunition, of which he is to be Superintendent and naturally a person in authority whose

opinion and word would carry a great deal of weight, for or against certain articles, I must take exceptions to his acting as judge and jury at the same time and giving a verdict upon disputable evidence, instead of letting others draw such conclusions as the alleged results seemed to warrant. Under the circumstances, his tests looked decidedly like an attempt to make capital for one powder at the expense of others.

The reasons for my exceptions were stated in a general way in my first letter. They were that the alleged results obtained at the above tests lacked uniformity to such an extent as to leave a well-founded doubt regarding the accuracy and reliability of the instruments there used or their manipulation. Secondly, I claimed that as the Walsrode cartridges tested were furnished by very much interested parties, and the E. C. and Schultze cartridges tested were loaded on the ground during the trials by parties who had no interest in their proper performances, the comparative test could not be a fair one. Last but not least, I objected to the manner of allotting and compiling the figures of merits.

In his reply Mr. Tenner says that the variations, which I called abnormal both as regards initial pressure as well as velocity, were solely due to the behavior of the powders or that the latter behaved as powders are likely to behave.

If this were true what would be the use and purpose of a proof house and testing institution? It would be simply impossible to establish unalterable facts and permanent figures and principles as regards the actions of explosives and the limit of safety of our shotguns if even our old and generally accepted reliable black powders really did vary thousands of pounds in bursting strain and hundreds of feet in velocity under normal and favorable conditions.

As a practical trap-shooter and field sportsman of some experience, I think better of our modern shotgun explosives such as Schultze and E. C. When properly loaded I know that when my aim is correct my ammunition in a good gun will do the rest. Thousands of other practical men feel the same confidence in the above powders, and the wonderful scores put up at the trap and in field shooting all over the world show how reliable and even the actions of our modern explosives are, even under vastly different conditions as to load, temperature, hygroscopic and atmospheric conditions. Mr. Tenner himself must have only changed his mind about the above since his tests, for he very emphatically expressed his belief and conviction to me in one of several very pleasant conversations, that any excessive variations in results with the above powders were not the fault of the powders *per se*, but were caused by other attending and preventable disturbing conditions.

Mr. Tenner misquotes me when he asserts that I said "Dead Shot" was the most even and reliable black powder in the world. I said one of the most even powders, etc. Very few kinds and grades of sporting powders have been manufactured in larger quantities than "Dead Shot," and very few enjoy as good or better a reputation for reliability and evenness. The largest ammunition manufacturers have adopted it and are willing to pit its evenness against the world.

According to the figures of the test, "Dead Shot" is credited with by far the most even bursting pressure, which emphasizes the fact that something was wrong when debited with a variation in velocity of 136ft. in only a five shot trial. The very next series of tests made with "Orange Extra" FFG, a similarly excellent powder and one which closely resembles "Dead Shot" in every respect, shows only a variation of 13ft. in velocity.

I have taken these black powders as examples because authorities the world over know what they are, and that they are more reliable than what the figures of the test would indicate. Why and how the results of the tests, especially as regards all other powders but Walsrode, were made to differ so much from tests made by other parties in equally or still more favorable position to be exact, can of course only be conjectured now.

We all agree that the results of loaded ammunition is much influenced by the manner of loading, and this is especially the case with nitro explosives.

For this reason did I ask for, and I notice other parties made the same request, the details of what kind, etc., of wadding were used during the trials.

I wish all those readers, who have kindly followed the controversy, to take special note of this most important point, as nothing influences desirable or undesirable results as much as the kind and combination of the wads over powder in a shotgun cartridge. It is by means of the skillful selection and use of various kinds of wads that the loader can increase or decrease initial pressure, increase or decrease velocity, vary the recoil, control his pattern to a great extent, counteract the violent actions of excessively strong primers or excessive loads, prevent to an extent hang or slow fires with weaker primers, cause or prevent balling of shot, etc. In short it is the superior judgment of the loader in selecting and manipulating the wadding, which is born of extensive practical experience and knowledge of the scientific laws of ballistics, that makes the best and loaded cartridges more valuable than the sometimes excellent machine-loaded ammunition, which latter I should prefer at any time to hand-loaded ammunition of non-experienced and unskillful parties.

My scientific antagonist kindly says that I command an amount of general knowledge in the premises rarely found by persons of my line of business and my calling.

If this be so it has been my good fortune. For Mr. Tenner's information, not in a spirit of brag, I will say that my opportunities for learning have been very favorable, as there is probably no man in or outside of my line of business in this country who has the same amount of experience in the combined practical and scientific study of shotgun ballistics, coupled with hard, practical, commercial experience, especially as applied to nitro powders and nitro powder ammunition.

But to resume. Mr. Tenner did say, not less than sixteen times in his report, that "U. M. C. wads were used," but as this company manufactures nearly all kinds of wads, for which there is any demand, the simple statement U. M. C. wads was of no value whatever to those seeking enlightenment. However, the desired information has now been added by Mr. Tenner, and he says that "a trap wad, a first quality white felt and a black edge wad were employed for all nitro powders" except Walsrode, which cartridges were wadded with the special elastic, thick Express wad most suitable to the powder's condensed charge with its condensed pressures.

Although distasteful to me, I am compelled to flatly contradict Mr. Tenner's statement, and will here suggest that if he is in error in this most important of all factors for proper working of Schultze and E. C. powders, he may be in error as regards other points that I have taken exceptions to.

The fact is that it is simply a physical and mechanical impossibility to so wad most 12-gauge 2½in. shells with 3drs. of the above powders and 1½oz. of shot and load and crimp the shell properly. Moreover I am informed by one of the eye witnesses that the cartridges were not all so wadded.

Should I in spite of the above assertion be wrong, and Mr. Tenner's statement be correct, and the above loads have actually been crimped and forced into such a shell, then it would not be any use to continue this discussion, as the mysteries of the unusual results of Mr. Tenner's tests have been satisfactorily cleared away. A 12-bore 2½in. Nitro Club shell will only hold about ½oz. of shot with above-mentioned wadding and powder charge properly loaded, leaving from ¼ to ½in. for crimp, which Mr. Tenner himself admits is absolutely necessary.

It is to be regretted that, after all the exhaustive and thankless labor, the little extra trouble of stating in detail the exact manner of wadding with each series of trials was not gone to, as this, if we accept the results as correct, would have been the most interesting and, for the general shooter, most instructive feature of the whole trials.

The best and most just basis and methods for allotting to the several desirable qualities of gunpowders certain parts of the total figures of merit settles down to a question of difference of opinion, as Mr. Tenner himself says. Was it not, therefore, unwise and rather invidious of one who is striving for the management and establishment of an institution of authority to arbitrarily force his own private opinion on the American public beforehand? And, although I personally think none the less of Mr. Tenner's honesty and sterling integrity, is his course not likely to discredit him in many quarters and thereby curtail the amount of possible and visible good he might, and I dare say will, do through the proposed Testing Institution?

But let us go a little deeper into the manipulation of figures of merits, upon which is based Mr. Tenner's individual personal opinion, which some people mistake and advertise for solid rocks of facts, and see whether these rocks won't melt like so much rock candy in a moisture test.

Throughout his tests Mr. Tenner seems very solicitous about the safety of the powder tested. To make comparisons possible, it is necessary to form some basis to start from. No better basis can be found than the action of a good black powder, as every shooter is acquainted with the nature of such powder and all of our guns and shells are adapted to its use.

It seems, therefore, desirable that a powder's bursting pressure should not vary excessively within a difference of a few grains in quantity used, even if the prescribed normal load should vary some from that of black powder because various grains and grades of black powder vary very materially.

This is certainly a point of importance.

Very much varying results are often obtained with powders, especially nitro powders. At the same time they are generally caused by differences in attending loading conditions, at least this holds good with such powders as Schultze and E. C., which, if they did not, would not have practically driven high-grade and high-cost black powders out of the market. Such variations are generally to be laid to either the manner of loading, differences in quality of wads, primers, shells, etc.

Shotguns are being used for widely different purposes. Sora rail shooting is certainly very different work from stopping ducks and geese in the bays or on the prairies. Again, a man is not apt to load his gun for a live pigeon match in mid-winter at 81yds. rise with a 21yds. boundary as he would for summer woodcock shooting. It is therefore desirable that a powder charge can be effectively varied according to its use as well as the gun or the shooter's weight and strength.

With black powders, as well as Schultze and E. C., this can be safely done and often advantageously in loads from 2 to 4 drams by measure for 12-gauge guns, and this is not only desirable from a practical standpoint, but a merit from a ballistic view.

Now, let us see how Walsrode acts in this respect. The smallest load advocated is 29grs. and the heaviest 31grs. It is an indisputable fact that neither smaller nor heavier loads than above, which represent about 1½drs. by measure, can compare with the above-mentioned powders in pattern and penetration. But to its safety about which Mr. Tenner is so solicitous:

Everybody is liable to make mistakes. We all do it. Nor do we all see alike, and although the agents of Schultze and E. C. recommend from 2½ to 3½drs. by measure as the best loads, a great many people use ¼, ½ or even a whole dram more through ignorance or contrariness, and many point at the good results they get to back up their action.

What now would happen with Walsrode if a shooter should get ¼ or ½dr. more powder into his gun? We'll let the learned linguist and the "expert of 30 years' standing" of the Walsrode Co. answer this question. His circular reads as follows: "The Walsrode powder has the peculiarity to develop in increased charges a volume of gas out of all proportion to the increased charge." I need no better authority, and will simply add that an increase of ¼ or ½dr. by measure of a "winter load" used in summer will most certainly strain or wreck the gun, and certainly endanger the shooter's safety.

How much now does Mr. Tenner consider the superior safety of E. C. and Schultze worth more than Walsrode? Just one or two points out of the total of 200.

The solicitude of Mr. Tenner for safety seems only to run high in figures when he finds the bursting strain of Schultze increased more than Walsrode after the cartridges have been baked like Boston beans in an oven.

It looks like another inconsistency when Mr. Tenner allows 30 points out of the 200 for least bursting strain in proportion to velocity, when he allows for actual velocity only 20. Yet it is velocity combined with sufficient pattern which does the work for which gunpowder is intended—killing. Ninety per cent. of the practical shooters look for this, first, last and all the time.

Under the first named head, Mr. Tenner credits American wood powder with 20 points, whereas he allows Schultze only 24. I have gone to the trouble of compiling and averaging the various series of velocity and



pressure tests which can fairly be compared. The figures represent all tests made with the standard charge of 3drs. in Smokeless, Nitro Club, Rival "W," and Rival common, Rapid, Climax and Eley shells.

The total averages are as follows and comprise every shot fired during the test when these powders were shot under alike conditions in all the shells mentioned:

	Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
Hard grain Schultze.....	795lbs.	839ft.
Regular Schultze.....	691lbs.	804ft.
"E. C.".....	612lbs.	788ft.
American wood powder.....	559lbs.	745ft.

Nobody nowadays is afraid to use black powders, and very few people have any hesitancy about the above named powders. If we accept Mr. Tenner's figures as correct, a charge of 3½drs. FFF Dupont's black powder, with 1½oz. of shot, gives a mean bursting pressure of over 9,000lbs. and occasionally goes above 10,000lbs. We further read in the Prospectus of the American Testing Institution, "The proof house charges for a finished gun are 6½drs. Dupont's FFF black powder and 1½oz. of shot No. 7 for 12-bore. Any substantially built gun ought to resist and withstand the strain developed by such a load, and no manufacturer or dealer should hesitate to see a gun subject to such a test."

In another place the same author writes that 6½drs. of Dupont's FFF and 1½oz. of shot gave a bursting strain of 16,170lbs. to the square inch, and that very few guns would prove strong enough to withstand such a strain for any length of time. He thinks that 75% of the above figure, or about 12,125lbs., should be as much as the ordinary shotgun should be subjected to.

"For 12-bore guns the most advantageous velocities are those between 300 and 900ft.," writes expert Tenner, and we certainly agree fully on this point, as we also do on the following sentence: "The velocity should never drop below 775ft., because all figures below cease to represent the desirable killing force."

How then, taking all of Mr. Tenner's figures and his sentences in good grace, could he give American wood powder 29 out of 30 possible points for least bursting strain in proportion to velocity, and the Schultze powder only 24? The bursting strain of Schultze powder is less than one-half of what he says a dealer or gun manufacturer could not object to have his gun subjected to.

In reply to my reference to the above impractical rating Mr. Tenner says, "I hold that the lower the gas pressure is in proportion to the velocity and provided the latter is equivalent to a satisfactory penetration, the higher such a powder ought to be rated." Does the above 745ft. represent a satisfactory penetration? I have quoted the gentleman's own negative answer before.

In this connection, I draw Mr. Tenner's attention to the fact that part of the "extraordinary score done with American wood powder," which is being advertised lately, was done with 54grs. by weight or 4½drs. by measure in a 12, 3½in. No. 3 primer shell. I make mention of this only to show that the proposed proof house charge of 4drs. of this powder would hardly prove anything, although 4drs. of some powder of same name, issued last year, would have been more than strong enough in this respect. It seems, however, that Mr. Tenner was not furnished with both kinds by the manufacturers.

From the various little contradictions, I judge that the author is not quite clear in his own mind what to think of the nitro powders, and the following parallel confirms me in this belief. Mr. Tenner writes:

All nitro powders when tested under different conditions show great variations.	The same reason which prompts the sportsman to substitute a smokeless powder for black powder in the shotgun, let it appear desirable for the hunter to use if possible the modern propelling agent instead of black powder in the sporting rifle. The superiority of the nitro powders over black is even more marked in connection with the rifle than with shotgun ammunition.
Nitro powders have a good deal in common with tamed wild beasts. A wild animal tamed and brought up in captivity may appear docile and gentle for a long time, but its wild nature is liable to show itself at any moment. A smokeless powder, too, may behave well right along, but it is nevertheless more treacherous in its actions than the black powders.	As a rule, the shooting is more accurate, the variations are smaller with the nitro powders than with black, the penetration showing about the same values in both cases.
It will occasionally happen that the regular service charge of a nitro powder produces a bursting strain far higher than the average gun barrel can stand.	

Which is it, please? Wild unreliable animals, or more accurate and even than black powders? When writing the wild animal likeness, the author must have had Walsrode powder in mind, because he has had more experience with it than the others.

Then, when writing the other side of the parallel and probably feeling a sting of conscience for promiscuously including all nitros in his "Hagenbeckial" description, he flops over further in praise of nitro powders for rifles than I would like to do myself.

But I will assist Mr. Tenner to find his equilibrium and at the same time a good excuse for his wild animal fear as applied to such condensed powders as Walsrode.

The London Field on Jan. 13, '94, editorially quotes some powder tests lately made by the "German Institution for Trials of Arms." This test established the fact that although less than 1½drs. by measure, the proper equivalent charge of Walsrode to 3drs. of black powder, gave 362% greater bursting strain than 3drs. of coarse-grain black powder, it, nevertheless, gave 29ft. less in velocity. Compared with a fine grain of black powder, it gave some 20% greater bursting force but 139ft. less initial velocity. Great ballistic merits these! All the five or six different powders were tested up to double loads with the exception of Walsrode. The report refers to this as follows:

"The double charge of Walsrode was not tested because the anticipated pressure (about 2,200 atmospheres or 14 tons) was considered hazardous for the apparatus and its attendants."

This ferocious wild charge consisted of just about 2½ drams by measure, and the force gauge, in which it was not trusted, is many times stronger than a good gun.

Very desirable qualities these from a practical point of view. The following remark of my learned and friendly antagonist rather staggers me: "From his statement I am led to infer that Mr. Von Lengerke believes that Curtis & Harvey's, or any other equally good grade of black powder, will produce a higher bursting strain than the cheaper grades of black powder. If his crusher gauge has shown him such to be the case, I can only advise him to drop it, as it has deceived him for once, etc."

Very much obliged, of course, but I can hardly believe that I have been deceived all these years and hundreds of others besides me. Mr. Tenner has evidently made a

little "break," and not having had much experience with our various kinds of black powders, his theories have misled him, and I think I can see how it came, because I know very thoroughly the difference in manufacture and materials which cause high and low pressures of black powders for shotguns and rifles.

May be that the rather high pressures of the DuPont FFFG powder which he tested also helped to mislead him. This powder I am satisfied was a special kind and not the ordinary FFFG DuPont's Rifle.

I most certainly assert that such powders as Curtis & Harvey's, Hazard's Electric, Orange Lightning, DuPont's Diamond Grain, etc., give a considerably greater bursting strain, load for load and in corresponding size grains, than the cheap grades of black powders, such as "Dead Shot," Orange, DuPont and Hazard's FG, and other grain powders. All tests I have ever made have proved this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The initial pressures of the first-mentioned high grade powders are, according to the apparent comparative and obtainable figures, from 25 to 50, yes, and in certain instances 100 per cent. greater than the so deservedly popular and cheap grades of American black powders.

This fact is so well known that our leading rifle and ammunition manufacturers directly warn against the use of the above strong black powders in their rifles.

Concluding my letter, I will say that I have nothing but the friendliest regards for Mr. Tenner, and believe that our differences of opinion are honest and conscientious.

Several of the questions at issue should be easily settled to the thorough satisfaction of both of us as soon as Mr. Tenner has finished the necessary preparations and work on his testing grounds, and the grand army of American sportsmen and the trade will take care of the most satisfactory powders for practical use and commerce.

JUSTUS VON LENGERKE.

## LEAD-POISONED DUCKS.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—The Galveston (Tex.) Daily News has put out a story about lead-poisoned ducks, which I copy in full here:

### CONDEMNED DUCKS.

A citizen who occasionally shoulders his breechloader, draws on his rubber boots and goes forth to slay wild ducks in the lakes and bayous near Galveston, met a News reporter yesterday, and the conversation turning on field sports and duck shooting, the citizen asked:

"Do you know that a most wonderful discovery has recently been made by the owners of the famous Stephenson's Lake hunting ground respecting the condition of certain kinds of ducks found there during the hunting season of each year? Well, there has been."

"Readers of the News will no doubt remember that a short time ago mention was made of the fact that the Health Inspector of this city had condemned as unfit for food a lot of ducks offered for sale by a hunter from the vicinity of the lake above mentioned. Now there was nothing strange about this. From the general appearance of the ducks the inspector most likely saw at a glance that they were unfit for food, and he did his duty by condemning the lot. It was not necessary that he go any further than this, and probably he himself did not know the true condition of the ducks at the time he condemned them. But on just what was the matter with those ducks hangs this strange tale. The ducks condemned may have been killed or they may have died a natural death; but be that as it may, at the time they departed this life they were either victims of lead poisoning or were suffering from its effects."

"It is very easy to imagine that a duck might get a lot of shot fired into him and not be killed dead, and afterward suffer from the effects of lead in his anatomy, and which may eventually cause his death, or may eventually get well and hearty again. Such a duck would certainly be unfit for food if killed while suffering from the effects of his wounds or the effects of lead poisoning. Now the ducks rejected by the inspector had not been killed at all, nor were they dead, but they were going further than this, and probably he himself did not know the true condition of the ducks at the time he condemned them. But on just what was the matter with those ducks hangs this strange tale. The ducks condemned may have been killed or they may have died a natural death; but be that as it may, at the time they departed this life they were either victims of lead poisoning or were suffering from its effects."

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"These hunters, by actual examination, claim there are no shot in the bottom of Stephenson's Lake, and by actual experiment have proven that the water in this lake possesses peculiar chemical properties which will dissolve the largest duck shot in a few weeks and a bar of common lead in three months' time. The hunters agree that the ducks get the shot while feeding at the bottom of lakes as above stated in various parts of the United States, and as soon as one is seriously affected with lead-poisoning, he packs up and puts out for Stephenson's Lake, whose waters he knows will soon restore him to health and strength again, and this may be true. The owners of the lake have hunters engaged who have been at the business of shooting canvasback ducks each season all their lives, and these experienced hunters can tell a sick duck about as far as they can see him, and such are never allowed to be shot at. It is only once in a while that such ducks come to this market, and then they are brought in by some scamp who hopes to sell them but who generally fails, as the dealers are always on the lookout and will have nothing but what is first-class."

### Not Imaginary.

The News article is absurd in some points and the market-shooters who found the wonderful chemical properties in the waters of Stephenson's Lake were, no doubt, having a little fun with the News man, but a Chicago contemporary simply displays its ignorance when it speaks of "the whole thing as the production of the imagination of some one who wished to create a sensation." It is not an imaginary case by any means. Far from being produced for a sensation, it was just the other way with the men who had the facts. It was solely a feeling of courtesy to these men, who entertained me and gave me their confidence, which prevented me from telling all about these lead-poisoned ducks more than a year ago. Since the thing has been sprung by the Galveston paper I can now take the matter up and enable the sporting public to have the facts ungarbled and correct. The sporting public always has to come to FOREST AND STREAM for that sort of information.

### More Than a Year Ago.

There is, and has been for more than a year in the office of FOREST AND STREAM the gizzard of a canvasback duck, showing still in place a number of shot, many of which are ground nearly flat by trituration. The interior lining of the gizzard seemed to be dried up, burned out and diseased throughout. The lower intestines of the bird were also apparently diseased, and were discolored with a greenish hue. The feathers about the vent were stained a greenish color. This gizzard I myself last winter took from a canvasback duck which the noted market-shooter, Billy Griggs, and myself picked up dead in the lake near Bud Stephenson's house. This was 25

miles northeast of Galveston, in what I believe to be the best canvasback country now left in America.

I sent the gizzard in with the account of how the bird was found, and with the reasons for non-publication of the story. At that time the facts were entirely secret so far as known to those who had them. No lead-poisoned ducks had ever been heard of. No one knew that such ducks had ever been sold in the markets. Billy Griggs told me, and I believed him, that his party never picked up and sold these birds, but that he believed that another outfit had gathered up and shipped barrels of them. I know that there have been barrels of canvasback ducks which have come up from Galveston this fall, and which have been sold on South Water street here, in which the birds did not have a shot mark on them. I offer this fact without comment, and when it came to me I said nothing of what I knew about the ducks found dead on Lake Surprise and Stephenson's Lake, in the Galveston country.

Billy Griggs told me of these lead-poisoned ducks, and said he hoped we would find one. We did find the one above mentioned, lying dead at the edge of the rushes, and as he picked it up Billy remarked, looking at the discolored vent, that he would bet all he was worth that we would find shot in the gizzard. We did find the shot, and they can no doubt be seen in place to-day in the FOREST AND STREAM office in New York. Griggs told me they often saw ducks too sick to fly, and sometimes found them just on the point of death. He said that tons of shot had been fired into those waters, and he was of the opinion that the shot lodged in the roots of the celery and so were taken into the system by the birds, or that possibly the birds sought for the shot, taking them to be fine gravel. He said he had found old percussion caps in some gizzards. This was the actual story of the market-hunter to me. If the story about chemical action was really told to the Galveston News man, it was probably told by the Barrow outfit, and with the intention of conveying the belief that only good healthy canvasbacks were shipped from Galveston. Knowing what I do of Griggs and Stephenson, I do not believe that they would ship ducks which had been thus diseased.

### The Discovery Still Older.

The Chicago contemporary—which by the way is the American Field—is so little acquainted with actual news that when it does see a chunk of it it gets scared and shies. I have shown that this news is not very new in knowledge, but must go further and show that it is still older than would seem from the above alone. I thought I was among the very first to get hold of it, but it seems that such was not the case.

This winter I was again in Texas—in fact am just back from the trip—and though I was not at the Galveston country, I heard of the lead-poisoned ducks of Galveston, even so far away as San Antonio. Mr. O. C. Guessaz, one of the best known shooters of Texas, and the president of the State Sportsmen's Association, told me all about the whole subject before I had time to open my mouth (Mr. Guessaz, let me also note in passing, is the most popular man in San Antonio, and a hustler from away back yonder. As he will be the FOREST AND STREAM representative at San Antonio, the many readers of this paper will have a good chance to get acquainted with a good man).

Mr. Guessaz, then, told me that a year ago last winter, or two years ago from now, he and some friends were shooting on their favorite grounds near Galveston, and on Lake Surprise he discovered the fact that the canvasbacks (and bluebills or *dos-gris* also) ate shot and died of it. He communicated his discovery to old Dick Barrows, one of the market-shooters of those waters, and says that Barrows at that time knew nothing of it. Mr. Guessaz estimated that thousands of pounds of shot were fired annually over that body of water. He got so enthusiastic over his find that his friends teased him by cutting open a duck and stuffing it with bits of iron. So far as I know, Mr. Guessaz was the original discoverer of this lead poisoning of ducks, although it would be singular if men observant as Bud Stephenson or Billy Griggs had not noted it in their long shooting on those waters. Billy did not say, if I remember, how long he had known of it. At any rate, the facts are now all out and are here given in print accurately and fundamentally and for the first time. Our esteemed contemporary need no longer shy at the news.

### The Canvasback Preserve.

Last fall Billy Griggs wrote and told me that the entire canvasback water over which they shot last winter, including Stephenson's Lake and Lake Surprise, had been put under patent and fenced by Col. W. L. Moody, of Galveston, and that the Stephenson and Griggs outfit, together with the Barrow outfit, had leased the entire tract from Col. Moody, thus shutting out the public entirely, although he very kindly invited me to join them again this winter. At San Antonio I found that the Moody patent on these famous waters was creating considerable indignation. I was told that Col. Moody's lease was on the basis that he got one-fourth of all the ducks killed, and in addition 20 canvasbacks each week, which latter were all sent to Gov. Hogg to sort of keep him feeling good about leased waters in Texas. It is also a fact that Gov. Hogg not long ago went down there and had a big duck shoot. As near as I can learn, only me an Gov. Hogg are in it. I'm no hog, so I didn't go there this winter. I did, however, discover some other canvasback country open to the world, as well as a whole lot of other things of which I want to write as soon as the editor of FOREST AND STREAM can turn loose about half the paper for it. E. HOGGH.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

During a recent visit to Currituck Sound I heard much of a disease to which wildfowl there are subject and which is locally known as "croup." This sickness seems to be common to ducks, geese and swans, and I saw a number of the birds so afflicted. The local gunners believe it to be a disease of the respiratory organs and on capturing a sick bird rub its throat under the impression that something is choking the fowl. Of course, the sick ones are not under observation during the early stages of the disease, but after they become so weak as to be easily captured; the symptoms are a rattling in the throat, as if there were difficulty in breathing and an occasional dribbling of a few drops of yellowish fluid from the bill, which is held open much of the time. In the geese the voice is changed, being much less resonant than in health. A "croupy" goose captured near the point of Narrows Island, Jan. 14, seemed in good condi-



tion, sleek and quite strong. It swam vigorously, but did not attempt to fly, and when caught struggled with a good deal of force. As it was being put in the boat, its head and neck hanging down, it disgorged two or three tablespoonfuls of a yellowish fluid and died. A swan caught on Brant Island a day or two earlier was brought in alive and put in the goose pen, where it lived for a short time, but was found dead one morning. At times this bird seemed to feel pretty well, dabbling in the water and dressing its plumage, but much of the time it stood or sat with its bill open, breathing hard and with the yellowish fluid dropping from the beak.

A dissection of the two birds mentioned reveals the disease from which the fowl suffers and its cause.

All the organs are in a healthy condition until the gizzard is reached. In the case of the goose the stomach and upper gizzard were filled with fresh grass, on which the processes of digestion had not begun. The posterior part of the gizzard contained perhaps two ounces of fine sand mingled with coarser bright gravel. Distributed through this sand was a small quantity—perhaps one-quarter of an ounce—of particles of lead, evidently shot. Some of these particles were large and round, others were flattened, others still were no larger than No. 10 or No. 12 shot, but were not round, but oval or bean-shaped. The surfaces of all were dull, and on close examination were seen to be finely pitted by attrition against the harder sand and gravel which grinds up the bird's food. The gristly lining of the gizzard of this goose was greenish in color and entirely different in character from the same membrane in a healthy bird. Its thinner margin was soft and decayed or corroded, easily to be pulled to pieces or rubbed off with the finger, and in some places had degenerated into a soft jelly-like mass of yellowish color. The thicker tough lining of the gizzard was also corroded and could be picked away in small pieces, while in a healthy bird it would have stripped away in a single piece from the white membrane upon which it lies. This white membrane showed here and there pinkish or purplish spots indicating inflammation. The right lobe of the liver was discolored, having a dark unhealthy look. The small intestine showed evidence of intense inflammation throughout its length, and the rectum was also inflamed.

The swan was examined a few days later than the goose and several days after its death. Its gizzard contained perhaps twenty or thirty grains of corn, which were softened, but not at all digested or even abraded. The gizzard contained no sand, but did contain a quantity of yellowish jelly-like matter which appeared to be the broken down walls of the gizzard lining. At the posterior part of the gizzard were a dozen particles of lead, two of them evidently No. 4 shot and the others small ground up fragments of shot which had lost shape and size. The tough lining membrane of the gizzard was black in color, had lost all character and could be picked off piece by piece like rotten wood or burned leather. The subjacent white membrane showed the pink and purple spots of inflammation noted in the same membrane of the goose. The small intestine was highly inflamed throughout its whole tract. The liver was absolutely black and very soft.

From these examinations I conclude that the birds dissected died from acute corrosive gastritis due to the lead taken into the gizzard.

Each season great quantities of shot are fired on the waters of this sound, and much of it falls on the feeding grounds of the wildfowl. In feeding, the geese, ducks and swans take into the stomach more or less of this shot either by accident or in the belief that it is sand or gravel. When the shot has passed into the gizzard it is subjected to the same grinding process as the grass, grain or other food, and being softer than the sand it is ground into minute particles, which at once set up an acute inflammation throughout the whole alimentary tract into which they pass. The result is that the bird dies from a poisoning which is partly mechanical and partly corrosive.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

#### Seymour Garey's Lost Bear Trap.

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While on a shooting trip in Windham township, Wyoming county, last November, it was my privilege to meet with an interesting relic.

About the year 1830 one Henry Champion had a deer lick located about two miles from the river bluff, opposite Black Walnut. This lick was frequented by a large buck which Champion expected, sooner or later, to secure. A neighbor, Seymour Garey, hearing of the big buck that came to Champion's lick, proposed capturing the animal by means of a large bear trap, of which he was the possessor. This coming to the ears of Champion, Garey was warned not to attempt it, and it was hinted that he might lose his trap. Nevertheless Garey set his trap in the lick. It disappeared, and its removal was credited to human agency. Both men grew old and passed away, but the whereabouts of the trap was never revealed. But some of the older men of the locality still remember the circumstance, and it was often discussed among them.

Last August a friend, with whom I have spent many pleasant days afield, was traveling through the locality in the company of a man past middle age, who related to him the circumstances attending the trap's disappearance, with the remark that it was doubtless somewhere in their immediate vicinity, securely hidden for more than sixty years. Two days later some boys, while picking berries, found the trap but a few yards from where they had discussed it. It had been hidden in a large hollow log. The action of the elements and decay of more than half a century had so weakened the shell that it had fallen apart, revealing the old relic.

It is now in the possession of Damon Allen, at whose shop I saw it. It is in a good state of preservation, apparently little affected by the rust of so many years. One of the springs has at some time been broken and roughly welded. It is an interesting reminder of a class of men and customs that are fast passing even from memory.

In November, 1892, Judson Jayne was hunting among the hills one mile south of Jenningsville, and while seated on a log enjoying his lunch noticed iron among the leaves at his feet. When uncovered it proved to be a large bear trap, and the jaws came up with a vicious snap that might have caused serious trouble had it been trodden on unseen. This find was widely talked of, but no owner has been found. To whom it belonged and how it came to be left in the condition in which it was found will doubtless always remain a mystery.

BON AMI.

#### Ontario Fish and Game Commission.

At a meeting of the Ontario Fish and Game Commission, Dr. McCallum of Dixie presiding, and Mayor A. D. Stewart of Hamilton, W. G. Parish of Ottawa, J. H. Willmott of Beaumaris, Muskoka, and H. P. Dwight of Toronto, present, it was recommended that the present law in regard to snipe, quail, woodcock and partridge be continued for three years more. Also that the present law governing the close season for deer be continued, except that there should be no hunting with dogs after Nov. 1. It was decided to ask the Legislature to appoint two new game wardens for Ontario, as the four now in office are inadequate to cover the territory. The muskrat season was recommended to be fixed from Jan. 1 to March 1, but they may only be trapped during April. In regard to the fisheries question the commission decided to urge an issue in the test case now pending between the Dominion and Provincial governments to determine wherein lies the jurisdiction.

### Sea and River Fishing.

#### A THIRTY-POUND TROUT.\*

(Translated from the Swedish for FOREST AND STREAM.)

It was July 12, 1893. The wind, which for a long time had blown from the north, during the course of the day veered around to the westward. It was, therefore, with somewhat stronger expectations than usual that I went out in the afternoon to a bridge over the River Murole in the parish of Ruovesi.

It had already become calm. The sun still shone from a cloudless sky. Over the tops of the birches fluttered



A THIRTY-POUND TROUT.

thousands of ephemera, and thousands more rose up out of the stream and enveloped the angler like a cloud: In short, the weather was as beautiful as a salmon fisherman could desire.

I fastened a small whitefish on a feathered treble hook with gimp snood and made a cast. After only a couple of minutes I felt a strong pull—but nothing more. Disappointed, I reeled in the line and found that the hook was missing. I selected a new hook with double gut lure and resumed fishing. This time I was more fortunate. After a quarter of an hour's battle a trout weighing 14 lbs. was struggling in the landing net. When I undertook to release the hook, I found, to my astonishment, the first hook in its lower jaw. Thus it was the same fish which had taken the hook twice in succession.

I had intended to go home, as it has not happened for years that two large trout have been taken out of the Murole in one evening. But the resplendent natural beauties which surrounded me determined me to remain.

Again I cast out and again fortune favored me. After only ten minutes another trout lay in the grass on the shore. It weighed, however, only 5 lbs. "Ei kakasi kolmatta,"† thought I, and the sequel showed that in our skeptical day we know little about the inherited wisdom of our ancestors.

For the fourth time I baited the hook, and after I had raised an incense to show my gratitude to the divinity of the water, I cast again. Nor did I need to wait long this time before a fish struck so hard that the cigar fell out of my mouth. And then began a struggle of life and death. The reel sung shrill as a locomotive whistle when the engine is at full speed.

It was not worth while to take the line in the fingers. By degrees the run slackened and I begun carefully to reel in the line. But then the fish rushed off again on a longer run if possible. This was repeated several times, and playing the fish was made very difficult on account of several sticks that floated about in an eddy in the middle of the stream. After this suspense had lasted nearly an hour the monster took refuge behind a stone. I held a tight line, ready to give slack instantly if it should again start to run. And I waited and waited, but it showed no sign of leaving its place. Pricking sensations in the arms warned me that they were becoming numb, and gradually I began to lose patience also. More than once I was tempted to give a jerk, but most fortunately I

\* "En Trettio Skalpunds Forell: Fiskeritidskrift för Finland," No. 11, 1893, pages 159-161.

† A Finnish proverb which means: "No second without a third," or "Three things are always good."

controlled myself. Finally, when I had stood like a statue more than an hour, I hit upon a practical idea. I sent out a boat to frighten away the fish. It succeeded, too, and for an instant we saw its back at the surface of the water. But when the boat withdrew the fish went back to its former station. Once more the same means was tried, this time with better result. Now it remained off the bottom of the stream, and after very little resistance it lay in the landing net. It was then so weak that it could hardly move a fin. And my strength was so much exhausted also that I could not possibly have drawn up a small trout. Accompanied by a troop of lumbermen I carried it up to the house. It was hung on a pair of scales and found to weigh 30 lbs.

So it was the largest trout within my recollection which was caught out of this stream. As far as I know, 23 lbs. was the weight of the largest one taken hitherto. It was nearly 3 ft. long and fully 11 in. broad. In color it was dark above and profusely covered with spots. The flesh was fat and well flavored. In sex it was a female.

C. THESLEFF.

#### BLACK BASS IN FINLAND.

DR. OSCAR NORDQVIST has added to the attractions of his native country a well known American game fish, the large-mouthed black bass. Having satisfied himself that the fish is a valuable one, and can be introduced without the risk of its encroaching upon trout and salmon waters, he ordered 400 of each of our species from Herr Max von dem Borne, but was able to secure only the large-mouthed bass.

The fish obtained were six months old and some of them measured from 4 to 4½ in. in length. They were shipped from Berneuchen, Germany, on a Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday morning, left Stettin Wednesday noon by the steamer "Jakobstad" and arrived at Helsingfors, Finland, at 11 o'clock Friday night. At this stage of the journey, fifty-nine of the fish were found dead. From Helsingfors the remainder were carried four hours by rail to Järvelä, and thence more than fifty kilometers by team to the Fishery Experiment Station at Evois, where they arrived at 2 o'clock Sunday morning and were at once deposited in a small lake about 600 meters long, 400 meters wide and about 30 ft. in greatest depth.

The bass were shipped in four wooden vessels each containing 100 fish. Between Berneuchen and Helsingfors they received no special attention, the journey having occupied certainly more than sixty hours. In Helsingfors and on the way to Järvelä, the water was aerated. On the journey from Järvelä to Evois fresh water was supplied from brooks and lakes at several places to replace the water spilled in transportation. The total loss of fish was only seventy-eight—a remarkable success in carrying fish.

The lake at Evois in which the bass were planted has no outlet. The water is perfectly transparent. The bottom consists of stone, gravel and sand. The lake is well stocked with yellow perch and roach, and contains also a few pike and burbot, all of which fish except the roach are identical with fish of the same name in the United States. Our black bass has the same species among its companions in this country.

A letter from Dr. Nordqvist, dated Dec. 31, 1893, informed me that "when put in the lake they disappeared in the darkness. When I visited the place the next morning none were seen, as I believe all were alive. If some of them had died, one would, no doubt, have seen them on the bottom as was the case with some *Coregonus marina* (whitefish), which were planted some days earlier in another lake also belonging to the Experiment Station. Now the lakes are covered by ice, so I cannot get any information about the bass until next summer."

T. H. B.

#### BOSTON FISHERMEN.

THE latest reports from the Florida tarpon fishermen suggest a very dull season thus far. But old hunters for the silver king think that it is not quite late enough for good sport. One or two Boston parties have put off their Florida trips till a week or two later. A letter to Mr. C. Z. Bassett from Mr. C. A. Dean, mentions that the tarpon fishing at Punta Gorda is very dull. Mr. Dean is the acknowledged champion tarpon fisherman, but he had, up to the time of writing, taken but one tarpon. This letter will cause the Boston tarpon fishermen to wait a little longer, especially where their time is limited. Mr. D. H. Blanchard, whom the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM well know, through his efforts to lessen the amount of netting in the Canada and New Brunswick salmon rivers, a couple of winters ago, is going to Florida soon; probably as much for health and recreation as for tarpon fishing. But his fishing tackle will all go with him; of this be very sure. If he does not catch a tarpon, why, there is a plenty of other fishing. The Maine papers say that Capt. Fred C. Barker, of Rangeley Lake steamboat fame, is on his way to Boston and New York, and that he will prolong his trip to Florida, if his health permits.

Boston fishermen will be pained to learn that Mr. Geo. B. Appleton, of Appleton & Bassett, the well known Washington st. fishing tackle dealers, fell on the ice the other day and broke the small bone of one of his legs. He is now flat on his back, and will have to stay there for some days. Mr. Bassett suggests that the accident, if it must have happened, "could not have happened in a better time;" it being in the dull season of the tackle trade.

Recent letters from Andover, Me., say that Mr. J. A. French of that town, who has run the hotel camps at the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, for several years, is not to run that well known abiding place for fishermen this season. It is mentioned that Mr. John Chadwick, who has been the Union Waterpower Co.'s agent there for a good many years, is to have full sway and take charge of the hotel arrangements. The newspapers have reports of another scheme to connect the Rangeley Lakes with the outside world by rail. It is proposed to build a railroad in from Bethel or somewhere above, to connect the Grand Trunk with Umbagog Lake by all rail. The Grand Trunk is believed to be interested in this plan. Still there is no money yet raised, and everybody knows that the Grand Trunk is not noted for building branch roads in Maine, having its great interests in Canada and the West. By the building of the Portland & Rumford Falls extension from Lewiston to Poland, Poland Springs and to Mechanic Falls, which extension is now completed, sportsmen who



have formerly made the Andover route to the Rangeleys by way of the Grand Trunk to Bryant's Pond, will be able to go by the Maine Central to Lewiston and thence to Rumford. At that point they will be four miles nearer to Andover than at Bryant's Pond, and the route over a much better road. The Government has already ordered the Andover and Rumford mails to go by the Rumford Falls route.

SPECIAL.

#### A Supervisor's Law that will not Hold.

Attorney-General Hancock of New York has given the following opinion as to the legality of the action of the board of supervisors of Livingston county, imposing a license fee on non-residents who desire to fish in the waters of the county: "Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your communication of recent date stating that the board of supervisors of Livingston county have passed an act in relation to game and fish, which appears to discriminate against non-residents of that county, and asking for my opinion as to the legality of the act. The act in question provides in substance that: 'It shall not be lawful for any non-resident of the county of Livingston to shoot game or to fish in any town in said county without first having obtained from a justice of the peace of that county a license therefor.' In reply I beg leave to call your attention to section one of chapter 668 of laws of 1892, known as the general municipal law, which declares a county to be a municipal corporation. Section 37 of the same act declares against restrictions and regulations which do not apply to all citizens alike, and is as follows: 'Any restriction or regulation imposed by the governing board of a municipal corporation within this state, carrying on or desiring to carry on any lawful business or calling, within the limits thereof, which shall not be necessary for the proper regulation of such trade, business or calling, and shall not apply to citizens of all parts of the state alike, except ordinances or regulations in reference to traveling circuses, shows and exhibitions, shall be void.' The courts might fairly hold the provisions of this section are broad enough to prohibit the discrimination contained in the resolution referred to in your communication. Boards of supervisors are authorized under the general game laws to pass such laws and ordinances as shall afford additional protection to birds, fish and wild animals, but the object of the statute is undoubtedly to permit supervisors to pass rules of a general nature, and not in favor of or against citizens of any particular locality. It is my opinion that the courts will hold the resolution referred to invalid for the reasons above stated."

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider  
the Subject of the Exhaustion of  
Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

(Continued from Page 99.)

J. M. K. SOUTHWICK, of Rhode Island, said: I will say before I have read my paper that I have prepared a more elaborate paper that was sent to the Chicago convention to be read there, but I regret to say it may be too lengthy to read here, although the subject discussed there seems to have been transferred to this locality.

#### Ocean Fisheries and Legislation.

By J. M. K. Southwick, Commissioner of Fisheries, Newport, R. I.

In discussing this question of the fisheries it becomes of the greatest importance to all that we learn all that is known or can be learned about it; and then I fear there will be much more that is unknown than all that we do know; and that with the unknown will still remain the vital points necessary in determining the important question that has called together this meeting. For ourselves, we claim no superior knowledge or experience and feel that our very limited knowledge should make us keep silent, could we do so consistently with our duty as Fish Commissioners.

We have carefully read the circular calling together this meeting and were sorry to see that it took for granted, as fact, that there was a "growing scarcity of edible fishes along our coast line from Maine to Virginia." Then it suggests a remedy—"The enactment of simple and uniform legislation," which we understand to mean restriction of the industrial fishing. Then it says, "With this object in view, and with a desire for a full, impartial and thorough examination of the whole subject"—would it not have been well to have the investigation come first? Then if it is found that a diminution has taken place as alleged, it would be very proper to look for the cause, and when this is found it strikes us it would be time to apply the remedy.

But here the crime is assumed, the guilt fixed, the party hung. What is left for "a full, impartial and thorough examination" we are at a loss to know.

Since writing the above our attention has been called to an article in the New York *Evening Post*, published with the call for this meeting. This article freely presents the case as we premised from reading the call, but it favors us with the specific statement that "striped bass and weakfish, which formerly sold for 5c. and 6c. a pound, now command 10c. and 12c." This is given to indicate the growing scarcity of these fish.

It also says that "Barnegat Bay furnishes a conspicuous example of the condition all along the coast." "This season the bay was barren of food fish." If Barnegat Bay was barren of food fish, and was an "example of the condition all along the coast," where were the market supplies drawn from?

Rhode Island is somewhere along the coast, and the weak fish were never so abundant there as the past season. "For several years, while noticing this decrease, the fishermen and pisciculturists have attributed it to some unusual cause." Their experience was that of very many others. But "active measures were taken to learn the real cause, which resulted in the experts arriving at the conclusion," etc. Now if these experts learned the real cause, why need we look further? Why did they not favor the world with their discovery? Vast sums of money and much time has been expended by the most profound thinkers of the world, and yet none of them has given us this information.

It remains for these experts of Barnegat to give us the real cause of diminution of fish in a locality. If any present can speak for them we will stop here. If not, we will pass on to note one other discovery the article reveals to us. "It has been discovered this year for the first time that menhaden and mackerel, like the striped bass, spawn in shallow water." It is of the greatest interest to learn such facts, and after so much investigation as has been had, it is of especial interest to the world to learn the fact here given.

Being a Fish Commissioner we feel much mortified not to have known this before. It is to be hoped that the discoverer will be duly honored and his name given to the world as a benefactor of the race.

If the declarations made can be sustained, then have we made some advance in investigation of a subject that has hitherto baffled the minds of all students of fishes, and it is to be hoped that the data will be given that forced these conclusions. It is felt that the fish question has not been fairly treated, bold assertions have been received as though they were demonstrated facts; and laws based upon them have been advocated as experiments which were no less than trifling with the fishing industry. In relation to the decrease of fishes in the waters of our coast, we can answer for our own State, that it is not true of scup, weakfish, butterfish, tautog and the bullseye mackerel. The latter, after being entirely absent from the coast for many years, are again with us in large numbers. As to the general issue, the aggregate number of edible fish, our statistics show a large increase, notwithstanding the declaration made in the call.

Now if it is true that edible fish come in reduced numbers to some localities, it does not follow that they do to all. Just why they favor Rhode Island we cannot tell; the State is not so small that a few ill waters, and we think that our neighboring States, Massachusetts and Connecticut, will agree with us as to the great number of weakfish the last year. On the other hand, the bluefish were scarce in our waters, except at Block Island, and we are told that the New York market had its usual abundant supply.

The question before you is of too important a character to be lightly dealt with. From any standpoint that may be taken much is involved. It deserves and should have a very thorough investigation before any action is taken. It may be said that it has had a good deal of attention for the last twenty-five years, and so it has.

But if we have not learned in that time that the increase and diminution of ocean fishes are from natural causes and independent of man's acts, then has all observation and investigation in this and other countries been in vain, and the time and money expended in that way wasted; and we are still in ignorance, but we welcome any light that the experts of Barnegat may give us. It is to be hoped that their final decision or conclusion will not place them in the school of conclusionists, so common along our coast. Fish will no more bite when they are around than when a school of porpoises are present. They have the same complaint that porpoises have.

The disease is chronic and has been from the earliest time; it is also contagious, but generally confined to the upper classes. Even commissioners are subject to it. I am not sure that they do not have it in its worst form.

The lamented Prof. Baird appears to have been cured by the scup appearing in Rhode Island in immense numbers when it was concluded that they were being exterminated.

There is but one cure for this complaint and but few are willing to take the remedy. We have a prescription that never fails, where capacity to fill conditions is found:

#### REMEDY FOR SNAP CONCLUSIONS.

- R 3 parts history of past observations.
- 2 parts personal observation.
- 1 part logical reasoning.

Take one hour each day for twenty years.

JUST RIGHT, M.D.

There are cases where it gets into the blood and controls the will power. Such cases are fatal, and although the subject be quite himself, he never attains to reason. This complaint is all along the coast; in fact, most men have it who have not the time nor disposition to look into it in its earliest symptoms. To such it is catching, and like leprosy, lasting. We knew a man who had it bad. He concluded that dumpish looking fish without legs or fins could not move; so he dumped his day's catch of scallops in a heap in the water and found his conclusions scattered when he would have gathered them to take home.

The confusion that seems so manifest as to our sea and anadromous fishes is surprising, and it is with deep interest that we await the details of the new discovery, that menhaden and mackerel are to be classed with the anadromous fishes.

The salmon, the shad, the bass and the alewife have long been classed as fresh-water spawners; but never the menhaden or the weakfish. We confess to much surprise at this discovery, and since this is declared we shall not be surprised at any assertion. But we believe it is the desire of those whose names are appended to the call for this meeting, to have a full, impartial and thorough examination of the whole subject. And in this we are in hearty accord with them.

How to accomplish this then should be the first great and impartial step for this meeting to determine. Upon the receipt of this call worded as it is, we hesitated as to what our duty demanded of us; knowing the general consensus of opinion with Fish Commissioners, we felt sure of being overwhelmed by eloquence and numbers if we stood up for the right, as we saw it.

But then it occurred to us that after all we may be wrong, since these very able gentlemen may have much to impart concerning fish that we never knew. And as they propose a full, impartial and thorough examination, perhaps they will consent to it before executing our constituents of the industrial fisheries.

If, upon such examination as proposed, it is found that they are right, we should certainly join hands with them cheerfully and "save the fishes."

MR. J. A. GITHENS, of New Jersey—On behalf of the pound fishermen of New Jersey, I wish to state that it is not the purpose to destroy fish. They are perfectly willing to act with any gentleman or any organization to keep up a good and substantial supply of fish. They are perfectly willing to do that. There have been no statements made here that have been other than the truth.

JUDGE HENRY P. MCGOWN, of New York, a member of the Cuttyhunk Club, made the following remarks:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I have no interest in the commercial fisheries; in the menhaden fisheries or any other interest, except that which every citizen has, or should have, in having a good supply of food fish. I am a rod fisherman and am interested in this matter, for the purpose of having the supply of our game fish kept up. I cannot agree with all the remarks that have been made by the Messrs. Church to-day, in many material points. I will give you my experience, and then let you draw your own conclusions. I have spent a great deal of time during the past fifty years fishing for striped bass, bluefish and weakfish. I have always been a sportsman, fond of fishing with the rod, and I have spent probably as much time as any one at it, if not more, except perhaps the gentleman who told us that he was seventy-six years old. I am not quite as old as that yet. Fish are in many respects like human beings. If we go to a place to dine and do not find what we want to eat, we are pretty sure to go somewhere else. So it is with fish; if they cannot get the food they want at one place they will go elsewhere. I can recollect the time, fifty years ago, that the locality where I reside, Harlem, when the Harlem River, East River, Big Hell Gate, Little Hell Gate and the Harlem Kills were the finest fishing grounds for striped bass, in all this part of the United States. Before the old McComb's Dam and bridge in the Harlem River were torn down, it was not an unusual sight to see daily twenty-five to thirty rod-fishermen fishing from the bridge for bass. Now why was it that there was good fishing there then? Simply because there was plenty of food such as bass feed upon, viz.: squid, shrimp and crab, in all those waters. The squid were then plenty, and at that time constituted the

principal bait upon which the large bass fed. These baits, however, have for many years almost entirely disappeared, or been destroyed, by the refuse thrown into the river, by the gas companies and by the sludge acids from the oil works.

Fish are like human beings, they get tired of one kind of bait; they have different food in different localities, while the squid were at one time the most killing bait for large bass, in the localities above named; in Buzzards Bay, where squid are abundant, the bass will not take them, either by still-baiting or by trolling, and although I have tried often, I have never succeeded in taking a bass with squid there, and have never seen or heard of a squid being taken from the stomach of the bass.

I have fished in Buzzards Bay, and at West Island, near Newport, and at Cuttyhunk, since 1860. On one occasion I took with the rod at West Island, from 12 o'clock to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, forty-nine bass, and the next morning, from 5 to 12 o'clock, fifty-one bass, in all 100 bass taken with the rod; every one of them taken with menhaden bait, the bass weighing from 7 to 32 lbs. They were taken because they liked, and were feeding upon, the menhaden. We used the refuse part of the menhaden, the entrails, etc., for chumming, and every rod-fisherman of any experience knows that bass, weakfish and bluefish will be attracted by the oily slick on the water, caused by the oil of the menhaden, and that the fish will follow the slick up to the place where the refuse of the menhaden is thrown in. At Cuttyhunk we have a record of every striped bass that has been taken with the rod since 1865; the day it was caught, by whom caught and its weight. Our record ran up as high as 7,000 lbs. in one year, some ten years ago; it ran as low as 240 lbs. in a recent year.

We caught all our fish there, until within recent years (when we commenced using lobster for bait with menhaden) with menhaden bait, and you could go out on any of the stands (about nineteen in number) when the water was favorable, and every member would bring in fish; every one of them taken with the menhaden bait. I have seen, not a quarter of a mile from the shore of our island, in Buzzards Bay, and in Vineyard Sound, schools of menhaden of the size Mr. Church has mentioned, all around the shores. I have seen bluefish and the bass rise under these schools of menhaden and feeding upon them, while thousands of gulls were hovering over the schools and diving down to pick up the pieces left. With the exception of this year, for the past three years, I have not seen a large school of menhaden in Buzzards Bay or in the Vineyard Sound. This year I saw several schools, and the menhaden were quite plentiful, so that we had no trouble in getting the bait, but there was a scarcity of menhaden bait for several years, and we have had to send to New London and Newport for menhaden, which were brought in from outside waters by the menhaden steamers, because they could not be obtained in our neighborhood, where the bass and bluefish feed on menhaden, on lobster, rock crabs and eels.

I leave it to you to form your own conclusions from the facts which I have mentioned. As long as there were plenty of menhaden, there were plenty of bass. The bass left the shores when the menhaden became scarce. As regards the weakfish, I agree with Mr. Church in one respect, about the weakfish being so plentiful some years ago; as a gentleman told me, that at the Pasque Island Club, in Robinson's Hold, the weakfish were at one time so numerous that men waded out with pitchforks and gaff-hooks, and brought them ashore.

Many years ago we took a large number of large weakfish while fishing for bass from the stands with menhaden bait. I do not think we have taken one this year, as they appear now to be feeding upon small live bait, menhaden, fry, etc. Several years ago, we took a large red snapper, a Southern fish, with menhaden bait from one of our stands.

This year the bass fishing has improved, and some fine fish have been taken. The bluefish, however, were very scarce. Late in the fall, after our club house was closed, a large catch of bluefish, weighing from 7 to 14 lbs., was reported to have been taken with the trolling line, in the tide rips.

Every fisherman of experience knows that the menhaden start from the South, in the spring, full of spawn, and follow the coast to the eastward into the sounds and bays; they are followed by the striped bass, weak and bluefish; they come up and pass outside of Long Island; some schools coming into the lower bay, and into Prince's Bay, and in years gone by, large schools of menhaden came up through the Narrows, passing through the East River, and into Long Island Sound, on their way East; and I have many times seen schools of menhaden and mackerel, in the Harlem River; something that has not occurred however, for the past thirty years.

Years ago there were no menhaden steamers; the menhaden fisheries were carried on by sailing vessels, and there were very few of them then. There was not so much harm done at that time, because these sailing vessels could not follow up the menhaden schools so closely. The trouble is this: these steam menhaden vessels, which follow up the coast of New Jersey and Long Island have a lookout, as Mr. Church has stated, and when they see a school of menhaden they will steam directly for the school and inclose and take them in their immense purse nets. If they don't catch the entire school they will break it up, and there are a very few left to enter the sounds, bays, etc. They don't allow these schools to come in around Montauk Point, as the schools are either entirely taken and broken up and scattered before they can get into the sounds, bays, etc., and within the last two or three years they have followed the schools of menhaden which happened to get around Montauk Point into the Block Island Sound and Long Island Sound down the Sound as far west as Throggs Point, the entrance to the East River. I do not wish to destroy the menhaden interests, but I would suggest this: Have some limit fixed, some distance from the shore, inside of which these purse nets shall not be used, and then a chance will be given to these fish to come into our bays and estuaries to spawn.

As to pounds and traps, I have no particular objection to them, under certain restrictions and regulations. As now used, they do not actually reduce or cheapen the price of the food fish taken therein.

You may think this a strange remark to make, but I will explain more fully what I mean. I have seen the pounds so full that the fish were actually packed and scarcely able to move about. I have seen the fish in large numbers floating on the waters and washed upon the shores, killed and smothered in those pounds, bailed out and thrown over.

This summer a man who waits on me had a lot of fish to ship to the markets in New York. I asked him how many he was going to ship. He replied that he had received instructions from New York that he could only ship a limited number of barrels of fish, and that all the other fishermen on the island had received word that we must not ship so many fish, as it would put the price down, and that they wanted to keep the price up. That is where the pound-fishermen interfere in preventing cheap fish. I have no objection to traps as interfering with bass fishing, except that the long leaders to the pounds frighten the bass, a timid fish, from the shores. I think every trap-fisherman will tell you that the striped bass are too smart to be caught in the pounds; and in my experience of over thirty years at Cuttyhunk, I cannot recollect over four instances where striped bass were reported as caught in the pounds. I asked a pound-fisherman what was the reason of this, and he stated that the striped bass seldom got into the pounds, being frightened at the leaders, and that they were the only fish that were smart enough to get out when they happened to get in. If the pound-fishermen would so arrange that the surplus of fish would not be destroyed, and not retain any more food fish than necessary to supply the market, they would be, in my opinion, a great deal better



off peculiarly, and then we would have more food fish left in the waters.

Mr. C. F. CHAMBERLAYNE, of Massachusetts, spoke as follows:

There are certain things, gentlemen, that we cannot expect here. One is uniformity of opinion. We cannot expect that the pound-fishermen will be in favor of restriction; that the menhaden oil and guano men will desire to have a limitation placed upon their business. Neither shall we expect them to agree to the proposals of the friends of fish preservation for the regulation of dangerous devices like traps and pounds. Such differences of opinion are absolutely essential and will never probably be removed until human nature shall radically change and the selfish interests of individuals will yield to their public idea of justice and equal rights. If we have such uniformity in mind, we are destined to disappointment.

A meeting of this kind, however, may well be utilized for the collection of facts, and especially for the collection of observations extended over a certain area of sea bottom for a considerable length of time and under definite and observed conditions. Such an experiment has been made in the waters of Buzzards Bay, and in the few moments to which our regulations very properly limit us I would like to state the experiment which has taken place and certain of its results in the hope it may possibly throw some light upon the value and operation of these restrictions of netting and what general benefits flow from restriction when enforced in certain specified ways and under certain specified conditions.

The conditions are these: Buzzards Bay is about twenty miles in length, running from northeast to southwest. It is about six miles wide in its widest part. It has no place shows a greater depth than twelve fathoms of water and shoals rapidly from the center to the headwaters and to either shore, being over the average area of sea bottom, about six fathoms in depth. It is entirely land-locked and free from strong currents.

The temperature of this body of water, under the influence of the Gulf Stream, is between 6° and 8° warmer at the head than at the foot of the bay, and the headwaters are from 8° to 10° warmer than the adjoining waters of Vineyard Sound. In connection with its eel grass bottom and its inflowing streams and creeks, rich in fish food, it is admirably adapted for the purposes of a spawning ground, and is as a matter of fact filled with myriads of young fry in the spawning season. There are twenty-six varieties of spawning fish and fry, sixteen of which are edible, found in the bay and presented, preserved in alcohol, to our legislative hearings. Among the young fry are bluefish, weakfish, menhaden, scup, striped bass, etc.

This evidence, introduced at our legislative hearings by our fishermen, is confirmed by the observations of the Woods Holl agent of the United States Fish Commissioner, who has established the fact that the young fry, including menhaden and the other varieties mentioned, have been taken by him at all parts of the bay for a series of years, by the aid of bolting cloth nets, so young as not to have shed or absorbed the little sacks or bags attending their earliest infancy.

In 1856, certain of our public-spirited citizens determined to try the experiment of protecting these waters from the use of nets and seines. They got an act, forbidding the use of these devices in certain towns. In 1870, this legislation was made more protective by drawing an absolute line across the headwaters of the Bay so as to include Bourne, Wareham, Marion and part of Falmouth. Within this protected zone, no moeable devices, gill nets, seines or fixed devices like pounds, traps, etc., were permitted at any time of the year.

In 1874 that line was extended further down the bay, so as to include part of Mattapoisett, and in 1886 the entire bay, 20 miles by 6, was freed from the use of nets and other movable machines. Pounds were allowed below the line established by the law of 1874, under licenses issued by the selectmen of towns. But the towns themselves voted to stop it at their "annual election" or "town meetings," as they are called. These meetings occur in March or April of each year at a time when no summer visitors appear. Every one is present of the citizens. It is absolute democracy. Yet the result of these town meetings has been such as to prevent the setting of pounds by the simple device of electing town officers pledged against it. Such for three years has been the annual course of Falmouth, Fairhaven and Mattapoisett by large and always increasing majorities of the native populations. This continued until 1893, after which a law was passed at the request of these towns themselves absolutely removing any pound, weir, trap, etc., from the waters of Buzzards Bay. The experiment of 1856 was concluded in 1893. Certain facts obtrude from this hasty sketch. In the first place, it is not, in any candor, possible to claim that these fisheries are preserved for the benefit of a leisurely class or as a matter of sport. In the next place, I think it significant that every extension of this legislative protection of the fisheries of Buzzards Bay has been made at the request of interested communities, who demanded it, to whom it had not then as yet been extended, and that no community which has ever enjoyed the benefit of that restriction has ever petitioned for its removal. In other words, the results of intelligent preservation are popular. Instead of sport we are preserving these fish for food and livelihood.

The experiment, gentlemen, of Fairhaven, one of these towns, is so thoroughly characteristic and representative as to be worth repeating. In 1889 the operation of the indiscriminate use of nets and pounds in the waters of Fairhaven had been such that the goose of the golden eggs was dead. There were no more fish for any one to catch, and the users themselves agreed that the use of traps and pounds should be forbidden for a period of three years. Such were the results of that experiment that the Fairhaven Overseers of the Poor have testified at legislative hearings that in their official capacity they were able to realize in the decreased demand for town support on the part of poor citizens that nothing had ever so largely contributed to the supply of food in that town, and especially to the destitute, as the abundance and the consequent cheapness of food caused by their preservation. A man can never get cheaper food than that he can catch for himself. Fish preservation is popular, not only because it means food, but also because it means livelihood. Our towns have grown immensely in wealth, population and comfort. One reason is that they are now able to give cheap food to thousands of people of moderate means from our large cities, who find they can live more cheaply at the seashore in a modest cottage, enjoying the health, air, bathing, scenery and cheap fish food of our shores, than in the stifling miasma of the city.

Another class of citizens have been attracted to our shores by the excellent fishing. They also fish for food, but enjoy the incidental excitement of the capture. Millions of dollars are invested in hotel property and private residences along our shores. This means grateful relief in taxes to every one, and constant and remunerative employment to our carpenters, masons, painters and others in building trades; good markets to our farmers for their provisions and our tradesmen for their supplies; good wages for boatmen, gardeners, caretakers, coachmen, etc., to say nothing of more intangible benefits from bringing wealth, education, refinement and social position into our farming communities. We regard the experiment as a complete success.

A signal tribute to this success is the bitterness with which we are annually attacked. Crows never flock where there is no carrion. Our principal antagonist has been and is the United States Menhaden Oil and Guano Association. In 1889 they openly violated the law of 1856, and suffered smartly for so doing at Boston and Washington. But they strained out all the fish in Buzzards Bay and carried them off to

Tiverton for oil and manure. In 1892 they tried for the Lapham bill to prevent our defending ourselves any further, and again they failed. At present, having failed to defy or annul our law, they think we have preserved fish enough by our experiment to induce them to try and repeal our laws, so that they may again carry them off. But if we can judge by the results in 1889 this would mean unparalleled calamity to our property and our people.

If there be any question about the propriety of the use of a purse net, there can be no question of its terribly destructive energy when used in a spawning ground where the depth of the seine is greater than the depth of the water. If there is any regulation of its use ever made, it certainly ought to include their use in spawning grounds and in waters like Buzzards Bay, where the depth of the water is less than the depth of the net.

When these parties came into Buzzards Bay in 1889 for the purpose of putting purse seines 100ft. deep into water 70ft. deep, they took, as I have said, everything we had, and however many statements may be made to the contrary, we know that they simply took out all the fish that were in Buzzards Bay, a result from the disastrous effects of which we have not yet recovered. From this we can judge fairly well the consequences of repealing our law which for years has enjoyed the enthusiastic support of all our people.

Mr. I. W. ADAMS—Q. Do you not know as a matter of fact, Mr. Chamberlayne, that there was a very large body of menhaden in Buzzards Bay last season? A. Yes, sir, I think it was so understood.

Q. Do you not know as a matter of fact that there were very few, if any, bluefish caught or seen in Buzzards Bay last season? A. There were very few taken.

Q. Now, as a matter of fact was there not in Vineyard Sound and all along the Massachusetts water outside of Buzzards Bay a large body of bluefish? A. It was so reported.

Q. Now, would not this prove most conclusively that bluefish do not necessarily feed upon menhaden? If it were so, is it not fair to suppose that they would have been present in Buzzards Bay in large numbers where the menhaden were so plentiful? A. My only personal knowledge in the matter is that the fact would prove nothing if it were established. Menhaden are not simply preserved because they are the natural food of the bluefish, and the facts that you refer to have no appreciable tendency to prove that they are not the food of the bluefish.

Mr. N. B. CHURCH—Q. He makes the statement broad and very decisive that he knows, notwithstanding the testimony of the people on the other side, that he knows they robbed the bay of all fish. I would like to ask him how he knows it? A. I am a lawyer, and the fishermen of our coast in negotiating loans to make up the deficiency in the season's work; my employment in 1889 in foreclosing mortgages on their boats when they were unable to pay interest on their mortgages; the practical experience of myself and friends going down there; the common report of everybody in that section of the country and the inherent impossibility of putting a net 100ft. deep into waters always less than 70ft. deep, buoyed at the top and sinking to the bottom without taking everything large enough to be restrained by the net—all these things enable me to say I know that your nets take other fish than menhaden.

Q. Now, will you please tell these gentlemen *how you know* that the purse net fishermen catch food fish while fishing for menhaden? A. There is no question about it.

Q. How do you know it? A. I know it, among other things, from the sworn evidence of Mr. S. B. Miller, who bought 70,000 lbs. of weakfish from one of your steamers in a day, and half a dozen other reputable gentlemen who have been placed on record to the same effect.

Mr. CHURCH—Mr. Chairman, I submit from the gentleman's answers that he knows nothing about it.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT—I am surprised at a great deal that I have heard to-day, and I am still more surprised that gentlemen who are interested in a pecuniary way and for a livelihood in the handling of fish, should object to and oppose all measures taken to increase the supply of fish and to protect them from destruction. Reflections have been cast on the hook and line fishermen, but remember that the hook and line fishermen have interests identical with those of the men who fish for the markets.

When it was stated that certain things don't take place which we know do take place and which we have seen take place, is it any wonder that we are surprised? Gentlemen say, for instance, that food fish are never intentionally taken in purse nets, or if so taken are always sent to market. I remember distinctly lying with my yacht in the South Bay of Long Island in the evening, after having fished during the day for bluefish, and seeing a menhaden vessel sail in from the ocean, send out his small boats with the nets, take a turn right through the channel around the school of bluefish close under the stern of the yacht and in one haul land more fish than all the hand-line fishermen who would come there for the next two weeks could have caught, and in those few minutes destroy what would help support every man in that bay who had a small boat. I saw them with my own eyes do this, and take the captured fish into their boats and sail off to the factory, which was not over 200 yds. from me. Of course, gentlemen, you may say they did not put them into the nets. They were only intended to send them to the New York market. As this occurred in the middle of the summer, the weather was hot for that purpose. I soon noticed a suspicious smoke coming from the top of the factory chimney, and you may judge "by the smoke that gracefully curled," what became of the poor bluefish. Mr. Sammis, who for so many years kept the hotel at Fire Island, often complained bitterly to me of the menhaden fishermen who drew their purse seines in the channels in the evenings, clearing them of the schools of bluefish which had been attracted by the "chumming" of the hook and line brigade during the day. He said if this could be stopped it would make a difference of \$10,000 a year to him.

Speakers have claimed that the number of fish has not diminished on our coast. I bought a place on Long Island 21 years ago, near the Great South Bay. At that time it was my habit to go out from the shore in the morning and after a short sail of 15 minutes come to anchor and catch 60 weakfish with rod and reel. To-day, gentlemen, you may fish the Great South Bay from one end to the other, and if you catch a weakfish in a week you will be doing well. You would not catch 60 in one day if you were to keep fishing for 60 years. Yet the fish, we have been told, have not diminished on our coast. At that time, 20 years ago, the market fishermen were placing pound nets in the channel that led from the inlet into the bay. The experience of the Fishery Commission of the State of New York, acquired from its many investigations, had satisfied the members that wherever you place a pound net you destroy the fishing. That had been tried in the Great Lakes, which were once regarded as inexhaustible, but wherever the pounds were placed the fishing was destroyed, until the whitefish, which were then abundant, even in the waters of the State of New York, cannot be caught in any large numbers this side of Michigan, and would have been exhausted there except for artificial propagation. When I noticed these pounds I said, "If you keep this up you will not catch a weakfish in this bay, in ten years." My predictions came true, the old experience was renewed. Selfish folly had its way. Spawning fish with countless eggs were served on my table, and to-day there is scarcely a weakfish anywhere about the bay, yet it has been said in this meeting that pounds do no produce any injurious effect. At that time there were twelve menhaden factories within twelve miles of my house. Now not a single one is working, unless you except one

which is making manure out of horsefoot crabs. Then the fishing fleet were all sailing vessels and consequently on cold days they could not catch any fish. Now all "bunker boats" are steamers and there is no rest for the menhaden, indeed the calmer the day the more easily the schools are seen and captured. Often in those times when walking along the shore I noticed masses of menhaden or mossbunkers or bony fish—we on Long Island call them indiscriminately by any of these names—that stretched as far as the eye could reach, miles wide and miles long. Now you might stand there and look till you were blind and never see such a collection of fish. It would be a long time before you would see any considerable school. I was seated once upon one of the sand hills of the beach when I noticed a small school of menhaden; that was some five or six years ago, after the new methods of destruction got well into working order and the results had fairly well developed themselves; at the moment there was not a steamer in the neighborhood; soon, however, one of the latter appeared coming for the prey like a shot. It stopped outside of them and lowered its boats, but hardly had these touched the water before another hove in sight, rushing along to take part in the warfare. The school had separated, and there was work for the latter also, but another of the birds of prey loomed up, and before the fish were all captured, a fate that befel every one of them, there must have been five or six of the vultures around the carcass. They came like birds of prey. The first must have seen the school by the look-out at the mast-head. The second, twenty miles away perhaps, had its attention attracted by the actions of the first and followed. The third must in the same manner have seen the second, and so on, the last having possibly been fifty miles away before the slaughter began. And mind you, hardly ever does a fish escape; the operation cleans up the entire lot no matter how large they may be. And we have been assured that purse seine fishing does not exhaust the supply of fish! What queer statements all of these; what foolish ones as well. The gentlemen who called this meeting had no wish to injure the menhaden fishermen; indeed they want to injure no one interested in any way in fishing; on the contrary they want to help them all. The present method of fishing must be stopped; there must be an end to this wanton and often wasteful destruction, or even the sea will not hold out. One gentleman has told us the supply of fish from the pounds on the Jersey coast has not diminished, and at the same time he acknowledged that a number of these destructive agencies had been increased within ten years from one to twenty-four. That statement is its own answer; you cannot go on multiplying in that ratio for the next ten years; twenty-four times twenty-four is even too much for a pound net fisherman to propose. This has got to stop, and the sooner you, our opponents, who have come here to oppose whatever the hook and line fishermen may propose, and now have your money invested in the business through factories, steamers, pounds or purse nets, recognize this, the better for you. Your entire investments are at stake. The hook and line men may lose their sport—you will lose all you have invested. You have asked me why the price of fish, the wholesale price—for no one denies that the retail price has increased enormously—has been so low for the last year. I reply that I presume it is by the formation of a syndicate of the fish dealers, the same that keeps Pacific halibut and Pacific shad, that I myself helped to plant, out of New York market. But why should we be trying evasions, why should we not meet this matter fairly and frankly. You know that fish are diminishing, that the supply is being exhausted, that it must soon give out, that in five years all sea fish which cannot be artificially propagated will be so nearly extinct in our waters, that they will be above the reach of the poor who now consume them largely and who used to consume them still more largely. Why not unite with those who are endeavoring to find out the best ways of protecting, preserving and increasing what we have left while there is still time. In a few more years you may be too late. When the fishing is exhausted in one stretch of waters it is a long time before it recovers, the fish are slow in returning. The true interests of all who are present here are identical. Why should we not heartily unite in our endeavors?

At the close of Mr. Roosevelt's remarks further discussion was suspended for the present, and an adjournment was taken to the supper room.

Thursday, Dec. 14, 1893.

On reassembling at 10:30 A. M., Mr. ROBERT B. CHALKER, of Connecticut, addressed the conference as follows:

I represent the President of the Connecticut Fishing Association. It is an association of pound and trap net fishermen on the south shore of Connecticut. Last spring, a bill was brought into our Legislature to prohibit that kind of fishing. After the hearing of the committee of fisheries before the Legislature, we had the bill reported adversely to the application for the annihilation of the industry. In that investigation we brought out a good many facts, which I wish I could more clearly state than I can. There had been for quite a time a feeling that pound nets, trap nets, etc., were destroying the fishing on the shore of Connecticut. On a full investigation of the causes of the depletion of the waters, it was found and satisfactorily shown to the committee, that there were other causes operating to a greater extent than over-fishing, causing that destruction. More particularly I would refer at this time to the pollution of the water. As was said here yesterday, the shad fishing of Connecticut is a thing of the past, comparatively. It was shown before that committee that the date of its downfall commenced with the damming of the Connecticut River. The last thing we could observe was the dam at Holyoke. Gentlemen, in connection with that, all of the small streams and tributaries along the Connecticut at the lowest point possible, are used for manufacturing purposes, and the quantities of deleterious matter coming into the river from those factories, the effects of which can be seen by dead fish floating at various times on the water, especially in the spring and summer season, show that it depletes the water very rapidly. It was also shown, aside from the shad fishery, that the comparative falling off in other fish, the free swimming fishes, was very small. As to shad fishery, up to the time of the building of the Holyoke dam, and subsequently, we had statistics from one trap net. It was placed there in 1854 at this one position, and kept the same position up to the time of the building of the jetty and of the dam, showing an average catch for the first five years, for the next ten years, and the succeeding five. The first five years the catch in that net was smaller than the next ten, and the last five was greater than the catch of the first five.

We have come together, as I understand it, to look for the cause, as it is claimed, of the depletion of the waters of food fish. I think in my observation, which has been in connection with the Board of Commissioners of Fisheries in Connecticut for quite a number of years, also being conversant since 1876 in the propagation of shad, that one of the great obstacles we have to contend with is the pollution of the stream. We find it everywhere. You are aware that even in the Hudson River and at Sandy Hook the refuse of this large city is dumped in unlimited quantity. We know that the shad particularly like the purest water they can possibly find. We think that these obstructions turn them off. It is a fact that the Commission have passed by the idea of putting shad into the Connecticut River on account of that. We think the young fry do not live to grow up on account of the pollution. As you are well aware, there now has been adopted a method of retaining these fish in pounds. I think we should look



into this matter seriously and consider the methods of reproduction of the water.

If you destroy this industry, you take away from the State of Connecticut about \$1,000,000 invested. This is in every one's hands. It is not in large corporations. There are some 200 licenses granted for the larger class of pounds. There are numerous traps in all directions. Men who are owning a small tract of land procure their cash only by what few fish they get. They procure the fertilizer for their small farms by taking the worthless fish from these nets. If we destroy that industry, we deprive a great class of our citizens in Connecticut of all the money which they procure in the course of the year; that is, the ready money. In connection with the farms they are making a comfortable living, and deprive them of that, they know not which way to turn. I will not detain the meeting, but would be pleased to answer any questions that might be asked.

Remarks of ALBERT E. COCHRAN (N. Y.):

Raritan Bay.

MR. CHAIRMAN—The fish for which I will speak is weakfish, and the territory is Raritan Bay, popularly known as Prince's Bay. Twenty years ago that bay swarmed with weakfish, and that of which we complain is not an occasional scarcity arising from nomadic habits, but a continued annual decrease steadily going on since 1879 to 1881, markedly noticeable since 1886, until this present year, when there has been practically no fish, and as to small fish, school fish, for the last three years they have almost literally disappeared, and such fish as were caught have been large fish close to shore. In this connection I will say that a Washington Market wholesale fish dealer told me within a year that he notices a larger proportion now than heretofore of large fish; and I will say that he told me a few days ago that he is in sympathy with this inquiry, and that he thinks weakfish are becoming scarcer because he pays more for them now than ever before. The other fishes to which I may allude will be the anadromous salmon and shad, and I will refer to them only for the reason that I assume that whatever applies to them, the better known of the species that run from the sea into the shallow waters of our shores, the sounds, the bays, the estuaries, with reference to the nets and methods employed in their capture, will apply to that other fish which runs from the sea into our shore indentations for the similar purpose of spawning, the weakfish.

There is no question that the markets must be supplied by means of nets, and nobody advocates the disuse of nets. We are not here to make war upon any vested interest, and we are sorry to note a feeling of irritation upon the part of the net men, as though they deemed this a movement idle in character and not dignified by facts. It is we who are on the defensive. We want the net men to make money, but we want some fish ourselves. Why should the net men have a proprietary feeling in that common heritage of man, the produce of the sea? Why should they sneeringly remark that the hotel men wish to fill their hotels? Have not the hotel men as much right to fill their hotels as the pound net men have to fill their pounds? And, if it is deemed that fish are essential to any portion of our communities, shall some other portion say that fish shall be denied them? It is the extreme thoroughness with which net operations are carried on that produces this strife.

Mr. Githen, at the close of the session last evening, made the first admission that has ever been made upon the part of the net men that there may be another side to the question, that they may have gone too far in certain localities. This shows how a soft answer turneth away wrath, for his icy front softened under the genial breath of Mr. Roosevelt. The net interest seems perfectly honest in pointing at the ample supply in the markets as proof that fish are as plenty as ever, and they take no account of the increase of nets as a factor in producing that result, for it will be remembered that it was stated yesterday that in one short section of our coast there are now twenty-four pound nets where a few years ago there was but one. It is Raritan Bay that shows the effect, and not the markets. I care little for prices as an exhibit. We know how that is arranged. We know that a certain amount of money must be received in order to handle the fish, and with prices we have no contention. It is the fact as to the absence of fish in Raritan Bay, continually becoming more marked, until last summer its waters were denuded, and yet Mr. N. B. Church in a letter recently published said that the menhaden men during the past season had found plenty of food fish on the Atlantic coast. It is the concurrent and unsought testimony of disinterested and detached observers, it is the conclusions of officially appointed investigators, that certain food fishes whose habit by instinct it is to come from the sea yearly to the shallow waters of our shores are being gradually obliterated from their accustomed shore localities by the indiscriminate and extraordinary use of nets. And now the winter haunts of the weakfish have been found on the Carolina coast. They are taken up in a dormant state, and last February fresh weakfish were sold in the retail market in Harlem for two cents a pound.

We are not alone in our alarm at what is going on. Mr. Jex, a member of the Corporation of London, and a fish handler on a large scale, in two letters recently published, has warned us that we are killing the fish that lays the golden egg, and that if our methods are continued our experience will be the same as theirs. Shall the uniform testimony of disinterested people and those officially charged with the study of the subject, all tending in one direction, be overthrown by the necessarily self-interested statements of the gentlemen in the net business who would have us believe that there is no diminution of our fish supply, because they have found on occasions, as was stated by them last night, pound nets packed so full of weakfish that they looked like a solid red rock in the water? What one pound net will do another can do, and such a statement shows the great waste that is going on by reason of the thousands of pound nets that are in operation. Mr. Fitzgerald, who keeps a boat house and hotel at Gifford's, on Staten Island, stated before a committee of the Legislature of this State during the session of 1889, that having asked a menhaden captain who was in his place whether he had any weakfish on board, he received for an answer, "I have got 30,000 on board, taken from the deep hole under Prince's Bay light." Captain Peter Polworth, a well-known oyster planter in Raritan Bay, testified before the same committee that he had seen chunks of iron in the menhaden nets, dragged from the bottom of the Bay. Mr. Gonzalo Poe, in a letter published in FOREST AND STREAM, July 21, 1893, stated that with some friends he started from Canarsie on a bluefishing trip; wanting menhaden bait, they went to the steamer John A. Moore, at Fairchild's Landing, but could not get a bunker, because the steamer was unloading weakfish. Twenty years ago the anglers were so numerous at Prince's Bay beach that they would scamper out of the wagons in their hurry lest there should not be boats enough, and in the idle season of the oystermen and clammers, local population, their boats were rented at from \$3 to \$4 a day, and sometimes hired out a second time. There is no more of this. The instances of this devastation are many, but I will not multiply them, and witnesses freely offer themselves. The following from the *Fishing Gazette* of Sept. 21, 1893, well states this matter:

Many places in this country which would be nearly worthless for other purposes have become of great value, for no other reason than that they are the favorite resorts to which the angler makes his annual pilgrimage with the zeal and with much more delight than characterizes the pilgrimage of the Mohammedan devotee to Mecca.

Prof. Lyman, in "Transactions of the American Fish Culturists Association," 1876-77, says:

When we attempt to make any laws for the protection of those of

the fishes that seem to need protection, we are always met by an immense amount of sworn testimony from the owners of pounds and other interests in that branch of industry to show that those pounds are not destructive and do not tend to lessen the number of fish.

Mr. Blackford, speaking as a Commissioner of Fisheries, said before the same association:

I think that in New York if the laws were more stringent in regard to our shad we should find a very much more marked increase in the supply.

And he quotes approvingly from Mr. Mowat, in regard to salmon, who said:

I think that it was the protective laws that were entitled to the greatest share of credit; that although the fish hatching and propagating supplied to a great degree the waste, yet the protective laws were more efficacious in increasing the supply.

These are anadromous fishes of great fertility, and it may well be assumed that whatever has been found necessary for their protection will be found necessary for the protection of weakfish, a fish which runs from the ocean into our shallow waters to spawn, as to which habit our statement is confirmed by Mr. Daniel T. Church.

Prof. Baird, in U. S. Reports, 1878, speaking of anadromous fishes, says:

The rapid increase in the size and number of the nets, whether pounds, seines, drift or gill nets, that has manifested itself within the last twenty years has doubtless had a similar effect with the dams in producing a decrease. The fish are harassed and worried by them, and hindered in an equal degree from reaching their spawning ground, and thus another drain on the supply is added to the many already in operation. The present perfection of fishing apparatus and the skill of the fisherman is likely to prevent any apparent diminution in the yearly returns of the fisheries, even though the species be gradually approaching extinction.

How well this applies to the statements of the net men as to the market returns and the statements of the hand-line men that they find no fish!

By reason of the prominence of its chief editor, the *Fishing Gazette* may be taken as a reliable authority when it states in its issue of Sept. 7, 1893, that according to official statistics there were in Chesapeake Bay, in 1888, 1,421 pound nets; and that now there are 2,000 pound nets in operation in Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, and that the sounds of Carolina are lined with them. Weakfish spawn in May and June and some in July, according to locality; and as this vast array of stationary traps is in incessant, merciless operation, with only such interruptions as natural causes compel, such as storms, and as without the spawning of fish and the subsequent run of small fish the supply of weakfish of all sizes cannot be continued, this statement needs no additional words to exhibit how important must be the effect upon weakfish which, however difficult to locate upon the broad sea, become subject, in the greatest certainty, to destruction in these traps when they enter the shallow waters in obedience to their spawning instinct. Prof. Huxley has become quite a harbor of refuge for the net interest when the adverse airs of criticism beat upon them strongly; but Mr. Jex is as competent an authority as these gentlemen of the net interest, for he is engaged in the same business and has had twenty or more years of experience, and he contradicts them and does not agree with Prof. Huxley. Prof. Baird in the Report of 1887 says:

It is doubtless true that the fisheries in a given locality may deplete the waters of the immediate region in which they are prosecuted. The cod and the halibut may be fished for upon a single bank until the local supply is exhausted. This depletion does not, however, necessarily affect the aggregate numbers upon the entire coast.

I now come to a subject upon which I touch with delicacy. But as the gentlemen on the other side have mentioned it I may be pardoned for my allusions to it. In an interview printed in the *Sun* on Dec. 4, 1893, Mr. Blackford states that there are in Fulton Market and its vicinity thirty-eight firms engaged in fish catching with a capital of \$1,435,000, being more men and more capital employed than ever before; he says that this is evidence that there is no scarcity of fish in the ocean waters and depreciates any interference with this investment. We beg him to be assured that there is no wish upon the part of any one to interfere with this interest; but what we ask is co-operation over the question of protecting the fish in the inshore waters. Having this statement of the rapid and great increase of net operations, it would seem that a change has come over the minds of the net gentlemen, for Mr. D. T. Church said before the National Rod and Reel Association in 1888: "I do not think you need apply for restrictive legislation, as the business is declining of itself. My firm has voted to sell out and this is the general tendency, because it costs more to get the fish than the oil will bring; and this last season there was a decline of \$4,000,000 in the value of the business;" and he gave as a reason for the decline the fact that the curriers had begun to use cheap grease, while dried blood from the slaughter houses of the West had taken the place of menhaden as a fertilizer.

It is to be remarked that co-ordinately with the great increase of net operations is the great decrease in the local fish supply of Raritan Bay. Mr. Daniel T. Church, in 1873, according to U. S. Report, testified as follows, page 88, report of 1877:

The fishermen usually steam square out to sea, and for the last ten years have found immense beds of them (menhaden), and apparently inexhaustible amounts three to four miles off shore; and generally after about the middle of May they get fat.

But now the menhaden boats come into the shallow water, and Captain Church stated before a committee of the Legislature of this State in 1889 that Raritan Bay is their favorite place. In Raritan Bay, with an average depth of 18ft., except in the narrow ship channels, the fish cannot escape, and the nets do not capsize as in deep water.

With all the destructiveness of the menhaden nets, I must say that I feel that the pound nets are still more disastrous, being stationary traps, at work every minute of the 24 hours, from the time they are set at one period of the year until they are taken up months later. In reference to the destructiveness, the criminal waste, of stationary machines, I quote the following from a letter publicly written to Commissioner McDonald by a writer signing himself "Alexis," on the Pacific coast: "We know that salmon cannot last five years at the present rate of catching them." And from the *Washington Herald*, of Aberdeen, Wash., I quote: "So large has been the catch of salmon for the past week that the canneries only took 100 fish from each boat daily, being unable to handle the full amount offered." This is necessarily the result of the reckless methods of fishing, and is paralleled by the "solid red rock of weakfish" so graphically described last evening.

An article in the *New York Sun* this last summer under the subject of "Wasteful Pound Nets" says:

The cruellest waste is that of good food fish which are caught when there is already a glut in the market. An intelligent observer says that on several occasions owners of big pounds along the coast telegraphed to New York for tug boats to come down and take out the fish which crowded the pound. The tugs came, emptied the pounds, and took the fish to market, but the wholesale dealers had no use for them and they were consigned to Barren Island. One day last year Mr. Walter Brown, of Newark, saw several tons of weakfish taken from the pounds and brought ashore near Point Pleasant. The current price in New York would not warrant loing the fish, and when they threatened to become unpleasant they were buried on the beach to be subsequently dug up and sold to farmers for manure. There is considerable money invested in pound nets along the Jersey shore, but employment is given to only few persons, less than 300 in all. Six men can handle a string of pounds and the boats used in the fishing. A. H. Van Brunt, who is a line fisherman, owning several boats at Seabright, remarked to the writer that everybody along the coast who did not have money invested in pound nets would concede that these nets were a great detriment to the people. The fish going into the rivers to spawn had been steadily becoming fewer since the

pounds had been in operation, he says, and moreover, the off-shore fishing for weakfish had been seriously affected.

And now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, thanking you for the patience with which I have been treated I close by saying that it seems impossible that all the complaints, all the experiences that are coming before us, all that which induces the appointment of committees of investigation, and that which moves for legislative relief, can be idle and unfounded talk.

\*NOTE. The statement of Mr. Walling that in 1892 the pound nets between Sandy Hook and a point twelve miles north of Barnegat Inlet took 7,000,000lbs. of fish, and 10,000,000lbs. of fish in 1893 is in direct consonance with the fact that the season of 1892 was the worst known for hand line fishing in Raritan Bay up to that time, while the season of 1893 was still worse and there were almost no fish.

The statement from Philadelphia that these gigantic net operations produce much cheaper food, and that the average price of weakfish last year wholesale was 2½ cents per pound, does not seem to be verified by the wholesale market quotations except for a short time in July.

As published in the *Fishing Gazette* the wholesale prices were as follows:

	Lowest, cents.	Highest, cents.
For week ending Aug. 21—Philadelphia.....	3½	6
New York.....	3	7
For week ending Sept. 7—Philadelphia.....	5	8
New York.....	5½	9
For week ending Sept. 14—Philadelphia.....	7	10
New York.....	6	10
For week ending Aug. 10—Philadelphia.....	4½	5
New York.....	5½	8
For week ending Aug. 17—Philadelphia.....	2½	4
New York.....	4	6
For week ending Aug. 31—Philadelphia.....	8	9
New York.....	5	6

The statement of Capt. Church that "free fishing" means prosperity, and that restriction of fishing apparatus is against public policy, is attractive but unsound as applied in this case. That is not free which is monopolized by a few; and the object and duty of the State is to see that the equities prevail, and that a privilege inherited by all in common shall not become usurped as being within the domain and right of a class.

MR. C. H. AUGUR, of New York, then addressed the meeting:

I am connected with an industry which employs a capital of two and one-half million dollars, and gives employment to 2,500 people, and which is absolutely dependent for support upon the commercial fisheries. It is a business which brings us in close and continuous contact with the fishermen and fishery interests of the whole country, enabling us to acquire more general information concerning the business, and more particular information regarding some of its features than is readily obtained through other channels. I hope a very few words from me, a representative of the Net Manufacturers, will not be considered out of place in this discussion.

A gentleman who is among the most active opponents of the pound and purse seine fishermen has put himself on record as favoring no sort of legislation short of an entire sweeping away or wiping out of the whole industry, root and branch.

The net manufacturers are, of course, a branch of this industry, and the fact that the unfortunate nets have their origin in our factories may argue that we are the root of the matter also; so that, representing root and branch, it looks as though we were in for it.

It seems to be taken for granted that anyone whose interests are allied to the interests of the fishermen must necessarily take their side in such controversies as this. Mr. Blackford's weighty arguments for the fishermen are commented upon in the newspapers, and by the anglers, in a way calculated to lessen their importance in the estimation of the people on the ground that he is largely interested in the commercial fisheries, and I suppose that our efforts in the same line will be received in the same way.

We don't object to this charge of self-interest, but we should like to have it understood where our real interest lies. If it is true that the pound nets and purse seines along the Atlantic coast are depleting the waters at anywhere near the rate alleged by those who are responsible for this agitation, it is inevitable that the whole fishing industry must in a short time sweep itself out of existence, root and branch, without the intervention of legislatures; and when that happens, our business, representing fifty years of growth and development, with its large investment of capital in machines for making netting, and its ability to support hundreds of families, will be destroyed. If the trend of things is in this direction, this self-interest, which you talk about, would impel us to take your side of the case, and to do all in our power to secure restrictive legislation. Not only that: self-interest would give us eyes to see the coming disaster a little more quickly than disinterested persons see it, and we should be the leaders in such a movement. To say that self-interest would impel us to uphold such a wanton destruction of fish as you say is going on, is equivalent to saying that the instinct of self-preservation would impel a man to commit suicide.

The rating accorded by the commercial agencies to the six or seven net manufacturing companies indicates that this is a stable, permanent industry, in the hands of men possessing at least ordinary judgment and business sagacity. Give us credit for these qualities, and admit that we may possibly speak for the fishermen, and in behalf of our own business, for reasons entitled to respectful consideration. Let it be understood that our business is absolutely dependent upon the permanent productiveness of the fishing grounds.

A great many evils are laid to the purse seines and pound nets, but they are all summed up in the one allegation frequently made in the newspapers, that they have caused a steady diminution in the supply of edible fish, and the proof cited to support this assertion is the alleged fact that the prices of fish are very much higher than they were ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago. If the prices are higher it does not follow that the seines and pounds are responsible for it, but if it can be shown that there has been no such advance in prices, it seems to me that the proof of the assertion is wanting, and that the whole argument has nothing left to stand on.

That there are periods of alternate abundance and scarcity of all kinds of fish we all know; that the prices of fish in this market vary greatly is, of course, a fact; but is it true that the average prices the season through are higher now than they used to be? In order to get at the truth we ask our customers, some of these old fishermen who have been in the business for twenty or thirty years, about it, and they show us conclusively from their records that they don't get any more for fish now than they did ten or twenty years ago. We ask the wholesale fish dealers about it, and their testimony corroborates that of the fishermen; and this evidence accords also with what we are able to remember from our long experience and intimate connection with the fisheries.

A prominent gentleman is reported to have said recently in a newspaper interview that he was on the side of the anglers in this matter, and he repeated the assertion referred to—that there is a growing scarcity of fish as evidenced by a great increase in prices, and as an illustration he said that he paid twelve cents a pound a few days before for codfish. Of course he told the truth. I'll bet that the fish dealer he bought it of would have charged him twelve cents if the first cost of the fish had been two cents. Your accommodating retail fish dealer will send a horse and wagon and a boy ten blocks to deliver a dozen Blue Points on the half shell, and he will make the round trip over again immediately if you give him an order for a codfish. About 50 per cent. of his charge is for waiting on you, but it goes in the bill as fish. I have myself paid twelve cents a pound for bluefish when I knew positively that they were selling at Fulton wholesale



market for two cents; and the dealer smilingly defended the apparent extortion on the ground that he could not afford to sell any fish at any time for less than twelve cents, but he said that he paid no attention to a fluctuation of a few cents in the wholesale price. He charged twelve cents whether the fish cost two, four, six or eight cents.

On the same day that this interview appeared in the paper (where the gentleman said he paid twelve cents a pound for codfish) I chanced to meet two cod-fishermen. They were not pound netters, nor purse seiners; they knew nothing of this agitation about nets, and I told them nothing about it, but I did ask them what they were getting for codfish. They said that the lowest returns they had netted them \$2 for two boxes of fish, but that early in the season the price had been high; they had received \$15 a box for a few shipments. I asked them how many pounds went to the box and they said about three hundred. These were cod gill netters from Long Island. They had received prices for the season varying from one-third of a cent a pound to five cents. It is only fair to say that this extreme low price was obtained for fish sent into the market about Thanksgiving time, when the butchers are doing more business than the fish dealers. But the average price for cod had not been over three or four cents.

I only want to show that the price of fish at the best retail markets is not to be taken as evidence bearing on this question in any way whatever. In the poorer quarters of the city the markets and peddler's wagons offer immediate evidence of fluctuations in wholesale prices, but I am inclined to think from the statement of the gentleman referred to, and also from the position he occupies in polite society that his fish dealer isn't located in Ludlow street.

Fishermen in distant parts of the country address us frequently on the subject of prices, asking whether it will pay to ship to New York. Sometimes we are able to report that prices are fair, but oftener that they are low, and that fish from distant points would not sell at profitable prices in competition with the local supply.

From all these things we come to the conclusion that the proof offered to support the assertion that the supply of fish is rapidly decreasing doesn't exist, and that therefore the relative scarcity of fish doesn't exist either, and we keep on making pound nets and purse seines in the tranquil belief that we are contributing to the permanent prosperity of the fishing industry in all its roots and branches by so doing.

Another word about that codfish. If it could be proved that there had been a great increase in the price of cod, I don't see how it would affect the question at issue, which is, whether pounds and purse seines are responsible for diminution of supply. A few codfish are caught in gill nets, and a few more, I believe, come from off-shore traps in extreme Eastern waters; but the greater bulk of the supply is taken with hooks and lines. The purse seines and pounds along this coast have nothing whatever to do with it.

Another peculiar thing in connection with this part of the subject is that the Jersey pounds are often charged by the newspaper writers who angle, or the anglers who write for the papers, with catching large numbers of striped bass. They don't. When striped bass run along the coast they are in the surf close up to the beach, and they pass between the beach and the shore end of the pound leaders. The market men say that nearly all of the striped bass received here are taken in shore seines.

Professor Goode, in his book on American fishes, refers to agitation on the subject of striped bass fishing in this State in 1753. It was thought that seining for them must be restricted, as that kind of fish was becoming extinct. That was one hundred and thirty-five years ago and here is the same old fish still about to become extinct.

This unaccountable variation in the fish supply goes back more than one hundred and thirty-five years, however. It is more than eighteen hundred years since a fisherman of Genesart, in answer to a request from the Master, said hopelessly: "Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." And when they had this done they inclosed a great multitude of fishes and their net broke. And when their partners had come to help them they filled both the ships so that they began to sink.

You will say that these are not the days of miracles, yet the story of these two fishermen is told over again, year by year, all along the coast. What has stirred up this crusade against the nets? It is the observation of catches of miraculous proportions; pound nets filled solidly with fish, and boats loaded to the point of sinking. But the fishermen can tell how, at other times, the nets are lifted day by day for the merest handful of fish. There are times of over-abundance, and times when it seems a hopeless waste of labor to let down the nets or lift them up. But all literature which deals with fishermen in all times, in all countries, tells this same story. It was so before the pound nets and purse seines existed; it is so now in places where they are not operated, and to the best of our knowledge and belief, it is no more so along the Atlantic coast, where both methods of fishing are carried on.

It is not my purpose to refer to all of the minor charges that are made against these fishermen, but I will speak of one. I have seen it written that the pound netters along the coast are men of so much wealth and influence that to oppose them successfully in matters of legislation is a very difficult thing. The impression is created that they are a band of grasping monopolists conducting a nefarious business in defiance of public opinion and of all principles of right and wrong; and they are so thoroughly organized as to make it well nigh hopeless for such obscure citizens of moderate means as signed the call for this meeting, for instance, to contend against them.

We know something about the pecuniary resources of these men, many of them our customers. Some of them might be called well off. I think these made their money before they went into the fish business. Others, practical, hard working fishermen, have managed, after years of industry and economy, to lay by what might be called a snug sum from the profits of fishing. Still others have grown old and gray and bent with incessant toil and exposure, and they are poor men. As for their organization, I know that in New York, and in New Jersey, the only organization they have has been effected since the call for this meeting was issued, and if they are organized at all in the States further south haven't heard of it. Taken altogether, I hardly think they are such a formidable body of wealthy monopolists that any gentleman who merely owns a few railroads need sail to Europe for fear of meeting them.

Pound nets, purse seines, gill nets and sweep seines are the methods used in the important fisheries of the country. To legislate against two of these methods is to disturb a very great part of the whole fishing industry. The bitterest opponent of the pounds and purse seines must see that it is only just and fair to move deliberately and slowly. All of the evils alleged against them are disputed by high authority. I never have talked with a pound-net man or purse-seine man who did not express a willingness to have all the details of his business investigated. Their chief complaint is that it is not investigated, and that absurd statements respecting it are continually made by people who would not make them if they were at all informed on the matters they talk and write about. I think we would all like to see an investigation made by a body of men representing all the sea coast States, composed of anglers, fishermen and men whose interests are neither with one side or the other—an impartial investigation whose one object should be to get at all the facts, and not to make merely a collection of opinions. I have been among fishermen a great deal. I know that they are about as divided in their opinions as to the causes of certain effects as the rest of us are. I have even known fisher-

men operating one kind of nets to have a poor opinion of fishermen who use another kind of nets, and I have known hook and line fishermen to speak disrespectfully of all kinds of nets. If you stand on shore and ask the shore fishermen what is going on in the off-shore vessel fisheries they will tell you what they think is going on, but if you go out with the boats yourself you will not need to depend upon what other people think, you will know. If you believe the menhaden steamers destroy great numbers of edible fish, go aboard the steamers and cruise about with them. The captains will give you a good place to sleep and treat you well. Go to the factories and see what the steamers bring in; go to the pound nets and see what they catch, and how their fish are disposed of; go to the markets from day to day and get the prices, and above all things, go into the matter with a correct idea of the size of the whole question. It is said of the nets (and it is said of all kinds of nets at various times) that they "slaughter fish by wholesale." Well, fish have got to be slaughtered by wholesale to supply the wholesale markets. That ought to be understood. The only thing to find out is whether there is a diminution in the fish supply which can properly be attributed to the nets, or whether the agitation is not all a mistake. A thorough investigation must take place in the summer and under the same conditions that have existed heretofore. To legislate against the nets in any way previous to such an investigation would be oppression, pure and simple, and without excuse, for there is no need of such haste. Such action too would naturally arouse bitter and desperate opposition, whereas, an inquiry such as I have referred to would receive the cordial support and aid of the fishery owners.

Already this agitation is injuring the fishermen to some extent. It is time now that they were making preparations for next season's work, yet they are disturbed by the uncertainty as to what will be the result of this organized crusade against them. The whole business remains in an unsettled state. They don't know what to do. As a matter of justice to them, and to the net manufacturers, and to all other fishing interests, this meeting should express in unmistakable terms its intention to recommend no hasty action, but to take all the time for preliminary inquiry which should be accorded to a question of such vast proportions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES. DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.  
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Moorey, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 20.  
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 21.  
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 24.  
March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo. Dr. G. G. Darby, Sec'y.  
April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orser, Sec'y.  
May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 12.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

### BLUE RIDGE FUTURITY STAKE.

OUT of fifty-three nominations in the Futurity Stake of the Blue Ridge Kennels, there were but ten starters, a most unaccountable apathy on the part of owners in respect to it and their own interest, considering the importance of the stake and its monetary value, \$1,500, divided into five prizes, namely, \$500 to first, \$400 to second, \$200 to third and \$100 to fourth, the remaining \$800 being divided equally between the breeders respectively of the winners of first, second and third. I have an opinion that had the stake been advertised better, the results would have been better, for in these days when competitive events are so numerous, and rapid changes occur in short periods of time, the public cannot keep posted nor can its interest be maintained without the aid of the press.

As a whole, the work of the dogs in the competition was commendably good and some of it excellent; the heat between Bessie Shoupe and Allene rating with the best high class work seen at field trials.

The stake was run on Feb. 1, at New Albany, Miss. A raw, stiff wind blew from the north in the forenoon, veering later to the west. The sky was heavily overcast in the morning, but soon after the start was made, the clouds gradually broke away, the light fog was dissipated and clear weather prevailed. Birds were not moving much, and required diligent search to find them. They, however, were in sufficient numbers for a good working test of the dogs.

The judges were Major J. M. Taylor, one of the judges originally appointed, and Mr. N. B. Nesbitt, of Chesterville, Miss., and Mr. B. Waters.

Col. P. H. O'Bannon and Mr. H. Hulman, of the Blue Ridge Kennels, were present and gave the management of the stake their personal attention. The competition passed off smoothly, and so far as I know, satisfactorily. It was, however, one stake on record in which there were no "rushing," no undignified and useless scrambling, and none of the consequent unpleasant features which sometimes occur. It progressed from start to finish without a hitch.

There were present Messrs. C. F. Joyce, Greensboro, N. C.; F. R. King, Leighton, Ala.; A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn.; T. Beggs and A. Baker, Terre Haute, Ind.; J. W. Shriver, Wartrace, Tenn.; P. H. Bryson, Memphis; Dr. M. F. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bias and Miss Wray, of New Albany, Miss., and a number of gentlemen whose names I do not know, from the latter town and the surrounding country, forming altogether quite a group of spectators.

E. F. T. C.'s rules governed. Following is the order of running:

C. P. Stokes's b. w. & t. bitch Bessie Shoupe (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), D. Rose, handler, with Capt. Patrick Henry's lem. & v. bitch May Early (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl), Geo. Gray, handler.

Bob Cooper's b. w. & t. bitch Sadie Ross (Gath's Hope—Tempest), D. Rose, handler, with J. W. Shriver's b. w. & t. dog Monitor, formerly Tea Tray (Gath's Hope—Cleo S.), owner, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b. & w. bitch Callie White (Gath's Mark—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with C. P. Hartmetz's liv. & v. bitch Columbia (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade), Geo. Gray, handler.

Greensboro Field Trial Kennels' b. & w. bitch Hope's Queen (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble), F. Bevan, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s b. & w. bitch Nellie Gladstone (Dan Gladstone—Queen Novice), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

J. W. Shriver's b. w. & t. dog Livingston (Gath's Mark—Cosette), owner, handler, with C. P. Stokes's b. w. & t. bitch Allene (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl), D. Rose, handler.

### The Running.

BESSIE SHOUBE AND MARY EARLY started at 8:17 what proved

to be a very one-sided heat, Bessie far outclassing her competitor in every respect. She ranged fast and with judgment in beating out her ground, at the same time looking well to the gun. She first found and pointed a bevy well, in the open near edge of woods. Mary backed and both were steady to shot. Each made a good point on singles. Sent on, Bessie soon found and pointed a bevy in the open sedge. While Gray was whistling Mary in to back, she on the way pointed a bevy well and was steady to shot. It did not have much merit in itself as a find as she was then being brought in to back, but as a piece of work it was well done. They were cast off together then on scattered birds. Bess pointed and Mary stole the point. Bess next made a good point on scattered birds. Her work was sharp and accurate. Mary needed encouragement betimes to keep her at her work, and she came in frequently to her handler to get orders; in short she did not remain out at her work as she should, and her range in consequence was irregular. Up at 8:48.

SADIE ROSS AND MONITOR were cast off at 8:54. Sadie was rousing a bevy in sedge and it was accidentally flushed. Sadie flushed a bird excusably. She next in woods pointed a bird which flushed wild. Monitor flushed a single in woods. Up at 9:51. Monitor had a limited range and was slow. Sadie was much the wider and faster ranger and showed greater skill on birds, yet she handled a bit hard, it requiring more noise and effort to keep her working to the gun than the other dogs Mr. Rose handled.

CALLIE WHITE AND COLUMBIA ran 58m., beginning at 9:53. It was a most thorough heat, with plenty of opportunities in it for each, and Columbia came out of it the victor most decisively. Callie was first to point and was promptly backed. There was nothing found, though a snipe had a few moments before flushed a few yards away. Columbia made a bad error in flushing a bevy up wind in the open, but she redeemed herself shortly afterward by pointing another bevy skillfully. Callie backing; both were steady to shot. The next work on birds was on a bevy. Columbia up wind of it flushed two birds excusably. Callie took a short cast to the left and pointed the bevy across wind. At the same time Columbia, a few yards away was making game on the trail toward the bevy. Next Callie flushed a single down wind. Columbia pointed a single well. Callie pointed a single, but moved on her point, and the bird flushed. Next she made two bad flushes up wind on birds she ought to have pointed or at least drawn on. Columbia pointed a bird and next pointed a bevy well. On the scattered birds in woods Columbia flushed twice and made two good points on singles, while Callie pointed once, to which nothing was found, and made an indecisive point on a single bird.

HOPE'S QUEEN AND NELLIE GLADSTONE began at 11:00 and ran 1h. 4m. The heat was ordinary and without much incident, though both dogs showed that they would point and back and were trained well.

The running was suspended while the party went to lunch at the house of Mr. W. G. Bias, where a good lunch and friendly greetings made the incident most happy. A long table, set at fresco, with good hot coffee and plenty of eatables, made each one feel that field trials are not all drudgery.

ALLENE AND LIVINGSTON.—At 1:35, began in the open their heat. Livingston made a good point on a bevy in woods. Next, Allene made a most skillful exhibition in drawing on a bevy to a point in open ground, doing the work quickly and accurately with a high nose. It was a very pretty piece of high class work. On the scattered birds, Allene dropped to a point on a single and Livingston refused to back, though it did not seem against him as the bitch was not standing. In thick cover, Allene pointed a single nicely, at the same time, Livingston making a similar point. Up at 2:20, Allene was wider, swifter and sharper in her work.

For further running, the judges selected Columbia, Sadie Ross, Bessie Shoupe, Allene and Callie White, the latter more as a reserve to run with Sadie Ross in the event that she was beaten by Columbia.

SADIE ROSS AND COLUMBIA began 2:32. Sadie pointed a bevy in open sedge and was steady to shot. In woods, working on the scattered birds, both pointed at the same time, but nothing was found. Sadie flushed a single in woods, next she pointed where a bird was flushed and was backed, and next she pointed a single in thick sedge. Columbia made three more points on singles, the last one lying so close that her handler failed to flush it, the horsemen flushing it after she had moved on. Sadie added to her work three points and a flush. She appeared to be somewhat unreliable in backing, having refused an opportunity, but the class of her work rated her a slight degree higher than Columbia, though the heat was very close. Both showed good ability.

ALLENE AND BESSIE SHOUBE were started at 3:19. Both started fast and ranged wide. Bessie pointed a bevy nicely. Some larks flew up about her, and it was thought she was pointing them. Rose ordered her on. She took a few steps and steadied again. The bevy flushed. The bitch was blameless for it. Sent on after the scattered birds, Allene dropped to a point on the birds and Bessie a few yards away backed prettily. Next, they backed each other. Sent on both dogs ranged wide and fast, Bessie showing the better judgment. Bessie about 250yds. away, made game and drew quickly and accurately to a point on a bevy. Rose flushed it. It was an excellent piece of work. Allene in the meantime was out of sight, and Bess was taken up till Allene was found. She soon came in sight. The heat ended at 3:50.

CALLIE WHITE AND COLUMBIA were started next at 4:02, and ran 16m. It was hardly necessary to run them together again, but it in no wise changed the opinion of the judges. After a short consultation, the judges announced their decision as follows: First prize, Bessie Shoupe; second, Allene; third, Sadie Ross; fourth, Columbia.

The competition of the two latter was very close, and decided on a very small margin. As a whole, those interested said the stake was skillfully handled and well judged.

B. WATERS.

### United States Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The U. S. field trials will commence at Grand Junction, Tenn., on Feb. 12. Arrangements have been made with the I. C. R. R. and E. V. & G. R. R. to carry five crates of dogs free in baggage car in charge of one person. It will be necessary for those wanting passes over I. C. R. R. to apply to A. H. Hanson, general passenger agent, Chicago, Ill. Orders have been issued to baggagemen over E. T. V. & G. R. R. to carry dogs free to the trials; all that will be necessary is to show something to the baggageman proving that you intend visiting the U. S. trials. Grand Junction is located at the crossing of the I. C. and E. T. V. & G. R. R. railroads. The grounds are well known as being the best field trial grounds in America. There are two good hotels with reasonable rates. Plenty of saddle horses can be had at \$1.25 per day, hacks \$3. It would be advisable for those who have them to bring their saddles and bridles, as it is impossible to furnish so many good outfits for saddle horses. If any one desires to I can engage rooms, saddle horses and hacks for them before they reach Grand Junction. From the very fine selection of dogs that are entered and now in reach of the trials, and with three such competent judges as Dr. N. Rowe, W. W. Titus and Royal Robinson, the public may expect one of the largest and most successful field trials ever held in America.

J. M. AVENT.

HICKORY VALLEY, Tenn.

A meeting of the New England Beagle Club will be held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Feb. 18, at 2 P. M. Members are earnestly requested to attend.



# POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

## A Trainer's Opportunity.

THE following paragraph from a letter of Mr. R. J. Gallagher, secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, among other matters, contains something of interest to field trial trainers. He says:

"I am very much pleased with the new set of officials, as every one of them are dog owners, and have promised to take an active interest in the affairs of the club. We surely will make a success of it this season. \* \* \* There have been about a half dozen young dogs imported during the fall and winter, and some more are likely to arrive shortly, so that we will be in a better position to enter the lists with outside competitors than last year. Our trouble is a trainer. You know what we lack in that respect. Could you not devise some scheme by which we could get a good man to come here and do the work for us? I will be glad to hear from you on this subject and to receive any suggestions you may see fit to make. I think that we could safely guarantee a good trainer ten or twelve very good young dogs and possibly a few all-aged ones. I do not believe there would be the least difficulty in getting him all he would want to handle."

The business inducements are greater than one trainer could handle properly. Ten dogs are about as many as any one trainer can do justice to in one season, particularly if it is understood between him and his employers that the dogs are to have a thorough training, and if the price, \$100 or more for each dog, is the consideration.

A rather common fault is for trainers to overload themselves with work, with the result that the dogs are not properly finished in training or experience. There is the collateral result that the owners are dissatisfied and lose all faith in professional trainers. When a gentleman pays a first-class price for training he is entitled to first-class work in return, and to a truthful account of the dog's qualities and progress. The same principles of justice and integrity should govern a dog transaction as any other business transaction. There are a whole lot of particulars worthy of consideration by trainers in these matters, as perhaps many of them may suspect. But this is digressing from the subject.

I do not know which trainers, if any, in the States would consider inducements to go to Manitoba, so I thought the best way was to present the matter through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, so that it would come to the knowledge of all. Personally, I consider the chance an excellent one for any trainer who can fill the requirements. There are abundance of birds, good grounds, a growing interest, and last and best, plenty of sportsmen. It would be a mistake—a disastrous mistake—for any trainer to go there with any idea of becoming successfully prominent as a competitor by jockeying or unfair sharpness of any kind. Any unfairness would terminate abruptly his business career. Good, thorough work, and skillful but fair competition will be insisted upon, as it should be insisted upon here. The signs of the times, however, denote that there will be more consideration of these matters by owners and field trial clubs in the future.

## Dogs' Practical Field Qualities.

So far as I have heard from trainers they frankly admit that a field trial dog should be a field dog as well. The fact is so apparent that, in the light of common sense, it is useless by any sophism to make a distinction between a field trial dog and a field dog. I note that some writers make an analogy between the field trial dog and the field dog on the one hand and the racehorse and roadster on the other. This analogy is in appearance only. Such reasoning is fallacious. When a horse is broken there are mechanical appliances which keep him in control, and he cannot loaf in his work. If a dog is disposed to loaf when working for his master there is no means to make him work. Moreover, the fact that a horse is a racehorse does not imply the absence or need of thorough training. The efforts of a horse, too, are exerted in but one direction, namely, to go ahead. If he be a bit wild it does little harm. If a dog is wild it may spoil all the pleasure of the shooter.

From an eminent field trial handler I have received a letter from which I quote the following:

I am too busy at present to write anything fit for publication, but will scribble down a few of the ideas that last year's field trials have suggested. After thinking over the remarks I have read and heard about dogs, I am forced to come to the conclusion that only a few men (judges included) understand the reasons why some dogs always do clean work (your own name for it, I think), and others, sometimes only or never. Perhaps it is too much to expect from any man who has not had the experience of a professional, but a man who cannot is not fit to judge a trial—unless the ground is more open and better stocked with birds than usual. If this is the case then he can see the clean work, and if he appreciates it, it matters little whether he knows the cause of it or not.

What would you call a high-class dog? Is it not one that does clean work, ranges intelligently and as wide and fast as the ground requires?

Of course there are no end of less important points that go toward the making up of one, but these are the chief, I think.

I am afraid that field trials will go to the bad unless some radical changes are made in the management of them. Of course I always read "Points and Flushes." Trials seem nearly all business and little pleasure now. Gentlemen are getting disgusted with them. Mr. Thomas Johnson is another really good judge of a dog, who is driven away. Dog dealers will have it all to themselves; that is, if anything is left worth having.

I really think it is better to have professionals as judges than to have to trust to the small chances there are of getting three amateurs fit for the work.

Why could not one judge (with an assistant of his own choosing to help him) do as well as three? If judging is to decide which are the three best dogs in a stake, one can do it as well as more; but if the object (as it is) is to decide which dogs made the most points, etc., then three judges are none too many.

Suppose you were told that you had to have the three best dogs in a stake—would you want two other men to help you? I don't think you would, nor would it take you so very long to decide.

I had just closed this when the last FOREST AND STREAM was handed to me, and I must say that I was more than usually pleased with your "Points and Flushes." You have made a string of clean points. I only wish that judges and others connected with field trials would study the full meaning of your criticisms, but suppose they only take in a little at a time, and you must hammer away till you get them to digest it all. Ever since I took to making a business of training, I have thought a great deal about ranging, and have experimented on it, too. That is really where nine-tenths of a handler's time ought to be put in. A dog points, backs and hauls his birds more or less naturally, but few range to suit the gun. The best puppies range fast and wide, and learn by experience where to look for birds.

## Game Protection.

No more healthful sign for the preservation of game can be imagined, than a sentiment on the part of handlers against market shooting and slaughter. The following, under date of Jan. 25, from Mr. J. H. Johnson, of Carlisle, Indiana, at present located at Pontotoc, Miss., is a case in point, and the first of the kind, so far as I have any knowledge.

What will be the best way in your opinion to go about getting a law enacted by the Indiana Legislature to prohibit the sale of quail? I am very much interested in the matter, and believe it can be done if got at in the proper way. I am confident I can get every farmer in our township to sign a petition praying the Legislature to enact such a law. Do you think this would be a good plan, or try to get our representative to introduce a bill as above, and then let him back his bill up by long petitions?

The more I read FOREST AND STREAM the better I like it. Mayfield and I are located close together, and we are doing some good work, although quail are not as plentiful as I would like. We are having a cold time of it now, the ground is frozen and the wind is in the north.

Your ideas as to field trial dogs are correct. If we don't have working dogs, we might as well run greyhounds.

The most effective method of procedure, is to get all the property owners to sign such a petition, and then have the representative of that district use his best endeavor to have a law passed accordingly. Of course, the more friendly the representatives interested or appealed to by their constituents, the better the chances of success. I thought that, by publishing Mr. Johnson's letter, he might thereby obtain more explicit information as a stronger support in his endeavors. B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## Nicholls vs. Mills.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the accounts of this case published in the Toronto Mail, and being copied into other papers, is such a mesh of falsehoods, a true account of the affair is called for.

I wrote Mr. Nicholls that I was desirous of breeding my great Dane bitch to his dog, and asked him to state the stud fee. He wrote in very few words that I was welcome to do so for a dog and a bitch puppy of the resulting litter. This was the entire agreement. The dogs were duly mated, and the bitch gave birth to a litter of 13 puppies. At the outset 4 of these were laid upon and killed. No sooner were the remainder weaned, than they showed very pronounced symptoms of being infested with worms. In spite of the best treatment I could give them, some of them died and all were in wretched condition, so that when they were seized with distemper soon after, others died and the now remaining 4 were miserable objects. I never took so much pains with any litter of puppies and never had poorer results. I felt all the more anxious, as I never forgot my responsibility to the owner of the stud dog. I wrote Mr. Nicholls soon after the pups were born and had a brief reply from him stating that he would prefer two dog puppies if I were agreeable, instead of a dog and a bitch. One Sunday morning considerably later, a Mr. Goodman called at my residence and presented a letter from Mr. Nicholls, stating that he was authorized to select two puppies. I declined to allow selection, and told Mr. Goodman I was desirous of communicating directly with Mr. Nicholls and would be answerable as to sending on the puppies myself. He would not allow me this opportunity, and next day I received a most peremptory lawyer's letter.

On the day following, Mr. Goodman came to my place in the company of a man who had been disqualified by the A. K. C. for fraud. I declined to be bullied and Mr. Goodman left the city. Later there came another order from Mr. Nicholls by a detective, this also for choice; in fact, at no time did I ever decline to give the two pups I agreed to give and at no time was I ever asked for them except with this condition of choice, which was never agreed to in any way.

I wrote Mr. Nicholls that I was surprised that he should sanction such unjust and offensive procedure, as I had taken him for a gentleman and had shown him some courtesies. I suggested that a court of law was not the place in which two gentlemen should settle a matter of this kind. I offered as a way out of the difficulty, simply for the sake of peace, to pay a large stud fee in cash—in fact, larger than any Dane has ever earned, so far as I know, in America. I also offered to submit the whole case to arbitration. To these proposals I never got so much as a reply.

When the puppies were so sick I had written those concerned and cancelled all orders for them, and had refused even to put a price on them. As I saw that the policy of Mr. Nicholls and his agent was an arbitrary brow-beating one, there was only one course left open to me, or any man of spirit, and that was to defend myself in a court of justice.

All the above statements of mine were proven before the court by evidence—chiefly the letters between the parties to the action. My kennelman gave evidence as to the sickness, etc., of the puppies.

In rendering judgment the court held that I was not bound to give plaintiff choice of the puppies, as he had always demanded, but only my own fair choice or their value in cash, the court placing the value as I had myself stated it. It will thus be seen that the plaintiff lost his case and he has to pay costs as well.

It was expensive to me to have to keep the puppies so long, but I will never consent to allow myself to be bullied, especially when, as I believe in this case, certain persons were egging the matter on through personal feeling against me.

It is somewhat remarkable that I have within a year been grossly libeled in three of the Toronto newspapers. Two of those have been successfully called to account, and I think the Mail will have occasion to learn to be more careful in future of what it publishes. I intend if possible to ascertain who are the real authors of that tissue of falsehoods the Mail publishes, and to follow them up. It is in the public interest to do so.

Since I have learned how seriously the Mail's article has been taken I have instructed my counsel to increase the damages already claimed to \$20,000, and I intend to push the case.

I regret that I must take up your valuable space with explanations that should never have been necessary.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

COTE ST. ANTOINE, Montreal, Feb. 3.

P. S.—As showing the spirit of the plaintiff's agents, if not himself, I may mention a course has been pursued since the judgment was given that has laid the plaintiff open to an action for damages. W. M.

## Southern Field Trials.

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 5.—[Special to the Forest and Stream.] There were twenty starters in the Derby. Competition is very even, though no brilliant work has been done as yet. Birds are not quite plentiful enough. The judges are T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.; W. Murnan, Stanton, Tenn.; F. P. McCargo, Olive Branch, Miss. Weather very favorable and pleasant. The dogs were drawn in order named: Earl Palmer and Beryl, fair rangiers, Beryl better in point work. Lightfield Rosalie and Thaid, the former's heat all through, she doing some good point work. Antoinette and Topaz, all in favor of Antoinette. Amethyst and Bessie Shoupe, the former ranged well but found nothing. Nellie Gladstone and Rod's Mark, only moderate work. Dame Durden and Sadie Ross, an indifferent heat. Major Thomas and Lady Rush, both did good on birds but their ranging was at times erratic. Leona and Callie White ran a fairly good heat throughout, Leona doing the most point work. Blue Ridge Mark and Miss Hattie, both did good point work and showed fair speed; heat in favor of Mark. Topsy Rod and Allene ran an excellent heat, going fast and wide, but Allene found the only birds. Probably half or more will be kept in second series. There is a good attendance of sporting men. B. WATERS.

## Chicago Show.

THE Mascontah Kennel Club have decided to make the following additional classes for competition at the coming bench show, to be held in Battery D and the Second Regiment armory, March 13 to 16:

Bulldogs—Class 125A, dog puppies 6 to 12 months, prizes \$10 and \$5. Class 125B, bitch puppies 6 to 12 months, prizes \$10 and \$5.

Black pugs—Class 196C, open dogs and bitches, prizes \$10 and \$5.

Italian greyhounds—Class 209D will be made, thus dividing the challenge classes by sex, prizes \$10 and \$5. Class 211E, puppies 6 to 12 months, dogs and bitches, prizes \$5 and \$3.

Entries will close at the office of the club, 953 Monadnock building, Chicago, Feb. 24.

# DOG CHAT.

## Canadian Registrations and A. K. C. Shows.

The revocation of reciprocity between the A. K. C. and the C. K. C. will be apt to hurt some American shows as well as it did the Toronto show of last year. Detroit, probably more than any other show, will feel its effect, as this city is right in the midst of Canadian breeders and owners on whom they depend for a good entry. These may understand the circumstances, but the local people will not. They look upon Detroit as a home show. In fact, a large number of the C. K. C. members live in Windsor, Can., or near by. Their dogs are registered in the C. K. C. and the present ruling grinds hard. People who live say seventy-five miles back from Detroit expect to exhibit at that show, and when they have to re-register or re-list they seem to think it is the Detroit Club's fault, and they don't like it. This fact should become well known, for as Mr. Welton, the secretary, says, "As you know almost every one waits until the last day before entering at a dog show. Now, if on Feb. 22 I received a lot of Canadian entries with Canadian registrations I would have to refuse them and it would be too late to get them in." The show people are, however, depending on the publicity given to the subject in the local papers and that the entries will be in proper order. Outside of this everything promises well for a good show and another success.

We understand that Mr. Ogden Golet, so well known in yachting circles and society, has become interested in bulldogs, has already some dogs of this good old breed and will build some fine kennels at Newport, R. I., very shortly. A well known and competent dogman is to have the management of them. This is good news for this particular fancy. FOREST AND STREAM has continually urged the strong claims for popular recognition that the bulldog possesses, and its endeavors in this direction have not altogether been without reward.

A. H. Gilmore, proprietor of Ruby Kennels, heretofore located at Winthrop Beach, Mass., has resigned his position on the editorial staff of the Boston Globe, and with his numerous family of handsome toy spaniels has moved to Worcester, Mass., where he, in company with C. Fred Crosby, also an experienced newspaper man, has purchased the Worcester Dispatch, the leading paper of Worcester county. Last week Mr. Gilmore sold a promising King Charles pup to Miss F. Shell of Richmond, Va.

Ansino Locco, a ragpicker, was held for trial by Justice Ryan in Jefferson Market Court, New York city, Jan. 19, on a charge of cruelty to animals. Locco was emptying an ash barrel when a pointer pup owned by William B. Leddy barked at him. Locco struck the dog with his iron hook, blinding him in the right eye. Locco attempted to escape but a passerby who witnessed the cruel act seized him and turned him over to a policeman. He was fined \$25.

The owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels speaks very enthusiastically about a litter of St. Bernards she has now by Eboracum out of Harmony, litter sister to Sunray. Mrs. Smyth has bred a number of St. Bernards, but she never saw such size as these have at their age. Their sire has the type and quality that should produce some good stock, and it is a pity the dog does not appear oftener in public.

## Los Angeles Show.

Preparations are now being made to carry this show through with success. It will take place April 18 to 21. The entry fee for the large dogs is \$3, medium-sized \$2.50, and for the smaller dogs \$2. Cash prizes of \$5 and \$3 will be given in the large breeds and in the others \$3 and \$2, when five entries are made; \$5 kennel prizes are also given, and novice classes will be made for all the principal breeds. It is also expected that a good money prize will be given for the handler showing the largest number of dogs not owned in the State.

In regard to the above statement that certain prizes will be given if a certain number of entries are made, it will not be out of place to call the attention of clubs giving shows under A. K. C. rules, to the addition that was made to Rule VIII, in the last revision of the A. K. C. rules: *All prizes in a given class shall be awarded regardless of the number of entries.* This rule was made to deter shows from publishing a reservation to the effect that if only one entry was received in a class half the first prize money would be withheld, and we believe that this rule will be found to apply in the same sense to the announcement made by the Southern California Kennel Club as stated above. An exhibitor should know before making his entry exactly what to expect if he wins and not be made, as we remarked once before, to take chances in a lottery.

## Eastern Field Trials Club.

A meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held at New York city during the Westminster Kennel Club show in Madison Square Garden, on Thursday, Feb. 23, at 3 P. M. The attendance of members in person is cordially requested to insure a working quorum and further business of general importance to the club. In view of the fact that a meeting of the club was not held during the recent field trials, it is to be hoped that the members will put in an appearance at the New York show. Field trial men should do all in their power to aid this club in assuming its old position. Some of the best sportsmen in the country are among its members, and the president, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and Secretary Coster are well known to have the best interests of field dogs and sports at heart and may be counted upon to do their share.

The death of the Duchess of Argyle is a blow to the Skye terrier fancy in Scotland. She was the patroness of the Skye Terrier Club of Scotland, and besides owning a kennel of these terriers herself, took a great interest in the advancement of the breed generally.

## Columbus Dog Show.

The Columbus Fanciers' Club have provided a class for Gordon setter puppies, to be numbered 454, dogs and bitches to compete together, prize \$5. The American Hotel offers \$10 for the largest collection of Gordons entered and owned by one person or kennel. The prospects for a good show are promising, and exhibitors should not forget that, as this show comes directly after New York and before Detroit, there is no excuse for their not scoring a good entry.

Col. Rupert, Jr., is retiring from the fancy and most of his St. Bernards are for sale. Mr. Booth, his kennel manager, has purchased a farm on the James River, Va., and will sever his connection with the kennel after the New York show. He will spend a month in the South and then sail for England, where he will stay during the summer.

A special meeting of the National Greyhound Club was held Tuesday evening at Mr. Drake's residence, New York city.

There are few of our readers who have not heard of the sad accident that occurred on the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad recently whereby several people lost their lives. In the smoker, which bore the brunt of the collision, Mr. Walter K.



Purinton, of Short Hills, N. J., was seated with three other gentlemen playing whist; Mr. Purinton and another gentleman were instantly killed. Mr. Purinton was the owner of a very good English setter and his widow is now compelled to dispose of it. The dog Jeremy (23,069) is by Bow Bonduhu (Gus Bonduhu—Bo-Peep) out of Lou (4,930), by Gen. Ely's Breeze out of Bessie Dale, breeding that cannot be excelled. The dog is an evenly-marked blue belton and is exceptionally well trained for field work, and a perfect retriever from land and water. Mr. E. A. Carrier of North Westchester, Conn., bred and raised and trained the dog, and Mr. Purinton thought him the best dog for private shooting in the State of New Jersey. Mr. Gardiner, of 284 Pearl street, New York, can give any information required about the dog. Jeremy is now at Short Hills, N. J., and can be seen at any time. This seems an opportunity for any sportsman to secure a good dog and at the same time be conferring a favor on its present owner.

We note the fact that the Mascotah Kennel Club has made a class for black pugs. We believe that one or two of this breed have been imported, but do not remember by whom. We should like to know, as we had an inquiry about them not long since. This reminds us that Mrs. R. Mortivals, who is the principal breeder of these dogs in England, has had occasion to write to the papers warning the public against buying black pugs said to be sired by her dogs, without referring the pedigree to her. Some dealers have been using both the names of the "Mortivals" stud dogs and the brood bitches, and thus selling stock under a false pretence.

#### Heavy Mastiffs.

We have another letter on the subject of "Heavy Mastiffs" that must lie over till next week. Mr. Winchell also sends a long letter in answer to some remarks made in a contemporary derogatory to his Beaufort's Black Prince and Boss's Princess. He raises the point that the old breeder in England, quoted by this writer as saying that Prince is as full of bad points as Minting was of good ones, is rather amusing in view of the fact that this "old breeder" has not seen the dog, and Mr. Winchell is quite content to let his dog stand on his public record. He has not yet been defeated, is within one win of being a champion, and, moreover, has defeated such an acknowledged good bitch as Lady Colens. As to Boss's Princess's head being of "a spiky-headed sheep dog type," Mr. Winchell would like a picture taken of such a dog and compared with a picture of Princess, which he will provide. As to her being overshoot, as this writer claims, it is just the other way. Mr. Winchell believes in showing his dogs and not keeping them at home and then telling every one how good they are. In regard to the accusation that he can see no faults in his own dogs he aptly remarks that he knows of no reason why he should publish the faults of his own dogs, that are not for sale. These are the main points of the letter, which we cannot at present find space for, especially as it is simply a personal argument between himself and the writer in our contemporary.

Mr. Sidney W. Smith, of Leeds, England, has received an invitation to judge St. Bernards at Boston show. If he does it will be a pleasant change from the monotony that exists at present.

#### A New Bull-Terrier.

Mr. F. L. Dever, of Peoria, Ill., has purchased from Mr. James Lowrie, of Newcastle, England, the bull-terrier Bellerby King, who has won a number of prizes. The dog is now on the way over in charge of Spratts Co. in the steamship America.

#### Yonkers Fanciers' Club.

The annual meeting of the Yonkers Fanciers' Club was held Thursday night, Jan. 25. President Lynde occupied the chair. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, James H. Young; Vice-President, William Rowland; Secretary, Emil Garnjost; Treasurer, George Langran. The executive committee for this year will be Wm. Rowland, E. A. Lynde, R. Lamb, Charles Piggott and H. H. Thompson. There were three applications for membership.

The Liverpool show, which opened Jan. 23, was a success, with 1,530 entries. Rufford Ormoude, the crack collie, and the crack St. Bernard Lady Mignon were defeated in their respective classes, but in neither case is the decision upheld by the critics.

We are positive that the lovers of the St. Bernard in this country will experience a qualm of regret when they read the following news. Mr. W. C. Reick's Princess Florence, Marvel and Young Bute returned to England, on the S. S. Gallia, on Tuesday last, sailing at 2 P. M. in charge of Mr. A. M. Hughes. Mr. Thos. Shillock, of Birmingham, England, is the purchaser. Such an exodus is a distinct loss to the fancy on this side and will place the New York St. Bernard Kennels at a great disadvantage from a show point of view. Mr. Reick is now in Egypt, but it is stated that he does not intend giving up the breed, as he still has a few dogs and some puppies by Young Bute out of Rustic Beauty, and with the aid of one or two more bitches will try and breed something good instead of buying cracks. Young Bute imported during the past summer has not been seen on the bench in America, but had made his record both as a sire and show dog before he came over here. Marvel has not been beaten in regular competition since his importation in November, 1892, and Princess Florence, imported Nov. 1, 1891, achieved additional glory by twice winning over the great Sir Bedivere under different judges. As a breeder, she has been a disappointment in this country; still we are sorry to lose her. During his short visit to England, Mr. Hughes will be the guest of the Hon. and Rev. Philip Yorke Saville, rector of Methley near Leeds, and one month after his return will sever his connection with the New York St. Bernard Kennels and be open for another engagement. The fact that these dogs will not be seen on our show benches at New York, this year at any rate, will leave the competition more open, and had this been known earlier it might have influenced a greater entry at New York. That the peerless Sir Bedivere is likely to remain with us for good and all is some consolation.

The English Stock-Keeper began the new year by abandoning the distinctive yellow-tinted paper, which we have so been accustomed to see, and appeared with the new year in a white dress. It matters little what color the paper is as long as the reading matter is bright and clear, and this the Stock-Keeper always is.

We have been asked several times lately, both editorially and privately, to give some particulars about the best smooth fox-terriers now on the bench in England, and we cannot do better than quote from Mr. Vicary's interesting article in the English Kennel Gazette describing and commenting upon the best dogs of the past year. Although no particularly good one was brought out in 1893, the general average was a distinct advance on former years. There has been more consistency in type and a levelling up to a higher standard.

As the shows generally cater well for this popular breed, the entries are commensurately large and this, with the repetition of classes, has made the judges' task at the large show, as Mr. Vicary remarks, one of great difficulty and labor. In speaking generally of the breed he gives some good advice when he says: "The scale of points adopted by the Fox-terrier Club years since is still to the fore, and I trust will never be altered; the great bulk of exhibitors know what

is wanted, and are surely making progress. The breed is popular all the world over. Let breeders keep pegging away, bearing in mind that the greatest point of all in building up a kennel is only to use the best materials, as well as the best bred. A really ugly, ill-formed dog of good breeding may get some good winners, but sure as fate his characteristics will come out sooner or later to create difficulties that might be avoided. Future as well as immediate success is what all breeders must have an eye to, to really advance the breed on a sound basis."

In dogs D'Orsay still holds the pride of place, having at the best fox-terrier shows been continually placed over Vice Regal and Venio. About the merits of the two last named there seems to be a difference of opinion, as both have in turn been placed one over the other, Deputy coming next in order. These are challenge class dogs. In open dogs those whose names we find well to the front are Despoiler, Vengo, Hunton Justice and Charlton Verdict; following these are Staron's Stung, Charlton Vincit and the youngster High Spirits, that did so well under Mr. Redmont at Crystal Palace show, winning in the limit, novice and puppy classes, in the former, beating Charlton Vincit. Prisoner (late Rowton Rusty), is another young one that seems to be well up. Apology is another that did well at Cruft's show, winning in novice and puppy classes, beating Prisoner. Among the bitches the best seemed to be Pamphlet, Brockenhurst Dainty II, and Brockenhurst Lottery, and of course the crack Vesuvienne, who has not been seen out much lately. In the other classes we find Lyon's Sting, a consistent winner, followed by such terriers as the young Vere de Vere, Valteline, First Arrival and Chulmleigh Topsy, also a young one. Beacon Tartress is a terrier that has won in puppy classes and limit classes during the year. The Smew showed up well in Cruft's show, winning in novice and puppy classes and second to First Arrival in open bitches under Mr. Vicary. These seem to be about the best and most frequent winners and afford a choice to any one wishing to make up a kennel—if they can be bought. Fox-terrier men on this side would have been better pleased if Mr. Vicary had dipped into comparisons and descriptions of some of these terriers, but we must be content with the records he gives of the winners at the principal shows.

In this country the fox-terrier fancy is not allowed to languish, for in addition to the old enthusiasts such as Messrs. Belmont, L. and W. Rutherford, John E. Thayer and Clarence Rathbone, a number of new names are continually cropping up in the catalogues.

Once a terrier man always such, seems to hold good, for although Mr. C. D. Bernheimer let fox-terriers go to have a fling at great Danes, the fever is returning and he intends to build up another kennel. He is already in communication with the principal breeders on the other side, his intention being to secure a couple of good dogs and about ten bitches. A couple of weeks since he lost his great Dane Maloch.

Mr. H. A. Lawrence, owner of the Kennel Lawrence, Columbus, O., by careful selection had got together a rattling good team of great Danes, in fact he had at Chicago the best and most typical team of this breed yet shown by an American. The loss of Senta directly after the late Chicago show and the serious illness of Earl of Wurtemberg was bad enough, but since then the death of Hepern Flora, first at Newark, in whelping to Hepern Hero, must have been very discouraging, and he has our sincere sympathy. At the same time it is a warning not to show bitches when heavy in whelp. A bit of bench show glory is not of sufficient importance for a breeder to take such risks.

It will be remembered that we spoke rather enthusiastically about the litter of seven-months-old bull pups that the Woodlawn Park Kennels had on exhibition at the Saratoga show and the credit due to Mr. Robinson in raising them so well. We also remarked that their dam, Rock Rose, was again in whelp to Rustic Sovereign. Mr. Robinson was in hopes of repeating his good work with her next litter, but all bulldog breeders will regret to hear that this will never be, for Rock Rose died during parturition on the Sunday night following the show. She gave birth to five live pups and one dead one; another dead one, despite the efforts of the veterinarian, could not be taken away, and mortification setting in the bitch succumbed. Rock Rose was by Rabagas out of Roseleaf. The bulldog is Mr. Robinson's favorite breed, and he knows that in breeding these dogs the bitter and the sweet are not evenly adjusted by any means, and the experience of English breeders during the past year has not been all *couleur du rose*. The other pups did not suffer by their little jaunt to the Saratoga show and will be shown at New York.

#### The W. K. C. Show.

At the hour of our going to press on Tuesday, Mr. Mortimer, the superintendent of the W. K. C. show, was unable to give any information regarding the exact number of dogs entered. Entries are still coming in fast, and Mr. Mortimer assures us that the entries will fully equal, if they do not exceed, those of last year. The full number by breeds will be given in our next issue.

We regret very much to hear that Mr. Chas. E. Bunn has sustained a severe loss in the death of his well-known stud mastiff and winner, Ormoude. Many fanciers would feel discouraged after losing five such animals as Edric, Ilford Cameo, Miss Caution, Caution's Own Daughter and Ormoude within one year. Mr. Bunn is made of the right stuff, however, and will hold on as long as he can keep a mastiff.

#### Another Railroad Dog.

Another noted railroad dog is dead. This is Ponto, a small white and brindle dog that for nearly nineteen years has been owned by Mr. Canfield, an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His death was due to old age hastened by an attack of pneumonia. Ponto was a most intelligent dog and through long years of association with his master had become perfectly familiar with train and railroad men. He accompanied his owner, who was a master carpenter on the New Brunswick, N. J., section of the road, on his daily trip up and down the road. He knew the up from the down track and when walking on the ties would always select the one where the train would approach him in front. It is also said that he knew the signals and would calmly observe them before crossing the railroad bridge if he did not hear a train coming, and if, when crossing he heard a train approaching he would make for the draw tender's house and wait till it passed, or if this was not possible he would lie down between the two tracks and thus escape injury. He was known to all the railroad men from Jersey City to Philadelphia, and many tales are told of his smartness, and how he would jump on a train, getting off where he wanted to, and after spending some time there would board the next train home.

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

#### American Kennel Club Affairs.

THE American Kennel Club commences a new year in one sense under the most favorable auspices. There are no grave questions of policy to consider or errors to correct, unless we except its policy toward the Canadian Kennel Club. There is much to be said on both sides for and against the conduct of the C. K. C. in this matter and FOREST AND STREAM has already brought out the salient points of difference, and nothing further can now be said until the two committees appointed by the clubs have decided upon some definite action. We trust, as do all dogmen, that no friction may arise and that everything may be amicably arranged so that neither the clubs nor the dogmen shall suffer.

The club starts the year with a nominal balance of \$2,815.82 against \$5,004.30 in January 1893. This balance of \$2,815.82 is, however, merely nominal, as the club owes \$2,018.37 for printing accounts, deposits received for charges (now pending) and the balance of the legal expenses incurred in 1891-92, which amounted to \$3,802.53, of which \$1,952.53 was paid in 1893. There is a balance due the club for advertising contracts, dues from active members and petty accounts amounting to \$1,027.60. If the club can depend on receiving this money it leaves the club really with a balance only of \$1,197.11. If it does not receive it \$796.95 represents the actual amount the club can claim at the present time. The legitimate or working account of the club for 1893, which excludes the legal expense account of \$1,952.53, shows that the receipts were \$7,488.30 and the actual working disbursements \$7,724.15, an apparent loss of \$235.85.

For the year 1894 the club has assumed an extra expense of \$225 for additional office room and \$215 for materials and labor necessary to properly index the registrations, which latter item may be still further increased to \$550, as noted at the last meeting of the executive committee. This means a probable extra outlay of \$775 during the year.

The amount received for registrations during the past year was \$3,581, and the "quarters" for listing made up a sum of \$601. The annual dues from active members foot up \$540, and the sum derived from Associate membership was \$1,215. The "breeders' certificate" revenue was only \$14, and the cash sales of and subscriptions to the *Kennel Gazette* amount to \$264. The sales of Stud Books increased the receipts by \$235. The Stud Book for 1893 will be issued about March 1.

#### Antidotes for Poison.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

From time to time the meanest men on earth indulge in the indiscriminate poisoning of dogs, and many lives more valuable than their own are lost. The poison generally used is strychnine, and its characteristic symptoms are convulsions, which resemble those of tetanus.

On one occasion; when a number of dogs were destroyed, a prize terrier owned in Newton was found with convulsions fully developed. Her life was saved by the following treatment: Pour a pint of boiling water on 4oz. of chewing tobacco. Express the juice by squeezing the tobacco with the hands. Give a teaspoonful of the decoction every five minutes until the convulsions are stopped. No time must be lost, as the action of the poison is very rapid. An experiment on a second dog was successful—and not long afterward the life of a human patient, who had taken strychnine and was in convulsions, was saved by the same treatment.

In the spasms produced by strychnine all the muscles, including those of the stomach, are very rigid. It would be well to relax them by the use of ether. Make a cone by turning a newspaper on its corner, place in it a handkerchief, then pour in three ounces of sulphuric ether, and hold to the dog's nose, allowing some air to mix with the vapor, until the spasms cease, but not long enough to produce insensibility. Then give the tobacco. When the effect of the poison is overcome, small but frequent doses of brandy, or other stimulant, should be given. I hope that this may aid in saving some of our canine friends. DOG BERRY.

NEWTON, N. J., Dec. 19.

#### Death of Nick.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Jan. 30.—The famous red Irish setter Nick, a son of Nick out of Rosebud, both imported, died of pneumonia at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on the 29th inst. Very many of your readers knew and valued the noble fellow and will be interested to hear about him. J. MACNAUGHTON.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

W. H. S., Chillicothe, Mo.—B. Alton Smith, North Attleboro, Mass., is the owner of the Chesapeake you mention.

C. C. H., Macon, Ga.—You can buy the American Kennel Club Stud Book for 1893 from the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York. Price \$2. It will be issued about March 1.

O. H. H., Indianapolis, Ind.—We do not know where you can find a market for live jack rabbits, unless it be with some of the clubs in the West that have inclosed coursing. A card in our business columns would probably bring you customers.

H. E. S., Detroit, Mich.—It is difficult to advise in this case without knowing the dog. However, perseverance alone will overcome his timidity; he is young yet, let him run and gradually make him understand that correction does not necessarily mean the whip.

Owing to pressure on our space this week the following veterinary queries have been answered by mail: L. R., Providence, R. I.; C. G. V. and E. G. H., Hackensack, N. J.; H. W. B., Syracuse, N. Y.; H. P., Newburyport, Mass.; J. N. B., Needham, Mass., and F. S. L., Olferton Springs, N. Y.

W. H. M., Middletown, N. Y.—Young Wagg, by champion Varg out of Damsel Belle; Wagg, by Francis's Sancho out of Sappho, by Co-ham's Bang out of Vesta, by Brocklin's Bounce out of Francis's Belle; champion Sancho by Brocklin's Bounce out of Belle; Belle by Sancho out of Dido; Sancho by Meator out of Juno. Damsel Belle we cannot trace. Trust the above will be sufficient.

W. E. J., Marion, O.—Have a four-year-old pug dog that seems to have some skin trouble. The hair falls out, leaving the skin black and scaly. The tail is almost bare of hair and spots commencing on fore shoulder. His general health seems good. Can you suggest a remedy? I use linseed oil to wash him. Is that good? Aus. Apply the following ointment all over the dog every other day for two weeks. Then wash off, and repeat in a few days if necessary:

R. Ichthyol. .... 3i  
Vaseline. .... 3i  
Mix. A little to be well rubbed all over the dog every other day.

G. E. J., New York City.—For your beagle to whelp in, a large dry goods box with open front will do, or better, a platform made of smooth boards raised a couple of inches from the floor and covered with clean old straw. After the bitch has whelped clean up and put fresh straw down. Have your beagle whelp in a warm room, temperature about 75°, or even a little warmer. For the first day after whelping feed the bitch every four or five hours with broth or milk thickened with stale bread or boiled rice. Second day give three meals; for breakfast milk and crackers; midday broth and stale bread, or rice and some of the meat chopped up fine mixed with it. Use lean meat, or if the broth is made from bones, etc., skim off the fat before giving to the bitch. The last meal should be more solid, one-half chopped meat and the rest soaked bread, boiled rice, oatmeal or crushed dog biscuits, if accustomed to them, as all dogs should be. Twice a week give raw meat at night chopped up fine. When puppies are three weeks old teach them to lap diluted scalded milk or broth; use little at a time; gradually increase quantity and strength as they grow older, and till weaned at four or five weeks old. Then they should be fed very early in the morning with scalded milk; about 8 o'clock milk and crackers; 11 and 2 with broth and crackers—stale bread if baked hard first will be better; at 5 P. M. give some more milk or broth, and at night mix broth and crackers, stale bread, boiled rice, barley, etc., and feed heartily, but never so much that the abdomen becomes distended. After the sixth week more substantial



food can be given, Spratts puppy meal with broth, boiled rice, bread or oatmeal mixed with the vegetables and meat the broth is made from, and feed four times a day, adding a little raw meat chopped up fine every other day. At three months old feed three times a day crushed biscuits and a variety of the foods quoted above that will be most convenient to prepare. Don't miss a meal and never feed too much, and when the puppies have had enough remove the remainder. Give water fresh and often, and allow them plenty of room to run about in. Keep them warm during this season.

## Hunting and Coursing.

### The Foxhound Standard.

**Editor Forest and Stream:**  
In a recent issue of your paper Mr. Clute asks what "drops" mean in the Brunswick Fur Club's standard for American foxhounds. It is simply a typographical error and should have been "chaps" or "chops," as the upper lips are variously called. See article on the foxhound in *Vero Shaw's* "Book of the Dog." A. C. HEFFINGER.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 2.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

The standard for American foxhounds as arranged at the B. F. C. meet is good to my notion excepting in regard to neck—slim is not the correct thing. I should make it: "Neck should be strong and clean, rather long and tapering from head to shoulder, and no trace of throatiness should exist." In other respects I am pleased to say the standard is about the best thing for a good field hound. R. H. POOLER.

SERENA, Ill., Jan. 29.

## HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The coming Merced coursing meeting is attracting great attention among the lovers of the leash in California. Mr. Grace has finally decided to judge the meeting.

Mr. John Egan, of San Francisco, has sustained a great loss in the death of his greyhound bitch Sly Girl. Both in open and inclosed coursing she was a wonderful performer and few ever lowered her colors.

The Call, San Francisco, says that a gentleman from Livermore well known in coursing circles recently visited Ireland and returned with three choice greyhounds, two of which he left in the East and took the other two to California. Unfortunately, this one was killed the other day by being spiked while in the act of jumping a fence.

The San Francisco Coursing Club was to tender a complimentary benefit last Sunday to Mr. J. R. Dickson, the well-known sporting writer. All the crack dogs were to be entered for the meeting at Newark Park and we trust that the affair will have passed off with the success its promoters anticipated.

## Pachting.

Those of our readers who are unacquainted with the circumstances attending the death of Mr. McMullen may draw an incorrect inference from the allusion of our correspondent, "Podgers," Mr. McMullen began his sailing alone, or with one companion, in 1851, and continued it regularly for forty years; his work being done in craft, that, whatever their size, were carefully designed for it, of seagoing model, safely ballasted and under-rigged, usually as yawls or lugers, and not cutters.

We would not recommend any young sailor to attempt to emulate the examples of Mr. McMullen and our correspondent Nomad; few men are fitted for such work, but between the Procyon and Perseus and the over-rigged, half-ballasted catboat there is a wide range of safe, seaworthy and comfortable little "singlehanders" in which life afloat may be enjoyed to the fullest degree by the owner and one or two congenial companions.

## AMERICAN YACHT CLUBS.

We are desirous of obtaining a complete list of American yacht clubs and will be indebted to any of our readers who will aid us in correcting the following list. Though prepared with special care, it doubtless contains many errors. We will be glad to know of any clubs omitted, or of any included which are no longer in existence, or which are not regularly organized clubs for the promotion of yachting. Some organizations on the list are fishing clubs, or social clubs which make an annual excursion afloat, and these we wish to exclude. The names and addresses of secretaries are revised up to the end of 1893, and we will be glad to know of all errors and changes:

Albany.....Thos. Wilkinson, 62 State street, Albany, N. Y.  
American.....Thos. L. Scovill, 25 Park place, New York.  
American (Mass.).....E. N. Folandsee, 53 State street, Newburyport.  
American Model.....Harry Melvin, 18 Park place, Brooklyn.  
Atlantic (Boston).....A. N. Williams, Calle Piedad 350, Buenos Ayres.  
Atlantic (Boston).....Com. E. W. Dixon, Boston, Mass.  
Atlantic (Brooklyn).....G. H. Church, 45 William street, New York.  
Auburn.....E. O. Kramer, 153d street and N. R., New York.  
Barnstable.....Barnstable, Mass.  
Baltimore.....F. McAllister, 3 N. Charles street, Baltimore.  
Bar Harbor.....Bar Harbor, Me.  
Bay View.....W. N. McAvoy, 131 S. 4th street, Philadelphia.  
Bay View City.....J. P. Mooney, 4 W. 53d street, Bayonne, N. J.  
Bayswater.....I. P. Hubbard, 115 Nassau street, New York.  
Bay Shore.....G. M. Smith, Bay Shore, L. I.  
Bay View.....W. A. Cook.  
Bay of Quinte.....George N. Leavens, Belleville, Ont.  
Beach Haven (Auxiliary).....John T. Fox, Beach Haven, N. J.  
Bellingham Bay.....L. A. Wheeler, New Whatcom, Wash.  
Beverly.....Wm. Amory, 2d, 50 State street, Boston (1894).  
Biddeford.....George Townsend, Biddeford, Me.  
Bilge Water.....San Francisco, Cal.  
Biscayne Bay.....Kirk Muirroe, 331 Pearl street, New York.  
Bijou.....E. S. Waller, Essexhurst, L. I.  
Bohemian.....Harry Rossmo, 44 Flatland, L. I.  
Boston.....Thos. Dean, 28 State street, Boston.  
Bridgeport Boating Association.....A. H. Davis, 429 Maine street, Bridgeport, Conn.  
Brooklyn.....William Caggar, Box 154, Brooklyn.  
Buffalo.....Howard A. Baker, Buffalo.  
Bunker Hill.....F. M. Williams, Charlestown, Mass.  
Buxton.....F. H. Shute, Gloucester, Mass.  
Cape Cod.....D. W. Dean, Orleans, Mass.  
Capital.....Allen C. Smith, Washington, D. C.  
Canarsie.....John Taylor, 73 Bedford street, Brooklyn.  
Carolina (North).....J. McKee Cowan, Wilmington, N. C.  
Carolina (South).....C. E. Proleau, Box 215, Charleston, S. C.  
Carthage Ice.....Robt. Dunwoody, Carthage Landing, N. Y.  
Catalina.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
Cedar Point.....W. M. Thomas, Box 14, Saugatuck, Conn.  
Chelsea.....F. L. Dow, 12 Post Office Square, Boston.  
Chesapeake Bay.....J. G. Morris, Easton, Md. (1894).  
Chicago.....W. V. B. Rossing, Commodore.  
Chicago Yachting & Rowing Ass'n.....Wm. Netting, Chicago, Ill.  
Cleveland.....O. O. Gardner, Cleveland, Ohio.  
Citizens' Yachting Association.....John Look, Detroit, Mich.  
Columbia.....Geo. Parkhill, 61 E. 130th street, New York.  
Cohasset.....Cohasset.  
Commonwealth.....W. C. Le Petrie, 183 M<sup>st</sup> street, South Boston.  
Columbia (Chicago).....W. D. Payne, Chicago, Ill.  
Conanicut.....Dr. H. J. Rhett, Jamestown, R. I. (1894).

Cooper's Point.....F. E. Baker, 114 Beale street, San Francisco.  
Corinthian, Cal.....Chas. Chamberlin, New York.  
Corinthian (Texas).....Chas. E. Rust, Galveston, Texas.  
Corinthian Fleet.....(Atlantic City).....W. W. Hollingsworth, M. D., Philadelphia.  
Corinthian (N. Y.).....G. A. Cormack, 63 Stone street, New York.  
Corinthian (Marblehead).....Everett Paine, Marblehead, Mass.  
Corinthian (Phila.).....A. F. Bancroft, 114 South Sixth street, Phila.  
Corinthian (Balti-more).....H. E. Meredith, 1505 Mosher street, Baltimore.  
Coronet.....W. S. Merced, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Detroit.....J. A. Minwegen, Detroit, Mich.  
Delavan Lake.....C. V. Bachele, Delavan Lake, Wis.  
Dorchester.....H. W. Smith, 40 Mill street, Dorchester, Mass.  
Douglaston.....Jas. Hixon, Douglaston, L. I. (1894).  
East Bay.....E. A. Stockpole, 90 Broadway, New York.  
Eastern.....Wm. S. Eason, 381 Franklin street, Boston.  
Essex.....W. C. Rother, Newark, N. J.  
Excelsior.....J. M. Russell, 213 Warren street, Brooklyn.  
Excelsior Ice.....T. P. Daly, Burlington, Vt.  
Fall River.....Wm. E. Blossom, 70 June st., Fall River, Mass.  
Rockaway Corinth.....Woodward Babcock, Far Rockaway, L. I.  
Florida.....H. H. Buckman, Jacksonville, Fla.  
Fox Lake.....Byron Boyd, Fox Lake, Ill.  
Great South Bay.....C. C. Bliss, Islip, L. I.  
Greenville.....G. F. Kraus, 120 Old Bergen Road, Jersey City.  
Gloucester.....Gloucester, Mass.  
Gunpowder.....Baltimore, Md.  
Gravesend Bay.....Com. John Cottier, Gravesend Bay, L. I.  
Habana.....J. A. Frias, 128 Aguacate street, Habana, Cuba.  
Harlem.....J. W. Creegan, 519 E. 121st st. New York (1894).  
Haverhill College.....Canneburg, Mass.  
Haverhill.....C. H. Marrow, 356 Washington street, Boston.  
Hempstead Bay.....C. H. Alliger, Hempstead, L. I.  
Hemp. Har. (Aux.).....Robert T. Cook, Glen Cove, L. I.  
Horseshoe Harbor.....Chas. S. Gaubert, Larchmont, N. Y.  
Hudson River.....A. G. Buckholz, 751 Ninth avenue, New York.  
Hudson River Ice.....E. P. Rogers, Hyde Park, N. Y.  
Hobbs's Hole.....Hobbs's Hole, Massachusetts.  
Hull.....Wm. A. Cary, 33 Court street, Boston.  
Hull Corinthian.....Fitz Henry Smith, Jr., 132 Newberry st., Boston.  
Hyde Park.....Chicago, Ill.  
Inland American.....Cameron Currie.  
Idlewild.....Idlewild on the Hudson, N. Y.  
Illini.....H. B. Sparks, Alton, Ill.  
Indiana Harbor.....L. R. Abberger, 83 Liberty street, New York.  
Innocent.....Com. Henry Currie, Jamaica Bay, L. I.  
Jamaica Bay.....Samuel Gilmore, Oceanus, L. I.  
Jamestown.....W. N. Murray.  
Jeffries.....C. A. Braynard, Chamber of Com. Bldg., Boston.  
Jersey City.....J. V. Wolcott, 366 Communipaw avenue, J. C.  
Junior Ice.....Red Bank, N. J.  
Kennebuc.....Wm. Brown, Bowdoinham, Me. (1894).  
Kennebunkport.....Kennebunkport, Me.  
Key City.....J. W. Jones, Port Townsend, Washington.  
Kill von Kull.....F. H. Dehile, Port Richmond, S. I.  
Keystone.....E. C. Smith, Woodsburg, L. I.  
Kingston.....James Galloway, Kingston, Ontario.  
Knickerbocker.....O. H. Chellborg, 1 Broadway, New York.  
Lake Champlain.....A. G. Whittemore, Burlington, Vermont.  
Lake Geneva.....W. S. McGee, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.  
Lake George.....Chas. E. Warren, 32 E. 42d street, New York.  
Lake Hopatcong.....C. A. Brindley, 6 W. Park st., Newark, N. J. (1894).  
Lake Mahopac.....Lake Mahopac, N. Y.  
Larchmont.....C. C. Little, Larchmont, N. Y.  
Lake yacht R. A.....E. H. Ambrose, Hamilton.  
Lincoln Park.....C. O. Andrews, 75 Lincoln ave., Chicago.  
Lynn.....F. E. Newhall, 22 Newhall street, Lynn, Mass.

Longport Yachts-club Ass'n.....Bolton Stelman, Longport, N. J.  
Manchester.....C. A. Cooley, 3 School street, Boston.  
Manville (La.).....M. J. Guerne, New Orleans, La.  
Meadow.....South Shrewsbury (or Seabright), N. J.  
Manhattan Model.....J. Hart (1894).  
Manhattan.....S. H. Stuart, 58-60 Broadway, New York.  
Marine and Field (Auxiliary).....Louis J. Boury, Bath, L. I.  
Massachusetts.....Wm. B. McClellan, Box 2541, Boston.  
Meadow Creek Out'g.....C. A. Arnist, Club House, Sheepshead Bay, L. I.  
Merrimac Valley.....J. W. Bartlett, West Newbury, Mass.  
Michigan.....J. E. Harris, 42 Jefferson ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Milwaukee.....H. B. Wiborg, 363 Washington st., Milwaukee, Wis.  
Minnetonka.....G. E. Gale, 223 Nicollet ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Minnesota.....George W. Wirtz, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Mobile.....R. C. Vincent, 304 South Anthony st., Mobile, Ala.  
Monatiquio.....C. G. Sheppard, Weymouth, Mass.  
Morton.....Harry Young, Chester, Pa.  
Mosquito Fleet (So. Boston).....Geo. L. Paget, 3 Bay View place, S. Boston.  
Narragansett.....F. A. Rhodes, 20 Market square, Providence, R. I.  
Neptune.....L. Hall, 194 West Tenth street, New York.  
Newark Bay.....E. F. Atchinson, 46 New street, Newark, N. J.  
Newark Bay.....Jas. Spavin, 78 West 25th street, Bayonne, N. J.  
New Bedford.....John P. Rhodes, New Bedford, Mass.  
New Hamburg Ice.....Wm. Van Wyke, New Hamburg, New York.  
New Haven.....W. A. Chamberlain, Box 1266, New Haven, Conn.  
New Jersey.....Louis Wunder, 119 Broadway, New York.  
New Jersey A. C.....Jas. D. Boyd, 77 Broad street, New York.  
New Rochelle.....R. C. Eddy, 90 Rochelle, N. Y.  
New York.....J. V. S. Oddie, 67 Madison avenue, New York.  
North Shrewsbury.....J. B. Weaver, Box 203, Red Bank, N. J. (1894).  
Nyatt Corinthian.....Providence, R. I.  
Oak Point.....Henry Schmidt, 667 E. 150th street, New York.  
Oceanic.....G. D. Horber, 139 Park avenue, Jersey City.  
Oconomowoc.....R. C. Jones, Oconomowoc, Wis. (1894).  
Ohio.....G. K. Gelp, Toledo, O. (1894).  
Old Colony.....Geo. A. Hall, Boston, Mass.  
Olympic.....R. Orr, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Old Mill.....Jamaica Bay, L. I.  
Onondaga.....J. W. Schneider, Syracuse, N. Y.  
Orange Lake Ice.....A. N. Chambers, Newburg, N. Y. (1894).  
Orangetown.....Canarsie, L. I.  
Oshkosh.....Oshkosh, Wis.  
Ossining.....J. V. Kirby, 39 Wall street, New York.  
Oswego.....W. B. Couch, Oswego, N. Y. (1894).  
Owasco.....Auburn, New York.  
Patchogue.....Patchogue, L. I.  
Pine Lake.....A. C. Rietbrock, Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Piscataqua.....Y. K. Gaskill, 26 Bush st., San Francisco, Cal.  
Pavonia.....James B. Fiskel, Jersey City, N. J. (1894).  
Pequot Association (Auxiliary).....W. H. Hale, 87 Church st., New Haven, Conn.  
Pequot.....George T. Gwilliam, 1715 Chestnut st., Phila.  
Piscataqua.....Fred A. Bradbury, Dover, N. H. (1894).  
Plymouth.....A. L. Barnes, Box 567, Plymouth, Mass.  
Pleon.....Marblehead, Mass.  
Portland.....Chas. F. Flagg, 42 Exchange st., Portland, Me.  
Providence Cor.....J. W. Gannell, 113 Burnside st., Prov. R. I.  
Provincetown.....Provincetown, Mass.  
Pittsburg.....Com. C. E. Painter, Pittsburg, Pa.  
Queen City.....W. D. Thomas, Toronto, Canada.  
Quebec.....H. H. Sharples, Quebec.  
Quincy.....Geo. E. Pfaffman, 40 India Wharf, Boston.  
Racine.....Racine, Wis.  
Raritan.....W. H. Hesser, 61 Fayette st., Perth Amboy.  
Rhode Island.....P. F. Eddy, 27 Page st., Providence, R. I.  
Riverside.....John G. Porter, Riverside, Conn.  
Riverton.....Norman Ellison, 24 S. 6th st., Philadelphia.  
Rochester.....T. B. Pritchard, 607 Ellwage & Barry Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.  
Rough Weather.....Jamaica Bay, Long Island.  
Royal Bermuda.....F. J. Jones, Hamilton, Bermuda.  
Royal Canadian.....B. Bruce Harman, Toronto, Canada.  
Royal Hamilton.....Thos. W. Lester, Hamilton, Ont.  
Royal Jamaica.....Com. E. Nankivell, R. N., Kingston, Jamaica.  
Royal Nova Scotia.....H. M. Wyld, Box 520, Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
Ruffin Bay.....Ruffin Bay.  
St. Lawrence.....J. C. C. Almon, Bank of Montreal, Montreal.  
St. Augustine.....John C. Dean, Hyde Park, Mass.  
Salem Bay.....Robin Dam, Salem, Mass.  
San Francisco.....W. R. Reed, 502 Battery street, San Francisco.  
Savannah.....M. A. Chasen, 93 Bay street, Savannah, Ga.  
Savin Hill.....J. H. Shaw, Box 1760, Boston, Mass.  
Sayville.....Com. Ridgeway, Sayville, L. I.  
Seaboard.....W. E. Davidson, Calais, Me.  
Sea Cliff.....D. W. Pardee, Grand Central Depot, New York.  
Seattle.....Seattle, Wash.  
Seawanhaka Cor.....H. R. Hayden, 7 East Thirty-second st., New York.  
Seawren Land and Water (Auxiliary).....E. D. Wright, Seawren, N. J.  
Shackamaxon.....H. S. Anderson, 309 North 1st avenue, Phila.  
Shelter Island.....C. Henry Brigham, 406 Preston street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Shenandoah.....Wm. T. Litner, Troy, N. Y.  
Shinnecock.....John Cook, Red Bank, N. J.  
Shrewsbury.....Robert T. Dennis, Sing Sing, N. Y.  
Sing Sing.....J. Henry Clarke, Jr., Marion, Mass. (1894).  
South Amboy.....Samuel Clarke, South Amboy, New Jersey.  
South Boston.....Hubert Pope, 386 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.  
Southern.....F. M. Hall, 59 St. Charles street, New Orleans.  
Southwark.....Jos. R. Stephens, 1594 S. 4th street, Phila.  
Squamum.....J. E. Drew, Box 102, Boston.  
Stamford.....Malcolm F. Pitt, Stamford, Connecticut.  
St. Augustine.....W. S. Hall, St. Augustine, Florida.  
Staten Island (Auxiliary).....C. C. Martin, Stapleton, Staten Island.  
Stevens.....A. M. Lozier, Hoboken, New Jersey.  
Stoney Point.....Harry C. Banks, Port Morris, New York.  
Tappan Zee.....C. Williamson, Piermont, New York.  
Tacoma.....Maury Island, Puget Sound, Tacoma, Wash.  
Tappan Zee.....C. Williamson, Piermont, New York.  
Tarpon Springs.....L. T. Safford, Tarpon Springs, Florida.  
Toledo.....Fred Greiner, Toledo, Ohio.  
Tomahawk.....Tomahawk Lake, Wisconsin.  
Tom's River.....Thos. W. Middleton, Tom's River, N. J.  
Tower Ridge.....Wm. Ross, Jr., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.  
Troy.....W. S. Hyde, 11 First street, Troy, N. Y.  
Voorhees.....W. B. Newhall, 53 Atlantic st., Lynn, Mass.  
Volunteer Sailing Club.....H. W. Mathias, 10 Olive street, New Haven, Conn.  
Weeapong.....Wm. B. Wait, Jr., 9th ave. and 34th street, N. Y.  
West Hampton (Auxiliary).....Aug. Zabriske, 71 West 71st street, New York.  
West Lynn.....B. E. Grovne, 38 Providence st., New York.  
Williamsburgh.....G. W. Siemes, Jr., 738 Albert street, L. I. City.  
West End.....Detroit, Mich.  
Winward.....Chas. E. Safford, Jamaica Bay, Long Island.  
Wawasee.....Wawasee, Ind.  
Winthrop.....Chas. G. Bird, 162 Congress street, Boston.  
Yale Corinthian.....Harold W. Bush, New Haven, Conn.  
Yonkers.....Yonkers Yacht Club, which always finds time to go over to the island. And in doing this a winter home has been provided equal to every requirement for the enjoyment of a quiet hour of leisure or an evening's social entertainment.  
The front of the club-house, facing directly on the bay, is very imposing, and a conspicuous object viewed from an incoming steamer in any part of the harbor. The design of the balcony and towers is of the colonial style, which lends itself to the original building, and is in keeping with the age and dignity of the club, and is particularly suitable to a building so situated as to be most often viewed from some distance. Large round pillars support the balcony and its gabled roof, the square towers rising behind, adding to the solid effect, each having a large area on top suitably rolled in to afford commodious look-out stations. There is no jimmie-work, woodwork or other odds and ends to detract from the effect of the general design. A flag pole is yet to be erected, and this will be in ship shape style, rigged with a yardarm, which can be used for signalling purposes.  
The ground floor is given over to lockers and dressing-rooms, and a bath-room, together with the furnace and stowage for heavy stores. This is the full size of the building—50x63ft.—and affords ample accommodation for all these purposes. A ladies' parlor was also furnished on the second floor, which lends itself to the general design, this situation being chosen as it will be convenient for the lady friends of the members when waiting for the club launch.  
A staircase leads to a landing from which wide sliding doors open into the assembly-room, 24ft. wide, by 63ft. long, and its length may be augmented by opening the doors and windows leading to the balcony in front, which is 14x50. This gives ample accommodation for smoking and other social functions. The balcony is of the colonial style, and contains a large old-fashioned fire-place at the upper end. Light comes through a skylight and the windows facing the bay, a system of ventilation being arranged through the former. The walls are furnished in dark crimson and gold, and the ceiling is in a light color. On either side of the assembly-room are six smaller rooms in all, to be used as committee-rooms, card-rooms, and the secretary's office.  
Further up in the towers are the janitor's rooms and access to the roofs for observation purposes.  
Shortly after eight o'clock the assembly-room was crowded with the members and their friends. Commodore Boswell occupied the seat of honor in the centre of the room, having with him his Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Lieut.-Col. Uiter, and other distinguished guests. The curtains were hung up at 8.30, and seldom if ever have yachtsmen been treated to so good an amateur minstrel performance.  
Mr. A. Bethune personated King Lobengula and with Mr. Brem Forsyth held down the two end chairs in a manner that was most acceptable. The club chorus was a huge success and ought to be secured for the "Lake meet" this summer. The jokes were in the main good, including several yachting hits, and all held up above reproach. At the conclusion of the programme, Vice-Commodore Brown made a few remarks, congratulating the commodore on the excellent standing of the club, and, after commenting on the esteem in which that gentleman is held by the members, presenting him with an excellent portrait of himself, which has been provided by subscriptions by the members. The commodore, as taken by surprise, out-replied feelings, asking that the picture should be allowed to adorn the walls of the club-house. After this pleasant incident, refreshments were served, and a smoking concert followed. TORONTO MAIL.

**Challengers for 1895.**  
(From the Boston Globe.)  
When in a recent issue the London Field confidently announced that, if all went well, two English noblemen would associate in issuing a challenge for the America cup with races in August or September 1895, many American yachtsmen were at a loss to account for the Field's confidence in view of the fact that Lord Dunraven had already expressed his intention of not entering the contest himself.  
A clue to the identity of the noblemen which the paper had in mind was however held by the few yachtsmen who knew that Lord Wolverton, who was one of Lord Dunraven's party in this country last autumn, was associated with the latter gentleman in the ownership of the Valkyrie, and now these yachtsmen believe that it is Lord Dunraven and Lord Wolverton who will be associated in the challenge of 1895 as they were in that of 1893.  
Such an association would be a most natural one, and at the same time would account for Lord Dunraven's declared intention to have another try for the international trophy. That at the same time he did not say that Lord Wolverton would be his associate in the challenge is not strange, for he made no public mention of the fact that the latter was part owner of the Valkyrie, nor does the correspondence with the New York yacht club disclose the fact.  
The joint ownership was, however, known on both sides of the water. That it did not become more widely known on this side of the water at the time of the races is doubtless due to the fact that Dunraven himself was silent in the matter. There was, however, no secret made of it, and therefore it seems in no way inappropriate to call it to mind or to make it more widely public, in view of the challenge which seems likely to come out of that of 1893.  
Lord Wolverton's object in remaining quietly in the background was not known, but it was doubtless a good one and since the New York yacht club's cup committee had no formal notice of his interest in the challenger they probably saw no reason for making it public. It is notable, however, in this connection that at the dinner given Lord Dunraven and his party by the New York Yacht Club, Mr. James C. Smith, cup committee, and Lord Wolverton were seated above the Marquis of Ormonde, a man of higher rank and title, which placing of the guests was due to nothing except the recognition of Lord Wolverton's association with Dunraven.  
Lord Wolverton, though apparently an enthusiastic yachtsman, has made no public reputation in that direction, and is not known to American yachtsmen as having owned any racing yacht. That he has the true spirit of the sport, however, shown by his association with Dunraven, and he will undoubtedly be cordially welcomed as a joint challenger with the latter in 1895. He is a member of one of London's best-known banking firms and a man of wealth.



## Single-Handed Yachting.

THERE has been a great deal of gush and talk about single-handed cruising, and much written, mostly I imagine by those who have never given it a practical trial, except under very favorable circumstances. I am not alluding now to canoe cruising on smooth waters and rivers, but in rough water under sail.

I recently read an English book in advocacy of the fad, and an account of a long cruise around the coast of England single-handed. It was a plucky undertaking, and the man came out of it safely, but it was a mere summing up of much and continuous hard work, and great difficulty in making harbor for the night, as the English coast is proverbial for tide harbors, and he was obliged in almost every instance, to call on the local watermen for assistance in getting in and out, and had to pay in the aggregate as much as would have hired an assistant permanently, to say nothing of the immense amount of fatigue and hard work involved personally, for as we all know, the English rig is proverbially hard to handle (always the outer rig of course). By the way, the same man eventually lost his life in a subsequent cruise, being found dead in his boat, dying it was thought, from fatigue and exhaustion.

While enjoying a holiday not long since down at Sag Harbor, I had a day's experience of the delights of this single-handed business, which I will give as an example, from which any young gentleman with an ambition the way, may draw a moral of the beauties of the practice. I was, as I say stopping at Sag Harbor, and with a view to hiring a small yacht, applied to the owners of several lying in the harbor, but they all demanded such extravagant terms, that I concluded to go over to Greenport and try my luck; where I succeeded in chartering a 26ft. craft, rather a good looking boat, but bearing evidence of rather hard usage, and the owner admitted that some amateurs had run her on the rocks recently, but he guessed she was all right. I had some misgivings, as my experience led me to believe that running a boat on the rocks was not a particularly good thing for the boat. However, I took the craft, and going on board, and as it was blowing fresh, put in a reef, and sailed for Sag Harbor. Boats, horses and women are very much alike, that is to say, you can't tell much about them until you get acquainted.

After getting down the bay, where the wind had full sweep, I discovered that my craft was deficient in ballast and that I had more sail than was healthy, so I had to heave to and put in a second reef, in a nasty sea and roll. This being accomplished, I hoisted sail again and went along, but even with this short sail I found that the craft had a disposition to luff around and look me in the face, in other words, steered badly. Like most catboats she was over-sparred, and her mast too far aft, and her boom was as long as the moral law, a nasty stick to manage, and with a disposition to take the water every time she rolled (the wind was free and she was a roller from way back); every time she rolled to leeward she took in a barrel of water in the leach of the sail, which I had not been able to secure properly, for want of the necessary material, then, when she rolled to windward, the water came pouring on to my head, completely drenching me.

I had all I could do to keep her from jibing, which would have been a risky move in the heavy sea that was now getting up. I wanted to drop the peak, but how was I to leave the helm to do it? I could not luff and run forward, as a long, sandy point made out on the port bow that would have brought me up all standing, so I had to let her go and take the chances. As she rolled, I noticed that she was taking in a good deal of water; in fact, her increasing loginess gave evidence that she was leaking badly. I finally got across the bay and into the reach between Shelter Island and the mainland, where the ebb tide against the wind was kicking up a bobbery and nasty tide rip; and the antics that boat did kick up. She bounced, plunged and rolled, taking water across decks from both sides, baptizing me pretty thoroughly, and I was not prepared for it, not being in sea togs, in fact, had on a swell suit not adapted to swells of that sort, and which was by that time sadly demoralized.

I managed to wallow through the reach, and rounding the point, where I had a lee, luffed up into calm water, intending to anchor, and get the water out of her, but before I could get the anchor ready she drifted back again into the eddy and into the tide rip stern foremost where, catching the breeze, she would shoot up into the calm streak. I finally by keeping out into the breeze, got clear, and continued on my course, and reached port, running up under the lee of the wharf, lowered sail after a fight with jamming hoops and kinky halliards, dropped anchor and the voyage was up. I sat down in the stern sheets to do a little blowing myself, thinking it was my turn, and lighting my pipe, that refuge and comfort to the yachtsman under difficulties, proceeded to take it easy.

A good smoke, as every smoker knows, restores serenity, smooths a ruffled temper, and gives time to reflect on what to do next, which was of course to stow sails, clear up decks, and under present conditions to see about getting that water out of her, which by this time was over the cabin floor.

In a badly rigged boat—I may say half-rigged in this case—it is no fool of a job to clear up decks and restore order, where every rope insists on kinking and coiling the wrong way. In this instance the throat halliards having gone well up the mast in fustions, the peak halliard jammed in the block, the mainsheet overboard, and when it came to furling the sail not a stop to be found, no boat hook to rescue the halliards in the air, obliging shinning up the recently slushed mast, giving the final *coup de grace* to that suit of swell clothes.

It was a good hour's work to get things in shipshape, during which time the captains of the boats I had not hired constituted themselves a standing committee to criticise my labors; but my work was not ended, for there was the water to be got out of her, and that was a serious question, for on searching I could find no pump, and only a leaky old bucket and an oyster can. My first idea was to leave her to her fate until I could charter some boy to do the job, but I saw that unless that was soon done she would sink; and, contrary to all precedent, there was not the usual small boy to be seen, so there was but one thing to do, and that was to tackle it myself.

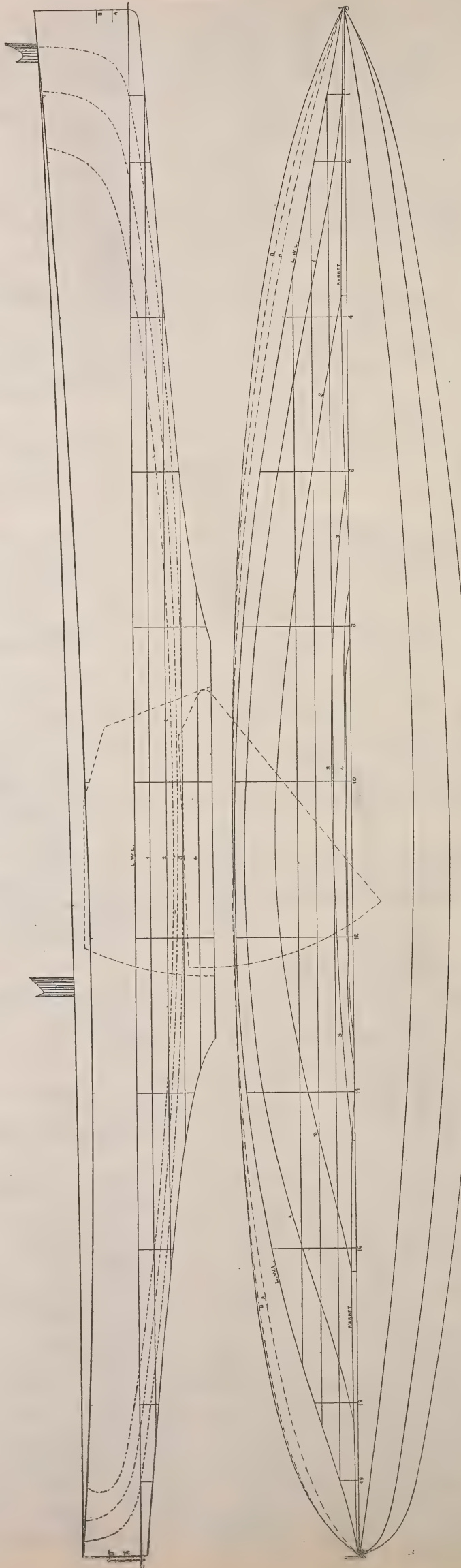
It took two hours steady work to get the water down to her timbers, by which time it was dark. Hailing a passing boat, I got ashore and wended my way up to my boarding house. Mentally I determined that if Sag Harbor afforded a man or boy that would work, he would get a fine chance on the morrow, as the office of bailer was one I did not care to add to the duty of single-handed sailing, and something I had not included in my calculations; and I beg to remark that if there is any one greater nuisance than another it is a leaky boat, and one to promote an extreme degree of profanity and complimentary mention of the builder.

My landlady held up her hands in astonishment at the change in my appearance from the morning, when in all the pride of swell togs I had set forth. However, a good wash and change of clothes restored me to favor. A good dinner and smoke served to soothe the troubled spirit, which, followed by a refreshing night's rest, prepared me for the morrow and anything that might turn up; in which amiable frame of mind I wended my way down to the boat. There she lay, looking very innocent and as if the last thing she thought of was to give a moment's annoyance; but on closer inspection she seemed low in the water. I immediately had, as the Dutchman said, my "suspections."

Going on board, I found the water well over the cabin floor. It was high water mark with her again, and all loose things were afloat. Here was a pretty how-d'y-do, for a party of ladies at the house had invited me to invite them for a sail and picnic, and here was this cussed boat full of water that must be gotten rid of, and no time to lose. There were a lot of seedy chaps loafing on the wharf as I came on board, and thinking some of them might be induced to take the job of getting the water out, I hailed and asked the question, to which I got as an answer a request to go to a locality that I certainly am in no great hurry to reach. It was evident that labor was an occupation they scorned and despised. They were of the class that believed that the world owed them a living, and came under the head of what the politicians term the "poor down trodden." It would have given me infinite pleasure to have done a little treading on their lazy carcasses at that moment, and in my indignation I threw off my coat and went to work with a will, and if one of the band had then and there come aboard and offered to do the job, I should have kicked him ashore. There's nothing like getting one's "mad" up, to arouse the energies. I had that boat cleared of water and in good shape by the time my party appeared with lunch baskets.

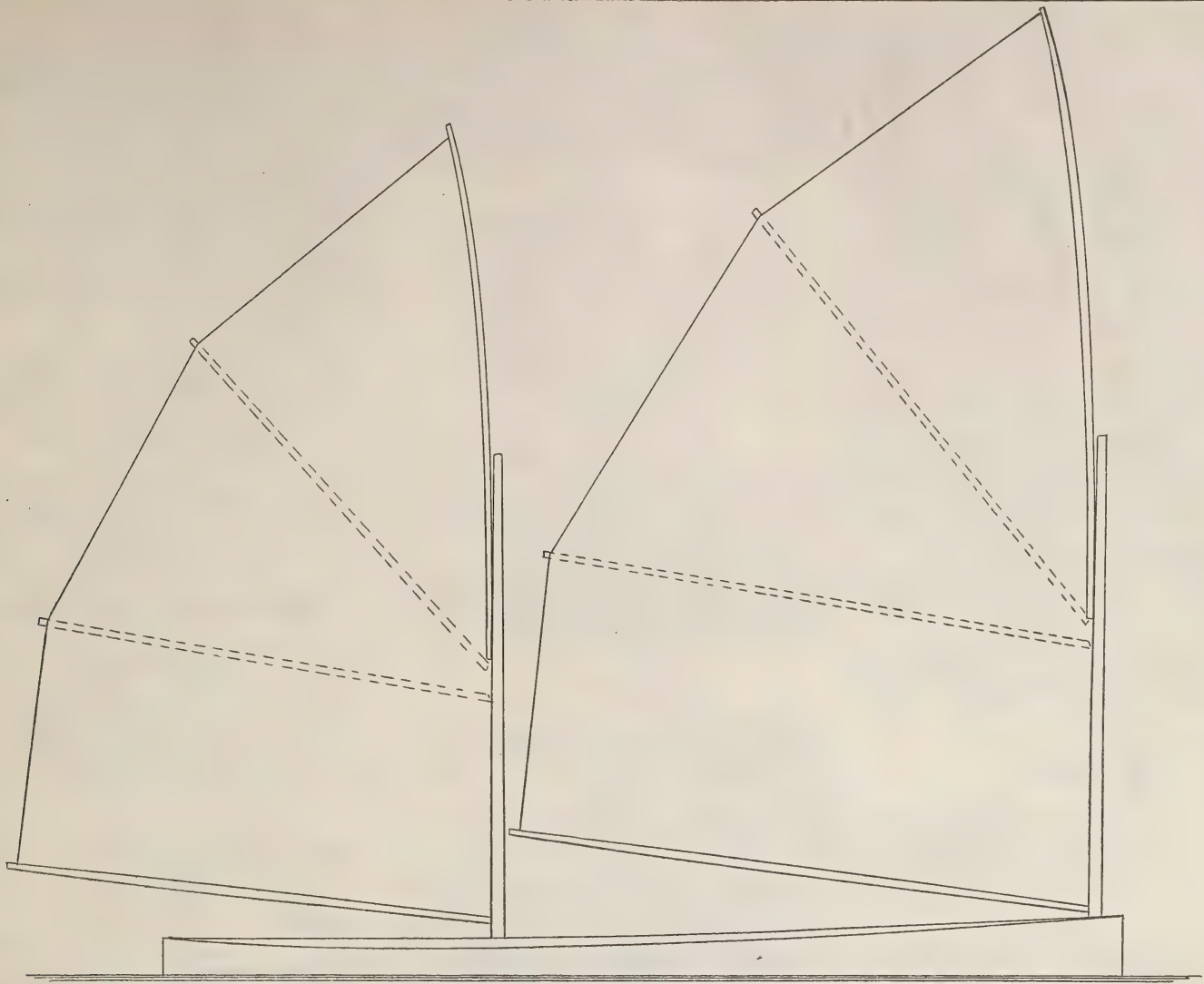
Having hauled in to the wharf, we got up sail, under the critical observation of the gentlemen composing the standing committee, as we call them, who were enjoying the satisfaction of having it to say that, for once, they had snubbed the bloated capitalist.

They had enjoyed seeing me do the work unaided, but thought I would have to give in when it came to getting the anchor up, and they were not far wrong, for it was, in the words of the poet, "a devil of a pull," and I had to hook on the jib halliards to break it out, there being no windlass, and just here I want to say to amateurs and owners of small boats, don't be ridiculed out of having a windlass on your craft no matter how small you are, for the time comes, sooner or later, when you will wish you had it, and those times are when your anchor gets foul of a rock, or buries in sticky, heavy holding ground. It will save your back and much profanity, either the windlass or a winch on your mast, for anchors enjoy hugely sticking and hanging on like grim death, when they know you have no windlass. I did get mine up finally, but had no time to stow it, as it was necessary to jump aft and haul in main sheet, as she was rapidly drifting down on an old hulk under her lee. A sudden puff of wind filled the mainsail, heeling her over, when away went the anchor off deck and overboard, running out the full scope, and bringing up all standing, and parting the rope, which meant good-bye to that anchor and a \$5 bill to replace it; but I was glad it did not bring me up for the committee on shore, had it done so, would have gone frantic in their delight. Fortunately the gentlemen did not see the anchor catastrophe, and I escaped com-



MILWAUKEE AND AVIS—RACING CANOES DESIGNED FOR THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFF, CANOE AND STEAM LAUNCH CO., BY WILLIAM GARDNER, 1892.





MILWAUKEE—SAIL PLAN.

ment: There was by some mistake, evidently, another anchor on board, an unprecedented piece of good luck.

At last we were under way (weigh?) and I wiped the perspiration from my face and put up a prayer of thankfulness, which I fear was not very well received, after what I am afraid had been some questionable ejaculations during the getting under way. I was congratulating myself that for the present, at least, my troubles were ended, when away went the hook of the throat halliard block, and the sail and hoops settled down as far as the peak would let it, and there it hung, a charming object to a sailor's eye. What was to be done? Just nothing, of course, for there was no man or boy aboard to relieve me at the tiller to go forward, lower away, and repair damages; not one of the callow youths aboard knew the stem from the stern.

It always seemed to me that a boat took a malicious pleasure in taking advantage of your being short-handed to cut up and mortify you in sight of the critics, and especially when you were particularly anxious to have things go smoothly. It is at such times that every rope is seized with a diabolical determination to kink and tangle, or get overboard, and every halliard to get a turn, and if you have a jib sheet it is bound to get foul of the fluke of the anchor or bitts and hold to windward when you are coming about; then if there is a sandbar under your lee and you have to do some close steering some woman is sure to get in front of you, or in case you are steering with a tiller she will plump herself down alongside so you can't put your helm down.

To take a party out single-handed is to offer a premium for all the petty annoyances that sailing is heir to and generally results in disaster. Your guests not understanding such liabilities, land with a poor opinion of your skill as a sailor and proceed to criticise thereafter in all the superior confidence ignorance gives. Meanwhile you are in a savage mood at the way things are going and enter a mental resolve never to do it again, or if so never to leave your anchorage without a man or boy to assist in getting under way or coming to; it is imperative, for it is an undisputed fact that every boat has two ends and at times both need attention at the same moment, especially if she is a boat of any decent size.

The amateur yachtsman is ever under the fire of criticism of the standing committee, the gentlemen who stand on the wharf with their hands in their pockets, and their greatest pleasure is to see the owner of a boat get her under way and pass judgment on his methods. It is these gentlemen that make and mar the reputation of boats; they have their favorites, and such a boat is a tub and such a one a daisy, the favorites generally belonging to some chap of their own ilk.

In getting under way under the eye of the committee, if things are a little difficult, some craft close under your lee, a strong tide, a baffling wind, too much or too little, or you are trying to make a creditable landing calling for a little extra skill, the committee at once shows great interest, with a running fire of commentaries on your methods. They exchange conjectures as to "What is he trying to do?" "Goin' to run down that ar' schooner, I guess." If you are so fortunate as to accomplish your landing without a smash-up, they look grieyed and injured.

There is ever an uncompromising feud between those gentlemen and amateur yachtsmen, especially in our town (San Francisco), where every owner sails his own boat, and that superannuated luxury, a sailing master, is an unknown quantity, as are also large crews; consequently the most the committee can hope for is an occasional job or a day's work on a regatta day. They look upon Oarinthians as enemies to the "profesh," and such enemies as a great grievance; but pardon this digression.

Having sailed out of sight of the committee, with a consciousness that my stock was way down, but still thankful for being saved the mortification of their seeing what a plight I was in, with the sail half up, I managed with a free wind to make my port, a charming sandy beach under a high bluff with a glorious shade of oaks. Nothing could be more lovely for the picnic, and after landing the party in the small boat, having run the craft as far on the beach as I could, as the sail would not come down I turned my attention to repairing damages. Letting the craft drop back to the small anchor that now came in play, I had to take a turn at bailing, as she was keeping up her habit of leaking, so my time was pretty well occupied while the others were having a good time, and were calling out to me to come ashore before all the chicken salad was gone. I had just sat down to a dish of good things with an appetite born of salt water, which every yachtsman and boarding-house keeper knows (to their sorrow) is ravenous, when appealing to look seaward I discovered the craft walking off with the oil (anchor) in her teeth, drifting to leeward. I dropped the sustenance and jumped into the boat and gave chase, overhauling her, and got sail on to her to get her back to anchorage, by which time it was getting well along in the afternoon, and the chaperones began to gather their chickens under their wings, and the debris of the lunch

was returned to the baskets, I in the meantime having run the craft on shore and got the anchor bedded on dry land, determined she should not get adrift a second time, but in the excitement of gathering up and getting the people aboard my lunch was a thing of the past, and had to be postponed to a future occasion.

The weather began to look dubious and the sky to cloud over, and I saw trouble ahead, so with great difficulty I got a reef in. I say difficulty as bearing on the absence of reef points or gear.

At the start the wind was fair, but our trip involved hauling up close on the starboard tack before going far, and it began to get very squally, forcing me to luff up and shake her, which operation lost all headway and she lay like a log, so I had to take the other alternative and let the sheet go by the run and haul in when the worst had passed, a condition of things that any yachtsman will appreciate as being by no means pleasant and certainly not calculated to gain much to windward.

It grew blacker, and it was evident that we were in for a heavy shower; I looked at the finery in fancy headgear of the female contingent and saw a catastrophe ahead, thinking how soon all that exhibition of art would lose its loveliness and look like the tail feathers of the drenched chanticleer. I had not much time, however, to give to coming damages, for I had my hands full to keep the confounded boat from foundering when the squalls knocked her down, the water in her swashing to and fro, gave evidence that she needed bailing badly, but this was impossible with a cockpit full of girls, who were doing the usual amount of screaming whenever she took in water, which she did much too often to please me.

Several times I thought she would get the cockpit full, and if so I knew she would go down like a log; meantime it came on as dark as Erebus and began to thunder, and the lightning was very lively, which latter I was glad of, as it enabled me to get my bearings.

Presently down came the rain in torrents, the female contingent had meantime all crawled below and were stowed like sardines in a box and sweltering with the heat, some came out and braved the elements (those presumably wearing their old bonnets). For fifteen minutes it poured down so hard that it forgot to blow, and then it cleared up suddenly and brought a fair wind, and if ever there was a grateful man it was I, for with a free sheet we made good speed, and in the course of half an hour ran alongside the wharf and landed my somewhat bedraggled party.

The next move was to get the craft out to an anchorage, as she could not be left at the wharf on account of the berth being required for the steamboat early in the morning, so I cast loose, and giving her a good shove with the oar, shot her out to a good drifting and cast anchor, only to find that I was exactly over an old hulk full of spikes, and when the tide fell she would be on top of them, so I had to haul up that anchor and get clear, which being at last accomplished, I rolled up the sail in what would not have passed for ship shape, and going below shed my oil tugs, filled my consoling pipe, and sitting down in the cockpit in the then bright moonlight, reviewed the events of the day, and gave the subject of single-handed yachting serious thought, and the verdict I handed in to the court was this, that for the want of an assistant I had made a slave of myself, endangered the lives of a dozen people, had made a toil of what should have been a pleasure, and that the day had been little else than a series of mishaps and annoyances, and all and every one of them would never have happened, or if so, made trifles by the presence of even a boy, who could haul a rope or steer; in fact, the veriest dunce would have saved me most of the annoyances of the day.

It is sheer folly for any person to go out in any decent sized boat alone anyway, for there are so many possibilities of unanticipated accidents, and even a small boy may be a saving clause. How often do we read of the solitary man being knocked overboard by the boom of a small boat, for, as we who have had a crack over the head by a small boom often, know how hard the little spar can rap. The best man may be knocked over by a jibe, or change of wind, when his attention is called away, and even though a good swimmer, his boat getting away from him, and he may sink in sight of it, whereas, if another party is in the boat, how easy to seize the tiller and keep the boat for the swimming man and pick him up.

Again, the sized boat one can handle without much labor is not large enough to be safe in outside or rough waters, and sooner or later (generally sooner) the man comes to grief.

I have noticed that these enthusiastic singlehanders that write up their cruises in the FOREST AND STREAM one season are not heard from the next. One trial seems to fill the bill and satisfy them.

It is all very fine and jolly for once for the novelty, and the young and enthusiastic amateur thinks he has had a glorious time; but if he goes again, and writes it up, it will be noticed that it is not in the first person, but generally reads "Bob and I." Again, this single fad is a very lonesome business, especially when night comes on; for then it seems as if every living thing was out for your benefit. If on a river, every old owl within five miles will call around and get himself in a

tree close at hand, and make night hideous until you have cold chills; muskrats will swash around your boat and the crickets will open business in a concert for your benefit, and very likely some farmer's dog will locate himself on the bank and howl his views of a man who goes poking about in such a cockle shell, getting cramps and rheumatism, and calling it fun. It may do for an afternoon cruise around a harbor, where your chances are good for being picked up in case of an upset; but all this talk of singlehanded cruising outside is simply bosh, and to do it is tempting Providence and risking life that may be too valuable to be thrown away so foolishly.

"And that's what I say and I mean when I sing,  
Oh, bother the preachers of any such thing."

PODGERS.

The story that "Podgers" doth sing, tra-la,  
Has nothing to do with the case.  
The man who leaves bailer and ballast ashore,  
And loads a crank catboat with damself galore,  
As a yachtsman cannot claim a place.

Such "singlehand" cruising may be very fine.  
But I want no dudes, damselfs nor catboats in mine.  
Let him take a snug cutter,  
A leaden-keeled cutter,  
That will not bring him into disgrace.

And then, like the others, he'll say and he'll sing,  
This singlehand sailing is quite the right thing.  
Sing tra-la-la-la-la,  
Sing tra-la-la-la-la,  
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

Ed.

### Aquarium Exhibition.

The yachting exhibition which opens at the Aquarium on Feb. 1 next promises to be of far greater value than that held last year. First attempts are invariably experiments, and, though there was much of interest in the 1893 display, it seems that the 1894 will be of much more use to those concerned. To start with, the loan collection will be a serious attempt to show the development of shipbuilding, especially in the smaller craft which more closely approximate to yachts, and here we are asked to state that the Aquarium Company will welcome models of every kind which will bear on this point. If any of our readers who know of such models, paintings, engravings, or even early photos which bear upon this subject will put themselves in communication with Mr. du Plat at the Aquarium they will receive prompt attention.

The races between the Brit. du Plat and the Navahoe will be amply illustrated, both by a model of the English cutter loaned by the Prince of Wales and by contemporary original sketches and photos taken by eminent artists, which are being loaned by the illustrated papers and others. The Valkyrie and the Vigilant will be treated in the same way, so that the galleries will present a résumé of the past year in yachting. Another feature will be models sent by the great ocean firms, so that the relative proportions of the vessels of competing companies may be compared.

Altogether a most interesting display appears to have been arranged, and one which will attract and please every yachtsman worthy of the name. Among the trade exhibitors will be found names of eminence, and the embryo yachtsman who desires to make a start may walk in at one Aquarium door and emerge at the other fully equipped.—Field.

### The Rig on Scarecrow.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: The rig on Scarecrow mentioned by my friend Thomas Clapham as having been illustrated by you in his sketch of my Flying Pontoon (precursor in regular progression of Bouncers, Gloriana, Whalebacks and Vigilant), is fully described in Robinson Crusoe in connection with his famous periagua *voyage autour de son île*. Defoe alludes to it as a well known oldtime sailorman's rig, and no doubt it was transferred to the West Indies and the Spanish Main by the buccaneers. I first saw it in British Honduras in 1860, on the splendid dug-out "dories," and built-up-on-dug-out-foundations "creers," a sort of leg-of-mutton ketch, and illustrated and described it in a paper on "Quaint Craft" in Lippincott's Magazine of August, 1875. Having but one halliard with center of effort low, it is admirable where white squalls abound, especially for single-handed cruising. For racing, with a trained crew, I agree with Capt. Fitzgerald, R. N., that no rig can equal the dipping lug. . . . W. L. D. O'GRADY, Capt., late 88th N. Y. Vet. Vols., formerly Royal Marines.



## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, 87 Madison avenue, on Feb. 1, with Com. Morgan in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., Edwin D. Morgan; Vice Com., Edward M. Brown; Rear-Com., Royal Phelps Carroll; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Morris J. Asch; Mess., John H. C. Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell; House Committee, E. A. Houghton, Alonzo B. Jones, Frank M. Cronise and F. T. Adams. Committee on Admissions, Frank T. Robinson, James C. Bergen, Robert Center, Daniel T. Worden and Henry C. Ward; Library Committee, Dr. J. M. Woodbury, William Gardner and Fordham Morris. Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie's application for membership was presented, and after some discussion it was decided that the constitution does not permit of women members, and the subject was laid over until the next meeting, a committee being appointed to consider it further in the meanwhile. Thirteen active members were elected, and Lord Dunraven was elected an honorary member. The club regatta will be held on June 7, but the usual annual dinner will be omitted. The secretary's report showed a membership roll of 1,005 members and 297 vessels, a gain of 17 vessels in the year. The present club house has been leased again for one year, but the committee on new club house and site was continued. The cup to be presented to the owners of the Vigilant for her success in keeping the America's Cup here is still in the hands of the silversmiths. A committee consisting of J. V. S. Oddie, William F. Douglas and G. C. McCormack was appointed to draft resolutions in memory of ex-Vice-Com. Caldwell H. Colt, who died recently in Florida.

The collision case between the once famous yacht Yosemite and the steamboat Charlotte Vanderbilt, by which the latter was sunk July 14, 1882, after dragging along through the different courts of appeal, has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, the court of last resort, in favor of the Yosemite, although the decision of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York had to be reversed. The point at issue was that of proper lights. The Vanderbilt's owners contended that the Yosemite carried no central range lights as provided for river navigation, although engaged and documented as an ocean-going vessel. The Supreme Court decided that the Yosemite was not required to carry central range lights. This decision being final, it is well for river steamboat navigators to bear in mind that a masthead and the regulation side lights are all the lights that sea-going vessels are obliged to carry when navigating rivers.

The Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. has begun work in its new shops, and reports plenty of orders to start with, two 30ft. l.w. sailing yachts, the Nella, lately illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, and another for Berriman Bros. of Chicago; two racing 18-footers, one 18ft. over all by 8ft. 6in. beam, the other 20ft. over all; a 25ft. steam launch and a 22ft. 6in. vapor launch with sectional rowboats. The firm is prepared to build all classes of yachts and boats.

The first number of Vol. V. of the *Rudder, Sail and Paddle* for January, 1894, comes to us with a new cover and a marked improvement in its contents. Mr. H. Woodward Rogers, of New York, will henceforth be associated with the management of the paper, and it will take up rowing as well as yachting and canoeing.

A musical entertainment will be given at the town house of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. on Feb. 13.

## Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE work of revising and preparing the year book of the A. C. A. for publication is now in hand, and the Sec'y-Treas., Mr. George P. Douglass, 136 Liberty st., New York, requests that members will notify him of all errors or changes in their addresses, names of canoes, etc. Members may also aid in eliminating a great many errors which now exist in the lists, by calling attention to any which they may know of the addresses of their friends.

WHATEVER ground there may be for the complaint of our correspondent, it will be plain to those more fortunate members who have been present at several meets that his ideas are based on anything but such facts as would have been forced upon him had his view of the case been other than a purely local one. If he had visited among canoe clubs a dozen years ago and seen the rude and primitive canoes and rigs, and then had made another round of the same clubs a couple of years later, after one or two of their members had attended an A. C. A. meet, he would understand better how this same annual gathering has been the parent of improvement in canoes in this country. When the A. C. A. was first formed, we were indebted to England for our models, sailplans and fittings, but so rapid was the advance under the stimulus of the meets, that in four or five years we had left British canoeing so far astern, that it has never since caught up. The part taken by clubs and individuals in this work is only worth notice as these clubs and individuals become a part of the A. C. A. by attending the meets.

THE average attendance at the meets is about 250, and only some twenty men at most go there with a "machine." If the meets are of no use or interest to others, how does our correspondent account for the odd 200 who are present each year? It is true that Mr. Burns' remarks as to the cruisers refer only to this year, but there has hardly been a meet for the last half-dozen years that some special programme has not been arranged for the non-machine men in the way of races for general-purpose canoes, cruising races and short cruises. In every case the men who have done the most talking about racing machines have kept carefully out of the way when these cruising events were called; and they are responsible for the failure of all efforts to provide sport for the class of canoes they pretend to use. Our correspondent's ideas are so strongly expressed and firmly fixed that we have no hope of changing them by any argument; but we venture to predict that if he will make an effort to get over the thirty miles between New York and Croton Point this summer and spend a few days in camp, he will come away without some of his ideas as to A. C. A. ball rooms, racing machines and ill-treated cruisers, and will be able to discuss this same question next year in the light of actual experience, and not of second-hand and inaccurate information.

## The Racing Canoes, Milwaukee and Avis.

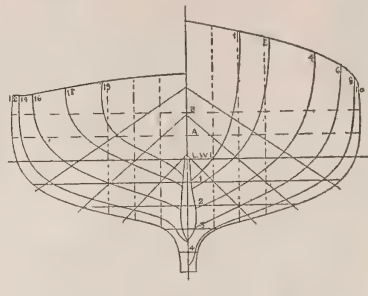
So far as model is concerned, canoe designing has been at a standstill for a very long time, the winning canoes of the last two years, such as Wasp, Bee and Glenwood, being merely improved in detail from such older canoes as Fly and Eclipse. But little change has been attempted for a long time in dimensions or lines from the latter two standard boats, all advances in speed being due to improvement of rigging and fittings and greater power through longer and stronger sliding seats. The design which we here publish, through the courtesy of the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., is notable as a departure, and a very successful one, from the two typical canoes which have monopolized the prizes in the A. C. A. and in canoeing generally for so long a time.

The company, with its accustomed enterprise, desiring to add to its large line of boats a really fast racing canoe, early in 1892 entrusted the task to Mr. Wm. Gardner, the designer of the fast sailing yachts Liris and Kathleen, and the high speed steam yachts Feisen and Nada. The resulting design, here illustrated, is not only pleasing in its fairness and symmetry, but is an excellent example of the latest theories of yacht designers in the cutting away of unnecessary surface, and in the fullest utilization of the length. As shown by the bow and buttock lines in the sheer plan, the floor of the boat is carried to an extreme length fore and aft, giving a maximum of size and power on a limited waterline; and then, in deference to the limit of over-all length, the deck and topsides are rounded in sharply. The design is very much like that made for Mr. Wm. Whitlock, from which the canoe Demoselle was built.

The dimensions are up to the limit, 16x30x10, the freeboard being 5 1/2 in. From the design the canoe Avis was built in 1893, for Mr. Emil J. Hansen, of the Mahan-Awauk C. C., of Milwaukee, a very handsome specimen of canoe building. Mr. Hansen, who is a member of the

Western Canoe Association, sailed Avis at the meet of 1893, and in her won the Gardner cup. Last year the same design was used for the canoe Milwaukee, built for Mr. F. B. Huntington, also of the M. C. C., the Sec'y-Treas. of the W. C. A. At the 1893 meet of the W. C. A., these two canoes were present, being pitted against the well-known Glenwood, originally owned and sailed by Mr. T. S. Osholm; though entered by a new owner and under a new name.

In the first heat of the Gardner cup race Milwaukee was first, with Avis fourth and Glenwood fifth. In the second heat for the same cup only Avis and Dorothy were eligible, Milwaukee having in the meanwhile won the trophy, but Milwaukee, Nereid and Glenwood sailed with them, the latter canoe handled by Mr. Nat. Cook, the crack sailor of Western canoeists. Glenwood won easily in this race, Milwaukee



being second and Avis fourth, but winning the leg from her opponent. This time Avis, Dorothy and Milwaukee started the late sailing for a special prize for second place. Milwaukee finished first, but Avis beat Dorothy and won the Gardner cup for the second time in succession. In the trophy race first heat the finish was, Milwaukee, Glenwood, Avis, and in the second heat, Glenwood not entering, but sailing over with the others, it was Milwaukee first and Avis third, Glenwood capsizing when in second place.

In the FOREST AND STREAM reports of these races, and in other papers, these two canoes have been described as "fin-keels," but this term is hardly correct, the keel being too shallow to be properly called a fin, while it carries no ballast. Milwaukee is sailed with a mainsail of 97 sq. ft. and a mizen of 71, a total area of 168 sq. ft. The large displacement of the model will call for a heavy board and some inside ballast, dependent on the weight of the crew and the construction of the hull and rig.

## Reforming the A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream: I am glad to see that my letter of two weeks ago has stirred up one man at least to take enough interest in the subject to discuss it in print over his own signature, even though he does differ from me in opinion. His criticisms of my letter make interesting reading, but I cannot for the life of me see wherein he has either contradicted my statements (except to say they are "partly true") or disproved any of them.

In the first place, Mr. Burns starts out with a wrong assumption of my complaint. He says I blame the ladies' camp and the racing contingent. In this he is in error, and consequently his whole line of argument is based on false premises. I did not say one word against either of the two "camps," for I do not think that Squaw Point can ever hurt the meets, rather it should introduce a good influence; while the racing contingent have been of great benefit to canoeing in the past and will be in the future, but chiefly because the racers of the past were cruisers first and racers afterward.

I said that the changes in rig and ideas in fittings had been fostered by the clubs and their members, and not by the A. C. A. Will Mr. Burns deny this, or assert that these things would not have been accomplished if there never had been an A. C. A.? Canoeing has had its growth and development chiefly in the last ten or twelve years, and, as is the case in every new sport, improvement has been rapid. To illustrate: The first idea of a sail was, for example merely, something like the mutton leg or lateen, with small area and long spars in proportion. One day an enthusiast was bothering with the awkward sticks when an idea struck him. At once it was put into practice, and canoeing was given a Mohican settee. Some one else suggested some changes, and the first thing we knew the sail used by Storer, Stephens, Douglas and others under the title of "new" was among us. But the A. C. A. did nothing toward this. The Zerega sail competition of a few years ago was the most practical action in the way of improvement of rigs, etc., we ever had; but the A. C. A. had nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, some prominent A. C. A. men took it upon themselves to sneer at it. And so I might quote indefinitely.

The first growth is always rapid, but now we are at a stage when some fast growth is necessary from a national organization, or canoeing will be dead compared to what it was. Is the A. C. A. ready to give it? I said that the FOREST AND STREAM had done more toward circulating maps, stories of cruises, etc., than any other agency. Mr. Burns has not disputed that. Some years ago we had a little paper, the *American Canoeist*, but that went under.

Finally I said that the meets benefited only those that were present, and that the A. C. A. was of no apparent use to any one but the man who had a "machine" and could go and race it there. Mr. Burns does not even definitely dispute that, but instead treats me to some history of what cruising races were had and how little good they did, being careful, however, to confine himself to the last meet, and entering no further into the why and wherefore. If he will consult the reports of most races he will find other races with as few starters, I think.

He also joins with yourself in a jab at my non-attendance. Does he not see that by so doing he strengthens my case? I have claimed that no one gets anything unless he comes to the meet, and Mr. Burns contradicts me by saying that the reason is because I don't come. I am sorry not to have been there, but simply could not. Has the A. C. A. any right to ask me or any one else, under similar conditions, to pay a share in its support and not receive a share of its benefits? In other words, is it a charity scheme? For a number of years I have talked these meets over with men who have been there, and I have found the opinion of the majority of those I have been able to meet to be in the same direction, namely, that the interest was dying out because so much attention was being given to racing pure and simple and none in other directions. There is where I got my authority for the "hotel-ballroom" statements. This evil has been growing slowly but surely, and has lately been apparent in the few cruisers present to enter in the one or two races thrown to them as a bone to a dog. Mr. Burns illustrates this sentiment by his sneer at the "laziness of the general-purpose-built-by-himself canoe man." Shame on you, Mr. Burns! Have you forgotten or are you too young in the sport to know that the men who have done the most in the past to advance canoeing, such men as Cox, Gibson, Scott, Douglas, Barney, Stephens, Palmer, Coe, "Nessmuk" and a host of others, all built and designed the bulk of their own boats and fittings. Are you willing to enjoy a sport which rests on the efforts of such men, to whose ideas so many of the good points of your own boat are due, and yet sneer at them? I think the idea that cruisers are not much wanted at the meet will not be dissipated by such sneers, nor will such a course help the A. C. A. retain their membership.

Mr. Burns winds up with some very good suggestions, however, notably that "what we want is an increased membership." Now, nine men out of every ten want some return for their money and they are not going to join the A. C. A. if they cannot see something in sight for their dollar, and the A. C. A. has no right to ask that dollar without giving some return. What return is it going to offer this year? I cannot see that my ideas are so absurd as Mr. Burns would have them. I suggested that the officers of the A. C. A. make some arrangement whereby A. C. A. members would get some good paper which catered to their interests for a reduced price, say FOREST AND STREAM for \$3 or \$2.50 instead of \$4. Outing is furnished to L. A. V. men for \$2.50, and it would be only applying the principle of that agent or dealer getting a discount on a certain number of subscriptions. Is there any thing absurd in this?

Then as to supplies, fittings, charts, etc., I suggested that some arrangement be made with dealers whereby any one presenting an A. C. A. membership card would receive a discount. Can Mr. Burns show me the absurdity of this suggestion?

No man remained long in any club which was not giving him some return, however slight, for his dues, and no one can ever induce good men to join any organization which is not going to render some return to them in some way. You must have something to show as an inducement to membership. What is that going to be? I heartily join with Mr. Burns and the editor in asking for further discussion of the matter.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Jan. 31.

## A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Dr. James A. Extor, Alberton, N. J.; C. O. Brinkerhoff, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. J. Field, Alhambra, N. Y.; C. O. Rinkerhoff, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. J. Field, Alhambra, N. Y.; C. O. Rinkerhoff, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## The Newton Boat Club War Canoe.

The crew of the Wawbaw entertained about thirty of the local canoe men at the Newton Boat Club house on the Charles on Thursday evening, Jan. 25, the occasion being the second smoker of the season, held under the auspices of two owners of Newton's new war canoe.

The boat house offers excellent opportunities for a good time, and every one has a chance to indulge in the popular sport of bowling on two regulation alleys. The first part of the evening's programme was an exciting match between two picked teams of local canoeists. The game proved to be intensely interesting, and the scores were very good considering the length of the alleys, Messrs. Raymond Apollonio and the Smith brothers doing particularly fine work.

Music and refreshments helped to complete the evening's entertainment, and the merry party reluctantly broke up at about midnight. Among the canoeists present were Messrs. Raymond Apollonio, Shushgab C. C., Fred P. Smith, Delham B. C.; A. F. Mitchell, Boston C. C. and Louis S. Drake, Francis J. Burrage, Geo. B. Smith, Chester A. Howe, Wm. V. Forsythe, Edw. G. Blaisdell, Fred H. Loveland, Louis A. Hall, Waldo L. Plimpton, Chas. W. Knapp, Julius B. Waterbury of the Newton B. C.

Hearty thanks for the good time were extended to the crew, which is made up as follows: Louis S. Drake, Capt.; Francis J. Burrage, Lieut.; Geo. B. Smith, Russell A. Ballou, Wm. V. Forsythe, Claster, Howe, Quincy Pond, John F. Linder, Chas. W. Knapp, Julius B. Waterbury and James H. Lowe.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

We have received an invitation to the second camp-fire of the Connecticut River Canoeists' Club, to be held at Holyoke on Feb. 10:

"Bring voice and song, and numbers strong,  
Come, and hungry surely,  
We'll fill up with fun, grub and a cup,  
And let you go home early (P)"

The Innitout C. C., of Woburn, Mass., has elected the following officers: Com., Homer B. Grant; Vice-Com., Wm. W. Crosby; Sec., Willard K. Fowle; Treas., J. Winn Brown; House Committee, Edward T. Brigham, J. W. Waters, Willard K. Fowle; Regatta Committee, Wm. W. Crosby, Arthur C. Weyer, Homer B. Grant; Membership Committee, Arthur C. Weyer, William W. Wade, Homer B. Grant; Auditing Committee, Homer B. Grant, Edward F. Weyer.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Schlicht Rifle Club.

At the weekly shoot of the Schlicht Club at its headquarters on Jan. 29, 18 members were present to compete for the club medals. Geo. Dorr won the champion medal on the good score of 240. Jacob Diehl the first class with 231, Jacob Schlicht the second class with 223, and Chas. Meyer the third class with 222. Scores: Geo. Schlicht 244, Geo. Dorr 240, Jacob Diehl 231, E. O. B. Alenstine 231, Jacob Schlicht 223, Charley Meyer 222, Geo. Rickert 220, Henry Harder 210, Geo. Lautenberger 217, Fred. Lambert 216, Aug. Tribout 216, Conrad Schlicht 213, Aug. Meyer 212, Andrew Dubline 203, Luc. Dorr 201, Peter Matie 200, Geo. Goehrig 183.

## New York Rifle Club.

New York.—The New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot at Zettler's Gallery, 12 St. Marks place, on the 3d inst. The following members were present and made:

Isbell	243 210	Hamilton	237 223
Gensch	242 238	H. Duane	233 229
Young	241 239	Barker	232 232
Chadbourne	239 239	Crocker	225 233

E. R. CHADBOURNE, Sec'y.

## Greenville Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club on Friday night showed a slight falling off from the usual attendance. Only fifteen members were present to participate in the competition. The best score of the night was shot by Wm. C. Collins, who made 240. Collins Boag was second with 238. The club has a team selected to enter the Zettler Club tournament of Feb. 23. Scores: Collins 240, C. Boag 235, J. Boag 237, Robidoux 232, Purkiss 231, Chavart 231, Gotthardt 224, Spahn 225, Daniels 225, Plaisted 224, Dadds 223, Agnean 214, Scheeline 215, Hill 206, Hofzapfel 200.

## New York City Schuetzen Corps.

The gallery team of the New York City Schuetzen Corps, which is in training for the coming team match at Zettler's Gallery, on Wednesday of this week, had its practice shoot on Friday night, the following appended scores were made by the twelve men present. Scores: Munz 236, Zettler 242, Range 239, Kuhlmann 224, Malitzen 228, Uhlein 240, Ludwig 228, Busse 224, Radloff 220, Rehn 231, Stotzenberger 229, Facklam 234.

## Our Own Club.

The Our Own Club keeps up its weekly gallery practice with the usual attendance. The honor for high score of the night went to Kruse, with 237. The members are highly elated over the prospect of having a new club house. The following appended scores were made by the members present: Capt. Huncken 233, Kruse 237, Bohmcke 234, Dilger 228, A. Moser 227, Feldman 221, Shultz 218, D. Page 218, Sinclair 217, Offen 212.

## Lady Miller Club.

Ten members of the Lady Miller Rifle Club met at headquarters on Tuesday night for weekly practice and competition for the class medals. Mrs. Meyns won the first class medal, Mrs. D. Miller the second class and Miss Sanders the third class. Scores: Mrs. Meyns 223, Mrs. Miller 218, Miss Sanders 200, Miss Bender 235, Miss Kloepping 214, Mrs. Stadler 212, Mrs. Ahrend 205, Mrs. Boardman 200, Mrs. Stein 200, Miss Richmond 200.

## Miller Rifle Club.

The Miller Rifle Club held its weekly shoot for club medals on Wednesday night, nine members participating. Capt. Fisher made the high score of the night, 241. D. Miller was second with 241. Scores: Fisher 241, Miller 241, Meyns 240, S. Schmidt 240, Dewey 221, Zoch 233, Taylor 217, Will 228, Vanderheyden 214.

## Palisade Rifle Club.

Ten members of the Palisade Club were present at the last practice shoot on Jan. 29 to compete for the club medal. The following scores were made: Fred. Krolsch 230, Geo. Dorr 239, Rob. Glaser 227, Willie Rose 228, Geo. Esper 225, O. A. Auferholder 223, Willie Ahles 210, Frank Miller 203, August Ahles 176, Willie Bornemps 142.

## RIFLE NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Hudson Rifle Club last week the following board of officers were elected: Captain, Hy Mahlenbrock; Shooting Master, H. E. Boddy; Recording Secretary, C. E. Bird; Financial Secretary, Charles Siedman; Treasurer, John Rehban; Sergeant-at-Arms, James Ruch. Board of Directors—G. W. Morgan, T. A. Reynolds, A. Braun, Sr., S. Middleton and Captain Mahlenbrock. The finances of the club are in a flourishing condition.

The Williamsburgh Shooting Society, Capt. George Schmitt, with headquarters at No. 122 Hamburg avenue, is out with a programme for its annual gallery tournament, to take place Feb. 11 and 12. Fifteen prizes, ranging from \$30 to \$1, will be offered for the local riflemen to compete for. Our crack shots will, no doubt, be on hand to participate.

The Hudson County Gallery League, which was organized on Jan. 21, is no more. At the second meeting, on Jan. 25, only three clubs were represented, and it was decided to discontinue any future effort to carry forward the movement this season. Lack of interest and the hard times are responsible for the early demise of the League.

Plaisted has samples of the S.S. Powder Co.'s SR, SK and Rifleite 450, which he proposes to try the quality of in the near future in calibers .25 to .33.

The Our Own Rifle Club, of Hoboken, N. J., have in contemplation the leasing of a lot of ground and the building of a club house.

The Excelsior Club, of Jersey City, is another club whose aspirations are in the direction of having a home of its own.



The monthly shot of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club at Dexter Park last week, was not a success. Since the death of Peter Soffer, tue late President of the club, it seems as the organization was going to drop out of sight for the present at least. On Wednesday only two members were present, Messrs. Vorchak and Koy. The two shot a sweep and a high score of 20 and 19 respectively.

The fifth of the series of monthly shoots of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 13, on the grounds of the Marblehead Gun Club, beginning at 10 A. M. The main events of the day will be for teams of three, at 30 targets per team for the individual and team championship and a 30 target team championship contest for the individual challenge gold badge at 25 targets.











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COCKERS FOR SALE—FIVE GRAND BROOD bitches in whelp to champion sires; also seven young dogs, 7 mos. old. If you don't mean business don't write. GEO. DOUGLAS, Woodstock, Ont.

FOR SALE—Several first-class cocker spaniels. Black and red bitches in whelp to Cherry Punch. Stud dogs and puppies. Some prize winners. W. B. PALMER, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

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IRISH TERRIER FOR SALE.—Perversity (A.K.R. 29023) Dunmurry—Boxer IV, 18 mos. A first-rate bitch. E. K. BUTLER, JR., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## SPECIMEN COPIES.

Any reader of the "Forest and Stream" may on request and without expense have a specimen number of the paper sent to a shooting or fishing friend.

## AMERICAN GAME PRESERVES.

We give to-day a report on the game which has been introduced into American game parks. The information may be accepted as authoritative, because it comes directly from the persons who are engaged in the several enterprises noted; and so far as it goes the record is brought up to date of publication. As the title indicates, this review is intended to be the first one of a series of annual reports, in which the development of the preserve system shall be summed up.

The facts recorded are interesting and suggestive. That our native deer and elk will thrive and breed in captivity has been demonstrated repeatedly, as in the well known Illinois deer paddocks, in which Judge Caton studied the ways of this game. But here are recorded the first steps in the confinement of American large game in parks which are so limited in bounds as to be within the control of individual owners and are yet so wide in their areas that the game has practically a range as free and unobstructed, and remains quite as wild, as in the limitless wilderness. No one who cares for the perpetuation of our native stock of large game can regard without profound interest the bringing of buffalo to the hills of New England, the transplanting of elk to the Catskills and the Adirondacks, and the sheltering of deer in a district of New Jersey where the last survivor of the native race was long ago dogged to its death.

The report is suggestive, too, because it marks the beginnings on this continent of the European system of game preserving—a system which, as every careful observer must foresee, is here to develop with giant strides. To the sportsman of the future game preserves will be familiar, and this first FOREST AND STREAM review of the year 1893 will be referred to curiously as possessing an historic interest. Until the present, in this country, we have depended upon game protection by the State for the benefit of the citizen, and it must be confessed that for the most part things have been going from bad to worse. Now has come this new plan of game preserving by the citizen for his own benefit, and for the individual who can afford it the system is a success. Whether it will prove a public good or an evil will depend not only upon the extent to which it shall be carried, but also upon the efficiency of public game protection. If game protection for the community shall be made a farce by the public the game supply will in time be confined to the private preserves. If reasonable game laws shall be observed in practice there will always be game enough

for all outside of private parks. If the game which belongs to the public were preserved on the same common sense plan as that of individual owners of fenced ranges there would be no lack of a due allowance for all.

This reminds us of a little story which is apropos here. The owner of an extensive and well-stocked game park, having accorded to a sportsman permission to hunt deer within the park confines, enjoined upon him as the sole restriction of his sport, an observance of the rule laid down for all guests alike, that each hunter should kill two deer only. Then wishing him true aim and the home-bringing of worthy trophies of his skill, the generous host bade his guest good-speed; and the guest with his guide rounding a bend in the stream passed from sight.

In due time the two deer permitted by the host had been brought down. But the guest, his appetite whetted by success, did not pause there. Forgetful of those restraints of hospitality, which though delicate as gossamer should bind every high-minded man as with chains of steel, scouting the will of his host, in contempt of manhood and in defiance of very decency, the occasion presenting itself, and no park guardians being by, this unworthy guest killed other deer; and did not stay his greedy hand until opportunity ceased. And more than this. For, coming out of the park with the shameless evidences of his misdoing, he boasted of his work; made light of the hospitality outraged and the rights of other guests impaired; and flaunted the booty of his success in the very face of his host.

An impossible story, do you say? Not so. It has been enacted a thousand times, if not in detail, in spirit as gross. For the game park was the public woodland. The owner was the State. And the offending guest—his name is Legion.

The photographs from which our illustrations have been reproduced demonstrate that the preserve affords excellent opportunities for the still-hunter with the camera. The deer pictured by Mr. Pierrepont are not in any sense tame; they are almost as wild as in their native haunts; and it required the exercise of all the still-hunter's skill to creep within focus range.

We all know the old story—it has been told ever since the days when they used cross-bows for hunting the deer—of the master, who, having boasted that he had shot a deer through a hind hoof and an ear at one shot, called in his servant to corroborate the tale, and with ready wit to explain the feat by declaring that the deer had been killed in the act of scratching its ear. Afterward the master was taken to task by the servant for having put the wounds so far apart. In a Georgia rice field version, recorded by the late Charles C. Jones, in his collection of "Negro Myths," the conclusion runs:

Arter de gentemans done gone, de serbant call eh Mossa one side an eh say: "Mossa, me willin' fuh back anyting you say 'bout hunt an' kill deer, but lemme bague you nex' time you tell 'bout how you shoot um, you pit de holes closer. Dis time you mek um so fur apart, me hab big trouble fur git um togeruh."

It is an old yarn, but we have improved the telling of it; for here in one of Mr. Pierrepont's photographs is a veritable picture by "an artist on the spot" of the deer in pose for the credulity-taxing shot; so that if any reader of FOREST AND STREAM may care to father the tale as original with himself, he will have no need of calling in the butler or the camp cook to make it good, but may produce this picture and say, "Here is how I photographed the game before I shot it." A sorry pass, indeed, if we cannot nowadays tell bigger stories than of old and clinch them more solidly.

## SNAP SHOTS.

Among the foolish freaks of game legislation is a bill (No. 94) of the Assembly at Albany, which gives towns authority to acquire by purchase private ponds, brooks and other bodies of water for the purpose of making public fisheries of them; and in case the owner refuses to be bought out, empowers the town to condemn the property and seize it by right of eminent domain. The difficulty of considering such a measure with seriousness is that it flies in the face of those universally accepted principles of property, upon which are based the holdings of our fields and homesteads. If the town may climb over our fences and take possession of our ponds and brooks for a public fishery, it may likewise take our

fields for a public shooting, our milk springs for trout hatcheries, our barns for winter quail sanitariums, and our houses for fishing lodges and shooting boxes; it may even by a vote in town meeting impress any luckless one of us into service as town game carrier, dog handler or fish fryer. Mr. Gerry says that this bill is of questionable constitutionality. We should say as much, and that its author is as likely as not *non compos mentis*.

The proposed adoption of discriminations against Canadian shooters in New York waters is an appeal to the principle of tit for tat. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Nevertheless we would gladly see the lines which divide sportsmen thrown down even between the States and the Provinces, as well as between individual States and counties and towns. They are not in accord with the spirit of the age, and we should find a way to secure the desired ends without them.

One commendable feature of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Winans Revolver Trophy contests is that they bring about a very pleasant acquaintance between the contestants. Dr. Fort did not carry home the prize the other day, but he proved himself possessed of a generous spirit which recognized in Mr. Petty a good shot and a worthy competitor. The meeting was in every sense promotive of good feeling; and we trust that the Trophy may be the means of bringing about many another occasion equally felicitous.

We conclude to-day the report of the discussion at the recent coast fishery conference. The proceedings as printed have been considerably amplified by the addition of papers and remarks written out *in extenso*, but not spoken at the time. The report, then, is of decided value, for it may be accepted as giving the two sides presented more carefully and with fuller detail than would be possible extemporaneously under the conditions of a conference. The testimony here offered and the views expressed must be referred to in all future discussion of the questions at issue. The official report by Secretary Doyle has been reprinted in pamphlet form and will soon be ready for the subscribers.

## JOHN E. LYON.

JOHN E. LYON, for many years one of the foremost citizens of Oswego, N. Y., died in that city Jan. 23, aged 80 years.

Born in Onondaga county, near Syracuse, in 1813, Mr. Lyon as a child was taken to what is now Fulton, N. Y., and a little later his father moved to Oswego. As a young man he lived for some years in Cleveland, Ohio, and then returned to Oswego, where he resided continuously for more than fifty years, during all that time being engaged in successful business pursuits.

Mr. Lyon was a man of superb presence. He was cast in giant mould and towered high among his fellows. Physically and intellectually he was of the highest type. His strong character impressed itself on those about him and his opinions carried great weight in the community in which he lived, for he was universally respected and honored, and by all who knew him deeply loved.

In his younger days Mr. Lyon had been an ardent angler. In 1838 he fished the Sault Ste. Marie River, casting the fly from a canoe in those grand rapids, and he was a pioneer in fly-fishing in that country. For many years he fished the country about Mackinac and the south shore of Lake Superior at a period when it was difficult to secure canoe-men without the acquiescence of the Hudson's Company's authorities, who then had more control than the Americans over the Indians. Long after increasing years had made it impossible for Mr. Lyon to fish the brooks, he still took great delight in reading and talking about his favorite pastime. No one could discourse more fluently or more entertainingly of the art of fishing, and it was a keen pleasure to listen to his angling talk. A man of positive ideas and unswerving convictions, he was withal so gentle and kindly that it was not easy to declare and hold views opposed to his. He was the most genial and lovable of men. His whole life was a lesson to those with whom he came in contact. Cheerful and happy himself, he made others so by the mere force of his association with them, diffusing contentment from his sweet nature without effort, as naturally as the flower gives forth its perfume or the sun its heat.

A nature so well rounded and complete is most rare, and if the world is poorer now for the loss of such a man, it is richer for all the good done in his long and happy life. We have no standard by which we may measure that good, yet we know surely that the blessed influences of a career like that of John E. Lyon do not end with one's presence here.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XXII.

The End of a Journey.

THE uneventful summer passed, marking its almost imperceptible changes by the withering of one flower and the blooming of another; the growth of grain and grass, their ripening and cutting down, the slow stoop of fruitful branches under their increasing burden, the song and silence of birds and the stealthy southward march of sunrise and sunset along the mountain crests. And lo, it was fall with no bloom but the golden rod and asters, with the red flame of the sumac, kindled in mimicry of bloom.

Bobolinks, swallows and orioles were gone, and but now and then, some remaining singer remembered or sang his summer song, and the crickets chirped with fainter monotony in the chill evenings.

The calls of migrant birds came out of the gloom from afar and near, and afar again while the listener wondered what they were. After a day portentous of storm, with gathering clouds and steadily increasing wind, there came a wild night.

Afar among the desolate mountain peaks, the wind roared with sullen, incessant anger, intermittently heard between the surging blasts that swooped upon the valley and drove the rain in a fierce, assaulting slant, with attending wraiths of flying scud.

The jaded horses of the mail wagon splashed wearily through the puddles whose agitated surfaces glittered dimly in the light of the mud-bespattered lantern, and halted in front of the post office. A wind-tossed shout of the mail driver and the thud and clank of the mail bag on the wet platform, at once brought forth the alert bare-headed postmaster, to whom was vaguely revealed by the bolt of light shot through the open door, a forlorn, be-draggled figure crouching beside the driver. Clapham strove to make it more distinct with a shading hand, but could not guess even at the sex of the muffled form until a wet ribbon fluttered and snapped about the head. Then the wagon moved on with its feeble light struggling through the storm and darkness.

"Jim's got him a passenger," he announced to the only visitor whom the arrival of the semi-weekly mail had yet tempted forth in such weather. "An' it's a womern. I can't imagine," he pondered with hovering hands arrested over the fastenings of the mail bag and eyes staring into space, "what womern is a traveling sech a night. I'll bet a cent I know. It's that Meeker gal that's ben tu work in a factry way down in Massachusetts. Yis, sir, that's jest exactly who 'tis," and chuckling over his sagacity he began to undo the straps, and his visitor waiting for his paper thought "like 'nough" as he lounged over to witness the always interesting operation.

The changes of the season were but dully noted by Pelatiah. He was sorry when the fishing days were ended, for he had brought him some consolation for a bereavement crueler than death, if not forgetfulness of his faithless sweetheart, the gleam of whose bright eyes flashed up at him from the evanescent bubbles, now mocking, now piteously pleading, and whose voice called to him, far and elusive, in the many voices of the woods. He had come to think without resentment of the girl who had won his heart but to rend it, remembering faults but to study apologies for them, and cherishing with fondest memory all that was best in her, the best, he was sure, that was possessed by any woman. Yes, she was dead to him, and he could never be fooled or happy again.

He found some solace in dogged, steady work, yet while his hands mechanically dug potatoes, husked corn, held the plow or wielded the ax, his thoughts were continually straying back into the old wearisome paths.

The early fall had brought its ordinary sport. There had already been coon hunting in the cornfields, but the shouting rabble of men and boys, the yelping pack of dogs of all breeds and the wild uproar of the closing scene when the dislodged coon fought to the last gasp against the relentless host of enemies, constituted sport little to his liking. There were plenty of squirrels barking and squalling in the nut trees, and wild pigeons gleaming the grain fields, and partridges were well grown. That very afternoon, as he drove the cows up from the back side of the pasture and passed a clump of elder, the berry-laden tops were rent apart as by a sudden explosion, and half a dozen strong-winged birds burst forth and shot in long curves toward the woods.

Such sports seemed trivial, but better was at hand when in the frost-silvered dawn he and Sam would be afield waiting for Drive's whimpered prelude to burst into melody, signaling them to make all speed to their runways.

He was thinking of this as he moved uneasily about the kitchen, waiting for a lull in the wild weather that he might go up to Sam's and plan a fox hunt for the quiet day which was sure to follow the storm. Now he let in a rainy gust at the narrowly opened door, now he peered into the blankness through the beaten panes. He watched with dull interest the flickering lantern of the mail wagon struggling against the wind and rain. With a little interest, though it reached out toward him in shivering reflections across the ruffled, rain-pelted pools of the road, he saw it stop at Clapham's to drop the mail bag that brought him no more letters.

He turned wearily away and said to his mother:

"I b'lieve I'll gwup tu Samwil's a spell," and took his hat and coat from their peg.

"Why, Peltier Gove," she exclaimed, dropping her hands and the stocking she was darning into her lap together, while the ball of yarn fell unnoticed to become the plaything of the kitten. "You'll git soppin' wet an' ketch your death cold, an' it's darker 'n Egypt."

"It don't rain sca'cely a mite naow, an' I wantner see Samwil peltier."

His mother arose and went to him, laying a gentle hand on his arm as she said in a low, beseeching voice:

"You haint a-goin' tu Hamner's, be ye, Peltier?"

"No, marm, I haint. I don't go there no more," he answered, with a decision that was convincing.

"Anyb'dy 'at's got a ruff over 'em an' do' know 'nough tu stay 'n under it sech a night, ortu be put in the 'Sylum,' his father said, shutting the stove hearth with a spiteful kick of his stockinged feet.

His sister casting a scornful glance at him from her hem-stitching, said witheringly, "Lordy! I hope tu good-

ness, I shan't never git in love if it's got tu make fools o' folks!"

Pelatiah looked reproachfully at her and went out, only saying to himself, "I hope tu the Lord you never will, Alviry."

More than a lack of sympathy and the impatience with his melancholy evinced by all the family save his mother, a desire to be out in the wildness of the night impelled him to go forth. The raging elements gave him something to fight against and he felt a kind of purposeless heroism in breasting the fierce buffets of the wind and the pelting rain.

As he struggled forward toward the road, bending against the furious blasts, he ran against some one and both were brought to a sudden stand.

"Ooogh," gasped a boyish voice. "Is that you, Peltier? I was a-comin' arter you. The 's someb'dy tu Hamner's wants to see ye, right off. My! Ef you didn't skeer me!"

The words were whisked away by the wind but not till Pelatiah had caught them all.

"Someb'dy wants to see me tu Hamner's? Well they won't, thet's all! I haint a-goin' nigh Hamner's fer nob'dy, Billy Wiggins."

"But ye got tu," the boy shouted up to him. "They said you must, Hamner an' ol' Kezier."

"But I won't," persisted Pelatiah stoutly. "Who is 't? That feller 'at buys fur?"

"No, I do' know who 'tis, but you got tu come. Both on 'em said so. It's life or death, they said, both on 'em, Kezier in partier. I wouldn't go back alone fer one dollar!" and Billy clutched at Pelatiah's fluttering coat skirts and tugged toward the road.

A strange presentiment flashed upon Pelatiah's brain and his heart choked. Life or death! He remembered his promise to his mother and was ready to break it, and taking the boy's hand in his they went down the road, struggling against the surges of the wind.

Their way was less obscure when the lights of the stores and tavern fell across the ruts and puddles, quivering as if the feeble rays trembled in the wind. Beyond, the broader, ruddier glow of the forge banded the road, pulsing with every throb of the hammer, whose thunderous beats were always heard, now rising above the hulls of gusty uproar, now dully accentuating the fiercer blasts.

"Haow come you daown tu the village sech a night?" Pelatiah asked suddenly.

"Why, haint you heard? I've hired aout tu Hamner." Billy asked, resentful of such ignorance.

"You hcd n't orter. 'Tain't no place fer a boy, an' your mother needs ye tu hum."

"She was willin'. An' I c'n be airnin' suthin'. She's got real tough, naow, an' I go hum oncte a week an' chop wood an' tinker up."

At Hamner's they entered a dark passage through a side door and groped their way up a flight of stairs. Beaconed by the light shed through cracked and shrunken panels, they came to the poorest chamber in the tavern. Hamner had evidently shrewdly classified the quality of his guest. The door was opened by a bent old woman, who, after assuring herself of Pelatiah's identity by a brief, keen glance, admitted him, but unceremoniously excluded Billy, to the disappointment of his boyish curiosity.

"She 'pears tu be asleep naow," the old woman whispered, peering over the candle that she shaded with her hand at the motionless form on the bed. "She's a drefille sick gal. Hamner was afeared she was a-goin' tu die right on his hands, an' he hustled right off arter the darker, an' he come an' gi'n her suthin' that sot her tu sleep. I don't b'lieve he thinks she's goin' tu live, fer he didn't say nothin', only sythed arter he'd pulsed her, an' ast tew three questions, an' said her fowls had orter be sent for, an' she said she didn't want tu see nob'dy, on'y you."

The old woman cautiously uncovered the candle and let its light fall for a moment on the haggard, fevered face that lay among a confusion of tangled golden hair on the lank pillow.

Pelatiah's presentiment was verified, and it was not the surprise of recognition that made him start, but the woeful change grief and despair and sickness had wrought in the face.

"Is she some o' your fowls? I sh'd a'mos' thought yer mother 'd ha' come ef she was," the old woman whispered in a hoarse, monotonous buzz.

Pelatiah shook his head and she leered at him with a ghastly grin that revealed one yellow tooth, the sole survivor of the white rows that youthful smiles long ago disclosed. There was a terrible revelation in that wrinkled visage of the old age that a sinful life brings one to, and he was thankful it was in the power of death to forestall it.

"Ooh, yer gal, eh? Wall, Jake's goin' tu see the s'lec'-men, er the postmaster, an' hev her took keer on."

Pelatiah started. "You go an' tell him the haint no need on 't. I'll take keer on her. She haint goin' tu be no taown charge!"

"I never hed no idea you was such a lively young feller," said Kezier, leering at him with an admiration that filled him with disgust.

"Go quick! I'll stay with her."

He placed a chair softly beside the bed and sat down, as the old woman left the room. The girl moaned, moved uneasily and opened her eyes, looking wildly about till they rested on Pelatiah, and then a look of gratitude lighted them.

"I was 'feard you wouldn't come. I hadn't no right to ask you, but I couldn't help it," she said in a thin, weak voice. "I haint got a friend on airt—no one, not one," and her piteous voice broke with a sob before she answered his questioning, puzzled gaze. "No, he never married me. He went off an' lef me. I must tell ye quick, fer it seems as though I was goin' away somewheres, right off; an' when I went hum my folks turned me aout door, an' I went tu work aout where they didn't know me, an' I took sick, an' they wouldn't keep me no longer, an' I come here. It seemed as 'ough I'd got tu see ye once more an' tell ye I'm sorry I was so mean tu you. You can't never forgive me, but I wish 't you wouldn't hate me."

"I never hated ye one minute, Lowizy," he spoke in a choked voice, and then after a conscientious questioning of his heart, "an' I du forgive ye. Mebby you've bore more'n I hev."

"Thank ye, Pelatiah. Be you willin' tu take a holt o' my hand?" she asked timidly, and for answer he clasped tenderly in his rough palm the thin, hot hand that was feebly stretched out to him. She closed her eyes and sighed restfully, then after a while asked:

"Why, it aint June, is it? Seems 'ough I heard the birds singin' an' smelt the young come-ups. It's time I was a-goin'. Good-bye, Peltier." The feeble tension of the little hand relaxed in his, her last breath fluttered out upon his cheek and the poor fickle heart grew still forever.

"Is she sleepin' yet?" old Keziah whispered, entering on tip-toe and exhaling an odor of strong waters.

"You needn't be afeared o' wakin' her no more", Pelatiah answered solemnly.

"Good land o' livin'," she gasped in an awed voice. "You don't say she's dead?" and then after assuring herself by a look and touch, "Poor little creature! It's turrible tu be took so young."

"I don't b'lieve 't is, not allers. Is Jake up? I wantner see him." As he groped his way down the narrow stairs, it seemed as if years had passed since he climbed them.

The storm spent itself in the night, and the morning broke on a peaceful world. As peaceful under the white veil of the dread mystery into which she had passed after the storm of life, was the face of the dead girl. It was as if she had gone forth into the unfathomed hereafter, as well assured of forgiveness there as here.

Attended by a few sympathizing friends, Pelatiah laid his dead, now wholly his, to rest in the shadow of the flaming sumacs in the old graveyard on the hillside. There was no service but the brief testimony of Joel Bartlett, who felt moved to say:

"Inasmuch as we hev ben told by One formerly that aour Heavenly Father does temper the wind tu the shorn lamb, I feel it bore in upon me, that this poor little lamb, which may hev strayed fur f'm the flock, is gathered tu the fold by the good Shepherd."

Unseen by any but Pelatiah, Huldah covertly dropped a spray of pale asters into the open grave. As the careless clouds began to fall with muffled thuds on the straw-covered coffin, the little company silently dispersed.

"It kinder seem 's 'ough Peltier felt was 'n the' was any need o' his feelin', considerin', but mebby he don't, I d' know," Joseph Hill remarked to Antoine as they lingered last at the graveyard gate.

"If you'll seen dat gal wen she was 'live an' fat an' jes' good as anybody gal, you'll ant blem Peltier for cried."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

## CANADIAN SPEECH.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Feb. 3.—Removing my hat and making a bow as graceful and dignified as my anatomical structure will admit, I desire to present my compliments to your correspondent "Pintail," together with the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

His comments in your last issue upon my paper on Camp Jibbenainosay are just, his conclusions reasonable and to the point. In many visits made to Canada during the last forty years or so, I cannot remember a single instance of a "misuse of the aspirant" on the part of any native-born Canadian with whom I have conversed. It might, however, have been otherwise; for instance, I once knew a born Welshman (named Rees), who spoke only a fine grade of Yellowplush cockney. The explanation was that twelve years of his youth had been passed in London.

In the Kingfisher Club, when we speak of the gentlemen we have met in Canada, it is generally as "Canadians," without much thought of their birth place, just as during the war we were all either "Johnnies" or "Yanks," though nearly every nation under the sun was represented in the armies. The fact is, that there was but one person seen at the camp in question who habitually trifled with the aspirants, and he was English-born. If I did not in my article make this clear, besides giving your readers several very comical instances of this failing on the part of the gentlemen referred to, it was that I desired to spare his feelings, for I intended to send him a copy of the paper containing my remarks.

I have sometimes felt inclined to believe that the average Canadian speaks better English than the average Englishman, and while on the subject of dialects I may say that I have often thought it odd that no one save an American has ever, to my knowledge, reproduced successfully the peculiarities of American speech, especially in its New England forms. Holmes, Lowell and Rowland E. Robinson are masters in this respect.

There is a queer passage in Forster's Life of Dickens, which I quote from memory: Dickens was aboard a vessel in some Mediterranean harbor, when an American came over the side and at once exclaimed: "Well, I'm blamed, if it ain't Dickens." After introducing first himself and then his companions, he added (according to Mr. Forster): "Personally, I expectuate you and them can fix it agreeable."

Who ever heard such a speech as this from an American mouth? Charles Reade does little better; but it is hardly worth while to attempt here the elaboration of an essay on this subject.

I will say in conclusion, as I have said before, that in writing for the FOREST AND STREAM it is well to be accurate, for if you be not, some correspondent at the other end of the earth will surely trip you up.

KELPIE.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: I noticed a "kick" in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 3, by "Pintail," of Sorel, P. Q., anent, as he alleges, "Kelpie," "putting the Cockney dialect into Canadian mouths," and I am moved to take up the cudgel, unasked, in defense of my old friend and camp comrade ("Kelpie"), for I know him to be a man who would not intentionally inflict needless pain on the lowliest of God's creatures nor make wanton sport of the feelings of his humblest neighbor, be he Cockney, Canuck, or indigenous to U. S. soil. "Pintail" assures "Kelpie," "That a misuse of the aspirate is not characteristic of Canadians," and winds up with, "I should have expected a man of 'Kelpie's' attainments to be better informed."

"Easy thar, brother 'Pintail,' you have hollered afore yer hurt," as they say over in "ole Kaintuck," and if I may be allowed, I will rise and explain, I trust to the satisfaction of "Pintail" and the rest of our Canadian brethren.

While in camp at Big Basswood Lake, we had a visitor, a young Englishman (not a Canadian), a friend of Br'er Dyer, who spent a day with us to his edification, as I hope and believe. He was a "bully good feller" and a sportsman, and we all took a liking to him, but at times he set us blarsted Hamerians nearly distracted by "a misuse of the aspirate." He was a "h'out and h'out Hinglish-



man, a resident, however, of the district (Algoma), but had just returned from a somewhat lengthy visit to his mother country, and besides carrying a superfluity of "haitches" which he fired at "memorandum"—as old Dave Edwards did at the rebels—he was loaded with some snob phrases that he had doubtless picked up among the swells and dudes on the other side, with which he made us weary with what "Old Knots" used to call "the damnable iteration."

Any statement that was mildly surprising to him—and there were a good many such sprung on him—invariably moved him to relieve himself with a string of "oh-ohs" usually adding to the three ohs "ah, oh!" as a clincher. Then anything said that he coincided with, he put the seal of approval on with "oh, yes, yes! quite so, quite so; ah, quite so," repeated with a rapidity that betokened a fear that some of the "ohs" and "quite sos" would get away from him before he got out of breath. I fished with him a few hours in the afternoon in a boat where I couldn't get away, and when we got back to camp I was so "oh, oh'd" and "quite so'd" and "asperated" that had I undertaken to write my name I doubtless would have started it with a capital hi instead of an haitch.

However, I reached camp without quite losing my identity, albeit I was not in a very hilarious mood, but I felt relieved, "quite so, quite so."

But, as I said before, our friend "hA." was a bully good fellow, and a sportsman, which makes amends for a heap o' sins of commission and omission. Brother Geo. Dyer, too, near whose kitchen door we had our camp, is a John Bull from 'way back, and pays as little attention to a misplaced "h" as he would to a turtle track in the sand; but he also is a good fellow and a sportsman, and we did not split with him because he haspirated a trifle when he talked through "is 'at."

But our simon pure Canadian neighbors round about us did not misuse the aspirate to any noticeable extent—the "howl don't 'oot in Halgoma"—and I am sure, "quite so, quite so," that Kelpie did not intend to "put the Cockney dialect into Canadian mouths" when he wrote the last paragraph of "A Kingfisher Corollary," but had in his mind's eye one, or maybe both, of our aforementioned English friends. I say friends, for the "Kingfishers" look on every angler and sportsman as a friend and brother, whether he hadd hon a hextra haitch where not needed or drop one hoff where it might be better 'itched hon, and besides, I can't see why brother "Pintail" should flare up and work himself into a "category" if an Englishman, or a Canadian for that matter, does misuse the aspirate, especially if he is built that way and "cawn't 'elp it, ye know."

We found our brother sportsmen in Canada to be very much the same as those we meet on our side of the boundary—gentlemen—and our Canadian neighbors were clever and obliging, and "plenty good enough fur the Joneses." And now, I trust Br'er "Pintail" will pardon me for taking up the pen in my old friend "Kelpie's" behalf, for I know him to be a conscientious, considerate and veracious chronicler, and he usually knows what he wants to say, and writes of things fairly and fearlessly, just as he hears and sees them.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

### Camp=Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

#### A WEST VIRGINIA IDYL.

THE story which I am about to narrate to the truth-loving readers of this paper, was told by a charming young lady from Virginia. When I first heard it I confess that I did not believe it, but when I expressed a doubt regarding a few minor details, she appeared to be so hurt at my implied disbelief in the main facts, that rather than bring tears to the depths of those truthful eyes, I swallowed it all and have never doubted a word since. I make no question that those who read it here will believe it implicitly, otherwise I would not tell it.

"It all happened about three years ago," she said. "I remember the time because it was my first night-ride in a sleeper over the Central. The road was awfully rough in those days. That was the time I was pitched out of my section right across the aisle into the opposite section, and did not wake up at all. I thought it was just an ordinary jounce, and slept right along till morning. However, that has nothing to do with the story I was going to tell about the cow. It was the morning after I got home that the Colonel came up to show me his new horse. The Colonel was a great fox hunter, and he wanted to show off the horse and make him jump, but there wasn't anything for him to jump over only old Chloe's cow that happened to be lying down in the road. So he rode straight at the cow and just as the horse jumped, the cow got up. Such a mess you never saw. The cow and the Colonel and the horse were all mixed up, and you couldn't tell one from the other; but at last they got unsnarled and then you ought to have been there. The horse wasn't hurt, and the Colonel was so mad that he didn't know whether he was hurt or not, but the cow was a wreck. About that time old Chloe came out, wringing her hands and crying, and carrying on so that the Colonel had to buy the cow to make her keep still. So he paid about four times what it was worth and then he didn't know what to do with it; but he was bound to get rid of it, and gave it to Charlie, who did all he could to patch the poor old thing up, but it was no use and that night it died."

"The next day an old darky was skinning the cow when Jim happened to come along. Jim and Charlie were always great chums and loved duck shooting better than anything, and they hatched up a scheme between them for getting at the ducks down in the marsh where there was not any cover. They stretched the skin over some hoops and dried it, so that it looked considerably like the old cow, and then they were ready. Charlie got inside the skin and made the front legs, and poked his gun up through the cow's neck so he could shoot out of the cow's eyes. Then Jim got into it to make the hindlegs and he put his gun up through the cow's tail. Then they started across the open marsh toward the ducks. Such a sight you never saw. Jim had to walk backward because he was facing the tail, and if there was ever a crazy-drunk cow that one was. I never laughed so much in all my life. First Charlie would stumble and down would go the cow's nose in the dirt; then Jim would lose his balance

and the cow's tail, that was as straight as a gun barrel, would wave in all directions at once. I never saw such a circus anywhere. Of course, the ducks could not stand it, and when they put their necks up and Charlie saw they were going to fly pretty quick he started to run; but Jim couldn't go any faster backward and down went the old cow all in a heap. Jim's gun went off and blew the tail all to pieces, and we up in the woods laughed till I thought we should die right there. The boys were awful mad. They didn't know there was any one watching them and I am not sure they have forgiven us yet.

"I have not seen the Colonel for a long time, but old Chloe lives with us now. She is the best old darky you ever saw. Why, hot nights she will stand by my bed and fan me all night long, and be just as sound asleep as I am. Never stops fanning for a minute; I don't see how she can do it, do you? I don't know what I should do without her."

That ended the story and the story telling. Some of us had intended to state a few facts ourselves, but we saw the absolute futility of Massachusetts attempting to cope with West Virginia in telling stories that were strictly true, so we forbore and the party soon dispersed.

BRADLEY.

### Natural History.

#### GROUNDHOG DAY.

"I have heard old farmers say:  
You must save for Candelmas Day  
Half your wood and half your hay;  
Though the sun go down on the buds so brown,  
And the south winds blow on the melting snow,  
There are very many days, there are very many days  
Ere we see the pretty flowers of spring."

—Old Song

CANDELMAS, Groundhog Day, 1894. An old farmer in my native town once quoted the substance of the above proverbial rhyme to another, thus:

"Half yer wood an' half yer hay,  
Fer to-morrow's Can'lemas Day."  
"Yes," replied the other,  
"An' ef there's a chance for snow er rain,  
A plenty o' meat 'n grain."

As far as my observation goes, it is not a general custom with American farmers to burn superfluous candles on this important anniversary. They seem to have more cheaply compromised the matter by giving over the duties of its appropriate celebration to the bear and the groundhog, and no member of either species, if of correct principles and competent education and acquirements, ever fails on the second of February to climb out of his den, sit up, and diligently look about him in search of his shadow. If he sees it, he forthwith returns for a further nap of six consecutive weeks; if he sees it not, he goes not back to his lair, but stays outside and waits for warm weather. To-day has been quite sunny, and shadows were easily seen, and an old neighbor of mine said: "It's astonishin' haow many the 'is 't b'lieves that there story."

Our winter here in northern Michigan, though it began in November with weather of unusual severity for that season, has been for the most part quite mild. The snows are not as deep as they were two months ago, as rains and thaws have not been infrequent. There is a good deal of crust on the snow which is not favorable for some sorts of game, but I think the deer have not fared badly, and I have heard of no crust-hunting.

Speaking of groundhogs, or woodchucks, they were formerly very plentiful in this region, but within six or seven years, the badgers (as well as the skunks) have appeared in this county, where none of either was ever seen before; and the badgers have as far as I can learn, nearly destroyed the woodchucks. They are said by the farmers to dig them out, kill and devour them.

I should think that this might be a good thing, as where mowing machines are in use, the hillocks thrown up by the woodchucks are apt to cause some profanity on the part of the mowers.

KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich.

#### ALBINO SPECIMENS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—In your issue of Jan. 27 I notice an article by J. S. Ricketts about a white deer. It is strange that so few understand what this is or what it means, it is so often written about and as being something wonderful. It is liable to occur in any family or in any living thing. It occurs even in the grasses. White deer, white corn, white fox, white squirrel, etc., are all albinos and only freaks of nature. A. M. D.

[It is well enough understood that albinism is a "freak of nature," nevertheless records of its occurrence are interesting and should be noted.]

OTTAWA, Kans.—In January I killed a fine white quail, not a snow white, but of pink cast. Turn the feathers wrong side out and it is a decided pink; but when they lie in proper manner they are between the color of a turtle dove and pink, with variegated mottles. The head has the distinct marks of a male quail. Being a taxidermist myself, I have preserved and mounted him, and have him in my office. He is the first one of the kind I ever saw.

H. B. P.

The famous Chicago albino blackbird, which for some time has been numbered among the interesting adornments of Billy Mussey's billiard hall, and which is probably as perfect a specimen of the albino blackbird as was ever seen, has a little history which may be interesting. The bird was killed at Mak-saw-ba Club, on the Kankakee River, Indiana, by L. R. Brown, who saw it among a number of blackbirds which had alighted on the frozen ground. Getting within 50 yds. or more, and fearing to alarm the flock by trying to go closer, Mr. Brown fired and broke the wing of the bird. It was still lively and in trying to catch it all the tail feathers were pulled out. Mr. Brown carefully gathered these and brought them with him, keeping the bird alive. It was alive, active and very pugnacious when brought to the city, and would probably have lived a long time, though it was thought best to preserve it in full and undragged plumage. The taxidermist put in the tail feathers when the bird was mounted. It is a very perfect specimen, milk white except for a faint tinge of ruddy feathers on the butt of

the wings, which makes the bird all the more interesting, as it was found in a flock of crimson-winged blackbirds. As shown now, the eyes are of a little lighter pink than they should be. In life they were fairly dark. Most albinos are more or less unsatisfying, but this little bird is pure white and beautiful, one of the rarest specimens in the country, and probably the best of its kind ever known, if, indeed, the white blackbird was ever really seen before.

At Mak-saw-ba a white muskrat was killed not very long ago, and it seems natural for all sorts of unnatural things to happen there.

Lately I was speaking of black foxes, red foxes, etc., in the matter of a letter from Dakota. Since then I learn of the capture of a black fox, as see the following clipping from the Saginaw, Mich., *Globe*, which is sent me by some one unknown:

At Henning & Holden's place, 405 Genesee avenue, there are displayed to-day three fine specimens of fox, which were killed within two hours' time near Reese on Saturday. One of the animals is "black," pronounced by old hunters to be the only specimen of the kind ever seen around these parts. The fortunate hunters who did this big work were Charley Frueh, Chris Waltz, William Body, Tom Gaffney, Alvin Fox and William Held. It was a field day for the boys and they are justly proud of their accomplishment. The dog that was used belonged to E. G. Fox, of Reese, and is said to be a thoroughbred English foxhound. Charley Henning thought so much of the dog's achievement that he to-day purchased him.

Incidents like the above are so unusual as to be of great interest.

E. HOUGH.

#### "Malevolence in the Lower Animals."

IN an interesting article in the *Ohio University Bulletin* on the above subject, Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol gives the views of Dr. Wesley Mills and Mr. B. Waters bearing on heredity of bad temper. He propounded six questions as follows:

- "1. Is bad temper hereditary?"
- "2. Is training or environment of greater importance than heredity in determining the good or bad temper of a dog?"
- "3. Are good and bad temper respectively characteristic of any particular breeds of dogs?"
- "4. What is the proper method to employ in overcoming hereditary bad temper in a puppy?"
- "5. What sort of treatment is calculated to spoil the temper of the puppy?"
- "6. Do the answers to questions 1 and 2 apply also in the case of horses?"

Dr. Mills replies as follows:

- "1. I am satisfied that any trait may be hereditary, bad and good temper included. I would hesitate to breed from a bad-tempered dog of either sex, no matter how excellent a specimen otherwise, especially if of a larger breed, as being more dangerous to man and his canine companions."
- "2. Heredity, I believe, by far the stronger."
- "3. No; though it occurs more frequently among certain breeds perhaps. A bad-tempered setter or spaniel is rare. Bad temper may be said to be much more common in certain breeds than in others, rare in some, but absolutely confined to none."
- "4. Furnish an environment free from temptation and encourage a sense of justice—for dogs have this in a fashion at all events—from the first. Give him little chance to quarrel, but insist on his realizing that if he does it willingly, punishment of some kind—not necessarily corporal—will follow. I have found separation sometimes a severe punishment for dogs. They seem to know in some measure what it means. Disapprobation, scolding, is severe punishment for some dogs."
- "5. Teasing, hard usage, over-punishment, injustice, &c. Highly bred dogs especially suffer much psychically under bad usage, especially punishment in anger and to excess."
- "6. Yes."

Mr. Waters's answers were:

- "1. It sometimes is; not often. Bad temper, or rather capability of bad temper is in most cases acquired. But few dogs are so fortunate as to go through life without being maliciously teased or abused. Certain actions, looks, or people are associated with mal-treatment or pain. Even when in ill temper, dogs oftenest merely make a pretense of biting, if they make any effort at all. All dogs have more or less latent ill temper, the same as human beings. They are usually good-tempered. I never saw a dog ill-tempered from pure wantonness. Of course, heredity asserts itself in the disposition as in all other phenomena of the organism; but I never saw a dog born with an active ill temper."
- "2. Training and environment have everything to do with it. There is no dog but can be made ill-tempered by improper treatment. No dog is ill-tempered but kind treatment will cure it."
- "3. Some breeds are more courageous than others. Bull-terriers, fox-terriers, other terriers and some breeds are quarrelsome among themselves, not necessarily from ill-temper. Toward their master or acquaintances they may be affection personified if kindly treated. If pain is inflicted the instinct of self-preservation prompts a defense."
- "4. Kindness. I never saw a naturally ill-tempered puppy. I do not consider that a display of anger at ill treatment or teasing is ill temper. Kindness quickly dispels ill-temper in a dog which has had good raising."
- "5. The same which would spoil the temper of a human being. Confinement, punishment, teasing maliciously, insufficient food and inflicting pain wantonly and constantly. However, a dog is very forgiving, and will forget a lot of previous abuse if treated kindly. He will resent any attack on his master sooner than if offered to himself. Cowardly dogs often show great fortitude in defense of those they love. Apparent ill-temper is sometimes only a manifestation of jealousy. Some dogs are so attached to those they love that they resent the approach of strangers. This is apt to become habitual if the master shows the slightest approbation of it. If their love is not recognized, or a rival dog is shown more favor, the defeated dog often shows dejection and grief, sometimes going in hiding to mourn alone."
- "6. These answers do not apply to horses. Horses are not so affectionate as dogs. Some colts show malicious ill-temper from birth."

There is in these answers a diversity of opinion as to whether bad temper is hereditary. We must say, however, that our experience prompts us to lean to Mr. Waters's view. The old saying "Train up a child in the way he should go, etc.," is very applicable here. Very few dogs, in fact they are the exception, are born with bad tempers, they either become vicious by environment through association with other dogs or through the ill-advised treatment of their masters. Prof. Rossignol takes this view when he says:

"Unkind and unfair treatment of animals by men has the effect of rendering them chronically ill-tempered. It is partly for this reason and partly, perhaps, because of the fact that animals possess the tendency to imitate, the quarrelsome people generally possess ill-tempered dogs. 'Like master, like dog.' On the other hand, people of kindly manners are generally found surrounded by animals of like disposition, showing that environment exerts a power equal, if not superior, to that of heredity. Ill health is frequently the cause of bad temper in animals as well as in men. Yet it is well-known that animals will often endure severe surgical operations without resentment, as if conscious of the good intention of the operator."

If some of our large breeders could be induced to give their views on this important question of hereditary bad temper they would prove both valuable and interesting.



## AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

### The "Forest and Stream's" First Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

IN the issues of March 12, 1891, and May 26, 1892, *FOREST AND STREAM* published accounts of Mr. Austin Corbin's Blue Mountain Forest Park. In the second of these articles particular attention was paid to giving an estimate of the increase of wild animals in the park. So much interesting matter was developed that it has now been deemed profitable to follow out this same line of investigation with the other game preserves which are yearly becoming more numerous in this country, and in a rough way take a census of the wild animals with which they are stocked. One of the main objects of this census is to ascertain, wherever possible, the increase of the different species in confinement, thereby demonstrating which are most prolific in changed habitats and under strange conditions, and enabling a discrimination of those most suited for special parks. With this object in view the inquiry will be continued each year, and the results laid before our readers.

#### Blue Mountain Forest Park.

The Corbin Park in New Hampshire presents one of the most successful examples of game stocking on a large scale that has ever been achieved in this country. Its conception only dates back seven years, when Mr. Corbin conceived the idea of inclosing a few thousand acres in the vicinity of his home-stand at Newport, N. H., and it is only a little more than four years since the first wild game was released there.

Mr. Corbin's first intention was to inclose about 5,000 acres of land. His modest estimate grew till he ended by inclosing 26,000. Two years were consumed in building the fence of barbed and woven wire, putting up gates and making other necessary arrangements for the care of the animals.

Previous to the completion of the fence an inclosure of about thirty acres had been constructed in which twenty buffalo had been placed. When the fence was at last finished, the formal stocking of the park began.

The following animals were released: 130 deer, 150 elk, 20 moose, 30 antelope, 7 reindeer, 14 wild boars and 20 buffalo. Mr. Corbin, in speaking of them at the present time, says:

"I lost all the antelope and all the reindeer. The antelope because of the climate being too variable, and the reindeer for want of the proper food. I am satisfied that neither animal will thrive on the Atlantic coast, except that north of central Maine the reindeer may possibly do well.

"My deer are now estimated at about 400; elk, 400; moose, 60; wild boars, 250. All these animals lived through the winter months without feeding. I have also, young and old, 40 buffalo—30 females and 10 bulls. I should have this spring about 15 calves, or possibly 18. They breed and thrive as well as domestic cattle. These buffalo are kept in large yards during the winter months and fed like domestic animals.

"There are also in the park German hares, rabbits of all kinds, the native partridge and the Mongolian pheasant, all of which are doing well." Included among the deer are about twenty-five blacktail, with whom the New Hampshire climate seems to agree.

Mr. Corbin has also at Blue Mountain a number of fine dogs, including boarhounds, large dogs, brown and white and liver and white in color, with long drooping ears. They are kind in disposition. In the near future Mr. Corbin intends to secure some mountain sheep and beaver for the preserve, and he now has seventeen European red deer en route. The result of introducing red deer among the elk will be watched by naturalists with interest, as it is a well-known fact that these animals have been successfully crossed. None of the animals in the park have been shot except a few stag elk and some wild boars. The wild boars frequent the highest parts of the mountain and are very difficult to approach.

The natural features of the park make it an ideal game preserve. Blue Mountain is wooded to its summit, 2,800ft. above tidewater. On its sides many springs take their rise, which furnish an abundance of cold water to Sumner's and Governor's ponds, both of which afford good bass and pickerel fishing. The brooks—about forty miles of them—are well stocked with trout.

Before the inception of his Blue Mountain Forest Park, Mr. Corbin had already had considerable experience with deer and elk in captivity. At Babylon, L. I., he had an inclosure of 130 acres, reaching to a fresh-water lake, in which a number of both varieties were kept. Running through the center of this inclosure was a fence that separated the deer and elk, as a safeguard against quarrels. The deer and elk increased quite rapidly, and there are

now some thirty of the former and twenty-five of the latter.

At Manhattan Beach Mr. Corbin had in 1892 ten sea lions and a dozen seals, as well as a number of elk and buffalo. There is not the slightest doubt but that the seals and sea lions would have thrived in the salt-water pool provided for their accommodation, but they made too much noise for the comfort of the guests at the hotel, and were taken away. The elk and buffalo did not thrive very well, and were also taken away. When the marsh grass was young they ate it, and it did not agree with them, and the neighborhood of the salt water was not to their liking.

#### Ne-ha-sa-ne Park.

Next to Austin Corbin's Blue Mountain Forest Park, Dr. W. Seward Webb's Ne-ha-sa-ne Park bids fair to be one of



ELK IN NE-HA-SA-NE PARK.

From a photograph taken on Christmas Day, 1893.

our largest game preserves. This park is in the western Adirondacks, and extends twenty-four miles along the line of the new Adirondack & St. Lawrence Railway. It includes what is to-day probably the wildest part of New York's North Woods, and is admirably adapted for stocking with certain species of American big game. The native deer are at present very abundant there and it has only been a few decades since moose were also found. In fact signs of a moose have been reported in *FOREST AND STREAM* as having been seen in that neighborhood within the last few years. Of the entire park Dr. Webb has reserved about



[BUFFALO IN BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST PARK.

[Reprinted from our issue of May 26, 1892.]

50,000 acres for his own use, and of this about nine thousand acres at present are fenced. Into this inclosure has been turned out the game mentioned in the following letters:

New York, Dec. 21, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have your letter of Dec. 16, in regard to my Ne-ha-sa-ne Park, and in reply would say that I have as yet turned out very little foreign game. Last month, however, I turned out 22 elk (10 two-year-olds and 12 three-year-olds) and next week I shall turn out about a dozen more. In the spring I shall probably turn out, as an experiment, about 50 English pheasants. Whether they will escape the foxes and vermin is hard to say.

At my place at Shelburne, Vermont, I have turned out quail from North Carolina, and I raise about a thousand English pheasants every year. I find that they winter as well as our American partridge (ruffed grouse), and both the pheasants and the quail have been found from thirty to forty miles back in the country and up and down the shores of the lake.

W. SEWARD WEBB.

New York, Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For your information I would say that last Saturday morning I turned out 15 more wild elk, yearlings, in my park in the Adirondacks. This makes 37 in all that I have turned out. I have also made arrangements for 20 blacktail deer and 10 moose.

It is hardly necessary for us to add that the press reports to the effect that Dr. Webb's elk came from the National Park are entirely without foundation. The elk were sold by Frank D. Ball of Opal, a town in the extreme southwestern portion of Wyoming.

#### Litchfield Park.

Another game preserve from which interesting developments may be expected is that of Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, near Tupper Lake. This is comparatively near Dr. Webb's park, and it is one of the most recent enterprises in this line. Mr. Litchfield gives some interesting details in the following letter:

New York, Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My park embraces between 8,000 and 9,000 acres, being the south third of Township 25, Franklin county, lying in the exact southwest corner of Franklin county, and south and east of Big Tupper Lake. I purchased it last August.

My intention is to create a private preserve for my own use, similar to those in Scotland and the Tyrol.

I have five lakes and ponds; the largest is Lake Madeleine (formerly Jenkins Pond), and is two miles in length; Duck Lake, the next in size, is almost as large. These lakes all contain brook trout; Lake Madeleine has lake trout as well. In common with most Adirondack lakes they have been fished to death. I found ice-chisels on the shores, showing they had been fished through the ice, contrary to law. Inquiry developed that this was customary. This practice has been stopped by me as a matter of course, and the fish will have a rest this winter and hereafter in close season. I think it will take several years to put the lakes back where they were before in the matter of fish.

My first step on taking possession was to stop hounding. This created for me enemies, I suppose, but I have my own convictions as to the injury caused by hounding, and I propose to adhere to them.

My intention is to stock Litchfield Park with exotic game. I have bought a small herd of elk, four bulls and seven cows; they are now wintering at Rome, N. Y. In the spring I will inclose a tract of several hundred acres in the park and then turn them out there. Probably more elk will be bought and added to the herd, and the inclosed area will be enlarged as required. From my acquaintance with their habits I have every reason to believe they will do well in the Adirondacks. I have also bought some black-tail deer, but I have grave doubts as to whether they will thrive there. You can easily see that with such game inclosed in a small park it would be folly to allow hounds to run through my tract, and that I will be obliged to protect my elk and deer as if they were sheep. I may experiment also with birds, such as sharp-tailed grouse, etc.

I have had considerable experience in Rocky Mountain hunting, as you may remember, and I have long wished to introduce the elk into the Adirondacks, their ancient home. The last elk was killed on or near the Saranacs about 1830; Drake De Kay gives the exact date.

I may try breeding moose, but not yet. At present there are a good many fur-bearing animals in Litchfield Park, including some otter and a few bear. The latter, however, are migratory. Partridges are not very numerous. Black ducks, sheldrake and loons are to be found in their season. My men estimate the deer (whitetail or Virginia deer) to number about 250. I think myself that this estimate is too large, but that there are about fifty permanently inhabiting the tract. It seems quite a favorite spot for does and fawns, and this again is an argument against hounding. I will not allow does to be shot there at any time or under any circumstances, and it would be very wise to

enforce such a law all through the Adirondacks. I am credibly informed that back in St. Lawrence county, where hounding is forbidden by law, deer are much more numerous and much tamer than in Franklin county. The law is a dead letter at the head or south end of Big Tupper Lake, and hounds were started and run there regularly last fall, and many deer were killed by their aid within the county line. This line crosses Big Tupper Lake, the southern portion being in St. Lawrence county.

EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD.

#### Brandreth Park

Dr. Webb and Mr. Litchfield seem so be the only individuals in the Adirondack region at present who are attempting to introduce exotic species of game. Fifteen years ago the Adirondack Club imported a few moose from Canada, in the hope of restocking their preserve with these animals, but they all died shortly after reaching their destination.



One of the oldest Adirondack preserves is Brandreth Park. The following letter with regard to this park is quoted on account of its general interest, though it does not rightly come within the province of this article, which deals with game propagation in inclosed parks:

SING SING, N. Y., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Brandreth Park (23,600 acres), Hamilton county, N. Y., has been preserved for twenty years. It has never been stocked with game, but the deer have increased very considerably, not only in our park, but in the regions adjoining. We estimate our present number at 400. We lost last winter about 20 per cent. on account of the severity of the weather, difficulty in procuring food and the wolves that made their appearance last winter the first that have been seen in over ten years. One was trapped in November, and there is still a small pack in our vicinity. Stray dogs were also very troublesome.

The average number of deer killed by us annually has been under twenty-five. We rarely use hounds and would be glad to see a law prohibiting their use. There are a few black bear, but it would be impossible to give an estimate of their number. We have a great many foxes, which are very destructive to the ruffed and spruce grouse. There are quite a number of the northern hare.

We have stocked our waters twice with landlocked salmon and speckled trout; the latter have done well and improve the native trout, but we cannot give any report of the former, as they have not been in the waters long enough for a fair test.

F. BRANDRETH.

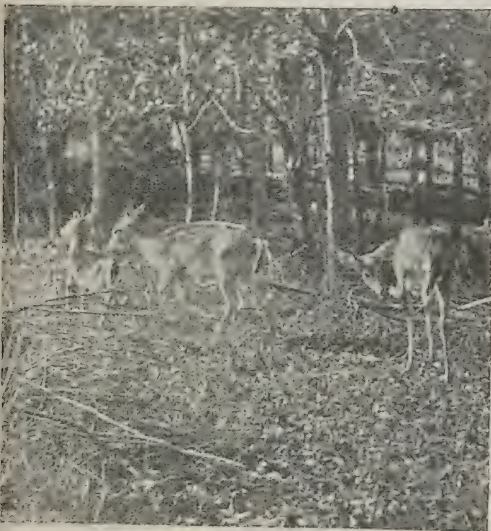
#### Mr. Vanderbilt's Asheville Park.

Mr. Austin Corbin's game preserve is said to have cost him nearly half a million dollars. Dr. Webb's Ne-ha-sa-ne Park must have cost nearly that figure, and now Mr. George W. Vanderbilt has followed their lead and bought up a domain in North Carolina, near Asheville. His park is naturally well stocked with native varieties of game, such as quail, pheasant, woodcock, deer, foxes, etc., and it is reported that he will soon introduce the principal varieties of American big game, and as much foreign game as seems desirable. It is not possible at present to give any figures on the subject.

#### Furlough Lake

Besides those already mentioned there are a number of important preserves comparatively near New York city. Among these may be mentioned the South Side Sportsmen's Club on Long Island, Blooming Grove Park in eastern Pennsylvania, Mr. George Gould's Furlough Lake Park and the State Park in the Catskills, Tuxedo, and the Sterling Iron & Railway's park in Orange county, N. Y.; the Liberty Club, near Meriden, Conn., Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant's park at Allamuchy, N. J., and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s park at Jobstown, N. J. In most of the parks named stocking has been confined to game birds and fish and the common deer. There are one or two exceptions, however. One of these is Mr. George J. Gould's park at Furlough Lake in the western Catskills. Following are some statistics of the varieties and numbers of animals in the park:

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith all the information I can collect relative to the game in my park, requested in your letter.



DEER IN TRANQUILITY PARK.

Amateur Photo by Mr. J. J. Pierrepont.

In regard to the elk received in 1889, they were kept in a very small inclosure, and several of the deaths occurred shortly after their arrival, which I attribute to these conditions, and also to the fact that we did not know how to feed them. The deaths among the deer occurred last winter when the snow was so deep they could not get their natural feed, and my men fed them too heartily with oats.

GEORGE J. GOULD.

FURLOUGH LODGE, Dec. 18, 1893.—MR. GEO. J. GOULD—*Dear Sir:* Replying to your communication from FOREST AND STREAM of the 11th ult., there were received of elk on July 10, 1889, 8; December, 1891, 2 bulls and 3 cows; May, 1892, 2 cows and 1 bull; April, 1893, 28; increase in 1892, 3; in 1893, 4. Total number positively known to have died, 11. Total number of elk in preserve to best of my knowledge, 35. I cannot give exact number of elk until they all come out of park. A number were received in very bad shape and there may possibly be no more than I count, but I will not say so positively.

Received of deer July 10, 1889, Rocky Mountain black-tail, 2 does and 2 bucks. August, 1889, native deer (percentage of does in majority), 8. 1892, 1 buck deer, March, 1893, 1 buck deer and 2 does. April, 1893, 1 doe and 1 fawn. Number of deer positively known to have died was 12. Number of deer in preserve to best of my knowledge is 11. Increase of deer, positive, was 5. Park thoroughly gone over to-day (Dec. 18) and only 11 deer seen.

There are 28 Japanese green pheasants and 4 Japanese ring-necked. I did not succeed in rearing young, as stock was received too late in the season to get acquainted with new quarters.

There are 60 Belgian hares in stock and 135 in the preserve. All are doing remarkably well, the game and animals being in first-class shape. J. J. ERMYNKEATOR.

#### Tranquility Park.

The following interesting information with regard to Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant's Tranquility Park, at Allamuchy, N. J., is contributed by Mr. C. W. Puffer, the superintendent, who is an old Adirondack guide, and a man of considerable experience with game animals and birds:

ALLAMUCHY, N. J., Dec. 28, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Stuyvesant's park contains about 4,000 acres, fenced with a close board fence 9 ft. high and one barb wire 11 in. above boards. The land in the park is made up of hills and swamps and some old, abandoned farms, and have just completed an artificial pond of about 75 acres, with 12 ft. of water. I have just ordered from Caledonia 5,000 German brown or Von Behr trout to stock it with, and 1,000 shrimp.

In 1890 Mr. Stuyvesant stocked the park with thirty Ad-



DEER IN TRANQUILITY PARK.

Amateur Photo by Mr. J. J. Pierrepont.

irondack deer and four blacktail or mule deer. The black-tails are all dead. I don't think the climate is suitable for them, as they all die in good condition. I made an estimate this month of the number of deer now in the park and put it at seventy-five or eighty—it is impossible to tell exactly the number.

Last spring we put in twenty elk—five bulls and fifteen cows, from one to two years old. They had no young this year, but think the cows will all have calves in the spring.

We fed the elk hay when there was snow last winter. The deer wintered without any feeding, and came out well. We have not fed the elk anything as yet this winter, as we have had no snow as yet.

We have one bull buffalo with which we are trying the experiment of crossing with some Galloway cows. We think they will drop some calves in about two months, and if it proves successful will let you know. We put in last summer and fall seven beaver in the pond; two made their escape and one died. The other four are doing well; have quite a respectable house very well started. They are building dams on the inlet to the lake and are cutting timber.

We have quite a plenty of mountain grouse in the park, and are going to put in English pheasants in the spring.

C. W. PUFFER, Supt.

#### Tuxedo Park.

Mr. James L. Breese has furnished the following information with reference to Tuxedo:

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "At present there are no game birds at Tuxedo Park except the native ruffed grouse, and they seem to increase every year, and offer good sport to any one who can tramp over the rough hills and woods. When the park was first opened I was chairman of game committee for about four years, during which time we raised and turned out about 4,000 English pheasants, but discontinued it, as owing to character of the country it was impossible to keep them from straying. We also turned out three or four thousand quail, but for the same reason as above, not having enough open fields, we gave it up. We also tried wild turkey and Guinea fowl, but had no success. The park at present is well stocked with deer, but we are selling them as fast as we can dispose of them."

#### The Liberty Club.

MERIDEN, Conn., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your inquiry regarding game birds found on the preserve of the Liberty Club at Liberty Hill, Conn., I find our common quail, partridge, woodcock, English snipe, yellowlegs, wood and black duck and sometimes mallard and sheldrake. Among the birds that have been imported by the club are English pheasant and California quail.

The club are expecting to liberate about 500 Virginia quail this spring, which will make nearly 3,000 that have been imported since the club organized.

Owing to the severity of last winter a good many flocks were killed, but partridge seemed to be quite plentiful last fall, and we have had a good winter for game in Connecticut so far, so we are living in hopes of good shooting next year.

T. A. JAMES.

#### Sterling Park.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your favor of the 11th I beg to say that we have not stocked the park of the Sterling Iron & Railway Co. with any game. The game there is, therefore, the natural game of the country, being partridge, woodcock, squirrels, etc. We have, however, stocked about eight miles of our streams with 8,000 brook trout, which were put in as yearlings in the fall of 1892.

MACGRANE COXE.

#### State Park in the Catskills.

The superintendent of the State forests informs us through Mr. C. O. McCreedy, secretary of the Forestry Commission, that there are fifty-three Virginia deer now in the Catskill Park. Our correspondent A. N. Cheney sends the accompanying account of how these animals were captured in the Adirondacks.

#### Catching Deer for a State Park.

When I learned that my old friend Mr. Thomas Powers, Forester of the New York Forest Commission, was in charge of the hunt to secure live deer for the State breeding park in the Catskills, I knew that it would be well worth my while to make an effort to see him and get from him for FOREST AND STREAM a detailed account of his operations.

Mr. Powers is a lumberman of wide experience in the Adirondacks, having conducted some of the largest enterprises inaugurated in that region, and his familiarity with the woods and his knowledge of woods life, has been acquired by spending the years of his own eventful life (except when he served in the Army during the civil war and made an honorable record) in the wilderness of northern New York. Not infrequently when one wishes to pay a compliment to "a thoroughbred man" or "a royal good fellow," has the figurative expression been employed that "He will take off his shirt to accommodate a friend." I believe that Tom Powers would do this literally, for that is the kind of man he is.

The first attempt to catch deer for the park was made on the Fulton chain of lakes and it was not successful, as but one deer was captured. This was not under Tom Powers's management, but he tells me that when he received a letter from Col. Fox asking him to undertake the task of capturing a lot of does, uninjured, he thought the scheme bid fair to be a failure.

However, orders are orders, and he went to Indian Lake, a region that I have already written about in FOREST AND STREAM, and with a guide looked the ground over. The guide started a dog and Tom watched on an island in the lake. The first deer that came in was a big buck, and he was a long way off, but Tom opened on him with his Winchester with little hope of hitting him, and at the eleventh shot killed him. After a time a doe was driven into the water and Tom set out in a skiff to lasso it. He could row up to the deer, but she would dodge the noose at every throw, and then it was found that a skiff was not the kind of craft to take a live deer into unaided. Finally a man rowed out to him with the second boat and the deer was secured and taken to a barn. Strange to say, the treatment the deer were subjected to in making the captures did not frighten them, as one would suppose, for they would feed from the hands of their captors the same day that they were put in the barn.

The first capture proved that different arrangements must be made in the future. A long-handled withe was cut with two prongs, and these prongs were twisted until flexible and the ends fastened together, making a fairly stiff loop at the end of a long handle. A flat-bottomed scow was also provided, and when a doe was driven to water a man in a light skiff would overtake the deer, put the withe over her head and turn the handle until the loop was of proper size to secure the deer, but not tight enough to choke her, and that she would be held until the scow could come up and she was lifted into it and her feet



DEER IN TRANQUILITY PARK.

Amateur Photo by Mr. J. J. Pierrepont.

tied as one would tie a sheep. Then she was hurried away to the barn and released.

On one occasion the man in the skiff withed a big doe and the scow did not come to his assistance. The lake was rough, the deer strong, and the boat cranky, so there was a fair prospect that the man would be dumped into the water and the doe would escape. He had an anchor stone and anchor rope in the boat, and he fastened the rope to the withe and dropped the stone overboard, and there the deer was anchored. She swam around as far as her tether would permit until the scow arrived, when she was taken aboard out of the water. Another doe when cut off by the skiff did not turn from her course, but dived fairly and squarely under the skiff. She must have gone deep, for she came up some distance beyond and on the other side of the boat, with her head covered with grass from the bottom of the lake. This was shaken off as a swimmer shakes the water from his eyes after a dive, upon which she pursued the even tenor of her way.

These does were not to be handled with impunity after they were once withed. A doe had been brought up to the side of the scow, and Tom lifted her up by her ears and one of the men stepped up to fasten her feet, but with these same feet she stripped the man's shirt off as quickly as it could have been done by machine power.

Again, after fifteen does had been placed in the barn, Forest Commissioner Weed arrived and went with Tom Powers and a guide to see them. It was evening and



lanterns were carried, and the deer gathered together in a group with their eyes turned toward the lights. The guide stood in a corner and as the other men moved about suddenly the deer rushed for the guide's corner in a body, and all he could do was to make himself as small as possible and hold his arms over his face, for the deer fairly climbed up the man in a mass until they reached the ceiling. After this exhibition the guide did not have left on him clothes enough to wad a gun.

The yearlings and fawns were much wilder after capture than the old does, and all the buck fawns but one were released as soon as their sex was discovered. The old does could use their feet for other purposes than tearing the clothes off the guides, for when one was taken into the boat, and before it could be tied, it expressed its disapproval of the proceedings by stamping its feet so vigorously that it stamped a hole through the side of the boat.

All told, 19 deer were taken alive, 18 of them being old does, two years and upward, and one buck fawn. To capture this number Mr. Powers estimates that from 100 to 150 deer were started and run by the dogs. The quickest work was when three does were taken in three hours. Besides the deer that were captured alive about 40, mostly bucks, were killed. This came about from the fact that other parties were hunting at Indian Lake (all the deer were captured at Indian Lake except one, and that was taken in Lewey Lake, which is near by), at the time that Tom Powers's men were conducting their hunt, and it was arranged that whether the deer were run by dogs employed by the State or by dogs owned by the sportsmen, the bucks were at the mercy of the sportsmen, while all the does were to be unmolested by the sportsmen that Powers's men might capture them.

Tom tells me that there is a growing sentiment in the Adirondacks against killing female deer, and that the deer are increasing very fast. I wish that there was a growing sentiment against running deer with dogs, and then shooting them while swimming in the water. In saying this I am fully aware that few will echo the wish, for deer hounding is very popular, and he who opposes this method of hunting will find himself unpopular in the woods. Men can kill deer in this way who could kill them in no other way, and it would require a rock-ribbed, iron-bound statute to prevent deer hounding, even if such a statute could be passed, which I doubt. Aside from the question of the sportsmanship of shooting a swimming deer, venison that has been "run" by the hounds is not to be compared for the table with "still-hunted" venison. From all parts of the North Woods come reports that the deer are increasing, and I hope that it is so, but it must be remembered that a score of dogs are now used where formerly there was but one, and the scores are greater in consequence.

A. N. CHENEY.

#### A Suggestion for Game Preserves.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So much interest is manifested of late in game preservation, without, I regret to say, correspondingly good results following, that I offer a suggestion for consideration by some one who may be in a position to make the experiment. It is to take measures that will result in returning some of the domestic fowl to a wild state, so that when the native game is exterminated in a district sport may again be had there if those interested take the pains to restock the ground with domestic birds that would resume a wild life. Of course, our tamest fowl came from stock that was as wild as any grouse, when our own ancestors were wild men of the woods. As some people claim that the passion for shooting is a survival of the instinct for the chase by which primordial man obtained food, may it not be that there is a remnant of their ancestral wildness in chanticleer and his flock that under suitable cultivation would develop them into fair substitutes for our disappearing ruffed and pinnated grouse? It might take a long course of training to break them of their tameness and give them by practice strength of wing to fly fast enough to insure sport.

It would be interesting to watch the result if game bantam eggs were introduced in the nest of a ruffed grouse as substitutes for some of her own and the young hatched together. Would the old bird discover the cheat and resent the attempt to mix the children up by committing infanticide? If the substitutes came to light would they learn the art of self preservation from the practice of their twin brothers and sisters. Here is a clue for some future Darwin to follow and find some amusement at the end. On a preserve that was large enough it ought to be possible in the course of a few years to reawaken enough of their old love for liberty in the turkey so as to transform the tame bird into the alert and wary gobble of early days. But it would be useless, except as an experiment, to try the suggestion anywhere outside of a preserve. When so many are now found disposed to follow the last grouse in a woods until he is brought down, what would they not do to get a turkey.

Why would it not be worthy of consideration for some of the clubs or the State Sportsmen's Association to have wild turkeys introduced in the forest reservations now maintained by the State where deer are protected. They could, to be sure, fly out, but some of them might fly the other way and escape from civilization, its guns and guns.

E. REDMOND.

#### THAT PLANK.

*The Sale of Game Should be Forbidden at all Seasons.*

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

If the mail is rapid enough, allow me the honor of being among the first to climb on the plank. Make such a law, and every other game law may be wiped out, and the game will stay with us and with our children.

EVERETT O'DONNELL.

LOWVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 1.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You "bit the nail on the head" in your editorial last week, and you want to put a spike in that "plank." A law against the sale of game can be enforced. A few years ago we had a county law against sending game out of the county. I happened in one of the express offices one evening and saw a bunch of quail and woodcock which was marked to go to Buffalo. I told the express agent that if he carried them I would make complaint against him, and he refused to take them. I found them there the next morning after two trains had gone.

J. L. DAVISON.

#### OREGON NOTES.

I WISH that every sportsman in the United States could see the mounted specimen of *Cervus canadensis* that stands in the show window of the Ockerman & Dietrich Company, corner of Washington and Sixth streets, Portland. The elk was killed in the Olympic Range and was mounted by Fred Edwards, taxidermist of Tacoma. There are probably a hundred men in Tacoma that have seen elk at their homes in the wilds, and it is the universally expressed opinion of all that the specimen above referred to "takes the cake." One never sees a pair of elk antlers that are perfectly regular and even, but this pair is the most regular and about the most handsome I have ever seen. Six points without a wart or a scratch. Beautiful mahogany brown except the tips, which look like polished ivory. Here are some of the dimensions of his majesty: Height at shoulders 5ft. 1in., height at top of head 6ft. 5in., length from nose to tail 7ft., length of antlers 4ft. 5in., spread of antlers 4ft. 8in., circumference of body 6ft. 9in. The elk is mounted on his own skeleton, and having been in perfect color and form when killed, and having (luckily) fallen into the hands of an expert taxidermist, it is but natural that Portland sportsmen should claim the proud honor of possessing the finest mounted specimen of elk in the United States.

As has been before remarked, we have had no duck shooting this winter. Since the first day of November the waters have been extraordinarily high. Now and then the sun would smile down on us, of course, and our hopes would rise correspondingly, but only to be again dampened at once by an "Oregon mist" of a week or more duration and out of Oregon's old, original stock. It really has been an unusual winter. The "old settler" says that he has never before seen its like. Well, the natural result was that the ducks, not being able to find the deep down food, went on to California, where the boys have had the best duck shooting for years. Our loss, their gain.

But spring has come. The tree frogs are heard in the land and the robins nest again. And with spring comes the festive canvasback on his way to the land of the midnight sun. I do not believe in spring shooting, but our legislative bodies do, or always have heretofore. I guess that, under the circumstances, I will have to believe in it for the nonce. I don't like to keep shells over the summer, you know. J. Roberts Mead, my "pard" in the Green Lake, was down there yesterday. He says the canvasbacks are coming in in great numbers. He thinks there must have been a thousand or more in the lake, and more a-comin'. If the water continues falling for the next week as it has during the past, it is a safe two to one bet that there will be ten thousand canvasbacks in the Green Lake a week from to-day.

Will you kindly inform me what has become of "Podgers" and "O. O. S."? Truly, I feel as if some of our family were either away from home or dead unless they "come up smiling" for another round in FOREST AND STREAM now and then. You remember "O. O. S.'s" story about killing the cougar with a hand-spike, on the Pilchuk, out in this country, some time ago. Well, do you know that Smith has one mortal enemy here in consequence of that story? A certain very amiable, very estimable sporting friend of mine settled here about that time from Hartford, Conn. He is a sportsman from the ground up, but he came here imbued with weird ideas of the wild and woolly West, and he implicitly believed all that Smith said in his famous cougar story, of course. He had day-mares and nightmares about savage cougars and such, until one day I happened to remark that Smith was a good man, but could tell the most infernal yarns of any man I ever read after. My friend eyed me closely for a moment and then pointedly asked, "Why?" "Do you suppose for a moment," I replied, "that cougars go paddling around in deep water like muskrats? And, too, did you ever stop to think how providential it was that Smith should, in turning to avoid the angry, swimming mother cougar, find ready at hand a nicely-fashioned hand-spike with which to beat out her brains, particularly in a country where the shadow of a white man was seldom seen. And then, too, how kind and considerate and affectionate the male cougar was to swim in and get the baby cougar," etc. But before I concluded my friend's thoughts were far away playing tag with two monsters, one on the Pilchuk, the other at a place called Newton, Pa. From that day to the present my friend has never mentioned Smith's name, although I am extolling his merits and virtues nearly every day. Do you know that he really feels that Smith premeditatedly, maliciously wrote that yarn just simply for the purpose of imposing on him individually, and he never, never will forget or forgive.

P. S.—FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 27 just at hand, wherein I see that "O. O. S." and "Awahsoose" are airing themselves and their ideas of the best way of disposing of the nuisance that argues politics in camp. Tie a stone to his neck and drop him in the Pilchuk for the cougars to feast upon.

My friend, Charles F. Johnson, of Chicago, who has been spending a month or more down the Columbia, back of Woodland, in Cowlitz county, Wash., just dropped in to tell me that he had had and intended to have a great time with the fauna of that great country. He reports elk, deer, bear and cougar very plentiful, and one would think, to hear him tell it, that big game are about as plentiful down there as Cherokee steers are on the Texas plains. I think that Charley is entitled to all this, for he is one of those appreciative hunters that gets the full benefit of such surroundings and knows how to manifest his appreciation of such environments.

Last summer my friend, J. R. Mead, designed and tied a new fly for trout. Judge Cheney described the fly in detail last summer, and expressed the belief that it would become a great favorite for both trout and bass. The wings are a waxy hackle, long, and lie low and drooping, as if in an undeveloped state, while the legs and tentacles are of furnace brown hackle. The body is of yellow floss silk, wound with silver tinsel, full and plump, with red tip. It is the "trout bug" of the Oregon boy, and a very good imitation of this interesting Cadis fly. We expect great results from this fly the coming season. Mr. Mead caught 22 trout one afternoon last fall, the smallest 1lb., the largest 2lbs; 18 out of the catch were caught on the Mead fly. His whip carried three flies. Most of the larger fish we took last summer were taken on this fly.

Mr. Mead has been distributing them among sportsmen, and we hope to hear good reports from the Atlantic to the Pacific next fall. I believe it is the greatest fly yet tried for western trout. Appropriately enough, the wings are secured from the lovely Mongolian pheasant.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 30.

#### THE POWDER TEST.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The variations in velocity and the bursting strains given by black powder in Mr. Tenner's valuable tests show well against the nitros, but at the same time are greater than those ordinarily produced by this explosive. As chemist for a powder company, the writer has access to records taken daily for the last fifteen years, and in no case can he find a consecutive string of twenty shots with the differences recorded at Carney Point. Remarks about the Hahn gauge are made with diffidence, as the machine is unfamiliar; still it seems possible that the sudden pressures exerted by nitro brands act too quickly to overcome the inertia of its several parts, and that it is responsible for at least some of the above unreliability. When makers depended on the pendulum years ago, a clever superintendent could, on this principle of inertia resistance, "throw" further with a slow blasting charge than with a first-class grade of sporting.

Mr. Tenner's summary by points of merit is interesting, but the trouble with all of us possessing the instruments for making accurate tests is that we are biased in favor of particular explosives. This consciously or unconsciously affects results when we theorize. Mr. Tenner evidently considered his trials as a competition between the various nitros, rather than a broad one between nitro and black powder, and his arbitrary scale does not emphasize the very superior showing made by the latter in stability and high velocity.

Had a black powder manufacturer been present at the tests, he would have suggested a few changes in them. In the first place, all the black brands used were cheap ones, and FFF (FFF.G) is too small grain to give good pattern results. It is to be regretted that something approximating nearer the nitros in cost was not employed. Then it is well known that two or more of the nitros shot low velocity rapidly if chilled, one of them becoming unreliable when long exposed to a temperature from twenty to twenty-five degrees. In a table claiming to fully classify explosives, the omission of such a series was a grave oversight.

Our manufacturer might have asked, as well for a record with shells containing maximum loads, but these "dipped" by an outside person instead of being carefully weighed. Much stress was laid by Mr. Tenner on the disadvantage of overcharging. It is impossible with a wood fibre grain as now made, to dip or pour equal weights from a bulk measure. In tests for sportsmen, the trial would have been quite legitimate, as they are interested in service and not laboratory loads.

In the writer's humble opinion, "evenness of velocity" should have received many times the prominence allowed it in the merit percentages. This is the one thing that wing or rifle shots must have. Black powder is inferior to its newer rivals in residuum and recoil, and has been superseded in certain kinds of shooting where velocity is of less importance than smoke. But for the varying conditions found in the hunting field, we that believe in saltpetre think that nitro-cellulose can never be manufactured satisfactorily. Its responsiveness to any change in conditions is inherent, and sportsmen are becoming educated in ballistics.

D.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Unless your readers are blessed with an exceptionally high degree of endurance, I should judge that the powder test controversy must be growing tiresome to them. It certainly has lost its charms for me, and I have concluded to have with this and with your permission, my final say in the premises, no matter how strong the provocation and temptation may hereafter be for the contrary.

"T. H. G." considers my basis of rating the properties of a gunpowder an arbitrary one. I readily admit that it is open to objection; but I am equally confident that any basis "T. H. G." may suggest would meet with the same fate.

He thinks I ought to have given all the details and figures as employed for rating some of the properties not accompanied with the dates in question. Well, I have been quite liberal in furnishing figures and have been more explicit in the premises than others are under similar conditions. If "T. H. G." can produce a similar report more detailed than mine, he would oblige me by stating where it ever has been published.

Testing institutions, as a rule, do not make public tests; they rarely publish all the details, for the simple reason that the latter create just what I experienced. They are misunderstood and misconstrued by persons believing that powders ought to behave like a clock, and that men criticize a work they are less acquainted with than they suppose. Mr. G. says that a cold test is more important than a dry-heat test. I claim that they are about of equal value. Has he ever considered to what a degree of heat a powder is subjected when used in summer in the sun and in the field? The temperature chosen by me for the test has not originated with me; it is the temperature employed by all military authorities in Europe for a similar purpose, and I venture to say that these authorities know what they are doing. How could I have made a cold test in summer? To reduce the temperature of the powder and gun metal to a degree of +10° does not suffice, and I could not afford to have a refrigerator built for the purpose at my expense offering ample facilities for such a test, and my experience is that many persons find it cheaper to criticize a powder test than to contribute toward carrying it out. "T. H. G." thinks that the black powder did better in point of pattern than I acknowledged. Those who conducted and witnessed the tests believe different.

He takes issue with me again on the question of the difference in the arrival of pellets at a given point driven by a fine-grained powder and those propelled by a coarser grained black powder.

We will never agree on this point, I fear, for the simple reason that I cannot admit that birds fly at the enormous speed of 60 miles an hour, and because Mr. G. forgets or is not aware of one important fact. The velocities registered by the chronograph are lower, and must be lower, as they are in reality. Now, when a person knowing these facts makes a statement as made by me, and which



G. criticises, he takes all the facts, and as they are partially unknown to G., into consideration. Before assuming the rôle of a critic, G. should first of all make himself familiar with the subject at issue. He cannot expect that I explain and exemplify every statement I make; if I did I would have to write volumes instead of columns on questions of the character at issue.

According to his figures a shooter must lead a quartering bird at 40yds. fully 13ft. Let Mr. G. reduce his theory into practice, and challenge me for a shooting match at live pigeons. Although I am a novice in live pigeon shooting, I think I can manage to get the better of him under such conditions. I will agree to be contended with a lead of 2ft. at such a distance, although I know that this would be too short a distance for leading such a bird for others.

Mr. Justus von Lengerke devotes over three columns of your last issue to me and my last reply to him. Much what he says does not concern me, and if it is not written for the benefit of some particular powder, it is, in my judgment, then intended for a county down in North Carolina called Buncombe, for I really have a better opinion of his knowledge in the premises than to suppose that he actually means what he says, or rather, says what he knows. My reply will be as short as the circumstances will permit it to be, and I intend to single out only those of his statements which appear to have a general interest, and which go to show that it is not distasteful to him to treat me and my utterances unfairly.

Mr. von Lengerke knows that I am not a green hand in making powder tests. He knows that I did this work before and that I am acquainted with the manner and methods employed by the London *Field* for carrying out such tests. He has good reason to suppose that I am aware how E. C. and Schultze powders must be wadded. He has been informed time and again that the powders named were loaded by a disinterested, competent party, not by me. He knows that the London *Field* never specifies the wadding material used under similar circumstances. The *Field* simply uses the term "Field loading," which means that a trap wad was employed next to the powder, a white felt wad on top of this and a cardboard wad over the felt. I mentioned in my report U. S. C. Co. wadding. I learned at Chicago that a black-edge, or two of them, are frequently used here for nitro powders instead of the white felt wad. I had no occasion to object to such a method of loading, which has been found to answer the purpose well. In speaking of the wadding material employed I made a mistake. Instead of saying that a cardboard wad was used over the felt I said black-edge wad. Every fair-minded and intelligent reader undoubtedly knew that by a slip of the pen I used a wrong technical term, and Mr. von Lengerke was aware of this, in fact he admits that he knows the shells were not wadded as I mistakenly said. I have good reason to believe that he knows even more than he cares to know, that he knows that the powders were indeed wadded properly. But in spite of all this he makes all the capital he possibly can out of my mistake. He makes it appear as if I had never seen Schultze or E. C. powders loaded before, and that I accomplished what he himself admits is an impossibility. The powders were loaded in the presence of intelligent spectators, all sportsmen, among them Mr. Ike Watson, who, as I found, commands a great deal of experience in loading nitro powders. Yet Mr. Lengerke does not find it distasteful to exploit my error. He makes a great fuss about nothing, and I do not think that I deserve to be treated thus at his hands. I would certainly have displayed more fairness toward him under similar circumstances.

I compared the nitro powders with tamed wild beasts. This has apparently caused Mr. von Lengerke much merriment. He tries to be funny and says that I evidently had Walsrode powder in my mind when I made the comparison because, as he claims, according to the London *Field* a certain German testing institution considers a double charge of Walsrode powder extremely dangerous. This is my opinion too. Walsrode powder reacts very violently to such increased charges, and has in this respect much in common with the tamed wild beast—it is treacherous. But to give Mr. von Lengerke still more cause for merriment, I shall give him another illustration showing that other nitro powders too resemble in their behavior wild beast pretty closely. I refer him to his authority on ballistics, to the London *Field*. If he will glance over the files of that journal of 1893, he will find that on several occasions the regular charge of Schultze powder, 8 drams or 42 grains, loaded in a 12-bore shell, suddenly showed traces of the nature of wild beasts. It damaged guns, and when the *Field* tested these shells for bursting strain, it was found that their loads developed a bursting strain far beyond the permissible limit. And these shells had not been baked in an oven like Boston beans, they had been stored on a shelf in a room, where black powder for instance would not have been affected the least by the warm temperature. By making this statement I do not intend to convey the impression that I consider Schultze powder particularly dangerous. It is in my opinion a comparatively reliable and meritorious propelling agent.

What Mr. von Lengerke says in regard to the difference in the cheaper and better grades of black powder, proves that he has been wrapped up too much in E. C. and Schultze powders to find time to make himself familiar with the chemical composition, process of manufacturing and the properties of these powders. He is not able to advance one single argument to prove that his opinion is based on facts. Every ballistic engineer and every powder manufacturer will tell him that the better grades of black powders will not and cannot possibly be more violent than the cheaper grades, other conditions being equal. He thinks that the FFG DuPont black powder employed by me was not this grade, but a special and better grade. He is wrong.

The powder tests were partly carried out on the premises and under the eyes of the proprietors and officers of one of the oldest powder manufacturing concerns in the world. Their smokeless powder—not in the market—was tested also. It was rated lower than either E. C. or Schultze. Did these gentlemen find fault with me? Would they not have done so if they had found that the tests were not carried out correctly? Are they not capable of telling how such tests must be conducted?

Mr. von Lengerke was in Chicago about the time the tests were in progress, so was Mr. Money. Why did they neglect to avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing the tests? Did they stay away purposely in order to

be able to raise the cry "foul" afterward? I am sorry to say it looks to me that way.

I again say that nitro powders are superior to black powders in many respects. I claim, too, that the nitro rifle powder has driven black powder to the wall to a greater extent than the smokeless gunpowder has taken the place of black gunpowder. But I do not claim, nor have I ever asserted, that the nitro powder is as safe, or safer, than black powder. Whenever the former have ceased to display the nature of tamed wild beasts I shall readily admit it, for I am not an advocate of black powder and hope that I and Mr. von Lengerke will live to see such a change take place.

ARMIN TENNER.

[We think that this discussion has run as far as its interest warrants.]

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Got a Head.

An old-time friend of FOREST AND STREAM, "Ahmeek," who is Consul for the United States located at Chatham, Canada, is in trouble about one of the most important features of FOREST AND STREAM, and writes as follows:

"I trust I am not trespassing too much upon your courtesy in urging you to use your influence with the proprietors of FOREST AND STREAM to induce them to change their outside heading. I have been a constant reader of that invaluable paper ever since I first saw a copy of it ten years ago, and it is now a great solace to me in my exile. My luck under the crude but comparatively inoffensive old heading was very good, and I caught fish and shot game without any suspicion of a 'hoodoo'; but ever since that baleful caricature first put in an appearance I have found the fish all gone, or the game all shot, or worst of all, been unable to get away to try for either of them. This is not right, and as one of a large and growing class which must depend upon FOREST AND STREAM for a large part of its mental pabulum, I write to protest against its action in foisting upon an innocent and unsuspecting public the monstrosity at the top of its outside page.

"To illustrate: The two sportsmen (God save the mark!) in the foreground are clearly dudes out for blood. One wears a full-blown necktie over a starched shirt front, and the other has on boots that probably cost at least \$16. To the eye of the critical observer nothing but a miracle keeps the rushing stream from overflowing its banks and spoiling those boots, while the two specimens of *Cervus virginianus* are braver than the rest of their tribe in that they are not afraid of it. However, what else could you expect of a buck that has his horns turned the wrong way?

"The cutter on the lake is fairly good, a little too much peak in her mainsail perhaps, but then a yachtsman who would use such a jib might use such a mainsail. The paddler is using a doublebladed instrument in his birch, but he matches his neighbor.

"The two men in camp are in a wet place if it rains and their tent guys are loose, but as the one on the log is evidently tired, I assume that he is a tenderfoot and probably pitched the tent in that manner and in that particular place.

"The sky effect is bad, very bad, and leaves the awed mind of the spectator in doubt as to whether it is a cold gray morning in October or half an hour after sunset in August.

"The moose head in the center was mounted by a man who had a cow for a model, and I think he must have been a good copyist, but as an illustration of the picturesque front of *Cervus alces* it is a rank imposture. And in this connection let me ask, is the head surrounded by the forest shade or a spring flight of ducks? This is an important question, and it is your duty to settle it. I do not think even 'Katie' of glorious memory could look upon that flight unmoved, unless it was after twenty-four cups of coffee.

"I confess this thing has worried me, as this long letter goes to prove, and now that I can contemplate the mistakes of my countrymen from a foreign soil its perspective haunts me. Cannot something be done to remedy it? What right has my fireside companion to queer my luck, and doubtless that of thousands of other friends all over the world? The title is all right, but the unities have not been observed and the accessories before the act should be punished.

"To you an enlightened, an interested and a solicitous public looks for succor. Shall it look in vain?"

Nay, nay, it shall not be. If "Ahmeek," or anybody else wants the head of FOREST AND STREAM changed, it must be changed at once. To so much, I am sure, I can bind the proprietors of the paper as to say cheerfully that, if "Ahmeek" will submit a design for a new and improved head, it will have careful consideration. Barring the few exceptions named, he evidently thinks this head is about right, so it will be but little trouble to get up a perfect design. It will be carefully considered, and if accepted, will be put in use at once. So will other designs. Attention is, however, called to the fact that the head can only be changed fifty-two times a year.

To one thing, however, being sworn as a staff member to support the Constitution of the U. S. and the head of the paper, I must object, and that is any criticism of the historic moose head. That moose head is known in all corners of the country, and although it may be covesque in some regards, it goes. It dominated the FOREST AND STREAM at the World's Fair, it runs on the FOREST AND STREAM stationery, appears on book covers, shows on a thousand news stand signs, and moreover, sagely presides over every word that is written, every think that is thought, by any and every member of the FOREST AND STREAM family. The other day, just last week, a man down in Texas found fault with this same moose head.

"It violates all principles of art," said he, "because it is just stuck up there without anything on earth to hold it up—not the least indication of a support for it anywhere."

"My dear sir," I said to him, "you overlook the fact that that moose head is supported by over twenty-one years of success."

Will this thought be of service to "Ahmeek" in getting out his new head? He can jump on those tenderfeet, who were formulated by one who thought long boots were a good thing, and he can reconstruct the Chinese, had-to-get-it-all-in perspective, but as to monkeying with the moose head—sweet sir, prithee, say not so. You can't very easily make FOREST AND STREAM take down its horns,

## A Game Law Muddle.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 10.—Last week I called attention to the fact that the *Tribune* of this city had announced the illegality of killing Illinois song birds after Feb. 1, and suggested it might amend by adding that it is also illegal to kill them before Feb. 1. The *Tribune* of Feb. 8 corrects its error, and points out that it was misled by a game law circular put out by City Game Warden Chas. H. Blow.

Get a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief*, Mr. Warden.

The *Tribune* says:

The game warden starts out with the statement that it is unlawful to kill prairie chicken, grouse, pheasant, quail, deer, antelope, turkey, squirrel of any kind, or any song birds after Feb. 1. Every farmer's boy in the State knows that no prairie chicken may be killed lawfully after Nov. 1, and that grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) and quail are protected by law after Dec. 1. Moreover, it is unlawful at any season of the year to kill any of the song birds which Mr. Blow enumerates. These birds are covered by law at all seasons. Squirrels cannot be shot legally after Dec. 15 until the open season for them begins in June.

Mr. Blow has been led into error doubtless by the fact that game may be sold in this State until Feb. 1, provided that the game so sold has been brought from other States. It is unlawful to sell at any time any game, except water fowl, that has been killed in the State of Illinois. Further down in the game warden's circular stands this somewhat startling sentence: "The sale of all game except water fowl is prohibited by law in the State of Illinois." If this was correct the law of game sold this winter on South Water street would, if the penalties could be collected, net the State enough money to run its government for some years. Mr. Blow probably means that it is unlawful to sell at any time game killed in Illinois.

That's right, get a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief*, Mr. *Tribune*, and you'll always be right.

The *American Field*, in a burst of enterprise, sent out copies of this erroneous circular as a folder to its subscribers, hoping by this illustrated supplement to disseminate useful information and accumulate some glory. Some folks never do have any luck, and continually accumulate experience instead of glory.

If you see it in FOREST AND STREAM, it's so.

## Not Stingy.

A copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* is always at the service of the editor of the *American Field* any time he wants to send over to this office and borrow it. There is really no good reason at all for him to make such mistakes. We may be tough people, but I trust we are not stingy with our things.

## Stopped Fishing.

Last month the summer residents who own property around Fox Lake learned that the notorious Stanley family of that locality were again at their fishing through the ice, and had shipped over 2,000lbs. of fish to the Chicago market. A meeting of interested parties was called and investigations were made. The committee discovered illicit fish in transit, and followed the trail to South Water street, Chicago. Judge Green, one of those owning property about Fox Lake, approached Stanley and tried to state the thing fairly to him, and to induce him to stop fishing. Stanley said he would not stop, and that, if interfered with, would burn the buildings of every man opposing him. "We'll break a few heads too, if you fellows try to stop us," said Mr. Stanley. All this was reported at the second meeting of the summer residents, held at the Sherman House last Wednesday, Mr. M. R. Bortree in the chair. Meantime, State Fish Warden McNeil was sent up to see the belligerent Stanley, and to investigate the head-breaking and house-burning proclivities as per Mr. Stanley's earlier remarks. Stanley weakened at once, stopped fishing and has not had a line through the ice since. The property owners have called this old bluff of the lawless fishers, and now if a house is harmed around the lake it will probably be the worst thing for the Stanley outfit that ever happened.

## Successful.

The Lansing (Iowa) Rod and Gun Club have been successful in their case against fisherman Hoag, charged with illegal seining within Big Lake, an arm of the Mississippi River. The trials lasted three days and was stubbornly fought on the ground of no jurisdiction. The club is now going after the violators of the game laws also. More power to their arm and may they never grow weary. This is the way in which a good sentiment is created, and the value and proper ownership of the people's game and fish explained to the careless, the ignorant and the wanton.

## A Valuable Correction.

A correction and admonishment of great value is contained in the following letter from Mr. C. A. Tuttle, of Anaconda, Mont.:

I notice your article in FOREST AND STREAM under date of 13th inst. wherein a Mr. W. H. Haskell figures as quite a sportsman, inasmuch as he and his party succeeded in killing 4 elk and many deer. Doubtless Mr. Haskell is not aware that it is against the laws of this State to kill elk under penalty of not less than \$200, or more than \$500 or imprisonment from 60 days to 6 months, else he would not have taken the risk he did. But it seems to me the first thing any true sportsman would do would be to find out the game laws of the State he was visiting and then honor them. Furthermore the relating of such incidents as a sportsman's paper of the tone of FOREST AND STREAM, does not have a tendency to keep those of our own State in check. They reason that they should be allowed as many privileges as outsiders.

I inclose you a certified copy of the laws of our State, and call your attention to our manner of notifying anyone whom we hear of violating the laws, and although we are unable to stop it all from the vastness of the territory about here, we manage to hold a lot of them in check.

The section of the law referred to reads in full as follows, the act being approved March 1, 1893:

An act to provide further protection to game, fur-bearing animals, birds and fish.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Montana:

SEC. 1. That any person who shall wilfully shoot or otherwise kill for the period of ten years from and after the passage of this act, any bison, buffalo, or quail or Chinese pheasants, or who shall shoot or otherwise kill for the period of six years from and after the passage of this act, any moose, elk, otter or beaver, within this State, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and be fined not less than \$300 and not more than \$500, or be imprisoned in the county jail not less than two months nor more than six months, or both such fine and imprisonment for each offense committed, in the discretion of the Court, and the possession of the skin or meat of any of the above-mentioned animals, or of offering for sale any unmounted heads or horns, of said animals killed during said period, shall be *prima facie* evidence that the persons having either in his possession killed the same in violation of this section.

The above is offered to the observation of all readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Haskell was perhaps ignorant of the change in the law, and I confess that I was also ignorant of it. There is only one way to keep posted on all the different laws of the different States and Territories, and that is to do as Mr. Tuttle says, look up the laws of the section in which one is about to shoot. The *Game Laws in Brief* should be in the hands of all shooters. I



always consult it when about to make a trip, and Mr. Haskell and his party should have done so. At best, ignorance is a poor excuse, though often it is the acting reason for an illegal act. FOREST AND STREAM will thank Mr. Tuttle sincerely for his letter, and wish him all the success in the world in apprehending shooters who in either ignorance or defiance of the law kill illegal game. Montana's noble heritage is worthy of the strictest preservation, and the means thereto cannot be too impartially or too stringently enforced.

#### By the Way—

And by the way, has Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, ever paid his fine for those illegal Wisconsin deer?

#### A Piratical "Elk."

Dr. J. W. Cowan, of Geneseo, N. Y., sends me a clipping from the *Utica (N. Y.) Globe*, which he thinks merits comment, and so do I. The clipping shows simply a half-tone engraving, a very good one, too, of a full-grown moose. Below the picture is the descriptive foot line, which says, "A Bull Elk. A monarch of the forest whose species is fast passing away." Now, Dr. Cowan probably thought the above misnaming was funny enough by itself, and so it is, but does he notice that this cut is a reproduction of one of the illustrations of Mr. Madison Grant's article on "The Vanishing Moose," in a recent issue of the *Century Magazine*? Such is the case. The *Utica Globe* "elk" is too palmed, and I trust the *Century Magazine* will try to show that he is also too piratical. Readers will remember Mr. Grant's late article in FOREST AND STREAM, upon much the same lines as that above cited. It won't hurt the daily press to take an interest in outdoor sport, but it should be a healthy interest. Stealing isn't healthy, mostly.

#### Mississippi River Crusade.

The crusade of the anglers against the market fishers of the Mississippi River goes on bravely at La Crosse and Lansing. At the former place two fishermen were arraigned last week for violating the law four months ago. At Lansing the successful cases are even greater in number, and the Lansing Rod and Gun Club is determined that the seining in the lakes and sloughs must be stopped. The Lansing *Mirror* says: "We have in this vicinity some of the finest fish preserves along the river anywhere, and it is sheer nonsense to say that the supply is not diminished by seining them at a season of the year when even catching with a hook and line is not allowed. Sportsmen to a man are with the club in this matter, and we believe the sentiment of a large majority of the community are the same. As it is, Lansing is a noted resort for sport with the hook and line, but let seining be stopped in this vicinity for a few years and fish would be almost as plentiful hereabouts as leaves on the trees." E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### GAME DESTRUCTION IN MONTANA.

The following paragraphs show two sides of the game protection question in Montana, a State which to-day offers as good hunting as any in the United States. The men who feed deer to their hogs and chickens live along the line of the Great Northern R. R. on the west side of the Continental Divide. The Livingston taxidermist who suggests poaching in the park, and who—Heaven save the mark—is President of the Livingston Game Protective Society, is sufficiently well known.

Much more encouraging is the paragraph from a gentleman living in the vicinity of the National Park, which tells of the change of sentiment among people of the better class living thereabouts:

"When I tell you that parties in this 'neck of the woods' kill deer and feed them to their hogs and chickens, you can form some idea of the manner in which the game in this part of Montana is being destroyed. One party last winter fed 75 to his hogs, and report has it more than that number so far this winter. Another party killed them for chicken feed, and did not stop his infernal work until quite late in the spring. Deer are killed here by the hundreds every fall, and in fact at all times of the year, for their hides alone. We have a so-called game warden, but his chief occupation seems to consist in getting 'anchored' by a comfortable fire, putting about a quart of 'snake-bite' under his belt, and boasting of the awful things he intends to do, but never does. In the meantime the deer, elk and other game are being exterminated, and no effort made to stop it.

"Not long ago Mr. Sheard, the Livingston (Montana) taxidermist, wrote a letter to a man who a year before had been the winter keeper at the hotel at the Grand Cañon in the National Park and whom Sheard supposed this year to be in the same position, telling him he 'had better get a bottle of strychnine and poison some of those cross and silver gray foxes at the cañon this winter. Their hides can be sent by mail.' Sheard is president of the society for the protection of game at Livingston and does it more damage than any man in the country.

"This year a poacher who has been living on the edge of the Park and making short trips into it for game was caught in a snowslide about the middle of January and was not found for a week, so you see the Lord is on our side.

"This year sentiment has changed greatly in all this country. I now find most of the better classes about here, and even the Livingston people, in full sympathy with all efforts to protect the game, and consequently dead against the poachers."

#### Taken to Task by a Purist.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, Suffolk County, N. Y., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: You have done excellent work in the line of stamping out such conventional phrases as "speckled beauties," "finny tribes," etc.; but for several weeks your editorial page has contained references to "wild game." Is there any good reason for the use of this term? The two expressions quoted above are merely hackneyed, but "wild" game seems to belong to such forms as "the spine of my back" and "his eyesight was destroyed." If there existed other spines, sight and game \* \* \* FRED MATHER.

[We said "wild game," having in mind such enterprises as Col. Mather's duckery, wherein he is breeding wild ducks, which one of these days he may wish to sell as game game, when we shall have our wild game prohibition law in operation.]

#### VERMONT GAME.

PUTNEY, Vt., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The attempt of the Vermont Fish and Game League to introduce new feathered game should meet with approval from all lovers of sport, and every one interested should not fail to respond to the call for funds and to secure proper protection after the game is turned loose to shift for itself. With the exception of that grand and wily bird the ruffed grouse, which is found in fair numbers throughout the State, we have no gamebird except in a few localities where a fair sprinkling of woodcock may be found during their migration; or a few ducks may stop at some of the lakes and marshes. The laws of Vermont have been revised and amended till they will, in most respects, compare favorably with those of other neighboring States. Should success crown the efforts of the League in this attempt, and I am sure it will if the sportsmen will tender their assistance and support, there is no reason why Vermont should not prove an attractive spot for the city sportsmen, most of whom now seek places where game is more abundant.

With deer protected by law till 1900, we hear reports of their increasing numbers and appearance in localities where they have not been seen for many years. This is surely encouraging.

With such birds as black game, capercaillie, sharptailed grouse and quail, in addition to what we have now, it seems as though any sportsman could find satisfactory sport within the limits of this State. I would also like to see the Mongolian pheasant numbered among our game birds, but perhaps it would not be advisable to try too many varieties at the first attempt.

In order to afford the greatest protection and induce people to respect the laws, I know of no better method, after securing proper laws, than to organize the sportsmen in every town or city of any size into clubs. Rifle clubs, trap-shooting, canoeing or yachting clubs will afford the members many pleasant hours of sport, and such organizations will change many a locality, where at present the laws are disregarded, into law-abiding communities in this respect as well as in others. The example of many who respect the laws, when organized into clubs, will have greater influence upon the would-be lawbreakers than if such organizations did not exist. We have had a striking illustration of the above in our own town. When such organizations are scattered through the principal towns of Vermont then the fish and game will not suffer from illegal destruction. W. E. A.

#### GROUSE TRAPPING IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

MITCHELL, S. D., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have your letter wishing information about the extent of the prairie chicken and quail trapping in South Dakota, and about the measures which are to be put into operation to stop it. The crusade against the game-hog here has terminated in a warm one. But the exact course that will be taken at other places such as Elkpoint and Vermillion, to stop this slaughter of game has not fully been decided on.

Two years ago in Union county, some sportsman made complaint and forced the sheriff to capture several barrels of chickens that were at the depot, ready for shipment. They were stored in the county jail. Later the sheriff finds that a city and other good friends were interested in this financial success, and he was induced to lose his keys. They, of course, were found and at night the chickens were taken over on to an island and afterwards shipped. This affair was soon quieted and it was also found by others that there was money made by trapping. Last winter they began the work on a more extensive scale. Men claimed at different towns that they could beat general business and farming all to pieces by trapping. No doubt they could from the amount of game that was shipped out of this State.

This winter the local gun club here raised quite a large sum of money, to carry out the prosecution of this law. They also have a committee of three on the lookout, and one of its members, Mr. John Hough, went to different points over the State, to try and get the sportsmen interested in this work. He returned to-day and reported that in such places as Vermillion and Elkpoint, where trapping has been carried on most extensively, he could get them to do nothing. He was told by good authority that there has been \$7,000 worth and possibly more of chickens shipped from Elkpoint this winter. While there, Mr. Hough was informed by a friend that if he made his business publicly known he would stand a good show to be lynched. He realized what respect they had for the life of a "chicken" and pulled out.

The local clubs will make the next moves after the railroads and express companies. At present the work will be done on the detective plan.

It is expected that the State will take hold of the matter in the way of commissioners or wardens and at once stop it or at least endeavor to. H. G. NICHOLS.

#### SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

*Editor Forest and Stream*:

Civilities are the inheritance of sportsmen. From a feeling of kinship the world over, their recognition is especially sought and most heartily reciprocated.

Appropos with such suggestions is the remissness of the fraternity in our own State of New York in cordial reciprocation with our Canadian brethren, as will be seen by reference to *Game Laws in Brief*.

In Sec. 14 of the Ontario statutes for the protection of game (Act of 1893) there is an exhibition of graceful concession that should have at least substantial acknowledgment. It is provided as follows:

Non-Residents.—Sec. 14. No person not a resident or domiciled in the Provinces of Ontario or Quebec shall be entitled to kill any moose \* \* \* or any other game animal, or bird, referred to in this act, or any other bird or animal, whether protected by this act or not, without having first obtained a license in that behalf. \* \* \* the fee to be paid therefor shall be \$25.

Perhaps the sweeping severity of the section—creditable in a humanitarian sense—is mollified by a reference published in one of the Canadian papers, calling attention of foreign sportsmen to "the \$25, which they may have forgotten," and directed to Game Warden Stewart, who is requested to make proclamation.

The Warden published the section in a modified form, limiting the slaughter but maintaining the price at the same figure: "No person, not a resident and domiciled in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, shall be entitled to hunt, take, kill, wound or destroy any moose \* \* \*

or any other game animal or bird, referred to in this act," etc., and prescribing a license of \$25 for a single season, and denouncing the penalties of the game laws of Ontario against offenders.

The italicizing above is my own.

Now as substantial reciprocity, and as essentially necessary to the protection of game and fish within our own borders and jurisdiction, the Legislature of New York could be asked, at its present session, to incorporate into our game laws a section like the following:

Any person who shall not be a citizen and resident of the United States, who shall either kill, capture, wound, or pursue any wild animal, wild bird, or fish, within the State of New York, the killing, capture, wounding, or pursuing of which is prohibited in said State during the whole or any part of the year, without having first paid to the Chief Game and Fish Protector for said State the sum of twenty-five dollars, and received from him, over his hand and seal, a license, granting to such person for the year in which the same may be given, the rights and privileges conferred upon the citizen residents of said State in the killing, pursuit and capture of wild animals, wild birds, and fish therein, shall, for each and every offense, be guilty of a misdemeanor, and be subject to a penalty of fifty dollars, to be sued for, and recovered as other penalties, provided for in Chap. 438, of the laws of said State passed May 5, 1892, as amended.

Such a statute will aid the citizens of the State in preventing the wholesale and wanton destruction of game and fish now persistently pursued by irresponsible and marauding parties from the neighboring Dominion, whose habitual disregard of their own protective laws is an encouragement to piracies this side the border. SAINT LAWRENCE.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

#### The Gun Testing Institution.

*Editor Forest and Stream*:

The names of the following gentlemen have been enrolled upon the membership list of the American Testing Institution for hand firearms, etc.: J. A. H. Dressel, New York city; C. H. Smith\*, Sec'y B. R. and G. Club, Butte, Mont.; Chas. Macalester\*, South Seaville, N. J.; André Louis Bagger\*, Royal V. Consul of Denmark, Washington, D. C.; M. F. Cook, Sec'y Colt Hammerless Gun Club, Hartford, Conn.; R. H. Blain, Civil Engineer, Morgantown, W. Va.; T. W. R. McRae, Sec'y Forest and Stream Club, Belleville, Ont.; E. A. Leopold\*, Norristown, Pa.; J. P. Dannefeler, Gunsmith, New York city; J. Seaver Page\*, New York city; Horace B. Derby, Sec'y East New York Trap-Shooters, Albany, N. Y.; Howard Simpson\*, Inspector of Rifle Practice, Wilmington, Del.; E. J. Darlington\*, Wilmington, Del.; Benj. P. Morris, Att'y at Law, Long Branch, N. J.; E. S. Holmes\*, Kent Scientific Institution, Grand Rapids, Mich.; J. C. Clark, Sec'y Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Topeka, Kansas; Browning Bros., Arms and Sporting Goods, Ogden, Utah; Thomas Cumming, Cummings Point, Stamford, Conn.; C. F. Bates, Pres. C. R. Gun Club, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

The institution is now in operation. ARMIN TENNER, Supt.

\* Members of the Advisory Board.

DEXTER PARK (P. O. Station E), Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### A New Vermont Club.

TOWNSHEND, Vt., Jan. 30.—A Rod and Gun Club has been formed in Townshend for the purpose of providing better hunting and fishing in that vicinity and to enforce game laws. The officers are: President, A. B. Call; Vice-President, E. C. Holden; Treasurer, R. I. Holbrook; Financial Secretary, Park Holland; Corresponding Secretary, P. E. Howard; Directors, H. J. Twitchell, M. O. Eddy, F. H. Lawrence.

## Sea and River Fishing.

### TO SEIZE PRIVATE PROPERTY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1894.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I beg to invite your attention to Assembly bill, printed No. 94, a copy of which I inclose, now in the Assembly Committee on Game Laws.

I have personally appeared before the committee and opposed the passage of this bill, which is a populist measure of the worst description under the pretense of "home rule." Not only is its constitutionality very questionable but it is an outrageous attempt to apply the law of eminent domain for the confiscation of private property without adequate compensation. There is danger of the bill being reported in some modified form which will not obliterate its objectionable features, and I trust you will call the attention of those interested in the enjoyment of their private trout ponds to its sweeping provisions and urge them without delay to write to the committee and present their objections. The bill is one of the worst introduced in the Legislature for years and ought to be summarily killed. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

Bill No. 94 is entitled "An act to permit towns to acquire the title of lakes, ponds and streams, and to maintain places where the public may fish with none to molest or make them afraid." Its provisions are "in brief."

It shall be lawful for any town to acquire or take the title to any lake, pond, stream or portion of a stream in or running through the town for the purpose of establishing and maintaining thereat a public fishery. Twenty-five taxpayers of a town may file with the town clerk an application that proceedings be instituted under this act to acquire the title to a lake, pond or stream and to maintain thereat a public fishery, and that a proposition be voted upon at the next town meeting. The town clerk shall give at least ten days' notice. He shall provide a ballot box and have at the town meeting ballots to contain the words "for establishing a public fishery" or "against establishing a public fishery." In case a majority of the ballots cast shall contain the words "for establishing a public fishery," the supervisor shall proceed to acquire by purchase from the owner the title together with all rights therein, provided, however, that the consideration agreed upon shall not exceed one thousand dollars; which lake, pond or stream and all rights therein shall henceforth belong to the town; and in case the water and rights cannot be obtained by agreement or the consideration demanded exceeds one thousand dollars, the supervisor shall acquire title thereof by the exercise of the right of eminent domain. Whenever a lake, pond or stream is acquired it shall be maintained as a public fishery, to which all persons shall have free access for the purpose of fishing under such restrictions only as provided by the game laws of the State. The supervisor of the town may bring action to sustain the rights of the town in any public fishery in the town.

#### Committee on Fisheries and Game.

SENATE.—Harvey J. Donaldson, Ballston; John Lewis Childs, Floral Park; Charles L. Guy, New York.

ASSEMBLY.—M. W. Van Amber, Castorlands; Richard Higbie, Suffolk; M. F. Smith, Greenwood; Jonathan Wyckoff, Navarino; E. G. Stewart, Ithaca; Taylor J. Eldridge, North Creek; E. B. LaFetra, New York; W. M. Keenan, Troy; R. V. Stauffeld, New York.



## ANGLING NOTES.

## Salmon for Lake George.

MR. S. G. WORTH, acting-assistant of the U. S. Fish Commissioner, in charge of the Division of Fishculture, writes me that the first shipment of yearling landlocked salmon for Lake George will consist of from 10,000 to 15,000 fish, and it will be made during the month of September, and will come from the Green Lake Station in Maine. This is the first authentic statement that has been made upon this particular subject. The FOREST AND STREAM note about the planting of the salmon has been copied into a number of New York newspapers, with various additions and amendments not authorized by the announcement of the fact which I made solely in FOREST AND STREAM.

I have not said that the planting would consist of "6,000 fish annually," as the papers have it, for I did not know until I received Mr. Worth's letter what the shipments would amount to annually, although I would have guessed nearer to the truth than 6,000 had I been asked to do so. Thus far I have selected three streams in which to plant the salmon, and they are East Brook, at the head of the lake, near Caldwell village; Harris's or Edmond's Brook on the west shore, five miles from Caldwell, and Indian Brook, on the west shore, two miles from Bolton. They are natural trout streams, have no mills on them, and there are no obstructions to prevent the salmon from returning to them for spawning when the time arrives for them to do so.

## Habits of Landlocked Salmon in Maine.

Any one who has been interested in investigating the habits of landlocked salmon will know that the fish of Grand Lake (Maine) ran down into Grand Lake Stream to spawn, and that in other waters they went into the inflowing streams for the same purpose. I asked Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, in charge of the U. S. Fish Commission salmon breeding works in Maine, and probably the best authority we have upon the habits of the salmon, if the downstream spawning fish perpetuated the habit in their young, and he has just sent me a most interesting reply containing new information, from which I quote as follows: "I had charge for some years of the fishculture work at Grand Lake Stream on the Schoodic Lakes in this State (Maine). We worked only with landlocked salmon. It was the established habit of the whole race of the salmon of Grand Lake to run down into Grand Lake Stream to spawn. There was a good stream at the head of the lake, presenting good facilities for spawning, and there is sufficient evidence that at a former time it had its brood of fish, but it is not established whether these were salmon that went up from Grand Lake or down from Junior Lake. In my time it was rarely visited by spawning fish.

"As to the persistence or non-persistence of this downward habit in the descendants of these salmon in new homes, I regret to say that I can tell you nothing definite. In this State the Commissioners have disseminated another race of landlocked salmon, those of the Sebago waters, from spawn gathered from up-running fish, and it happens that the most of the lakes where landlocked salmon have been introduced have received stocks from both races.

"I delayed my reply that I might put your question to Mr. Stanley, of the Maine Fish Commission, whether there were any cases in which the Schoodic fish had alone been used, that would solve this problem. He was here the other day and we discussed the matter briefly, but he could not give me such an instance.

"Perhaps, now, the experience of New Hampshire will afford the necessary data. I think, though I am not sure, that their landlocked salmon were derived wholly from the Schoodic (down-running) race.

"Mr. Stanley tells me that the landlocked salmon of the Sebago waters, that is of Sebago Lake, have within recent years taken up the habit of running down as well as up. Perhaps, rather, resumed an original habit after a lapse of many years.

"Probably you are familiar with the result of the introduction of landlocked salmon into Woodhull Lake, in your State."

I have already referred to Woodhull Lake in these notes. There the salmon went down stream and disappeared, as I believe, for lack of suitable food. I am more and more convinced that salmon can be held in a lake of suitable water, provided there is an abundance of suitable food for them, no matter which way they go to spawn. Of course, if they run down to spawn many of the young will escape, and it is desirable to plant fish that run up for this purpose; but food—smelts or frost fish (the round whitefish)—is the main thing to insure success in stocking new waters. Mr. Atkins's letter throws new light on the habits of the landlocked salmon and is a valuable contribution on the subject.

## "Dynamite Fishing."

With uplifted hands I protest against the use of the term "dynamite fishing" in some of the newspapers of the day. That fishing, an honorable pastime, should be dragged in the mire by being coupled, with a hyphen, to dynamite is utterly wrong, and inexcusable. Dynamite murder, and that in the first degree, is the only term which correctly expresses the act of killing fish with this explosive. Those who use this and kindred explosives should get the law "sled-length," and without benefit of clergy. Last summer a dynamite outrage was committed in the Mohawk River by which a large number of fish, large and small, were killed. The chief actor, the man who exploded the dynamite, was arrested and bailed for appearance in court. He ran away, forfeiting his bail, and his bondsman pursued him and he was re-arrested, pleaded guilty to the crime, and was fined fifty dollars and fifty days in the penitentiary; and yet the papers called the act which landed the man in prison, "dynamite fishing," showing that they did not distinguish between a crime and a harmless, healthy recreation. If there is a more dastardly way of breaking the fish laws than by using dynamite to kill fish I do not know it.

## Habits of Landlocked Salmon in Sunapee Lake.

Upon receipt of Mr. Atkins's letter, from which I have quoted, referring to landlocked salmon in New Hampshire, I sought information upon the subject, as he suggested, from Prof. John D. Quackenbos, who was, fortunately, visiting me at the time. Probably no one is better acquainted with the history of the landlocked salmon in Sunapee Lake than Professor Quackenbos, who

has made his summer home on its shores for a quarter of a century, and Sunapee is the most celebrated of the New Hampshire lakes that have been planted with this fish.

What follows is the reply that Professor Quackenbos makes to my queries, and it furnishes further valuable information regarding the habits of the landlocked salmon: "First, there have been so many introductions of landlocked salmon into Sunapee Lake that no living man can say where the eggs and fry all came from. The plants began in 1867. Whether the early fry were landlocked salmon or not I do not know. But I do know that the same early plants produced salmon in Newfound Lake. So you may draw your own inferences.

"Second—Landlocked salmon in Sunapee were never known to go down stream into the Sugar River to spawn. They go down when they can in the spring, and it is in spring and early summer that salmon have been speared in the Sugar River. This may be because of the difficulties attending descent and the filthy condition of the river below the dam. We now keep the screen in place (such being the law that dam owners are bound to respect) and fish of large size cannot possibly run down if the screen is in repair.

"Third—From the very earliest periods of observation, that is, from the seventies, landlocked salmon have swarmed to the mouths of the inflowing brooks in September and attempted to force their way up these small streams to spawn. I have seen them come in such schools to the Pike Brook that in default of room in the holding tanks (where the fish are kept until they are 'ripe') we have carried 6lbs. specimens up the beach and restored them to the water. I have known the run to be so great that the Commissioners were compelled to take up their nets and retire; the salmon gilled so fast they could not be removed by the force at the hatchery rapidly enough to save their lives.

"I have often sat on my piazza and the piazza of the State camp in September and watched monster salmon throw themselves out of the water on the sandbars in front of my brooks, and as soon as it was dark they would rush into the shallow water and fling themselves over into the deep estuary with a splashing that thrilled one to the very boot heels, and then when daylight came again we would find them preparing their beds on sandy or pebbly shallows far up the brook.

"At Chandlerville, where a great feeder with all the drainage of Sunapee Mountain enters the lake through a long, black estuary, salmon have for years been taken in the fall, sometimes in the State nets, sometimes by the poacher's spear and mesh. Even where there is little more than a rudimentary channel, the salmon find it, and their instinct seems to tell them that wherever there is a sand beach there ought to be a brook (and there once was in every case), and back and forth they wander, seeking the cool waters that have long since ceased to flow. Under such circumstances we have netted them for the hatchery.

"The ouananiche of Sunapee are no down-running race; they are climbers from away back, and if the natural conditions permitted they would follow the streams with their silvery brides to the very summits of the mountains, and spend their honeymoons in water-hollowed basins blazing with the reflection of the autumnal forest." It will be remembered when reading the two contributions upon the habits of the landlocked salmon, here given, that Mr. Atkins speaks of the fish in its original habitat, and Prof. Quackenbos of the planted fish and their descendants.

## Varnish for Rod Whippings.

A correspondent asks how to treat silk thread wrappings on a fish rod to prevent the silk from discoloring. First, the silk must be waxed with white beeswax or the white or colorless wax used by fly dressers, and made as follows: 2oz. of best white resin and 1oz. of white beeswax should simmer together on the fire for ten minutes, then add 1oz. of tallow and continue to simmer for fifteen minutes, when the mixture should be poured into a basin of water and when cool enough worked in the fingers until the wax is white and pliable.

That is the receipt given by Francis Francis, and one that I have used for years. I find that it is not unlike the wax that can be purchased of fly-makers in this country. Pennell gives a different receipt: Burgundy pitch 120 grains, white resin 60 grains, tallow 20 grains. Powder and mix pitch and resin, put into an oven and when melted add the tallow and stir all together. When the rod is wound with the silk, varnish with coach-body varnish called "wearing body," which is the best varnish for the rod as well as the whippings. Use the varnish as it comes from the maker; do not add a dryer or anything to thin it. Many amateur rod makers use shellac varnish, and if for any reason this should be preferred use the bleached shellac, sometimes called white shellac, to make the varnish. Treated in either of the ways mentioned the silks usually employed in mending rods will not be materially changed in color. Mr. Wells says in his book "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," that another method may be used: Wet the silk with hot water, then cover it with thin white glue.

As rod-makers use coach-body varnish it may be assumed that that is best, and I presume that any of the dealers in tackle who advertise in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM will furnish the wax and the varnish. I know that some dealers make a specialty of wax and varnish in small quantities for amateur work.

A. N. CHENEY.

## Boston and Maine.

ALL the hotels and fishing camps in the Maine wilds are preparing for a great season in 1894. There will be no World's Fair to draw patronage from them, and generally their proprietors believe that fishing is to be better than ever. Generally the water has been low in the Maine lakes and ponds, however, and it is low up to the present time, a condition not favorable to the trout. Tom French of Andover and of Richardson Lake steamboat fame, writes me that he shall "be there" the coming summer, with his steamers, whatever the other steamboat people may do. He says that the water in Richardson Lake is very low; has been very low all the fall and winter. He fears that if the drawing down of the Rangeley Lakes is continued winter after winter, as has been the case for several winters past, that the fishing will soon be ruined. For several years after the raising of the Middle Dam by the Union Water Power Company, which added 13ft.

more of flowage to Richardson Lake, the company kept that lake full of water all winter, or nearly so, and those winters were followed by the best fishing ever known on that lake. For three or four years the reverse has been the case. SPECIAL.

THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, of Jersey City, N. J., announce that they now have ready a revised edition of their pamphlet on graphite as a lubricant. A copy will be sent free of charge to any one interested in the subject.—Adv.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

## THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

Proceedings of Conference Held to Consider the Subject of the Exhaustion of Coast Line Food Fishes.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY SECRETARY E. P. DOYLE.

(Concluded from Page 122.)

At this point MR. GITHEEN asked Mr. Cochran: How many bluefish were in Raritan Bay last summer?

MR. COCHRAN—I may say none.

MR. GITHEEN—What was the supply of bluefish in the summer previous?

MR. COCHRAN—Moderately fair.

MR. GITHEEN—Right. The fishermen who usually catch their bluefish off Seabright, this season a year ago really left the ocean and went into the Bay and fished there almost entirely for bluefish, and found them in large quantities. Now how can you catch them in large quantities without the assistance of pounds and weirs? Will you answer that question?

MR. COCHRAN—I will answer the question generally. For market purposes nets must be used. The gentleman will please bear in mind that I confined my remarks to weakfish, and said nothing about bluefish. If local supply is endangered or destroyed by artificial causes there should be limitation and restriction.

MR. GITHEEN—We cannot catch the bluefish in quantities unless we have weirs or pounds or other nets. The remark was made yesterday by me that the weakfish could not be caught by hook. I did not mean to make any such statement. My intention was to state that the weakfish off the shore do not readily take the hook, and cannot be caught by hook and line to supply the market. In fact they rarely take the hook. Then it is conceded, gentlemen, that it is beyond the possibility of the hook and line fishermen to supply the market with bluefish and weakfish (caught by the hook and line alone), and we must catch them in weirs or by these new inventions. It has been stated here that there is a scarcity of food fish, that there has been a depletion of fish in the waters. There has been no such thing proven. Figures have been produced here that would show that the increase of the catch has been steadily going on, even though the means of catching have been greatly advanced each year. On our own coast we have evidence that 10,000,000 lbs. have been caught there. That they are not to be found in some of these little bays and lagoons is no argument whatever that the ocean is being depleted of fish. There is evidence here as an actual fact that the State of New York is supplied with a tremendous increase of fish. Is there any one to dispute this? And at no increase of price, but at a decided decrease of price. You say they are fishermen's figures. The books are open and any one may verify these statements.

MR. ROOSEVELT—I think it is probably the fact that the syndicate of fish dealers regulate the price of fish.

MR. GITHEEN—The fishermen are not responsible for that. I do not believe that any such syndicate exists. They may regulate the price, but it fluctuates. In the month of September, 1892, we landed a catch of 35,000. We were the only ones along that entire coast that happened to catch the fish. We landed them in New York, and at the market at that time they were in splendid shape. We got them on ice about 7 o'clock Sunday morning. The fish three days previous to that were worth 1½ to 2 cents a pound. On Monday there was not, I believe, 5,000 lbs. of fish outside of that market. We put them all in one man's hands. The rest of the market had to pay his price. About 11 o'clock on Monday morning the thing was decidedly changed. What was the cause? Down came a great big smack, and she was loaded with bluefish, and down went the price. That does not show any syndicate. In reference to a committee being appointed, I would be only too glad to have a committee come and look at our books. In regard to having a Commission established that is disinterested and is fair to us, or is prepared to legislate to save the fish, that will not be objected to on my part. I am perfectly willing to do that and have always been open to that. What are we going to do? We must not drift from the facts that have been maintained and submitted at this conference, and there is not a single man who has spoken that has not substantiated the facts which have been offered by the pound fishermen and the net fishermen, and facts which are open to investigation—figures, prices, all that on which depends the amount of fish to the number of pound nets which are sent to Philadelphia and elsewhere.

MR. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT offered the following resolution:

First—That in the opinion of the Association for the Protection of Fish and Game the setting of pound nets in the salt waters of this State should be prohibited between the first day of November and the first day of June.

Second—In the opinion of this Association fishing with nets or seines for menhaden in the waters of Long Island and all salt waters over which the State has jurisdiction should be prohibited.

No action was taken on the resolution.

MR. LUTHER MADDOCKS (Me.) said: Allusion has been made to the appointment of that Commission. I think I can see the star of peace arising and the wisdom which permitted this Commission of New York State, divinely inspired I have no doubt, to call this meeting. I believe it is going to lead to the solution of this question, which I have been interested in, and my friend Church and others all our lifetime. Perhaps I may not appear egotistical by saying that no man in my community has had the opportunity to investigate the fisheries that I have. I have been a member of the Fish Commission under Mr. McDonald. I have no words of criticism upon his policy. I was not a member as a business matter, but I was appointed by him specially to investigate, to find out where the menhaden spawn. In April, 1888, I was sent to Florida, there to stop until I saw some evidence of young fry on that coast. On April 2 I went to the mouth of the St. James River, and as far as could be seen we could see these young menhaden coming in as thick as rain upon the water. I never saw such a body of fish in my life. They could not have been over three months old. I followed that class of fish, and the larger class of fish which followed them, all the way to the State of Maine.

Aside from being connected with the fish business of every description from the whale down to the scup, I had a great interest in the conclusion which I was to arrive at. I followed those young fry along the coast up to Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. After they arrived in North Carolina I lost the run of those small fish. Those fish went into the Chesapeake Bay. They filled the waters full. They stayed there. I came along further north and as I came



along I found larger fish. On July 2 I arrived at my home in Maine and our coast was literally swarming with the overgrown fish. Up to that time it was considered, although there was no evidence to prove it, that these fish spawned off-shore. I believe they do, now. It was my conclusion and is so in my report, that these fish spawned in the fall after they go down by the Capes of Delaware and Virginia in the off-shore waters adjacent to the Southern coast. Two years after that, by some unknown cause, the spawn of the menhaden was retarded. The fish that went in the fall came back in the spring with the spawn in them. This is a conundrum that no man has been able to solve.

Col. McDonald said: "I am going to put my men on in the spring and I am going to try and settle that question." He is in doubt and every man is in doubt. The fish that have spawned have been seen upon this coast, the spawn has been retarded. I believe that the menhaden do spawn on the off-shore adjacent to the Southern coast and that the theory which is proved to be established that they are an inshore spawner is not based upon facts. It is the exception and not the rule. It has been said that the whole question should be referred to a Commission. I believe that is wise. It has been said that the U. S. Commission is the proper authority. I beg to differ. While no man has a greater respect for the U. S. Commission than I have for every member of it, and I am inclined to think that every man on the Commission, especially those who investigated the waters of the Delaware coast, are fine men, yet they lack practicality. They will go on our coast from one end to the other but they will not get at the facts. We do not want to rest this important question on what information a few gentlemen may get that have no great interest in it and are not practical men, and are not able to judge whether the answers to their questions are right or wrong. This is an important question which interests every man, woman and child of this country. In it lies the food supply of future generations.

I said in the beginning that the star of peace has arisen. I believe that this meeting has been conducive to more benefit than anything that has ever taken place. I have attended more meetings perhaps than any man in this room, and it has been my lifelong study. I believe if we appoint a commission of men who will attend to it and give it an impartial investigation, that the facts, the truths, will come out, and whatever is right will be done. I believe the gentlemen who called us here together are perfectly fair. They have used us handsomely. I feel under great obligations. I believe that the next time we meet that they should be the guests and we should be the entertainers. I believe we should keep this up and come here and listen to reports, and we will be greatly helped and benefited.

The following resolution was offered by EDWARD P. DOYLE, of New York:

*Resolved*, That the chairman of the convention appoint a committee of one from each State to prepare the records of this meeting for publication.

GEORGE N. BLISS, Rhode Island—In 1886 I was elected to the Legislature of Rhode Island for the last time, having been elected in all eight times a member of that body, and I was against the net fishermen. I was ready to vote to abolish all nets and pounds, everything except seines. The only thing I was willing to allow was that they should shoot out seines from the shore and catch fish as they used to do when I was a boy. I have helped haul fish seines and seen very large hauls of fish caught in them, but observation and time has changed me, and I have seen some new light, as Paul did on his way to Damascus. And although I have had no special connection with fishermen, except as a Commissioner of Shell Fisheries for ten years in the State of Rhode Island and as a member of the Legislature to investigate fisheries (my principal fisheries having been to take every opportunity to go fishing), still I have all my life been interested in them and am trying to learn something about it.

It seems that even a man of the experience and research of our friend, Col. McDonald, has just discovered that he was entirely wrong a few years ago. He thought the menhaden fish did not spawn at all on this coast, and now he thinks they do. I should judge from the testimony that there is a little trouble on both sides, that there are a few fish that come back in the spring not having deposited their spawn in the southern waters, and who do spawn in our in-shore waters, and so those few fish that spawn give color to his conclusions now.

If I had known exactly what was to come out here to-day, I would have been better prepared with documents to give exact dates, but somewhere in 1893 or 1894 I was a member of a committee appointed by the Legislature of Rhode Island to investigate the pound nets of the State and all the means of taking scup and other fish, and we went to every part of the State of Rhode Island where such nets were maintained—in Narragansett Bay and a large number in the outside, along the sea coast—and the conclusion we arrived at that time was a divided one. Two members of the committee—there being three—presented a report to the Legislature advocating the entire abolition of all pound nets and traps. I made a minority report, advocating the abolition of all the traps in the bay north of a certain point a few miles north of the ocean. At that time I thought it was a proper position to take. The Legislature took no action whatever on either report. If the committee had made a uniform report, possibly there would have been some action, but it never came to a vote. I thought then, as many gentlemen think now, that the traps in the bay interfered with the spawning of fish and consequently that if we could take away these standing traps, which stood in the way of the fish that went in the bay, they would have an opportunity to spawn, and I reasoned that the trap fishermen, who set their traps at the mouth of the bay, would get a large increase of fish from that change and it would be really for the benefit of the entire population.

Last winter a friend of mine who was in the Legislature enlisted me to appear before a committee of the Legislature, to inquire into the abolition of the traps, except along the ocean coast where they catch scup in the spring of the year, to advocate the passage of a law which would prohibit traps from November to June or July 1, on the same theory that this would give the fish a chance to spawn before the traps were set, and consequently the trap fishermen would catch, during the season, a larger number of fish than they would if the traps were standing during the usual period. We were met with opposition—something I did not expect, from the fact that these fishermen set their nets the year round and that they would thereby be deprived of every opportunity to catch shad and herring; the result was, no action was taken then. I have now reached the condition where I am in search of testimony and I think that I fairly represent two members of the Commission—Root and Morton—who have asked me to appear here for them, in stating that they wish further information before being sure what legislation to recommend. Upon one thing I think we may all be said to be agreed. If any method can be devised for allowing the fish better opportunities for spawning, so that it will increase in the future the annual supply, certainly every man here would favor it. The only question is whether any legislation which we can adopt will secure that object. That is the only question.

There is no doubt that in certain localities the fishing has decreased, that certain fish which we once found abundant are now very rarely found or not at all. At the same time, it is very evident from the testimony here that in other localities where the fish were once scarce they are very numerous.

Within my own recollection weakfish were caught rarely, if at all, in Narragansett Bay, and last summer the waters were full of them, although I have not heard of 100 being taken with hook and line. We are not successful in catch-

ing weakfish with hook and line in Narragansett Bay. There are very few who can catch them, but we know the waters are full of them. Perhaps we do not use the right bait. I presume if we got the right bait perhaps we might catch them. I never caught but one in my life. Still, the traps were full, so full that the fish caught could not be marketed. They are allowed to come in and go out of the traps, because the market would not take them. At the same time in other parts of the country there were very few; they were gone.

There are certain laws which govern the movements of ocean fishes which we do not understand, and there was a very marked instance of it here a few years ago when the tilefish were discovered off our coast at a point where neither purse seines nor traps nor pound nets could interfere with the development of or with the supply of those fish, and we had hardly been able to discover them and have time to congratulate ourselves upon the addition of a new and valuable resource, when the news came that the waters were full of dead fish. I believe they have recently been rediscovered, and possibly we may be able to get a supply of food fish from them in the future. No one has given any special reason for their disappearance. There has been a conjecture that the temperature of the water might have been too cold for them during that season, and led to their being chilled and to their death, but no one knows with any certainty what caused those fish to make such an immediate disappearance.

It seems to me we are not yet in possession of the necessary evidence to lead us to formulate wise laws with reference to this matter. We do know that the fishes that go into the streams, like the salmon, the shad and herring, can be very easily exterminated by the pollution of the water, by the erection of dams that prevent their passing to the spawning grounds, or by putting nets across the streams. In Rhode Island the Fish Commissioners put in a large supply of shad fry, and about three years after we had a large supply of fish. One stream that has not been polluted has been very successful in the supply of shad. Col. McDonald, in his argument of yesterday treated the matter of the reproduction of fish from the point of the protection of crops upon land, and it seems to me that there was no comparison between the two crops. "In the crop upon the land we know that a certain quantity is necessary for seed, and we are able to watch that crop all through its development. Every month the Agricultural Bureau of the United States gives us the condition of the crops, gives us the influences which are favorable to or injuring it, and we can figure with almost absolute certainty about the success of the year in which the crop will be. We know the amount of seed and we know the amount of the crop, and although there may be good years and bad years, the general average is about the same. It is not so with fish. We do not know the quantity of seed, we do not know the condition of the crop, the influences which are favoring it or injuring it, and we do not know what the harvest will be. Twice within my recollection scup have been plentiful around the city of Providence and for ten years afterward they were not there.

The scup were so plentiful last year that the fishermen hauled thousands of fish for market. Why this has been so I cannot tell. We cannot see any reason. Possibly there is a different temperature of water. We certainly cannot account for these sudden floods of fish and these sudden scarcities. The table which was shown here yesterday gave the fluctuations of mackerel and specified instances of fish becoming plentiful and shortly disappearing, and then again becoming plentiful.

I do not think it safe to legislate until we have further facts, and facts upon which there is no dispute. I am very glad that this conference was called. I promised rashly to come here, regretted it very much, and would have excused myself could I have done so, but I am glad I was not permitted to escape and that I am here. I have learned much, and I trust I will have an opportunity to learn more when I read the papers which have been read here. I trust the development of facts, and the bringing out of facts, will produce a great deal of good, and that this conference will have proven to be a noteworthy one.

MR. J. M. SOUTHWICK (Rhode Island)—I do not understand what is said about anadromous fishes. It is generally understood that the anadromous fishes are the salmon, shad, alewife, etc., and that the distinction between them and other migratory fishes is that they go to the headwaters of streams to spawn, while the other fish, like the weakfish, go only to the bays or estuaries. The scup never goes into the fresh water. Once in a while a fish gets separated from the main school and scattered, and in that way they get into places where they do not want to go; and I think in that way spawn is sometimes developed in places where it is not the natural spawning ground, and a few fish spawning under favorable circumstances would make quite a showing of spawn and young fry.

MR. ROOSEVELT—Are you at all sure where striped bass spawn?

MR. SOUTHWICK—No, I am not sure. During one season in Rhode Island, after the usual catch of the great body of the school of scup, an unaccountable body of young fish were seen along the edge of the shores. The waters were full of them. The seines were full. They would pass through the meshes of the nets, and it was a phenomenon before unknown to the fishermen. They did not know how to account for it. I think they were very young. Those fish traveled long distances, and it did not follow that because the young fish were found at Narragansett Bay that they had spawned at Narragansett Bay. Do not believe they did. Never said they did. It seems to me that the great masses of scup came into our bay. If they all came into our bay to spawn in a mass, previous to going to the upper waters of the bay, they would be seen there. They never were seen or observed in large masses in that way before the traps were in use, nor have they been seen since. They sometimes go up the Bay as far as Providence, or as far as the salt water, but never in the large schools. It is quite an important matter to discover and to know whether the fish are anadromous, whether they spawn in fresh water or salt. If the fish spawn in the ocean, we cannot control them in the shallow waters or in the bay. If they spawn in the bays we can. What man can do may have some benefit on them. Another thing will be observed which will give confirmation to this theory, if you will call it a theory, and that is that where there has been a reduction it has been among anadromous fishes. The salmon have almost or quite disappeared from our waters. If they ever were plentiful, they might have been the weakfish, so called. At any rate, there is no salmon in the Rhode Island waters to speak of. The shad are very scarce also. There is no quantity of shad. The river herring have maintained their numbers better than any of the other fish, but they are not so plentiful as they used to be. Fishermen tell me that they held their own for the last number of years.

The other fish that I have considered as anadromous is the striped bass. It is one of the most valuable fishes that we have with us. It is the fish that entices the sporting man, and in that connection I wish to say, for myself, that I think the sporting interest is one that should be fostered and encouraged. It is the right and privilege of every man. It affords relaxation for every business man and he ought to have that privilege and should be encouraged and every means adopted and permitted to continue it. But the question as to the striped bass. They have really decreased in the last 25 years. I commenced the study of this question about 25 years ago, or a little less than that, a little before the investigation of Mr. Spencer F. Baird, and when he came to Newport on the investigation of fish, we opened a correspondence that continued for a number of years on the fish question. At that time I stated to Prof. Baird that I thought there had been no diminution of the sea bass. During the

first summer he was there, there was a species of striped bass that came into our harbor which we caught and compared with those caught at a former time, but since that time there has been a diminution of bass. They are not so plentiful on our coast. The last year has been a very poor season. How have these fish been diminished? They are not caught in large quantities by netting in our waters, and never were. The largest quantity that has ever been caught were caught with the shore seine. Take them in bulk and weigh them, and it is a much larger quantity than ever was caught in any pound or trap, and the quantities caught in the trap since are very small and constitute a smaller species of bass. They are caught during the spring months. The large catch of the trap-seine of fish generally is during the month of May. Perhaps seven-eighths of all the catch is during that month. You will see by our report, where we give the catch for each month, the vast increase of shipments during that month, which comprises more largely scup than any other fish. During the last year there was a large shipment of squire-teague.

There is another question I wish to speak of, and that is about the fluctuation of fish. Mr. Bliss, who preceded me, spoke to you about them, but I have had occasion to inquire into the history of the fishes of our State, and I learned that, in 1794, a scup was caught and nailed up on the side of a hotel as a new specimen, never before known. Never knew what it was! It had been absent from the water so long. A few years ago, my father, who was living then, remembered that the fish were very scarce and I recall his mentioning the fishes of the earliest part of the century and said he once went fishing and got a bluefish. Of course, the mackerel as they were known then, was the only one he caught. It was rare at that time. Where these bluefish went to no one knows; and what causes the fluctuation of these fish? It is an interesting question and certainly one that is appertaining to this subject before us. If these fluctuations occurred before netting, it does not necessarily follow that they were due to netting. Netting may change it, or it may not. In the case of the bullseye mackerel—they have been absent from our waters and again come in. Some thirty-five years ago, they were very abundant in these waters of Rhode Island. They disappeared about thirty years ago and were not seen here until 1882, when they were abundant again.

MR. CALLEB C. HAILEY said: As there have been some remarks implying that there might be a combination among the fish dealers to keep the prices of fish high, I wish to repudiate anything of that kind. Nothing whatever of the kind exists.

MR. C. F. CHAMBERLAIN of Massachusetts: I think, with all deference to the feelings of Capt. Church, that the consideration of a remedy for the scarcity of fish without deciding that there is such a scarcity, would be a valuable action of this meeting. Various remedies have been suggested. Among them is that of regulating the size of the mesh, or limiting the kinds of fish or the amount of fish for which the net may be used. We have found in Buzzards Bay, in our practical experience, that any such limitation is absolutely without value. If netting is permitted in certain waters for any purpose, it is permitted for all purposes. We have no such money or machinery at our disposition, and no such power of enforcing such regulations by patrol boats or otherwise as would make them effective. No officer would have dared to board a vessel which may be legally fishing. For example, under the law of 1865, in Buzzards Bay, people were allowed to seine for bluefish, seining being forbidden for other fish. Everybody who owned a net was invariably found to be fishing for bluefish; it was definitely found impossible to enforce it, and the prohibition was made general forbidding all seining.

It has also been found practically impossible to enforce any regulations prescribing a certain number of days in each week during which a pound or other device shall not be operated. We have had laws since 1880 prescribing that from 6 o'clock Saturday A. M. until 6 o'clock Sunday evening, pounds should not be used; the pocket should be drawn or some provision made by which the net shall not be operated. It has been found that any such restrictions are an absolutely dead letter. They cannot be enforced, they are not enforced, and the protection so afforded is utterly illusive. These laws do not enforce themselves and we do not have such patrol vessels as could be effective in the matter.

The only way we can preserve fish is to protect the period of reproduction, and study the ways in which reproduction takes place. Intelligent action cannot be under a single, general ironclad regulation, but by our discriminating laws there should be prescribed a fixed period during which certain mechanical devices should not be employed, and it should be provided that in certain waters constituting spawning grounds they should not be employed at all. The use of nets in spawning grounds has a peculiarly injurious effect to all the interests represented here, and the use of nets during the whole of the spawning season may be such as to be materially curtailed with advantage to all interested.

There is only one other suggestion I venture to make as the result of considerable investigation into the subject, and that is that the appointment of a commission for devising remedies for the growing scarcity of food fishes is not a course from which any good will result. We have had just such a Commission for twenty years at Washington, and it has done little in that line.

The Fish Commission of the United States was established in 1871 in response to a suggestion by Mr. Spencer F. Baird, who was connected with the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. He called attention to the alarming decrease in the coast fisheries both in Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, and suggested to Mr. Henry L. Dawes, then a member of the House, and subsequently a Senator from Massachusetts, that a Commission be appointed for the investigation of precisely that subject. His suggestion was adopted, and the Commission has now been in existence for a period of twenty-two years for the purpose. It has made absolutely no recommendations for protective legislation. The only legislation for fish protection which has passed Congress was the Act of 1887, prescribing a close season for mackerel, by enacting that during certain periods of the year no mackerel should be imported into the United States. It was a regulation of commerce and not an attempt to regulate the coast fisheries of the United States. That legislation of Congress was absolutely opposed by the agents of the Commission, who came forward in large numbers, Mr. J. W. Collins appearing prominently among them, and said that nothing was known in regard to the habits or catch of the mackerel, and it was necessary to catch them and all other fish at all times, wherever possible, for if not they would be lost and do nobody any good.

Under circumstances like these, there having been a body established for twenty-two years for this precise purpose, operating entirely free, as may be supposed, from any personal influences, with abundant funds at its command and especial opportunities for observation, which has been able to discover absolutely nothing, it hardly seems worth while to appoint another Commission, with the facts which are at our disposal for an investigation of this matter by those who are interested in the local supply of food fish, and charged by the States with the duty of protecting special waters in their jurisdiction.

A single instance I will trouble you with, as to how little this Fish Commission has been able to decide or discover in its twenty-two years of existence. Col. McDonald, at this meeting, made the first definite statement, so far as has been known to me, of where menhaden spawn. That was an era making paper. Prior to that time, the result of his Commission was absolutely zero. There has been no fish that has received in its investigation such a large portion of the



money of the United States as the investigation of the menhaden. Prof. G. Browne Goode has written a book on this subject. The Commissioner has attended investigation after investigation by committees of Congress. He has had his men at work continually on the subject, and yet as late as 1892 he replied to a question of Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Fisheries, which were preparing to consider the "Lapham Bill" if it were passed by the House, "very little is definitely known as to the spawning of the menhaden."

Until Col. McDonald spoke yesterday there was no definite statement, as the result of the most exhaustive investigation ever made as to where menhaden spawn.

The appointment of a commission, it would seem to me, would be barren of result for the reasons stated. It is frequently said that the Fish Commission is not opposed to the use of pounds. Mr. Spencer F. Baird, after calling attention to the fact that there has been an alarming decrease in the supply of fish, calls attention to the mischief which pounds and weirs have caused, including the loss of food to a large class of people who are idle. He goes on to say:

"The decrease of the fish may be considered as due to the combined action of the fish pounds or weirs and the bluefish, the former destroying a very large percentage of the spawning fish before they have deposited their eggs, and the latter devouring immense numbers of young fish after they have passed the ordinary perils of immaturity."

"There are no measures at our command for destroying the bluefish, nor would it be desirable to do this, in view of their value as an article of food. The alternative is to regulate the action of the pounds so as to prevent the destruction of fish during the spawning season."

"The quickest remedy would be the absolute abolition of the traps and pounds."

He also says: "Many persons are in the habit of considering that the fish supply of the sea is practically inexhaustible, and therefore that a scarcity of any particular location is to be referred rather to the movements of the fish, in changing their feeding grounds capriciously, or else in following the migration from place to place of the food upon which they live. This may be true to a certain extent, as we shall hereafter show; but it is difficult to point out any locality where, near the shores in the New England States at least, under the most favorable view of the case, the fish are quite as plentiful as they were some years ago. It is by no means to be inferred from our remarks as to the scarcity of fish that fewer are actually caught now than formerly at any time; the contrary, perhaps, being the case, since by means of the improved methods of capture, in the way of pounds and nets, an immense supply is taken out at certain seasons of the year, so as to frequently glut the markets. The scarcity referred to is better shown by the great difficulty experienced by line fishermen in securing a proper supply throughout the year on grounds where they were formerly able to catch all they needed for their own use and for sale."

"The evil effects of the state of things here indicated are felt in many ways; primarily on the part of many fishermen resident on the coast who have been in the habit of making a living by the proceeds of their occupation, not only supplying themselves with food, fresh and salt, for the year, but also making a comfortable living by sales of their surplus. At the present time this resource is cut off to a great degree from this class of people in many places on the Massachusetts coast, where, as on Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and elsewhere, the deprivation from the loss of profits by fishing is being most seriously felt. The result, of course, of the inability to make a living in this manner is to drive the line fishermen to other occupations, and especially to induce them to leave the State for other fields of industry."

He further said that it is unfair to vested interests to absolutely prohibit the use of pounds, and that the conditions of the problem are such that it is only during the spawning season that fish come to the coast and so are within the reach of man, and also the mischief of man's energy is greatest when exerted at that time. He therefore advises a reasonable regulation, consisting of a close season on weirs and pounds. It is very possible that that is the remedy which is really open to this conference, most fair to invested capital and most thoroughly in the best interests of the fisheries.

MR. D. T. CHURCH—You said that Spencer F. Baird framed a law for the purpose of prohibiting the use of pound nets in the State of Rhode Island. That law was backed by public opinion for the reason that for twenty years the scup had almost totally disappeared. Mr. Baird, in connection with this, offered a bill that was introduced in the Rhode Island Legislature, and one of the terms of the bill was to destroy these nets, if found in the waters, without judge or jury. But we escaped and Professor Baird saved us, for in the following year the greatest crop of scup that was ever known appeared on the coast of New England, and Mr. Baird is on record as saying that he was confounded by the large supply. Mr. Baird said if the law had been passed and our traps and pounds had not been allowed to be put in the water the increase in fish would have been credited to the restrictive laws.

MR. CHAMBERLAYNE said, in reply to Mr. Church: I have examined the statements of Mr. Baird. There is nothing in any of his statements which covers the ground.

MR. CHURCH—That statement was made about 1870. As a matter of fact, since then, between the years 1890 and 1893, every fish that has its home in the waters of southern New England were never more plentiful, a result exactly contrary to Mr. Baird's prophecy and statement. I will leave the whole matter to any one that will go in as a disinterested man and take the testimony and find out that what Mr. Baird stated was a mistake, and that there is not a single fish whose habitat is between Sandy Hook and Cape Cod but what has been plentiful since 1890.

On motion of Mr. D. T. Church the Conference then adjourned *sine die*, with the understanding that should there be need for a future conference the call will be issued.

The following papers were handed in for publication:

This paper, presented by Capt. D. T. Church on the first day of the Conference, was handed in too late for insertion in its proper place. Mr. Church said:

The industrial fishermen at this convention represent millions of capital invested in mackerel, cod, scup and other fisheries. They employ ashore and afloat several thousand fishermen and laborers, whose prosperity depends on the success of the interests we are here to defend.

There is not one of us but what believes that regulation of our fisheries means disaster to us all, with no advantage whatever to those who ask for regulation.

The experience in Holland, where they tried regulation for 400 years, exactly agrees with our observations, and it seems unreasonable for us to pursue a course (that is sure to be attended with disaster) that has been abandoned by England and Holland after a trial of centuries, Holland substituting absolute free fishing, and the great English commission recommending the same policy in their report to the English Parliament in 1864.

Rhode Island has had twenty-three years' experience with free fishing from 1870 to 1893, and there is not the slightest evidence that there is any diminution in the supply of its food fish.

Since 1870 there is not a single fish known to our seacoast waters but what has been, at times, as plenty as ever before known, also very scarce, proving conclusively Huxley's statement to be true, that man is not a factor to be reckoned with in trying to explain the mysterious appearances and disappearances of tide water fish.

United States Fish Commissioner McDonald unfortunately takes his position with our adversaries, antagonizing the result of the English Commission's investigation, also Holland's 300 years of experience, and talks of remnants of fish when it is not remnants but floods that have confronted us periodically, in quantities equal to any ever before known in this country; and all fishes known to our waters have given us examples since 1870.

The scup made their appearance in Narragansett Bay in 1800, and disappeared in 1870 or nearly so. The pound men were thought to have caught them up, and a law abolishing traps was introduced in the Legislature backed by a strong public opinion, but it failed to pass, and the scup came back again plenty as ever, with the traps unrestricted. Without question, scup in the vicinity of Narragansett Bay were as plenty as ever before from 1800 to 1893. The following figures, taken from the Fall River Line books, covering the last ten years, are instructive in this connection, for they refer mostly to scup:

	Barrels.		Barrels.
1892.....	8,392	1888.....	13,327
1893.....	8,865	1889.....	17,597
1894.....	10,062	1890.....	7,696
1895.....	15,263	1891.....	17,562
1896.....	14,586	1892.....	25,253
1897.....	14,460	1893.....	25,844

The small shipment of 1890 is accounted for by the fact that there were but few large scup on our coast that season, but an unheard of quantity, weighing twenty-five to the pound. It would be interesting to the public to have all the fluctuations of our coast fisheries for the last twenty years, from the Penobscot to the Delaware, put on a chart. Their ups and downs would show almost as regularly as waves of the sea. Professor Baird once showed me a mackerel chart showing the fluctuations of that fish. In his remarks he spoke of the extremes as periods of plenty and scarcity. The chart showed a year of great scarcity about fifty years before, which was long before purse seines were in use for taking mackerel.

Tautog, in 1856, were very plenty from Wellfleet to New Jersey, and there was quite a fleet of smacks that year engaged in taking that fish for market, but the extreme cold of the following winter froze most of them, and as a regular fishery that was abandoned by all in 1857. Since then there have been several periods of scarcity and plenty, but the 1892 crop was equal to, or ahead of, any ever known.

The following letter from S. B. Muller is instructive in this connection, for it will be noticed he names three of our coast fishes as plenty during the season of 1892, especially weakfish.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11, 1893.—D. T. Church: Dear Sir—Your letter at hand asking for information about blackfish. Well, I will say they were very plenty and very cheap. I have no recollection of seeing them more plentiful in the last fifty years, and at the end of the season for shipping them in barrels. The smacks began to arrive with live ones, until at one time it was estimated there was alive in the dock more than one hundred thousand pounds. But they are out at a much less price than any year for the last ten years. Bluefish and weakfish have been through the season very plenty. I never knew weakfish as plenty and as cheap in my time. One cent per pound was considered a good price for many days and many tons were sold for less.

Yours,  
S. B. MILLER.

Weakfish in Narragansett Bay and vicinity were extremely plenty during the fishing season of 1893, notwithstanding the fact that there were over 100 traps and pounds set between Block Island, Providence and Fall River. Without question, this year's crop exceeded any ever before known, and the curious thing is none can be taken with a hook, or hardly any, showing that but for the pounds they might have come and gone, and no one would have known that they had been here.

We should like to have Commissioner McDonald square his "remnant" statement with the fact that as a whole, there were more weakfish present on our coast last season than ever before known; also with the tautog flood of 1892, the bluefish flood of 1890, the scup flood of 1890-93, the menhaden flood of 1888, the mackerel flood of 1884, the Silver Lake flood of 1893, the sea bass flood of 1884, and the two or three striped bass floods that have been present on our coasts within the last ten years. They all controvert McDonald's "remnant" theory, and prove it a myth.

The King of Holland, at the opening of the legislative session 1865-6 used the following language:

"Up to 1857 the Dutch fisheries were burdened with many restrictions, intended for their protection and encouragement. The period within which herrings could be fished was limited. The places of fishing, the time, the nets, and the tackle were all under regulations. But the fishery languished and declined, and it was determined by the Legislature to try the effect of another system. A law was passed in 1857 abolishing all restrictions, regulations and enactments as to close time, trawls, nets and lines. Every one was left free to fish the sea in any mode, and at any time he deemed most advantageous, while a Fishery Commission was established to collect the statistics of the various fisheries, and report annually to the Legislature upon all matters affecting the interest of the fisheries."

"The result has been a steady and continuous improvement. The last report of the Commission shows greater anxiety to find new markets in foreign countries for the fish, than about the prospects of an abundant catch. The Commissioners conceive that the future prosperity of the Dutch fisheries will depend on a profitable outlet for the fish being found by a freer intercourse with neighboring countries. A return is given of the number of vessels employed in the herring fishery at Scheveningen, and their annual catch, which rises from 24,909,000 in 1858 to 33,535,000 in 1864. The export of cured herring from all parts of the country had risen from 30,919,371 'stuks' in 1858 to 42,698,000 in 1864."

Thirty years ago it was claimed in England, as it is in the United States to-day, that improved methods of taking fish with nets, seines and other contrivances was diminishing the supply of fish, resulting in the appointment by the Queen of James Caird, Thomas Henry Huxley and George Shaw Levevre to inquire into the condition of the sea fisheries of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Their conclusion, after a three-years' exhaustive inquiry, was expressed in the following words:

"We find the laws relating to sea fisheries to be complicated, confused and unsatisfactory; many restrictions, even of late date, are never enforced; many would be extremely injurious to the interests of the fisheries and of the community if they were enforced; and with respect to these and others, the highest legal authorities are unable to decide where and in what precise sense they are operative."

"We advise that all acts of Parliament which profess to regulate or restrict the modes of fishing pursued in the open sea be repealed, and that unrestricted freedom of fishing be pursued hereafter, and for the present we advise that all acts of Parliament which profess to regulate or restrict the modes of fishing pursued inshore be repealed."

In the face of this statement, and bearing in mind the high authority and the historical data at their command concerning the conditions of the fisheries which they investigated, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the supply of migratory fishes is practically inexhaustible. But I cannot quite agree with that portion of the report of the Royal Commission referred to which suggests the advisability of enacting laws to permit the unrestricted freedom of fishing inshore. As a matter of fact, in the course of his address at the International Fisheries Exhibition in London, in 1883, Prof. Huxley made it very plain that the statement made by him and the other Commissioners referred chiefly to migratory fishes. Monsieur Rimbaud, one of the greatest French authorities, states that the supply of migratory fishes is absolutely inexhaustible and cannot be affected by any means or appliances adopted by men for their capture. But he asserts, and it is pretty generally conceded, that fishes which spawn locally inshore might be depleted or even exhausted by continuous or depredatory fishing. The class of fishes known as inshore or local fishes does not comprise mackerel, herring, bluefish, striped bass, whitefish, menhaden or any other of the great species that form the basis of our industrial fisheries.

I shall only give one other example of the effect of repressive legislation on the economic and industrial development of fisheries, and this example should of itself be considered of serious import in the discussion of any question relating to proposed restrictions, or for the protection of fisheries. In the opening of the legislative session of the Dutch Parliament in 1865-66 the King of Holland drew attention to the fact that for three hundred years, "up to 1857 the Dutch Fisheries were burdened with many restrictions intended for their prosecution and encouragement. The period within which herrings could be fished was limited. The places of fishing, the times, the nets and the tackle were all under regulations. But the fishery languished and declined and

sive legislation would be advisable. But as this evidence has already been placed on record in the publications of such men as Capt. Collins, Mr. Atwood, Capt. Church and others before the Senate of the United States in connection with the reception of evidence concerning the Lapham bill, I think that my appearance in the matter will be more profitably confined to elucidating the comparative effects of such legislation in Great Britain and European countries.

As a matter of fact knowledge of the habits of sea fishes was very imperfect until recent years, but the economic value of the supply of fish attracted considerable attention from legislators and rulers from the earliest times, and as a consequence from time to time enactments, progressive or repressive, were petitioned for and considered. For instance, in 1675 the fishermen of the southern Irish coast petitioned the King through Secretary Burchard that the length of the nets used by the French fishermen broke the shoals of the pilchards and drove them from the coast. This petition prayed that the Government should restrict the use of these long nets by the Frenchmen; but for some reason or other the request of the Irish fishermen was not acceded to, and the Frenchmen continued to fish for pilchards inshore and in the deep sea without restraint. It is recorded in the annals of Kinsale that for three years, from 1675 to 1678, the supply of pilchards diminished to such an extent that the native fishermen discontinued that industry. The falling off in the supply was attributed to "the depredations of the Frenchmen," but in the following year, 1679, notwithstanding that "a fleet of three hundred French sail, each boat carrying nets one league in length" swept the coast with these nine hundred leagues of nets uninterruptedly, previous to and during the three seasons referred to, the pilchards returned in "greater numbers than ever before seen on this coast." This fact is proved from the writings of Sir Robert Southwell, who was himself one of the signers of the petition to Secretary Burchard in 1675.

In 1831, '82 and '83 a somewhat similar petition was made by the fishermen on the southern Irish coast concerning the too early fishing for herring by the Scotch fishermen. I was at that time chairman of the South of Ireland Fishing Company, and relying simply on the statements of the local fishermen, I heartily approved of their appeal for repressive legislation in connection with the south of Ireland herring fishery, in the shape of instituting a close season. I had not then made any research into the habits of the fishes or concerning the effects of men's efforts, by any method for their capture, upon the supply, and, with others who were as deeply interested in the progressive development of the Irish fisheries as was I, I was astounded when Prof. Huxley and other famous scientists as well as inspectors of fisheries appointed by Her Majesty's Government, pool-poached our request, and informed us that not alone was there no necessity for appointing a close season, but that from their observations and investigations they had decided that the supply of herrings or of other migratory fishes could not be diminished by any means or appliances that could be used by men for their capture.

The fishermen and boat owners on the southern Irish coast, myself among the number, felt aggrieved by this decision, and it was universally predicted that the herrings would be driven from our coast by the fact of the Scotch fishermen plying their nets—over two thousand miles of them—before the time when the Irish fishermen considered that the season should begin. But no such result has happened. It is true that sometimes for a season or two, or even for five or ten years the supply of herring and other migratory fishes, such as mackerel, pilchard, etc., seem to disappear, altogether or partially, from the coast. But as regularly, or perhaps I should say as irregularly, they return with increasing numbers as did the pilchards in 1679.

These are matters which it will be observed have come under my own personal observation and with which I was intimately connected. It will be understood from what I have said that during the year 1880, '81 and '82, I was under the impression that fishing for migratory fishes at irregular periods and with destructive appliances was economically dangerous to the progress of a fishing industry. But upon learning the decision of the authorities to whom I referred to concerning the effect or rather the inutility of curtailing methods employed for the capture of fishes, I studied the question and arrived at the conclusion that the comings and goings of migratory fishes or their reproduction cannot be influenced by man.

Bearing on the statement which I have just made, and upon much higher and practically unimpeachable authority, the following quotation from the report of the Commission appointed by Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, unqualifiedly takes the position that the supply of migratory fishes cannot be increased or diminished by man. That Commission consisted of Professor Thomas Henry Huxley, the Rt. Hon. Geo. Shaw Levevre, and the Rt. Hon. James Caird. With all the resources of the British Government at their disposal, and after three years of exhaustive inquiry into the condition of the sea fisheries of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, these men deliberately presented the following report:

"We find the laws relating to sea fisheries to be complicated, confused and unsatisfactory; many restrictions, even of late date, are never enforced; many would be extremely injurious to the interests of the fishermen and of the community if they were enforced, and with respect to these and others the highest legal authorities are unable to decide where and in what precise sense they are operative."

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By MR. ROBERT WALSH:

This question should not be approached unintelligently. From the evidence of the best known and most widely experienced men engaged in fishing as well as from the writings and researches of the scientists and ichthyologists of the United States Bureau of Fish and Fisheries we have in this country alone sufficient data to decide whether or not repres-



it was determined by the Legislature to try the effect of another system. A law was passed in 1857 abolishing all restrictions, regulations and enactments as to close time, trawls, nets and lines. Every one was left free to fish the sea in any mode and at any time he deemed most advantageous, while a Fishery Commission was established to collect the statistics of the various fisheries and report annually to the Legislature upon all matters affecting the interests of the fisheries. The result has been a steady and continuous improvement."

These statements comprise the result of the investigations of governments and scientists and practical authorities for over four centuries, and in every instance, notwithstanding the erroneous ideas that existed in the minds of fishermen and others, those engaged in the research decided against repressive laws, and established the fact that fishing with nets or with any other appliances cannot influence or decrease the supply of migratory food or other fishes.

Now, I do not believe that the gentlemen who signed the petition calling this meeting fully understood the facts to which I have referred, or they would not place themselves in opposition to the published decisions of those great authorities in science and ichthyology, whom I have quoted, and who have in many cases made life studies of the subject which is now under consideration. I notice that in the circular calling this meeting the statement is made that during the past year the spawning ground of mackerel and other migratory fishes has been discovered to be local and inshore. This statement is an error—in fact, it looks uncommonly like an intentional error. No man knows where these migratory fishes pass the winter, and after twenty years' experience and investigation the best living American authorities cannot definitely locate the precise ground where any of these fishes spawn.

I do not think that I can add further new matter to this argument. It is the duty of the people of the United States to insist through their States and National Legislatures that the food fish shall be conserved and protected; but it is as clear as the sun at noon that the only fisheries that can be benefited by restrictive or protective legislation are those of oysters and other shell fishes, crustaceans, and those fishes that are known not to be migratory. It is therefore apparent that those who seek for the enactment of repressive legislation have not given this matter the attention or study necessary to place before the Commissioners an intelligent argument, and as far as my experience and understanding of the facts enable me to form an opinion, I believe that it is the duty of the representatives of the people to oppose by every and any just means all attempts at legislation which would restrict our fishermen in their freedom of fishing for migratory fishes by every means at their disposal.

SOUTH HARWICH, Dec. 7, 1893.—*John T. Hangaard, Secretary:* Sir—Whereas, my attention has been called to a meeting to be held at the office of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York for the purpose of securing national legislation restricting the use of pounds, traps and seines in the taking of fish, claiming that by their use the supply of food fish is being rapidly depleted. If the proposers of this measure were honest and not influenced by their desire for private amusements during a few weeks of the year, regardless of consequences to the poor people of the villages along the coast, whose living must come from the waters, to whom robbing them of their rights and privileges of catching fish by more reliable means than simple hook and line, means to them a loss of their little all, for which they have toiled, &c., the value of such gear as they have for fishing, and a loss of employment and a living for their families—they could easily learn that the use of these contrivances does not contribute an atom to the cause of the scarcity of fish; neither do they retard the periodical seasons of plenty. Again, the proportion of fish taken by these fixed contrivances on the shores to the whole bodies of fish in the waters is so small it cannot be computed, only imagined. There have always been, from time immemorial, years of plenty and years of scarcity of fish; not only of one kind, but of all the different kinds and varieties which visit our shores and bays, from the alewives in our brooks to cod upon the banks of Newfoundland. Such are the facts in fisheries as in everything which comes to the lot of men. As regularly as the tides ebb and flow so come successful years, and then the reverse; and it always will be so. There are evidently as many fish now as ever in the sea, notwithstanding all the contrivances and appliances of man. Let man take all he can, he cannot reduce them. We records, according to recollection of our old men, and our records, times of greater scarcity of fish on the shores of old Cape Cod years, yea scores of years, before any such contrivances as pounds, weirs and traps were conceived of. Two years ago several kinds of southern, or warm water, fish made their appearance in our (Chatham) bay, fish that the fishermen never before saw. Why did they come? It is said by very old people that, from great abundance of bluefish on the shores of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, they suddenly disappeared and for a long time (it is said fifty years) were not known, so when they returned only some of the oldest people could name them. I have heard an old uncle of mine (a fisherman until age incapacitated him) say, when he was a boy (in his teens), while with a party using a sweep seine, a bluefish was caught, and as none could name it, it was left on the beach, the men fearing to eat it; but later, another was caught, and a very old man remembered that fish of that kind was plenty in his early years. Now, as there were then no traps or weirs or seines to deplete them, why and where did they go and again return? So with all fish; they go and come, and natural causes—to man now unknown—are responsible for it, and not man with his contrivances for their catch. Surely, pounds, traps and seines are not the cause of the years of great scarcity of codfish on all the banks, where at other years they do so much abound—sometimes large fish, at other times fish of seemingly smaller growth. Who can account for all the changes? Not man. Neither does the catching of them in large or small number, or quantities, with the millions of eggs deposited by individual fish. Man has no influence, only the power that created them for the use of man and decreed that he take of the abundance thereof. Fish has from the days of the Apostles (and then there were times of scarcity) to the present been a great means of livelihood to those about the coasts the world over, and all nations have the same years or seasons of scarcity and plenty, even where pounds and traps are unknown. If pounds and traps are the cause of our seasons of scarcity, why should all other nations have them without the said pounds and traps?

No, as a fisherman of close observation of the ways of fish lore for two score years, I am fully convinced that the coming and going of fish is not influenced by the use of traps, weirs or seines. We have just had a few years of small catch, but the last two have decidedly improved, and our oldest fishermen look with pleasure to a series of greater plenty, till in a short time it will be high tide followed by another ebb; and all, like myself, do protest against legislation robbing us of our God-given right of living by fishing, solely that a few wealthy summer residents may claim better fishing for sport alone, and surely raise the prices, making fish a luxury thereby. Respectfully submitted,

DARIUS F. WEEKES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1893.—We, the undersigned wholesale fish dealers of New York city, certify that, as regards the general supply of edible fish brought to this market, there is no evidence whatever of a decrease in the catch as compared with the supply at any time during the past ten or twenty years, and that the prices obtained during the past three or

four seasons have not been higher in the average than during any similar period of time in the past.

[Signed]

J. W. Campbell & Son, 17 Fulton Fish Market.  
Caleb Haley & Co., 14 Fulton Fish Market.  
D. Haley & Co., 6 Fulton Fish Market.  
A. W. Hafl, 12 Fulton Fish Market.  
H. M. Rogers Co., 11 Fulton Fish Market.  
Eldred & Haley, 9 Fulton Fish Market.  
Jno. Powell's Son & Co., 8 Fulton Fish Market.  
Kingsland & Comstock, 5 Fulton Fish Market.  
Horace E. Stillman, 4 Fulton Fish Market.  
J. N. Harris & Co., 3 Fulton Fish Market.  
Geo. T. Moore, 2 Fulton Fish Market.  
Amos G. Chesbro, 1 Fulton Fish Market.  
S. B. Miller, 7 Fulton Fish Market.  
Wallace & Keeney, 10 Fulton Fish Market.  
John Feeney & Co., 13 Fulton Fish Market.  
S. L. Storer & Co., 16 Fulton Fish Market.  
Fulton Fish Co., 15 Fulton Fish Market.  
Middleton, Carman & Co., 70 Fulton Fish Market.  
A. E. Potter, 148 Beekman street.  
F. G. Kenny & Co., 146 Beekman street.  
Benjamin & Kenwell, 144 Beekman street.  
Sam'l T. Skidmore, 142 Beekman street.  
Sam'l Z. Chesbro, 150 Beekman street.  
P. M. Comstock & Co., 152 Beekman street.  
Willis H. Rogers, 100 South street.  
Warner & Prankard, 108 South street.  
Benj. W. Davis, 109 South street.  
B. Cohen, 114 South street.  
C. H. Cone, 107 South street.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES. DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.  
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.  
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 21.  
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 24.  
March 27-30.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. D. B. Darby, Sec'y.  
April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.  
May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Exhibitors should remember that entries close for Columbus show, Feb. 20, with Geo. F. Mooney, Columbus, O., for Detroit, Feb. 21, with Guy Welton, Detroit, Mich. Entries for Chicago close Feb. 24 (the day after New York show), with Room 910, 276 Dearborn street, Chicago.

### The Canadian Kennel Club Meeting.

We have already published an account of certain proceedings at this meeting, and the secretary, Mr. H. B. Donovan, sends us further particulars as follows: In addition to the committee selected by the president to confer with the A. K. C. toward forming a new compact between the two clubs, the president appointed Messrs. H. B. Donovan, J. S. Williams, C. A. Stone and R. W. Boyle to draft instructions to delegates, also to be submitted to him.

The following communications were read by the president. He was empowered to carry on any further correspondence necessary:

LONDON, Ont.—*Clarke Wallace, Esq., Ottawa:* DEAR SIR—As it is generally understood that various changes are about to be made in the tariff, I take the liberty of bringing to your attention the subject of the importation of thoroughbred dogs. As it is at present, the duty of 20 per cent. on dogs, which, like other animals, are imported for the improvement of stock, is a serious drawback to the dog breeders of the Dominion, and a great good would result if it were made compulsory for free admission of dogs that they should have pedigrees that were eligible for registration in the Canadian Kennel Club's register, which calls for three generations. Thus, in order to get free admission, it would be necessary that certified pedigrees must accompany all importations, and in this great good would arise to Canadians. As it is at present, dogs are sent out from England and the Continent to purchasers with only partial pedigrees, and it is almost impossible to get the correct pedigree after a dog has once been shipped. But if it were made a matter of importance by the Customs authorities that this certificate must accompany importations, the seller would be compelled to give full pedigrees before a purchase was made, and thus a great deal of trouble would be saved the importers. The duties that are now collected must be very little, as all dogs are valued by the Customs officials, who have no more idea of the value of the animal than they have of "cheese brought from the moon." I would suggest that in the new tariff all dogs shall be free that are accompanied with a pedigree that can be registered in the C. K. C. Stud Book. I shall be much obliged if you will give this subject your consideration, as it would not only be good for the country at large, but for the individual importer. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. S. NIVEN, President C. K. C.

OTTAWA, Jan. 22.—*Dr. J. S. Niven, 423 Colborne street, London, Ont.:* MY DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst. on the subject of the tariff status of dogs (thoroughbred), and carefully note the suggestion you make and the representations in behalf of such request, in effect that free admission thereof should be allowed. I am glad to have this matter brought before me at this time, as it can now receive full consideration in connection with the revision of the tariff. If you have any further facts that would have a bearing on your view of the question, I shall be glad to have them as soon as possible. I am, faithfully yours,

N. CLARKE WALLACE.

A paragraph from the Toronto Mail of Jan. 19 was read, when it was voted that Dr. Wesley Mills and Mr. Nichols, of Chicago, be asked to give this club an explanation of the case.

It was decided to permit the registration of dogs the product of dogs already registered, but not eligible under the present rules.

### Heavy Mastiffs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An enthusiast in any line of useful work or investigation, particularly one whose efforts are wisely directed and unselfish to a degree, deserves well of his fellows. Assuming this to be true, no man in this country is deserving of higher praise in mastiff circles, than Charles E. Buyn.

For years he has been an ardent admirer, a painstaking student and consequently, a successful breeder of the best type of English mastiff. With possibly one exception, no man in America has done more than he to advance the interests of the breed, and no one has been more willing to give all mastiff lovers the benefit of his investigations. He has invested largely both in this country and in England, and has met defeat, successes and losses alike with the courage and courtesy of a generous and high-minded gentleman. I am sure he will receive universal sympathy in his recent heavy losses. Within a year he has lost Edric, Ilford Cameo, Miss Caution, Caution's Own Daughter and now

Ormonde, five of the best specimens of the breed in this country. Every one a superb individual, and every one a loss not only to the owner but to mastiff breeding. Such reverses would dishearten most men, but fortunately he seems to be of the kind who are in the work to stay.

Speaking of "large mastiffs"—are we not in danger of sacrificing too much for mere size? Understand me, I favor the largest mastiff that can be produced, provided that nothing of massiveness, activity and true character, by which I mean to include not only appearance but utility, is lost. A mastiff unable to jump a fence, to accompany an owner on his walks—yes, and drives—without the disposition and ability to guard his person and property, if necessary, against all comers, is not worth feeding.

Only a few years ago the craze was all for head. Anything with a head was all right. Many judges never saw anything behind the ears. Thanks to many a severe drubbing, judges are now requiring that to a good head shall be united a strong symmetrical body, with sound legs and feet. Some of our winning mastiffs even of to-day are weak in hocks, generally deficient in hindquarters and feet; but the signs of the times are hopeful, the trend of breeders is mainly right. Now let us not replace the former type of mastiff—an animal of magnificent head on a cripple body—with an overgrown hulk, with no virtue but avoirdupois. Mastiff dogs weighing from 150 to 175 lbs., and bitches from 125 to 150 are very large animals, larger than the average of good all-around mastiffs. If we can breed them of that weight with good heads, good bodies and good legs and feet, we shall do well. And let no one grow excited over stories of 200 to 230 lb. mastiffs, such phenomena is rare. One or two well authenticated cases may have been known, but the conditions which produced them seldom exist. At no time has the outlook for breeding sound, active, symmetrical mastiffs of good size been more encouraging than at present; but don't let us lose our heads and try to breed elephants.

The mastiff's rightful place is in the front rank of the canine race, a position to which it is easily entitled by its unequalled strength, courage, fidelity and intelligence.

We should strive to produce animals worthy of this distinction, but we shall have to develop an entirely new animal before many of them will be 200-pounders.

CLINTON N. POWELL.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 3.

### Specialty Club Secretaries.

It has always been a subject for remark among dogmen who are also members of different specialty clubs that the majority of the secretaries do not sufficiently interest themselves in the welfare of their club and the breed the club is organized to push forward. It does not seem to occur to them that their position is the most important one in the list of officers. On the work of the secretary depends in a great measure the welfare of the club and advance of the breed the club is supposed to foster. Our attention was first drawn to this subject owing to a motion that was made by a member of the executive committee at the annual meeting of the National Beagle Club, that the secretary be instructed not to furnish the kennel press with a report of meetings held by the club. Of course, the motion was lost, and it is due to Mr. Laick, the secretary, to say that he has always furnished the papers with reports, and is always willing to do so. Such hide-bound policy as that suggested had a good deal to do with the lack of interest taken in the old American-English Beagle Club. Very few, if any, secretaries of these clubs go to the trouble of advising all the members of the club as to what transpires at their meetings. The Spaniel Club, when Mr. Wilmerding was secretary, generally had the minutes printed on a circular, and this was mailed to all members. This is expensive in a sense and is not necessary when the kennel papers are willing to print the reports. Every member of a club has a right to know what is going on in that club. The secretaries for their own benefit and according to rules are compelled to write out the minutes of every meeting, and while doing so, by the aid of manifold copying paper they could at the same time make three or four extra copies, and these can then be forwarded to the principal kennel papers with little extra trouble or expense. By this means every member of a club will know what has transpired at the meeting.

There is another consideration which such a procedure would cover. When a reader of these papers, not necessarily a dog man as we understand the term, sees an account of the meetings and reads the names of the men interested in whatever breed the club represents, would he not be more likely to think about joining that club than if he just had some undefined idea that such a club existed? The more publicity there is given to the doings of these clubs the more likely is it that the membership list will be extended.

There are several specialty clubs in existence about whose meetings nothing is heard, unless it be the annual one at the New York show. Such are the St. Bernard, the Collie and the American Mastiff clubs, and in a lesser degree other clubs we could mention. It is impossible for the papers to cover these meetings, for unless some one connected with the paper is a member of the different clubs, they are seldom advised as to when such meetings will take place, and it is not known if reporters would be welcome if they did. The remarks above also apply to secretaries of kennel clubs, for upon the energy and ambition of the secretary often depend the financial prosperity and influence of their organizations and the success of their shows. We do not think that this apparent lack of energy results from anything more than thoughtlessness and an unfamiliarity with what we have distinctly pointed out as the duties of such a secretary. These remarks are made entirely in a friendly spirit, and are suggested merely from the dictates of our experience with dog men and what is required. The specialty clubs in England have done a great deal of good for the breeds they represent, and the secretaries of these clubs, we should say, without exception recognize the value of publicity from the fact that in the principal kennel papers a certain part of their columns is set apart for "club notices," and full reports of all meetings are sent in by the secretaries.

### Holding the Crowner's Quest.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The statement appearing in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 3 relating to the decrease of the circulation and suspension of the *Fancier's Journal* does a grave injustice to C. H. Mason. I was business manager during the first three months of Mr. Mason's editorial connection with the above-mentioned paper. In that time the kennel advertisements more than trebled in number and there was an increase in subscriptions, the latter coming from dog fanciers. These are the facts.

J. H. DREVENSTEDT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The falling off of subscriptions to the *Fanciers' Journal* during the three months' regime of Messrs. Mason and Drevenstedt was exactly 200. This statement can readily be proven by the subscription book, now in the hands of the Poultry Keeper Company, Parkersburg, Pa.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

[From Mr. Haldeman's note it appears that we erred in saying that the 200 subscribers fell off in two months; we should have said that the decrease took place in three months. We also erred in putting the subscription list at the beginning at 784, for Mr. Haldeman tells us "it was more like 950 we had in June. The subscribers continued to fall off all summer," he adds, "so that there were less than 500 when we sold."]



SOUTHERN FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS

The Southern Field Trials began with the Derby on Monday, Feb. 5, at New Albany, Miss. They were much delayed by stormy weather, the time selected being most unfortunate in striking a rainy season this year and last year.

The unreasonable time limit also delayed the trials unnecessarily, several heats being run in the first series longer than was necessary, and there were intervals before the time limit expired in which the dogs were simply run to kill time, one competitor showing decisive superiority over another.

There were birds enough for the purposes of the competition. The grounds were favorable for good work, though the sedge grass was uncommonly heavy in places, owing probably to the mild, open winter, frosts and storms being necessary to beat the cover down.

These trials are important ones to the Southern sportsmen, and therefore they should be given attention in business matters and thought given to their management, but slipshod and careless methods seem to prevail. Such cannot fail to result in dissatisfaction and injury to the club. Owners and handlers particularly complain of the neglect of the club in not engaging judges in season and publishing their names before the entries close, so that they will know who is to pass upon their dogs' standing in the competition. With such neglect in important matters, dissatisfaction is sure to result. The retirement of this club would be a great misfortune to field trial interests. Yet, without more system and more energy, there are doubts whether the club can hold the necessary interest of members on the one hand and dog owners on the other, to insure its future success, even if its existence is not jeopardized.

The club's rules need some revision, no part more so than that which refers to the time limit of forty-five minutes. It is a rule which has a sole use in soothing owners into a feeling that he is getting at least a fixed value of some kind in return for his money, and has no reference at all to the direct competition between the dogs in a stake.

There was a good attendance of sportsmen and much interest was manifested in the trials. There were Mr. Wilbur Dubois, Cincinnati; C. F. Joyce, Greensboro, N. C.; A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn.; F. S. King, Leighton, Ala.; Foster, Chicago; Arnold, P. H. O'Bannon, P. H. Bryson, R. Pitts, Cherry Creek, Miss.; Dr. M. F. Rogers, New Albany, Miss.

The Derby.

There was an unusually large number of good puppies in the stake, though no sensational work was done. Not a competitor in it could be classed as positively inferior. As a whole, the dogs were better broken than those which ran in the trials of recent years, although there was a great deal of that undesirable feature, "hustling." It is strange that hurrying and scrambling are tolerated by any judges at the present day. A little firmness in the beginning of a trial by the judges in checking scrambling, and there is no more trouble from it during the rest of that trial.

The judges in the Derby were the club's secretary, Mr. T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.; Major J. W. Murnan, Huling, Tenn.; and Capt. R. P. McCargo, Olive Branch, Miss.

The stake was for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892. The purse was \$850, divided into three parts, \$400 to first, \$250 to second, and \$200 to third.

First was won by Topsy's Rod, though his work was far below that shown in the trials last year. He has good range and speed, but his point work was faulty.

Bessie Shoupe, winner of second, ran a much better race, everything considered, than Topsy's Rod, though he had a decided advantage in range. Her point work was sharper, greater and more accurate in the competition, excepting in the last heat.

Allene had held Topsy's Rod quite even in the competition, though both had done faulty point work. In the rain on Tuesday the birds were much easier to find and point, and it would then have been but fair to have given all the best dogs a chance to see what they could do under improved conditions. Ighfield Rosalie and Callie White both made an excellent competition, as compared with the others.

MONDAY.

A white frost, a cool, bracing air and a clear sky were most favorable weather conditions for the beginning of the trials. As the sun mounted higher the weather became warmer. In the middle of the afternoon it was uncomfortably warm. The grounds had dried up to an astonishing degree notwithstanding the torrents of rain which fell on Friday night and all day Saturday. The lowlands were still wet or soft, but such lands were but a small part of the field trial grounds. The drawing took place on Monday.

There were twenty starters, namely:

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' b. w. and t. dog Earl Palmer (Frank Whitley—Dulcinea), Thomas Bond, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, o. and w. bitch Beryl (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, o. and w. bitch Ighfield Rosalie (Fred—Rosa), C. Tucker, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennels' b. w. and t. bitch Thalid (Jean Val Jean—Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s blue ticked bitch Antoinette (Antonio—Daisy Hunter), C. Tucker, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's bitch Topaz (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), J. M. Avent, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's b. w. and t. bitch Amethyst (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), F. S. Bevan, handler, with A. P. Stokes's b. w. and t. bitch Bessie Shoupe (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler.

Greensboro Field Trial Kennels' b. w. and t. dog Rod's Mark (Roderigo—Mark's Maid), F. S. Bevan, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s b. w. and t. bitch Nellie Gladstone (Dan Gladstone—Queen Novice), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

F. S. Bevan's b. w. and t. bitch Dame Durden (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), owner, handler, with B. Cooper's b. w. t. bitch Sadie Ross (Gath's Hope—Tempest), D. E. Rose, handler.

W. E. Smith's b. and w. dog Major Thomas (Gladstone's Bay—Bell Foster), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with T. H. Gibbs's l. and w. dog Lad's Rush (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Belle of the Ball), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b. w. and t. bitch Leona (Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie), C. Tucker, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s b. and w. bitch Callie White (Gath's Mark—Georgia Bell), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' b. w. and t. dog Blue Ridge Mark, D. E. Rose, handler, with Greensboro Field Trial Kennels' b. w. and t. bitch Miss Hattie (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble), F. S. Bevan, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' b. w. and t. dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b. w. and t. bitch Allene (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

EARL PALMER AND BERYL were cast off at 8:47 in open

BESSIE SHOUBE AND AMETHYST were started at 11:17 and ran till 12:14. Bessie was not ranging at all near her form of the previous Thursday, yet she did some excellent clean, sharp point work and showed good judgment in her work. She located and pointed a bevy nicely. On the scattered birds she made a point. Rose flushed one, and the bitch held her point staunchly. Rose said that there were more birds. He walked forward and flushed three. She still held her point, but no more were found to it. She made three more good points on single birds. Amethyst stayed out well and ranged steadily, but it seemed difficult to change her from a set range, and her handler made no attempt to work her on scattered birds. She, too, picked out the easy going.

The running was suspended while the party partook of a most agreeable lunch at Mr. W. G. Bias's place.

NELLIE GLADSTONE AND ROD'S MARK at 1:10 began a beat which lasted 37m., 3m. short of the limit. On the trail of a bevy, Mark was first to locate and point it. Nellie backed. The work was indifferently done after a plodding fashion. Mark pointed a bevy in open sedge. Both were fair rangiers, but their work was inferior. They were steady to shot.

DAME DURDEN AND SADIE ROSS started at 1:53 and ran till 2:38. Dame made one good bevy point, two single bird points, two points which proved barren and one flush. Sadie flushed a bevy and made one point on footscent. Both showed faulty judgment in ranging. Dame showed a proclivity for pointing on scent. They were steady. They had good speed.

MAJOR THOMAS AND LAD'S RUSH ran an ordinary heat.

Major stopped to the flush of an outlying single, then pointed the bevy. He pointed a single next, and moving on he stopped at the same time two birds flushed. Another find and point on a bevy and a single bird point finished his work on birds. Lad's Rush pointed twice on single birds, and found and pointed a bevy which flushed wild about 100 yds. ahead, and he made a point which was blank. Each backed well. Neither ranged wide nor showed much judgment in it. Down 39m.

LEONA AND CALLIE WHITE began at 3:28 and ran 47m. They ranged well and with good judgment. The work on birds was not first rate. Leona pointed a bevy, and at the same time Callie, a short distance away, pointed or backed. On the scattered birds, Callie made a good point. Leona pointed a bevy, Tucker failed to flush, although the bevy was but a few yards away. Callie came in as the bevy flushed. They were steady to wing and shot.

BLUE RIDGE MARK AND MISS HATTIE started at 4:20. Down 41m. Hattie made a good point on a bevy and was backed. Mark pointed a single, and next he pointed on the trail of a bevy, and Hattie going on about 30 yds. further pointed the bevy. Had she been brought in to back as was proper, she would not have profited by Mark's find. Mark pointed a single and a bevy in open sedge. The handlers were separated a great deal in the heat. Both had fair range. Mark was the better finder.

TOPSY'S ROD AND ALLENE started at a great pace at 5:03 and ran till 5:49. They took wide casts at high speed, in fact, too wide at times. The handlers became separated. There was a good deal of awkwardness on the part of the judges in managing the heat. Topsy's Rod pointed on footscent (of larks probably) and persisted in pointing staunchly after it was plain there was nothing. Sent on, he pointed again in a few minutes, but went on to an order from the whistle. He seemed to point on scent to the extent of a fault. No birds were found till the end of the heat. On the trail of the running birds, both drew to a point several times, but Allene was the more accurate, being sharper and quicker in ranging. She followed the bevy into woods and pointed it, and was steady to shot.

In the evening the judges made out a list of the dogs to remain in. The selection cannot be entirely commended, as several of the dogs had done common work and had no chance to win, among which was pre-eminently Thalid. Antoinette and Beryl were both superior to him, and Dame Durden had shown so much false pointing that it marred her work sadly. Lad's Rush also had not shown sufficient range and general performance to rate with the others. Blue Ridge Mark had shown a good competition.

TUESDAY.

The weather was clear and cool, with a stiffish southeast wind blowing. Birds were not found in abundance, and the work was, with few exceptions, inferior. An excess of false pointing and inaccurate work in locating was common. As the imperfect work was exhibited by nearly every dog which ran during the day, the failing was due probably to bad scenting conditions. There was quite a large attendance of spectators, of whom five were ladies. The running was managed rather awkwardly, and the judges seemed unnecessarily slow in reaching a decision. They were painstaking, yet worked some dogs unnecessarily often and long, and seemed to feel not quite sure of the proper decision.

BESSIE SHOUBE AND MAJOR THOMAS began at 8:41. Bessie pointed a bevy in the open at the same time Major pointed an outlying single. Sent on. Major dropped to a point, then roared and pointed the bevy. Bessie made an uncertain point, then moved on and flushed the bird. Both were steady to shot. Up at 9:14. Bessie was far superior in the class of her work. She had better range and more judgment.

DAME DURDEN AND MISS HATTIE began at 9:17 and ran 23 minutes, and Dame flushed a single bird. Both pointed on the footscent where a bevy had flushed. Miss pointed a bird. Next both had a point on the same bird. Sent on, Hattie



"DICK FOX BACKING MISS RUBY."

Mr. D. E. Rose at the Eastern Field Trials, 1893.

sedge not far from town. Earl pointed a bevy, and Beryl going across wind flushed it and dropped to wing. Beryl flushed a bird in woods. Sent on she pointed a bevy in open sedge. Earl after pointing a sparrow got a point on a single bird. In roading to a bevy, both on the trail of it, Beryl showed better work. On scattered birds each made three points, Beryl quicker and sharper in locating. Both would potter on false or strange scents, though not frequently. Up at 9:31. Their range was but moderately fair. Both were steady to wing and shot.

IGHTFIELD ROSALIE AND THALID began at 9:37. Rosalie showed a decided superiority over her competitor both in locating, pointing and beating out the ground for bevies. She pointed a bevy and Thalid made a point and a flush, each on a single, and missed some good opportunities to point in open sedge. Thalid made four points on singles, while Rosalie made three points on singles, also one on several scattered birds, one on a bevy, which she found nicely, and one on scent where a bird had flushed a moment before. Several of her points were dashing done, she wheeling to them in her stride after catching the scent. Both were steady to shot and wing. Thalid was irregular in-range, showed poor finding qualities and looked for orders frequently as to what she should do next. Up at 10:20.

ANTOINETTE AND TOPAZ began at 10:28 and ran 44 minutes. Antoinette easily outworked Topaz, she finding two bevies, one of which Topaz passed closely without recognizing scent. She pointed a single nicely, and another one she pointed then moved on and flushed. She made an excusable flush and pointed once at the same moment the bird flushed, and twice nothing was found to her points. Topaz flushed a single and a bevy, and made an awkward piece of roading on a bevy which flushed wild. Her work was poor. She came in frequently for orders, and was inferior to her competitor in range and industry. Both were steady to shot.



pointed a bevy. She potted occasionally. Neither ranged regularly, though they went at a good pace and Dame had a fair range.

SADIE ROSS AND IGHFIELD ROSALIE began at 9:47 and ran till 10:13. Sadie was unfortunate at the start, in going down wind on a bevy and flushing it, though it was excusable under the circumstances. Sadie pointed one bird and flushed one across wind. Rosalie made a point on some scattered birds. Both showed good speed and range, yet the point work was not first-rate.

LEONA AND LAD'S RUSH were started at 10:15. Leona got three points on scattered birds and Lad one. Leona was superior in every respect. Up at 10:40.

TOPSY'S ROD AND CALLIE WHITE began at 10:43. Rod flushed a bevy. Next he made a false point. Next he roared up wind to a flush on an outlying single and dropped to a point on the remaining birds. A vent flushed the bevy. Callie in open sedge made a good point on a single. Rod flushed a bird and lost a number of opportunities to point on birds in sedge. He pointed a single. He located awkwardly and was disposed to point on footscent or false scent. Callie made a good point on a single. Rod had taken a long cast-away, and not returning, a short search resulted in finding him on a false point. Both ranged well, Rod the wider. The point work was ragged.

ALLENE AND THALID began at 11:29. Thalid had run poorly in the first series, and had but little claim to run again. Both dogs appeared to be out of pointing form. Each made three false points. Next Allene made a good point on a bevy and a point on a single bird. Thalid made a point and a flush on singles. Allene was far the better ranger and had greater speed. Up at 12:23.

BLUE RIDGE MARK AND BERYL began at 1:51, after lunch, and made a good display of speed and range, Mark the better. They took a cast out of sight on a side hill. Both were found on a point, or Beryl was pointing and Mark backing. On a marked bevy both at the same time pointed the scattered birds. Mark was superior in range and speed, Beryl tagging him frequently, which marred her performance. Up at 2:31.

The judges then announced that they would want next Bessie Shoupe, Ightfield Rosalie, Dame Durden and Callie White.

BESSIE SHOUPPE AND IGHFIELD ROSALIE started at 2:42. Bessie soon drew very accurately and prettily with a high nose several yards to a point on a bevy. Rosalie following behind went by as Bessie was drawing and came to a point ahead of her. Several thought that the point was Rosalie's, but Bessie was first to make both the find and point. Bessie made two points, to which nothing was found, and Rosalie one, possibly on footscent, as horsemen flushed birds not far from them. Up at 3:20. Bessie showed greater judgment and independence in her work.

DAME DURDEN AND CALLIE WHITE started at 3:23. The handler of the former being absent Mr. F. S. Bevan took her handling interests in charge. Both pointed at the same time, Callie on the bevy and Dame on an outlying single. Dame got three more points on singles and Callie two. Both were steady to shot and wing, and ran a good heat. They showed good range and speed, and good point work. Up at 3:45.

TOPSY'S ROD AND ALLENE were called next, starting at 3:47. Rod pointed a bevy in heavy sedge. Allene made a point. Rose failed to flush. Allene sent on roared the bird to a flush. She made two false points, and Rod made two of the same kind and one good one on a single. Allene took a long cast and found and pointed a bevy staunchly. On the way after the scattered another bevy was found and pointed by both dogs. Some said one dog pointed it first, others said the other dog did, and so it rests. Rod pointed a bird and both flushed one. Rod next made a flush on a single while the judges were consulting. He ran a few yards, turned back and pointed where the bird flushed. A vent claimed a point. It was a promising place for more birds. They were not there, but a few yards further on across the creek each got a point on the scattered birds. Allene was a bit the faster and both ranged wide. Rod was faulty in pointing on footscent too much and he did not handle easily. Up at 4:32.

The judges consulted and announced that the competition had ceased for the day. On the morrow they would want Topsy's Rod and Bessie Shoupe to run a heat, after which they would announce their decision.

### WEDNESDAY.

An almost steady downpour of rain in the forenoon prevented any attempt at field trial work. A start was made in the afternoon when the rain ceased and there were signs of the clouds breaking away—delusive signs, for soon after the dogs were started the rain again began to fall, shovely at first, but soon settling into a steady downfall. Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, birds were easily found and the scent apparently was excellent. The dogs could easily and accurately point either beves or single birds, conditions which did not prevail at any previous time of the stake.

TOPSY'S ROD AND BESSIE SHOUPPE started at 2:54. The dogs had not got well started when Rod, who had started off to the left, after going about twenty yards, came up on a point. Bessie backed. A vent failed to flush and the dogs were ordered on. Both at once commenced roading and pointing. The judges ordered Rose to hold. Bessie up till Rod located. Mr. Rose obeyed promptly. Rod located and pointed the bevy. There was little merit in the accidental find. Holding Bessie in was according to the club's rule, a sound rule it is, too, but the rule was made to apply alike to all the dogs. It had not been observed before in the stake, nor was it observed afterward. Sent on, Rod pointed a single bird. Next, after a short search, Rod pointed a bevy and Bessie backed promptly. On the scattered birds there was some good work, Bessie making three good points and Rod two, and each backed well. Sent on to search for another bevy, Bessie was first to find a bevy and pointed it. Rod coming in from the right, also pointed the bevy. Rod next pointed and nothing was found. Bessie pointed a single in open sedge. Sent on, and Bessie soon struck the trail of a bevy and was roading when Rose gave a word of caution and she pointed. A vent coming in, made no attempt to get his dog in behind to back. Bessie started to road, and A vent, about thirty yards ahead, then claimed a point for Rod on the bevy which soon flushed. Here was a grand opportunity lost to enforce the rules by ordering Rod held in as was Bessie. Neither Mr. A vent nor his dog had any right moving about where Bessie was roading. It cut her out of an opportunity to work out her find, violating a mandatory rule of the club, and it was not giving her the same just protection accorded to Rod shortly before when he was locating. Sent on, and there was an exhibition of the most inconsiderate scrambling on the part of Rod's handler to get every advantage. The rules were constantly violated in the work on birds. Though Rose asked the judges to hold his competitor back on even terms, a just request, it was not done. To the credit of Rose be it said, he handled his dog fairly to the end of the race. Sent on, Rod flushed a bird in open sedge. Hurried ahead, Rod got a point on a single in woods, at the same time Rose protested against the rushing. Bess pointed a single and Rod at the same time about 100 yds. ahead pointed and A vent rushed to him. He roared into the woods and pointed a single. Next he pointed; nothing found. Up at 3:47. Reviewing his work previous to this heat, he had found very little, although given ample opportunity. His point work, too, was limited considering his many opportunities. Bessie excelled him in that respect both in quantity and quality. She was better broken,

handled with less noise and beat out her ground with better judgment, all of which are governed by the club's rules. A toot of the whistle was often given Rod to test him when on point, and he by it was moved on from a number of false points during the stake and nursed up to the birds better by it when on true points. Be-sie, on the other hand, was perfectly reliable on point. She made fewer errors. Rod's only claim to superiority was a wider range. In every other respect he was beaten. Rules and judicial firmness were lost in this heat. The winners were:

Topsy's Rod first, Bessie Shoupe second; third divided equally between Ightfield Rosalie, Callie White and Allene.

B. WATERS.

The report of the All-Age Stake had not arrived at the time of our going to press, the mails having been delayed by the severe storms on Monday night. The result of the All-Aged Stake, however, was: First, A vent and Hitchcock's Count Gladstone; second, Manchester Kennel Co.'s Glean's Pink; third, divided between Denmark Kennels' Lillian Russell and Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Miss Ruby.

## DOG CHAT.

### Bulldogs.

It is a matter for congratulation that this breed seems to be so well looked after on both sides of the Atlantic by its specialty clubs. The large number and great value of the prizes given by the English and American clubs are evidence of the standing and enthusiasm of the admirers of this much maligned breed. This journal has persistently upheld the many virtues of the bulldog, and we are glad to see that the unjust suspicion under which the breed has labored in this country is to a great extent disappearing, and several new men are coming into the fancy. Our breeders have little means of gaining a knowledge of the best dogs on the other side, and such an interesting resumé as Mr. Farman gives of the breed's doings during the past year, in the English *Kennel Gazette*, is therefore particularly important and valuable. In the open, winners and limit classes at English shows sixty-five different dogs and bitches have won first prizes, of this number thirty-two have won one each, the majority of the first prizes at the many shows therefore going to thirty-three animals. Mr. Farman does not remember a year in which the mortality among the best specimens has been so great as in 1893. No less than five champions have died—Grabber, Bedgebury Lion (owned at the time by Retnor Kennels, New York), Forceps, Harper (owned by Mr. Mariner, Milwaukee, Wis.), and Dryad. Including champion Dryad, eight grand bitches have joined the majority, their names were, Tonish, Margaret, Semolina, Enfield Tartlet, Catchpool, and Aston Bit of Fashion, and others could be mentioned equally as valuable from a breeder's point of view. It is a lamentable fact that all these bitches died in giving birth to puppies, and not a single pup was saved. This decimation among the cracks, with the exportation of champion His Lordship, now owned by Mr. W. Travers, of Newport, R. I., leaves England with but two champions, Datholite and Ruling Passion.

Turning to this rather gloomy side of the picture we find that several strikingly new dogs have been brought out during the year. These are Monkey Brand, Facey Romford, Master John Bull and Aston Bit of Fashion, and Mr. Farman finds satisfaction in saying that these are distinctly of the right type, that is, pear-shaped, short-backed and low to the ground. He thinks such dogs are more in keeping with the standard than the flat-sided, straight-bodied and beefy specimens which have sometimes been placed in the front rank. This writer gives to Monkey Brand the palm as being the best of the new ones. He is a formidable competitor in the very best company, and several of the best have had to take a back seat to him. This dog has a curious mixture of striking and grand qualities intermingled with two bad faults, which lie at both ends—his head is too short and his tail is too long, but he excels in true bulldog character, with plenty of heart and quality. Facey Romford, we are told, is a coarse reproduction of Monkey Brand, and there is no denying that he is a fine specimen, though not so striking as the other dog, in the first place, because he is too beefy, and secondly, he falls away in front of his eye, and is coarse in ear. He is said to be good in bone, large in skull, low to the ground, in fact, a good all-round dog without any one point being too exaggerated.

Master John Bull seems an unfortunate, for his "frogginess"—we presume our bulldog readers will understand the term which alludes to the frog-shaped formation of muzzle—has stopped his chances of winning prizes, but forgive him this defect and he is one of the best bulldogs alive. He has a remarkable body, skull and face, and "is a living illustration of an animal that must generally be first or nowhere. I fear he will generally find himself nowhere as a froggy-faced bulldog is almost as bad as a Dudley." The other good new one was Aston Bit of Fashion and she died in helping to Cyclops, another new dog of exceptional promise.

Mr. Farman, while acknowledging the advance made in the rank and file of the exhibits, draws attention to the woful lack of character among the large majority of bulldogs now on the bench. By this he means the listless way in which they walk into a ring, their softheartedness and the lack of that "all there" quality—active and ready for anything. He quotes Old Grabber as having been a fair exponent of this quality, and also Dom Pedro, who is still alive. "Those are the sort of dogs we want instead of the milk and water animals which one constantly sees nowadays." He attributes a good deal of this to inbreeding, and warns breeders that while this may be necessary in obtaining certain points, care must be taken not to sacrifice the dog for its external appearance. Because the dog's vocation is gone this is no reason for not perpetuating his spirit.

Mr. Farman thinks that there is a tendency to exaggerate elbows, breeders forgetting that the formation of the shoulders should play an important part in the peculiar cut at elbow appearance of a bulldog. As this is generally considered of so much importance we may as well conclude by quoting Mr. Farman on this point. He says: "It is true that the elbows of a dog should stand away from the ribs, but at the same time this could be overdone, which is certainly the case in some of the specimens which one sees. I have no hesitation in stating that a flat-sided dog with an elbow standing out at right angles from its body and swinging about like a door on its hinges is practically a cripple, or, at any rate, a deformity. A dog formed in such a way can have no real strength and certainly could never perform the functions for which it originally existed. I decline to admit the contention that, because the breed's vocation is gone, it should be transformed into a fancy article, 'Not to be touched—for exhibition purposes only.'"

Another society man, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is going in strongly for bulldogs. This is good news, indeed, as Mr. Astor has always been extolled as the epitome of refinement in his ideas and surroundings.

Mr. John Armstrong, brother of the manager of the Cragstone Kennels, is importing two good English setters—Rock of Undercliffe and Prince Rupert. They are said to have won prizes at English shows. They are to sail Feb. 16 and may be shown at Chicago.

As showing the popularity of collies in England, and the

number of fanciers interested in the breed, it is only necessary to say that the Liverpool Collie Club alone has seventy members within a four mile radius.

A fashionable stud dog in England is a veritable gold mine. For instance the fortunate owner of the St. Bernard Duke of Maplercroft, we are told received seventy stud fees at seven guineas, during the past year. The collies Christopher and Ormskirk Amazement brought to Mr. Stretch thousands of dollars. Some of the fashionable fox-terrier sires may also be quoted as proof of the above statement, especially when we note that Mr. Stephens' celebrated terrier Vice Regal, by Rational out of Vauvienne, has already had ten nominations booked for this year, at ten guineas (\$52.50) each.

Very few people in America have an idea of the magnitude of the "cat" fancy in England. At most of the all-round shows classes are provided for these domestic pets, and from time to time special shows are held in London. Notice of one of these we find in the *British Fancier*. It will be organized by Mr. C. Craft, and is to take place after his great dog show at the Agricultural Hall, London, which was on last week. At this show twenty-five cups and upward of 100 special prizes will be offered. This will be sad news to many on this side the water, who only think of a cat when they are about to shy a boot-jack at it. Such ladies as the Duchess of Wellington, Duchess of Newcastle, Countess of Warwick, Countess of Sefton and a number of other members of the aristocracy are among the patronesses of this show.

A correspondent of the *Fox-terrier Chronicle* sends some interesting items about fox-terriers in South Africa. They are the favorite breed there and it must be a perfect elysium for a terrier that knows his business and likes it. One gentleman owns half a dozen terriers, and their record of kills for the past 4½ years is: 110 silver jackals, 45 manhaar jackals, 79 porcupines, 137 monkeys, 2 baboons, 32 musk cats, 23 bush cats, 7 rattels (something like a badger) and a lynx. There should be little fear that terriers from this man's strain will lack in terrier character or pluck.

### Taxing Dogs in Massachusetts.

The dog has many true friends in Massachusetts, and some of our very best fanciers are to be found within a radius of 30 miles of Boston. But if the following bill becomes a law "Cynoculture" will decline considerably in the Bay State. Mr. B. Alton Smith sends us word that E. Paige and F. B. Sanborn have introduced a bill in the Bay State Legislature, asking for more protection against dogs by raising the licenses to \$10 for males and \$20 for females; by having all damages by dogs paid from the dog license fund; licenses to be refused or annulled for all dogs that bark or disturb their neighborhood; by severe fines with loss of license to be imposed on all female dogs found at large when in fever; and all police to be required to capture such dogs at such time, for which they shall be paid \$5 for extra hazardous work; the police to be required to capture all dogs at large without a collar, suitably inscribed, and for which they shall receive \$2 for extra service. Should such a restrictive law be passed and enforced, the kennel interests of the State will suffer immensely.

We publish in another column a picture of a very promising rough St. Bernard, 16 months old, by Kingston Regent out of Cleopatra. If all goes well with him he should make a name for himself. He has a good-shaped head, good bone and excellent body, coat and action. He stands 32in. at shoulder and weighs 17lbs. He will be shown at New York. He was bred and is owned by Mr. Samuel D. Mann, of New York city.

### We Shall Be Glad to Meet Him.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., Jan. 30.—To the Honorable Kennel Editor *Forest and Stream*: DEAR SIR—Please let me know through your paper the names and address of several prominent breeders of bulldogs. I wish to purchase a bull bitch. I write to you because I know you to be thoroughly reliable, and hope to make your acquaintance at the W. K. C. show at New York this month. Believe me to be, A CONSTANT READER. [As there are several "Constant Readers" it is impossible for us to identify the writer of this note, or to give him the information; but we hope to meet him at the show.]

We understand that Mr. Geo. S. Thomas is giving up his kennels at Salem, Mass., finding his expenses therewith too heavy.

### The C. K. C. and the A. K. C.

From what we can gather the committee appointed by the C. K. C. to confer with the A. K. C. at its annual meeting will carry instructions that should result in an amicable arrangement being made by which the *entente cordiale* between the two clubs will in a degree be resumed and the outcome redound to the credit of each club. The organization of the two clubs is not at all the same, the Canadian club being composed of individual members and not of clubs, as is the case with the A. K. C., and it depends not on any one place for its inspirations, the whole Dominion has a say in its affairs, as every member has an equal right to think and to influence the executive committee. The committee selected by the C. K. C. represents regions 600 miles apart. The whole situation should be discussed in all its bearings by the delegates assembled at the annual meeting during the New York show and some final decision arrived at then and there, and not be referred to the advisory committee, as so many important motions, etc., have been hitherto.

The annual meeting of the Collie Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden on Thursday morning, Feb. 22, at 11 o'clock. A full attendance of members is urgently requested.

Dr. F. W. Kitchell, a well-known member of the Spaniel Club and at one time partner with Mr. Wilmerding in the cocker raising industry, has purchased the black and tan cocker Bambo from Mr. E. W. Fiske, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. Bambo will be placed at public stud.

### Woodale Kennels' Sale.

The sale of fox-terriers from the Woodale Kennels last Friday, at the American Institute, cannot be said to have been a success. The prices realized were miserable, considering the good breeding that some of the dogs could boast. There were 12 terriers put up, and prices ranged from \$12 for Woodale Deacon, by champion Raffle ex Ebor Nettle, to \$2 each for Rustle, by Starden's Jack ex Semolina, and Danse, by Woodale Rumpus ex Blenheim Radish. The average price for the 12 was less than \$5. The sale was not properly advertised, and this, with the wretched weather, must be taken as the principal reasons for such poor results.

Everything is progressing smoothly in the preparations for the Boston show, though the N. E. K. C. people are rather disturbed over the possibility of Fast Day being abolished in Massachusetts. If this happens the show exchequer will probably feel the change, as the Boston people depend upon this day's receipts to make both ends meet.

We are sorry to hear that the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club lost \$600 as a result of their first show held last month. Accounts are being paid off just the same, and the



club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, R. G. Smith; Vice-Presidents, Allison Curtis, Col. W. T. Rockwood, John E. Hodgman, C. E. Rokenstyre, F. B. Zimmer, A. E. Blunck, Frank Cook, W. E. Hammond, Edward Ross, Ralph Russell; Treasurer, A. Edison Hall; Recording Secretary, Frank Cook; Secretary, Kennel Department, Lyman W. Clute; Secretary, Poultry Department, W. D. Eddy. Directors: F. W. Gaylor, Daniel Eddy, A. Edison Hall, Wm. B. Hall, Walter B. Benedict, Frank Sherman, David Clute, and W. E. Fraser. Delegate to the A. K. C. convention, Jas. Robinson; Alternate, L. W. Clute.

#### Club Meetings at the New York Show.

Those who are interested in the meetings of the different clubs which will be held in Madison Square Garden during the New York show will find the following list a handy reference:

American Kennel Club's annual meeting, Feb. 22, at 2:20 P. M. At the close of the annual meeting the executive committee will meet. A. P. Vredenburg, Sec'y.  
Bulldog Club, Feb. 20, at 7:30 P. M. E. A. Woodward, Sec'y.  
National Greyhound Club, Feb. 21, at 8 P. M. H. W. Huntington, Sec'y.  
English Setter Club, Feb. 21, at 12 M. Wilson Fiske, Sec'y.  
Irish Setter Club, Feb. 21, at 12 M. Dr. G. G. Davis, Sec'y.  
National Beagle Club, Feb. 22, at 2 P. M. G. Laick, Sec'y.  
Eastern Field Trials Club, Feb. 22, at 3 P. M. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.  
American Spaniel Club, Feb. 21, at 4 P. M. Rowland P. Keady, Sec'y.  
Gordon Setter Club, Feb. 22, at 7:30 P. M. L. A. Van Zandt, Sec'y.  
Pointer Club of America, Feb. 20, at 8 P. M. Adrian C. Pickhardt, Sec'y.  
American Pet Dog Club, date not given. Miss M. E. Bannister, Sec'y.  
Collie Club of America, Feb. 22, at 11 A. M. J. D. Shortwell, Sec'y.

#### Death of Count Howard.

We regret to hear that Mr. F. Windholz has sustained another severe loss by death in his well known English setter kennel. His champion Count Howard died last Friday of pneumonia. Mr. Windholz used him down South this fall and winter with his other dogs, and noticed that when coming home, three weeks since, the dog had a slight cough. Little attention was paid to this, and Count was sent with the other dogs to Mr. Miller's kennels in New Jersey. When the dog became really ill, Miller sent him into New York to Mr. Windholz, and being held in the express office some hours after he should have been delivered, pneumonia set in, and one of our best show setters passed away. Count Howard would have been ten years old on May 7. He was bred by Mr. G. Potter, of England, and was by champion Sir Allister out of Mena, by Rock out of Cockerton's Meg. He was imported by Mr. Windholz about 1888, after winning a string of firsts at the principal English shows. His first appearance in this country was at Richmond, Va., in the fall of that year. His career is too well known to need recapitulation here. Though rather on the heavy side he was built on correct lines. He was scarcely fast enough for field trial work, but as a private shooting dog his owner considered him a good one. Mr. Windholz will not show at New York this year, though he has a young dog by Count out of Princess Beatrice, that he thinks ought to do well; he has also some young stock by Count that are very promising.

Mr. Wolfraun of this city sends a picture of his noted "life saving" dog Hans, A. K. C. S. B. 21,069. It represents a rough St. Bernard of goodly proportions but lacking the blaze so desirable in this breed. He is by Vindex out of Princess Helene and received last week the "Police Gazette Champion Life Saving Medal." Mr. Wolfraun, unfortunately, does not furnish us with particulars as to what the dog has done to deserve this honor.

There is some talk of having another dog show in Bridgeton, N. J., this winter. The interest in dogs created by the show held last year has resulted in several good dogs being purchased by local fanciers. The last show was a success and there is no reason why another one should not be held.

We have little hesitation in saying that the sketch by G. Muss-Arnolt representing Dick Fox honoring Miss Ruby's point is one of the finest and most natural field scenes ever published in the kennel press. Lovers of field dogs can look long and earnestly upon it and it will bring back to them many scenes familiar to those who love the dog and gun.

The ridiculous statement made by our Chicago contemporary, that "now that Princess Florence has returned to the land of her birth it leaves our American-bred to the best rough-coated St. Bernard bitch in America, for she is closer to Princess Florence than others that we have seen," etc., will cause amusement in the ranks of St. Bernard breeders. It never came any nearer to Princess Florence than Chicago is to New York, and never will be. Our contemporary forgets that Rustic Beauty and Lady Livingstone are still alive, both of which can beat it, to say nothing of one or two others who have beaten her. We could mention several that can give to a very close run for the money. It is a big, well-grown bitch, and that is the best that can be said for her.

Mr. Thompson S. Craig, of Albany, N. Y., has purchased the bull-terrier dog Rookery Boy, first prize, under 30lbs., National dog show, Birmingham; first and special, Birkenhead, also New Brighton, England. Rookery Boy is entered for New York, and is a son of Surefoot, winner of second prize at that show last year. This dog came over on the White Star Liner Civic last Saturday.

Owing to pressure on our columns, a number of fox hunting notes, kennel notes, etc., must lie over another week.

The FOREST AND STREAM will as usual have its stand at the Madison avenue end of the Madison Square Garden, and if those exhibitors who cannot be present themselves, but would like the earliest intelligence as to what their dogs have done, will send their names and addresses to this office, or to our stand in the show building after Feb. 19, we shall be pleased to telegraph them at once the result of the judging. Many of the best dogs are sent to shows in the care of handlers who are both very busy the first two days of the show and are often forgetful of the anxiety of the owner, who is compelled to stay at home.

Mr. L. A. Van Zandt, secretary of the Gordon Setter Club, will send his white English terrier Blink Bonny over to England on the Persian Monarch to be bred to the best dog on the other side, and this will probably be champion Ben, who changed hands after winning first and special at the late Liverpool show. Mr. Van Zandt seems to be going into this breed pretty strongly, as he is importing the bitch Little Beauty and another bitch in whelp to champion Ben. We should like to see these smart handsome terriers become more popular on this side; there will be six shown at New York next week.

Additional specials and classes at the Mascoutah Kennel Club show are as follows: Mr. R. G. Short offers \$25 for the best pack of not less than ten American foxhounds, entered and owned by one exhibitor. Class 208½, for toy spaniel

puppies, 6 to 12 months old, dogs and bitches, prizes \$5 and \$3. The entries for this show close Feb. 24 at Room 952, 276 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The White Star Liner Boyie that was due in New York Wednesday Feb. 15, had on board two bull-terriers for Mr. John Whelan, Central Park Kennels, New York; one collie dog for Mr. James Snowcraft, Paterson, N. J., and six dogs for Mr. James Mortimer. These are a bulldog, two bobtailed sheep dogs, and two field spaniels for the Hempstead Kennels and the other is a wire haired fox-terrier owned by Mr. Geo. Raper of England. All these are entered for the show next week.

Mr. F. F. Dole has sold his winning bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Tipsey, to the Castle Point Kennels at a large price. In turn friend Dole has purchased the well known bull bitch The Graven Image from Mr. Mariner, Milwaukee, Wis. He has also a new setter that will climb into the money, it is hoped. Mr. Dole will be at the Rutherford fox-terrier sale, and is willing to take a few more commissions to buy for those who cannot attend themselves.

The White Star steamship Civic, which arrived Jan. 24, in addition to the 11½ couple of English foxhounds, also brought over a terrier for Mr. S. S. Howland, who is hunting the country round Washington, D. C., and Annapolis, Md. The Nomadic, which arrived on Friday last, brought a bull-terrier for Mr. T. S. Bellin, of Albany, N. Y. This vessel also carried nine coops containing twenty-four fine fowls.

The tendency of some breeders, ever on the lookout for a novelty, to produce white specimens of certain breeds when other colors are more fashionable and considered more correct.



ROUGH ST. BERNARD PUP DEMETRIUS.

has led Dr. Hoyt, of Sharon, Pa., to breed a couple of white Italian greyhounds. He sends us a photograph of them, which shows them to be very fair specimens of the breed outside of their unusual color. As we have remarked before, this tampering with color may prove expensive in the end.

#### The W. K. C. Show.

A couple of weeks since the officials in the W. K. C. office at 44 Broadway, while assuming an assuring look when asked about the prospects for a big entry, to the careful observer it was apparent that there was an undercurrent of anxiety as to the outcome. Hard times and the objectionable features that follow in their train might well have given rise to a doubt that the entry list would reach the total of last year. All this is passed now and joy has succeeded anxiety, and well it might, when 1,526 entries will have to be catalogued for the eighteenth annual show, an increase of 56 over last year's entry. The entry by breeds for this year is as follows:

Mastiffs.....	20	Poodles.....	58
St. Bernards.....	174	Bulldogs.....	57
Bloodhounds.....	6	Bull-terriers.....	52
Great Danes.....	24	Boston terriers.....	13
Newfoundlands.....	6	Basset hounds.....	4
Russian wolfhounds.....	30	Dachshunds.....	22
Deerhounds.....	18	Beagles.....	40
Greyhounds.....	42	Smooth fox-terriers.....	50
Foxhounds.....	21	Wire-haired fox-terriers.....	41
Retrievers.....	3	Irish terriers.....	45
Chesapeake Bay.....	2	Black and tan terriers.....	16
Pointers.....	137	White English terriers.....	6
English setters.....	99	Dandie Dimont terriers.....	5
Irish setters.....	69	Bedlington terriers.....	7
Gordon setters.....	44	Scottish terriers.....	18
Irish water spaniels.....	6	Skye terriers.....	13
Clumber spaniels.....	2	Yorkshire terriers.....	12
Field spaniels.....	23	Toy terriers.....	12
Cocker spaniels.....	77	Pugs.....	28
Rough collies.....	117	Toy spaniels.....	27
Smooth collies.....	13	Italian greyhounds.....	13
Bobtails.....	3	Miscellaneous.....	27

Total entries 1,526, duplicates 189, actual dogs to bench 1,337, an increase of 18 over last year.

The number in the miscellaneous class will probably be increased to 33, as Dr. Cook, the Arctic explorer, who will make a display of his dogs and Esquimaux, sleds, etc., has bespoken space for 15 dogs, which will be placed in the basement. A separate class will probably be made for Esquimaux dogs.

It is safe to say that quality will be better represented than at any previous show, and although in many breeds there was a better showing in the early exhibitions as far as numbers go, they were a mixed lot at best, and bear about as much comparison to the dogs of to-day as does the old John Bull engine of the early thirties to that superb triumph of mechanism which draws the Empire express. The greatest advance has been in the St. Bernards, poodles, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, spaniels, collies, bulldogs, beagles and the different terrier breeds, notably Scotch terriers and Dandies. Speaking of Russian wolfhounds, we find that Mr. George J. Gould, the financier, will exhibit largely in the latest breed. He will show Cedric II. and Olga IV., the latter a daughter of the famed Kirilutt, and also some puppies of his own breeding; so it seems as if the two principal kennels hitherto are going to have a formidable competitor. But then there is always one consolation, that the richest men do not always breed the best dogs. The management will be sorely tried in getting all the dogs on the floor, but we believe that relief in this respect is to be found by putting the pet dogs and some terriers along the sides of the amphitheater above the boxes; this will relieve the floor space and allow of larger judging rings.

#### Associate Members' Officials.

The mail votes for officers of the Associate membership of the A. K. C. were opened on Feb. 6 by the vice-president of

the A. K. C. Thos. H. Terry, and president of associate members, H. B. Cromwell. There were 65 votes received and none returned for irregularity. Officers elected were: President, H. B. Cromwell; Vice-President, Edward Brooks; Secretary, A. Clinton Wilmerding. Delegates: Thos. H. Terry, H. T. Foote and A. C. Wilmerding.

#### American Spaniel Club Dinner.

The fourth annual dinner of the American Spaniel Club will be held at Zangheri's, 17 East Twenty-second street, on the evening of the second day of the New York dog show, Feb. 21, at 8 o'clock. Tickets, price \$3, may be procured of A. C. Wilmerding, 163 Broadway, New York city. It is requested that applications for tickets be made at once, so that proper arrangements may be completed early. All friends of the spaniel are invited, and a pleasant reunion of breeders and exhibitors is anticipated.

A telegram received by Mr. Avent at the United States field trials states that Mr. Bayard Thayer broke his leg at Washington, D. C. Fellow-sportsmen will sympathize with Mr. Thayer in his misfortune.

#### Mastiff Brampton Beauty.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

Much has been written concerning the new mastiff bitch which Mr. Higgs has sent to this country, Brampton Beauty, and I note both the reporters and others have stated she never met defeat in England. Mr. Winchell also stated, "She first appeared at Cruft's show, 1892, making a clean sweep as she did everywhere."

I do not know just where these gentlemen got their information, but for the sake of having the records of our bitches correct I will state the bitch was not first shown at Cruft's and was defeated on two occasions before coming to America.

Brampton Beauty was first shown at the Crystal Palace show in 1891. She was in the junior class and the awards were as follows: First and second, Woolmore's Salina and Robin; third, Higgs's Lady Cameron; reserve, Brampton Beauty.

She was again shown January, 1892, at Liverpool. Combe Baroness first, Lady Florida second and Brampton Beauty third. This of course does not in the least add to or detract from the bitch, but it is just as well to have the records straight. C. E. BUNY.

PEORIA, ILL.

#### United States Field Trials.

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Feb. 12.—[Special to Forest and Stream.] Rainy weather prevented a start of the Pointer Derby till afternoon. There was a strong cold northwest wind, most unfavorable conditions for good work. There is some doubt about running a successful trial on the grounds here. Birds were fairly plentiful, but owing to thorough cultivation the available ground is confined to barren strips of woods or small areas of sedge.

There were ten starters in the Derby, namely: Alice Leslie with Lad's Rush. Flying Jib with Hempstead Duke. Kent Elgin with Strideaway. Lulu K. with Don. Hempstead Bow with Fly B. Judges, Messrs. Royal Robinson, Balmer and W. W. Titus. There is a good attendance of sportsmen. The first series was completed to-day, but was indecisive. Strideaway, Don, Lad's Rush and Hempstead Bow are in the second series. B. WATERS.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A., New York City.—We cannot trace the pedigree of bull-terrier Jack.

H. W. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Have the vagina and womb examined by a veterinary.

E. E. S., Duck Lake, Mich.—Your dog is not too old to train, but of course a good deal will depend upon his natural ability in the field.

A. S. W., Canton, N. Y.—1. Yes, very probably. 2. Keep the dog clean and take out on a lead. 3. Yes. 4. It is impossible to account for it.

A READER, New York City.—A is right. The dog must be muzzled and also carry his license tag. The fee is \$1 and the license expires April 1.

G. J. S., Pensacola, Fla.—You do not give sufficient details. Are the dogs thin and do they continue to lose flesh? Have they any skin trouble?

AN OLD READER, Washington, D. C.—This is a case that requires a personal examination. Why not send the dog to your nearest veterinarian. 2. Any of our advertised remedies are good, either Spratts' worm powders or Glover's vermifuge.

G. A. M., Ozark, Ark.—1. Keep the pups warm, do not exercise much, and give a three-grain quinine pill night and morning every other day. 2. Hounds sometimes have dew claws; they can be easily cut off when very young; if older have a "vet" take them off.

C. C. N.—On the side of the head of one of my Irish terrier pups the hair is entirely off, the skin is dry and scabby, though it does not seem irritated at all; the bald spot is about 8 in. square. Another one of these puppies is affected very much the same way, but on the hindleg; the hair has not entirely come off yet, but the skin is dry and lumpy. Both these pups seem, except for this, in good health.

Ans. Treat for worms. Apply compound tar ointment to the spots. F. S. L., Clifton Springs, N. Y.—I have a pointer bitch nine months old that is troubled with swelling of the breast and filling with milk, with little appetite and dull, otherwise in fair condition. It is about nine weeks since she was in heat, during which she was kept confined and away from dogs. She has had similar attacks before. Ans. Rub the teats with camphorated oil, if they are hard rub and milk till the hardness disappears. Give a dose of castor oil once or twice a week, feed sparingly for two or three weeks. Breeding may probably prevent the attacks, but spraying would be more likely to do so.

#### A Winter Vacation in Florida.

On February 13th and 27th and March 13th and 27th the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run personally-conducted tours to Florida. The special trains in charge of experienced tourist agent and chaperon will leave New York 9:30, Trenton 11:08 A. M., Philadelphia 12:10, Willmington 12:50, and Baltimore 2:30 P. M. These trains will be composed of the finest Pullman sleeping and dining cars fitted with modern appointments and conveniences of the most sumptuous type.

\$50 from New York, \$48 from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and proportionately low from other points on the system, will cover all expenses while on the special trains—transportation, Pullman accommodation, and meals, with the exception of the last tour, the ticket for which covers Pullman facilities south bound only, the limit, however, being May 31, thus allowing a much longer visit.

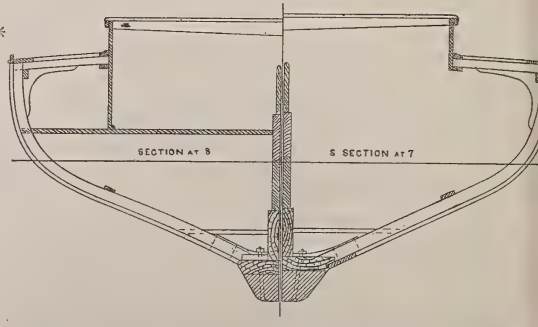
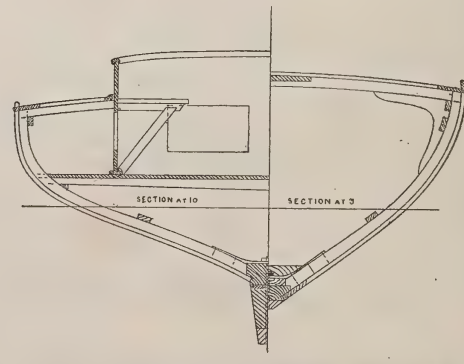
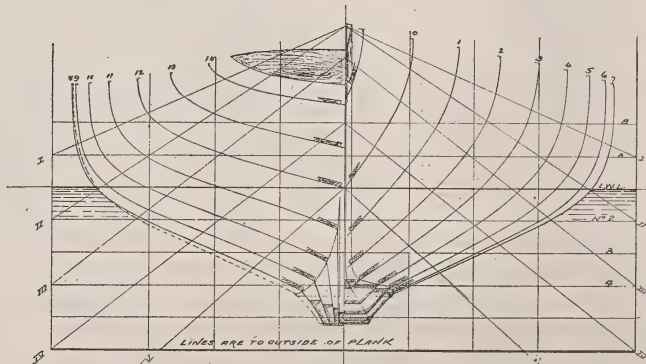
A stay of two weeks in the glorious health-inspiring peninsula may be enjoyed on the first three, and that time may well be spent in following out the numberless side trips available from Jacksonville. These tours are especially apropos during the penitential season now upon us, and a vacation in this beautiful State should prove of great benefit to those more or less fatigued from the pleasures of the social life and excitement of the winter.—Adv.

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which \$3).





## Yachting.

### Design for a Centerboard Sloop for Racing and Cruising.

The author of the accompanying design, Mr. G. M. Duggan, is known to our readers as the designer of the speedy little Valda, of Montreal, whose lines were published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 24, 1891, as well as her owner and skipper in the many successful races which she has sailed in the St. Lawrence Y. C. from 1890 to 1893. The present design was made by Mr. Duggan early in 1892, with the intention of building that year; but this idea was not carried out, and he has sailed Valda up to the present time. The lines were submitted to us some time since for criticism, and at our request, as we believe that, though untried, they will interest many yachtsmen, Mr. Duggan has given his consent to their publication.

The design was primarily intended for racing in the 20ft. sailing length class of the St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal, both measurement and classification being by the original Seawanhaka rule, slightly different from that now in use under the name by the S. C. Y. C. and other clubs in the States. Local conditions impose a limit of draft of about 30in., and in view of the possibility of sometimes handling the boat alone in sailing or cruising, the dimensions were kept down to a sailing measurement of but 25.5ft.

As compared with boats of approximately similar draft, displacement and sail area in use on the coast for general sailing, cruising and racing, such as the Cape cat or cat-sloop, the design appears to us to possess some excellent features in the way, on a limited draft, of

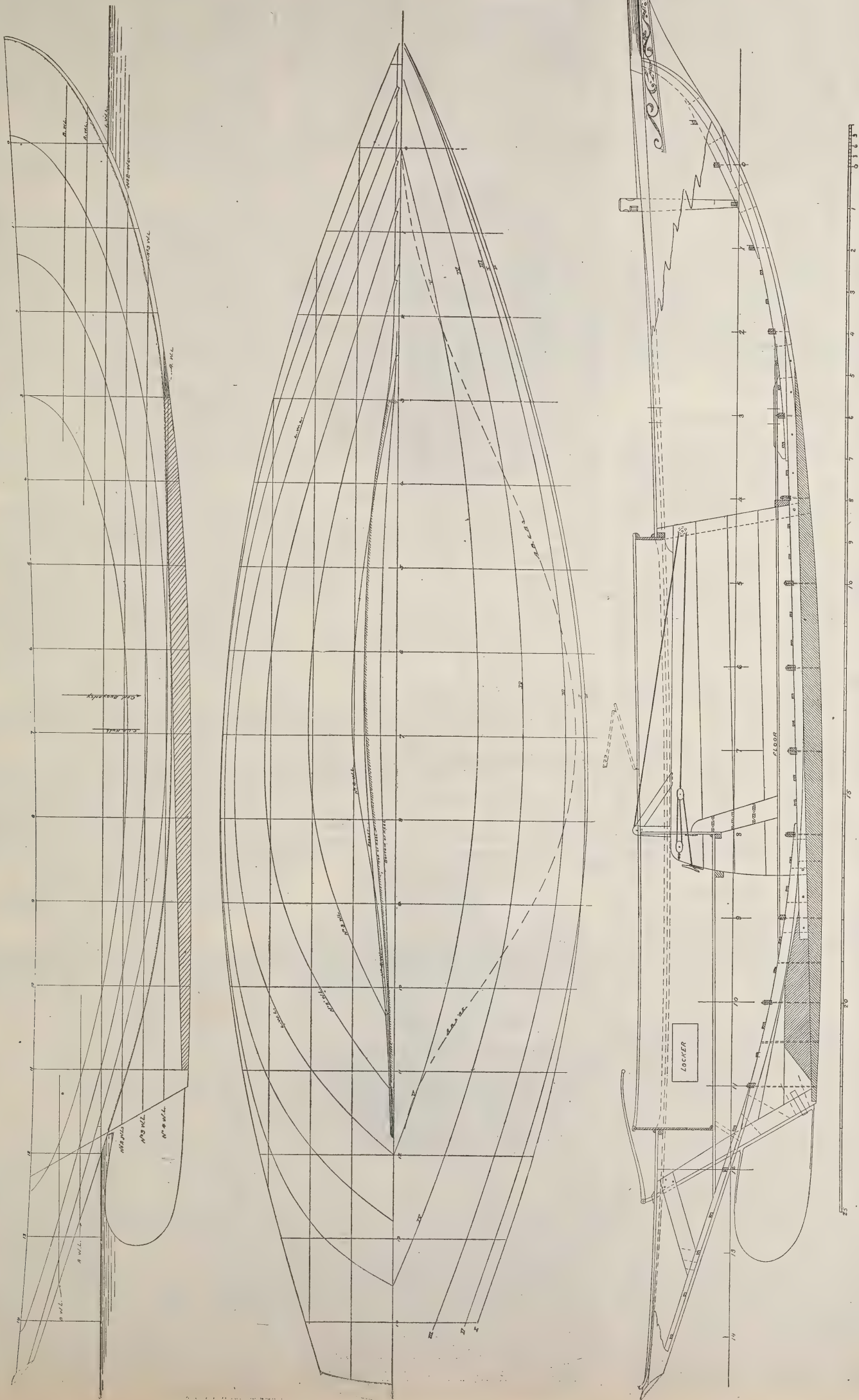
ample beam for all purposes of initial stability and roomy cockpit, modern ends, good deck room, and a fair, easy form that promises speed with good steering qualities. Of course such a model could not race under a "mean length" rule against the usual type with plumb stem, short counter and very large midship section; but, where other work than racing is intended, this general form offers many advantages over the short, wide craft; and even for racing only the opportunities for successfully using a model of moderate beam and area of midship section, with long ends, are fortunately increasing each year.

The dimensions of the design are as follows:

Length over all.....	33ft.
l.w.l.....	24ft.
Overhang, bow.....	2ft. 6in.
stern.....	5ft. 6in.
Beam, extreme.....	8ft. 5in.
l.w.l.....	7ft. 8in.
Draft, without board.....	2ft. 2in.
Freeboard, least.....	1ft. 7in.
bow.....	2ft. 6in.
stern.....	2ft.
Displacement, long tons, in fresh water.....	3.08
Keel iron, long tons.....	1.00
Area midship section.....	8.58sq. ft.
l.w.l. plane.....	90.90sq. ft.
lateral plane.....	93.60sq. ft.
Station O to midship section.....	14.00ft.
center of buoyancy.....	13.10ft.
center of lateral resistance.....	13.22ft.
center of mast.....	6.00ft.

Station O to crane iron on bowsprit.....	9ft. 6in.
Mast, deck to hounds.....	21ft. 6in.
deck to truck.....	23ft. 4in.
pole.....	12ft. 3in.
Boom.....	29ft.
Gaff.....	13.10ft.
Topsail yards.....	20 and 16ft.
Foot yard.....	12ft.





DESIGN FOR SLOOP FOR 29 FT. CLASS, ST. LAWRENCE Y. C. BY G. H. DUGGAN, 1892.







German-American Riflemen.

On Wednesday night of last week the headquarters of the famous Zettler Rifle Club was the scene of an interesting rifle contest, between teams representing four of New York's most prominent German-American shooting societies, viz.: The New York Schuetzen Corps, New York Central Schuetzen Corps, New York City Schuetzen Corps, and the Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps. By having good men to put him in the last stage of the match the New York City team was enabled to send their competitors to the rear, the New York City team making a grand total of 2,384, against 2,240 for the Harlem Independent team. After the match was finished several impromptu 10 shot matches were shot. One between Walther and Zimmerman for a basket of wine, in which Walther won. Walther also won one with Barney Zettler, and lost one with C. G. Zettler. The closeness of the race between the New York Corps team and the Central team generated so much rivalry between the two corps that before they separated a match was made between teams of the two corps, to be shot on the 200yds. range next June, ten to twenty men a side. Scores:

New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. H. Offerman:	
Philip Feigel.....	23 23 23 24 24 25 25 25 23-236
Jacob Schmidt.....	21 22 23 23 24 24 24 24 24-234
J. O. Bonn.....	19 23 23 24 24 24 24 24 25-234
J. Tholke.....	19 20 21 22 23 24 24 24 24-229
H. Straube.....	21 23 23 24 24 25 25 25-240
A. J. Christoffer.....	21 23 23 24 24 25 25 25-237
Fred Schmidt.....	22 23 24 24 24 25 25 25-241
Dr. Chas. Grosch.....	13 20 23 23 23 24 24 23-220
B. Zettler.....	23 23 23 23 24 24 25 25-242
B. Walther.....	23 23 24 24 24 24 25 25-240-2385

New York Central Corps, Capt. Merse:	
H. Koster.....	25 23 24 24 24 24 24 24-240
P. Schmidt.....	23 23 23 24 24 25 25 25-240
P. Schraeder.....	22 23 23 24 24 24 25 25-235
Wm. Seppelfeld.....	20 22 23 23 24 24 24 24-237
Fred Schill.....	20 21 22 23 24 24 24 25-230
J. Reissweiser.....	21 21 22 23 23 23 23 24-225
M. Ficken.....	20 21 22 23 23 23 23 23-224
H. D. Müller.....	22 22 23 23 23 24 24 25-231
E. Berckman.....	21 21 22 23 23 24 24 25-230
Gus Zimmerman.....	23 23 24 24 24 25 25 25-243-2328

New York City Corps, Capt. C. D. Rehm:	
H. Witte.....	20 21 23 23 23 24 24 25-229
Otto Uhlen.....	21 22 23 23 23 24 24 24-230
Geo. Albig.....	19 20 21 22 22 23 24 24-221
A. Ludwig.....	18 23 23 23 23 24 24 25-229
A. Range.....	20 20 20 21 22 23 24 25-218
C. D. Rehm.....	18 20 21 21 23 24 24 25-227
M. Radloff.....	19 21 21 21 23 23 24 25-224
J. Packlam.....	22 23 23 23 23 24 25 25-234
E. Busch.....	22 23 24 24 24 24 24 24-236
C. G. Zettler.....	23 23 23 24 24 24 25 25-236-2284

Harlem Independent Corps, Capt. L. Zeller:	
E. Karl.....	23 23 23 24 24 25 25 25-241
Thos. Hall.....	17 20 21 22 22 23 23 24-218
G. H. Schraeder.....	21 22 22 23 24 24 25 25-232
B. Busch.....	18 19 20 22 23 23 24 24-217
A. Hildebrandt.....	19 21 22 22 23 23 24 25-225
Jos. Gute.....	18 19 22 23 23 23 24 25-221
L. Zeller.....	15 19 21 22 23 24 25 25-217
Chas. Schaeffer.....	20 21 22 23 23 24 25 25-223
J. Walters.....	20 20 21 21 22 23 23 23-218
T. Eisner.....	17 21 21 21 22 23 24 25-223-2240

Championship of Hudson County.

During the early part of last year the Hudson Rifle Club of Jersey City issued a call to all New Jersey rifle clubs to participate in a series of matches for the championship of Hudson County.

The various clubs responded giving as many excuses, principally not enough strong shooters to compose a team being the more prevalent. There was one club, however, the Greenville Rifle Club, who accepted the challenge, and after considerable correspondence the first match was arranged for December 12 to take place at Armbruster's Schuetzen Park and resulted in a good victory for the Greenvilles. The next match took place at Marion on Labor Day following, and this time the honors were given the Hudsons. This placing the two teams on an equal footing, the third match was arranged but did not come to a head until Feb. 3, '94. In the first two matches a purse of \$50 was at stake for each of them, but it was finally suggested by the Greenville Club to have the last and final one shot on friendly terms to decide who the champions were.

Capt. Mahlenbrock, therefore, selected his team and journeyed to Greenville on the above date, and after the usual practice shots sanctioned to commencement of the last match which would prove victorious for the winners.

Capt. Bong was in readiness to proceed, but was interrupted by the ruling element of which the club composed, and the prize was forthcoming the Greenville Rifle Club refused to shoot under its own name, but was willing to continue the match under a *nom de plume*.

Capt. Mahlenbrock would not consent to this, and at once ordered his team to shoot their scores, which they did, and did well under the existing circumstances. The score was as follows:

Hudson Rifle Club.....	22 24 19 25 18 23 17 23-18-215
H. Mahlenbrock.....	17 13 17 18 23 23 22 22-200
A. Braun.....	24 withdrew
A. W. Steuber.....	17 23 18 16 23 13 11 12-168
T. A. Reynolds.....	23 23 23-21 17 19 16 25 18-200
G. W. Graf.....	10 16 21 15 13 21 25 17-223-183
John Smith.....	24 21 23 20 21 20 23 19 18-203
C. Straderman.....	17 17 17 16 16 16 23 20-177
H. L. Hansen.....	19 21 12 19 14 18 withdrew
Jos. Antenrieth.....	23 17 11 24 16 16 14 22 19-183-1534

As this completes the series and results in a victory for the Hudson Rifle Club, who are now champions of Hudson county (the Greenvilles losing by default), although they had but little chance, as their annex members were not present, the champions now stand ready to pit a team against any club in Hudson county, to defend the championship honors which it has so nobly defended. Any communications will be speedily answered by sending same to Capt. Henry Mahlenbrock, Magnolia and Tonnelle avenues, Jersey City.

SEE BEZ.

Jerseyman at the Target.

The regular Saturday shoot in Armbruster's Park on Feb. 10 showed the smallest attendance of riflemen of any day during the winter. The day was an ideal one for target shooting, the atmosphere clear as a bell, and of a spring-like temperature. Scores:

Hansen, scratch.....	24 21 21 22 23 21 24 23 20-223
	23 23 23 21 21 23 21 20 19-220
	22 23 22 20 22 25 25 23 21-224
	20 21 21 23 25 18 21 25 24-223-1121
Plaisted, scratch.....	20 24 24 24 15 25 20 19-206
	17 22 20 21 23 23 22 17 18-209
	22 20 20 19 23 20 24 20 25-217
	25 21 20 21 19 23 21 17 25 21-212
	23 19 21 21 17 24 21 21 23 23-214-1059
Collins.....	14 23 20 25 18 24 23 20 19-210
	11 19 24 21 19 18 23 25 15-196
	17 24 17 21 17 25 18 18 20-196
	19 19 23 21 21 24 22 23 23-217
	17 16 21 21 12 17 18 22 14-22-180-999+10=1039

Texas Trap and Rifle.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Editor Forest and Stream: There was a little shoot at the Lake View grounds of the San Antonio Gun Club on Feb. 5, but the scores were kept on the remains of a shell box and were lost to the world. Mr. Adams and Mr. Samuels each killed 45 out of 50.

The shooting at Gun Hollow on the coast, which is reached by the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway, is better this season than it ever was known before. Four guns netted 130 ducks in three hours on the 5th inst. The Aransas Pass Road put on low excursion rates to the coast, which are being taken advantage of by the many visiting sportsmen in San Antonio.

At the rifle range but little was done this week. The weather has been cold and the attendance slim. Charlie Hummel has devised an original match which will be shot off on the 18th. It seems that Capt. Dosch lost a case of champagne that Charlie won on a bet, and Charlie proposed that Capt. Dosch choose a team of seven men, Charlie to do likewise, and that they shoot for a supper, the case of champagne to be thrown in. It will be shot off hand at 150yds. and the losing side to pay all expenses. Capt. Dosch's team consists of Albert and Ernest Stevens, Gus Altman, Arthur Guenther, Hans Degener, and Oscar Guessaz. Charlie's choice is Adolph Almann, E. Seffel, Albert Uhl, Ed. Dreiss, and Dr. Herff. Great excitement prevails among the riflemen, as the teams represent the cream of the rifle club and are about equally divided.

OSCAR GUESSAZ.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is rarely one's pleasure to write the details of a pleasanter or more sportsmanlike match than that which took place Feb. 6 for the Amateur Revolver Championship between Dr. Samuel J. Fort, of Ellicott City, Md., and Mr. William E. Petty, Roundsman of the Twenty-first Precinct, New York city.

From first to last the match was marked by an entire absence of personal feeling, and each contestant seemed only anxious that his opponent should be given every opportunity to show what he was capable of. To meet the needs of the shooters the Empire Rifle Club had generously waived a prior claim to the gallery.

The conditions were the same as those of previous matches, 30 shots at 20yds., of which the best three strings of six shots each, by string measurement, were to count. Dr. Fort won the toss up and sent Petty to the score. When the target was drawn back it was seen that the shot was a trifle off the 15th bull. This proved almost an exact index of what Petty would do. On subsequent measurement this shot was found to be 1.13in. from the center of the disk, which was within .03in. of the average for his 18 shots.

Dr. Fort's first shot was a miss-fire, but this did not worry him, and reloading he put the mark of his .44cal. ball fairly on the disk. His second shot was the first black scored. The Doctor shot throughout the match with noteworthy quickness, and the sighting for many of his shots took less than five seconds. He threw his pistol quickly into alignment and seemed almost instantly to catch the sights on the bull. Dr. Fort was ably seconded by Mr. F. L. King, of the Stevens Arm and Tool Co., while Mr. Petty's interests were looked after by the Empire Rifle Club.

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WM. E. PETTY.

Messrs. Thurston and Heintz. Mr. Thurston also rendered material assistance with the targets, as likewise did Mr. Wm. Rosenbaum, of the Empire Rifle Club.

The match began at 8:15 P. M., and the last shot was fired an hour later. The 60 target disks were then measured by B. Zettler with the following results:

1st String.	2d String.	3d String.	4th String.	5th String.
1.12	1.64	0.49	*	1.89
1.52	0.91	1.83	1.61	0.51
1.79	0.99	1.21	1.50	1.01
1.41	0.11	1.52	0.83	1.01
1.14	1.81	1.54	2.10	0.94
0.60	0.64	0.61	0.83	1.68
7.58	6.10	7.20		7.04

\* Defective shot.

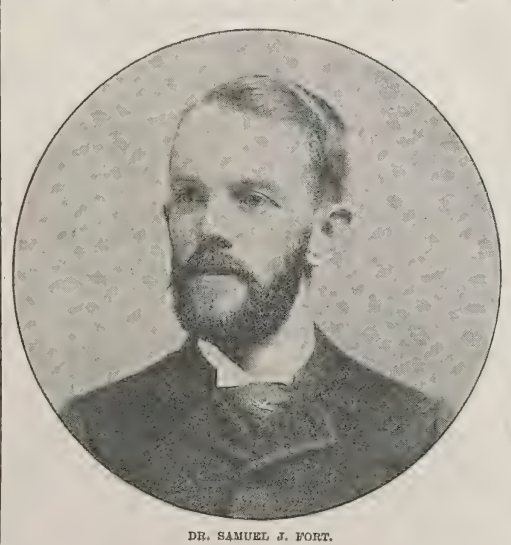
6.10+7.20+7.04=20.34

DR. SAMUEL J. FORT.

1st String.	2d String.	3d String.	4th String.	5th String.
2.11	2.57	2.12	1.16	8.00
0.72	0.54	1.10	2.75	0.42
4.00	1.25	1.50	1.00	1.13
1.45	1.61	1.45	0.79	2.11
1.34	0.73	1.00	0.29	
2.00	1.55	1.64	0.24	1.70
11.62	8.30	9.07	8.94	10.65

8.30+9.07+8.94=26.31

The shooting on the whole was good despite the fact that it was Dr. Fort's first experience at match shooting of this kind, and almost his



DR. SAMUEL J. FORT.

first experience in gallery shooting with a revolver; also despite the fact that Mr. Petty was suffering from a lame shoulder. Two weeks ago, in the pursuance of his duty, he stopped a runaway fire department team that had gained considerable headway in a dash of a block and a half. When Petty saw them coming he forgot all about the advisability of keeping in trim for his match, and only realized the fact that the street was full of children returning from school. He tackled the team like a hero, and was swung with his feet as high as the horses' heads. Eventually he steered them into one of the supports of the Third Avenue elevated road, and brought things up in a heap.

But Petty did not lose the trophy, although his opponent proved a steady and consistent shot, and no one was more sincere in their congratulations than Dr. Fort. Dr. Fort is a gentleman of rich experience in field and trap shooting, and a well known correspondent of Forest and Stream, both over his own signature and the *nom de plume* of "Pious". He is a small wiry man weighing not over 135lbs. and notable in conversation for his good sense and dry humor. After the match he said to the Forest and Stream representative, "When you write up my pedigree, put me down as a man who wasn't beaten because his gun, loads, or sights weren't right, but simply because he ran up against a better man."

Both contestants shot .44cal. S. & W. revolvers. Dr. Fort's charge was 10grs. of powder and the Ideal 175-grain bullet. Mr. Petty shot 8grs. of powder and 110yds. of lead. He had intended using the S. & W. lubricated bullet and 13-grain powder charge, but decided not to on account of the condition of his arm.

After the decision was announced declaring Mr. Petty winner of the match, Mr. Bernard Walther presented the champion a formal challenge to shoot on a date to be decided later. Mr. Walther has already had one try at the trophy, and announced that he would defer his challenge to a future date if any one else was anxious to jump into the breach.

The competition was witnessed by a number of gentlemen interested in rifle and revolver shooting. Among those present were George E. Jantzer, Fred Ross, Otto Uehlein, W. E. Carlin, A. L. Himmelwright, Armin Tenser, Barney Walther, F. L. King, Henry Oehl, H. E. Heintz, M. A. Thurston, W. A. Jones, G. Zettler, Wm. Rosenbaum, J. Heintz, Jacob Grimm, Ben Zahn, G. W. Plaisted and B. Zettler, besides representatives of the local and sporting press.

Mr. Petty seems a hard nut to crack. His victory over Dr. Fort is his fourth consecutive, and he has now held the Winans trophy something over fourteen months. If he keeps the gait ten months longer the trophy will become his personal property and out of competition.

The trophy has changed hands three times since it was formally declared to Dr. Louis Bell, June 9, 1892, as winner among 40 contestants in the preliminary competition.

Dr. Bell's winning score was 17.52in. for 18 shots. Aug. 3, 1892, Geo. E. Jantzer won the trophy from Dr. Bell with a string of 22.5in. Mr. Jantzer held the trophy from this date until Dec. 8, having in the meanwhile defeated his first challenger, Henry Oehl, on Oct. 15. He succumbed, however, to his second challenger, W. E. Carlin, in the best match of the series, scoring 30.49 against Petty's 15.31in., which latter is the record for 18 shots.

W. E. Petty met his first challenger, Bernard Walther, on the night of Feb. 4, 1893, and defeated him, the respective scores being 21.34 and 23.36in.

His second challenger was Heintz, against whom he scored 20.95in. The match with Dr. Fort brings the record up to date.

Revolver Shooting in England.

The season for revolver shooting at the North London Rifle Club will open for the current year on March 14. There will be two distances shot at, 30 and 50yds., instead of only 20yds. as heretofore; but there will be no moving or disappearing targets. It is curious that, while to win at Bisley men must be good shots at moving targets, all the English competitors practice only at stationary targets, and then wonder when an American beats them.

The scores for the championship of the club will this year consist of 6 scores of 6 shots each at 20yds., and 2 scores of 6 shots each at 50yds. There will be a time limit of 3 minutes for each series of 6 shots. Mr. Andrews, who came second for the championship last year, and who took 40 minutes over 6 shots, will not be able to be so deliberate this year.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—At a meeting of the Miller Rifle Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, Richard W. Dewey; First Lieutenant, Louis E. Loh; Second Lieutenant, Frederick A. Liell; Third Lieutenant, Frank Gallon; Orderly Sergeant, August Meyns; Sergeant-at-arms, H. Van Derheyden; Shooting Masters, David Miller, Ernest Fischer; Recording Secretary, Wash. H. Rogers; Financial Secretary, John Meyer; Treasurer, Frederick Brandt; Trustees, R. W. Dewey, D. Miller, J. Meyer.

The following scores were made: Fischer 245, Miller 243, Liell 236, Loh 234, Meyns 244, Dewey 230, Zoch 238, Will 232, Rogers 220, Taylor 225, Brandt 241, Klepping 236, J. Meyer 225, H. Meyer 221, Stadler 225, Schlicht 240, Van Derheyden 235, Prien 220, Gallon 234, Hencken 240, Kruse 239, Devitt 228, Newman 236, Kammel 208, Forkel 225, Freitag 231, Judson 243, Vogel 238, Tobler 237, Scott 220, Dunstedt 218, Murphy 231.

Zettler Rifle Club.

ONLY ten members of the Zettler Club participated in the weekly gallery shoot on Feb. 6. Champion medal: R. Busse 246, F. C. Ross 245, C. G. Zettler 244, H. Holges 243, L. Flach 243, B. Walther 243, Gus Zimmerman 242, B. Zettler 235, Gus Nowak 237, H. D. Miller 235. Best 10-shot score five strings: Henry Holges 1848, Gus Zimmerman 247, F. C. Ross 247, Louis Flach 247, R. Busse 246, C. G. Zettler 244, H. D. Miller 243, B. Zettler 243, B. Walther 243, Gus Nowak 237.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., Feb. 7.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending Feb. 3. Conditions 25yds., strictly off-hand, 14in. ring target, possible 250: Dr. E. L. Gardiner 244, J. L. Wood 244, W. Gilbert 236, H. Myers 239. Pistol score, 20yds., possible 250: W. Gilbert 235, E. L. Gardiner 235, H. Myers 218.

WALT. GILBERT, Sec'y.

Palisade Rifle Club.

THE Palisade Rifle Club held its practice shoot at George Schlicht's gallery on Feb. 4. The following scores were made: George Dorf 230, Rob Glaser 223, Fred Esperer 227, Fred Krobatsch 224, Henry Rose 224, C. S. Aufderheide 223, Ad. Ailes 221, Frank Miller 214, Willie Rose 205, Fred Ward 202, Willie Bontemps 200, Willie Ailes 197.

Our Own Rifle Club.

At the weekly shoot of the Our Own Club on Dec. 7 fourteen members were present and participated in the competition for club medals. After the shooting of the official scores a meeting of the club was held. Wm. F. Dilger was chosen financial secretary, Tony Cuneo, Fred Derker and Charles Schmidt were elected members of the club. Scores: J. H. Kruse 240, A. Molz 240, A. W. Steuber 239, Capt. H. D. Hencken 235, W. F. Dilger 235, W. Bohncke 235, F. Sessmann 231, C. Feldman 217, A. Mohr 216, A. Cuneo 215, J. Stein 215, J. Offen 203, C. Schmidt 203 and D. Page 203.

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—The New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot at Zettler's gallery, No. 12 St. Marks place, on Feb. 10. The following members were present and made the scores below: Chadbourne.....239 239 Isbell.....238 237 Gensch.....239 238 H. Duane.....233 231 Young.....239 238 Barker.....227 220

E. R. CHADBOURNE, Sec'y.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

At the weekly shoot of the Schlicht Club on Feb. 5 eighteen members were present and participated in the competition for the class medals. The winners of the class medals are as follows: Aug. Meyer champion medal, George Dorf first class medal, Fred Lambrich second class medal, George Richter third class medal. Scores: Geo. Schlicht 235, Aug. Meyer 229, George Dorf 228, E. C. Brellenthine 223, Fred Lambrich 225, W. Schlicht 225, Charles Meyer 223, J. Diehl 223, C. Schlicht 221, George Richter 220, G. Lautenberger 218, J. Schlicht 215, C. M. Hunt 209, M. Zeller 205, F. Manne 203, I. Dorr 203, G. Grave 202, A. Dublin 200.

Lady Miller Rifle Club.

TWELVE members of the Lady Miller Rifle Club assembled at the club house on Tuesday night to compete for the class medals. Mrs. Fischer won the first class medal with 224; Mrs. Bordenmann the second class medal with 213; Mrs. Volk the second class medal with 217. Scores: Miss Bender 201, Mrs. Ahnert 210, Mrs. Fischer 224, Mrs. Volk 217, Miss Saunders 200, Mrs. Meyns 223, Mrs. Miller 203, Mrs. Bordenmann 213, Miss Begerow 210, Miss Gerhart 199, Miss Youmans 200, Miss Kloepping 208.

RIFLE NOTES.

The history of the California Rifle and Pistol Club and the records of some of its members, extracts from which will be found in another column of this issue, speaks well for the healthy growth of this most manly of sports on the Pacific Slope. The California riflemen have for years been noted for their remarkable ability with the target rifle, and within the past ten years they have made records with the Sharps and Springfield military rifles that seem almost incredible to our Eastern military shooters. The glorious climate of California is credited with many wonderful growths, vegetable and otherwise, and it is possible that the citizens of this far Western State attain their high ability with the rifle through absorption of some of the invigorating qualities of that wonderful climate. We have often queried it with ourselves as to whether we could not absorb some of the extraordinary holding qualities by internal application of the products of that glorious climate that comes to us in the East packed and labeled in enticing form. We hear that a delegation of Eastern riflemen will visit the Pacific coast in a few weeks and we shall watch for their return with feeling.



(interest and more or less anxiety. For the return of these pilgrims may lead to a general exodus and our occupation will have become obsolete. In such a case we shall be compelled to join the rear ranks. We are informed that the Californians are contemplating the issuing of an open challenge to the shooters of the country for a team match, all around shooting, military, sporting rifle and pistol. In New York we have but few men who are proficient in the three arms. In Boston, however, a team could probably be got together which would make a good record in the three styles of shooting.

Milton Lindsley informs us that he expects to have a nitro (wood) powder in the market shortly that will meet the wants of the rifleman. Let it come; Mr. Lindsley, the cranks are waiting with that patience born of hopes long deferred.

Mr. Brown, of the Leonard Snookless Powder Co., left a sample of his Leonard powder with the Zettler Bros. for trial in the 23cal.

Speaking of a standard target, Barney Zettler says he thinks the German 25-ring target in its present shape (21in. black 34in. rings) has come to stay, and will eventually become the standard for 200yds. shooting.

At the suggestion of a number of gentlemen interested in revolver shooting, Mr. Conlin set apart last Thursday evening especially for a social gathering of the lovers of that sport, and for revolver practice.

## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

### FIXTURES.

Feb. 13-15.—Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.  
Feb. 15.—Springfield Gun Club tournament, at Mount Pleasant, Pa.  
Feb. 22.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament.

Feb. 22.—Targets and birds at Dexter Park, Long Island. Trapper Mills's day.

Feb. 22.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooter's League, season of 1894, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club of Albany, N. Y. H. A. Kratz, Sec'y.

Feb. 22-25.—Cumberland Gun Club jubilee, live birds and targets, at Lowell, Ind.

Feb. 21.—Union Gun Club, 25 bird shoot, \$20 entry, Springfield, N. J.

Feb. 23.—Endeavor Gun Club all-day tournament in conjunction with first contest of New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, Marion, N. J.

March 26.—Acme Gun Club, open shoot at Dexter Park, targets and birds.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh Gun Club will add \$200.

April 24-27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.

May 1-3.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, spring tournament; two days targets, last day live birds.

May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith.

May 2-3.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Springfield, O. Springfield Gun Club will add \$200.

May 7-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament and meeting, at Ft. Smith, Ark.; \$1,000 added money; professionals and experts will be handicapped. Address Joseph P. Matthews, Ft. Smith, or John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Hot Springs, Ark.

May 8-10.—Ohio Trap-Shooter's League annual meeting and tournament, at Columbus, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's

May 17-19.—The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fourth tournament, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club, at Garfield Park race track, Chicago, Ill. The Prairie Gun Club adds \$500 to the purse.

May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York League kingbird tournament, at Canajoharie. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fifth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club. \$200 added money.

June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12-14.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14-16.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament, at Tacoma, Wash.

June 19-21.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, at Altoona, Pa. Address Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsonook Park, Altoona.

Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

NUTLEY, N. J., can now boast of two active gun clubs, both starting out under very favorable auspices. There is the Nutley Rod and Gun Club, which has thirty-seven shooting members and elects new ones at every meeting. This is comprised of shooting enthusiasts who believe in active work in the way of matches, etc., and will open its season in March. The officers are: Andrew C. Brown, Pres.; S. S. Davis, Vice-Pres.; Frank Seales, Sec'y-Treas.; William S. Rusley, Director and John W. Richardson, Captain. The club will shoot at both live birds and targets. The other local organization has been christened the Yautacaw Gun Club and has over forty members. This club shoots every Saturday afternoon at kingbird target. Its officers are: Pres., E. R. Tilton; Vice-Pres., George J. Malcolm; Sec'y, William J. Berg; Treas., Conrad H. Ray; Captain, George Deakin. The officers will constitute the board of governors. Yautacaw, the quaint name adopted by the club is the name of a river running through the town. This is a river flowing from the north to the south, and is named after the Yautacaw Indians, who were formerly located here. Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Butler, who have recently located in Nutley, have joined both the above clubs and will shoot in all club contests. And speaking of Frank Butler reminds us that he has a new find, this time in the way of a wonderful "Bronch Charley" and a still more wonderful "Topsy." Unlike the original Topsy, this one was "horned" since which time it has developed into a tamed freak. Topsy is a horse, presumably, who is covered with a peculiar woolly substance, has neither foretop nor mane, a short tail like a sheep, and as a whole is a wonder. Up to her fifth year, Topsy had never had even a halter on and was as wild as the proverbial kilder. At this time Mr. Charles M. Miller ("Broncho Charley"), got hold of her and after many a fierce tussle succeeded in bringing her around to his views, and since she has been one of the star attractions of Buffalo Bill's show on both sides the ocean. A few of Topsy's tricks are untying a handkerchief from her foreleg, doing sums in addition or subtraction, telling her age, rolling a barrel, standing on a pedestal with an 18in. surface, walking on her hind feet, high jumping, doing a comic laugh act, ringing a bell and shooting a revolver.

The Worcester Sportsmen's Club has arranged for its annual tournament, to be held at the new park at North Pond, Washington's Birthday. On all nine days the club will have a shooting match. The day's events will begin at 9:30 A. M. and continue until the card is shot out. A good caterer will be in attendance and furnish a dinner at the club house. The events will be all sweepstakes, with entrance fees from \$1 to \$250. The card consists of twelve events as follows: No. 1, 10 birds, Keystone; No. 2, 15 birds, Keystone; No. 3, 10 birds, Keystone, unknown traps; No. 4, 30 birds, Keystone, unknown traps; No. 5, 10 birds, Sportsmen's Club; No. 6, 25 birds, Keystone; No. 7, 10 birds, Keystone, unknown traps; No. 8, 15 birds, Sportsmen's Club; No. 9, 20 birds, Keystone, known traps; No. 10, 10 birds, Keystone, unknown traps; No. 11, 15 birds, Keystone, known traps. No. 12, 5 pairs, regular order.

During the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament at Chicago, May 17, 18 and 19, there will be shot one event known as the Prairie Gun Club Stake, the conditions of which will be 25 live birds, entrance \$150, play as per game, four moneys, the Prairie Gun Club to add \$50 to the purse. The Prairie Gun Club will also add \$250 in cash as well as a number of valuable merchandise prizes, to the other purses. This shows a decided spirit of liberality on the part of the Prairie Gun Club. The tournament will be held at Garfield Park race track.

Several pigeon shooting matches were held on the grounds of the Flushing Gun Club on Feb. 3. The first was for \$25 a side between Charles Hance and Charles M. Donnelly against H. Nelson Perritt and J. J. O'Connell. The conditions were ten birds each at 25yds. Hance and Donnelly shot 14 birds each, a total of fourteen. Perritt and O'Connell scored a total of twelve. The second contest was a club sweepstakes of five birds, handicap. Charles Hance, Leroy Dresser, F. J. de Raines and G. B. Nickle tied on four birds each. In the shoot-off, Hance, at 27yds., won. The other men shot at 25yds. Hance also won the club handicap sweepstakes for a silver cup, by killing ten straight. He shot at 25yds. E. J. de Raines and G. B. Nickle, 25yds., tied for second place at eight birds each. The cup was presented to the club by G. A. Baker, and will have to be won three times in succession before it becomes the property of any contestant.

The Washington Heights Gun Club has elected these officers for the ensuing twelve months: President, H. W. Oliver; Vice-President, Jas. Rogers; Secretary, E. R. Terhune; Treasurer, Robert B. Saul; Captain, J. J. Organ; Assistant Captain, H. B. Ellis. The prizes for the year's shooting are distributed as follows: H. Harrison first, gold medal; J. J. Organ, second, gold medal; H. W. Oliver third, 500 cartridges; J. J. Maloney fourth, 500 cartridges; W. J. Cox fifth, 400 cartridges; J. V. Benedict sixth, 300 cartridges; M. W. Disbrow seventh, leather gun case and cartridge box. The members of the club have presented Mr. Terhune, who has officiated as secretary for the past ten years, with \$50 in gold and a handsome gun case.

ORANGE, Feb. 3.—The Brighton Gun Club held its monthly shoot on its grounds in East Orange, N. J. The following scores were made out of a possible 20: 1. Ketchum, 19; 2. Ketchum, 18; 3. Ketchum, 17; 4. Smith 17. Afterward sweepstakes were shot and these scores were made out of a possible 5: Kutchler 1, Badgley 5, Smith 5, O'Malley 3, Soveral 2, Harrison 2, Gower 0, Campfield 3. Twenty-target sweep: Ackerman 6, Badgley 17, O'Malley 12, Soveral 6, Kutchler 12, Harrison 2, Smith 18, Campfield 9, Twenty targets: Ackerman 10, Kutchler 14, Smith 18, Campfield 9, Badgley 19, O'Malley 13. At 10 targets: Soveral 4, Smith 4, Campfield 4, Ackerman 0, Badgley 5, Kutchler 2, Harrison 0, Potter 2.

Toronto, Feb. 1.—The Toronto Junction Gun Club held their annual meeting last night at their club room. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: P. Wakefield, President; C. Zeidler, Vice-President; Geo. Summers, Secretary, 62 Macdonell avenue, city; W. Davidge, Treasurer; Messrs. Walton, Hinton, Harvey and Scott, Executive Committee. A challenge was received from the Victoria Gun Club to shoot a friendly match, six or eight men a side, which was accepted.

The following were the winners of prizes in the series of the merchandise shoots of the Canadainia (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club, just ended: One hundred per cent. class, club gold medal, Eaton; hunting cap, Adams; 90 per cent. class, hunting coat, Greig; gun case, Nichols; one year's subscription to Ontario County Journal, Reed; 70 per cent. class, hunting knife, Clausen; 50 per cent. class, pair corduroy trousers, Ellis; pair hunting gloves, Norris.

On Washington's Birthday an all-day open-to-all tournament will be held on the grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club, at Maplewood, N. J., the sport to begin at 10 A. M. The affair will be in conjunction with the team contests to take place between the Union and Maplewood gun clubs, one contest for five men teams at 10 live birds per man, and the other for ten men teams, at 25 targets per man.

Notices have been issued by the Endeavor Gun Club for an all-day tournament to be held on their grounds at Marion, N. J., on Tuesday, Feb. 28, in conjunction with the first of the series of team contests of 1894 of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League. The open to all events will begin at 9:30 A. M., and the team shoot will be started at 2 P. M.

Bristol, Conn., Feb. 5.—At the annual meeting of the Bristol Gun Club, held on Jan. 28, the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., H. J. Mills; Vice-Pres., F. A. Horton; Sec'y-Treas., E. M. Daily; Field Captain, A. F. Rockwell; Directors: F. W. Lee, C. L. Hotchkiss, F. N. Manross, H. J. Mills.

On Feb. 7, A. Muller and Mayor Jackson, of Woodbury, N. J., shot at 10 birds each, against J. Eastburn and John Plum, in the presence of 1,000 people. The match took place at Woodbury. The result was as follows: Muller 6, Jackson 4; total 10. Plum 5, Eastburn 6; total 11.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, will to-day open its season of shoots announced in our last issue. These will take place on the third Saturday of each month and will be open to all comers, shooters being privileged to shoot for targets only if they desire to do so.

EAST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y., young men have organized a rod and gun club, with these officers: Pres. and Assistant Shooting Master, William Lee; Vice-Pres. and Shooting Master, Fred. McCarthy; Sec'y-Treas., John Buell; Scorer, R. Wheeler.

T. W. Morfe, of Paterson, and John H. Outwater, of Rutherford, will shoot a 100-bird match at Willard's Park, Paterson, on Feb. 21, for \$100 a side. There will be plenty of good birds for sweepstakes shooting both before and after the match.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 6.—At a meeting of the Elizabeth Gun Club, the following officers were elected: Robert E. Chetwood, Pres.; Robert S. Williams, Vice-Pres.; William M. Parker, Sec'y-Treas.; John W. E. Williams, Field Captain.

Enoch D. Miller informs us that the 25 bird shoot, \$20 entry, to be given by the Union Gun Club at Springfield, N. J., will be on Feb. 21 instead of Feb. 27, as previously announced.

Perhaps Mr. Samuel Castle, Newark's 64 year old veteran would oblige "Uncle Dan" Lefever, of Syracuse, with a little race at 50 or 100 live birds each, for \$100 to \$250 a side!

The Acme Gun Club, will hold an open shoot at Dexter Park, on Monday, March 26. Shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M. at targets, followed by sweeps at birds.

The Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club announce an open tournament for May 1, 2 and 3, the first two days to be devoted to targets and the third day to live birds.

Don't forget that Feb. 21 is the correct date for the 25 bird shoot at Enoch D. Miller's. Instead of the date previously announced.

The Raritan (N. J.) Gun Club is erecting a new club house. Their meeting rooms are corner Somerset and Thompson streets.

There will be live bird shooting all day on Washington's Birthday, on John Erb's Newark grounds.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

### McMurphy's Protective System.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 1.—Mr. Harvey McMurphy, of the Fulton Arms Co., whom it is unnecessary to introduce to the shooters of America, was in town for a short stay here this week. Mr. McMurphy was full of a new trap-shooting system which he himself had recently devised, and which he said was now used exclusively and with the utmost satisfaction by the club at his home town. In company with a number of the club members here we talked it all over, jumped on it, as we would, picked it to pieces, found fault with it, and asked hypothetical questions about, and must say that it seemed to us to stand all sorts of tests remarkably well, much better than any of the multitudinous so-called systems to adjust the inequalities of trap-shooting which are constantly cropping up.

I got Mr. McMurphy to write out his plan for Forest and Stream, giving us a full and full illustration. He did so gladly, and the result is given below. The whole thing is so simple as to be understood at a glance, and yet so far as I know, at least, it is altogether new. The big discoveries are often the simplest, and unless the first hurried examination deceives Mr. McMurphy has made a discovery both simple and great.

Of course, "everybody knows that the sport of trap-shooting is not in good healthy condition so long as such abuses can be cited against it now prevail. If the shooters would only stop to think it over, they could not help seeing that this continual dishonest dropping for place at shoots is a crooked and disreputable thing to do. In short, I defy any man to successfully refute the assertion that trap-shooting, as practiced in the tournaments of to-day, is the rottenest, crookedest and most dishonest sport being carried on in the world. When you come to think over the common practices at the tournaments, you can't help admitting this assertion to be true. Horse racing is clean compared to it. The rebellion against this is not yet fully on, because the amounts involved are small, and because the state of affairs has been of slow growth. Still, all who are interested in the sport of trap-shooting know and have known that some plan will have to be devised to correct the abuses of the sport, or the sport must be hurt seriously and perhaps irreparably. This is the reason why so many plans have been proposed to prevent dropping for place, and to 'protect the amateur,' as the cry usually goes. Therefore, we have had all sorts of handicapping schemes, and all sorts of rules, the chief object of which is to make oil and water mix, and to make black into white.

"Have long thought that we would never get to where we wanted to be so long as we followed the old handicapping trail, because its ideas are wrong, and it is a game which can be beat," as the boys say. It seems wrong to me to handicap either the expert or the amateur. For a long time they have been trying to take it all out of the expert. I got to figuring a while ago on some sort of a plan to protect the expert, and I have come to believe I've hit on one that protects the good shot and the poor shot, which saves the money of the average shooter, and still pays out well to the high guns. It is practically on the plan of high guns take the money, only they don't take so much. It prevents ties, does away with class shooting altogether, and absolutely prevents dropping for place, because it doesn't leave any place

to drop into. If you can pay the top men about as much as you can under the class shooting system, and still have the bulk of your competitors lose nothing but their targets and ammunition, you have, it seems to me, come about as near covering this case satisfactorily as you ever will come, and that is just what this plan seems to do. Our boys and men shoot any other way, now, but they have tried this before. Of course nothing new is proved, but I want you to put this before the public, and ask everybody to come forward with the severest objections and criticisms they can invent, so that we can test this and lay it aside if it will not do. I would like very much if clubs over the country would give it a trial and say how they like it. I hope the statement as put on paper will be plain to all."

Mr. McMurphy's written communication is as follows:

### THE SYSTEM IN DETAIL.

"The question of handicapping the expert shooters of the country so as to give the amateur an equal chance to win some of the purses at trap shooting, is one to which a great many are now giving their attention, and as yet a system satisfactory to all has not been proposed. Handicapping shooters as to distance is a complete failure. Indeed, is not handicapping any shooter in any way wrong and unjust?"

"I think shooters will agree with me that what we want is some system whereby the expert shooters, as experts, and experts as amateurs are protected, not handicapped; one that will prevent combinations being formed by two or three shooters at tournaments for the purpose of placing themselves for positions in the different purses by simply purposely making a miss, they dividing up their winnings at the close of the day. In doing this they deprive many of the honest contestants who were in the different purses of a share of such purses, and they also shoot any other way, now, but they have tried this before. Of course nothing new is proved, but I want you to put this before the public, and ask everybody to come forward with the severest objections and criticisms they can invent, so that we can test this and lay it aside if it will not do. I would like very much if clubs over the country would give it a trial and say how they like it. I hope the statement as put on paper will be plain to all."

"As our shoots are now conducted it is customary that all ties for the different purses be divided. This I believe to be right, but generally the contesting share of the purses does not equal the entrance fees, and though he may shoot an 85 to 90% average, he is a loser at the end of a day's shoot. I wish to submit a system to the shooters of the country for their consideration and trial. Where it has been tried the shooters of all classes seem to be pleased with it.

"One of the good points in this system is that it prevents any one from purposely missing for a place and propping by so doing. Another good point is that it prevents the expert shooter from being a loser. Any contestant not getting in first place, and who does get in either second, third or fourth place, receives as his share of the purse an amount equal to his entrance fee, less the price of the targets he shoots at. Those in first place receive all that is left of the purse after paying out of it to each contestant. In second, third and fourth places the amount of his entrance fee less the price of the targets he shoots at. This division is simple and can at once be understood by the following illustration. We will suppose the following event was shot and give the results of the division of the purse, both according to this new system I propose, and according to the one now prevailing. The tie to be the same for all, the entrance fee to be the same amount for all. No handicapping of any one.

"Event, 15 single targets, entrance \$2.45, including price of targets at three cents each, four places:

	Score.	Receives.
A.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 \$7.33 1/2
B.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 7.33 1/2
C.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 7.33 1/2
D.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
E.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
F.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
G.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
H.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
I.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
J.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
K.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
L.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
M.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
N.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
O.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
P.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
Q.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
R.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
S.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
T.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
U.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
V.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
W.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
X.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
Y.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00
Z.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 2.00

"Amount of purse after deducting price of targets at 3 cents each, 26 contestants at \$2 each, \$52. Pay each contestant in second, third and fourth places, who are D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, O, P, Q, R, \$2 each, making in all 15 at \$2 each, or \$30. Deduct this from amount of purse, 15 at \$2 each, or \$30. Of course a less number of ties for the different places makes the purse larger for those in first place.

"A, B and C, \$2, or \$7.33 1/2 each.

"You will see that by this system three win \$1.88 1/2 each more than their entrance fee, 15 who win their entrance fee, less the targets they shoot at, making 18 in all out of the 26 contestants who really are not losers. I have made the number of ties for each of the places in this event unusually large, so as to show that with even so many it gives the shooter in first place a winning of course a less number of ties for the different places makes the purse larger for those in first place.

"The result of the same match and scores divided as under system now generally used would be as follows:

"Four moneys or purse divided 40, 30, 20, 10%, 25 entries, \$2 each (after deducting price of targets), \$33: First purse, 40% of \$52, \$20.80. Second purse, 30% of \$52, \$15.60. Third purse, 20% of \$52, \$10.40. Fourth purse, 10% of \$52, \$5.20. Of course a less number of ties for the different places makes the purse larger for those in first place.

"Thus you will see according to the system now prevailing there are in the third and fourth purses 10 contestants who do not receive the amount of their entrance fee, or that is, losers, and probably their losses would be greater had there been a combination in this shoot of three contestants.

"I should recommend all events on targets to be at unknown angles, and a suggestion of Mr. John Parker's that both barrels be used, I consider a very good one. Both barrels are used in field shooting and in live bird shooting, and why not in target shooting? That is what double-barreled guns are made for.

"I have tried to have the gun clubs throughout the country try this system I suggest, and if they can discover anything in it that is unjust or find any opening for trickery then kindly let me know."

H. McMurphy.

Mr. McMurphy adds that this system would do equally well in live bird shooting.

Of course, under the system proposed by Mr. McMurphy, the money won by the high guns all comes out of the tenderfoot shooters, the 'poor shot' who shoot in the 'poor' purses, and the 'poor' purses are the human breast and there is a 'mighty few' of them, as one of the party said the other evening, 'who haven't got conceit enough to think they are going to win when they go into a shoot.' No system on earth can make a poor shot a good shot, and no just system can pay him a good shot's money until he has earned it by his skill, but the poor shot who goes in under this proposed system can be sure of one thing, and that is, he is not going to be a loser, he won't have to see some crooked shooter who has gone straight, wink at another shooter who has gone straight, and then turn deliberately around and miss a bird so as to get into a better hole. This dropping for place is ungentlemanly and rotten robbery, and the poor shots of the country will hail Mr. McMurphy's name with joy if he has succeeded in at last knocking it out.

E. HOGAN.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

### Live Bird Shoot at Flemington.

An interesting series of live bird shoots took place at Flemington, N. J., on Feb. 6 among the contestants being "Dutchy" Smith, Scott Terry and Dan Terry of Plainfield, J. W. Hoffman of German Valley, H. Millburn of Pattenburg and W. C. Agar of Frenchtown. Through the kindness of the genial "Dutchy" we are enabled to show the results. Events No. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 were at 4 birds, \$3 entry; No. 4 at 7 live birds, \$5 entry. In event No. 6 Millburn drew his pro rata of first money and the rest shot out, and out, D. Terry and Wilts divided the pot on the second round. The scores:

The play on the second round. The scores.			
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C Smith.....	2311-4	1211-4	1122-4
Wagg.....	2211-4	1211-4	2222-4
J Hoffman.....	1311-4	1211-4	1122-4
H Millburn.....	0111-4	0121-3	1212-4
W Agar.....	0111-3	1111-4	0122-3
Dits.....		....	1201-3
No. 4:			
C Smith.....	221111-6	Wm Agar.....	111111-6
Wagg.....	022011-6	Dits.....	212021-6
H Hoffman.....	111223-7	C Hensler.....	010120-4
Hillburn.....	011111-6		
No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 5.	No. 6.
C Smith.....	2121-4	1111-4	1111-4
Millburn.....	1111-3	2121-3	2121-3
Wm Agar.....	1110-3	1110-3	2121-4
Wagg.....	2201-3	Dits.....	1120-3
		S Terry.....	1110-3



Three Straight for Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 9.—A two days' tournament was held Feb. 7 and 8, on the Rochester Rod and Gun Club grounds where about eight thousand bluecocks were thrown. On the 7th, the team contest between Rochester, Syracuse and Auburn took place; the result will be found in the scores below. The weather was all that could be asked for and the shoot was a success. The visitors were entertained in the evening by the Rochester Club, and all expressed themselves as having a good time and hoped to visit Rochester again in the near future. The following are the scores:

Rochester Team.	
Hadley.....	11011111011111111111-23
H. M. Stewart.....	11011111011111111111-24
Massell.....	11111111111111111111-22
C. Smith.....	11011010111111111111-19
Norton.....	11011111011111111111-22
R. Sissinger.....	11111000101111111111-19
W. J. Mann.....	01111111010111111111-22
R. D. Hicks.....	01111111011111111111-19
J. Koch.....	01111111011111111111-22
Andrews.....	11111111011111111111-22
Capt Meyer.....	11111111011111111111-22
Truesdale.....	01110011111111111111-20
Byer.....	11111010111111111111-21
Lane.....	11111111011111111111-23
S. Glover.....	11111111111111111111-23-321

Syracuse Team.	
Lefever.....	11111111111111111111-22
Dugard.....	11111100010101011111-17
McMurry.....	11111111111111111111-23
Montgomery.....	11111111111111111111-22
Capt Courtney.....	11111111111111111111-23
Mosher.....	10001111001011111111-18
O. Ayling.....	10101111001011111111-21
Lookaway.....	11111000110111111111-16
Holloway.....	10011101100011111111-16
Walters.....	11111001111111111111-20
Paul North.....	01111111111111111111-20
Van Austrand.....	11011011011111111111-17
Babcock.....	11111111111111111111-22
Borst.....	11111111011111111111-23
R. Glover.....	11111111011111111111-23-202

Auburn Team.	
J. Smith.....	10100111111111111111-15
Egbert.....	11011100111111111111-18
Goodrich.....	11001110111010101111-19
Vanderloo.....	00110100110111111111-17
Brigden.....	10110110111111111111-20
Garrett.....	10001110011111111111-16
Barney.....	10011011111111111111-20
McCormick.....	01111110010011111111-18
Corning.....	11111011111111111111-24
Capt Tuttle.....	11111111111111111111-20
Whitney.....	11111101111111111111-20
Whyte.....	10011011111111111111-19
Schermerhorn.....	11111111111111111111-20
W. H. Stewart.....	11111011111111111111-20
Carr.....	11111111111111111111-23-201

The Climax are Awake.

THE monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, held at Benner's Grove on Feb. 7, was very well attended, there being thirteen in the club handicap shoot. The day was a good one as to weather conditions, and everybody was enthusiastic. The club is now in a strong condition and will make a big effort to win first place in the coming series of contests for the State league championship, which will open on the 28th inst.

Among the members of the club are Dr. P. J. Zieglio, of Warrenville, the former being one of the best live-bird shots in the State and rapidly coming to the front as a target smasher, a game at which his brother can claim at present. Ferd. Van Dyke, the tall and slender blonde from Dayton, is another of the club members. The shooting of this club is all done from five unknown traps and angles, one man up, otherwise American Association. The scores in the club handicap event were as follows. The figures in ( ) indicate the allowance:

Smith.....	11111111111111111111-23
Keller.....	01011111111111111111-19
D. Terry (2).....	11011010111111111111-20
W. Terry (3).....	01101111111111111111-22
Goodman (5).....	01011011111111111111-18
J. Darby (6).....	1001101101000001111111-16
Pierson (4).....	11111011111111111111-23
Van Dyke (5).....	1000000010011111111111111111-12
Brantingham.....	11111111111111111111-21
Manning (4).....	10011010011111111111-21
W. Terry (3).....	01001100111111111111-20
Squires (5).....	01011011111111111111-20
Swody (10).....	11010110000011011111111111-20
P. Daray (5).....	110110111111111111111111-20
P. T. (4).....	001110101111111111111111-22
J. Zieglio (8).....	01010100011111111111111111-23
Sweep No. 1, 10 targets.	
Brantingham.....	1111111111-6
P. Terry.....	1110011011-6
Aggar.....	1110111111-8
Smith.....	1111111111-10
W. Terry.....	1000001111-5
Manning.....	0011101111-7
Squires.....	0100001101-4
Keller.....	1101101000-5
D. Terry.....	1111111011-9
P. J.....	1110111111-9
J. Darby.....	1111111111-9
Goodman.....	1001111111-6
Pierson.....	0101100111-6
Sweep No. 2, 10 targets.	
Smith.....	1111111111-9
Aggar.....	1110111111-8
Manning.....	1111111101-7
D. Terry.....	0111101101-7
Keller.....	1111111110-9
Pierson.....	1111111110-9
S. Terry.....	1100111111-8

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 2.—The monthly contest for the three class medals of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club took place at Maple Bay yesterday, under fine weather conditions. Each of the medals is worth \$75 and a great deal of interest has been awakened in these contests. The shooting is done from five Kingbird traps, unknown traps and angles, and every member uses E. C. powder:

C. F. Arno.....	111101111111111111111111-48
A. G. Courtney.....	111110101111111111111111-45
H. Jones.....	111111111111111111111111-44
G. Mowry.....	011110111111111111111111-44
G. Mann.....	011111111111111111111111-38
G. Holloway.....	100110111111111111111111-34
C. Dugard.....	010111111111111111111111-34

Class A.	
A. White.....	1101111111111111111111111111-101-49
H. Jones.....	1110111111111111111111111111-42
D. Walters.....	1110111111111111111111111111-39
D. King.....	1111111111111111111111111111-37

Class B.	
Geo. Mosher.....	1101111111111111111111111111-35
D. E. Peters.....	1010001001010101111111111111-30
John Cool.....	0110110111111111111111111111-29

Class C.	
H. Dobad.....	1111010011111111111111111111-28
W. Jennings.....	1001011011111111111111111111-28
M. Williams.....	1011000101111111111111111111-23

Class D.	
Geo. Larned.....	0100111111111111111111111111-28
A. Schug.....	1101100101111111111111111111-27
R. Gleason.....	1001001111111111111111111111-27

Ties in second class.  
H. Jones.....11111111-10  
A. White.....1100111111-10  
Jones wins 2d class medal first time, Geo. Larned wins 3d class medal second time.

Connecticut State League Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Connecticut League of Trap Shooters was held at the Hotel Heublein, Hartford, Tuesday afternoon. Allen Willey acted as secretary of the meeting and the following business was transacted. A. F. Rockwell, of Bristol, was elected president of the league for 1894, and the following vice-presidents were elected: each of whom is the president of his home club: H. J. Mills, Bristol; A. C. Collins, Colt Hammerless, Hartford; F. F. Porter, New Haven; J. W. Webb, Willimantic; Dr. U. S. Cook, Moodus; George C. Strong, New London; E. P. Sperry, Ansonia; Egbert Decker, Hartford Gun Club, Hartford, and Judge John G. Crump, Thames Club, New London. F. C. Fowler, of Moodus, was chosen secretary and treasurer; G. F. Phillips, of Moodus, assistant secretary, and H. L. Edgerton, of Willimantic, manager. The governing committee chosen were C. E. Longdon, New Haven; H. J. Mills, Bristol; E. P. Sperry, Ansonia; M. F. Cook, Colt Club, Hartford; H. A. Penrose, Thames Club, New London; Allen Willey, Hartford Club, Hartford; H. L. Edgerton, Willimantic; F. C. Fowler, Moodus, and J. W. Clinton, New London Club.

The by-laws were changed so as to allow each club to enter as many teams as they desired to, no man to shoot with but one club during the year. The teams will consist of two men each instead of three, as last year. It was voted to refund to the Bristol Club the \$35 which they bid for the last league shoot and the league also voted to adopt Keystone targets. The team shoots will be at 30 birds per man, known trap and known angles. The merchandise event will be at 16 birds per man; known traps and known angles. The team making the highest total in one shoot over one-half the number of tournaments held will take first money. Each team will pay \$15 entrance fee and there will be four moneys, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. A committee to obtain prizes was chosen, consisting of H. A. Penrose, president, W. M. Thomas, F. F. Potter, Allen Willey, F. C. Fowler and M. F. Cook. A ballot was taken to decide where the first shoot of the season should be held and it fell to the lot of the newly-organized Hartford Gun Club, which is officered as follows: Pres., Egbert Decker; Vice-Pres., A. F. Pitkin; Sec'y-Treas., Daniel Wadsworth; Directors, Allen Willey and John Melrose.

The Hartford Gun Club has a pleasant shooting ground fifteen minutes' ride from the city by horse and electric cars, a good, new club house and a complete outfit of bluecock traps and Paul North's electric trap pull. They will endeavor to make the initial shoot of the Connecticut Trap Shooters' League a great success as they have the best of everything to do with and experienced tournament managers to run it. The shoot will be given the 23d of March—Fast Day. The Thames Club of New London will be a fine addition to the league. Unless we are mistaken, this club will be the great gun club of Connecticut. It starts with twenty charter members who pay \$25 initiation, and will be much like the Larchmont and Connecticut social position. The season should be held in the spring, when the birds are in the best of their live bird events shot on Fisher's Island, in Long Island Sound, State of New York, but only seven miles distant from New London. A steam launch is to be bought to carry the members of the club to the island.

The Essex Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 1.—At the annual meeting of the Essex Gun Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. Heber Bretnall; Vice-President and Treasurer, William Hayes; Secretary, Asa Whitehead. Executive Committee: R. H. Bretnall, Wm. Hayes, Lemuel Thomas, Fletcher Walters and Asa Whitehead. Below is a table showing the work done by the members in club contests from February 1893 to January 1894, inclusive, showing the rating and number of points gained. The handicap was on the point system, a member being allowed one point for each kill above club rating. A recapitulation is also appended.

Handicap.	February.												Killed.	Missed.
	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	Jan. '94.		
Freche.....	10	7	7	6	9	8			10	9		11	63	14
Schortemeier.....	7	9	8	10	8	8	9	9					9	1
Walters.....	7	9	8	10	8	8	9	9					10	79
Roche.....	7	9	8	10	8	8	9	9					8	75
Hollis.....	6	8	8	9	8	9	9	9					10	71
Thomson.....	6	8	8	9	8	9	9	9					8	77
Hughes.....	6	8	8	9	8	9	9	9					8	87
Terrill.....	5	7	6	8	7	7	4						6	88
Leddy.....	5	7	6	8	7	8							3	20
Bretnall.....	7	9	8	9	8	8							9	62
C. M. Hedden.....	7	9	8	9	8	8							10	42
Geoffrey.....	6	8	8	9	8	8							4	6
Herrington.....	6	8	8	9	8	8							2	16
Hayes.....	7	9	8	9	8	8							1	26
Mackey.....	7	9	8	9	8	8							9	27

Recapitulation:		Trapped.		Killed.		Missed.		%	
In club shoots.....	940	719	221	76.5					
In sweepstakes.....	981	773	208	77.7					
By members not entering for competition.....		1,921	1,492	429	77.				
Total.....		2,103	1,636	467	78.5				

Anaconda Gun Club.

ANACONDA, MONT., Feb. 7.—Inclosed I hand you scores of our weekly medal and sweepstakes shoot. It was an off day for all and longer scores than are usually made was the result. The day was perfect, but a very bright sun, with the snow for a background, made it very trying to catch the swift-flying targets. The boys trapping got it into their heads too that a few puzzlers would make the shooting more interesting and the variety of angles they gave us called for very prompt action in many cases. Twoly again captured the medal after a very close shoot with Dr. Rockefeller, they being tied up to the last five birds. Ashford retained the B medal, but will soon be expected to shoot in the class as our conditions are very consecutive shots in medal class, relieves the B men of his presence.

Sweep No. 1, at 10 singles: Twoly 7, Tuttle 8, Bartlett 8, Cruger 6, Dr. McKenzie 6, Ashford 6, Smith 4, Dr. Rockefeller 4.

Sweep No. 2, medal shoot:	
Twoly.....	110011111111111111111111-19
Tuttle.....	011111100000111111111111-15
Bartlett.....	101110110010101010101010-14
Cruger.....	100011111111111111111111-15
Dr. Rockefeller.....	001011111111111111111111-19

B Medal.	
Ashford.....	110110101111111111111111-17
McKenzie.....	001110111111111111111111-14
Smith.....	100110001111111111111111-11

No. 3, 25 singles:	
Twoly.....	110100011111111111111111-17
Tuttle.....	111001111111111111111111-15
Bartlett.....	110101111111111111111111-16
Cruger.....	010101111111111111111111-17
Dr. Rockefeller.....	010101111111111111111111-11
McKenzie.....	000110111111111111111111-12
B. Smith.....	100111111111111111111111-9

Twoly and Rockefeller shot off tie for medal in this event.

Newark Gun Club at Erb's.

At the monthly shoot of the Newark (N. J.) Gun Club, held at Erb's "Old Stonehouse" grounds on Feb. 8, the attendance was better than for some time, and yet some of the steady ones, notably Bretnall, Lindsey and Freche, were absent. The day was delightful and the birds as good as the best.

The first event was at 10 birds, \$5 entry; No. 2, the club shoot at 10 birds; No. 3, at 7 birds, \$5 entry; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 were \$3 miss-and-out affairs. The results follow:

No. 1.		No. 2.	
Morfe.....	1121112212-10	1111111110-8	
Hollis.....	1120111121-9	1210102111-8	
P. Jay.....	1122122311-10	1111222211-10	
Dutchy.....	1111121211-10	2021112120-8	
Walters.....	1111112121-9	1201121120-8	
Wright.....	212211201-8	1211211110-7	
Erbe.....	1111111121-7	2110012111-7	
Castle.....	1111111121-7	1111111121-7	
Hedden.....	1111222202-9	1111222202-9	
Raynor.....	2221210100-7		

No. 3:		No. 4:	
Castle.....	20001111-4	Dutchy.....	211012-6
Morfe.....	1221022-6	Hollis.....	211111-7
Wright.....	102122-6	Hedden.....	0011020-5

No. 4: Castle 2, Morfe 2, Wright 0, Dutchy 0. Castle and Morfe divided.  
No. 5: Castle and Morfe divided on first round, Wright and Dutchy missing.  
No. 6: Castle went out on first round, Dutchy on the fifth and Wright on the tenth, Morfe taking the pot.

Leavenworth Gun Club.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Feb. 5.—The Leavenworth Gun Club held its regular bi-weekly medal shoot Friday afternoon, the 2d inst. The trophy was won by Harry W. Kooler. Following are the scores, each man shooting at 25 inanimate targets: Harry W. Kooler 14, Dr. W. Sexton 13, S. H. McElroy 17, Harry Ripley 15, M. Przybolski 14, Dr. C. B. Gunn 13, George Ludolph 11, B. F. Harper 17, M. H. Brown 14, E. F. Robinson 14, Walter Keller 20, Dr. J. A. Lane 18.

Target Shoot at Jersey's Capital.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 10.—A few of the crack shots of Trenton got together and had a friendly shoot at Allen's shooting grounds on Thursday at Empire targets, five traps, unknown angles, 18yds, rise, one man up. The following are the scores:

C. H. Allen.....	11011111011010110111-16
H. Bumbough.....	11011111111111111111-22
W. Taylor.....	10011111111111111111-18
W. Mickel.....	10000111111111111111-18
A. R. Hand.....	10011111111111111111-17
J. M. Allen.....	10111111111111111111-19
J. Strasser.....	10111111111111111111-15
E. Wilson.....	10111111111111111111-18
H. Bumbough.....	10111111111111111111-18
C. H. Allen.....	01010101111111111111-16
W. Taylor.....	10111111111111111111-15
A. R. Hand.....	01110111111111111111-16
J. M. Allen.....	10111111111111111111-17
G. Thomas.....	10111111111111111111-15
J. Stasser.....	11111111111111111111-20
W. Taylor.....	10111111111111111111-17
G. Thomas.....	10111111111111111111-16
J. Strasser.....	10111111111111111111-17

Spokane Rod and Gun Club.

SPOKANE, Wash., Feb. 5.—The Spokane Rod and Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot yesterday. The attendance was not very large, but being a fine day a very enjoyable time was spent



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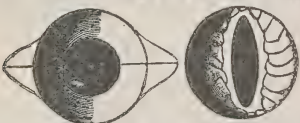
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

VOL. XLII.—No. 8.  
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## SNAKES.

"COAHOMO'S" plea for snakes comes from the pen of one who has been much in the field and as a thoughtful observer of wild creatures has studied the ways of animal life and grown into sympathy with those humble members of creation which are commonly despised and maltreated by man. What he writes of these will find hearty seconding among the few whose hearts are not through prejudice or ignorance hardened against the race of snakes. The one criticism which might perhaps be made is that he fails to recognize the distinction which should be drawn between the common impulse to kill a snake and the wanton taking of other animal life.

This enmity to the serpent has its spring very deep in the heart of the race; it is as old as human history; it dates from the Beginning, when the Divine declaration was uttered: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; and it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." The enmity has been there ever since; it is there now; and it will continue. We are told of a blessed time to come, when the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, but the day is yet afar off; and we have now to do with man and snake as we find them, still dwelling in enmity, bruising the head and bruising the heel. And because this antipathy to the serpent is thus ingrained in very human nature and the expression of it in "overt acts" of violence is involuntary, he who would preach tolerance for snakes has taken upon himself an exceedingly difficult task.

A person so intelligent as the reader of FOREST AND STREAM—or let us say, as one must be after having read FOREST AND STREAM, if only for a brief period—recognizes that, as "Coahoma" points out, there are snakes and snakes, some harmful and some harmless. But to the average man, and certainly to the average woman, a snake is a snake, a venomous deadly creature, a thing to be dreaded, to flee from, to cast stones at, to cut a club for, to kill, to stamp out on the instant. This sudden impulse is of a nature entirely different from the feeling which prompts the boy to shy stones at birds; not an abnormal prompting by the way, but one in extenuation of which much might be said—think you not that the youthful David had practiced his art on a multitude of the fowl of the air, while he was tending the flocks of Jesse in the wilderness, before he let fly the pebble into the forehead of Goliath. By and by the boy learns that birds are not to be bombarded; his stone-throwing propensities are outgrown; he looks upon the songsters as friends, and if blessed with more than average good sense he may even recognize the usefulness of hawks and owls. But his stone-compelling animosity to snakes is never outgrown; boy, youth and man, he goes through life's seven ages, bruising the serpent's head, making no distinction and for the most part knowing none between the innocent garter and the deadly rattler. In a word, it is human nature to kill a snake; and it is human nature to kill every snake. He then who deprecates snake killing deprecates human nature; and he who pleads for a changed attitude toward snakes is pleading for what may be achieved only as the result of special instruction and information not yet nor for a long time to be widely popularized.

Mankind has cheerfully committed itself to the doctrine of the total depravity of the entire ophidian race; the whole tribe is under the curse. When a "Coahoma" rises up as a prophet of snakes, proclaiming their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of field mice, he finds himself addressing a froward and untoward generation much more prone to read the snake stories in the New York Sun than to be instructed in the economies of animal life. The fact is that the average person does not care a button to know the truth about snakes in general. He much prefers a whopping big lie about some snake in particular. Tell him that snakes are useful as destroyers of creatures which injure the farmer's crops, and he is incredulous. Tell him

of a scaly monster that swallowed a man and an ox and a cart, and he gulps it down with avidity, boots, wheels, horns and all; and when he tells it to the next man adds another ox. Fed on this highly spiced fiction, the public has no appetite for plain truths of natural history. The result is that what people think they know about snakes, having learned it from the papers, is actually what they do not know, though the papers have told them. They cherish a fund of preposterous misinformation, and this misinformation determines their attitude toward the snake tribe.

## SOME FIGURES OF SPEECH.

### I.—"A FISHING EXCURSION."

MANY familiar and expressive figures of speech are derived from the language of field sports. One runs across them constantly in the newspaper English of the day.

The New York Legislature has appointed a Senate committee to investigate certain branches of the municipal government of this city, and there has been some public discussion of the probable scope and thoroughness of the investigation proposed. When the committee came to town the other day the *World* reported (italics ours):

There was considerable speculation among Tammany men uptown as to what the committee would do if Dr. Parkhurst fails to come forward with any charges or evidence. The Chamber of Commerce has announced that it has no formal charges prepared, and the committee, it is claimed, is down only to investigate formal charges and is not on a fishing excursion.

This was saying, of course, and saying very effectively, that the committee did not intend to make inquiries at random, for the purpose of securing something by chance, as a fisherman casts his hook into the water with the hope that something may be found there and brought to the surface. The expression is one which has been used before in connection with legislative investigations into the affairs of this city—angling in the troubled waters of local politics. In the year 1888, when the commission known as the Fassett Committee was here, an incident took place which the *Sun* recorded the next day thus:

Ex-Aqueduct Commissioner Edgar L. Ridgway, who has been down on Long Island enjoying himself, was at the afternoon session. He rode up in the elevator with Chairman Fassett, who accosted him: "Ah, you here? Then it must be this is not a propitious day for blue-fishing?" "No," Mr. Ridgway responded, "and I see by the papers that yesterday was a blue fishing day for you."

And in the course of the Fassett Committee hearings, during the evidence by ex-Mayor Grace, the same figure came in in a colloquy reported by the *Times*:

Gen. Tracy objected to the question as irrelevant. He and Mr. Nicoll indulged in an argument which was cut short by Mr. Grace, who said there was litigation pending between him and the *World* regarding the publication of alleged transactions between him and Grant & Ward. He did not think it was proper that counsel for the *World*, Mr. Nicoll, should be allowed to go on a fishing expedition to get testimony he could afterward use in the pending litigation.

Lawyers know well enough what it is to go on a "fishing excursion" for some chance bit of evidence that may give them a lead to something for their side of the case; and many an astute attorney plies the angler's art as deftly and as successfully in the court room as on the stream in vacation. In one of the hearings of the Stewart will case in this city, the *Times* reported:

Further inquiry about this deed elicited nothing further after recess. The examination continued industriously on the line pursued in the morning. An effort to show that Mrs. Stewart favored the witness by giving him money at various times and paying his debts tended to show that Mr. Choate was on a fishing expedition for luck.

In another will case the *Times* said:

It was not pretended that the contestants had any testimony to invalidate the will. They contented themselves with fishing for testimony by sharply cross-examining the subscribing witnesses to the will, in hopes that some flaw or other would be discovered of which they might take advantage.

Surrogate Ransom, in rendering his opinion in the case, declared:

I am afforded the opportunity to give formal expression of my views on the subject of contests forced upon the proponents of wills by disappointed next of kin, who, in virtue of our very liberal statute, may, without the shadow of just cause, compel the beneficiaries under the will to suffer unavoidable delay and expense, while a contestant indulges in a fishing expedition.

These examples might be multiplied; we content ourselves, however, with a reference to but one other fishing excursion for evidence, an expedition whose result was a pretty pickle of fish and one that was to engage for more than the proverbial nine days the attention of the civilized world. The fishing and the fisherman's luck were

told in the London correspondence of the New York *Tribune*, in these words:

It has long been known Mr. Houston was the man from whom the *Times* got the letters which Mr. Houston got from Mr. Richard Pigott. The interest of his testimony turned on Mr. Houston's knowledge of the source from which Mr. Pigott got them. He wanted evidence, he told us, to connect the Parnellites with crime. Mr. Houston offered Mr. Pigott \$5 a day and expenses to go fishing. Mr. Pigott went. He fished in Dublin to no purpose; in London to no purpose; got a nibble in Brussels; followed his fish to Lausanne; perhaps hooked it; then to Paris; then, Mr. Houston still finding funds, extended his excursion to New York; returned, revisited Paris, and finally landed a whole basketful of letters—five from Mr. Parnell and six from Mr. Eagan. These Mr. Houston took to Mr. Buckle, editor of the *Times*, who referred him to Mr. Macdonald, who finally accepted them subject to proof of their genuineness.

## CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

HERE is a disgraceful state of things. In 1892 the New York Legislature adopted a code of game and fish laws, the result of the protracted labors of a commission charged with the task of considering all interests, and drawing up a law which should stand. The following year there were amendatory bills by the score. This year again the pulling to pieces and patching and knocking holes in the bottom and tinkering up goes merrily on. We note to-day twenty-six separate bills to amend the law, and this is the record only up to Feb. 15. In many instances a section is sought to be amended in more than one of these bills; there are in two cases five different measures affecting a single section. Nothing but confusion can come from such a mess. The entire lot should be referred to the Fish Commissioners, the Commissioners should confer with the State Association, and one bill should be drafted embodying whatever is good in the entire series.

But whether this shall be done or not, some one should give himself the pains to look out for Assembly Bill No. 279, introduced by Mr. Messiter, and designed to throw open to the public any private waters which may have been stocked with fry from State waters or State hatcheries. We have said again and again that the State should not supply trout for private waters. In past years this has been done to a large extent. Such men for instance, as Mr. Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable Life, men abundantly able to pay for trout to be had of private culturists, have come again and again begging fish of the Commission, and have had ladled out to them fry supplied at public expense. This has been stopped now; and we cannot right what has been done by throwing Mr. Hyde's fish-ponds open to the public.

## SNAP SHOTS.

In Madison Square Garden this week more than a thousand dogs have emulously been striving for the blue ribbon, which in these modern dog days is the particular and coveted symbol of highest excellence, and lucky dogs are they called that win and wear it. But history records an occasion big with canine fate, when the ribbon of blue was worn by luckless canine wights to their undoing. It was in the troublous times of Covenanter and Royalist in Scotland, when the blue ribbon was the badge of the Covenant, and every adherent wore it on his arm. In 1639, when the army of Montrose went out from New Aberdeen, the ladies of the town showed fine scorn for their departed guests by decorating all the tykes and street curs with the hated blue ribbon. Thereupon, the troops returning, swift fate was meted out by the enraged Covenanters, and death overtook the blue-badged mongrels. "The renegade soldiers" records John Sargent "is abusing and plundering New Aberdeen pitifully, without regard to God or man. No foul-cock or hen—left unkilld. The hail house-dogs, messens, and whelps within Aberdeen felled and slain upon the gate, so that neither messen or other dog was left that they could see."

We have suggested as a plank in the platform of game protection that the sale of game should be forbidden at all times. This is taking advanced ground; but it is a position which is justified by the situation. We would like an expression of opinion on the proposition and particularly a presentation of facts showing the relation of markets to the game supply.

Club secretaries are invited to send us the constitutions and rules of game protective organizations, that in turn we may pass them along to the organizers of new clubs.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### A FLORIDA NIGHT ADVENTURE.

READING "R. P. B.'s" account of the alligators on the Anclote River in Florida, recalls to my mind the days when every river, lake and bayou in that State fairly teemed with the saurians, before man discovered a ready market for their hides—a time when to those living near the water no more familiar sound was known than the bellow of some "old bull gator," as he raised his gentle voice at night in friendly rivalry with br'er frog.

One such sound still reverberates in my ears, not from unfamiliarity, but owing to my sudden and unexpected introduction to the author of that particular bellow.

I had been on a hunt in the great gulf hammock, that dismal and weird feature of the peninsula of Florida, that stretches for miles along the coast near Cedar Keys. It is a mass of tangled undergrowth and vegetation; giant cypress, live-oak and magnolia lift their heads; and from their limbs long festoons of gray funeral moss hang swaying in the air. Strange, silent and still, the very birds move with scarcely a sound save the rustling of their wings, or at night the blood-curdling cry of the panther as he slips through the brush. Under foot, save the runways of the deer, path there is none. Everywhere it is a labyrinth of tangled vine and palmetto, with long stretches of swamp and "flatwood," with here and there a knoll of dry ground that rises as an oasis in this dark and silent land. Here the wild game finds a retreat from man, only to fall a victim to the wolf and panther. Here in these wooded fastnesses Osceola and his band of Seminoles laughed defiance to his white antagonists, its pathless maze unfathomable save to the Indian eye, and by his side stood that other scourge, malaria. But in these forest depths no Indian lurks to-day, and for those who will risk the fever, no better spot can be offered to the lover of the chase, and there I have spent many exciting moments, when with gun in hand I heard the crash of the deer as he came rushing along before the hounds.

On the occasion to which I refer, I had become separated from my companions and my horse as well, for on search no trace of either could be found, save the remains of a parted bridle rein, and there was for me in prospect but a weary tramp homeward, some thirty miles or more. Floundering through the soggy woods I at length reached the railroad that crossed the hammock on its way to the gulf, trestle after trestle marking its path through a land that contained no human inhabitant. But what a relief to me it was to find firm dry ground for my weary feet. So forward I started, just as night closed in, with not a star in sight and the ever-nearing thunder warning that more misery was in store for me. Onward I plodded, mile after mile, drenched to the skin from that tropical storm, with no shelter save the live-oaks beside the track and under whose dripping arms myriads of mosquitoes disputed my right of shelter. Choosing the lesser evil, I dragged myself along, but no friendly moon nor star came out as the rain passed away. All around me was impenetrable darkness, save when a friendly flash of lightning showed me a trestle about to entrap my feet. At length the trestle came, but without the light; and through it I fell, to land up to my waist in a slimy bayou. There, right beside me apparently, from out the murky darkness, rose the angry snort of a bull alligator. Many a time in sport have I and my brother swam in lakes that were full of them and with never a fear, but then the bright sun lent us courage. But here, alone in inky darkness, I was face to face with an enemy I could not even see. How I scrambled out I never knew; but out I finally managed to get, gun still grasped in hand, and over the trestle I picked my way, as badly scared as a man usually can be.

A mile or so further on I passed some negroes camped beside the track, and by their cheerful lightwood fire dried my soaked clothes and warmed my chilled limbs. After a rest and a meal of corn pone, which refreshed me in a measure, I resumed my way, lighted by a torch of lightwood. All now was plain sailing, and just as the dawn broke I reached the trail that led to our plantation, weary and footsore and burning already with the fever that put a quietus on my hunting trips for many weeks to come.

W. R. H.

### AN EVENING ON VANCOUVER'S ISLAND

IN the winter of 1682, Cavalier de la Salle, accompanied by Tonty and twenty-three other Frenchmen, together with a band of Wabenaki allies, came to the Chicago River, made the portage to the northern branch of the Illinois, and continued their journey down its frozen course.

If any one had predicted to the great explorer that in two hundred years another band of Wabenaki Indians would camp near the mouth of the Chicago, and that a few steps from them would be a village of their old enemies, the dread Iroquois, he would probably have considered the prophecy as one of the vagaries of a disordered brain. If it had been further predicted that near the camps of the Wabenaki and the Iroquois other aborigines from an island on the northwest coast, of which he never heard, would build their rude habitations and erect their totem poles; and that these and still other tribes would be dwelling together in harmony in the midst of one of the world's great cities, which would be built on the banks of the insignificant stream which the Indians named after the skunk cabbage, La Salle would no doubt have been skeptical as to the arrival of the millennium so soon.

But all this came to pass, and the wilderness of 1682 became in 1893 the scene of many wonders of which the discoverer of the great West never dreamed nor would have deemed possible of human accomplishment.

Near the birch bark wigwams of my Wabenaki friends of the Penobscot tribe, of whom I wrote in a recent paper, was the camp of the Iroquois, in which dwelt the representatives of the Six Nations. There was the "long house," the *ho-da-no-sau-nee*, built of bass and elm bark, fastened to poles with hickory withes; three smoke holes were in the roof, under which could be lighted the three council fires, which are kindled when the Six Nations come together. It was in just such a house as this, hidden in the wilderness of the Mohawk Valley, that the councils were held which sent war parties against the other red nations and the pale-faced men who had come from over the great water; it was in just such a house that the battle songs were sung whose echoes struck terror to the settlers on the St. Lawrence and the wild tribes on the Mississippi.

Near the *ho-da-no-sau-nee* was a round hut of bark, surrounded by a palisade of stakes sunk firmly into the ground, showing the ancient mode of protecting their dwellings and forts.

There was another structure similar to the "long" or council house. In this village were members of the six tribes which comprise the league of the Iroquois, Senecas, Oneidas, Mohawks, Onondagas, Tuscaroras and Cayugas. In the old days the Iroquois were the most dreaded, savage and relentless of all the Indians; to-day there are none who lead them in civilization, and some of the best farms in New York State belong to them.

They are a fine-looking people and at the Fair were employed, as were the Penobscots, in making and selling their native wares, baskets, canoes, bead work, etc.

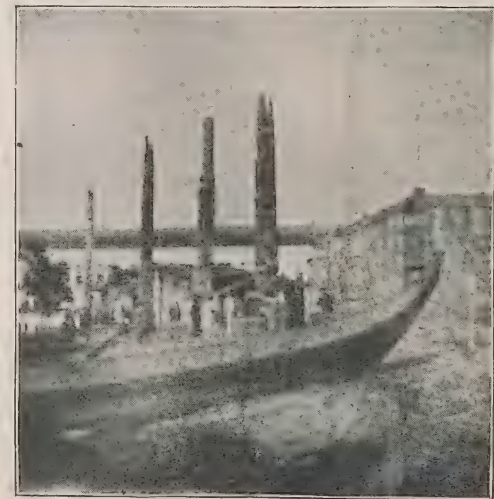
The Penobscots do not make much bead work, but excel in the manufacture of baskets. I became acquainted with one very intelligent man, whose name I cannot now



IROQUOIS BARK HOUSES AND POLE STOCKADE.

recall, but who in his early life had hunted and traveled over much of my own well-loved hunting grounds in northern Maine. This formed a bond of sympathy between us, and he and Nikola Sockbeson and myself had some pleasant chats together.

This man had a strong Indian face of very dignified expression, wore his hair long and had gold rings in his ears. His home is near Chautauqua Lake, and he asked me if I had ever heard a certain public man speak. "I heard him at Chautauqua," said he, "and he is a very able man." This one expression shows as well as a volume the possibilities of Indian civilization. "My people do not hunt much now," said he. "They are mostly farmers and do not go in the big woods much." This seems rather strange, as they live near the Adirondacks, and my friends, the Penobscots, get most of their living from their native forests, guiding, hunting, lumbering and river driving. At the Fair were Chief Daniel La Porte,



QUACKAHUTS AND TOTEM POLES.

an Onondaga, chief of the Six Nations, and Chief Thomas Webster, the wampum keeper, who knows the history of all the wampum belts. Chief La Porte speaks all of the six languages.

Then there were Solomon O'Bail, a Seneca, 78 years of age and grandson of the famous Chief Cornplanter, who made treaties with Washington and was a great friend of the whites; and Deerfoot, another Seneca, who won name and fame years ago by his fleetness of foot. Thirty years ago in London he ran eleven and a half miles and ninety-nine yards in one hour; this feat, which I believe has never been equaled, was witnessed by the Prince of Wales. Some of their women were handsome; one in particular, a Seneca, who used to come over to the Penobscot camp, had a pretty face with fine eyes and a soft voice. Drawn up on the shore of the pond, near the graceful bark canoes of the Penobscots, were several dugouts belonging to the Iroquois, who were never such good canoe builders, for the birch was scarce in their country and they used elm bark and hollowed logs. But birch and dugout lay peacefully side by side on the South Pond, even as the Wabenaki and the Iroquois dwelt in harmony.

The wonderful change since the days of La Salle came to me very forcibly one evening as I stood talking with Nick Sockbeson and my Iroquois acquaintance of the long hair and gold ear-rings.

There were two Indians whose ancestors for generations thirsted for one another's blood, and a pale face, a descendant of the common enemy of both. It brought to mind the old Indian wars, and the many traditions extant among the Penobscots of their fights with the Iroquois.

One great battle with the Mohawks was fought at a certain place on the Penobscot where there are rapids in the river, and after a fierce encounter the Penobscots vanquished the foe and killed or captured every one. Two they saved, and after cutting off their ears sent them back to their own country that they might tell their people of the fate which had befallen the expedition. To this day the falls are known as the Mohawk Rips, and every time we go through them the story is told again.

We were speaking of it one time at the Fair, and I told Nick that if I saw any member of the Six Nations wandering around the grounds minus his ears, I should know that the old feud had been revived, but Nick said he had left his scalping knife at home, so I apprehended no danger. Nick is a good deal of a wag himself, notwithstanding that the stoical red man is not much given to fun, and he often made a shy Indian joke at the expense of the people who ask so many questions.

It was a curious fact remarked by the different people from all over the world who were represented at the Fair, that nearly all visitors who talked with them, limited their conversation to a few stock questions.

Almost every one who looked into a Penobscot wigwam, glanced up at the little patch of sky which showed through the smoke hole, and asked, "What do you do when it rains?" After answering this question several times one day, Nick replied soberly to a gentleman and lady, "Oh, we do just as they do in Canada."

"What is that?"

"Why we just let it rain."

Sometimes when tired of answering questions he would have a little quiet fun by pretending to be extremely deaf.

"I should think you would prefer to live in houses," said a visitor after a critical inspection of the wigwam.

"We'd have been dead Injuns long before this if we was shut up in houses," replied the imperturbable Penobscot, and I smiled as I thought of his neat cottage on the Indian Island.

One gushing young woman with her husband, came in, bought a basket and said with great animation, "Oh! I want to see the little Indian baby."

She probably thought an infant went with every exhibit in the ethnological department, the same as a chromo with every package. Nick replied ingenuously and with such an innocent expression as to disarm any feeling of offense: "We haven't got any Injun baby," and then as if an after-thought had occurred to him, "But nobody knows what may happen. You might call around at this time next year." The couple went away laughing and Nick walked down to see if the canoes were all right.

One evening in the early summer we sat on a deer skin by the wigwam door; we had just eaten our supper and were enjoying the cool breeze from the lake and the quiet of the twilight which was stealing over the White City. As we sat there we heard the soft dip of a paddle and young Joe Sockaleris stepped from his canoe, and after lifting it carefully out of the water joined us. It seemed as if we must ask him if he had seen any game or which flies the trout were rising to that evening.

It was the quiet hour between daylight and dark, which is the pleasantest of the day, the hour which in camp is devoted to the well-earned siesta, so delicious after a day in the open air. We had been talking of the woods, and as the light faded I thought of many just such peaceful evenings when we had seen the sun sink behind the pine-clad hills and watched the purple shades creep up the steep slopes of old Ktaadn, or Kineo, or Kokadjo, or the Travelers.

But no mountains loomed up beyond the South Pond, no reflection of rock or forest tree floated in the water. Still it was a spot where the wizards of 1893 had wrought their spell, one of those places where one came under the influence of the magic power of the White City, and the owner of the seven-league boots would have gone at a snail's pace in comparison to the steps one took at ordinary gait.

Here the potency of the magic was so great that wonderful powers were given to the eyes as well as to the feet.

So it was that sitting by the door of a Penobscot wigwam on the Indian Island we found our vision becomes so powerful that we easily looked across the entire breadth of the North American continent and saw Jimmie Deans sitting on a log on the shore of another island, which is laved by the waters of the Pacific. About him we could see the representatives of another tribe of Indians, as different from the Wabenaki people as their canoes and habitations were different from those which had come from the Maine woods.

Wonderful, wonderful, was the magic of the Fair.

"Nick," said I, "Let's go over to Vancouver's Island and call on the Quackahs." A charming proposal, was it not, for an evening's stroll; from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but that was nothing at all in the White City, and if the owner of the seven-league boots visited the exposition, it must have been pure chagrin which kept him from announcing his arrival.

"All right; we go over; perhaps we see 'em dance to-night," and we walked through the country of the Iroquois and in due time arrived on the Pacific coast with our scalps on our heads; a feat which Cavalier de la Salle would not have accomplished so easily in his day.

"Good evening, Mr. Deans," said we to the grizzled old Scotchman, who has spent the greater part of his life among the fish-eating tribes of Vancouver's Island, and who brought the Quackahs to Chicago.

"Good evening, good evening, how air ye," responded the old man cordially, as he took his pipe from his mouth and extended his hand, while his eyes beamed kindly under the Scotch cap whose ribbons hung over his gray hair. We were soon joined by another man of powerful build and swarthy skin, who spoke English with a voice soft and gentle as a woman's. This was George Hunt, a half-breed—whose mother was a Quackah squaw and his father a Scotchman—the interpreter of the tribe. I nodded to Wanug, the prince consort of the Quackahs, who squatted on the ground near one of the big canoes, wrapped in his blanket and drawing comfort from a pipe. Wanug grunted something in his native jargon with no change of expression on his stoical face. His wife, the tribal queen Doquayes, also wrapped in a gay blanket and with her pappoose on her back, stood in the door of one of the houses.

The Vancouver Islanders had a very picturesque village consisting of three weather-beaten shanties, two for



dwelling and the third a council house. These structures were built of drift wood and timbers of wrecked ships, collected on the shores of their far-away island, and were supported by rudely carved posts. In front of these were reared the totem poles, grotesquely carved with ferocious looking heads of birds and beasts, reptiles and men crudely painted with black, red and yellow, which only served to emphasize the ugliness of the carving. There were, too, several huge statues of hideous monsters, also carved from great solid logs. These gigantic caricatures were enough to make a teetotaler think he had the delirium tremens, but represented the highest of high art to the Quackahs! Bears, frogs and ravens seemed to be the models most often used, though it required a very elastic imagination to liken the horrid shapes to anything ever seen on the face of the earth. The distorted images on the totem poles chronicle the history and important events of the tribe, as do the wampum belts of the eastern nations.

There were several big canoes, capable of holding a score of men each, on the shore; they were hollowed from huge logs, and on each side of the bows were painted great glaring eyes. "Are your people going to dance to-night?" I asked of the interpreter.

"Yes, they gettin' ready now," he replied, and I noticed that all those who had been outside had gone into the houses, where he soon followed. At that time the village had not been opened to the public, but a curious crowd of people loitered about, attracted by the sounds that came from behind the closed doors.

Soon a terrific pounding was heard, accompanied by a choice assortment of yells and whoops, apprising us that the ceremony had begun. We went inside, the door being opened just wide enough to admit us, by George Hunt. It was a strange spectacle which we looked upon, and we had taken another of those wonderful steps which transported us in an instant two thousand miles away. The huge, barnlike shanty contained but one room; there were no windows to break the monotony of the bare, smoke-blackened walls, and there was no furniture except some rude bunks at the back and a pile of wood in one corner. There was no floor except the bare ground, and no chimney; the ridge pole was one great cedar log 2 ft. in diameter. A log fire blazed in the center of the hut, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. There were no other means of illumination, and the wavering flames and shifting shadows, with the curling of smoke, spangled with sparks which leaped upward only to vanish, intensified the weirdness of the scene.

Prof. Putnam and a few friends, the only white people present, were grouped in a corner by the door. Nick and I sat on the pile of wood in another corner. At the back of the room, facing the door, were four warriors squatting in a row, with a long plank in front of them; each held a short club in his hand, and all were enveloped in gaudy blankets and had their faces hideously painted. The other bucks and the squaws, even the little pappoose, were similarly clad and painted. At a signal from the interpreter, the quartette with the clubs broke into a wild chant and began to beat violently on the plank in front of them. It was no gentle tattoo, but each blow was given with the full strength of sinewy arms, while their powerful lungs were strained to the utmost as the notes of the wild cadence rose and fell on the night air. A squaw pounded on a square, box-shaped drum, adding her mite and might to the din.

Suddenly a warrior cast aside his blanket and sprang into the open space of which the fire was the center. He was scantily clad and bare-footed, as they all were. He circled around the fire, taking a few steps, first to one side, then to the other, constantly turning and all the time waving his hands and arms gracefully in time to the measure of the song. He kept this up for some time when the music (if one can call it by that name) ceased and he retired to a corner and his blanket. Again the clubs beat upon the plank and the chant was resumed. Another Indian sprang into the circle and commenced the mythical cannibal dance, a sort of pantomime illustrative of a legend of the Quackah mythology.

In the mountains of their island home dwells an evil spirit who, when he becomes hungry descends from his fastnesses and seizes upon some member of the tribe, whom he bears away and eats at his leisure. The Indians hold him in great dread, and this dance is to appease his wrath. The dancer now before us represented the terrible cannibal of the mountains, but I doubt if the spirit himself is any more ferocious in appearance than was the apparition which crouched and leaped around the fire in the Quackah hut. He did not stand erect, but squatted like a frog, and a strange robe fell from his shoulders and dragged on the ground behind him. Two other warriors kept constantly by him, and as he circled around the fire they placed themselves between him and the spectators.

A wrinkled old man also promenaded solemnly around shaking a rattle shaped and carved in semblance to a human head. Long hair, which waved as he shook it, made it in the dim light a gruesome object, and the pebbles, or whatever was in it, sounded like the rattle of dry bones.

The painted musicians howled louder and beat harder and faster with their clubs, and the dancer accelerated his motions to the uncanny accompaniment. He crouched till he almost sat upon the ground, his arms outstretched and his fingers working convulsively as if they longed to strangle some victim to appease the spirit's awful appetite. He was watching for his prey, and uttered hoarse, guttural growls, while his eyes glared savagely as they wandered from one to another of the onlookers. Suddenly without rising from his crouching posture, he would jump swiftly around the fire, covering several feet at each leap; then he would stop and once more the bloodshot eyes would gleam balefully and the twitching fingers would again be stretched toward some one. Then the two watchers would seize him by the waist and hold him with all their strength till he was quieted, when the dance was resumed. As the performance went on he frothed at the mouth, and the muscular strain his legs were subjected to was terrible. At last he became exhausted and was carried away howling and moaning, and placed in a bunk.

In this cannibal dance the dancer has to be watched, for he becomes so excited that he will sprang at any one and bite them. On several occasions he bit George Hunt's bare arm so that he drew blood, and one night he sprang at Nick and seized him by the ankle as he sat with his legs crossed watching the ceremony. Nothing but his thick shoe prevented him from being severely bitten, as

the teeth marks showed even through the leather. "I knocked him more 'n twenty foot," said Nick; "I don't want to be chawed by cannibals just yet." One night he sprang at me but I got out of the way in a very lively manner.

Jimmie Deans told me that a few years ago a woman of the tribe died, and the dances were held to appease the wrath of the spirit. The dancers became so excited and uncontrollable that they seized the body and tore it to pieces.

After the cannibal dancer disappeared another leaped on to the floor wearing an enormous mask, representing a raven's head. The raven is supposed to be the slave of the evil spirit and was represented by a Quackah second in agility only to his predecessor. He leaped about the fire, twisting the raven's head from side to side and snapping the huge jaws together in a most threatening manner. The pounding and the ear-splitting music were continued as the musicians taunted the spirit of the mountains. Then the raven's head was changed for another mask, representing a duck, the sign of the great (good) spirit, and the dancer indulged in more contortions.

After this four squaws, one of them a young girl, danced, and their performance was a relief after what preceded them. The pounding was more subdued and the bare feet made no sound on the earth floor. They swayed their bodies back and forth, holding their arms stiffly in front of them, the gesture seeming to be one of supplication. They glided back and forth and revolved as in the waltz, first in one direction, then in the reverse. The queen danced by herself, the other three keeping on the opposite side of the fire. The dance was rhythmical and graceful, but their faces showed no expression as they whirled through the measures.

This was a dance of peace and was continued for a long time, after which two warriors bared to the waist came forward. Stout cords were passed through the skin on their backs in two places, and the knots securely tied. Two others held the ends of the cords, driving them as if they were horses, and as they danced they strove to break away by tearing the knots through the skin. The cords, held taut by brawny arms, stretched the skin to a tension painful to witness as the dancers pulled and struggled to break away. The beating became louder, the song faster; the men jumped and pulled and leaped, while their drivers held firmly to the cords which were wound around their hands. One of the dancers seemed ready to faint with the pain and was supported for a moment by one of his comrades. Again they sprang forward and a knot pulled out; then another, and another, and another. They were free, and we had seen enough, but the dance was by no means over. When the Quackahs became thoroughly warmed up and excited over their dancing, they never ceased till one and all dropped from exhaustion. Many a night they kept up their weird orgies till daybreak, and neither Deans nor the interpreter could stop them.

As we walked back to the Penobscot camp we were followed by the sound of pounding and yells and whoops. "They won't stop till they drop," said Nick, "they'll whoop it up all night long. I never saw such dancing as that before. Our dance is a gentleman compared to that one," referring to a dance of the Penobscot people which is done to the music of shot rattled in powder horns, and is a very pretty performance.

"Do the Quackahs make any bead work, or baskets, or anything, the same as your people and the Six Nations?" I asked.

"No," replied Nick, "they don't make anything except a noise. They make so much of that, they don't have time to do anything else." W. A. BROOKS.

#### The Hummingbird.

ONE beautiful day when I was hunting, I sat down to rest upon the dry, brown leaves of the forest with my back leaning comfortably against a log, in the enjoyment of ease and reverie, when the deathlike stillness of the woods was broken by the welcome buzz of the hummingbird. The tiny creature catching sight of me poised himself in mid-air almost within my reach, and seemed to stare with wonder as though he inquired, "Is it somebody and is he dead or alive?" In order to study the bird I kept motionless; but I was not more so than it was except its wings. These gave but flashes of light, so rapid was their motion. The perfect and continued poise, without the least deviation up or down, such physical command elicited my highest admiration of the bird and wisdom of Him who formed it. N. D. ELTING.

#### Appreciation and Recognition.

Mr. J. B. Battelle has asked us to forward to Mr. Hough the following note in this way, and we think it a very fitting way too:

TOLKED, O., Feb. 3.—My dear Mr. Hough: You want to stop the "Singing Mouse" series in the FOREST AND STREAM. Stop it right away, and don't publish any more of them. The "Lake Belle Marie" in the paper of Jan. 27 is the place to end. Do you ask why? Simply because you may not do anything so good again. You may think you will, and like the man who struck the bulls-eye, believe that it is easy to duplicate the shot.

"Lake Belle Marie" is about as fine a specimen of the prose poem as I have encountered for a great many moons. It has a rhythm and cadence that are well-nigh perfect; and a strength and simplicity that show what the English language can accomplish when it is rightly handled. When a song is keyed to such a pitch, a single false note will mar the harmony, and it is a great deal easier to strike it than to avoid it. But this has the true ring. No man could have written it who did not draw the inspiration from the camp and the waters of the lake itself.

I send you my congratulations feelingly, because having now and then essayed to do this sort of thing myself, I know how very difficult it is to do it well. Sincerely yours, J. B. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Excuse my troubling you in this way, but I have just read the little article "How the Sleepers Got Egg Nogg," on page 112, of your Feb. 10 issue, and I must say something. I have not enjoyed anything so much for several months. It is exquisitely good; though, no doubt, lots of people would pass over it in their quest for more important articles. The "ole nigger" is really alive—seems to walk right out of the paper at a fellow. CLAUDE KING.

#### Club Property.

RICHARD V. HARNETT & Co., auctioneers, will sell at auction Feb. 28, the estate of the late Captain Jacob Travis, in Princess Anne county, Va. This is a good opportunity for a club to secure a valuable shooting property. The property consists of five islands lying about twelve miles south of Virginia Beach. Particulars will be furnished by Wm. H. Willets, 29 Wall street, New York.—Adv.

## Natural History.

### MEN AND SNAKES.

MR. HORACE KEPHART wishes some one to explain the phenomenon of the blacksnake crawling straight down the trunk of a big tree, which snake he shot with his "pocket revolver." The only explanation I intend to offer is, that he ought not to have shot the snake. It was a perfectly harmless creature, and had as much right to occupy a place in this vale of tears as any other inhabitant thereof. I believe the Darwinian theory of the brutish ancestry of man is well exemplified in the propensity so generally manifested, to kill every creature that unluckily falls into his power, unless he has a direct interest in its being alive. Let a strange bird come about the premises, if it is large enough to attract attention immediately the cry is raised, "get the gun and shoot it!" Let a half starved deer or other wild creature, in a helpless state approach the cruel precincts of man, the cry is "Kill it, kill it! crucify it!" without other thought than that of mere destruction.

It is a hopeful sign, however, for the advancement of humanity to a higher plane, that as a man grows older the natural impulse to kill whenever an opportunity presents, diminishes in force. Here is a case in point, which I was reminded of when I read in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, about the immunity from danger of a pair of eagles, somewhere on the St. Lawrence River. The writer, if you will pardon the egotism of the recital, whose head is now becoming frosted with the passage of half a hundred winters (and summers), was a short time ago riding along the bank of Flower Lake, when a large brown eagle was discovered on a tree less than 50 yds. off, engaged in eating a fish or other prey. He remained under my observation for several minutes before he concluded to sail away over the lake. I had a good Marlin carbine conveniently hanging to my saddle, with which I occasionally knock over a duck, squirrel or rabbit; and though an eagle is considered quite a trophy in these parts I made no attempt to shoot this one, and when asked afterwards why I did not kill him (or her), I simply replied that I had no use for him. In fact, as I grow older, and I believe it is true of others also, there is a growing repugnance to wantonly destroying life of any kind. This, I think, is a worthy sentiment to cultivate, and ought to be taught to all children, and especially boys, while growing up.

But aside from the sentimental view, which has a more direct relation to the constitution of the mind itself, than the rights of other creatures, we have a very imperfect acquaintance with the multifarious functions of all the birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, fishes and other creatures, in the vast economy of nature; and are apt to look with contempt and disregard upon creatures which, apparently insignificant, yet really play an important role in the affairs of the world. For example, until the discovery a few years ago by Darwin, who supposed that the modest and retiring angle worm that wriggles so helplessly on the school boy's hook, is the great soil maker of the earth? And yet it is a fact, that this insignificant creature is engaged in incessant labor for man's benefit. He bores down deep into the ground, collects and assimilates the fertilizing ingredients that make soil and brings it to the surface. Equally or more important functions probably attach to many other creatures, which we do not at all suspect. It is somewhere related that some years ago, in one of the provinces of France, all the small birds had been destroyed, whereupon the noxious insects so multiplied that the labors of the husbandmen were of no avail, and a famine threatened. Measures were then taken by government to restock the land with birds. There is danger that this country is drifting on to the same breakers. But, returning to my text; in all the more thickly settled parts of this country, there are now remaining but comparatively few poisonous snakes of well known varieties, and easily recognized. Of these, the rattlesnake is the only one with which I am acquainted that is at all dangerous. The "copperhead" has a bad reputation, but I have never seen one of that variety. The deadliness of the cotton-mouth moccasin of the Southern swamps has been made the theme of blood-curdling stories, which are pure libels on that good-natured and much-enduring reptile; for with him I am on intimate terms, and granting that he has plenty of poison, though short fangs, I have never encountered a specimen that would offer to strike, though poked at and teased out of all patience. But outside of the few poisonous varieties, there are very many others that are entirely harmless and have a perfect right to pursue their innocent avocations without being ruthlessly destroyed whenever they chance to fall under the baleful notice of their neighbor man. And who can tell what useful offices they may perform in the destruction of noxious vermin inimical to man's welfare?

I did not intend to preach so long a sermon when I began, Mr. Editor, so with the hope that these hasty expressions may induce some of the thoughtless to do some thinking, I will ring down the curtain. COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, MISS., JANUARY.

#### Guillemot in Connecticut.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., Jan. 13.—Editor Forest and Stream: About the middle of December last a boy brought to me for mounting a bird which I think is quite rare for this section of country. It was a species of auk or guillemot, and was shot on the river near one of the thread mills in this city. In size the bird was about the same as a black duck. Top of the head, back of the neck, back and wings were all of a uniform black in color. Throat, breast and all under parts were white, shading off into black on the sides of the neck. The lower edges of the wings tipped with white. Bill narrow, about an inch and a half in length. Feet blackish. I have not been able to find any bird answering to the above in any of the ornithologies to which I have access here. Can you tell me the name of the bird, or can any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM give me any information in regard to it? HORACE J. FENTON.

[This was very likely a common guillemot (*Limonia troile*), or possibly a thickbilled guillemot (*L. arre*). Accounts have been published this winter in FOREST AND STREAM of the taking of these birds in unusual localities, as on Lake Champlain and in Connecticut, north of the town of Madison.]



## BUFFALO IN COLORADO.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago the people of Colorado were regaled with a fairy story in our newspapers, about certain deputy game wardens who, this time, had discovered a second herd of wild buffalo in Colorado. They said these animals were in North Park, in Routt county, and numbered about two dozen; that they were being fed and protected by the neighboring farmers, who wanted no special deputy game warden to watch them. We are frequently amused by this kind of game stories, but the subject seldom rises to the dignity of a whole herd of buffalo. They generally refer to deer, elk, fish or other small cattle. Just now it is clouds of elk among the farmers of Routt county, variously estimated by rival game wardens at from 2,000 to 10,000 head, and they, too, are being fed daily by the philanthropic farmers. When this kind of a story is started by some enthusiastic deputy, and is repeated officially by the chief warden, and thus gets into the hands of the talented newspaper reporters, there is no telling to what magnitude it may grow. We may find a flock of mastodons here yet.

To show the absurdity of this buffalo story, it is only necessary to state that Routt county is not in North Park, and that no part of North Park is in Routt county. That no neighborhood of farmers would feed and protect such a herd without consideration, or without the knowledge of the public at large, even if the animals were disposed to stay with them, which they would not do. It is probable that some deputy game warden has heard a dim and misty story about the remnant of what was a few years ago known as the Middle Park herd of buffalo.

As buffalo literature is not very plentiful these later days, *FOREST AND STREAM* may be willing to give space to a brief history of this band. Thirty odd years ago, it was well known to the few people who visited that region. It had evidently chosen its permanent abode there, and ranged throughout the park and its bordering slopes, winter and summer. This is a section of country about fifty by ninety miles; of mountains, hills and valleys; timber and prairie. About thirty years ago the band was noted as having a white animal in it. This was afterwards killed and proved to be a common ox. The herd was drawn upon moderately for meat by prospectors and trappers who visited the neighborhood.

In 1874, Middle Park first began to receive permanent settlement, although the northern band of Ute Indians claimed possession until four years later. In the winter of 1875-6, these Indians established their winter camp in the western edge of the park near where Grand River leaves it. The winter was very severe with a remarkable fall and accumulation of snow. In the latter part of the winter, the Indians found the buffalo "snowed in" on the head waters of the Muddy (Fremont's Milk River), near Whiteley's Peak, in the northwestern edge of the park. Taking advantage of their helpless condition, the noble red man slaughtered all that could be conveniently reached—between sixty and seventy. Some reports say more. A few animals escaped by hiding in the willows along the little streams, or by breaking a way through the snow to the ridges where it was less deep. The Indians took the tongues and a small portion of the meat. The great bulk of it was left to rot. The next spring a citizen of Hot Sulphur Springs went to the ground with a team and brought away a wagon load of tallow that he took from the carcasses.

The few animals that escaped made their way in a northwesterly direction some twenty miles, and took refuge upon a depressed and broadened section of the main range of the Rocky Mountain range. They found there an extended range, mainly timbered with spruce, pine and fir timber, with aspen groves and thickets upon the lower levels, with abundance of open prairie country interspersed that furnished plenty of the best of grass; a very ideal summer pasture and not bad in winter, except in the event of a very hard and snowy one like that of 1875-6. There has been none since. The altitude is from 8,500 to 10,000ft. above sea level, and the country is yet an absolute wilderness. Here a few buffalo were occasionally seen by hunters, but none were reported as being killed except as hereafter stated.

A year or two after the Indian slaughter, some travelers came into Hot Sulphur Springs and reported that they had seen two buffalo with a bunch of cattle near the road, eight or nine miles east of the Springs. They evidently thought the buffalo belonged with the cattle and did not disturb them. Nobody knew this to be the case, and so there was a chance for an easy buffalo hunt. Some of the hot-bloods of the town were soon upon their horses, with guns, and before night the two buffaloes were butchered in cold blood in the midst of the cattle herd. They proved to be yearlings and where they came from was never known, but it was most probably from the herd in the northern edge of the park.

Yet later, by a year or two, there came into the park three brothers, known as the Porter boys. They located in a little obscure valley about four miles northwest of the Springs, and built a cabin. They had been buffalo killers, hide hunters and bone gatherers on the plains, and played a large part in the extermination of the great plains herds. That business was finished. They brought their hunting outfit with them, including teams and wagons. They turned their attention entirely to trapping and hunting. Colorado already had a game protective law which provided for a close season upon all important game animals, and prohibited absolutely the killing of buffalo. Hot Sulphur Springs was by that time quite a lively frontier town, with many visitors. Hotel keepers and others were quite willing to wink at infractions of the game law, provided there was a share of the profit in it for themselves. Elk and deer meat could be bought cheaper than beef. The Porter boys soon found a ready market and much profit in their unlawful business, but in order to escape unpleasant consequences, they had to "sneak" their game in at night. One morning, the fact developed that they had in the night before offered buffalo meat for sale. They said they had killed one, but assured their customer that whenever he wanted more of that kind of meat, they could find it for him; that they knew where it was. To another citizen they offered two buffalo tongues and told about the same story. The news leaked out early in the morning. A complaint was made before a justice of the peace, who issued a summons for the elder Porter. The regular constable was absent. A special was appointed to serve the paper. He mounted a horse and proceeded to Porter's cabin, where he found the

proprietor, with whom he was acquainted, engaged in pegging out a fresh buffalo skin to dry. After the greetings of the day, dismounting and with his bridle over his arm, the constable said, "Mr. Porter, I have a paper to serve on you," which he began reading. Porter immediately responded: "Hold on, hold on, I don't want any of that, d— you." The constable looked up and into the muzzle of a very vigorous looking "45." Porter reached for the paper and tore it up saying, "You'd better get home." The constable got home and said he wanted no more commissions like that.

Porter had now violated the law and resisted an officer and naturally felt uneasy. He could defy a frontier court and intimidate its constable, but the district court was to sit at the Springs in a few weeks, and he did not want to face that. A day or two later, it was discovered the Porter boys had mysteriously disappeared with all their movable goods and chattels. The next heard of them they were in Montana, at the old business. The people of the Springs have had no buffalo meat since. In their excursions for elk and deer, the Porters had accidentally stumbled upon the buffalo. I have heard of none being killed since, and very seldom of their being seen. In 1884, Judge Spicer, now of Chicago, while hunting young elk for capture, in the region referred to, saw five, and soon after described them to the writer. He was intent upon his elk chase and did not pay much attention to the buffalo or look for more.

The Lost Park herd of buffalo is about seventy-five miles southwest of Denver. The location is a peculiar one and singularly inaccessible—never frequented by man. It is a depression among the low mountains east of South Park and about 8,000ft. above sea level. The last known raid upon this herd was about six years ago, by a well known Denver man, who boasted of having killed one very large bull. The meat spoiled before he could get it to the railway—some fifteen or twenty miles distant. I think he also lost the head and hide. Although the facts were notoriously well known, he was never prosecuted. Quite an excitement was raised about two years ago by a report that a taxidermist was among these buffalo killing right and left. The game warden fairly surrounded the district with deputies, and made a thorough search for offenders, but found none. The case was left in complete uncertainty as to whether any offence had been committed or attempted, or not. The carcass of one cow was found, but it could not be determined whether she had been killed by man or had died from some other cause. No part had been taken away. From reports it would appear that this band is increasing in numbers. Their range is now included in a National Forest Reserve. I believe, also, that a few of the old time Middle Park herd yet live, but I do not believe that farmers are feeding any of them.

For the private information of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, I inclose a map showing the location of these buffalo "game holes," and also where the Ute slaughter occurred in the winter of 1875-6. WM. N. BYERS.

## A Pair of Pet Quail.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 23.—One day last November I went hunting in company with a friend named Cunningham. We drove twelve miles west of Lincoln to his farm near Malcolm. My friend asked one of the men how the pet quail were getting along. He had hardly asked the question, when one of the children said, "See, there they go now!" The birds were then running on the ground near the house and flew on a small outhouse, and one of the little girls went out and climbed upon a wagon standing near the house and tried to get them, but they were too high for her to reach. The birds (a cock and hen) sat perfectly still all the time and did not attempt to fly until quite a little while after she had climbed down. These birds were taken during haying last summer; the machine was run over the nest, killing the old birds; there were fifteen birds in the nest, just hatched. One of the men took them to the house and gave them to a hen, which had just hatched a setting of eggs, and they were kept in confinement for a few days, when they were liberated; thirteen of them left. The children have fondled and played with these two so much that they can pick them up most any time. They roost in the hen house with the chickens.

We found one covey of birds about 5:30 P. M., and succeeded in killing six of them, but it was getting too late in the day to follow them up close. I had a young dog which had never been handled. What do you think of a young dog holding a point until three quail were shot at over him, two of them killed, the gun reloaded and the third one flushed and missed; and this after only having been hunted about four times, and nearly two years old and never yard broken?

We had lots of birds (quail) here this season; we could hear and see them everywhere; and plenty of birds were left over. C. G. F.

## The Weight of Bears.

CORA, Wyo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 16 an article on "Bears of North America," in which the writer says that 800lbs. is about the limit for grizzlies, and that I am inclined to think is very nearly correct.

At the time of reading the article I had just returned from a hunt for grizzlies with a New York gentleman, and we succeeded in bagging one of the largest I ever saw. As the weight of bears had been under discussion we determined to weigh this one and set all guess work to rest. On the day following the killing of his bearship we armed ourselves with a 50lbs. scale and returned to the carcass. This we cut into pieces and weighed, and when through and summed up we had a total of 797lbs.

This bear had laid himself away for the winter far up in the mountains near timber line, and it was with much coaxing and teasing that he was induced to come out so we could examine his fur, but when he did come it was with a rush and a *bo-wah! she-wah!* that was intended to make one's hair stand on end. He made a charge at me and the New Yorker failed to stop his coming until he was within 8ft. of me, then he turned on a coat that I had laid on a log a few steps away and nearly shook it into rags before letting go to die.

This was nearly a year to a day from the time when another grizzly was taking choice steaks out of my anatomy and in the same locality. IRA DODGE.

SEVEN live Rocky Mountain elk for sale. Exhibited at World's Fair, Gentle. Price very low. Soper & Arter, 46 Lakeside, Chicago.—*Adv.*

## Game Bag and Gun.

## STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—*FOREST AND STREAM*, Feb. 10.

WEST DULUTH, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find clipping from *The North*, published at Minneapolis:

The quantity of game handled yearly in this State by cold storage companies is something enormous—at least 4,000 carcasses of venison for the past year, and for the same period 280,000 birds. From Lake Pepin alone there has been shipped this year 500 tons of coarse fish, such as sturgeon, catfish, red horse, etc. The fishing industry of the State is an important one. More than 6,000 tons of fish are annually handled in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis and Duluth. During the year the State Board of Fish Commissioners have confiscated and destroyed 839 nets, which spread out would cover a distance of eight miles. Their combined value was \$3,500.—*The North*.

It isn't the amount of game taken in Minnesota by legitimate sportsmen that will exterminate, but this wholesale killing for the market that is fast cleaning out our forests and lakes. I know of lakes that eight years ago teemed with black bass, where big fellows of from 3 to 5lbs. weight each could be taken as fast as they could be played and landed, that are now cleaned out, and not by use of hook and line either. We have much lake and wood that will be prolific of game for years, but only because of its being remote from shipping stations. Our game wardens do not do their duty near as well as the Fish Commissioners, and illegal killing of deer is the result in all seasons. L.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think your scheme of "stopping the sale of game at all times, by all persons and in all places," is the true way to prevent the total extermination of game. A. C. COLLINS.

## A WARNING FROM CANADA.

TORONTO, Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of Feb. 10, which has just come to hand bearing new terrors for sportsmen interested in wildfowl, reminds me that on several occasions during the past few months, upon reading reports of the destruction of game in the United States, I have resolved to ask your permission to draw the attention of your readers to what I believe to be the greatest danger which threatens the existence of migratory game.

Sportsmen throughout the whole range of the flight of migratory birds are equally interested in their protection, but every one must admit that the power to utterly exterminate them is with those controlling their breeding grounds. In Ontario we pride ourselves that the game law has for the most part been framed from the sportsman's point of view, and therefore from an unselfish point of view. It is many years since spring duck shooting has been allowed here, and even in the open season no one man may shoot more than 400 ducks. Even in the case of plover and other waders, spring shooting is not allowed, although they are seldom seen in any numbers in the fall. The open season for duck begins Sept. 1, and many species only stay with us for less than a month after that date. These and other valuable provisions of the law have not been obtained without opposition, which becomes stronger instead of weaker on each occasion that an amendment is brought before our Legislature, and it ought to be understood throughout those States lying to the south of Ontario that unless we can prove that some little self-denial is being exercised to the south of us by dealers in, and purchasers of, game as well as by sportsmen, the time is not far distant when we may be overborne by the cry which is now heard in every discussion of the game question (I give it as it is heard): "Why should we preserve game for the Yankees?"

Almost every week throughout the winter our papers contain more or less exaggerated reports of the slaughter of ducks etc., in the South, and of the use of night lights, batteries, punt guns, etc., and there certainly is a strong feeling among the mass of the people who are not active sportsmen, that our gunners might as well be allowed (in the language of the game hog) to get their share before the last duck is killed. It is unnecessary to say that such arguments are used with considerable effect by many sworn foes of game laws, and they may at no distant date control a majority in our Legislature, in which case it will not be very long before decoys will be chiefly of use for firewood.

Personally I have for many years tried to have my finger in the pie at the earliest probable date when any amendment to the game law was being drafted, and have not been far away from the lobbies when any bill has been before the Legislature, and I have taken part in numberless discussions upon the subject, and I regret to say the above statements are well within the mark. I trust that no sportsmen will misunderstand the spirit in which this letter is written; it is intended as a warning, and not as a threat. Ontario sportsmen would not allow spring shooting or take away protection from wildfowl if it were certain that nine-tenths of the ducks would be killed before next season, but unfortunately they are not in the majority, and they can only hold the present law as long as they can convince the majority that they ought fairly to be allowed to do so. *Verbum sap.*

What do we want, you will ask, in order to strengthen our hands? Nothing more than every sportsman wants, viz., no spring shooting, and to the sportsmen this warning is addressed merely as an argument to be urged upon the Legislature of their respective States, "If you don't abolish spring shooting, Canada will not long continue to forbid it and we may then have no ducks to protect."

While I am upon this subject, perhaps you may allow me as a wildfowler of not a little experience to state my opinion that it is quite within our power to make ducks again as plentiful as they were twenty or thirty years ago. All sportsmen must agree that the ideal plan is the new plank of the *FOREST AND STREAM* platform, "No Traffic in Game," but wildfowlers need not go so far, "One year's rest" is good enough for us if spring shooting is abolished. Or if it is too much to ask purchasers to deny their appetites and dealers their profits for one year in order to provide plenty for years to come, protect marsh duck for one year and deep-water duck the next, and let protection include an absolute prohibition of sale no matter where procured. Amend the law of each State by adding a provision that the governor shall have power by pro-



clamation to prohibit the shooting and sale of any species of migratory game during any year upon being satisfied that the same protection would be afforded in Ontario. If you will do this, we will.

WILDFOWLER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

The Storm and the Possum Club.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—The great storm which broke over Chicago last Monday, Feb. 12, was, no doubt, the greatest storm a city ever experienced. If there is any doubt about this, and if New York thinks that her big storm of a few years ago was a bigger storm than the Chicago blizzard, we will have a bigger storm here after a while. At any rate, the streets were impassable and traffic suspended almost entirely. Things were in this shape, not a street car running at 6 P. M., when the small coterie representative of the Possum Club started down town for "Possum Bill's" parlors, at 72 Bryant avenue, to celebrate the annual possum dinner given by that worthy. Not a wheel moving and Werner's twenty miles away! At last the idea of a trip south on the elevated road to Thirty-fifth street and then a cross-town walk to the point in view was proposed and carried out. And such a walk! The drifts were waist deep and the air so full of snow one could see hardly a half block ahead; but the resolution not to disappoint Mr. Werner and not to lose the supper carried the party through the long walk, and at last they drew up, breathless except for their ability to shout, before the hospitable doors and overflowed the entrance as quick as Mr. Werner opened the door. After that all was mirth and jollity, as the society reporter would say.

Mr. Werner's '94 banquet deserves more than passing mention. The tables were the most beautifully decorated of any the old-time caterer has offered the sportsmen of this city, and it need not be said that the appointments and furnishings from *pièce de résistance* to *demi-tasse* were all in perfect keeping. The party was small but happy, and the storm outside was forgotten. Mr. Werner was called to the head of the table, and there sat before him Messrs. C. D. Gammon, R. B. Organ, L. M. Hamline, W. P. Murray, F. A. Place and the writer. To quote from the society reporter again, it was a late hour when the merry gathering disbanded. Mr. Werner certainly has given renewed cause of gratitude to the Chicago guild, and the only thing left to be desired is better weather and a larger attendance in '95—for "Possum Bill" vows that this is a fixture which he will not let expire.

The Storm General.

The late storm was one of the most severe and the most generally extended one that ever struck the West. From the middle South to Minnesota the entire country is lying under a blanket of deep snow, and what damage this means to game birds can only be guessed.

To Widen a Law.

Mr. R. Bortree, ex-warden of Chicago, and long prominent in protective matters, is of the belief that the Illinois statute in regard to importation of game into Illinois should be extended in construction so as to prevent the importation from other States of any kind of game, even wildfowl. Commenting on the position—which would solve the game problem of the West if tenable—the *Tribune* of this city remarks:

The effect of this section, Mr. Bortree says, is to prohibit any one from receiving from any other State and selling any species of game after Feb. 1. The prevailing impression is that wild geese, wild ducks, brant and water fowl are exempt from this prohibition, and there is any quantity of these kinds of game on sale in Chicago to-day. But Mr. Bortree says that the misunderstanding has grown out of the fact that these birds, if taken in Illinois, may be sold until May 1. This privilege does not extend to the same birds killed or taken in other States.

Believing in the strict enforcement of all laws for the protection of game throughout the United States and the Territories, Mr. Bortree gives notice that on and after Feb. 15 prosecutions will be commenced against all persons and corporations not complying with this provision of the statute.

More power to him!

Iowa Affairs.

The war progresses in Iowa. The sportsmen continue to molest the Mississippi River seiners. The Des Moines *Capital* says:

State Fish Commissioner Griggs has a measure in process of incubation which will correct the insufficient phraseology of the present law and add many new features, chief among which is the abolition of spring shooting. Seining, dynamiting and fishing out of season are covered in such a way that the hobos who dangle for black bass over their spawning beds will tumble into a whole ocean of grief if there is an efficient Commissioner appointed. Freezers and market-hunters come in for attention.

Meantime, not to be outdone, the market-fishermen have a member of the house, Ross, who has introduced a bill to allow seining in the back waters or border rivers. It is, at this stage of the game, bill and bill.

The Big Tree.

The big tree which made so wide a reputation as a restaurant counter at the World's Fair has been moved to Lake street, this city, and is still in the same business. This great stick of timber is of yellow fir, and came from Washington. As it now is seen, it is 110½ ft. long, breast-high in diameter, and weighs 74,000 lbs.

They Will Come To It.

What is going to happen when even the kennel writers begin to come around to my often expressed position in regard to the despised meat-dog? The *Stock-Keeper* speaks right out in meeting, and what it says for New England is good elsewhere:

Can the craze for a flyaway hunting dog be compared to anything else than to a fad which arrests attention for a short time and then, meteor-like, disappears? The thought is suggested that it is about time for the dawdling of a practical era, when the dog who is able to find game birds in the near vicinity to the sportsman who is directing his movements will be duly appreciated.

The day is past when a majority of the sportsmen cry out enthusiastically, "Look at the range and speed!" It sounded well and for a time had the call, but necessarily soon brought this accomplishment (?) to a practical level, and something else is now demanded as a recommendation of a dog's value.

Several pet names have been bestowed on the practical shooting dog by those who affected the race horse canine of the South and West, some ridiculing the slower dogs as mole-diggers, potterers, meat hunters, etc.

It is this popular cry of those who have heretofore allowed fancy to drift in another direction that will counteract the evil effect and give to sportsmen of this section a dog that is capable of useful work in the field.

So there is a "popular cry," is there? Well, it has come up suddenly; but the men who voice it have a lot of hard sense on their side. Long live the meat-dog. I remember that I had the "range and quality" notion once upon a time, but the older I get the more do I cherish the proverbs that facts are stubborn things and that results count. As an amateur, I have seen so much range and quality sometimes, and so few birds. The dog you can run over with a wagon, and that will hunt six days in the week, and find birds, too—that dog is good enough for me and he has my fondest regards when I am out of meat or out for sport. When I am in need of a poem or a rhapsody, I might get along with range and quality. There will be more who will come to this notion in the next ten years.

Club Banquet.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club will banquet at the Lakeside restaurant, evening of Feb. 23, and hold an enjoyable reunion. The invitation states that two menus are offered, one of which is an "old-fashioned fish dinner, chowder, red snapper, baked pig, black bass, etc., etc." Isn't baked pig really a little out of its class there?

An Old Story.

Mr. W. C. Thomas, of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., writes as follows: "I inclose a communication that appeared in our paper, the *News*, which readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* hereabouts have requested me to send to you and ask if you feel so disposed to publish in part or entire in the *FOREST AND STREAM* with comments as you may see fit." The clipping inclosed is too long to reprint in full. It tells of much venison left to waste by "gentlemen sportsmen," which class it supposes to be arrayed against the "pot-hunters." It goes on to recite the wrongs of the latter class, and to show the injuries inflicted on the public by sportsmen's clubs. After duly roasting the Caw-Caw Club of Puckaway Lake, the writer of the article, W. J. Mozley, of Princeton, Wis., pays his respects to the Nee-pe-nauk Club as follows:

In the course of two or three years the Nee-pe-nauk Club began to buy all the land bordering on Grand River and the old Fox River, and what they couldn't buy they leased. As long as they leased, they could persuade the farmers to grant, telling the farmer to obtain the lease, that they would never interfere with any of the inhabitants of the surrounding country. As soon as they got a firm hold of these valuable (?) lands, worth from 25 cents to \$1 per acre, they at once posted their lands with notices for all persons to keep off, under penalty of the law. The club also hired two men to patrol the waters by boat to enforce the law. One of our oldest citizens went down Grand River, there being thousands of them there. We were all met by the club's police and ordered off. He refused to go, whereupon the police told him they had orders to take away his gun, smash his boat, and there was \$50,000 to back them. However, the party was allowed to return unmolested. This season several Marquette boys, a party from Kingston and also a party from Marquette went down Grand River into Mud Lake to have a quiet hunt and bag some mallards, there being thousands of them there. We were all met by the club's police and ordered off. "Off of what?" "Government water." We refused to go, whereupon we were all sued in the Circuit Court at Dartford and will have a hearing in January, 1894. The club claim they are keeping people off Mud Lake to protect the ducks from the ravages of the infernal pot-hunters, and also get the birds wotted to the lake "so they will breed there, you know." In from 4 in. to 3 ft. of water in the nesting season! During the month of October, 1893, the Nee-pe-nauk Club of sports buried over 200 mallard ducks; they could not use before they spoiled. They were watched so closely by some of the pot-hunters they couldn't ship the game out of the State, as has been their practice since their organization.

If an efficient State Game Warden would spend part of his time looking after the clubs instead of trying to jump on some resident who utilizes every duck killed either for food or sale, to support his family, we would have better service—"But the appointment and tips, you know." One leading Nee-pe-nauk man told one of our citizens this fall, that the club was not positive they could control Mud Lake, but the club would make it cost this man \$100 if he didn't keep out.

What are we coming to if this goes on? Are we slaves in bondage? Are we to be downtrodden? What will become of our posterity if we do not defend our rights? I trust every reader of this will think the time has come to candidly use his influence in the future toward securing the rights of his fellow-men.

This is the same old story, the cry of the "people" against the sportsmen's preserves, a cry which will never be fully silenced until all the game is practically gone. All experience, all reason, all common sense show that when the "people" are left to exercise their "rights" to shoot as they like, they ruin their privileges. The depleted covers of the country show this too sadly and too surely. The game of this country will be preserved from extinction only through the action of the law of trespass. The clubs may be selfish, and many have among them poor specimens of men, but the work they have in view is a good one, and its benefits do not accrue to the club alone. The "people" are benefitted in spite of themselves by the increased, or rather the continued quantity of game.

The law of trespass sits hard in America, but it is as good law as any of the whole common law system to which we must come in the regulation of our social compact. We have got to recognize this law of trespass or see the game go. You pay your money and you take your choice. At a guess, I should say that eventually the law of trespass will save the game in this country as it has done in England. It is no guess at all to say that meantime there will occur with unvarying regularity this same old story, these same old kicks from the "downtrodden people," so many of whom want to eat the cake of the whole actual people, and to eat it right away.

I should need better proof before believing that the Nee-pe-nauk men buried 200 mallards. If they have been killing more game than they could use, they deserve the hearty censure of every sportsman in or out of the clubs. The latter point makes no difference whatever, for a sportsman is a sportsman, whether poor or rich, whether belonging to a club or not, and a spotted sportsman doesn't change his spots when he buys a club share.

Some More Down-Trodden Ones.

The sportsmen of Dubuque, Iowa, are rising against the "down-trodden" market-fishermen, who are practically depopulating the waters of the Mississippi and tributaries thereabout. One paper, the *Lansing Mirror*, mentions a haul of a large seine in which 10,000 lbs. of fish were taken, of this 600 lbs. being of black bass. Another paper speaks of a haul made under the ice of Frenness Lake, which netted 1,000 lbs. The *Dubuque Trade Journal* speaks of angling as a pastime soon to become impossible. The sportsmen have organized, held meetings and prepared a bill which they are endeavoring to have passed. The measure is a strong one. It prohibits all fishing in any public water of Iowa or in the Mississippi or Missouri rivers along the eastern and western boundaries of the State, in any manner whatever, except with hook and line. It makes it unlawful to have a net or seine in possession, and gives police powers to any person to seize without warrant any seine or net, and to deposit the same with a justice of the peace, who shall cite the owner to

appear and show cause why the seine or net should not be destroyed.

A bill so strong as the above will be hard to pass, but if once on the statutes we might indeed have, for once in a way, a game law which could be enforced and which would have some show of being put in practice.

Michigan and Canada.

A Chicago inquirer is advised that the C. & N. W., the Wisconsin Central, Lake Shore & Western or Milwaukee & Northern railroads can manage to land a traveler in good trout or deer country in the North Peninsula of Michigan, in proper season. The Grand Trunk can take him to the Muskoka district in Canada, where he can pay a license of \$25 and kill three deer only. The last question I cannot answer.

Can Get His Trapping Country.

Sometimes one is asked questions difficult to answer, but by referring the matter to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* it shall go hard if one does not learn what he wishes. The following I offer not so much because I am after trapping country, as because I want to show a hard question answered definitely and concisely. My letter comes from Mr. J. W. Gray, Westboro, Taylor Co., Wis., and reads as below.

"I see by *FOREST AND STREAM* that Mr. O. Goode inquires in regard to fur-bearing animals in Taylor and Price counties, this State. I think I can answer his question. At the present time hunting would not be profitable with thirty inches of snow in the woods. If he were to come, say, in early October and study the country and get a good location for the winter, trapping would be reasonably remunerative. Mink are quite plenty. A good deal of territory should be covered to make it profitable. Rats are scarce except in one or two lakes just south and east of Prentice. Martin are found east of Medford north of State road. Beaver are scarce and protected by law. Otter are scarce, but a few are found on Jump River and tributaries. Wildcats are quite numerous and bring a bounty of \$6 in this county and \$3 in Price. Cats are most numerous in the swamps in Town 33, Range 2 west and on Mondeau Creek, just west of this place. Elk River, just west of Phillips, would be a good location. Can give further information if necessary."

Wants Live Wild Ducks.

Mr. Fred Mather, superintendent of the New York State Fishery Commission, is in need of a few live wild ducks, so he says. Can any one tell where he can get them? We are just out of live wild ducks.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

MAINE AND MASSACHUSETTS.

Control of the Wilderness.

THE Maine newspapers are discussing, with a good deal of interest, the rights of clubs made up of non-residents to control hunting and fishing rights in that State. The discussion has grown out of the attempt of the Megantic Club to prevent hunters and trappers from invading their preserve without permission. These papers are generally setting up the claim that the fish and game are the property of the State, and hence the property of any citizen of the State; that any citizen of the State has a right to hunt for his own on any unimproved land or on any of the waters of the State; that no owner or lessee of wild lands can prevent this; that camping and the building of necessary fires on wild lands cannot be prevented by the owners or lessees of wild lands in the State. An interesting question for the courts to settle is likely to grow out of this discussion, and it is also proposed to ask the Legislature, which convenes next winter, to fix the matter. The question is a very important one, and I have the promise of some fact for the *FOREST AND STREAM* concerning what the Megantic Club and other clubs and lessees of camp and cottage lots have done in the State.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association

is still greatly interested in the stocking of the woods of the State with quail and other game birds. The association, through its president, Mr. Edward Brooks, has lately ordered over 1,000 quail from Tennessee. These will be liberated in the eastern part of the State and near the coast, where it is hoped that they can better withstand the severity of the New England climate. It is feared that many of the quail liberated in former seasons in the northern and western part of the State were a total loss. The association will spend all of the available funds of the organization on quail this year, the opinion prevailing that the result will be better than from the putting out of Western grouse.

SPECIAL.

Deer, Untimely Taken Off.

ACCORDING to the *Game Laws in Brief*, deer are protected in Connecticut for ten years from 1893; yet the South Norwalk *Sentinel* recorded the other day: "The famous deer which has been seen several times during the past few weeks in the section of country lying south of South Norwalk, is no more. Yesterday, while out after rabbits, Ira Petty and William Broadhurst, of Rowayton, sighted the fleet-footed quadruped. Mr. Petty fired; the shot taking effect, but the deer kept running at quite a lively pace. When near Dr. Kindred's sanitarium in Darien, the animal turned and began retracing his tracks. This brought him in near Mr. Petty, who fired, the shot taking effect behind one of the animal's forelegs. He gave one bound and fell dead. The deer was a fine specimen, weighing 180 lbs. dressed." This is a case which should have attention from the Rod and Gun Club of South Norwalk.

A Catskill, N. Y., correspondent sends us a note saying that of the deer released from the Catskill State Park, last fall, three or more have been seen this month in the vicinity of Austin's Glen, two miles from Catskill; and it is reported that some miscreant had shot and wounded one of them. The district game protector has been called on to investigate the case.

Canvasbacks are Horse Ducks.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 8.—There is a New Orleans Frenchman on the Cotton Exchange here in Norfolk who speaks of canvasback ducks as *canard chevaux*, or horse ducks. This synonym is new to me. I do not recollect that Trumbull gives it in his "Names and Portraits of Birds."

CHARLES HALLOCK.



### The Quail and Hard Winters.

HOLLAND, Mich., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I agree with Mr. Mershon, in your issue of Jan. 27, as to the scarcity of quail before the last three-year close season and to their abundance thereafter. Their scarcity in '93 was, undoubtedly, due, at least in this section, to the deep snows of our last severe winter. I found quail just as plentiful Dec. 15, 1892, the last day of the season that year, as on opening day. From Dec. 15 until the second week in January I was afield without my gun, but with my pointer, two or three times a week, and found large numbers of bevies which had apparently not been disturbed at all during the season. This shows that over-shooting was not the cause of the depletion.

Then came the deep snows and I did not go afield again until spring, but could not find a single bird, and I hunted through good cover. This was also the experience of others interested in this grand game bird. I have it on good authority that farmers found many dead quail under logs, brush piles and corn shocks when the snow left. Last fall ('93) I was out eight times, driving out from one to eight miles, through country on which bags of twenty or thirty used to be common, and flushed just three bevies. I shot three birds for my collection of game birds and stopped, as I do not consider it right to kill game when it is so scarce. These three I have mounted.

As every one knows, quail feed almost exclusively on the ground. If they would only take to the trees when the snow is deep and feed on buds like the ruffed grouse, they would easily survive any winter. I have found quail in sumach trees feeding on the seeds, but these seeds are so small and so few that I hardly think a bird could get enough to keep it alive. We shall plant hemp seed quite extensively in the spring, as it seems to be a good feed, and grows to such a height and holds its seed so long, that it would furnish a supply of food all winter.

On account of the detrimental effect the severe winters have, I do not believe in a close season extending over a term of years, but rather in a short open season each year.

I am not very sanguine of having any fair quail shooting here this coming fall, for although the winter so far has been very mild there are very few breeding birds left. Many of the clubs near here have, or will get, birds from the South to turn out in the spring.

A. G. B.

### Pennsylvania Small Game.

AUBURN, Susq. Co., Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* But little game was killed in this locality during the shooting season. Fairly good squirrel shooting was had during early September, but they soon left for the oak and chestnut ridges along the river. Rabbits were never so few, not plenty enough to give the beagles needed exercise. The ten-cent individual with ferret and sack was abroad in the land, and the beagle and gun were not in it.

The covers contained a goodly number of grouse, more than for several years past, and they were abundantly able to look out for themselves. Very few were killed. Most of the shooting in this locality is done by tyros, who shoot them while perched in trees. The last fall the birds were too sharp to allow them such an advantage, seldom treeing. One piece of cover with which I am well acquainted contained twenty birds. But three were killed. Other cover is equally well stocked and with a favorable breeding season there should be a good supply another fall.

I located several coveys of quail, something unusual for this locality. One contained twelve birds, of which but two were killed. I found them on a buckwheat stubble, Jan. 27, and none were missing. So far the winter has been very favorable for game. No low temperatures, and to-day we are getting our first snow storm. Several fine deer were killed in the wilds of Wyoming and Sullivan counties, and bear were numerous.

Of foxes there is an abundance, and farmers have complained bitterly of their depredations. In some neighborhoods the turkey crop was an entire failure, and killed by foxes. To date very little driving has been done owing to unfavorable weather conditions. New Years morning several parties were out and all enjoyed good races. One party with four dogs hunted some ridges along the middle branch of the Meshoppen creek and started eight foxes, two of which were killed and two more wounded and run to earth. With favorable weather, music will be heard on the ridges in every direction.

BON AMI.

### Rhode Island's Defective Law.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 3 was a short piece signed "Tode," telling of what the State Game Protective Association were going to do. I was with a friend of mine the first of the month coming down street, where we passed a market in which were exposed dead gray squirrels and rabbits. We went over to Mr. Andrews, the president of the association, and called his attention to the same. He looked at the laws and said he could do nothing, as the law did not prohibit selling, as it only said kill or destroy. He was also asked about killing game in close time, and according to his statement the game wardens were afraid to make arrests for fear that their barns would be burnt. Here is one of the few notices that appear in the daily papers to show how the laws are enforced: "Ed Moon and W. G. Greene, of Allenton, recently passed a day shooting in Exeter, during which they bagged 3 coons, 7 rabbits and 10 squirrels."

C. H. HORTON.

[President Andrews is right about the law; it does not forbid possession of hares and squirrels in close time. The New York law has the same defect with respect to hares, but this will be remedied by the present Legislature.]

### A Fox in Town.

NEWARK, N. J.—While sitting in our office at work I was astonished to have one of the yardmen rush in with the announcement that there was a fox in the lumber yard. The yard is in a busy portion of Newark on the Passaic River. I went out, and stooping down and looking under a pile of spruce timber I saw what was undoubtedly the head of a fox. Rushing back to the office I hastily loaded a couple of "Club" shells; and hurriedly cramming them into my breachloader, ran back. The fox had shifted his position, but after a short hunt was started and a well directed shot laid him low. He proved to be a handsome red fox; and now adorns the desk at which I write. How is that, a wild fox hunt in a city of 200,000 inhabitants

EDGAR BAILEY.

### A Bit of Sport in Maryland.

It was late in the afternoon of a bright January day when, as my host and myself were talking in the rear of his comfortable farm dwelling, our ears were saluted by four shots fired in such rapid succession as to indicate the discharge of two double guns. Other shots followed at short intervals, and our fears for the safety of a covey of quail known to be in vicinity of the many reports decided us to investigate the cause of so much shooting. As the season for quail was over, and we were anxious to catch red-handed any one who might be violating the law, we advanced cautiously through a piece of woods to find just at its edge an outfit consisting of a dandy, two squirrel dogs, and a pot-metal gun with dislocated plunger. At the base of a tree within a circle of less than fifteen feet lay six dead squirrels, fine and fat, all killed by this son of Ham from a single oak. In response to a question from Mr. W. as to what had occasioned so much shooting, Sambo replied: "Reckon I done right smart lot of it; 'spect I fired about seventeen times."

"Is that all you had treed?" said W. quietly, as he winked at me.

"No, Mr. Charles, one done got away, and 'nudder jumped de dogs."

But even six squirrels out of one tree served to rouse our sportsman's blood, so when the dandy, doubtless with an eye to future favors as well as to permission to gun in Mr. Charles's woods, offered to show us some squirrels if we would get our guns, we quickly closed with his offer. Scarcely were we well in the woods before the barking of the dogs called us to a tree where we found two fine grays, one well in the top, the other lower down. My host, with genuine Southern courtesy, insisted on my taking first shot, which I did, easily killing the first one, but the second proved a more difficult customer, and three shots were necessary to bring him to bag. By the time we were loaded and ready to proceed the dandy announced "he 'spect day got a couple treed down in the holler." Such proved to be the case, and from that time the fun was fast and hard on all the time. The sun had already set, and the lengthening shadows proclaimed we had not long to stay, but what time we did remain we were "strictly in it." Notwithstanding that two badly wounded squirrels managed to draw themselves into hollow trees, and another fell dead in a nest, we had over a dozen when we were compelled to desist on account of darkness. Taking it all in all, we agreed in voting it the liveliest half hour's sport with the squirrels that we have had for many a day.

DEACON H.

### Massachusetts Game.

In their annual report the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game say: "Ground game has been fairly plentiful this year. It is scourged and decimated by increased vermin. The low price of peltries decreases the number of persons who trap for predatory animals, hence the increase of creatures that are destructive both of the game and the feathered product of the farms. For several years we have with emphasis recommended the payment of bounties for the destruction of these animals and yearly the measures fail, as we believe, through lack of appreciation both of the fact of the existence of these animals in large numbers, and the damage and mischief done by them. In the agricultural places of the State, and even in proximity to our middle and western cities and large towns, and the towns and villages of the Cape, these nocturnal marauders pursue their work and increase their numbers with little disturbance or fear. "Foxes, wildcats, skunks, weasels and other like vermin are more plentiful than they were twenty years ago, notwithstanding the increase of the population. Measures for the abatement of these pests are necessary and we renew again, earnestly, our recommendation of several preceding years that a law providing bounties be passed. Such laws for the killing of destructive seals have been in successful operation for several years in one or more of the counties of the Commonwealth."

"The importation and successful acclimatization in other States of several varieties of European grouse and pheasants demonstrate the entire feasibility of stocking nearly, if not all, New England with one or more varieties of these birds. Private endeavor and enterprise in our own State by public spirited and interested citizens have done much toward replenishing our depleted covers with native and foreign birds. The authorized expenditure by the Commission of a small sum each year, especially in co-operation with private effort, would be justifiable and is advisable."

### Louisiana Snipe and Quail.

FRANKLIN, La.—Your correspondent met the other day a thorough sportsman, Mr. Fred A. Freres, of this place, son of Sheriff A. G. Freres, who reports having had two splendid days shooting about Abbeville. Mr. Freres was accompanied by Messrs. D. Berwick and G. Batterbee. The combination bagged 34 snipe and quail, which I think a very pretty hunt considering the days were warm and sultry. They left this place for Abbeville Jan. 24 and returned on the 26th. Mr. Freres is quite a lover of the beagle and is now raising several which promise to be very fine.

I managed to get a whack at the woodcock last week. Considering the bad weather, a cur dog and bad shooting, I figured I done pretty well for three hours' sport, bagging 14, and ducks are still plentiful about Spanish Lake.

Mr. John Coon, of New Iberia, had a very pretty catch of green trout (black bass) last Friday. Among them were one of 5lbs. 4oz. and one of 6lbs. 1oz.

A. CARDONA, JR.

### An Ohio Party in Texas.

VELASCO, Tex., Feb. 3.—Messrs. and Mesdames John and W. L. Gardener, C. H. Stewart and W. W. Graham of Norwalk, O., left Velasco for home yesterday after spending their second hunting holiday of several weeks on the prairies along this coast. They had very nearly as good luck as they enjoyed last winter on quail, mallard and pintail ducks, jacksnipe and prairie chickens. Drs. McGregor of Houston and J. M. Nash of Brenham came down last week and got eleven deer in four days. John Weems and Ed. Sweeney of Columbia, Tex., have returned from their annual bear hunt in the wild peach brakes on the San Bernard River, ten miles from Velasco. They brought back three bears weighing over 400lbs. each. The Ohio sportsmen promise to return in the summer for tarpon fishing at the mouth of the Brazos.

R. M. C.

### Hunters' Luck.

BLOOMINGDALE, N. Y.—During the season we engaged in several deer hunts, the guides putting the hounds out at the base of the chain of mountains connecting with Whiteface and watchers being stationed at the rapids at different points along the Saranac River. The photograph I send you was taken at the conclusion of one of these expeditions in which we secured two large does, one of the party having wounded a third, a fine buck that escaped after he had presented himself long enough for the gentleman to empty a full magazine from a Winchester at him. The sportsman in question has been extremely unlucky, as your readers will also think after reading the following incident: On one of our hunts my friend and I took our positions several rods apart in order to cover the runway that crossed a highway; we had not waited long before the hound was heard in a tamarack swamp not far distant. We first thought that some dog had routed out a fox, but our theory as to this proved untrue, for a farm hand plowing near by came running up the road and said two deer had just crossed below our station, and asked my companion to loan him his rifle, as he thought he could head them off, for they were not coming toward us. Alas! the rifle was loaned, and no sooner had our worthy intruder disappeared from view than the deer walked out from the woods near by and there stood not over five rods from the "would-be" hunter, who, seeing that he was in a direct line between me and the deer, slowly sank to the ground, doubtless in utter despair. The two deer kept on advancing until they were actually within two rods of our prostrate sportsman. Buck fever evidently had complete possession of me, for I fired and missed as fine a shot as one could wish for. After a few bounds they were soon lost to view; our feelings at the conclusion of this episode can be better imagined than described.

J. T. G.

### An Association for New York City.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in last week's issue, setting forth the fact of the great necessity for a live game protective organization in this city, strikes the right chord. Why of all the cities, towns and villages in this vast country with their local game protective clubs, should this great market and depot be exempt (practically) as far as active organized and concerted protection is concerned? For seventeen years I have watched the gradual, but sure, disappearance of our game birds, and have in a quiet way done my mite in endeavoring to assist protection by printing the laws, posting same in conspicuous places, and giving information of the closed seasons through the local press in various localities, but have reached the one conclusion after long deliberation, and that is: The storage system must go. Here within the past three weeks, having had the Spaniel Club dinner to arrange for, no less than two caterers out of the three that I visited offered me quail for a February dinner, and intimated that they could give us anything in spite of the season being closed. Now, it is very patent to anybody that this is where the trouble lies, and I think it would be well if your paper would endeavor to enlist the interests of live New York sportsmen, and call a meeting for the proper organization of a club with no axes to grind, and but the one aim in view, viz., the protection of game, and you can rest assured that there will be a meeting, and good results will accrue therefrom.

A. CLINTON WILMERDING.

### About Loading Nitros.

RED BANK, N. J., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will answer the false impression which Mr. von Lengerke is trying to create in his attack on my instructions, in telling American sportsmen in a plain, comprehensive way how to avoid all possible danger with excessive charges, by stating that the proof-house charge for 12 bore guns, which any gun is required to withstand, is 40grs. Walsrode, the recommended standard load, 29grs., thus leaving ample margin.

I consider it my duty to acquaint sportsmen desiring our powder in bulk, with its nature in plain, every-day English, and every one acquainted with the subject will uphold me in this, and knows that I have stated the case correctly.

The modern sportsman using nitros is not the 8-dram fiend of years ago, and does not care the snap of his fingers what overloads will do, as long as the recommended standard loads are reliably safe and will do the work required under any climatic conditions.

O. HESSE.

### Up in Alaska.

SITKA, Alaska, Jan. 21.—Having been a regular reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for over fifteen years, I find it quite impossible to be without it now. There is very little news to report now, as we are very much shut in with the snow (waist deep), and at the present writing it is snowing heavily, and the mercury very low. The ptarmigan are very conspicuous by their absence this season in and around Sitka, and it is difficult to account for their scarcity. Large numbers were hatched last spring, but they do not seem to have come out from the timber into the lowland flats, as is their usual custom. Deer are very plentiful. The harlequin and mallard ducks are wintering in fairly good numbers and I am daily looking for the arrival of the eiders.

G. M.

### Four Bears in One Day With One Hand.

WARREN, Pa.—There is very little game around here this winter. Partridges were usually very plenty, but there seem to be very few this winter. I have heard of but few deer being killed and to my knowledge there has not been any in the Warren markets this winter. Bears, however, seem to be very numerous, seven or eight having been killed within from fifteen to sixteen miles of here. One killed on Farnsworth Creek weighed over 325lbs. and was sold for \$75. A few weeks ago four were killed in one day on Morrison's Run, by a man with one hand.

W. VAN O.

### Devil's Lake Goose Country.

LAST season I visited the goose country near Devil's Lake, N. D., and had several days' good shooting among geese, brant and ducks, no day getting big bags, but plenty for camp use and a few left over to send to friends. For goose shooting Minnewaukan, N. D., will prove a rich field for men who do not have to look too closely after the dollars.

L.



## A Georgia Quail Country.

THOMASVILLE, Ga.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Count me one against the market-hunter, and when you get through with him, then there is another man who is just as bad, and I sometimes think worse, who wants looking after badly. He does not go around with an "muzzle-loader and yaller dog." On the contrary, he generally has the finest of outfits, and is a good shot. He is the man who kills 100 ducks in a day and boasts about it. But perhaps we can educate him to better things without resorting to the lawmakers, for I see you are calling attention to the fact, and perhaps they can be shamed out of it.

There is a limit here on quail, but no one ever thinks of stopping at twenty-five quail when they can kill that number in half a day. Quail are so plenty here (and I suppose all through the South) that it does not seem to make much difference; but up North, where they are so much more rare, it does make quite a difference. The negroes here trap quail by the thousands; and everybody hunts them, both natives and Yankees. Sometimes one will see a dozen wagons full of men and dogs starting out every morning from the hotel and other places; and yet it does not seem to make any difference with the numbers, for I often go out on the edge of town and find full, large coveys of birds that seem to have never seen a dog or man. By the way, fresh coveys never seem to hold to the dog so well as they do after they have been shot into several times, at least that is my experience. I have been in places twelve or fourteen miles from town, where quail were so plenty that one hardly needed a dog; in fact, they would wait for the dogs, but would flush wild, and we would have to put the dogs in the wagons and flush them out of the broom sage the same as you do meadow larks. Now, this may seem a little fishy, but I have got the papers to show for it. I have no interests here, no axe to grind, but as far as I know, this is one of the best quail sections in the country, North or South; and the strangest thing about it is (to me) that we generally find the birds in the pine woods, feeding on the pine masts; and it is not a bad place to shoot them, for the trees are so wide apart here that one can get plenty of opportunity.

You can shoot in this locality as late as the 1st of April. Another strange thing is, that birds of all kinds do not go to breeding any sooner than they do in Illinois, in spite of the fact that there is practically no winter at all, and it would be warm enough for them any time of the year.

H. C. S.

## Game in Iowa.

MATLOCK, Iowa, Feb. 11.—Considerable interest is being manifested in the Legislature in regard to game protection, and no doubt it will result in better laws. A bill by Senator Baldwin makes the fish commissioner game warden and gives him authority to appoint a deputy in each county of the State. The deputies are to receive no salary but are given one-half of fines, the other half to go for the support of the commission.

A bill by Senator Harper changes the open date on ducks from Aug. 15 to Sept. 1.

Senator Funk has a bill extending the closed season on fish (except salmon and trout) from April 1 to May 15. These bills have all been referred to the committee on fish and game, and no doubt will be recommended for passage. The only objection to Senator Baldwin's bill is that it places a considerable burden upon the fish commissioner. A deputy game warden in each county is the very thing that is needed; all will receive the support of all true sportsmen.

Rabbits have been very plentiful this winter, perhaps more so than ever before. The country is full of chickens, most of which have migrated hither from Minnesota and Dakota. Thousands of chickens and quail have been trapped along the Missouri and Big Sioux rivers in this State and South Dakota this winter, most of them shipped to Sioux City, Chicago, and some to Minneapolis. An effort is being made to stop it at this time; the gun clubs of Iowa and South Dakota are the prime factors in this movement. Quail are increasing largely every year. I know of eight large coveys that are wintering within a mile of here, and according to reports they are as thick in other parts of the State. If they are protected we will have fine quail shooting here in a couple more years. The winter has been very severe here, but game of all kinds is doing well.

P. C. BISHOP.

## Notes from a Washington Ranch.

SILVERDALE, Wash., Feb. 6.—I brought a pair of quail here from Nebraska, and have made a large pen for them and keep them confined. I am going to try to raise a covey for stocking this vicinity. The change of climate does not seem to affect them in the least, and they seem to be in first-class condition after a month in this State. I also brought a pair of opossums from Washington, D. C., and have liberated them on the ranch. I have seen nothing of them since.

Ducks and other aquatic birds are very plentiful, and there is comparatively little shooting done on this bay—Port Washington—so they are not very hard to get within range of. Pheasants and grouse are numerous and are beginning to leave the thickets and mate. I have started fourteen deer since I have been here, just in walking through the timber from one place to another. These were from a quarter mile to two miles from my house. A large cougar has been seen in the neighborhood several times within the last two weeks, but no one has had a shot at him yet.

There are three trout streams emptying into the bay, and all are full of fish from 16in. down. The Indians get them at all times and pay no attention to game laws.

The Olympic Mountains are only about twenty miles away, and there are plenty of elk and deer all through them.

FOREST AND STREAM comes as regular as clock work, and is the most welcome visitor that calls at our ranch.

EL COMANCHO.

## Wild Turkeys on Dutch Mountain.

TOWANDA, Pa.—Dove Brown, a noted deer and bear hunter, reports seeing wild turkey tracks on Dutch Mountain, 20 miles from here. These are the first signs of turkeys in this vicinity for many years. Other parties report seeing the tracks, but none have seen the turkeys as far as I can learn. It seems too good to be true. There is plenty of territory for them and lots of food, and if they could be let alone for a few years we might have good turkey hunting.

RRTT.

## Information About Quail Stocking.

SAGINAW, Mich., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are talking about getting a lot of live quail for stocking purposes and distributing them in good localities around Saginaw. Will some of your correspondents kindly give us the benefit of their experience in this direction? What localities would furnish quail best adapted to this region, when should they be ordered and at what time should they be liberated? And in putting them out, how should they be distributed—in pairs or several in one place? I am anxious to have the experience of my brother sportsmen in this matter as a guide, and have no doubt that some of them will let me know about this without delay.

W. B. MERSHON.

## Geese Flying North.

NEBRASKA, Feb. 10.—We have been having regular spring weather, and everything bids fair for a good game crop. Geese have been passing north for the past week.

DIAMOND WALT.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Feb. 15.—It is credibly reported that on Monday and Tuesday of last week flocks of wild geese were seen passing over Kalkaska and Mancelona, on the G. R. & I. R. R. They were going north, probably to the Straits of Mackinaw.

KELPIE.

## Attractions of the "Land of the Sky" and Florida Beautifully Shown.

"The Land of the Sky," as the Piedmont region of western North Carolina has been fittingly named, is the title given to an exceedingly well-written handbook, and presented with the compliments of the Richmond & Danville Railroad, the only railroad which reaches this enchanted country, where nature has bestowed with lavish hand her choicest gems, where health and climate are in accord, and the eye turns from one ravishing scene to another still more attractive.

There is but one way to reach this "Land of the Sky," and that is by the Richmond & Danville Railroad on the Washington & Southwestern Vestibule Limited train, operated by this road in connection with the Pennsylvania R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, Montgomery, Birmingham, Memphis and New Orleans, conveys its passengers there in comfort and safety. This train, composed entirely of Pullmans, including buffet and dining cars, is one of the masterpieces of railroad construction and operation. It leaves New York daily at 4 P. M., arriving at Asheville in time for dinner for next day, just twenty-four hours out, and New Orleans in thirty-nine hours.

## New Florida Short Line.

Another beautifully illustrated book entitled "Snowball and Oranges," written by Helen K. Ingram, describing the New Short Line to Florida, attractions en route, facilities of the 28-hour flyer between New York and Jacksonville. Copies of this handsome illustrated handbook, giving full particulars of the Southern resorts, can be had upon personal application or by letter addressed to Alex. S. Thwaites, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Richmond & Danville System, 229 Broadway, New York, or to Mr. W. A. Turk, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

## Sea and River Fishing.

## ANGLING NOTES.

Tell It Not in Albion.

LAST November a London editor wrote me that he was coming to this country in January to remain until the first of April, and wished to know if during his stay he could find fishing of any kind. He was willing to go from Maine to California for the fishing if it was to be obtained. I suggested tarpon fishing in Florida, and told him about the fish and the fishing, and he then asked about the tackle and if he should bring it with him or get it in this country. I advised that he get it here, where a specialty is made of tackle for the big silver herring. When the gentleman arrived early in January, I directed him to a tackle dealer in New York city, one of the advertisers in FOREST AND STREAM, where he procured an outfit. Of this he said:

"I am, I think, now fairly fixed for Florida. Mr. Blank has supplied me with tackle, all of which will be useful again. The tarpon rod for Mahseer fishing in India. His reels are splendid, and his tackle cheap by comparison with a similar house on our side."

This was rather surprising, in view of statements that we read in the newspapers made by our statesmen—or should I say politicians?—and I wished to know more about the matter, and more specific information came to me when the gentleman reached Quebec, where he went to attend the carnival before he turned his face to Tampa and Charlotte Harbor. He wrote:

"I shall certainly come over to America in trout fishing season. There is a fine show of them here from a neighboring lake. I thought our Kentish Stour trout, which run up to 8½ and 9lbs., were large, but those here scale 10lbs. Much of the tackle I got of our friend in New York will be useful at home. Many of his goods are much cheaper than ours. For \$15 I got from him what would most certainly have cost \$150 at Blank's in London."

## Smelt Eggs.

A correspondent asks: "Can you give me the address of any one of whom I can get the eggs of the fresh-water smelt, and the probable cost per thousand; eggs to be fertile, of course, and to be packed in good condition?"

I cannot give the address asked for, and if I could give the address of a person who would furnish the eggs the correspondent would not thank me after he had seen the eggs, for however well they might be packed he could go into court and swear they were not in good condition, as they are the most difficult of all fish eggs to handle.

Mr. Charles G. Atkins has taken the eggs of the fresh-water smelt and hatched them, but I believe it was only in an experimental way. The late Prof. H. J. Rice hatched the salt-water smelt in New Jersey, and Mr. Geo. Ricardo also, but Mr. Fred Mather, Superintendent of the New York Fish Commission, has hatched more smelt artificially than any of our pisciculturists, as he turns out millions annually at the Cold Spring Harbor station on Long Island, but they, too, are smelt that run up the streams from salt water. Mr. Mather says that he hatches only from forty to fifty per cent. of the eggs taken, although in one instance he hatched as high as sixty per cent. The eggs develop fungus very rapidly, and as they form in bunches they soon seem to be a rotten, utterly worthless mass, but from these bunches of fungused eggs come such smelt as are hatched. The only shipment of smelt eggs that I have noticed is one that Mr. Mather made to Mr. Fred Clark, Superintendent of the U. S. Fish Commission Station at Northville, Mich. Mr. Clark said before the American Fisheries Society that he found the eggs just as

bad as Mr. Mather said they would be, but by digging into them he got fifteen or twenty per cent of good eggs. I am in error, Mr. Mather did make another shipment of eggs to Saranac Lake, N. Y., but I do not know how they turned out. I have noticed also in the last report of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1889-91, that some smelt fry, 10,000, were planted in the Potomac River.

On Long Island the smelt "run" the last of February. In New Hampshire the fresh-water smelt run about the first of May, and if it is desired to stock new waters with smelt the better way would be to stock with the adult fish rather than attempt to procure the eggs and hatch them. I presume that Charles Davis, New London, New Hampshire, would undertake to catch smelt for stocking. The cans containing the fish would require an attendant during transportation, as the water must be kept cold to insure success.

## Dry Fly-Fishing.

The Edinburgh Review for January contains an excellent article of twenty pages upon "The Progress of Angling." One portion of the article is prophetic and abounds in so much that must appeal to every high-class angler in this country that I quote it: "In the south of England dry fly-fishing has been within the last fifteen or twenty years, in some senses, almost created; at any rate, has vastly increased, and its followers have reduced fly-fishing to a fine art. \* \* \* It is only a question of time when it will be more extensively practiced in the North, and it is equally certain that it will eventually spread to America and New Zealand, where trout fishing is now becoming a recognized pastime."

"When trout become shy in clear and comparatively smooth water, dry fly-fishing is the only means of taking them with a fly. With the increase of anglers it is impossible to prevent an increase in the wariness of the fish. There is nothing, indeed, which is more clearly established than the ease with which trout may be taken when unaccustomed to artificial hues as compared with the difficulties of their capture in a stream along which the angler, week by week, day by day, wends his way. Hence the very popularity of fly-fishing renders it every year a more skillful pastime, if success is to attend the efforts of the angler."

"It is certain that no more delicate and skillful method of capturing a created thing, no more difficult exercise, if we regard it in comparison with other physical pursuits, has ever existed than that of dry fly fishing. It is not only the nicety of the operation at the time of casting a single fly so that it alights—whatever may be the difficulties of place or wind—in a particular spot with complete certainty, and proceeds to float down over a rising trout absolutely imitative of the living insect, with wings erect and natural motion, but there is also the beautiful perfection with which the insect is imitated by the fly-dresser, and the slightness of the tackle to which it is attached. Lastly, there is the skill which is required to land a fish of some size on such slight tackle."

## Canadian Salmon.

My friend John Mowat, the veteran salmon fisherman, writes me from Campbellton, N. B., under date of Feb. 5, about various matters pertaining to salmon and salmon fishing in Canada: "We were very successful at the St. John and Restigouche hatcheries last fall, obtaining nearly 3,000,000 of ova, all Atlantic salmon and now all eyed. We proved last fall that Atlantic salmon will thrive in fresh water entirely debarred from the sea, having caught them of 1½lbs. the second year. They take the fly beautifully, never ceasing their leaps until exhausted. They have handsome red meat and shine like silver in September. Whether or not they will breed in the lake has yet to be determined, but a couple of years will solve that problem. Years ago in a lake at Tadoussac, near the hatcheries, I caught six salmon that had not been to salt water. I found that the care taken in cleaning up the hatchery would have a few salmon fry left, and it was his habit to carry them up into the lake. What I got came over the dam in a fresh, and made their way down to the pond among the confined parent fish. They had been seen on their voyage down and one had been killed in a small stream. Those that I got weighed, some 6, some 8lbs., and were in first-class condition and fine eating, but not so fat as a spring salmon. I opened them, but could not detect signs of milt or ova, and it was pure guess work to determine the sex, the best guide being length of head. I judged them to be four or five years old, but the man at the hatchery had put fry into the lake for eight years previous."

"Lots of snow here and very cold; the lack of it last year hurt our lower angling pools on the salmon rivers, but it will give plenty of water the coming summer."

## Salmon in the Second Year.

It will be observed that Mr. Mowat speaks of salmon of "one and one-half pounds in the second year." This is not the first time that I have had my attention called to what I consider the remarkable growth of young salmon in Canadian waters, compared with the same fish of same age in the waters of New York. For instance, I planted some salmon fry on May 31 in a stream that never before under any circumstances contained this species of fish. Say that they were three months old at the time, which would make the date of their birth the latter part of February. In October of the next year, at which time the salmon were eighteen months old, I caught, at the request of the late Prof. Baird, half a dozen or such a matter of the fish, and they were sent to Washington and are now catalogued in the Smithsonian Institution and can be produced. I think none of them were over eight inches long, and the largest one may have weighed a little over two ounces. The brook was fairly swarming with the baby salmon and so far as I could observe none had left the stream to go to sea. I caught these with a fly, and at every catch half a dozen or more salmon would rise to the lure. Some showed the parr marks plainly, but one bright-colored smolt with sea livery on gave milt into my hand as I was taking him from the hook. I concluded that some would go to sea that winter and that others would not go down to sea until the following spring, when they were fully two years old. In fact, all the smolt that have been caught in the river on their way to sea, so far as reported, have been caught in the spring. I observed the same thing in another brook, that is, that the young salmon had not left the stream in the fall of the second year after planting the fry, and this brook, too, had no salmon in or near it until I planted it. This is quite different from the habits of the salmon in Europe.



Two years ago the *Fishing Gazette*, London, contained a supplement showing salmon from the egg ready to hatch, one day old, two months old, and so on to twelve months old, when the fish had reached the smolt stage and put on a silver coat over its parr marks and was ready to go to sea. Mr. Andrew Young was quoted as follows: "The last figure is that of a smolt or salmon fry one year old. \* \* \* The young fish, 'clean as a smelt,' has assumed its migratory coat. \* \* \* The length of the specimen here represented was 5 1/2 in. \* \* \* They are fully prepared to leave the streams of their nativity for the trackless ocean. \* \* \* We have various accounts of their size at this age. Some make the smolts in general 8 in. long; some allege to have seen them 10 in., while others have ventured even as high as 14 in."

Even in England there seems to have been a question as to when or at what age the salmon becomes a smolt and goes to sea, judging by what Mr. Young says further:

"On the contrary, the experiments of Mr. Shaw were made with ova and fry taken from the waters of the river Nith and removed to experimental basins of pure spring water. \* \* \* His 'converted parr,' as he designates it, or smolt, being two years old, while ours is only one. At two years his smolt measures about 6 in. in length; ours at the age of one year measures 5 1/2 in., and at the age of two years will be most probably a well conditioned salmon weighing from 9 to 14 lbs. \* \* \* At this age of eighteen months Mr. Shaw's engraved specimen is about 5 1/2 in. long. \* \* \* It could barely weigh 6 oz. \* \* \* A great error exists somewhere."

Sure enough, a great error exists somewhere. The size of young salmon is no sure guide, for yearlings on Long Island have been taken 7 in. long, while yearlings from the upper Hudson measure but 5 in. As to a 5 in. salmon weighing "barely 6 oz.," it would not weigh 2 oz. A brook trout in good condition and 5 1/2 in. long, excluding the tail, or a trout which by measuring the tail would just about save a man from breaking the 6 in. trout law, weighs 1 1/2 oz. Salmon weighing 1 lb. and 1 1/2 lbs. have been taken in the lower Hudson in September, and were supposed to be about 18 months old, but are they not older? Who will tell? One thing I do know and that is that some salmon are in the brooks where planted, 75 to 100 miles above tidewater, when they are 18 months old.

A. N. CHENEY.

## BOSTON AND MAINE

### February Trout Fishing in Maine.

HARDLY does one close season on game and fish begin when another opens. The legal close season on trout, togue and landlocked salmon in Maine is ostensibly from Oct. 1 to May 1, but there is a provision to the law that has caused a good deal of discussion. It reads: "Provided, however, during February, March and April citizens of the State may fish for and take trout, togue and landlocked salmon, and convey the same to their own homes, but not otherwise." This provision makes the open season in that State begin on Feb. 1, though it does not apply to all lakes and ponds. But it opens ice fishing in a way that is not agreeable to those most interested in the fisheries of the State. It would seem to apply only to citizens of the State, but the law is easily got over. I know of two or three parties that go every year for ice fishing for trout into the State of Maine in February and March. They are mainly citizens of Massachusetts, but are interested in clubs and club houses in Maine. They employ Maine guides and help at their camps, and the fish taken are generally taken to their camps to be used there. Maine guides cut the holes and bait the hooks, if the Massachusetts sportsmen desire them to do so. But the fishing is run entirely in the interest of the Massachusetts sportsmen and they calculate to get all the fun out of it. A Boston salesman who came through from Lewiston, Me., on Saturday mentions a fine string of fish he saw at the latter city. The fish came from Cobbosseecontee Lake. Among the rest was one trout that weighed 3 lbs., with a number of white perch and pickerel.

### Some Maine Personals.

It seems that Capt. Fred. C. Barker, so well known at the Rangeley Lakes, and mentioned in the *FOREST AND STREAM* last week as on his way to New York and Florida, has gone to California, after all. He will doubtless be back to Maine in season for the earliest fishermen at Bemis and the Birches, on Lake Mooselucmaguntic. I understand that Mr. Rowell, also well known as a steamboat man on the Rangeley Lakes, has built a new hull for Dr. Haven's steamer the past winter, and that he will have it all ready to launch when the ice goes out in the spring. News also comes from the same source that J. Parker Whitney, the writer of those charming letters in the *FOREST AND STREAM* on salmon fishing in salt water, etc., will occupy his beautiful camps at Mosquito Brook, Richardson Lake, this summer. Mr. Whitney spent the greater part of last year on the Pacific coast, and it was the first season for many years that he has not been at his Maine camps, at least a part of the time. It is also understood that Mr. S. Betton, of Philadelphia, will occupy his splendid camps at Upper Dam this year. Mr. Betton's only son died at those camps a year ago last fall, and it was then understood that the father never wished to visit the scene of so great an affliction again. But the old loves are strong; Mr. Betton has been a regular visitor to his camps for over thirty years till last year. That these two men are coming back will be good news to the people of Andover, Me. Mr. Betton owns a handsome house there, and Mr. Whitney is one of the most liberal employers of Andover guides. Mr. Milton Cutting has worked for him regularly every season till last year for nearly forty years.

SPECIAL.

### Bass in Northern Minnesota.

WEST DULUTH, Minn.—I believe northern Minnesota offers the best bass fishing of any locality in the country, and I would be happy to see any true lovers of the piscatorial art from the effete East come among us. Can promise them lots of sport, and if they so desire, take them to lakes rarely visited by white men. I am not a guide, but an ardent fisherman.

I still continue to look upon *FOREST AND STREAM* as the best sportsman's journal, and could not do without it. I have copies of it saved since 1878 and for the past four years have kept complete files. They are invaluable as reference books.

L.

### Bass Taken Through the Ice.

AUBURN, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ice fishing for pickerel was diligently followed through January and with remarkable success. From the time the ice first formed to Jan. 20, all who went fishing got fish in abundance; and the fish taken averaged exceptionally large. One party took six from White's Pond weighing 25 lbs. The largest weighed 5 1/2. On Jan. 20 the fish ceased biting and all attempts since proved failures. All who regard the future supply were glad when they ceased biting. Another ten days of such slaughter would have stripped the ponds bare. At the close of the month the fish were distended with spawn, and it was a shame to destroy them.

It was claimed by those who advocated the change in the law allowing ice fishing for pickerel that bass never took the hook in winter. The argument has been disproved by the taking of large numbers of bass by pickerel fishermen at Lake Carey; and not even a protest has been entered against such illegal taking. Lake Carey is a popular summer resort, and many are drawn there by the fishing, and self-interest should prompt the hotel people to frown down all violations of law. BON AMI.

### A History of Scandinavian Fishes

First published in 1836, with colored plates, by W. von Wright, is soon to be reissued by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. The new edition will be prepared by Prof. F. A. Smitt, now director of the Zoological Museum at Stockholm. He has studied the Arctic fishes collected by the Vega and other exploring parties, and will probably include these and other fishes of high latitudes with the Scandinavian species. The new work will be about four times as large as the first edition, embracing about 230 kinds of fishes. Prof. Smitt's folio work on the *Salmonidae* of the Riksb Museum, a work involving prodigious patience, but unfortunately serving no very useful purpose, has, however, the best illustrations known of the salibling and some other famous species of the *Salmonidae*. It is to be expected that the colored plates of Scandinavian fishes will reach the highest standard of excellence.

### Bass in a Well.

WARREN, Pa.—Some time last June an old mill race here went dry and great numbers of small fish were left in the shallow pools. I caught a couple of dozen of sunfish and small black bass, which I took home and put in the conductor hole of our well. The hole is tightly closed with boards and is very dark. The fish have had no light and nothing to eat, but what they got themselves. To-day when I opened the hole they were as lively as ever, playfully chasing each other around. They have also increased greatly in size. They appear to be very hardy.

W. VAN O.

### Percy Summer Club.

WILL the correspondent who sent us some notes on this club kindly supply his address that we may communicate with him?

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

In the annual report, prepared by Secretary Sellers, the Executive Committee say:

For submitting a report of its proceedings during the year 1893, your committee desires to congratulate the Association upon the large amount of work it has been able to perform; the constant accessions to the membership, and further, upon the substantial condition of the finances of the Association, as well as the generally healthful condition, in which it enters upon the twelfth year of its existence, giving conclusive evidence of the salutary results, following energetic and well directed effort, in a cause which is gradually, but most surely becoming recognized as a public benefaction. As the primary purposes of the Association are well known, it is doubtless unnecessary to state, that a year in which the sessions of the State Legislature are held, must be one of great moment and marked activity. The enactment of restrictive laws for the better protection of fish, and the necessary vigilance to protest against measures detrimental to their preservation, are actions which become obligatory on the part of the Association.

Never was this more clearly exemplified than during the past year, when the very existence of the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission was threatened, by the passage of a measure legalizing eel baskets in the rivers and streams of this commonwealth.

As stated by the chairman of your committee, it was owing to the abolition of these illegal devices, that the annual valuation of the catch of shad in the Delaware River, had risen from \$81,000 in 1882, to over half a million dollars in 1892. In accordance with the expressed sentiment of the Association, your committee strongly opposed this measure, adopted and forwarded resolutions to the Legislature urging its defeat, and on Feb. 3, in special session, authorized a committee to proceed to Harrisburg to oppose its passage, but all the efforts of the Association proved unavailing, until finally, a resolution strenuously praying upon Governor Robt. E. Pattison to veto the measure was forwarded by your committee.

That this action evoked favorable consideration, is assured in the fact that the bill failed to secure his approval, therefore did not become a law, and it is most gratifying to record it, not only to the Association, the State Fish Commission, but to every individual actuated with a spirit of public good.

Having learned of the commendable action of the Legislature in appointing a standing committee on fish and game, one of the first duties of your committee was the appointment of a sub-committee on propagation and distribution of fish, to co-operate with the State Commissioners, in bringing such influence to bear upon the committee of the Legislature as would aid in the protection of fish and game in this commonwealth.

This committee immediately placed themselves in communication with Hon. Joseph G. West, chairman of the fish and game commission and tendered their assistance to the State Commission in behalf of any measures sought to be enacted or approved by them.

Stimulated by the action of the Legislature in appointing this committee, with its consequent indication of encouraging results, your committee next directed its attention to the growing necessity for the passage of a law to prevent the catching of brook trout for barter and sale in this State. A special law of this character had been in force in the counties of Potter, Lycoming, Tioga, Clinton and Sullivan since 1870.

As the necessity for its general application had been urged upon the Association, your committee accordingly deemed it

advisable to frame a bill to that effect, embodying a protective limit of 6 in., which was undertaken and presented to the Legislature.

While the work of your committee has been characterized by earnest endeavor in the form of petitions, seeking legislative consideration upon measures calculated to further the fishing interests of the State, with the necessity and importance for their enactment, it is to be regretted, that notwithstanding the persistent effort in supplementing the aims and wishes of the State Fish Commission in this direction, much desirable legislation failed of passage.

Prominent among this was the bill in regard to polluting the streams of the commonwealth with culm, coal washings, acids and tannery refuse. It is a fact worthy of record that the State Commission has labored faithfully for years to secure the passage of such a measure without success, and it is not improbable to affirm that the large invested interests involved exert a powerful influence in its consideration.

The destructive effect of this pollution upon fish life in our streams is an abuse not conducive in furthering the efficiency of our State board, and the necessity for its immediate correction is clearly demonstrated in the fact that the Association is in constant receipt of protests concerning it from all sections. It is therefore earnestly hoped this continual agitation will ultimately bring about the needed reformation.

Other equally important measures, which were separately considered and acted upon by your committee in this connection, were the subjects of fishing in trout streams for such other varieties of fish as may inhabit these waters after the close of the season as fixed by law; the unlawful taking of trout under size; the excessive weight of trout taken and the possible adoption of means by which this evil could be limited.

Actuated by a desire to have the law of Pennsylvania conform in some degree with that of adjacent States, and as such would work no possible detriment to the fishery interest, the extension of the open season for taking brook trout in this State to Aug. 1 was also recommended.

The fact that a bill has been introduced to the Legislature authorizing the erection of a dam in the Delaware River in the vicinity of Easton, a similar bill having passed the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, the sentiment of the Association earnestly condemning the provision of this act was forwarded to the Legislature in the form of a resolution, drafted by a special committee appointed for that purpose. This action of the Association was given publicity through the agency of the press, and in conjunction with the efforts of the State Fish Commissioners, the vital importance for its defeat made apparent, which combined influence happily effected the desired result.

Through the continued and increasing efficiency of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, your committee is gratified in being able to record the complete cleaning out of fish baskets, weirs and other illegal devices in the Delaware River, the North Branch of the Susquehanna, a large portion of the Juniata and other streams in the interior of the State. This commendable work is being carried on with unabated vigor along the lower Susquehanna River.

This brief summary can give no measurable idea of the hard and persistent effort by which it has been brought about, the strongest opposition being encountered, and many fines imposed. The gratifying announcement therefore follows that the Association has been largely instrumental in bringing about the improved condition of our streams. In the work of restocking much has been accomplished; large numbers of brook trout, brown trout and hybrids have, through the efforts of the Association, been placed in the streams in the eastern part of the State. Through the agency of the State Fish Commission, a considerable number of black, rock and white bass were deposited in the Schuylkill, lower Susquehanna and tributaries, as well as some 6,000 yellow perch in the streams of Philadelphia, Chester, Lancaster and Delaware counties.

The distribution of trout fry for the year 1893 reached the enormous total of 3,400,000 fish with the facilities at command; this extraordinary result has told largely and advantageously upon the efficiency of the State Fish Commissioners, as evinced in the corresponding increase in the demand for applications, which has largely engaged the attention of your committee as in former years.

Most encouraging reports have been received of the planting of wall-eyed pike in the Delaware River, giving positive assurance of the success of their introduction in those waters. Your committee is able to report with much satisfaction that the influence of the Association has been felt in stimulating the steady increase of organizations of kindred character throughout the State. In view of the importance of united action in behalf of the enforcement of our fishery laws, special attention has been given this subject with encouraging results, letters expressing assurance of co-operation in this respect having been received from the Game and Fish League of Williamsport, the Clinton County Game and Fish Protective Society and others.

A well attended meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 10, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. Mr. H. O. Wilbur, upon assuming the duties of president, addressed the meeting as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION—Before assuming the duties of the office of president, to which you have almost unanimously elected me, I wish to thank you most cordially and earnestly for the honor conferred, and say I cheerfully accept, and promise to do all I can to promote the interests of your organization.

Gladly would I make a nice speech to you if I could, but I am a silent man, having learned from long experience as a fisherman that the successful angler is he who is most quiet, and after learning the waters casts his line so scientifically and carefully as to avoid all snags and reach the best fish.

Now, as we are all anglers, let us resolve to do some good work this year by quietly watching every opportunity and casting our lines most judiciously and effectively.

Let us fish for men good and true, for we need such to increase our membership and assist in our work. For these we must wisely and carefully cast a lure in the form of a seductive fly or wholesome bait—proudly tell them of the good we are doing, of the blessings to come upon future generations. If this lure does not win them try the bait—speak of our grand banquets, with feast of reason and flow of soul.

Let us fish for men who disregard the laws of God and man, they who use every appliance from spear to dynamite to fill their basket. For these I recommend the strong grapnel hook of the law, and nothing else will hold them. No bait required.

Let us fish for the men, too, who make our laws, for we need their services to help overthrow the fish hog and the law breaker. For these I recommend the greatest quiet and the finest of tackle. It is better to have a delicate line of silver and a hook of gold—no flies needed here, for most legislative bodies are too wise to jump at any such lures.

Now, gentlemen, this is but a portion of our work. With a very excellent executive board, as well as sub-committees, I feel, by working hand in hand, we shall be able to carry on and perhaps enlarge the work so nobly begun and continued up to the present time by this Association.

Many of you understand much better than I how many waters are depleted and how sadly they need replanting and protecting.

We should disseminate literature which will educate the ignorant on this point, teaching them that we are their friends and our work is for their ultimate gain and pleasure,



and every fish taken out of season (so often full of ripe spawn) is lessening the future supply by thousands.

Again, we must not lose sight of the salt-water fishing, although the net fishermen would have us believe, and in fact try to prove by wonderful statistics, that their methods do not destroy or lessen the supply of food fish. We all know by sad experience that fish can no longer be caught where once they were plentiful, and all along our coasts the same cry is heard. I have taken pains to inquire wherever I have been, from the Carolinas to New Foundland, and the same cry comes to me, "We must go farther and work harder."

"The end is not yet," but will soon come unless some measures are taken very soon to stop the despoilers. It is our privilege, and I may say duty, to aid in this grand work. Our Association has already made a name for itself, and we wield a power for good second to no other similar organization.

The work is unselfish, beneficent, glorious. Let us go on with renewed vigor, and our children and children's children will bless the memory of every member of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

Measures were adopted to give wide distribution to a notice containing information that blank applications for brook trout, bass and other fish could be procured upon application to the Association.

The destructive methods of the menhaden interests were again discussed. Preliminary action was taken for the creation of a Board of Trustees to take charge of the permanent fund of the Association.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

### Look out for the Carr when the Bell Rings.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* Onondaga Lake, in portion within the limits of the city of Syracuse, is about six miles in length, and three quarter mile in width, and is reached by electric cars within twenty minutes, and contains bass, pike, pickerel, perch and other fish. Prior to the enactment of the present game laws, the use of nets in this lake had despoiled it of nearly all desirable fish. From the absolute necessity of protecting this lake and other waters, came the organization of the "Anglers' Association of Onondaga," that since 1890 has by its own paid detective, with occasional assistance from the State, so materially guarded this lake that I can send you as a fact, the catch last Thursday of three pickered through the ice in this lake weighing respectively 13½, 11½ and 7¾ lbs., also nearly a bushel of perch from ½ lb. to 1½ lbs. They were all taken with hook and line, and I am pleased to say the largest pickerel was caught by a member of the Anglers' Association. Now, you who read this can have plenty of fish in waters near you if you will protect them; you should do this for your friends and the public as well as yourself; and can do so if you will; and you must if you want fish.

Netters care nothing for you nor the public. They want fish for what they will bring in market, and they want them all just as soon as they can get them in any way.

Have a bell hung at the crossing and tell these netters there is a "Carr" coming.

SYRACUSE.

### A Great Satisfaction.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* Is it not a great satisfaction to be able to clip now and then from the local papers an item such as this: "Game Protector Charles Barber made a trip along Lake Champlain last week and confiscated 31 nets between Whitehall and Addison Junction, and released over six tons of fish. Since Oct. 1 he has destroyed over 50 nets in the lake, the value of which is nearly \$400."

W.

### NEW YORK GAME AND FISH BILLS.

[From Our Special Albany Correspondent.]

ALBANY, Feb. 17.—Following is a summary of the game and fish bills introduced:

#### ASSEMBLY.

- No. 14. By Mr. Thornton.—Amends Sec. 115 by making lawful size of mesh of nets 1½ in. instead of 1¼ in.
- No. 15. By Mr. Thornton.—Add to Sec. 136: "Between June first and September first, sturgeon may be also taken in the waters of the Hudson river with sturgeon nets of meshes not less than seven inches."
- No. 38. By Mr. Thornton.—Amends Sec. 70 by substituting "first of May" for "first of March" as beginning of wildfowl close season.
- No. 43. By Mr. Horton.—Amends Sec. 103 by providing that "it shall be lawful to fish for bull-heads, eels, suckers, catfish, pickerel and pike, with spear, in the bays and streams of Wayne county which empty into Lake Ontario."
- No. 55. By Mr. Ryder.—Amends Sec. 136 by providing as to shad nets that "in the Hudson river below the northern boundary line of Westchester county said nets may be allowed in the river from sunset Saturday until sunrise on the following Monday."
- No. 94. By Mr. Messiter.—To authorize towns to purchase or to seize by eminent domain private fish ponds. (See FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 17.)
- No. 116. By Mr. Ryder.—Amends Sec. 141 by adding "also in Croton Lake and its tributaries in Westchester county, set lines may be used."
- No. 191. By Mr. Higbie.—Amends Sec. 52 by omitting a bounty on bears.
- No. 194. By Mr. Thornton.—Relates to expenses of actions, etc.
- No. 210. By Mr. Hennessy.—Amend Sec. 47 by prohibiting jacking or floating deer.
- No. 228. By Mr. O'Grady.—Amends Sec. 26 by giving game protectors power to serve subpoenas.
- Amends Sec. 33 by substituting "actual expense," for "reasonable expense."
- Amends Sec. 20 by providing that special protectors shall be paid \$3 per day for actual service, the same to be a county charge.
- Amends Sec. 49 by substituting for "rabbits," "hares and rabbits," and forbidding their possession in close season.
- Amends Sec. 244 by adding: "And said courts shall have jurisdiction of all said offenses committed within the county where said courts are held, in the same manner as though the defendant had been taken before a magistrate of the town where the offense was committed."
- No. 239. By Mr. Horton.—Exempts from the provisions of Sec. 132 the waters of Lake Ontario, "in the county of Wayne, except within one-fourth of a mile from any outlet or stream emptying therein."
- No. 257. By Mr. Ainsworth.—Amends Sec. 292 to read: "Nets or devices of a kind ordinarily used for catching fish shall not be placed in, drawn or used, in any of the inland fresh waters of this State, nor shall fish be caught or taken from said waters by any device, except angling, save only as provided by sections 136, 141, 143, 145 and 150. The use of dynamite or other explosives in any of the waters of the State is prohibited, except for mining and mechanical purposes. Fish taken contrary to the provisions of this section shall not be knowingly possessed."
- And adds a new Sec. 159: "Exceptions as to Oneida Lake and Oneida River.—It shall be lawful for any person or persons to possess and use in the waters of Oneida Lake and Oneida River, during the months of October, November and December, nets, pound nets, seines, trap-nets, gills and other devices of a depth not to exceed six feet, the meshes of which shall not be less than of a one-inch bar."
- No. 279. By Mr. Messiter.—Amends Sec. 103 by adding: "And the provisions of Article nine of this act shall not apply to any stream or pond stocked wholly or in part from State waters or State fish hatcheries."
- No. 323. By Mr. Stevens.—Amends Sec. 116 by adding: "No trout of any kind, including salmon trout, caught in any of the inland waters of this State, except in the counties of Kings, Queens and Suffolk, shall be purchased, sold or offered for sale within this State."
- No. 327. By Mr. Snyder.—Amends Sec. 104 by adding: "But nothing in this act shall prevent fish of all kinds from being caught through the ice with hooks and lines, in lakes Waureta and Ganoga, formerly known as "Little" and "Mud" lakes, in the town of Tyrone, in Schuyler county, up to and including February tenth of every year; nor the taking and catching in said lakes of the following named fish, with spear, to wit: Striped or Oswego bass, bullheads, eels, suckers and perch."
- No. 328. By Mr. Thornton.—Amends Sec. 49 by substituting "hares and rabbits" for "rabbits," and forbidding possession in close season.
- Amends Sec. 70 by substituting "first day of May" for "first day of March" as close of open season. Repeals permission to use floating devices on the Hudson south of Iona Island.
- Amends Sec. 105 by substituting "first day of April" in place of "fifteenth day of April" as opening of trout season; and omits exception as to Spring Brook Creek.]

Amends Sec. 136 by substituting in place of "Honk Falls" "the dam at Eddyville."

No. 331. By Mr. Gray.—Amends Sec. 149 by adding Tioga, Dutchess, Columbia, Madison and Washington counties to those in which ice-fishing is allowed in waters not inhabited by trout.

No. 375. By Mr. Glenn.—Amends Sec. 136 relative to fishing in Hudson and Delaware rivers. Amends Sec. 140 by omitting the clause which now permits use of nets in the Seneca River.

No. 391. By Mr. Horton.—Amends Sec. 149 so as to permit ice-fishing also "in the waters in the northern part of Wayne county, contiguous to, and which empty into Lake Ontario."

No. 394. By Mr. Nixon.—To amend Sec. 132 by repealing present exemption of Lake Ontario waters in Jefferson county.

No. 389. By Mr. Rider.—To amend Sec. 141 by adding: "But such fishing through the ice shall be permitted in the waters of Otsego Lake and also in the waters of the county of Onondaga, with hook and line in hand, for any fish that inhabit the said waters, and to fish with what is known and commonly called tipdowns, for pickerel."

No. 468. By Mr. Thornton.—Amends Sec. 149 to read: "Pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish may be fished for through the ice with set lines and tip-downs, in any of the waters of the State not inhabited by trout; and suckers may be caught by means of rake hooks, in any of the waters of the county of Schoharie, etc."

No. 469. By Mr. Thornton.—Amends Sec. 70 by substituting "first day of May" for "first day of March" as opening of wildfowl season.

Amends Sec. 136 by providing: "Between the fifteenth day of March and the fifteenth day of September, sturgeon weighing over 25lbs. may be taken by nets in the Hudson River below Albany."

Amends Sec. 149 by adding county of Greene.

No. 618. By Mr. Higbie.—Adds new Sec. 131. "Salt-water striped bass, blue crabs, and other fish, and also the eight inches in length shall be intentionally taken from any of the waters of this State not possessed; and in case any such fish is taken, the person taking shall immediately place such fish back into the water from which it was taken without necessary injury. A violation of this section is a misdemeanor, etc."

No. 642. By Mr. Gould.—Amends Sec. 149 by omitting Ontario county and adding Dutchess, Ulster, and Schoharie counties, and for the purpose of this act, the Delaware River and the east and west branches thereof shall be deemed waters not inhabited by trout."

Noted by sections the foregoing amendments are as follows: Sec. 26 is amended by bill No. 228. Sec. 30 by No. 228. Sec. 33 by 228. Sec. 47-210. Sec. 49-223, 323. Sec. 52-191. Sec. 70-38, 328, 599. Sec. 102-48. Sec. 103-279. Sec. 104-327. Sec. 105-328. Sec. 115-14. Sec. 116-323. Sec. 132-329, 394. Sec. 136-15, 65, 323, 375, 599. Sec. 140-375. Sec. 141-16, 389. Sec. 149-331, 351, 468, 599, 642. Sec. 194-191. Sec. 202-257. Sec. 244-238.

### THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

The H. H. Kiffe Company moved on Feb. 1, from 473 Broadway to 523 Broadway, New York.

The loss to the Colt Company is between \$80,000 and \$90,000, which is almost wholly covered by insurance. The fire will cause but little delay in the company's business.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Company has issued a neat little 1894 catalog of trade goods, and which may be had for the asking. It includes descriptions of the new Bridgeport cyclometer, as well as tools, oilers, whistles, etc., manufactured by the company.

Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago, have an enormous mail business and are undoubtedly the largest patrons of the post office department in the United States. During the year 1893 they received letters, postals, newspapers, etc., to the amount of 1,417,318 pieces. The largest single day's receipt was 13,208, and the smallest 3,540. The firm mailed during the year over 4,425,000 pieces of mail, on which the postage alone exceeded \$200,000. In addition to this 421,300 packages were shipped by express, and \$88,861 by freight.

Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company, reports business in his line good. He is selling more traps than ever before. He credits the condition of affairs directly to the general dullness of business. Most men have more time to gratify their trap shooting inclinations, and if on salary, their money has a larger purchasing power than ever before. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

### Increased Train Service to Atlantic City.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, beginning Saturday, Feb. 10, an increased train service will be placed in effect to Atlantic City, as follows:

Express trains will leave foot of Market street, Philadelphia, for Atlantic City at 8:50 A. M., 4:10 P. M., and 5:00 P. M. week days, 9:15 A. M. Sundays, and 2:00 P. M. Saturdays only. Returning, leave Atlantic City at 7:35 A. M., 9:00 A. M., and 3:55 P. M. week days; 4:00 P. M. and 8:10 P. M. Sundays. There will be no change in accommodation trains.

Beginning same date, the through New York and Atlantic City Express will be placed in service, to run substantially on the same schedule as last year, leaving New York, week days, at 1:50 P. M., stopping at Newark, Elizabeth, and Trenton, arriving at Atlantic City 5:35 P. M.; returning, leave Atlantic City at 9:00 A. M. week days, arriving New York at 12:43 P. M., stopping at Trenton, Elizabeth, and Newark. The train will be composed of combined car and Pullman buffet parlor car, running through between Jersey City and Atlantic City in each direction.—Adv.

## The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog, and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

- Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
- Feb. 24 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 20.
- March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 21.
- March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y. Entries close Feb. 24.
- March 27-30.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. D. B. Darby, Sec'y.
- April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
- April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
- May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orey, Sec'y.
- May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Chicago entries close to-day, with John L. Lincoln, Room 952, 276 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Mr. E. H. Seehusen showed us last week some very artistic and novel pictures of noted dogs. The dogs are cut—die-sinking fashion—in an oval shaped crystal 1½ in. long and ¾ in. thick. The coloring is then put on at the back of the crystal, and the result is a charming picture, for seen through the thick part of the crystal the rounded contour of the dog appears like a bas-relief and very natural. Mr. Seehusen shows us crystals in which Sir Bedivere, Duke of Hesse and Beaumont, the Gordon, were beautifully executed. Their cost, we are afraid, however, will prevent there being any great demand for them among dogmen.

### SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

#### The All-Age Stake.

THIS stake was handled quite skillfully, with the exception that the judges kept in some dogs from series to series which could profitably and justly have been left out.

This stake was for pointers and setters which had never won a first in an All-Age Stake at a recognized trial. The prizes were \$300 to first, \$200 to second and \$150 to third. There was much interest manifested throughout, and a fine class of dogs competed.

Count Gladstone is now a well known winner. He ran a well-sustained race, the best he has shown in competition, although it still requires a good deal of noise to handle him.

Gleam's Pink made a very close competition for first. He, too, ran a strong race.

Lillian Russell in the last heat did not work up to her best form and Miss Ruby, too, fell off from her best capabilities.

Maj. Murnan lives at Keeling, Tenn., instead of Huling. The following sportsmen were also present, in addition to those named last week: Messrs. Scale, Rogers, King and Person, of Jackson, Tenn.; Mr. Whyte Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.; D. Arnold, Montpelier, Ind., and Clair Foster, Chicago. The stake was drawn as follows:

Whyte Bedford's b. w. & t. dog De Soto (Count Noble—Florence Gladstone), J. A. McCargo, handler, with Jackson Denmark Kennels' b. w. & t. bitch Lillian Russell (Philip Gladstone—Lou G.), Thos. Bond, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, liv. & w. bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinkett II.), C. Tucker, handler, with T. T. Ashford's liv. & w. pointer dog Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. R. Purcell's liv. & w. pointer bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveller—Countess Band), owner, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennels' b. w. & t. dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Bryson & Bedford's b. w. & t. dog Tremont (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown), J. A. McCargo, handler, with Will Wilson's b. w. & t. dog Bombay (Chance—Nettie Bevan), H. S. Bevan, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' b. w. & t. dog Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s o. & w. dog Gleam's Sport (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' o. & w. bitch Hope's Mint (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), D. E. Rose, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. w. & t. dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, o. & w. bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler, with Whyte Bedford's o. & w. bitch Zulu M. (Toledo Blade—Rhett), J. A. McCargo, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b. w. & t. bitch Dot Rogers (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with Avent & Hitchcock's b. w. & t. dog Count Gladstone IV. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), J. M. Avent, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b. w. & t. dog Gleam's Pink (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with J. L. Adams's b. w. & t. dog Cecil H. (Dr. McLin—Cosette), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s lemon belton dog Hope's Direct (Gun—Victoria Laverack), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b. w. & t. dog Blue Ridge Mark (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.), D. E. Rose, handler.

#### WEDNESDAY.

The All-Age Stake was begun at the conclusion of the Derby. The rain fell still harder after the competition began, settling into a steady downpour. Mr. W. E. Wells took Capt. R. P. McCargo's place in the judging, otherwise the judiciary remained the same. Capt. McCargo retired on account of his brother handling in the stake.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND DE SOTO began at 8:55. The heat was all in Lillian's favor. De Soto flushed a bevy and appeared to be a little glad of it. Lill found a bevy and ran up a long score of single bird points which she executed quickly and with precision. Each also got a point on the same bevy, and De Soto got a couple of single bird points and some errors. The heat was far away in favor of Lillian.

The rain was so severe that no further competition was attempted.

#### THURSDAY.

The weather was mild and cloudy with a rainstorm threatening. Near the conclusion of the first heat the rain set in, starting gradually, but increasing steadily. It at last became so violent that work for the day was stopped and the party returned to town in all degrees of wetness, generally more wet.

ANTEVOLO AND KENT ELGIN began at 9:23, at Mr. Bias's place. There was a misunderstanding or something of the sort as to where the start was to be made, Mr. Brumby going to one place and the other judges to another, about three-quarters of a mile apart. This occasioned a vexatious delay and was the cause of some unpleasantness. The heat was begun with the two judges in charge of it, and was run more than half out before the judges were again together. Explanations all around and disclaimers of responsibility seemingly made matters all right again, for it was plain that no one was responsible for the mistake. However, there seemed to be an understanding that the judges would act together thereafter. The heat was all one-sided in Antevolo's favor. She first pointed a bevy and Kent drew in, flushed an out-lying single and the bevy then flushed. Next Antevolo pointed a bevy and Kent backed. Antevolo made a flimsy pretext at retrieving and Kent false pointed twice, pointed a single and retrieved. Antevolo pointed another single and a bevy. About 10 o'clock Kent bolted and was not caught again till near night, when he was seen roaming the fields and was taken in charge.

LADY MARGARET and CHEVALIER began at 10:13, and had run but two minutes when the rain fell so heavily that the dogs were ordered up and a run made for shelter. After lunch the clouds broke away so that there were a few rifts and the rain ceased. The brace was again started and had run four minutes when they were again ordered up. The rain had begun as soon as the dogs started. Before the party could reach shelter the storm began in earnest and a high wind set in. Horses and men all took shelter under a cotton gin. The storm increased in violence and it rained furiously nearly an hour. The bottom of the cotton gin was open on all sides, and the force of the wind carried a spray clear through from side to side part of the time, yet it was a most welcome shelter. When the storm had partly ceased all returned to town, with the consolation that the day might have been worse.

#### FRIDAY.

The weather was clear and cool in the morning, gradually getting warmer. After the morning hours the temperature was comfortably warm. Birds were plentiful. A mild, stiff breeze blew all day. The judges managed the competition much better in every respect, both in respect to picking out a route and following it, and in the competition itself.

CHEVALIER and LADY MARGARET were started at 7:43. Chevalier was the wider and faster ranger, though his point work was faulty in that he required a good deal of coaching. He, however, made a good point on a bevy, after having pointed some outlying birds of a bevy, which Lady flushed. Lady made two points on singles and a flush. Up at 8:11.

TREMONT and BOMBAY started at 8:18. The heat was mixed good and poor, and was, too, a very noisy one. Bombay was the better ranger, while Tremont had greater success in finding. He was heavy in stride and a moderate ranger, rather plodding in his manner. Neither one did



work of a character to be worthy of consideration in further competition. There were five bevises found, of which Bombay had one to his credit, and two single bird points. Each had a false point, and Tremont made some flushes in the beginning of the heat. Up at 8:58.

DICK FOX AND GLEAM'S SPORT were started at 9:01. Sport ranged wide and fast for the first third of the heat, after which he fell off somewhat, and Dick was ranging quite as wide or wider. Dick pointed and was backed. Both roamed and pointed alternately. They seemed to lose the trail, but about 100yds. from where the first point was made Dick made a point on a bevy, held it a short time, then abandoned it. Sport coming up, pointed the bevy from the same place that Dick had pointed. On the scattered birds both did somewhat, clean point work, Dick getting two and Sport four, all on singles. The heat ended at 10. Sport had a decided advantage over his competitor.

HOPE'S MINT AND EUGENE T. started at 10:05. Eugene was soon lost, and after quite a long search he was found dropped in sedge grass pointing a bevy. At the same time Mint, 150yds. away, in woods pointed a single. Sent on, they were soon both lost. They were found dropped in sedge near where the spectators flushed a bevy. From the irregularity of the heat, pace and range were difficult to estimate.

MISS RUBY AND ZULU M. began a one sided heat at 10:58. Zulu found and pointed a bevy and followed up with two false points. Miss pointed two bevises nicely, which she found. Miss made a couple of points on scattered birds and Zulu made a false point. Up at 11:42. Miss Ruby was far more skillful in point work and was superior in bird sense.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND DOT ROGERS started at 12:49, after lunch. Count ran what was the best heat he ever ran in a field trial. He ranged wide and took notice of the gun in his estimates, though he was rather hard to handle. He first dropped to a point on a bevy in sedge. Next he false pointed. Dot made a good point on a single bird. Count about ten feet away was dropped and pointed in the opposite direction. Nothing found to his point. Count next pointed a bevy and scored a retrieve. It was said that Dot flushed a bevy, but your reporter did not see it. Up at 1:33 with the heat entirely in Count's favor.

GLEAM'S PINK AND CECIL H. began 1:37. Pink pointed a bevy well. Cecil at the same time about 60yds. away pointed and nothing was found to it. Cecil pointed a bird and Pink next made a point which proved empty. Both roamed on a bevy, which was flushed by the horses. Cecil pointed two bevises and a single, Pink two singles and a false point. Up at 2:21. Both were industrious but moderate workers.

HOPE'S DIRECT AND BLUE RIDGE commenced at 2:23. The heat was rather commonplace. Neither took advantage of the opportunities offered. Up at 3:07. Direct found and pointed two bevises and pointed two singles. Mark made two points on singles, a flush, and a find and point on a bevy.

The judges took twelve into the second series, four more than were reasonably worthy of consideration under a liberal estimate.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND ANTEVOLO were cast off at 3:28. Lillian found a bevy and pointed it well. It flushed wild. On the scattered birds, she made three good points on single birds. In the meantime Antevolo bolted, and after some delay was caught about a half mile away and brought back, but her chances were destroyed by the act. Lill made two more points, Antevolo one good one and two which proved barren. Up at 4. Lillian was superior in every respect.

CHEVALIER AND TREMONT were cast off at 4:05. Tremont pointed two bevises and some scattered birds, Chevalier one bevy. Chevalier was the wider and faster ranger, but he lacked judgment and was faulty in his bird work.

BOBBY AND MISS RUBY started at 4:40. Miss located a bevy nicely after Bombay had run close by or through it. Miss pointed two singles and another bevy and retrieved. Up at 5:01. Miss was the better in all particulars.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND DICK FOX were cast off at 5:07 and ran about 25 minutes. Dick roamed to a point on a bevy. Count made a false point. The brace was ordered up to be put down again in the morning, and the day's work then ended.

#### SATURDAY

The weather was mild, clear and pleasant. A gentle breeze favored the work. There was some good work done and the competition was conducted quite skillfully, although too many dogs were kept in from one series to the next. This stake throughout was much better contested than the Derby. The start was made near Mr. Bias's place. Birds were in sufficient numbers.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND DICK FOX started at 7:19. The former still held his good form. He took a long cast and pointed a bevy in sedge. Dick caught scent and drew to a point on the same bevy. Dick got two single bird points and each got a point on scattered birds in woods. Count made a good point on a single and retrieved. It was said that he flushed once or twice in woods. Up at 9:50. Count was the wider and faster ranger.

GLEAM'S SPORT AND EUGENE T. began at 9:58. Sport was first to make game. He dropped to a point and was backed. He moved on, roaming, and the bevy flushed wild. Sport next got a point on two birds and retrieved. Another bevy about 100yds. away flushed wild. Eugene pointed a bevy and Sport backed. Sport pointed a single all right but his handler failed to flush it. It was flushed after the dog was ordered on. Up at 10:53. Sport was the better ranger and remained out as his work the better. Eugene came in betimes for orders.

GLEAM'S PINK AND BLUE RIDGE MARK started at 10:59. Pink pointed a bevy and Mark pointed or backed. Next he pointed a single. Mark pointed, nothing found. Pink next got a point on a bevy and a retrieve. He next got a good point on two birds. Up at 11:37.

The next lot after spotting contained eight, about four more than were necessary. Closer pruning would have helped along the competition without nurturing any false hopes.

The running was suspended while the party partook of lunch at the regular place, Mr. Bias's, and as it was the last day there were extra efforts made to regale the sportsmen.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND LILLIAN RUSSELL were started at 12:45. Lillian soon made game, but not having the wind right she was puzzled a bit to locate, she finally located and pointed the bevy. Count coming in got the wind better and pointed the same bevy independently. Sent on, he found and pointed another bevy well. Next Count pointed the scattered birds. On scattered birds neither took advantage of the opportunities. Lillian did some awkward work and flushed two or three times. She did not range so well as at first. Up at 1:26 with the heat in Count's favor.

GLEAM'S PINK AND MISS RUBY started at 1:30. There were signs which indicated that Miss in woods flushed a bevy. Each made a flush. Each made a point on a single. Up at 1:56. Gleam's Pink had the advantage in speed and range.

EUGENE T. AND DICK FOX started at 2:02. The heat was very ordinary. Eugene dropped to a point where a single had been seen and was backed. Neither showed merit enough to have a chance to win a place. Up at 2:39.

TREMONT AND GLEAM'S SPORT were started at 2:34. Sport had met with an accident on Friday, injuring his foreleg. It cut down his range very much. Neither had any show in the competition, and Tremont in particular was out of the race. They succeeded in finding a fair number of birds.]

#### Final

COUNT GLADSTONE AND GLEAM'S PINK began the final heat at 3:36 and ended it at 3:30. Count pointed a bevy and each

got a good point on a single. Both had run a strong competition from start to finish.

First, Count Gladstone; second, Gleam's Pink; third, Miss Ruby and Lillian Russell.

The heavy rains had swollen the streams a great deal about New Albany, Miss. On Monday, on the return trip to town from the trials, Mr. A. P. Gilliam took a road which crosses a creek near town. The water was high and threatening, but he drove on to cross it. The water reached high enough to float the dog crate and the dogs in it out of the wagon and some yards down stream before Mr. Gilliam succeeded in rescuing the dogs from their perilous situation.

Mr. C. W. Tway has suffered from a severe illness at Lamar, Miss., where he is located with a large string of dogs. He was in attendance at the trials, though looking thin and still somewhat weak. Had his health been good, he would have run some dogs.

B. WATERS.

#### Type of Russian Wolfhounds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the letter which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM two weeks ago on the subject of the "Type of Russian Wolfhound," and though Mr. Hanks did me the honor of writing two personal letters asking me to express my views on the subject in question I felt compelled to decline complying with his request. I have three reasons for doing so.

Some months ago an article by Mr. Innis appeared in one of the papers regarding Mr. Hanks's dogs wherein it was stated that he was afraid to turn his back on his own dogs when in their kennels. I called his attention to this article and stated that I considered, if the statement was false, he should deny it. He gave his reasons for not doing so. Irreparable damage has been done the breed through this statement, which, while it may apply and be true so far as his dogs are concerned, certainly is not true of any of the dogs in the Marlboro Kennels or of any of the full bred pedigreed dogs that have been exhibited in England. While the false impression exists that these are ferocious animals, the question of "type" is of no earthly importance, for no one with a grain of common sense wishes to own or perpetuate a breed of dogs which is not only ferocious but unreliable, and this is the impression which Mr. Hanks has allowed the public to have of his dogs. Until this statement is either confirmed or refuted by Mr. Hanks I am unwilling to discuss the "type" or merits of this breed.

My second reason is that I do not consider the very eve of a great show like the Westminster Kennel Club's the proper time to discuss any weighty subject of "type," but as soon as the shows are over I shall be pleased to discuss with Mr. Hanks or anybody else, breed, "type" or anything tending to the improvement of the Russian wolfhound, provided he refutes the unjust aspersions on the temper of the breed that he has been made sponsor for.

My third reason is that I consider the question of "type" settled in this country. We have here the progeny of champion Krlitt, who is without question the greatest wolfhound living, having won everything in England, and against Russia's best dogs. We also have in this country a stud dog who has won the grand medal at Moscow, and who transmits to his progeny his characteristics, which show his perfect breeding. The fact that the above stock is in this country no doubt accounts for Mr. Hanks having given away the stud services of his dogs for nothing, whereas other kennels ask \$50 and get it, too. When we have stock in this country that has won everything in England, I see but little use discussing the question of "type," especially when other specimens exist here which have no record either in Russia or England.

To gentlemen who breed dogs and not pedigrees, the statement that "Prince This" or "Duke That" breeds such and such type (my type) means absolutely nothing.

The fact that a man has a handle to his name does not make him a successful breeder. Let us import and have fewer dogs bred by the nobility and more bred by intelligent fanciers, and the question of "type," amiability and temper will not have to be discussed in our papers.

H. W. HUNTINGTON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 10.

#### English Foxhounds at New York Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have received your favor asking for a report on the exhibit of English foxhounds at the New York show, and appreciating the importance, to you, of getting in all such "copy" as early as possible, I send in my report as judge of English foxhounds at the coming show, and trust it may be of use to you.

Although I expected that the collection of animals I was called upon to either immortalize or doom to everlasting oblivion would be select and of the rarest recognized type, I was astonished both at the rarity and absolute faultlessness of the exhibit.

Never in my long and uneventful judicial career have I been so hopelessly at fault in the selection of the proper recipient of the blue ribbon, so that my awards would meet with the universal approbation they have never failed in creating heretofore.

You know, I hold, with "Stonehenge," that to judge by "rule of thumb" is injudicious and misleading, being calculated to deceive even the most unbiased minds by the natural tendency to overvalue condition, style and peculiarities of type, and to overlook the more really essential characteristics of shape.

This is especially the case after luncheon, and sometimes even before that (in these hard times) uncertain meal.

I prefer, therefore, to judge by "points."

There are cases, however, when it becomes necessary, in order to arrive at any conclusion at all, to reverse the order of things and score on the absence of "points," and then I rise to the emergency, as in this instance.

With regard to the photograph you ask for. I regret that my contract with the firm of photographers that has copyrighted my pictures prevents my giving them away.

In all other respects I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

GARDEN CITY, L. I., Feb. 12.

A. BELMONT PURDY.

[No English foxhounds were "entered" at New York show.]

#### Brampton Beauty.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to thank Mr. Bunn through your paper for referring to the two very remarkable wins made by Mr. Higgs's mastiff bitch Brampton Beauty when 7 and 10 months old, which I did not know of before. The first was at Crystal Palace, at that time the largest show of England, where she won equal third with Mr. Higgs's grand bitch Lady Cameron in a class of dogs and bitches when only seven months old. The other win he refers to was at Liverpool in the strongest class of bitches of the year, being only beaten by two of the best in England, Coomb Baroness and Lady Florida, when less than 10 months old. I cannot agree with him when he says these wins do not in the least add or detract from the bitch. I think it adds, if possible, to her record. Of course the 20 firsts and specials she won at such shows as Crufts, Crystal Palace, Birmingham, etc., being unbeaten in her classes, give her a fair record without the two which I did not know of.

FAIR HAVEN, VT.

#### As Others See Us.

MR. SAMUEL JAGGER, the owner of the St. Bernard bitch Lady Mignon and dog Concorillor Joe, having returned to England safe and sound, takes occasion, in the *British Fancier*, to give his impressions of some of the St. Bernards and kennels over here. Mr. Jagger did not take back with him a very exalted opinion of our stock, and gives a thrust or two that, while unpalatable, should prove beneficial. While here he saw Messrs. Kelok's and Moore's, Col. Ruppert's and Mrs. Smyth's kennels. Princess Florence he thinks the largest bitch he has seen, and while color, etc., are correct, she lacks quality and her type is wrong, and further doubts if she could walk a mile. Of Marvel he has all manner of nice things to say, though at the same time deprecates his wretched (to him) condition.

He writes very nicely of Mrs. Smyth's dogs, and while admitting Scottish Leader to be a good dog, says he is not a Pilot or a Keeper. (He may not be as far as head goes, but how about body, legs and action?) Col. Ruppert's stock is termed second-rate, although big prices have been paid for the stock he has, averring that "a pen would not have a look in at our leading shows." From his remarks one would surmise that Mr. Moore now keeps his dogs in the fine kennels which Mr. Sears built and formerly owned. Mr. Moore "has some very good smooth-coated St. Bernards, but nothing to come up to our best smooths in England."

He then goes on to express surprise at the large prices that Americans have paid for this imported stock, and thinks that they have purchased not wisely but too well. We are pleased to see a perfectly independent opinion given, which bears out what we have continually contended for, when he says:

A deplorable circumstance also to note is the craze for size. Type, beauty, character are last, and size is the one cardinal virtue with Americans. One would think that this was analogous with the high buildings of America, if one did not know that this fashion had been set in England. A dog of the most intense St. Bernard character, and of the standard height, has very often to take a back seat at our leading shows in favor of an elongated giraffe of any color or markings, providing it is big enough. No wonder, then, that our American cousins should follow suit. Such a fashion cannot continue much longer, unless the original type has to be lost altogether. I think it speaks well for the fancy of America, when they have given such enormous sums for what they thought the best of our animals where-with to stock their kennels. Still, if they mean to develop their particular breed, it will have to be from love and not money. The "almighty dollar" may obtain the best specimens but it does not breed them. They must study the producing power as well as the purchasing power.

He closes his interesting letter by finding some excuse for our breeders on account of the long distances between kennels, the few shows and the lack of a number of competent judges.

#### DOG CHAT.

##### New York Poultry Show.

At the New York Poultry show, held Feb. 8 to 13, we noticed a number of New York "cynoculturists" who seemed to be greatly interested in the feathered fancy. A number of our dog breeders are also devoted to fowl culture, and difficult as breeding to feather seems to be, they succeeded in carrying off a number of the best prizes and specials. Mr. Thos. Terry we saw several times, and Mr. Mortimer spared a few minutes from counting dog show entries and banking checks to see how it was their Langshans, both black and white, won so many prizes. The Hempstead Farm seems to hold things safe in this breed. Another field dogman we saw was Mr. A. R. Sharpe, of Taunton, Mass., who, with his brother, John Sharpe, controls the destinies of the Oakland Farm, Taunton, Mass. Their buff Cochins and Brahmas won any number of prizes, one buff Cochin winning outright the cup for best male or female: another fine bird, winner at the principal English shows, arrived too late for competition. To show the value of some of these birds we may say that Mr. Sharpe refused \$350 for one of their cockerels on Saturday last. Mr. Van Zandt, the Irish and Gordon setter breeder, meandered through the game fowl alleys and pointed out here and there a winner that hails from his yards. Mr. Blunck was another proud man, for his recently imported black and red game cock carried all before it, winning several valuable specials, and a hen he owns too, followed suit. Mr. F. B. Zimmer, owner of the Debonair Beagle Kennels, was a busy man, for on him fell the duty of picking the winners in the game bantam classes, acknowledged to be the hottest competition ever seen in America. Mr. R. P. Keasbey, the spaniel man, took a prize in these breeds too. Among others we saw were Mr. Albion L. Page, who intends to spare a moment or two from his trotters and deerhounds to devote to bronze turkeys, several of which he purchased. A. C. Bradbury, manager of the Maywood Kennels, also had an opportunity to crow over some of his less fortunate competitors, though he says the types are different over here. Mr. C. F. R. Drake also amused himself among the stalls, principally in making remarks derogatory to the cassowaries. Messrs. A. D. Lewis and H. B. Cromwell left the A. K. C. to take care of itself on Saturday afternoon, and "did the chickens" to their hearts' content. Two other Boston "cynos" were Messrs. Ed. Brooks and W. C. Baylis, who carried off a number of prizes. John Read was nearly as busy as at a dog show, for Spratts benched over 2,000 birds and fed over 3,000.

While this department is devoted to the advancement of the dog both in the field and on the bench in a professional sense, the editor bears in mind the fact that there are a number of readers who are dog lovers without being identified with dog shows or field trials. These, although they may not appreciate so keenly the outward and visible form by which "fancy" breeders and exhibitors gauge a dog, look more for the innate qualities which make the dog what he is—man's closest friend in the brute creation. We do not wish this department to be merely a medium to chronicle the professional's side of dogdom, and bearing this in mind we invite amateurs to seek information, and by friendly discussions among themselves on matters of interest to the breed they fancy, be the means of both instructing and interesting the large body of our readers who do not pretend to be all dog-wise. It has been said by amateurs in the fancy that they would often like to write about their dogs but refrain from doing so from fear of being ridiculed or made to "look small" by those would-be know-alls who have in recent years amused themselves and disgusted others by questioning or ridiculing in an offensive way nearly every assertion when made by others than those in their own select circle. That this sort of thing is not allowed in FOREST AND STREAM should be evidence that we invite amateurs as well as the professional element to discuss such subjects as will tend to bring dog lovers closer and increase the knowledge of the ways and habits of their pets. The heading under fixtures will explain concisely our meaning.

##### Philadelphia Show.

Now that St. Louis has dropped out of the circuit, from what we hear, we believe it would be good policy on the part of the Philadelphia Kennel Club to claim the dates left vacant. The dogs could then come on from Chicago and finish the circuit, leaving the week now claimed by the Philadelphians for rest and recuperation needed to tackle Boston April 3 to 6. The whole matter will resolve itself into this question: Is Philadelphia a more important show than Boston? If there is a week to wait over between Chicago



and Philadelphia, many of the dogs will return home for a rest and give the Quaker city the go-by. If the Philadelphia people canvas the opinions of exhibitors at New York this week, they will probably find that this plan will suit the dogmen and a large entry be the result.

We believe that if more Irish setter dogs possessing field working qualities were placed at stud and judiciously mated the Irish setter would soon take a better place in the public field trials.

**Topsy's Rod and Count Gladstone IV. in the Field.**

This week we present another charming field scene from the artist pen of G. Muss-Arnolt. It represents a scene in the Subscription Stake at Eastern field trials last fall, at Newton, N. C. It is drawn from a photograph taken by Mr. Arnolt, but which, unfortunately, did not develop clearly enough to print. The picture is peculiarly appropriate at this time, as it represents the winners of the Derby and All-Age Stakes at the Southern field trials two weeks since.

The Swiss Mountain Kennels have repurchased the St. Bernard King Regent from Dr. L. C. Sauvage, owner of the Seminole Kennels. He throws good pups and has never sired a badly marked one, and that he is well bred all St. Bernardism knows. Mrs. Smythe is getting out a superb catalogue, descriptive of the kennels and the well-known dogs it contains. There are capital half-tones of the five stud cockers, groups of spaniel and St. Bernard puppies, together with pictures of Scottish Leader, Eboracum and King Regent; several brood bitches will also be portrayed. This is such an expensive work that the owner thinks a charge of 25 cents for the catalogue is not too much. It is not stated whether this will be returned in purchases of \$10 or upward.

As stated before, Mr. Booth leaves the Dutchess Kennels after New York show, and, singular to say, he will leave them with more young stock than they have ever succeeded in "hatching out" before at one time. Within the past four weeks Kingstonian Beauty whelped 13, Altonette 12, the first time she has whelped since Col. Rupert purchased her; Vinnie 11 and Bellegarde 5, all by Kingstonian Count. The kennels will be in charge of "Albert" after Mr. Booth's departure. We trust Mr. Booth will not leave the fancy altogether. He has always conducted himself in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, and has thus gained the respect of all who have been brought in contact with him at shows and at home.

The Detroit show committee will make additional classes, as follows: Class 15A, Russian wolfhounds, challenge dogs, prizes \$10; class 15B, bitches, \$10. Class 66, Irish water spaniels, open dogs, prizes \$10 and \$5; class 66½, bitches, prizes \$10 and \$5. Class 102½, Scotch terriers, challenge dogs and bitches, prizes \$10. The above was received too late for insertion in our last issue. The entries close the second day of New York show.

**Toy Spaniel Importations.**

Edwin H. Morris is importing pet dogs in earnest, for in addition to two Blenheim, one Prince Charles and one King Charles that came a month or two since, he has now on the water the celebrated Blenheim Chiselhurst Hero (E. 32,629), by Jolly Country Squire out of Jessie. This dog has won ten prizes at English shows, including firsts under the best judges, and he is the sire of many winners, including Golden Prince, a prize taker at the Toy Spaniel show in London, where he was sold for America. It is expected that Hero will be in time for the New York show. Another Blenheim on the same vessel is Daisy, by Squire, a first prize winner, out of Oldacre's Queen. As she is expected to whelp to a son of champion Excelsior soon after arrival she is not entered for New York.

**Esquimaux at the Show.**

A pleasing innovation at the New York show is the group of Esquimaux dogs, which have all seen service in exploring work in the Far North. They are exhibited by Dr. Cook, who was a member of Lieut. Peary's expedition. He returned to the Arctic regions last summer and brought back the dogs. No less interesting to the "boys" are the two fur-clad Esquimaux who have charge of the dogs and sledges, harness, reindeer-skin sleeping-bags, kayaks, implements of the chase, etc. One of the Esquimaux is a girl of seventeen, Kahlah Katak by name, and the other is Mikok, a boy fifteen years old. A picture of the exhibit will prove an interesting feature of our report next week.

**Chicago Show.**

The Mascoutah Kennel Club makes the following announcements of additional classes: Skye terriers, class 173½, novice dogs and bitches, prize, \$10 and \$15. Chesapeake Bay dogs, class 85½, puppies 6 to 12 months old, dogs and bitches, prize, \$5 and \$3. On account of the large number of classes to be judged by Mr. James Mortimer, the club has decided to relieve him of the Italian greyhound classes, which will be judged by Mr. Roger D. Williams. Arrangements are being perfected

with the customs department, by which dogs from Canada will be allowed to enter in bond, and duty free, except in case of sale, full particulars of which will be announced in our next week's issue.

**That Beagle Challenge.**

We publish in another column a challenge by the Hornell-Harmony Kennels to show five beagles at the Philadelphia show against any other five owned by one kennel, but more particularly those owned by Mr. Dorsey. The challenge is the result of the wording of Mr. Dorsey's advertisement in our business columns, but, in view of Mr. Dorsey's expressions of late, we believe his claim to have the best kennel of beagle stud dogs related more particularly to their ability as

year. This is most unfortunate considering the improvement in dogs that has been steadily going on during the past year or two. The more shows they can hold the better it will be for kennel interests on the Pacific coast. It seems strange that in a city like San Francisco a building cannot be secured sufficiently large to bench two or three hundred dogs. It's an ill wind that blows no good, and Los Angeles and Portland will probably reap the benefit. Mr. H. W. Lacy has been invited to judge at Los Angeles, but has not yet accepted.

**Glenmore Kennels.**

Mr. L. C. Campbell writes us that having purchased several dogs from the Glenmore Kennels when they were owned by Mr. E. B. Bishop, the latter has transferred the right and title to the prefix and kennel name "Glenmore" to him. This transfer has been recorded in the *Kennel Gazette*, and hereafter the Bay View Kennels, of West Berkeley, Cal., will be known as the Glenmore Kennels. The announcement that Mr. Bishop had retired from the fancy was received in California with many regrets. The Irish setter fanciers of California have lost much by his retirement. They knew by past experience that in him they had at least one man they could rely upon. Every dog purchased of him was as good as represented and some better.

Some time since we had a letter asking if eleven pups was not a large litter for a greyhound bitch to bear. This certainly was a large litter, but Mr. James Black, of Sheephead Bay, L. I., wrote us last July that his Grace Briant, by Aberbriant ex Grace Riley, had just whelped thirteen, nine of which were dogs, to his Flash, by Huic Halloo. He then stated that he had been breeding greyhounds since 1868 and never had a bitch that equalled this, excepting one in 1873, that whelped thirteen, seven dogs, to Mr. Fowler's Fandango, who won a sixty-four dog stake at Ashdown Park about that time.

The Columbus show committee have provided two additional classes for Russian wolfhounds. Class 18A challenge dogs and bitches, Class 20A, puppies under 12 months, dogs and bitches. We regret that we did not receive this information before going to press last week, so that we could have drawn attention to the fact that Mr. Mooney, the secretary, would be at New York show to receive entries, which closed Feb. 20.

Our correspondents and especially secretaries of shows and clubs, should bear in mind that as we go to press on Tuesdays now, all communications must be received in this office on Monday to insure insertion. Advertisements should not come in later than Saturday.

Mr. Peck writes us from Akron, O., that the little show held there in December last has stirred up quite an interest in well bred dogs, and he has orders to buy dogs for several good people out there. Thus doth the good work progress.

The judges at New York have a good deal to contend with, but nothing we should say hurts their self respect more, not even an adverse criticism, than a sight of their portraits in some of the daily papers.

We draw the attention of Irish setter breeders to Mr. Blossom's announcement of his dog Bedford at stud in our business columns. This dog should get good field workers, for he is himself a worker, having beaten nineteen other starters at the trials, at Lexington, N. C., in 1892, and among them were the noted Coleraine and Finglas, the latter having won two weeks before the All-Age Absolute in the American field trials.

**Polk Miller.**

Dogmen know Polk Miller in a general way merely through his connection with Sergeant's Dog Remedies, although he is known to his personal friends as a whole-souled, enthusiastic sportsman, and one who can tell you, to a field, where the quail lie in any part of "Old Virginia." The mention of Old Virginia reminds one that among Mr. Miller's accomplishments is his great faculty for imitating in dialogue and recitation the old negro dialect. In this particular forte he stands *facile princeps*, and his repertoire includes both the pathetic and the amusing sides of plantation life, interspersed with negro melodies which never fail to bring a laugh or a tear as occasion demands.

The delegates from the Canadian Kennel Club are all at the show ready to confer with the A. K. C. Their "plank" is reciprocity and an acknowledgment of a standing, equal in a sense to the A. K. C. The plan on which they propose to act is that both clubs shall have their stud books, and that a registration in either should be recognized by the other and Canadian exhibitors not registered in American stud books shall list their dogs and vice versa, for which purpose the Canadians will institute a listing fee of 25 cents. If some such reciprocity treaty is not agreed upon, the chances are that an international club will be formed, the clubs in the West representing this side of the border. We trust that such action will not become necessary.



J. M. AVENT WITH TOPSY'S ROD BACKING COUNT GLADSTONE IV

Subscription Stake, E. F. T., 1893.

field workers and their potency to beget good hunters. A challenge that would result in bringing together the best four beagle sires showing both bench and field qualities, would be more to the point and of more service to the breed. This reminds us that in regard to the Pade disqualification we have been accused both privately and publicly by Mr. Dorsey of taking a one sided view of the case and that against Mr. Dorsey and his dog. It was for the purpose of defending the principle of the thing that we took up the cudgels in defence of the club's action, and although we have received letters privately from members of the Beagle Club indorsing our views, at the same time we should have been better satisfied had the beagle men stated their views publicly. In regard to partiality on our part, for Mr. Dorsey's information we may state that at the meeting in which his dog was disqualified we maintained that the field trial committee, after having measured the dog and allowed him to start, should also allow him to receive any prize he was entitled to, and this view of the case we should have stated at the time of reporting the field trials had not the case been then *sub judice*. Had we been present at the time the dogs were measured, as one of the field trial committee, and an official judge of the club, we should have protested him then and there, but as long as he was allowed to run and was practically indorsed as a true beagle by the judges and the field trial committee present, he was entitled to his prize. This closes the discussion as far as this journal is concerned.

A competition that will prove of great interest to collie fanciers the world over, if it ever takes place, is foreshadowed in a challenge which Mr. W. E. Mason issues on behalf of his collie Southport Perfection, in order to set at rest which really is the best collie now before the English public. At Derby show the renowned Rufford Ormonde was placed ahead of all others for a valuable special, but a week or two following the tables were turned and Southport Perfection gained the verdict. This has given rise to a good deal of collie chatter, and Mr. Mason having faith in his dog offers to show him against any other collie dog, rough or smooth, before a recognized collie judge, in an open field, either on or off the chain. If, as suggested, a sweepstake is made of \$50 a side to include such cracks as Rufford Ormonde, Great Gun and Southport Pilot, the result will be awaited with considerable interest, especially as one of the conditions is that the judge is to publish the reasons for his award.

Not being able to secure the Mechanics' Pavillion, the Pacific Kennel Club is compelled to abandon its show this



## Cruff's 1894 Show.

Mr. Cruff, the "English Barnum," as he is dubbed among the fanciers, has just scored another huge success with his show in Agricultural Hall, London. Fancy an entry twice the size of New York gathering this week and one has some slight conception of the work such a show entails. The entries numbered 3,000 and the quality on the whole was good. No startling debuts were made and lack of space forbids our dipping very largely into any account of the show. The best sections were St. Bernards, Newfoundlanders, Spaniels, fox-terriers, bulldogs, bull-terriers and Skyes. Mr. Stephens, the owner of the Acton Fox-Terrier Kennels, had what is euphoniously termed in this country a "hog killing," winning in all twelve firsts, five seconds and two fourths, the president's cup, the London Fox-Terrier Club's cup, Ally Sloper's cup, the breeders' challenge cup and nine other specials.

The war between the Portland Kennel Club and the Oregon Kennel Club, which threatened at one time to result in a good deal of ill-feeling, we understand has been brought amicably to a close by the amalgamation of the two clubs under the name of the Columbia Kennel Club. The Portland Kennel Club secretary has notified the A. K. C. to that effect and asking that the new club be admitted and acknowledged in place of the old Portland Kennel Club, which was admitted to membership last year. This is a very satisfactory outcome and relieves every one concerned from what promised to be a painful position. Now, the preparations for a good show in May next should receive every encouragement from California and Oregon fanciers. There is a movement on foot to have the Portland people take the dates claimed by Pacific Kennel Club, so that their show will follow soon after Los Angeles, and the same judges officiate at both places.

The idea has been advanced that in view of the great distance from the center of operations, New York, the Pacific Coast clubs and those in the far West, such as Denver, Omaha, etc., should form a club of their own on the principle of the A. K. C., in order to regulate their own affairs and bench shows. A dog out there at present, for instance, has little or no chance of ever becoming a champion under the 500 entry rule. There are many other reasons for such a move.

That energetic and important specialty club, the American Spaniel Club, never does anything by halves. They have engaged Mr. J. Otis Fellows to take charge of the dogs shown at New York belonging to members.

The s.s. Runic, of the White Star Line, which left Liverpool on the 9th and due here Wednesday, Feb. 21, has on board two collie dogs for Mr. J. Keddie, of Kearney, N. J.

## NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

ONCE more the whirl of time has brought us face to face with another W. K. C. dog show. The present one differs little from its immediate predecessors. One sees the same old faces both in dogs and men intermingled with a few novices whose bearing and enthusiasm easily proclaim their novitiate. How they must enjoy it all, though they do cast an anathema now and then when the din becomes louder than usual. New York, however, is fortunate in the latter respect, for the high-domed roof of the Garden absorbs the noise and does not throw it back again upon the tired nerves of the visitors.

Although there are more dogs benched this year than last, never do we remember seeing so much floor space since the new building was put up. The arrangement of benches is greatly altered, and the rings, six in number, form almost a square in the center of the big hall. The toy dogs and those known to women as pets are, as we intimated last week they would be, arranged along the sides of the amphitheater, above the ground floor boxes. Thus there is plenty of room for every one this year, and the ladies can congregate round the cages of their darlings without fear of their toes being trodden on or toilets disarranged. Then in the dining hall the arrangements are better this year and the bar is screened from the un-thirsty who want to eat.

On Monday night a number of veteran fanciers had arrived with their charges. Mr. Winchell was on hand with his B. B. Prince, Mr. Higgs's Brampton Beauty, and the bloodhounds of his own kennel. Dr. Lougest, though he has his well-known team of mastiffs here, was bewailing the fact that the steamship Europe was so tardy, for on board are his noted bloodhound importations. However, he has Belhus with him, and had just purchased from Mr. G. E. Berry his Bradshaw, by Belhus out of Bemison. The St. Bernard folks were very busy on Monday night. We saw Mrs. Lee, from Toledo, with her good dogs Grandmaster and Lady Judith; Mrs. Meacham had Eboracum from the Swiss Mountain Kennels, but Scottish Leader is not entered. "Arthur" comes all the way from Little Rock, Ark., and has Sir Bedivere, Rustic Beauty, etc., entered. The rough dog open class has about forty entries, and will be a hard one to judge. A number of new faces are to be seen on these benches, but we fail to find much advance in quality or any embryo cracks.

The wolfhounds make a handsome showing, and there is much fear and trembling as to how the judge will judge, and which type will get there. Mr. Lawrence brought his great Danes on early from Columbus, O., and makes a very sorry showing. Mr. John E. Thayer is here to see his deerhounds scoop up the prizes; all but four entries belong to him. There are five challenge dogs in greyhounds and the open classes promise some very interesting and open competition, though we see no great improvement in quality.

Pointers are probably the hottest lot yet seen, the light weights being particularly strong in quality. Mr. Davey landed with Lady Gay Spanker, Josie Brackett and others known to fame; Rinada Kennels was very busy showing off some home bred ones and Billy had the Springside team looking very fit to the joy of the Lewis brothers. Hempstead Farm was busy too, and will show some good old stand-bys, though the field trials will interfere with some of their younger entries. English setters have nothing that will create a furore, though the classes are well filled. Irish setter dogs show a challenge class of nine and some fair youngsters are coming out.

Collies are very strong and Mr. Jarrett has Christopher looking tip top and a new bitch that looks a replica of Roslyn Dolly; the Hempstead Farm Kennels show up well, and our old beagle friend, Monsieur Phœbus seemed to have had a say in their condition, and some new faces will speak for themselves. Bob Armstrong, with the Cragstone Kennels was not in any hurry to bench, and so we did not see his crack team. Gordon setters make a capital appearance, and competition is keen. One need not envy the spaniel judge, for his task is no insecure though there is no great advance in quality. Messrs. Hunnewell and H. G. Trevor, champions of the brown and black poodles respectively, make a grand exhibit and better than ever seen in New York, though we should like to see a few more corded ones, Lion being the only one entered.

Space will not permit us to speak of the grand showing of bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers and the different rough 'uns. Mr. H. W. Smith was playing a game of "Cribbage" and looked confident, while Messrs. E. & H. Brooks wore that serene look of contentment that comes with the knowledge that they have the best there. There is a falling off in some of the toy spaniel classes, notably in the Japs, only five being entered this time, though they are the best we have almost,

but we miss Mrs. Clarke's beautiful cages and pretty dogs. Mrs. F. Senn, Mrs. Crawford and Miss Lacy furnish the entries. Prof. Hampton will furnish the evening exercises, the judges will be the cause of the others. The catalogue is well arranged and an innovation that is particularly happy is an asterisk after the name of an owner who is also a member of the specialty club devoted to the breed which he exhibits. Judges and others will appreciate this great help in making their special awards.

The entries in the catalogue number 1,344, numbers being duplicated as follows: Mastiffs 1, St. Bernards 20, wolfhounds 1, greyhounds 8, foxhounds 4, pointers 30, English setters 13, Irish setters 8, Gordon setters 6, collies 28, cockers 12, poodles 4, bulldogs 7, bull-terriers 10, dachshunds 2, beagles 6, fox-terriers (smooth) 15, wire-hair 9, Irish terriers 6, Scotch terriers 1.

Judging commenced promptly on Tuesday, and as we go to press an hour or two later, we are unable for the first time in many years, to publish the list of awards the same week. Our report next week will be very complete and valuable, as in the majority of the breeds the judges have consented to write for FOREST AND STREAM the reasons for their awards. Already the experienced management shows that the veterans, James Mortimer and John Read, are at the helm, and Messrs. Cromwell and Terry are busy on a sort of all-round reception and executive committee. The weather is fine and the show promises to be a success. H. W. L.

## UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS.

Trials B of the United States Field Trials Club were run at Grand Junction, Tenn., beginning on Feb. 12. The competition dragged somewhat owing to obstructive delays caused by bad weather. These were the third annual trials.

The judges were Messrs. Royal Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind., J. A. Balmer, Vincennes, Ind., and W. W. Titus, Waverly Miss. They were painstaking and skillful, and managed the competition quite satisfactory. Much of the grounds was not favorable for new competition. They were cut up badly in places with gullies and washouts, some side-hills being so seamed as to be useless for field trials. The cover, too, was thin and light. In short, in the large area of ground used, but a small ratio was available for trial purposes. There were many sportsmen in attendance, particularly in the first days. Amongst those in attendance were Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., W. C. Foster, L. A. Rice, Chicago, P. H. Bryson, Memphis, J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, Ind., C. W. Tway, Irwin, O., W. J. Speares, Byhalia, Miss., C. A. Draper and H. C. Hatcher, Toledo, O., Dr. J. N. Maclin, Mason, Tenn., Edgar Huidecoper, Meadville, Pa., Geo. W. Powell, St. Louis, Mo., W. A. Beabrook, Chicago, J. N. Seale, Jackson, Tenn., and many others. On Tuesday, there were between sixty and seventy horsemen following the trials.

The grounds used were those which are historic in field trial annals. Each hill and dale brought up reminiscences of where one dog made a famous point, where another was beaten, or where an important stake was decided. The famous Lit-Grouse dale race was run on them. In the earlier day of trials, those of the National Club were run in December, when the cover was better than it was later in the winter. Pasture, cultivation and a poor soil results in thin vegetation in February on those grounds. Withal, the grounds evoked many objections. The hotel accommodations were insufficient, most of it being of the sixteenth class with collateral makeshifts several classes lower. The food was uniform in grade and consistency, from meal to meal. The bill was prompt and faultlessly perfect. The strongest objections, however, were made against the grounds being situated so near Hickory Valley. As to whether the objections are sound or not, this report does not deal. It relates to the mere matter of fact. The grounds themselves are hardly fitted for a late winter trial. The grass is too thin both from a scanty growth and from pasturing it. Large areas are washed and cut up with gullies, and deep gullies obstructed the course at frequent intervals. Birds were found in ample numbers. Mr. J. M. Aven furnished a large number of excellent horses, and was a most efficient guide over the grounds, he being perfectly acquainted with them and the best routes for competition. Wire fences obstructed the course at times, and the most strenuous objections were raised against riding on any ground which was under cultivation. As a whole, the experience at Grand Junction was most unsatisfactory, considering it as a field trial ground, or a place wherein a man would flourish in the absence of every-day comforts. As this is probably the last field trials which will be held there, further comment is unnecessary.

## The Pointer Derby.

## MONDAY.

The night of Sunday was rainy, the storm lasting into the forenoon. The weather gradually turned colder and was near the freezing point in the morning, while a strong wind blew steadily from the northwest. The grounds were wet and soft. Birds were found in fairly good numbers and, notwithstanding what were apparently unfavorable conditions, the scent was good. Owing to the unfavorable character of the ground on this day, the heats were run under greatly different conditions, some through sections of grounds washed out and seamed with gullies and containing thin, patchy, and insufficient cover, while others were run in fairly good going and cover, while others again were largely in cover. The drawing took place on Monday morning. There were ten starters, namely:

E. M. Beale's b. w. & t. bitch Alice Leslie (King of Kent—Belle Randolph), S. J. McCarty, handler, with T. H. Gibb's liv. & w. dog, Lad's Rush (Rush of Lad—Devonshire Belle of the Ball), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

B. M. Stephenson's liv. & w. dog Flying Jib (Tribulation—Lalia), owner handler, with Hempstead Farm Kennels' liv. & w. dog Hempstead Drake (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), A. Cameron, handler.

W. B. Stafford's liv. & w. dog Kent H. (King of Kent—Duchess), owner, handler, with E. O. Damon's liv. & w. dog Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

G. R. Howse's liv. & w. dog Lula K. (Ossian—Pearl's Pride), owner, handler, with D. P. Ritchey's liv. & w. dog Don (Trinket's Coin—Molton Patti), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liv. & w. dog Hempstead Beau (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), A. Cameron, handler, with L. W. Blankenbaker's blk. & w. bitch Fly B. (Buck—Jilt II.), owner handler.

This stake was for pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892. First \$250, second \$200, third \$150.

The competition was but moderately good, even considering the disadvantages of the grounds.

Strideaway, winner of first, was not running up to his best form. Don, winner of second, showed good, honest work on birds; he needed more range and speed. Hempstead Beau made an average exhibition.

ALICE LESLIE AND LAD'S RUSH began at 12:46. They ran 33m. Rush was easily the better performer of the two. Alice made a point on a bevy, left the point and went on; she came back and pointed. The birds were flushed and she showed timidity when the gun was discharged, although there was only powder enough to make a very slight report. She next flushed a single in the woods. Lad pointed, probably on footscent. The heat was ordinary.

FLYING JIB AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE began at 1:24. Duke made a point and a bevy was flushed 20 or 30yds. behind him. He pointed a single and made two flushes. Jib pointed a bevy well and was steady to shot. The heat was run over very difficult grounds, and it was unfavorable for a display of speed or range. Up at 1:53.

KENT H. AND STRIDEAWAY started at 1:58. Strideaway pointed a bevy. Kent flushed a single bird of it and the remainder flushed wild. Kent drew to a flush on a bevy in woods. Strideaway pointed a bevy in open sedge and next got a point on a single. Up at 2:31. Strideaway had some advantage in range, such range at least as the grounds admitted of. The heat was not remarkable for good work.

LULA K. AND DON started at 2:40. Don had the advantage in range and speed, and was an honest worker on his birds. Lula pointed a bevy in a plum thicket and Don backed. Don pointed some scattered birds. Lula backed, broke it and flushed the birds. Don made a flush on some birds. Up at 3:13.

HEMPSTEAD BEAU AND FLY B. began at 3:15. Beau made a good point on a bevy on bare ground. Fly backed, but caught scent and pointed. Fly made a point on a single and another at the moment the bird flushed. To another point she made there was nothing. Beau made a point on a single on the trail of which Fly made a point. Up at 3:46, and the work for the day ended.

In the evening the judges announced that Strideaway, Don, Lad's Rush and Hempstead Beau would run in the second series.

## TUESDAY.

A sharper cold had set in during the night and the ground was frozen lightly in the morning. Clouds covered the sky, and the prospect was not agreeable in respect to weather conditions. The temperature gradually grew warmer. The mid-day hours were pleasant and temperature comfortable. The grounds used after the Pointer Derby ended were the old field trial grounds of the National Club in past years prior to 1887. Birds were found in numbers sufficient to afford a good competition. All the condition were far more favorable than those of yesterday.

STRIDEAWAY AND DON began at 9:18 about two miles from Hickory Valley. Don caught scent, made a point, then drew off to the left to locate. Strideaway coming in further ahead and across, pointed the bevy. When the gun was fired Strideaway was steady to caution. On scattered birds the work of Strideaway was a bit ragged. He made two points on them, one on a bevy and he made two flushes. Don made four points on scattered birds and one on a bevy. His work on birds was the cleaner, and while it was not so dashing as that of his competitor, it was more accurate. Strideaway was much the wider in range and the better in speed. Up at 10:04.

LAD'S RUSH AND HEMPSTEAD BEAU began at 10:09. Lad pointed to his flush of a bevy. Beau pointed a bevy in a hollow in woods. He next flushed a bird up wind. Rush flushed a bird, pointed one, and Beau made a point on a bevy and a single. Up at 11:00 with the heat in Beau's favor.

The judges then consulted and soon announced their decision: First, Strideaway; second, Don; third, Hempstead Beau.

The competition in this stake was not of the first class, though some of the dogs made quite a good showing.

## The Setter Derby.

There were sixteen starters in this stake. Some of the work, particularly in first series, was quite good. The dogs were drawn to run in the following order:

Chas. P. Stokes's b. w. & t. bitch Allene (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. & w. bitch Ightfield Rosalie (Fred—Ross), C. Tucker, handler.

Chas. P. Stokes's b. w. & t. bitch Bessie Shoupe (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler, with Aven & Thayer's b. w. & t. dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Aven), J. M. Aven, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b. w. & t. bitch Callie White (Gath's Mark—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. w. & t. bitch Antoinette (Antonio—Daisy Hunter), C. Tucker, handler.

F. E. White's Irish setter bitch Maid (Duke Elcho—Aurore), J. Mayfield, handler, with Chas. F. Field's b. w. & t. bitch Misty Morning (Antonio—Field's Cosette), H. M. Short, handler.

Chas. F. Field's b. w. & t. dog Markell (Antonio—Field's Cosette), H. M. Short, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, o. & w. bitch Beryl (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' b. w. & t. dog Blue Ridge Mark (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.), D. E. Rose, handler, with John A. Gude's (agt.) b. w. & t. dog San Antonio (Antonio—Nellie Hope), J. Mayfield, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's b. w. & t. bitch Topaz (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), J. M. Aven, handler, with Bevan & Moss's b. w. & t. bitch Dame Durden (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), H. S. Bevan, handler.

Aven & Thayer's b. w. & t. dog Thalia (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Aven), J. M. Aven, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. w. & t. bitch Leona (Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie), C. Tucker, handler.

The prizes and conditions are the same as in the pointer Derby.

ALLENE AND IIGHTFIELD ROSALIE began at 11:14. The first piece of work was quite spectacular, Rosalie pointing prettily and Allene, standing in open sedge on a side hill, backing stylishly fully 50yds. away. Both ranged wide and fast, covering nearly the same quantity of ground, although Allene was somewhat the better. The latter made a point; nothing found. Up at 11:45.

Lunch was eaten in the open woods, the hotels sending out a lunch to their guests.

After lunch the heat was resumed. Time, 1:12. Allene found and pointed a bevy and Rosalie backed well. On scattered birds, Allene pointed, Rose failed to flush. Allene ordered to go on roaded them to a flush. Sent on he made two more good sharp points on single birds in dry leaves and Rosalie one. Allene was sharper and quicker in her work on scattered birds. Up at 1:31.

TOPSY'S ROD AND BESSIE SHOUP began at 1:28. They ran an excellent heat. Rod pointed a bevy and Bessie backed well. The bevy was followed. Bessie pointed it. Next, each got a joint point on scattered birds. Bessie got two more points on singles and Rod one. Up at 1:45. Their work on birds was clean and good and nearly equal. Rod had the wider range.

CALLIE WHITE AND ANTOINETTE ran a patchy heat. Antoinette pointed on the footscent of a bevy. Callie refused to back, drew in ahead, pointed, then went in and flushed. Next callie made a good point on a bevy. Antoinette made a point to which nothing was found, Callie backing promptly and prettily this time. She next made a barren point. Antoinette roaded to a flush on a bevy. In scrub oaks Antoinette made a good point on two birds. Next she flushed a bird, and next she pointed a bevy. Callie pointed well on a single. Up at 2:31. Neither beat out the ground with regularity or judgment.

MAID AND MISTY MORNING started at 2:41. Maid flushed several times in succession. Misty pointed a bevy and flushed a single, and it was said that she flushed a bevy in the early part of the heat. Their range was common place. Up at 3:08.

BERYL AND BERYL began at 3:15. Beryl made a point at the moment the bird flushed. Next she dropped to a point on a single. They were taken to new and better ground, fourteen minutes being thus occupied. They were ordered up at 4:10 without any further finding. Neither ranged more than middling.

BLUE RIDGE MARK AND SAN ANTONIO were cast off 4:18. San flushed an outlying bird of a bevy, and Mark in woods flushed a bird excusably. Mark made a point in woods; nothing found. A long search was without any find,



Up at 5:00. Though the dogs worked diligently they could not succeed in finding. Mark was the better ranger. This heat ended the day's work.

WEDNESDAY.

The weather was raw and cloudy. Snow squalls set in soon after the competition began, settling at last into a steady snow fall, which at last, after lunch, became so heavy that the competition was suspended and the party returned to town. The work was good considering the unfavorable conditions.

DAME DURDEN AND TOPAZ were cast off at 8:42. Topaz pointed a bevy and got another point on the scattered birds. Dame then began to score, she finding and pointing two beves and making three points on singles. Up at 9:10, with the heat in Dame's favor.

Beryl and Markell and Blue Ridge Mark and San Antonio were given another short trial without materially adding anything to their chances of a place in the competition.

LEONA AND THALIA were started at 9:56. Both ranged well, yet their work on birds were ordinary. Leona pointed rabbits and Thalia had a difficulty with a tame goose which was much to the bodily discomfort and peace of mind of the latter. Thalia next pointed a bevy quite nicely. Leona pointed to a flush of a single bird. Next she made a good point. The heat was an ordinary one.

Six were kept in the next series.

TOPSY'S ROD AND ALLENE were cast off at 10:59. Rod never ran better. He was more in his form of last fall than he has been since. He first pointed on the trail of a bevy, Allene backing. He moved on, and in locating he outclassed Allene in quickness and sharpness. On scattered birds he made four points in woods, also one point which had nothing to it, and he made one flush. Next he pointed a bevy, Allene backed. The heat ended at 11:22 with everything in Rod's favor.

DAME DURDEN AND BESSIE SHOUBE started at 11:26. Bessie pointed a bevy in a slack manner, she wiggling her tail while pointing. Next she got a point on a single in woods. Dame pointed a bevy in the open sedge and was backed. Up at 11:43. Bessie was the wider ranger in this heat. Neither worked up to the grade of their previous performances.

IGHTFIELD ROSALIE AND TOPAZ were started at 11:54. Rosalie flushed two birds of an outlying bevy, then pointed it. Sent on, she found and pointed another bevy. Her range was narrow, with a cast out now and then, but she was decidedly the superior in bird work. Up at 12:23.

Lunch was eaten in the woods in a snow storm.

ROSALIE AND BESSIE SHOUBE were started off at 1:12, and ran till 1:28. Rosalie pointed and Bessie backed. Nothing found. The snow storm had so thickened that work was suspended and the party went to town. The competition of the stake, however, was over.

The judges announced the winners soon after the return to town.

Topsy's Rod first; Allene second; third was divided between Ightfield Rosalie and Bessie Shoupe.

The All-Aged Pointer Stake.

There were eleven starters in this stake, as follows:

T. H. Gibb's b. & w. dog Lad's Rush (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Belle of the Ball), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler, with John E. Gill's l. & w. bitch Kent's Maid (King of Kent—Galena), Ed. Garr, handler.

T. T. Ashford's blk. & w. Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), J. M. Arent, handler, with Hempstead Farm's l. & w. dog Hempstead Duke (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow), A. Cameron, handler.

N. T. Harris's l. & w. Rod's Graphic (Lord Graphic—Winning Ways), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler, with E. O. Damon's l. & w. dog Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler.



OVERWEIGHT.

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' lem. & w. dog Lehman (Gordon—Faun), T. Bond, handler, with Hempstead Farm's b. & w. dog Sandford Druid (Econ Don—Sandford Quince), A. Cameron, handler.

Major J. R. Purcell's b. & w. bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang), owner, handler, with R. L. Shannon's l. & w. bitch Mame S. (Brown Stout—Pearl's Pride), G. R. Howse, handler.

G. W. Amory's blk. & w. dog Mainstay (Mainspring—Barmad), a bye, T. W. Poindexter, handler.

This stake was for pointers which had never been first in an All-Aged Stake in any recognized field trial in America. The prizes were \$200 to first, \$175 to second and \$125 to third.

THURSDAY.

The morning was so unfavorable for the competition that a start was not made till afternoon. A light fall of snow covered the ground and the weather was cold and uncomfortable. A start was made after lunch. A cold, stiff, disagreeable wind blew from the northwest steadily during the afternoon. While the conditions seemed most unfavorable for clean work, they proved the contrary. Birds were found in sufficient numbers and were not wild as they commonly are after a sudden and severe change of weather.

LAD'S RUSH AND KENT'S MAID started at 1:18. Maid pointed a bevy in the open. On the scattered birds, Lad pointed a bird and Maid flushed some of the scattered birds. Lad pointed a bird in woods and was well backed. Maid roared to a point on a single, locating it nicely. Lad going

down wind flushed an outlying bird of a bevy. Moving on down wind he turned to a point on the rest of the birds and they flushed wild. Neither showed much range and they potted sometimes. Up at 1:47.

KENT ELGIN AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE were cast off at 1:55. Duke pointed in sedge grass and Kent coming in from another direction pointed independently. In locating to a find, Kent proved the better. He next pointed a single well. Going down wind, he flushed the rest of the bevy excusably. Duke had an opportunity to point it but did not do so. Kea made two points on singles. Both next pointed on foot scent apparently. Both ranged wide and fast, beating out a great deal of ground. Kent showing the best judgment and point work. Up at 2:23.

ROD'S GRAPHIC AND STRIDEAWAY began at 2:26. Graphic flushed a single and the rest of the bevy flushed wild. Strideaway pointed a bevy at the edge of woods. Graphic next pointed a single. Up at 3:01. Strideaway was the better, though the heat was but little above the ordinary. Each backed promptly and well.

LEHMAN AND SANFORD DRUID began at 3:04. Lehman found and pointed a bevy and was backed. Each got a point on scattered birds and each also got a point separately



PAPA WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW.

on single birds. Druid ran without much style and was irregular in range. Lehman had the better of the heat. Up at 3:36.

MAME S. AND LADY MARGARET began at 3:48. Lady found and pointed a bevy nicely on a side hill in sedge. Mame made a couple of false points, Lady flushed one bird and pointed another, and Mame got a point on a single and one on a bevy. She ranged poorly and came back frequently from her range, which was not wide. The heat lasted 30m.

MAINSTAY had a bye and ran 30m., beginning at 4:15. No birds found. Range ordinary.

Six were kept in the next series.

FRIDAY.

The atmosphere had a bracing coolness in the morning, gradually growing warmer. The frozen ground was soon changed to mud by the warmth. Birds were found sufficiently numerous for field trial competition. The work of the day, save in a few heats, was commonplace.

LAD'S RUSH AND LADY MARGARET were cast off at 9:19. Lad pointed a bevy in the open and Lady backed. Each made game, but failed to locate. Lady pointed a bevy well in a plum thicket and was backed, and soon after starting on Lad pointed a bevy in the open and Lady pointed or backed, both dogs being quite close to the bevy. Lad next got a good point on a single bird, after which Lady pointed one well, then moved on to a flush. Lady was the better ranger, while Lad was a bit better in his point work. Up at 9:40.

KENT ELGIN AND STRIDEAWAY began at 9:45. Both ran to a point together by the edge of woods, and soon a bevy flushed some 60yds. away, the dogs pointing on the footscent or the birds running away from the point. Kent made three more good points on singles and one on a bird which he moved too close on and flushed. He also found skillfully and pointed a bevy in a plum thicket. Strideaway made a good point on a single and broke his back once in a deliberate manner. Kent refused once to back. He, however, was far ahead of his competitor and easily the best performer in the stake. Strideaway showed a tendency to wiggle his tail on point and did not go to his birds with his former dash. Kent was the better ranger. Up at 10:10.

HEMPSTEAD DUKE AND LEHMAN commenced at 10:12. Duke pointed a bevy and was backed. In searching for the scattered birds, Duke pointed a rabbit. Sent on, he soon found and pointed a bevy. Lehman ran without any spirit and had but a moderate range. Hempstead Duke made a good competition and could have made a better showing were he not sometimes encouraged to hold his points too long when he had not located precisely.

This concluded the competition in this stake. First Kent Elgin, second Strideaway, third was divided between Hempstead Duke, Lady Margaret and Lad's Rush.

Kent Elgin was easily the best competitor in the stake, and ran in a superior manner, though heat infrequent times was a bit inattentive to the gun. He was skillful in pointing both beves and single birds, and in range and speed he was superior and worked with excellent judgment.

Strideaway was not in his best form, and his work was sometimes marred by mistakes. He was lacking in the bold decisiveness and clear point work which he exhibited in his best competition.

Hempstead Duke ranged wide and fast and displayed earnest attention to bird finding, and he conducted his efforts with judgment. On birds, he was too painstaking, and while not in the least bit timid, he was over careful. Less coaching of him when on birds would be to his gain.

Lady Margaret ran a good race, she showing much skill in working on birds and in locating beves.

Lad's Rush ran a fair though commonplace race.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

The competition in this stake was begun immediately after the All-Age Pointer Stake was concluded. The prizes and conditions were the same as in that stake.

There were sixteen starters, drawn in the following order: Manchester Kennel Co.'s lem. & w. dog Gleam's Sport (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b. w. & t. dog Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' b. w. & t. dog Count Gladstone (Count Noble—Miss Ruby), J. M. Arent, handler, with A. Smithuigh's b. w. & t. dog Spot Cash (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

R. M. Stephenson's blue belton dog Tennessee Rod (Rodrigo—Pet Gladstone), owner, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, o. & w. bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler.

P. T. Madison's b. w. & t. dog Rod Field (Antonio—Nellie

Hope), J. Mayfield, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennels' b. w. & t. dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Arent, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels b. w. & t. dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Arent, handler, with L. A. Rice's b. w. & t. dog Pembroke's Blue Grouse (Pembroke's Son—Sue of Hatchie), owner, handler.

Hempstead Farm's liv. & w. dog Bob Cooper (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.), A. Cameron, handler, with P. Lorillard Jr.'s liv. & w. bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinkett II), C. Tucker, handler.

Pierre Lorillard Jr.'s b. w. & t. dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with B. M. Stephenson's b. w. & t. dog Tennessee Axtel (Rodrigo—Pet Gladstone), owner, handler.

J. M. Freeman's b. w. & t. dog Dan Burgess (Dan Gladstone—Lily Burgess), J. Mayfield, handler, with Jackson Denmark Kennels' b. w. & t. bitch Lillian Russell (Philip Gladstone—Lou G.), T. Bond, handler.

DICK FOX AND GLEAM'S SPORT were called to start. Sport was plainly too ill to start, and on request of his handler the Board of Governors permitted his withdrawal. Dick was run alone, beginning at 10:54. His heat was rather indifferent so far as bird work is concerned, though in speed and range he was quite good. He found and pointed a bevy, dropped to a point on a single and flushed twice. He was run 30 minutes.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND SPOT CASH were cast off at 11:29. Count ranged wide and at high speed. He was lost for a while. When found he was pointing a bevy in open sedge in which he had dropped to his point. He made a good point on a single bird and a point to which there was nothing found. Spot made a good point on a bird. Count was the superior worker in every detail. Up at 11:54, and the party went to lunch.

TENNESSEE ROD AND MISS RUBY started at 12:46. The handlers rode during the heat. Tucker was suffering from symptoms of pneumonia. Miss Ruby beat out her ground with the better judgment, though both ranged wide and covered a lot of ground. Miss Ruby found and pointed a bevy and made one point and one flush on single birds. She also found a bevy which she drew too close to, and as she was about to point the bevy flushed. Rod made four points on singles and a good find and point on a bevy. He stopped to a flush on a single, and another bird was flushed ahead of him. Up at 1:17.

ROD FIELD AND LOCHINVAR started at 1:20. They ran an indifferent heat, the bird work being ragged. Lochinvar pointed a bevy. Rod was not near to back. They both made some points to which no birds could be produced. Rod pointed a single which flushed wild in woods. Avent called the judges' attention to Lochinvar pointing in a thicket. Before they could get near to see the bevy flushed. Rod made a point and after the dog had been sent on a bird was flushed close by. Neither dog took advantage of his opportunities. Up at 1:52.

CHEVALIER AND PEMBROKE'S BLUE GROUSE started at 1:56. The heat was a poor one, the point work being faulty and many good opportunities to display skill in pointing were lost. Chevalier was decidedly superior in every way. Grouse made a poor showing.

ANTEVOLO AND BOB COOPER had abundance of opportunities in the 31 minutes in which they ran, commencing at 2:25. Antevolo, though her point work was not free from flushes, far surpassed her competitor. She took a long cast, found and pointed a bevy. On scattered birds she made three points and three flushes, one down wind excusably, and made a point also on a bevy. She was the wider ranger. Bob made a point on footscent. He did not take advantage of the opportunities offered.



FIRST IN PUPPY CLASS.

TENNESSEE AXTEL AND EUGENE T. started to run a heat, but soon after starting the latter was lost and was not found till after the heat had ended, when he, it was claimed, was found on point on a bevy not far from where he was first missed. Axtel ran alone. He pointed, then nosed up the bird. He next pointed a bevy, which he had not accurately located, it flushing some distance from him. He made two more points on singles. He ranged fairly well. He was started at 3:40 and ran 35 minutes.

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND DAN BURGESS began at 3:50. Lill pointed a bevy and Dan refused to back. Lill had been holding her point some time. Sent on to locate several were flushed by the dogs and handlers in the heavy sedge grass, the birds apparently being scattered about feeding. Dan got a point on a single. Lill was the better ranger and worker. Up at 4:25.

This ended the day's competition.

Eight dogs were retained in the second series.

SATURDAY.

The weather again turned most unfavorable for the competition. A strong southeast wind prevailed during the day, and the sky was heavily overcast with clouds. There was a raw dampness in the atmosphere which made a discomfort of watching the trials. Birds were wild and consequently difficult to work. Nevertheless, some excellent exhibitions of skillful ranging, finding and pointing were witnessed. Rain fell during the latter part of the competition.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND ANTEVOLO began the work at 8:32. Count was superior in every way to his competitor, he ranging better and with more judgment, besides exhibiting more



skill in his bird work. He found and pointed two beavies nicely and made a good point on a single bird. He made one point and nothing was found. Antevolo pointed inaccurately twice and pointed a single and flushed one in woods. Down 28m.

TENNESSEE ROD AND LILLIAN RUSSELL were cast off at 9:02. On the scattered birds of a bevy flushed by spectators Rod flushed a single and Lill roared to a point on scattered birds. They were then taken to new grounds. Rod pointed and Lill backed well. They both roared here and there and pointed in the open. Turning into the woods Lill pointed the bevy. Both were steady to shot. Up at 9:40. Both ranged well and made a creditable competition, though their work did not class with that of Count Gladstone, Eugene T. and some others.

MISS RUBY AND DAN BURGESS began at 9:56. Dan pointed a bevy and Miss Ruby backed or pointed. From the positions of the dogs it seemed to be Miss's point, but Dan was entitled to it, as he made it first. Miss next pointed a bevy in a cornfield, and there being no cover the birds soon flushed wild. On a side hill in woods Miss made a staunch point and nothing was found. Dan ran far the better heat.

CHEVALIER AND EUGENE T. were cast off at 10:50. Chevalier pointed a bevy well, and Eugene going in pointed the same bevy. On single birds, Chevalier pointed two, Eugene one. The latter next made a good point on a bevy in woods and another in open brush. He was better on his birds than Chevalier, the latter needing a toot of the whistle to test his accuracy. Chevalier flushed a bevy down wind. Eugene led in range, Chevalier sometimes tagging. My opinion was that Eugene was the better, though he is uncertain in backing.

The Derby Absolute was next started, an account of which is hereinafter.

CHEVALIER AND DAN BURGESS were cast off at 12:00, and ran 23 minutes. Each, quite a distance apart, made a point on a bevy. Chevalier got in among the scattered birds and made four points in rapid succession. Dan at the same time got in a part where there were a few crows, which were disturbed, and moving about flushed several birds. Dan fell off somewhat in range.

The party then went to lunch.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND CHEVALIER ran a heat which lasted four minutes, beginning at 1:33. It was ample time for Count to show his superiority. He pointed a bevy, and beat his competitor in pace, range and judgment.

MISS RUBY ran alone, from 1:38 to 1:52. She made a sad inroad into her chances by roading up a single bird in open sedge with the wind in her favor and chasing it to her satisfaction. She had narrowed her range also.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Count Gladstone; second, Chevalier; third, Dan Burgess.

#### The All-Age Stake Absolute.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND KENT ELGIN beginning at 2:02, ran a heat well worth seeing. It was a very superior exhibition of good field trial work. Both dogs ranged wide and fast, a bit too wide at times. They conducted their search with kill. The competition was very close, and while the setter beat the pointer he had nothing to spare, nor did he have any time to waste in doing it. Kent was first to find, he pointing a bevy well and Count backed. The next bevy was found by Count in open sedge. At that time Count was lost in woods. He was found on a point, but moved on before his handler reached him. Count pointed a rabbit. He next pointed and nothing was found. Count backed nicely. Kent took a long cast to the rear and pointed, holding the point staunchly, but moved on before his handler reached him. Count found and pointed a bevy well in open sedge and was backed. Next he pointed a single in woods. Each made a point, apparently on footscents. Another point on a single bird for Count and the heat ended. Time 2:50. Count was the winner.

#### The Derby Absolute.

STRIDEAWAY AND TOPSY'S ROD were started next after the heat between Chevalier and Eugene T. They began at 11:40 and ran 10 minutes. Strideaway pointed a single bird and Topsy's Rod made a false point. Before starting Mr. Avert explained to the judges that his dogs had been let out on the previous night from the room in which they were confined; that some one had fed Topsy's Rod a heavy meal, probably with a view to his defeat. The appearance of the dog fully confirmed the statement that he was heavily over-fed. Soon after starting he reached water and drank eagerly. Sent on he ran but a short distance when he again drank. In short, he drank to his utmost capacity, which denoted that his food was very salty as well as plentiful. He was so laden that his range was shortened, his stride short and heavy and he worked reluctantly, though when ordered he would start off with spirit and his dog.

Mr. Avert took the dog up at the end of ten minutes, and entered a protest against further running of Topsy's Rod in his then condition on the grounds that he had been tampered with, by overfeeding him, to insure his defeat in the Derby. That it was not by any negligence on his part as the dog was securely housed, and to reach him two doors had to be opened. That men in an adjoining room heard the entrance of persons unknown, into the room where the dogs were housed. Soon after the dogs were ordered up, Topsy's Rod vomited a large quantity of fat pork, presumably salty.

The board of governors immediately met to consider the protest. As the matter was complicated and it was useless to continue the heat, as Rod was already beaten, the board decided to postpone the heat till a later period. It was so announced, which was unfortunate, as it would have been better to announce that the matter was for further consideration. There was a palpable injustice in running Rod further, as he was unfit to run, as there was a suspicion of trickery, and as there was a protest which needed passing upon before the running was continued.

In the evening the judges decided the heat in favor of Strideaway. This made rather an awkward complication, since the announcement was that the heat was postponed. Under the conditions the competition was purely technical, as Rod was incapacitated. There was the honor of winning over him under the circumstances. Fair play and a postponement to hear all the evidence to the end that the guilt be fixed on the guilty parties if possible, if such there were, or at least to show that it was done by persons unknown, would seem to be equitable and just. On the other hand, the judges could not remain over till Monday. Mr. Titus was suffering from a severe cold and really was not prudent in exposing himself on Saturday. Final action on the protest was deferred to the club's meeting at Chicago, during the Mascoutah Club's show.

#### S. F. T. Club's Meeting.

A KIND of informal meeting of the Southern Field Trials Club was held at New Albany, Miss., on Friday night of the week of the late field trials of that club. As no legal presiding officer was present it is doubtful whether the action of the meeting is binding on the club.

No changes were made in the list of officers, except that Dr. M. F. Rogers, of New Albany, Miss., was elected a vice-president in place of Mr. J. Shelley Hudson. There was a balance of \$600 in the treasury after paying all the expenses of the trials.

There are several members who earnestly desire some important reformatory changes in the club's affairs and policy which, if not made, may seriously impair the chances of the club's holding another field trial, as without such changes all the members may not support it.

The club is an important one and does a great deal of good in behalf of canine interests. It would be a great loss were

it to disorganize. It is to be hoped that all will agree to heed the voice of progress. Much complaint, too, was made on account of the delays and neglect of the secretary in conducting the correspondence and managing its affairs, and particularly in not announcing the names of the judges until after the entries are closed. This is a just grievance. The competitors are in all fairness entitled to know who will judge the competition.

It is a mistake to suppose that more entries will result from withholding the names of the judges from the public. It was said that entries were not filled at the Southern trials for the reason that the judges were not known to the owner. It is said that the club has secured a lease of its grounds for a term of years.

B. WATERS.

#### KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

##### NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Ned Gladstone. By C. H. Dearborne, Dover, N. H., for white, chestnut and tan English setter dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1892, by Rod's Whim (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone) out of Mary Murnan (Count Noble—Flounce).

Topsy's. By F. C. Snow, Dover, N. H., for white and black English setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1888, by Don Juan II. (Dash III.—Katydid) out of Grace L. (Donzel—).  
Lawn Chieftain. By Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., for black English setter dog, whelped Sept. 10, 1892, by Judge S. (Ranger R.—Diana) out of Montrose (Malcolm's Whip—Malcolm's Countess of Devonshire II.).

Rose Lawn Kennels. By W. H. Fendrich, Columbia, for his kennels of fox-terriers.

Ruby Kennels. By A. H. Gilmore, Worcester, Mass., for his kennels of King Charles, Blenheim and ruby spaniels.

##### BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

My Queen—Streatham Monarch. H. M. Hoves's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch My Queen to John Moorhead, Jr.'s Streatham Monarch (Streatham Flyer—Trentham Baroness), Jan. 13.

Belle—Starden's Prince. C. A. Bowman's (Elmira, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Belle to Starden's Prince, Jan. 30.

Lady Dinah—Streatham Monarch. J. C. Mahler's (Allegheny City, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Dinah to John Moorhead, Jr.'s Streatham Monarch (Streatham Flyer—Trentham Baroness), Jan. 10.

Snoopee—Duke of Alma. E. J. Hearle's (New York City) rough St. Bernard bitch Snoopee (Zoufrou—Corra) to his Duke of Alma (champion Victor Joseph—Princess), Jan. 24.

Nan—Reginald H. Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels (Chicago Lawn, Ill.) Gordon setter bitch Nan (champion Argus—Laura) to their Reginald H. (Leatherstocking—Smith's Rhoda), Jan. 28.

Dot II.—Metchley Wonder, Jr. Maple Grove Kennels (Logan, O.) collie bitch Dot II. (Christopher—Active) to their Metchley Wonder, Jr. (Metchley Wonder—Barby Rose), Dec. 22.

##### WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Molly Glendyne II. Glendyne Kennels (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Molly Glendyne II. (Glen Jarvis—Molly Glendyne), Dec. 23, nine (eight dogs), by their Glen Jarvis (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid).  
Krimena. Terra Cotta Kennels (Toronto, Can.) Russian wolfhound bitch Krimena (Philos IX.—Modjeska), Nov. 8, nine (four dogs), by H. W. Huntington's Argoss.

Belle Loraine. W. L. Alexander's (Canton, O.) Gordon setter bitch Belle Loraine (Pilot Loraine—Sabina), Jan. 20, ten (six dogs), by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., to Harry Fulton, same place.

Seacroft Boaster. W. H. Fendrich's (Columbia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Boaster, Dec. 11, five (three dogs), by Hillside Kennels' Hillside Rascal.

##### SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Maple Grove Lady. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Sept. 16, 1892, by Metchley Wonder, Jr. out of Flossie May, by Maple Grove Kennels, Logan, O., to S. C. Madden, Denver, Col.

Mascot Bernie. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 11, 1890, by Sargano out of Floss, by W. S. Diffenderfer, Baltimore, Md., to Woodin & Hoyt, Berwick, Pa.

Leola. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped July 13, 1891, by Boaz out of Elvir II., by J. C. Mahler, Pittsburgh, Pa., to W. J. Higginson, Rochester, N. Y.

Starden's Prince. Fox-terrier dog, whelped May 18, 1893, by Starden's King out of Lady Mixture, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. A. Bowman, Elmira, N. Y.

Rush. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1893, by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., to Harry Fulton, same place.

Neva II. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1893, by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., to J. W. Dubsky, Chicago, Ill.

Norine. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1893, by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., to J. W. Shaffer, Clarion, Pa.

Rebus and Norma. Black and tan Gordon setter dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1893, by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., to Highland Kennels, Milwaukee, Wis.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. C. C. Wilton, Me.—Mr. Hammond's instructions and the reasons he gives for chaining the dogs two or three times a day are very plain and simple. You can chain your dog in the shop, but at first for a little while only at a time, taking care not to release him while restive or when showing a disposition to be released. Calm him down by petting, and when he is perfectly calm release him at your pleasure, not his. The reason for familiarizing the puppy with chickens are, first, that it gives the puppy an opportunity to show pointing instincts, and the author's directions in this case are plain enough; secondly, that the dog may learn that poultry is not his game and to break him of any propensity to chase and kill them—vide the remarks about the game here. The dead grouse or any other wild game bird does not enter into this consideration at all, and on no account do you propose. The remarks about rabbits, which Mr. Hammond makes on page 33 will show you his meaning still better. We would attach no importance to the dog placing his tail between his legs; when he gets the real scent of the game bird he may be stylish enough in his point. Take notice that the directions in "Training vs. Breaking" very clearly state that the dog must not be allowed to eat the piece of meat he points, even after he has taken it in his mouth; that it must be taken away from him and a piece of liver or something be given him entirely different from the large piece. Read pages 27-28 very carefully and you will be sure to grasp the author's meaning.

L. I. Jersey City.—I. Hylas of Naso (A. K. C. S. B. 15,474), by Nick of Naso (5,533, Vol. IV.), out of Belladonna (7,947, Vol. V.), by Hatha way's Shot out of Fan, by champion Sensation out of Phoenix bitch; Shot by West's Bob out of Miles Johnson's bitch; Nick of Naso by Naso II. out of Pettig, by Tory out of Juno; Naso II. by Lord's Naso out of Miranda II. 2. Winslow's Bang (A. K. C. S. B. 7,028), by Price's Bang out of Satter's Bang, by Francis's Bang out of his Bang, Satcho by Brocton's Bounce out of Francis's Bang; Price's Bang by Colman's Bang out of Price's Vesta, by Brocton's Bounce out of Francis's Bang; Bang by Whitehouse's Hamlet out of Venus I. As Jessica is not registered we cannot help you.

A. C. New York City.—Your inquiry for such a combination is difficult to answer. We should say a Clumber spaniel would do well as a watchdog and hunting dog on land and water. Without the water requirement a pointer or English setter would do. Consult our advertising columns.

Doc, Mount Pleasant, Mich.—Flash and Whirlwind not registered. Ranger II. (A. K. C. S. B. 12,653), by Range out of Wonder, by Roll out of Kit; Ranger by Eunice II. out of Judy. Princess Belle (A. K. C. S. B. 430), by Pilkington's Rufus out of Rose (500).

M. S. Germantown, Pa.—We do not know of a trainer living near Philadelphia. From the number of inquiries received we should say it would be well for such a trainer to make his whereabouts known through this journal.

E. E. E. Duck Lake, Mich.—Will you kindly state the quickest and surest way of ridding a dog of lice? Ans. Dust the dog well with Persian insect powder.

## Hunting and Coursing.

### Beagle Challenge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In recent issues of your paper an advertisement has appeared, "Having decidedly the best string of stud beagles in America," naming "Lee II., Wanderer, Boston Buck and Pade" as such stud dogs. Philadelphia show occurs March 27-30 and the judges are not yet known. I hereby challenge Mr. Pottinger Dorsey to show the above five dogs against five dogs that I shall enter at Philadelphia for \$200 to \$500 a side, best kennel five stud beagles to be decided by whoever judges beagles at that show. Every dog that I shall show has been my property for over nine months. This challenge to be accepted by March 5 and \$50 forfeit deposited on that date with FOREST AND STREAM. Balance to be deposited with FOREST AND STREAM on or before March 25. This challenge is open to any other party—dogs to be owned by one party or kennel previous to date of this challenge.

C. S. WIXOM.

COVERT, N. Y., Feb. 15.

### Where Foxes Abound.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Dec. 23.—Grouse shooting here this fall has not been quite equal to the average season, but never in the remembrance of the oldest sportsmen has the fox been so conspicuous as this year. The fox hunters arrived in October and have kept it up ever since, and still their name is legion. It is owing to these same foxes that our grouse grow scarce, and all unite in killing them. We have had as many as four going at once. Add to the pleasure of seeing four at a time the music of eight or ten hounds and you have something long to remember. The hunters no longer have to joke each other about not staying at the butternut tree or the gap in Jap Farnabin's fence, or at that pair of bars, or in that old stump lot where the two rail fences come together in the shape of a V, and losing a shot, for some one is sure to kill one before the sun sinks to rest these short winter days; and once three brushes were swung in the air and the "hoop-hoop" given as we crossed the village green now covered with snow. Henry Y. Mann killed the most perfect dark red and largest fox shot here in twenty-five years.

WILL H. CRITTENDEN.

### Fox Hunting in Connecticut.

The Hartford Fox Club has been busy this season, and some capital sport has been enjoyed by the hardy sportsmen. The score for the season is: J. C. Capen 5, J. G. Lane 4, Geo. Denning 2, C. C. Goodrich, J. O. Enders and Geo. Darling 1 each. The country hunted over by the club is on Talcott and Cedar mountains, and as far south as the Farmington road. A hunt held last week resulted very disastrously to two of their best dogs, owned by Mr. Lane. The dogs, after carrying the fox along at a hot pace, were led across the river on the ice into Glastonbury, then back again, striking the railroad track toward Rocky Hill. Here three of the hounds were either run into or run down by a train. One was decapitated, while it is doubtful if the other injured will ever recover, the third escaped injury. Mr. Lane was apprised of the disastrous termination of the chase by two overland travelers who were on their way to Middletown. The injured dog they had covered up, all but its head, with leaves and snow, and it remained in that position for nearly two days before Mr. Lane received news of the whereabouts of the dogs. Driver was killed outright, while Gyp, the injured one, is being carefully cared for at Mr. Lane's house, but her days of usefulness are nearly over, as she is badly crippled. This leaves the club with only four or five actually serviceable dogs.

### The Foxhound Standard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You invite criticism on the standard, as outlined by the Brunswick Fur Club. One very important point has, in our judgment, been overlooked, and that is the voice. It may not make much difference in fur hunting where but a few hounds are run, but in fox hunting where the object is sport alone, and the hounds are followed by riders, the voice is an important factor and should be counted in the scale of points. Within a radius of five miles of where I write there are seven packs of hounds kept, varying in number from ten to thirty-five, and probably averaging 20 to the kennel. These are kept and hunted entirely for sport, being followed always more or less closely by the mounted hunters, and fully one-half of the enjoyment of the hunt is in the music of the hounds. This should be deep, full, and sonorous,

An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
"Clattered an hundred steeds along."

The short "yep, yep, yep" betrays the plebeian blood, as surely as does the squealing voice that of the beagle cross, and both are usually found in connection with a short ear. As to colors, the black and tans have many friends, who claim with some justice, better feet, and less liability to skin diseases. But the tricolors have undoubtedly the call just now.

WEST CHESTER, Pa.

MR. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, secretary of the Brunswick Fur Club, will be pleased to forward copies of the standard for judging American foxhounds proposed, by that club, to all who desire it.

### Cooing in Hector, 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I hardly know where to begin, whether to relate one night's experience or to take them all as one. However, one night in the month of October, when a full moon was shining resplendent, shaded only by an occasional puffy cloud, we congregated at 8:30 P. M. at a rendezvous. Nearly every one has a lantern filled and trimmed, a most important part of our "duffle," as the moon is liable to go out before we reach the much-coveted coon tree and will be wanted to light our path in the deep ravines that we are apt to travel through, for coons have no liking for smooth paths or easy grades, but rather are inclined to seek the most impenetrable jungles, and more especially when pursued by Tang and Dodger.

Upon arriving at a cornfield adjacent to a large stretch of timber the dogs are cast off. "Fill your pipes and let them hunt," Jim has scarcely finished saying before the deep baying of Tang, closely followed by Dodger, tells us that "Mr. Coon" is up and off. In less time than it takes to write it they are "straight" and are leading for the woods. Think what a scramble ensues after the coon, or rather dogs, who are giving tongue finely. Occasionally some one stubs his toe on a pumpkin and a heavy fall follows. Do we stop to see if he is hurt? Well, no! On is the word and, as in all races, some are left behind in the scramble to be in at the death. In "cooning" it often happens that the coon is caught before treeing, but in case he gets to a tree they who were at first so far behind now have an equal chance to see the fun, and this they think it is as they look up a five-foot elm or oak. When all have arrived then you hear various directions for cuttings; one says he leans to the south, another north, and so it goes. But when all are done Fred, with his double-bitted ax, "sights up" the trunk and soon a chip is started; sawing is in order, and after various



directions as to where to start the saw, where to build the fire and where to hold the dogs, all are in their respective stations and places, and from chaos comes harmony.

Relays at the saw and axe is the rule, and willing hands soon have the tree nearly down, then Capt. Jim gives the order to stop fooling and look out for yourselves and dogs. Soon the tree starts, slowly at first, as if loath to leave the roots and stump that have held it upright through so many gales and tempests, but soon with increasing speed the mighty monarch of the forest falls. The instant the tree strikes the dogs are let go and they soon locate "Mr. Coon" in a hole, and give tongue angrily. Shouts of glee, songs and jokes are exchanged, the man at the stump holds a clog and sings out, "Sound at the butt!" No guard being needed there the coon is soon in the top; a sapling is run in to measure the extent of the cavity, and that having been ascertained a hole is cut large enough to extract his or her "coonship." We know it is an old one by the distance run, and numerous other tricks—an open book to old "cooners." When sufficiently large a hole is opened, we let Tang in, a rumpus ensues within, then a mixture of dog and coon comes out, sometimes coon on top, but not for long, as Dodger soon gets in his fine work. "He's got Tang by the ear!" "Stop him and sic 'em!" are cries that contribute to the melee. But with the tenacity of a bull-terrier and with needle-like teeth the coon is a foeman worthy their steel, but at last fatigued by useless fighting with superior numbers, he is dead. Perhaps we get three or more coons, and when this is the case they are despatched with clubs, for to allow two hounds to repeat such work for long would disable them for two or three days to come, and that could not be tolerated, as we go nearly every good night in the season.

There is something weird and startling in the baying of hounds in the dark woods at night when all else is still except perhaps the hoot of the owl or the sounds of purling brooks, and this to the observant eye and thoughtful mind makes one think of the happy hunting grounds from whose bonna no traveler returns. HECTOR.

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**Coursing Notes from California.**  
[By a Special Correspondent.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 6.—Coursing during the last two months has been pretty lively in many parts of this State, such as Los Angeles, San Jose, Sacramento and of course in the vicinity of San Francisco. There is scarcely a week that the leashmen are not out with their dogs running for pleasure or in small matches, and now from the continued meetings and the many opportunities afforded the owners of greyhounds of turning them to some account they have risen fully 35 or 40 per cent. in value. Indeed well bred hounds are scarcely to be purchased just now in this State. An acquaintance of mine offered \$100 for an imported bitch the other day that has as yet done nothing, but the offer was indignantly refused. Mr. T. J. Cronin, too, one of our principal leashmen, also refused \$100 for one of his dogs this week, and Dominick Shannon, president of the San Francisco Coursing Club, refused \$150 for his young dog out of Verdure Clad, by El Rey. Mr. Shannon would not listen to anything short of \$200.

On Sunday last there was a very fine meeting in Newark Park in which 32 of the best dogs in the State took part. Indeed, only two of the racks were absent, viz., Skyrrocket and Little Banshee. The day was very fine—one of California's beautiful days—and the grounds and hares were all that could be desired. The occasion of the meet was the complimentary benefit given by the San Francisco Club to the veteran coursing man, Mr. J. R. Dickson. All the lovers of the leash in the city to the number of 200 and many from the surrounding country were in attendance, and a more enjoyable day has seldom been seen in Newark Park. Of course California's judge was in the saddle, and certain it is that his great powers were taxed to the very utmost. The dogs and hares were flyers, and were it not that he was splendidly mounted he must have had many a stern chase during the day. The dogs showed extraordinary speed, and especially after the first round they were singularly well matched, making it very difficult to separate them in many of the courses, and consequently in five or six of the trials they were ordered again to slips, and in the case of one pair—Dottie Dimple and Wee Lassie—they were sent up three times before the flag flew and then Dottie only got the verdict by two points. The crowd on the stand went frantic with delight, and Mr. Grace was cheered again and again as he rode by the stand. Slipper Wren, too, was in great form and delivered his dogs in admirable style, causing the Australian sportsman, R. E. de B. Lopez, to say that he was unquestionably the most perfect slipper he ever saw.

The many undecideds, however, caused the stake to be ultimately divided, as it could not be finished before train time, between four of the finest greyhounds possibly in the stake, and fit to go to slips against a similar number in any country, viz., M. Tierman's Long John, B. Doherty's Daisy, J. Cranston's Marvelous and T. J. Cronin's Dottie Dimple.

The following is the summary of the course after the first round: Second round—Long John beat Garryowen, Dashaway beat Moondyne, Tom Hayes beat Pennyroyal, Daisy beat Mary Ann, Jennie G. beat Regent, Marvelous beat Exlex, Wee Lassie beat Maggie M., Dottie Dimple beat White Cloud. Third round—Long John beat Dashaway, Daisy beat Tom Hayes, Marvelous beat Jennie G., Dottie Dimple beat Wee Lassie. The stake was then divided between Long John, Daisy, Marvelous and Dottie Dimple—\$32 each.

During the luncheon hour a match for \$10 a side was run between M. Doherty's sapling Mand S. (Royal Crest—Daisy) and J. McBride's puppy Tempest (Play Boy—Rockland Maid).

On the dogs being slipped Maud S. shot out to the front in dashing style, and after a good run got the first turn, letting in Tempest for a turn and a kill. They were again put in slips and a rattling hare jumped up. Maud went off with a dash and never allowed her opponent within a length until she got the turn, came round like a top and got the second when Tempest made play for two points; here again Maud cut in for two or three good points more when puss broke away again and both dogs had a close run, Maud having the best of it and drove the hare around to Tempest, who rushed in and killed, leaving Maud S. a good winner. The course was a fine one, especially for such young dogs, Maud wanting four days of being 12 mos. old, while Tempest has just turned her 18th month. The sire of Maud S. is Royal Crest, owned by J. Herbert Watson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and is by the celebrated Greentick, the sire of the renowned Fullerton; Daisy, the dam of Maud S. is one of the four that divided the 32-dog stake during the same day. This shows that Mr. Watson's dog is likely to become one of the great sires of the country. Daisy too is grandly bred, being by Midnight (sire of the great Skyrrocket) out of Old Daisy.

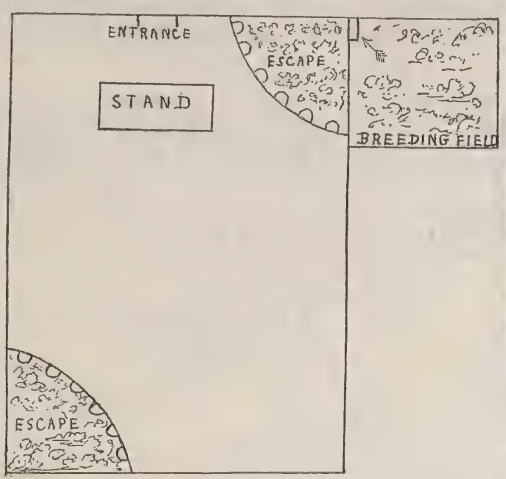
It is possible that many of your readers would like to know something about Newark Park and how it is worked. Well, the running or coursing field is 720 yds. in length by 436 in width, surrounded by a close fence some 8 ft. high, and is something of this shape:

The hares are caught in various parts of the State, but principally in the San Joaquin Valley, where they are to be found in thousands. The trappers catch them with nets, put them in crates that are specially made for the purpose, about 6 ft. x 4 ft., and divided into small compartments just big enough to allow a hare to sit in, and not more than 8 or 10 in. in height, for if the hares had room to jump or turn themselves around, they would kill themselves against the bars of the case or cage. They are then sent by rail to Newark, and about thirty or forty are placed in the running fields and the surplus are put in the smaller or breeding fields attached to

the main grounds. In a few days they settle down and in a very short time they find the escapes out, and when pressed by the dogs during the coursing, many of them save their lives by getting into these havens of refuge.

It has been found from experience that it is much better to allow the hares to be at large in the fields than to run them from shoots, as is done in England. When there are not too many of them in the same field they lay far apart, and when scared from their lairs they have much more life and dash in them than if run from a shoot; in fact, they feel as it were quite at home—something like what they do on their native plains. It is astonishing to see how quiet they remain on coursing days, frequently one could walk over them before they would jump up—so it is seldom that a dog gets a second hare in any of our meetings; at all events, there is not half the danger of getting a second hare as there is when coursing in the open plain. When all the hares in the running field are killed off or gone into the escapes we turn fresh ones out of the breeding field, as it is called, and continue the coursing until the stake is finished. For every good and healthy hare supplied by the catchers the club pays \$1, but the freight is paid by the catchers.

The hares are brought to the field generally about fifteen or twenty days before the coursing so as to give them time to rest and find out the places of safety in the park to



which they can retreat when pressed by the hounds. There is always sufficient feed for them in the grounds during the coursing season, which lasts in Newark, generally speaking, from December till the middle of May, but after that the ground gets too dry and hard for dogs to run on.

The expenses in running the park are considerable, especially from the loss of hares, as many of them after being placed in the grounds get killed in various ways, and this is made up by the sale of pools, rebates from the railway company and the gate charges—twenty-five cents. Newark is about thirty miles from the city and the round trip by rail is only \$1, on which the railway company allows a rebate to the club of twenty-five per cent. The rent of the park per annum is \$100.

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**Deer Hunting in Louisiana.**  
Editor Forest and Stream:

I thought I would write you a short account of our hunt the week before Christmas. Some of my friends from Mississippi were over for a few days' hunt, and we hunted from Wednesday until the following Monday and killed 10 deer.

I notice a hunt that took place in Virginia, but our dogs must be faster or our deer slower, for we can run a deer down and catch it in less time than it took the Virginia hunters to catch theirs.

I only wish I were so placed that I could send you a photograph of some of our best dogs; but as we live so far from any city, it is a matter of impossibility. I often notice photographs in your paper of noted dogs, but I do not think they compare with our dogs. I refer to the hounds. Our dogs are trained so that they will not stop at anything. They sometimes swim the Mississippi River and bring the deer back. I wish you a happy New Year. D. MUIR.

POINT PLEASANT, La., Jan. 18.

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**HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.**

Admiral Jouett, president of the National Fox Hunters' Association, has appointed Messrs. Roger Williams, W. S. Walker, F. G. Fagan, W. C. Goodman, W. Wade and Dr. A. C. Heffenger a committee on organization. The duties of the committee will be to draft a constitution and by-laws, running rules and a foxhound standard. Mr. Williams is chairman.

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The Merced coursing meeting, which was to have taken place Feb. 23, has been postponed till fall.

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A jack has been procured and a little coursing match will take place on Long Island, this afternoon (Feb. 24), between Mr. Watson's Royal Crest and a bitch that Mr. Raper sent over, now owned by Mr. Huntington.

her crew and ballast. As originally discussed by the *Field* the question was stated within these narrow limits, which, however, covered the case thoroughly. After the correctness of its first figures were disputed by us, the *Field* began to introduce new and irrelevant issues, the general stability of a vessel as affected by change of ballast, and the effects of ballast placed under the keel at extreme depths, even to that of 18 ft. The sole object of this course seems to be to so confuse the reader as to disguise the true question and conceal its own blunders; a course unworthy of the high reputation of the *Field* as a yachting journal. We have no fear that our readers will misunderstand our motives for avoiding the persona and offensive shape which one side of the controversy has assumed and for adhering closely to the technical points of the original question—the value of Vigilant's large crew as ballast compared with lead stowed as it must have been had her crew been limited by a decision of the committee.

The Brazilian insurgents have unwittingly placed American yachtsmen under obligations by indirectly removing two of the alleged fast steam yachts and putting a stop, for a time, to newspaper racing and fake trials. No doubt the spring will bring a renewal of the wild talk and reckless challenges with the usual results, but for the present steam yacht racing is not heard of. We would not connect the American Y. C. with the individual owners who have done so much to bring discredit to this branch of sport, as the club has for years made an honest effort for its encouragement; but we doubt very much whether the club will be able to arrange a race, as now proposed, for its valuable cup. There is, as the club has found by experience, one insuperable obstacle to the general racing of steam yachts. The speed over a measured course, after expensive preparation, and under the most favorable conditions, is actually less than most owners claim as practicable cruising speed of their yachts. The owner who modestly claims 17 knots, not miles, in running about the Sound, is not going to risk an official record of 15 to 16 knots from Larchmont to New London.

ALL things considered, the prospects of racing in British waters are comparatively good. Of course nobody has ordered a 90-footer or anything nearly as large, but what is really much more to the purpose, a strong 30-rating class is now under way—two Fife boats, one Watson boat and one by C. E. Nicholson, designer of Vigornia, the unsuccessful 20 of last year. With these four, and possibly Dragon III. and Zinita of last year, the class is assured, and it is most probable that this fact will lead to other new boats. Thanks to Mr. Henry Allan's order for a Herreshoff 10 later, that class is also building up; and with two live classes a certain amount of sport is provided for. In the largest class the racing is likely to be confined solely to last year's craft—Britannia, Valkyrie and Satanita, Calluna's future being still in doubt. The 40-rating class is likely to be weak. Lais has been sold to a German yachtsman, and but one new boat is building, designed by Watson for Admiral Montague.

THE prospects on this side are by no means encouraging, and from present indications we shall have no racing at all through the season. The New York cruise will of course bring out a large fleet and set most of them racing for a week or ten days, but as for sustained class racing throughout the season, none is likely to be seen. The fate of the large class is uncertain, but it is quite possible that Navahoe alone may fit out; and at the best only Jubilee and Vigilant are likely to join her, as the Colonia syndicate will not remodel or race her. Gen. Paine has lately stated that he had no plans for the season, and would probably not race Jubilee, and thus far Vigilant, is still in the hands of the syndicate, who have nothing to gain and everything to lose by racing against Valkyrie and the others. It seems quite likely that there will be no class in the June regatta, in which case, Valkyrie will return home early without racing here. With a good fleet of 40-footers on the stocks, and a local class of 21 or 25-footers in New York and Boston, the absence of spectacular racing by a few "world beaters" would not be so keenly felt, but this important branch of racing, in the smaller and more popular craft, is to all appearances dead for an indefinite time. The old racing classes, such as the 70-footers, have also passed away, leaving nothing in their places. Doubtless there will be plenty of cruising and secondary racing throughout the country, but yachting has reached a sorry pass when not one keel is laid in a winter for a racing boat, even of the smaller sizes.

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**Shifting and Fixed Ballast.**

The obstacles in the way of a newspaper controversy across the Atlantic are serious enough in the summer season when the steamship companies are all striving to cut the record down to five days, and they are materially increased during the half year when these same companies are satisfied with ten or twelve day passages. We had intended to carry no further our controversy with the *Field*, but two letters have recently reached us which we believe will be of interest to yachtsmen abroad as well as on this side.

The first of these letters was called forth by the following editoria comments in the *Field* of Jan. 27:

"The subject of ballast crews is still occupying the attention of yachtsmen on this side of the Atlantic, but, happily, no longer in reference to the small classes, as in this case crews have already been limited. On Oct. 28 and Dec. 9 last we described the correct manner of determining the effect of a large weight or crew on deck by the well-known equations employed by trained naval architects, and went on to show that, where draft is practically unlimited, the advantage of ballast on the weather deck over the same weight on keel is not great, but pointed out its disadvantages and the bad type of vessel it engenders. We took this trouble partly because *FOREST AND STREAM* started an empirical method of comparison which would not determine the relative effect of the two situations, and which might be dangerously misleading. A writer, under the signature of 'Bobstay,' now comes to the rescue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, but he has not more clearly presented the problem than did the paper itself, and apparently misunderstands the use of the sine of the angle of heel in the well-known expression for length of righting lever,  $G M \sin A$ , for small angles of heel. We would advise 'Bobstay' to study some text book on statical stability, and the best perhaps would be that by Mr. W. H. White, C.B., Director of Naval Construction."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Shortly after the races last fall between Vigilant and Valkyrie the *Field* took up, with special reference to the Vigilant, the subject of the effectiveness, as ballast, of men carried on deck to windward, and announced as its conclusion that a corresponding weight carried under the keel was just as effective, and on the whole better. You took exception to this representation and by means of a diagram, more correctly showing the Vigilant's midship section than a similar one which had been used by the *Field*, you showed that two tons of weight carried on deck to windward would be about three times as effective as an ordinary sailing angle as if carried near the keel at the lowest point practicable.

The *Field* then objected to your method of comparison as incapable of showing the general stability of the yacht, used your midship section, and by a formula which it approves for this purpose (and which has for such and similar purposes general acceptance) made its own calculation and announced as the result that the ratio of effective-ness of 18" inclining list was as 1 for ballast placed under the keel to 1.4 for that placed to windward on deck, but it lacked strict accuracy in its method and very much more in its final comparison of figures. In the first instance it used half the width of deck=12 ft., when inclined 15°, instead of the cosine of that distance=11.59.

The next instance shows a jugglery with figures which is most extraordinary, and which aptly exhibits the truth of the adage that nothing can falsify like figures, excepting facts. Before the ballast was moved the length of righting arm is shown to have been 1.813. When moved to the under side of keel it becomes 1.851, and when placed upon the weather side of deck it is 1.945. Now, a subtraction of the original length of arm from the figures of the other two shows a gain for the keel position of .038 and for the deck position of .132. That is, the gain for the keel position would need to be multiplied by 3.47 to make it equal to the advantage of the weight placed upon the weather side of the deck.



aw Committee—Chas. W. Voltz, John F. Lambden.



The long lawsuit between Henry Piegrass and the Hunters over the ownership of land under water at City Island, has just been decided against Mr. Piegrass on the strength of certain grants made during the last century. Mr. Piegrass purchased the old yard of David Carll in 1886, in ignorance of these grants, and the suits since instituted have put him to very heavy expense, and finally for the past six months have deprived him of the use of the beach in front of his yard and prevented all laying out and similar work. Since the case has been decided, a compromise has been made by which he secures a title to the land, placing the yard once more in a condition to carry on its regular work.

A meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held on Feb. 14 at the town quarters, in Brooklyn, with Pres. P. H. Jeannot presiding. The question of withdrawing from the New York Yacht Racing Association was discussed in view of the amendment proposed by members of the Association, providing for the punishment of clubs holding open regattas under other than the N. Y. R. A. rule. The club finally decided to withdraw, the vote being 29 to 1. The date of the annual regatta was fixed for June 4.

A very convenient and handy craft for yachtsmen, is a new duck-boat just introduced by J. H. Rushton. It is but 9 ft. long by 3 ft. wide and 9 in. deep, and in form very similar to the shell of a turtle, the deck and bottom being alike. It is strong, light and very compact for storage, with hardly any draft, and a bottom that allows it to slide over mud and grass where water is scarce. The boat is intended primarily for ducking, but will be found useful for many purposes.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Y. C. was held on Feb. 14, the following officers being elected: Com., Wm. A. Gardner, schr. Mayflower; Vice-Com., Chas. F. Adams, 2d. slip. Harpoon; Rear Com., H. W. Lamb, schr. Marguerite; Sec., Wm. S. Eaton, Jr.; Treas., P. T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggart; Regatta Committee—Wm. S. Eaton, Jr., A. N. Rantoul, P. T. Jackson, Thos. Nelson, Henry H. Buck.

The Quincy Y. C. elected the following officers on Feb. 3: Com., H. M. Faxon; Vice-Com., W. H. Shaw; Sec., Treas., G. E. Pfaffman; Meas., Geo. Crane; Executive Committee—W. P. Baker, W. T. Whitmarsh, H. E. Drinkwater, H. L. Rice; House Committee—A. J. Shaw, F. B. Rice, J. S. Whiting, W. C. Harrison, W. B. Wilson, J. T. Cavanagh, J. S. Murray.

The Hull Corinthian Y. C. on Feb. 3 elected the following officers: Com., H. O. Stetson; Vice-Com., H. P. Cook; Sec., E. R. Field; Treas., C. V. Souther; Meas., W. E. Sherriff; Executive Committee—Com., Vice-Com., Sec. and Treas., G. W. Bouve, F. H. Smith, Jr., W. A. Rudick; Membership Committee—Com., Vice-Com. and Sec., and A. Stone, Jr.

Mr. George E. Chisholm, of New York, will replace the condemned Enigma by a new schooner now building by James M. Bayles & Son, at Port Jefferson. She will be a centerboard boat, of wood, 34 ft. 6 in. over all, 2 ft. beam and 3 ft. 3 in. The late Enigma was formerly the Lancer. Her new name was very suggestive in view of her cost and condition at the time she was rebuilt and re-rigged a year ago.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco on Jan. 20 the following officers were elected: Com., T. F. Tracy; Vice-Com., A. L. Lyons; Treas., W. F. Dixey; Sec., F. E. Baker; Directors, F. M. Thornton, M. A. Newell; Port Captain, J. H. Keefe; Meas., Wm. F. Stone.

Natalie, steam yacht, whose movements for the past two months have been involved in so much mystery, has turned up at Nassau, New Providence, with a cargo of arms which she shipped at Savannah intended for the Haytian revolutionists.

The new Pittsburgh Y. C., of Pittsburgh, Pa., is devoted to steam yachts and steam yacht racing, and will open the season with a fine new house and a large fleet of steam craft from 30 to 75 ft. long. The club had its origin in some races last season.

The Staten Island Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., W. H. Ludlum; Vice-Com., M. S. Taylor, Jr.; Treas., E. W. Simonson; Sec., C. C. Martin; Meas., Adolph Panick. Trustees—C. Y. Van Duzer, H. Lindemann and Mark De Jonge.

The Southwork Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Jas. Irvin; Vice-Com., S. McEvoy; Rear Com., A. Bennett; Treas., I. Sharp; Sec., J. P. Stephens; Asst. Sec., R. Marsly; Steward, J. Sharp; Measurers—E. W. Sheer, B. Wilson and I. Wilhelm.

H. C. Wintringham has given up the building yard at Bay Ridge and is now located in the Havemeyer Building, Cortlandt street, New York, where he will devote himself exclusively to designing in the future.

Crusader, schr., has been sold by Wendell Goodman to Seymour Husted, Jr., former owner of Tigra, schr. Mr. Husted is the candidate for commodore of the Larchmont Y. C.

Neera, schr., designed and built last year by Lawley & Son for Com. Warren Fales, Rhode Island Y. C., has been sold to H. K. McHarg, of New York, owner of Sagitta, sloop.

Lt. Wm. Henn, who recently returned from Florida with the body of the late Com. Colt, sailed for England on Feb. 10. He has been in this country since September.

Fedalma, steam yacht, Vice-Com. Brown, New York Y. C., has been sold to F. L. Osgood, owner of Cosette, steam yacht. Mr. Brown will purchase a schooner this season.

Neera, schr., built last year by Lawley & Co. for Com. Warren Fales, R. I. Y. C., has been sold to Henry K. McHarg, of New York, owner of Sagitta, sloop.

Mr. W. D. Anderson, Jr., of B. Y. C., has sold his sloop Water Lily to Mr. Geo. S. Birrell, of New Rochelle, N. Y.

The South Boston Y. C. celebrated its twenty-sixth anniversary by a ball on Feb. 5.

#### American Yacht Clubs.

We have received notice of the Shrewsbury Y. C. of Red Bank, N. J., treas. Edward Miner, New York, omitted from our list, and also the Neptune Boat Club of Baltimore; with some notices of changes of secretaries' addresses of other clubs.

### Canoeing.

THE question is constantly asked us how a man may join the A. C. A. Applications for membership must be made through the purser of the division in which the applicant resides, who will furnish a blank form. The application must be indorsed by a member of the Association. The initiation fee is \$1 and the annual dues the same. Those desirous of joining, but who are unacquainted with a member, can write to the purser; or in most large towns in localities where canoeing is practicable there are clubs from which strangers may obtain information as to canoeists in their vicinity who might be able to indorse them.

#### An Interrupted Cruise on the South Platte River.

It is not an unusual thing to pick up a copy of FOREST AND STREAM and read an article describing a canoe trip down some river where there was little carrying, wading, or those things one encounters occasionally; when the skipper took things easily, was dry and comfortable and enjoyed every minute of his cruise. But those where all is trouble and worry are seldom mentioned, though a description would often be of benefit to other canoeists contemplating a cruise over the same waters. For this reason I will describe one of my canoe cruises—a dismal, discouraging failure as far as the attainment of our object was concerned, though we had a pleasant time.

The South Platte River is like other rivers rising in the Rocky Mountains and flowing east or southward, in that it is wide, shallow and rapid. During early summer it is a turbulent stream, carrying a large volume of water from the banks of snow melting on the mountain tops. But at other times there is only a small stream spreading over the wide bed of the river. Irrigating ditches take out the largest part of the water in the summer and early fall, and then the ditches are usually closed until spring.

During our many pleasant afternoons and evenings spent in paddling on Sloan's Lake, the question often occurred to us and was discussed thoroughly, "Can we get through to the Missouri River by starting from Denver via the Platte?" We asked many who claimed to know and were told that we could, as the ditches would all be shut off by Oct. 1, leaving plenty of water in the river. We put our faith in our informants and got ready. So on the morning of Oct. 12, 1893, the skipper and crew of the canoe Dollie were busily engaged in the last preparations for departure at the gun store of Schoyen & Burgen in Denver, where a crowd of the boys stood around and made comments, funny and otherwise.

The last article was finally stowed away and the crew went out to find an express wagon to transfer us and our outfit to the river. We had taken the genial George Schoyen into our confidence, and up to this time he alone knew our plans, our other friends thinking we were simply going down the Platte for a little cruise after ducks, geese and rabbits. We had many misgivings as to our ultimate destination, and did not wish to be laughed at in case we came back again in a few days, so we simply said we were going down the river for a little hunt,

and did not know how long we would be gone or how far we would go.

The crew came back in a short time, followed by a large express wagon, and the Dollie was placed in it, along with our oiled bags and grub. Then followed many kind words of advice as to the best places from old Mr. Carlos Gove, Mr. Rhoads and George, and after shaking hands all around, we started down Fifteenth street to Market, and from there down Nineteenth street to the river. By the time we had launched the Dollie and stowed everything a crowd of a hundred or more had collected on the bridge, for we presented a novel sight to them, no doubt, at least it was an unusual sight.

As there were some very shallow places to begin with, the skipper started alone. There was a broken dam just above the Twenty-second street viaduct, and the skipper got through it with a rush, and after running a shallow rapid a block below he was joined by the crew. There were plenty of small dams, rapids and ugly places to require careful paddling, but the worst of all were the sewers, slaughter houses, etc., near the edge of the city. As we passed through Shanty-town, lying on both sides of the river near the big smelters, we were hailed by small urchins on all sides. On the west bank an old Irish-woman stood in the front yard of her wood, iron and tin palace talking across the division fence to her neighbor. When she spied us she ceased her gossip, took the clay pipe from her lips, cocked her head on one side and yelled:

"Hillo, there."  
"And are yez goin' to the Worrald's Fair?"  
"Sure and we're not," he shouted back, adding to the skipper, "Oh, for a snap shot at her with a Kodak!"

As several parties had gone down the Platte the past season in flat-boats on their way to the World's Fair, the old lady no doubt thought we were bound for the same destination.

Just above the beautiful Riverside Cemetery we had to carry across a dam at the head of a big irrigating ditch, which was shut off. This gave us fresh hopes, for if all the ditches were shut off we knew there would be plenty of water. Noon found us several miles on our way, and as the sun was very hot and we were tired after our morning's exertion, we lay under the shady trees on a grassy bank for a couple of hours. Up to this time our route was through groves of willows and cottonwoods, under high banks, but in the afternoon we reached more open country and had glimpses of the mountains occasionally.



As the water in the river was unfit to drink, we kept a bucket in the canoe filled with fresh water, which were replenished whenever we came to a little creek emptying into the Platte. The river described many curves, often winding around big bottoms and coming back to nearly the same place. Several small ditches came in on both sides at various places and on the west side more than one emptied, taken from Clear Creek, away up in the mountains. Clear Creek itself was passed, its water belying its name, as it was a dirty yellow in color, caused by the chemicals used in the abstraction of ores far above.

About 4 o'clock we came to a fine place to camp, and the tent was soon up and a fire burning brightly in front, while some water was brought from a small spring above. We had no game, but a supper of flapjacks, bacon, coffee, caudled tomatoes, etc., was soon disposed of, and we lolled around the fire and smoked our pipes while we talked over the events of the day. The night was cool and the sky cloudless. From a little sand hill near our tent we could see the mountains distinctly, and the electric lights and tall stacks of the smelters at Denver were plainly visible, though miles away.

During the night a strong wind blew from the north, but in the morning it was clear and cold and there was a heavy frost. A half mile below our camp a barbed-wire fence crossed the river, but by lying down we got through it and passed around a long curve toward the mountains, turning eastward after traversing several miles of swift water. Toward noon we passed through another long strip of trees and came out again in open country which was tickly settled and covered with well cultivated fields and farms.

After dinner we reached the long chute which leads into the Fulton ditch. In the shade of some willows we got out, and walking down the chute some 500 yds., what we saw dashed our hopes to the ground in one moment. There was the big ditch, thirty feet wide and ten feet deep, the head gate of which was open and nine-tenths of the water from the Platte flowed into the ditch. Looking down the river we saw a stream spread wide across the river bed, but too shallow to float a two-inch plank. This was what we had feared, but were told all the ditches were shut off, so we really could not see why the ditch was open so late in the season.

But the ditch was open and we couldn't continue down the Platte. The ditch was private property, and even if we had attempted to run it and had escaped being shot at or prosecuted for trespass, we would have probably wound up out on the prairie somewhere high and dry, or had no end of trouble with gates, flumes, etc. So we returned to the canoe, put up the tent, gathered some wood and put things in shape for the night; and then taking our rifles started across toward the big road on the hill, made some inquiries at ranches about the river below, and found out to our disgust that the only railway station near us had been closed and was now only a flag station.

We intended shipping the canoe and outfit to North Platte, Neb., and starting out fresh from there, but found that impossible. We were stumped. We finally found a man who was going to Denver on the morrow with a big farm wagon, so we engaged him to come to our camp next morning and take us in with him. We returned to camp and cooked supper and built a roaring fire, for the evening was cold after the heat of noon. The pipes were lit, and in their glow we all but forgot our troubles.

Next morning while we were eating breakfast our friend appeared, and we soon packed up and were on our way home again, reaching there in the afternoon. We were a little shy of meeting our friend, not liking to be quizzed about our sudden return. The canoe was taken to the Union depot office of a prominent express company for shipment east, and when the agent told us he would charge \$21 per 100 lbs. to Jefferson City, about 800 miles, we nearly dropped dead. We did the best thing we could under the circumstances and shipped the canoe by freight. From the fact that there was an additional charge to pay on receiving her, and the time required for her journey was over two weeks, the canoe arrived in Jefferson City without injury. Of cruises near here I may write at some future date.

Should any canoeist attempt a cruise down the Platte River he should start not later than Aug. 1 and carry not an ounce of unnecessary duff. After reaching the mouth of the North Platte River the trip would be easy to the Missouri, and the river one only has to keep clear of snags and good time can be made down stream, as the current is very swift.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.

#### Toronto C. C. and Its New House.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

Among the pleasing changes wrought upon the water front during the past year is the removal of the old ramshackle structures which obtruded their rugged ugliness upon the vision of the citizen, and created anything but a favorable first impression upon the stranger arriving by water. The new buildings which adorn the water front are more in keeping with the city's progress. Of the number none is more conspicuous than the new home of the Toronto C. C., a cut of which is shown in to-day's issue.

Occupying a most advantageous position immediately south of and in a line with the clock tower of the Union station, it will, from its size and handsome appearance, be a noted object.

Toronto, so widely known for its lead in aquatic sports, can now boast of having the largest and most completely equipped canoe house on the continent, a distinction of importance, when it is remembered that the American Canoe Association numbers 138 clubs upon its roll.

It may safely be asserted that no other sport has among its devotees such a number of persons belonging to the professional classes in arts, sciences and literature. The individual that is termed "a sport" finds no congenial companionship among canoeists. There is no noisy and unhealthy excitement, and no opportunity for the development of the belting instinct. The joys of the canoe and paddle are unobtrusive, but none who has tasted the joy of a summer's cruise, with its varied and delightful experiences, would ever abandon it for the more noisy sports.

It affects the heart and imagination in a manner not to be expressed in words, but only to be realized by actual participation in the pleasure of an outing. A trip with congenial companions in a light canoe through lake and river, over the portage and down the rapid, the voices of nature soothing the nerves, and the cool, healthful breeze cooling the brow, is it any wonder that in picture, in song and in story canoeing occupies a higher plane than any other outdoor sport?

The yearly gathering in camp of the clubs comprising the American Canoe Association is a notable event. Here is true fraternity. No national, political, or religious dividing line, but friendly rivalry—who possesses the most complete canoe kit, the fastest canoe? Who has made the longest cruise, can tell the best fish story, or exhibit the most artistic views, the product of his own camera? One such outing makes of the novice a willing enthusiast—he too is compelled to tell of its joys. Thus no gentlemanly sport has received such accessions of



membership in so short a time as canoeing. The Toronto Canoe Club is an illustration of this. In 1880 nine gentlemen met in the Rossin house and formed the Toronto Canoe Club, which now is so strong in members as to justify them in leasing one of the finest aquatic houses on the continent. The present membership exceeds 130. The club house has provision for 160 canoes, with locker rooms, dressing rooms, shower bath and gymnasium. Nor have the lady friends been forgotten in the general arrangements. The club's "at home" will in future be held in their own rooms, as 100 couples will not crowd the dancing room. The ladies' parlour adjoining, with dressing room and lavatory is ample for all occasions, and in good taste.

The ground floor is entirely devoted to the housing of the canoes and other craft belonging to the members, and is not only the largest, but the most convenient boat house in the city. The building has a frontage of 86 ft. on the bay, with a depth of 40 ft., enabling every canoe to be stowed so that no twisting or turning is necessary to convey it to the float for launching, nor will it be necessary to carry it very far, and in returning after a run the work of hauling up and housing will be accomplished with a minimum of trouble and risk to the craft. The large frontage also gives opportunity for several floats, preventing crowding on regatta days, when a large number of the members are getting afloat or returning at the same time. These are important points about a boat house and in these respects the Toronto C. C. could not have done better. The room is lofty and the walls finished in a light color, making a neat and clean appearance. As the membership fee and rack rent will altogether amount to less than an ordinary boat house rental the club ought to attract large numbers of the owners of small craft, especially when the club house and social advantages are considered.

A stairway leads directly into the reading room, a square, cosy apartment the full width of the building, and forming the winter quarters, always heated by a stove, and ready for the reception of members. To the east of this is the large assembly room, separated only by folding doors, which can be moved altogether, making a very large and convenient apartment for an "at home." For heating the assembly room there are two old-fashioned fireplaces, of a capacity suggesting the warmest and heartiest kind of hospitality. The western end of the first floor is taken up with a comfortable ladies' parlor, with mantel and grate, neatly furnished, and with dressing room attached. In all these rooms the floors are stained and are to be finished in varnish, the walls and wainscoting being of agreeable tints, and the general effect excellent without ostentation or extravagant display. A kitchen and well-supplied china locker are also to be found.

The next floor contains committee rooms, janitor's apartments, shower baths and lavatory, and a locker room, the latter having a large central space, with a cottage roof, so as to be fitted up as a small gymnasium. A stairway leads up to the flat roof of the main portion of the building, which has been fitted with railings so as to make an excellent observatory which, with the large balconies down below, will afford vantage ground for a thousand people to view races on the bay.

The house was opened on Jan. 12, a large number of guests being present. The officers of the club are: Com., H. R. Tiley; Vice-Com., George Wilkie; Rear-Com., R. P. Stewart; Sec., Frederick Woodman; Treas., Harry Ford; Ex. Com., A. E. Ball; Chairman of Regatta Com., James E. Brown; Chairman of House Committee, John C. Iredale.

#### A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: W. J. Averil, Bay Ridge; A. W. Van Deusen Arlington, N. J.; Stephen M. Balzer, Bayard Hawthorne, New York Paul C. Gottschalk, Jersey City. Central Division: Frank D. Wood Buffalo, N. Y.; John L. H. King, A. W. M. Moffitt, Troy, N. Y. Eastern Division: Chas. H. Davenport, Jr.

#### On the Home Table.

PHILADELPHIA.—Your paper is a great paper for me and the whole family, as it is read by them daily; and when my brother calls on me the first question will be "Have you this week's paper?" The closest blue print will show what paper can always be found upon our table. C. W. H.



## The Atlantic Division and the Meet.

Vice Com. SCHUYLER, of the Atlantic Division, has sent out the following circular:

NEW YORK, January, 1894.—Dear Sir: The next annual meet of the American Canoe Association will be held at Croton Point, on the Hudson River, about thirty miles from New York City. This is the most desirable place that could possibly be had for the entire A. C. A., and yet be in the Atlantic Division and on salt water. It is on the direct route of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., and most convenient for the Atlantic Division. A line of boats runs daily from New York to Sing Sing, and a boat will make several trips daily from there to camp, about three miles distance. It is within easy cruising distance from the canoeing center of our division, and arrangements will be made for those from a distance shipping their canoes and duffie to Sing Sing, so as to get them to camp with the least possible trouble.

The camp is on a finely wooded point, affording good shade for those who desire it, also plenty of open. There is a high bluff and the view fully equals Champlain or Lake George. The river is about three miles wide and as fine a sailing course as could be wished for. The beach is fine hard sand down to low water mark, and the finest racing canoe could be hauled up on it without harm, so the building of skids would not be necessary.

The rise and fall of the tide is about three and one-half feet, and as the beach is very steep the distance between high and low water is about thirty-five feet. For those who desire cruising, there are a number of delightful short trips up the Croton river; to Rockland Lake and to Peekskill. For those who own single handed cruisers there is a safe anchorage, in the cove formed by the point and the dock, and no doubt a number of this class of boats will be at camp, as there are a number of them on our large open waters and a special race will take place for them. In fact, there is no place within the Atlantic Division where we can get so many conveniences, and the A. C. A. is to be congratulated upon having selected and obtained permission to camp on Croton Point.

It is hoped that we can hold the largest A. C. A. meet that has ever been held, and as a camp has never been held so near a convenient to New York and its suburbs, we trust that we shall have a big delegation from our own division, and we ask you to join in helping us make it a success by joining the A. C. A. and attending the meet which takes place the last two weeks in July.

By joining now you will have your name and canoe enrolled in the 1894 year book, and it will not cost you any more than by waiting till next spring to join.

Enclosed find an application blank which please fill out and send to the purser, Mr. F. L. Munnell, 185 Broadway, N. Y., enclosing \$2, one dollar of which is for initiation fee, and one dollar for 1894 dues.

Trusting you will join, I remain yours truly,

C. V. SCHUYLER, Vice Com. Atlantic Div.

Vice Com. Schuyler has appointed the following Division regatta committee to assist the A. C. A. committee: M. V. Brokaw, L. B. Palmer, W. C. Lawrence.

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Mohican C. C. was held on Jan. 25 in Albany, the following officers being elected: Captain, W. Howard Brown; Mate, John S. Neville; Purser, W. S. Hackett. Executive Committee—C. V. Winnie and F. L. Mix. The chief event of the evening was the presentation of a silver loving cup to the retiring captain, Mr. Winnie, who has held the office for four years, having been elected purser of the Mohicans in 1888 and 1889; captain in 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893, and chairman of the transportation committee, A. C. A., 1889, 1890 and 1891. As vice-commodore of the Central Division in 1891 he turned a loss of twenty-two members into a gain of forty-nine. Mr. George F. Hilton made the presentation speech.

At the annual meeting of the Rondout C. C. on Jan. 24 the following officers were elected: Com., Harry J. O'Sullivan; Vice-Com., Charles Reynolds, Jr.; Treas., G. W. Crispell, M.D.; Sec'y, J. D. Schoonmaker.

The Orange Canoe Club has elected the following officers: Com., George Manly; Vice-Com., W. Palty; Sec., A. M. Burroughs; Treas., C. W. Burroughs.

On Feb. 9 Mr. R. S. Stoddard, the well known photographer and canoeist, gave an entertainment at Bensonhurst for the benefit of the New York C. C., delivering his new lecture, "The White City," with stereoscopic views of the Fair.

The annual meeting of the Knickerbocker C. C. was held at the club house on Jan. 23, the following officers being elected: Com., James R. Steers, Jr.; Vice-Com., James K. Hand; Sec., William R. Farrell, Jr.; Treas., Sidney M. Wintlingham; Mess., Frank C. Moore.

The Yonkers C. C. has elected the following officers: Com., W. R. Haviland; Vice-Com., D. B. Goodsell; Sec., Thos. Hale, Jr.; Capt., H. L. Quick; Lieut., C. S. Middlebrook.

Messrs. E. G. Langley and E. D. Gray, two young canoeists of Atlanta, Ga., are now on a long trip in canvas canoes, having left Atlanta on Jan. 13. The purpose is to visit Florida and to cruise on a number of Southern rivers.

We have received from M. E. Blasler & Co., Utica, N. Y., a new catalogue of their yacht, boat and canoe hardware, including fittings of all kinds in brass and nicked goods. They manufacture the Blasler patent folding and releasing anchor.

At the annual meeting of the Peoria C. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Henry C. Morse; Vice-Com., F. C. Howe; Purser, Walter M. Clark; Executive Committee, Henry C. Morse, Walter M. Clark and Shurburn Pearson. The retiring purser reported a gain of three in membership during 1893, and that the club house was paid for. There are no bills outstanding and nearly \$100 in the iron box. The club is now on a good sound footing and hopes to show more progress than last year during '94.

The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. has made arrangements for the exclusive privileges of a repair and supply tent at the A. C. A. meet, and will send one of its best canoe builders with a supply of tools, materials and fittings.

Members of the Central Division A. C. A. will please take notice that any changes in address or name of canoe, names for membership or of those wishing to be reinstated, should be sent to the purser, Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, N. Y., at once, or they cannot appear in 1894 year book.

About thirty-five canoeists were present on Feb. 17 at the dinner at the Arena, among them being Com. Dorland, Sec'y Douglass, Vice-Com. Schuyler and Messrs. Winnie, Whitlock, Steers, Peebles, Lawrence, Palmer, Stephens, Henry, Hand, Seavey and Quick. The evening passed very pleasantly, the party breaking up about 10 o'clock.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Port Chester.

PORT CHESTER, Feb. 13.—The following scores were shot at this place on Saturday, Feb. 10, 200yds. off hand, German target:

Smith.....	18 22 22 18 20 15 22 24 22 30
McNeill.....	22 22 21 16 24 22 21 25 24—422
Boeger.....	10 18 20 22 9 18 11 18 23 22
Rudd.....	22 15 14 16 20 21 16 19 21 14—348
	14 17 22 22 9 19 17 21 13 18
	19 17 20 15 17 19 16 15 20 14—343
	20 21 14 23 24 18 21 17 17 15—190
	23 25 20 30 *withdrew. Rudd.

## Jersey Rifle Notes.

THE Hudson Rifle Club has adopted a new plan which has its origin with its popular captain. He has divided the club members into three teams, and the member making the highest score in each team during each month will receive a cash prize, and the member making the highest single score in the year will receive an additional cash prize. All these prizes are donated by the captain, and its adoption will increase the interest of shooting as the results are already making their appearance although it has been in operation but a month.

The Hudson Rifle Club intends to enter a team in the famous Zettler Shoot, and feel confident of winning a place on the victors' side.

The Hudson Rifle Club has discarded the plan of honorary membership, as it has a ten year to reduce the interest of the sport, and unless it has active members the club would not retain the good name it already has attained.

The Hudson County League has died an unexpected death, as there seems to be too few interested riflemen to compose sufficient teams to continue in the series.

## Greenville Rifle Club.

THIRTEEN members of the Greenville Club were present Friday night to participate in the weekly gallery shoot for club prizes. Mr. Dorrier made the highest score of the night, 245; J. B. Bag and Plaisted tied for second place with 240 each. Scores: J. B. Bag, 245; Dorrier, 245; C. Collins, 232; Graef, 215; Becker, 215; C. O. Lutz, 214; J. B. Bag, Plaisted, 240; Scheeline, 226; Dorrier, 245; Spahn, 239; Holzappel, 230.

## Greenville vs. Excelsior.

The first of a series of gallery matches between teams from the Greenville and Excelsior rifle clubs, of Jersey City, was shot off on the Excelsior Club's ranges on Wednesday night of last week. Both teams were handicapped by not having their best men present to participate in the match. With a few exceptions the shooting of the men in both of the teams was below the average. The Greenville team, however, succeeded in beating their competitors by 31 points. The ninth round showed the Greenville team only one point in the lead. Pinney, the 10th man of the Excelsior team, found the strain upon his nerves to be too great; he made only 203 against 233 for the Greenville man. Scores:

Excelsior team.		25	24	24	24	24	22	21	10—231
O C Boyce.....	25	24	24	23	23	23	22	20—238	
W J Hennessey.....	25	24	24	23	23	23	22	20—238	
W J Channing.....	25	25	25	24	23	23	22	20—236	
J Hughes.....	25	24	24	23	20	20	20	19—214	
O Thomas.....	25	25	24	23	23	23	21	20—239	
C Baughle.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	21	20—232	
C L Pinney.....	24	23	22	21	20	18	17—203		
J Speicher.....	19	22	24	25	23	23	22—221		
W Weber.....	24	24	25	23	23	22	18—221		
L P Hansen.....	25	25	25	24	24	23	22—240—2365		
E J McCarthy scorer.									

## Greenville team.

G W Plaisted.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	23	19—237
W H Robidoux.....	24	24	23	23	23	21	20—230	
M Dorrier.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	22—242	
W C Collins.....	25	25	25	24	23	22	21—233	
C Boag.....	25	24	24	24	23	23	22—232	
H Lutz.....	25	25	24	23	23	22	20—230	
J Boag.....	25	25	24	24	24	24	23—241	
J Dobbins.....	18	18	19	21	22	22	23	21—206
H Gotthardt.....	25	25	24	23	23	22	21	20—230
C Scheeline.....	25	25	24	24	23	23	22	21—233
E A Graef scorer.								

## Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 11.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. A stiff, unsteady wind blew all day, which made good scores a difficult feat. The day was excellent otherwise. The scores:

Louis.....	8	9	8	7	7	10	7	8	10	—84
Hake.....	7	5	8	4	6	6	5	3	7	—96
	9	3	4	7	6	5	3	3	10	—53
	5	5	4	5	4	3	7	4	8	—56
Weinheimer.....	10	7	6	4	4	6	7	5	6	—61
	10	4	9	6	9	10	6	5	10	—79
	5	8	10	6	5	9	5	9	9	—87
	7	8	9	7	7	9	8	5	10	—67
Payne.....	8	6	9	6	6	7	10	7	8	—77
	5	9	8	5	9	9	8	7	10	—67
	6	9	8	5	9	10	8	7	8	—73
Wellinger.....	7	9	8	7	10	7	9	10	6	—81
	9	6	9	5	6	8	10	7	9	—79
	8	9	6	7	8	7	8	9	8	—97
Edwards.....	8	3	2	3	5	6	4	2	6	—42
Drube.....	7	7	10	4	7	10	10	6	7	—97
	5	5	4	6	9	8	10	6	8	—70
	6	7	8	7	5	4	8	7	7	—109
Stegner.....	8	7	8	7	5	8	8	5	6	—68
	8	6	8	8	7	6	6	10	6	—67
	4	7	6	10	10	6	6	4	5	—86

## New York Schuetzen Corps.

The weekly shoot of the New York Schuetzen Corps, in the Zettler gallery, on Friday night of last week, brought together twenty-eight members. The members were divided into two teams of fourteen men each, under the leadership of Capt. Offermann and G. H. Werenberg. A match was shot off, 10 shots per man, for the refreshments, which resulted in a victory for Capt. Werenberg's team.

Capt G H Werenberg.....	221	Capt H Offermann.....	225
B Walther.....	244	B Zettler.....	241
Phil Feigel.....	232	A J Christian.....	232
H Strate.....	228	J C Bonn.....	242
Jacob Smith.....	223	Dr Grosch.....	223
J Tholke.....	223	J Stiehl.....	215
F Faccopri.....	231	John Bunn.....	225
G Gale.....	205	Wm Krummick.....	205
C Mann.....	207	H Meyer.....	199
J Wolfrmann.....	212	A Stolzenberger.....	222
Ph Albers.....	225	J G Meyer.....	223
A Gubelhauser.....	225	H Heckmann.....	215
R Laig.....	220	J Gubler.....	223
F Stimml.....	212—3104	L Lenke.....	171—3071

## Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 10.—Bad traveling kept all but two members of the Hartford Rifle Club from the shoot this afternoon. The range is three miles away and only cranks turn out now. Standard target, 200yds. off-hand:

H. M. Pope (100 shots).....	10	8	10	8	7	9	8	10	5-85	
	6	8	9	10	7	9	7	9	9-82	
	7	8	10	9	9	8	6	9	10-84	
	8	8	10	9	7	8	8	10	5-82	
Medal score.....	9	9	9	10	8	10	7	10	9-81	
	10	9	6	10	8	5	7	9	10-83	
	9	8	10	8	9	9	7	7	8-82	
	9	8	8	10	9	10	9	8	10-81	
	10	7	9	6	9	9	10	8	9	10-87
	8	8	10	8	9	10	7	9	7	8-84-85
David Lewis.....	6	7	5	8	8	4	9	7	10	6-1-6
	7	8	9	5	6	8	10	4	7	6-7
Medal score.....	5	6	7	5	4	10	8	4	9	5-6
										H. M. Pope. Sen'.

## Paterson Rifle Association.

BUNKER HILL, Paterson, N. J.—All matches at 100yds., regular club practice, 10-shot scores, strong wind blowing across the range:

James Irons.....	17	14	16	18	18	19	19	19	19—175
Gus Dietrich.....	14	16	16	18	15	11	18	20	16—160
Jess Foster.....	17	15	20	16	13	20	14	15	17—166
Abe Newby.....	18	20	16	12	17	16	12	14	18—165
Capt John Ranson.....	16	18	18	16	15	20	16	17	17—165
Con Pyle.....	19	19	14	17	13	13	18	17	16—165
Robt McCullough.....	14	14	14	18	14	16	19	16	16—165
Robt Gonne.....	14	17	17	12	18	17	14	12	13—150
Wm Dutcher.....	80	83	James Irons.....	84	75				
Jess Foster.....	80	87	Gus Dietrich.....	83	77				
Abe Newby.....	70	66	Ben Maskell.....	83	77				
John Ranson.....	90—329	87—283	C Pyle.....	79—328	68—303				

## Williamsburgh Schuetzen Corps.

This annual gallery prize shoot of the Williamsburgh Schuetzen Corps was held at its headquarters, 123 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn on Feb. 11 and 12. There was the usual attendance of the gallery experts, and the competition for best position on the prize list brought out some good scores. There were fifteen prizes ranging from \$30 down to \$1. Three shots per ticket, three best tickets to count for first three prizes, and two best for all others. Messrs. Holges, Ross and Rosenbaum had a hot race for the \$30, and in the end found themselves tied each with three scores of 74. Scores:

delivers tied with	74	74	74—222	G W Vorbe	73	70—144
F Ross	74	74	74—222	W Vorbe	73	70—144
H Hutch	74	74	74—222	B Zettler	73	70—143
Rosenbaum	74	74	74—222	B Zettler	73	70—143
M Dorrier	74	73	73—147	G Zettler	71	71—142
C W Horney	74	73	73—147	Buss	72	70—142
Hutch	75	72	72—147	G Krauss	69	68—135
B Walther	73	73	73—146	G W Plaisted	67	65—132
I Martin	73	73	73—146			

## New York City Schuetzen Corps.

TWELVE members of the New York City Schuetzen Corps devoted an evening to target shooting last week in the Zettler gallery. Two teams of six men each were made up under the lead of Chas G. Zettler and R. Busse. Two matches were shot off for the expenses of the evening's sport. Captain Zettler's team was victorious in both events. Scores:

G G Zettler.....	240	242	R Busse.....	242	243
H Radloff.....	230	233	Chas Reil.....	234	235
W F Gerdes.....	232	220	A Muz.....	234	235
H Molzen.....	227	221	C Roedle.....	224	221
W Facklam.....	223	224	A Ränge.....	224	228
H Kuhlmann.....	222	225	H Witte.....	228	242

## Conlin's Gallery Scores.

Recent performances at 12yds. were: Dr. J. K. Knowlton and T. Tippling, 3 full scores at 14in. bullseye. Knowlton, 20 shots in 30 different positions, 116 out of 140. Wm. Kinghorn, 10 shots, all in bullseye on 16 records, 14in. bullseye. Peter De Nice, 9 bullseyes out of 10 shots, 25yds. J. Blydenburg, full score at 25yds. Major Krockett, 50 shots, average of 8 out of 10 on 2in. bullseye at 25yds. with open sight rifle.

Major also has made the best score with rifle at 135ft., making several targets, 9 bullseyes out of 10 shots.

Mr. Card, 2 targets, 9 out of 10 shots on bullseye at 125ft. I have decided to set two nights a week, one for revolvers on Thursday evening, and for rifles on Saturday evening. All shooters are cordially invited to bring their friends, as a good time and good shooting may be expected.

Mr. Edward Wasserman has made the best average shooting with revolver so far in the gallery; has made full score at 25yds. at 23in. bullseye, and full score at 12yds. at 14in. bullseye.

H. C. Fales made full score at 25yds., 14in. bullseye, which is the best yet.

Mr. A. A. Cohen, who used to shoot so well, is just commencing to practice and some good scores may shortly be expected. Several of the officers have been shooting their new revolvers, but have not got things down line yet; will send you some of their scores next week also some targets.

## Jerseymen at the Targets.

THERE was quite a gathering of riflemen in Armbruster's Park on Saturday afternoon of last week. Only five, however, entered the 50 shot handicap sweep. Messrs. Hansen and Plaisted decided the last of the three 50 shot series between them. Hansen won on a total of 1069, beating Plaisted 34 points:

Plaisted, scratch.....	210	
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894.

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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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and the cord wood at an army post. If it is a crime to take the latter it should be a crime to plunder a forest reservation."

A law providing for the systematic protection of all these parks and forest reservations should be enacted without further delay. Such an act should formally place all these parks and forest reservations under the authority of the Secretary of the Interior, giving him full power to make such rules and regulations as he shall deem needful for their government and control.

It should formally declare the timber, the forests and the wild game and fish, now or hereafter to be found within these reservations, to be the property of the United States, and should make the cutting of timber and the killing of game or fish, except under the regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior—crimes.

It should provide and set in operation that process of law (without which no man under our form of government can be adjudged guilty of a crime), by which trespassers, timber thieves, game butchers, and those who wilfully or carelessly fire the forest—all those who violate the regulations or commit misdemeanors or crimes—shall be tried; and should establish the necessary machinery of justice for such trial and for punishment.

It should authorize the Secretary of War to furnish to the Secretary of the Interior on his request such troops as may be necessary for the purpose of efficiently patrolling and permanently protecting each of the reservations. The excellent protective work done in recent years by the troops in the Yellowstone Park, has thoroughly established the efficiency of the soldiers as guardians of our National reservations.

Such an act as we have indicated should be broad and complete, and after it has been drawn it should be submitted to the criticism of those best acquainted with the Western country and with the problems of forest and game preservation, which are inseparably connected with the subject. There is perhaps no one act which would confer on the mountainous country of the West, and the dry plains which lie at the foot of those mountain ranges, so much material benefit as a wisely drawn law which would provide broadly and fully for the efficient protection of our national parks and forest reservations. Only those who are familiar with the arid West and with the changes which take place in that dry region when once water is put upon the thirsty soil, can appreciate how vastly the material prosperity of the inhabitants of a great section of our country would be increased by the passage of a suitable act of this nature.

## GOVERNOR HOGG'S OPPORTUNITY.

GOVERNOR HOGG, of Texas, has been given some notoriety recently because of alleged connivance in the unlawful patenting of a famous canvasback resort—Lake Surprise—to a Galveston man named Moody. The patentee claimed that he wanted the lake for a rice farm. The sportsmen of Texas declare that he wanted it for the ducks, which are shot for market, the proceeds going in part to Moody. The Governor has been criticised for winking at the transaction; it is said that he should see to it that the patent of Lake Surprise to a market-hunting "combine" be rescinded.

Just now Mr. Hogg finds himself in fresh trouble with Texan sportsmen for having killed a deer out of season. The deed was committed in Nacogdoches county. The press dispatches say that the Governor has been arrested, and has declared his intention of settling with alacrity, if he has violated the statute.

If the papers report him correctly, he has put forth two explanations of his predicament, neither of which becomes the chief executive of the State of Texas. One of these explanations is that he did not know that deer were protected in Nacogdoches county. This is a poor enough excuse. Mr. Hogg is not only a Governor, but he claims to be a sportsman as well, and in either one or the other capacity, if not in both, he should have known that while Cherokee, Shelby, Franklin, Rockwall, Hopkins, Brazos, Williamson, Coryell, Brown, Mills, Comanche, Runnels, Cooke, Wise, Madison, Clay, Jack and the unorganized counties attached to the same for judicial purposes, Freestone, Stephens, Eastland, Palo Pinto, Polk, Throckmorton, Callahan, Taylor, Jones, Kent, Garza, Lynn, Terry, Yoakum, Trinity, Archer, Wichita, Wheeler, Oldham, King, Dickens, Crosby, Wilbarger, Childress, Lubbock, Hockley, Cochran, Bailey, Lamb, Lamar, Hale, Floyd, Motley, Cottle, Hall, Briscoe,

Swisher, Castro, Parmer, Greer, Deaf Smith, Randall, Armstrong, Donley, Collingsworth, Gray, Carson, Potter, Hutchinson, Hartley, Moore, Roberts, Hemphill, Lipscomb, Ochiltree, Hansford, Sherman, Hardeman, Dallam, Cass, San Jacinto, Camp, Dimmit, Kinney, Cameron, Jackson, Kaufman, the unorganized county of Zavala, Angelina, Walker, Trinity, Panola, Jack, Young, Fannin, Delta, Hopkins, Gonzales, Morris, Waller, Tyler, Newton, Burnet, Karnes, Atascosa and Bell counties are exempt from the provisions of Art. 426 of the game law, which is the section relating to deer, the counties of Bowie, Nacogdoches, Hill and Rusk are exempted from Arts. 427, 428 and 429 only, and not from 426. It is all simple enough, when as a plain sportsman or as a Governor and sportsman combined you have memorized it; and every one in Texas has abundant time to commit the law to memory, for they change the list of counties only once in two years.

The other explanation which the Governor is reported to have given is that he was arrested out of spite, because of the Lake Surprise affair. This excuse is no better than the other, for it is to say that the Texas deer law is enforced only as a spite measure. If this be true, it indicates a condition of game lawlessness, of which Mr. Hogg as Governor and Mr. Hogg as sportsman should be ashamed, and to the correction of which as executive and sportsman he should address himself without delay.

Mr. Hogg is just now at odds with the sportsmen of his State. He may regain their regard and earn their lasting gratitude if he will set out to accomplish these two things—first, the simplification of the game laws so that all may know what they are; and second, their wholesome enforcement not as spite measures, but as wise provisions to be observed and respected by all alike for the general good. It is a great opportunity.

## SNAP SHOTS.

If the marketing of game could be stopped, the result would be not only to diminish the legitimate drain on the game supply in the open season and by lawful methods but as well to cut off a large share of the illicit pursuit of game. For as a matter of fact, experience demonstrates that a vast proportion of the unlawful shooting is that which is done to feed the markets. A resident of Long Island was complaining the other day of the absence of wildfowl from the Island waters this season; and now it develops that the reason for this is that the bays have been fire-hunted systematically by market-shooters, for the Brooklyn and New York trade.

An egg of the great auk was sold in London last week for \$1,500. If your great-grandfather had robbed a few nests of this fowl and stored the eggs in the attic, he would have performed a distinguished service for his posterity.

Mr. Austin Corbin has some wild boars in his New Hampshire preserve; but we understand that he is not particularly enthusiastic over them. There is no special sense in importing wild boars into this country. The brutes are all well enough perhaps for Algerian pig-stickers, but they would not make a desirable addition to the game supply of this great and glorious land of freedom. As for wild hogs, there is a very creditable native supply; and those who are ambitious in that direction may find the game in Tennessee mountains, Louisiana swamps and California tule lands, not to mention Texas with its peccaries. Fur and feathers, the more the better, but we may well spare the bristles.

Mr. Gilbert, the trout culturist, has succeeded in putting his bill through the Massachusetts Legislature again this winter, and it threatens to become a law unless Gov. Greenhalge shall follow the wise precedent of Gov. Russell and give it his veto. The measure is to permit the sale of cultivated trout in certain months of the close season for the capture or sale of wild trout. Mr. Gilbert bases his argument for the bill upon the fact that he can raise trout in his own private ponds and market them at a profit in the close season, that to forbid this is to work hardship to him, that the industry of trout breeding is one which should be encouraged, and that the marketing of artificially reared fish will not endanger the native supply of wild trout in the waters of the Commonwealth. The personal advantage of the measure to Mr. Gilbert must be conceded. But on the other hand all experience teaches the futility of attempting to preserve fish or game

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## TROOPS FOR THE FORESTS.

ATTENTION has frequently been called to the fact that our National Parks and the recently established forest reservations are entirely without that protection which is essential to their preservation and to the accomplishment of the useful purposes for which they have been established. This is something which has been too long neglected, and which should now have the attention of Congress.

It is true that in the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, the Grant and the Sequoia National Parks, troops have been employed to patrol the reservations and to protect the forests, and in a measure the game, though recently doubt has been thrown on the legality of the use of troops for these purposes in the three last mentioned. But the forest reservations, embracing nearly 12,000,000 acres of land are now, as they have always been, entirely without guardians.

It is to be assumed that when Congress passed the act of March 3, 1891, under which these forest reservations were set apart, it meant to give the opportunity for just such action as was taken by the President when he issued the proclamations that established the reservations; but it must be evident to any intelligence that the mere formal announcement that these tracts of land are reserved is entirely without practical meaning. In order that such reservations and such parks shall be of actual benefit to the country, it is necessary that they shall be in fact what they are in name, and shall really be protected from incursions by trespassers and from fire; and this can be done only by the presence on these lands of government officials who shall see that the law is obeyed. These national parks and forest reservations are all of them situated in the Rocky Mountains or in the mountains of the farther West. They are more or less timbered with coniferous trees, and are thus especially exposed to the danger of fire, burning when once aflame, like so much gunpowder. Besides this they are subject to constant invasion by timber thieves, who cut the growing trees; by sheep men, whose flocks destroy the young seedlings; and by hunters, campers and picnickers, whose fires frequently kindle conflagrations that are far beyond the power of human hand to hold in check. Thus the forest reservations, while they give pleasure and profit to a few selfish persons, who often entirely disregard the rights which the public have in them, at present accomplish nothing for the general good.

In the recently published book of the Boone and Crockett Club the subject of the Federal ownership of the timber and game on these forest reservations is concisely treated in the following words: "The timber and the game ought to be made the absolute property of the Government, and it should be constituted a punishable offense to appropriate such property within the limits of the reservation. The game and the timber should be regarded as Government property, just as are the mules



if the markets are open to receive them during the prescribed close season. The practical working of this Gilbert trout law, if it shall become a law, will be to encourage the taking of wild trout in close time for the market. The bill then is one which grants special privileges to an individual at the expense of public interest. Massachusetts might better get from Mr. Gilbert an estimate of the profits he expects from the operation of the law and make him an appropriation out of the public treasury, and have done with it. The amount so expended would not equal the expenditures necessary to provide protection for wild trout in a close-catching and open-marketing season.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### CAPE COD WAY.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

LAST summer, with Thoreau's charming book in my hand, I took a jaunt down Cape Cod to the land's end, where the strong "right arm of Massachusetts" holds the writhing waves in its fist while they hiss and chafe into foam upon the sands. It was July, and the sun was hot, yet an ever cooling and grateful breeze blew across the land from ocean to bay, so that the tramp, instead of being fatiguing, was actually invigorating, and the perspiration which started betimes upon the brow was dissipated as soon as it formed. For mile after mile, with book in hand, I followed the identical route which Thoreau had chosen forty-five years before along the beach and over the dunes, and across the sands, and past the old windmills and wrecks, and into the lighthouses and fishermen's huts, and past travesties of so-called "farms," where the soil is so scant that mature corn stands only 2ft. high and fruit-bearing apple trees grow no higher than one's head—trudging along with the book as chronicle rather than guide, whereby I was enabled to make honest comparison of the past with the present, and determine for myself how much man could subdue or appropriate of this weird spit which projects itself 65 miles into the expansive ocean. As to losing the way there was small chance in clear midsummer weather, for there was but one direction to follow, and that was straight forward, unless one wished to walk into the ocean on the right hand or the left, and for a *dernier ressort* the bewildered wayfarer might take to the railroad which traverses the attenuated axis of the Cape like a backbone. No surer guide than this for castaways and shipwrecked mariners when there is no fog and the track is bare of snow. The average width from shore to shore is not more than five miles, while at a certain point between Truro and Provincetown, some four miles from its extremity, one can almost straddle the narrow neck like a veritable Colossus of Rhodes.

There was no railroad in Thoreau's time. It was then stage-coach or nothing, with an ever shifting trail through the mobile sands which were here to-day and gone to-morrow, according to the caprices of the winds which moved them. Frequently, between sand hills utterly bare were grassy intervals or marshes, or cranberry bogs, and sometimes little water holes where pond lilies grew and blossomed. Then there were larger ponds of many acres filled with perch and pickerel, many of them scarcely separated from the ocean by a narrow fllet of sand. Occasionally there was a brook with speckled trout. At times the homely vehicle would toil for a long distance through a deep hollow with no outlook whatever, and anon it ran over a dune 75ft. high, from whose top there was an illimitable view. Few trees were to be seen; only patches of scrub oak here and there and small plantations of dwarf pitch pine which provident philanthropists had set out betimes to cover the nakedness of the land, and furnish a meagre substitute for the driftwood on the landwash, when that pitiful resource might chance to fail the inhabitants for fuel. And there was seldom a farmhouse; only an occasional fisherman's hut at long intervals, or a wrecker's cabin. Ever and anon there would occur the remains of a stranded whale or blackfish stripped of its blubber, while a continuous selvedge of seaweed marked the edge of the tide. Beyond the town of Wellfleet, these features stand to-day but little changed. But in the interval between the elbow and the wrist (the brawny fore-arm of the Cape), there are no less than seven pretty modern towns, strung like pearls upon the sands and set in shrubbery and shade where good cheer and good fare are held out as attractions for summer guests; while Provincetown itself, a refuge for Pilgrims since 1621, has cast off much of its ancient and fish-like smell, and fish flakes have given place to lawn tennis in the yards of the cottagers. Such a novel trip it is seldom one's good fortune to take. The comfort of the present period is that one can accomplish as much of it as he likes on foot, and when tired take to the railroad cars at convenient stations. Bicycles are obviously not in it. Neither are the Cape Cod Folks, old style, which Mr. Thoreau wrote of. They all lie buried in the wind-swept cemeteries among the sand dunes, with whortleberries clustering around the headstones. There are none left. Railroad communication has placed these once isolated people in sympathetic touch with the progressive world at large, and latest fashions and newest fads prevail throughout. Trains from Boston bring crowds of seaside visitors from remotest regions, and they scatter all over the Cape, from its shoulder to the land's end. New Yorkers who value comfort, economy and dispatch take the Portland, Me., steamers, which touch at Cottage City, on Martha's Vineyard, and cross to Woods Hole, where they take the train to Buzzard's Bay, while from Boston there is a lovely steamboat route to Provincetown—merely a four hours' morning run for one dollar, with a good dinner at Gifford's upon arrival at destination, and an interesting return journey by rail down the entire length of the Cape.

The rail route is distressfully hot and dusty in mid-summer, and a transit one way over it is enough. Yet it should by no means be omitted. Returning by steamer the voyager gets only the sail and the salt air, but land-wise he sees lots of traces of the early occupation, as well as endless innovations. There are gaunt old windmills with bare arms and summer girls with bare arms, antiquated farmhouses and modern villas, starveling

garden patches and choice bits of lawn, ox teams and pony carts, well sweeps and tennis courts, lilacs and jack roses, poll parrots and canaries, pug dogs and whale ribs, and altogether such a conglomeration of things past and primitive with things present and perennial as gives the rusty old cape a blooming and cheerful aspect, and enables the living and progressive generation to hobnob agreeably with those who have played their parts. Rip Van Winkle and the Little Tycoon are both on the stage together.

Working down toward the land's end, where the sandy neck is no wider than a causeway, one sees at last in the blue distance, away to the left, the extremity of the Cape, curved like the letter C and stretching along the watery expanse in ghostly undulations of white sand, with little green dales between the hillocks, and a fringe of white houses aligned along the curve of the beach. This is the site of ancient Chequocket, now Provincetown, where the Pilgrims and the Mayflower first made land after their precarious voyage across the Atlantic. The city extends for three miles along the water front, and with its numerous spires and clustering masts looks like a large and populous seaport. But it really has only a few thousands, and the houses are chiefly confined to the single marginal street, though some few buildings on elevations give it an imposing appearance. From a dominating sand dune 75ft. high, which stands almost in the center of the town, the whole surroundings can be seen at a glance. This hill was once the site of the town hall, and a corkscrew carriage road wound up to the summit; but the building burned down, and afterward, in prosperous whaling times, the high perch was used as a lookout and signal station to announce incoming vessels. Now it is inclosed with an iron fence and used as a park, provided with seats, and a slightly location it is. Later on it will be occupied by the tall granite shaft of the Pilgrim Memorial Association, to



A PILGRIM IN THE TOILS.

commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims on Nov. 21, 1620, as well as the first birth and the first death which occurred in the Pilgrim band.

In the immediate foreground stretches the attenuated shoestring of a town, the long projecting wharves and the shipping, which is a goodly sight when the returned whalers and the fishing fleet are in port. Of the latter there are 150 sail. There are half a dozen or more craft engaged in whaling off Hatteras, N. C., which brought home from 800 to 500 barrels of oil apiece last August. It is one of the crack sights of the town in summer to watch from an eminence the mackerel handliners come in from the cruising grounds outside. When the wind is fair they all arrive in a body, with the foam piled up under their forefeet, and the panorama is then impressive. It is equal to a regatta.

Back of the town are the restless and mysterious sand dunes inclosing it like an amphitheatre, and interspersed with stunted woods and pretty fresh-water ponds—a novel and expansive tract which it is hoped soon to reclaim entirely from the inexorable drift and convert into a park. Modern sentiment demands this, and the inevitable summer visitor stimulates the movement. Already there are enough summer guests to command the situation. They come by steamboat loads every day the season through, and the antiquated fishing town with its drying stages, shore traps and seines, has so far transformed herself to meet the requirements of the fashionable world as to furnish carriages, water works, a steam fire engine and gaslights. It supports a wide awake local newspaper, two livery stables and several comfortable hotel boarding-houses. There are very creditable church edifices and school buildings and a modern Town Hall, steam-heated, with clock and bell tower, seating a thousand people. Provincetown has furnished up.

From the elevated summit of Town Hill several life-saving stations and four light-houses can be seen on a clear day, with long spots of yellow sand reaching out into the tide like tentacles of a giant octopus in wait for his prey, while away off to the limit of vision the diminutive white sails of the outgoing mackerel fleet appear like alabaster beads strung along the horizon at regular intervals, looking for all the world as if the blue canopy of the sky were buttoned down to the selvedge of the aquamarine beneath. It is altogether charming! The formation of these sandspits is a curious study. They are being reproduced continually all along the Atlantic coast, from Cape Cod to Cape Lookout in North Carolina. Conspicuous examples are noticeable at Chatham, Wellfleet, Hyannis, Barnstable and on the shore lines of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. They are formed by the action of tides and counter currents, just like sandbars in rivers, commencing at points of land and extending in a line parallel with the shore until eventually there is only an inlet left for the ebb and flux of the diurnal tides. When these inlets are finally closed by storms and wave action, ponds are formed, sometimes of great extent, which ultimately become fresh-water bodies containing only fresh

water species of fish. These ponds are a common feature of Cape Cod. In North Carolina the largest of them are called "sounds." Currituck Sound is noteworthy. Fifty years ago it was accessible from the ocean with market boats. To-day it abounds with black bass, perch and pickerel, to an extent sufficient to furnish a livelihood for many boatmen who fish exclusively with seines.

There is something phenomenal about the vegetation which grows in a deep ravine on the north (l) side of Town Hill. It is so luxurious and rank as absolutely to choke the ravine, showing thereby what these silicious sands are capable of producing when held in place and kept from drifting. The commissioners of the projected Marine Park may take abundant encouragement therefrom. An inventory of the trees and plants found there discovered the following, of which several are sub-tropical, to wit: Laurel, willow, yarrow, two kinds of maple, oak, apple, woodbine, blueberry, blackberry, two kinds of smilax, locust, cherry, wild rose, sweet briar, beach plum, golden rod, beach grass, mock cranberry, sorrel, scrub pine, silver leaf poplar, balm of gilead, indigo weed, bayberry, poverty grass, beach pea, crowberry, squaw huckleberry, shad hush, bearberry, and several not recognized. It is said that fifty barrels of wild strawberries were picked at Provincetown last June. Experiments prove that exquisite lawns can be grown, and some of the balsms of gilead in the village are fully 60ft. in height.

By all accounts the end of the Cape is a great resort for foxes and rabbits, which love to burrow in the warm sand and forage upon the demesnes of the numerous sea fowl which congregate there, such as black ducks, teal, doe birds, plover, curlew, wild geese and brant. A local authority says that raccoons and quail are numerous. I can testify as to English sparrows. Just imagine. Where will these feathered tramps not penetrate? Parties from New Bedford make yearly visits to this place for the purpose of fox hunting. Between coursing, fishing, shooting, bathing, boating and sailing, the local attractions are great, to say nothing of the cool comfort one gets in summer when everywhere else is hot.

In Pilgrim times the Fathers must have had grand sport. Bradford, the historian of the colony, says: "Beside water fowles ther was great store of wild turkies, of which they took many, besides venison, etc."

In Mourt's journal of the first landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown he recounts in his gaunt orthography how his party fared during their first exploration on the land, Cape Cod way; how they found two wigwags, an Indian burial ground, two canoes and great store of garnered "corne, some yellow, some red, and others mixt with blew." They also discovered an old palisaded fort, several planks, a great iron kettle and other evidences of a previous European occupation. On their first night ashore it rained hard and they made camp "with a Baricado to windward, and kept good watch all night with three Sentinells." On the morning of Nov. 27, the narrative recites, "We took our kettle and sunk it in the pond, and trimmed our Muskets, for few of them would go off because of the wet, and so coasted the wood againe to come home, in which we were shrewdly pulled, and lost our way; as we wandered we came to a tree, where a young Spritt was bowed down to a bow, and some Acornes strewed vnderneath; Stephen Hopkins said it had beene to catch some deere, so we were looking at it, William Bradford being in the Reare, when he came looked also vpon it, and as he went about, it gave a sodaine jerk vp, and he was immediately caught by the leg. It was a very prettie devise, made with a rope of their own making, and having a noose as artificially made as any ropes in England can make, and as like ours as can be, which we brought away with vs."

"In the end," the story runs, "wee got out of the Wood, and were fallen about a myle too high above the creake where we saw three Bucks, but wee had rather have had one of them. Wee also did spring three couple of Partidges; and as we came along by the creake wee saw great flocks of wild Geese and Duckes, but they were very fearefull of vs. So we marched some while in the Woods, some while in the Water vp to the Knees, till at length we came neare the Ship, and then we shot off our Peeces, and the long Boat came to fetch vs."

After snow fell and the country froze up there was more hardship than sport in their outings, and finally they were fain to eat the "corne, beanes and Indian wheat" which they found stored, in order to keep them selves from starving. It is on record that 46 of the 101 colonists died that winter.

Reminiscences of this sort make Cape Cod interesting to the visitor of to-day. No town in the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts is so replete with historical facts, and all who are familiar with them will rejoice that a suitable monument is to be erected there at an early day to commemorate a period so pregnant with great events. The Land's End will become the Mecca of New England tourists.

### A STORY OF 1864.

It was the one golden hour of the day. The sun had set and on the extreme edge of the after-glow, like an Esquimaux kayak, sailed the red, crescent moon. Borne faintly to our ears on the fragrant night wind came the voice of the James River as it hurried onward to the sea with its song of the valley.

From a sportsman's standpoint the day had been a good one, as the great bunches of quail that Aunt Viney was skinning could attest; and now our visitors were seated around on the old veranda enjoying their pipes—all except the Judge, whose dignity demanded a cigar.

Now the Judge was from the North, and had occupied during the war a very high position in the Federal Army, so conversation naturally turned to war times and the changes that had taken place in Virginia since then. "Virginia," said the Judge earnestly, "is one of the finest spots on God's green footstool, and I would gladly end my days amid such surroundings. What do you say, Isiah?"

Isiah—seated on the lower steps of the veranda engaged in mending the Judge's gun case—looked up and answered: "Wall, seh, Judge, I was borned an' riz right yeah seh, an' I feels jus' like I was one ob dem ol' magnolias down yon'er, wid dey big feet planted in de groun', dey ain' no win' pow'ful 'nough to tar'em out, an' when de good Lord done see fit to call me home, I knows my ol' bones will res' easy an' com'f'able 'long side of we-all's folks down by de ribber."

"Thankee, seh, no seh, I don' smoke a seegar very of'en,



dat's a fac'. You see, I likes a pipe, cause it's like an' ol' fren' dat you done know fo' a long time, but a seegar allus 'peaks like a stranger an' it takes you some time to get 'quainted.

"No seh, de wah did'n' make no difference to we-all. Some ob de niggers was glad to git dere freedom, but dey was mosly young folks. De ol' ones was kinder sorry like, dey did'n' wan' to leab ol' Marse, fo' dey was mighty comf'able an' happy in dey little cabins, 'dout no rent to pay an' nothin' 't all to pester 'em. No seh, I did'n' do no fightin' nohow, but I went wid de ol' Marse when de wah broke out, 'cause you know I was his p'ticular sarvent an' ten' to him ever since we was bofe chillen.

"Heh—whenver I goes quail shootin' it makes me think ob de time when de ol' Marster an' me went huntin' one day over in de Valley of Furginia—you see—it was long about de en' of de wah, an' we was wid de Army of Noth'n Furginia. Mistah Lincum was a keepin' our rations down mighty clus, an' we all was powful sick of eatin' corn meal, but we did'n' hab nothin' else, so of cose we had to make de bes' of it. Well, one mo'nin jus' 'bout daybreak, I was a fixin' breakfas' fo' de ol' Marse, when I hears some quail a pipin' in a little patch of corn stubble ober to'ards de woods—Marster he done hear 'em too, an' he lif' his haid offen his saddle n' say: 'Lis'en still, Isiah. Hear dat whis'le. It soun's like quail.'

"It cert'ny do,' sez I, 'an' dem quail would taste mighty nice if dey was done broiled over dis yeah fish. Dey beat dis yeah no 'count corn pone and goober corfey, I tell you. My sakes, dem quail holler so loud dey make me 's hungry as a houn'.

"De Marster he done get up an' shake hisself, den he look down to'ard dat cornfiel' an' he sniff de air jus' like he had done got de win' of dem birds. By-m-by he say, 'Look yeah, Isiah, we jus' gotten hab some ob dem quails fo' breakfas'. Jus' you go up yon'er to dat fahmhous, an' see 'f you can borrow a shotgun.'

"Well, up I went to de fahmhous, 'n' knock on de doo' an' take my hat off to de lady what opens it, an' say, 'Please, ma'am, missus, de Marster he wan' know if you-all will be so kin' enough fo' to len' him a shotgun fo' a few minutes, cause dere's some quail down yon'er what he would like to git fo' breakfas'.' 'N' she say, 'Cert'ny 't ain' much 'count, but de Capt'n am welcome.' Den she bring me de wuss lookin' gun you ebber did see; de barr'ls was all red wid de rus'; an' one of de hammers act like it done had de rheumatiz. My! you nebber did see sich a gun! Cose I did'n' say nothin', but 'low it was a fine gun, thank her very kin', an' done toted de ol' thing back to de marster. He laugh when he see it, but we managed to git one of de barr'ls loaded so as it would be very likely to shoot, den we starts off fo' de cornfiel'.

"De quail was hollerin' louder 'n' ever an' I 'clar' 'twas so long sence I had done any huntin' dat I was a shakin' like a young colt wid de wust case ob buck fever you ebber see. When we reach de cornfiel' we done git down on our han's an' knees 'n' c'mence to crawl very slow like to'ards de bunch ob stalks where de quail was a feedin'.

"You knows we had to be mighty keerful, 'cause de woods was jus' swarmin' wid Yankees.

"Marster was creepin' jus' a little ahead ob me an' he wave his han' so like fo' me to keep back, so I jus' sot still an' he crawled on.

"He had'n' got no mo' 'n three yards away from whar I sot when zip came one ob dem minie balls, 'n' it mus' hab jus' passed about fo' inches ober his head 'n' bury itself in de dirt behin' him.

"I looked up to'ards de woods on our right an' jus' caught a glimpse of a little cloud of white smoke fadin' away in de top of a big oak. De Marster he see it, too, 'n' I hear him sw'ar to hisself.

"I whispered fo' him to come back, but he don' pay no 'tention to me, fo' he was ter'ble sot on gittin' dem quail, an' he creeped right on. Den zipp-ee! came another one ob dem balls, an' a little bit ob san' flew up an' hit de Marster in de face. Dat settles de matter, fo' he see dat some daim Yankee sharpshooter was up in dat live oak, an' dat he was jus' feelin' fo' his range. He 'd got de line true 'nough; one shot had been too high, de nex' too low, but de third shot was jus' about liable to come in between—an' dat's whar de Marster was. So back he came, his face almos' as black as mine, an' a-sw'arin' mos' pow'rful.

"All day long we could hear dem quail a-callin', an' every time de wind would bring deir voices to us, de Marster would cuss dat Yankee twell he couldn' think ob no mo' cuss words.

"One day in de airly fall, long after de wah, when Capt'n Haynes, a Yankee gen'lman, was down here at de Hill fo' de shootin' season, I hear de ol' Marse a-tellin' him de story, while I was a-mixin' dem some aig-nogg; an' de Marster he say, 'No, seh, Capt'n Haynes, I don' bear no manamosity to'rds de Yankees, dey done burned my houses, 'stroyed my fel's and killed my stock, but I wouldn' hab minded dat a bit if dat daim Yankee sharpshooter had only lemme git dem quail.'

THE GENERAL.

### THE SOUL OF SHOOTING.

It may be pretty late to recount one's experience in last season's shooting, but as such occasions never die with those who really enjoy them, by such they seem always appropriate and in order. While mine extended over most of the open season and was divided into many short excursions, the grand results as far as bags of game were concerned were quite small. I started out splendidly, getting five birds with my first six shots—one partridge, one woodcock and three quail. If I had stopped here no doubt my record would have been quite creditable in the 'aged class,' but I should have lost much real sport, and the revival of many old memories that are dearer to my heart than bags of game.

I hunted mostly alone except for these memories, and time in the soft autumn days would pass wonderfully fast and pleasant, with none visible about me but my faithful log. If there were nothing about hunting but simply the game one gets, I never should hunt very much now, whatever I might have once done. Sport without sentiment seems much like a harp without strings or a shadow with no sunshine to me nowadays. It may not always be good taste to shake out this sentimental flag every time one takes his rod, gun or pen, but shall we not be better men, and will not the enjoyment of our field sports be keener and more lasting the closer we entwine them with the affections of our hearts? It seems so to me.

My system of hunting has become, of late years, to

be very quiet and perhaps lazy. I take my dog in the wagon in the morning, driving sometimes three or four miles to a locality before hitching, and if I find one bird I worry with it till it either comes to bag or outwits me, and the latter is quite often the case, though I make it a rule never to leave a wounded bird as long as I and the dog can keep any trace of it. Sometimes I would do all my hunting for the day in one locality, and at others I might try two or three places. I and the dog would take our lunches quite regularly at about noon, and the dog not having this bad habit I did the smoking for the party the whole day. Some days we took home a partridge, a brace of woodcock or a few quail, and some days we went home without a feather; but do not for a moment believe that such days were entirely without sport and real benefit. The bushes may have been very thick where we found the game, or the birds may have flushed wild, or my shooting may have been bad, owing partly to the rheumatism in my right elbow, which was the case all season. But was I not all the time hoping and expecting to get something, and did I not enjoy one of those quiet autumnal days which needs no description to those who have lived them? I cannot hope for many more of those glorious seasons, but they will be among the last to fade.

### DANVIS FOLKS.—XXIII.

#### A Gathering Cloud.

THE continual roar of the November wind on the mountains was at times overborne by the nearer uproar of blasts that swooped upon the valley, screeching through the withered herbage, clashing the naked branches and driving the fallen leaves in sudden scurries against the low window of the lean-to.

But if the outer world was cheerless the shop was cosy, and Uncle Lisha and Sam were enjoying its comfort over their pipes and the affairs of their absent friends. At times the draughty little stove ceased its fluttering monotone, as if holding its breath to listen to the conversation. Then it resumed its roar as if the subject was too trivial for its attention.

"Yes," said Sam, "Peltier's pooty sober, but he 'pears tu be kinder settled daown, an' not narvous nor off in a dream as he was. Why he'd hev spells last year, 'at he'd stan' a gawpin' off int' the air, at nothin' anybody else could see, an' let a fox go skippin' by him wi'out seein' the critter ner takin' no notice till Drive came on his track an' looked wonderin' as if askin', 'why in time didn't you shoot?' Once he let a silver gray go by him jest that way. That raly tried my patience, fer it seemed as if it would ha' cured a feller of most anythin' tu ha' shot that fox. Then agin, he'd be all in a whew, an' blaze away wi'out takin' no sight at nothin'. But he's carm as a eight-day clock this fall, an' haint let a fox go by yet, ner missed ary one."

"I callate he'll be all right when fishin' time comes raound agin," said Uncle Lisha, splashing an obdurate tap in the tub and then bending it back and forth with impatient jerks. "Good airth an' seas. I b'lieve dat aire so'luther must ha' come off 'm an off ox, it's so dum'd contry."

"It jes' as likel' he come off caow, prob'ly," said Antoine, catching the last remark as he entered the shop and took his favorite seat. "Ah 'll have see caow was more wus for do he 'll man' to as hoxens, jes' sem' as whomans was," and he crowded the tobacco down in his pipe and drew his crossed legs closer under him.

"Whomans was funny kan o' peoples, an' so was mans, prob'ly. Ah 'll b'lieve more as half de tam' de fun ant pay for de troublesome for get marry. Folks had more good tam' for be hol' bachelery an' hol' gal. Ah do' know if Peltier ant lucky for ant get marry, prob'ly."

"Sho, Ann Twine, you've took twice as much geniwine comfort as ye would if you 'd ben a-shoolin' 'raound julluk a lunsome garnder all yer days, an' so hev I, along wi' my ol' goose, an' so 's Sam, tew, a-hevin'. One tech o' that leetle goslin' o' hisen, a-snugglin' up tu him, is wuth more 'n ten year o' his ol' wil' goosin. Haint it, Samwil'?"

Sam nodded a hearty affirmative. He could hear the slow rock of a cradle in the next room above the subdued voices of the old wife and the young, and the occasional responses of his father, who preferred the amiable converse of these two women to the babble of the men.

"The trouble is," Uncle Lisha went on, "folks gits merried tew young, 'fore they raly know what they want, an' bimeby wake up an' fin' they got what they don't want, an' then they jest set the sharp aidges tow-ards one 'nother the hull endurin' time."

"It ant gat no defrunce," Antoine protested, "w'en Ah 'll was marree, Ah 'll was heighteen, an' Ursule was feefteen, an' we 'll ant quarrly honly for made up ag'in. Mebby some tam Ah 'll had for slap it leetly mite, but we 'll be all raght pooty quick. Wal, siah, Onc' Lasha, der was hol man an' hol hwomans in Canada get marree togadder w'en dey was hol, an' in tree day dey was set heat dinny an' leetly maouse run on de house, an' hol hwomans say, 'See dat maouse.' Hol mans say, 'It was rats,' an' hol hwomans say, 'No, it was maouse.' 'Ah tol' you it was rats,' he 'll said. 'Maouse,' she 'll said, an' dey holler 'Rat,' 'Maouse,' an' get so mad he 'll go 'way an' stay tree year. Den he 'll come back, an' she 'll was veree glad for see it. 'It was too bad you 'll go 'way so, jes' for leetly maouse.' 'Ant Ah 'll tol' you it was rats' he 'll holler, an' he 'll go an' never come some more. What you tink fer hol folkses now, Onc' Lisha?"

"Yis, the's ol' fools as well as young fools, an' it's hard tellin' which is the biggest. But I've hearn toll o' tew ol' critters 'at got sot aidgeways an' come aout better 'n you tell on. They 'd lived together thirty year, but bimeby they fell aout, an' they 'd mump raound all day 'thaout speakin', an' when it come night they 'd turn the' backs towards one another an' snore an' putrend tu be asleep, each one wishin' 't tother 'd speak, but nary one wouldn't fust. An' so it run on till one night in the fall o' the year they heered a turrible rumpus 'mongst the sheep in the yard, an' he ups an' dresses him an' goes aout. Arter quite a spell, an' he didn't come back, she slips on her gaownd an' shoes an' aout she goes tu see what's the matter ailded him, an' lo an' behol, he was clinched in with an almighty gret bear, the bear a-chawin' at him an' him a-huggin' as hard as the bear tu keep him f'm gittin' his hind claws into his in'ards, which is unpleasant, as I know. 'Go it, ol' man, go it bear,' says she, 'it's the fust fight ever I see 'at I didn't keer which licked.'

"She stood lookin' on a leetle spell with her fists on her

hips, till she see the ol' man was a-gittin' tuckered, an' the bear a-hevin' the best on't, an' then she up with a sled stake an' gin the bear a wollop on the back 't knocked him stiffer'n a last, an' then they hed a hugging match over the carkis of the bear, an' lived together as folks ortu, to the end o' the' days. But what's this I hear eem tellin' 'baout that aire Bascom goin' to marry Square Needham's widdier? She's rich, I s'pose. Got taller 'nough aouten the ol' ox tu buy her a steer."

"Ah 'll guess he 'll marree it if he 'll could, prob'ly. What ail dat Bascoms? He 'll borry money of ev'rey bodee, an' dey say dey can' anybody gat hees pay, honly promise, promise, nex' week, nex' week."

"I'm glad he's in the same fix I be," said the old man. "He haint got none o' my money, ner I haint nuthin'."

"An' dey say folks was hear loaded team goin' way from de store in de naght, an' dey t'ink he 'll carry hees good."

"Sho! You don't say? Wal, I'm afeered he's a tough cud fer someb'y to chaw, I r'aly be, an' a turrible nice-spoken, candid-appearin' feller he is tuw."

Sam arose, went to the door, and looked out into the gusty night and retired to the kitchen. He bent for a long time over his boy sleeping in the cradle where Huldah, sitting sewing at the table corner, could jog it with her foot. Then he cast a troubled glance upon his wife and Aunt Jerusha at her knitting, and at his father nodding over the braided husks coiled in many convolutions about his legs and on the floor. Then he sat down in moody silence to whittle the morning's kindlings.

"You 'll ant s'pose prob'ly Sam was lend it money, ant it?" Antoine whispered.

"Good airth an' seas, no," said Uncle Lisha, in a voice as guarded as its emphasis would allow. "Samwil haint no money tu lend, but he's allers took onaccountable tu that aire Bascom, an' he can't abear tu hear a word agin him. There, that tarnal tap is on at last, an' it's hopesin' it won't make the man 'at wears it go the way he don't want. It's contry 'nough, tu."

He loosened his foot and the boot from the strap that held it to his lap, and rising with a sigh of relief, began to untie his apron, a hint that hastened Antoine's departure.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

### FIGHTING FOR A DEER TRACK.

I was stopping at a hotel in Indiana a number of years ago, and made a passing acquaintance of a gentleman in this way: I was looking at some railroad map of Wisconsin, in the vicinity of Wausau, Marathon county, when he casually asked me if I was acquainted up there. Telling him no, but that I had recently been up there looking over some land on which I had paid taxes for twenty-five years or more, but had never before seen, he said that when a boy he had lived in that section, and had so often been out with his father who was employed sometimes by surveyors and sometimes by owners of land in looking up their property, that he was familiar with that entire section. In speaking of looking over my land I happened to say that at two pools or small ponds of water I had noticed the tracks of many deer, where they had evidently gone down to drink. With a peculiar smile he said: "Speaking of deer tracks recalls one of my experiences up there. I was about seventeen years old, a fair shot, and had killed many deer unaided. There had been a fall of three or four inches of snow one afternoon, the first of the season, and as the clouds cleared away about sunset, I determined to start early the next morning for a deer. Getting into the woods about sunrise I jumped a deer almost before I had really settled down to business. It was a fine doe and I had carelessly turned her out of doors, as it were, from her night's apartment beside a large fallen pine. I made a quick shot as she bounded directly away from me, with no effect, so far as I could see, except to push her quickly to one side; and when I got up where she was when my gun cracked, I found a little tuft of hair that had evidently been cut from her side, but no blood stained the snow.

"Having a muzzleloading rifle I took plenty of time to reload, knowing that she would not get quieted down and stop for some little time. I followed the trail carefully all the forenoon, and only saw her once, but did not get a shot. I saw in the mean time the tracks of several other deer crossing the one I was following, in one instance two together, and quite as fresh as the one I was on, but I thought to myself, this is mine, and I will follow it out. But imagine my feelings, when soon after noon I came on to the imprints in the snow of a good-sized pair of boots keeping my deer track very close company. Of course I stopped and thought the matter over a little. One argument was, 'You can go back and pick up one of the many tracks you have crossed in coming here.' But against this came the thought that 'Some one may have killed those deer or run them out of reach before you get back there, and besides, this is your track.' That settled it, and I hastened on without using any precaution to get a shot at the deer, but with all speed to get a sight of the man who wore the boots. I had gone a mile or more when, as I went over a knoll I came suddenly upon him, and with no preliminaries I said, 'You are on my deer track.' He said he reckoned not, that he had been following it for two hours and he thought it was his. I told him I had been on the trail since sunrise and I thought it was mine. That ended the verbal argument, except that both said they would have the track or fight; and as if by mutual consent we set our guns up against trees and came together, catch as catch can. While I was only seventeen years old, I was pretty well grown for my age, quite active, with good wind and plenty of sand. However, I was thoroughly satisfied that I was right. My antagonist was about thirty years old, well set and about my size. We tussled about for some time, and once I came down on one knee, but my foe was either getting winded, or he was too slow in benefitting by his advantage, for I gained my feet quickly and found myself with the under-hand, when with a heel-trip I laid him flat on his back with my weight across his breast. He struggled once or twice to throw me off, without any prospect of success, and then said that if I would let him up he would give up the track. I took his word for it. We both got up, shook the snow off and picked up our rifles. I followed after the deer, he turned back and we have never met since. I got a shot at the deer after a while, breaking one of its hind legs; followed it till near sunset and found I was about thirteen miles from home; went to the nearest farmhouse, staid all night, took the track the next morning and got my deer within an hour."

A.



## NO LOVE LIKE THE OLD LOVE.

"GET DOWN, get down! Lay low!" cried a half dozen excited voices in as many different keys as two of us—mere boys then—were walking across a celebrated flyway on Cape Cod. Somewhat bewildered at the sudden commotion which our appearance on the beach had produced, we were in doubt just what to do, when a gunner in a blind near by called out, "Come in here! It's a bunch of brant. Don't you see 'em?" Our inexperienced eyes did not at first distinguish the long, wavering line of fowl that occasionally rose a few yards above the dark water of the bay and then fell till the wings of the birds hardly cleared the whitecaps. In a wonderfully short time the great flock had crossed the bay, risen 20 or 30 yds. in the air, gone over the beach and disappeared in the distance, bound for their favorite feeding grounds on Chatham Flats.

As the brant flew over, the gunners, hidden at intervals the whole length of the beach, they were greeted with a fusillade that was out of all proportion to the small number of birds which fell before it. The few brant that tumbled on the narrow beach were hastily picked up with many wordy arguments as to their proper ownership, and then we had a chance to look at the gunner who had given us a refuge in his blind.

He was clearly one of the veterans, but still tall and straight, and well able to battle with the fierce storms which beset the Cape in winter. A combination of sportsman and fisherman, he was roughly dressed in heavy hip rubber boots, a canvas shooting suit which had seen much hard usage, and a sou'wester that had passed through more than one season on the fishing banks. His weather-beaten face lit up with a kindly smile as he exclaimed, "I'd like to have got in the second barrel, but you see I couldn't overhaul her quick enough. She's a good one. I tell you. Aint a gun on this beach nor anywhere else can out-shoot her."

As he lavished these encomiums and many more upon his gun, he carefully reloaded, and then rested the paragon against the sea-weed in a way so tender and affectionate that one could easily see he was in love with this companion of many years, and indeed no aged invalid ever needed greater care and attention than did this old-fashioned, double-barrel muzzloader. The barrels and mid rib were evidently anxious to part company, and were only restrained from doing so by a piece of cod line tightly bound around them, and fastened neatly as only a sailor could have done it. At the muzzles the barrels were as thin as paper, and the nipples were so worn that there was always doubt whether the caps would stay on or tumble off. A bad break in the stock was partially mended with three screws and a nail, and a band of cod line gave additional strength to the rough carpentry. The left hammer would not stay at half cock, and sometimes failed to catch at full cock, but the right hammer would catch at either point or not just as fickle fate decided; it also had an unpleasant habit of falling off whenever the gun was fired, and so it was made fast to the guard with a piece of bluefish line. Then, too, there was some trouble with the triggers, and unless they were in just such a position when the gun was about to be cocked, the hammers absolutely refused to catch at all.

We examined the gun with curiosity, and I think there must have been a look of apprehension on our faces, for our new acquaintance exclaimed with an air of apology, "Yes, I know she does need fixing a mite, but there aint no one round here I'd trust her with, and I don't like to send her to Boston. You'll never know what they'll do to a gun, when you aint there to look out for her. Yes, that's so—it is kind of bad when you want to shoot both barrels. You don't get time to overhaul 'er, and sometimes they both go to once, but then you ought to see the birds come out of the air."

Just then another flock of brant came in sight, and my friends and I fairly tumbled over each other in our anxiety to put a safe distance between us and "the finest gun on the beach." However, it did not go to pieces at that time, and though we watched it with a morbid curiosity during our two weeks' shooting, it was still "as good as the best" when we started for home.

Ten years passed by all too quickly, and then one beautiful November morning found me again on that beach watching for sheldrakes. As I sat in my comfortable blind I heard footsteps, and looking around found my friend of many years ago. Time had dealt kindly with him; he was still strong and straight, but his hair was a trifle more gray, perhaps, and the wrinkles in his face a little deeper. Time, too, had dealt gently with the gun; it looked about the same, and upon inquiry I found it had all the old peculiarities of action. "But I tell you what," said its owner, "you can tell about your hammerless and all that, I wouldn't give her for the best one in Boston. Why, last—" But just then a little bunch of sheldrakes came out. We both put up on them, and before I could shoot there was a double explosion on my left and a cry of surprise. The long expected event had happened. The gun had gone to pieces, and I had been in at the death. Finding neither of us hurt, I felt inclined to laugh; but a glance at the rueful face of the old sportsman restrained me. With tears in his eyes he looked at the wreck of his precious gun. The ruin was complete. The fore end was gone and the barrels had parted company with each other and with the mid-rib. The stock was broken short off, and the right hammer had disappeared.

In vain I tried to cheer the unfortunate gunner. His grief was too deep for words of mine to solace. All I could do was to gather together the various parts of the gun that had been his pride for many years. I found everything but the right hammer, and though we searched for an hour or more it was still missing when my old friend started sadly homeward. "I don't think I'll ever shoot again," he said; "there aint another gun that could kill 'em as she could." Slowly he picked his way along the beach and disappeared over the bluffs across the bay. To him the tragedy was complete.

Three years more went by and last April I met my old friend again. He was in his favorite blind on the familiar beach, and as I approached to shake hands he made as pretty a right and left on two sheldrakes as one could wish to see. He was armed with a brand new double breechloader, and as I looked at the gun he exclaimed, "The boys gave her to me. She's a good one, but she aint up to the old one. Yes, I've got her to home. Oil her and look her over every little while. If I could find that starboard hammer I'd put her together

again, but I never could. I've been looking for it to-day." There was a tinge of sadness in his voice as he spoke of the old gun. The lapse of time and the boys' gift had not healed his sorrow. He was still true to his first love.

BRADLEY.

## Canadian Speech.

SOMER, P. Q., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Pardon me for again trespassing on your space. In writing to you some little time ago re what "Kelpie" is pleased to call "a misuse of the aspirant," my object was not to express any personal annoyance, but merely to point out an error, which I am pleased to see "Kelpie" has corrected in your last issue.

Why the Kingfisher Club should class as Canadians every one they meet in Canada I fail to see. If I meet in Vermont a full-blooded African, would it be sensible to refer to him as "my Yankee friend"? Canadians are fully able to take the responsibility of their own shortcomings, but don't try and put on our shoulders the personal peculiarities of every foreign-born resident you come across in our country. We are quite used to English ignorance of Canadian affairs (as recently as 1872 an English lady asked me "if we were much troubled by the Indians" in Montreal, while English newspapers even now refer in a casual way to the fire in Winnipeg which the Toronto brigade assisted in quenching, etc.).

There is, however, little excuse for such ignorance on the part of our American cousins, who have of late years so many business and friendly relations with us. When Hanlan first appeared in the aquatic world your newspapers referred to him as the "Canadian sculler." When he beat Elliott, Trickett, Lacey, et al, they claimed him at once as the "great American scullman."

I have mentioned this, as many people have expressed to me their conviction that Hanlan did more toward making Canada known than all other agencies combined, up to his time. Would there were a thousand Hanlans! Only three or four years ago a New York paper (the *Sun* I believe), had an article on certain troubles in New Foundland, and gravely attributed them to the mistaken policy pursued by the then Canadian premier. I have several times seen in "our own paper" the expression "Canada and the British provinces," or "Canada and the provinces" and this from people who have been among us. What would you think if I wrote "The United States and the States?"

In conclusion let me say, that if any former letter has succeeded in removing from the minds of your American readers even one misapprehension concerning my native land, I will be very well pleased. If "Kelpie" and "Kingfisher" would care to come a little further east for their next camp, I should be happy to indicate to them a place within 50 miles of here, where they will get all the trout and other fish they want (besides feathered game), in the proper season (no connection with Mr. Hough's game pocket). And now, when next Messrs. Kelpie and Kingfisher visit Canada if they find trouble in distinguishing between Canadians and Englishmen, let me recommend the following "shibboleth"—if the suspect can't say it properly he is no Canuck: "Harry, hop up, and run to Mr. Harris and ask him if he has a bit of ash or oak, to make a hammer handle." Yours in the faith, PINTAIL.

After reading in print my remarks anent "Canadian Speech," I am inclined to the opinion that somebody ought to punch the heads of the "indefatigable" and "indisposed" and the distracted proof-readers for "putting up a job" on me in order that "Pintail" might have grounds for another philological lecture. I did not, as I firmly believe, write "aspirant" when I meant to say "aspirate." No, sir. KELPIE.

## Natural History.

## SNAKES AND "WHOPPERS."

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Perhaps I sinned in killing the snake; but "Coahoma" is a little hasty in putting me in the evil company of game butchers and other marauders of the woods. It is one thing to kill every wild thing that one sees, making a sport of slaughter, and quite another to rid picnic grounds of snakes and vermin, so that ladies may enjoy a wholesome outing undisturbed. Their fears may be as groundless as you please, but no son of man can convince them of it, and when it comes to a choice between the serpent's comfort and the woman's—now "Coahoma!"

Picnic snakes aside, I say a fervent amen to every word in your correspondent's earnest plea. He is not the only sportsman who has uncocked his rifle and spared the innocent. Let us understand each other. Sam Lovel went to the heart of the matter when he said: "I git lots o' things a-huntin' 't I can't show ye or tell ye 'bout, an' a feller that don't, don't get the best o' huntin', 'cordin' to my idee." My experience with the dying blacksnake has taught me more respect for his species. There is more to a snake than the naturalists tell us of, and the next time that I see one in a tree I will study him and let him go (though if one should run up my trousers leg, "Coahoma," I will not answer for him—there is such a thing as a snake out of place). Yes; there are queer things in the woods, and this leads me, Mr. Editor, to say a few words about "whoppers."

The gullibility of the average man when snake stories are in order is proverbial. And yet, along with an open-mouthed credulity about yarns that were told to us in our boyhood, there goes an equally unreasoning scepticism of things that we never heard of until now. The same man who will swear by bell, book and candle that there is (or used to be) a snake with a sting in its tail, may laugh at the idea of a "glass-snake" or a "compass-plant." Whence it comes that the rambler who really has seen something strange and worth noting feels a little diffident about making it known. He may be mocked at. The naturalists show a becoming mistrust of popular lore, but some times they overreach themselves. It is not many years since the Smithsonian experts pooh-poohed at the old hunters who told them that prongbucks shed their horns, and you can readily recall many other instances in which the knight of the lens and scalpel has backed down before the sage in wildcraft. Old "Nessmuk" (God bless his memory!) once said in your columns: "I do not secretly call a man a liar because he has seen and known something that I have not."

It is one of the things I like best about FOREST AND STREAM, that it gives a fair hearing both to the wonder-bearer and his critic. A lie cannot live long in your pages, and this gives us all the more confidence in telling you what we have seen. Let us have the simple, downright truth about the shy dwellers in the woods; it is marvelous enough. If the general public once finds this out, it may relieve the snake editor of the *Sun* from his unwholesome occupation. Once convince a sportsman that even a snake has habits that are worth investigating, and he may think twice before stamping the life out of it.

"Coahoma," we are not so much at odds after all. You are the older, and have seen more snakes than I have (no, there is not the breath of an insinuation about it); but I have seen one snake that has induced me "to do some thinking." Perhaps further acquaintance with his ilk may lead me even to espouse the cause of snakes at picnics.

HORACE KEPHART.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 24.

SEVEN live Rocky Mountain elk for sale. Exhibited at World's Fair, Genie. Price very low. Soper & Arter, 46 Lake street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

## CAPT. GALLUP ON SNAKES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I saw an article in your ever welcome paper, FOREST AND STREAM, where a gentleman saw and captured a black snake sticking to the body of a large tree some distance above the ground. The gentleman also asked for some information how it was possible for a snake to climb a tree. This I am satisfied that I can give him an answer to, as I was born and raised in a snake country and spent much of my time when I was a boy in learning the character and habits and nature of snakes.\*

As far back as 1832 I accidentally learned that all fast traveling snakes and tree climbers have claws; and during my long journey through life I have never met with but one person that had learned the secret of snakes having claws. There is but one time in the history of a snake's life that this secret can be successfully discovered, and that is when the snake sheds his hide. When a snake comes out of his hide he is about as helpless as a crab when it comes out of his slough. That is when I discovered that a snake had two rows of claws. These claws are as fine and as sharp as the point of a Cambric needle, and can be found in little pockets or sacs, beginning about 4in. from the head and running back only the length of the stomach, as I could find none near the head or tail.

It is strange but true that just as soon as a snake gains his strength, if not disturbed he destroys his slough before he leaves it. What this is done for is best known to the snake, as that is one part that I have never learned.

Many people contend that there are two families of black snakes to be found in this country, but this I am satisfied is not the case, as I know more about the black snake family than any other family of snakes. Black snakes are great cowards. There is but one month in the year that they show fight, which is in May, when they are mating. Like many other living creatures of God's creation, the male and female are quite different in size and looks. The male snake is very slim, has a white breast, small head and sparkling eyes. Some people call them "horse runners," which is a very appropriate name, for I am fully satisfied that no snake, and few horses in this country, can outrun them on a clear track. The female snake is larger and has a different shaped body and head, with a dingy blue breast.

This family of snakes mate in May and lay their eggs in June, which hatch in July. They lay these eggs in a sandy soil and cover them over carefully, and never leave the neighborhood of their nest while the eggs are hatching; and near the time for the eggs to hatch they can be found near their nest waiting for the little fellows to come out, when she will open her mouth and they will all crawl down her throat. She will then go to her den, and every good day she will come out; and all the little fellows will come out of her mouth and lie in the sun; and at a moment's warning she will open her mouth and they will rush down her throat; and this performance is kept up until the young snakes are large enough to look out for themselves. I once surprised one of those old mother snakes lying in the sun with her brood of little snakes, and before I could find a stick to kill her, she got in her den. I then went for some help and tools and dug her out, killed her, cut her open, and found in her stomach twenty-seven little snakes about the size of a knitting needle.

The black family are noted roughs; they rob all the hens' nests that they can find, and if not too large swallow all the young chickens and birds that they find. I have seen several fights between hens and snakes over a flock of small chickens. I once found a large black snake near the barn that had found a setting hen and swallowed all her eggs whole, and he was a sight to look at. Only to think of a snake swallowing a dozen large hen's eggs at one time, and it made such a bulk in him that he made a poor fist of getting out of my way. And what do you suppose he did while I was looking for a stick to kill him? He wound himself around a pole and broke all the eggs inside of him, for when I killed him every egg was broken.

Mr. Editor, when I was a boy the black snake family and I were in the same line of business, although I want you to know that it was not Gallup & Co. This business was to destroy all the birds' nests we could find and eat all the young ones, and many times we both met at the same nest and then there was fun, you bet. But at one of those meetings there was not much fun on my side, as Mr. Snake had the best of it, and as it was a good joke on myself I will tell it. At one time when I was out hunting young birds I found a crow's nest in the top of a large scrubby oak tree that was full of green briars, and as the crows were making a great squawking around the nest I concluded that I had found a prize in the way of a nestful of young crows. I knew it would be a big job to reach the nest, but after surveying the track a spell I concluded to undertake the ascent, which took me fully one hour to reach the nest; and when I got high enough to peep in the nest all that I could remember was that my nose was within about three inches of a large black snake's nose that was there ahead of me and had dined on crows; and I have never been able to find out who reached the ground first, or who was frightened the worse, me or the snake. And strange to say, that after falling the whole length of that tree, the most damage that I received, except being badly scratched by the briars, was to my wardrobe, I could see my clothes hanging on the briars from the top down within a few feet of the ground.

I am fully satisfied that snakes, reapers and mowers have been the cause of the great scarcity of all kinds of birds that build their nests on the ground, and more particularly partridges that build their nests in wheat and clover fields.

E. B. GALLUP.

\* Capt. Gallup wrote us the other day: "Many years ago I thought that I would like to learn the reporter business and applied at reporter headquarters to be examined, and failed to pass the examination. I couldn't answer all the fool questions they asked me. I suppose they thought they had to go through the civil service law. They first asked me what college did I graduate at, and whether I had received an academic and grammatical education. That kind of gave me the lockjaw, and I answered by saying that I graduated at a common county school house that was built of red oak logs, with a cat and clay chimney, and had to feed fifteen head of cattle and horses night and morning; and walk three and a half miles to school every morning and back home at night, when the mud was frequently over my boot tops; and this school house had to be cleaned out every Saturday and used as a church to preach in twice every Sunday; and one of our ministers was a farmer and the other a shoemaker, and all they got a year for preaching was \$80 apiece and a suit of clothes apiece."



CARIBOU HABITS.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—In summer the caribou feeds chiefly on common plants; it is especially fond of a broad-leaved grass, growing in wet places and around the barrens which are so numerous in various places in the interior of New Brunswick. In September you will find them on these barrens feeding on the reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*), of which they are very fond. They will dig for it when the snow is nearly or quite four feet deep. They have been seen at this work when only their backs were visible above the surface of the snow. When there is a crust on the snow their operations at once cease, as they are no longer able to work. Then they betake themselves to the black moss which hangs from the trees which skirt the barrens. This they will, however, never eat so long as they can get the genuine reindeer moss. Toward spring they ascend to the high lands and hardwood ridges, where they remain until the snow has left. The dark and white caribou are often seen together in droves.

Not one out of every ten female caribou has horns; when they do have them, they are much smaller than those of the bull. The horns of the female have, however, in general many more branches than those of the bull, and are much more regularly and finely formed. The cows carry their horns much longer than the bulls; they have been seen here with horns in the month of April. The old bulls shed theirs from the 10th to the last of November; they hardly ever carry them after the month of November. The young bulls shed theirs from the 1st of December until the middle of February; the younger the animal the longer he retains his horns. EDWARD JACK.

Lynxes.

YOUR correspondent "J. A. G." says, in issue of Feb. 3, that he has seen tracks and heard howls which "Pine Tree" thinks were probably the manifestations of a lynx.

As these things happened in the Wisconsin forests, of which I used to know something, I believe that "Pine Tree" is right. The size of the tracks (3 in.) is not unusual. I used to track one old fellow which had an enormous foot, and I hardly expect to be believed when I say that I measured it at several different times and its diameter was 4½ in.

I never saw any other track of lynx nearly as large as this, and I was most anxious to see the creature; but although these animals are often very bold and apparently fearless of man, I could never manage to get a sight of one. Yet I spent years in the forests where they were common and often heard their cries.

Once, about noon of a winter's day, I reached a logging camp on the Oconto, where I found the men just come in for dinner. They were hurrying about to get a gun ready for shooting something. On inquiry, it appeared that when they had nearly reached the camp a lynx was seen by the roadside, and allowed the whole crew, fourteen in number, to pass him within a few yards. They did not get a shot at the animal.

At the water-hole in the ice, near the same camp, a man who was dipping water one morning threw his axe at a lynx which came quite near.

I suppose that they were the more fearless because of the many men they saw; very few were armed with anything more deadly than an axe. Yet it seems odd that they were very rarely killed.

In this county, although I believe that they have been seen, they are certainly very rare. I have never tracked one or known one to be killed hereabouts. KELPIE.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Last Moose of Millsfield Pond.

PARTIES who have traveled over the stage road from Berlin Falls to Errol Dam, in New Hampshire, have doubtless met or heard of John Chandler, of Dummer. Chandler has the reputation of being a jolly, wideawake, first-rate fellow; and his house is said to be the best place to stop at in that region.

Some four years ago, in October, two young men went to Chandler's. Like most young hunters, they were very enthusiastic and full expected to find game of all kinds. They asked a great many questions about hunting. Chandler said the woods were full of deer, bear and moose; and he advised them to go to Millsfield Pond. They were told to follow the stage road until they came to an old logging road, which would take them to the pond; and were cautioned to be careful when they got near the pond, as there would be a moose in the water very near the spot where the old road came to the pond. Chandler drew a sketch of the route and also of the pond with a moose standing in the water. Starting early, they found the old logging road; and when the pond was reached, there stood the moose and they shot him at once. The return to the house was made in pretty quick time; and when the boys saw Chandler they shouted, "We've got him! We've got him!"

"Got what?" asked Chandler.

"Why, the moose you sent us after."

"You can't fool me," replied Chandler; "there has not been a moose around here for the last twenty years."

"We don't care if there has not been," said the boys, "we found one in the pond, and he is there now; and we want you to go and bring him out."

An ox team was taken to the pond and the moose was hauled out and taken to Berlin Falls.

In telling the story afterward, Chandler would laugh and say, "What a giveaway it was for me. Had I supposed there was a moose about here I wouldn't have told any one; I would have gone after him myself."

Two weeks or so after this moose was killed, John Danforth and I were on our way to Parmachenee, and we spent a night at Berlin Falls. When we were talking about the moose with the landlord of the hotel, he said, "I suppose it was the largest moose ever killed."

"I heard it was a young bull and weighed 400 lbs.," I said.

"Yes," replied he, "that is what it weighed; but they have been selling it at the butcher's here for 35 cents a pound, and have sold already about 1,200 lbs., and I guess there is a little left."

C. M. STARK.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

It was this way.

Skavlem and I were shooting at our place on Koshkonong, and as we have nearly three miles of frontage there in common with one other gentlemen we had plenty of room.

Skavlem thinks that twenty-five decoys are as good as a hundred, while I think the reverse. So I had out nearly a hundred and he only twenty-five, and the canvasbacks were coming my way more than his, but he wouldn't give up his theory.

One day at dinner he was kicking about something. The blind was not right, or the sun was in his eyes, or something, I hardly remember what; but anyway I told him to go into my blind after dinner and I would shoot off the point, where he had another jam of decoys, and I would show him how I could call the canvasbacks in. He rather sniffed at it, I thought, but after dinner he poked out in my blind, while I walked down to the point with John, who was staying with us. Pretty soon John asked me where I got the tall grass I used in my blind instead of willows, and I went down along the shore to show him and help him cut some, which was right in behind my blind. While we were cutting it there came a big lot of canvas headed in from the lake, but well outside of the decoys. I began calling, and after they were about twenty rods past Skavlem the whole gang, fifty at least, came up into the wind, turned and struck straight for him. As they circled over his decoys, John and I held our breath, for we knew he had his 8-bore in the boat and we expected to see a street cut through them. But not a sound came from Skavlem and John said, "He must be asleep." I began calling again and once more the great flock swung back, bunched together over the decoys and again we held our breath. But not a sound from Skavlem. Then John and I walked slowly back to the point meditating. John says, "Anyway, I reckon he knows you can call 'em all right." Pretty soon we heard Skavlem shoot and after that he kept it up pretty lively, so we knew he was awake.

That night after supper I said, "Well, I called 'em in to you, didn't I, why didn't you shoot." "The safety stuck." That was all he said, but I knew he felt hurt.

JANESVILLE, WIS., Feb. 21.

A. M. VALENTINE.

Game Bag and Gun.

"GIVING THE ALARM."

WITH your correspondent who wrote recently under the above head, I have long observed the readiness with which the shy little denizens of the forest warn each other of approaching danger. All birds seem to have a language sufficiently common to be able to understand alarm notes. The scolding of a wren or catbird at a stray dog or cat will assemble in a few minutes an indignant flock of the bird family, of all names and sizes. It is a question, of course, to what extent the larger animals make note of bird cries. I have never hunted moose, but have understood that they take alarm at the screaming of the Canada jay.

And speaking of jays, the whole family of them are not only close observers and persistent meddlers, but most inveterate crows. The California jay will follow and yell at the deer hunter till his patience is worn to the last frazzle. In fact I have known instances where it was quite exhausted and the worm turned. He has a near relative down in this neck of woods in Mexico. I do not know exactly who he is (*Aphelocoma sieberti arizonae*?), but he has the same bad habit. I never had positive proof that deer take notice of these forest tattlers, but probably they do.

I never was aware till painful experience brought it home to me, that the Virginia deer is so much more cunning than the California blacktail. Your editorial matches my experience exactly when it says, "The Virginia deer is the wariest and most cunning of any of his tribe, and there is no task of greater difficulty than to take up the track of a whitetail deer and kill it by fair stalking." The suggestion that this wariness is the result of contact with hunters for generations past, is hardly borne out by the fact that here, where there is the minimum of hunting, the same characteristic is exhibited. It might be inferred from a sentence in the same editorial that all the whitetail deer of Mexico are small. Those to be found where I have hunted, in the dry hills and mountains of central Mexico, average rather large, though not usually very fat.

There is perhaps no better training for the still-hunter as a boy than shooting squirrels with a rifle. And I have about come to the conclusion that they ought not to be shot any other way. With your correspondent I have often noticed the baleful effects of a long wavering shadow. When the sun is low the hunter must watch as carefully where his shadow is to fall as he selects a place for his feet. I have observed too the effects upon game of the white face and hands of the hunter. Skillful hunters in the jungles of Africa are said to blacken their faces. I think, however, that the reason little animals prefer to come up behind one when he is sitting or standing still, is not so much the color of his skin, as their desire to avoid his eyes. All game is peculiarly sensitive to the eye, and wild animals seem to know perfectly when they are observed. Of course they sometimes discover this by the movements of the hunter, but they doubtless mark the glance of the eye much further than we suppose.

A Mexican gentleman interested me very much telling how he was initiated into still-hunting for deer. He and his friends used to go out with their fine guns and wide white hats, white coats, high-heeled shoes, etc., and tramp for hours without so much as seeing a deer, though they knew the hills were full of them. But one of the farm hands only asked that they lend him an old carbine and two or three cartridges and he would bring back meat. This nettled the gentleman a good deal, and puzzled him even more. But one day he came upon Julian in the woods. He had discarded hat and shirt. His trousers were rolled high up on his thighs. The brown skin mingled easily with the dull colors of the hillside. The sandals even had been left off, and defying rocks and thorns he was slipping through the brush like a ghost. Don Luis took in the situation. He got him a green hat and a green jacket—the woods are green the year round there—and with a soft sole of rope matting on his shoes he became a still-hunter himself, and a good one.

Suitable footwear is the still-hunter's chief problem in

this land. The hills which the deer inhabit are both rocky and thorny. Nothing but stout leather and thick soles can resist the fierce cactus thorns which almost cover the ground. But no man can walk over loose rock and gravel with thick soles and heavy heels on his shoes without a racket that will give the whitetail ample warning. The natives, accustomed to the hills from childhood, seem to avoid the thorns instinctively and walk about barefoot or with light sandals on in apparent impunity. I observe that I am learning myself what not to step on. I may later be able to wear moccasins or sandals. I had the heels taken off a pair of old shoes, and soft, spongy soles put on, with the flesh side down. They were pretty quiet on the gravel, but bruised my heels, as the inner sole was thin. And as I came down a steep hill one night in a shower I sat down far too often and too violently for one whose spinal cartilage is beginning to harden.

This is a lot of gabble, Mr. Editor, and about quite a variety of nothing. But I have just been reading up FOREST AND STREAM for four months back—time which I have spent away from home. I notice that when my hour for recreative reading comes, even the illustrated monthlies lie uncured on the table, while the "family paper" has its innings. I would tell about my recent hunting experiences, but they are as those giddy young men found the Midway, "Nothing to it." In fact, the experiences themselves have been about nil. But now I am going to make an earnest effort to wait till I have something to say. AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mex.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The position you have taken in regard to the marketing of game, namely, that at some future time the selling of the spoils of the chase will be, and of right should be, prohibited within the limits of the United States, has given me much food for reflection.

I think your attitude in these matters the correct one, and I am glad that you have given expression to these views, for this sentiment is destined to gain ground in degree commensurate with the gradual extinction of the game supply in such localities as are still free to the public.

I am very well aware that there are a great many persons who will be ready to curse roundly any one who gives expressions to such views as these; but let them curse, and they will.

For more than half a century I have hunted and fished as opportunity occurred, and in many different States. It has not ordinarily been my practice to go afield when I felt it incumbent upon me to stay at home and attend to business, but for all that I have hunted a good deal, and as far as I can recollect, I never fired a shot on preserved grounds or cast a line over preserved waters. I have lived in more than one place where men could exist on the game that they could kill. I have seen it in vast numbers, and where is it now?

The old, old story is my answer; the senseless and wicked wastefulness, the utter disregard of the plainest lessons taught by the reckless slaughter of game and fishes, seem to have been everywhere the same. In the town and country where I write, where a few years ago a good hunter could almost certainly kill a deer when needed, it is not now worth while to carry a gun. The very grouse—such of them as are left, seem to have changed their habits, and instead of haunting the roadsides and open spaces in the forests during the autumn season, betake themselves to the depths of the woods where they are seldom seen unless by a chance land surveyor.

Every deer killed in this region costs the hunter, in time and other expenses, a good many dollars more than its market value, yet there are those who seek to eke out the payment of these expenses by the sale of the venison they may chance to secure. I cannot think this right. Certainly this course has not conduced to the greatest good of the greater number of hunters.

Wherever there is still game enough for all—if there be such a locality, it might seem that a poor man may as rightfully market a superfluity of birds or animals killed on public lands, as that a shareholder in a game preserve should kill more than his needs require, for any purpose whatever. But what business has any man, be he prince or peasant, with more than a dozen birds in a day, or with more than one, or at most two, deer in a season?

I am in favor of game preserves, and do not care who knows it. I would own one if I could, and so would every other man who loves the gun.

I am in favor of everything which shall tend to provide against the threatened extinction of our game and fish, that those who succeed us may not perforce hear only in imagination the whistle of a buck, or the whirr of the startled grouse; and the game preserves appear to me to offer the only hope to this direction. But I would insist, had I the power, that the number of game creatures or of fish which may be taken on these preserves should be limited to the same that any one outside their limits should be allowed to kill; and this number should be very small indeed, until the overflow from these inclosures should at least begin to have its effect on restocking the public lands. KELPIE.

TOWANDA, Pa.—We have several market-hunters here, who kill from 100 to 300 birds in a season. PITT.

Ohio Game Legislation.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Strong bill forbidding the sale or possession of any game or game birds during the close season (House bill No. 176) which passed the House some three weeks ago, was defeated in the Senate yesterday. This is not a matter of regret, owing to the crude and imperfect shape in which the bill went over from the House. If enacted as it passed that body, it would have prevented any common carrier, club or individual, from bringing any live game birds into the State, or from even feeding them through the winter, for stocking purposes. Some of us attempted to secure an amendment to the bill after it had gone through the House, but without success. The section forbidding the sale of dead game at any time in the year, and its possession during the close season is all right, but people do not buy live game to kill and eat, and the provisions of the Strong bill, if it was to be impartially enforced, were too sweeping. JAY BEEBE.



### "HUNTING WITHOUT A DOG."

SILVERDALE, Wash.—Under the head of "Hunting Without a Dog" in issue of Feb. 3 a correspondent signing "B." strikes the keynote according to my ideas. I will not use a dog for any kind of game when hunting alone. I prefer the Indian method, still-hunting, in the broadest sense of the word; and that embraces a great deal. It means, first, an unlimited stock of patience, next absolute noiselessness and wearing of clothing from toe to crown, which will allow one to press through brush or dry grass without a sound, provided he knows how to lift and put down his feet. The still-hunter must be a lover of nature, a sort of homespun naturalist, if he would be successful; for he will have to gain a minute knowledge of the habits and characteristics of his game, and in so doing will suffer some disappointments and lose some good shots. He must, as "B." says, be a snap shot, though he will have many chances to use all the deliberation he may wish to. He will learn to observe the slightest "sign," to harken to the smallest sound, to familiarize himself almost unknowingly with all the bird and animal calls, the plant and insect life, and a thousand other things familiar to the silent disciples of the gun who seek solitude and the company of nature alone rather than the more boisterous company of a canine companion.

Still-hunting is the best method that I know of of teaching a man to pay attention to little things in detail and to note seemingly unimportant things.

I know many Indian hunters, all still-hunters, all successful, and I find some surprises among them once in a while. For instance, a Siawash "told my fortune" from my pipe not long since in this way: The pipe lay on the table and picking it up Joe looked at it a few moments and said, "You smoke much." "Why?" "The pipe is new, yet it is much burned inside. You are right-handed, for the top of the bowl is match-burned on the right side and not on the left. You have strong teeth and strong jaws, for the new mouth-piece has a mark to fit your teeth on top and underneath. You use strong tobacco, for there is much oil in the bottom of the bowl. You smoke at home and away from home, for the bowl is polished smooth where you carry it in your pocket." Joe is only a Siawash Indian and a still-hunter, but he "read the sign" on the pipe comprehensively and correctly; and it struck me very forcibly that still-hunting teaches a man to observe and to use the senses that have been given him to the best advantage.

I think "B." is right in his preference for the method as against that of using dogs, and I extend my trigger hand to him in fellowship, for I too enjoy a day off and a ramble among those familiar spots, nooks hidden in the thicket's heart, dells beside the stream or pine-girt glades of the mountain ranges and tule-fringed ponds of a dozen States—spots as familiar as my own house. Their inhabitants too are equally well known and have furnished me with an interesting volume of natural history, always readable, always new, and in which *finis* is not yet written. My sketch book has many a curious portrait in water color, pencil or India ink of these same dwellers of this, another world than ours, and its every page recalls some interesting bit of nature with its own setting, obtained only by meeting the original on equal footing and sketching them while they were unwittingly the most natural of models.

"B." has opened the right book and read the first two or three chapters; may he keep at it, for it grows decidedly more interesting as one reads on. EL COMANCHO.

### THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just once a week I clean my guns. I don't mean to say that I go hunting that often or that the guns need an oil bath. I get FOREST AND STREAM every Saturday and read the stories of the chase and wax enthusiastic. Then I clean my guns for want of better use to put them to at the time. A fellow must do something, you know, to work off the effects of the perusal of the stories of "Podgers," "Kelpie," Lew Wilmot, Mr. Hough and others.

I want to echo Mr. Cheney's wish that there be a growing sentiment in the Adirondacks against running deer with dogs. To my mind it is far more unsportsmanlike than "jack" or night-hunting. With dogs, the deer has no chance of escape. With C. R. Egbert and Emmett Lathrop—two of God's noblemen who live in Auburn, N. Y.—I and my brother went up into the Grasse River country, on a fine preserve in St. Lawrence county, last year and the year before. On the latest trip we took the new Adirondack railroad at Herkimer. As we approached the mountains every station gave us an addition of hunters, and almost every one had from one to three dogs—hounds. At Fulton Chain Station the majority disembarked, and my recollection is that there were eight hunters and twelve dogs. Others scattered themselves along at other stations. We proceeded to Childwold and then by wagon to our hunting ground. Our party were in the woods nearly three weeks and we got five deer. We could have obtained more but we didn't need them. On my return trip I waited anxiously for the train's arrival at Fulton Chain. There four hunters and seven dogs got aboard, and three dead deer were thrown into the baggage car. Each hunter had his pack full of skins. They fell to discussing the events of their hunt and soon were pulling the skins forth to illustrate how they "did the business for that big deer." Every skin had a bullet hole in the neck. Of the dead deer in the baggage car, two were shot in the neck and the other in the head. I asked one of the hunters how many deer they shot on still-hunts. "Still-hunts!" he said, casting a pitying glance at me, "Who the—would go still-hunting when he is dead sure of getting a deer with his dogs? You see, the dogs chase 'em into the water and we can get 'em and shoot 'em in the neck dead easy."

"And how many did you get by night-hunting?" I asked.

He pitied me again and replied, "Not a blanked one. Dogging is the easiest and surest. These deer up here are on to the light racket, and it's only once in a great while that one will stand. Most of them run like the devil when they see a light."

These hunters, so they told me, had ten skins in their packs, and the three whole deer in the baggage car. They were not the same ones I saw get off the train at the Chain on the trip into the woods, but another party. I

have often wondered what "luck" that other party with the twelve dogs had.

In St. Lawrence county dogging is not allowed. As a result the Grasse River country is well supplied with deer. It might almost be said that the woods and marshes are full of them. Of the five deer killed by our little party last fall two were shot at night. With my own eyes I have seen deer run from a jack light, or rather I have seen their eyes for a moment and then heard them plunging away through the woods. I well remember my first experience with a jack lantern. I had been very anxious to see a deer's eyes at night, blazing back the reflection of the light. I went to Burnt Bridge Pond with Uncle Hi Hutchins, one of the oldest and best guides and hunters in the Grasse River region. He paddled me about the dark pond for an hour before I got a sight or a shot. We could hear deer in the water at various points, but they ran away the moment the light flashed across the water. At last we heard a deer tramping through the alders. The noise was about five rods on our left. Uncle Hi veered the bow of the boat in that direction and signalled for me to open the light. I did so, and there, directly in front, and only for an instant, I saw two balls of fire—the deer's eyes. At once, and before I could lift my gun, they disappeared. I held the light steady and Uncle Hi pushed the boat ahead with a strong sweep on his paddle. The light penetrated the alders, and I was enabled to make out the form of the deer plunging madly for high ground and the somber woods. I lifted my gun and fired. The deer dropped dead, the bullet having penetrated the paunch. "That deer has been shot at before by a jack-hunter," said Uncle Hi. We examined it after lifting it into the boat and found on its back the distinct mark of a bullet. I am convinced that when that deer saw my light it felt impelled to do as Bill Nye did when he found the location of the cyclone—go away from there. While in the woods I heard numerous stories of deer running away from lights. In fact, there is one deer at Burnt Bridge Pond that seems to be proof against hunters. Uncle Hi says he is "an almighty big buck," and has dubbed him "Big Sandy." For eight or nine years Uncle Hi and others have tried to get a shot at "Big Sandy," but have failed. He treats a jack-light with withering contempt.

I saw in a Utica paper some time ago some figures relative to hounding, jack and still hunting. The number killed by the hounds, if memory serves me right, was more than double that secured by means of jacks. If the deer in the Adirondacks do not increase—if they are wiped out entirely—hounding will be the prime cause. This is the opinion, not of a great hunter, but of an ordinary sportsman who has given the subject some study.

Speaking about remarkable shots, they tell of one up in the Grasse River country that deserves a place in FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Henry Wise, of Auburn, N. Y., was hunting on Burnt Bridge Pond one day, when he saw a deer on the shore. He was beyond rifle range, but a little matter like that never discouraged Wise. He raised his rifle and pulled. The bullet struck the water, glanced and penetrated the deer's heart, killing it instantly. I did not witness this shot, but it came to me from reliable persons who were present. FRED LESLIE.

### CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

#### In Iowa.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22.—Hon. J. G. Smith of Algona, Ia., did not receive the appointment of State Fish Commissioner, which went to Geo. E. Delevan, editor of the *Estherville Vindicator*, a political friend of Gov. Jackson. Mr. Delevan may be an older soldier, not a better. And politics we have always with us.

Mr. Smith, by the way, writes me under date of Feb. 22: "Yesterday, Feb. 21, the Iowa Legislature passed the 'Hunters' Trespass Law.' It is a law which I think will cause more trouble than any other Iowa law. I doubt very much whether the law is a constitutional one. It seems to me that it would be a good plan for the sportsmen of Iowa to raise a fund and make a test case as soon as possible. Many of our best lawyers think that it will not stand the test."

The Iowa farmer has apparently been downtrodden again by those awful hunters. When the details of the statute are better known we shall probably find that it resembles many other laws framed by the rural Solons, a good deal more perforated than penetrating.

#### In Dakota.

G. L. Cross, a cold storage man at Sioux Falls, S. D., was fined \$25 and costs last Wednesday for having in his possession illegal prairie chickens. The sportsmen of South Dakota are beginning to value their game.

#### In Illinois.

The Tuscola wolf chase ended the second day in the killing of a wolf which must have been a timber gray, since it is described as being "large as a mastiff."

In the past few months dog poisoners in Ottawa, Ill., have killed nearly 100 valuable dogs of all breeds, in value probably of \$5,000. On Feb. 17 nine dogs died, among others those belonging to Attorney-General Moloney, ex-Mayor Young, Deputy Treasurer Dowell, Alderman Beem and others. Deputy Dowell's dog was worth \$175.

Mr. G. W. Rexroth of Virginia, Ill., writes that quail have wintered very well indeed about his town, and a good supply seems assured for the coming season.

#### In Arkansas.

Sportsmen of the State say that a good and reliable dog trainer, who could be depended upon, could find an admirable location and good patronage at Devall's Bluff, east of Little Rock.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, asks for information on how to carry live minnows for bait without loss by death in transportation. Can any one tell him a better way than the old one of frequent changing of the water?

#### In Texas.

Mr. G. A. Wheatley, president of the Austin (Tex.) Rod and Gun Club, writes as follows of that far away but always interesting country which is every year coming closer to the sportsmen of the North:

"The Austin Rod and Gun Club, organized May 2, 1893,

has a membership of sixty. The house of the club is located upon the club property, about nine miles above Austin, on the Colorado River, and six miles above the great dam built across the river by the city of Austin. The fishing lake of the club is eight or more acres surface, maximum depth 40ft. It is stocked with black bass. During the coming spring the club will build a commodious club house, and next fall will have good fishing, and also good hunting on the large (or Colorado) lake, which is 30 miles long and one-half mile to one mile wide.

"The winter here being very mild, we have good fishing all winter, and good duck shooting on the lake. The surrounding hills are filled with deer and wild turkey."

In regard to the alleged illegal killing of deer by Gov. Hogg of Texas, the dispatches had the following:

"AUSTIN, Texas, Feb. 22.—Sheriff White of this county armed with a warrant from Nacogdoches county, arrested James Hogg, Governor of Texas, for alleged violation of the State game law while in Nacogdoches a few weeks ago. The whole matter is a vent of personal spite, but the Governor gave the required bond and says he will promptly pay the fine. An investigation, however, shows that this county, like many others, is exempt from the operation of the game laws."

Where is Dr. Thomas of Chicago? Dr. Thomas, this is Gov. Hogg—Dr. Thomas, Governor.

#### In Ohio.

The Ohio Senate on Feb. 21 knocked out the bill prohibiting the sale of game. It hasn't knocked the plank out of the sportsmen's constitution, nor the determination out of their hearts.

#### In Chicago.

Cumberland Club is at this writing holding high jubilee at the Lodge in Indiana, and this is billed to be the principal shooting festival of Washington's Birthday.

Garfield Club shoots live birds to-day at the grounds, Robinson avenue and West Madison street.

Calumet Heights Club had 85 members present at its last club gathering, and has the brightest of hope for the future. Improvements have been made on the club premises. The annual election is March 7.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club had to postpone its banquet to-day, not enough members signifying ability to be present.

#### Unknown Disease.

Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., wrote recently asking advice about his pet pointer dog, Jack, the little fellow over which we lately had so much sport together. The dog was suffering from some sort of mysterious disease which his owner thought might be rabies. There was constriction of throat and hoarseness of the voice, with noticeable irritableness and disposition to snap at other dogs. No convulsions or difficulty in drinking water appeared, though food was swallowed with difficulty. Mr. Irwin had put the dog into confinement, and was very anxious to know what was the trouble, as no one in his locality could define it. What little could be done here was too late, for the next day Mr. Irwin wrote that it was all over.

"Poor little Jack," said he, "to-day was so much worse and suffered so much I could not stand it longer, and I had him shot. Thus one of the staunchest friends I ever had was lost to me. I shall always regret his loss."

This is too bad. The little fellow was one of the hardest, merriest little fellows I ever saw, and a treasure of a dog all around. There is only one consolation in his end, and that is that the undiagnosed malady was not hastily set down as "hydrophobia." In a human being it might have been called diphtheria. E. HOUGH,

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

### The Vagaries of a River Bed.

VERMILLION, Clay Co., S. D., Feb. 11.—I came here since 1861. At that time it was pretty wild; there were not more than a dozen settlers. Game was plenty. There were elk, deer and antelope and a few buffalo, but not many close to Vermillion. Of ducks and geese and swans and brant there was no end.

At that time the Vermillion River emptied into the Missouri right at the town of Vermillion, and it was alive with fish. But it has all changed here now. In the spring of '81 we had a big flood and the Missouri cut across a large bend about three miles south of Vermillion. That left the old Missouri bed for the Vermillion River to spread out over, and it is more like a swamp now than a river. It has almost spoiled the Vermillion River for fishing. It is about seven or eight miles to the mouth of the Vermillion now, but having all grown up to wild rice it is quite a place for ducks. About six miles north of Vermillion on the Vermillion River there is another great duck country. In a wet season the bottom is from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and it is a continuous swamp seven or eight miles long. For the last three or four years it has been dry and ducks have been scarce, but I think that when we have a wet season they will be plenty again.

I am afraid that the pinnated grouse have been pretty nearly all killed off or caught off. I have not seen one for a month and I know they were plenty this fall. I am afraid they are going to follow the wild turkeys, which used to be plenty here, but I don't think that there is one left. I see that the Mitchell Gun Club is taking steps to put a stop to this game slaughter. I hope they will succeed.

I think we will have a good many ducks and geese here this spring. The ground is frozen hard and the sloughs will hold the water well. I suppose it is not right to shoot ducks in the spring, but that is the only chance that we have at them because they do not stop here much in the fall. J. D. S.

### The Testing Institution.

MR. ARMIN TENNER tells us that the American Gun Testing Institution is in working order. It is situated at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., that being the post-office address. Mr. M. F. Lindsley has withdrawn from the advisory board.

### Lead-Poisoned Wildfowl.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Speaking about birds dying with shot in the gizzard Mr. Knott, who keeps the shooting box at Liverpool, Indiana, always scolded the boys for throwing shot about loose, for he said it would kill the chickens. H. C.



# Sea and River Fishing.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Whitefish Lemonade.

LAST week while writing in these notes about the size of smelt fry, I was reminded of what happened to some whitefish fry in charge of the late A. H. Powers, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire. Mr. Powers was transporting a lot of whitefish fry in cans on the cars, and was left at a railroad junction with his charge to wait for a train on another road to take him to his destination. The cans of fish had attracted all the loiterers about the station and some of them did not understand what the cans contained.

Mr. Powers, anxious about the condition of the little fish, dipped from one of the cans a tumblerful of water and whitefish fry to examine them. Trout fry of similar age would have massed at the bottom of the can, but the whitefish were "swimming up" all through the water. The fry were semi-transparent mites not unlike in appearance particles of the inner tissue of a lemon that had been through a lemon squeezer. Holding glass and contents up to the light he watched the fry for a moment and then put the glass on the cover of a closed can as he peered down into the open one to see how the fry were doing. He raised his head just in time to see one of the loungers with head thrown back, glass in hand, and the last of its contents disappearing down his throat. A puzzled look appeared on the man's face which quickly gave place to one of fear, as he exclaimed: "Bigosh! I thought that was lemonade. What was it?"

Mr. Powers, with a serious look on his face, informed the man that he had swallowed about twenty-five live whitefish, and if the conditions existing in his interior department should prove satisfactory, the fish were capable of growing from thread-like fry into fish of 10lbs. each, thereby adding 250lbs. to his weight, much to his knowledge of natural history and, as an object lesson to curb his curiosity, would be worth more than could be computed.

### The Sea Serpent Redivivus.

I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet, but when, a week or two ago, I mentioned that President Jordan had said that there was no such thing as a sea serpent, and added that I presumed in spite of this fact the sea serpent would bob up, as usual, next summer in the newspapers, I had not the slightest idea that at the moment of writing the news was on its way to this country from South Africa that the sea serpent had already been seen in 1894. The *Natal Advertiser* tells the story of his serpenthship, and it seems to be a brand new species, and the largest that has appeared thus far, inasmuch as it was computed by the officers and passengers of a steamship to be not less than 150ft. long. The steamer was turned from its course and ran close to the "serpent," when it was found that it had several pairs of fins about 20ft. apart on its body as large round as a whale, and of the shape and color of a conger eel. It was no relation of the serpent in the proverb—"How sharper than a toothless serpent to have a child say 'thanks'." This fellow had "a jaw about 7ft. long, armed with large teeth, the gums being of a whitish color."

That is the kind of a serpent I am looking for, and I would like to get seven of them to put into seven trout brooks that I know. I do not care so much about the color of the gums, but its esophagus must match its greed and it must be able to swallow a man without rolling its eyes, and if its body is 700ft. long, all the better; but it must not taper too much toward the tail, as I shall expect it to take in a "trout hog" or "fingerling fisherman" for each 6ft. of its length. In fact, I think that the specifications should demand that every 6ft. of length should take in two "fingerling trout fishermen," as they are about the smallest patterns made. No serpent under 150ft. in length will answer, for smaller ones would become gorged on the "smart Alecks" who go out before the law opens the fishing season, and the digestive organs of the serpent would not be in order to meet the rush of other sorts of men who violate the law in different ways when the season is open.

I would like to reserve the right to reject all offers of serpents that may fill the above description if there should in the meantime be discovered a serpent with jaws 7ft. long at the posterior end of the body to duplicate those at the anterior end, because a double-ender would do more business and sooner prepare the way for honest anglers to get some decent fishing in our stocked trout streams.

### Public Fish and Private Waters.

Some time ago a gentleman in Lansingburgh, N. Y., asked me if the New York Fish Commission furnished trout fry for private waters, and I told him that it had no right to do so, and presumed that it did not. I had forgotten that I made this reply until a day or two ago when he reminded me of it and sent me a clipping from the New York *Tribune* with the headline "Fish for Private Waters," and said: "Here is evidence that the State does furnish trout for private waters, and if further confirmation is needed you will find it in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Feb. 17, in a letter from C. W. Puffer, Supt., stating that he has ordered 5,000 brown trout for a preserve in New Jersey (out of this State, you will notice) from the State hatchery in Caledonia. Do you wish to revise your reply to me?"

I am not infallible, but in this instance I have nothing to revise, for there is no evidence whatever that the State has furnished trout for private waters, or that it proposes to do so. To be sure, the *Tribune* clipping reads, under the head I have quoted: "Many applications have been received (by the Fish Commission) from all parts of the State on the part of people who wish to stock private waters with fresh-water fish," but that is not evidence that the applications were granted, even if they were made. If my friend will send to the secretary of the New York Fish Commission for blank fish applications he will find that they read as follows: "The undersigned applies for — fry of — to be planted in the *Public Water* hereafter described, etc." Then follows a sort of civil service examination as to what the applicant knows about fish, and water, and temperature, and fish-food, and the law, etc. There is another blank used for black bass which reads: "The undersigned applies for — black bass to be planted in the *Public Water*, etc., and then follows the civil service examination as in the case of fish

fry, and the average applicant will do well if he passes fifty per cent. of the questions which are necessary for the intelligent distribution of fish. In each case "Public Water" is emphasized in capital letters, which is evidence that it is the *Tribune* which is wrong and not the writer.

As to Mr. Puffer's letter in *FOREST AND STREAM*, he does not say that he has ordered the trout from the State hatchery at Caledonia. He says he has ordered them from Caledonia. One of the State hatcheries is situated at Caledonia, and I know that it is quite customary to associate this hatchery with the name of the post-office, to the exclusion of a similar institution wholly free from State control at the same place. If my critical friend will look in the same issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* to which he refers me he will, in the advertising columns, find the advertisement of James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, who offers trout for sale, and when sold he can send them to Europe, Asia, Africa or New Jersey, for the product of his hatchery and trout ponds is individual property to do with as he likes, and while I personally know nothing about the matter, I presume it is this Caledonia establishment that is to furnish the trout mentioned in Mr. Puffer's letter.

Doubtful things are mighty uncertain, and if my friend will continue to apply at the *FOREST AND STREAM* shop when in doubt about matters and things which this journal is devoted to and avoid the false gods of the daily newspapers, he will get information that he can bank upon.

A. N. CHENEY.

## PORTAGE LAKE.

PORTAGE LAKE, in Province of Quebec, is a beautiful sheet of clear water with some six or eight square miles surface, situated near the Maine boundary and consequently at considerable elevation above sea level. It is perhaps the most beautiful of a large number of lakes clustered among these boundary mountains and forming the headwaters of Portage Brook, a branch of Du Loup River on the Canada side and the north and south branches of the West Branch of Penobscot River in Maine. From Portage to Penobscot Lake the head of the South Branch is only half a mile, and this trail crosses the boundary. All these waters are well stocked with trout—not very large fish, but up to 2lbs. or thereabouts; and one lot of ninety taken from Portage in 1891 weighed 90lbs. At that time 150lbs. of trout could have been taken in a day with a single fly-rod, according to the guide's estimate. The fish are not often rising so freely as they were at that time; but enough can be caught to satisfy any reasonable man at almost any time during the trout season.

The only feasible way to reach these waters is via Jackman, Me., thence by train twenty-five miles on the Kennebec road across the boundary, and then in and over a tote road nine miles to Portage Lake.

I first visited this region with Jackman guides, and after the first trip secured guides from the Canada side. The latter is decidedly the better and cheaper way. The Jackman men are not sufficiently acquainted with the country to be efficient there, and they make a trip cost 50 per cent. or so more than the local guides find satisfactory.

There is a very nice place for sportsmen to stop near where the State road to Portage Lake starts from the Kennebec road, a house kept by Mrs. Rainy who makes her guests very comfortable. There are several good men living along the Kennebec road, who can be hired as guides. The only one who owns a camping outfit is Robert Elliott, whose address is Kennebec Road, Armstrong P. O., County Beauce, P. Q. He built a camp at Portage last year, owns a nice canoe, some other boats, tents, cooking kit, etc. He is very familiar with this region, having made his living in these woods for more than twenty years. He is a very reliable temperate man, a cheerful willing worker and most excellent woodsman. If notified in advance, Mr. Elliott will send a team to Jackman to meet any train and bring sportsmen over the boundary. Portage Lake can be reached in a day from Jackman, but a more comfortable way is to break the journey by stopping over night at Mrs. Rainy's.

Good trout fishing is becoming more and more scarce and difficult to reach. I believe Portage Lake offers as good sport in this line as any place equally easy of access, especially for those who consider expense. I shall be pleased to give any further information that may be desired by gentlemen who may like to make this trip.

In this region deer are plenty, caribou less so, moose rare. Under Mr. Elliott's guiding two very fine caribou heads were secured last fall on the boundary mountains, and one smaller one on the headwaters of St. John River.

FRED TALCOTT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## BOSTON BUDGET.

### Inglewood Looks for Big Fish.

THE Inglewood Club, the preserves and camps of which are in New Brunswick, but the membership largely in Boston and other cities, is proving, under good management, to be a successful institution. So far pretty strict rules have to be lived up to and its present management proposes to keep in that track. During the fishing season ladies are not permitted in the camps. This may seem to be a pretty strict rule, but it is a measure agreed to by the majority of the membership and has worked well so far. During the summer months, when the camps are not full of sportsmen, members are allowed to take their wives and sisters with them. But guests of any sort are under the direction of a live house committee at all times and no one is allowed the privileges of the preserve without the consent of this committee. Mr. Leroy S. Brown, of Boston, is chairman of this committee and he is determined to keep the camps clear of objectionable people. Mr. Brown received a letter the other day stating that 150,000 trout eggs were about ready for shipment to the hatcheries of the Inglewood preserve from the celebrated trout breeding establishment of ex Commissioner Wilmot, of Canada. Mr. Wilmot, it will be remembered, was for a number of years Commissioner of Canadian Fisheries. He is greatly interested in fish propagation, and goes into the business with a great deal of study and forethought. The trout eggs he is about sending to the Inglewood hatcheries have all been bred from large parent fish. He writes Mr. Brown that the parent fish from which these eggs have been bred weigh from 1 to 4lbs. It is Mr. Brown's opinion, and those interested in stocking the Inglewood waters agree with him, that trout

bred from large parent fish are much more likely to make large fish themselves, other conditions being equal.

### Gilbert Trout Bill Again.

The old Gilbert trout bill is again before the Massachusetts Legislature. The form is essentially the same as ever; simply to permit Mr. Walter L. Gilbert, of Plymouth, to sell the trout he raises in his ponds, in open season. Of course it will again be opposed by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and all other good friends of fish protection in the State. Gentlemen familiar with legislative proceedings, and who know the temper of the present House, do not believe that it will receive much consideration in that body. The Fish and Game Protective Association is asking a law at this session to prevent the seining of smelt in the bays and inlets along the coast, as well as up the smelt streams, and the chances are that such a law will be passed. It is said that the Hoxie measure, to prevent all seining in Buzzards and other bays, does not stand as good a chance for favorable action.

Mr. Chamberlayne, who is much interested in protection of our shore fish, as well as the trout streams in the State, made an excellent point the other day, in speaking of the indifference of either wardens or commissioners as to the enforcement of the fish protective laws. "If our fish protective laws are not worth enforcing," was his idea, "then we have no further use for the officers appointed to enforce these laws." I may not have quoted Mr. Chamberlayne exactly, but the idea conveyed was a good one. A warden or commissioner who is not earnestly working for the full enforcement of our game and fish protective laws, should be asked to resign immediately.

### Maine Trout Through the Ice.

Stories of trout caught through the ice are again in order in the Maine papers. A Monson, Me., dispatch to one paper says that over 300lbs. of trout were brought into that town in two days last week, and that even a temperature of 28 to 30° below zero was not sufficient to keep the fishermen from the ice. Another paragraph in the same paper says that a party of seven fishermen brought in a string of over 200lbs. of trout, the result of two days' fishing. The water is now remarkably low in all of the Maine lakes and ponds, and this makes the work of the ice fishermen all the more deadly. The low water narrows down the feeding ground of the fish. They are thus more starved than usual, from their long fasting under the ice, and it is but the work of passing in hooks baited with live bait, to take every trout in the vicinity of the hole where the lines are put. SPECIAL.

### A New Rod and Gun Club.

THE sportsmen of Glens Falls, N. Y., were invited to meet in the directors' parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association on the evening of Feb. 15 to discuss the formation of a Rod and Gun Club. The originator of the idea, Mr. N. R. Gourley, called the meeting to order and Mr. A. N. Cheney was chosen chairman and Mr. C. H. Baxter secretary. The chairman explained the objects of the proposed organization and how its influences might be exerted for the welfare of the fish and game, and as an educational body in the community, how it might become a power for good in training sportsmen in the expert use of rod and gun, and in the proper observances of the game laws. The secretary outlined a plan for organizing a club, and a general discussion followed, which resulted in the meeting by an unanimous vote organizing itself into a Rod and Gun Club. The secretary was instructed to cast a single ballot for A. N. Cheney, correspondent of *FOREST AND STREAM*, as president. Mr. C. H. Baxter, one of the editors of the *Glens Falls Morning Star*, was elected secretary, and Mr. S. A. Hays, of the Glens Falls Insurance Company, treasurer. A committee consisting of N. R. Gourley, Rev. J. R. Crosser, D. L. Robertson and Dr. T. J. Henning, was appointed by the president to draft a constitution and by-laws, suggest a name for the club and report to the club the names of three or five gentlemen to act as a governing board in connection with the officers elected, the club to vote on the names at the next meeting. The club bids fair to be a success, as it undoubtedly will begin its career with about 100 earnest, active members. The enthusiasm shown at the initial meeting gave evidence that the time was ripe for a club of this character, as there is not in the village, containing over 12,000 inhabitants, any organization of the sort. HORICON.

### Gilbert Trout Bill.

TROUT fishermen will be pained to learn that the Gilbert Trout Bill has actually passed the Massachusetts Senate, and has passed the House to a third reading. It is almost certain to become a law this time, there being very little chance that Gov. Greenhalge will veto it, as did his worthy predecessor, Gov. Russell. The bill was opposed before the committee by the Fish and Game Protective Association, but finding that the members of the committee were generally in Mr. Gilbert's favor, the case was given up as hopeless. The measure does not give the full close season to Mr. Gilbert for the sale of his home-raised trout, however, but only the months of February and March. Then the bill on reaching the House (it was first reported in the Senate), was amended by exempting the four western counties of the State—Hamden, Hampshire, Franklin and Berkshire. Another amendment has also been tacked on forbidding the sale of any trout under 8in. in length. The bill now goes back to the Senate for concurrence in these amendments. It was first on the order for Monday, and the amendments were to be vigorously opposed by the friends of Mr. Gilbert. SPECIAL.

### Game and Fish at Albany.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

THE Assembly committee on fisheries and game will hold but one meeting a week through the session. It will be on Thursday afternoon at committee room No. 3.

### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the *FOREST AND STREAM* one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the *FOREST AND STREAM* during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).



## The Kennel.

## NEW YORK SHOW.

THE eighteenth annual dog show held by the Westminster Kennel Club last week was a success. This is the plain, unvarnished truth. A success, because in the majority of breeds the quality was an improvement on former years, and further, the attendance was such as to astonish even the blasé show goer. Favored probably by the most charming weather they have ever experienced, at any rate in late years, the club's coffers took on a plethoric appearance even as early as Tuesday, and we should say that the immense crowd on Washington's birthday simply filled them to overflowing, as it did the hearts of the management. Never in an experience dating back to 1871 have we seen such a crush in the gardens, old or new, at a dog show as that of Thursday afternoon. The aisles were crammed and the sides of the amphitheatre were black with humanity clear to the roof. The club this year seemed to be rather weighed down with the burden of a responsibility which a loss in last year's show did not seem to lighten. Providence was kind, however, this time, and sunshine beamed all round, and even Mr. Terry's generally serious countenance took on a continual smile.

It is always the proper thing for the veterans to remark that they scarcely think the show this year goes with the same snap as last year, but somehow we think there was some justice in this remark frequently heard during the week. The club showed little or no courtesy to visiting exhibitors, the usual dinner on the first night being dispensed with. Of course, there is really no reason why the club should charge itself with this additional expense; still if such or similar affairs, where exhibitors may congregate together for mere recreation, can be arranged, they serve to create a good feeling all round and start the show on a friendly basis.

Our notice of the show last week would serve to enlighten our readers to some extent as to the arrangements. Experience, however, showed the unfortunate exhibitors of pet dogs that in moving from the floor to the sides of the amphitheatre their troubles had increased. They suffered the penalties of popularity, and the jam at times in the narrow aisles between the chairs was fearful. At the same time the dealers of the pet dog fancy report heavy sales, in fact better than ever before.

The show was well managed in many respects; the rings were kept very clean and spruce, and the notice that dogs should only be exercised at certain hours was a decided success. Less dogs encumbered the aisles and few dogs which the public paid to see were found off their benches. There was none of that boisterous romping in the ring, so objectionable and dangerous a feature of former years. It is superfluous to say that the aisles and stalls were kept clean, for John Read's eagle eye looked them up and down incessantly. Mr. Mortimer's executive ability was clearly shown in the able and frictionless manner in which the show progressed. He was ably aided by Mr. H. B. Cromwell, who looks after, more particularly, the financial and most agreeable end of the entertainment. Mr. Terry, not yet quite recovered from his late illness, strolled slowly around, ever ready with a kind word and pleasant greeting to the visitors; Messrs. R. C. Cornell and Elliot Smith were pleased to see taking an active part once more, and their presence in the rings lent an old-time aspect to the gathering. Messrs. Duer and DeLuze also devoted themselves to the general success. Society people turned out in force and, as at the horse show, the same faces were to be seen morning, noon and night.

The judging, we thought, progressed more rapidly than in former years, there were few vexatious delays, and the arrangement of the rings probably made the serving of them an easier task. There is always considerable grumbling over the awards at New York, and this year was no exception. In fact, in several of the breeds this was intensified, though it is pleasing to relate that the novice judges came in for less of this sort of thing than some of the veterans. Dr. Sauveur and Mr. Woodward, of the new judges, having the most important classes, came in for much just praise for the manner in which they handled their classes, and Dr. Foote, though handicapped by judging "markings," by electric light, also did well, though his task was a very easy one. Mr. Underhill made but one little break in the mastiff bitch class, and seemed at home with the rest of his not particularly difficult lot.

In an entry of such magnitude one must expect a few errors in the catalogue, but this year there seemed to be more wrongly entered dogs than usual, though this may not altogether be the fault of the catalogue compiler. Typographically the catalogue was very praiseworthy and nicely arranged, pretty much on the style of last year. Nearly all the dog world and his wife, literally, were there, and to name all those we greeted would almost fill a column.

Dr. Glover was the veterinarian and did well, though several "sore" dogs escaped him down the back stair.

Our thanks are due those judges who so kindly consented to deny themselves some of the pleasures of the show in order to give us reports of their classes, which follow:

## St. Bernards.

## Judge's Report

In numbers this important breed keeps far in advance of all others regardless of the many new, or revivals of old fashions. In quality and beauty the puppy classes show noteworthy advance and more promise than heretofore. Fruits of the importations of the leading breeders are visible at last, and American-bred specimens begin to elbow foreign winners. A woful lack of condition was apparent in many of the dogs. "A rotten lot" was the harsh ejaculation of a foreign and disinterested critic, surveying one of the classes. "An army of cripples" murmured an exhibitor handling a well built active mover. Perfectly groomed dogs of moderate merit jostled clumsy giants of good quality and sweet expression slouching under coats suggesting dilapidated family doormats. Traces of eczema or worse were only too visible, and blighted the hopes of more than one dog that should have been cooling his blood on Lenton fare at home. Are the smooth coats so much stronger in constitution that they can keep in full bloom when their long-haired brothers and sisters are faded, or coarse and gone off?

The challenge class for rough dogs was a round surprise to the many who thought—probably hoped—Sir Bedivere safely out of it at his faraway home in Arkansas. Here he was, however, wonderfully fresh and strong too, after a journey of 1,700 miles, and again he won first, not for his past but his present merit and condition. In less profuse coat than sometime past, he carried quite enough, and has more benign expression than of old. Careful examination and tests proved him in hard muscular order, a credit to his kennels and keeper. Otos, the handsome son of Ben Lomond, richly deserved second. Inheritor of the beautiful color and perfect markings of his sire, he is better built in hindquarters, very symmetrical, powerful and strong. Eyes deeply set and more wrinkle would improve his good head. Kingston Regent, reserve, looked well in head and bright in coat, but was very thin and nervous.

Lady Livingston, first and alone in the corresponding class for bitches, was in beautiful condition as usual.

The open class included forty, a motly throng Altonceer,

a son of Alton, orange with white markings and black facings, in exquisite order has gained immensely during the last year, is now fully furnished, a massive, powerful, compact fellow, carrying his 188lbs. in bone and muscle, unencumbered by fat. The casual observer dubs him a good "little" dog. Measurements prove something better. His somewhat uneven blaze and lack of wrinkle detract from expression. His head is large, skull broad and well shaped, his forehead is well modeled, and he has well-carried ears of the right size. On his legs he is strong, active and free. Roland, Jr., second, similarly strong in build, submitted gracefully to a reversal of last year's decision. He moved well as usual, but was hardly at his best. His coat, like that of all his kennel companions, was a lesson worth heeding by many careless exhibitors. A white and orange dog needs and shows the value of good grooming more than solid colored ones. Grand Master, son of Hesper, winner of third, as last year, has gained in expression, and appears vigorous and strong, but looked somewhat lank after his journey. His rich orange color and clear white markings lack black shadings to give a finishing touch to his beauty. In frame, strength of limb and action, as also in head quality, he will always be among the best. Eboracum, fourth, the imported son of Scottish Prince, while a strikingly handsome dog, orange tawny in color, with correct markings and shadings, seems yet undeveloped, and for his age needs breadth of chest and loin, and stronger expression. In the ring among the others he seemed more like a splendid great pup of 18 months than a dog in his third year, and should improve for two years to come. His head is well proportioned, muzzle unusually broad for its depth, eyes well set and genial, but ears so persistently held back or drooping that they looked larger than they really are. He is not undershot a full inch, as detractors say, but would be improved by a perfectly level mouth. Mauprat, reserve, one of the very largest dogs present, a marvel of symmetry, beauty and agility, needs no adverse criticism back of his ears. His brilliant orange color, perfect white markings and superb development make one regret the lack of correspondingly high quality in his head, which still, on a less magnificent body, would be far from commonplace. Columbus, Lord Walbeck, Laurin and Kingstonian Count, the vhc's, were equal in award, yet quite different individually. Columbus, youngest of the lot, an eighteen months pup, son of Lord Dante, is a large, well-grown youngster, shown in most exquisite condition, and promises to make a dog quite above the average. Rich red orange in color, with correct markings, he wears a fine flat coat, brilliant as satin. He is of medium stature, light in flesh, a little short in couplings considering his youth. His head is well developed and expression fine. Lord Walbeck, five months older, is also in the intermediate stage and more massively built. His head, always good, is slowly improving, though his ears are still generous. For his length he needs some inches in height and his coat shows lack of grooming. Laurin, a handsome, well-grown son of Alton, loses but little to the massive Kingstonian Count in head, and is his superior in action. All four are valuable dogs. Lord Wilton, Montrose, Hamlet, Gen. Phil Sheridan, Harold Saxton and Christopher Columbus, the hc. lot, are handsome ones, with one exception orange or orange and white, properly marked, behind the others in quality or condition, and in some cases both. Chieftain, Rob Roy, Young Morgan and Prince Salut captured c. which, according to one philosophical exhibitor, should be interpreted "Clumb" of comfort. Noticeable among them was the imported English prize winner Mount Morgan, a beautiful dog, but as shown, a malodorous wreck reflecting little credit on his owner or handler. It was a shame that so fine a dog should be exhibited in public in such a shape.

The open class for bitches, twenty-five in number, included eleven imported ones. Miss Anna, the well-known daughter of Watch, was easily first, and will make her next appearance in the challenge class. Though not the largest, she possesses tremendous substance, and in expression, quality and coat handsomely beats her more lately imported daughter, Royal Duchess, second. The latter, a grand animal of great merit in head, proportions and frame, fine in type, excelling her mother in size and ears, has an almost unparadoxically bad coat. Imported Rustic Beauty, third, a fine, upstanding, large bitch like Royal Duchess, a daughter of Scottish Prince, closely contested the second place. In head she loses to the winner, and her coat is not what it should be. Countess Madge, fourth, quite a beauty, of excellent size and good type, is so unfortunately marked—her whole head in front of ears being white—that her merit is not discernible to the inexperienced eye. Lady Bountiful, reserve, another tall, handsome one, white and orange, with beautiful head markings, loses but little to those above her, has filled out and improved greatly, and in coat and condition equals the best. Lady Adelaide II., Lady Bess II., Mt. Sion Leila and Mascot Bernie, all vhc., are far above the average. Lady Adelaide II. is perhaps the best all-round and the oldest. Dorothy IV., Ellen Terry, Peg Wollington, Lady Edna and Miss Jerome made the hc. division; the last named is quite the best, a massive, beautiful-headed bitch of unusual quality, but put back by condition. Eima, Mora, Miss Cora and Bella, the c's, were all pretty little ones, and with one exception too fat.

A handsome even lot of twenty, the youngest just over six months old, made up the class of rough-coated dog puppies. Columbus, first, of great size, good head and pleasing expression, perfect in color and markings, was too fat and, perhaps, consequently not straight in pasterns. Hellgate Prinz, second, a big seven-months one, very rich in color and markings, shows great promise throughout. Watch Erdman, third, eleven months old, son of Marvel, another big one, white and orange in color, inherits his father's striking head, but is somewhat pig-jawed. Duke of Berkshire, Count Otto and Cadmus, Jr., each vhc., are all handsome, well-grown dogs of quality, the first named oldest and most forward. Count Otto is least massive and is now too full in eye. Cadmus, Jr., is very massive and rather fat. Caesar, Marvel II. and Kalfi, hc., almost as old as those above them, are all fine promising fellows, the first named litter brother to the first prize winner, and like him rather fat for growth. Norman, Eneus, Masterpiece, Scottish Chief and Hellgate Sullivan, c. each, were well worth their mention. The last of these is litter brother to the second prize winner. Scottish Chief, a son of Scottish Leader, looks like the making up into a great one with time and the right sort of growth.

The corresponding class for bitches included eleven and Princess Eulalia, daughter of King Regent, beautiful and symmetrical, was easily first. Stella, second, just a year old, rich orange, correctly marked, is of good size and massive frame, pleasing expression, less mature than the winner. Alva, third, a daughter of Marvel, of medium size, beautiful color, promising in head, was so timid and sad it was difficult to examine her. Lady Vixen, reserve, a fine daughter of Rowland, Jr., well-grown and good in head, married her expression by very badly carried ears. Madame B., vhc., daughter of Sir Hereward, a fine large forward eight-months puppy, did not do herself justice in the ring and was also handicapped by a neglected coat. Ada Somers and Florencia, c., pretty well marked and exquisite in coat, were well behind the others.

The challenge class for smooth coated dogs was drawn blank.

In the challenge class for smooth bitches Empress of Contoocook, her figure somewhat marred by maternal care, but in exquisite condition, won first; second going to Melrose Belle, her niece. The latter, one of the famous litter of winners, is a very beautiful massively-built, grand headed one, excelling in bone, frame and richness of color, but not equal to the Empress in expression.

In the open class for smooth-coated dogs, the superb Alton, Jr. won first; good as he was last year he is even better now, straight in limb, more massive and symmetrical in body, pleasanter in expression. Patrol, second, the handsomest in the class in color, in more brilliant bloom than ever before, well deserved his place. Plinlimmon V., third, son of Refuge II., has grown and improved considerably since last year; being only two years old now he has a promising future before him. Major Plon Plon, fourth, an 18mos. old son of Otos, well grown and furnished for his age, has a fine expression, but loses to those above him in muzzle and skull. Leicester, Jr., reserve, was one of the many fine dogs not shown at their best. He boasts of a well modeled head of the family type, a strong frame, excellent legs and good coloring. Blucher, hc., is a good sized dog of excellent proportion, but long in head and stern in expression. Eric, hc., a good dog in his day looks small beside these giants. In color, coat and proportion he is even with the best. Petro vhc. (a rough coat I learned afterward, but so entirely close in coat I transferred him from the roughs to this class), was a tall well grown son of Otos, good all round for his age, but not out of puppyhood in proportion. One china eye gives a curious effect.

In bitches the beautiful Lady Alton easily won first. Nearly perfect in markings, frame, proportions and head. Like most of her brothers and sisters, she is almost a model. Judith's Ruth, second, her half-sister, resembles her strongly in character, size and markings, and at present has the same fault, too much coat. Guess Noble, third, a tall, well made orange and white daughter of Victor Joseph, shows excellent general quality. She is getting cheeky. Pandora, fourth, and Julia, reserve, litter sisters, daughters of Kingston Regent, are both good-bodied, richly colored young bitches, strong-limbed, but not tall, much resembling their grand sire, champion Hector, in head, expression and style. The former is superior in skull. Melrose Judith, vhc., full sister of the second prize winner, large and light in body, a little heavy in ear, showed herself very badly. Charmion, vhc., another daughter of the excellent Cleopatra, and very like Pandora and Julia, is behind them in size and quality. Queenie Mars, c., smallest of the class, is under-sized, but typical and good. It is interesting to note that all included in the open classes of smooth-coats, with three exceptions, are the offspring of rough sires. Taral, first in the puppy class, smooth-coated dogs, is a promising, tall, quite undeveloped seven-months' specimen, beating Ben Alton, second, only in straightness of limb and coat. Juggernaut, third, a son of Patrol, well grown and handsome, excels Belvedere, hc., in all points at present. Miss Thelma, first in puppy bitches, another of the many daughters of Cleopatra, is almost exactly like her litter sister, winner of first among rough-coated bitch puppies, save in coat; stylish, typical, well proportioned and very mature for her age. Minka, second, is a little inferior at all points. Miss Polyphemus, third, another pretty one, is less forward in growth. Scottish Gloria, reserve, is at present but a frame on which to hang promise.

In the Novice class (rough and smooth dogs), first was awarded to Plinlimmon V. the smooth; second to Laurian, a rough; third to the rough Demetrius, a grand young dog still in puppyhood, of remarkable quality and size, but gross and in need of cooling diet; vhc. was awarded to Francisca, a large grand-headed son of Alton Jr. lacking markings and crooked in legs; to Sir Eldred Bedivere and Gen. Victor Joseph, two fine but somewhat backward sons of Sir Bedivere, and to Sir Rufus, a beautiful typical son of Lothario. The hc. included Perival, a very typical massive dog in need of grooming, Bryant needing similar attention, Gen. Joe Hooker, Gen. Phil Sheridan and Hamlet. The chief faults of Sam, c., are lack of size, straight hocks and heavy ears. Pro Patria, c., tall and lank fair in head and good in muzzle, needs another year to complete his development. Romeo II., c., tall and well formed is too narrow in head and lacks quality.

The Novice bitch class brought out twenty roughs and smooths. First prize went to Judith's Ruth already criticised, followed by Pandora and Melrose Judith to whom equal seconds were awarded. Melrose Judith shown by her owner this time appearing to so much better advantage than before as to seem a different animal. Third prize went to the massive rough coat Uarda. The vhc's were Lady Bess II., a young daughter of Sir Bedivere, Lausanne, of charming quality, and Judy her niece. The latter is unusually large and excellent throughout, but did not do justice to herself in the ring. Flora Valentine, not unlike Judy but inferior in quality, Gift a pretty typical one but small. Mascot Bernie and Queen Margaret not perfect in limb, were given hc., c. falling to three good little ones, Adam's Corisette, Miss Cora and Queenie Mark. It would have been much easier work to judge the novice classes if they had been divided into roughs and smooths, regardless of sex.

## Newfoundlands.

## Judge's Report.

In spite of the liberal inducements offered there were only six entries and but half this number present. Leo, first winner of second at Newark in November last, looks a different creature and a fair specimen after a course of careful grooming. His proportions are good, legs sturdy and well set, size small, head moderate in quality. Nero I., second, is only an unfurnished 12 months pup and may give a better account of himself later.

Brunette, alone in the bitch class, was lucky to have a blue ribbon to wear, being quite without startling merit in any way; a small, compact, flat-coated specimen, intelligent in expression and a good mover.

## Pugs.

## Judge's Report.

Taken collectively, the quality of the twenty-nine entries was so far beyond that of years past as to warrant special mention.

In the challenge class for dogs the highest honor was won by Attraction, the exquisite little son of Bob Ivy. Less than 18 months old, he is already a well-finished, symmetrical dog, deserving his name. In skull, wrinkle, eyes and muzzle there is admirable quality. His ears—most important—are of fair size, well hung and proudly carried; body might be a bit broader in loin, legs harder and color clearer. Bob Ivy, second, is as good as ever, a capital dog, but not his son's equal in eyes, carriage of ears or size, and no better in skull or wrinkle. In color, good silver fawn, he beats the youngster. Curtis, reserve, the handsome silver fawn son of Lord Clover, followed close, but was hardly equal in ears or eyes, rather heavy in flesh and very smutty in face.

Midget, a tiny one, kennel mate of Attraction, captured first in the challenge bitch class, but with little to spare. Compact in build, jaunty in style, strong and free in action, she makes the most of herself and pulls every morsel of skin in front of her ears into wrinkles at the critical moment. A good skull, nice little ears and tight twist are hers, but her dusky fawn color might be better. Vega, second, a daughter of Lord Clover, is another choice little one, more pleasing in color and a smart mover, but not equal to Midget in head. Nellie Bly, reserve, fairly out-classed, could only console herself by contemplating her beautiful pale golden fawn coat.

A round dozen filled the open dog class and only two were unnoticed. Al Von, first, a son of Penrice, is one of the few boasting eyes fully large enough. He is all style, from muzzle to tailtip, has a good sized skull, very short, square muzzle, face a mass of wrinkles, pleasing expression and ears perfectly carried. His color is a bright golden fawn, without.



much trace or very dark nails. Lack of substance and strength in his hindlegs are his misfortunes just now. Pinsky Duke, the lately-imported son of Confidence and a grand specimen himself, will push others harder when acclimated and fresh. Of medium size, strongly built, square and strong on his legs, pure, clear, silver fawn in color, with jet black head markings; he has also a beautiful head, nicely wrinkled face, and broad, short muzzle, but this coat at its best. His face is too black for a desirable thumb mark. Pomona Fritz, third, a silver fawn of sterling quality, rather larger than those above him, would not show up well in the ring, and surprised me the day after he was judged by his improved bearing and consequent display of good points. Corbett, reserve, a seven months' pup, golden fawn, with heavily wrinkled brow, fine large eyes, well-set ears and a deal of expression, was lucky in winning his place with his lank body and heavy limbs. Head quality and style took him up. Little Jewel, vhc., an importation of some years ago, the veteran of his class, has improved wonderfully since his first appearance, and would hardly be recognized. Rather oversized among such a lot of little ones, but stocky and muscular; he can give the best of them points in action and spirit. His head properties are quite above mediocrity, but his body color is not clear. Ivy, vhc., son of Penrice, a silver fawn, smart youngster in his second year, is not fully developed in head or in confidence. He is handsomely marked and good all through. Sullivan, litter brother of Corbett, but larger and too promising in bone; Prince Bobtail, a fair dog, here outclassed, and Prince Ivy, a beautiful eight-months-old son of Attraction, all scored alike, winning he; the first for his excellent front, the second for his general make-up, the last for coat and markings, carriage and symmetry. Mitchell, c., beaten by Corbett and Sullivan, already exceeds them in size.

The open bitch class introduced the recently imported Haughty Midge, a beautiful silver fawn but smutty in face and lacking trace. At a different stage of coat these markings may vary. While no toy in size she is a typical one in build, character and movement. Dauntless—the possible feminine of pugnacious—ready, and unconcerned among a crowd of strangers and in a strange land, she is a show dog hard to beat. Her eyes might be larger and ears smaller to advantage, but her bright expression, fine head, tremendous wrinkle and inimitable style take her straight to the front. She reminds me of the old English fancier's remark, "If a pug's armonious, I don't care if he weighs forty pounds." Midge is "armonious," and does not weigh twenty. Silver Queen, second prize, a daughter of Kash, is quite another art, less clear in color, smaller and more dainty, fine in head, ear and expression, with beautiful eyes. She is small in frame, and, like some of the others, should learn to manœuvre herself. Too long nails seriously mar the movement of pugs. Little Ruth, daughter of Penrice, a sweet little thing in her second year, did bravely for a novice and may give the best a hard fight by and bye. She is a beautiful silver fawn with no smutiness, symmetrical throughout, immature in expression, but with a charming little head, nice, small ears, and wrinkle enough when she pleases. Pansy G., reserve, daughter of Bob Ivy, just two years old, similarly marked, was too heavy in flesh and indolent to display herself well. She crowded Little Ruth for place and in the opinion of so competent a judge as her breeder and owner should have beaten her. Diamond Bessie, vhc., an excellent specimen, small, strong and muscular, a trifle heavy in ear, not in show form, should have had a longer rest from family cares before appearing in public.

Pomona Dolly, vhc., also a good little one is like the other dingy in color, and though symmetrical and pleasing is faulty in skull. The h.c.'s, Lady Bonsor, LaBelle Petite, Nannie II. and Timmie Thasmo, were as unlike as their names, and the first of them, daughter of Bonsor, that won first at Newark last fall, a bitch of splendid quality, should have stayed at home this time. Ragged, thin, nearly bare, she looked a begger rather than a "lady" and I hesitated whether to acknowledge her presence in any way. The show ring is not honored and it is a cruel wrong to a good dog to exhibit one in such condition. La Belle Petite, less belle and less petite than her kennel companion, looked a valuable matron, fair in general quality. Nannie II., one of the best in color and condition, lacked shortness in face, and was faulty in carriage of ears. Timmie Thasmo, another good coated, well built sprightly one, was a lesson in style to some of the better ones. This was a notable class. The matter of breeding pugs of the right size and of general fair quality seems settled, but fanciers must remember that a toy pug is no more desirable than a toy mastiff. Small eyes, large ears, dingy color, lack of trace of thumb mark and of black nails, and mincing action are faults not yet wholly bred out.

ANNA H. WHITNEY.

### Great Danes.

Judge's Report.

Challenge class.—Major McKinley, dark brindle, the only entry of either sex, had of course for once in this class a walk-over. His principal shortcomings are the intensified, untypical head of his sire, even smaller eyes in proportion than Melac's, is somewhat cheeky, has a well formed neck of good length and any amount of loose skin; has a very good front and middle piece, feet good, quarters rather weak, especially in second thigh, the result of his immense size; fair stern.

Open class dogs—an entry of fifteen dogs, with two added, wrongly entered in the miscellaneous class as so-called "Ulmers," came in the ring, and among the seventeen were very few of quality and even fewer of sound movement, and it is discouraging to see our largest "sound" breed go the same way as the other large breeds, unsound and sliding in their hindlegs, no doubt the result of kennel raising and the "Anglo-American" craze for big, tall specimens. I am afraid the same state seems to exist, to some extent, at least, also in Germany. Quality was sorely absent, except in those few of winning rank, and those were again in bad condition, with few exceptions. Earl of Wurtemberg, the winner of first honors, is a very much improved dog in hindquarters since last year, although in very light flesh, and had a badly used-up tail. He could give every one of his competitors a beating with ease. He is a grand light brindle with a most typical, well-cut head, good neck, shoulders and feet, rather shelly in body, showing more so on account of being very low in flesh; hindquarters well made, but somewhat stilty, tail a bit coarse and evidently battered while en route. He is of capital proportions and excellent size, his owner giving him size to be 33 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. at shoulder; although to my idea 33 in. is a nice height, even for him.

Lawrence Leopard, a very nice tiger, black and white, splendid size, excellent character, reminds me very much of that splendid granddam of his, Heimerle's champion Irene; he is rather light in body, not very good in quarters, very pleasing expression, front feet too open, good stern; a dog which only lacks maturity (he is only fifteen months now) to give the best ones a tussle. Hepburn Hero, belonging, as well as the first and second winners, to the Lawrence Kennels, is a dark brindle of very fine outlines; in poor condition, or better, in evident danger of becoming a very sick dog, and was lucky to get so high up, but as nothing near the above three in type and quality showed up he was plainly entitled to his place. He is still out at elbow, but not so loaded in shoulders as last year, has good body, splendid hindquarters and is one of the jaunty movers so much desired and so seldom found in this breed. Hero's principal shortcomings outside of his faulty front (elbows and pasterns out) is his too flat a head, he is also a bit cheeky; he is a dark bridle. Helois was a so-called "Ulmer dogge" entered in the miscellaneous class and on request I

judged him later separately, permitting him to win any equal to which he was entitled, which I thought at first glance to be high up, though further examination and comparison with the winners pressed him to equal third with Hepburn Hero. He is a beautiful golden brindle of fair size and good movement, and had he not showed lameness in one hindleg when trotting, without any apparent cause, would have been put equal to Lawrence Leopard, being, except this, perhaps accidental fault, almost the best moving dog in the class; his head is a bit too short, cheeky and short and thick in neck, and will, if not looked carefully after, be very common when older, through this defect. Shoulders fair, too far set apart on top, good body, good quarters, bone and feet, excellent stern and withal a good fair specimen.

Faust, vhc. reserve, is a more than average good golden brindle, rather bad, flat hindfeet, tail too much curled, and not over good in movement; round in skull, thick in cheeks, short from eyes to nose, besides having a lump on the nose, which mars his appearance; eyebrows too prominent, and ears set too low, good neck, pasterns and feet should be stronger. Pascha, vhc., dark brindle, is on the small side, an undeveloped dog, round in skull and light in muzzle, well-cut neck, a bit throaty, straight in shoulders, good front legs, good chest and ribs, good movement and fair stern. Hepburn Apollo, vhc., light slate color, a dog of very good outline rather small but a capital mover; he has grown very wide between the shoulders, almost double as wide in shoulders as in quarters, which threw him out of the race for place. He is plain in head, should be cleaner in cheek, good legs and feet, very good shaped, but too gaily carried. Bismarck, vhc., the winner at Rhode Island and Danbury last fall, is not a bad sort of a black dog, and his worst faults are his weak pasterns and open feet; he is on the coarse side all through head, body and tail, and also his bone shows its lightness more than it would otherwise. His head has character outside of its coarseness, neck fair, with plenty of loose skin; shoulders medium, ribs and chest good, too straight behind; not a bad sort. Yarrum, h.c., a black dog of some character, too but too much bulk altogether. Head, although not bad in character, is too large, fair in profile, well arched, almost too long in neck, which is thick and has too much loose skin; in fact I think it could be pulled all over him; good bone, poor feet, when moving throws elbows out, very poor hindlegs, with that shuffling, sliding gait so characteristic of most of our St. Bernards and mastiffs. All in all he is too bulky. Leo, h.c., is not a bad redish fawn dog, of fair size, head too small, and lacks character, muzzle not square enough and ears too low set; when animated shows a bit more type, as his badly-trimmed ears come up much higher, is very throaty, has shoulders shaped similar to a cow, fair bone, a little low in legs, pasterns too high and turned out, body fair, left hindleg weaker than right, feet fair.

Bitches: Portia Melac, the only great Dane to my idea in the show, as she has all I require of a good specimen except perhaps, size and she being of the gentler sex, I am not inclined to find too much fault with that. She is a dark brindle daughter of champion Melac and a litter sister to Major McKinley, but compared with him as a thoroughbred with a half bred farm horse. Her head is very typical, marred a little bit by a drooping right ear, and perhaps too dark lines between the eyes, a grand neck well set in splendid shoulders, excellent legs and feet, a beautiful and graceful outline, very good quarters, in fact there is hardly a fault to find except that there is not a little more of her, her coat was dull, and it is a pity all of the Kennel Lawrence's dogs were not in better shape. Phryne dark slate and white "tiger," is a good one but too fat, execrable head with dark red flesh colored black spotted nose, weak before the eyes, which are set too close, an apparently utterly cowed animal, and if anything else had been in the class would have not been in it at all. Manon, reserve, her kennel mate is a lighter colored slate and white; these were the only ones present.

In puppies a fair share of blues showed up. Bismarck, first, has a fair head, rather light eye, although thoroughly permissible in a blue, good bone, nice neck, will grow wide in shoulders, good conformation and quarters fair, legs a bit more bent than I like, and shows tendency to weakness; rather coarse in tail. Thor, second, also a blue, light in shade as the winner, shows very much of his sire's character in his too light muzzle and stilty movement behind, but is of better proportion than his sire, Shepard's Duke, and will make a better dog than Duke, has fair bone, plenty of skin as yet on his throat, eyes light. Mr. Lawrence won the kennel prize.

### Basset Hounds.

Judge's Report.

Four showed up in this quaint breed, and the winner proved to be Royal Hector, belonging to the Hempstead Farm. He is a nice, strong type of hound of orthodox marking, and his fault is a pronounced eye and too much cut out under the same; good texture of and sufficient leather, where he principally beats. Solomon, the second winner, who has a well-shaped head, but is not houndy enough, and as mentioned above has bad leather; in fact, they would do for a pair of soles; is not clean enough in head, and neither he nor the two following him could come near the Hempstead Farm representative in condition. Ninette, third, is a nice bitch all over, of the same stamp as the second winner, only a trifle smaller, as can be said, too, of the reserve, Rowton Wag, who is still smaller, though none of the four were too small.

### Dachshunds.

Judge's Report.

In challenge dogs Zulu II. took first. I beg to be excused criticising this little rascal to any extent, he objecting so much to any intrusion on the bench that I had to pay for my temerity with a torn cuff, escaping with sound skin, but what I can recollect of the little beggar he beat Don Quixotte in the ring by his better general contour and better movement; they are both good dogs, although I prefer Zulu.

Challenge bitches had champion Janet and a new face to me, Jessie Victoria, and she beat the older bitch by the way she showed herself. I suppose displeasing the cognoscenti, but as I am one of those *enfant terrible*s who have no respect for tradition and reputation any further than my eyes go, I suited myself, as Jessie Victoria showed so much more gracefulness than the matron Janet, who looked like five weeks in whelp, and Janet's head, beautiful as it is, would suit me better on a dog than a bitch, and this counter balanced Jessie's round skull and slightly weak muzzle. Any way, as the two appeared in the ring, their owners and others, if they had compared them without bias, would have had to indorse me. Perhaps Mr. Manice's absence, made Janet show herself so listless as she did, and I will say right here I like a medium sized dachshund best for the work he is required and bred for, and all views on this side to the contrary, I demand a dachshund of a size best adapted to go under ground; and whether used or not for this purpose here, cuts no figure at all; he must conform to the original purpose or we come to Mr. Freeman Floyd's capital squib about the Timbuctoo terrier, teaching the original breeders how their dogs ought to be.

Open dogs had seven in the ring and the winner was Jay, but good dog as he is, his condition was such that Tack, the second winner, had he been in better shape, would have beaten him, and will do so some time, as Jay's mouth is about gone, a most prominent point in a dachshund, who has to use his teeth for his work. Jay has and can beat Tack, everything equal, but when condition is on Tack's side, Jay's usual bad coat and poor mouth will or ought to help Tack to defeat him, as reputation should cut no figure in

competition, although Jay is far superior in outline and back to Tack. Hermit, third, is not in the same class as the former two, being of rather coarse type, and almost the same can be said of the vhc. as of him, as they were much alike. Hermit is a beautifully bred dog by Jay & Janet, but shows neither quality nor refinement, and may be a good over-ground dog, but heaven preserve me from ever seeing his stamp generally reproduced, which is evidently his owner's desire, if he shows such coarse dogs of his own breeding and sells the finer cut ones like Pretzel, who is very faulty in hindlegs, but of beautiful quality. Roy K., h.c., is a dog very much on Hermit's and Ichthyosaurus's type, coarse and lumbery, only more so, especially so in stern, and is a washed out color.

The bitch class had some very nice quality and numbered nine, all in the ring. Polly Finders, the winner, is a capital-shaped little bitch of my size, marred, as I was then told, by a box falling on her, when her eye was almost knocked out; but as I took this to be only a temporary injury, gave it no weight at all. She is of beautiful contour, long and well-arched back, beautiful-shaped and carried stern, good legs and bone, a bit weak in muzzle and light in eye; but I think she can beat Jargonelle, who is better in front of eyes, but who is coarser and dragged her bag almost on the ground; she (Jargonelle) has excellent bone and is a beautiful bitch all the way through, but a bit more refinement would not hurt her. Hesse Darmstadt, second, is a nice liver and tan, good head, ears set too high and almost hairless, not enough bone and bend in legs, good body, but not enough tucked up, which made her appear too straight in back; grand hind-quarters, but stern too gaily carried—a nice specimen all through when in good condition. Lovely K., reserve, is a bitch of the size I want and with capital head, and although too short in back and consequently not enough arched; would have been higher had she not been pig-jawed—a very severe and bad handicap for a dachshund. It is true, she is not badly deformed, but her jaws do not meet level, and the fault is there; and I could not overlook it, though I wish I could have done so on account of her other good points. Dina K., vhc., has a nice enough head but is too short in body and too high in leg, not crook enough, besides being too high and light in pasterns, stern coarse. Peggy, h.c., a medium black and tan, not refined enough in type, too straight in legs and too high, material for mating with a strong boned dog with lots of crook. The well known Bessie K. got nothing being too straight in back and close setting knees, out at elbows, though to be honest, on second consideration, I treated her harshly, but she showed so little quality in the ring, that twice as long a string of winnings as she had could not put her much higher, although a vhc. would have been correct for her in the class she was in.

Only three puppies showed up, one the coarse winner of third in open class and here first and the reserve dog who got second, was in the open class. Hermit's sound coarseness won over Pretzel's quality, as he is handicapped by a bad front and crippled hind feet; but he shows lots of quality; vhc. was a light tan and black bitch of no special merit.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

### Spaniels.

Judge's Report.

The spaniels were remarkable for no particular point this year, beyond the general very good condition of the majority and a few new faces. With the exception of that very handsome breed, the Clumbers, the classes were well filled throughout, a grand total of 109 being catalogued, with but five absentees.

In the cocker classes, my desire to "lift up" this very useful little dog, and thus get away from that fascinating type of small dog—short-legged and heavy-boned out of proportion, pretty, but toyish—legged me, no doubt, in some instances, to peg back here and there one that might possibly have scored a point or two better than its opponent were it not for its lack of proper size. It seems to me that the time is ripe to come out flat-footed in this matter of size in cockers, as we are all aware of the intended usefulness of the breed—of their keen nose, merry action and hunting possibilities, but from which the tendency to drift is noticeable in the production, year after year, of smaller and smaller specimens.

The question arises as to whether the prerogative lies with the judge to discriminate in this matter when the standard permits the weight limits of 18 to 28 lbs. This point I roached to two or three breeders during the show, and found their views to be that if a specimen were either just over the minimum weight or just under the maximum—in other words, at the extreme limits either way—and a point or so better in type than another specimen in the same class of about 23 or 24 lbs. (my ideal weight), that the former should win. This is apparently good argument, but in opposition to my personal views, and I should never consent to be guided by this should it ever become a ruling, as it is certainly only an exceptional case where the dog approaching the smaller limit (viz., 18 lbs.), especially in the compact, heavy-boned specimens, is, or can be made, a useful dog in the field. Of course, where there are two individuals competing—one very typical of low limit weight and one of what I consider proper weight, but of poor type—the former should prove the winner without hesitation on the part of the judge; but as for placing an 18 lb. dog over one that weighs 23, and is within a hair's breadth of being the former's equal as regards points, I say no, it should not be done, nor do I believe such to be the proper interpretation of the standard. There must be a medium; there must be limits; and these limits are to hold us within bounds, else we would soon see "pocket" editions carefully blanketed, carried around in bird cages, and the day of this, the best of man's companions, on the wane. With these few remarks I will turn to the classes, taking them in rotation, telling of the dogs as they appeared to me.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—This breed was fairly well represented, but all in poor open coat. With this exception, the lack of the requisite amount of topknot, and in one or two instances a slight tendency to crookedness in the front legs, they were a workmanlike looking lot.

CLUMBERS.—In Dash, the Owahena Kennels have a very fair dog that improves on acquaintance, with rather nice body, legs and feet. He disposed of his kennel companion readily, the latter being light in substance, short bodied and generally poor. Why this breed does not become more of a favorite I am at a loss to understand. They are certainly attractive and pretty, and when trained, prime dogs with the gun.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Judey, the champion of champions, was in fine fettle. There was nothing in the class with him that could even be called a "runner-up." His condition was grand, but I maintain, and have always done so since his first appearance on the bench, that the addition of a full inch to the length of his body would be a welcome improvement, making him more symmetrical; his appearance now tending to give the appearance of heavy-headedness. Newton Abbott Farmer I placed second, as he showed more field spaniel character than his nearest competitor, Brantford Mohawk. Both are horribly bad in fore legs. The latter has much the advantage in head, but is light of eye, lacks size, and is short bodied and cockery in appearance. Newton Abbott Torso is a poor specimen, and not worthy of mention. How he ever graduated to the challenge class is a mystery. Black Prince was credited in the marked catalogue with vhc. As the old fellow was not for competition, and not even there during the judging, the compositor is probably chargeable with the insult to "his highness."

In challenge bitches Bridford Ruby got away from Roseale Bess without difficulty; the former, however, was in



her usual poor condition—coat rough and short; light in flesh.

All old faces in the open class. Warwick proved the winner, with Echo a good second. The former has lost much of his coarse appearance of last year. Echo is also vastly improved and was shown well. He has nice length of barrel, good dark eye, good bone and substance, but lacks in stop; is a trifle full under the eye, and toes turn out slightly. Sorry Jake is too light for this company. Beau was fat enough to kill; eye too full; short-bodied; domed skull.

The bitchers numbered two: Midnight III, smothered her rival. The former lacks stop, has a Roman nose, is a trifle out at elbows, but a good bitch that will be heard from again. I withheld second prize in this class and awarded third to Greencroft Nellie—light build, small of muzzle, and on the cocker order. The class for livers brought out a new face in Colehill Rufus, vhc. This dog attracted my attention at once, every inch of him being a spaniel, and his every action being characteristic of the breed; but upon close examination his numerous defects became too apparent for him to claim honors higher than those bestowed. Well furnished, grand coat, bone and substance; on the Sussex order, but wretchedly crooked front legs; thin through pads; shows haw of eye and cheeky. There was little choice between first, second and third in this class. Gypsy Belle has the making of a good bitch in her, and will improve and show to greater advantage when better furnished; Old Queen should be retired.

In any other color, two very poor specimens confronted me, and the best I could do was to award second and third, withholding first. Romeo's horrible coat handicapped him, but he is also not the type we are seeking.

In puppies, Princess Bolus, by far the better one, is rather nice; good length, fair mover, but trifle fine of muzzle and light of eye. Will improve.

**COCKERS.**—Six entries greeted me in the challenge dog class—all good ones. Brantford Redjacket received the blue ribbon, but he is aging perceptibly, and should be retired. His chief weak points are a wideness of skull and ears a bit too short. He was shown too fat. Othello, second, is an attractive little dog; eye was rather full; stern carried too gaily; muzzle not quite as square as it should be, but a dog of nice size, good action, free mover, good legs, feet and loin. Ears proper length, and set on low. Jay Kay out at elbow, ear short, coat rough, muzzle too fine, poor condition. Jersey Obo—too much length, gone in mouth, action bad, wretched condition. Red Roland—nice body and coat, but broad in skull, undershot, bad front legs. Middy—on the small order; toes turn out; toyish. Challenge bitches.—Miss Waggles and I say claimed first honors, with matters rather in favor of the former. Her open, loose coat, and front legs being not as good as they might be, are her main faults. I say was not shown as I have seen her; coat rough, ears high. Black Duchess is a beautiful little bitch, but gray in muzzle and gone in mouth. On the small order. Open black dogs.—Donovan, to whom I gave first was sold and taken away before my notes were made, but my recollection of him is that he was a trifle light of eye and perhaps a shade heavy of head, but a good, active, workmanlike little fellow and the best in the class. Woodland Prince is a trifle plain in head and full of eye, but good bodied, nice coat, legs, feet and a good mover.

Picpania, third, has gone off badly since Toronto, where he received first, shown in bad shape, coat rough, ears too high on head. Jumble II, was removed from the ring before I could give him a card, also from his stall, so that I was unable to secure my notes. Commodore was a nice, compact little dog, of free movement, but rather small and lacks furnishing. Douglas—high ears, full eye, out at elbows, toyish.

Open black bitches. Rideau Reine, first, is a good little bitch with nice feet, legs and body, a shade more squareness of muzzle would improve her. Action and movement free. Lady Fidget—too wide in front, eye a bit full; a little out at elbow; body and coat good. Flossie Butler—toyish, off in front. Modjeska—an attractive little bitch that will improve. A free mover, but lacks stop, and a trifle out at elbows.

In the class for dogs of any other color, Ned W. came to the front easily, with Red Justice second. The former's color is poor, but his action pleasant; legs, feet and body good; ears set a bit high; skull perhaps a shade too wide. Red Justice—ears high, muzzle long, undershot. Chestnut is a very taking little fellow, active and quick; eye a bit light; expression not of the best; undershot. Shown in beautiful condition. Red Obo—head short and thick; out in front; good body; nice action.

Bitches, any other color. Tanita, first, was much to my liking. At Toronto last September she also received the blue ribbon, but shows no improvement since then, in fact was not shown here in her previous good shape. Could be improved a trifle in muzzle; ears high; tucked up. A wonderfully free mover, good cocker action, and subsequently selected for the special prize for best moving spaniel in the show. Mollie, second, is a nice bitch showing considerable spaniel character; muzzle too fine; ears might be a trifle lower. Red Rose, rather on the large order, was third. The reserve card went to Bessie Warner, muzzle too fine; make up rather light; eye full, an attractive and pretty spaniel, however. Ruin vhc.—too much drawn out; expression poor; high stationed. Diana Miskill—ears not set low enough; yellow eye. Maud S—thrown out—overweight.

In puppies Cherry Boy II., very unlike his father, I had to place first. This was not a very taking lot. The winner is a nice bodied, active little dog, but lacks in head; ears a trifle high, skull too broad. The winners in the Novice class have all been previously described.

The specials were numerous, and as a rule went with the awards in the regular class. The one for the cocker with the best head, was a rather difficult matter to decide. I finally placed it with Mr. Willey's Black Duchess. Although considerably gone in mouth, and rather on the small order, yet hers is a head built on the right lines, pretty, and of proper type.

### Boston Terriers.

#### Judge's Report.

These terriers made a good showing, it being taken into consideration that this is the first year classes have been made for them in New York. Prince Walnut, winner of first in the dog class, is a good specimen of a Boston terrier. On the bench he seemed lacking in expression, but when shown in the ring he was very smart-looking. His skull, muzzle and head are excellent and his color and markings of the best. Barring a certain coarseness in his make up, Prince Walnut is a good one. Ned, winner of second, is on the small side. His skull is good, but his muzzle is rather weak, which fault he inherits from his sire. This little dog had a splendid body, legs, tail and feet, and had been in a class for dogs of his weight, would probably have done better. Dixie, third, is on the toy order. There seems a tendency on the part of some breeders to run to toy terriers, this, particularly in a breed like Boston terriers, should be avoided, and unless a halt is called will greatly injure the breed. Fifteen pounds should, in my opinion, be the minimum weight allowed. Dixie, as well as Ned, inherits the weak muzzle of his sire; this, together with a poor tail, constitute chief faults. Otherwise he is a good little dog, with lots of style. Sir William got vhc. This dog just misses being a really good one, but his head has an unfortunate drawn-out look, due somewhat to its peculiar markings. His body, legs and tail are very good, indeed. There were nine entries in the bitch class. First went to Nankin, a capital specimen. There is but little fault to find with her. She possesses a head very nearly perfect, with a short and square

muzzle, without a wrinkle in it; skull broad and flat, and well proportioned neck, shoulders and body. Her tail is also excellent and she moves beautifully with any quantity of style. Nankin also won the special prize offered by the Boston Terrier Club for best of the breed in the show, regardless of sex, easily beating Prince Walnut, first in the dog class. Dolly, who won second in open bitch, is a mere toy terrier, and has no business outside of a glass case. Still, what there is of her is good, and she easily disposed of Peggy, who won third. Peggy is weddy and weak-muzzled, but showed herself well. Vhc. went to Cinney and an hc. went to another Peggy. Queen and Buzz could win in any class of Boston terriers judged under the present standard.

CHARLES F. LELAND.

### Bulldogs.

#### Judge's Report.

I must confess I was a trifle nervous when I entered upon my duties of adjudicating the merits of the 59 entries in the bulldog classes, but Mr. Mortimer's presence in the ring as steward was very re-assuring, and it was served without any delay.

In order to be consistent in my judging, I first picked my dogs on general appearance, and after that paid most attention to facial properties; the great characteristic of the breed being a short face, with a broad, upturned muzzle. I hope any exhibitors who were disappointed will attribute any mistakes to my inexperience in the ring, and, perhaps, a not too long acquaintance with the breed. The judging is simply my opinion, and can be taken at its estimated worth.

The challenge class for dogs saw Leonidas, King Lud and Pathfinder fighting their old battle over again, and the little brindle carried off the palm. He was suffering from an abscess on the jaw and was shown too fat entirely, so there was very little to choose between him and Leonidas.

In skull, forehead and wrinkle both dogs are good, Leonidas being a little longer between eye and ear and Lud deeper in skull. Leonidas' face is badly twisted, and this even extends to the eyes, which are not set in evenly. Both dogs have good bone, and stand wide on good legs, Lud being a little the better in these respects, and he is much lower to the ground and shorter in body. In stern both are bad. Lud answers more to standard in being compact, thickest and low, and is very smart in the ring, always on the *qui vive*, and his activity was in marked contrast to the sluggish movements of the other two.

Pathfinder, reserve, though beaten, was not disgraced, as later on he won the club's medal for best stud dog. He looked well and clean. He has a wonderful underjaw, well turned up; but is thin through the face, and should have higher temples. He stands wide on excellent legs, but is very long in body.

In challenge class for bitches, Saleni took first, but she would not show at all until her handler took her off the chain. She is very seedy looking, moves badly, and I think her vision is defective. Unless she takes a turn the other way her shows days will soon be over. She is a very good all around bitch. The Graven Image, second, is a nice little bitch; her skull, though small, is good in type, and her face short, well-wrinkled and finished. Her body cobby, but not cut up enough; muscular development good. She was very active, and I may have erred in not handing her the blue ribbon. Dolly Tester, reserve, is a good stamp, but out-classed here.

The open class for dogs over 45lbs. brought out eleven candidates for first honors, and His Lordship was well ahead. He was not shown in first-class condition and would not move well, but when he settles down in the ring he looks grand. He is of very even quality all through, and his good points bear a symmetrical relation to each other, none of them being unduly exaggerated. He could be better in forehead and skull, and might carry his ears a bit smarter, and his hind legs are crooked, making him wide behind; he has great bone, is low, well ribbed out and has a good stern. In general character, I spotted Romance as next best, but, upon comparing him with Found It, who got second, I discovered exquisite quality in the latter. He is a good-headed one, with a short, well-finished face; body good in outline, but flat ribbed and not let down between his forelegs. He stands too straight and needs more substance all through; has neatly carried and well-placed ears, a clicking back and good stern. Romance, who is low to the ground, wide and big in skull, with lots of substance before the eye, would have won third had it not been for his very hollow and weak back; but he could not bear the pressure of a few pounds there, and had to be content with reserve and make way for Reve Royal, not so good a stamp, still a dog with character about him, as he has a large skull, broad muzzle and short body; does not stand well, is too much in the air, and carries his stern like a ship's mast. Sheriff has a huge skull, a beautifully finished forehead, very broad and deep, with good underjaw, all of which are worth studying. His ears are large and one buttons over; his forelegs are well boned, but, like his body, are shapeless, and he brings his feet together. He is young and will improve greatly. Cameron, also vhc., has a large skull and fair forehead, but is in the air with a terrier-like body. Handsome Dan, also vhc., is well-known as the Yale boys' mascot. He is an attractive looking brindle and white, and needs no comment, as his face is a familiar one. Argonaut, a good bodied one, was also vhc.; in fact, after Found It, were six dogs hard to separate. He has good wrinkle and stop, and a grand underjaw, but his skull is too round and one ear buttons over badly. Good roach back, neat stern and stands fairly well. Rustic Sovereign, a very big dog with large skull, and is plain. Governor has a deep stop, but legs and body of a terrier. Dr. Rush has a large skull, is froggy and not typical.

The heavy bitch class, over 40lbs, brought out six, of which White Venn had most claims for highest honors. A grand skulled bitch, with good forehead, plenty of wrinkle, good bone, but long in body. Rosie, second, was shown too thin and she is a trifle timid in the ring. Has good, all around character, skull domed a bit, and her chops are too pronounced and on bloodhound type. Miss Venn has good skull, forehead and wrinkle, but is in the air. Lady Nan, reserve, and Ukita, vhc., were close together. Nan has a long muzzle, but is good in wrinkle and dewlap, and has that good old property, i.e., the furrow traceable up the skull. She is bang on her legs and long. Nikita, a cobby little bitch, with good legs under her, is down-faced, but a good stamp, nevertheless. Victress he, is plain.

In the open class, light-weight dogs were two hard ones to separate—Nugget and Wal Hampton—the former won. He has about the shortest face in the show, and a straight edge laid down underjaw to temples just touches his nose. His stop should be better defined and his temples more prominent; good wrinkle and loose skin, ears very small, beautifully set and carried, but skull much too short; high on leg, but no higher than Wal, though he appears so on account of his short body, which is too short and gives him a pug character. He is also too straight in hind legs. Wal Hampton is a good, all around dog; face long and no lay back, in which the winner excels. He was shown too thin, which made him appear long in back, which is nicely roached. Wrinkles, third, has a beautifully broken up face, and, as his name implies, is well wrinkled; has great substance before the eye and good underjaw; one ear is badly buttoned over, which detracts from his good character. He is high, not out in front, and body very moderate; should improve. Taffy, reserve, is a very neat little toy, with plenty of good points about him. Heathen, a very good stamp, and would have been higher but for his color—black and tan. Mars is froggy and plain.

Open bitches under 40lbs. A "plum pudding" brindle (supplied from Mr. Mortimer's vocabulary) was liberally treated when given first but, she only had one competitor, as Haphazard was injured and withdrawn. I could not resist the smile worn by Mr. Mason-Jones, on the other end of Grace's chain, and, as I had become accustomed to handing him blue ribbons, he having shown His Lordship and White Venn, I forked this one out to him. Queen Mab was given hc., lame behind, tail like a foxhound, and long body with a hollow back.

Dog puppies, a big class. The winner, Rustic King II., is a well-grown puppy, well wrinkled and sturdy. If he improves and does not get too large, should finish into a nice dog. Counsellor, second, seven weeks younger than the winner, is a very nice little fellow, short and low, big bone and very promising. Robin Adair, reserve, is plain, but well wrinkled. The remainder were very moderate. The winner in the corresponding class in bitches was supplied by the Woodlawn Park Kennels. She was only fair. Robin Rosalind, is a very sweet little bitch; the other two are very plain.

In Novice dogs and bitches, Nugget first, Sheriff second, Wrinkles third, Taffy reserve, all commented on before. His Lordship won the Grand Trophy for best dog or bitch in show, King Lud, in his present condition, not pressing him very hard. His Lordship's owner should look after him, as I am afraid he is the kind which goes to pieces easily. Saleni won the Porter cup for best bitch; Rustic King II. the Puppy bowl, Nugget the Sawyer cup, and Handsome Dan the American Field cup. Graven Image won the English Bulldog Club medal for second best bitch, and King Lud one for second best dog. The Brace prize went to His Lordship and White Venn, while Mr. Austin pulled down the medal for best team, and his Pathfinder won medal for best stud dog, with King Lud and Found It shown as his get. Pathfinder's son, King Lud, also competed for this with three sons, Nugget, Argonaut and Taffy, all showing the grandly developed underjaw.

E. A. WOODWARD.

### Collies.

#### Judge's Report.

Challenge class—dogs—First, Wellesbourne Charlie looking very well, scored over Roslyn Wilkes in bone, size, substance, coat, carriage of ears and length of head. Roslyn Wilkes, second, a nice, showy dog, was outclassed by Wellesbourne Charlie. Ormskirk Shep, had to be content with reserve, a nice little dog, full of quality. He is too small and bitchy to win in hot company.

Bitches—First, Highland Floss, skull might be flatter, a little full in eye, otherwise good in expression, body, coat, carriage of ears and symmetry and an all-round good bitch. Jacky Dean, second, better in head, eye, bone, legs and feet, undercoat and a better mover, but wanting in top coat, loin back, and shown too fat. Flurry III, reserve, a well known winner, has carried everything before her in former years; if shown in good condition can easily win first in good company.

In Open class, dogs—First, Sefton Hero; a very attractive dog, grand size, bone, symmetry, length of head, carriage of ears, bone, legs and feet. Coat might be better, a bit high in brow, but a good mover and unquestionably a good one. Christopher, second, smaller than his competitor, was looking very well, in coat, skull and expression he beats the winner; he might carry his ears better. Woodmanstern Trefoil, third, a nice black, white and tan. A good one. Not so good in bone as Christopher; full of character and carries a coat of proper texture. Conrad II., fourth, a good specimen, with good legs and feet, nice size of ears, but could not get them up in the ring. He lacks expression. Finsbury Dude, vhc., is thick in head, good body and condition. Finsbury Hero, hc., full of quality; would have been placed higher, but did not show well; seemed a little dull. Blizzard, vhc., a nice type of collie, a little full before the eye, little thick in skull, good fair coat, might move better. Jim Crow, vhc., good head and texture of coat; in better condition should do well in good company. Charlie Chris vhc., a son of Christopher, a real collie with lots of character and expression, a little small. Fergus McIvor, hc.; good type of head, ears and collie expression. Christopher, J. C., a little full in eye, fair coat.

Bitches, Charlton Phyllis, first, a good type of collie, excellent expression, a little light in bone, ears might be better, but plenty of quality and shown in good form. Olive, second, is a nice bitch, lots of quality, nice body, in good coat and shown well. Iduna III, third, a nice type of collie, plenty of coat of good texture and shown in exceptionally good form. Ormskirk Susie, fourth, ahead of reserve, better in ears, grand expression, possibly faulty in feet, a nice, active and good type of collie; one that should do some winning. Lady Fidget, vhc., the best of the vhc.'s, good legs and feet, sweet expression, her greatest fault being one ear pricked, and she is at present out of coat. Nora, vhc., nice quality, fair carriage of ears, they are a bit large, good legs, feet and tail; a good mover. Ormskirk Julia, hc., a very nice bitch of good type and well deserved her letters. Sweetheart, hc., a good, strong bitch, large size, good body and length of head, domed in skull, heavy in ear, but a good, useful bitch as a breeder. Mary of Argyle, hc., is at her best now. Chesterford Hattie, reserve, an excellent type of collie, with good head, expression, good body and legs.

In dog puppies, Hempstead Trefoil, first, a fine son of Woodmanstern Trefoil, full of character and should hold his own in the best of company. Cragston Pinto, second, possesses a head of good length, expression and carriage of ears. Warwick, third, a nice type, full of quality. Glenfyne, reserve, son of the good dog, The Squire, is possessed of a good head, plenty of bone, and carries a dense, hard coat. Highland Bobbie, vhc., another heavy-coated one. The rest were a fair lot.

Puppy class, bitches—Hempstead Dorothy, first, one of the best bitches in the show; a nice sable and white, with plenty of bone, a lovely head, beautiful expression, small, perfectly carried ears, nice body, legs and feet; has a fine coat of proper texture; this bitch is sure to be heard from again, and should win in hot company. Olive and Iduna II, described in the open class. Cragston Queen, reserve, a good type of bitch. Novice dogs, Hempstead Trefoil, first; Rhodrick Dhone, second, a fair type, with lots of good bone, loses in head and coat. Conrad II., third, described before. Bitches, the winners have all been mentioned. Cragston Snowdrop, vhc., a nice white bitch, one of the best of the color yet seen in this country. Chesterford Hattie, vhc., described in open class. The rest need no particular mention.

**SMOOTH COLLIES.**—Blue Belle, first, better size and bone, having a good length of head. Hempstead Belle, second, has plenty of quality. Blue Light, third, was outclassed.

L. C. SAUVEUR.

### Pointers.

#### Special Report.

The pointer classes had a very large entry and the quality was higher than shown in late years. In fact pointers to-day in America are as a whole above the average of those in England, though to our regret no startling good one has made his appearance among the new dogs.

Lad of Kent in challenge dogs easily defeated Tempest, Robert le Diable, Pontiac and King of Kent not being for competition. Lad of Kent, had he a better head, would come very near being as good as we have ever had for barring slightly heavy shoulders, a rather thick and short neck and feet that are a bit smaller than I like to see, he comes up to the best. In challenge bitches Woolton Game won, had Mr. Daley had Josie Bracket (her only competitor) in better con-



dition, the decision might have been reversed as Game showed none too well.

In open dogs Prince Regent, a new one, Mr. Heath picked for the winner, Ridgeview Tenny came next, between these two dogs there is little to choose; Prince has more bone, is better in shoulders, legs and feet than Tenny, and has a head more to my liking, while Tenny beats Prince in loin and hind parts handsily, and has a better expression. Lord Braeken third, muzzle too short, trifle light in eye, is loaded in shoulders, too long and low in body, neck too thick, should be better sprung in ribs and drops away too quick behind—legs and feet excellent, a dog showing quality and good character. For fourth, I preferred Jack vhc., to Ridgeview Panic. His muzzle is not clean cut enough, a bit cheezy, shoulders might be cleaner, apart from that he is a very nice made one. Hylas of Naso, reserve, might have been ahead of Panic, they are well known. King of Lyons—fair head, cheezy, skull too round, stands high on his legs, poor feet, too long and high in body, has a nice neck and shoulders above the average. The Hempstead Farm dogs in this class were absent at the field trials and were not in show condition. Wautagh Chief, h.c., is a fair pointer, cheezy, not depth enough of muzzle, shoulders are loaded, stands wide, good legs and feet.

In open bitches, heavy weights, the well known Lady Tammany won. She, however, has nothing to spare over Kent's Bella, a nice little bitch that I think should be in the smaller division. She is a bit cheezy, rather rounder than I like to see in her barrel, stem rather long, shows better type than her kennel companion, Lady Tammany. Lass of Tammany, third, is a rather nice, big bitch. She stands a bit higher on her legs, but then she is pretty large in body. She should be better in pasterns, clearer in shoulders; skull is too broad. Kathlene Kent got fourth; a bitch plain in head, ears not well carried, not depth enough of chest, slightly back in her pasterns, too slack in loin, nice bone; a useful looking bitch. Devon Fan was off her bench when I called to see her. Ridgeview Stella is a fairish bitch, but Mr. Heath didn't like her considering her condition. He can hardly be criticized for not giving her "first" or "second," but really now her fond owner thinks she might have got at least a c.

In challenge dogs for those under 55lbs. Duke of Hessen rather handily defeated his only competitor Arthur. John Brett deserves much credit for the excellent condition in which he showed Arthur.

Challenge light-weight bitches found Lady Gay Spanker the winner, pressed on account of condition by her sister Miss Rumor. Wild Lilly, third, is as well known to FOREST AND STREAM readers as the two winners.

Open light-weight dogs brought out a nice new one in Ridgeview Comet; he has a nice head, frontal bone a bit too high, eyes a trifle light, might be cleaner in neck and shoulders, could be better muscled behind. Here is where the second dog, Chancellor, a litter brother of Comet's, beats him, both have excellent legs and feet, and nice bodies, but Chancellor is beaten in head and neck, and has not the character or amount of quality that Comet has. It was said by one or two breeders that Chancellor would beat Comet when both are a year older if Comet does not go wrong. Chancellor under me would never see the day he could beat Comet; however, he is a very nice little dog.

Ridgeview Donald, third, well known. Brackett's Lad, fourth, head plain and cheezy, excellent legs, feet too small; is a fair sort; he is heavy in shoulders, wide in front, not deep enough in chest; he has a nice stem, carries it a bit too high. Reserve went to Ridgeview Faust. Mr. Hooley has a nice little dog in him. He has his faults and his good qualities as well. Prince of Pontiac, Tom Croxteth, Roderick and Springside Hal all got vhc., and they deserved their cards. Prince of Pontiac is too young to show in the open class yet. When he has more age he will do some winning. Roderick and Springside Hal are well known. Tom Croxteth is short in muzzle, inclined to be snipy, ears only fairly carried and too boundy; eye not rightly set, wide in chest, not good in shoulders, legs and feet fair, sprung too much in the barrel, rather nicely made behind, stem well made, but carried too high. Graphic VI, well known, should have been quite well up; he got nothing.

In open bitches under 50 lbs. Mr. Heath must have overlooked Kent's Pearl, certainly one of the best in the class. First went to Lady Grace, a nice bitch; however, I prefer Springside Nell for the place; this bitch is improving and looked better than she did at Newark. Third went to Jingle Bell, well known. Fourth went to Fan Fan II., also well known. The reserve went to Ridgeview Lass, shown principally as the dam of Comet and Chancellor. She is a very timid bitch and did not show well, has a fair head, beautiful neck, loaded shoulders, the best of legs and feet, nice body and excellent hindparts. Hempstead Kit, vhc., should not have been shown; she was heavy in whelp to Prince Regent. Graceful II., also vhc., is well known. Kent's Pearl got vhc. This bitch is a bit short in skull, trifle cheezy, stands wide in front, could be better in shoulders, has nice body, legs and feet; one of the best, if not the very best in the class. Mr. Mortimer did not purchase her any too soon, as many were after her. Chloe, h.c., is a useful looking bitch, should have more bone, is long in body and might be improved in head. Hempstead Blossom should have had three letters or more.

In dog puppies some nice ones were shown and rightly placed. It was the best class of puppies I have ever seen. The corresponding class of bitches was hardly as hot a class as the dogs. The winner, Springside Lady, is a nice bitch, beating Faustina with nothing to spare.

INADDA.

#### Smooth Fox-Terriers.

Judge's Report.

There was a good turnout of this breed, and the quality throughout was of a high standard, all the old favorites being present, some of them looking well and others beginning to show age, proving that every dog must have his day. Several promising youngsters made their debut and gained distinguished honors, notably Warren Safeguard, the winner in open and novice classes. This is one of the best American bred dogs ever seen, and, without a doubt, has a brilliant future before him, both as a bench winner and future sire, his breeding being the bluest of the blue, his sire being the English champion Venio, dam Eggsford Sapphire, by Starden's King. In the competitions for the specials between the smooth and wire hairs the latter scored decisively in the teams, brace, and also for the best fox-terrier in the show, the winner of the latter being the wire-haired dog Cribbage. Although not shown at his best, still he cleverly defeated Blemton Victor II., the winner of the Grand Challenge Cup in 1892 and 1893.

In challenge dogs, Raffle being absent, left the battle to be fought out between Blemton Victor II., Starden's King and Ripon Stormer, these being placed in the order named, Victor, as usual, being shown on the light side and not improving in feet. Still, I think this can be remedied with plenty of exercise. This dog is good in skull and jaw, eye and ear, nice neck let into a good, sloping shoulder, good ribs and plenty of depth in brisket, a little cut up in flank; still shows a good loin, quarters and thigh, fairly good in hocks, with a nice set on of tail; possesses a good coat of nice texture, full of gas and go, and ought to win for some time to come. Starden's King, second prize, I thought shown a little heavy in condition, as he is a dog directly op-

posite to the winner in formation, being a little on the coarse side; therefore should be shown lighter and in hard condition; to-day he looked coarse in neck from the amount of coat he carries. This point improved, he is a hard nut to crack in any company, being nice in skull, with a good eye, long, punishing jaw, fair ears, right in placement and lay of shoulders, best of legs and feet with round bone, ribs well sprung, level in back, with quarters, loin and thighs as they should be, fairly good in coat as regards texture and quality, a showy terrier and a rare-bred one. Ripon Stormer is a vastly improved dog since Saratoga, and great credit is due to Mr. Robinson for the condition he exhibited the dog in. This is another good terrier, lasting well, being good in jaw, bone, feet, neck, body, loin, quarters and jacket, full of fire and always ready for a scrap.

In challenge bitches, first, Miss Dollar, a little light in jaw power, good in skull, fair ears, neck, shoulders, legs and feet good, nice depth of chest, level in back, good loin quarters and hocks, a wonderful shower and always making the most of herself. Second prize to Dona; this bitch is beginning to show age but is still a grand old terrier.

In open dogs, first prize went to Warren's Safeguard, who owns a strong punishing jaw, good eye, flat skull, nice V-shaped ears, lean neck set into good shoulders, excellent in body, loin and quarters also with well sprung ribs, perfection in legs and feet, with a good jacket and right texture, a little straight in hocks, still taking him all around, he is a grand one, and I congratulate his owners on possessing such a youngster. Second prize Hillside Domo, a dog too light and leggy, although, in head and expression, he shows more English than fox-terrier, still he possesses fair ears, coat, shoulders, legs and feet, a showy terrier put down in good condition; it was only this that placed him over the third prize dog, Blemton Rasper; this dog was looking far from his best. We know he is a little foreign in expression but to-day he looked tucked up in loin and not improving in feet; in neck, shoulders, ribs; outline and bone, he scores and only wants to be in good trim to turn the tables on his more fortunate rival. Blemton Stickler, fourth; this dog did not show at his best, being full of fight and it was impossible to see him to advantage, looked long cast and inclined to be fine in coat, fair in jaw and skull, still I fear he is not improving.

Open bitches. First prize Blemton Vindex wins in length of face, not improving in eye, fair ears, a little upright in shoulders, lots of jacket, good in outline and character, fair front, but only moderate in feet. Second prize to Blemton Votary, a very nice pup, good in jaw, eye, flat skull, nice ears, her parti-colored nose at present handicaps her, should this improve she is, without a doubt, one of our best bitches, being level in back with nice ribs, brisket, loin, quarters, hocks set on of tail, good front, best of legs, feet and bone, heaps of coat of nice texture, a grand youngster and a credit to her sire Kasper. Warren Duty, third, is beaten in length of face and coat, a well balanced terrier with good neck, shoulders, ribs, quarters and action, also right in legs and feet. Warren Cautious, fourth, a handsome terrier, nice in head, jaw and eye, bone, legs and feet.

In dog puppies, first prize went to Beverwyck Royalist, a fair puppy, short in back, nice round bone, good front, legs and feet, heaps of coat, at present not harsh enough, good jaw, flat skull, nice eye, wants keenness in expression; a showy terrier that makes the most of himself. Second to Warren Tori, beaten in head properties, also coat; in front, bone, legs, feet and body he is a more than average youngster. Third prize went to Blemton Viking, all a terrier, but over-sized, good coat, fair texture, nice head and ears, good legs and feet, little long cast in body.

In bitches, first prize was given to Blemton Votary, already spoken of. Second, Blemton Erminie, a beautiful terrier, but a wretched shower; it was with the greatest difficulty she could be got to stand up in the ring. Grand coat, a terrier head, right in skull, eye and jaw, fair ears, good neck, nice bone, legs and feet; all round a good one if she can only be persuaded to make the most of herself. Beverwyck Twilight, third; fair coat in quantity and texture, nice bone, leg and feet, only fair in head, at times ears not well carried; nice-bodied bitch, but a moderate shower.

Novice dogs, first prize, Warren Safeguard; second, Beverwyck Royalist, and third, Warren Tori, all criticised above. In bitches, first, Blemton Votary; second, Beverwyck Twilight; third, Warren Damsel; moderate in coat, fair head and ears, legs and feet, body and quarters.

T. S. BELLIN.

#### Black and Tan Terriers.

Judge's Report.

Black and tan terriers were not a strong class. The good ones seem to be getting scattered through the breaking up of what have been the strongest kennels in this breed. Broomfield Sultan was shown not for competition, leaving the challenge dog class to Prince Regent, a smart terrier whose worst fault is his weak head, and that was not improved in appearance by a glandular swelling under his right ear. In the challenge bitches Louie and Gipsy Girl competed, the latter winning on her general merit and lack of serious faults. She is not, however, a strong type of terrier. Louie shows more character, but her dark and indistinct markings, wide chest, and tendency to cheekiness greatly impair her show form. Meersbrook Maiden shown in something like her old form did not compete. In open dogs Glenwood won easily, principally owing to lack of merit in his competitors. He is a strong type, heavy boned, well marked, slightly breeched, good in body and legs, stands well, head contains good eyes, and shows character, but is too wide and deep back of eyes. Tail coarse and high carried. Second went to Rochelle Rush, a showy fellow with good terrier expression and an excellent eye, but his muzzle is weak, markings dark, good in legs and body and carries a nice short tail. Rochelle Colah, coarse, and not clear in marking, was third. In bitches nothing of consequence appeared. Rosette is coarse and cheezy, and while her tan is a good color her markings are smutty. She, however, was good enough to win first over Mizpah and Olata, who followed in the order named. The former is poor in markings, weak in muzzle, light in eyes, and while good in bone is not straight in front, and carries a long tail; the latter is hardly up to show form. Prince Regent and Gipsy Girl easily won the special for the best brace.

#### White English Terriers.

Judge's Report.

White English terriers were not noticeable for quality, in fact those shown have little to commend them. Something better should be brought over if anything like proper type is to be reached. Nobility, an 8mos. old puppy, is somewhat promising and should in time get the award over his sire, Spring, who won in the open dog class in this instance; but Spring is weak in muzzle, large in eye, light in bone, wide in front, yet withal has a nice body and a neat movement. In bitches, Louisa is very much like her kennel mate Spring, and easily won over Lone Star, who is not at all a show specimen. Teddy and Daisy, toy bull terriers, were wrongly entered and not passed upon.

#### Toy Terriers.

Judge's Report.

Toy terriers showed up strong in quantity but of the usual poor quality. The winner, Lady Clyde, won easily, having a well shaped terrier head, good markings, stands well, but carries a gay tail; she is rather long in body, and might to advantage weigh a couple of pounds less. Daisy was placed second, but for her light and excessive tan, and extreme limit of toy weight, would have been placed first, having

more type and character than the winner, standing on good straight legs, and carrying a short straight tail. Prince won third. He is a fair headed small one, neat in body but lacking markings; reserve went to Sally Stick, an all black one with head that is on the apple order, but better than the average. The rest are not worth criticism.

#### Italian Greyhounds.

Judge's Report.

Italian greyhounds were numerous and good, none of the large and over fed sort putting in an appearance. Spring and Sprite competed in the challenge class, the former winning on account of more nearly approaching the large type of greyhound. Both have good heads, the bitch having somewhat the best forequarters, but the dog excelling in outline. They might be smaller to advantage. In open dogs Kentucky Prince won somewhat easily; he is of proper size and a fair all round specimen. Souris won second, while a symmetrical dog, is badly handicapped with a large round head, hairy tail, and a white chest. Colene's too sharp head and tucked up loins placed her third. The open bitches brought to the front the most perfect little greyhound that I have seen, but for an Italian she is far too large, I consider, however, she won easily. Her head is most perfect, neck long and well set, chest deep, ribbed well back, and back nicely arched, but for her size and white chest Beauty would have won the special over Spring for the best of the breed. Lady Lee and Vinnie were second and third, the former having the advantage in smallness and condition; the latter being fat. Both are nice specimens, and correct in size. Psyche is a shapely little hound and would do better with properly carried ears, less white on chest and stronger eyes. Spring and Sprite made far the best pair and won the brace prize.

H. T. FOOTE.

[By a Staff Reporter.]

#### English Setters.

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

The class for challenge dogs had two competitors, Breeze Gladstone and Glendon, the former getting the decision, though far from being in good condition. Glendon is better in head, though the outline of it is marred by throatiness and a noticeable heaviness of flew, but in skull, muzzle and shapeliness his head is far better. Breeze has the leaner and better neck. Glendon I consider the better dog. He is just a bit heavy in shoulders, but in every other respect he is Breeze Gladstone's superior, he having a better muscular development, is better ribbed, has a better and more graceful and spirited carriage. Probably Breeze's defective eyesight has the effect of making him quiet and listless. Ben Lewis strenuously insisted that there was nothing the matter with Breeze's eyes, as they had always been as they then were, he said. It was plain that there was a disease of the eyes. On referring the matter to Dr. Glover he pronounced the disease cataract, one eye being affected more than the other, and both seriously. In the challenge bitch class, in which were two competitors, Donna Juanita won over Spectre.

The open dog class had twenty-five entries, three absent. The judging did not meet with the endorsement of many exhibitors, though such is not necessarily a test of good judging at all times. The class was most irregular in type and quality. First went to Antonio, a strong-built dog, but not nicely proportioned for bench quality. Second went to The Earl, short in muzzle, round skull, stop too deep, rather thick in build and quite sound in body, legs and feet, on which he stands squarely, yet he was lacking in symmetry and setter character as compared with many of the others. Third went to Netherwood Nymrod, a small, snugly-built dog, symmetrical and sound. He has good body, legs and feet and was superior to the second winner in many respects. Ben Hur of Riverview was not looking at his best. He is plain in head, throaty, and stands high on legs. Gameter, the reserve, is light in muzzle and somewhat coarse in general makeup. Drake Jewell and Scider, vhc., were given about the right letters.

In open bitches there were twenty-five entries for absent. Esmeralda, first, is quite a good bitch. Her head would be improved were there more stop. Second went to Countess Rush, a good bitch, but lacking in general symmetry, being surpassed in setter character, symmetry and muscular development by Nahmke Chita, c., a prettily turned small bitch, good in head, body, neck, legs and feet, carries herself well and shows fine setter quality. Gossip, third, has a plain head and was very heavy. I thought she was surpassed by Jersey Daisy, h.c., shown too fat and Nahmke Chita. Fourth went to Laurendress, narrow muzzle, good legs and feet, lacking in symmetry. Dominion, the reserve, is a large broody-looking bitch of a good deal of quality. Monk of Furness Lill, vhc., is a trimly built bitch, a bit narrow in head, which is not badly shaped, and she had more quality than several placed above her.

Dog puppies had ten entries, of which English Jack was first. He is quite a good puppy, though a bit large in knees and a shade light in barrel. Several of the puppies were taken out after the judging, so there was no chance to look them over on the last days of the show.

The bitch class had nine entries. Woodland Grace, first, and Woodland Echo, third, were an ordinary pair. Second went to Belle Bondha II, she being too ill to show herself when I called to report on her. Constance, the reserve, is weedy. Puppies were not a remarkably good lot. There were sixteen in the novice class for dogs and eight in bitches. Rodney, first, and Netherwood Nymrod, second, two brothers, were easy winners. Third went to Young Howard, good in body, legs and feet, a bit plain in head, active and good in setter character. Queen of the Elms, first in novice bitches, is narrow in skull and not first-rate in forelegs. Brownie, second, is light in bone, wide in ribs and narrow in muzzle. Rowdy Donna, third, is a light, undersized bitch, though truly built. The letters were not distributed with the skill and correct estimates which have marked the judges' efforts many times heretofore.

#### Irish Setters.

John Davidson, Judge.

A large and remarkable class of dogs faced the judge in the challenge class, the veteran Tim carrying off the honors notwithstanding his ten years of age. Kildare was second, with Pride of Patsy reserve. The others in the class were Inchiquin, which was in good condition; Blarney, Jr., Montauk, Jr., Duke Elcho, Kildare Glenmore and Seminole, a class of rare strength and numbers. In the contest for the special, Tim was beaten by Queen Vic, the winner in the challenge bitch class, which was also a strong class of four, Laura B. taking second, Edna H. the reserve, and Elfrida was the remaining entry. While Queen is a very superior bitch, she is lacking in the bone and muscular development of the dog, and is somewhat lacking in these respects considered as a bitch, although very symmetrical. In my opinion, Tim was the better. Dr. Fowler's kennel took the special for the best kennel.

There were thirteen dogs in the open class, and quite a fair lot they were. Flnglas, first, is substantial in build and symmetrical in outline, is well ribbed, has good legs and feet, muscular quarters, strong back, and good general symmetry. He shows throatiness and his head could be improved. Pemberton won second. He is coarse in head, is long cast and has a general tendency to coarseness. Elmhurst Billy, third, is heavy in head, though it is not badly shaped, is flat in ribs and is good in coat and color. For fourth place Young Signal was marked in the judge's book, but it was said to be a mistake, Young Tim being meant instead. Young Signal was



absent. Kildare Beverly, vhc., is heavy in shoulders, head large and not clean cut, good back and color, and fair general symmetry.

Thirteen bitches appeared in their class. Nona, first, is light in bone and thin in flesh. Her head is shapely and she has good setter quality. Ruby Glenmore II., second, is better in substance than the winner and is a smoother turned bitch. Third went to Shandon Belle, light in muzzle and bone, head plain and weak in appearance. Bessie Finmore, fourth, is better in head and neck than Belle, and also in legs and feet. Delphine, vhc., is narrow in head; well-ribbed body.

There were seven in the puppy class for dogs, all ordinary in quality. Killane, first, is large and coarse. Second, Thasmo Ca'dic, is throaty, head narrow, and ordinary otherwise. There were three bitch puppies, all ordinary specimens. The novice class brought out ten, of which Finglas was first, Elmhurst Bill was second and Killane third, all winners in other classes. Novice bitches had eleven, of which the first winners in the open class were first and second, Nona and Ruby Glenmore II., and Onota Peg third. The latter is short in head and is not clean cut; body good and symmetry ordinary. In the field trial class Finglas was first and Fingaln second, the latter thin in flesh.

#### Gordon Setters.

John Davidson, Judge.

The challenge classes were well filled, five in the dog class, seven in bitches. Ranger B. won over Leo B., with Count Noble the reserve and Heather York, vhc., and Rexmont hc. though it seems somewhat absurd to give letters of commendation to dogs which are in challenge classes. Dutchess of Waverly was first over Janet, Lady Gordon reserve and Heather Bee vhc. The others in the class were Bellmont, Flomont and Lady Waverly.

There were eight dogs in the open class. Lad, first, has large feet, yet they are well shaped; neck throaty, narrow muzzle, deficient in short ribs, good coat. Duke of Wellington, second, is coarse and heavy in head, bad knees and a bit loaded in shoulders. Archibald, third, is rough in coat. He is strongly built. Richmond Prince is pale in tan, poor head, ears badly carried and is large in knees. Fred Thasmo, vhc., is smudgy in tan, heavy in shoulders, yet is a fairly good dog.

There were eight bitches in the open class. Fan, first, is round in skull, is poorly hung, shows throatiness, feet turn out in front, and she is lacking in symmetry, but a good coat and color give her rather a good appearance. Second went to Highland Yolo, and third to Venus, the latter not clean cut in head, light muzzle, short neck, good body and fairly good legs and feet.

There was one puppy class for dogs and bitches, Dick Noble, an ordinary specimen, won first. He has a weak, small head, smudgy tan and poor legs. The rest were ordinary. There were three in the novice class. Dundee, a fairly good, small bitch, took first. Lady Beaumont II. took second, the latter plain in head, pale tan and ordinary quality, and third to Sport, also ordinary. In the field trial class Ranger B. was first, Flomount second and Count Noble third.

#### Foxhounds.

Maj. J. M. Taylor, Judge.

There were no entries in the classes for English hounds. There were ten entries in class for American foxhounds, dogs. Drum IV., first, is fairly good in head, though cheeky and lacking in expression. He has fair symmetry of form. Ned, second, is short in neck, thin in flesh and lacks muscular development, and he shows some coarseness. Third went to Ranger II., a large, coarse fellow, with apparently a trace of English type in his form. There were five bitches, of which Sunmaid was easily first. She stands on good legs and feet, and shows plenty of foxhound character. Lilly Dale, second, is light in bone and somewhat leggy. Third went to Tempest, light in build, yet showing good hound character. The Governor's Kennels won the kennel special. There were six in the puppy class.

#### Chesapeake Bay Dogs.

Mr. J. M. Taylor, Judge.

There was but one class, and it had but six competitors. Rose was easily first. She is strong and good in coat and color, but is thin in flesh. She was not in condition from nursing a litter. Second went to Deacon, good in bone and coat, legs and feet strong and well made, fairly good head and throaty neck. Bough, third, shows age, the rest were ordinary. It is strange that this most useful breed of working dogs is so neglected. They deserve better. B. WATERS.

[By a Staff Reporter.]

#### Russian Wolfhounds.

John Davidson, Judge.

This breed is fast forging to the front, and the display this year is the best yet seen. The two principal kennels are depending upon their home raised ones, and that they, as well as others, are doing good work cannot be gainsaid. Before another year rolls round it is to be hoped that the vexed question of a correct and settled type will be agreed upon. At present, doubtless owing to the limited knowledge of the breed possessed by those who have judged them, the latter are compelled to follow certain lines which appeal to them as the more correct formation of a hound that is built to a great extent on the lines of the greyhound family. While this may do away a good deal with certain peculiarities of coat and body formation, extreme flatness of rib, roached back and "head into shoulder" appearance, the result seems to be stronger loins, because broader and deeper, greater spread of quarters and well of rib, and longer neck. These seem to be the characteristics of the Marlboro Kennel dogs of the later breeding. Princess Irma and Zerry, the former especially, show more of the type so prevalent in the Searcroft Kennel dogs, and which is claimed by Mr. Hanks to be the correct and original type. Leaving out this question of distinctive appearance, it cannot be denied that the principal winning dogs at the show look more like being capable of sustained and heavy work because following the greyhound lines more closely. Argoss and Leekhoi again faced each other in the challenge class, and both looked fit and well; the former won again. The bitch class brought out a quartette of beauties and to Vinga fell the honors. At the same time, to be consistent, Zerry should have won; she is deeper and stronger in loin, and as good in other respects, but Vinga is more of the type of Leekhoi. Princess Irma and Svodka are much of the same type, and looked well. Both lose in size and substance to the others.

The open dog class was a hot one, and competition between the first three was close. Odrooski, a new face, is an excellent son of Argoss, beautiful front and strong loin, long, clean head, but lacking the coat characteristics of some of the others round the neck, but he has beautiful tail and feather; he is almost black in color, with a little white. Korsar, second, a charming light brindle and white, is built on beautiful lines, nice straight front, good body, spread of quarters and head; partaking some of the Leekhoi type. Leekhoi II., third, while a trifle plain in head and not so good in hind parts as his brother Col. Deitz, vhc., excels him in front quality and condition, and this probably accounted for his position, handsome dog though the latter undoubtedly is; Magrajda improving, is a bit plain and lacks coat characteristics, but is nevertheless a well built dog, though to us he appears too long cast and flat bodied; Krupp C. loses in size and substance. The bitch class brought out Riga

and Ermina, two almost black ones; there is little to choose between them; they have filled out a little since Newark, when their positions were reversed; they are sisters of Odrooski and partake of his type. Gypsy Queen, third, a seven-months-old bitch of beautiful quality, good, straight forelegs, toes should be better arched, nicely shaped body which only needs time to furnish, and excellent quarters and coat. Zlobellis is very narrow in front, but straight and body light throughout, good legs, clean head showing lots of quality; Hempstead Olga is faulty in hind legs and size, good front and head, coat and condition not up to the mark. Zmeika looking in excellent condition, good front, body and loin, is a strongly made bitch that, but for her faulty hocks, could best anything in the class. Lady Deitz, the winner in puppies and vhc. in open, is a bit short faced and falls away behind too rapidly, great bone, lacking in quality to some extent, nice coat. Suddorka has a sweet, long head and is brimful of quality, but was looking light and loses to the winner in straightness of front and cleanness of shoulder, beautiful feather on tail and quarters, will probably grow into an extremely handsome animal, her color being black, orange and white. The others are well grown animals, showing lots of coat and bone, but not good in fronts, light in loin, and might have been put down in better and cleaner condition. These belong to the noted financier, Mr. G. J. Gould. The Marlboro Kennels won most of the specials.

#### Deerhounds.

John Davidson, Judge.

Competition, as usual, was chiefly confined to the Hillside Kennels, and as usual these were shown in good hard condition. Robber Chieftain had to give way to his half-brother, Hillside Warrior, in challenge dogs. We like him better in head and loin and ribs. Chieftain showed little or nothing of his late accident, and we are glad to see it has not compelled his retirement. In the next class Theodora loses in size, head and loin to her kennel mate, Romola, who subsequently beat all the others for the special. In open dogs, first went to Lochiel, described before, but here shown too heavy and woolly in coat. McGregor and Raven were placed next, as named. McGregor is better in skull slightly, but taking body, loin, bone, legs and length we think Raven excelled all others in the class. Argyle, vhc., is well known. Bruce of Altwood loses in head and substance, and Rhoderick should have had another letter. In bitches, Hillside Ruth won over Hillside Heather and Hillside Sylvia. According to my idea, the latter wins with something to spare; better head, muzzle especially, stronger body and loin, and more size and substance. There is little between Ruth and Heather; both are well-built bitches and often seen before. Minna, vhc., was out of coat and dips a bit in back, but otherwise a well-built bitch that deserved her position. The others do not approach in form. Mr. Thayer won the kennel prize.

#### Greyhounds.

John Davidson, Judge.

The entry was a large one but with the exception of two sons of Wild Rose there were few, if any new ones, possessing much merit. Several of these were not shown in the best of condition. In challenge dogs five appeared but Balkis, vhc., was not for competition. Gem of the season won well in hand from Imperator, beating him in head, loin and quarters especially; Master Rich looking better came next and Pious Pembroke should have had letters; Balkis is keeping up well. In bitches Spinaway scored again, she might be better in shoulders, more oblique, but she is hard to beat behind that; Wild Rose pressed her close; Bestwood Daisy, reserve, looked as neat as ever. In open dogs Jos. Lewis showed two well put up youngsters, Chester and Spring of the Valley, by Gem of the season out of Wild Rose, good front, ribs and loins. Oldstone, third, is a bit heavy in shoulders, and not let down enough in stifle and a little more rib would improve him, otherwise a well made one. Randy, reserve, I liked better, is a very nicely turned one, was put down in excellent shape; his head is a bit plain and his feet could be better; Dakota had a little warmer competition this time but will bear watching in future when he has filled out, being only ten months old yet; Bee's Wing should have better feet and be stronger in jaw; Norway Star was the equal of either and ran Oldstone close. Baritone, hc., was shown a bit soft.

In bitches the peerless Southern Beauty excels Miss Dollar III. in head, loin and quarters and won handily enough, good as the latter bitch is. Queen in Black, third, shows lots of quality and is a nicely made one, barring a little heaviness in shoulders, a little more rib would improve her—a smart looking bitch. American Daisy, vhc., should be longer in head, faulty stern, good loin and forelegs, undersized. Cassie, reserve, is light in loin and quarters, faulty in ears and head, should have more bone and be better ribbed up. I liked Speedaway, vhc., much better, a strongly made all white bitch, with good legs and feet and excellent loin; her coat is too profuse and woolly.

Chester and Spring of the Valley won well in puppies. Princess Fullerton we did not see; most of these had gone home before we came to them. A. W. Purbeck easily won the kennel prize.

#### Poodles.

Dr. Cryer, Judge.

The display in this breed excelled that of former years, but we regret to see the decline of the corded poodle. No new ones are coming out, and the smarter Caniche seems to have usurped the popular favor. They are less trouble, but at the same time some attention should be paid to the curl, many of those shown seemed to have felt the brush too much and were neither one thing or the other.

Lion was the only corded challenge dog and he has been often before. Challenge Curlier had Milo and Chloe and both looked as well and smart as ever, the dog best in loin and rib, Chloe looking a little light there. In open corded dogs and bitches, Tell, the winner, at the Pet Dog show, needs some attention prizing to cords, he has a plain, fat, loin and quarters droops too much. Nanki Poo, second, lacks that sprightly appearance the breed should have and was too fat. Duke, third, is too long in loin, cords fair. Bismarck vhc., was in poor shape, his cords were short and rusty. Ralph was wrongly entered.

In open curly black dogs, first went to Rajah, a much improved dog; he beats Sidi, also from the Meadowmere Kennels, in length of muzzle, loin and curl, where he is much improved, he is a bit coarse and Sidi is a smarter looking dog. Murat, third, should grow to cords, neither one thing or the other, but a nicely made dog. Bob, vhc., is too leggy and coat not curled enough, plain in muzzle and though good behind has not that chic expression and sharp, clean cut head he should have. Sambo, hc., is too woolly coated, and Sancho, hc., is pinched in muzzle and stern and quarters are faulty, fall away too sharply, coat needs curling and should be crispier.

In bitches the well-known and smart-looking Dinah scored the necessary win to compete in future challenge classes. She beats Cybele in curl, loin and muzzle, both are smart. Juno, third, is a bit plain in muzzle and light in loin, nice coat. I liked Bess better, though minus her caudal appendage; she beats the other in muzzle, rib and loin, is a little faulty in stop. Barring her slightly dished face, I thought Victoria the best of the two-lettered one.

In any other color dogs Poobah again beat Diamant; he is a little clearer in color, but he is not so good before the eye as the latter, both are brown and handsome smart dogs, with good curly coats. Pierrot has a brushed-out coat and is not a clear brown. Gamin de Paris is a white, with brushed-out coat. Ray, vhc., I did not see.

In bitches first and second fell to Mr. Hunnewell with Vinette and Bellone; the latter is mixed in color, but is very smart and well-shaped. Yum Yum, third, loses in coat to the winners, and I thought H. H. Dinah a smarter, better-headed one. Jumbo and Jabot, and Juna and Jeanne were the winning puppies, and have been spoken of before; they are improving all the time. Novice winners were Sidi and Ralph, an untrimmed one with a good head. Bellone vhc.; were the latter's color better she would press the winner close. Meadowmere Kennels won the kennel prize. From Mr. Trevor's and Mr. Hunnewell's entries the club derived \$175 alone.

#### Beagles.

John Davidson, Judge.

There was a splendid lot of these dogs and they were well judged. The Hornell-Harmony Kennels won most of the prizes and deservedly, having now a capital sorty lot, both over and under the 13-inch level. Many of the winners in the different classes are well known and but few new ones of merit were brought out. Royal Krueger holding himself well had little trouble in downing Fitzhugh Lee and Doctor, especially in head and body. Lee holds up well, but his head is not short enough and he is loaded in shoulder and neck. Doctor is a good serviceable dog, but has not the quality of the others. In bitches, outside of condition, Elf easily beats Parthenia in head and body and type, but the former being thin and heavy in whelp should have thrown her out; it was either first or nothing.

In open dogs Sherry and Roger W. were placed as named, the former shown quite fat enough; both are well known; Joe, third, is longer in the head, but well shaped, not so good in front, and should have more rib; Cry Baby has a nice head if it is a little long, good body if a little more rib, nice running gear; Sir Thomas, reserve, is too much on before the eye and is long cast, a bit wide in front and stern faultily set on, good legs.

In bitches, first went to the Boston winner, Oracle, who beats Daisy Corbet in body, being shorter, but loses in expression and head; is better in carriage of stern and quite as good in front; all things considered the decision was correct, though Oracle might have been in better condition; but she has had pups, two very promising ones being shown *sub rosa*. Lufra, third, looked very well; she is a bit lengthy; Coquette, reserve, is away in coat, long in face, body not by any means up to the winner's form; Jenny Lind was shown too fat—a long faced, lengthy-bodied bitch; Flute, hc., is a big bitch on the coarse side; Ullie of Glenrose is long-faced, and body the same; this kennel should shorten up its stock, both in heads and body; they have the bone and substance, but need more type and quality.

In small dogs the Saratoga winners were reversed, but Razzle should beat Little Wonder, as stated in that report. Young Royal, third, is heavy in shoulders and his fore legs are not straight, is snipy and carries his tail over; good body and type; Clarion of Glenrose is a little wider in front, bit long in muzzle, but skull better shaped, with nicely carried carriage, fairly good body, a nicish sort all over; Laddie, vhc., was outclassed here, poor expression, gets his brush up too gaily and is faulty in front.

The bitch class showed lots of type and quality, the sweet-faced Evangeline winning only in front from Spot R.; both had good legs and body. Cleopatra of Glenrose, reserve, is a good, cobby sort, nice skull, eye and ear; shown a little fat. Cloister, the winning pup, loses in muzzle and is coarse in coat, good bone, and will improve with time. Razzle shows a little more quality but has not the substance of the other. Novice winners have been mentioned, and in the field class Royal Krueger beat Spot R. in forelegs. Hornell-Harmony rightly won the kennel prize and Royal Krueger the special for best, and on a general look over the others we should say Evangeline stood about next in all round merit.

#### Wire-Haired Fox-Terriers.

R. F. Mayhew, Judge.

Never in the history of the W. K. C. shows has there been such a meritorious display in this breed, and praise is due to Mr. H. W. Smith for his efforts to bring the breed to the front; and that his work was well appreciated may be judged from the fact that the wires carried all before them, beating the smooths out of their boots. He has a capital sorty kennel, Cribbage and Surrey Janet carrying all before them. The advance the breed has made is no less decisive than meritorious.

In challenge dogs Oakleigh Bruiser, a bit plain in head himself, beats Suffolk Toby in head, ears and cleanness of shoulders and general outline. Sister Patter, a terrier all over, excels Suffolk Tassal in length and cleanness of head, carriage of ears and shoulders.

In open dogs we were introduced to Saint Cribbage, whose long, clean punishing head, excellent front and general terrier character, easily sufficed to place him well ahead of Compton Vindex, whose light rib, round skull and shorter muzzle were against him; he has a good coat and front. White Topper is a taking sort, a bit coarse, but head well-shaped and long, good legs and body, but very soft coat; otherwise he was well up for second. Brittle, reserve, keeps himself well, and in his day could have made it interesting for any of them; he is a terrier all over, but his mouth is gone. Brittle Beaut, vhc., is faulty in muzzle, a bit leggy, but straight with proper coat. Dark Eye, hc., is the best of that lot, good, long, clean head, legs and body fair, big in ear and coat too soft. Cairnsmuir Topper, hc., is rather a promising sort, nice head, front and coat. Ebor Larchmont, while showing a good coat and forelegs, with plenty of bone, has grown coarse in shoulders and head.

In bitches, Sister Janet (late Surrey Janet) scored easily; a little flat in stop, and that is all the fault one can find; she has lots of terrier character, good legs, body and coat. Jess Frost loses much in length of head and straightness of front; excellent coat and character. Roath Keenie, third, has a coarse, snipy, short head, and is not true in front. Sister Grit, vhc., is better on the leg and head, though small is pretty well shaped; her coat is not wiry enough. Babette, reserve, has a better head than the average, good front, ears faulty, but coat good. Vindex won in puppies, followed by Mister Great Snap, who has a nice stamp of head, better than the winner's, and is a pretty smart terrier all over. Brittle Bright is promising, round in skull yet, good coat. The bitch winner had gone when we came to the class. Saint Cribbage and Sister Janet furnished ridiculously easy novice winners.

#### Old English Sheep Dogs.

R. F. Mayhew, Judge.

The three shown were better than yet seen here, but Herdman III. clearly surpassed the others in head, expression and coat. Lord Mayor better in head, coat and front than Jason.

#### Mastiffs.

F. T. Underhill, Judge.

We were disappointed in this display as far as numbers went. The quality, however, was representative of the best we have east of the Alleghenies. As most of the winners are familiar names it is not necessary to give any extended criticism. In challenge dogs Merlin of course had to succumb to Beaufort's Black Prince, who was looking quite himself and with more flesh than at Saratoga, which does not improve his short body, Merlin was out of shape. There were no challenge bitches.

In open dogs, as the judge remarked, there were only three in it. First to Ingleside Minton, who is improving all the time, and while not so massive as Beaufort's Black Prince in



head and body, is better on his legs and longer in body; he excelled Emperor William in head properties, loin and body; William has white forefeet. Beaufort's Prince, third, is a bit straight behind, excellent body, bone and forelegs, and a well shaped, massive head, lower to the ground than the others. The rest were poor.

In bitches we thought Lady Diana, first, a comfortable second, as she in no particular beats the exquisite head of Brampton Beauty, unless it be in a certain expression of benignity; she loses in volume of skull, ear carriage, not so true in front as Beauty nor so good in hocks; she is also beaten in size. Beauty is faulty in set-on of stern and looked a bit tucked up; her coat could also be finer. Gerda II, loses to the others in skull and forehead, is down on pasterns; a nice stamp nevertheless; her merit lies chiefly as a matron.

In puppies a promising youngster by Black Prince—Frederick the Great, won easily, good short face, and only needs time and good treatment to become a winner; this strain matures very slowly. Campana is not up to his form by any means. Maximilian had an easy win in the novice class. The kennel prize was a walkover for Dr. Lougest.

#### Bloodhounds.

John Davidson, Judge.

Only four shown, but the best we have were on hand. Victor beat Belhus in challenge dogs by greater depth of head, length and wrinkle and earage, both are good on legs and in body. No challenge bitches. In open dogs Berry's Bradshaw had a walkover, were he not dis-faced his head would be good, as it is plain; head long with plenty of depth, good skull and neck, ears not well carried and was shown low in flesh and coat was harsh and stary, excellent legs and bone. The only competitor in the bitch class was Vigilant, a beautiful faced daughter of Jack the Ripper and Beison, that is very promising, has a well shaped head that only needs time, and the same may be said of her body that looks lathy at present; she is only Smos, old yet.

#### Bull-Terriers.

C. A. Stevens, Judge.

An excellent entry both in quality and numbers. The judging, however, cannot be termed entirely satisfactory. After awarding the prizes in the challenge dog and bitch classes the first day the indisposition of the judge compelled a postponement till next morning, when the remainder of classes were gone through.

Streatham Monarch, in good condition, though a little above himself, had a bloodless victory in challenge heavy dogs. Those two good dogs, Attraction and Starlight, faced each other in the next class. The former has a cleaner head, but was shown fat; both are too well known to need going over. In open dogs Duke of Rochester has filled out and has a good head and eye; dips a little in back and carries his tail too gaily; his feet are open, too, still he is a good stamp. Cordona I liked quite as well, though not so clean in neck and cheek; he is a well made terrier all over. Admiral Mello, third, would be better if not so wide and heavy in front; his muzzle is a trifle short, too; eye should be smaller and not so full, otherwise he is well built. White Friar was spoken of at Newark; his head is a little coarse and cheeky, but he is a nicely balanced dog. There were several in this class that deserved mention, such as Vigilant, Bellerby King and Topsparkle.

In bitches, first went to the Saratoga winner Edgewood Tipsey, whose condition was not so clean as before, she loses very much to both Maggie Cline, Topsey and Lady Carabrook; Maggie Cline has a good set of legs and nice head. Edgewood Topsey, third, has an excellent front, nice clean head and eye, and well deserved her place. Lady Carabrook, reserve, beats the winner in muzzle especially and stands on good legs, and has a well turned body. Castle's Pride and Edgewood Modesty certainly deserved cards. Leota, a well made one with a coarse tail, has a capital head marred by a patch on ear. There were no heavy-weights.

In light-weight dogs over 20 and under 30lbs., first went to Tarquin, whose capital head is marred by coarse neck, light body and faulty stern. Principio, second, keeps well though getting cheeky. Sailor, third, was shown a bit too fat, has too much stop and is fairly good in front. Ted Pritchard, if he does get his tail up should have been well in the money; he scores heavily on general smart appearance. The new dog Brookery Bay is short and thick in head and not clean enough in neck, good in feet and bone, excellent eye and a terrier all over, he should have had some letters.

In bitches, that sweet headed one, Lady Rochester, scored nicely, though losing in front and shoulder to Jeanne D'Arc, a nicely made one, but not so good a head as the winner. In the under 20lbs. class, first went to Pearl Rochester, the Toronto winner; she scores easily over Nero, whose faulty head is against him in good company; Soda Mint, third, is too full in the eye and tosyish, but a pretty terrier and above the average for size. In puppies, the order was Tarquin and Edgewood Modesty, and Novice, Tarquin, Admiral Mello and Lady Carabrook was the order. Mr. Stevens was very chary of his cards, for the merits of some of the dogs certainly deserved the three letters. W. J. Higginson took the kennel prize and Streatham Monarch the specials for best in show, including the Tubby Hook cup and the Herald cup.

#### Dandie Dinmont Terriers.

Dr. Cryer, Judge.

With the exception of one entry, the Heather Kennels had it all their own way. In fact, all the prizes they went for came to them. In challenge class Amphion and King of the Heather succumbed to Anisty Daisy. How this is we cannot surmise. Amphion is the better dog; better head, bone and better behind. King of the Heather's head should have placed him ahead of the bitch, well made one though she is.

In open class Laddie scores very much over Dandy in head, body and coat. Heather Kennels took the kennel prize.

#### Irish Terriers.

Dr. Cryer, Judge.

The best we have showed up here, so it may be imagined that quality was not wanting by any means. Many of the winners have been out before, the home-bred ones are not making much advance. The challenge dogs were a warm lot, Jack Briggs scoring on general character and front, but his coat was ragged; Jackanapes, second, is another good one that pressed the winner close. Boxer IV, loses a bit in head to the others, while Crib, good as his head, must always be handicapped by crooked forelegs. In bitches, two good ones came forward, with Dummy returned the winner. She is a little stronger in muzzle than Candor, though not so long and clean in skull; both well off for legs and body, Candor loses in coat, too, being very short of this essential commodity.

The winner in open dogs was the honest Merle Grady, who if shown in harder coat and more flesh would be better; he is a good all round terrier if a little stronger in muzzle. Romulus, third, has a fairly good head, but his coat is shot with objectionable black. Brickbat, Jr., is getting a bit canny and is on the large side; he has good parts, though. Hanover Boy, but for thick head is a good terrier all over and deserved his place. Fenian Boy, reserve, has good legs and bone but coat should be harder and brow not so prominent; a little more rib would improve him. Killarney, vhc., is thick in shoulder and a bit coarse in head. His Honor, hc., was hardly treated; his good, clean head offset his light hind parts and he is well off in other conditions. Bill Briggs I did not see.

In bitches, first went to Hill Top Surprise, a good sort and described at Newark. Crate, also well known, excels in head though she loses in bone; she might have had the blue ribbon without cavil. Judy, third, was too heavy in whelp to have been shown. Erlo II, reserve, fair head and coat, faulty front. Kalkleen, c., deserved more encouragement. Conn Keadeabagh, winner in puppies, is a promising sort, good-topped one. The novice awards have been mentioned, but His Honor certainly deserved recognition if good enough to get it in the open. W. J. Comstock took the kennel prize and Jack Briggs the special for best in show though we fancy Dummy ran him close.

#### Bedlington Terriers.

As usual, there was nothing new in this breed. Most of them have been written up before. Qui Vive and Christmas Carol were placed as named. The latter was out of coat, while the other was well shown. They both lack size and substance. In open dogs, Chemist beats Professor in coat; the latter too soft and not the proper texture. Chemist is not good in coat himself, and beats the other in head; loin would do with more flesh. In bitches first went to Mount Vernon. Tibbie, good body and legs, should have better topknot and ear tips, and coat is soft. There is a certain crisp, soft feel to these terriers' coats that seems absent in most of those shown. Brunetta is gooseberry-eyed and is small and weedy. The Kennel prize went to W. H. Russell.

#### Scotch Terriers.

Dr. Cryer, Judge.

There was a slight advance in numbers and quality over last year, and the whole exhibit of the Wankie Kennels excited much interest among those not familiar with this smart terrier. Three again beat Kilroy the challenge dog, though I think the latter has a better head but he loses in front. No challenge bitches.

I scarcely agree with the placing of the first three, Rhudaman won over Kilree again probably on account of the latter's bad showing, but he is beaten in head, coat and body by the second winners; Wankie Tam's capital head, short body and good coat and ears, would about place him at the top in our estimation, had he a better front. Here is where Kilree excels Rhudaman, throws out at elbow, and ears are too big, either of the others can beat him in head.

In bitches, Wankie Diana won; she has a strong head, good front and coat, ears should be neater. Culbrean scores in head, long and strong, excellent coat and front, body could be a bit shorter; she should have won. Wankie Daisy, third, has a proper coat, bit fine in muzzle, ears should be smaller, and she might be improved with a shorter body. Clutha, reserve, should be harder in coat, and she knuckles over a bit. Wankie Freda well deserved her letters. Clarita is too high in skull, good legs but a little high, and she is large-sized all round. Some promising pups were shown. Messrs. Brooks & Ames won the kennel prize naturally, and their team is becoming a very sorry one.

#### Skye Terriers.

Dr. Cryer, Judge.

An excellent lot of these animated door mats. Mr. Shinn has branched out largely in this breed and is responsible for any advance there is in the breed's popularity. Sir Stafford and Barnaby Rudge came together in challenge dogs, and victory lay with the former, who beats in cleanness of head and expression, both are soft in coat and Barnaby is on the large side. In challenge bitches Endcliffe Maggie took the blue from Bessie, who loses in head and length, but is better in eye and color. In open dogs first went to Elphinstone, second at Chicago, his good long, head and ear carriage, profuse coat, but soft, sufficed to beat Prince Charlie, who is light of bone, full in skull and coat not hard enough; he has a smarter carriage than the third, who is also mixed in color and coarse in head, fair coat. In bitches first went to a good one in Queen of Skyes, whose nice length, carriage, level top, heavy coat, strong head and bone placed her well ahead of Princess May, who loses in those respects. Islay, third, pressed her close, she loses in ear and eye, good bone, length and coat, and is slightly stronger and better in head than Princess. Wheel of Fortune, reserve, is a smart terrier, eyes should be darker, but she has one of the truest coats on the bench and should have been second, as her carriage and action are perfection. C. A. Shinn took the kennel prize with a very level lot.

#### Yorkshire Terriers.

Dr. Cryer, Judge.

Nothing out of the common here. Young Ted furnished the challenge dog winner and was well shown. In open dogs, Prince is mixed in body color and tan should be brighter, he is a bit on the legs, too. Prince (Finlayson's) loses in coloring and coat. Ben, third, is of a light mixed color, but has plenty of coat. Billy, vhc., is smutty in tan and body collar is too dark for his age. F. Seun took the kennel prize.

#### Toy Spaniels.

Dr. Cryer, Judge.

Considering the show, we were rather disappointed that the number shown was not larger; many of the winners are well-known. Romeo furnished the challenge King Charles winner and looked as well as usual. His kennel mate King of the Charlies came first in the open class for dogs for that breed; there are few to beat him. Duke, second, is a bit leggy, good head and tan, ear long and well set on, coat flat, but not much of it. Royal Roy is well known; he excels in skull, but is large-sized, deep square muzzle and was short of coat. King Henry is a bit long-faced, but has plenty of coat and good coloring. In bitches Bonita, the Pet Dog winner, took the blue, followed by Lady de Lena, who is a bit on the leg, and skull should have new volume.

In Blenheim dogs Exeter Earl scored, had he a little shorter muzzle his back would be good; nice coat. Dred, second, is too long faced and has not depth enough, faulty behind, nice coat and size. Chiselhurst Hero, the new one, comes with a reputation, but he was not well shown, just off the ship he was hog fat, dirty, and his coat is as curly as a retriever; he has a fine head that would be improved by a deeper stop, but still he is altogether too large all over. In bitches first went to Tiny, who is too sharply domed in skull, short faced, fine coat, but better in front than behind. Liel, second, needs a deeper stop to break up the face which is pretty short. Jeannetta, third, should be a bit shorter in muzzle, excellent coat and skull, a nice size. Queen, vhc., is a long down-faced one. Comparatively, Muriella did not get anything, though she has a string of firsts to do her credit; her skull is well developed, short faced, coat curls a bit and her tongue protrudes, but she stood well up with the others. Not one of these spaniels shown had the spot on forehead so desirable in this breed.

Prince Charles and Rubys came together, and the winner proved to be Yetsen Chief, a ruby with excellent skull and face, but entirely too leggy, light in body and lacking in coat; Campanini is also leggy, long in body, coat flat, what there is of it, and head better than the average; these dogs require lowering in the leg. Ruby Prince, third, good head, fair coat and ear; King, vhc., I could not find. In bitches, first went to Marguerite, winner in 1892; excellent head, short and high, too heavy in chest and feet come together, flat coat; second to Yetsen Belle, another good-headed one, but like all in the kennel, too high on the leg and light and shelly in body; Bell, third, is a bit long and straight-nosed, plain in face, good legs.

Japanese spaniels had a reduced entry, but the quality made up for it. Breeders seem to be getting them smaller, and their short faces should be useful for a cross, out on some of the dog breeds. Tokio and Kobie were placed as named in the dog class. Two very pretty small specimens, extremely short in face, Tokio beats the other in size and height. In bitches some odd little faces were on view. That superb little atom of caninity Tootsie, ensconced in a glass box, took pride of place, followed by Yokie, a smaller one still, with scarcely any nose at all, a bit mixed in color on forehead, nice coat and ear. Tamah, third, is a little larger and not so short-faced, but an exquisite little thing. These three can pass muster anywhere. The latter two reposed in beautiful Japanese cabinets of pagoda shape, with rush roofs.

#### Miscellaneous Class.

John Davidson, Judge.

A mixed lot, truly, in the large size. We believe a class was made for the Esquimaux dogs, which made a great display. Chimo was quite a dude among his more untutored brethren from the icy regions; he was in good coat. Moore, a white Esquimaux, took second, and another brindle, Patrick, claimed third. These dogs do not seem to fancy the ring business at all. Clydesdale Pride, a bit large and light in color, and the Maltese terrier Duke, owned by the well-known "Nellie Bly," took first, as well as the stumpy Welsh terrier Dewr. Sheffield Lad, the "Pom," and Flossie, a Maltese, and Doc "whacked" on the seconds, while thirds fell to a Clydesdale, Belle of Clyde, and Jewel, a Mexican hairless. H. W. Lacy.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince; 2d, Mrs. Chas. E. Wallack's Merlin.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Geo. W. Glazier's Ingleside Misting; 2d and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William and Beaufort Prince. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana and Gerda II.; 2d, W. Norman Higgs's Brampton Beauty. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Frederick the Great and Campana.—NOVICE.—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor Maximilian; 2d, Mrs. Alexander Brenner's Donald.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROVER-COATED.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Argyle Kennels' Sir Bedivere; 2d, Fred. Schmitt's Otos. Reserve, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Kingston Regent. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston.—OPEN.—1st, E. H. Moore's Altoneer; 2d, Fred. Schmitt's Roland, Jr.; 3d, Alta Kennels' Grand Master; 4th, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Eboracum. Reserve, Tracy Gould's Mauprat. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 4th, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s, Miss Anna, Royal Dunes; 3d, Mountsidge; 3d, Argyle Kennels' Arctic Beauty. Reserve, Fred. Schmitt's Lady Bountiful.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 2d, Wm. Muller's Heligate Prince. Reserve, Fred. C. Wackenhuth, Jr.'s, Ericus. Bitches: 1st, Daniel Mann's Princess Eulalia; 2d, Fred. Schmitt's Stellina; 3d, Miss Selma Holtzer's Alva. Reserve, Newton H. Day's Lady Vixen.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Empress of Contookook; 2d, E. H. Moore's Melrose Belle.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Altoneer, Jr.; 2d, John Morrison's Patriot; 3d, H. B. Turner's Philinimon V.; 4th, Louis Daur's Morn. Pion Plou. Reserve, A. B. Fisher's Leicester, Jr. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Altoneer; 2d, G. P. Wiggin's Judith's Ruth; 3d, Mrs. Fred. Schmitt's Guess Noble; 4th, Samuel Mann's Pandora. Reserve, Phil. Frederick's Julia.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Robert Sehring's Taral; 2d, J. H. Lyke's Ben Altoneer; 3d, Jas. B. Nies's Juggernaut. Bitches: 1st, Daniel Mann's Miss Thelma; 2d, H. H. Meyer's Minka; 3d, Rev. Wm. Golden's Miss Polyphemus.—ROVER AND SMOOTH.—Dogs: 1st, H. B. Turner's Philinimon V.; 2d, A. W. Comstock's Laurin; 3d, Daniel Mann's Demetrius. Reserve, A. L. Martin's Nero D. Bitches: 1st, G. P. Wiggin's Judith's Ruth; equal 2d, Samuel Mann's Pandora and E. H. Moore's Melrose Judith; 3d, Argyle Kennels' Uarda. Reserve, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s, Miss Amanda.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Victor; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Belhus. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Vigilant.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, South Bend Kennels' Major McKinley.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, 2d, 3d, Kennel Lawrence's Earl of Wurttemberg, Lawrence Leopold, and Ephern Hero. Reserve, J. N. Phelps Stokes's Faust. Very high com., Prof. L. P. Braive Bismark D., Wm. Young's Pasha, C. S. McChesney's Hepburn Apollo. High com., Mrs. Hilda Bord's Leo, Fritz Von Bernuth Jr.'s Yarrum, Wm. Texter's Caesar.—Bitches: 1st, Kennel Lawrence's Fortia Melac; 2d, T. B. Burnham's Phryne. Reserve, T. B. Burnham's Maunon.—Puppies: 1st, C. Fisher's Bismark; 2d, C. L. Lawson's Thor.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Hoagland Jr.'s Leo; 2d, John J. O'Rourke's Nero I. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. R. Braive's Brunette.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Argoss; 2d, C. S. Hanks' Leekhol. Bitches: 1st, C. S. Hanks' Olga; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Zorry. Very high com., C. S. Hanks' Svodka. High com., H. W. Huntington's Princess Irma.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Odroski; 2d, H. W. Sharpless' Corsair; 3d, N. M. Wanner's Leekhol II. Very high com., C. S. Hanks' Col. Dietz. High com., H. W. Huntington's Magrajad. Com., A. Schmidt's Thripp.—Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's Riga and Irmina; 3d, C. S. Hanks' Gipsy Queen. Very high com., A. E. Pitts' Zlobel, C. S. Hanks' Lady Dietz. High com., Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Olga. Com., Hempstead Farm's Zuelka.—Puppies: 1st, C. S. Hanks' Lady Dietz; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Suddorka; 3d, J. J. Gould's Vera. Very high com., G. J. Gould's Czar. High com., G. J. Gould's Czarina. Com., G. J. Gould's Vladimir.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Warrior and Robber Chieftain.—Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Romola and Theodora.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, A. L. Page's Lochiel; 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside McGregor and Hillside Raven. Very high com., J. E. Thayer's Argyle. High com., Mrs. E. de G. James's Brute of Atwood. Com., Mrs. J. J. Phelps's Roderick.—Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Ruth, Hillside Heather and Hillside Sylvia. Very high com., A. L. Page's Minna. High com., Mrs. E. de G. James's Loyal. Com., Mrs. E. de G. James's Maid of Atwood.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season; 2d, D. B. Lemley's Imperator. Reserve, W. G. Fito's Master Rich. Bitches: 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Spinaway; 2d, Joe Lewis's Wild Rose. Reserve, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Joe Lewis's Chester; 2d, White Oak Hill Kennels' Oldstone. Reserve, E. W. Richardson's Randy. Very high com., Joe Lewis's Spring of the Valley, Maybrook Kennels' Dakota and Dr. S. W. Clark's Bee's Wing. High com., W. S. Gilson's Norway Star, H. M. Nelson's Partonite and D. B. Lemley's Alert. Bitches: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Southern Beauty; 2d, Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar III.; 3d, W. Blackham's Queen in Black. Reserve, M. T. Kennedy's Cassie. Very high com., Blenheim's American Daisy and White Oak Hill Kennels' Speedway. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Joe Lewis's Chester and Spring of the Valley. Very high com., White Oak Hill Kennels' Chevie Chase and Woodhaven Kennels' Princess Fullerton. High com., and com., White Oak Hill Kennels' Bit of Fancy and Poland Fullerton and Swallow.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Willow Brook Kennels' Drum IV.; 2d, F. M. Whipple's Ned; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Ranger II. Very high com., White Oak Hill Kennels' Zack, and The Governor's Kennels' Rover and Moose. High com., The Governor's Kennels' Blizard. Bitches: 1st, White Oak Kennels' Sunmaid; 2d, 3d and reserve, The Governor's Kennels' Lily Dale, Tempest and Nance. Puppies: 1st, 2d, reserve and high com., The Governor's Kennels' Tempest, Moose, Nance and Blizard.

ENGLISH RETRIEVERS.—1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Jet and Physician; 3d, J. W. E. Clark's Commodore.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, 2d, reserve and very high com., B. A. Smith's Rose, Rough, Tuckamuck Favorite and Otter Girl; 2d, F. C. Fowler's Deacon.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, Geo. Jarvis's Lad of Kent; 2d, W. Ledyard's Tempest. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game; 2d, T. G. Davey's Josie Brack.—OPEN.—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, Geo. Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Reserve, 2d, Netherwood Kennels' Ridgeway Tenny; 3d, Muss Arnold's Lord Bracken. Very high com., J. B. Backer's Zack, F. H. Fleer's Gameter. High com., J. M. Lawrence's Wantagh Chief. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st and 2d, Springside Kennels' Lady Tammany and Kent's Belle; 3d, R. H. Robertson's Lass of Tammany; 4th, R. Leslie's Kathleen Kent. Reserve, Dr. J. E. Hair's Devon Fan.—PUPPIES.—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, Geo. Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Reserve, 2d, Netherwood Kennels' Ridgeway Tenny; 3d, T. G. Davey's Ridgeway Comet; 2d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Chancellor; 3d, Springside Kennels' Ridgeway Donald; 4th, E. Halpin's Brackett's Lad. Reserve, Victoria Kennels' Ridgeway Faust. Very high com., G. W. Lovell's Prince of Pontiac, P. Moeller's Tom Croxteth, R. C. Cornell's Roderick, Springside Kennels' Springside Hat. High com., Hempstead Farm's Head Luck. Com., T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Sparker and Miss Rumor.—OPEN.—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, T. G. Davey's Ridgeway Comet; 2d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Chancellor; 3d, Springside Kennels' Ridgeway Donald; 4th, E. Halpin's Brackett's Lad. Reserve, Victoria Kennels' Ridgeway Faust. Very high com., G. W. Lovell's Prince of Pontiac, P. Moeller's Tom Croxteth, R. C. Cornell's Roderick, Springside Kennels' Springside Hat. High com., Hempstead Farm's Head Luck. Com., T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Sparker and Miss Rumor.—PUPPIES.—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, T. G. Davey's Ridgeway Comet; 2d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Chancellor; 3d, Springside Kennels' Springside Nell; 3d and reserve, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Jingle Bell and Ridgeway Lass; 4th, C. E. Connell's Fan Fan II. Very high com., Rinada Pointer Kennels' Hempstead Kit, F.



W. Kuehn's Kent's Pearl, L. W. White's Graceful II. High com., Rinda Point Kennels' Brackette, F. K. Pidgeon's Chloe. Com., J. Van Pelt's Van's Pride—Puppies—Dogs; 1st and 3d, Springdale Kennels' Springside Tammany and Springside Beppo; 2d, C. E. Bussing's Fairview Priam. Reserve, S. Berry's King of Haledon. Very high com., S. Berry's Lad of Haledon, Rinda Point Kennels' Rindwood, L. W. White's Duke of Grace, C. P. Huntington's Kent's Count, Springside Kennels' Springside Donald. Bitches; 1st, 3d and reserve, Springside Kennels' Springside Lady, Springside Jill and Springside June; 2d, C. P. Wilcox's Faustina. Very high com. and com., Red-house Farm Point Kennels' Saddle and Biddle. High com., Edward Southard's Jestine—Novice—Dogs; 1st, Rinda Point Kennels' Prince Regent, 2d, Rinda Point Kennels' Rindwood, L. W. White's Duke of Grace, C. P. Huntington's Kent's Count, Victoria Kennels' Ridgeway Faust. Very high com., J. B. Baker's Zack. Bitches; 1st, Springside Kennels' Kent's Belle; 2d, L. W. White's Lady Grace; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Blossom. Reserve, Rinda Point Kennels' Jingle Bell. Very high com., J. B. Baker's Westminster Zoe—FIELD TRIAL CLASS (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada); 1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's champion Duke of Hesse and Woolton Gamby; 3d, W. Ledyard's Tempest.

**ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs;** 1st, F. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone; 2d, Roscroft Kennels' Glendon; 3d, Bitches; 1st, J. W. Wood's Donna Juanita; 2d, W. Bryce, Jr.'s Spectre.—**OPEN—Dogs;** 1st, Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio; 2d, Victoria Kennels' The Earl; 3d, Netherwood Kennels' Netherwood Nymrod; 4th, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch and F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview. Reserve and high com., S. J. Kieran's (John's) Gypsy Belle, Tommy Reserve, Lewis's Drake Llewellyn and L. W. White's Strider. High com., P. L. Voelter's Mark'Em and Meadow City Kennels' Rod's Chaff. Com., D. T. Scanlon's The Scout and R. H. Jr. and C. T. Albrecht's Albrecht's Druid. Bitches; 1st, T. G. Davey's Esmeralda; 2d, 3d, 4th, very high com. and com., Blue Ridge Kennels' Countess Rush, Gossip, Laundress, Belle of Piedmont, Jr. and L. W. White's Reserve and high com., Netherwood Kennels' Rowdy Donna and Lullie. Very high com., Meadow City Kennels' Rod's Mirth and T. G. Davey's Monk of Furness Lill. High com., H. B. Wallace's Lady Gay, Miss C. Parson's Laska and A. Boote's Jersey Daisy. Com., S. Greenhalgh's Belle of the Shawangunks, S. J. Kieran's Matt Noble, Nahmke Kennels' Nahmke Chita and Dr. J. E. Hair's Belle Mark.—**PUPPIES—Dogs;** 1st, F. A. Hodges's Duke of England; 2d, J. A. Lewis's Duke of York; 3d, F. W. Becker's Br. J. J. Gladstone. Very high com., C. H. Krammer's Viking. High com., Shawheen Kennels' Fred. Com., Nahmke Kennels' Nahmke Paul. Bitches; 1st and 3d, Roscroft Kennels' Woodland Grace and Woodland Echo; 2d, J. S. Raynor's Belle Bondhu II. Reserve, W. F. Gill's Constance. Very high com., W. S. Hastings's Albrecht's Duke. Bitches; 1st, G. Battison's Queen Emma. Com., Nahmke Kennels' Nahmke Sylvia—Novice—Dogs; 1st, W. Bryce, Jr.'s Rodney; 2d, Netherwood Kennels' Netherwood Nymrod; 3d, F. R. Dole's Young Howard. Reserve, S. J. Kieran's Gamester. Very high com., D. Romaine's Jersey Joe, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch and L. W. White's Strider. Com., T. H. Pray's Peerless and A. E. Davis's Kent III. Bitches; 1st, H. D. Ogden's Queen of the Elms; 2d, Mrs. Dix's Providence; 3d, Netherwood Kennels' Rowdy Donna and Lullie, Roscroft Kennels' Domino. Very high com., G. E. Scheffer's Darrel, Com. S. J. Kieran's Matt Noble. **FIELD TRIAL CLASS** (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada); Meadow City Kennels' Rod's Chaff.

**IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs;** 1st and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Tim and Pride of Patsy; 2d, F. C. Fowler's Kildare. Very high com., J. J. Scanlon's Inchquin. Bitches; 1st and very high com. reserve, F. C. Fowler's Queen Vic and Edna H.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Laura B. and Jack; 3d, J. P. Gray's Elmhurst Billy; 4th, J. J. Scanlon's Finglas and Kildare Beverly; 2d, J. J. Scanlon's Pemberton; 3d, J. P. Gray's Elmhurst Billy. Reserve, Seminole's Young Tim, Jr., High com., A. W. Brigham's Toby. Com., Seminole Kennels' Elcho, Jr., II. Bitches; 1st, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II.; 2d, J. J. Scanlon's Shandon Belle. W. H. Eakins's Bessie Finnore. Very high com., Redstone Kennels' Lady Redstone and Seminole Kennels' Delphine. High com., M. Claxton's Lady Belle and Thasmo Kennels' Lady Vic. Com., G. W. Laug's Kildare Gladys and W. Jarvis's Rosamond.—**PUPPIES—Dogs;** 1st, J. B. McKay's Killard; 2d, Thasmo Kennels' Thasmo Cadie. High com., Seminole Kennels' Tim's Best. Bitches; 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' Nina Concord; 2d, J. J. Scanlon's Topsyquin; 3d, Thasmo Kennels' Thasmo Cadie.—**NOVICE—Dogs;** 1st, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II.; 2d, J. P. Gray's Elmhurst Billy; 3d, J. B. McKay's Killard. Reserve, Miss Margaret L. Lee's Ben. High com., H. F. Ludlow's Londonderry. Bitches; 2d, W. T. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II.; 3d, F. L. Cheney's Onota Peg. Reserve, Redstone Kennels' Daisy Redstone. Very high com., J. J. Scanlon's Topsyquin and Thasmo Kennels' Lady Vic. High com., G. Langran's Young Juno and Seminole Kennels' Laura S. **FIELD TRIAL CLASS** (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada); 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas; 2d, A. D. Welton's Finglas.

**GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs;** 1st, Noyes Billings's Ranger B.; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Reserve, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble. Very high com., Smith Brothers' Remont and James B. Blossom's Heather York. Bitches; 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly and Lady Gordon; 2d, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Lady Gordon; 3d, J. P. Gray's Elmhurst Billy; 4th, J. B. McKay's Killard. Reserve, Miss Margaret L. Lee's Ben. High com., H. F. Ludlow's Londonderry. Bitches; 2d, W. T. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II.; 3d, F. L. Cheney's Onota Peg. Reserve, Redstone Kennels' Daisy Redstone. Very high com., J. J. Scanlon's Topsyquin and Thasmo Kennels' Lady Vic. High com., G. Langran's Young Juno and Seminole Kennels' Laura S. **FIELD TRIAL CLASS** (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada); 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas; 2d, A. D. Welton's Finglas.

**IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs;** 1st and 3d, Gardner & Blaisdell's Patsy B. and Garryowen; 2d, T. A. Carson's Musha. Bitches; 1st and 3d, Gardner & Blaisdell's Biddy Malone and Erin; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

**CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Owahenga Kennels' Dash and Glenwood Bosker.**

**FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs;** 1st, Albert E. Foster's Juxted; 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Newton Abbott Farmer. Bitches; 1st and 2d, Rowland P. Keasbey's Briddford Ruby and Rosedale Bess.—**OPEN—Dogs (black);** 1st, Owahenga Kennels' Sorry Jake and S. J. Bradbury's Warwick; 2d, Rowland P. Keasbey's Echo. Very high com., Miss L. B. Wainwright's Beau Baron. Bitches; 1st, Hempstead Farm's Midnight III. 2d, Thomas McKean Robertson's Green-croft Nellie.—**OPEN (liver);** 1st, S. J. Bradbury's The Shrew; 2d, J. A. Sprecklin's Queen; 3d, Albert E. Foster's Gypsy Belle.—**OPEN (any color);** 1st, L. A. Vandy's Duke; 2d, Brown Ruby Kennels' Lady Beaumont; 3d, W. H. Sidway's Sport.—**FIELD TRIAL CLASS** (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada); 1st and 2d, John Stacey's Prince Bolus and Prince Bolus.—**NOVICE—1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Midnight III. and Colehill Rufus.**

**COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs;** 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Redjacket; 2d, C. T. Sackett's Othello. Reserve, J. P. Willey's Jersey Obo. Bitches; 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggle; 2d, Edwin W. Fiske's I Say. Reserve, Andrew Laidlaw's Jessie C. Very high com., J. P. Willey's Lady Duchess. **OPEN—Dogs (black);** 1st, Dr. James C. Hair's Donovan; 2d, B. Brooks's Woodland Prince; 3d, Concord Cocker Kennels' Pickpaul. Reserve, Andrew Laidlaw's Commodore. Very high com., Edwin W. Fiske's Wilde Fire and C. T. Sackett's Adam. High com., Edwin W. Fiske's King Klok, William West's Glory, Frank K. Pidgeon's Barefoot and Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Count. Bitches; 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Riden Eye; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sorry Jake and S. J. Bradbury's Warwick; 3d, Edwin W. Fiske's Cora II. High com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Topsy S. Edwin W. Fiske's Dame and Corktown Clea, and Edward A. Wilson's Miss Phyllis.—**OPEN—Dogs (any other color);** 1st, J. P. Willey's Ned W.; 2d, Joseph Kennedy's Red Justice; 3d, Edwin M. Smith's Chestnut. Reserve, Thomas McKean Robertson's Green-croft Nellie and C. T. Sackett's Rudolph and C. T. Sackett's St. Lawrence Prince. High com., C. J. Browning's Cherry Boy II. Com., L. A. Peters's Brantford Red Star, Edwin W. Fiske's Brantford Rufus, Concord Cocker Kennels' Gold King and Andrew Laidlaw's Jasper. Bitches; 1st and 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Tania and Mollie; 3d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Rose. Reserve, Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Count. Very high com., Henry Jarrett's Ruff. High com., Mrs. Rowland P. Keasbey's Madge, J. P. Willey's Diana Miskill and C. G. Browning's Cherry Girl. Puppies; 1st, C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy II.; 2d and very high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Rhea and Young Commodore. Reserve, J. P. Willey's Chloe Hersom. Very high com., Henry Jarrett's Ruff. High com., W. S. Brooks's Nita.—**NOVICE—1st, J. F. Kirk's Modjeska; 2d and reserve, Laura C. Dora's Commodore and Cora II. Very high com., Frank E. Pidgeon's Barefoot and Swiss Mountain Kennels' Douglas. High com., Miss Georgetta A. Collier's Roy Obo. C. G. Browning's Cherry Girl. Mrs. H. M. Comstock's Nox, William West's Glory, Henry Jarrett's Ruff and Mrs. Rowland P. Keasbey's Madge.**

**COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs;** 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellsbourne Charlie; 2d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Roslyn Wilkes. Reserve, Joseph Livingston's Ormskirk Shep. Bitches; 1st, Lambert

Stansfield's Highland Floss; 2d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Jalky Dean. Reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III.—**OPEN—Dogs;** 1st, J. Pierpont Morgan's Sefton Hero; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher; 3d and 4th, Hempstead Farm's Woodman-creed and Conrad II. Reserve, F. R. Carwell's Jim Crow. Very high com., Saunders' Mithras Finbury. Dude, J. Pierpont Morgan's (Cragston Kennel) Blizard, A. R. Kyle's Charlie Chriss. Highly commended, Mr. Edward G. Toel's Golden Clasp, Saunders & Mighton's Finbury Hero, J. Pierpont Morgan's Fergus McIvor. Com., H. R. Barry's Christopher, Jr. Bitches; 1st, J. Pierpont Morgan's Chorton Phyllis; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Olive; 3d, F. R. Carwell's Iduna III.; 4th, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Ormskirk Susie. Reserve, M. C. Elliott's Chesterford Hattie. Very high com., Saunders & Mighton's Nora, J. Pierpont Morgan's Lady Fidget and Cragston Belle. High com., Hempstead Farm's Ormskirk Julia, R. E. Tod's Sweetheart, J. Pierpont Morgan's Mary of Argyle. Com., J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Queen.—**PUPPIES—Dogs;** 1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Trefail; 2d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Pinto; 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Warlock. Mamma and Appleby's Glenfyne. Very high com., J. Pierpont Morgan's Hereward the Wake, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Bobbie. High com., R. C. Bames's Melancholy, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Rex. Bitches; 1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Dorothy; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Olive; 3d, F. R. Carwell's Iduna III. Reserve, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Queen.—**NOVICE—Dogs;** 1st and 3d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Trefail and Conrad II.; 2d and reserve, J. Pierpont Morgan's Rhodocir Dhot and Cragston Chriss. Very high com., A. R. Kyle's Charlie Chriss, J. Pierpont Morgan's Hereward the Wake, Chesterford Hattie. High com., J. Pierpont Morgan's Fergus McIvor, H. R. Barry's Christopher, Jr., H. Harding's Kriss. Com., Pomona Kennels' Lobengula. 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# CLUB MEETINGS.

## St. Bernard Club.

The annual meeting of this club was held Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8 P. M., present: Mrs. Sidwell, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Smyth, Miss Whitney, Miss Chandler, Miss Goodenow, Messrs. C. A. Pratt, G. P. Wiggins, B. P. Johnson, J. A. C. Johnson, Daniel Mann, E. H. Moore, J. Lutz, Edward Booth and W. H. Joekel, Jr.

On motion the reading of the minutes of previous meeting was dispensed with and were approved as published.

Mr. Johnson presented his report as treasurer which had previously been audited and approved, showing a balance of \$373.37 in the treasury from which the premiums offered during this present year are to be paid.

It was decided to hold a St. Bernard show in connection with that held by the Hempstead Farm Co., May 1 to 4, the understanding being that the Farm Co. were to pay all cash premiums which were to be as numerous and as liberal as those offered by the Westminster Kennel Club, and the entrance fee was not to exceed that charged by them. Messrs. Joekel and J. A. C. Johnson were appointed to represent the St. Bernard Club and to secure as liberal terms as possible. Mr. Joekel read the correspondence with Mr. Terry relating to this show and stated that the Madison Square Co. had offered the St. Bernard Club a special of \$25 either in plate or cash, the St. Bernard Club to determine the disposition of same. Mr. Joekel also stated that the notice of the annual meeting had announced the proposition of holding the show and that about seventeen members had responded to the invitation to express their wishes. All were in favor of holding the show, and no opposition had been offered by any one, and about \$125 had been promised for premiums. Of the seventeen replies received twelve had voted for judges of which nine were for Miss Whitney, and one each for Messrs. Mortimer, Mason and Joekel.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. H. Joekel, Jr.; Vice Presidents, Miss Whitney, J. Ruppert, Jr. and R. J. Sawyer; Treasurer, Jas. A. C. Johnson. No Secretary was elected, the selection of one being left to the Board of Governors. Board of Governors, Messrs. K. E. Hoff, C. A. Pratt, E. Booth, W. C. Reick, E. H. Moore, A. C. Shallenberger, W. H. Walbridge, B. P. Johnson, G. P. Wiggins.

Mr. Joekel said that a number of members had expressed dissatisfaction in the appointment of judges at the various shows and that the wishes of the club were not consulted. Col. Ruppert made the motion which was seconded, that the Board of Governors should select a list of judges, and the same was to be mailed to the members of the club, who were to strike off the names of those objectionable. The result was to be made known and to influence if possible the committees of the various clubs in the selection of judges in the future. Meeting adjourned.

EDWARD BOOTH, Sec'y pro tem.

## English Setter Club.

The meeting of this club was postponed to the second day of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show, March 28, on account of the absence of the secretary, which was caused by a sad bereavement.

## The Eastern Field Trials Club.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report showed a small balance to the club's credit. The resignations of Messrs. Hulman, Merriam, Hunter, Carroll and Breese were accepted. The following stakes were arranged: Derby, purse \$600, divided into first, second and third, \$300, \$200 and \$100 respectively. All-Age Stake the same. The Breeders' cup was abolished. Entry fees the same as last year. The Subscription Stake (four-hour race) was changed to a two-hour race, \$50 entrance. Purse \$500. First \$250, second \$150, third \$100. Mr. F. G. Taylor was present as a representative of the P. K. C., with a view to arranging a members' stake to be run jointly by the two clubs and to arrange for both clubs holding their trials on the same grounds if possible. The conditions of Members' Stake will be made by the president. Mr. Lorillard was appointed a committee to confer with the P. K. C. on the matter at the Philadelphia show. A selling stake to be run jointly was also considered. The details were not settled definitely, but in a general way the stake is to be for setters and pointers which have never won at a field trial, no valuation of a dog to exceed \$300. Ten dollars entrance, and starting fee 5% of selling price. Dogs to be judged with a view to actual field shooting. Certificate of merit to every dog worthy of it. Winners to be sold at auction. Any surplus in excess of selling price to go to the club. The club has secured more grounds at Newton, N. C., and is fully equipped in that respect for a good trial. It is working earnestly to hold a successful and interesting competition. The Selling Stake, from its novelty and the restrictions which bar out winners and field trial dogs of the winning species (the limit of price, \$300, accomplishing that end) is expected to accomplish much in developing a large interest and support.

## Pointer Club of America.

The club's meeting was held in Madison Square Garden on Tuesday evening, Mr. Geo. W. LaRue presiding. There was a good attendance of members present. Mr. Heath's resolution that proxies shall be received was carried by a vote of 12 to 3. Messrs. J. B. Wickery, Pittsburgh, Wm. P. Scott, St. Louis, and T. P. Lewis, New York, were elected to membership. Mr. Webster made a brief speech on the deficiencies of the constitution of the club, his remarks being preliminary to the introduction of a new constitution for the club's consideration and action. He explained that it contained only what was regular in club constitutions. The new constitution was adopted. Names of candidates for election must hereafter be in the hands of the secretary at least 30 days before the meeting of the Board. At the next meeting the names shall be proposed for election. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Hon. J. S. Wise; Vice-President, T. G. Davey; Secretary, F. S. Webster; Treasurer, C. F. Lewis; Board of Governors, Messrs. J. R. Daniels, Geo. W. LaRue, B. F. Seitzer, Jas. Mortimer, E. O. Damon and Geo. S. McAlpin. Mr. Chas. Heath was elected A. K. C. delegate.

## The National Greyhound Club.

The annual meeting of this club was called to take place on Feb. 21, at Madison Square Garden, but was postponed to Wednesday, March 7, no quorum being present. The adjourned meeting will take place at 12.30 P. M., Room 57, 26 Court st., Brooklyn.

## Bulldog Club of America.

The fourth annual meeting of this club was held Tuesday, Feb. 20.

The following members were present: Messrs. Roby, Kendall, Mason-Jones, Austin, Dole, Lawshe, Matthews, Mariner, Robinson (representative of Col. Hilton) and Woodward. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. J. H. Matthews, and the secretary, Mr. E. A. Woodward, being present, kept a record of the proceedings. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The former treasurer, Mr. E. A. Woodward, made a report up to January 1, 1894, upon which date Mr. Austin entered upon the duties of the office. Mr. E. K. Austin then made his report from that date up to the present time. Both of these reports were accepted.

Upon motion duly seconded, it was voted that the thanks of the club be extended to Mr. Woodward for preparing for

the present treasurer a set of books detailing the transactions of the different treasurers since the club was organized.

The secretary submitted his annual report for the past year, which was accepted. It contained the recommendations that several gentlemen, admirers of the breed, be made honorary members of the club.

Mr. Roby made a motion which was seconded by Mr. Kendall, that the following gentlemen be made honorary members of this club: Messrs. J. W. Berrie, J. S. Pybus-Sellom, G. R. Krehl, F. W. Crowther, H. W. Lacy, C. F. W. Jackson, Chas. H. Mason, and D. Y. Cassels. Carried.

Mr. Kendall made a motion which was seconded by Mr. Lawshe, that a vote of thanks be extended to Mr. H. W. Lacy for the publication in the FOREST AND STREAM of the several interesting articles on the bulldog, and which have stimulated much interest in the breed. Carried.

Mr. Dole made a motion which was seconded by Mr. Mariner, and carried, that the members of the club be furnished with a complete membership list and requested to designate ten members as their choice for club judges.

Mr. Roby presented an outline for Produce Stakes which he moved be instituted by the club, and that the Executive Committee consider the different conditions under which to offer them, and that the members be immediately advised of its decision. This was seconded by Mr. Dole and carried.

Mr. Mariner stated he wished to invite suggestions from the members present as to what manner they thought it advisable for him to offer a donation to the club in order to enable it to offer a prize, or prizes, for competition at certain shows among bulldog owners not members of the club.

Upon motion of Mr. Woodward, seconded by Mr. Kendall, it was voted that Mr. Mariner impose such conditions as he thought advisable, and that his donation would be thankfully received. Carried.

Mr. Kendall made a motion which was seconded by Mr. Mason-Jones, that at future annual shows at New York an attendant in uniform be stationed near the bulldog exhibits to hand out information cards to the public, and to look after members' entries, and the interests of the club generally. Carried.

It was moved and seconded that the Executive Committee be authorized to issue a souvenir of the club, giving its history, rules and regulations, membership list, and other items of interest, and that the same be embellished with cuts of typical specimens of the breed, provided, however, that the cost of publishing two hundred copies would not exceed \$100. Each member to be given one copy free, and the Executive Committee to fix the price at which additional copies shall be sold to members and the public. Carried.

Upon motion, duly seconded, it was voted to proceed with the election of an Executive Committee for the ensuing year, thereupon a ballot was taken and the following were declared elected: Messrs. J. H. Matthews, H. D. Kendall, E. K. Austin, Wm. Mariner, Renshaw Mason-Jones, Frank F. Dole, and E. A. Woodward. Meeting adjourned.

The Executive Committee then convened and from its members elected officers as follows for the ensuing year: President, John H. Matthews; Vice-President, H. D. Kendall; Treasurer, E. K. Austin, and Secretary, E. A. Woodward. Meeting adjourned. E. A. WOODWARD, Secretary.

## Irish Setter Club.

The Irish Setter Club held its annual meeting Feb. 21. There were present Messrs. Jas. B. Blossom, Dr. L. C. Sauvageur, B. L. Clements, Geo. Langran, E. F. Badmington, W. L. Washington, Geo. H. Thomson, F. L. Cheney and G. G. Davis. Seventeen additional members were represented by proxies.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

The secretary-treasurer submitted a report of the finances of the club. The report was accepted, the accounts approved and a vote of thanks tendered.

Mr. G. W. Lang of Pittsburgh, Pa., was elected a member. It was resolved to amend the constitution so as to enable the executive committee to elect new members by ballot—three negative votes to exclude.

Mr. W. S. Bell of Pittsburgh was elected a member. The Rev. Robt. O'Callaghan of Rochester, England, and the Rev. W. H. Knowlton of Paso Robles, California, were elected honorary members.

The annual election for officers was then held with the following result: President, W. L. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Vice President, Dr. L. C. Sauvageur, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; Sec.-Treas., W. S. Bell, Pittsburgh, Pa. Executive Committee, F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Iowa; J. B. Blossom, New York, N. Y.; Geo. W. Lang, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Geo. H. Thomson, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass.; G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Great Dane Club.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Great Dane Club of America was held on the last evening of the show. Officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Jas. A. Lawrence of Columbus, O.; Secretary, A. H. Heppner, N. Y.; Treasurer, Chas. Fischer, Brooklyn; Executive Committee, Bardee Elliott, Henry Bord and C. R. Lawson. E. B. Elliott as a committee of one, was authorized to elect new members. New members admitted, T. B. Burnham and Henry Bord. The club is financially strong. It was decided to put up the silver cup of the late President C. D. Bernheimer at the following shows: Chicago, Boston and Columbus, O.—it being too late for Detroit.

Mr. J. A. Lawrence was elected president of the club unanimously in view of the facts, firstly because he is to-day certainly the leading breeder and importer, secondly because he resides in the West. The club wishes to emphasize that it is not a local affair for mutual benefit and glory, but a national club of progressive, broad intentions. It has by its action put the western Great Dane fanciers in the position to hold meetings, elect members, etc.

The secretary was instructed to inquire into the expense of publishing a standard work on the Great Dane, with first class illustrations. He addressed the meeting, submitting his ideas on this subject and calling special attention to the fact that there is nothing published in this country, except newspaper controversies, often eccentric and selfish in motive to which the beginner or the American fancier and judge could refer for information and guidance in breeding, buying and importing. Any one interested in the progress of this breed who has any suggestion to offer is requested to address, A. H. HEPNER, Delegate and Secretary, Great Dane Club, 426 Produce Ex., N. Y.

## Collie Club.

The annual meeting of this club took place on Thursday afternoon. The officers elected were: President, Jenkins Van Schaick; Vice Presidents, Thos. H. Terry and J. Pierpont Morgan; Secretary and Treasurer, J. D. Shotwell.

## American Fox-Terrier Club.

The regular meeting of the American Fox-Terrier Club was duly held at 4.30 P. M. on Wednesday, Feb. 21, and after the regular routine business the following Board of Governors were elected for the ensuing year:

August Belmont, W. Rutherford, Hollis Hunnewell, Clarence Rathbone, John E. Thayer, H. W. Smith.

At a meeting of the Governors held immediately after the above, the following new members were unanimously elected:

George Hendrie, George M. Hendrie, W. H. Muir, G. M. Carnochan, R. F. Mayhew, Dr. H. T. Foote, Dr. D. B. Darby, and John E. Thayer was elected President; August Belmont, Vice-President; and H. W. Smith, Sec'y and Treasurer.

At the regular meeting it was voted that in addition to the grand challenge cup (value \$300), that the Secretary be empowered to make collections for four challenge cups to be given for the Apollo, Homebred, Tomboy and Stud Dog Stakes, and after suitable money was raised, these cups with the grand challenge cup in a suitable case should at the wisdom of the Board of Governors be sent around to the various shows where proper guarantee could be obtained, in order that the different fox-terrier breeders throughout the country would have an opportunity of seeing what stakes, etc., could be won by their produce.

The following gentlemen subscribed the amount opposite their name: John E. Thayer \$50, Hollis Hunnewell \$50, H. W. Smith \$50, Clarence Rathbone \$25, Wayman S. Cushman \$25.

The following stakes of the American Fox-Terrier Club were decided at the New York show: Stud Dog Stakes of 1894 to which the following nominations were made: C. Rathbone—Beverwyck Royalist and Beverwyck King Pin, the former out of Beverwyck Moonshine, and the latter out of Beverwyck Moonbeam, both sired by Standard's King.

Blenton Kennels—Blenton Esparanza, Blenton Ermine, both out of New Forest Ethel by Blenton Victor II. Also Blenton Viking and Blenton Votary, both out of Blenton Vanity, sired by Blenton Rasper. L. & W. Rutherford—Warren Regent and Warren Damsel, the former out of Reprieve and the latter out of Warren Dorothy; both by Warren Tiptop. Also Warren Foxy and Warren Tippet, the former out of Dusky II, and the latter out of Villanelle; by Warren Tiptop. The first prize in this stake—one-half of the entire subscription (\$70) was won by Clarence Rathbone's brace, Beverwyck Royalist and Beverwyck King Pin. Mr. Thayer therefore received second prize which was one-half of the subscription (\$70) and the President's cup as the first prize brace was sired by his Standard's King. The third prize which was the stakes, amounting to \$20, was won by the Blenton Kennels' Viking and Votary.

For the first division of the Eighth Grand Produce Stakes the following nominations were made: John E. Thayer's Hillside Grit, by Standard's King ex Pluck. Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Royalist, by Standard's King ex Moonshine. Blenton Kennels', Blenton Spanker, by Standard's King ex Spinstar, and L. & W. Rutherford's, Warren Regent, by Warren Tiptop ex Reprieve, and Warren Foxy, by Warren Tiptop ex Dusky II. The first prize which was one-half of the entire stakes was won by Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Royalist.

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Rathbone won \$124 in both these stakes on the two puppies. H. W. SMITH.

## American Spaniel Club.

The annual meeting of the American Spaniel Club was held Feb. 21, at 4.30 P. M. Present: Dr. J. S. Bradbury, H. Brooks, C. G. Browning, E. W. Fiske, A. B. Forsythe, Henry Jarrett, R. P. Keasbey, Dr. F. W. Kitchel, A. Laidlaw, C. M. Nelles, E. M. Oldham, W. T. Payne, Geo. P. Preston Jr., A. E. Rendle, H. S. Reynolds, F. Smyth, John Stacom, Mar. oil A. Viti, and A. C. Wilmerding. President Wilmerding in the chair. The President's annual address described the work the Executive Committee had accomplished during the year. That there had been more meetings and more members elected during the past year than in any one previous; that it was not thought advisable to continue the committee on medals, as prizes of this nature were at the present time at a discount, so the committee was discharged; that the field spaniel \$100 cup had been officially awarded by this committee, as it had been under the requisite number of times by one exhibitor, viz Mr. A. E. Foster with Judex; and that it was proposed to hold a specialty show in Madison Square Garden the latter part of April, which had received full endorsement from the club members, conditions and particulars of which had been printed and distributed. With a few matters of minor importance this report closed.

The Treasurer's statement showing a net balance on hand of \$266.47 was a very gratifying one and on motion it was received and adopted.

Executive Committee elected for the ensuing year was as follows: A. Clinton Wilmerding, Edw. M. Oldham, Rowland P. Keasbey, R. H. Eggleston, Dr. S. J. Bradbury. Adjourned.

A subsequent meeting of the Executive Committee for the election of officers resulted as follows: President, A. Clinton Wilmerding; Treasurer, Edw. M. Oldham; Secretary, Rowland P. Keasbey; Delegate to A. K. C., Edw. M. Oldham.

## A. K. C. MEETING.

It is impossible to find space for a full report of the A. K. C. meeting this week. The most important business transacted was the agreement between the C. K. C. and A. K. C. Mr. Vredenburg spoke as follows:

I have some general business which I think ought to come up before this meeting of the Kennel Club. At our meeting in December last there was a committee appointed by the American Kennel Club to confer with a committee representing the Canadian Kennel Club with a view of securing a compact with the Canadian Kennel Club, subject to the ratification of the two clubs, as would be mutually agreeable and advantageous to both clubs. The committee met on Tuesday evening last, and the committee of the American Kennel Club, through myself as chairman, desire to say we were more than pleased with the gentlemen who represented the Canadian Kennel Club, whom we found as anxious to meet us as we were to meet them, and to procure an agreement that we considered would be a just one. Of course you can readily understand that we had at the outset differences of opinion, but these differences were very quickly settled, and we agreed to the following compact, which is duly signed by the members of the committee:

"Articles of agreement entered into by the joint committee representing the American Kennel Club and the Canadian Kennel Club, subject, however, to ratification by both clubs.

"1. It is agreed that all registrations and listings received either by the American Kennel Club or the Canadian Kennel Club shall be recognized by both clubs; provided, that all dogs owned in the United States shall be registered or listed with the secretary of the American Kennel Club, and all dogs owned in the Dominion of Canada shall be registered or listed with the secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club.

"2. All cases of suspension or disqualification by either club shall be recognized by the other club.

"3. The bench show rules governing exhibitors and the rules governing clubs holding shows shall be the same in both countries. The Canadian Kennel Club agrees to appoint a standing committee on rules to correspond with the committee elected each year by the American Kennel Club, and all amendments offered by either club must first be submitted to this joint committee, which shall report on the same before said amendments can be finally submitted for adoption.

"4. All awards made at bench shows both in Canada and in the United States, under Kennel Club rules, shall be recognized in both countries and made a record with the respective clubs.

"5. The Canadian Kennel Club agrees to appoint three delegates to represent it in the American Kennel Club, and the American Kennel Club agrees to receive such delegates. The credentials of said delegates are to be signed by the secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, and are to be accepted by the American Kennel Club in the same manner as are the delegates representing the associate members of said club. No annual dues are to be required from the Canadian Kennel Club.

"6. Each club parties to this agreement reserves the right of absolute jurisdiction in all cases of discipline brought before it without appeal. It is further understood that all violations of rules upon which charges may be preferred shall be acted upon by the club in whose territory the misconduct occurs. Appeal can only be made to the club exercising original jurisdiction.

Mr. VREDENBURGH—That article means this: If any misconduct occurs in Canada they cannot rush down to the American Kennel Club, as they have heretofore, and prefer charges and make this club investigate the matter. They must go to their own club, and by this agreement they can only appeal to their own club. This article makes each club a sovereign club in its own country.

"7. The Canadian Kennel Club agrees to publish the registrations received by it within the covers of the American Kennel Club stud book, paying to the American Kennel Club therefor the sum of 50 cents for each registration so forwarded. The American Kennel Club agrees to accept and to publish in its annual stud book, under a department to be known as "Canadian Registration." All such registrations must be duly compiled and forwarded with the fee of 50 cents each to the



secretary of the American Kennel Club, on or before Jan. 15 of each year. All sales of stud books made by the Canadian Kennel Club shall be furnished to said Canadian Kennel Club at a discount of 10 per cent."

Mr. VREDENBURGH.—This article means that the Canadian Club will abolish its stud book. We know that there is not enough room in this country for more than one stud book, but owing to their organization we had to make a concession to them. They have two hundred members, and each member is entitled to five free registrations during the year. That would be one thousand dollars. All the free registrations that they kept, together with the registrations for which they receive a fee of one dollar, they pay to us a round sum of fifty cents each, and we felt that we could afford to do that, as in these articles they agree to do all the clerical work except compiling the registrations ready for the printer and send them to us, the only work we are called upon to do being the indexing of them for our system and paying for the printing. We found it impossible to think of any scheme by which we could incorporate the registrations received from the Canadian Kennel Club into our own book, retaining our own number, and for that reason we agreed that in one portion of the book we would open a department for Canadian registrations and continue on their numbers.

"8. The awards made at Toronto and Ottawa in the year 1893 are to be recognized by the American Kennel Club.

"9. The Secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club must forward to the Secretary of the American Kennel Club within seven days after the closing of each Canadian show, two marked copies of the catalogues of such show, giving the awards made at such show, and duly certified to by its Secretary."

Mr. VREDENBURGH.—That is just and proper. That is an article I believe the Canadian Kennel Club could force us to do. The compact entered into between the two clubs in 1889 was consummated at an annual meeting of the club. The cancellation of that compact was made by the executive committee meetings of the club, and I think you will all agree with me that it was not a legal cancellation; that there was no committee of the club, unless there was special power vested in it which could undo what had been done by the parent body of the club itself.

"10. This agreement, if ratified by the American Kennel Club and the Canadian Kennel Club, is to be only attested by the secretary of each club and copies filed with both clubs."

"11. This agreement may be cancelled upon six months notice in writing given by either club to the other."

"Representing the Canadian Kennel Club, T. C. Davey, J. S. Niven. Representing the American Kennel Club, A. P. Vredenburg, J. M. Taylor."

The agreement was ratified as read.

The old list of officers was elected.

### The Pet Dog Club.

The annual meeting of the American Pet Dog Club was held at Madison Square Garden, New York, on Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1894, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Members present were: Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Ferrero, Mrs. Hall, Miss Baumeister, Mr. Rackham, Mr. Foyer, Mr. Barnum, Mr. Morris.

The president and vice-presidents being absent, Mr. Barnum was elected chairman.

Changes in the Constitution and By-Laws were made as follows:

Article III. Sec. 3.—Change the clause, "The name of any member failing to pay dues for two years may be stricken from the roll," to read, "The name of any member failing to pay dues for one year shall be stricken from the roll."

Article IV. Sec. 1.—Strike out the last clause and change the second clause to read, "No officer, except the secretary, shall be eligible for election to more than two consecutive terms."

Sec. 3.—After the word "Committee," insert the clause, "and also the delegate to the American Kennel Club, from the members elected on the Executive Committee."

Article V. Sec. 2.—Change to read, "The regular meetings of the club, other than in the month of February, shall be held on the second Wednesday of April, June, September and December of each year, at such places and hours as may be determined on by the Executive Committee."

By-Laws. Article I. Sec. 3.—Add, "The Secretary shall, at the annual meeting, submit a general report of the condition of the club."

Sec. 4.—Strike out the word "savings" before "bank," and insert the words "or banks" after it.

Mr. A. A. Cobb, Wilmington, Del., was elected a member. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Horace Stokes; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Dudley Kavanagh, New York; Mr. A. F. German, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. George A. Freeman, Sands Point, Long Island, N. Y.; Secretary, Miss Marion E. Bannister, Springfield, N. J.; Treasurer, Mr. Charles D. Bernheimer, New York City; Delegate to American Kennel Club, Mr. T. Farrar Rackham; Executive Committee, Mr. T. Farrar Rackham, Mr. Edwin H. Morris, Mr. S. C. Barnum, Mrs. William R. McKee, and the president; secretary and treasurer; Trustees, Mrs. Edward Ferrero, Mrs. A. Cunningham, Mrs. M. E. Randolph, Mrs. Emily Stout, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh.

MARION E. BANNISTER, Secretary.

### A Kennel Club for Louisville, Ky.

The following circular was sent to a number of residents of Louisville, Ky., Feb. 23: "You are earnestly requested to meet with quite a number of our prominent citizens, who are lovers of that noble animal, the 'Dog,' and who believe that Louisville, like her sister cities, could, and should, give a successful 'Dog Show,' which would prove of interest and a benefit to the city at large. With this end in view, be good enough to meet us at the 'Armory' on Seventh street, between Chestnut and Walnut, on Monday, Feb. 26, at 8 P. M., there and then to talk this matter over. Mr. Rogers D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., will be with us and give us the benefit of his knowledge and experience. Respectfully, Dr. D. W. Yandell, Gen. J. B. Castleman, Lieut. Col. M. B. Belknap." Louisville has held good shows in the past, and we trust the present movement will result in a strong kennel club being formed and a show arranged for in the Fall.

## DOG CHAT.

### Boston Dog Show.

The premium list of the New England Kennel Club can now be obtained by addressing the Bench Show Committee, 125 Tremont street, Boston. All the important breeds are most liberally provided with special prizes both of specialty clubs and regular specials. The prizes run from \$15 in challenge classes, and \$15, \$10 and \$5 in the open classes of the more important breeds to \$10, \$5 and \$3 in others and \$10 in challenge. Puppies have \$5 and \$3, first and second respectively. Some open classes have \$10 and \$5 and others \$5 and \$3. The usual arrangements have been made with express companies to return dogs free. Entry fee is \$3. Entries close March 17. Following is the list of judges: James Mortimer, mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, bloodhounds, pointers, poodles, pugs and toy spaniels; John Davidson, Newfoundland, Chesapeake Bays, English and Irish setters, foxhounds, dachshunds, Bassetts and miscellaneous; J. Otis Fellows, deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, Gordon setters and spaniels except toy; Thos. H. Terry, collies; John E. Thayer, bulldogs; John P. Barnard, Boston terriers; W. S. Clark, beagles. John Read, superintendent. H. Clay Glover, veterinarian. The management is endeavoring to secure the services of a well-known English judge for terriers (except Boston) and schipperkes, and will announce same through the press.

### Russian Wolfhounds.

Will the gentleman who was so much interested at the W. K. C. show in the above breed, who lived many years in Russia, attended their shows, and later on visited the Columbian

Exposition and there saw bronzes of the breed in question, kindly send his address to H. W. Huntington, 148 South Eighth street, Brooklyn.

Andrew Ludlow the cocker man, from Canada, never had such a good time, for he sold about 19 dogs. Zip goes to B. A. Sands, of New York; a red bitch to Ed. Young, of Jersey City; Vic to C. E. Idell, of Germantown, Pa.; Jasper to Dr. Kitchell, of Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mollie to N. E. Martin, of New York; a red bitch to Mr. Keasbey, Secretary of Spaniel Club; Commodore to H. Graves Jr., Orange, N. J. The others were pups from his kennels. Among the St. Bernards sales were not so brisk. Mr. Thiman bought Maud from Jas. Quigley. Daniel Mann sold Miss Thelma, the winning smooth puppy to a New York purchaser. Mrs. Nickerson bought Royal Duchess, second prize in open rough bitches, from Ed. Booth and Sir Marmaduke from Paul Goldsmith. Mr. Booth also sold the noted rough Lothario to Mr. S. S. Keller, Richfield Springs, N. Y. Lothario will be put at stud.

Mr. S. J. Rogers exchanged his wire hair Ebor Larchmont for Searcroft Kennels' smooth fox terrier bitch Tortilla with privilege of Searcroft Bourbon's service.

Among the poodles we found that Mr. Trevor had been busy having sold to Mrs. Tuckerman some of his puppies and Mr. James Brown Potter was also a purchaser. Mrs. William Todd Helmar bought Jeanne, second prize winner, and Mrs. R. L. Crawford, of New York, bought Jumbo also a winner.

In Boston terriers C. C. Kammerer was cleaned out of all available selling stock, Mr. Sherman Martin and H. La Grand Cannon buying some of them.

The noted beagles Whalebone and champion Storm are dead. The former was killed last summer by an Italian.

The New England Kennel Club have been trying to get an English judge to take the terrier classes at their coming show. They called upon Messrs. Redmond, Maxwell, Vicary and Pim, but neither can come, a cable to that effect being received during the show. Mr. S. Smith will not judge at Boston, as he is not coming over. Mr. Ed Brooks, as president of the N. E. K. C., will not show his dogs for competition at their coming show. A commendable practice.

### Gerda II. Comes to New York.

Dr. Lougest, we understand, parted with Gerda II., the bitch that has been such a faithful producer, to a New York shipping broker.

Mr. Preston, owner of the Owahgena Kennels, is importing a field spaniel dog, brother to his Newark winner. The dog should have been entered at New York, but could not arrive in time.

The Irish terrier Shargar while being uncrated on Monday morning under the direction of Dr. Niven, slipped his collar and escaped to the street. He has not been seen since. He answers to the name of Monkey. Information can be sent to this office if found. Mr. Mortimer also lost on Sunday morning at the kennels at Hempstead, L. I., a collie that was sent over last week from England. It is a sable and white, and answers to the name of Rover.

Texture won the great Waterloo cup, run last week at the plains of Altcar, near Liverpool, England.

### Transportation Petition.

A petition was posted up on the wall of the Superintendent's office in Madison Square Garden which was generally signed by the exhibitors present. It is intended to bring to the notice of the Trunk Lines Association the risks that exhibitors and owners of dogs incur when they consign their dogs to the tender mercies of the express companies. Many exhibitors object to sending valuable dogs by rail unless in charge of their own men and if the present agreement between the association and the express companies is carried out dog shows and in fact the whole dog breeding interests of the country will suffer. The petition has merit and it is to be hoped that the railroad companies will consider their own interests as well as these of a numerous class who use their roads in traveling to the different shows, by taking some proper action in the matter. The A. K. C. having appointed a committee to take the matter up, and backed by this signed petition, their efforts should secure some amelioration of the present state of affairs, even if we cannot hope for the favorable manner in which the English and Continental roads treat their canine travelers.

Dr. Foote sold five terriers and gave away three. Mr. Carnochan, who is going in largely for wires, bought Mrs. R. F. Mayhew's Britannic, which was shown N. F. C.

F. Von Bernuth, Jr., sold his two great Danes Yarrum and Yenoh for \$250 each.

Dr. L. C. Sauveur offers a silver cup for best challenge collie, and another for best novice at the Chicago show. E. B. Elliott offers \$10 for best black and tan in the show.

Luke White sold Grace II. to Messrs. Sturgess and Phelps, and Dr. Nash bought his Strider. He had a good offer for Lady Grace, but refused to sell as she is turning out so good in the field.

Report of spaniel dinner in type. Crowded over, Next week.

Mr. Washington, besides winning with his new Irish setter Finglas, booked seventeen services to this good field dog. Seminole Kennels sold Tim's Best, their Irish setter, to C. W. Guystur, of New York.

A. Fischer sold his great Dane Bismarck to George A. Weiss, of Chicago, at a good price. Mr. Kammerer, who had the Boston Terrier Kennel, did well, too; he sold a pup to Mr. W. A. Pell, and another to Mr. H. LeGrand Cannon. Miss Hermie he sold to Mr. Durand Cheever for \$100, and Miss Daisy to Mr. Herbert Harriman for \$100, all of New York. He also refused \$500 from Thomas Martin for the winning bitch Nankiu. It is expected that a Boston terrier club will be started in New York.

John Whelan imported and sold the bull-terrier Admiral Mello to Mr. W. Faversham and Vigilant to Mr. F. Church. He also sold Billy Plimmer to James Patterson, who in turn disposed of it to Mr. F. Church. He also sold Queen Mab to Mr. Higginson and Daisy Belle to a gentleman in New York. Another bitch he has imported is Lady Woodrose, that whelped ten puppies (six dogs) the day after landing. She was sold to Mr. A. Taylor, of New York.

Mr. C. A. Shion did not sell his Skyes, but took orders for nine Clydesdale terriers to be imported.

The South Bend Kennels sold the noted great Dane Major McKinley to Mayor Gilroy, of New York, for, as stated, \$1,500.

Mr. Paine, an old-time field spaniel man, got the fever again, and purchased the winning cocker Donovan from Dr.

J. E. Hair, taking him home during the show to Stanton Pa., where he now resides.

Geo. W. Lovell, the pointer man, sold Pontiac Spot to Percy R. King, of New York, and a native setter to Mr. Geo. Warren, also of this city.

Hempstead Farm Kennels sold Herdman II., the bobtail, to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and had \$500 offered for the sensational young bitch Hempstead Dorothy.

Mr. Huntington sold the Russian wolfhound Nagradjad to Mr. Havemeyer.

Mr. Patterson has sold the black and tan terriers Louie and Buffalo King to Mr. Robert McLean, of Janesville, Wis., who will show them at Chicago.

Seminole Kennels are the happy possessors of a diminutive pug, Banker, Jr., by name. He is now eight months old and weighs but 3½ lbs. He is a son of old champion Cash out of Flossie C., by Silvershoe out of Zadie, a daughter of Old Treasure. Dr. Sauveur tells us he is cobby and excels in pug qualities. His debut will be made shortly, and is sure to create interest.

We never remember so many sales at a New York show, and it is pertinent to remark that the crowds and the money seemed to drift toward the terrier and smaller dog sections throughout the week, the big dogs not commanding the attention they usually receive. Passing along the dachshund benches, we found that Mr. Manice had sold Hermit to Mr. Francke, of New York; Ichthyosaurus to Mr. H. L. Brevoort, New York, and Jessie Victoria to C. Mottschbacher, M.D., of New York; a Janet pup to Mr. Cogswell, of Brooklyn. Chas. Klocke, of Pittsburgh, did not go back penniless, for he sold his noted dachshunds, Bessie K. and Roy K., to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, of New York, at a good figure.

Among the beagle men we found F. W. Chapman looking happy, having disposed of six puppies at good prices to New York parties. Mr. C. S. Wixom also disposed of nine beagle puppies and one greyhound.

Mrs. Senn had better sales than ever this year, having sold to Columbus B. Rogers, of New York, the second prize Jap Kobie for \$300. Tokio, first prize winner, was purchased by Mr. A. B. Hilton for \$500. The dog was purchased quite recently on a steamer at a comparatively low figure. Mr. Stern bought two pug puppies at \$50 each and a black and tan terrier went to another New York man for \$50.

Spratts Co. fed and benched in a most acceptable manner, but we would draw their attention to the wires in front of the partitions that catch the clothing, and in one instance tore a dog's lip.

The Woodlawn Park Kennel sold the noted fox-terrier, Ripon Stormer, to F. G. Browning, Mere Kennels, of Tarrytown, N. Y., at a stiff figure. He will be placed at stud.

T. G. Davey made some sales too. His setter winner, Esmeralda, goes to H. B. Hollins, of New York, also Monk of Furness Lill, for \$800. George B. Hopkins bought his English setter dog, Brighton Ranger.

Joe Lewis sold his winning greyhound pup, Chester, to Mr. Wolff, of Philadelphia, and Spring of the Valley to Mr. Sidel, of the N. J. K. League.

Frank Dole was busy, too. He bought the fox-terrier Leocota from Mr. Higginson and sold it Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, of New York. Modesty was also purchased by Mr. Havemeyer. Woodcote Scamp went to Mr. W. S. Patten, Long Branch, N. J. The cocker Adam to Mr. Benningham; of New York.

The Boston Terrier Club offers \$10 each for the best dog and bitch at the Mascoutah Kennel Club's show, March 13 to 16.

The Gordon Setter Field Trial Club will hold their trials next year near Taunton or Fall River, Mass., on Nov. 20. Several good dogs are expected, and arrangements will be much better this year. Mr. Oughton has promised entries, and some are expected from England. The club will offer prizes of \$15 and \$10 at the Boston show for field dogs. Miss S. A. Nickerson offers \$20, to be placed as they think fit.

## Canoing.

### Anything to Growl.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having chafed for some days since reading Mr. John Trusty Holden's views on reforming the A. C. A., I am at last, like the "how thoroughly infuriated man of God" in the fable, moved to a high sense of reprieve. I admit that it would be courteous toward Mr. H. for me to contribute these few stickfuls over my own name. But then a man of Mr. Holden's perspicacity and thorough knowledge of A. C. A. meets and matters must know lex. If he does not I would most respectfully suggest that he once "come out of his hole" (on the Passaic River) and visit just one meet. There is nothing like actual experience to open one's eyes after all, and it is my opinion that our friend is on far from trusty holding ground.

Now, my dear Mr. Holden, did it ever occur to you that it is not reform that the A. C. A. needs, but advancement? If instead of rushing into print with ideas of A. C. A. reform you were to reform yourself and rather than cry down and belittle the almost incalculable good work that the A. C. A. has done, were to work hard for its advancement, things might change. It is not, I repeat, reform that is needed, but that power to act that comes from the force of numbers. So get to work, friend.

You hold that the clubs and not the A. C. A. are responsible for the advance made in canoes and their fittings. I deny that statement; even if Mr. Burns does not. That the development of such ideas was fostered by the clubs, no one can doubt; but that the clubs instigated such matters is an entirely wrong impression. Men go to the A. C. A. meets with the best rigs and boats they have been able to produce unaided. What happens? Their eyes are opened. They go home and tell their clubmates all about it, the result is that the meet has benefited all the men in the club. One of my clubmates had a canoe that was considered "some pumpkins" in local waters. Acting on my advice he joined the A. C. A. and attended the Jessup's Neck meet. When we returned he told me what he knew about canoes, rigs, and camps, before he went to camp. It was "about one small page of very large type."

Your next statement, that "the Zerega sail competition was the most practical action in the way of improvement of rigs, etc., we ever had," is easily picked to pieces in few words. Mr. Duntell won the event with a very small suit of sails. Mr. Douglass was close to him with regard to points, carrying a much larger rig. Now if this competition was of such practical use, showing such great improvement, etc., show us other rigs like Duntell's, in every-day use.

Now we come to the "good old cruisers," right here is where I live. I'm one of them, and I'm proud of it. You want to know why more is not done for the cruising member. Now any A. C. A. man, who has cruised the waters of this great country does not need to ask such questions. The cruiser does not desire to race; he wants to cruise, and visit the camp for cruising and social purposes. He then becomes acquainted with as fine a body of men as ever indulged in an athletic sport. When he cruises he meets them again, and a hearty welcome and numerous courtesies are tendered. Even if he does not know them but meets them while cruising in their waters, the fact that both are fellow-members of the A. C. A. smoothes the way and the welcome is just as sincere and hearty. Is not this standing, this good fellowship worth one paltry dollar per year? Emphatically, yes. I hold among my A. C. A. meet acquaintances some of my pleasantest friends. Is not a friend worth a dollar? If there be those to whom the foregoing are not sufficient returns for their dollar they are not



fit to become or remain members of the A. C. A. in its present social position. You compare the League of American Wheelmen with the A. C. A. The L. A. W. started its social decline with the "what do I get for my dollar" idea that you are trying to put into the minds of the A. C. A. men at present.

There are many estimable men in the L. A. W. and not a few canoe men among them, but the rank and file are not such as you introduce into the bosom of our family. There are very few A. C. A. men that you would not. Is not the cruiser benefited by this? I am a cruiser, I go to the meets, to get some cruising to and from and about there; to see my friends; to see the races and to get all the points regarding fittings, sails, etc., that is possible, and I accomplish all that I go for. There are usually about seven-eighths of the men in attendance that do the same as I, for the same reasons. Of course a man can go to a meet, make no friends, see nothing, and do nothing. Such are no use to themselves or anyone else, and ought to go home and give up canoeing. Yachting with a skipper and a chef would be much better exercise for them.

Let us work for a large membership of the right kind of men, and then we can do something for our members. Above all don't growl till we meet at the meet.

BOSTON, Feb. 18.

The A. C. A. Meet of 1894.

CROTON POINT, HUDSON RIVER, JULY 13-27.

THE indications thus far point to a very good attendance and a pleasant camp at the next annual meet of the American Canoe Association. The site has, on close inspection, proved decidedly better than was anticipated, and its accessibility is likely to induce a general rather than a merely local attendance.

The '94 camp is located near the extreme western end of Croton Point. Approaching the camp from Sing Sing by water one passes the large bay south of the Point, into which the Croton River empties. The water in this bay is comparatively shallow and well protected from the northwest and northeasterly wind, forming a splendid sailing ground in case the water should be rough north of the Point. Following the west shore line, which is a bluff ranging from 20 to 50 ft. high and quite rocky, one comes to a charming stretch of sand beach, hard and clean, free from large stone and debris and with very few pebbles; in fact the beach is one of those charming little stretches of sand found on the northerly side of most of the points along the Hudson.



CROTON POINT, SITE OF A. C. A. MEET, 1894.

This beach extends in almost a half circle for several hundred yards. The camp site lies back of and south of this cove. The Ladies' Camp will be located on the extreme northwestern point. The ground is high, sloping gently back from the beach, and the outlook in all directions is very fine. In this respect the entire camp is as attractive, and the scenery as fine as any of the Association camps in the past. Back of the cove, where the main camp will be, there is a somewhat limited extent of level ground. Then a hillside giving opportunities here and there for the pitching of a small cluster of tents, until at the top is found a nearly level field, giving abundant space for the location of tents with charming scenery and outlook to the northwest. The dock is already built, having been constructed very substantially for the use of a brick yard on the point, which will save the Association considerable expense. There is also a well of fine water within comparatively short distance, and when the underbrush that is now scattered over the proposed camp site is clear, it will present an attractive appearance. It is proposed to make Sing Sing the basis of transportation on the Hudson River Railroad, and to have a boat from there to camp. The village of Croton is situated to the north of the Point and about two miles away. A plan is under consideration to make arrangements with a Croton storekeeper to deliver orders in camp each day, and thus do away with the necessity for a camp store. The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. have been granted the privilege of having a repair and supply tent in camp, and promise to have a competent boatbuilder there all through the meet.

At the November meeting Com. Dorland was empowered to appoint a committee to report at the July meet on the question of a continuation of the present plan of a different site each year, or of various proposed plans for a permanent or semi-permanent site. The names of this committee have been announced as follows: Eastern Division: G. H. Parmelee, Howard Gray. Atlantic Division: R. H. Peebles, L. W. Seavey. Central Division: R. S. Oliver, W. R. Huntington. Northern Division: E. B. Edwards, J. N. MacKendrick; chairman, W. P. Stephens.

What Can We Do for Racing?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Hon. Secretary-Treasurer of the A. C. A., Mr. Douglass, was in the Hub recently. We were talking over the aspect of the racing at the recent meets. The fleet of starters has been growing beautifully less each year. And why? In my humble opinion the main reason is that an injustice is done the younger sailors and paddlers in making them sail or paddle against the expert and older men. This opinion leads me to express the further opinion that the time for class racing is now at hand. Would it not be much more encouraging to the new men to compete against others more nearly their equals? Why it is enough to "rattle" a beginner to watch Butler, Goddard, Oxholm, Palmer, Douglass, Gray, Archibald, Barrington, and a few other expert canoe sailors, let alone competing with them. Let us see how we can arrange it. First make a senior class, an intermediate class and a junior class. A lower-class man can always go up, but a high-class man cannot come down. However, if a junior wins a race in the intermediate class he becomes a senior. Prize winners in the different classes move up one. The senior class will never be too full, as from that men naturally retire from active racing. The first job of classifying will be the hardest one, and a council of the racing men should make the first classification. After that the scheme would work itself. If I am not greatly mistaken this step will soon be a necessity if interesting racing is to continue a feature of the meets. A discussion of this scheme would probably crystallize the idea of the many into one perfect gem, that it would dazzle the regatta committee into transforming the racing rules into line with the idea.

LEX

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: J. Thomas Rice Atwater and Wm. C. Frazee, Arlington, N. J.; H. W. Evans, Jersey City; G. W. Boschen, Hoboken.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

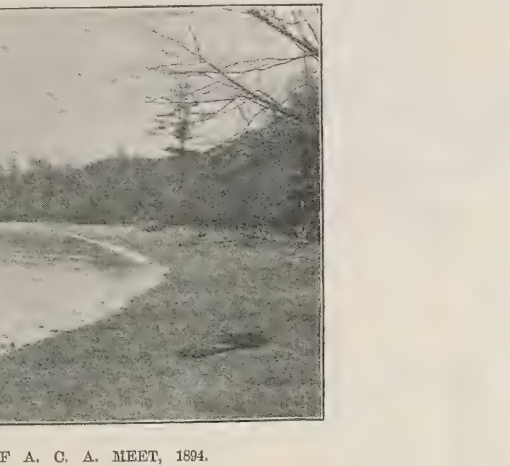
We are in receipt of inquiries as to practicable canoe routes between the headwaters of the St. Francis River and the Connecticut, from some canoeists who propose making the trip next summer, starting from Albany via Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, and then up the St. Francis and across to the Connecticut. Any information concerning the lower St. Lawrence and the Chaudiere will also be acceptable.

From the latest reports it is now likely that while there will be no international racing this year, in 1895 the New York Y. C. will be called on for the fourth time to face a challenge from a yacht of 70 ft. waterline. Lord Dunraven has admitted that in company with Lord Wolverson, his fellow owner in Valkyrie, he will challenge for the America's Cup in 1895, with a Watson cutter of 70 ft. l.w.l. Lord Wolverson is now in India and no definite plans have been made, as ample time remains before a challenge can be sent.

Yachting.

AS REGARDS the immediate prospects, it is unfortunate for all parties that Valkyrie will not race here on account of the absence of Vigilant from the class; and in fact the absence of any important class racing on the part of the larger yachts. It is quite natural that the syndicate owners of both Vigilant and Colonia should be averse to spending more money on either yacht, and in the case of the former there is everything to lose and nothing to win by further racing with the Valkyrie and the American 57-footers. At the same time there is an opportunity for the finest racing that has been seen for years, with such a fleet as Vigilant, Valkyrie, Colonia, Jubilee, Volunteer and Navahoe in one class at New York and Marblehead. Valkyrie, Colonia and Navahoe are capable of great improvement over their more or less imperfect form of last year, and with the rebuilt Volunteer would make the finest racing class of large single stickers that has yet been seen afloat, and the results of a series of races would be most valuable, besides giving a needed stimulus to what promises to be an exceptionally dull season. As the owners of these yachts are among the wealthiest and most spirited of American yachtsmen, the difficulties in the way of bringing together the whole fleet of 57-footers can hardly be considered insuperable.

In reading of the yachting exhibition now open in London we confess to a feeling of envy of our more fortunate fellows who are within reach of it, and also wonder why something of the kind cannot be done, or is not done, here in New York. It can hardly be because English yachtsmen are more enterprising, or that they are quicker to appreciate the interest and importance of such a collection; but whatever the reason may be, it never has been done here, nor is there any



promise that it soon will be. An exhibition was held in Boston in 1889 and was quite successful, but it was by no means what such an exhibition should be.

Royal Aquarium Yachting Exhibition.

From the Field.

WHATEVER may be the merits of this exhibition, one thing is certain that it is a fairly good representation of British yachting from its earliest days—the days of Charles II.—to the present time. The representation is pictorial, literary, architectural and mechanical. There is a portrait by Vandervele (loaned by Mr. C. Newton-Robinson) of the yachts of Charles II. off Greenwich, and portraits or designs of yachts of different ages down to the last photograph of Britannia and Navahoe, by West & Son. Yacht racing is represented in all sorts of ways, from the days of the old Arrow to the time, 1875, when Prince Bathynan established the Yacht Racing Association out of chaos, and made a distinct epoch in yacht racing. There are drawings of such varied forms as those of Mr. T. Chamberlayne's Arrow of 1822; Prince Bathynan's Flying Cloud of 1852, his famous cutter Kriemhilda of 1852, Sir Richard Sutton's cutter Genesta of 1854, and a beautiful model of the Prince of Wales' cutter Britannia of 1893. It will thus be seen that yacht racing is historically well represented. Before leaving the models we must call attention to two beautiful specimens of the modeler's art loaned by Mr. G. L. Watson. These represent the Marjorie cutter and Lenore schooner (now a yawl). We have seen these models before, but they will bear looking at over and over again. The vessels are beautiful in form, which pleases the eye, but what most interests the yacht-loving spectator is their equipment. They are completely rigged from deck to truck, and have all deck fittings accurately represented. From either of these models one could make a complete outfit of spars, rigging and deck fittings of a yacht, and they are certain to attract a large amount of attention in the exhibition. Another model should also be mentioned, that of the steam yacht Lady Torrida, owned by Sir Wm. Pearce. This model is also fully equipped with the outfit of an auxiliary steam yacht. Another model of an auxiliary steam yacht is that of the Valhalla, Mr. Laycock; it is not so highly finished as the models of Marjorie, Lenore and Lady Torrida, but then it was made by the Valhalla's carpenter, E. Balantine. "Chips" is always regarded as a mark of inextinguishable gentility, and he of the Valhalla has quite kept up the fame of his craft. This model of Valhalla, all the fittings and rigging of which he turned out with his own hands. The model yachts of the Round Pond and Serpentine, etc., are not so well represented as they were last year; but there are several good specimens, from the rectangular, vertical—longitudinal section to the short fin bulb keel.

We had almost forgot to mention that the Atlantic races are represented, the first and most memorable of these between the Henrietta (Mr. James Gordon Bennett), Fleetwing (Mr. Osgood) and Vesta (Mr. Lorillard). The yachts started on Dec. 11, and Henrietta arrived at Cowes on Christmas Day at 5 P. M. Mr. John White, the well-known shipbuilder, immediately sent an invitation to Mr. James Gordon Bennett and his friends to come to his house and partake of Christmas fare, which was accepted, as much to be expected, with great joy and interest, as an experience of the old-fashioned English Christmas entertainments. Of the three competitors, it is to be noted that Vesta was the only one fitted with a centerboard, and her draft of water with the board hoisted was only 7 ft. Mr. Lawrence Jerome, a guest on board the Henrietta, at a dinner at Cowes in honor of the event, thus described how the match came to be sailed: "Our yacht race was made up at a dinner. Two gentlemen arranged it, and one, as if to outdo the other, said, 'Let us make it from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight.' That suits me," was the reply. 'Let us make the stakes \$30,000 (£8,000) each.' 'That suits me,' was the reply. 'Let us sail in the stormy month of December.' 'That suits me,' was the reply. Then a modest young gentleman, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, asked if they would allow his yacht Henrietta into the match, and this they willingly did because she was considered the slowest boat of the three."

The yachts started Dec. 11, and had a very fast run across the Atlantic before westerly gales, the time to the Needles being:

	Days.	H.	M.
Henrietta, Mr. James Gordon Bennett	13	22	46
Fleetwing, Mr. G. A. Osgood	14	7	1
Vesta, Mr. Pierre Lorillard	14	7	41

The Vesta was ahead up to the time of reaching the Scilly Isles, when she was taken out of her course and Henrietta passed her. Fleetwing was hove to for four hours searching in vain for six men who were washed out of the cockpit. She also met with accidents to her spars. She was the favorite at starting.

There are also pictures representing the Cambria-Dauntless Atlantic race of 1870 and the Coronet-Dauntless race of 1887.

In connection with yacht racing we may here mention that one of

the exhibits is a selection of regatta cards, with colored racing flags, collected during the racing career of Prince Bathynan's Flying Cloud and Kriemhilda, both of which figure in most of the matches to which the cards refer. The collection goes back to the year 1856, and in themselves form a sort of history of yacht racing.

Cruising yachts are perhaps even more adequately represented, whether it be in the form of the yawl, schooner or steamer. A set of lithographs by Sir Oswald Brierly shows the sort of adventures yachtsmen went in for in the days of the Crimean War, and among the yachts looking on at the bombardment of Bomarsund—in the very thick of it—the Pet, the Baltic Pet as she was termed. It is worth noticing that this yacht was only of 8 tons, and was taken to the Baltic by Capt. J. W. Hughes (late owner of the 2.5-rater Humming Bird), his brother and one seaman. This set of lithographs must be rare, as we only remember one other set, and that is in the club house of the Royal Dart Yacht Club at Kingswear. There are a very large number of yachting pictures, but as at the time of writing (Friday) the catalogue of the exhibition was not ready, we must defer a detailed notice until later on. We may say, however, that the Royal Thames Yacht Club has sent a most interesting collection of paintings and yacht designs, including the working drawings of the yachts of the old Coronation Sailing Club, out of which the Royal Thames Yacht Club sprang.

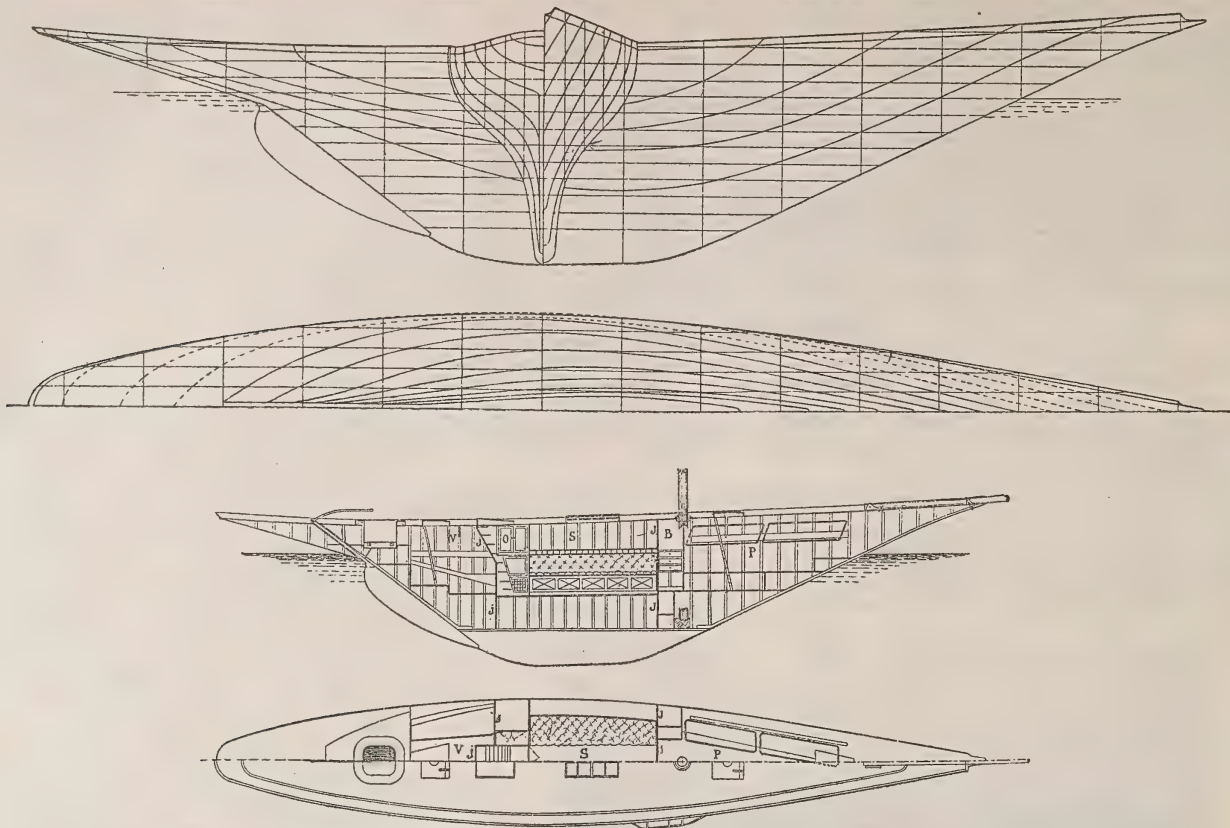
Among the exhibits in the loan collection are several models designed by Mr. G. H. Wilmer, of the New Brighton Sailing Club. They include such well-known names in boat sailing as Tyro and Zinnia. The latter had a wonderfully successful career on the Mersey since 1888, and has always been sailed by her owner, Mr. G. H. Wilmer. Messrs. Watkins & Co., of Blackwall, have a good show of models, including that of the 30 ft. length class boat Bonnia, which came to the fore a dozen years ago on the Solent. Another interesting exhibit is that of the successful O. U. S. C. 35-rater Yacht Club yawl named "Edis." Mr. E. E. Eyrre, of the London Yacht Club, has a model of his successful Windermere yacht Saturn, and Mr. Hodgson, besides a model of the first 20-rater built, Vreda, has also contributed a model of the well-known Dublin Bay sailing boat Pitti Sing. Mr. G. Mollett has a collection of six models, including his concave-bottomed boat Gossip. This peculiar and more or less successful boat was built in 1890 for Mr. A. C. Roberts, and her achievements were much discussed in 1891 in the Société Nautique de Genève. The collection also includes several models of yachts which sail in matches on Lake Geneva. Such English designers as Mr. C. P. Clayton and Mr. A. E. Payne are represented in this collection, and Mr. A. Carey Smith, the American designer, Capt. Longridge exhibits his form of "drop bulb" center-keel, designed to combine the advantages of the fixed bulb-keel with those of the lifting centerplate, without encroaching on the inside space or greatly lessening the stability when the keel and bulb are raised. This is a very ingenious arrangement, and much improved in form since we first saw it. It still has, however, the defect (from the racing boat point of view) of not housing.

Among the "relics" at the exhibition is a wooden grapple or anchor loaned by Col. Fitzroy Clayton. The grapple is formed of part of a young fir tree, the stumps of the branches forming the arms or spikes of the grapple. It was found in 1860, when a barrow containing a young ship named of "Edis" Majesty's Coronation Sailing Society," but, a dispute having occurred over a prize, a large number of members seceded and formed the Thames Y. C. In 1831 the Coronation Sailing Club was dissolved, the leading members going over to the Royal Thames Y. C., as it was in that year termed. According to this the Royal Thames Y. C. has an ancestry almost as remote as that of the Royal Cork Y. C., which dates back to 1720. Not the least interesting "relic" in the exhibition is a model of the "Old Arrow," a seven-seventy-two years old yawl, built from 2,000 to 150 tons, and sailed by Lord Londsdale, who was on a cruise in the steam yacht Northumbria. Mr. H. J. Powell sends drawings of Lord Belfast's famous brig Waterwitch. She was sold into the navy on account of her great reputation for speed, and was one of the experimental squadron of half a century ago. The lines of a famous brig captured from the Dutch in 1795 is exhibited by Mr. W. J. Melville; and he also contributes the lines of a fast revenue cutter of 1839, named Lapsing.

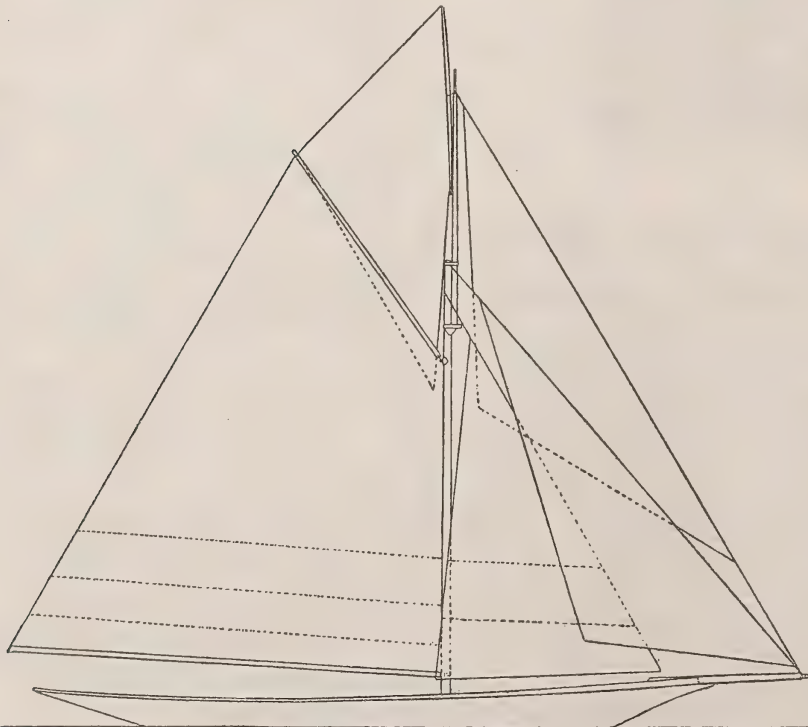
We have already referred to the extremely interesting collection of yacht designs of the old "Cumberland Fleet," loaned by the Royal Thames Y. C. This "Fleet" was established in 1775, and was greatly occupied in match sailing. A print is shown of a race sailed in 1782 for the Duke of Cumberland's Cup. Strange to say, this cup was discovered in a pawnbroker's shop in San Francisco in 1859. In 1833 the club took the management of "Edis" Majesty's Coronation Sailing Society," but, a dispute having occurred over a prize, a large number of members seceded and formed the Thames Y. C. In 1831 the Coronation Sailing Club was dissolved, the leading members going over to the Royal Thames Y. C., as it was in that year termed. According to this the Royal Thames Y. C. has an ancestry almost as remote as that of the Royal Cork Y. C., which dates back to 1720. Not the least interesting "relic" in the exhibition is a model of the "Old Arrow," a seven-seventy-two years old yawl, built from 2,000 to 150 tons, and sailed by Lord Londsdale, who was on a cruise in the steam yacht Northumbria. Mr. H. J. Powell sends drawings of Lord Belfast's famous brig Waterwitch. She was sold into the navy on account of her great reputation for speed, and was one of the experimental squadron of half a century ago. The lines of a famous brig captured from the Dutch in 1795 is exhibited by Mr. W. J. Melville; and he also contributes the lines of a fast revenue cutter of 1839, named Lapsing.

In what is termed "Abbey Section," there are several interesting exhibits from yacht builders and yacht fitters. Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith, have a fine show of beautifully-made models of steam yachts, the largest of which is a model of the Royal Sovereign, a model of one of the large four-masted sailing ships they have built. The Victoria Steamboat Company exhibit a grand model of their paddle steamer Royal Sovereign, which became such a favorite with Londoners last season; she is 312 ft. long, and her speed is said to be 19 1/2 knots an hour. The London, Woolwich, and Clacton Steamboat Company exhibit models of their Belle steamers, and amongst them Royal Sovereign, which was built for the Royal Sovereign, a model of one of the large four-masted sailing ships they have built. 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LA VENDENESE, ALUMINUM RACING YACHT, DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY MESSRS. GODINET AND GUILLOUX, 1893.  
Scale 1/32 in. to the foot (nearly). P, Forecastle; B, Pantry; J J, Watertight Bulkheads; S, Saloon; O, Steerage; V, Sail-Room.



LA VENDENESE—SAIL PLAN.

La Vendenesse.

THE FIRST ALUMINUM SAILING YACHT.

WHATEVER foundation there may be for the idea that the French are less of a maritime people than the more northern nations, it must be admitted that they have held a relatively high place in naval design and construction, from the days when the English were glad to copy the lines of the captured French frigates down to the first adoption of the iron armor for war vessels, and so to the present time. Though lacking the constant stimulus which necessity has imposed on their insular neighbors both in war and commerce, with the accompanying effect on yachting; they have still maintained a foremost place as students and investigators of the science of naval design, and as practical constructors. Compared with its condition in England and America, yachting has labored under very serious disadvantages in France; but at the same time it has grown into an established and recognized national sport, with a code of rules and a large and growing fleet. Though dependent largely on England and America for its yachts, not a few have been built at home, and serious and systematic efforts have been made for some time to promote a national type, or type of home-built yachts.

The latest yacht built under the new rule of the Société des Yachts Français\*, adopted in 1892, possesses a special interest not only from her design, but from the fact that she is the first sailing yacht built of aluminum, the commercially new metal of which so much has been said and so little is popularly known. In the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29, 1892, we illustrated a steam yacht of this metal, built in Zürich, Switzerland, for use on the Seine, but the chance of the successful use of the metal in a sailing craft has thus far been merely conjecture. Thanks, however, to the enterprise and skill of several French yachtsmen, the true value of aluminum in yacht construction is now being practically and to all appearances thoroughly tested. We are indebted to our French contemporary, *Le Yacht*, which paper has done much toward a better knowledge of aluminum, for the accompanying designs, which it describes substantially as follows:

\* The rule is  $\left(\frac{L-P}{4}\right) \times P \times \sqrt{SA}$ . P is the girth of the yacht.

See FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 8, 1892.  
The design for La Vendenesse had been ordered by Count J. de Chabannes la Palice from Mr. Godinet, the author of the new French measurement rule, the yacht being planned originally for wooden

construction, and the dimensions of hull and sail plan having been calculated so as to assure as far as possible a faster craft than Aline, purchased in Scotland by the brother of Count de Chabannes (Aline was formerly the 10-rater Enore, designed and built by Mr. Will Fife, Jr., in 1890). After the yacht was planned, Count de Chabannes, struck with the promised advantages of aluminum in a racing yacht, determined to make the experiment of substituting aluminum for wood and steel. In order to put the experiment in practice he called upon Mr. Victor Guilloux, a naval engineer, the author of several articles on aluminum in *Le Yacht*, and although the cost promised to be high, the entire construction of the proposed yacht was finally intrusted to Mr. Guilloux.

As the result of an understanding between the designer and the constructor, the original design was altered, the length on the waterline being increased and the lines fined down, in order to realize the greatest possible advantage of the light hull which the use of aluminum permitted. The final dimensions of the design are as follows:

Length over all.....	57ft. 1in.
L.W.L.....	39ft. 4in.
Beam extreme.....	9ft. 4 1/2 in.
Draft.....	8ft. 4 3/4 in.
Displacement.....	15 tons.
Ballast.....	11 tons.
Sail area.....	1,938sq. ft.

The building was done at St. Denis, at the works of the Société des Chantiers et Ateliers de la Loire, the construction devised by Mr. Guilloux including first a rigid framework of steel, intended to carry the weight of the lead and the strains of the rig, and to distribute them as evenly as possible. This framework was covered with aluminum in plates and angles, serving to bind the different parts together, and to form the outer skin. Two unbroken bulkheads of aluminum are built into the hull, serving to bind the sides together and to give additional safety in the case of grounding or collision.

The fitting and rivetting of all the parts was done with extreme care; both the heating of the plates and the driving of the rivets being operations requiring the most delicate handling, the metal itself being difficult to work, and the proper mode of working it being yet uncertain. The workmen employed were accustomed to working iron, steel and copper, but not aluminum, and many trials were necessary to determine the best methods of handling a metal possessing such absolutely different physical properties. One point of special difficulty was the tightness of the hull, a much closer spacing of the rivets

being required than in iron or steel, so close in fact as to affect the final strength of the joint. By careful work, however, on the part of Mr. Guilloux, assisted by Mr. Boulogne, the superintendent and Mr. Lecomte, the engineer of the works, the hull, as proved by the test described further on, was made both tight and strong.

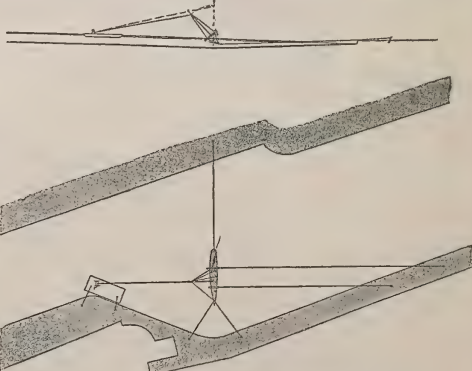
The weight of aluminum used in the hull is 1.08 long tons, and of steel 1.67 tons, or 2.75 tons to a total displacement of 15 tons, a ratio of 19 1/2%. Although aluminum is unaffected by air or fresh water, it is perceptibly affected, though less than steel, by contact with salt water, and by the salts contained in the sea. It was absolutely necessary to protect it in some way, and after researches in which he was aided by Messrs. Letellier and Veyrassat, chemists, Mr. Guilloux discovered a paint and a special mode of application which appears to meet fully the conditions of the case. Three coats are used, the first to secure adherence to the metal, the second to protect the metal from corrosion, and the third to prevent all growth of barnacles and other foreign substances. This preparation is said to be similar in principle to the lacquer used of late years in Japan for the hulls of war vessels.\* The interior of the skin was at first simply varnished, to

\* FOREST AND STREAM, March 23, 1891.  
show the natural color of the white metal, but the difference between the temperature of the air and water resulted in an excessive condensation of moisture on the side, even greater than in an iron yacht, and to prevent this three coats of paint were applied.

The interior arrangements include a forecabin in the forward compartment, a main saloon and steerage in the middle compartment, and abaft the after bulkhead a large sail room, capable of use as a stateroom. In the forecabin are three hammock berths, a galley and pantry, with locker seats, the headroom being 5ft. 7in. under the beams.

The saloon is 9ft. 6in. long, with a light wooden bulkhead dividing it from the steerage, the headroom under the beams being 5ft. 8in. It is conveniently and tastefully fitted up with lockers, table, shelves, etc. To port of the companion is a toilet room with w.c. and to starboard a wardrobe. Two permanent berths are fitted in the sail room, also serving as shelves when not needed for sleeping. The interior fittings, which altogether weigh under 800lbs., are of white pine, and so fitted as to give the greatest possible effect in strengthening the hull when in place and held by their screw fastenings, and yet to be quickly and readily removed.

The deck is of aluminum plates, just under 1/32 in. thick, and covered with a single sheet of linoleum to the plank-sheer. To meet the



LA VENDENESE—DIAGRAM OF HEELING TESTS.

heavy weight of lead and the large sail plan, the rigging and fittings are of especial strength, all of the fittings being designed for the yacht by Mr. Guilloux. The yawl, which was also built from his designs, is 8ft. 3in. long and 4ft. 8in. beam, of light draft with a flat bottom and two side keels. It has been tested to carry seven persons, though small enough to stow conveniently on deck.

La Vendenesse was launched on Dec. 5 and the following day she was put to a severe test demanded by her owner before he would use her on the sea. The yacht was moored, as shown in the plan, in the canal and heeled down by a purchase from her masthead to a crab at some distance, the moorings being arranged so as to allow her to heel freely. She was moved gradually from 0 to 40 degrees inclination, being left in the latter position for two hours, during which time the hull, free from all fittings below, was carefully examined for signs of straining or leakage, none being found. She sailed for Havre a week later, from which port she will hail in the future.

Feels Lost Without It.

I AM over sixty, still just as full of legitimate sport as at sixteen, and feel lost if I don't get the FOREST AND STREAM regularly.  
HARTFORD. B. H. H.



Boards, Fins and Lateral Strain.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your elaborate and practical drawings and instructions for the building of Scarecrows represent a great deal of hard work as well as intelligent study, and are the most valuable contribution to yachting literature any periodical has contained for a long time. The model was built from by amateurs in St. John last year from the lines as originally given by you, and the little craft looked like a swan among geese in the company of the local craft. But her owners, with more pluck than judgment, sailed her against boats of twice her beam and 50 per cent. more length, and she was, of course, beaten every time.

I don't like your division of the boat into watertight compartments. Pumping, in the way you propose, would be a great nuisance if she leaked much. Why not allow the water to run freely under deck to the deepest part of the boat and have a fixed pump, covered when not in use with a brass cap flush with the deck, for the removal of water? Your portable pump, with numerous openings in which to use it, will prove to be a great nuisance.

Your precautions against the lateral strain of the fin are ample, though many practical builders will no doubt feel inclined to increase them. Observant centerboard sailors know that when a yacht is heeled by the force of the wind the board is lifting from the upper corner of it hugging the lee side of the box, and a fin will act in the same way. A heavy board, therefore, or a fin will actually cause less lateral strain when the yacht is heeled than a light one, as the weight will lessen the upward pressure of the leeward water. The strain will, at least, be no more with a weighted fin than with a wooden board.

CHATHAM, N. B., Feb. 9. L. S. STEWART.  
(The sub-division into several tight compartments was suggested because of the little or no extra expense, and in case of an extra leakage would be a decided advantage. With the construction usually employed in modern small craft, there should be no steady leakage to speak of, and little need of pumping. The principal strains to which the fin and hull would be subjected would be of course in grounding or docking.)

The Boston Knockabout Boats.

INSTEAD of building two boats of the knockabout class, the Hull Y. C.'s committee has decided to build only one at the club's expense. This is due to the fact that they will cost more than the committee anticipated. At a meeting, held on Feb. 1, the committee decided to contract to Waterhouse & Chasebrough to build one boat from their lines, and a club member (probably J. J. Souther) announced through the committee that he would also build one from the same lines. Other orders are likely to follow, so that four or five new boats are pretty sure to be built. McIntyre will build the boats. Designs were submitted to the committee by the above firm, Stewart & Binney, Boston Yacht Agency, Cape Cod Yacht Agency, the George Lawley & Son Company, L. C. Hanscomb and the Herreshoff Company.

The Hull boats are to be of the following dimensions: 25ft. 6in. over all, 21ft. waterline, 7ft. 4in. beam and 4ft. draft. They will have 3,700lbs. of iron on the keel. They are to be much like the two knockabouts, Nina and Pinta, built by these designers last year for the Eastern Y. C., and the Itatsu, owned by F. O. North, which easily won the championship of the class at Marblehead last year. They will have open coxswains, with watertight bulkheads between the cockpit and the cuddy, in which respect they resemble the open catboats which this new class of boat is likely to supersede.—Boston Transcript.

American Yacht Clubs.

We have received new addresses of secretaries from the Albany, West End, Haverhill, Schoodic and American Model Y. C.; also notice of the Poughkeepsie Y. C., organized September, 1893, the two Baltimore clubs, Corinthian and Neptune, and of the non-existence of the Bijou Y. C.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

On Feb. 20 Jubilee was hauled out at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, for cleaning and painting.

The Essex Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Wm. H. Bruen; Vice-Com., Wm. R. Ogden; Rear-Com., E. L. Garrod; Fleet Capt., Jas. Keating; Meas., Jas. Sonnenberg; Sec'y, Wm. C. Rothe; Treas., F. Hartung; Trustees: Chas. LeComte, chairman, R. E. Thornton, Wm. J. Walker.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, sailed from New York on Feb. 16 for Bermuda and the West Indies. Mr. Phoenix was accompanied by Messrs. E. F. Oremieux and Schuyler Crosby.

The house of the Eastern Y. C. on Marblehead Neck is now being enlarged by a two-story addition 64x21ft., containing a new dining room, billiard hall, and below a laundry and room for an electric light plant.

Barracouta, steam yacht, J. R. Fell, sailed from Philadelphia for the West Indies on Feb. 17 with owner and friends on board.

The question of the admission of ladies to membership in the New York Y. C. is likely to be settled by the adoption of the following amendment to the constitution, proposed by the special committee recently appointed: "To add to Article VI: Any woman owning a yacht is eligible for election to the club as a flag member, and shall, upon election, pay annual dues, but no initiation fee. Such membership shall continue only during the period of yacht ownership and carries only the following privileges: The right to fly club burgee, to have a private signal registered with the secretary, to enter yachts in club races and to use the club stations and floats.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Feb. 21 at Delmonico's, Vice-Com. Harold A. Sanderson presiding. The following officers were elected: Com., Seymour L. Husted, Jr., schooner Crusader; Vice-Com., George W. Cutter, Katrina; Rear-Com., Henry W. Buckner, Jr.; Sec'y, Charles C. Little, Treas., William Murry. Trustees (to serve three years)—Augustin Monroe and Chester C. Munroe. Resolutions in eulogy of the late Com. Colt were passed, and some routine business transacted. Mr. F. W. Flint has renewed his gift of cups for a race of cabin cats not over 30ft. l.w.l.

Mr. A. G. Cuthbert, son of the late Capt. Alex. Cuthbert, builder of Atlanta and Countess of Dufferin, has established himself in Toronto as a designer and builder, and has now under way three new yachts, two for the 25ft. and one for the 35ft. class. One of the 25-footers will be a keel craft, 36ft. over all, 24ft. l.w.l., and 850ft. of sail, with a bulb keel of 4,000lbs. She will have 4ft. 4in. headroom, with a flush deck. The other will be a centerboard boat, 36ft. over all, 22ft. l.w.l. and 850ft. of sail, or the same length and sail for the two, the beam, draft and models being different. The centerplate will weigh 650lbs. Both will be handsomely finished below. The third yacht will be 43ft. 3in. over all, a keel boat, for Messrs. A. Fynewald and W. J. Carlisle, of Hamilton. The designs are of modern type, with long ends and full waterlines, quite the reverse of the models of the elder Cuthbert.

The remains of Mr. C. W. Rudolph Kerr were on Saturday, Feb. 10, taken to Woking Cemetery, there to be cremated. Mr. Kerr was Lord Dunraven's brother-in-law, and passed away after a lingering illness. He was a thorough sportsman, and for a time was regarded as the best pigeon shot of his day. Latterly he spent much of his spare time in yachting, and represented the owner of the Valkyrie on board the Virginia in the recent races for the America's Cup. He was the eldest son of Lord Charles Kerr and grandson of the sixth Marquis of Lothian. He was particularly well known at Cowes and at Bembridge, where he used to sail a good deal in small boats. Among those who either traveled out to Woking or sent wreaths were Admiral Lord Frederick Kerr, the Countess of Fingall, Countess Cowper, the Earl of Northesk, Lord and Lady Alwyne Compton, Sir Thomas and Lady Freahe, Miss Freahe, the Hon. Douglas Carnegie and Lady Jervoise.—European Edition of the Herald.

Mr. Henry A. Mott, whose death we announced last week, was the father of Prof. Henry A. Mott, the editor of "The Yachts and Yachtsmen of America." The friends of the latter who may have confused the two will be glad to know that Prof. Mott is still alive and busy with the proofs of the coming book.

On Feb. 24 Mr. Norman L. Munro, owner of the Norwood, So So and Vamoose, died suddenly in New York of gastric appendicitis, from which he had suffered for some time. Mr. Munro, through his own exertions, accumulated a very large fortune in the publishing business, and for the past ten years he has spent his money freely in building yachts for high speed, among them being Norma, Say When, Now Then, Henrietta, Norwood and So So.

At a meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco, on Feb. 13, the following officers were elected: Com., F. F. Tracy; Vice-Com., A. L. Lyons; Treas., W. F. Dixey; Sec'y, F. E. Baker, 114 Beale street; Port Capt., J. H. Keefe; Directors: F. M. Thornton, M. A. Newell; Meas., Frank Stone; Regatta Com.: C. A. Graham, W. H. Crowell, J. L. Howell.

In our notice last week of Messrs. Seaton and Routhwaite's "Pocketbook of Marine Engineering," we omitted to state that it is published by the D. Van Nostrand Co., New York.

"Forest and Stream" Sells Goods in Japan.

We have lately received an order from Kobe, Japan, for one of our closets and can trace the order as coming through your paper.

205 SOUTH STREET, CITY.

WM. BISHOP.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Club Team Tournament.

THE annual Washington's Birthday gallery tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club was held in its headquarters on Thursday of last week. Eight shooting societies responded to the invitations sent out in January. Unlimited practice was allowed each contestant, and when he was ready for his official score his target was run down the range and he was allowed 10 shots. Each team was allowed to make two or three re-entries. Each team to consist of 5 men.

The shooting committee of the Zettler Club acted as the judges and official scorers, and had full supervision over the tournament. The committee were: Geo. Krause, M. B. Engel, Henry Holges, Henry D. Muller and R. Busse.

In order to stimulate renewed interest in the gallery tournament this year the Zettler brothers, in addition to the five prizes offered by the club, donated an extra prize for the team that should make the lowest total score. This special prize was of equal value of either the fourth or the fifth individual prize for the best 10-shot score.

Of the ten teams competing in the tournament the first team of the New York Corps was the first to win a score that was considered good. They won the first place in the contest; the total of the five men was 1,303 and was made on the first entry of the team. The Williamsburgh team came next with a total of 1,300, made also on its first entry.

The Empire Club team on its second entry succeeded in tying the Williamsburgh team with a total of 1,300. The Williamsburgh team then made its second entry and by careful work and careful shooting of the part of Fred Ross, the team coach, and the expert shooting of Ross himself, the team made the magnificent total of 1,210, or an average of 242 for each member of the team. This put the Williamsburgh team in the lead seven points ahead of the New York Corps team No. 1.

In the mean time the Empire Club team had made its third and last entry. The last entry of the Williamsburgh team had forced the Empire team into a second entry, and the arguments were kept going. The Empire Club team and its friends were striving with might and main to make its third entry the lever to lift it into first position. The New York team was in a peculiar position; it was entitled to two more entries, yet it could not make them from the fact that one of its members had left the gallery after finishing the first entry and had not returned. Under the ruling of the committee the team could not put in a substitute in the place of the absent member. The Empire team had forced them into second place. The Empire team was then shooting on its third entry and its members were sending their shots into the bullseye in a manner that portended further disaster to the New York team.

The result was that partisan feelings began to ooze here and there among the friends of the teams interested in the contest. Happily, however, for the interest of the tournament, the arguments were kept going. The Empire Club team and its friends were striving with might and main to make its third entry the lever to lift it into first position. The New York team was in a peculiar position; it was entitled to two more entries, yet it could not make them from the fact that one of its members had left the gallery after finishing the first entry and had not returned. Under the ruling of the committee the team could not put in a substitute in the place of the absent member. The Empire team had forced them into second place. The Empire team was then shooting on its third entry and its members were sending their shots into the bullseye in a manner that portended further disaster to the New York team.

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Of the other teams in the race for honors the Greenville team No. 1 on its second entry made a total of 1,187, putting it into fourth place on the list.

The one entry of the second Greenville team tied the lowest score of the Italian Society team. Under the rules governing ties in which the most center shots (25's) are counted, the Italian team won the trophy and the honors for the lowest scores.

Some would-be sympathizer with Capt. Robidoux, of the Greenville team No. 2, thought that the rule for ties should apply in the reverse order, in which case his team would be a winner by a number of points.

The individual cup, which was offered for the best 10-shot score, was previous to the opening of the match a subject of much interest to the many shooters engaged in the contest. But Fred Ross destroyed the hopes of many of the ambitious ones by making the figure of 248 on the first entry of his team. On the second entry of his team he made 247.

With the last shot of Rosenbaum, the fifth man in the Empire team, the agony was over. President Walther, with the secretary's list of the winning teams and their scores in his hand, called the teams together in the meeting room of the headquarters, and after a few remarks appropriate to the occasion he called up Capt. G. A. Schmidt, of the Williamsburgh Corps, and presented him with the trophy, representing the first prize. Following Capt. Schmidt came J. Grimm for the Empire team, Capt. H. Olfman for the New York Corps team No. 1, Wm. C. Collins for Greenville team No. 1 and Capt. Louis Reali of the Italian team; and last Fred C. Ross, of the Williamsburgh team, to receive the individual cup for the best 10-shot score, 248. With the trophies in the hands of the respective winners, the captain of the Williamsburgh Corps prevailed on all present to join the winners in drinking the health of the Williamsburgh Corps and the success for the tournament for 1895. Scores:

Williamsburgh Team, Capt. G. A. Schmidt.	
C W Horney, Jr.	23 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25 25-242
F C Ross	24 24 24 25 25 25 25 25 25 25-247
Ignatz Marten	23 23 24 24 24 25 25 25 25 25-243
G Klinghaefer	23 23 25 24 24 24 25 25 25 25-241
G Worn	21 23 25 24 24 24 24 24 25 25-237-1210

Empire Club Team, Capt. W. Rosenbaum.	
J. O. Buss	25 25 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24-241
O Zettler, Jr.	25 25 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24-239
B Zahn	25 25 25 24 24 24 24 24 25 25-243
J Grimm	25 23 23 24 24 24 25 25 25 25-241
W Rosenbaum	24 23 23 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-241-1205
New York Schuetzen Corps, Team No. 1, Capt. H. Olfman.	
Zimmerman	23 23 24 23 24 24 24 25 25 25-240
Feigel	22 23 23 33 24 24 24 25 25 25-237
F Schmidt	25 25 25 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-240
B Walther	23 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25 25-245
B Walther	23 23 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-241-1203

Greenville Team No. 1, Capt. C. Boag.	
C Boag	23 23 23 23 24 24 24 25 25 25-238
M Dorrier	23 24 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-243
W C Collins	22 22 22 23 24 24 24 25 25 25-235
J Boag	25 25 25 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-239
J W Plaisted	23 24 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-242-1197

New York City Corps Team, Capt. W. F. Gerdes.	
R Busse	23 24 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-238
O Uhlen	21 23 23 23 24 24 24 24 25 25-235
H Witte	22 22 23 23 24 24 24 24 24 25-234
J Jacklam	21 23 23 23 24 24 24 24 24 25-234
G Zettler	23 24 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-240-1188
New York Schuetzen Corps Team No. 2, Capt. G. H. Wehrenberg.	
J Schmidt	22 22 21 23 23 24 24 25 25 25-234
J C Bonn	22 22 24 24 24 24 24 25 25 25-240
H Strote	21 23 24 24 24 24 24 24 25 25-239
O Grosch	20 23 23 23 24 24 24 24 25 25-235
P J Christen	23 23 23 23 24 24 24 24 25 25-238-1186
Excelsior Club, Capt. L. P. Hansen.	
L P Hansen	243
W J Channing	237
Chas Thomas	231
W Weber	234
W J Hennessey	239-1184
Albig Club, Capt. Gus Nowak.	
Gus Nowak	239
Chas Schelkroff	241
E Piepenbrink	237
Wm Miller	232
C Beeger	232-1181

F Selvaggi	239
F Gerbolini	235
L Reali	232
N Soca	235
G Muzio	233-1174
Greenville Rifle Club Team No. 2, Capt. Robidoux.	
W H Robidoux	234
J Dodds	232
H Lutz	232
G Purkess	211
C Scheeline	216-1145

Smith & Wesson Pistol Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 16.—Standard American target:	
A L Smith	6 6 7 8 10 10 10 8-81
G E Hodskins	10 9 9 7 7 6 6 5-76
C Astelle	8 8 9 9 10 10 10-80
Z C Rabot	7 7 9 9 10 10 10 10-80
C Clark	6 7 7 8 9 10 10 10-86
E T Stephens	6 6 6 7 8 8 8 9 10-74
F G Hodskins	5 6 6 7 8 8 9 10 10-70
E A Woodward	10 10 9 7 6 6 6 5-72
C Call	8 8 7 7 7 7 7 6-76
H D Boughton	7 8 8 8 9 10 10 10-72
L T Mullen	4 5 6 6 7 9 10 10-72
J R. BUCHANAN, Sec'y.	

Heidenreich Rifle Club.

New York, Feb. 25.—Please notice scores made by following members of Heidenreich Rifle Club: Horn 238, Goodman 231, Heidenreich 200, May 214, Roberts 228, Hicks 230, Keilner 203, Kaufman 232, Koch 217, Heidenreich R. C.

Golden Gate Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: The big Mid-winter Fair Intercession shoot was inaugurated last Sunday in a blaze of glory. A procession of several blocks in length, composed of the most prominent local shooting societies, several visiting societies from the interior, militia companies, prominent citizens in carriages, etc., marched through the principal streets of the city.

The 11 o'clock boat was taken for Shell Mound Park by hundreds of shooters and their families. Inaugural ceremonies were held in the large dancing hall, and after lunch shooting began. The day was warm and sunny, with no wind. About \$2,000 worth of shooting tickets were sold during the afternoon, mostly for the Golden Gate medal shoot.

High scores of the day: W. Glindeman, 72 on honorary target; 92 on man and 93 on 4-shot ring by A. Strecker.

To-day the shooting conditions were only fair, a drizzle falling all the afternoon. G. Helm made the first score, 93 on the 4-shot ring target. A. Strecker made the Golden Gate 23 (3in. bullseye), an excellent score. Several champion shots are holding back and will try their luck next month.

The Germania Club held its regular medal shoot to-day. Good shooting was done, the medal in all four classes being won with a score of over 400 rings in the 30 shots, with no re-entry. Dr. Rodgers started the ball with a score of 423, and though a pretty fair shot such a drizzly day; but when Mr. Young followed with 442 the medico had nothing to say.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club elected 14 new members at its last meeting. The wife of a member made application for full membership. This was a poser and gave rise to considerable discussion. The matter is not yet settled. The lady, to prove that she could shoot, appeared on the range to-day and showed considerable skill with the rifle.

Club scores made to-day:  
Medals for members only, no re-entry, pistol, 50yds., champion class: S. I. Kellogg 89, A. Heath 86, C. M. Dais 85, E. Hovey 83, F. O. Young 83, H. Heath 78.

First Class: A. H. Page 86, F. Poulter 82, Dr. Rodgers 81, H. L. Pendleton 81, P. Bohr 79, T. Baumgartner 77, F. Gehret 76, C. Heath 71, A. H. Brode 76, G. Ungerman 72.  
Second Class: A. Gehret 81, D. W. McLaughlin 78, J. Zimmerman 76, W. Cobblehead 76, L. C. Babin 63, Marsh 62, G. Banks 49, H. E. Crane 32.  
Rifle, 200yds., champion class: D. W. McLaughlin 84, C. Heath 82, F. O. Young 82, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 78, C. Thierbach 77, E. Hovey 77, H. Heath 76, A. Heath 73.

First Class: A. Mocker 86, F. Baumgartner 77, F. Gehret 74, H. Heilberg 72, P. Bohr 72, G. Ungerman 70, F. Poulter 67, W. Cobblehead 63.  
Second Class: L. C. Babin 67, H. E. Crane 67, H. T. Marsh 54, G. Banks 53.

For medals and cash prizes, open to the public, re-entry. Blanding pistol medal match: C. M. Dais 94, E. Hovey 93, S. I. Kellogg 89, H. L. Pendleton 89, A. H. Page 89, F. O. Young 89, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 84, H. Heath 82, F. Gehret 80, F. Poulter 79, A. Heath 78.  
Roo target rifle medal: S. I. Kellogg 86, E. Hovey 84, Dr. Rodgers 83, C. Bohr 82, F. Baumgartner 82, F. Gehret 81, F. Fay 75, J. Peters 71, L. Ebers 70.

Glindeman military rifle medal: A. Heath 70, F. Poulter 63, W. H. Kirkman 61, W. D. Downey 54.

A feature of the foregoing scores is the fine work done by young Pape with the pistol, when it is remembered that previous to to-day he never shot half a hundred shots with this weapon. ROEHL.

Jerseymen at the Targets.

Five members of the Greenville Club met in Armbruster's Park, on Saturday, to participate in the weekly handicap shoot. The thermometer registered 5° above zero, with a cold northwest wind sweeping across the range. With the shooting house closed up tight, a large stove and a hot fire, it was rather difficult to keep one's fingers in a flexible condition. Three of the five cranks gave it up in disgust and devoted themselves to the fire. Collins and Plaisted shot out their scores. The scores are appended:

Plaisted, scratch	24 21 11 14 23 21 17 23 24 23-210
	22 20 24 19 22 22 23 20 21-213
	21 21 24 20 22 17 25 22 24-201
	25 24 25 24 19 21 20 17 24 22-221
	25 23 22 24 23 24 23 23 17 7-223
Collins, handicap 40	20 18 19 18 20 20 20 24 22 25-206
	23 13 21 19 14 18 22 25 16 24-192
	13 20 21 16 21 23 18 20 16 24-192
	18 24 22 21 22 25 25 22 14 22-215
	13 23 24 25 20 20 18 25 19 21-208-140-1053

C Boag, handicap 75	11 17 23 24 21 21 20 14 16-188
	10 14 24 21 21 21 21 14 19 24-197
	19 22 20 11 22 23 23 21 18-197
	12 21 retired.

J Hill	19 20 14 20 16 10 24 17 20 11-171
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Voulquin-Winans Revolver Match.

A REVOLVER match between the French champion, M. Gustave Voulquin and Mr. Walter Winans has been the latest thing in revolver events in Europe. Conditions: Sixty shots, at 23 meters, at a target representing a man life size, each series of 6 shots to be fired within 30s., the pistol not to be raised before the word fire, 3m. rest allowed between each series of 6 shots, all 60 shots to be fired within 40m.; revolvers .44cal. S. & W., cleaning allowed between each series of 6 shots, and a fresh revolver allowed in case of a breakdown, no allowance for jams or misfires, any shot fired after the 30s. to be counted a miss.

The match took place on Feb. 10, M. Voulquin shooting at Gastine Renee's well-known gallery in Paris, France, before M. Moreau, M. de Villeneuve, Count Tyskiewicz, Count de Lyonne and Vicount Clary. Mr. Walter Winans shot at Brighton, England, and won by 16 hits, with one shot to spare, making 57 out of 59.

Greenville Rifle Club.

A LARGE number of the members of the Greenville Rifle Club were on hand on Friday night of last week to attend the weekly shoot of the club. The success of the first team in winning one of the trophies in the Zettler tournament of the night previous caused much satisfaction to the lay members, and the winning team were the recipients of many congratulations on the part of their fellow members. Twenty members participated in the competition for the class prizes. The best score of the night was made by Plaisted, 242. Dorrier was second with 241, and Collins third with 238. The scores are appended, 10 shots, 200yds. C. Boag 239, J. Boag 233, J. Collins 235, Lutz 238, 85ft., 25-ring target. Plaisted 242, Dorrier 242, Collins 235, Lutz 238, Spahn 226, Graf 217, E. Wuestner, Jr. 216, F. Wuestner 215, Zegener 215, Charlock 210, Huelsen 206, Mang 205, Becker 200, Lauer 196, Holzapfel 194.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

TWENTY-ONE members of the Schlicht Rifle Club were present on Feb. 19, to participate in the weekly shoot for the class medals. The champion medal was won by Geo. Dorrier, first class medal by E. O. Brellenthine, second class by Aug. Meyer and the third class by Geo. Richter. The members were all improving their shooting and show commendable zeal in their efforts to become proficient. The scores are appended: Geo. Schlicht 244, Geo. Dorrier 237, Aug. Meyer 231, Chas. Mayer 230, E. O. Brellenthine 228, L. Dorrier 228, Wm. Schlicht 227, Geo. Lautenberger 227, John Pohly 225, Jacob Diehl 222, Geo. Richter 222, Chas. Liebel 223, J. Dedrick 222, Jacob Schlicht 215, Fred Lambrich 213, Aug. Meyer 213, Capt. Krobotsch 211, Peter Maile 205, A. Deubline 203, G. Tributant 203, J. G. Goehrig 207.

Zettler Rifle Club.

ELEVEN members of the Zettler Club turned out on Tuesday night to compete for the champion medal and the cash prizes. Champion match: R. Busse 248, Henry Holges 246, Fred C. Ross 246, M. B. Engel 243, Henry D. Muller 240, John H. Bohr 240, B. Zettler 239, Geo. Zettler 240, Dr. Charles Grosch 233, B. Walther 239, Gus Nowak 235.

Best 10-score, 5 entries: Fred C. Ross 249, R. Busse 248, Henry Holges 246, Charles G. Zettler 244, B. Zettler 244, B. Walther 245, M. B. Engel 243, H. D. Muller 243, Gus Nowak 242, D. B. Grosch 244, John H. Brown 243.

New York Rifle Club.

The



## Greenville vs. Excelsior.

The second of the series of gallery matches between teams from the Greenville Rifle Club and the Excelsior Club of Jersey City came off on the ranges of the Greenville Club on Wednesday night of last week. In the previous match, which was shot on Feb. 14, the Greenville team won by 31 points on a total of 2,296. Distance 28 ft.

Greenville Rifle Club.		Excelsior Rifle Club.	
C Boag.....	23 24 23 23 23 24 24 24 24 235	Boyce.....	24 25 23 24 18 23 22 22 22 226
G Purkess.....	22 22 22 22 24 24 24 24 23 229	Hansen.....	24 20 22 21 22 23 25 23 24 239
M Doyler.....	22 22 22 22 24 24 24 24 23 229	Channing.....	23 23 23 24 23 21 24 21 22 24 290
Robitoux.....	21 23 21 21 21 23 24 23 24 23 224	Hennessy.....	23 24 25 25 25 25 24 23 24 241
Collins.....	24 24 25 24 23 24 24 25 25 242	Weber.....	25 24 23 23 23 24 24 24 24 241
Plaisted.....	25 25 23 24 23 24 24 23 24 23 237	Hughes.....	21 21 24 22 23 20 20 23 24 19 231
Lutz.....	23 24 23 21 24 23 21 24 21 22 226	Bauchle.....	21 22 21 23 18 22 25 20 23 217
J Boag.....	23 24 23 24 25 23 25 25 25 240	Penny.....	23 25 24 23 23 23 24 24 23 236
Gotthardt.....	24 24 25 21 19 18 23 23 22 222	Thomas.....	25 23 21 23 25 25 23 23 22 232
Schlesinger.....	20 24 24 25 23 23 25 20 21 24 230 2316	Duff.....	23 19 25 24 23 21 22 24 22 226 2300

Captain, C. Boag. Score, R. Lumbek.

## Excelsior Rifle Club.

Boyce.....	24 25 23 24 18 23 22 22 22 226
Hansen.....	24 20 22 21 22 23 25 23 24 239
Channing.....	23 23 23 24 23 21 24 21 22 24 290
Hennessy.....	23 24 25 25 25 25 24 23 24 241
Weber.....	25 24 23 23 23 24 24 24 24 241
Hughes.....	21 21 24 22 23 20 20 23 24 19 231
Bauchle.....	21 22 21 23 18 22 25 20 23 217
Penny.....	23 25 24 23 23 23 24 24 23 236
Thomas.....	25 23 21 23 25 25 23 23 22 232
Duff.....	23 19 25 24 23 21 22 24 22 226 2300

Captain, L. P. Hansen. Score, G. C. Varick.

## Empire Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot of the Empire Club brought together five members in competition for the club prizes. Ben Zohan was first with 241, J. Grimm second with 237. Scores: B. Zohan 241, J. Grimm 237, W. Rosenbaum 236, C. Zettler, Jr. 235, W. Meisenholder 233.

## RIFLE NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Paterson Rifle Association, on Feb. 1, the following board of officers was elected for 1894: Wm. S. Newton, President; John Weston, Vice-President; Frank Stokes, Recording Secretary; W. S. Brooks, Financial Secretary; W. Dutcher, Treasurer; J. Ransom, Captain; J. C. Welcher, Vice-Captain; Trustees—W. S. Brooks, J. Weston, A. Newby.

A match will take place at the Bunker Hill Range, Paterson, on March 4, between two of Paterson's crack rifle shots, Messrs. August Deitrich and James Irons, 50 shots per man, for \$20 a side, distance 100 yds., 20-ring target.

Not being satisfied with the results of the last two matches with the Greenville Club, the Excelsior Club has challenged the Greenville Club to shoot another series of matches, best two out of three. The Excelsior Club is now waiting for the Greenville Club to set the date for the first match of the new series.

Messrs. Hansen and Boyce, of the Excelsior Rifle Club, will meet Collins and Plaisted, of the Greenville Club, at the Greenville Park this afternoon in a match, 50 shots per man. Geo. C. Varick shipped a 25 lb. turkey out to Armbruster yesterday, with the request to have it ready for the winners, as soon as the match is finished.

At a meeting of the directors of the National Rifle Association, held on Saturday afternoon, resolutions of sorrow were adopted over the death of Capt. J. S. Shepherd.

After a long season of inactivity, the Our Own Club of Newark, has resumed its rifle practice. The club is in contemplation a series of team matches with the Hudson Club of Jersey City.

The Syracuse Rifle Club keeps up its out-door practice. The club contains some good shots. In last week's practice, A. A. Stillman made three scores off-hand at the standard target, 200 yds, as follows: 80-59-54. A. Ward from muzzle rest made 90-105-93, on standard rest target.

## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

## FIXTURES.

- March 21.—Union Gun Club, 25 live bird shoot, \$20 entry, at Springfield, N. J.
- March 26.—Acme Gun Club, open shoot at Dexter Park, targets and birds.
- April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.
- April 4-7.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association eighteenth annual meeting, at Austin, Texas. Wallace Miller, Sec'y.
- April 4-8.—California State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at San Francisco.
- April 12-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh Gun Club will add \$200.
- April 24-27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.
- May 1-3.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, spring tournament; two days targets, last day live birds.
- May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.
- May 2-3.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Springfield, O. Springfield Gun Club will add \$200.
- May 7-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament and meeting, at Ft. Smith, Ark.; \$1,000 added money; professionals and experts will be handicapped. Address Joseph P. Matthews, Ft. Smith, or John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Hot Springs, Ark.
- May 8-10.—Ohio Trap-Shooter's League annual meeting and tournament, at Columbus, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.
- May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.
- May 17-19.—The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fourth tournament, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club, at Garfield Park race track, Chicago, Ill. The Prairie Gun Club adds \$500 to the purse.
- May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
- May 30-June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fifth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club. \$300 added money.
- June 4-9.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepley, Sec'y.
- June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
- June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.
- June 12-14.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Grieson, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.
- June 14-16.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament, at Tacoma, Wash.
- June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.
- Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsoncock Park, Altoona.
- Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

## Cumberland Gun Carnival.

LOWELL, Ind., Feb. 22.—The fourteenth annual celebration and the first annual winter carnival of the Cumberland Gun Club, the Cumberland jubilee, began to-day. Considering the unfavorable state of the weather, it being cold and very windy, some remarkable scores were made.

To-day's scores:

Cumberland introductory, five live birds: Bingham 5, Loveday 1, Eich 5, Gale 3, Quimby 3, Purinton 5, Bissell 5, Sheppard Jr. 2, Robbins 5, Sheppard Sr. 5. Ties divided.

Sportsman's Review contest, twenty-five bluecocks: Bingham 24, Eich 18, Robbins 18, Bissell 12, Quimby 7, Purinton 5, Sheppard 12, Gammon 12.

Gammon handicap, twelve entries, twenty live birds: G. C. Gale, of Cumberland Gun Club, won by a score of 11 out of 20 and handicap of 10 birds.

Free for all, ten live birds: Bingham 10, Robbins 6, Purinton 7, Stafford 5, Loveday 5, Gammon 6, Quimby 6, Eich 7.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Myrtle Park Gun Club, which has nicely situated and finely equipped grounds on Elmwood avenue, Irvington, N. J., had a pleasant shoot on Feb. 22. There were eight events on the programme, and the scores were good, as was the entry list. In event No. 1, at 10 singles, T. Smith broke 9, F. Compton 8, E. A. Young 9, J. McCollum 8, J. Momm 5, Geissler 6. No. 2, same: T. Compton 8, McCollum 6, N. Compton 6, Momm 3, Geissler 7. No. 4, same: F. Smith 7, G. Howard 7, McCollum 7, Dr. English 6, Young 5, N. Compton 6. No. 5, same: Momm 2, McCollum 3, Compton 9, Howard 7, Young 7, Allen 6, Bradbury 5, Wilson 7. No. 6, 25 singles: F. Compton 21, McCollum 16, Howard 15, Smith 17, Young 14, English 10. No. 7, 10 singles: McCollum 8, Young 7, F. Compton 10, Smith 8, Ball 6, Wilson 6, N. Compton 6, English 4, Howard 7, Bradbury 3. Then came the wind-up shoot, also at 10 singles, in which all hands entered: Young 5, English 6, F. Compton 8, Smith 6, Wilson 5, McCollum 3, Momm 2, Howard 3, Allen 6, N. Compton 7, Geissler 4, Ball 6.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club began another series of handicap contests for valuable prizes on Wednesday. The dates for the shoots are: March 3, 14, 17, 28 and 31, April 4, 7, 18 and 21, May 2, 5, 16 and 19, June 6, 9, 20 and July 14, 25 and 28, Aug. 8, 11, 22 and 25, and Sept. 5, 8, 19 and 22. The prizes that will go to the winners of this series are: First, watch chain, valued at \$15; second, seal ring, valued at \$10; third, 40 per cent. of the cash deposit; fourth, 35 per cent. of the cash deposit; fifth, 25 per cent. of the cash deposit. The members of the club have been reclassified for this contest. Twenty-five is the maximum number of members that any shooter will be allowed. Shooters will reclassify themselves as the shoot progresses. For instance, should a man in Class C who is allowed 33 targets smash his 25th target on his 30th shot, he will be advanced to the "thirty" division in his class. Contestants will be allowed to make up any back scores upon any open date.

T. W. Morley, the well-known Paterson expert, has a very severe attack of the match-shooting fever just now, and is taking all the chances that offer, whether in his favor or not. He is now billed for the following contests, all of which as a matter of course are "sure things": On Tuesday, March 6, at 15 live birds, for \$20 a side, against Chas. F. Lenora of Passaic; Wednesday, March 14, at 50 live birds, for \$50 a side, against T. C. Wright, of Paterson; Wednesday, March 21, at 50 live birds, for \$50 a side, against Gus E. Grief, of Carlstadt; Wednesday, April 4, 50 live birds, for \$50 a side, against John H. Outwater, of Rutherford (return match); same day, at 15 live birds, for \$25 a side, against John Ryan, of Hackensack. The matches against Lenora and Ryan will be contested there, the other two at the club. The matches will be shot at Willard's, Paterson. Shooting each day will begin at 1 P. M., and there will always be plenty of birds on hand for sweepstake shooting.

The Yauticaw Gun Club and the Nutley Rod and Gun Club, both of Nutley, shot a team match on the latter's grounds on Feb. 22, each club putting in five men, who shot at 25 targets each, from unknown traps and angles. Frank E. Butler was referee. The fact of having to shoot up hill with trees for a background, made the work far below the average. Scores: Yauticaw—R. K. Cooke 10, G. A. Ward 5, W. S. Condit 10, E. R. DeWolfe 7, G. R. Deakin 5, total 37. Nutley—J. W. Spear 4, S. Davis 13, J. Richardson 6, A. C. Brown 9, Chas. Husby 4, total 36. Sweepstakes—No. 1, 10 targets: F. Seale 10, W. Rusby 4, Thatcher 1, C. Rusby 3. No. 2, same: Richardson 5, W. Rusby 2, Davis 5, Thatcher 1, J. Spear 3, C. Rusby 1, Brown 3, Hemmerly 0. No. 3, same: Richardson 3, C. Rusby 3, Davis 5, Thatcher 4, W. Rusby 3, Brown 2, Hemmerly 2, Spear 2, Seale 0.

Every holiday the members of the West Side Gun Club, of Newark, hold an all-day's shoot, the principal event being for the target championship at 25 bluecock targets per man, and for the live bird championship at 10 live birds each. On Washington's Birthday the former event was contested, there being members on hand. The first was won by Henry C. Koegel, who broke 20, O. Meisel 16, W. Buob 16, Ferd. Hilfers 14, L. Bischof 14, W. Drastel 14, J. Schoppeler 13, H. Groel 12, J. Weber 12 and J. Gerst 10. Then came two 10 targets, in the first of which the scores were Koegel 10, Drastel 8, Weber 6, Buob 8, Gerst 7, F. Seitz 7, Hilfers 8, Schoppeler 8, Groel 8, O. Meisel 6, L. Bischof 6. No. 2: Drastel 5, Buob 7, Gerst 5, Seitz 6, Hilfers 8, Groel 5, Meisel 5, J. Jaquin 5. In the final 5 targets Meisel broke 4, Jaquin 3, Hilfers 3, Weber 2, Seitz 2 and Buob 2.

The return match between the Brighton Gun Club, of East Orange, and the Roseville Gun Club, of Newark, took place on the former's grounds on Feb. 22. The result was a victory for the home shooters by the appended scores: Brighton—S. Badgley 18, Harry Canfield 18, W. H. O'Malley 14, Geo. Gower 14, J. Ackerman 14, Edward George 12, total 103. Roseville—B. Rist 9, T. S. Meeker 11, Abe Wheaton 10, G. Wheaton 10, R. Garrity 14, J. Decker 14, Geo. Huff 14, total 88. Sweepstake at 10 targets following above: J. Ackerman, Sr., 6, Canfield 8, Gower 8, Geo. Kautcher 7, O. Balder 3, J. E. Harris 3, Harry 3, H. Rist 7, Meeker 7, Badgley 8, T. W. Voorhees 6, J. Harrison 1, A. Dukes 9, H. F. Loverel 4, J. Ackerman, Jr., 6, A. Wheaton 5.

We are informed by Mr. John A. Hartner, the major-domo of shooting in and about Baltimore, Md., that on April 11, 12 and 13, the ever-lively Baltimore Gun Club will hold its tenth annual tournament at Baltimore. Although Mr. Hartner does not name the grounds we presume the shoot will take place at Acton's Park on the opposite side of the Patapsco River. The shoot will be under the management of H. A. Penrose of New London, Conn., and E. D. Miller of Springfield, N. J., which is proof positive that there will not be much loss of life and excitement, but that "hustle" will be the word all through. Programmes will be out in a few days. Watch for them, as the events will be worth entering.

The gold championship medal of the West End Rod and Gun Club of Newark was shot for on its Grove street grounds on Washington's Birthday, each member shooting at 20 bluecock targets, 18 yds. rise. Oscar Leuddeke and M. Neigert tied on 17 breaks each and shot off at 10 targets each, when Leuddeke pulled out a winner, breaking 9 to Neigert's 8. Neigert is a member of the Newark Police Club and is a reliable shot with either revolver, rifle or shotgun. The other scores in the main contest were: J. B. Young 16, Spann 11, A. Leutheusser 16, F. Braech 10, E. Womelsdorf 10, A. Freund 8, Kolbenschiag 10, Burckhardt 10, Winters 11, F. Neigert 10. This club holds a live bird shoot once each month.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, has just put upon the market a new loading machine which has several original features to commend it to the sportsman. It is arranged to measure with great nicety loads of black or nitro powders, from 10 grs. to 40 grs., and from 1/4 gr. to 5 drs. It is also provided with a "cut-off stop" not to be found in other similar machines, by means of which the measures are accurately and uniformly filled, without suffering from the jar of the machine.

The Glenmore Shooting Club, of Philadelphia, held its semi-annual club shoot on Feb. 17, each member shooting at 35 targets. The scores were: Carlton 27, Buckley 28, Thompson 23, Kuhlman 15, Kurtz 20, Day 25, Herz 22, Bial 22, E. B. Bial 22, H. Bial 22, Cassidy 22, Morris 17, Turnbull 15, Corcoran 24, Melville 22, Kearney 21, Shiltz 16, D. Duffy 20, R. Duffy 21, Cunney 12, Fitzhugh 8.

The Wilmerding Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, held a shoot on Feb. 16 and the following scores were made out of a possible 25 targets: Dr. Fix 19, S. S. Bishop 17, W. Sharrard 16, W. Brush 16, J. Wampler 16, F. McIntosh 15, A. Mackert 13, F. Hepping 10, O. M. Reich 10. In a 10-target sweep Mackert broke 9, Fix 8, McIntosh 8, Brush 8, Bishop 7, Sharrard 7, Wampler 6, Hepping 3.

The Amateur Gun Club of Newark held a shoot on Feb. 22, when the attendance was light but the sport lively. At a 25-target match between W. Gehring and J. Minion, Gehring won, breaking 18 to Minion's 15. In a series of 15-target sweeps there were the results: Gehring shot at 50, broke 29; Ganz shot at 50, broke 25; McKean shot at 30, broke 15; Lum shot at 20, broke 11.

On Feb. 15 the West Toronto Junction Gun Club and the Victoria Gun Club shot a match on the latter's grounds, the teams comprising seven men each, and each man shooting at 25 targets. The Junction team won by a total of 128 breaks to the Victoria's 120. W. Davage was referee.

Fredrich's shooting grounds at Waverly, near Elizabeth, was the scene of the initial shoot of the Owl Gun Club on Feb. 22, each man shooting at 25 bluecock targets. O. Bonnett broke 23, J. Grabach 18, F. Heller 17, A. Brohm 15, J. Brocker 11, A. Arom 14, F. Keller 10 and H. Holzhauser 10.

Elliott Smith, President of the American Wood Powder Co., shot a match at Class's Morristown grounds on Feb. 22, against Arthur Dean. The conditions called for 25 live birds for \$25 a side. On the fifteenth round Smith was shot out and Dean took the purse.

The Amateur Gun Club, of Newark, will hold a team shoot on its grounds, on March 17, the losing team to pay for an oyster supper. The teams will be: Gehring, Ganz, Lumpert and Metzler, against Lum, Rist, Minion and Sonnenburger.

In the club shoot of the Central Amateur Gun Club of Newark on Washington's Birthday, at 25 targets each, Dryer broke 11, Fink 9, Spragg 8, Poole 8, Sanders 5, Oaneccaro 5, Marsh 5, Selver 3 and Griffiths 3.

Next Thursday will be Newark Gun Club day at John Erb's grounds. There will be the usual open sweeps in addition to the club shoot.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

## The Hillside Like the McMurchy System.

CHESTER HILL, Pa., Feb. 22.—What indicated a big shoot was spoiled by the snow that fell last night. But there were enough stars in the band to keep the trap going from twelve o'clock until dark. There being no printed program, the races were made to suit the shooters and two 15 target events were shot on the McMurchy system and they gave great satisfaction. Some kicking was done at first by those getting 14, but when it was found that they would not have got any more had the purses been divided 10, 30, 20 and 10 per cent, they saw what a good scheme it was, and a great many more races of this kind will be shot at Philadelphia in the near future. The shooters of Philadelphia want to congratulate Mr. McMurchy for finding out a plan where dropping will not be rewarded.

The principal event of the day was 25 targets, \$2.50 entrance, Mr. Carlisle getting away with first money with 23 out of 25. To event No. 13 a large turkey weighing 20 lbs. was added to first money, and our old friend Green (Wm. Garvin), got away with the turkey and money in fine style, being the only one to get 15 straight. Taking the shoot altogether it was a success, as are all the shoots given by this club as the management of said club is very liberal and all the shooters like to go to see them even if their grounds are so unhandy to get to. If this club could get grounds convenient to the railroad, there would not be a more popular one in the State.

No. 1: Landis 9, Green 4, H. Thurman 7, Henry 10, J. Thurman 8, Lysinger 4, Rosaline and Myrrh 8.

No. 2: H. Thurman 10, Henry 8, Landis 9, Garvin 5, J. Thurman 8, R. Montg. 4.

No. 3: Landis 10, J. Thurman 9, Henry 9, H. Thurman 9, Green 4, Murphy 8.

No. 4: Treadway 9, J. Thurman 8, Landis 8, H. Thurman 10, Henry 6, Green 7, Cleaver 8, F. Carlisle 8, M. Bisbing 3.

No. 6, 10 targets, McMurchy system:  
H. Thurman.....011111111111111111 Harry.....10110010110111-11  
Cleaver.....11010101011111-11 Carlisle.....11110111101101-12  
Landis.....11111111111111-14 M. Bisbing.....10111111111101-13  
Treadway.....11110011111111-11 J. Thurman.....11111111011111-18  
Green.....11100011110111-11

No. 7, 15 targets, McMurchy system:  
H. Thurman.....11111110101101-11 Carlisle.....10111111010001-10  
Cleaver.....11100101011101-11 M. Bisbing.....10111011010111-11  
Landis.....11111111111111-15 J. Thurman.....11111111111101-14  
Treadway.....111111111111-14 D. Yeakel.....11100111011001-10  
Green.....11100001100001-6 A Case.....10000110110111-7  
Henry.....11111111111101-14

No. 8: Treadway 8, Cleaver 9, J. Thurman 6, Care 6, Green 8, Landis 8, Ware 5, Thurman 7, Henry 8, M. Bisbing 9, Yeakel 8, Carlisle 6, Trout 5.

No. 9: H. Thurman 7, Cleaver 8, J. Thurman 9, Henry 8, Greene 8, Treadway 7, Trout 4, Landis 9, Snyder 4, Care 2, Bisbing 6, Carlisle 7, Yeakel 7, Ware 7, Aiman 6, Mills 7.

No. 10, 25 targets:  
H. Thurman.....1010011111111111110110101-18  
H. Landis.....10111111111111111111-21  
J. Treadway.....101111111111010111111111-21  
T. S. Carlisle.....1111101111110111111111-23  
J. Thurman.....1011111111110111111111-19  
Cleaver.....101101101111011111111111-19  
W. Garvin.....1111111111110110110111-21  
M. Bisbing.....1011011011110111111111-19  
M. F. Sheetz.....1011011011111111111111-19  
R. Bisbing.....00001001100101111101100-13  
David.....1111111011111111111111-21  
J. Thurman.....1001000010011111111111-23  
J. Thurman.....1111111011111111111111-20  
Trout.....0001011001010000001110-15  
Rheinard.....1111111011011010111111-17

No. 11: Henry 4, Landis 7, Green 4, Cleaver 6, Treadway 10, H. Thurman 10, Ware 1, Mills 1, Trout 3, Snyder 5, M. Bisbing 5, B. Bisbing 4, Carl 7, J. Thurman 6, Yeakel 6, Carlisle 7.

No. 12: Treadway 8, H. Thurman 8, Landis 8, J. Thurman 8, Cleaver 7, David 8, Henry 9, Carlisle 7, Carl 3, Ware 6, Green 8, Aiman 5, Mills 9, Yeakel 7, M. Bisbing 3, B. Bisbing 5, Trout 1.

No. 13: Landis 14, Treadway 14, David 13, H. Thurman 13, Mills 3, Henry 14, Carlisle 13, J. Thurman 8, Bisbing 13, Greene 15, Ware 11, Cleaver 12, Snyder 9, R. Bisbing 4, D. Yeakel 6.

No. 14: Treadway 10, Henry 4, David 8, H. Thurman 10, J. Thurman 9, Green 13, Lysinger 5, Ware 4, Cleaver 8, Bisbing 9, Yeakel 6.

No. 15: Landis 15, Henry 13, Treadway 7, David 12, H. Thurman 13, J. Thurman 14, Cleaver 11, Ware 6, Greene 11, Bisbing 10, Carlisle 15.

## Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 23.—Inclosed you will find the scores of our club tournament held on Washington's Birthday, in all the events except the team race, which was an optional sweep and shot under the old style of money division. The purses were divided as suggested by Mr. Harvey McMurchy in his new handicap, an illustration of which appeared in your last issue. This system certainly prevents dropping for place, and the general opinion was that it would do first-rate for races of 15 targets or more, as in 10 bird events so many get in the ties there is hardly any chance of a man winning where there are large numbers of entries and the shooting rather difficult a straight score would pay more money than under the usual division of purses.

Mr. E. C. Meyer and H. M. Stewart were chosen captains to divide the club members into teams and shoot for a supper, the losing side to settle the bill. Owing to the stormy day they were only twenty members present, they were the old stand-bys, and always turn out when wanted.

The feature of the team race was the last squad, which was composed of only two men, one from each side, and they were of about equal rating. On this squad depended the result. Mr. Quirk proved himself equal to the occasion, but alas! Mr. Maguire (whose real name by the way, is Thos. H. Kent) must have lost his nerve, he certainly lost the team race, for he only succeeded in getting a small piece out of 4 of the 15 targets. However, we all enjoyed the supper and want just such another race soon.

No. 1, 10 birds: Tinsdale 8, Glover 8, Mann 6, Austin 7, Boest 5, Preston 4, Hicks 7, Whitney 9, Squire 5, Stewart 8, Palmer 7, Worth 5, Quirk 9, Beyer 9, Meyer 9.

No. 2, 15 birds: Worth 12, Borst 10, Truesdale 7, Palmer 8, Squires 13, Beyer 12, Whitney 10, Stewart 14, Hicks 10, Stewart 11, Preston 10, Mann 7, Gardner 13, Austin 11.

No. 3, 15 birds: Worth 13, Squires 10, Stewart 10, Meyer 15, Whitney 11, McGuire 10, Beyer 11, Borst 7, Burton 3, Gardner 7, Glover 12, Palmer 11.

No. 4, 10 birds: Mann 10, Preston 7, Maguire 7, Andrews 7, Quirk 6, Hicks 6, Worth 10, Stewart 7, Whitney 8, Austin 8, Meyer 8, Truesdale 6, Gregg 8, Beyer 10, H. H. H. 6, Borst 6, Gardner 5, Burton 3, Babcock 6.

No. 5, 10 birds: Meyer 9, Truesdale 10, Stewart 8, Whitney 9, Austin 8, Preston 5, Beyer 7, Maguire 7, Mann 8, Gregg 8, Worth 9, Andrews 5, Burton 6, C. R. Sissinger 6, Griffith 5, Babcock 7, Glover 9, Borst 5.

No. 6, team race, 25 birds:  
Capt. Meyer's team.....11101111111111111111-24  
Glover.....1111111111110111110110-21  
Whitney.....0111111111111111111111-23







Baltimore, Md.—adv.



# FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## A SNAKE UP A TREE.

FAR-REACHING effects often follow the most trivial happenings. A celebrated English preacher ascribed his conversion to a train of thought prompted by hearing the distant barking of a dog. One day last autumn, in Missouri woods, a blacksnake climbed a tree. It was a common snake, an ordinary tree and an every-day climb; but it has been read of and thought about and written upon from Missouri to Maryland, from Mississippi to Massachusetts, and from New Jersey to Michigan. And all because Mr. Horace Kephart, of St. Louis, happened to see the snake on the tree trunk and wrote about it to FOREST AND STREAM.

For one thing this shows, as numerous other discussions in our columns of the ways of snakes have shown, that snakes are a popular subject. People like to talk and to write about them. Most persons actually know very little truth about snakes. They imbibe false notions from infancy up. What they think they know is often error. Even the children's papers deal out snake lies; and more's the pity, in pretended good faith, like the hideously silly story in *Harper's Young People* of a link snake which, when broken to pieces and scattered about, collects itself together again. Before the average man may know the truth here he must divest himself of error; he cannot learn the facts of snake life until he shall have unlearned the fables. This is emphatically true as to the popular notion of the harmful character of all snakes. We feel very sure that the letters which we have printed in response to Mr. Kephart's inquiry must have their share in influencing those who may read them to entertain a more sensible regard for harmless snake life. It may be that the killing of this blacksnake on a tree trunk in Missouri woods will thus be the means of assuring to some others of the serpent tribe, from the human beings who encounter them, immunity from revolver balls, stones and clubs.

There are few tasks to which the average man addresses himself with more cheerful alacrity or more buoyant complacency than to the regulation of the universe by decreeing and executing the death penalty upon certain forms of animal life, which he is pleased to condemn as noxious or superfluous. If he happens to come upon a hawk with a game bird in its talons, inconitently he kills the hawk and exhorts all sportsmen to kill all hawks that the earth may be rid of them. If he surprises a snake making a meal of bird's eggs, he stamps it to death and condemns the entire ophidian tribe. If he sees the birds making away with his small fruit, he runs for his gun to kill them. Thus man constitutes himself an unreasonable factor in disturbing or maintaining the balance of

nature. Whether the effect of his interference in any particular case may be beneficial or injurious must for the most part depend upon circumstances and conditions of which he is ignorant. But whatever the result, the individual prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner never wavers in his conviction that he has done something to help run the universe on better business principles.

## NUISANCES TO BE ABATED.

JUDGE HOUGHTON has handed down a decision in Saratoga county, N. Y., in the case of Harvey Cook against State Game and Fish Protector C. H. Barber. Cook had set-lines in Lake Lonely; and the protector destroyed them. Thereupon Cook brought suit to recover the value of the apparatus, on the claim that the law under which the protector had summarily destroyed the lines was unconstitutional and repugnant to that clause of the United States Constitution which forbids the taking of private property without due process of law. Cook claimed, moreover, to have secured permission from the riparian owners to fish as he pleased. Judge Houghton disposes of both of these contentions, holding that for protective purposes the State has jurisdiction over all waters tributary to the navigable streams; and that the law in the case is not unconstitutional.

It will be recalled that this same question of the right of protectors summarily to destroy nets as nuisances has been passed upon by the Court of Appeals. This was in a Jefferson county case reported in our issue of Feb. 27, 1890. Suit was brought against Protector Steele to recover the value of unlawful nets destroyed by him. In the lower court Judge Williams found for the plaintiff, but the General Term reversed the decision and the Court of Appeals also sustained the law. The case was then carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it yet awaits decision. We believe that the end will be to affirm the constitutionality of the statute. In the meantime, netters and set-liners may not hope to rob the public and escape punishment by any question of the integrity of the law which declares their unlawful contrivances to be public nuisances and as such subject to summary abatement. He does not read the signs of the times aright who deludes himself with the notion that the public is not growing every year more intolerant of the use of nets and set-lines and all like contrivances for game fish in the inland waters of the State. They are regarded as nuisances to be abated, and even if the present law should be overthrown by the United States Supreme Court, another statute would be devised to accomplish the required end. The nets must go, the set-lines must go, the fish pirates must go.

## OPPORTUNITY.

THE old saw runs that opportunity makes the thief. It makes the "game hog" too. One moose may suffice for the sportsman, who because he is a sportsman goes through toil and fatigue and patient waiting to secure it; but no one has yet determined how many moose must be slaughtered to satiate the killing propensities of those pseudo sportsmen, who because they are not sportsmen are led into moose yards and given opportunity to fire into game under conditions closely simulating the taking off of the family cow, when she has gone dry and the country butcher has dickered for her as so much tough beef on the hoof. One day this winter some Indians discovered a moose yard about seventy miles from Quebec, and repairing to the ancient city made their find known to two individuals who had in them the making of game butchers when opportunity should offer. In due time the savages—Indian and white—were upon the stalled game; and when the white contingent returned to Quebec, they boasted of having "brought down" seven of the snowed-in creatures. They had improved their opportunity. They had improved it in their own way. Their way is not the way of the man who hunts his game. The impelling motives of the moose hunter and the moose yarder are as radically different as the two methods of getting the game. It would be quite as difficult to conceive of the one "downing" the helpless game in the snow, as of the other undertaking a real moose hunt man fashion. The hunter may have reason to exult in his exploit and to relate its doing with pride, but why anyone should boast without shame the killing of seven moose found in a yard by Indians, is a question which will puzzle most white men.

The Province of Quebec limits non-resident hunters to

one moose in a season. The limitation is proper, and no reasonable man will object to it. One moose, fairly hunted, brought down after a long expedition into the woods, as the winning of an arduous and skilled pursuit, is reward enough. But where Quebec makes a mistake is in not putting some limitation upon the destructive propensities of its own residents; for there are not many moose in the Province, and the supply should be drawn upon with discretion.

## FATHERS AND SONS.

THE time has long since gone by when one might go into the field taking thought of himself alone and making no account of those who are to come after him. As we of to-day are given opportunity of shooting and fishing, so must we see to it that the blessed heritage is passed on unimpaired to those who shall justly hold us to account for our stewardship.

Among the FOREST AND STREAM amateur photographs, of which reproductions have been given, there was one which pictured two deer hunters watching on an Adirondack runaway. The hunters were a man and a boy—father and son; and the picture had a special and peculiar interest when it was received at this office, for it recalled and gave point to a declaration which had been made years before by the man, when his boy was a babe: "I intend to do what I can, so that my boy may have just as good hunting in the Adirondacks as I have had." It is this spirit which should animate and control not only the individual sportsman for his own blood alone, but the entire body of sportsmen for those who are to take their places.

## SNAP SHOTS.

THE Florida *Citizen* makes a sensible plea for the protection of birds of plumage. Its demand for their preservation is not based upon sentiment, but upon the hard business fact that the birds add to the attractiveness of the State for winter tourists; and it cites as a case in point the pelicans of Port Tampa, which were formerly so harried by shooters that it was impossible to get within 200 yds. of them. Subsequently "shooting was prohibited, and the pelicans have since become so tame that they gather upon the bars only a few feet away from the docks and hotel, and visitors find real pleasure in watching their awkward and grotesque antics, and in observing their methods of fishing." This recalls the tame pelicans which frequented Mr. Kirk Munroe's wharf at Biscayne Bay, and about which he once wrote in our natural history columns. It is a condition which might exist at all tourist-frequented points in Florida if common sense could only have sway.

We learn with a regret which will be shared by others of the death of Dr. Nathan G. Daggett, of Schenectady, N. Y., who for many years was a contributor to our columns over the pen name "Dorp." Dr. Daggett was one of the unnumbered multitude of those who seek in pursuit of game and study of wildwood creatures the upbuilding which comes of life in the open air. He was a close observer of nature, and few readers will fail to recall his frequent studies of the ways of the ruffed grouse.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature providing that county supervisors' ordinances relating to game and fish "shall apply alike to all citizens of the State of New York;" and repealing all ordinances already passed by boards of supervisors discriminating in favor of or against citizens of any county or counties. This is sound to the core; but is it possible that such a statute is required to prevent these churlish measures? Something is wrong with the constitution of the State if under it citizens of one county may cut off those of another from the common privileges of all citizens of one State. Non-resident fish and game laws are not in keeping with the spirit of the age. They ought everywhere to be abolished.

Few persons realize the rapidity with which the choice portions of the Adirondacks have been acquired by private parties, and the extent to which they have been converted into preserves, from which the public are excluded. Something like 565,000 acres of Adirondack lands are now fenced or posted as game and fish parks. And the end is not yet.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### CALIFORNIA NOTES.

OUR winter in northern California has been very wet thus far. It has rained, upon an average, about three days out of every week. The winter duck shooting has been poor, in consequence, as the birds haunt the overflow, leaving the regular ducking grounds untenanted. Quail shooting was as good as usual, early in the season, but has been very poor since New Years. As the close season is now at hand, the birds will escape further molestation, which will give all the better sport next year.

Our two years' close season for deer did great good throughout the State. It gave them a much needed rest; and last fall a hunter could go out any day, with a fair prospect of coming home with a good buck.

Many deer were slaughtered unlawfully, but as the law stopped the marketing of the carcasses and skins, it stopped the depredations of the market-hunter and the skin-butcher, and so saved thousands that would have been otherwise killed.

If a law could only be devised that would adequately punish the wanton fool, who goes into the mountains and shoots down deer indiscriminately, just to prove his skill with the rifle, and leaves the carcass to rot, how it would delight the heart of the true sportsman.

And, by the way, speaking of wanton slaughter reminds me of something else. What should a man do, who catches boys in *flagrante delicto*, shooting harmless song-birds—and rare ones at that? Some of your readers may remember that about a year ago I wrote an article about the American dippers or water ousels that haunted Auburn ravine every winter. Well, this fall they came back about their usual time, and some two weeks thereafter I caught two boys coming up the road which skirts the stream, one of them carrying an old muzzleloading shotgun, with the barrel tied to the stock with twine, and the other a string of harmless birds, six of which were water ousels. Was I angry? Oh! No! But what could I do? The boys were too young to be prosecuted, and as the gun had not burst and killed at least one of them, what was there to do?

And so even the harmless ousels go, and we seem to be powerless to prevent it. It makes one sick of their kind, to dwell upon the subject. Oh! that every man could have a little feeling in his heart for the dumb creatures, and not go on his way, taking precious life in wantonness! When abroad in the woods and fields I often think of those lines of Wordsworth's:

Ah, what a warning for a thoughtless man,  
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth  
Show to his eye an image of the pangs  
Which it hath witnessed—render back an echo  
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!

The sportsmen of the Pacific slope deeply regret the absence of FOREST AND STREAM from our great Midwinter Fair. Great numbers of them, the scribe among the other unfortunates, were unable to visit Chicago, and hoped they would be able to form its personal acquaintance this winter in San Francisco. Our Fair is a magnificent showing of Western pluck and daring, and in many things is better worth visiting than was the great one at Chicago—so say our visitors—but there, I won't say another word, as some one would be sure to say, "There, there's that infernal Californian, bragging as usual!"

Just one thing more and I am done! How pleased I am that everything is settled regarding powders! Here I had been struggling along the best I could in my humble Western way, trying by actual experiment in the field to determine the best kinds and quantities of powders to use in different kinds of shooting, and here come Messrs. Tenner, Von Lengerke and various other more modest men who cover their identity, like myself, under different *noms de plume*, and settle the whole matter. If any man can arise from a perusal of all this ballistic lore without being thoroughly convinced of the superiority of good, old-fashioned black powder, it must be because he has a mental squint.

You will never catch me using "chained wild beasts" to kill quail with. I've been shooting for forty years with black powder, and I am glad that I won't have to be tempted to make any further experiments with anything else. "Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet."

Talking about wild beasts has reminded me of a story that I must tell before I close. "I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me." A rancher over in the lower foothills of Nevada county was awakened the other night by a racket in his barn shortly after he had retired. There was a cow and a week-old calf in the stable end of the barn, and no other occupants. The man heard the calf bellow, followed by a furious pounding and thrashing, mixed with loud snorts from the cow. He jumped up and hurried on his outer garments, lighted a lantern and ran for the barn. The man came from Pike county, Missouri, and is a most "amoozin' old cuss," as Artemas Ward used to say about his kangaroo, and I will let him tell his story in his own words. Said he:

"I lit out fur the barn at a powerful smart gait, an' opened the door an' looked in, an' the ole cow kim at me a-chargin'. I jest slammed the door in her face an' stuck in the pin, an' went to the main door an' went in. I looked over the manger an' spoke to her, kin' o' soothin' like, but she was powerful mad an' skeered up. She had the calf in a corner behin' her, an' was a-switchin' her tail an' a-shakin' her head, an' every now an' then a-turnin' to kinder grunt at her calf an' gi' it a slat wi' her tongue, kind o' encouragin' like, an' then she'd charge forward agin. Wal, I cuddin't see what all the critter anyhow, when all at once I heered suthin' a-spittin' like right over my head, an' I hilt the lantern up an' I seed two o' the dad burnest great green eyes on one o' the beams over where I was a-stannin' at ever I seed in my life. I didn't stay thar long, I tell ye, but scooted out the door, slammed it behint me an' put a brace agin it, an' put out fur the house. I roused my boy out of bed to hol' the lantern an' got my old Winchester down, an' see 'at thar was plenty o' cartridges in her, an' we went back. I hung the lantern on the tines o' a pitchfork, pushed it through the crack o' the door an' pulled my hat down over my eyes an' got down on my hams, so 's to hev the light over my head, as I could see better that-a-way. By an' by I got a good bead on the critter an' turned loose. The thing cum down kerchuck on the punshins in a snarl an' then went ter turnin' han'springs. The ole cow

started in a-charging agin; the boy got skeered up an' dropped the lantern an' run, an' fur a fac', I got in a right smart chance of a hurry to git back to the house myself. I waited a while till I cuddin't hear nothin' but the snorts of the cow an' then lit a cannle an' went back. I peeked in an' seed suthin' a-lyin' still on the punshins, an' I went in an' thar lied the biggest mountain lion 'at ye iver seed, as dead as a doornail, wi' a bullet through his head."

It seems that the cougar leaped in through a small opening made in lieu of a window in the back of the stable, with the intent of having veal for supper. He was charged so furiously by the cow that he could not escape by the way he came and took refuge on the beams overhead. The calf was torn somewhat upon one shoulder, but not severely.

AUBURN, Cal.

### DANVIS FOLKS.—XXIV.

#### Dark Days.

SAM'S chores were done betimes next morning, and his breakfast was hardly eaten when he announced an abrupt departure by saying that he had an errand at the village.

"What be ye in sech a tew for?" Huldah asked. "You haint aout o' terbacker, I know, fer the's nigh a paper full in the sullerway, an' it haint a week sence you got a paound o' powder an' four paounds o' shot." She could think of no other possible errands that demanded such immediate attention. She followed Sam to the door and laid a hand on his arm. "What is 't, Sam? The's suthin' a-pesterin' on you, I know by your looks. Why don't you tell what 't is? Haint your wife the one you 'd orter tell yer troubles to?"

"No man ever had a better one," he said, earnestly. "It haint nothin' much. Don't ye cross no bridges till ye come to 'em, Huldah," and he hurried away at as swift a pace as ever took him to a runaway, barring the exigencies that demanded running. He wished it was night, that he might run now, but it would not do, for every old woman on his route would sally forth to know if he was going for the doctor and delay him with no end of questions.

When he entered Bascom's store he was startled to see how bare it had become since he saw it last. Half the shelves were empty, and the tempting display of the counters had shrunk to a forlorn array of odds and ends. A sharp-eyed stranger was prowling softly about with a note book and pencil in hand, and Bascom was lounging near, in apparently careless attendance:

"Why, good mornin', Lovel. Glad to see you. Mr. Whitney Mr. Lovel. My friend, Mr. Whitney, is helping me take account of stock. Lovel's a particular friend of mine, Whitney. Greatest fox hunter in the country."

Mr. Whitney nodded, looked suspiciously at Sam and went on noting down memoranda.

"Say, Lovel," Bascom continued, hurriedly, "I want to go fox hunting with you, or rabbit hunting. That suits me better. What do you say to going some day next week?"

"I don't never hunt rabbits," Sam answered, with a preoccupied air. "Break my dogs never to foller 'em. I'd like to see you a minute, Mr. Bascom."

"Certainly, certainly, step this way. Well, then, call it foxes, though I never could kill a fox; I aint sharp enough for them," and he led Sam to the dingy little counting room, whither the lynx eyes of Whitney followed them till the door closed upon them.

"What can I do for you, Lovel?" Bascom asked with solicitous good humor.

"Look a here, Mr. Bascom," said Sam in a low, restrained voice, and dashing at his subject as a bashful man does when he dare not hesitate. "I want you to gi' me some s'curity fer what I've signed wi' ye on them bank notes. It's run up to nine hundred dollars an' up'ards, an' ef anything should happen it 'ould knock me gally west."

"Why, certainly, Lovel, I'll be glad to secure you. What do you say to a lien on the stock in the store?"

"Why, seems 's 'ough it looks kinder slim," Sam said doubtfully.

"Well, perhaps, I've had a big trade lately, but it's worth a good deal more'n nine hundred. I shall be getting in my winter's stock next week, though, an' I can fix you then so you'll feel easy enough."

Sam shook his head. "I guess I'll take a lien on what you've got, an' you c'n gi' me another when you git your new goods in."

"All right, Lovel. I'll attend to it right off, to-morrow." Sam's countenance fell. "You see I can't attend to it to-day on account of helping Whitney. To-morrow will do just as well, won't it, Lovel?"

"I'd a good deal druther hev it made out to-day."

"Then, again," continued Bascom, "the town clerk and the 'Square have both gone to V'gennes. Went by early this mornin' and we couldn't get the papers made out."

"Wal, I s'pose I'll hafta wait," said Sam, turning to go. "You don't blame me none, Mr. Bascom? I haint got nothin' but the farm an' the's three o' folks dependin' on me, an' it 'ould be awf' tough if anything should happen."

"Why, of course, but you need n't be uneasy. But say, if you are," and he sank his voice to a whisper, "why don't you deed the farm back to your father?"

"No, sir," and Sam's face flushed, "I haint no slink ef I be a dumb fool."

"O, there's no harm in your doing that if it would make you feel any easier. That's all it would be for, anyway. But do as you like. Come down in the mornin' and we'll fix the lien."

He followed Sam to the outer door and looked after him with something of concern in his restless eyes, and then saying to himself, "If he will be a blasted fool he must take his chances with the rest," he returned to his uneasy lounging.

That night he was speeding behind Hamner's best horse toward the lake on his way to Canada, a fugitive from Danvis, where he was never seen again.

On his way to the village next morning, Sam was met by the ill tidings already running like wildfire along the quiet roads, that Bascom's store was closed, everything in it attached by distant creditors, and he gone, no one knew whither. Sam went on to receive complete assurance of the rumor, and then returned to his home, bearing the burden of a heavy heart. His white, set face frightened Huldah when he entered the kitchen.

"Be you sick?" she asked anxiously; but he did not answer till she had followed him into the bedroom. Then seating himself on the bed, he drew her to his knee, and with desperate rapidity told her the whole story of his wretched entanglement with the unscrupulous adventurer. She listened to the end without speaking, and then holding his face with both hands close to hers, she said:

"Sam, why didn't you tell me afore? I don't blame ye one mite fer nothin' but that. You hed orter ha' tol' me, an' mebbly I wouldn't ha' let ye, for I allers mistrusted that Bascom. He was tew clever an' tew false-eyed."

"Yis," said Sam, "tew dumb clever an' cute fer sech a dodunk as I be. He kep' me a-thinkin' it 'ould be all right tu-morrer, tu-morrer, wi' his promises. On'y yist-d'y he promised faithful tu gi' me security, an' naow all he hed is 'tached up an' he's gone an' lef' me tu face the music alone. Ev'rythin' we've got is jes the same as gone. Them bank fellers tu V'gennes don't show no marcy."

"Mebby father 'll help us, so 's t we can save the farm," said Huldah.

"I wouldn't ask him no more'n I'd eat my head off. He never thought none tew much on me, an' naow he'll think less on me. He'll tell you tu come hum wi' Bub, an' le' me go tu the Ol' Scratch."

"No, Sam, he knows I wouldn't never leave you, jest as well as you do," said Huldah, fervently stroking his frowzy, flaxen poll. "We're young an' tough an' we've got one another an' aour boy, an' what's the hul worl' compared? Don't you be downhearted."

"I know it all. But what hits me the hardest is what's goin' to become o' father an' Uncle Lisher an' Aunt Jerushy. They're all on 'em 'most past cuttin' the' own fodder. An' what ef we sh'd be sick er suthin'? The'd be nothin' fer 'em but tu go on the taown. It's like a chunk o' lead in my heart."

"They shan't never," she said, with suppressed vehemence, "we'll work aour fingers tu the bone fust. But there'll be a way aout somewheres. It's took us sudden an' we've got tu think."

"I've tried tu, but my head's all in a whirl an' my idees is all in a whew, like dry leaves in a whirlwin'."

"Well, we'll think it aout some way," said Huldah hopefully.

"The sheriff 'll be here tu rights," said Sam, "fer them bank fellers is sharper on the scent of a dollar 'an Drive on the track of a fresh-started fox. I'd rather take a wus lickin' 'an ever I got yit 'an tu see him a levyin' on the stuff an' the land that gran'ther cleared on the fust pitch 'at was made in Danvis. He could ha' settled at the lake ef he hedn't ben so feared o' fever 'n' aig. Mebbly ef he hed, an' I'd ha' ben raised there, I shouldn't ha' ben sech a tarnal fool. But then agin, mebbly I wouldn't ha' faoun' you. Anyhaow, the sheriff can't take you an' Bub away from me. Wal, I s'pose I mus' go tu werk, ef it is lunsome business, a duin' fer you do' know who. But it's better 'n mumpin'. Duin' anythin' is. But fust off I've got tu tell father an' Uncle Lisher, an' it's about the toughest job in the hul business."

"Wal, an' I'll talk it over wi' Aunt Jerushy," said Huldah.

"What a coward I be," Sam exclaimed. "Lord, I wish 't I c'd run off int' the woods an' hide, er lay daown an' sleep an' never wake up tu remember nothin'."

"O, no you don't nuther. You wanter live an' see what kin' of a hunter the baby's goin' tu be?" said his wife.

At length, facing the painful duty of inflicting pain, Sam called his father into the shop and in the fewest possible words, unsparing of self-condemnation, as a penitent of his own scourge, he told the ill tidings to the two old men. Uncle Lisha heard them with an attention divided by his work, after the first few words, listening while he entered the bristles in the awl holes with untrembling hands and drew the waxed ends with slow, strong pulls. When Sam concluded he said:

"Wal, good airth an' seas! The' haint no use o' cryin' over spilled milk. I guess the' won't none of us die afore aour time comes."

Timothy Lovell, although appalled by the calamity which threatened to break up the household wherein he had found such quiet contentment, offered only the mild reproof:

"You wan't ezackly preudent a-signin' wi' a man you didn't know no better," which he tempered by saying, "But you meant well an' hedn't no idee but what 't 'ould come all right."

Sam waited a little, giving them opportunity to say more, but they did not avail themselves of it, and for the ease of his mind he went forth to find some work to lay his hands to. His first look abroad revealed the well-known figure of the constable, rocking and swaying up the road, in his thorough-brace sulky, a species of carriage used by no other person in the community, save by the doctor.

The officer hitched his well-known white horse much too conspicuously in front of the house and then began to levy on the personal property in a disagreeably calm and businesslike manner. Sam had always liked Constable Beers and had voted for him at every March meeting for years, but he hated him now, and swore that he should never have his vote again. He, however, relented when the constable, having made his rounds, turned to him and said with a sigh of regret:

"Darn it all, Lovel, the' haint pus'nal prop'ty 'nough tu half satisfy the claim, an' I've got tu 'tach the land. I'm tormented sorry, but I've got tu do my duty. You musn't lay up no hard feelin' agin me as twix man an' man."

"I didn't know but you luffed tu, same as butchers luster kill critters," said Sam. "They haint nothin' agin the critters, but they like the business."

"Wal, then I don't," said the constable, and then in a loud whisper, though no one was in ear shot, "if you had any idee this was comin' why in tunkot didn't you deed the land back tu your father?"

"Probably, 'cordin' tu most folkses idee, 'cause I was a dumb fool."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

### A Stray Carrier Pigeon.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Feb. 19.—The Detroit Journal reports the arrival of a carrier pigeon with a silver band marked "G. H." around its neck at the hotel at Ottawa Beach. It was probably lost in the late storm. It makes its home with the hotel keeper, who sends messages by it from the woods to his house. Whose is it? KRLPIE.



# Natural History.

## MEN AND SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the article on "Men and Snakes" by "Coahoma" in your issue of Feb. 24, and fully agree with him in his estimate of the brutality and barbarism of such of the human race as kill on sight every living creature that is large enough to attract their attention and not so large as to make them afraid to attack it. I often think when I read the account of some very large bags of game made by certain "sportsmen" that the element of slaughter is entirely too prominent a feature, and that the birds have been killed for the mere pleasure of destruction. I recently read, or rather looked over—for I could not bear to read much of it—Sir Samuel Baker's "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon." I never met with an account of more heartless and useless butchery. Elephants and buffalo, elk and deer were ruthlessly slaughtered; sometimes as many as a dozen in a single day, not to supply the needs of the camp, but for the mere excitement of killing, while the carcasses were left to rot upon the ground. Buffalo cows with calves by their sides were relentlessly shot down and left, in most cases to pollute the air. I am glad to be able to add that this happened when Sir Samuel was a comparatively young man, and I hope that before his death, which occurred a short time ago, he was able to see the folly of such wanton destruction.

There are, it seems to me, but three general excuses for destroying the lives of the lower animals. First, for use as food or clothing; second, because such lives may be harmful to the best interests of man; and third, for purposes of study. I am an ardent lover of hunting and fishing, and fully understand the passion that these pursuits inspire in the breasts of their devotees, I do not believe that such sports can be justified if the game so taken is not put to economic uses. In one sense at least I believe in pot-hunting. To me the pleasures of the field consist in the charm of nature's works among which I am led, the excitement of the search, the uncertainty of the result, and the emulation of matching my skill against the natural cunning of the game, but when the first flush of final triumph has passed away I must often confess to a feeling of sadness for the beautiful and happy life thus brought to an untimely end.

There is one point, however, in which I cannot so fully agree with "Coahoma." He speaks of the blacksnake as a "perfectly harmless creature." In my experience there is no more persistent and merciless robber of birds' nests than this same blacksnake, at least in the northern part of the country. I have had the satisfaction of ending the career of several of these fellows, taken in the very act in a tree a few yards from the ground, and have known of many other cases. They eat either eggs or young birds, as they may chance to find, and are skillful climbers of trees in the search for their prey. It is true they do destroy mice, but they also catch and devour toads and frogs, and these are "perfectly harmless creatures," the toad, at least, being moreover a very useful animal in fields and gardens from the great number of insects which it destroys. The blacksnake and various other of the medium-sized and large species are persistent hunters of toads and frogs, and probably destroy vast numbers of them. Against the mice which the snakes catch and eat, must be set the birds' eggs and young and also the toads and frogs, and I very much fear that the balance of the account will show on the wrong side for the snakes.

The smaller species, like the grass snake, garter snake, etc., do undoubtedly live to a great extent on insects, and in this respect must be classed as useful creatures; but I have found on several occasions a very small snake in suspicious proximity to the despoiled nest of a ground-building bird, which nest, to my certain knowledge, had contained eggs but a few hours before, and I have no doubt that the sly little wriggler in question was the culprit. If a choice is to be made between the snakes and the birds, there can be but one voice in the matter. The birds have generally endeared themselves to all observing people by their sprightly manners, graceful forms, beautiful plumage and agreeable notes; while snakes, which have none of these pleasing attributes, are generally held in detestation and aversion even by those who can give no good reason for the feeling. When, however, the food habits of these creatures are examined, other and more important points of difference are discovered. The investigations now being made in the food habits of birds lead to the conclusion that they are a race that cannot well be spared, and any element in nature which either destroys them or hinders their increase has need to show some very strong points of usefulness in other respects.

While I am willing to accord to snakes the "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of field mice," I must assert that they do not confine their pursuit to the field mice alone, but follow and destroy creatures that stand in the other scale of the economic balance. On the whole I do not believe that the snakes in this country occupy a position of great importance from either an economic or aesthetic point of view. They are not valued as an article of food, like fish, they do not supply a cheerful and pleasing feature in the landscape like birds, and the results of observations upon their food habits does not lead to the supposition that they are of great use in this respect, so that while all needless killing is to be deprecated, it would not appear that the snakes stand in any such important relations to other factors in the economy of nature that their taking off would seriously disturb the balance.

F. E. L. BEAL.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Washington, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read "Coahoma's" article wherein he reads Mr. Horace Kephart a lecture for shooting a blacksnake. Instead of censuring Mr. Kephart I wish to tender him my congratulations. I say kill every blacksnake in the land if you can. If "Coahoma" had been troubled in his mind as I have been troubled in my mind by the misdeeds of this God-cursed reptile, he would lie awake nights devising means to destroy it.

If he had lived in the woods alone for nine years and had entered into a compact of friendship with the birds, had furnished them food and nest material and protection in return for their songs and confidence, had waged a desperate conflict with the blacksnake to protect their

eggs and young, he would understand my feelings toward the blacksnake and other species nearly as destructive.

I was never a snake killer until I began to study bird life. At the present time I kill only such species as I know live mostly on birds and their eggs. The blacksnake (*Coleuber constrictor*), the milksnake (*Ophibolus eximius*) and the garter snake (*Eutania sirtalis*) are the three species most to be dreaded.

When these snakes increase in number the song birds decrease, and when it happens that snakes "winter kill," for a year or two thereafter birds increase rapidly. In another article I will give my experience in relation to the increase and decrease of birds on the Cape. I cannot speak for other localities.

HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to thank you for the courteous recognition of my "plea for snakes" in your editorial columns. If you will permit me to play the role of critic upon your kindly criticism I think I can point out a fallacy in your observations which appears to be the underlying ground for much of the unreasoning persecution so generally waged against the harmless varieties of the snake family.

In the present enlightened state of intelligent minds I hope the recognition of a simple fact, as disclosed by learned searchers in the philological and historical aspects of Bible writings, and read in the indisputable records of nature by those qualified to interpret her writings, will not incur the charge of introducing a question of religious controversy into your columns. I assume that all intelligent readers accept what has become a mere truism of science and history, as recognized by all advanced teachers, both secular and divine; that the earth is older than any philosopher will undertake to compute; that the age of the human race is far greater than is assigned to it in Genesis; that the story of the Garden of Eden is a pretty and ingenious traditional myth of the early Israelites, held in common with the cosmogonies of other early races of men, but committed to writing at a comparatively late period in Hebrew history. The role assigned to the serpent in that drama has impressed itself on the minds of men as being what the lawyers would call an *a priori* investiture, whereas it is in reality purely *a fortiori*. In plainer terms, the natural fear and aversion to serpents which had grown up from man's experience suggested the part assigned to the serpent in the myth. Those people inhabited a country where deadly serpents abounded and they readily attached to them the idea of typical evil. But even in the present day, in India a practical distinction is made between venomous and non-venomous snakes, as a variety of the latter known as house snakes is not only tolerated, but cultivated, for their usefulness in destroying vermin in the dwellings. The Garden of Eden myth, so long regarded as history, has implanted in the minds of men, especially the more ignorant, a superstitious belief that a divine injunction rests upon them to destroy every snake that is unfortunate enough to come within their reach. This is pretty hard lines for the innocent varieties of the snake tribe, and it is to be hoped that advancing enlightenment will liberate them from such a cruel piece of barbarism and also emancipate men from the stigma of a gross superstition.

COAHOMA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested while reading the article contributed by "Coahoma" treating upon snakes, and can truly say that his sentiments on that subject fully coincide with mine. I have often wondered why so many persons look with horror upon everything of the serpent kind and always kill them if possible to do so. Whether it is owing to the stories taken from heathenish mythology and told to one from childhood up, or to the awful yarns that one often hears about the terrible doings of some members of the ophidian tribe, or to other causes, I am unable to say, but it is certainly true that nine out of every ten persons—many of whom ought to know better—seem to have a fear more or less of snakes, even those of the most harmless varieties, and always try to maim or kill them.

I would no more think of killing or even hurting a non-venomous snake than of killing or wounding a toad, frog, lizard or a warbling bird; in fact many and many a time have I stopped to watch with the greatest interest the lithe and graceful movements of a snake, especially if a constrictor, and would consider the investigation of it as interesting as of any other creature belonging to the lower orders of nature's animate children.

One August day while riding I saw a green snake, and having caught it took it to my home in Asbury Park. The little fellow was about 2ft. in length and "as handsome as a picture." The little snake drew a crowd, and I was not only amused but surprised to note the ignorance shown about the timid, inoffensive thing. Some of those present were certain it had a stinger in its tail; others that its red forked tongue was its stinger; and others thought it must certainly have fangs; so I advised me to kill it before I was bitten or stung; as they saw it crawling up my sleeve they surely thought that some mishap would befall me, but after toying with the creature for awhile and explaining about it to them, scarcely one of the onlookers but would dare to handle it, thus showing what effect a little information about such matters has upon many persons.

A. L. L.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Five or six years ago I was passing out of my yard, carrying in one hand a setting pole, when I perceived at the side of a plank walk an object, evidently animate and of very peculiar appearance. It was nearly globular in shape, had eyes bright and protruding, and certain attachments, the nature of which I could not well make out. Its appearance was strikingly peculiar, and it was some little time before I found that it was one of my toads, and that it was endeavoring to keep from being pulled under the sidewalk. By means of the pole I succeeded in eliminating the puller, which proved to be a garter snake of moderate dimensions. Him I killed, and the pulley, evidently much relieved in mind, but with one hindleg badly lacerated, managed to retire from the scene of conflict to some place where it might nurse its wounds in peace.

This, I believe, was the last snake I have killed, and had he been pursuing his legitimate avocation at a distance from my garden, I should have wished to spare his life.

I was reminded of this occurrence on reading the letter

of "Coahoma" in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM, and the accompanying editorial. I liked "Coahoma's" letter, and coincide with him in the views therein expressed.

It is a good many years since I have killed a snake without some sufficient reason. Considered simply as snakes, I was never afraid of them. I should fear them merely as I would a panther or a grizzly, when possessing the apparent ability to do me harm. When a boy I felt some pride in compassing the destruction of a very large snake, as I would now in exhibiting a fine pair of antlers as a trophy.

Of the senseless, unreasoning dread aroused in some mental organizations on the sight of a snake, I know nothing. I am not fond of them, and do not like to handle them. Neither would I from choice handle any sort of worms or caterpillars, though I have had some experience in this regard.

Some old stories go without saying until questioned. The questioning sometimes serves to show the grain of truth which underlies a mass of fable.

For example, I believe in the power of the snake to "charm," as it is called, birds and perhaps other creatures, whose nervously susceptible organizations render them peculiarly susceptible to this influence. Similarly I believe that the same power is possessed by the domestic cat, for I have seen it exercised.

I doubt the existence of any "natural enmity" between the dog and cat, and this is also the opinion of a lady of excellent sense and judgment, with whom for many years I have been on terms of intimacy.

This lady has a natural dislike, perhaps a horror, of bugs, snakes, and creeping things of whatever description, yet she has never been known to conduct herself otherwise than sensibly when in their immediate vicinity. She tells me that her dread of a "tomato worm" is far greater than that she has for snakes.

Many children have been known to play with snakes. They are a common object of worship among savage tribes, either as representative of the good or of the evil principle, and are highly honored among others. In some parts of South America they are valued (so I have read) as household inmates, for the protection they afford against vermin.

The unreasoning dread of and desire to kill all sorts of snakes which exists, I think, mainly among those peoples possessed of a written literature, is, I believe, largely a taught quality, and if the old snake story referred to by the editor had been placed among the uncanonicals, it would have been better both for humanity and for the snakes.

I think with "Coahoma" that in these days—the last of the nineteenth century—it is well for those who prefer fact to fancy to consider seriously whether, after all, they haven't been a little too rough on the snakes.

I would like to meet "Coahoma."

KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., March 1.

## For Anatomical Material.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—Editor Forest and Stream: Being much interested in the anatomy of the mammalia of America and having been invited to undertake the management of the recently created Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology at Philadelphia, I have determined to appeal to all lovers of science, especially to those sportsmen having scientific tastes, to send to me for study and preservation the bodies of any of our characteristic quadrupeds which may come under their notice. It is a matter of common observation that these animals are every year becoming more rare, and many of them are threatened with extinction. Does not a great responsibility rest upon those whose professional training fits them for the work of acquainting the scientific world with the structure of these animals? No time must be lost in bringing together in a building appropriate for the purpose carcasses of the Rocky Mountain goat, Rocky Mountain sheep, the pronghorn antelope, the different species of deer, the mountain cat, the marsh hare and the water hare. The bison, it is true, is now in a measure protected, and it is not likely that it will now become extinct. Yet even here it is desirable that no opportunity be wasted of investigating its anatomy. Other animals which are common to both Europe and America do not properly belong to this list. But the above remarks will apply to them as well as to those peculiar to our fauna.

If the proper spirit be entertained, I am positive that no question of remoteness of hunting ground should serve as an obstacle to success in making collections. Let me suppose that it were known that a body of rhinoceros could be procured from the Northwest coast, is it reasonable to imagine that it could not be brought home in a condition fit for dissection? If a government vessel can make a voyage for the express purpose of procuring a few bones of the great auk, it is equally rational to organize an expedition to bring in the preserved bodies of rare quadrupeds, no matter how distant their haunts may be from the centers of civilization. Zoölogical science is one of equal dignity with geographical science, and the same pains ought to be taken to procure valuable materials for study in one instance as the other. But I acknowledge that a request for the bodies of animals, let me say like those of the sea otter and the musk ox, is a little off from the main motive of this letter. At least, I hope to obtain through the kind offices of your readers the bodies of animals which are yet to be found within our own territories.

HARRISON ALLEN, Director.

## Grouse Chicks and Bantam Mothers.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 22.—A correspondent of last week's FOREST AND STREAM (Mr. Redmond, of Rochester) queries whether the ruffed grouse hen would take kindly to the chicks hatched from game bantam eggs placed under her. Judging from my own experience in a case of this kind, she undoubtedly would. One of my grouse hens some five or six years ago hatched and reared to full maturity four game bantam chicks, her own eggs not having been fertilized. They remained with her until the pugnacious little rascals (the cockerels) became so abusive of their foster mother they had to be removed. In the wild state the foster mother would in all probability exercise the greatest care over chicks hatched under her, but she would be very likely to become disgusted with their thick wits, and their inability to fly within a week, and the chances are that they would all perish before they had learned how to take care of themselves.

JAY BEEBE.



## LEAD-POISONED WILDFOWL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest your articles on lead-poisoning and "croup," and am glad to be able to contribute one or two facts bearing on the subject.

At Narrows Island the goose pen stands on the border of a channel known as the Little Narrows, which, in times of severe cold weather, is always open, and during a freeze-up is a great flyway for ducks. Gunners shooting along this channel at such times have for many years scattered shot over the marsh, the water and the mud.

Until a year or two since the goose pen stood partly on the marsh and partly over the muddy shore, and inclosed no high land. The live decoy geese and ducks being unable to supply themselves with sand or gravel, were industrious in searching through the mud for the hard particles necessary to the proper digestion of their food, and until recently we were constantly troubled by having our decoy geese and ducks sick with the "croup." However, after the death of Capt. Ryder, our former superintendent, we moved and enlarged the goose pen, so that it now takes in a piece of high ground, where there is some sand and plenty of broken oyster shells. We also give the geese the best corn we can buy and every once in a while feed them with grass. As the birds can now readily obtain sand and fragments of oyster shells, they supply their wants with these substances and are thus much less likely to take in any considerable quantity of the shot which may still remain within the limits of the pen. It is of course evident that to keep these captive birds in a state of health they should be surrounded as nearly as possible by natural conditions.

MEMBER OF NARROWS ISLAND CLUB.

[The finding of this metallic substance in the gizzard of these birds calls to mind a case noticed at the time in *FOREST AND STREAM*, where the gizzard of the dusky grouse killed in Washington Territory contained, besides the usual gravel, a dozen little nuggets of gold. The contents of this bird's gizzard is still in our possession.]

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I see that Mr. Hough, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of the 10th, touches upon the lead-poisoned canvasbacks of the Texas coast. While I am not prepared to say anything about the birds being placed on the Northern market I can testify to the truth of the fact that the ducks on the Texas coast do swallow lead shot and other metallic pellets.

Last November a party of gentlemen, Messrs. Albert Steves, Ed. Dreiss, F. Hensel and the writer, of San Antonio; Col. Sam Allen, Percy Allen and Will Dumble, of Houston, camped a few days on the banks of Lake Surprise, twenty-five miles northeast of Galveston, and any of the gentlemen named above will testify to the truth of the accompanying clipping from *Texas Field* of December, 1892.

Ed. Dreiss, one of the shining lights of the San Antonio Rifle Club, came up to me with a bluebill drake dangling from his girdle and addressed me as follows: "See here, old man. I found this duck in the lake and I brought it with me. Is it fresh?" and he handed the bird over for inspection.

I examined it. Looked at its eyes, which were in good condition, and I told him the bird had evidently been killed that morning, and advised him to keep it.

Upon examination of the bird after we had returned to the sloop, we found that there was no visible shot mark on the duck, so we picked it clean. There was not even an abrasion of the skin and the duck was in fine condition—as fat as butter. The absence of shot marks excited our curiosity, so we held a post mortem on the carcass. Removing the gizzard, we cut it in two and we found thirty-nine pellets of shot therein. A number of the pellets had evidently been digested, as the sizes and shapes clearly indicated.

Right here we did a foolish thing, by moving ten miles up the bay to the "lone tree," where ducks were reported plentiful as mosquitoes in August.

We found the ducks, but the country was too open and we very soon concluded that we had enough. Here, again, our friend Dreiss came across the source of another mystery.

In a little puddle he espied a bluebill drake, sitting upright. He approached it, trying to be wary. "Get up, you son of a duck, and I'll put more shot into you than your brother had in his gizzard yesterday."

But the bird sat there and uttered not a word, which fact worried Dreiss. On the hold hunter came, and when within a few feet of the bird, he noticed that the duck was evidently hurt. He picked it up and carried it to the boat, where a minute examination disclosed the fact that externally the bird was uninjured. It was picked clean, its gizzard taken out and on cutting it open it was found to contain fifty-eight pellets of shot, some of them as large as No. 4.

For want of a better theory, it is accepted that the ducks, upon searching the bottom of the lakes and sloughs, wherein they had been feeding, came across the pellets and swallowed them as grains of sand, and that they died for want of breath superinduced by too much lead in the system. One man told us that they were led astray, and his bones lie bleaching on the swamps of West Bay.

The shot were preserved by the writer and are mailed to *FOREST AND STREAM* to-day, with the recommendation that an invitation be sent to doubting Thomas on the banks of Lake Michigan to examine the same.

I also have it from the market-hunters of the Lake Surprise region that canvasbacks do not confine their metal diet to lead, but often pick up bits of iron, copper, pieces of percussion caps, etc.

O. C. GUESZAZ.

## A Canadian Samson.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Feb. 24.—Recently a few deer strayed from the northern townships to the vicinity of this city, where animals of their species have not been seen for many years. It is reported that two of them, which crossed the Bay of Quinte in continuance of their journey southward, have been killed by some bloodthirsty vandals.

The following sensational story is furnished by the *Watchman*, a newspaper published in the town of Lindsay, in this district: "The strong men are not all dead yet. A short time ago the cook in Gray and Millard's camp at Wahnapitae was returning home from one of the neighboring camps, when he was somewhat startled to see two full-grown lynx standing in the pathway and evidently determined to dispute the right of way with him. Roderick Findal, who by the way is a regular Hercules, standing 6ft. in his stockings and stoutly built in proportion, was not to be daunted by two wildcats. He advanced steadily upon them, but when he was about 15ft. away from them the largest one leaped straight at his throat. Findal was too quick for it, however, for he dodged, and seizing it by one of the hindlegs as it flew past him he dashed its brains out against a tree. The other one sprang at him, but fell a little short, and before it could recover, a kick from Findal's heavy boot ended its career. The boys were somewhat surprised on his arrival at camp with the two animals."

R. S. B.

## DOMESTICATION OF WILDFOWL.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

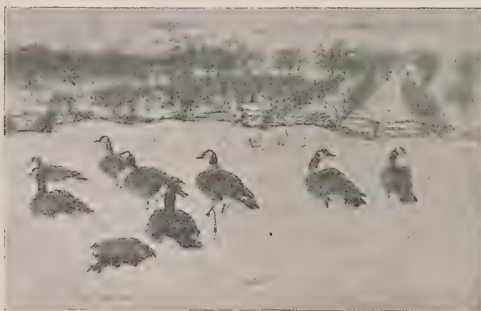
In England during the winter there is a bird called the bean goose (*Anas segetum*), and I have just discovered that we have a goose bean with us this winter.

A few years ago I reported to *FOREST AND STREAM* a flock of thirteen wild geese (*Branta canadensis*) that Mr. Norman Pomroy, of Lockport, secured, by their alighting among his domestic geese during a severe storm and following them into his barn, when he closed the entrance.

Some of the wild birds mated with the domestic geese, while the others held to their first loves. By clipping the wings of the wild species Mr. Pomroy has succeeded in keeping the original number about the same, and has raised many of the hybrids for the market. I have seen him on the street with a sleigh box full of them. But he has learned that it does not pay to keep the hybrids for breeding purposes, as they do not mate among themselves nor with the full blood stock. They lay eggs, but as they are not fertile they do not produce young.

Occasionally during the spring freshets Mr. Pomroy will lose a pair of the wild species, probably while they are in search of a nesting place. They will follow down the small brooks until they reach the Eighteen-Mile Creek, where they are killed by the spring shooter, who does not suspect that they are other than wild geese, until he finds the clipped wings.

But I have strayed from my story of the goose bean. On Jan. 3 Mr. Pomroy brought to me a male bird of the wild species, which had been killed by one of his neighbors named Bean (this is where the goose Bean comes in). Bean saw in his field a flock of geese and at once identified them as of the wild species, as he had often seen Mr. Pomroy's birds while passing his place. He did not stop to consider that it was out of season for these birds to be



MR. POMROY'S WILD GESE.  
From photo by Master Pomroy.

passing south or north, but securing his gun started for them. Stealthily creeping along the fence until he got as near as he thought he could possibly get without alarming them (he might have walked up within a rod of them), he selected the largest male bird for his target and fired. The other birds did not seem to be alarmed at seeing one of their companions flopping about, but seemed to enjoy the circus. Not until then did it occur to the goose Bean that he had shot one of his neighbor Pomroy's *Branta canadensis*. His excuse must have been a tame one when he presented the dead bird to Mr. Pomroy, who, I know, has been offered a good round price for the bird within the past two years, and who also assured me that Mr. Bean would pay for his early wild goose chase. The bird was in good condition and weighed 16lbs. after hanging up for two days.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, Feb. 22.

[But according to the law in the case, the wild geese, once out of Mr. Pomroy's own fields, are *ferae naturae*, and may be "reduced to possession" by any one.]

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of Feb. 24 Mr. E. Hough, who "is just out of live wild ducks," mentions that I am in need of them. For years it has been my hobby to have our beautiful wild ducks around me, but I have great difficulty in getting them. Of wood ducks I have a fine flock and bred twenty-eight young last year; my three pairs of green-winged teal laid many eggs, but they were not fertile. The minks killed my bluewings and my solitary pintail pines for a mate. Neither redheads nor canvasbacks seem to be attainable, and I find it hard to get even widgeon or baldpate.

Last summer a gentleman, whose name I had never heard before, but who knew of my hobby, wrote me from the South that he had several wing-tipped ducks saved for me, and that they were feeding well and promised to live, but before my letter of thanks reached him some animal broke into the inclosure and killed a couple, while the others escaped.

The wood duck, which bred about most ponds and streams in my boyhood days, is almost unknown in the Eastern States now, and visitors constantly ask of what country my birds are native. I know that I would shock some good men if I should say that boys with guns had killed off these beautiful birds, and therefore I will only refer to the fact that I look back at my own youthful gunning and regret that I destroyed many things in an unthinking manner that were of no use to me further than to satisfy my desire to kill something, but a boy is a barbarian, and I was one.

I am trying to make amends for my early cruelty by breeding some of the beautiful creatures that are fast disappearing.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

## Linnean Society.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, Tuesday evening, March 27, at 8 o'clock, for reports of officers for 1893-1894, and election of officers for 1894-1895.

J. A. Allen, Ph. D., (1) "The First or Nestling Plumage of Various Species of North American Birds, illustrated with specimens." (2) "The Effects of Civilization upon the Fauna and Flora of North America."

ARTHUR H. HOWELL, Sec'y.

## Game Bag and Gun.

## DIXIE LAND.—I.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

## Birds, Bottles and a Consequence.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 7.—One day last December, when I was busy executing the "nicely dove-tailed fabric" of a Chicago business day—the sort of a day that costs hair and pigment, and carries with it the soft and musical tinkle of coffin nails to come—I got tired, which made me angry, and therefore rebellious. Being rebellious, I quit working, put my feet into the middle of the desk and undertook to read a society novel by way of change.

The society novel proved to be pretty hard work, too, and of it one's recollections are vague. That there was a *grande dame* in it, however, I remember, a leader of the *haute noblesse*, who didn't do a thing but only drink champagne before breakfast and never ate anything less than a canvasback duck, and wore diamonds, oh! dear. This *grande dame*, whom we may call my lady Ten Streycz, because I forget her name, had, if my memory serves (the janitor's wife has the book now), no acquaintances but artists, lords, "journalists" and dramatic critics, and as near as I can learn all these people lived on canvasback, quail and champagne. They were in the heart of the city. Nearly all the lords, artists, "journalists" and critics I ever fell in with sat on a stool and ate Wiener wursts and coffee, anyhow Wiener wursts, but that wasn't the way of the people in this book. They had birds and bottles, never anything else. The book fairly reeked with birds, bottles and good society. Of two-thirds of all that I don't know anything, though I confess I had not supposed that a lady in good society would wake up in the night and eat terrapin, and *marrons glacés*, and *crème de menthe* and things, and put in the rest of the time on birds and bottles, as appears from this book to be the custom.

## Couldn't Find Any Marrons.

But the book had attached to it an idea. I wondered if all the people who really do eat canvasbacks and terrapin and birds, know where all these things come from and how they are obtained, and what the actual supply is to-day. This, naturally, set me thinking of the trip into the Texas canvasback country, and the thought of that made me want to go again and spy out some more country. To make it short, I did go, and did spy out some country, and am now back and am going to tell about it. While I am not able to say that I have found a place where one can have sport at *marrons glacés* and *crème de menthe*, I do say that I visited country where an artist, a "journalist" or a sportsman can go and have pleasure each in his own line and plenty good enough for him—indeed good enough for a lord or a dramatic critic—where canvasback, terrapin, oysters, quail, deer and turkey can still be found, and where, moreover, one can escape the heavy hand of the northern winter and so cheat life of one of its terrors.

Of this country I shall take great pleasure of writing in this and subsequent issues of *FOREST AND STREAM*, for it appears to me that the territory visited is by all odds the best sporting section now left in the United States. This remark I make not altogether in regard to any one narrow portion of the region traversed, but as applying generally to Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian nations and Texas. To be specific as to the route by which to get there, I may name that taken by myself, namely, the Chicago & Alton to St. Louis, the Iron Mountain road from St. Louis to Texarkana, the Texas & Pacific from Texarkana to Longview, the International & Great Northern from Longview to San Antonio, and the San Antonio & Arkansas Pass railway from San Antonio to Rockport, the latter, on the Gulf Coast, being the limit of the journey. This is a long trip, with a great deal of country to it, but any one who makes that trip can, in proper season, have the certainty of a most varied line of sport. He can have, at the proper points and in proper season, probably the best quail shooting in the country, probably as fine duck shooting as can be had anywhere, doubtless the best turkey shooting and as good deer hunting as he will get in the United States, good fair bass fishing, and lastly, what is without question, the best tarpon fishing there is anywhere on our coast.

That these are broad statements I know very well, but it is the virtue of such trips as this to show the truth or the inaccuracy of such statements, and I think the story of what we saw and did will be proof enough for the above claims, though of course the shifting of the game supply might make the story locally more or less inaccurate in some regards a year from now. The climate and the people will not be changed in a century, let us hope.

## Out of the Ice.

It does not take long, in these days of railroading, to get out of the ice and snow into a country which Providence intended for human habitation. Leaving Chicago, whose climate never did contemplate the dwelling here of human beings, at 11 in the morning, the gliding Alton train got me into St. Louis about 7 o'clock in the evening, appetite and spirits rising with the thermometer. At this landing I did not have a bird and a bottle, but happening to fall foul of a lunch counter where the ham had a juicy, untrammelled, out-for-a-trip look, and the eggs were more golden and inviting than eggs ever are at home, I created widespread havoc. Ten hours before I would have shuddered at the thought. Hunger begins when you pack your bag for a shooting trip, and increases as to the square of the distance from home and work.

At 8:30 you take the Iron Mountain out of St. Louis, and in the morning you awake at Little Rock, not yet twenty-four hours out of Chicago, but quite clear of the snow and ice. In fact, it is only forty-five hours from Chicago to San Antonio, Tex., and there you are in paradise, only five or six hours more from the Gulf Coast.

## Little Rock.

At Little Rock one is hungrier than ever, and needs the breakfast he gets at the Hotel Richelieu. For, of course, on this trip the shooter will stop at Little Rock, for reasons which will appear; and the proprietor of the Richelieu being Joe Irwin, one of the best shots and best posted sportsmen of his State, and moreover a *FOREST AND STREAM* man and a pleasant gentleman all around, there is no place else in Little Rock for a shooter to think



about but the Richelieu, which incidentally is probably the best hotel in the South anyhow.

My appetite and I created another havoc at the Richelieu breakfast table, and there Mr. Irwin and I had a talk.

#### A Great Game Country.

"You are now right in the center of one of the best game countries you ever saw," said Mr. Irwin, "and I never lived in a section where I had better sport. You can see that gray timber across the river, there? That is the way we go after ducks. The mallard shooting in our overflowed country is simply magnificent. This fall the birds were so thick that it was really hardly sport to shoot. Very fine bags were made right off the bridge over the Arkansas River, in the middle of the city. Everybody had ducks. By going out eight or ten miles we had as fine shooting at mallards as any place in the United States ever had. The big cypress swamps made great inducements to the birds, and I will show you what hard cover they use to go into. In the fall it is not the least trick in the world to make a bag of fifty birds on some of our best waters hereabout. We will not allow shipping out of the State here, and do not want any visitors here who will kill all the birds they can, but I do not hesitate to state that you never saw better duck shooting in your life than there is right around here. Even now (Jan. 1) the mallards are hanging around the swamps, and once in a while I hear of a good bag being made.

"Of jacksnipe we do not have so many in the fall, but in the spring the jacksnipe shooting over at Devall's Bluff, east of here on the big prairie, is as good as you can get anywhere. A good shot can kill his hundred a day there if he wants to, and five or six dozen will not crowd him very hard. The prairie over there used to be full of prairie chickens until wanton shooting killed them out. A party of Memphis shooters came in there and killed 1,500 in a few days. They piled them up and left them to rot.

"There are no deer or turkeys right near town, or, at least, not in hunting numbers, though I know of two flocks of turkeys within three miles and have killed deer within ten miles of town. We usually take the railroads and run out into a little wilder country when we want to make a hunt for that sort of game."

"Have you many quail about here?" I asked.

Mr. Irwin spread out his hands. "My boy," said he, "you don't know what quail shooting is." And later developments taught me what he said was truth.

"At this hotel," said Mr. Irwin, "we no doubt serve more game than all the other hotels of Arkansas. This fall mallard ducks went begging at 10 cents apiece. Quail bring from \$1.25 down to 40 cents a dozen. Turkey and venison I can always get in season. I used to manage some of the Fred Harvey eating houses along the line of the Santa Fé road, and I have traveled some and shot a good deal, but I believe I can safely say I never was in a game country like this. We don't advertise it much and we won't have anybody but sportsmen come in here. We do not report how big the bags made here sometimes are, because we do not care to be jumped on by the snarlers of the sporting press."

#### The Non-Resident Law.

"One of the sheriffs over in the New Madrid marsh country has been enforcing the non-resident law and has collected about \$800 in fines. This law is thought by our best authorities to be unconstitutional. We do not apply it to sportsmen who come for sport and who do not want to ship game. Men of the latter sort we don't want here and we won't have them."

"And now," continued Mr. Irwin, "come on down and see my dogs."

These I had already seen before I got into the hotel—Nancy, a handsome liver and white pointer, high-headed, gentle and dignified, and Jack, a stubby and singularly muscular one of the same breed, a liver, pepper and salt, a veritable romp and rogue of a fellow, never tired and never still. Nancy came from Ohio, but Jack was native born, albeit of good strain. In Arkansas the love of blood in horse, dog or man has the strength prevalent throughout the South.

And now we visited Mr. Irwin's shooting room, where were all kinds of loads, all sorts of shells, and every manner of shooting appliance imaginable, a very paradise to lounge and talk in.

This was Sunday. The next morning we went to the gun store of course, and met a dozen of the shooters around town, and some more dogs, and had a pleasant hour or so there.

#### Right in Line.

The Dickinson Arms Co. is managed by Mr. Dickinson, a young man of just the right quality for the place. Mr. Dickinson is ex-secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association, one of the best of its shooters, and thoroughly acquainted with the needs of shooters. No visitor contemplating a trip to Little Rock need bother about taking any ammunition with him, for he can get just as good ammunition here as anywhere. All the nitros and their relative excellence, E. C., Schultze, American wood, S. S., Walsrode, etc., are an old story at Little Rock. I was surprised to find so large and complete a stock of the most modern sporting appliances of every sort—something to be remembered by all shooters who think Arkansas is a country of black powder and muzzleloaders still. Arkansas is nothing of the sort. It is right in line with the modern phases of sportsmanship in every regard. Little Rock is a great place for the sporting papers, and the good shots there are good as any—as some of the Northern shooters who visited last year's Arkansas State tournament learned at their own expense.

By this time I was hungry again, so we went back to the hotel and ate lunch, and then talked shoot and dog till evening, when I was hungry some more, in spite of two meals of generous proportions. Chicago was gradually fading away in the distance.

Weather at Little Rock, Jan. 1, clear, bright and warm, the trees green. Here I laid off overcoat and overshoes. No snow, no ice. Clearly, this was one of the lands Providence meant to be inhabited by the children of men. All the local sportsmen couldn't do enough for the stranger, and we had already enough plans laid out for the rest of the winter.

#### The Way of the Country.

"Of course, you'll be here a few weeks," said Mr. Dickinson, "and we'll get up a duck shoot or so for you."

"You'll be here for a while, of course," said Mr. Irwin's

friend, Mr. Croxton, a famous quail shot and the owner of some good dogs. "We'll just go up to Plummerville or some other place on the Ft. Smith road, and if you can't kill fifty quail a day it's because you can't shoot."

"You'll be here for a time," said Mr. J. E. Rose, once a well-known Cincinnati shooter, and now stationed at Little Rock as superintendent of the St. L., I. M. & S. R. R. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll take a private car and just run up the road into the Nations. We can get all the quail, ducks and deer you want."

"You'll be here for some days," said Dr. J. H. Lenow, "and we'll have a little trap event for you. I've got on a little race with another man here, and you just ought to see me do him."

"Of course," said Mr. J. M. Lightfoot, a total stranger, whom I met on the train out of St. Louis, and to whom I introduced myself when I overheard him talking nitro powders to a fellow-traveler, "of course you'll be down in this country for several weeks, and I want you to come right on down to my place—I live at Pittsburg, Texas, on the Cotton Belt Road—and give our boys some of your time. We've got a club of about 30 who shoot and fish. You can get bird shooting anywhere about there, and we'll get up a camp hunt after deer for you. We've got plenty of bird dogs and hounds, and I want you to come and stop with me."

"You will be going on South after a bit," said Mr. Woodcock, the other stranger with whom he was talking, "and you'll be at Fort Worth on your journey, and you must stop there and see us."

From the above judge what manner of man the Southern sportsman is. We have not his like in the cold and calculating North. Providence, never intending to have this Northern country inhabited at all, certainly has permitted only cold blooded beings to remain there, when it comes to the matter of comparison with more hospitable climes.

#### Mallards In January.

The next day, Tuesday, we heard a friend of Mr. Irwin's telling about some mallards that came into the cypress swamp every evening, about nine miles out of town, and concluded to try them, accordingly driving out that evening with the gentleman to the spot in question. The country crossed was gray and thick with winter cover, broken by cotton fields and crossed by the wide cypress slash which made back from the river. Miserable negro cabins dotted the fields. On the road we passed a covered wagon drawn by oxen, the driver, tall and bearded, walking by the side of his yoke, while a white-faced woman and a gradation of white-headed children filled the wagon from front to back. Behind the wagon rode a tall, slim, white-faced boy. Another boy of similar description led on leash four or five hounds. This was a drifting outfit of squatters, going they knew not where, and probably cared little, provided they struck timber with game in it. I noticed that the thin face of the father of the family was aquiline, haughty, handsome and actually aristocratic looking. In the jumbled nationalities of the city it is the rarest thing to find a face of which one can say so much. The American typical face dwells south of Mason and Dixon's line, and I presume that if there is a real American aristocracy anywhere, it is to be found in the country so restricted. The aristocrat of the North is not to be distinguished from the man with a deranged stomach. The symptoms are the same. In the South the ideas are separable. I prefer my Arkansas moving squatter, who would divide his last hock with me, or kill me cheerfully if I insulted him, to the Hebrew with the diamond pin, who joggles one in the street car, and to insult whom would be impossible.

#### An Inferno on Earth.

The late Dante Alighieri, although a trifle bilious in temperament, had good points as a descriptive writer, and with training would have made a good fire reporter. I never read his Inferno without feeling bad, especially if it is one of the editions illustrated by Doré. Sometimes I think that Dante, or Doré, must at some time have hunted mallards in a cypress swamp. At any rate, if you want an idea of a cypress swamp or "sloshing" such as that we were now approaching, you need only to look for one of the Doré Dantes. Here you have an Inferno on earth, desolation absolute. Silent, gray, cheerless, almost malignant in its forbiddingness, it lay before us, mile after mile of gray trunks, lopped arms and hideous deformities. There were figures and faces in the tortured trees, a sub-human, sullen life in their dead ghastliness, an expression as of suffering endured until an endless hatred of mankind had taken its place, and until an evil intention had stamped itself irrevocably upon limaments distorted by ages of rebellion and ages of just punishment—Inferno set on earth for men to profit by. Try a cypress swamp and see if you can escape this feeling that it has an actual and intelligent evil intention against you.

There are three planes in a cypress swamp; that which is in the air, that which is in the water, and that which is in the mud. You encounter the features of all three, and you know not which to most anathematize. Into this three-fold Inferno, level as a floor, covered visibly with dead gray trunks standing in slimy water, we were to penetrate as far as we could before evening. For into this fastness, which certainly should protect them if anything on earth could, came the wily mallards every evening, just before sundown, flying from no one knows what distance, coming in high up over the middle of the swamp, and then descending in thunderous flight of hard-stretched wing to the quiet pools among the wiry scrub which lay far out in the heart of the great roosting ground. Into this roosting ground, in the not so very sportsmanlike purpose of doing a little roost shooting at evening, we, as specimens of the most bloodthirsty and relentless of all animals, man, were to penetrate as best we might, were to slip, stumble, swear, get wet, muddy, tired and very likely lost, in our endeavor to keep the birds from having a single place of safety on earth, or an hour in the day to take a peaceful snooze. It is no wonder mallards are suspicious.

The ground, as I have said, was level as a floor, and the water caught us just about three inches below the top of our hip boots. The bottom was very level and had no holes or depressions in it, but such walking no mortal man ever did see before. Submerged logs, limbs and brush heaps caught at one's legs incessantly, and continually the feet slipped on logs lying dormant in the mud. Tufts of harsh grass and vines with briars, and buck brush, and impenetrable thickets turned us from our path at every hand. One slipped and put his hand

against a tree and at once found it covered with needle-like thorns six inches long. Tired and breathless, he stumbled over a sunken log too big to step over easily, and—there! the water was over the boot tops, and the rest made no difference now.

We went into the swamp not over a quarter of a mile, probably, and I should think it took us over three-quarters of an hour to make that distance. The gray dead trees were then all around us in every direction, and without keeping one's bearings carefully, one could only guess which was the way toward the edge, for the water left no trail. Mr. Irwin's friend took us in and took us out all right, for he had shot there before, but a stranger would best keep pretty close to the shore.

My friends posted me in the hollow butt of a great log, which made a natural blind, and went on into the swamp a hundred yards or so further, Mr. Irwin, having on wading trousers, getting further in than the rest of us. After they had gone I looked about me, and it seemed to me that I never was in a lonelier place in my life. Not a sound nor a motion was apparent anywhere.

#### The Evening Flight.

About half an hour before sundown I saw some scattered bunches of ducks drawing out over the swamp beyond me and presently heard Mr. Irwin's gun. Then there was a flitting through the trees closer in and our friend's gun spoke twice. A mallard hen crossed me high over and I dropped her, too wide to follow. Then there arose a lusty squawking from a thicket to our right and I knew that some mallards had dropped in there somehow, and would decoy the others to them, so I began to call too. Then as the shadows thickened the air grew full of mallards, high up, swinging and circling rapidly down, lighting and calling boisterously.

#### A Close Double.

A pair of ducks came in like lighting, right at me, with their hindfeet pushed out ahead of them, and would have lit actually within ten feet of me, in full, plain sight. I could almost touch the first one as I fired at it and it went down fluttering. The other started up and was not over 30 ft. from me when I fired. It too fell fluttering and swam a little after it fell. This, I think, was the most remarkable double I ever made. When I picked up my birds I found that the first one had a piece about as big as a silver three-cent piece shot out of the lower mandible. The second had a piece of just about the same size cut clean off the top of its head. Had either been struck in the body there would have been no duck to pick up. As nearly as I could tell I held just barely in advance of each bird.

An odd feature of my double was that I made it with a gun I had never shot before. It happens that in my battery I have only one gun bored close enough for a good duck gun, and my respected father, who knows a good gun when he sees it, having expressed an entire willingness to keep that gun out at his house and use it in his own shooting trips, I couldn't bear to separate two such good friends, and so was in need of another gun for this trip. Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, who at first thought of going South with me, insisted on my taking his 12-gauge Parker along with me.

"You take her and shoot her," said he, "and if you don't find she shoots big shot, 6s and 4s, better than any gun you ever saw, I'll eat the gun when you bring it back."

"This," thought I, "is another case of the best gun on earth." But that evening, especially after I had folded up a mallard which came dawdling along over the trees about 45 yds. away—just ahead of my friend further in, whose load caught her as she was falling—I began to look at the gun curiously, and to think maybe it did shoot pretty well. Later on, down in Texas, I found that it shot better than pretty well, and was indeed the hardest-hitting gun with No. 4 shot I ever saw, while with No. 6 it performed so well that I could have traded the Texas duck shooters out of their boats and houses for it. We targeted it thoroughly there, and tried it on all sorts of long shots, and I must say the result was something of a revelation. Later on still I have learned that the gun was made with especial care for Mr. Organ by Parker Bros., they knowing that a good shot needs a good gun, I suppose. They bored a second set of barrels for it, and hit it just right, and I doubt if they ever did or will turn out a better pair than these. The gun has a local reputation, it seems, on the Mak-saw-ba Club marsh. I am sorry now that I ever let Roll Organ have it back again, for he says he wouldn't sell it for \$500. If this were my gun I wouldn't say a word about it unless I felt like it, but it being Mr. Organ's one may be forgiven a compliment, which should go to a good gun as to a good dog or good horse.

#### Nature's Protection.

But we were in the swamp and it was now dusk. Total result, six birds for the whole three of us, and an experience so unique that I shall not soon forget it in my calendar of all sorts of days and all sorts of places. The night was moonlit and the ducks came in late. As it was we heard them in hundreds in parts of the swamp not far from us. Knowing, as we all did, that roost-shooting is the worst thing in the world to do, and that night-shooting is usually branded as unsportsmanlike, we stopped at dusk and pulled out, caring more for the picturesqueness of the swamp adventure than the actual shooting, of which we only had five or ten minutes in all.

I am prepared to say that it will be a long time before the mallards are all killed off, if they must be hunted in the swamps and sloshings of Arkansas. The shooters all told me that the ducks seem to hold their own well in that country, and that this fall there were more ducks than at any time for years.

#### The Fall Shooting.

In the fall, up to December, the shooting here is great. Earlier the shooting at local wood ducks is very heavy, these birds breeding in large numbers all through this section. Flight-shooting on a flyway between two sloshings is a favorite style of sport. Mr. Irwin pointed out to me a stump in the middle of a cottonfield by the roadside.

"That is one of my favorite stands," said he, "and I have killed between thirty and forty birds there of an evening, every bird falling right out in the dry cotton field. That is the cleanest and easiest duck shooting I ever saw. This country is a natural one for ducks. The Arkansas River bottoms and those of its smaller tributaries run out into swamps, lakes, bayous and 'deadendings.' I think our mallard shooting on the acorn overflows is hardly to be beaten anywhere."



I was now so hungry all the time, in spite of Mr. Irwin's lavishness at the Richelieu tables, that Mrs. Irwin took my case in hand. Mrs. Irwin had a new chafing dish, with which she amused herself cooking for her lady friends in her own parlors, and by means of which she had learned to do oyster stews, omelettes and Welsh rarebits beautifully. In solemn conclave we all concluded that if I would eat three square meals a day and a Welsh rarebit just before retiring, I ought to be able to get along. Mrs. Irwin said she was willing to do the rarebit, the more especially as she had found a new kind mentioned in her cook book, which she hadn't tried yet. But just what connection the Welsh rarebit had with our quail hunt, I must tell another time.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## MIDWINTER DUCKING.

It is not all of hunting to hunt. As we sportsmen grow older we become less ambitious about bringing home big strings of game and heavy creels of fish, and find more enjoyment in the simple pleasure of being out "where nature's heart beats strong." Some even give themselves up to gormandizing and then get "roasted" for it by "O. O. S."

You remember that feasting bass trip of his last summer? It's a bit remarkable how little has been written about eating and drinking since that story was published. It takes Smith to do such things to a turn.

The sportsman's life is a medley. Every string is touched and every chord struck sooner or later. If the sportsman's life with all its hopes, joys, pleasures, pains, distresses, reverses, ups and downs could be painted in colors, what a kaleidoscopic exhibition we would have. (Right here I want to warn "Podgers" not to hint at "water" colors for Oregon sportsmen). Of course, it rains in Oregon. Nobody ever said it didn't; but doubtless it might rain more. Again I must warn "Podgers" not to insinuate that it might if there were more months in the year.

But let it rain, for it seldom gets too wet for ducks and duck hunters, although this winter has been and still is a "terror." We have had heavy rains since early fall and the lakes have been brim full; so that our winter sport with the ducks has not been up to the average. As a natural consequence, we have had more time for pleasures of a social character by the bright fires in our cabins, which doubtless are just as enjoyable.

Portland is on the Willamette River, twelve miles below; the Willamette empties into the great Columbia. Six or seven miles further down, on the Washington side is Knapp's Landing. A half mile across the meadow is Lake River, a deep, dull stream 100yds. wide, the outlet for Big Vancouver Lake. Another 100yds. from Lake River is the Hotel Mead, a two-roomed structure hidden among the elms on the bank of the famous Green Lake, where J. Roberts Mead and your humble servant cook, eat, sleep, make night hideous, entertain other congenial spirits and lay plans for the circumvention of wary waterfowl. The said hotel or shanty, or whatever you may choose to name it, is provided with all that goes to make a hunter's life a happy one, indoors. Mr. Knapp, for his own and his neighbor's convenience, operates an immense old water-logged ferryboat across Lake River, by means of a cable stretched from bank to bank in the good old-fashioned way. This ferry will nicely accommodate four yoke of cattle and a wagon at a trip, but is kept locked most of the time. So Mead and I keep a boat hidden in the buck brush to make sure that we will not have to stand out in the rain all night on the reverse side of Lake River, when we go down in the afternoon; for Knapp owns all that country and lives a mile away from the ferry on the top of a big hill, where the notes from Gabriel's trumpet could hardly reach him, to say nothing of the cracked dinner horn that hangs complacently on the corner of the old hay barn by the ferry.

Well, Mead had invited our old friend George Dehardy to spend Sunday with us at the lake, and George couldn't refuse, for he dearly loves to hunt canvasback. It was arranged that I should go down Saturday afternoon on the 3 o'clock boat, sweep out, wash up the dishes, fix up the blinds and overhaul the decoys for the day's shoot; while Mead and George were to come down on the midnight boat. It was understood that I should have the ferryman leave one of our boats on the Columbia River side for their accommodation, but I changed my mind and concluded to sit up for the boys. Besides, by the time I had supper over, the dishes washed and had overhauled about 150 decoys, I would have very little margin for sleep. And then, too, a cunningly devised plan to steal some hay out of the old hay barn on the other side of Lake River, with which to repair blinds, made it necessary that I should keep the boat on my side of the river. So Mike and I pattered around with supper and decoys, until quite late and quite dark, just such a time as is generally selected for stealing chickens, hay, etc. Then we crept to the river and into the boat, and silently across. How lonely and spook-like the old barn looked. I found my way in through a hole a couple of feet square and called the dog in after me. Not that I was afraid myself, but the dog might get lonesome outside, you know. If I was a spook I would make that old barn my headquarters. Well, I was carefully gathering up hay, silently moralizing on the elevating influences that surround the sportsman (particularly the duck hunter that needed hay), when a sound came through that hole in the wall that froze the very marrow of my bones. "What the d— are you doing there?" If it had been the roar of a lion, neither the dog nor myself would have been more startled; but I collected my senses enough to stammer that I was just securing a little hay, while Mike tried to run his usual bluff. The fellow was not to be bluffed by a yellow dog, and insisted upon an explanation. By this time I had roped up enough hay and crawled out. It was one of Knapp's men returning from Vancouver, and things were soon satisfactorily squared. Then I left my boat for the boys, and he took me across on the old ferryboat and everybody was happy. While I worked away on the decoys, I heard the midnight boat whistle for Knapp's Landing over on the Columbia, and after waiting a reasonable time I lit my pipe and sauntered down to Lake River, walked out on the ferry and leaned against the cable stanchion. It was very dark and still. I could hear Mead unlock the boat on the other side and then came the muffled sound of oars. Then low voices which I recognized. George is a German, and is so honest that he can neither give nor take a joke. What

he sees he sees, and when he knows a thing he knows it just as hard as anybody. "Oh he's asleep by dis time and maybe we can't get him up;" I heard George say. "Well," replied Mead, "I know how to get him out; up the Molalla last summer, Billy and I discovered how to start him out at any time, day or night, ha, ha, ha."

As the boat passed about 20ft. above my position on the ferry, George suddenly exclaimed: "Look! der's fire on dot ferryboat." Mead stopped rowing and looked around but could see nothing, simply because I had turned the bowl of my pipe. "What's the matter with you, George?" said Mead reproachfully, "have you got 'em?" "Well," by gracious," said George, "I was sure dat I saw fire on dot boat, but I guess dot I must be misdaken." Again the boat pursued its silent way, and again George startled the midnight air with: "By Jimminy, der is fire on dot boat." Again Mead could see nothing, but by this time he was getting suspicious and yelled out: "Oh J—," no response. "Say J—," said Mead, if you don't answer I'll cut loose at you." I answered, for I knew Mead pretty well. He is generally a man of his word.

A midnight lunch, off to bed, a good sleep, breakfast before daylight, and we found ourselves out in our blinds in good time for the ducks. We got but about three dozen canvas, for there was a poor flight as usual. But we had a jolly good time. Honestly, I believe that we had about as good a time as if we had killed a hundred. Mead got about twenty birds, and was apparently perfectly satisfied. I never heard him grumble at his luck in all my life. George got but half a dozen, but he swamped his boat, got a good ducking, and felt that he had had a great time. I was the only kicker and now apologize, for I have had my share of ducks in the past, and am getting old enough now to take what comes.

That fire on the post reminds me of the story that Frank Lawler tells on Ed. Sullivan: Ed was pilot of the old hunting boat Caliope. She would drop the hunters off at their respective landings, and then, returning pick them up after dark. No lights are allowed in a pilot house. The night was dark and Ed was smoking a cigar. He thought he had picked up the last of the hunters, when he discovered a light on the shore in an unfrequented place and promptly blew his whistle, turning bow on.

Neither Ed nor Frank remembered putting anybody off there and Ed was not in the best humor over the matter. Ed looked again and the light was gone, but it soon shone out again, and in to the shore he ran to discover that the hunter's light was only the reflection of the fire end of his cigar against the glass of the pilot house, with its back ground of intense darkness.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Feb. 24.

## STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Game which is bought in the market is not badly needed, and its absence will cause no one a pang of regret. Many a pang of regret is caused the many sportsmen who find that a few market-shooters have despoiled their pleasure grounds. Game bought in the market gives little satisfaction. Game given by friends to friends delights the giver and the receiver.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your suggestion of "A plank in the platform prohibiting the sale of game at all times," meets my most hearty approval, and I think should be unanimously indorsed by every honest sportsman throughout the country.

I believe that the time is ripe, and that we should have a rigid law prohibiting the wholesale slaughter of game for market by market-hunters and trappers at all seasons of the year.

Our game birds and animals are already very scarce, and the tide of destruction against them is slowly but surely depleting our forests and fields; and the time has come to throttle the market-hunter, the pot-hunter and every other hunter whose sympathies are with selling game.

Agitate the good work. There are hundreds and thousands of honest sportsmen to-day who voice the sentiment expressed, and who are willing to uphold the plank in a platform of that kind.

D. P. FAUST.

TREMONT, Pa., Feb. 26.

PHILADELPHIA, March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: The motto nailed to the mast by your paper, "Prohibit the sale of game," is in harmony with the inclosed bill which I prepared last year and submitted to the Legislature of this State, with some assurance of its passage, but I regret to say it failed. The preservation from utter extinction of our native wild game and fish is almost impossible unless such action as is contemplated by the inclosed bill is taken very soon. Notwithstanding efforts every year are made to restock our streams, illegal fishing and pot-hunters soon exhaust the supply. I propose to try again next year to have the bill passed, with better success I hope.

R. M. HARTLEY.

[The bill forbids the taking of brook trout for sale; selling them; hiring people to catch them; transporting them for sale. It is a good bill and should be law in every trout-inhabited State in the Union.]

ATTLEBORO, Mass., Feb. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for the last fifteen years and in that time there has been more or less said in regard to the game laws and game preservation, some good and some bad, but I think your idea is just what is needed. Stop the sale of game at all seasons. And I would suggest a small tax, say \$2, on every gun per year, the money so collected to be paid over to the different State game associations to be applied to the purchase of game for stocking purposes.

C. T. H.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your advocacy of non-marketing of game is a long stride in advance of all contemporaries and should be heralded with delight by all true lovers of the gun. Viewed in any light such a law cannot work serious injury to any and would be of inestimable value to scores of thousands. The market-hunter and trapper of course will raise a howl, but well-directed effort in any of the honorable trades or employments will yield to that class a better income than they derive from the sale of game,

and will debar them from no privileges accorded to others. This will mean a lease of life to game and infuse new life into the waning interests of forest and field pleasures. Keep it up, and be assured of the cordial support of the great army of American sportsmen.

LEONARD HULIT.

I second the motion. Stop the traffic. Make the price of game the skill and endurance to hunt and kill it.

G. O. SHIELDS.

## OLD SCENES REVISITED.

LINDSAY, Ontario.—A few weeks since a request appeared in your always interesting journal for experiences in the forests or on the streams of Canada, this land of rock and river.

The doings of a deer hunting party of six Ontarians, who have just returned from the woods with ten fine deer, if given in detail would doubtless prove amusing, if not instructive, to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

As prearranged with our captain, who, by the way, is a worthy representative of Ontario's wise management of its streams and inland waters, we were to meet for our holiday hunt at Big Hawke Lake, on the headwaters of the Gull River, which takes the rainfall from the height of land east of the south branch of the Muskoka and from the west of the Madawaska, whose innumerable lakes and streams interlock with those we were to hunt upon, finding their way down to the sea by the noisy Madawaska, the Ottawa and the noble St. Lawrence. The triple chain of lakes feeding Gull River and draining the northern townships of the important counties of Victoria and Haliburton, unite their soft, dark waters in the basin of Cameron's Lake. Thence hastening over the once romantic Falls of Fenelon, they ripple softly by that mysterious, love-hallowed shore (made sacred to the memory of Ogemah and Manita by Wm. McDonnell's exquisitely poetical romance of the Indian legend of Sturgeon Point), adding to their volume, after the passage of the Bobcaygeon Rapids, another fifty miles of lovely lake scenery, when they are hustled through the babbling Otanabee into Rice Lake, and down the Trent Valley to that grand receiving basin after which our fair province was named—Ontario, the Beautiful.

Lindsay being the railroad and steamboat center of this district, was of course our base of supplies and home of the majority of the party. In years past it was, and now is, the starting point for many hunting and canoeing expeditions to the "back lakes" of Ontario; some of them going through by water to the far-famed Muskoka Lake region, others to the broad bays of Nipissing or Opeongo, while some of our venturesome boys have successfully paddled their own canoes as far as the Mattawa and beyond to Lake Yemiscaming. One of these early canoe trips was recorded (May, '77) in FOREST AND STREAM, under the heading of "Roughing It in Canada." It mentioned this town as the northern terminus of the Midland Railway system, thus illustrating the progress now made by the iron horse, whose snort and whistle are daily heard, alarming the moose and other big game among the headwaters of Big White Trout Lake, in haste to make connection with the energetic C. P. R.

A canoe trip through this elevated lake region in the month of September or glorious October is the ideal excursion, and far exceeds the luxurious travel afforded by the Pullman car with its dainty waiters thrown in, that count for nothing compared with a well-fitted double canoe, board or bark, with a fearless Canadian guide to steer the way. The sweet independence of living for weeks in your own snug canvas home, bracing the nerves with nature's own true tonic, lungs full of pure ozone, supplying a healthy appetite with A1 camp bread, fish or game, with an occasional pot of "the finest potatoes on earth" or of well-steamed porridge, or beaver-tail soup, which for nutritive properties cannot be excelled by any known productions of the most gorgeous city restaurant.

The delay and annoyance of shipping canoes on the G. T. R. is proverbial. Mr. White, the genial district traffic superintendent, admitted the grievance a just one in regard to the Haliburton branch of the G. T. R., hence but few tourists or hunters care to repeat their canoe experience on this line. I have often admired the ingenuity of a Pittsfield (Mass.) friend, who years ago used to make annual canoe trips to this part of Canada. After purchasing a Canadian hunting canoe, he would have it cut into three parts and fitted with clamps and nuts, pack it carefully into his baggage trunk and thus avoid delay and extortions.

On Nov. 2 our party with two light butternut board canoes, availed themselves of the hunter's tickets per G. T. R., good for thirty days at one fare, 200lbs. of baggage, dog and gun free, but not canoes, oh, no; not even at owner's risk of handling off and on cars, except they were billed as packages of 1,000lbs. each! We could not indorse such a "whopper," so sent them "express" in an empty box car at a charge of three prices per pound. After a tedious ride of three hours we arrived at Gelert, some thirty-five miles on our way, meeting our reliable friend Hartley with his first-class team and rig, having the care of Her Majesty's mail for Minden. He at once assisted his passengers to seats, stowed the baggage as best he could, and called for the canoes. Again we had to submit to red-tape management by the express company until our prepaid receipt was confirmed by a message from Lindsay, horses, mail and men impatiently waiting in the rain in the meantime. At last, having securely roped our canoes over the wheels we drove off at a rattling pace into the darkness, sheltered from the rain by friendly umbrellas. The time passed pleasantly, listening to the learned remarks of the doctor from Markham, and to the still-hunting stories of our artist friend from Orono.

Good fare at the Minden Dominion Hotel, with a bright sunny morning, put the whole party into pleasant humor for continuing the stage journey of four miles to Mountain Lake.

On loading up our canoes they were found right and tight and a credit to their maker, Pat Dorris of Lindsay. Passing over Mountain and Twelve Mile lakes, and the Lesser Bushkong, we found ourselves well prepared for lunch at the Peterson Line. A steady paddle of three miles under the lee shore of Big Bushkong brought us to the up grade portage of a quarter of a mile to Hall's Lake. Here we looked in vain for the wooded bay where, in the fall of '65, Toasty cut out his first doe and stopped the gallant race of his first buck. Settlers had evidently taken possession of the surroundings. After a windy pas-



stage of the lake we met our team on the north sand-beach; quickly packing our canoes and bags on the jumper we were soon in the friendly shelter of the woods on a two and a half mile portage, carelessly allowing the team to follow Charley Boy with his pheasant gun ever ready. We halted near the summit to view a remarkable production of nature—a good-sized birch tree mounted on a huge granite boulder and set like a jewel in the grip of the graceful roots.

The jumper went on its way, jumping; result being a hole in the bottom of our big canoe. However, we soon arrived at our destination and received a hearty welcome from our chief and his right and left bowers who, with the help of Caleb the Silent, had already in camp four fine deer. Hurrah for the Growler's Cabin, with its jovial French cook, Pete Grozell, Esq., and his luscious ragiboo and home-made bread. In a remarkably short time supper fit for the gods was on the table and served gracefully. The day's experience in travel and the chasing of the deer on the wind-swept lakes occupied our attention, the honors of the chase being equally divided between Ross and Rose.

Our noisy cook announced breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning. While waiting for daylight our positions were assigned for the morning hunt, some to Crab Lake, others to Paint Lake, necessitating several miles of paddling with two or three portages on the way. When on the third portage to Paint Lake, "Toasty," as our man in gray was named, illustrated the old proverb, "More haste, less speed," when handling his "butternut beauty." Instead of depositing his canoe gracefully on his shoulder for the carry, it unaccountably performed a rapid circular movement over his head, landing bottom down on a projecting stump, with a 2in. hole to repair and miles from camp. However, "Charley Boy," as our friend from Galt was christened, came to the rescue with his cranky canoe, the Merry Go Round, that could beat all creation for its pivotal susceptibility and its constitutional objection to going in a straight course. We at once concluded not to give a buck in the lake the best chance of getting ashore. Our right bower, Mr. Rose, at once took in the situation and gave us the use of his beautiful packet bark, to watch the north shore, while he put out Polly and Dandy for a start. Shortly after reaching our positions the welcome sound of the hounds in full chase awoke the echoes of the early morning, making our youthful hunters alert and anxious to capture their first deer. One, more keen than wise, pushed out his canoe and made directly for the sound of the dogs, forgetting in the fever heat of his first attempt, the caution to lay low and let the deer swim out before attempting a capture, as the deer would be at least a quarter of a mile ahead of the dogs. This simple lesson of experience was not lost on our youthful hunter as he realized a vanishing deer followed away from the lake by the music of Dandy and Polly.

On Crab Lake better luck was had by George, the youngster hunter of the party, who was placed in charge of the Chief, in his big rowing canoe. When the buck took the water the Chief kindly restrained any premature efforts until the deer was fully half-way over the bay, when a long pull and a strong pull brought their heavy laden boat within range, a merciful ball from his .44-90 Winchester saved some savory venison from falling a prey to the wolves.

Sunday being in Canada an illegal hunting day, we gave the dogs a rest and made the necessary repairs to our canoes. A few boat nails, a little white lead, and a piece of bottom board were sufficient to make them sound and tight.

Early Monday morning all hands and the cook were ordered to pack tents, blankets and grub for Crab River Rapids. We paddled and portaged, and portaged and paddled, up to the foot of the Rapids, and at once put out Punch and Cash for a start, but with no luck at all, except a glorious, sunshiny day, a comfortable camping ground, and lots of fun at night around our immense fire. A grumbling dyspeptic would here find no time or place for his hobby. After a hard day's work through these lakes and woods, the cook's welcome call to supper would develop the possibilities and genial hospitality of our noble chief and his active supporters. When pipes were lit and the painted bits of pasteboard were displayed on the rustic board, one might lie and listen to the musical lullaby of the rapids and the whisperings of the pines, whose mystical voice seemed to invite the weary hunters to that peaceful rest which their fragrant beds of balsam alone could give, or waking suddenly from the land of dreams of fallow, blue-coated deer with tantalizing flags erect, and tempting to the chase, the dreamer would start up to the thumping command of "play to the king," or "down with your pedes," given with a resonant French accent, sufficient to arouse the loudest sleeper in that romantic spot.

Among the relics of a departed race of hunters were found samples of the Indian skinning knife and bits of pottery. On the granite shore of Big Kenise Lake, where we watched for deer, a number of pre-historic "pot-holes" were found, the largest one measuring fourteen by twelve inches in diameter, with a depth on the cliff side showing a circular action of over nine inches, while the pot itself was some ten in depth below. The markings of the revolving stone or aerolitic pestle appeared plainly visible, yet a degree of even smoothness characterized the hole.

At the sandy outlet of the lake we observed the footprints of a large black bear. A few days later a well grown cub was taken in a steel trap by our neighbor, Wm. Otto.

A fine fat doe rewarded us for our trip to Kenise's Lake, but other guns than ours were in waiting for the spoils of the chase, so after killing two more we decided to return to the cabin on the hill, where we arrived in good time before the rain and snow and frost of the following week set in.

On Trout Lake we enjoyed better luck, although the weather was decidedly wintry, and we found it cold watching on the Three Brothers. A day or two before the close of the hunt our chief kindly allowed Pete, the cook, the use of his rifle and a strong board canoe for a day's hunting. As luck would have it the deer came to Pete's watch. As it was his maiden hunt a considerable degree of buck fever was, in his case, excusable. By rapid paddling Pete came within range of the deer, when bang! bang! went two heavy shots from the big Winchester. The buck swam bravely on untouched, and rapidly nearing the rocky point ahead. A third cartridge refused to enter the chamber, so Pete made another

desperate effort with his paddle, and literally taking the bull by the horns, he recklessly fought for their possession. The buck, probably realizing Pete's predicament, refused to turn. Fortunately for the cook, who after being pushed by the buck some 40yds. to the shore, it was found to be too rocky for good footing. By considerable effort on Pete's part with his paddle he pushed both deer and canoe off the shore, with the buck's head over the gunwale of the canoe fast in his vise-like grip. Again and again did the buck push his captor to the shore, the hard maple paddles descending in vain over the head and nose of this monarch of the glen. Pete having lost his split paddles in the melee, the buck again tried to reach the shore. In the words of the cook, "he looked a big fat beauty, and a pity to lose him," so seizing him by the opposite horn with one hand and by the nose with the other, at the risk of a capsize in the lake, he turned the deer on his side and held his nose beneath the cruel waters. When the next watch, who spied the contest and splashing of the waters by the struggle—arrived after their fastest mile on record—the deed was done, and Pete announced the victory in the exciting words, "It is a buck! it is a buck!" the rents in his clothing and his blood-bespattered face and his split canoe proving the contest between the plucky Frenchman and this antlered beauty a severe one and a true statement not easily forgotten.

Charley Boy very neatly dressed the deer and we took a hand poling him over the soft portage of one-third of a mile to our lake, where he was landed high and dry at our cabin on the hill. His weight was given at 195lbs. On examination of the rifle it was found to contain a half of a Dominion Company's brass shell. This being the third time that this shell bursting had occurred we concluded that the charge of 90grs. of powder was in excess of the capacity of the .44 shell. Pete vowed he wouldn't do the like again for all the bucks in the country.

The following day, in a snowstorm, Charley scored his first, a fine fallow blue-coat doe, thus ending an interesting hunt, all hands agreeing that the beautiful Indian summer weather of our Canadian open season is decidedly the best time for hunting, and that the objection of the pot-hunters, who appear more anxious to save marketable meat by a late season's shooting, are outweighed by the testimony of an old hunting friend, an educated M. D., who positively declares "that venison killed in the rutting season is unfit for human food," and that the cry of a certain class of still-hunters against the use of hounds in the chase is, in the light of scientific medical testimony, only bosh. It is a well known fact that more deer are disabled and destroyed by the stealthy practices of the still-hunter in the frozen season than by the running of deer with dogs before the smaller lakes are covered with ice, when their easy escape, in the majority of cases, is an assured fact.

Apparently an act forbidding the sale of venison will alone preserve the deer. W. A. G.

**The New .25cal. Shell.**


SACKETTS HARBOR, N. Y.—I realize that the statements one makes in our paper have a far-reaching effect. Nearly a year ago the FOREST AND STREAM published my first endeavor to introduce a new .25cal. straight shell. Since then I have received numerous inquiries concerning its progress from many of your readers, who naturally look to me for further information. I am sorry to be obliged to inform Messrs. E. A. Leopold, E. T. King, F. H. Ticknor, my good friends "Barrister" and J. H. Barlow, manager of the Ideal Co., also many others who have kindly displayed interest in this shell, that I am unable to report any tangible results, notwithstanding the expenditure of much time and some money in endeavoring to bring it within the reach of those who appreciate its advantages.

Last May the largest arms company in this country wrote that they would have it ready in a month. I waited three months and then inquired in person concerning its progress, being told that it would be ready in two weeks.

Five months later they stated that nothing had been done about it! It is not known to what extent the prevailing hard times have influenced the company in this matter, but if responsible for their alarming lapse in veracity, it behooves us all as honest sportsmen to be on guard against such pernicious influences.

Hoping that some other company may be induced to make this popular shell, the original model is reproduced. Meanwhile the writer will not cease his endeavors, which, please understand, are entirely disinterested.

The new cal. .25-25-100 c. f. cartridge, made expressly for the rifle. Shell 2 1/4 in. long, straight, using the 88grs. and 98grs. bullet



(Ideal molds) and 25grs. Fg. Hazard powder (Ideal charger). Also a round ball with light charge. Specially adapted to both hunting and target practice. W. L. CARPENTER.

**A Louisiana Ducking Record.**

FRANKLIN, St. Mary Parish, La., March 2.—In your issue of Feb. 24 a mistake was made as to the size of the bag we made on our trip to Abbeville. There being one cipher left off the number made quite a difference and doesn't appear much to the credit of our country as a place for "game, and lots of it," not to mention our reputations as pretty good shots. The number was 840, quite an unusually large kill for us. The time consumed was two full days. F. A. F.

**Cold in Michigan and Massachusetts.**

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., March 1.—I am told that Torch Lake and Grand Traverse East Bay froze over last week. A friend writes me from Islington, Mass.: "A few flocks of quail have lived through the winter hereabout, but the poachers have thinned them." KELPIE.

**While Reading "Forest and Stream."**

With the unerring skill of a "Diamond Walt" I lay low the mysterious "Arabian spike buck" with the deadly .22 short. Anon I am gliding down the Patuca, lulled to sleep by the rhythmic plash of mahogany paddles pulled by bronze-skinned boatmen. Lost in wonder and admiration, I wander amid the sublime grandeur of the Yellowstone Park, that gallery of art in which every work is a masterpiece. With my trusty rifle I face the grizzly in his mountain home, and rob him of his shaggy coat. Oh, fond delusion! I hunt the game of every clime, drop shells beside cold Yukon's rolling tide and torrid India's "coral strand." From the realms of FOREST AND STREAM I banish race and creed and meet my brother man as brother. "The world is mine!" WISBTON WISE.

**Camp-Fire Glickerings.**

"That reminds me,"

**A Story from the Levees.**

MY father appreciates a good joke as much as anybody, laughs as heartily over it, or relates it with as much zest. Especially is he amused by any unsportsmanlike exploit of a would-be sportsman, or the woeful tale of a less fortunate companion in the chase, of "shot too small," or "shells not loaded right." The more lamentable is it, therefore, that it remained for me to have this bit of (profane) history from other than his lips.

There is a law in this State requiring levee officials to kill all hogs found at large within a certain distance of the levee. In order to comply with this regulation father is always equipped with a carbine and plenty of cartridges during his frequent tours of inspection over his "line." Not infrequently does he bring the little rifle into play, and having become attached to the seemingly tame sport, he enjoys it to the fullest.

"Did you hear about the Major shooting hogs with Captain —'s gun last summer?" I was asked.

I had not heard.

"He was riding by the Captain's place when he ran on to a big drove of hogs. It took him only a few seconds to get his rifle out of its scabbard, and he was bringing her down to a bead on a big fellow when Captain — hurriedly rode up.

"Hold on, Major, I want you to try my new gun!"

"The Major 'held on,' long enough for him to go into the house and bring out a bright Winchester. While his eyes sparkled with delight (for he admires a new gun) the Major took a deliberate aim and fired. A clean miss! He tried again—again no hog. By this time the drove had become frightened and started off at a gallop. Also, several negroes appeared on the scene, and one opened the gate of the mule lot, while the others headed the hogs that way.

"Click, click—bang! Click, click—bang!" the gun said several times in quick succession. Not a feather!

"In a fit of desperation the Major grabbed up his carbine, but as he raised it to his shoulder the gate closed behind the last of the swine, and they were safely separated by a high rail fence from the strong arm of the law.

"The disappointed marksman began an examination of the new gun, the Captain looked on complaisantly. Making a discovery, the former cast a smile of humiliation toward the latter, who returned a grin of exultation. The story was told without words. During his short stay indoors the Captain had accomplished wonders, by adjusting the sights with a hammer, and dispatching his servants around by a side route, to run in the hogs, which happened to be his own." TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

**Sea and River Fishing.**

**EARLY FISHING EXPERIENCES.**

WHILE rummaging in my garret one day last winter, I came across a little tin box, the sight of which, with its contents, consisting of rusty fish hooks, chunks of lead, split shot, bits of line and a battered cork, carried me back, I would not like to say how many years, to recollections of my happy school boy days and memories of "Green Fields and Running Brooks." I have always been fond of fishing, and my earliest recollection of the sport was catching minnows on a pin hook when I was five years old. But it was during my rustication at boarding school that I had the most pleasure in this way. One of my early efforts at letter writing was from one of these institutions of learning, and was written to my mother, on hearing of the death of an aunt, and this letter shows the bent of my mind at that time. The substance of the epistle ran thus: "I am very sorry to hear of the death of Aunt Ann, and hope she has gone to a better place; please send me some fish hooks."

Every spare hour I could get was spent with hook and line trying my luck with the finny tribe, and there was not a stream within five miles of the school I had not fished in, and many's the string of trout, chub, sunnies and cattie I brought home. I had while at this school a fishing rod that was very highly prized by me, and was the envy of all the boys. It was a long pliant cedar that I had cut in the swamp, and from which I had peeled all the bark. As it was well seasoned, it was light, tough and elastic. One of the boys had a grudge against me, and knew he could not hurt my feelings more in any way than by destroying this rod, and I am sure I never felt more hurt than I did, as I came out of school at recess one day, and saw my precious rod lying by the wood pile chopped to pieces. This common cedar rod was to my eyes at that time the most beautiful rod in existence, and one that I thought could not be replaced, as I was sure there was not such another in all Beaver Dam swamp. That I gave that boy a sound thrashing goes without saying.

Not far from the school was an old quarry hole full of water, that every one said had no fish in it, but one rainy Saturday I thought I would try it, and was rewarded by a large catch of sunnies and cattie. When I returned home with my string, the much astonished boys tried to pump me as to where I caught them. I guarded the secret for some time, but finally it was discovered, and the place was soon fished out. One day while fishing in this quarry hole, I discovered a white turkey hen setting on her nest, which I made up my mind I would capture as soon as her brood was hatched, as I thought she had no owner, there being no habitation nearer than a mile. But my calculations were all upset when an old colored man appeared upon the scene and said to me: "Doan you tetch dat turkey, honey, it b'longs to me, it do, and Ise a watchen it."

One of our best fishing places was under the dam at the old iron furnace, where the water pouring over its breast had ploughed out a deep pool. Below the dam the stream wound its way between banks that were carpeted with fresh green sod, and numbers of large sycamore trees grew close to the water's edge, leaning over the stream until their tops nearly met, forming a beautiful arch of green through which the mid-day sun could hardly penetrate. I used to go up there and lie down under one of



these trees, and watch the flakes of foam that came down from the dam, get into the eddies and swirls of the deep hole under its roots, where they would sail, turning and twisting slowly round and round, until getting too near the outer edge, they would be carried swiftly down stream by the rapid current, among the rocks, where they were dashed to pieces. I would sometimes lie close to the water's edge and watch the sunfish guarding their spawning beds, darting with wonderful rapidity and ferocity at the minnows that were hovering around, and pouncing upon the spawn at every chance.

The spot so beautifully described by Whitecomb Riley in his poem "On the Banks o' Deer Crik," reminds me forcibly of this place:

"On the banks o' Deer Crik mile or two from town,  
'Long up where the mill race comes a loafin' down,  
Like to git up in ther'—'mongst the sycamores,  
And watch the worter at the dom a frothin' as she pours.  
Crawl out on some old log, with my hook and line,  
Where the fish is just so thick you can see 'em shine  
As they flicker round your bait, coaxin' you to jerk,  
'Tel yer tired ketchen 'em—mighty nigh as work."

In one of the low lying fields near by there were some deep ditches in which large eels abounded, and many's the night I have sat out for an hour or two hauling in the great slimy, squirming fellows. I used to cogitate and plan to invent some way in which I could get them off the hook without the terrible struggle that followed each capture, and finally adopted the following plan: On my way to the ditches I picked up several large stones, which I put in my basket, my idea being to hit each eel, as soon as caught, on the head with one of the stones, stunning it for a time, and enabling me to remove the hook. My plan worked like a charm, each eel was carefully let down into the basket, and after perhaps several attempts was hit on the head with one of the stones. They bit well that night, and when it was time to go home my basket was half full. I wound up my line, took the basket by the handle and lifted it, when behold the bottom came out, and my eels were squirming all over the grass, most of them escaping into the water. The stoning process had completely destroyed the basket, and it took my allowance of pocket money for several weeks to get a new one.

The ways of my youngest boy of ten remind me very much of my boyhood days, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to see the little fellow making his preparations for a day's outing. He will spend a long time of the evening before getting his tackle ready, and will be up betimes in the morning digging bait, and with a lunch in his pocket and rod over his shoulder, will give a happy good-bye as he starts off. Returning toward night, besmeared with mud and wet to the skin, he will show with pride his string of mill-roaches and sunfish, excitedly relating the experiences of the day. Those happy boyhood days, like the water that turns the mill, have passed, never to return again, but with how much pleasure do we look back upon them, feeling that the love of nature, and the love of the "gentle art," then instilled into us has had its influence on our whole lives, helping to make us purer and better, both physically and morally.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 22.

## OUANANICHE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much pleasure, and great interest, Mr. A. N. Cheney's article in FOREST AND STREAM's issue of Jan. 27 last in reference to ouananiche. In fact, I enjoy all of his articles to the same extent. He is a thorough fisherman in all branches of the art, and to me an instructive writer.

In the article above mentioned I want to agree with him on some points and disagree on others.

I firmly believe that the landlocked salmon of Lake St. John, its tributaries, and its outlet, the Saguenay, and named by the Indians ouananiche, or little salmon, differs quite a little from the landlocked salmon found in Maine and New Hampshire waters. The difference does not lie in appearance or genealogy, as they are unquestionably *sui generis*. But their bringing up has been different and their behavior varies accordingly.

There is no question about the descent of either or any of them. They are the direct progeny of the salt water salmon (*Salmo salar*) that, through some convulsion of nature, or accident, have become landlocked and unable to return to the sea.

It has been demonstrated also by practical tests made by the Canadian Government that young salmon fry taken from the sea salmon hatchery at Tadoussac and placed in landlocked fresh waters, would thrive as well as they would have done had they been left in their native element.

Now, as to the difference between the ouananiche of Canada and the landlocked salmon of the States.

In the former case the ouananiche were born and grew to full size in the rough tributaries and outlet of Lake St. John, in waters than which none can be wilder or more rough. They are found where the water boils and tumbles the most—rarely in the still water.

Their life being passed constantly in such rough water, they are a terribly strong fish, able to ascend through the swiftest current, or mount the wildest fall. Hook one in the turmoil of waters, and his action is apparent; a fighter, every inch of him, and to the last I have yet to find a fish his equal, black bass and trout to the contrary notwithstanding.

Here is where the ouananiche's bringing-up stands in his stead. Born of fighting stock, he fights his native element constantly, and he fights his foe, the fisherman, successfully. I say successfully, advisedly, as I have never individually, nor have I ever seen any one else land even one-half of the ouananiche that have taken the fly.

I can refer to my most successful catch last season on the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini River, where in four hours I safely landed fourteen and lost seventeen. I retired with an arm lamed to such an extent that I was unable to cast for fully twenty-four hours.

The fish that I brought safely to net I was forced to play from fifteen to twenty-five minutes each, and they leaped from the water fully six to eight times as a fair average.

So much for their fighting qualities. The Lake St. John waters are all comparatively shallow as rivers naturally are, and while the ouananiche is a deep-water fish, it can-

not get deep enough to not be able to see the fly. The consequence is that you can take any rapid at any time of day, understanding of course that you are fishing the right waters at the right seasons, and secure a successful return from your fly-casting.

As a contrast to this, let us look at the other side, the landlocked salmon of the States. These are confined to and practically found only in lakes of various sizes, a few occasionally being taken in the streams. Bred and raised in the deep, quiet waters of a lake, their bringing up is far more quiet than the ouananiche, and they are better behaved. The muscle development is not so great and they are far from being as great a fighter. This fact is patent on its face.

Then, too, they are a lake fish and remain in deep water, too deep for fly-fishing, except perchance at twilight when the smaller fish will jump and can be taken. This leaves much of the fishing to be done by trolling with a spoon. That I will pass over, as I consider trolling for landlocked salmon worse than a sacrilege.

In the foregoing lies my argument as to the fact that there is a great difference in the fighting qualities of ouananiche and landlocked salmon, and accordingly something of a difference in the fish themselves.

I must differ with Mr. Cheney when he says that "little salmon" does not properly describe the ouananiche, stating that they will run to 25 lbs. weight. This may be true of the landlocked salmon of the States, but is not true of the ouananiche of Canada. In seven years' experience my largest fish has been 7 lbs., and one weighing 8 lbs., caught by a guide, is the largest I have ever seen. I have made particular inquiry, and with the exception of a sort of fairy tale, a legend as it were, that Mr. Price, one of the great lumber firms of that name, had many years ago caught one of 14 lbs. in the Petite Decharge of Lake St. John. I have never seen or heard of one to exceed 8 lbs. I have questioned guides and Indians alike, and they invariably reply, "*Les ouananiches sont petites.*"

The ordinary catch as made will not vary but little from an average of 3½ lbs. Occasionally one of 4, 4½ or 5 lbs. is taken, but rarely will the average exceed 3 to 3½ lbs. If excessively large fish are extant, they have never been caught, or even seen.

The weight in the New Hampshire lakes is still another indication that those landlocked salmon are different from the ouananiche, since if any of these latter existed, they would long since have been caught or at least seen.

From all this, I conclude that by right of baptism by the *habitans*, from the fact that a difference in the two fish is shown to exist, from the fact that the fish of Lake St. John is a stronger fish, and a greater fighter than that of the States, that it is but fair that the denizens of Lake St. John should hold to themselves alone the right and title to the name ouananiche, and that their pseudo relatives of the States should adhere to their proper name, landlocked salmon. When they usurp their name, they usurp their thunder as well, and that they are hardly entitled to.

The landlocked salmon has the reputation, and doubtless is, a hard fighter. I do not form any judgment from actual experience with them, but formulate my ideas entirely from the experience of others. I have met many fishermen at Lake St. John and elsewhere, who have fished both the Maine and Canada waters, and all agree that the ouananiche is a greater fighter, and a more difficult fish to land.

If I am in error I shall be only too glad to be convinced of it, but there is nothing that can make me believe that any fish can exceed, or even equal quite, the king of freshwater fish, the gamiest of all—the ouananiche of Lake St. John.

EUGENE MCCARTHY.

## THE MOHICAN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

THE organization of the new Rod and Gun Club at Glens Falls, N. Y., was completed the evening of March 1 by the adoption of a constitution, a name and the election of officers provided by the constitution. The name is the Mohican Rod and Gun Club, the Indian portion of it being intimately associated with the forests and streams of this region through J. Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Last of the Mohicans."

The Indian name Mohican or Mohegan, is that of a tribe of Indians, and the word is derived from Muh-ha-ak-nuck, meaning "a great water that is constantly in motion," that is, flowing or ebbing. The Mohicans were allied to the Manhattans, Pequots, Narragansetts and Nipmucks, and occupied the territory from Long Island Sound to the Penobscot. It will be remembered by the great army of FOREST AND STREAM readers that "Injun Levi," the tutor of the immortal "Nessmuk" during his boyhood, was a Nipmuck, Nepmuk, or Nepmug (as it is variously spelled) Indian, and in "Forest Runes" "Nessmuk" explains how he came by his pen name as a heritage from his tutor.

Holden says of the Mohicans: "The territory subject to their domination and occupancy extended from the Connecticut to the Hudson as far north as the southern extremity of Lake George. According to Schoolcraft, these Indians were among the tribes of the Algonquin stock. \* \* \* The early attachment which was formed with the first English colonists of Connecticut by the politic Mohicans no doubt contributed in a great measure to their preservation during the harassing wars which prevailed through the colonial peninsula for the first fifty years of its settlement."

Dr. Edward Eggleston, the novelist, once told me that these Indians were undoubtedly skilled in the manufacture of weapons for the chase and for war, and manufactured flint arrow heads, fish hooks, skinning knives, spears, etc., for barter with other tribes. There is evidence existing to-day, or was within a very short time, that one great workshop of the Mohicans for making tools employed in taking fish and game was situated near Joshua's Rock, on Lake George, and the lake was probably a highway over which the Indians from the north came to trade with this tribe of savage sportsmen.

Upon the adoption of a constitution and a name, the club re-elected the officers chosen at the initial meeting, as given in FOREST AND STREAM, and in addition Mr. F. F. Pruyne, cashier of the Merchants' National Bank, vice-president, and the following board of directors: Daniel L. Robertson, Joseph A. Powers, John M. Davies, W. E. Baldwin and Norman R. Gourley. As a symbol of the club there was adopted the figure of an Indian head and bust with a tortoise, the totem of the tribe of Mohicans, on his breast.

The modern sport-loving Mohicans have no fear that a

band of warlike Iroquois will drive them from their hunting and fishing grounds, as their prototypes were driven, and to signalize the era of peace, good will and brotherly feeling, Col. Marshall McDonald, the chief on the Potomac; Charles B. Reynolds, the sterling chieftain of the Manhattans, and Arthur C. Gould, a worthy chief of the same tribe, and John H. Halsted, a chief of the Mohawks, with a lodge at Peekskill, were proposed as honorary members.

To further cement the "early attachment" existing between the Mohicans and the English, the club extended its invitation across the "great water that is constantly in motion," to London, inviting Robert B. Marston and William Senior (whose totem is a "Red Spinner"), in amity to become honorary members of the Mohicans. To their kinsmen the Caughnawagas in the land of the beaver, the Mohicans also extended honorary membership to the person of the great chief, E. T. D. Chambers, who lodges at Quebec.

The organization of the Mohican Club was timely, for, according to the Glens Falls *Star*, two black bears were seen yesterday in a piece of woods bordering almost upon the corporate limits of the village, and the *Star* this morning calls upon the club for action before the village itself is invaded. Last fall three deer were seen within the corporation, so with deer and bear at hand, fish and small game only will require attention at the outset, but the club is just now more interested in finding a home and in preparing grounds, than in either shooting or fishing.

A. N. C.

## BOSTON AND MAINE.

WHAT is termed "the Boys' Party" of the Monomoy Brant Club is booked to leave Boston on March 28 for the spring shoot. This will be the second party to visit the club's shooting ranch for the season of 1894. It will include seven or eight members of the club and invited guests, and the names of the happy individuals I will try to give as soon as the list is fully made up. Prospects are reported to be bright for a good brant season. Word comes direct to me from a member of the club that brant have been seen at and near the club's shooting grounds nearly all winter. The Monomoy Brant Club is one of the oldest shooting clubs on the coast and has some of the best sportsmen in its list of membership. The members are not nearly all of them in favor of spring shooting, but they are aware that very few brant could possibly be taken at any other season.

It may not be exactly Monomoy Brant Club news, but it is worthy of mention that there is to be a wedding this week down there in Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. George Bearse have issued invitations for Tuesday evening, and some of the members of the Brant Club have received them. Their daughter Ina Georgie is to be married to Mr. Luther Studley Edwards, of Chatham. Mr. Bearse is captain of the club's gunners, and is very popular with the members of the club.

The Gilbert trout bill had not got fully through the Senate on Saturday, though there is little doubt but what it will go through. The question of the House amendments was not then decided, viz., exempting trout under six in length from being sold legally during March and April, and exempting the counties of Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin and Berkshire from the provisions of the bill. Mr. Gilbert and his friends are accused of fighting for even this last pound of flesh left to the cause of the poor wild trout in the State of Massachusetts.

Already the interest in spring fishing is beginning to be noted. I have lately met several of the regular visitors to the Rangeley Lakes, and they have begun to discuss the annual and very interesting question, as to when is the ice going out? I find that there is a feeling of discontent among what may be termed the regular sportsmen, as to the amount of fishing to be obtained in the Rangeley waters. The feeling is that vacationists and summer residents have badly over-fished the more noted of Maine trout waters. One gentleman, a visitor to the Rangeleys regularly for many years, tells me that he was badly left as to getting any trout at the old haunts last year, and that he, with a party of friends, will try the waters that are to be reached via the Aroostook Railroad this year. It is true that a great sporting country has been opened up by the opening of this road, but I suggest to him that, from all accounts, there will be a dozen sportsmen for every new point, and that the new fishing grounds will doubtless be as badly overdone as the old.

SPECIAL.

## California Fly-Casting Tournament.

A LARGE body of enthusiastic anglers assembled at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 20, to hear the report of the committee on programme and rules of the fly and lure casting tournament to be held during the Midwinter International Exposition in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, May 4 and 5. Among the most noted anglers present were John Benn, the well-known fly-tyer; Capt. Cummins, one of the veteran anglers of this coast; W. J. Golcher, E. P. Allen, official time keeper at the Chicago tournament; H. E. Skinner, Wm. Murdoch, of the Fish Commission; Alexander Badlam, and the committee, consisting of Col. G. C. Edwards, A. M. Cummings, W. J. Matthews, J. Siebe, J. E. Shain, W. D. Mansfield, and Messrs. Golcher and Allen, previously mentioned. In addition there were over forty anglers present.

Col. G. C. Edwards, of the University of California, officiated. Mr. W. D. Marshall, the secretary-treasurer, assisting. After a brief address, Col. Edwards stated the objects of the meeting and requested the anglers present to discuss the rules and programme and make what suggestions they saw fit. After considerable discussion the following programme was adopted:

### CONTESTS.

1. Fly-casting for distance.
2. Fly-casting for distance and accuracy combined.
3. Light-rod casting for distance, accuracy and delicacy combined.
4. Fly-casting with salmon tackle for distance.
5. Lure (spoon-minnow and bait) casting for distance and accuracy.

The tournament will be held at the lagoon at the foot of Strawberry Hill, Golden Gate Park, a most excellent selection, sheltered, easy of access and an excellent place for the spectators to view the work.

The Chicago platform was aft. from the water. Ours will be but 1 ft. Consequently I do not expect the long distance casting will be as successful as regards record breaking as Chicago, as the caster will not have the same advantage in retrieving his line as the Chicago contestants had. There will be a very large local entry. Our best sportsmen are taking hold of it. The rules will be given next week.

NANUQUOI.



The Megantic Club.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation was held at the Westland Hotel, Portland, Me., on Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 2:30 P. M. There were present Messrs. F. A. Foster, L. Dana Chapman, Arthur W. Robinson, F. L. Brown and Dr. Heber Bishop. (Proxies 143.) The treasurer's report proved the financial condition of the club to be excellent. Assets \$13,513.54, and liabilities \$1,891.25.

Mr. Arthur W. Robinson of Boston was re-elected Clerk and Dr. Geo. W. Way of Portland, Me., Assistant Clerk. The following were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Mr. Alexander Taylor, Jr., Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Messrs. Walter C. Prescott, Frederick A. Foster, L. Dana Chapman, Arthur W. Robinson, Boston, Mass.; Dr. W. G. Kendall, Atlantic, Mass.; Messrs. W. K. McClure, Plainfield, N. J.; Chas. A. Kilham, John W. Dunklee, A. R. Brown, Seth Perkins, James Brown, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Philander Cutler, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. Nathan F. Tufts, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. W. A. Macleod, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Frederick L. Gilbert, New York, N. Y.

ARTHUR W. ROBINSON, Clerk.

The Vermont Trout Law.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I read with interest Mr. H. C. Kirk's comment on the proposed plan for protecting the trout in Vermont waters by posting all small streams and the headwaters of larger ones, and I consider his remarks most sensible from his point of view. I have no wish to provoke a controversy with anyone, but think, as Mr. K. says, the matter should be discussed, and I hope to see some expression of opinion from Vermont anglers.

I think all will agree that almost any plan would be more feasible than the six-inch law, as it is now enforced, but it seems an open question whether the proposed plan would be a great improvement.

If all small streams were posted, without exception, it would close many of the mountain streams which do not act as feeders to a larger stream where trout are found, but empty direct into some of our larger rivers. Trout of more than 6in. are now taken in these streams, and there would be many more if they were given any chance to grow—that is, the six-inch law would be ample protection for such streams if it could be enforced.

I may be wrong, but I cannot see that the proposed law would be any easier to enforce than the present one, especially if it allowed the taking of trout of any size in waters not posted. It would be very easy for any one so disposed to take all the small trout they cared for in the smaller streams, and to do it in such a way that it would be difficult to prove they were not taken from open waters. The headwaters of our mountain streams are located, as a rule, where witnesses of illegal fishing are not apt to be plenty.

I certainly do not think that under the proposed law even so many fingerlings would be returned as at present (though the number now returned must be very small) especially in the larger streams, where the taking of small trout would be lawful. But as matters are at present it would simply legalize what is almost a common practice. Of course in some favored localities the six inch law is well observed, either from principle or because it is not too easily evaded; but as a whole I think it safe to say the six-inch law is doing very little toward keeping up the trout supply. Any one who was fairly well posted would say the same of this section, and I have found it so in other parts of the State.

This being the case, the proposed measure may be of more value than the present law, and if so, I sincerely hope it may be given a trial.

The time for the usual tinkering of the fish and game law is approaching, and of course no fellow can tell what will be sprung on us next; but for one I would suggest that it might be well to devise some means of enforcing the present law before trying a new departure, which, as far as stated, seems to present the same difficulties and may not have its advantages.

ROD.

Game and Fish Bills at Albany.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

ALBANY, March 5.—The following bills have been introduced since the summary given up to Feb. 16:

ASSEMBLY.

No. 551. By Mr. Bradley.—Makes close season for ruffed grouse, partridge, all grouse and all pheasants, Jan. 1 to Nov. 1; woodcock, Jan. 1 to Aug. 1. (Amends Sec. 164.)

No. 764. By Mr. Rider.—Protects Mongolian pheasants for three years.

No. 783. By Mr. Van Amber.—Permits taking frostfish in inland waters with nets, at such times and under such rules as the Fish Commissioners may prescribe.

No. 818. By Mr. Van Amber.—Permitting rabbits to be killed between Aug. 15 and March 15 in counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, Clinton, Lewis, Warren, Hamilton and Herkimer.

SENATE.

No. 887. By Mr. Parkhurst.—Amends Sec. 203 by providing that supervisors' enactments shall apply to all citizens of New York State alike, and repealing all ordinances already adopted which discriminate against citizens of other counties.

"Among the Ozarks,"

THE LAND OF BIG RED APPLES, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit growers, but to every farmer and home-seeker looking for a farm and a home. Mailed free. Address J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.—*Adv.*

Where to Find Game.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America, the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Seull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.—*Adv.*

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the **FOREST AND STREAM** one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$6)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals.

For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the **FOREST AND STREAM** during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog, and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canins fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

FIXTURES.  
DOG SHOWS.

March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.

March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 27-30.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. D. B. Darby, Sec'y. Entries close March 16.

April 17 to 20.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y. Entries close March 31.

April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

THE COLUMBUS DOG SHOW.

The dog show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club Co. (Columbus, O.) was a great success, the club coming out well ahead financially, although the admission fee (25 cents) was small. The *élite* of the city patronized the show. Each day saw an increased attendance and interest. The members worked diligently to make the show attractive and to interest the people in it. They deserve the success which came from their efforts. The third day's receipts brought in a balance above expenses, and the fourth day was all to the good.

The show was held in the building 21 North High street, on Feb. 28 and March 1, 2 and 3. The building had been used for a store. The arrangement of it inside was most inconvenient for dog show purposes. Three floors were used, the first for the large dogs, the second for setters, pointers, etc., and the third for small dogs. An elevator and stairway afforded means of ascent to the upper floors. Had there been a fire the fate of the dogs in the upper floors was easy to predict. Still, it was the best building the club could secure in a central location, and they did the best they could.

The benching was wooden, and of course marred the general effect of the show. But, with this show such a proven success, the club will undoubtedly make its next show first-class in all its appointments.

There were 277 entries catalogued. The quality of the dogs was better than the average, several famous kennels competing. The club was particularly fortunate in its dates coming between the New York and Detroit shows.

Mr. H. A. Bridge was superintendent. He was assisted in his work by the treasurer, Mr. A. T. Dempsey, Mr. Geo. F. Mooney, secretary, Messrs. J. D. Poston and W. H. Eakins. Every effort was made to please the exhibitors, and that they succeeded is attested by a testimonial to the club, signed by most of the exhibitors present.

The dogs were fed on Spratts patent biscuits. The club should endeavor to secure a building for its next show which has sufficient space in one room to bench all the dogs. It mars the effectiveness of the display when the dogs are divided up in two or three rooms, and in a building where three floors are used the danger from fire is great.

GREAT DANES (*E. Burdick Elliott, Judge*).—There were nine present, of which the greater part were exhibited by the Kennel Lawrence. Major McKinley, the only entry in the challenge class, was absent. Earl of Wurtemberg was easily first in dogs, with Lawrence Leopard second, the same positions as they had at New York last week. They were fully reported in **FOREST AND STREAM**. The great bitch Portia Melac was shown in good condition. She excelled her two competitors, Kelpie and Francis, in every respect, they being second and vhc. respectively. Of the two puppies, Lawrence Vera, excellent in legs and feet, good body, head and symmetry, was easily first. Lawrence Minka, second, is light in bone. The Kennel Lawrence took the kennel prize.

DEERHOUNDS had no entries.

BOZOS (*George Bell, Judge*).—Mr. Hanks's kennel was well represented and took most of the prizes, including the kennel prize. In challenge class Leekhoi was first, with Vinga reserve. In open dogs Leekhoi II. was first, Colonel Dietz second. Zlobelis had two competitors in the bitch class, Lady Dietz, second, and Gipsy Queen, hc. The latter was third at New York, while Lady was vhc.

GREYHOUNDS (*George Bell, Judge*).—Master Rich, well-known, was the only entry; he was in good condition.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS (*George Bell, Judge*).—Ranger II. was the only competitor and he was awarded second in the challenge class. He is not an American type precisely and probably that is why first was withheld.

POINTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—Pointers as a lot were not remarkable for quality. There were 24 all told. Rush of Lad won over Tempest in challenge dogs. Both show coarseness, though they are strongly built. Wild Lilly had a walkover in challenge bitches. There were seven heavy-weight dogs. Stanley, first, is a toppy looking dog, but is deficient in short ribs, is good in front, but light behind; head somewhat plain, and is lacking in smooth finish. Molton Banner, second, is stockily built, too heavy in neck. He stands squarely on good legs and feet. The reserve, King Hamlet, is leggy and straight in shoulders. The Sheriff, vhc., is heavy in skull, but is a fairly good large dog. The only heavy bitch, Carrie G., was fat, light in bone and wide in ribs. Ridgeview Tenny was first in dogs under 55lbs. and also won special for the best pointer. Last week he was a heavy-weight and won second at New York as such. Second was won by Dictator. He has good legs and feet, heavy neck, plain head. He is very heavily built and carries too much lumber. Lad of Rush, the reserve, is a muscular, compactly built dog, plain in head, good in body, back, legs and feet. Fanny Kirk was first in bitch bitches. She has a fairly good head, is straight in shoulders, is throaty, has good legs and feet. She was very closely pressed by Pet S., the latter quite symmetrical, smoothly built and muscular. She does not carry her ears well. Fan Fan II., the reserve, is light in muzzle and her ears are set too high. Light lower thigh, body well ribbed. Spotted Goat easily beat American Boy in puppy dogs, and Miss Drake had no competitor in the bitch class.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—Breeze Gladstone and Bohemian Girl had a walkover in the challenge classes for dogs and bitches respectively. The latter is quite throaty and shows some effects of old age. The dog class had 19 competitors. They were but little above ordinary in quality. Rodfield, first, was thin in flesh. He stands badly in front, elbows in, feet out. His head is fairly good though his lips being scant gives his muzzle a light appearance. Still, he was the best in the class. Second went to Pierce Hill, short in muzzle, heavy skull, fairly good legs and feet, a shade flat in ribs and long cast in body. Mac

Murdo, the reserve, is plain in head, has good legs and feet, neck too short, fair general symmetry. Five dogs received vhc., Chesterford Surprise, quite a good setter though slightly throaty and head deficient in stop. Young Howard, a good setter plain in head and too thin in flesh, Budd Noble, and Ben Hur of Riverview, good vhc. dogs, and Netherwood Nymrod, the latter third at New York and Ben Hur of Riverview fourth. There were 14 bitches in the competition. Latonia, first, stands on good legs and feet, a fairly good head deficient in stop, and back slightly swayed; on the whole, quite a fair bitch. Belle of Brownstown, second, is short in neck, plain head, shoulders too heavy, good legs and feet. Arline, the reserve, is throaty. She is a good vhc. bitch. Florence Gladstone, Dorna Gladstone and Brownie received vhc. about their merit. There was but one entry in the dog puppy class, a trimly built fellow, muscular and symmetrical, though his tail had more curve than was desirable. There were two puppies in the bitch class. Queen Emma, first, is long cast and lacking in symmetry, while Gypsy Queen has a light narrow head, was thin in flesh, yet is quite a fairly good puppy. Mr. J. Shelley Hudson took the kennel prize.

IRISH SETTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—Kildare Glenmore took first in the challenge class over Seminole; Kildare was entered to compete for specials only. Edna H. had no competition in the corresponding bitch class, Queen Vic being entered to compete for specials only, she winning the special for best Irish setter. Finglas had an easy win over his six competitors, second going to Dawn; light in barrel, head not clean cut, out at elbows. The reserve went to Pemberton, a dog rather coarsely built. There were five bitches, of which Bessie Finmore was first and Ruby Glenmore II. was second. Rosamond and Kildare Gladys, the reserve and vhc. respectively, are ordinary. The three puppies were about average in quality. The Oak Grove Kennels won the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS (*Major J. M. Taylor, Judge*).—Nearly all the winners are well known. Leo B. had no competitor in the challenge class. Lady Gordon took first in the challenge bitch class, Lady Waverly the reserve. Heather Lad was first in the open dog class; he is smoothly turned, is short of feather, carries himself well. Duke of Wellington was second, the reserve going to Pride of Finlay, a large, strong dog, with a smudgy tan. Dwight Effie was first in bitches; head long, muzzle narrow, throaty, well-ribbed body, good quarters, legs and feet. Second went to Highland Yola; good in head, heavy in build and tan not free from a mix of black. There was but one more competitor in the class and but one in the puppy class, Dwight Effie. Dr. Dixon's kennel took the special for the best kennel and for the largest exhibit, while Heather Lad took the special for best dog.

BEAGLES (*George Bell, Judge*).—The beagles were but ordinary in quality. Doctor easily disposed of Parthenia in the challenge class. In the open class for dogs, 15in., Sir Thomas took first. He is long and light in body and lacked beagle character and expression. In the corresponding bitch class there was but one entry, Actress, coarse in head, light in bone, good body. In the open dog class, 13in., Clarion of Glenrose, first, was too fat and gross in appearance, but had many good points, and seemed a good beagle if properly fitted for showing. Adam, second, was very ordinary. In bitches, 13in., first went to Cleopatra of Glenrose, wide in ribs, light in head, wide in front, good legs and feet. An ordinary bitch, Topsy Turvy, second, just escapes weediness. The kennel prize was taken by the Glenrose Beagle Kennels.

SPANIELS (*George Bell, Judge*).—Field spaniels had one entry, Newton Abbott. Cocker were quite well represented, the Swiss Mountain Kennels and Mr. Edwin M. Fiske respectively having strong teams, the former winning the special for the best kennel. Four faced the judge in the challenge class for dogs, Middy winning first and Jay Kay second and Othello reserve, all noticed in the New York report last week in **FOREST AND STREAM**. In bitches Miss Waggles and I Say were equal first, Realization the reserve. In open dogs King Kole, first, stands out at elbows a bit, is not first rate in head, good body, legs and feet, and good symmetry and cocker character. Douglas, second, is a bit heavy in head and light in barrel, and is lacking in general symmetry of make up. In bitches Fashion was placed over Lady Fidget, the latter better in shoulders, shape of body and general symmetry and cocker character. Lady's head, too, is cleaner cut. She is a trifle out at elbows, but is muscular and well built, has the better feet, though Fashion is well built and quite a good cocker. The reserve went to Dart, plain in head, light muzzle, good body and coat. In dogs, other than black, Dandy S. won with something to spare. He is light in bone and stands a trifle high on legs. Brantford Rufus was second and St. Lawrence Prince, a coarse dog, reserve. In the corresponding bitch class there were two, Ruth S. first, and Lady Silk, a leggy bitch, lacking cocker character, second.

MASTIFFS.—These were badly represented, as there was only one poor specimen, with a very moderate head and badly carried tail, but fair body.

ST. BERNARDS.—These were well represented. In the challenge class Ito was again beaten, and this time by her kennel companion, Fernwood Bruce; a correct decision, as the dog scores well in size, coat, body, front and movement. Ito moves very slouchily, is very wide in front, indifferent in coat, dips in the back, and as far as her head is concerned, although it is of fair type, with good girth and depth, her prominent, staring eye should always handicap her. Both she and Bruce lack quality and expression. The open dog class proved an easy win for Mrs. Lee's Grand Master, lately noticed. Between Napoleon and Duquesne, second and third, there is little to choose, but I thought the latter might fairly have had second place. Napoleon is the taller dog of the pair, but his body is not in proportion to his height, hence he is leggy, and is also straight behind. Duquesne scores well in body, coat, stifles and action, and in head there is but little to choose between them. Both are well shaded, with fair expression, have good skull properties, but are deficient in muzzle. In bitches there was nothing to touch the well-known Sunray, of the Swiss Mountain Kennels. Arline, with her sound body, capital bone, legs, feet and movement, made a good second, but her faulty head and large ears will always keep her back in decent company. Santa Rosa came third. She is a big bitch, standing over plenty of ground, but lacks quality and type in head, and her coat, at present, is not of the best. Juliet is a good, sound mover, with fair type, but is on the small side, light in bone and out of coat. Neulena fully deserved her two letters, a bitch having a nice, quality showing head, good shadings and coat, but weak in muzzle. Fernwood Rose II. was rather badly used with only two letters, for she is a good, big-bodied bitch, with a good coat; her head is against her, but no harm would have been done had she got another letter. Victoria Fernwood lacks quality, is weak in muzzle, but has a good coat and sound body.

In smooth dogs Lawrence Garza, an improved dog in body, easily won. His head is of nice type and quality, and he now moves fairly well, but is decidedly on the small side. Rex Alton, second, is too small in head and light in bone and body, and also moves poorly. His head is of nice type and quality, however, and he was properly placed second in this class. Casper is a big dog, far too long in face, lacks depth of muzzle, has good bone, too much coat and moves very badly. Noble vhc., a good sound dog by old champion Apollo, with good body, bone, legs, feet and movement, but only moderate in head, was hardly used in being beaten by Casper, but the judge took exception to his color, a rich orange brindle. In bitches it was of course a case of the sweet symmetrical and typical Lady Judith first, and the



rest nowhere. This bitch is a good one, full of quality and character, excellently proportioned, with grand bone for her size, capital legs and feet and a good mover; she has too much coat, but all the best smooths nowadays seem to suffer from this defect. Sunol made a good second; she is just a fair bitch, but lacks in head properties and character as compared to Lady Judith. Fernwood Goldie, although present, did not come up to the scratch and was not a competitor. In puppies there were only two, but one was so bad that he was rightly sent out without a notice, and the other, Fernwood Columbus, a fine well grown youngster, with good bone and substance, but shows the same lack of quality as his sire and dam, Fernwood Bruce and I. O. Lady Judith rightly captured the St. Bernard club special for the best bitch, her most formidable opponent being Sunray, and her kennel companion Grand Master had likewise no difficulty in winning that for the best dog. The kennel prize went to the Fernwood Kennels over the Alta Kennels, but there is room for difference of opinion here, but the judge gave it to the winners because they were the more level lot. It is a pity that Grand Master and Lady Judith had nothing better than Santa Rosa and Juliet, shown in poor shape, to back them up.

**COLLIES.**—These were one of the best collections in the show. In the challenge class Wellesbourne Charlie had an easy task to defeat Sir Walter Scott III., who, although never in the same class, has deteriorated considerably in head and expression. In the class for bitches Flurry III., quickly coating up again, had just as easy a task as her kennel companion, Cora II., being her only opponent. In open dogs Christopher scored an easy win. He is in grand coat and condition and retains his head well. Toronto Wonder, with enormous coat and grand coloring, could not be denied second place. Orme, third, is a nice quality-showing puppy, with excellent ears and expression, good coat and action, but he is decidedly cheeky, and will, I think, get thick in head before long. Curzon, yhc., has good ears and a fair head to commend him, but in coat and body he is very faulty. Heather, an old-fashioned black, tan and white, with a good coat of right texture and fair ears, but a bad thick head and poor expression, deserved his two letters. In bitches Chesterford Hattie was an easy winner; she was described last week. Between Bertha II. and Chesterford Lilly it will always be a close thing. Bertha scores in body, while Lilly is far the best in coat, and in head and ears there is but little to choose between them. Grange Nellie has gone all to pieces and is now very thick in head, and her light-colored, full eye makes her still more common. She has a good coat. Her two dog puppies shown in open class are both good in coat, but are coarse and common in head. Mattie II. is a very poor one, with shocking ears.

**FOX-TERRIERS.**—That good bitch, Grouse II., was the only representative in the challenge class, and rightly won the special for best in the show. In open dogs Avondale Mixture, a good "varmint" looking terrier, with good coat, fair head and ears, nice front and bone, rightly won from Poverino, who has thickened in head and loaded up in shoulders. Nabob, third, was very thin and light, but his good head, ears and expression and coat were rightly recognized. Hillside Royal was very hardly used with only two letters. He has a good, clean, punishing head, good ears and coat and a nice front; his legginess seemed to me to be his worst fault. The wire-hair, Ebor Larchmont, too, might well have had another letter; he is certainly thick in head and open in coat, but he is a fair stamp otherwise. In bitches Chicago was an easy winner; a nice quality bitch, with good terrier character, a bit short in head and somewhat small and light all over. Maple Leaf, second, has good bone, body and coat, good legs and feet, but a poor head and badly carried ears. Jess Frost, the wire-hair, came third; her thick head and full eye must always tell against her. Richmond Jesmine is very weedy all over; weak in head, light of bone, leggy and too long cast.

**POODLES.**—Only two put in an appearance, and the Russian scored over the Frenchman, beating him decisively in head, eye, ear and body.

**BULLDOGS.**—This grand breed had only two representatives, one in each class, Wal Hampton and The Grayen Image, but they proved to be the chief attractions of the show.

**BULL-TERRIERS.**—Champion Crisp was absent and left the competition between the kennel companions Attraction and Starlight, and the former's cleaner head and neck rightly entitled her to the blue. In open dogs Cardonna von with a good deal to spare from that good little one Principio. Topsparkle, third, has a good eye and expression and a long, clean head, and had no difficulty in defeating the recently imported Bellerby King, who is a poor one, cheeky in head and weak in jaw, and does not get one ear up. In bitches a very moderate one, Edgewood Modesty, had no difficulty in scoring, as Dot is a round-skulled bad one, with uncropped ears.

**BASSET HOUNDS.**—Two competed in the dog class but Bent won very easily, scoring tremendously in head properties, length, bone and crook. Fritz is a bad one, light in bone, too high on the leg and short in body, with a poor head and expression. Bet, the only bitch shown, is a nice, typical bitch, with plenty of bone, good crook and body.

**DACHSHUNDS.**—Fritz R., although in the challenge class, is a bad one, and the judge rightly withheld first and only gave him a red ribbon, which is more than he could get in a decent class. Jay, shown in poor condition and very shaky on his pins, nevertheless is such a good-headed and typical-bodied hound that he got the blue all the same. In bitches Jargonelle, who had evidently only recently been attending to a family, was so much superior to Nellie S. in type, bone, length of body, looseness of skin and all round quality that she easily scored.

**SKYE TERRIERS.**—In the challenge class Endcliffe Maggie and champion Sir Stafford met, but the champion had to take a back seat this time. The bitch scores in head, size and general character and was also in the best coat. In open dogs Elphinstone noticed last week, won as the only other entry was a nondescript. In bitches Queen of the Skyes and Princess May were placed in the order named as at New York.

**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.**—There being no challenge class provided Broomfield Sultan competed in the open and of course made a show of the class. Glenwood, second, is a big dog inclined to coarseness, but is a good terrier, with good length of head, capital eye and nice color and markings. Chesterford Victor changed places with Rochelle Oolah and was this time placed over him. He scores in head and eye and expression, but is not as good in body. In bitches the Chesterford Park Kennels' two had the class to themselves. This time Rochelle Mab was placed over Betsy, the Toronto winner. The winner has the best head but loses in markings and size to Betsy.

**TOY TERRIERS.**—Only two entries and one was a nondescript, the other was of the usual black and tan, apple-headed persuasion.

**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—These were better represented. The winner was far the best in head of the three dogs shown, but lacks arch of loin. Between second and third there was little to choose. Trixie, the winner in bitches, was the best Italian shown; a really nice one of good size, and were it not for her broken foreleg could win in the best of company.

**PUGS.**—In the challenge class for dogs Curtis, a much-improved dog, rightly beat Cashier. Curtis is a good-headed one, but smutty in color and inclined to be leggy. Vega was the only entry in challenge bitches; a good headed and bodied little one that can hold her own with the best. In open dogs Drummer won, with Patsy Bolivar second and Finsbury Dude third, but had the order been reversed the decision would have been more correct. Drummer has a

good, well-wrinkled head, but is heavy in ear and is beaten very easily in other respects by the other two dogs who were placed behind him. Dude was shown too light, but has a good head, nice ear and is a capital bodied dog of nice size. Boliver might also have carried more flesh and carries one ear poorly, but in size, style and character he scores. Sir Douglass is too large, has an excellent skull and wrinkle, but is too long in muzzle. In bitches that grand bitch Haughty Madge easily scored; it is hard to find fault with her, except she might be a shade smaller and have a trifle smaller ears. Lady Verne, second, should have given way to Miss Decima in spite of the latter's poor shape. Lady Verne has a good skull and fair muzzle, but a bad, light eye, crooked front and poor feet. Mabel E. is excellent in body, but poor in head. The puppies were poor ones. The German-Howard Kennels won the kennel prize by the help of Al Von, who was entered for specials only, but this should undoubtedly have gone to the Rookery Kennels with Haughty Madge, Finsbury Dude, Vega and Curtis.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Two really good dogs competed, and it must always be a matter of the judge's individual preference for the breed to decide between them. That good Irishman Jackanapes, looking really well, was placed over that grand foxhound bitch Rosemary. Deyr, the Welshman, was the other competitor.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

**MATIFFS.**—Dogs: 1st Eberhart & Heywood's Tiger. ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, J. B. Lewis's Fernwood Bruce and I. O.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Alto Kennels' Grand Master; 2d, Lee Chamberlain's Napoleon. Reserve, C. E. Caughey's Duquesne. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunray; 2d, J. B. Lewis's Arline. Reserve, Alto Kennels' Santa Rosa. Very high com., M. O. Eberhart's Fernwood C. G. Essen's Laura C. and Alto Kennels' Juliet. High com., W. G. Hetlick's Fernwood Rose II. and A. T. Dempsey's Neulene.—SMOOTH-COATED—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, John W. Fornot's Lawrence Garza; 2d, J. C. Donnell's Rex Alton. Reserve, Andrew Rogers's Casper. Very high com., Frederick H. Smith's Noble. High com., Jas. W. Berry's Mountain Guide. Bitches: 1st, Alto Kennels' Lady Judith; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunol. Puppies: 1st, J. B. Lewis's Fernwood Columbus; 2d withheld.

**GREAT DANES.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Kennel Lawrence's Earl of Wurttemberg and Lawrence; 3d, Leopold. Reserve, Theo. Wolfram's Count Frederick. High com., Dr. L. A. Anderson's Jeff. Bitches: 1st, Kennel Lawrence's Portia Melac; 2d, W. F. Dorn's Kelpie. Very high com., Theo. Wolfram's Francis. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Kennel Lawrence's Lawrence Vera and Lawrence Minka.

**BORZOIS OR RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Chas. Steadman Hanks's Leekhol and Vinga.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, N. M. Wanner's Leekhol II.; 2d, Chas. Steadman Hanks's Col. Dietz. Bitches: 1st, A. E. Pitt's Zlobelie; 2d and high com., Chas. Steadman Hanks's Lady Dietz and Gipsy Queen. Puppies: 1st, Chas. Steadman Hanks's Lady Dietz.

**GREYHOUNDS.**—Dogs: 1st, W. G. Fite's Master Rich. FOXHOUNDS (American).—CHALLENGE—2d, Seminole Kennels' Ranger II.

**POINTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. F. Hockwalt and W. H. Winkler's Rush of Fend; Wm. Giddard's Temper. Bitches: 1st, Geo. W. Lovell's Wild Lily.—OPEN—55LBS. AND OVER—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Clark's Stanley; 2d, G. O. Smi.h's Molton Banner. Reserve, J. C. Kinnane's King Hamlet. Very high com., B. H. Whiteley's The Sheriff. Com., J. W. Clabaugh's Spotter and J. G. F. Holston's Tip Top. Bitches: 1st, Rudy & Close's Carrie G.; 2d, UNDER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, Netherwood Kennels' Ridgeview and Lawrence; 2d, E. F. Seibel's Dictator. Reserve, J. L. Adams' Lad of Rush.—UNDER 55LBS.—Bitches: 1st, J. G. F. Holston's Fannie Kirk; 2d, H. T. Schmitt's Pet S. Reserve, C. E. Connell's Fan Fan II. Com., Dr. J. A. Hartman's Chloe II.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, G. F. Mooney's Spotted Goat. Com., John Seibolt's American Boy. Bitches: 1st, G. F. Mooney's Miss Drake.

**ENGLISH SETTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone. Bitches: 1st, J. S. Hudson's champion Bohemian Girl.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, P. T. Madison's Rodfield; J. S. Hudson's Pierce Hill. Reserve, F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview. Netherwood Kennels' Netherwood Nymrod, F. F. Dole's Young Howard, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Surprise. High com., C. K. Rogers's Daniel Boone, J. S. Hudson's 2d Apollo Hill and Monte Cristo III., Posten & Co.'s Cinch. Com., B. H. Whiteley's Ightfield Rhiwallas, J. J. Cairlo's Dan C., J. E. Bell's Doctor W., A. E. Davis's Kent the Third. Bitches: 1st, Posten & Co.'s Nellie. Reserve, F. Deuel's Belle of Brownstone. Reserve, J. S. Hudson's Arline. Very high com., Posten & Co., Florence Gladstone, A. T. Dempsey's Dorna Gladstone, Mrs. Dix's Brownie. High com., Posten & Co.'s Speckle Gown, F. Pastre's Nellie Kitson. Com., D. L. Smith's Jenn, H. Fitzpatrick's Del Elaster.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. W. Butties's Rod's Tornado. Bitches: 1st, G. Battison's Queen Emma; 2d, Chester Stands's Gypsy Queen.

**IRISH SETTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare Glenmore and Seminole Kennels' Finglas; 2d, D. Scobla's Dawn. Reserve, J. J. Scanlan's Pemberton. High com., J. Pence's Rex Leroy. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Eakins's Bessie Pimrose; 2d, Kildare Kennels' Ruby Glenmore II. Reserve, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Rosamond. Very high com., G. W. Lang's Kildare Gladys. Com., W. Shaw's Forest Moss.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Wm. Kirby's Kay; 2d, Kildare Kennels' Kildare Odin. Bitches: 1st, Kildare Kennels' Kildare Neville.

**GORDON SETTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Gordon and Lady Waverly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington. Reserve, J. M. Loomis's Pride of Finlay. Com., S. L. Siebolt's Pilot of Lorraine. Bitches: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ellie; 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Yola. Puppies: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ellie.

**COLLIES.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie. Reserve, J. Hawks's Sir Walter Scott III. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Cora II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher and Orme; 2d, F. Anderson's Toronto Wonde. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Curzon. High com., J. Hawks's Westminster Wonder and F. H. Smith's Heather. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Hattie and Chesterford Lilly; 2d, Semolne Kennels' Bertha II. Very high com., J. Hawks's Grange Nellie.

**FIELD SPANIELS.**—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Newton Abbot Torso.

**COCKER SPANIELS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and very high com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Middy and Red Doc; 2d, E. M. Fiske's Jay Kay. Reserve, C. F. Sackett's Othello. Bitches: Equal 1st, E. M. Fiske's champion I Say and Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Miss Waggle. Reserve, E. M. Fiske's Realization.—BLACK (not over 25lbs.)—Dogs: 1st and very high com., E. M. Fiske's King Kole and Wildfire; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Douglas. Reserve, J. Kennedy's Raven Chancel. Bitches: 1st and very high com., E. M. Fiske's Fashion and Corktown Cleo; 2d and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lady Fidget and Dart.—ANY OTHER COLOR (not over 25lbs.)—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dandy S.; 2d, E. M. Fiske's Brantford Rufus. Reserve, C. T. Sackett's St. Lawrence Prince. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ru h S.; 2d, J. W. Ayers's Lady Silk.

**IRISH WATER SPANIELS.**—1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

**FOX-TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—1st, Charles Steadman Hanks's Grouse II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Leroy Jones's Avondale Mixture; 2d, Dr. Darby's Lansdowne Poverino. Reserve, F. A. Miller's Nabob. High com., James Ferris Bell's Hillside Royal and C. S. Hanks's Ruby Pailley. Bitches: 1st, Leinster Kennels' Chaucer; 2d, Hamilton Fox-Terrier Kennels' Maple Leaf. Reserve, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jess Frost. Very high com., C. S. Hanks's Richmond Jesmine. Puppies: 1st, Hamilton Fox-Terrier Kennels' Maple Leaf; 2d and reserve, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft King and Seacroft Trial.

**POODLES.**—1st, Dr. S. Nandain Duer's Bismarck; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Moughlow.

**BULLDOGS.**—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Wal Hampton. Bitches: 1st, Frank F. Dole's The Graven Image.

**BULL-TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Ch. Attraction. Reserve, Luzboro Kennels' Crisp.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. Rush S. Hudekoper's Cardona; 2d, Wentworth Kennels' Ericdpo. Reserve, F. F. Dole's Topsparkle. Very high com., F. L. Dever's Bellerby King. Bitches: 1st, Frank F. Dole's Edgewood Topsy. Reserve, Harry Fletcher's Dot F.

**BASSET HOUNDS.**—Dogs: 1st, Doc Short's Bent; 2d, W. E. Caylor's Fritz. Bitches: 1st, Doc Short's Bet.

**DACHSHUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, O. Seidel's Fritz K. L.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jay. Bitches: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jargonelle; 2d, L. O. Seidel's Nellie.

**BEAGLES.**—CHALLENGE (15in.): 1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Parthenia.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, T. Zschetzke, Jr.'s Mogie. Bitches: 1st, Spring Hill Kennels' Actress. Dogs (13in.): 1st,

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Clarion of Glenrose; 2d, E. Marshall's Adam. Bitches: 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Cleopatra of Glenrose; 2d, Dr. Short and E. Williams's Topsy Turpy. Com., L. Bierstead's Lady.

**SKYE TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. R. Caner's Endcliffe Maggie.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphinstone. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Queen of Skyes and Princess May.

**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.**—Dogs: 1st, Dr. H. C. Foote's Broomfield Sultan II.; 2d, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood. Reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Victor. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Mab and Betsy.

**TOY TERRIERS.**—1st, F. Rogers' Muggins; 2d, withheld.

**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. W. G. Benham's Adonis; 2d, P. H. Hoyt's Roma. Reserve, P. H. White's Ingersoll.—Bitches: 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Irene and Trixie. Reserve, Mrs. C. P. Howard's Schalls.

**PUGS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Curtis; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier. Bitches: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Verga.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, German-Howard Kennels' Al Von and Drummer. Reserve, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar. Very high com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sir Douglas. High com., Rookery Kennels' Finsbury Dude. Bitches: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Haughty Madge; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lady Verne. Reserve, German-Howard Kennels' Miss Decima. Very high com., German-Howard Kennels' Penrice Queen. High com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Nabel G.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, German-Howard Kennels' Young Penrice. Bitches: 1st, German-Howard Kennels' Sateen II.; 2d, F. W. Puderer's Drummer Lilly.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jackanapes; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Rosemary.

#### SPECIAL PRIZES.

St. Bernards.—Best kennel, J. B. Lewis's St. Bernard Club medals.—Best dog, rough or smooth, Grand Master; best bitch ditto, Lady Judith. Great Danes.—Best kennel, Kennel Lawrence. Great Dane Club's President's cup for best dog or bitch, Portia Melac. Russian Wolfhounds.—Best kennel, Chas. S. Hanks's Pointers.—Best in show, Ridgeview Tenney. Best with full trial record, Lad of Rush. Best owned in Columbus, Pet S. Best puppy ditto, Spotted Goat. English Setters.—Best kennel, J. Shelley Hudson's. Best owned in Columbus, Latonia. Irish Setters.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Gordon setters.—Best kennel, Dr. S. G. Dixon's. Largest exhibit, Dr. S. G. Dixon. Best dog, Heather Lad. Collies.—Best kennel, Chestnut Hill Kennels. Cocker Spaniels.—Best kennel, Swiss Mountain Kennels. Fox-Terriers.—Best kennel, Seacroft Kennels. Best in show, Grouse II. Beagles.—Best kennel, Glenrose Beagle Kennels. Skye Terriers.—C. A. Shinn. Black and Tan Terriers.—Best kennel, Chesterford Park Kennels. Italian Greyhounds.—Best kennel, Dr. F. H. Hoyt. Pugs.—Best kennel, German-Howard Kennels.

The prize \$30 to first, \$10 to second, for the one bringing greatest number of dogs was equal first \$50 each, B. F. Lewis and T. A. Howard.

#### American Mastiff Club Meeting.

The annual meeting of the American Mastiff Club was held at the Madison Square Gardens, Friday 25, at 3:30 P. M. There were present Dr. Derby in the chair, Messrs. Atwood, Boudreau, Cook, Glazier, C. A. Lougest, C. N. Lougest, Marshall, Head and Stephenson. Treasurer's report was read, approved and referred to auditing committee. By motion it was ordered that the secretary's reports for the past two years be printed. The secretary announced that the executive committee had selected for photographing, Mr. Glazier's Ingleside Mating, Dr. Lougest's Lady Diana and Mr. Higg's Brampton Beauty, and that the photographing had already been done at Sarony's, the two bitches being taken in a group. As soon as proofs were received and approved the printing would be ordered and the photographs distributed to the members by mail.

The president rehearsed the action of the executive committee regarding the proposed Columbian show. All the club's cups and medals had been offered, and in addition a valuable lot of special cash prizes aggregating no less than \$250 which had been contributed by members of the club. The committee had also interested itself to secure the appointment of a judge who should be acceptable to all, and through its influence Mr. C. Court Rice, secretary of the Old English Mastiff Club, of England, had been asked to come over and judge the mastiff classes. For this occasion the rules governing the awarding of some of the cups were suspended, and all the special prizes, cups, medals and cash prizes were offered open to the world.

The president also stated that for some time the executive committee had been desirous of adding to the valuable list of special prizes a replica of the famous bronze group showing mastiffs pulling down a bear. This work of art, by the celebrated French sculptor Barye, showed with remarkable truth the mastiff as he existed sixty or seventy years ago, and would make an exceedingly striking and appropriate trophy for this club.

While matters which seemed of more importance had been given precedence, this had been held in abeyance, but the executive committee had lately taken it up, and while as yet a sufficient fund had not been secured for its purchase, still he was happy to inform the meeting that a sum so large had been promised by some of the members as to place beyond reasonable doubt the early acquisition of this valuable trophy by the club.

Mr. Glazier introduced a resolution leading to the appointment of a committee to secure for the club, to be held as its property and offered as a special prize at the various shows, a casting in bronze showing a typical head of the mastiff of the present day.

The membership of this thriving club is sixty-two. After the election of officers the meeting adjourned. The list of officers for the coming year is as follows: President, Richard N. Derby; Vice-Presidents, Robert Lenox Belknap, Francis T. Underhill and George G. Stephenson; Secretary, Herbert Mead. Executive Committee—Richard N. Derby, Robert Lenox Belknap, Francis T. Underhill, George G. Stephenson, Charles C. Marshall, J. L. Wuchell, W. P. Stevenson, Herbert Mead, James Lenox Banks and J. K. Boudreau. HERBERT MEAD, Sec'y.

#### English Prize Winners in Novice Classes.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
I would like you to inform me through your columns whether imported dogs with a long list of winnings can compete in novice classes under the A. K. C.? Under the C. K. C. they cannot. When one sees such well-known warriors as Cribbage and Janet competing in novice classes such as Class 167, at the late New York show, it seems quite a surprise. I am not kicking because I was beaten, as it is no disgrace to be beaten by such dogs, but is it reasonable that dogs, champions of their breed in England, should compete as novices out here? I was under the impression that the A. K. C. passed a rule to that effect, but on looking it up could not find it. COMPTON KENNELS.

COMPTON, Que., Feb. 23.

[The new rule, XV., Sec. 3, reads: "The novice class shall be for a breed for which a regular class has been provided, and for competition in which a dog shall not have won a first prize in an open or novice class at any recognized show." The present reading of this rule is, to our mind, entirely too ambiguous. We suppose it is understood to refer merely to shows held under A. K. C. rules, the club at the time the new rule was made having revoked the treaty with the Canadian Kennel Club; and, as the A. K. C. does not recognize English wins, the dogs that come over here must start at the bottom of the line, and therefore are to all intents novices until they win in our open classes. Still, this might have been shown more plainly in the wording of the rule. It does seem rather ridiculous and discouraging that a dog with a big list of winnings at the best shows in England can enter a novice class here; it frustrates the object for which the novice class was made.]



Comparative Table of Entries at W. K. C. Shows.

BREEDS.	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894
Mastiffs.....	26	18	20	36	24	36	61	40	42	44	36	44	67	53	58	93	50	20
St. Bernards.....	17	16	14	33	24	52	64	97	78	92	104	118	166	152	197	130	149	174
Russian wolfhounds.....	12	13	20	25	7	20	8	15	17	11	9	11	8	9	10	6	19	30
Newfoundlands.....	18	23	15	15	28	28	20	16	19	24	18	27	26	43	41	40	28	42
Greyhounds.....	9	4	5	7	4	11	5	18	14	15	20	17	19	13	20	24	16	18
Retrievers.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	2	3
Great Danes.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	7	12	34	36	37	45	24
Bloodhounds.....	121	83	135	134	125	144	112	149	100	96	113	150	143	155	107	95	150	137
Pointers.....	203	123	157	235	160	172	159	150	77	102	101	87	77	74	79	81	112	99
English setters.....	65	64	73	74	91	68	56	53	36	38	14	49	54	48	42	36	54	44
Gordon setters.....	149	108	158	185	97	99	97	105	84	67	62	60	69	74	102	74	64	69
Irish setters.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	1	..	8	4	7	1	5	7	7
Chesterfield Bay dogs.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	3	3	4	16	10	2	2
Irish water spaniels.....	32	18	31	41	43	56	8	13	20	19	17	22	28	32	27	25	26	23
Field spaniels.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	3	8	5	2	2	2	2
Clumber spaniels.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cocker spaniels.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31	39	59	49	67	64	72	59	63	62
Toxhounds.....	14	40	9	9	18	13	10	18	5	14	7	..	15	17	28	10	18	21
Beagles.....	6	5	15	13	36	18	10	22	26	31	24	47	23	36	24	39	55	40
Basset hounds.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	4	2	1	5	3	1	1	4
Dachshunds.....	16	11	8	9	17	15	6	11	19	10	11	13	21	13	30	27	21	22
Fox-terriers.....	25	36	45	63	69	60	58	78	50	89	79	57	137	151	161	116	136	121
Collies.....	8	19	16	31	50	60	71	72	85	103	80	85	109	163	119	85	97	117
Bulldogs.....	10	10	8	19	15	14	23	20	17	12	20	15	19	19	51	42	58	57
Bull-terriers.....	11	20	36	34	23	24	15	19	34	25	30	28	40	24	37	47	50	52
Skye terriers.....	23	17	15	16	19	12	12	14	7	8	7	12	25	11	6	9	14	13
Irish terriers.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	8	15	14	22	31	25	38	45
Black and tan terriers.....	13	20	13	10	6	14	9	9	6	5	3	15	15	14	14	12	16	16
Dandie Dimont terriers.....	10	9	3	6	5	6	4	3	6	2	3	3	9	6	7	7	7	6
Bedlington terriers.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	3	3	9	6	6	11	6	7
Yorkshire terriers.....	..	30	36	26	30	18	22	35	30	19	25	8	21	25	35	18	18	11
Toy terriers.....	21	12	9	18	5	10	10	11	13	8	17	10	10	10	9	7	9	12
Pugs.....	27	10	23	38	22	32	40	47	31	23	23	40	33	42	33	23	24	28
Toy spaniels.....	8	13	13	9	13	15	10	15	18	29	22	36	18	17	55	45	38	27
Italian greyhounds.....	6	14	9	10	10	..	6	5	5	6	9	7	15	5	8	4	10	13
Poodles.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	15	20	13	16	20	27	19	30	58
Boston terriers.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Scottish terriers.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Welsh terriers.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
White English terriers.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schipperkes.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miscellaneous.....	23	8	27	38	23	18	26	11	28	19	12	2	20	26	5	12	10	27

Smooth collies and bobtailed sheepdogs have 2 each this year.

New York Awards.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

**MASTIFFS.**—Best kennel, Dr. C. A. Loughead. American Mastiff Club special; Westminster challenge cup for best dog or bitch under 2 yrs., Ingleside Miting; silver challenge cup for best American-bred dog or bitch, Beaufort's Black Prince; Taunton gold medal (breeder's prize) for best American-bred under 2 yrs., not filled; silver challenge cup, best dog, Beaufort's Black Prince; ditto, bitch, Lady Diana; silver medal, best dog or bitch under 12 mos., not filled. The Old English Mastiff Club special did not fill.

**ST. BERNARDS.**—Best kennel of roughs, Argyle Kennels; smooths, E. H. Moore. St. Bernard Club of America medals, open to members of the Club only; Club medal for best American-bred dog or bitch over 12 mos., Alton, Jr.; bitch, ditto, Lady Alton; ditto rough-coated dog, Altoner; ditto, bitch, Uarda; best American-bred smooth-coated bitch under 12 mos., Miss Thelma; ditto, rough-coated dog, Wash Erdman; ditto, bitch, Princess Eulalia; best stud dog, to be judged by two of his get out of different bitches, the same to be sired in America, Sir Bedivere; best brood bitch, to be judged by two of her produce out of different litters, born in America, Miss Anna, New York Herald medal; best rough-coated dog, Sir Bedivere; ditto, bitch, Lady Livingston; smooth-coated dog, Alton, Jr.; ditto, bitch, Lady Alton. Westminster challenge cup, value \$500, donated by W. C. Reick, Col. Ruppert, Jr., and the W. K. C. for best American-bred St. Bernard, sired in America, and born on or after March 1, 1890, open to all, Alton, Jr. Best in show, Sir Bedivere.

**BLOODHOUNDS.**—Best in show, Victor.

**GREAT DANES.**—Best kennel, J. A. Lawrence's. Great Dane Club of America special; President's challenge cup for best dog or bitch in the show, Fortia Melac. Herald medal for best in show, Fortia Melac. Best harlequin dog, Lawrence Leopard; ditto, bitch, Phryne.

**RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.**—Best kennel, H. W. Huntington's. National Greyhound Club special; Best dog, Argoss; bitch, Vinga. W. K. C. challenge cup for best in show, Argoss; ditto, bitch, American-bred, Argoss. Herald bronze medal for best in show, Argoss.

**DEERHOUNDS.**—Best kennel, Hillside Kennels. National Greyhound Club medals: Best dog, Hillside Warrior; bitch, Hillside Komola. W. K. C. challenge cup for best in show, Hillside Komola. Herald medal, Hillside Komola. Best American-bred, Hillside Komola.

**GREYHOUNDS.**—Best kennel, A. W. Purbeck. National Greyhound Club medals: Best dog, Gem of the Season; bitch, Southern Beauty; Monroe challenge cup for best greyhound, and the Herald medal, Gem of the Season. Mr. Horatio Nelson, president of the National Greyhound Club, and the best American-bred that has won two courses in public competition, Master Rich.

**FOXHOUSES.**—Best kennel, The Governor's Kennels.

**CHESSPAKE BAY.**—Best kennel, B. Alton Smith.

**POINTERS.**—Best kennel, T. G. Davey. Best kennel of four that have been run at any public field trial in the U. S. or Canada, Hempstead Farm Kennels. Best dog sired by W. K. C.'s King of Kent, Prince Regent; ditto, bitch, Kent's Belle. Pointer Club of America special; Best heavy weight dog, Lad of Kent; ditto, bitch, Wootton Game; light-weight dog, Duke of Hessen; ditto, bitch, Lady Gay Spanker. American Field cup and the Herald medal for best in show, Lad of Kent.

**ENGLISH SETTERS.**—Best kennel of four that have been run at any public field trial in the U. S. or Canada. Blue Ridge Ken. English Setter Club special, open to members only: American Field cup for best dog, by a member six months prior to closing of entries, Breeze Gladstone. Best that has been placed at any public field trial in U. S. or Canada, Breeze Gladstone. Silver medal for best dog that has been awarded very high com. or better in its regular class, and also Herald medal, Breeze Gladstone. Polhemus cup for the best dog owned by the exhibitor 6 mos. prior to date of closing entries, Breeze Gladstone.

**IRISH SETTERS.**—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Herald medal for best in show, Queen Vic.

**GORDON SETTERS.**—Best kennel, Dr. Dixon's. Herald medal for best in show, Duchess of Waverly; Gordon Setter Club of America special, open to members only: Best dog in open, Heather Lad; ditto, bitch, Venus; second best dog in open, Richmond Prince; ditto, bitch, Venus. Best dog, to have been property of the owner 6 mos. previous to the closing of entries, Heather Bee.

**IRISH WATER SPANIELS.**—Best kennel, Gardner and Blaisdell.

**CLUMBER SPANIELS.**—Kennel did not fill. Best dog, Dash; bitch, Glenwood Bosker.

**FIELD SPANIELS.**—Best kennel, R. P. Kearsby. American Spaniel Club's special, open to members only: Newton Abbot cup for best bitch, Bridford Ruby; pup, dog or bitch, Princess Bolus; other than black, Bridford Ruby; black dog, Warwick (A. E. Foster's dog did not compete); best black bred by a member of the club, Warwick. Herald medal for best in show, Juxes.

**COCKERS.**—Best kennel, Swiss Mountain. American Spaniel Club's special, open to members only: Best American-bred black dog pup, Barefoot; ditto, bitch, Chloe Hersom; ditto, pup, dog or bitch, any color, Cherry Boy II.; best headed, Black Duchess; trio bred by exhibitor, donor not to compete (Swiss Mountain Kennels), Riveau Kennels; best black in open, Riveau Reine; best other color, Tanita; best dog or bitch, other than black, never having previously won a first prize, Ned W.; best bitch in show, Miss Waggle; best dog, any color, Brantford Red Jacket; best liver and white dog or bitch, Tanita; black and white, dog or bitch, Othello; best moving of any breed, Tanita; best liver-colored, St. Lawrence Prince; best stud dog with three of his get, Brantford Red Jacket; Herald medal for best in show, Miss Waggle.

**COLLIES.**—Best kennel, J. Pierpont Morgan's. Collie Club of America offers, open to members only: Collie Club trophy, value \$500, for best American-bred, the winner of the trophy to receive a silver medal in commemoration of award, Roslyn Wilkes; president's cup, value \$300, for best collie, winner receives silver medal in commemoration, Sefton Hero; grand annual collie sweepstakes (open to all) for collies born in U. S. or after Oct. 1, 1892, 1st, Hempstead Trefoil; 2d, Hempstead Trefoil; 3d, Cragstone Pinto; 4th, Idum II.; res., Glenfey; very high com., Melancholy; Club Medal of Honor, for best stud dog

to be judged by two of his get out of different bitches, which may be the property of different owners, Christopher; best dog in open class owned by a member (winner of trophy and president's cup not to compete), Christopher. Best in show, Sefton Hero (2).

**POODLES.**—Best kennel, Meadowmere Kennels. Best poodle, Lion; best black curly-coated dog or bitch in open, Rajah.

**BULLDOGS.**—Bull Dog Club of America prizes, open to members only. The grand trophy for best dog or bitch in show, His Lordship; Porter cup, for best in show, opposite in sex to winner of the grand trophy, Salen; puppy bowl, best American-bred dog or bitch between 6 and 15 mos., Rustic King II.; American Field bulldog cup for best American-bred dog or bitch, Handsome Dan; Sawyer cup, for novice dog or bitch, Nugget; English Bull Dog Club's silver medal for second best in show of same sex as winner of Porter cup, The Graven Image; ditto for same sex as winner of Grand trophy, King Lad; best American-bred puppy under 15 mos., opposite in sex to winner of puppy bowl, Juno; best American-bred opposite sex to winner of American Field cup, Lady Grace; best pair (dog and bitch), His Lordship and White Venn. Best kennel, E. K. Austin (2); best stud dog shown with two of his get, Pathfinder; ditto, bitch, did not fill; breeder's winner of puppy bowl, Woodlawn Park Kennels; best dog, His Lordship.

**BULL TERRIERS.**—Best in show, Streatham Monarch; Tubby Hook cup for the best dog owned by exhibitor 6 mos. prior to date of closing entries, Streatham Monarch.

**BOSTON TERRIERS.**—The Boston Terrier Club special: Best dog, Prince Walnut; best bitch, Nankin; best exhibit, H. J. Clark; best dog or bitch, Nankin.

**DACHSHUNDS.**—Best kennel, E. A. Manice; Dachshund challenge cup, Polly Finders.

**BEAGLES.**—Best kennel, Hornell-Harmony kennels; best beagle in show (3), Royal Krueger.

**FOX TERRIERS.**—Best kennel, H. W. Smith. The American Fox-Terrier Club special: Best in the show, Saint Cribbage; best in open classes, Warren Safeguard; best in puppy classes, Blenton Votary; best brace, Saint Cribbage and Sister Janet; best wire-haired, Saint Cribbage; best brace of wire-haired, Saint Cribbage and Sister Janet; grand challenge cup for best fox-terrier in show, Saint Cribbage; Stud Dog Stakes of 1894, Beverwyck Royalist and King Pin; the first division of the Eighth Grand Produce Stakes of 1893, Beverwyck Royalist; best fox-terrier, Saint Cribbage (2).

**IRISH TERRIERS.**—Best kennel, W. J. Comstock; best in show, Jack Briggs.

**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.**—Best brace, Prince Regent and Gypsy Girl; White English Terriers.—Best brace, Spring and Loney; best under 12 mos., Nobility.

**DANDIE DIMONT TERRIERS.**—Best brace, Heather kennels' Ainsty Daisy and King of the Heather.

**BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.**—Best brace, W. H. Russell.

**SCOTTISH TERRIERS.**—Best brace, Brooks and Ames.

**SKYE TERRIERS.**—Best brace, C. A. Shinn.

**YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.**—Best kennel, F. Senn.

**PUGS.**—Best kennel, Seminole Kennels; best in show, Haughty Midge.

**TOY SPANIELS.**—Best kennel, F. Senn; best in show, Tokio, (Jap.)

**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—Best brace, Spring and Sprite; best in show, Spring.

Spaniels at New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That the thanks of spaniel breeders and exhibitors are due to FOREST AND STREAM for securing Mr. Wilmerding's report on the spaniels he judged at the late New York show will, I am certain, be admitted by all. The enterprise and push of this best of all kennel papers are proverbial, but on no occasion in the past has a spaniel report written by either judge or reporter excited the conjecture and speculation as to how the judge would explain his decisions as the one in question and the pity of it all is that it would have been to the credit of the judge and fairer to those who entered their dogs, counting on Mr. Wilmerding following in his footsteps of previous years, if he had, before the entries closed for New York, come out in an open letter and given us the homely which is the prelude to his report on the spaniel judging at New York show, 1894, I would ask him where would the 100 entries (there were actually 92 dogs benched) he boasts of have been? what dogs would breeders have selected to conform to the worthy President of the spaniel club's new theories of what we have, and what we should have? It would take more space than you could spare for me to go through Mr. Wilmerding's report and I therefore think the best and quickest way will be to select a few of his leading criticisms and look at them in a quiet and friendly way.

**Irish Water Spaniels.**—This valuable and useful breed he dismisses with four lines. No criticism. Gives no reason for placing the dogs as he did, which would, judging from his knowledge of the breed, have been vastly interesting.

**Clumber Spaniels.**—Mr. George K. Preston who owns the two entries and who is an enthusiast on this valuable and handsome breed, and who will not stop until such time as he can show a kennel of quality will, I am certain, be surprised, but hardly be impressed by the worthy judge's knowledge of the breed to read the criticism on Dash.

**Field Spaniels.**—In field spaniel challenge class Newton Abbot Torso is described as a poor specimen not worthy of mention. Now, I claim that he is far and away a better dog than Brailford Mohawk, and in head, front legs and general quality points ahead of Newton Abbot Farmer, placed second

A prominent spaniel man looking over the awards in this class had the cruelty to remark that he wondered how the mischief Mr. Wilmerding could give Black Prince vhc. and ignore Torso. On the error in the catalogue being pointed out to him, he singularly enough made the same remark about Prince that Mr. Wilmerding makes in his report about Torso ie. "How, the dickens, did he ever get into the challenge class?"

The criticism on the new dog Colehill Rufus is very refreshing reading. In his poor condition he should not have won, but he was points ahead of at least two in the class. Our friend the judge makes a great point of his crooked front legs, but this fault did not set Farmer back in the challenge class. Yea, verily! Consistency, thou art a jewel!

It is all very well for a judge to encourage size as well as quality when judging cockers, but it is far from well for him to sacrifice all quality for size. A coarse headed, narrow chested, weedy looking cocker of 24lbs. will look larger than a typical dog of the same weight built on the proper lines. Cockers are very deceiving and had the judge placed each of the dogs in the cocker challenge class on the scales he would have been surprised to find that there was not a dog in the class weighing less than 22½ lbs., so that his criticism—"Red Jacket, first, should be retired, shown too fat"—is much on a par with that of "Middy, unnoticed on the small order, toes turn out, toish." Had the fat been taken off Red Jacket and had Middy been shown in proper flesh, about a pound heavier, there would not have been a pound weight difference between the two. Red Jacket, good little dog that he has been, has gone off so much in head he should most decidedly have taken a back seat to Middy.

In challenge bitches Miss Waggle won, Black Duchess vhc.

The judge describes Black Duchess as a "Beautiful little bitch, gray in muzzle, good in mouth, on the small order." "Miss Waggle" as having "an open loose coat, front legs not so good as they might be." "I Say," winner of the second, "shown poorly, coat rough, ears high." Miss Waggle shown rather fat weighed 24lbs. Black Duchess shown too light in flesh weighed 22lbs. Admitting that on condition Miss Waggle won, what is this "on the small order," our friend the judge is now raving about? Will he kindly give us the weight of his old friend Champion Doc? If I remember rightly when Doc was winning he was in Mr. Wilmerding's opinion just about right. I saw him weighed on two occasions, once he barely pulled the scales down at 22lbs. and once 22½ lbs.

Black Duchess won the special for best headed cocker in the show. This takes us back to the days of Miss Obo II. It took Mr. Wilmerding quite sometime to educate himself up to placing her first over Doc although she was his ideal weight—24lbs. If head quality at last compelled Mr. Wilmerding to place Miss Obo II. over Doc, why, when there is only a difference of 2lbs. in weight between Miss Waggle and Black Duchess—and other points are about equal—did not he place Black Duchess over Miss Waggle? The open dog class is a corker. Four dogs in that class should have beaten the winner Donovan, and these are their names, not in the order they should have been placed, but picked out of the catalogue: "Woodland Prince," Jumie II., "Pickpania" and Commodore.

It may be interesting to notice the opinion of various judges on Donovan: "Donovan, reserve, is very coarse and growing coarser, light eye, badly set ears and too long a body." (F. H. Mercer's report, N. Y. show 1893). "Is of the spaniel order." (James Watson's report, N. Y. show 1893). "Who is coarse." (E. M. Oldham's report, N. Y. show 1893). "Coarse all over." (American Field's report, N. Y. show 1893). They say judges and reporters differ. This must be an exception.

One more case, and I will conclude. If a dog is large enough to receive vhc. in the novice class, surely he ought to have a notice in the open. Douglas, unnoticed in the open class, received the award of vhc. in the novice class. Some people are cruel enough to say that as the judge after carefully examining the novice class on Monday evening for about 30 minutes, postponed giving his decision until the following morning. A night in the land of nod with the catalogue under his pillow did much to soften his hard feelings against poor Douglas whom he describes as one of the hated "small order." It may interest Mr. Wilmerding to know that Douglas weighs over 20lbs.

That the New York show judging of spaniels, 1894, was unfair to spaniel exhib



## AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Annual Meeting at Madison Square Garden,  
Feb. 22.

In the absence of President Belmont, Vice-President Thos. H. Terry presided. There were present: Associate members, Dr. H. T. Foote, A. Clinton Wilmerding; American Mastiff Club, Geo. G. Stephenson; American Pet Dog Club, T. F. Rackham; City of the Straits Kennel Club, W. H. Muir; Collie Club of America, B. Shotwell; Great Dane Club of America, A. H. Heppner; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; New England Kennel Club, Edward Brooks; New Jersey Kennel League, E. H. Morris; Omaha Kennel Club, Dr. M. H. Cryer; Pacific Kennel Club, James Mortimer; Portland Kennel Club, W. L. Washington; Southern California Kennel Club, James Watson; Washington City Kennel Club, F. S. Webster; Westminster Kennel Club, H. B. Cromwell.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were approved. Credentials were read and accepted as follows: New England Field Trial Club, Wm. E. Baylies; Columbus Fanciers' Club, T. A. Howard.

The secretary read the result of the mail vote for election of officers for Associate Members as follows: President, H. B. Cromwell; Vice-President, Edward Brooks; Secretary, A. C. Wilmerding; Delegates, Thos. H. Terry, Dr. H. T. Foote and A. C. Wilmerding.

Secretary Vredenburg read his annual report as follows, and it was adopted:

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1894.—To the Officers and Delegates of the American Kennel Club.—Gentlemen:—I herewith beg to submit my annual report for the year which ends to-day. The year has been one of peace and we have been fairly prosperous, although we have felt the effect of the hard times in the falling off of our receipts for registrations and the sale of stud books. By a comparison of my financial reports of 1893 and 1894 will be found that we registered 465 dogs less in the year ending Dec. 31, 1893, than we did during the previous year, and you will also find that our stud book shows a decrease of \$238.50. Our annual dues were the same in both years, and the Associate dues were practically the same, there being a falling off of \$190 only, being a difference of but 20 Associates. One gratifying item in such a comparison is in our receipts for advertisements, which shows an increase of \$266.25. We have paid on account of legal expenses \$1,938.53, which leaves a balance of \$1,850 to pay, which we have until Dec. 31, 1895, as arranged by our advisory committee.

As directed at the last quarterly meeting of the executive committee, we have added to our plant a new card index at a cost of about \$335, which improves the machinery of the club and will be a benefit to all having business with us. This addition will last probably ten years longer without any further outlay of money. We have no other liabilities other than our legal expenses except the cost of publishing Volume X. of the stud book, which will cost about \$1,000. The actual cash balance to our credit on Jan. 1 last was \$2,815.82.

The club held one special meeting and its regular stated executive committee meetings in February and May, but made a failure of our September meeting by trying to hold it in Chicago, at which time and place we made two attempts, but failed both times to secure a quorum. We, however, completed our regular meetings by holding an adjourned meeting in New York in October, and closed the year with the regular December meeting. The average attendance at the four quarterly meetings was nineteen, an increase of five over the previous year. It is fitting that I should here state that there was one bright spot in our Chicago experience, and that was the hospitality of the Mascoutah Kennel Club. Its officers and members had arranged to receive us and entertain us as guests of honor. The quarters at banquet provided for our comfort and pleasure deserved our recognition, and it is but paying them a small compliment, although a just one, to thus publicly acknowledge our appreciation of kindness, courtesy and hospitality.

The advisory committee has held but three meetings during the year, investigating and acting on twelve cases submitted to it. This committee has made two ineffectual attempts to hold later meetings for the purpose of investigating several cases referred to it at executive committee meetings. The illness of Mr. Terry, the absence in Europe of Messrs. Belmont and Reick, and the failure of Dr. Perry to appear, made it impossible to obtain a quorum, and as a consequence the matters referred to the committee at the two last executive meetings are still in abeyance.

Our list of active members embraces sixty-one clubs, with applications from three now pending. We have lost during the year by resignation three clubs, with resignations from two now pending.

Our list of associate members consists of 236, with applications from four now pending. We have lost by resignations twelve, by death three, dropped for non-payment of dues sixty, while forty-five were admitted.

By the copyrighting of our bench show rules, only members of this association have the privilege of holding shows governed by them, which is certainly a step in the right direction, as it protects exhibitors from irresponsible managers, over whom we have no power to control.

Our relation with the Canadian Club have changed during the year. The American Kennel Club having cancelled the compact that had been in force since 1889. We deemed such action a wise one, and at a meeting a report on the subject of a more advantageous compact by a joint committee of the two associations will be submitted to you for your consideration.

The following comparisons are hereby submitted: During 1893 there were twenty shows held in the United States by club members of the American Kennel Club against twenty held in 1892. Entries at these shows amounted to 7,512 in 1893 against 6,253 in 1892. Absentees 669 in 1893 against 500 in 1892. The total number of judges employed in 1893 was sixty-seven against fifty-five in 1892. It would, therefore, appear from the above figures that 1893 was a great improvement in dog show affairs over the previous year and was likewise an improvement over 1891, which was really a banner year. The present year has started well, the entries at the Westminster Kennel Club show being an increase of almost 100 over 1893, which during the present depressed state of affairs must be a surprise to every one who watches such matters.

In closing my report I beg to tender my thanks to the delegates for their uniform kindness and courtesy to their secretary. Respectfully submitted,

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

Mr. VREDENBURGH.—In connection with my annual report there is another report I have to make, which came in subsequently, which is as follows: "In accordance with the notice given at the December meeting of the executive committee, Mr. James Watson formally protests against the action of the executive committee in the matter of the reinstatement by it of Geo. W. Patterson, without giving the plaintiff in the case, Thomas Shillock, or his agent, James Watson, notice of the re-opening of the case on the appeal of Patterson."

It will be recalled that Mr. Watson protested at the aforesaid meeting of the executive committee, but afterward suspended action, preferring to make his protest to the association at its annual meeting. The following is the protest in full:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17.—A. P. Vredenburg, Esq., Secretary A. K. C.—DEAR SIR:—In accordance with notice given at the December meeting of the American Kennel Club Executive Committee, I now appeal to the club against the reinstatement of G. W. Patterson until he makes restitution to Mr. Shillock for his dishonored draft.

The advisory committee has not yet made a decision in the matter, rendering a decision in this case, even though the same is awaiting investigation by Mr. Reick as to there being any possibility of a ruling in the statement of Mr. Patterson's own witness, Mr. E. H. Moore. Mr. Reick proved very conclusively that Mr. Moore was mistaken, the service of the bitch bought by Mr. Patterson appearing in its regular order in Mr. Shillock's stud book.

The blackest point against Mr. Patterson is his own admission of his false statements regarding his stoppage of the draft. In his letters he writes Mr. Shillock that the non-payment was all the fault of the bankers, that he had orders sent to straighten things out, and all this before he had seen Mr. Moore, while at the same time the draft was stopped by his specific orders. I submitted perfectly independent testimony as to the truth, together with my own statement regarding my seeing her by special appointment when she came to the stand.

Mr. Shillock offered to do all a man could be asked, and more than there was any real necessity for him to concede, while Mr. Patterson held on to both bitch and money until the bitch died and the bank failed.

It was a deliberate fraud, the penalty of which should not be removed in a haphazard way. The obligation of Mr. Patterson's desire for reinstatement is plainly indicated by his many entries made in the stud book since then. Yours respectfully,

JAMES WATSON.

The treasurer's report, as published in the January Gazette, was accepted.

Officers were elected as follows: President, August Belmont; Vice-President, Thomas H. Terry.

## ELECTION OF COMMITTEES.

Mr. VREDENBURGH.—The first committee being the advisory committee it will be necessary to elect two members, the present incumbents being Dr. P. J. D. Taylor and G. Reick.

Messrs. Perry, Brooks, Taylor and Reick were nominated.

Mr. HEPPNER.—I would call the attention of the club to the inadvisability of nominating as members of that committee persons who live outside of the city for the reason that it is hardly possible to get a full attendance of all the members of such committee, and besides I think it is asking too much of non-residents to come here and attend every meeting; for the additional reason that some of the meetings are very important and matters come up which need special action. Dr. Foote, who was appointed teller, announced that fourteen bal-

lots were cast, which resulted in Mr. Brooks being elected as one of the members of the advisory committee, and a tie vote for Mr. Reick and Mr. Taylor. The chair directed that another vote be taken for the election of a second member of the advisory committee, which resulted in the election of Major J. M. Taylor.

On motion of Dr. Foote the secretary was directed to cast a ballot for Messrs. James Watson, Dr. M. H. Cryer and Wilson Fiske as stud book committee.

The field trial and coursing committee as elected is as follows: Messrs. Webster, Taylor, Baylies and Whifton.

The committee on rules and constitution is as follows: Messrs. Watson, F. S. Webster, Dr. H. T. Foote, H. F. Schellhass and A. P. Vredenburg.

Mr. Vredenburg then called up the protest of Mr. James Watson to the reinstatement of Mr. G. W. Patterson which had been read, and in which Mr. Watson claimed that the reinstatement of Mr. Patterson was unjust, the plaintiff in the case not having been notified of the re-opening of the case.

Mr. HEPPNER.—I move that the protest be laid on the table in view of the fact that a resolution was passed at our last meeting on recommendation of the advisory committee that the American Kennel Club hereafter do not consider cases where fraud is not conclusively proven.

Mr. Schellhass moved that the American K. C. refuse to indorse the action taken by the executive committee in this matter, and that it does indorse the action of the advisory committee. A rising vote resulted in the motion being lost, six to seven. The protest was laid upon the table and the meeting adjourned.

[The action taken as to the arrangement with the Canadian K. C. was reported in our last issue.]

## Meeting of the Executive Committee, Feb. 22.

In the absence of President Belmont, Vice-President Thos. H. Terry presided.

Associate members, Dr. H. T. Foote, A. Clinton Wilmerding; American Mastiff Club, George G. Stephenson; American Pet Dog Club, T. F. Rackham; City of the Straits Kennel Club, W. H. Muir; Collie Club of America, J. S. Shotwell; Great Dane Club of America, A. H. Heppner; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; New England Kennel Club, Edward Brooks; New Jersey Kennel League, E. H. Morris; Omaha Kennel Club, Dr. M. H. Cryer; Pacific Kennel Club, James Mortimer; Portland Kennel Club, W. L. Washington; Southern California Kennel Club, James Watson; St. Louis Kennel Club, J. M. Taylor; Washington City Kennel Club, F. S. Webster; Westminster Kennel Club, H. B. Cromwell.

The minutes of the last meeting were approved. The secretary read his quarterly report as follows:

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1894.—To the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club.—Gentlemen:—Since my last report the following applications for admission to membership have been received: Jan. 15, '94, Philadelphia Kennel Club of Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 23, '94, Brunswick Fur Club of Dorchester, Pa. These applications are in regular form and both are eligible for election.

The following resignations have been received and hereby are tendered: Jan. 18, 1893, Bexar Field Trial Club of San Antonio, Texas; Dec. 30, 1893, Red Valley Fanciers and Hunt Club, of Gloversville, N. Y.; Jan. 6, 1894, Virginia Field Sports Association, of Richmond, Va.; Jan. 15, 1894, Keystone Kennel Club, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Feb. 14, 1894, Blue Grass Kennel Club, of Lexington, Ky.

Art. X. of our constitution says "the annual dues of clubs shall be \$10, payable on or before Jan. 1. Any club failing to pay said dues within the specified time shall forfeit all right to representation in this association and such clubs may be suspended or dropped from the roll." It will therefore appear that the last three named clubs did not forward their resignations until the time for the payment of the annual dues had passed, and it now rests with you whether their resignations are in order or otherwise.

Credentials have been filed by the New England Field Trial Club, named Wm. E. Baylies as its delegate. Mr. W. A. Power is the present delegate.

I would report that the secretary of the Rhode Island Poultry Association advises me under date of Jan. 27, that Mr. G. E. Cromwell who was accepted as its delegate at the meeting of the executive committee in May last, is not their delegate, nor is he a member of the association. A resolution declaring "that the Rhode Island Poultry Association no longer has a legally accredited representative in the A. K. C." would be in order.

Since our last meeting the Illinois Kennel Club has paid the claims of the A. K. C. and also of F. W. Chapman, who requests to be allowed to withdraw his charges against that club. This action places the club in the position of again being restored to its full membership and the suspension of the club may be suspended or dropped from the roll. It will therefore appear that the last three named clubs did not forward their resignations until the time for the payment of the annual dues had passed, and it now rests with you whether their resignations are in order or otherwise.

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The Continental Kennel Club, of Denver, Col., has found it necessary for its own advantage to reorganize, and in doing so has changed its title to that of the Western Kennel Club Company, and respectfully requests this association to recognize it as such and to make the necessary change in its records. Referring to the conflict between the Portland Kennel Club and the Oregon Kennel Club, which matter was referred to the advisory committee for investigation, I beg to report that the two clubs have settled their differences and have consolidated and reorganized under the name of the Columbian Kennel Club, of Portland, Ore. I would therefore suggest that the club be at once re-instated upon our books in place of the Portland Kennel Club, and that the annual dues paid by the said Portland Kennel Club for the year 1894 be credited to the account of the consolidated club. Pursuant to the suggestion of the A. K. C. at its last meeting, the New Jersey Kennel League has preferred charges against Dr. L. R. Sattler for misconduct in connection with dogs and dog shows, said misconduct having occurred at the late Newark show, for which Dr. Sattler was duly expelled from the club.

The New Orleans Fanciers' Club advertises conditional upon the number of entries. This being in direct conflict with the A. K. C. rules now in force (Rule VIII.), I promptly advised the club that the rules must be enforced, and that any deviation from them would be met with prompt action, and that the club would be held to a strict accountability for any deviation therefrom.

The following prefixes have been proposed for: E. Willard Roby, for the prefix "Robin," J. R. Oughton for "Dwight," G. Gordon Hammill for "Hill-Top," C. A. Pratt for "Argyle," James L. Little for "Newcastle," Lucien Carr, Jr., for "Stanwood," Wm. F. Ford for "Mohawk."

These claims do not conflict with any now registered, and I would recommend allowing the same, except that of "Robin" should apply to dogs only, and "Mohawk" to collies only.

I beg to submit the following amendments to the constitution: NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1894.—Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge herewith preamble and resolutions adopted by you and passed by the American Kennel Club at its December meeting. If after my service of several years I have succeeded in retaining your confidence and esteem, I am quite content. Passing as many others have done upon me, I am sure that the A. K. C. is a pleasure to contemplate the stability the editors of the "Forest and Stream" enable us to view with equanimity the spasmodic attempts made in certain quarters to belittle the progress and impair the usefulness of the one club that stands between the public and would-be malcontents, in the character of a watchdog. Though I have severed my official connection with you, I beg to assure you of my continued interest in all that concerns the dog world, and I am sure that you are all my members, and while I believe and trust that no occasion may arise during my life, devotion or interest, nevertheless should such occasion recur I may be counted on as ready to enter the ranks and do my utmost to uphold its dignity and usefulness. To the president, officers, delegates and members of the club I tender a greeting for the new year that is about to dawn upon us, and wish you prosperity, not only collectively but individually. Believe me, gentlemen, very sincerely yours,

JAS. L. ANTHONY.

To Messrs. Vredenburg, Lincoln and Schellhass, special committee, American Kennel Club.

The following letter has been received by the chairman of the stud book committee:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 3, 1893.—James Watson, Esq., Chairman Stud Book Committee. Dear Sir: I wish to call your attention to a resolution passed at the 23rd of Oct. by the R. C. St. Bernard bitch, Lady Gladys, E. P. Schell, San Francisco. The resolution was that the stud book be closed to all dogs bred by the R. C. St. Bernard bitch, Lady Gladys, and her breeders, but never heard of F. E. Raymond. Valour, who is given as the sire, is a well known name, but the only Valour I ever heard of was the sire of Mammoth, and was dead before Lady Gladys was born. Moreover, he was of a different breeding. Mr. Schell has recently been expelled from the Pacific Kennel Club for issuing false pedigrees and I challenge the correctness of this one. Can it be verified. Yours respectfully,

A. RUSSELL CROWELL, Kennel Editor, B. S.

The Pacific Kennel Club has never advised the A. K. C. of its action, and therefore no action has been taken in cancelling any of Mr. Schell's registrations. I would recommend that the charge at A. Russell Crowell be referred to the Stud Book Committee for investigation, the result of which to be reported to the Executive Committee of the Executive Committee possible, embodying such recommendations as the committee may deem proper in the premises. Respectfully submitted,

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

The treasurer's report was read and accepted, as follows: NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1894.—To the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club.—Gentlemen:—I herewith beg to submit my quarterly

report of all moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1894:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1894.....	\$2,815.82
Receipts from all sources to date.....	1,545.00
Disbursements for same period.....	\$4,360.82
	\$3,436.41

I also beg to report the following clubs in arrears for annual dues for 1894, bills for same having been mailed to them Dec. 1, 1893: Minneapolis Kennel Club, Illinois, Ohio, Akron, Des Moines, Pennsylvania, Burlington County, Rhode Island, West Michigan, Androscoog, Elmira, Cincinnati, Georgia, Washington, German Mastiff, Southern California, Duquesne, English Setter, Central City, Mohawk Valley, Bexar. Respectfully submitted,

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

Mr. Vredenburg was duly elected Secretary and Treasurer.

The resignations of the Bexar Field Trial Club, Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, Virginia Field Sporting Association, Keystone Kennel Club and Blue Grass Kennel Club were accepted.

The secretary reported the application of the Philadelphia Kennel Club for membership of the American Kennel Club.

Dr. CRYER.—I believe that it is due to this club that a letter written by this same club upon its resignation from the American Kennel Club a year or so ago should be withdrawn.

Mr. Fiske.—I move that the application of the Philadelphia Kennel Club be accepted contingent upon a retraction of the letter referred to and an expression of good will. At the time that letter was sent this club was in a deal of trouble, and this letter gave our enemies a great chance to grow. It had the effect of bringing up questions of doubt as to what we were doing, whether we were proceeding properly or not, and it was to some extent the cause of the dissatisfaction that has been heard of in the West for the last year or so, and which finally culminated in the talk of an opposition club. This Philadelphia Club desires to hold a show next month, and if we do not accept them as members now it will interfere with the success of their show, but I think it is only just that they should retract, as I have before stated.

Mr. BROOKS.—I move as an amendment to that that they be required to publish their letter of apology in the public press.

Mr. SCHELLHASS.—I move as an amendment that their application be accepted subject to retraction of that letter, which shall be subject to the approval of the president or vice-president of the club.

Mr. BROOKS.—I withdraw my amendment.

Dr. CRYER.—I desire to say that I know a great many of the members of the Philadelphia Club and have been most courteously treated by them, and I feel a warm personal friendship for them, but I must look to the dignity of the club, and I think a retraction of that letter and an expression of good will would be calling for nothing beyond what is proper. In fact, I think some of the members of the club—and I have been informed by one of them—desire that an apology should be made to this club.

Mr. WATSON.—I agree with the opinion which seems to be so freely expressed, that there is something due to this club from the Philadelphia Club. A great many statements in that letter were to my knowledge absolutely false. For instance, as to the statement contained in that letter that their delegate was not accorded due courtesy at the meetings of the American Kennel Club. I know that no one has ever given me an opportunity to state his views than was Mr. Child, the delegate of that club. In fact, he was particularly requested on a number of occasions to give us his ideas on matters under consideration when he was a delegate of the club.

The motion as amended by Mr. Schellhass was seconded and carried. The Brunswick Fur Club was admitted to membership.

Concerning the matter reported by the secretary to the effect that Mr. G. E. Cromwell, who was accepted as a delegate of the Rhode Island Poultry Association at the May meeting of the American Kennel Club, was not now a member of that society, on motion of Mr. Schellhass the resolution suggested by the secretary was adopted as follows: That the Rhode Island Poultry Association no longer has a legally accredited representative in the American Kennel Club.

Mr. VREDENBURGH.—As I have reported, the Illinois Kennel Club has paid its dues to this club and also the claims of Mr. F. W. Chapman who preferred charges against said club, which charges have been since withdrawn. The Illinois Club was suspended and I call your attention to the fact that the suspension has been removed. They have, however, failed to pay their dues for 1894.

On motion of Dr. Foote the suspension of the club was removed. The request of the Continental Club, of Denver, Col., the same having reorganized and changed its title to that of the Western Kennel Club Company, and requesting this club to recognize it as such, was granted.

Mr. VREDENBURGH.—The Portland and Oregon kennel clubs have healed their own differences. Each club appointed committees which met and reported a plan by which both clubs reorganize into one and change their name and request this club to recognize it as the Columbian Kennel Club of Portland, Oregon. I have recommended that the club as it now exists be substituted upon the books in place of the Portland Kennel Club, and that the annual dues paid by said club for the year 1894 be credited to the account of the consolidated club.

WASHINGTON.—This consolidation was made in the interest of harmony by the Portland Kennel Club, and in doing so they do not in any way admit that the charges brought against it are true. I have been authoritatively assured that the date of their charter as given is the correct date, but they concluded that the kennel interests of that part of the country demanded that there should be but one club, and that they should all work under one organization.

The New Jersey Kennel League's charges against Dr. L. R. Sattler for misconduct in connection with dogs and dog shows was referred to the advisory committee.

On motion the following prefixes applied for were granted: By E. Willard Roby the prefix "Robin," By J. R. Oughton, "Dwight," By G. Gordon Hammill, "Hill-Top," By C. A. Pratt, "Argyle," By James L. Little, "Newcastle," By Lucien Carr, Jr., "Stanwood," Wm. F. Ford applied for the prefix "Mohawk."

Mr. VREDENBURGH.—These names do not conflict with any now registered, but I think there should be an exception to the prefixes "Robin" and "Mohawk."

Mr. SCHELLHASS.—I move that the prefixes be allowed unreservedly. Mr. VATSON.—I offer an amendment to that, that they all be allowed with the exception of "Mohawk," while that has not been a registered prefix, yet we do not want to allow any prefix that might conflict with any usage. For instance, the Mohawk Kennels have been in existence a long time.

Amendment accepted, and the motion as amended seconded and carried.

Mr. A. Russell Crowell's communication in reference to fraudulent entries was referred to the stud book committee for investigation.

It was carried that clubs which are in arrears be notified that they must pay within thirty days from notice, or be dropped from the roll.

Dr. CRYER.—Before we adjourn I desire to state that in looking over the stud books that we have been revising, and also in glancing over the catalogue of this show, I find entries of dogs entered at former shows under one name and now entered under a different name, the change being made by a subscriber or purchaser of the dog. This is confusing to the stud book compilers, and confusing to the public. For instance, there is one bitch in this show entered under a different name than that under which she was entered at some former show. She is in the champion class. She has bred puppies under one name, and it is possible that she will have puppies under a fourth name. I desire to suggest that it would be a good idea in order to remedy this abuse that this club should pass a resolution by which after a dog has won a prize and he has been properly registered in the stud book, the name of such dog should not be changed without the consent of either the stud book committee or the executive committee for some good reason, and not on account of a mere whim. I move that the secretary be directed hereafter to see to it that any dog already registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book shall not be re-registered under a different name.

The matter was referred to the stud book committee. The meeting then adjourned.

## Pacific Kennel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream: At the last meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club they voted to postpone holding a bench show for one year, as the bench show committee reported that they could not secure a suitable hall for holding a show. The Midwinter Fair managers declined to entertain any proposition for holding a show at the Fair grounds on account of the lack of space. Considering the great chance of failure from a financial standpoint the show was postponed. HORACE W. OREAR, Sec.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 20.

[Since the above was mailed we learn that there is a feeling among many of the members that the show should be held, and our latest advices intimate that a show will take place after all.]



DOG CHAT.

Philadelphia Show.

The premium list of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's coming show is in the mail. The judges' list is a very strong one, in fact one of the best yet selected. Mastiffs, great Danes, bloodhounds, fox-terriers (smooth and wire-haired), toy spaniels, toy terriers and miscellaneous, are given to Mr. James Mortimer. St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, Irish, Scottish, Dandy Dismont, Skye and Yorkshire terriers and Italian greyhounds, to Mr. C. H. Mason. Greyhounds, deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds, to Mr. H. W. Smith. Pointers, to Mr. Chas. Heath. English setters, to Mr. Francis G. Taylor. Irish and Gordon setters, American and English foxhounds, to H. Clay Glover, V. S. Collies and pugs, to Dr. L. C. Sauveur. Spaniels and Chesapeake Bay dogs, to Mr. E. M. Oldham. Beagles and dachshunds, to Mr. A. C. Krueger. Dr. Alex. Glass is the veterinarian.

Mastiffs and St. Bernards are given challenge prizes of \$15 and open class prizes of \$15, \$7 and \$3. Pointers and setters, collies and fox-terriers get \$10 in challenge and \$10, \$7 and \$3 in open classes. The other breeds vary from \$10, \$5 and \$3 to \$7, \$5 and \$3 for open classes. In the latter category we find spaniels, but considering the importance of the breed and the fact of the specialty judge officiating, we scarcely consider this a fair division of the spoils, although classification No. 2 is provided. Kennel prizes of \$10 are given in most of the breeds. The special prize list is a valuable one, the mastiffs, fox-terriers, spaniels and collies being the breeds most favored; \$25 cash is given to the best two couple of American foxhounds and most of the other breeds are already provided for. Spratts Co. bench and feed and Sanitas attends to the disinfecting. The entries close March 16 with Geo. D. B. Darby, Philadelphia, Pa. With the strong list of officers and the sentiment which always surrounds this club's shows, the list should bring at least 500 entries, especially as the show practically marks the close of the circuit. We still think that if the dates were changed to the week following Chicago, a better entry would result.

The Manica challenge cup for the best American-bred dachshund, value \$350, will be offered at the Boston show. The entry fee for this competition is \$5, which must be sent to the FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York, which has charge of the competition. The fees constitute a sweepstakes which go to the winner of the cup each time it is competed for. The cup becomes the property of the exhibitor winning it five times. Entries for this special close March 31. Mr. Manica has won the cup twice and Mr. Matthews once. The cup is solid silver and a very handsome trophy. It should provoke keen competition.

Louisville (Ky.) Kennel Club.

About fifty lovers of the dog answered the call for a meeting at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 26, to organize a kennel club in that city. The Louisville Kennel Club is the result, and a corporation was formed with a paid-up stock of \$3,000. Gen. John B. Castleman, Dr. D. W. Vandell and Col. C. P. Atmore, three prominent citizens of the Blue Grass State, are the chief movers in the club. A show is to be held beginning May 15, and \$2,000 in prizes is promised. Application for membership in the A. K. C. has been made. At a later meeting the officers elected were: President, D. W. Vandell; Vice-Presidents: Henry S. Tyler, C. P. Atmore, Col. J. R. Castleman, Roger D. Williams, Norvin Harrie and Morris Belknap; Secretary, Marc Mundy; Treasurer, James Clark, Jr. The dog show committee is made up of D. P. Ritchie, Stanley Adams, J. J. Hagan, A. F. German and T. J. O' Bryan; Veterinary, Dr. A. Harthill, Jr. The advisory committee, numbering twenty-seven, comprises the remaining club members. The only definite action taken concerning the coming show was to donate 20 per cent. of the gross gate receipts to the Children's Free Hospital.

The date claimed for the next International field trials, at Chatham, Ont., is Nov. 6.

Mr. Lacy will attend the Detroit and Chicago shows, therefore correspondents sending items of interest or business connected with the Kennel Department should address their letters to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Those who have attended the New York dog shows should not miss reading the admirable paper in the March Century, descriptive of the Madison Square Garden.

The steamship Cevic of the White Star Line, which arrived on Tuesday last (Feb. 27), had on board an English setter dog consigned to Mr. R. W. Armstrong, of the Cragstone Kennels, Highland Falls, N. Y. This dog is Bald Rock, by Prince Rupert out of Pride of the Valley. He will be shown first at Boston next month.

The Rinada Pointer Kennels are selling out their dogs, and as this kennel contains some excellent blood, this is an opportunity to get good stock at low figures.

Dr. Kitchell has returned the cocker Bambo to his former owner, Mr. E. W. Fiske, and having purchased Jasper from Mr. Laidlaw, will try for some "any other colors" soon. Mr. Fiske has purchased most of Mr. Geo. Bell's well-known cockers. It looks now very much as if our Walker House friend is deserting the breed in which he was until quite recently so successful an exhibitor. He still keeps his eye on the spaniel men, however, judging from his telegram received during the Spaniel Club dinner.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club will celebrate the fifth anniversary of the granting of the club's charter at the May dinner. All fanciers will be pleased to see this club once more a member of the A. K. C. It speaks well for the club to find so many of its charter members still busy in the fancy and in field trials.

The specialty show in connection with an exhibit of farming implements, etc., to be given under the auspices of the Hempstead Farm Co. at the Madison Square Garden in the early part of May promises to be an interesting event. The St. Bernard, Collie and Spaniel clubs are making great efforts to insure a success. The judges will be chosen by ballot by members of the different clubs. Mr. Oldham received the vote of the Spaniel Club and will officiate. The other judges have not yet been decided upon. The company guarantees the prize money which will be, we are informed, the same as given by the W. K. C., the specialty club merely supplying the judges.

Mr. T. S. Bellin will take the fox-terrier and other terrier classes, excepting Boston terriers, at Boston show. The dates April 17 to 20 include the Battle of Lexington Day.

Mr. A. C. Bradbury, manager of the Maybrook Kennels, joined the order of Benedictos on Wednesday last. Mr. Bradbury is well and favorably known both in kennel and coursing ranks, and we are sure his many friends will join us in wishing the couple every prosperity.

We have not received a list of the entries at Chicago, but understand the entry is a very large one. Both Battery D and the Second Regiment Armory will be used to bench the

dogs in. It is a pity this club cannot bench its show in such a building as the W. K. C. is favored with. Splitting the show in two parts, as is necessary at Battery D, the effect of a big entry is lost, and at the best benching is cramped and confined.

The Northwestern Beagle Club will hold a meeting during the Chicago show at Battery D on Thursday, March 15, at 2 P. M. Mr. G. C. Buckstaff is the secretary.

The Omaha Kennel Club is discussing the advisability of reducing the membership fee to \$10 in order that a larger membership may be secured. The club is out of debt and in a prosperous condition. The club proposes to hold a dog show in the fall. Their former effort having been such a success they are tempted to try their fortune once more.

Fred Kirby has given up his store in Philadelphia and will devote his time to boarding and conditioning for and handling dogs at shows.

Mr. Coleridge C. Vickery severed his connection with Spratts Co., March 1, after being assistant manager for



DR. L. C. SAUVEUR. Judge of Collies, N. Y. Show, 1891.  
DR. H. T. FOOTE. Judge of Black and Tans, etc., New York Show, 1891.

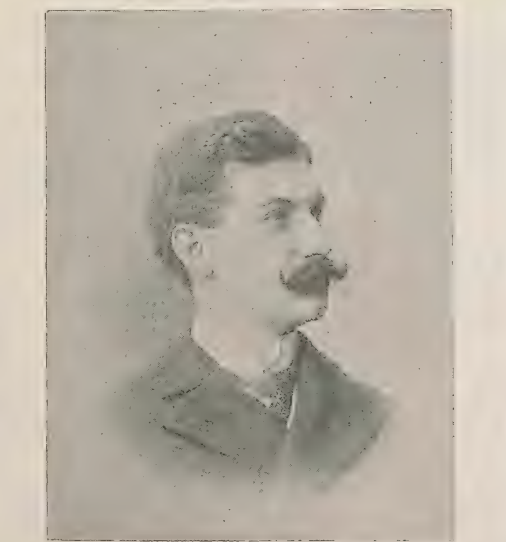
eight and a half years. As an earnest of the esteem in which he was held by the employees of the firm, they presented him on Saturday evening last with a handsome gold mounted ebony walking stick, suitably engraved. This will be highly prized by Mr. Vickery, not only on account of its value but more especially that it shows the estimation in which he was held by those with whom he was brought in daily contact.

Dr. L. A. Anderson of Cincinnati, Ohio, will match his trotting dog Jeff, a great Dane against any dog in the world for \$500 a side, a half mile, best two in three. Also he will trot Jeff, 100 yds., against any pony under 13 hands high, or any bicycle rider under 12 years of age, or any sprinter or any bicycle rider, standing start, or any sprinter, 400 yds., for \$100.

Fox-Terrier Stud Book.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Fox-Terrier Club have undertaken the production of Vol. V. of the Stud Book as a continuation of the valuable



E. A. WOODWARD.  
Judge of Bulldogs, New York Show, 1891.

work of reference hitherto produced by Mr. L. Upcott Gill, publisher, 170 Strand, London, and hope that every one interested in fox-terriers will insist in making the registration of pedigrees in it accurate and complete.

The registration of pedigrees and show records will be continued from the close of Volume IV. of the Stud Book (February, 1892) to the end of December, 1893.

Those desiring to register their dogs should at once apply for forms to Mr. Hugh Dalziel, Woking, England, who has been appointed to continue the compilation of the work.

Secretaries of shows held from the first date mentioned, will be doing good service in the interests of the fox-terrier by sending copies of their catalogues to the editor.

All winners at shows held under Kennel Club rules will be registered free, and a small charge of 1s. 6d. will be made for the registration of other dogs; but the club reserves the right to refuse registration to dogs whose claims to pedigree they may consider do not justify their entry in the Stud Book. It is often desirable to register dogs of good blood that are not exhibited, and this applies with special force to brood bitches.

J. C. TINNE, Hon. Sec'y of  
The Fox-Terrier Club.

LYMINGTON, Hampshire, Eng.

The Spaniel Club Dinner.

THIS pleasant re-union of spaniel owners and their friends, has become quite a feature of the New York dog show, and is looked forward to each year by the owners of the "long-ears." That the interest in it is growing, is evidenced by the increased number who participate each year over the year previous.

At Zangheri's Restaurant twenty-eight sat down to a long T-shaped table, profusely decorated with flowers and fruits, while strains of soft music from guitars and zithers located in an adjoining alcove, during the meal, made all "as merry as a marriage bell." It was no "state affair" either—entirely informal, and a pleasant and jovial meeting throughout.

After doing full justice to the menu Français we turned over a new leaf and found the following "greeting:"

"The more I see of men the more I admire dogs."  
TO THE "CROWD."  
(Grabbed from last year's Menu.)

We started last year with "ein cock(er) tail,"  
Then "leerry and Eggs(ception)" just out on bail.  
Then oysters and soup ("noodle, noodle and noodle"),  
Then "Dogfish on toast," which cost lots of boodle.  
"Calves' Brains à la bow-wow," went off with a push.  
Backed up with Bordeaux ("a good wine needs no Bush"),  
Punch à la Roman—brewed by our friend Kirk.  
Cigarettes, "Old(ham) Judge," helped us all thro' our work.  
Kitchel collared the lettuce at old Perth Amboy.  
While the ice cream from Keasbey (Hollow Bricks) gave great joy.  
Assorted cakes (V. H. C., H. G. and C.).  
The kind Bell and Willey ne'er chase up a tree.  
Old English Cheese—sweet, dark and tender,  
Filled, we soon found, with many an active member.  
To go with the cheese, but they proved deuced hard,  
"Spratts biscuit (Doggone good)," was next on the card.  
Fruits, "plums and other things," followed in a row.  
From the ranch of Foster (Judex's boss) on the hills of Tuxedo.  
In café noir we had the "Black—the kind that ever wins,"  
Its strength and tint just covered right our landlord's many sins.  
For Garcia Cabbageros, we had "Watson's low and long,"  
And for music—well, "Auld Lang Syne,"  
and "Where is my Little Dog Gone?"

SELAH!

Then we looked around to see who were there.

A. Clinton Wilmerding presided, faced by Treasurer Oldham; Wm. D. Murphy, the silver-tongued orator, who entertained all present with his pleasant talk, and told how he knew more about cameras than he did about dogs; E. W. Fiske, who looked on without Amazement; E. G. Brown, who couldn't eat because Cherry Boy wasn't there, so he talked; R. P. Keasbey, who supplied the "hollow bricks" last year; E. M. Oldham brought his beard with him, and some good songs (says he's going to have his beard trimmed short for next dinner); Dr. Kitchel says he's going to be an actor some day, but we noticed he didn't do any stunts; A. E. Foster wanted to gather up all the bones left from the English partridges for Judex—says Judex's father was an English dog; "Hail Fellows well met" kept his end up with the rest; W. T. Payne sat where he could reach the doughnuts; Henry Jarrett didn't sit in the gallery either; Geo. H. Whitehead helped hold the table down; A. W. Smith's stories were good, but he couldn't help it, he has just joined the club again; C. E. Idell, M. A. Viti and W. S. Brooks kept passing the "joke" and thought the table was too "long and low;" Andrew Laidlaw and C. M. Nelles both liked Canada for a small place, but thought New York pretty good, especially just about February; Geo. P. Preston, Jr., made a speech on tariff reform; A. B. Forsyth says he has a winner and is going to get there; A. E. Rendle was a "Bandit" in disguise—says he'll win at the Specialty show; Messrs. Atherton, Contoit and Lacy responded individually and collectively to the toast to the press; Mr. Wilmerding made a speech of welcome, and spoke pleasantly of the relations between the Spaniel Club and the sporting papers. After the cloth was removed all gathered around the piano where song followed song in quick succession till midnight, when the party broke up.

Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of heavyweight pointer bitches, at New York show, you say Devon Fan got reserve. I would state that, as Fan was very heavy in whelp, she was not judged, and Mr. Heath, the judge, is my authority for the statement that he did not award her the reserve, or in fact judge her. She has only been shown and judged once since imported last year, when she won first open class at Boston, 1893.

JAS. E. HAIR, V.S.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 3.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

April 17.—South Dakota Coursing Club's inaugural meeting, at Mitchell, S. D. Entries close April 16. S. S. Batley, Sec'y; Fox Kenney, Judge; Joseph Dodd, Slipper.

New England Beagle Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the New England Beagle Club was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Feb. 19, at 2:20 P. M., the following members present: F. W. Chapman, H. H. Brown, H. V. Jamieson, F. W. Cliefeld, Henry Hanson, B. S. Turpin, Thomas Shallcross and W. S. Clark. President Chapman in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. It was voted that the secretary write to Mr. O. F. Joslin, of Oxford, Mass., representative in the Massachusetts Legislature, that the N. E. B. C. heartily approve the extension of the close season on rabbits, and respectfully recommend that the bill now before the fish and game committee be amended so that the close season shall extend from March 1 to Oct. 15. Voted that the treasurer make a report of the club's finances at the April meeting. Mr. C. S. Matteson, South Shaftsbury, Vt., was elected to membership. Adjourned 3:30.

W. S. CLARK, Sec.-Treas.

The Kenmore Coursing Club.

At a call meeting of the executive committee of the Kenmore Coursing Club, H. C. Lowe and T. W. Bartels present, J. Herbert Watson absent, it was arranged that the club hold its next meeting at Goodland, Kan., Oct. 16 and subsequent days. There will be two stakes: The Goodland Stakes, for all-age greyhounds, open to the world. The Kenmore Derby for greyhounds eighteen months old or younger at night of the drawing. Five dollars will be charged non-members for entering a dog; this will give them the privileges of the club during the meeting.

The president's cup, valued at \$100, will be donated by Dr. Q. Van Hummel. The citizens of Goodland guarantee \$500 added money for the stakes. This will most emphatically assure a large entry and is worthy of the time and efforts of coursing men from all over this country.

A party of hunters from Chilmark, Mass., made a raid on the rabbits last week and brought home twenty-two cotton-tails.



## ALTCAR COURSING CLUB'S MEET.

The first meeting of the Altcar Coursing Club, announced for Feb. 20, 21 and 22, was unfortunately opened under very unfavorable conditions, it being extremely cold for three successive days, but this did not deter the enthusiastic coursing men from their purpose to hold a spring meeting, and as this was the introductory meeting the club was more anxious than ever that it should be a success.

The evening of the 19th, after the drawing, a banquet had been arranged for at the commodious Rock Island Hotel and "the boys" sat down to the repast with the best of feeling, making merry till a late hour. Toasts were responded to by the president of the club, Mr. L. F. Bartels, ex-Mayor Smith and others, Dr. J. M. Norman of Denver making a most masterly effort, fairly outdoing himself with his wit and clever allusions to the exciting experiences of the sportsman. As a clubman he is one of the most popular men in Denver, and as an entertainer is a host in himself.

The club originated in Denver and is composed of sportsmen from that city and Colorado Springs mostly, with the addition of several coursing men from other parts of the country. The members are all active coursers and it might fairly be said that the opening meeting was a success in spite of the great disadvantages that the club labored under with the very severe weather they unfortunately encountered. On Tuesday morning a bitter cold wind was blowing from the north and the light snow was drifting considerably, but, nothing daunted, the horses were ordered out and with faces well wrapped up the cavalcade went away to the coursing ground hopeful that by braving the elements for a day that the morrow would bring forth sunshine and warmth.

The drive of six miles brought us to the locality where the Kenmore Club did most of their coursing in October. The ground was found to be in nice condition, there having been but little rain during the season, the soft, thick buffalo grass prairie making a padding almost like a velvet carpet. The light snow did not interfere with the running in the least, and the hares were fairly plentiful, although it was said that hundreds had been killed during two or three months. And such hares! Great, big, fat whitetails, but their muscles seemed to be hard, and away they would go, leading the best brace of greyhounds a merry dance.

The cold weather had driven the hares to their burrows, which accounted in a measure for the scarcity of them, compared with what we found last October.

The piercing cold wind kept every one dancing about, and old Jack Frost kept up a merry jingle with our fingers and ears, and slow progress was made. Many a poor soul would have gladly exchanged coursing for stove hunting. But in spite of all, the numbers on the card were rapidly diminishing, and barring the two last courses was run through, the committee keeping the dogs in the slips until the judge was unable to see a hare when it left its form.

When a halt was called we were about ten miles from the town. We struggled in chilled to the marrow, but were made happy with a warm repast and a genial fire. Such is coursing in February in western Kansas. It should more properly be called a winter meeting. After consultation in the evening it was decided to make another effort in the morning, but after driving five or six miles it began to snow, and blow, and after running the two remaining courses on the card the crowd returned to the city.

There was considerable exchange of opinion as to the advisability of dividing the stake; but the prevailing sentiment was in favor of making another effort in the morning. The meeting was improperly advertised for three days, limited, the judge was employed for that time, and although the weather had not perceptibly softened, it was decided to make one more effort to run the stake.

After dinner, the boys being hungry for more jack rabbit, it was proposed to take a bit of a hunt on foot, using for their coursers the beaten dogs of the day before. A dozen or more walked into the suburbs and had a most enjoyable time, raising fifteen jacks and coursing in the old-time way of running until the dogs were about satisfied.

In crossing a path T. W. Bartels's Beau Brummel lost his footing and fell, striking his shoulder and turning a complete somersault, falling on his back and wrenching his neck most severely. He stiffened out, and our pleasure was turned to sadness as we saw him lying prostrate, apparently dead. With a generous dose of a stimulating fluid he soon revived and was taken to the town in a carriage. He was badly injured, and it is feared that it may be some time before he fully recovers. Aside from this, it was a very enjoyable afternoon's sport.

Bright and early the next morning we were in the saddle, and although the cold had lessened very little, a goodly crowd went to the grounds. Among others we saw a few brave and enthusiastic ladies. Hares were less numerous than the day previous, and it was difficult to keep even decently comfortable. However, the second series was run through; but poor human nature could not endure any more, and a division of the stake was made among the eleven dogs remaining in.

Mr. Green, of Colorado Springs, judged and Ralph Taylor, of Colorado Springs, did the slipping. Judge Green may be well versed in various things such as the care of cattle, sheep, etc., but as a coursing judge he is a most lamentable failure.

We may be prejudiced on account of the wretched work he did at Great Bend, but the second trial only confirms the opinion then formed, that the old gentleman has had too little experience of late years, and this sentiment seemed to prevail with the majority of the contestants.

Ralph Taylor did fairly well at the slipping, considering the poor pair of slips he was obliged to use. If anything he walks too fast and does not pick his ground with the best of judgment. He could slip his dogs while moving up more rapidly and a bit more in line with the hare. He is improving with every meeting and we trust he will yet rival Mr. Brett.

The weather, of course, had its influence in preventing the management from maintaining order, but if the management of any coursing meeting will keep in mind the fact that the smoothness of a meeting depends largely on the field officers and their ability to maintain order they will have better meetings. Liquor drinking and drunken men should not be tolerated, for it not only corrupts morals, but creates the impression that coursing men are other than what they are—sober, honest, enthusiastic gentlemen. The weather was so cold that we can make allowance for this meeting, but hereafter it should be rigidly sat down on.

The prominent contestants were Dr. Q. Van Hummel, of Indianapolis; H. C. Lowe, of Lawrence, Kan.; C. G. Page, of Aurora, Ill.; D. C. Luse, of Great Bend, Kan.; J. R. Cochran, of Winfield, Kan.; L. F. and T. W. Bartels, J. M. Van Norman and H. Warrington, of Denver; Sam W. Vidler, of Colorado Springs.

Those who were out for their first meeting here were C. A. Kitzmiller, of Kearney, Neb.; O. M. Wilhite and Mr. Newton, of Emporia, Kan.; F. A. Withers and P. J. Donohue, of Pueblo, Col. Unfortunately, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, of Colorado Springs, the collie man of the East, was detained at home on account of sickness in his family. He has recently taken an interest in the long-tails and a taste of a public contest would have whetted his appetite, as in most instances, once a courser always a courser. His dogs were good ones and he is getting into the interest in the right way, viz., to get good ones and get to the front at once. We need more like him.

The Goodland Kennels were strictly in it at the finish, and are pursuing the right course to encourage the sport. They have a good kennel, are breeding up and will make their own famous as a coursing center. They have plenty of en-

thusiasm and sand, and will be in at the finish. The interest is spreading rapidly, and we wouldn't be astonished if over a dozen meetings were held during the season.

The entry in the stake amounted to thirty-three, less than was expected, but they were a choice lot, with the exception of four or five, and in the division, as will be seen, there were two each in four kennels and one in another, and had the stake been run off there is no telling where the first money would have landed. Nine dogs left in received \$53 each. Had the stakes been held open one more day they would have closed pleasantly, as Friday was a delightful day. Stakes should not be limited to any number of days. A stake once open should be run off. If the weather is unfavorable a postponement can be had from day to day. The interest of any one cannot be subserved unless he has satisfaction for money and time and trouble expended in fitting up his greyhounds, and we trust that hereafter the programme of a meeting will be so worded that a deciding course can be the only outcome of the meeting.

I was well pleased to see such an equal division among the kennels represented at this meeting. When all of the sportsmen of the country are assured that there is a perfectly honest contest the ranks will be swelled to overflowing. Other game is getting scarce, but the jack rabbit remains and multiplies. It is a high-toned sport, a clean sport, a hunt for wild game, a scientific contest and properly enjoyed by all ages and both sexes. The whirlwind of enthusiasm in coursing that is sweeping over the country will end in a deluge of public meetings, and then will my prediction be fulfilled, that coursing will yet be the leading sport of the country. The meeting just closed was characterized by harmony and good feeling, all differences were healed up and the boys went to their homes thirsting for an opportunity to try their favorites again in the near future.

## First Round.

VICTORIA—ROY'S VANISH.—In the opening course Roy's Vanish led from the slips, turned to Victoria, but she failed to hold possession, letting Vanish in for a good sequence of points, the hare taking to a hole. Roy's Vanish won.

LANARADZO—BORDER RUFFIAN.—Border Ruffian scarcely gave the big fellow a look in; worked his hare strong, the hare again working for a hole.

REAR ADMIRAL—PUNCH.—Admiral led six lengths up, wrenched strong, turned the hare, placed Punch for a turn, letting Admiral in, Punch laying off, using too much head work, having speed enough, but was holding it for the occasion. Admiral killed and won.

ST. CLAIR—BREAKAWAY.—St. Clair showed a wonderful burst of speed in the run-up, showed superiority throughout and won handily, the hare going to earth.

GRAND FASHION—PRINCE RUPERT.—Fashion showed to the front from the slips, had the best of it over his brother, but Prince Rupert having an injured foot prevented him from showing his real merit, but gamely ran the course. Fashion won, the hare going to earth.

MELLITA—BON BO.—Mellita went fast from the slips, working the hare rapidly, placed Bon Bo for exchanges, but Mellita won with considerable in hand.

LONE WIDOW—RHEA.—Lone Widow hung in the slips, letting Rhea away four lengths, the hare favoring Lone Widow, she making a terrific drive for a kill, but bunny was too quick to the turn. Rhea went in, and working the hare away in front of Widow, wiped off the score by a small margin, the hare escaping. Rhea won.

ROOK—BEAU BRUMMEL.—Rook led up to the hare, turned to Beau Brummel for a few exchanges, but Rook had the best of it for several points. Beau Brummel then came into the work, but was unable to wipe off the score. Rook won. Before they were taken up another hare was started, and Rook carried it away for a mile and holed it, but being in pretty good condition, it didn't seem to distress him, and the wait of two days will get him to the slips in good form.

KING CROW—RHAON DHU.—Again the slips failed to work, King Crow hanging, giving Rhaon Dhu three lengths to the good, but when under way King Crow held his position, the hare going straight away, with but a feeble wrench or two, going to a hole. Another trial would have been very satisfactory and proper.

LORD CLIFTON—VALKYRIE.—Clifton led up four lengths but Valkyrie drew up, making a racing go-by, but no subsequent work followed, the hare clearly outfooting them. Valkyrie won.

ECHO—BOUNDAWAY.—Boundaway was out of the slips in good form, raced up for a turn, served himself, drove the hare away from Echo, but she came up strong and from a turn led away from the big fellow, turned and wrenched strongly. Echo saved a go-by as the hare took to earth. Boundaway won.

BUSTER—BONNIE BELL.—Buster was beaten pointless in a good working course.

CHIEF—MISS LOTTIE.—In this course a most unfortunate accident happened. As Taylor pulled the slips the strap on his arm separated from the string and the dogs went away still in the slips, and after a long run one of them was out of the slips, the other dragging them to the finish; the dogs were uninjured and in the next trial Miss Lottie led up, rattling her hare about and only letting the big son of Al. Farrow in for a bit of work. Miss Lottie won.

QUICKSTEP—JUST IN.—Quickstep led to the hare, Just In working out rather wild, waiting for the turn, when placed did a bit of clever work. Quickstep getting a rattling go-by won, the hare going to earth.

BATTLE ROYAL—JUDY.—Battle Royal put it all over Judy, never letting her have a look in.

PRINCESS MAY—TOPSEY.—Princess May ran up a score of a dozen points or more, scoring like lightning, beating Topsy pointless.

LADY LYON A BYE.—She ran with Just In. Both scoring rapidly on a hard, strong hare.

## Second Round.

ROY'S VANISH—BORDER RUFFIAN.—Border Ruffian simply snuffed out Roy's Vanish, showing a very pretty bit of coursing. He led five lengths to the hare, and came again from the turns very strong, never once letting up in his clever work.

REAR ADMIRAL A BYE WITH LORD CLIFTON.—Clifton had a very unsatisfactory trial with Valkyrie, and it was the desire of his nominator to see him have a trial with a dog that is known to be very fast up to the hare, and Rear Admiral had proved himself a good one. Clifton led from the slips three lengths, turned the hare, came again with a whirlwind rush, making a masterly kill. If he had a bit more stay would be a very dangerous dog in any stake.

RHEA A BYE WITH BREAKAWAY.—Grand Fashion being drawn lame, Rhea ran a bye with Breakaway, a very clever little red Babazon bitch. They gave us a pretty exhibition and exchanged about even, Rhea killing the hare.

MELLITA—ROOK.—A cotton-tail was sighted in his form, but thinking it a hare they then drew around, ready for the slip, but discovered their mistake, and as they were getting away without disturbing him a meddlesome young chap thought to catch him in his hands; but the little brown fellow avoided him, and as he ran out the dog saw him, and in the slipper's effort to quiet them Rook got out of the slips and ran a pumping course alone, injuring one of his toes. Mr. Lowe courteously allowed the course to remain over until another course was run; but when the dog returned it was thought wise to draw him, and Mellita ran a bye with St. Clair. She killed one hare, and as they were about to take her up a second hare jumped and she carried that to a hole. She was looking dangerous in the stake.

RHAON DHU—VALKYRIE.—Valkyrie showed a bit in front, but slipped and nearly fell, turned the hare, placing Rhaon

Dhu, he holding in front to a turn, but in his effort to kill took a severe tumble, rolling over and sliding along the ground, but was up and gamely at the work, getting placed to Valkyrie's turn, again driving the hare back to the crowd, for a moment obscuring the view of the judge, but Rhaon Dhu's advantage was too great and did not affect the decision. He brought it away again, and the second time came a cropper, but not being injured was up again before Valkyrie could score, driving the hare to earth and won.

BOUNDAWAY—BONNIE BELL.—The big Boundaway went out of the slips strong, raced up to the hare for a couple of wrenches and a turn, placed Bonnie Belle, she accepted the gift greedily, rattled up several wrenches and a kill of merit. The hat came off very properly, giving it an undecided. As they were called to the slips again Mr. Vidler withdrew Boundaway, giving the course to Bonnie Belle.

MISS LOTTIE—BATTLE ROYAL.—Battle Royal was drawn from some cause not known by your correspondent and Miss Lottie ran a bye with Bon Bon. Bon Bon put it all over Miss Lottie, giving one of the grandest exhibitions seen on the grounds at this meeting. She was able to go to her hare, came away for repeated go-bys, tripped, and after considerable subsequent work drove the hare to earth.

QUICKSTEP—LADY LYON.—Quickstep made the run up, placed Lady, she taking up the work, but in a hundred yards the hare took to the ground. The judge decided it no course and to another slip Quickstep led up, turned the hare, went out wild, Lady making several strong wrenches and a kill of merit, giving Lady Lyon a full measure for her kill. The course could very properly have been given an undecided, but the elements probably influenced the decision as it was getting rather cold and everybody was anxious to get to the city. Quickstep got the course.

PRINCESS MAY A BYE WITH BATTLE ROYAL.—Battle Royal was drawn a course or two before.

This ended the running for the day and the stake also as well, as will be seen elsewhere.

## First Round.

Goodland Kennels' b. & w. b. Roy's Vanish (Walnut—Lady Graham Glendyne)	beat	J. H. LeMoynes' r. b. Victoria (Babazon—Verdure Clad).
St. Patrick Kennels' b. & w. d. Border Ruffian (Dingwall—Miss Kitten)	beat	D. C. Luse's f. d. Lanaradzo (Trales—Dick's Darling).
Goodland Kennels' b. & w. d. Rear Admiral (Major Glendyne—Lady Alice)	beat	F. A. Withers' w. & f. d. Punch (St. Patrick—Ticket).
H. C. Lowe's w. & b. d. St. Clair (Lord Neversettle—White Lips)	beat	J. L. Peebler's f. b. Breakaway (Babazon—Daisy B.).
H. C. Lowe's b. d. Grand Fashion (Lord Neversettle—White Lips)	beat	Charles Kitzmiller's w. & b. d. Prince Rupert (Lord Neversettle—White Lips).
H. C. Lowe's b. b. Mellita (Lord Neversettle—White Lips)	beat	St. Patrick Kennels' bd. & w. b. Bon Bon (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).
Goodland Kennels' w. & bd. b. Rhea (Major Glendyne—Daisy Dublin)	beat	H. C. Lowe's b. & w. b. Lone Widow (Lord Neversettle—White Lips).
Goodland Kennels' b. d. Rood (Major Glendyne—Humming Bird)	beat	St. Patrick Kennels' b. & w. d. Beau Brummel (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).
Soden & Wilhite's bd. & w. d. King Crow (Trales—Tenees)	beat	Johnston's b. & w. d. Rhaon Dhu (Major Glendyne—Daisy Dublin).
Van Hummel's bd. b. Valkyrie (Lord Neversettle—Parterria)	beat	J. H. LeMoynes' bd. d. Lord Clifton (Lord Neversettle—Parterria).
Broadmoor Kennels' f. d. Boundaway (Lord Neversettle—Parterria)	beat	C. F. Hoeckle's b. b. Echo (Swift—Venus).
St. Patrick Kennels' b. & w. b. Bonnie Bell (Dingwall—Miss Kitten)	beat	A. C. Lighthall's f. d. Buster (Goldust—Lady).
Broadmoor Kennels' f. b. Miss Lottie (Lord Neversettle—Parterria)	beat	H. Warrington's w. & b. d. Chief (Al. Farrow—Menlo Bell).
Broadmoor Kennels' r. b. Quickstep (Lord Neversettle—Parterria)	beat	Soden & Wilhite's bd. & w. b. Just In (Trales—Tenees).
H. C. Lowe's bd. & w. d. Battle Royal (Lord Neversettle—White Lips)	beat	F. A. Withers' bd. & w. b. Judy (St. Patrick—Venus).
H. C. Lowe's w. & b. b. Princess May (Lord Neversettle—White Lips)	beat	P. J. Donohue's be. b. Topsy (Arkansas Traveler—Nancy).
Soden & Wilhite's r. b. Lady Lyon (Trales—Tenees)	beat	A bye.

## ii.

Border Ruffian beat Roy's Vanish. Bonnie Bell a bye.

Rear Admiral a bye. Miss Lottie a bye.

Rhea a bye. Quickstep beat Lady Lyon.

Mellita a bye. Princess May a bye.

Rhaon Dhu beat Valkyrie.

Nine divided.

## National Beagle Club Meeting.

**Editor Forest and Stream:**  
A regular meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the A. K. C. room, 44 Broadway, New York, on March 2, '94. President Kreuder in the chair. Meeting was called to order at 4:30 P. M.

Present were H. L. Kreuder, George Laick, J. W. Appleton, H. F. Schellhass, G. W. Rogers, John Bateman, Geo. B. Post Jr. and A. D. Lewis.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. Treasurer's quarterly report was read and ordered placed on file. The report showed a good cash balance in Treasurer's hands. Mr. Appleton reported that he had purchased the New York W. K. C. show special, and forwarded it to Mr. C. S. Wixom whose Royal Krueger was the winner of same. A letter from the Northwestern Beagle Club regarding the fixing of dates for beagle field trials of 1894 was read and ordered placed on file.

It was voted that the N. B. C. of America claim the week beginning with Oct. 29, for its coming field trials. The Secretary was requested to notify all other beagle clubs of the fact, also the A. K. C.

Voted that we donate a special prize to consist of a piece of silver plate valued at \$20 to the City of Straights K. C. shows, to be awarded to the best beagle the get of a dog or bitch having been placed at any beagle field trial held in America. Open to all.

New England K. C. made application to the N. B. C. of America for a special. Voted that we donate a special prize to consist of a piece of silver plate valued at \$25 to the New England K. C. show, the same to be awarded to the best beagle the get of a dog or bitch having been placed at any beagle field trial held in America.

The Philadelphia, Chicago, Columbus, O., Portland, Ore., Kennel Clubs applied for specials which were, on motion, not granted. Messrs. W. A. Power, A. C. Krueger, and Aug. A. Knobloch offered their resignations from the club and the same were accepted. Mr. W. H. Ashburner offered his resignation from the N. B. C., and Mr. H. F. Schellhass was on motion appointed a committee to ascertain his reasons for resigning. Mr. F. W. Chapman offered his resignation from the N. B. C. of America, and Mr. J. W. Appleton and Geo. B. Post Jr. were appointed as auditing committee.

The Secretary was requested to notify all members who are in arrears with their dues that they must pay up by April 1, and that in case of failure to pay they will be dropped from the club.

Meeting adjourned at 6:10 P. M.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., March 3.

GEORGE LAICK, Sec'y.

Messrs. E. B. Bailey and S. S. Horton of Windsor Locks, Conn., together with the East Granby sportsmen Seth Share, George and Charles Owen, Chas. Stedman and De



Gray, will hunt wily reynard with a capital pack which they secured from Virginia. The last two snowstorms have interrupted the sport temporarily, and the foxes, that is if any have escaped, have been having a few days off. Not far from thirty-five foxes have been shot on the mountains and plains this season. Collector Bailey has shot seven, Horton half a dozen, Sharpe eight, the Owen twins from twelve to fifteen, and De Gray half a dozen. From eight to twelve dogs hunt in the pack and the sport is superb.

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Altcar Club Business Meeting.

At the business meeting of the Altcar Coursing Club, held on the evening of Feb. 21, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, L. F. Bartels, Denver, Col.; Vice-President, Mitchell Harrison, Colorado Springs, Col.; Secretary and Treasurer, S. W. Vidler, Colorado Springs, Col.; Executive Committee: Frank Robinson, Goodland, Kas.; Dr. J. M. Van Norman, Denver, Col.; F. A. Withers, Pueblo, Col. Members of the Coursing Board: T. W. Bartels and S. W. Vidler. The secretary reported seventeen members in good standing. A special vote of thanks was given to the press for their interest in trying to further the interests of coursing. Also to the citizens of Goodland for the courtesies shown to the club. Adjourned to the call of the president.

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National Fox Hunters' Associations.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We would be pleased to have you publish the following news note: The committee appointed by Admiral Joubert, president of the National Fox Hunters' Association, to draft a constitution and by-laws, will meet shortly at the hunting lodge of Francis J. Hagan, Esq., near Louisville. The committee consists of Dr. A. C. Helfenger, Roger Williams, W. S. Wade, Willis C. Goodman, W. S. Walker and F. J. Hagan. The committee will also draft rules and regulations for the conduct of the field trials and consider the most suitable location for the national meet to be held this fall. They desire to have expressions of opinion on these subjects from every hunter, and ask every one interested to favor the committee with their views at length. Letters should be addressed to R. D. Williams, Lexington, Ky., the chairman of committee, or to H. L. Means, secretary of the club, Louisville, Ky.

HARRY L. MEANS, Secretary.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The celebrated Kinney-White pack of Worcester, Mass., has been meeting with misfortune. While hunting a couple of weeks ago Fly, a very fine Walker bitch, broke her hind leg, and on last Tuesday, while hunting over nearly the same ground, their young July dog, Jumbo, was run over by the cars and killed. Fly's leg has been set, but the break is a bad one and it is doubtful if she will ever again be herself in the hunting field. She was one of the leaders of the pack, very fast, with an excellent nose, great endurance and an abundance of fox sense. Her loss is a severe one.

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Mr. Turpin, the well known secretary of the Brunswick Fur Club, has just been presented with a hunting horn by Mr. D. M. Morris, of Camp Point, Ill. "It is a beauty and anything of the kind I have ever seen." There is no reason to believe that "Bradley's" will earned record for modesty is in danger, for though he may now blow his own horn it will be for the benefit of his hounds and not their owner.

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Messrs. George Goddard, David M. Bearle and A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, and J. L. White, of Milbury, all members of the Worcester Fur Co., had a good hunt Feb. 27, with the noted hounds Logan, Argie and Ben of the Kinney-White pack, and Joe J., owned by Mr. Goddard. Mr. Goddard shot a fox in Purgatory county in front of the hounds; three other foxes were started, but the hunters failed to kill.

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The Worcester Fur Co. closed its fox hunting season Feb. 28. Henceforth no foxes will be killed in the vicinity of Worcester except by farmers. The unwritten law, which all sportsmen respect, makes March 1 the beginning of the close season. The season just ended has been the most successful the company has ever known. The secretary has the record of 169 brushes, and possibly a few more may be reported, as some of the sportsmen were out the last day. The best previous season's record was 137.

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The Hempstead Town Council have decreed that no more bagged foxes may be hunted in the township. This is sure to be unwelcome news for the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, which has been in the habit of turning down foxes; but those having made good their escape are said to have become entirely too numerous for the health of the neighboring farmers' poultry. If this is the case, there should be some good natural hunting down Hempstead way.

Yachting.

A curious problem in measurement is mentioned in the *Field*, in the case of a yacht on the Clyde, of the "fish torpedo type," the after end being conical, or more properly cigar-shaped, with circular cross sections. For convenience of construction, about six, of the point or after end is built as a part of the rudder, making a ball and socket joint with the actual end of the boat. The question arose whether this conical end, which was of solid mahogany attached to the brass plate of the rudder, should be measured as part of the waterline length. The matter was referred to the Y. R. A., which decided that as the cone was solid, and did not add to the buoyancy or power of the boat, it should not be measured as part of the waterline, but that if it had been hollow, it should be so measured. The *Field* very properly points out that under such a ruling a boat might be built in two halves, one of course being solid wood, and claim to be measured for but half of its length.

To us the decision seems weak in that it does not touch the real principle involved, the carrying out of the fair and legitimate form of the boat; as distinguished from a plane surface of no material bulk used purely for steering. In the case in question the use of the cone was to carry out the lines of the hull to a fair ending, and as such it should have been measured. So far as the mechanical point of hanging the rudder, while it might have necessitated the ball and socket portion, it did not call for the main part of the small cone, which was added solely for the sake of a more perfect form of hull. Under such a ruling it would be possible, and probably advantageous, in the case of the ordinary sawed-off catboat with immersed transom, to affix to the latter a solid block of wood shaped to carry the lines to a fair ending and thus avoid all drag and dead water. This piece, of course, would not be measured, but might be of material addition to the length. Knotty questions of this kind are not uncommon in yachting, but if a really satisfactory solution is to be found it must be based on

some definite principle, such as, in this case, of the form of the hull rather than on abstract points of detail or construction.

The report that Valkyrie will return home in May for want of any suitable adversaries on this side, has caused "Thalassa" to train his heaviest guns in *The Field* on American yachtsmen. After indulging in some very severe and disagreeable remarks, he ends as follows: "The only possible excuse which can be urged in defense may be that these American Cup defenders require so many extra hands to keep them up to their canvas even in moderate weather, that they are unsuited for regatta racing around a coast. If so, it would appear that cup defenders are not even 'racing machines,' because they cannot be raced under the ordinary circumstances attending a series of regattas. They seem to form a class by themselves, and apart from any other useful purpose than the defense of the Cup."

In the last sentence, at least, Thalassa is perfectly right, and this, with one or two other circumstances, offers very good reasons why they may not be in commission next year. American yachting is, as Thalassa evidently does not know, radically different from British, in that racing is local rather than general; there is no such thing as a racing circuit, as in Great Britain; and at present at least, there are no racing classes with any claims to vitality. At the best, the racing is but desultory, the one great event is the New York Y. C. cruise in August, covering ten days, with five or six cruising runs, prizes being given in each class for such yachts as may care to compete; and two or three special races, such as the Golet cups. As a rule, the spring races are local affairs about New York, the regatta of the Eastern Y. C. attracting few yachts and often none to Boston; and in the fall there are a few regattas and special races. In place of thirty or forty starts, few large yachts average ten in a season unless in a Cup year.

Even at its best, and just now it is at its very worst, the season's racing offers comparatively little as few owners of large yachts race them steadily and regularly in all the races open to them. In the case of the Cup defenders there is an additional reason for not racing them in the ordinary regattas, in that they are a most useless and undesirable class, built for a special purpose and entirely unsuited to the requirements of even the wealthier yachtsmen.

The origin of the so-called 90ft. class, none of which thus far have been much over 87ft., was purely accidental, the length of Genesta, the challenger of 1885, calling for a defender larger than the then existing singlestickers, all 70-footers. The success of the American yachts of 80 to 85ft., and also the success of the British cutter Clara in the 53ft. class, led to the idea that Americans were stronger in the larger, and weaker in the smaller, classes, and was the cause of the peculiar requirements of the new deed of gift, which, if lived up to, would restrict all Cup racing to yachts of 90ft. waterline.

In view of the success of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer on the one hand, and of Clara and Minerva on the other, it is not surprising that Americans have striven to prevent challenges from smaller yachts; but the result of this policy has been that with each successive contest the winning yacht has been of a less desirable size and type.

Even when yachting is at its best, there is no place in American racing for a singlestickler of over 70ft. waterline; the various Cup defenders have been kept moving at times through special efforts and unusual inducements to the class in the way of costly cups and trial races; but as soon as the interest relaxes they are converted into schooners. If there was no place in yachting for Mayflower and Puritan there is certainly none for Vigilant and Colonia; they were built in an emergency, not because any one wanted such yachts, but because it was absolutely necessary that the club must have them. They have cost much more than they are worth to yachting, and now that their special purpose is accomplished there is no disposition to waste further money in racing them. The only possible reason for so doing would be in chivalrous appreciation of Lord Dunraven's desire for more racing on this side; and it is by no means certain that this reason, and no other, may not set the whole fleet a sailing by May.

A Cruise On the Miramichi.

A LEAF FROM FEDORA'S LOGBOOK.

A glance at the map will show that the lower Miramichi, on the gulf coast of New Brunswick, is an ideal water for small yacht cruising. The lower reach of the river, with Bay du Vin on one side and Neguac Bay on the other, is 12 or 15 miles wide; and a line of low islands and sand-bars called beaches, shuts this expanse of water in from the gulf. The water is from 10 to 50ft. deep, with no obstructions except shallows that make out from certain points, and the bottom is generally bare mud. How placid and pretty this broad expanse of sheltered water is in fair weather; and what a contrast it presents to the outer bay when an easterly gale is sending white-coated rollers to thunder against the beaches; but when it is vexed by a strong westerly wind it kicks and snarls and jumps in a way that makes the yachtsman long to be outside on the open sea.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Fedora, flying the pennant of the Vice-Commodore of the Miramichi Y. C., cast off from her moorings at Chatham for a three days' cruise. "The storm drum went up as she was passing the signal station, but her crew did not entertain the thought of turning back. They had planned this cruise for days, and had found it difficult to get out of their offices to start, and now were not to be stopped by a storm drum. Sandy, who had had considerable experience about Prince Edward Island, had confidence in the boat. Stanley knew nothing about yachting, and trusted the others to get the best of the storm. And the skipper rather enjoyed the thought of a battle royal between the boat and the elements."

Fedora was 32ft. 6in. load line, 8ft. beam and 4ft. draft, and carried 3,000lbs. of iron ballast inside. She was schooner rigged, and mighty handy is the schooner rig for amateurs on a cruise.

The light breeze freshened, and the yacht bowled along past Middle Island, Black Brook and Bartibogue. Past the green grassy banks, the mill race, the mills and the villages, in a style that gave promise of reaching Bay du Vin Island Basin, where she was to anchor for the night, early in the evening. The boys grew hilarious as the motion of the yacht, the changing scenery, the pure air, and the sense of freedom intoxicated them. "Let us set the kites; up with topsails and main topsails!" they cried eagerly, but the skipper's experience and sense of responsibility made him remember the storm drum and forbid the setting of light sails.

Past Sheldrake Island, the site of the first leper hospital in Canada, if not in America, went the yacht, with the wind so nearly dead astern that it was necessary to jibe in order that the Point Cheval shoal might be cleared. The skipper looked to windward before giving the order to haul aft the main sheet and saw the child of the storm drum so close behind that jibing was no longer safe. There was a dark keel in a moment, and the rigging began to whistle as the gale struck it. The staunch little craft heeled before the blow, plunged ahead, straightened herself up and raced onward.

"Lower the mainsail!" Down it came as fast as it could come with the yacht before the wind, but a slack toppinglift got a turn around the yard of the gaff and held it when the sail was hauled down. Sandy climbed up the mast a few feet and got the gaff clear in some way. The skipper was watching his boat, anxiously calculating his distance from the point, and wondering if there was water enough under him to get safely over the shoal in the nasty chop into which the gale had already lashed the water. No man can sail a craft properly and at the same time watch the crew settling sails or clearing fouled halliards. One of the Point aux Car to starboard were left behind, and then came a six-mile stretch across the head of Bay du Vin.

Darkness came on prematurely, the sky becoming black under a pall of cloud, and the bay had grown pretty rough. But the wind was steady, there was an absence of vicious squalls, the beacons showed their lights and the skipper knew the way into port. It was pretty delicate work, however, to enter the basin in the intense darkness.

The range lights were crossed at what was judged to be a safe distance from land, and then the yacht jibed and hauled close in to the island.

It was necessary to skirt a low sandbar, which was invisible in the darkness, and round its point into a basin that was equally invisible, a background of forest adding to the impenetrable darkness. With nerves at high tension, and silently calculating the distance sailed, the skipper kept her going ahead until he thought she must be off the entrance, hauled sheets aboard, and stood straight in for the frowning wall of portentous blackness. Sandy lowered the jib and stood by the anchor. After standing in until the calm of the water and the lightness of the wind spoke eloquently of shelter, the helm was put down and an anchor dropped.

Soundings showed five fathoms and good holding ground. This was no proof, however, that the boat was too far from the land, as the Basin is very deep and has hold water up to part of its shores. So the second anchor was dropped, the tent set up (it being too warm for three persons to sleep in the small cabin), lantern and oil stove lighted, and supper served. The spread was not elaborate. Hot coffee (Turro condensed), cold meat and bread and butter, with Bass's ale, was good enough for the yachtsmen that night.

A flash of lightning revealed the outlines of the Villiston fish establishment close aboard. The Skipper knew that he had anchored as far in as possible. The land showed that the yacht was not dragging, and the cruisers went to sleep, though the novelty of a first night on board and the thunder and lightning that set in made them wake very frequently.

It grew calmer toward morning, and they slept till after the sun had said good morning to the heaving waters of the bay and basin. Where did the boat lie? The boat was too far from the land, as the Basin is a deep and safe anchorage but rather difficult of access in some winds. It is on the inside of the island and can be reached only from the Bay du Vin side, the broad passage to the eastward being very shallow. It is excellent salmon water, and there is a freezer and icehouse for preserving and packing the fish caught here and brought in from the other stations.

One of the curious things about the island is the veteran light-keeper, who points out the grotto in which he used to live, with almost as much pride as he shows one over the new house which the government has built for him and his second wife. By the time breakfast was over the wind was blowing hard and threatening to blow harder. It was a 'sou'wester, and a nasty chop was on the water. The yachtsmen had had a vague hope of catching a few salmon, but they gave up. The sails were reefed and Fedora beat up the channel, crossed the bar, stood out into the bay and cruised about for three or four hours.

The wind whistled through the rigging, the spray dashed over the yacht, and the prospect of cooking a meal was so poor in so rough a sea that Fedora was put before the wind and reached back into the basin. The gale increased, and double reefs were tied down before starting in the afternoon. A strong adverse tide set in the channel, and it soon became evident that the yacht could hardly stem it in the teeth of the wind, under her reduced canvas. After making a few tacks, without any progress, she stood too close in to the main land to get out of the strength of the tide and have somewhat smoother water to tack ship in, and caught on an oyster bed while in stays.

"Wear her!" Help her around with the boat hook!" was the order, and the crew pushed and pulled at their hand ropes. It was the only thing that could be done in that gale and sea, and it was done at the peril of having her driven hard and fast on the reef to leeward. As she swung around the mainboom went over, a flying jibe, the yacht heeled, slipped off the oyster bed (Sandy narrowly escaping a plunge bath), leaped wildly forward straight for the line of breakers a few rods distant, then rounded up as the sheets were flattened, and, lying well on her starboard bow, headed far ahead of the rest of the boat, to show that she would make the entrance. She was in the trough of an ugly sea, taking the tide-driven rollers on her weather bow, and the sheets of spray that went up and over her as she plunged into wave after wave were blinding for the helmsman.

In port once more, anchors down and sails furled, the cruisers went on shore for a ramble and a chat with the fishermen and light keeper. They prepared to start for the Point Cheval shoal, but the weatherwise fishermen predicted an equally bad blow from the same quarter for the morrow, and as the wind had somewhat abated, it was suddenly resolved that a start be made at once, and part of the distance covered that night, so as to make sure of getting home next day. It was so late that a start had to be made at once, in order that the channel might be cleared and the bar crossed before dark, and supper was postponed until the second day.

So with reefed jib and mainsail and full foresail Fedora left the anchorage and stuck her nose into the wind and sea. She was carrying too much sail for comfort, but it was all necessary for working out of the channel, and when a safe offing had been made the wind had fallen considerably. It was very dark and there was a heavy head sea. No attempt was made to cook anything, but Sandy and the Vice-Commodore in turn went forward and fished some of the roach trout out of the larder. Instead of coffee, they were content to wash down their suppers with beer, which they drank from the bottle. Stanley—poor Stanley—wanted no supper. He had been wrestling all day with his stomach, the bottom of which had been trying to get into his throat, and his opponent had triumphed. Stanley was sick.

Sailing in a sea of fire! That was what Fedora was doing. The bay was burning in down in the depths were thousands of torchlight processions. Tongues of brilliant flame leaped upon the bowsprit as it plunged into the crest of a wave, and played around the end of the mainboom as the yacht rose to surmount a roller. Tongues of flame licked the bows and sides. Imagine a cluster of brilliants as large as the waters within the range of vision, sparkling in the darkness as brightly as in gaslight, and you will realize the scene that met the eyes of the cruisers. It was a phosphorescent sea, and the most brilliant and variegated hues. It was spectacle which the skipper, for one, would not have missed for a great deal, and one which will never fade from his memory.

Above, a starless sky; around, an inky atmosphere; beneath, a sea of fire. It was glory enough for a lifetime. The atmospheric pall was pierced by the Oak Point lights straight ahead on the north shore, and after the yachts had been kept on the port tack a couple of hours it was surely time for going about. But there was no shore in sight, and the light looked very far off when soundings showed the shore to be quite near.

"Ready, about! Hard a-lee! Sheets!" Around she comes in fine style, the skiff falls into line after making a wild plunge to windward, and a long reach is made toward the other shore. Another reach bare the lead shows five fathoms, and Stanley asks if the boat is to be run ashore, so intense is the wall of darkness in which the bowsprit is buried, and another board off shore is made. And now the Point Cheval shoal, which lies right ahead, troubles the skipper's mind, and he is cautious about standing off too far. After a mile has been made, the lead is cast, and when it shows 8ft. the yacht is put upon the port tack again. So with short boards and the free use of the lead, the lead is crossed and another reach is made. The Point Cheval light and the range of the Oak Point lights show that the shoal has been passed, and then a long reach is made for Napan Bay.

As the tide is now running out and the wind getting light, the yacht barely escapes missing the mouth of the bay and being forced to anchor on the upper edge of the shoal; but she holds the weather gauge of Point Cheval, and getting into shelter, rounds up and anchors when the lead shows 8ft. of water. Sails were snugly furled, the tent set, coffee served, an anchor light hung up and the unbroken sleep that comes on the second night of a cruise, after the wakefulness of a first night on board or in camp, came without waiting to be wooed.

Morning. Where is the gale that the fishermen promised? Not in Napan Bay. A cloudless sky, a bright sun and a gentle west wind. Beefs were shaken out, anchors lifted and sail made at once to take advantage of the good tide, as progress would be slow indeed above Sheldrake Island against wind and tide. The yacht reaches out of the bay, makes two or three short boards to pass the island, takes a long reach across to Bartibogue church, ventures in so close as to catch her heel in the mud, but is quickly poled off, and after passing Black Brook, is able to lay her course close hauled for home. Coffee is made, the cold boiled, canned meats are opened and the last meal of the stormy cruise is eaten. Smooth water, a favorable tide, a gentle breeze, plenty to eat and drink, but alas! the end of the cruise is near.

No two cruises are alike. Fedora has been on more eventful ones, and pleasanter ones, but the phosphorescence has burned the memory of this one into the mental log book of his skipper, and he has chosen it as the theme of this yachting yarn. If he has succeeded in making the reader catch a little of the spirit that animated him on the cruise, the story will not be wholly devoid of interest to him who has felt the exaltation and the joy of yachting life.

J. L. STEWART.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



### Model Yachting About New York.

SO MUCH pleasure may be derived from the construction and sailing of model yachts, and so much practical information as well, that it is strange that the sport has not grown more rapidly in the twenty odd years since it first became known about New York. In England there are many clubs, and though good water for this purpose is not always easy to find, the sport has received the attention which it deserves from designers and those mainly interested in large yachts. The facilities for obtaining all necessary materials and fittings are far greater than in this country, and the sport receives much support from the monthly paper, *The Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, published at Hull.

On Independence Day, 1872, model yachting was initiated on the large lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Long Island, by an organization known as the Prospect Park Yacht Club, with the following officers: Com., James Flemming; Vice-Com., Geo. Sherwin; Pres., Sam. Avila; Sec., John H. Fisher; Treas., Jos. Peto; Meas., Henry Heltman. Yachts, seventeen—fifteen schooners and two sloops. The yachts were measured over all for time allowance in racing.

There being a great lack of interest on the part of the Park Commissioners, little attention was shown toward model yacht racers and the accommodations for the storage of models in the Park grounds were limited to a few members, while the only convenience near to the lake was that of a rickety shanty outside of the Park grounds, situated across the old Coney Island road, now avenue. Those who were less fortunate in securing storage for their craft in either of these places were obliged, after a day's sport, to carry these yachts to the cars, or, as in some cases, those who lived but a short distance from the park conveyed their models to their homes on improvised hand wagons, and trying were the toils of conveying yachts to their respective store-houses, as the number of cars going to and from Prospect Park was small. As some of these models were very valuable, great anxiety was felt on the part of their owners as to their security; nevertheless under such adverse circumstances the sport was greatly enjoyed.

Such a condition of things continued until the year 1876, when a united effort was made to obtain better accommodations near the lake, the outcome of which attempt resulted in securing the out-house belonging to the pumping station, which is located about 200ft. from the margin of the lake, which exchange was indeed very agreeable. But even this state of things was doomed to be disturbed by various causes, which led to the decline of the sport, as local jealousies evoked by kindred yachtsmen soon led to the organization of several yacht clubs, each of which were striving to out rival their opponents, and all aiming to impress the Park Commissioners with the idea that they alone were the original and *bona fide* club.

It has been well said that "In union there is strength," and it was demonstrated that the divided influence thus brought to bear upon the Park Commissioners did not accomplish that desired effect, viz: the erection of a building suitably arranged and situated upon or near the lake for the storage of model yachts.

At this time, 1876, there were in existence three yacht clubs, the Prospect Park, which was the parent yacht club; the Long Island and the American Y. C. (not the present American Model Y. C.) all of which clubs were striving for recognition by the Park Commissioners

Model Yacht Club has urged the necessity of more commodious storage. Model yachtsmen are at present engaged in testing the rule now employed as described above. There are a few opponents of the rule, but some such rule is necessary since with the old rule of l.w.l. alone there were produced big, unwieldy and heavy displacement boats, carrying enormous sails, which if reproduced on a large scale would be undesirable as to handling and the possibility of losing their spars. The changes that have taken place during the interval of 23 years are very clearly shown in the accompanying illustrations:

No. 1 represents one of the old timers of 1872-76, with short stumpy overhang, the result of length over all measurement for time allowance at that time in vogue. This model was rigged as a schooner in one sense and a sloop in another, her fore and mainmast being stepped very close together, in fact only an apology for a foresail being possible, the mainsail predominating.

The mast, sails and rigging of this model have long since been lost or destroyed. A great number of models of that time were "dug out" from the solid block, as was this one. The dimensions are length over all 60in., l.w.l. 50in., beam 16in., draft 12in., with lead keel.

Model No. 2 was of the 1878 order of stumpy class, but was lengthened as shown in 1889, showing very fine lines; a great improvement

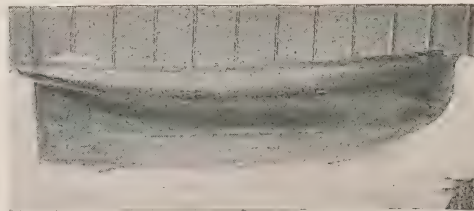


FIG. 1.

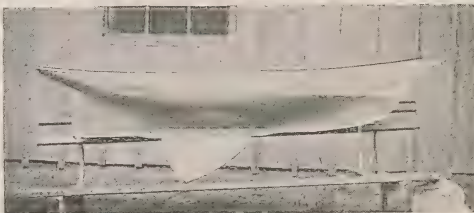


FIG. 2.

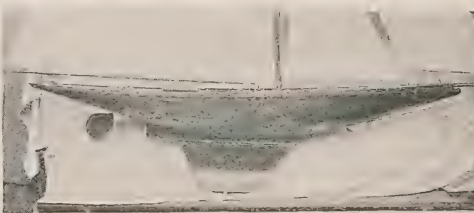


FIG. 3.

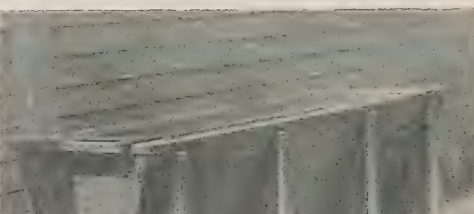


FIG. 4.

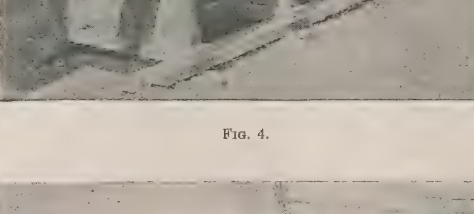


FIG. 5.

over previous keel boats. It subsequently received the lead center-board, which eventually became quite a fad, and did seem to improve the sailing qualities of all boats fitted with it. The dimensions were length over all 78in., l.w.l. 60in., beam 21in., draft 16in., construction, oak frames and floors, oak stem, keel and sternpost, planking of cedar 3/16in., deck white pine, crowned very much, for no known reason.

No. 3 shows a wonderful stride, as can readily be seen, a departure from the theories of hollow waterlines, this model having abnormally full waterlines, yet showing remarkable speed; in fact, with no equal in her class. She was designed and built in 1892, making her first appearance in the season of 1893, carrying all before her. Her ballast is in the form of a bulb at the lowest edge of a brass fin, giving her great stiffness. Her dimensions are: Over all, 81in.; l.w.l., 52.9in.; beam, 15in.; draft, 14in. Construction, stem, keel and sternpost of cedar, frame of white holly bent, to shape, planking Spanish cedar and deck white pine. The illustration at the head of this article shows one of the modern model yachts under sail, from which an idea of the rig can be obtained.

The mode of measuring yachts employed by the American Model Y. C. necessitates the use of a large tank.

A straight edge is fastened across one end of the tank, acting as a stop for the after end of the l.w.l. as the yacht floats in the tank. A long rule divided into inches and tenths is attached to the top of one of the sides at right angles to the straight edge; then a T square is applied and slid along the rule until it comes in contact with the fore

edge of the stern at the l.w.l. The marking on the rule shows the length of the yacht on the l.w.l.

In conjunction with the l.w.l. the sail area also plays an important part in the measurement for time allowance. First the actual area of the sail is obtained by dividing into triangles, then the square root is extracted from the l.w.l., which sum divided by 2 gives the corrected length. The larger yacht is taxed at the rate of 10s. to the inch over a mile course, and in proportion according to the lesser or greater distance sailed.

Strenuous attempts have been made to evade this rule, which have resulted in some odd looking models, an unusually odd one being owned by one of the members, she having been built for the second class and measuring 44in. on the l.w.l. Her peculiarity lies in her under-water structure, where she measures at least 60in. in length. This yacht, however, has proven to be very fast in a breeze, but in a moderate wind she does not do so well, due to her large immersed surface. There can be no mistake as to the fact that this model is a most decided effort to cheat the existing rule.

It might be interesting to know how these models are sailed on and off the wind, one of the great difficulties to overcome. Some English model yachtsmen use weighted rudders, one for windward work and one for reaching and down the wind (in fact some owners have their pockets full of rudders of a variety of weights) thus causing loss of time in changing.

On the American model yacht a rudder (not a weighted one), is attached in the same way as on a large yacht, but with the tiller shipped aft, passing under a threaded wire which is placed across the deck just over the tiller. Then there are two nuts which travel on this wire, one on each side of the tiller, and the tiller is allowed to play between them, these nuts being used to gauge the play of the tiller when steering the yacht on a reach or down the wind. An eye is fastened to the tiller, through which a sheet is led from the main boom to a cleat fastened alongside the heel of the bowsprit; this cleat being of sufficient length to be bored with about one dozen holes, half an inch apart. A pin with an eye arrangement having the sheet attached, is placed in one of these holes and can be shifted fore and aft at pleasure.

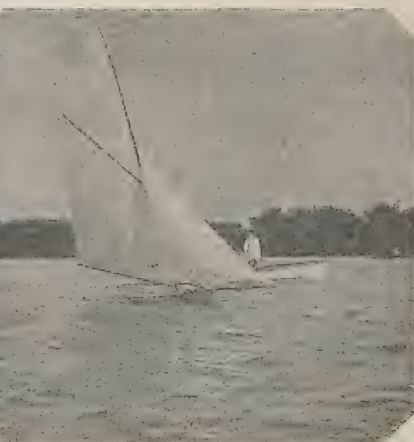
The main sheet is led in a similar way, a snap being used on the traveler so that when about to sail on a reach or down the wind, the main sheet is cast off, at which time the other sheet before mentioned takes effect on the tiller and thus jams the rudder to leeward as far as is necessary to preserve the balance of the yacht on her course. This mode of steering has proven to be a very satisfactory one, and is universally used (with slight modifications) by all yacht owners of the American Model Yacht Club.

The advance in yacht designing is quickly followed by the model yachtsmen, and just now the fin-keel is as prominent in model as in large yachts.

In handling the yachts, each owner uses a small flat bateau and a pair of oars, following or rowing beside his craft and attending to sails or rudder, or starting her on a new tack, as the course and wind requires.

Too much cannot be said in favor of model yacht sailing, as it invigorates both the body and the mind. Those indulging in this sport acquire considerable skill in handling a skiff, requiring quickness of decision in the manipulation of their yachts.

To appreciate model yachting, one must watch thoroughly the tactics required in handling a model in a close race. Appended are some of the growing clubs in the States: American Model Y. C., Brooklyn,



MODEL YACHT OF 1893, SHOWING OWNER IN ROWBOAT.

MODEL YACHT OF 1893.

to such a degree as to prove detrimental to yachtsmen, since the Commissioners, who were at one time favorably disposed to the participants in this enterprise, became disgusted and concluded that there should not be built any house for the storage of model yachts.

Aside from those who were immediately engaged in this sport, but few persons were interested sufficiently to investigate it; not even the reporter, who is always ready to grasp any new ideas and adventures and promulgate them to the public, seemed at all inclined to touch on this subject. The *Times* and *World* were the only daily papers which finally brought the sport to the attention of the public; and the *Mercury*, a weekly paper, occasionally rendered service in this direction, but aside from these papers others would comment upon it as child's play, and thus from time to time ridicule it. Those engaged in its practice were frequently called cranks, and the spectators idiots, and perhaps in some instances this term was well applied to the latter because of their nonsensical suggestions to the model yacht experts.

This condition of things existed for a short time only, when some of the members, headed by the Bros. Dayton, of the different yacht clubs, decided to make Gowanus Bay, in South Brooklyn, the rendezvous for the further continuance of investigations regarding the theories connected with the science of model yachting. Gowanus Bay in those days was a very fine spot for such a purpose, but in recent years it has become the receptacle of the city's debris, and by this means the greater part of the once beautiful bay has become obliterated.

Permission was granted to the Manhattan Club to sail their model yachts on the large lake at the northeast section of Central Park, New York, but after a thorough test this lake was proven to be worthless for the purpose of sailing model yachts, on account of the interception of the winds by reason of the topography of the surroundings; the east and northeast boundaries of this lake being hemmed in by massive trees, and its south and west shores by very high ground; hence the Manhattan Club abandoned this lake and located themselves at the foot of East 110th street and East River, New York, where storage for their yachts was obtained.

Launching their model yachts from this point they sailed through Little Hell Gate, or by way of the Kills, the intricacies of which are probably understood by a number of our readers, to Borey Bay, where some very fine sailing was obtained, and close contests ensued. This club finally disbanded, and two of its members joined the present American Model Yacht Club.

During the years 1880 to 1887 the interest which was shown in model yachting was waning; there was much sailing, but few new yachts were either designed or constructed.

The leading yacht club of the day was the American Model Yacht Club (this club at present holds a position similar to the N. Y. Y. C. in yachting). It was founded in 1876 and reorganized on Sept. 2, 1887. Prominent yachtsmen were elected as officers: Geo. W. Lyon, Com.; W. V. Hanson, Pres.; G. W. Townley, Treas.; J. Alvah Scott, Sec'y and Meas. The club at that time had 17 models, which were classified according to their length on the l.w.l. into first class, embracing those 53 to 63in.; 2d class 42 to 53in., and 3d class those 30 to 42in. in length; the rule applied for time allowance being l.w.l., whereas the present rule embraces both sail area and the l.w.l.

The election of a new board of officers in 1892-3, brought about a change, viz: W. V. Hanson, Com.; Geo. W. Lyon, Vice-Com.; Geo. W. Townley, Treas.; Harry Melvin, Sec'y; Frank Nichols, Meas., and new boats were added at that time, making 45 yachts in the club. The large lake at Prospect Park, situated at the southwest end, and which is exposed to the strong west and southwest winds from the Atlantic, has an area of about 200,000sq. ft. (the only drawback being the trees and shrubbery which have grown since the early days), a desirable place for model yachting; and the out-house, as stated above, being located about 200ft. from the margin of the lake, affords facilities far superior to that of any inland waters in the immediate vicinity of New York city or Brooklyn. At certain directions of the wind—say south by west, a course to windward of seven-sixteenth of a mile can be obtained, but the majority of windward races are over a course of three-tenths of a mile.

The rapid growth, however, in the membership of the American

N. Y.; Philadelphia of Pennsylvania; Connecticut, of Connecticut; Minnesota, of Minnesota; Midget, of Boston, Mass.

Many of the old hulks of '72 still remain in the boat house, stacked one upon the other in the loft, awaiting resurrection by their owners, who have forgotten them or have moved to unknown parts. The sight of these outbuilt and neglected old craft always brings back to the writer the recollection of many happy days spent on the lake twenty-two years ago.

FRANK NICHOLS, American Model Y. C.

### International Racing.

THE latest news in yachting comes by cable from the other side to the effect that Mr. Iselin will fit out *Vigilant* if Lord Dunraven really wishes to meet her. Of the rumored challenge for 1895 the *Field* speaks as follows: "Some weeks ago we announced on good authority that probably two noblemen would be associated in challenging for the America Cup, and in building a new cutter for the purpose." This was telegraphed to America, and it has now been telegraphed back that the two noblemen are Lord Dunraven and Lord Wolverton, and that the yacht will be 70ft. long on the waterline. This announcement is evidently mostly guesswork, and as a consequence is incorrect. It was well known in this country last season that Lord Wolverton was interested in *Valkyrie*, and also in America, as in September we saw a reference to the fact in an American newspaper; but it does not follow that the same two noblemen will set out in quest of the America Cup again. With regard to the 70ft. boat, does it seem likely that any one would challenge with a 70-footer, while either *Vigilant*, *Jubilee* or *Colonia* could be called upon as a Cup defender?

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Larchmont Y. C. has announced the following dates for the season: Spring regatta, June 9; annual regatta, July 4; annual sail, July 14 to 21; Flint cup for cabin cats, July 23; fall regatta, Sept. 1; Larchmont cup, Sept. 15.

The South Boston Mosquito Fleet Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., James T. Powers; Vice-Com., M. C. Thore; Fleet Captain, F. D. Perkins; Sec'y., F. A. Lynch; Treas., William Elliott; Meas., M. W. Ransom; Board of Directors, T. A. Maguire, C. J. Moriarty, D. N. Palmer.

The Greenville Y. C., of Greenville, N. J., on March 1 elected the following officers: Com., C. P. Morton; Vice-Com., Alonzo Peniston; Recording Sec., Harry Kattenstroth; Financial Sec., Chas. Mitzelius; Treas., A. Boushaw; Meas., C. D. McGeehan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Wm. Greville; Trustees, C. D. Morton, H. M. Prichard, Alonzo Peniston, C. Dr. McGeehan and Chas. Mitzelius.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of manslaughter in the second degree in the case of the *People*, respondent, against Thomas Welsh, appellant. The appeal was from a judgment finding the defendant guilty of manslaughter in the second degree for the killing of Francis Jenkins through the sinking of the sloop yacht *Amelia* by the tug of which Welsh was pilot.

### Shifting and Live Ballast.

Editor *Forest and Stream*: A misprint in my letter concerning shifting live ballast in your issue of Feb. 24 makes a portion of it unintelligible.

In the second line of the paragraph next to the last one, the word "increase" should be "measure," so it will read, "and consequently they measure the righting power of the ballast, etc." SEXTANT.



### Canoeing.

Our readers may remember the case of an "inventor," fully described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* some three years back, who sent out circulars among canoeists claiming to hold a patent on the familiar battened lug sail, with its parrels and other gear, and demanding a royalty from all who used it. Serious claims for damages and royalty were made on some canoeists about New York, backed by intimations of legal proceedings, but needless to say, were never pressed. We had the pleasure of an interview with the "inventor," in which we were able to refer him to full descriptions and illustrations of the sail, then just introduced here from England, which we had published some years prior to the date of his alleged invention and patent. The matter dropped and nothing more was heard of it; but we are reminded of it by the rudder gear described in the *Yachtsman*, and which is identical with another and much older device which, by his own confession, was well known to the new claimant.

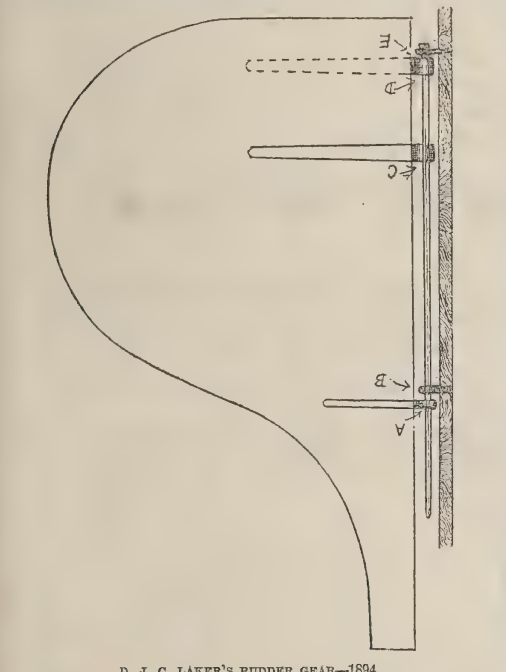
#### A Simple and Ingenious Invention.

From *The Yachtsman*, Jan. 25, 1894.

The accompanying drawing represents a very ingenious invention for shipping or unshipping the rudders of small boats. The idea is simplicity itself, and will be easily understood. A is a gudgeon working on a rod bolted to the stern of the boat. C and D are two gudgeon hooks, which catch the rod from opposite sides and unship the rudder, all that is required is to lift it until A comes off the rod, and then pull the rudder to one side so as to clear one of the hooks, push it a little way aft, and it is unshipped. To ship the rudder again, engage the hooks on the rod before slipping the gudgeon A on the rod. The drawing is slightly misleading, for it shows the gudgeon hook C slightly bent round the rod on the near side, whereas it should leave that side entirely open in order to avoid any difficulty in unshipping.

Mr. Dickson J. Laker, the inventor of this contrivance, writes as follows:

"I inclose for your inspection a rough model showing method adopted by me in fitting the rudder to a 14ft. center-keel boat. Doubtless you have seen, or are otherwise familiar with, Stephens' rudder gudgeons, and the fittings now sent you resemble them generally; the essential point of difference lies in the two lower hooks placed one above another, and separated by a distance of 3in. or so in the rudder tested. Most owners of small boats have experienced difficulty at one time or another in shipping the rudder as generally hung, in a bit of a jump. Fitted, however, in the way illustrated it can be shipped without difficulty and without profanity in rough water. The hooks being slipped on the rod at its upper part, and then lowered until the eye on the rudder embraces the rod. I think this plan simpler than the one originated by Mr. Stephens, as no casting is necessary for the lower gudgeons, and any smith can make the hooks, etc. The cost also would, I think, be less. The rod on boat's stern is 3/4in. Muntz metal. It is riveted to a copper eye at heel of post, and runs through another, screwed through transom into post. The hooks and eye on rudder are copper. In conclusion, I have tested the gear thoroughly during a whole season (on an exceptionally large and heavy brass rudder), and it has given entire satisfaction, being amply strong and efficient, and I have no hesitation in recommending it for boats, canoe-yaws, etc.; in fact, any small craft in which the rudder is not a fixture."



Mr. Laker is a benefactor to boating men, for he has not patented his idea. It is open to any one.

The following is from the *Yachtsman* of Feb. 15, 1894:

To the Editor of the *Yachtsman*:

Sir—After a good deal of consideration, I have decided to patent the invention so kindly noticed in your issue of the 25th ult. That there appears to be nothing to deter others from adopting this course seems to me a sufficiently substantial reason for my so doing, without taking into consideration any pecuniary benefit likely to accrue therefrom. As I imagine you will require some public avowal of my intention, please accept this rather lazzard notice as such. I may add that I have taken steps to secure the invention, and have made arrangements with a prominent firm for its manufacture at an early date.

Yours, etc.,

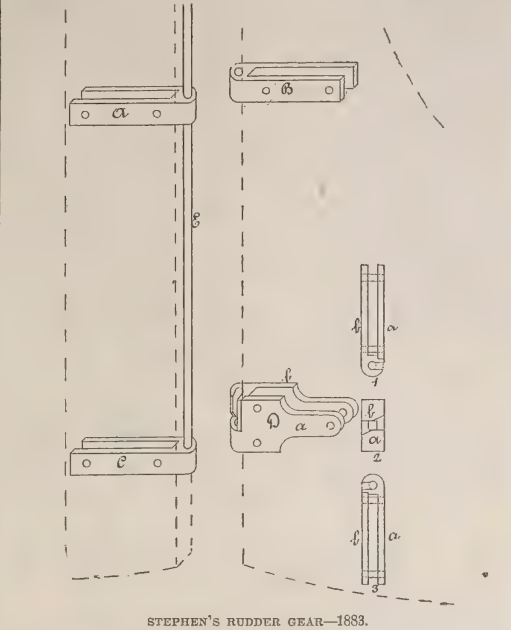
DICKSON J. C. LAKER.

We can heartily indorse the remarks of the *Yachtsman* and of its correspondent as to the ingenuity and simplicity of this device; in fact, Mr. Stephens, after puzzling for a very long time over the problem of getting what was in effect a solid ring on to the rod with both ends closed, was rather elated over its successful solution by means of two split braces (or gudgeons) placed one above the other, with the open sides facing in opposite directions. The idea was new then—some time in 1883—and we have never since come across any device involving the same principle. So far as Mr. Laker's part in the device, as described in the above quotations from the *Yachtsman*, it may be summed up very briefly: What is good in it is not new, and what is new in it is not good.

The use of a rod and four braces, or gudgeons, is very old, but the splitting of the lower rudder brace introduces an entirely new mechanical principle, original so far as we have been able to learn with Mr. Stephens.

In first experimenting two common cast braces were used, one side of each cut away, being placed a little distance apart, just how much mattered very little. Later on a pattern was made for a single reversible casting which, when two pieces were properly fitted together, made a neater and more shipshape finish than the two braces. This was a mere immaterial detail of construction and did not affect the principle. The device was never patented by Mr. Stephens, but was given freely for the use of fellow boating men and canoeists, being fully described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* and "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," the description being copied in various nautical publications, and the gear used in this country and England for some years. We are not posted on the British patent laws and the legal aspect of the case, but there is a moral side to it on which we hold some very fixed opinions by no means complimentary to the honesty and good faith of this eleventh hour "inventor" who now proposes to exact from his fellow boating men a tribute for something which *does* belong to them as surely as it *does not* belong to him. The following description and illustration of the rudder gear,

as originally published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, will enable our readers to judge just how much of a novelty there is in the device illustrated in the *Yachtsman*. The construction is really very simple, though difficult to show in a drawing.



"The rudder shown is of mahogany, a cruising rudder, but as effective for ordinary work as a drop rudder. The lower side, below the keel, is sharpened to a fine edge. The rudder hanging is shown in the small drawing. The part attached to the boat or canoe consists of an upper and lower brace of the usual form. A and C, with a rod E, 1/4 in., running through them and screwed into C. On the rudder is a common brace, B, at the top. At the bottom is a split brace, D, made of two castings, a and b, both exactly alike, but fastened on opposite sides of the rudder. The upper sides of the pair are shown at 1, the fore ends at 2, and the lower sides at 3. It will be seen that by laying the rudder horizontally with the port side, D, uppermost, the opening between a and b, Fig. 2, will admit the rod E. Now if the rudder be raised to a vertical position, the two hooks embrace the rod E, the upper brace B is dropped over the top of E, and the rudder is fast, only to be released by raising B off the rod and dropping the rudder horizontally. In practice the split brace can be put on or off the rod by inclining the rudder to an angle of 45 degrees, without laying it horizontal. With this gear there are no detached parts, the work may all be done at the upper part of the rod, just below A, and it is not necessary to grope under water to ship the lower plate. The rudder can only be detached by raising B from the top of the rod, and the rudder lines when attached prevent it rising so far of itself."

Forest and Stream, Nov. 22, 1883.

#### Reforming the A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Anent the Holden-Burns-Cartwright controversy regarding reform in the A. C. A.; please come with me and we will call on a couple of the Atlantic Division clubs.

Let us first take the Fourteenth Street Ferry and visit the land of the Boo-Hoos. Here we find the Hoboken Canoe Club, a flourishing little organization, with a membership of about 25. About one-half of these are A. C. A. men. As a rule, do they attend the Association meets? No. Why not? Because they haven't time to go so far from home, and if they had they wouldn't consider it worth the expense. And trouble. Is that all? Then, too, they do not care enough for racing. Is racing all they do at the Association camp? Theoretically, four days are given over to racing, but somehow the days are too short to admit of all the races, so some of them have to be postponed. Then there are camp fires and entertainments, and individual parties make short cruises and go on picnics; but eliminate the racing feature and the Association camps would be dull places indeed to spend two weeks. There probably would never be another Association camp. Why is this?

Because the average canoe man attending the Association meets does not care enough for canoeing and camping. If he could afford it he would be, and he is when he can afford it, a yachtsman. Aren't the races interesting? Yes, very. But a horse race is interesting, and so is a bicycle race or a yacht race, or a pugilistic encounter, or a wrestling or fencing bout. In fact, any competitive trial of strength and skill is interesting.

You say the Hoboken Club does not go in for racing. What do they do? They have an annual club cruise lasting two or three weeks, which every member is expected to attend, and there are usually fifteen or more participants. They cruise up the Hudson probably as far as Foughkeepsie, or down to the Shrewsbury or up the Sound. They know their home waters, the Hudson River, like a book. They are familiar with all the desirable camping spots, Egg Beach, Croton Point, Grassy Point, Camp Cowslip, Cold Spring, Polopel Island. During the balance of the season you may come over here on any Saturday afternoon and you will find five or six of the members getting ready for a cruise to Egg Beach or somewhere else, to spend Sunday in camp. They have a club house on the Shrewsbury. They are all musicians and several of them are vocal artists. The club also encourages the culinary art, giving prizes for new camp dishes, and the men are all accomplished chefs. Do they have fun? Lots of it. And are they enthusiasts? You bet! And you say they do not attend the Association meets? No, they do not. They enjoy cruising better. Do they know the Association librarian? I am afraid not. Could they give him some points? Perhaps.

Now we will go out to the Passaic River. What day is it? Why is it Labor Day, sure enough. This is the Iantche Canoe Club, is it not? Yes. What is it noted for? Chiefly for having the largest percentage of A. C. A. men in its membership of any canoe club in the Association, and for being the best represented club at all the Association and Atlantic Division meets. It has, perhaps, forty A. C. A. members, among them some of the handsomest and best known canoe men in the country. They are fond of cruising. They were once, but they have "graduated" from that class. What do they do now? They hold a regatta on Labor Day, and build racing machines, and attend the Association meet. Is that all? No. They give a few "smokers" every winter. If you were to call here on a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday during the summer what would you see? You'd see several of them holding down chairs on the balcony and swapping fishy stories.

What are those two buildings across the river? They are two other canoe clubs. How do they compare with the Iantche Club? Why, where Iantche sits there is the head of the table. Do they ever hold regattas? Certainly. Does the Iantche Club take part? No, they take all. Then they must be a very active club? They are—on Labor Day. Why on Labor Day particularly? Because all three regattas are held on that day.

Who are those four handsome men down on the float? They are the champion club four, Palmer, Douglass, Stewart and Duguid. What have they done? They have never been beaten in a club four race. Is that remarkable? Well, now! Who is that distinguished looking man in the white duck sailor suit? Does he own the river? No, but he is captain of the club. Oh, I see! Who is the man that they are all taking their hats off to? That is Mark Freeman. That has he done? Why, he is even a bigger man than the Captain. He has beaten Douglass in the single paddling race. How nice! Will he attend the Association meet? Most decidedly.

Who are those men huddled together at the end of the float? They are from the river. Who is the one with the yellow whiskers? That's McLees. What does he do? He leads forlorn hopes against the Iantche men in paddling races. Doesn't he ever win? Never in the paddling races, but generally in the swimming and hurry-scurry races. Why is it that he excels in those races? Because he is generally the only entry. Would it not be a good idea to give him the prize without a contest? It might save the spectators some fatigue.

Where did you say he was from? Rutherford. Where is Rutherford? Up the river about six miles. For what is he placed noted? Chiefly for being the home of Mr. John Trusty Holden, alias "Cycle Oar." What does he do? Why, he writes letters to the papers. Why does he do that? He wants to reform the A. C. A. Does it need reforming? Mr. Holden thinks it does. Well then, why doesn't he reform it? Because he never attends the meets, and he has nothing to

say in the management unless he does. Why is that? Because only those attending have an opportunity to vote. And they are usually only a small percentage of the membership? Exactly. Well now, tell me more about Mr. Holden. What does he want particularly? He wants more for his money. What does he get now? A list of his fellow members. Is that all? No; occasionally he gets a prospectus of a canoe cruise to Palestine or a circular requesting him to solicit advertisements for the year book. What does he ask for? He asks the Association to issue a monthly paper, I believe, containing general information for canoeists, such as new styles in canoes, sails, paddles, fittings, cruising routes, camp sites, waterways, directions for stowing duffle, making lobscouse, etc. Would it be difficult to publish such a paper? Not at all. Who would collect and edit the information? Mr. Holden might if he were asked. Is Mr. Holden a practical canoeist? No, he is a theoretical one. Wherein? Why, he is a member of the Association, but does not attend the meet. I see! Does he sail or paddle? No. Does he cruise and camp? No. Does he race? No. What does he do? He rides a bicycle.

PULEX.  
NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1893.

#### The Star and Crescent.

The third annual dinner of the Hartford Canoe Club was held at the Heublen, on Feb. 25. About thirty-five persons were present and did full justice to the excellent menu provided. Among the canoeists from out of town were Com. Dorland, ex-Com. Winne, Rear-Com. Schuster and Purser Knappe of the Eastern Division, and several men from the Springfield and Holyoke clubs. The dining room and table were handsomely decorated with flags and flowers, and at each place was a miniature flag bearing the private signal of the individual members. The menus were hand-painted, furnished by a friend of the club. Com. Dorland was elected an honorary member of the club, and was presented with a silk H. C. C. flag. The music was furnished by the Crescent Mandolin Club of Hartford. Historian Cheney, who so admirably "shook off den weights" at the Haddam Island meet in 1893, read the club history for the past season and wrote off in manner of hits to his fellow-members, besides giving an excellent account of the doings of the club.

#### CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The executive committee of the Hartford C. C. has made the following appointments for the ensuing year: Regatta Committee: D. S. Morrell, T. B. Lewis, T. S. Cheney; Signal officer, R. A. Wadsworth; Measurer, W. D. Morgan.

The Washington C. C. launched its war canoe on Feb. 22 for a paddle on the Potomac. In the evening the eighth annual dinner took place at the National Hotel. The annual election was held during the evening resulting as follows: Com. A. Devine; Vice-Com., L. P. Libbey; Sec'y, J. A. Oliver; Treas., J. F. Oertel.

On Feb. 24 the Buffalo C. C. elected the following officers: Com., E. W. Dunston; Vice-Com., H. D. Pulsifer; Sec-Treas., F. D. Wood. Trustees: G. L. Kelley, C. P. Forbush, F. R. Rosceel.

#### A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: J. Herbert Carpenter, Sing Sing; Richard M. Woods, Arlington, N. J.; Chester W. Osborn, Wendell Andreas, New York. CENTRAL DIVISION: E. A. Tobey, Troy, N. Y.

### Rifle Range and Gallery.

#### Jersey men at the Targets.

The team match between Collins and Plaisted, of the Greenville Club, and Hansen and Boyce, of the Excelsior Club, 50 shots per man, was shot off in Armbruster's Park, on Saturday last. The weather conditions were fine. There was a large number of local riflemen present to witness the contest. Hansen shot in good form, putting up the good score of 1,073. His partner, Boyce, was in hard luck and gave Hansen very poor support. Plaisted was also somewhat erratic in his shooting, but the good work of his partner, Collins, was sufficient to win the match by the small margin of 10 points.

After the finish of the match a turkey dinner at the Hotel Armbruster was in order, followed by rifle chat, speeches, etc. A return match will be shot in the near future, when the Excelsior team expect to down the Farmers. Scores:

	Hansen	Boyce
Hansen	19 20 17 25 23 15 32 19 23 23—206	
	23 21 21 24 19 24 23 23 23 23—235	
	19 23 24 21 21 23 21 19 25 23—217	
	22 18 18 23 24 21 21 22 23 19—210	
N. J. for a pair of 500	23 23 22 30 19 23 25 15 25 25—1079	
Boyce	23 24 16 20 14 23 23 24 24 24—124	
	23 18 21 18 24 22 25 23 19 9—202	
	16 21 17 17 25 15 19 23 15 20—188	
	7 19 0 21 23 21 18 21 20 10—168	
	19 18 17 21 20 21 15 22 22 22—107 940—2025	
Plaisted	18 19 25 18 23 23 17 20 25 18—205	
	21 23 24 21 23 20 16 20 23 23—236	
	10 14 23 20 16 20 20 23 23—195	
	21 23 21 19 18 24 20 15 22 18—201	
	25 22 23 24 23 24 0 19 20 24—1028	
Collins	23 21 23 18 22 18 20 16 19 21—201	
	23 19 23 25 21 19 23 23 17 24—213	
	17 20 24 18 17 23 14 18 18 25—159	
	23 20 19 21 23 22 23 23 23 23—113	
	20 21 17 20 17 21 20 16 22 23—107—1010—2093	

#### Schmidt vs. Steuber.

The first half of a 100-shot match between A. W. Steuber and I. Schmidt was shot on the ranges of the Our Own Rifle Club, Hoboken, N. J., for a pair of \$500. The scores were very much below the average of both men, but better results are looked for at the next match, March 8, on the ranges of the Miller Rifle Club.

A W Steuber	I Schmidt
20 25 25 22 21 23 23 23 24—231	
23 21 22 25 25 24 23 22 22—232	
23 24 22 24 25 25 23 23 21—233	
23 23 24 25 25 22 23 24 24—236	
23 24 25 23 23 23 23 23 23—237	
L Schmidt	25 23 22 21 23 24 20 23 25—230
	24 25 23 23 25 25 24 24 25—242
	24 22 24 21 24 25 24 25 24—238
	22 24 25 24 23 24 24 22 23—237
	25 24 23 24 21 22 23 25 24 24—1181

A team match, same day, scored as follows:

Team No. 1	Team No. 2
A Malz.....114	H E Boddey.....117
H L Hansen.....118	Jno Rebhan.....115
A W Steuber.....116	D Miller.....115
I Schmidt.....122	H Meyers.....112
J H Kruse.....114	G Wendt.....75
F Merker.....101	T Davidson.....114
W Bohmke.....101	A E Bird.....113
A Gueber.....109-900	R Zoch.....167-868

#### Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, Feb. 25.—There was a match shoot here on Washington's Birthday between Val Horn of the Heidenreich Rifle Club of New York City and J. E. Smith of the Port Chester Rifle Club. Conditions, 50 shots each man at 200yds., German 25-ring target, any rifle, and 50 shots at 100ft. open air range, 22cal. rifles. Horn and Smith have had two matches previous to this and Smith was the winner in each case. This match was for a dinner for shooters and friends and each man seemed to have lots of them. Horn is a member of the Port Chester Rifle Club also, and made the boys hustle here on many an occasion before. The shooting at 200yds. was done first and Horn made a mistake in this respect as this was his weakest end of the game. Had he shot the short range match first the result might have been different. Horn brought several of the Heidenreich boys up with him to spend the holiday, and I guess they had a good time. He also brought that old timer at the targets, "Birdie" Vogel, as his assistant and coacher. The following are the scores, 50 shots, 200yds., in 10-shot strings:

Smith	Horn
200 200 212 193 195—1000	
188 198 186 189 183—944	

Fifty shots, 100ft:

Horn	Smith
218 235 231 233 230—1137	
224 238 226 237 224—1120	

RDD.

#### Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., Feb. 24.—The following shows the weekly scores of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending Feb. 24. Conditions 25yds. strictly off-hand, outside range. Targets J. L. Wood 241, W. Gilbert 240.

L. Gardener 246, Wm. Wurlinge 242, J. L. Wood 241, W. Gilbert 240.

Pistol score, 1/4in. ring, possible 250, 15yds.:

J. L. Wood	W. Gilbert
25 25 24 24 24 24 23 23—238	
24 24 23 23 23 23 23 21—227	
E L Gardener.....25 24 24 23 21 19 19 18—221	

W. GILBERT, Sec'y.



General Comments on the Drift of Bullets, and Rifles and Rifle Shooting.

BY ARMIN TENNER,

Superintendent American Testing Institution.

THE projectiles as employed for our modern breech-loading rifles are mostly of a cylindrical elongated shape. The center of gravity of a bullet of this kind is found somewhere behind its transverse axis. The effect of this condition is noticeable when such a bullet is brought in a position horizontal to its longitudinal axis and so subjected to the laws of gravitation, i. e., allowed to drop.

It will display a marked tendency to reach the ground with its rear part first, or in other words, it will tip in its course of falling. A bullet fired from the rifle is affected by the same laws of nature in a similar way, and this from the first moment after quitting the muzzle. Its course of flight is thereby more or less disturbed and the resistance of the air with which the traveling projectile meets now comes in as another cause, tending to make the bullet shift from its regular path. This pressure of the air acts in the direction of the bullet's tangent path. As long as the longitudinal axis remains true to the direction as originally imparted to it the effect of the resisting air will be confined to the arched portion of the projectile, and in this case the influence named will only show itself in the way of a retarded velocity.

A bullet, traveling in the direction of its longitudinal axis is shown by Fig. 1.

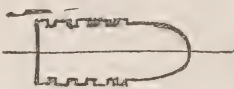


FIG. 1.

Before the bullet has traveled very far the effect of gravitation, in conjunction with the air pressure, will assume larger proportions, the projectile will form a slight angle to the original direction of motion, which is likely to grow in degree as the tangent path of the bullet becomes more curved and now the resistance of the air will meet a larger part of the bullet's lower surface in front of the center of gravity, and thus produce a similar effect to that caused by gravitation, namely to lift the point of the bullet and to make the latter assume a position something like the one illustrated by Fig. 2.



FIG. 2.

The two disturbing forces named combined may, under certain conditions, prove powerful enough to cause the bullet to tip or "keyhole," and to make it rotate or spin around its transverse axis, which at the same time constitutes the axis of the bullet's largest momentum of inertia. In such an event, it will of course be impossible for a projectile to move in conformity with the fixed laws in question and to describe a regular trajectory.

Ever since the rifle barrels with the spiral twist have taken the place of those with grooves running in a parallel direction to the soul or bore, derivation has ceased to be an important factor in rifle shooting. With the aid of the spiral twist the tendency and possibility of a bullet to rotate around its transverse axis, i. e., to tip or "tumble," has nearly been annulled, and also the disturbing effect of the pressure of the air on surface inequalities and the chances for variations in the position of the center of gravity have been greatly lessened.

Generally the spiral twist in rifle barrels turns from the left to the right, and hence the bullet will rotate in the same direction, a fact to be borne in mind by the reader for the purpose of comprehending more readily the following observations pertaining to the derivation of bullets.

THE DERIVATION OF BULLETS.

The "deflexion," drift or deviation of a bullet solely due to an irregular or low speed of rotation or to the effects of gravitation is called derivation. To determine the exact extent to which a particular bullet is subject to derivation is quite a difficult task, and frequently deviation and derivation are confounded with one another. This rather perplexing question can only be solved somewhat like satisfactorily by means of a properly constructed and working shooting machine.

As previously remarked, derivation no longer constitutes an important feature in rifle shooting, the subject is nevertheless sufficiently interesting and instructive to be treated here more exhaustively. The causes and effects of derivation have been the object of extensive experiments and researches for a long period, in fact, ever since rifled barrels came into use; but comparatively little of a definite character was established in the premises until Prof. Magnus, of Berlin, Germany, devoted his attention to the solution of this problem. Magnus started and conducted his researches upon the theory that the conditions for the pressure to which a rotating bullet is subject are the same whether the bullet be in motion and the air in a state of rest, or the air be in motion and the bullet at rest, provided the air can be brought to move against the bullet at the same rate of speed which may be imparted to the latter.

Carrying out his experiments upon this basis, Magnus employed the so-called Bohnenberger's apparatus, as illustrated in Fig. 3, but replaced in the same the spherical bullet by one of a cylindrical-elongated shape.

The arrangement of this apparatus may briefly be described as follows: The longitudinal axis of the projectile turns between steel

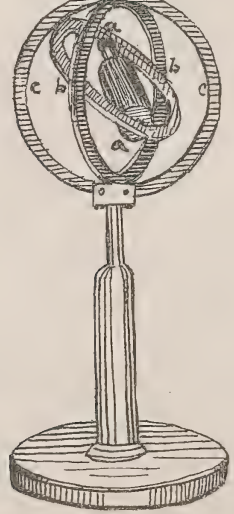


FIG. 3.

points, which are fastened to the inner ring *a*; the latter can easily be moved vertically within the middle ring *b*, thus permitting to give the longitudinal axis of the bullet every desired position toward the horizontal plane. The middle ring *b* again turns in a horizontal direction in the outer ring *c*, which has a stationary position upon the frame.

To maintain the longitudinal axis in any desired position, the projectile and the two inner rings are arranged so that their centers of gravity meet exactly the center of the outer ring. Now in order to force the bullet to rotate around its longitudinal axis, a small pulley is attached to the point of the former and this again is provided with a string which, upon being pulled, sets the bullet in a lively spinning motion.

As the rings are all made to turn around their axes. As soon as and when the bullet is set in motion, a comparatively great amount of force is required to cause the ring to turn, and this for the reason that, through the effect of the rotation imparted to it, the axis of the projectile assumes a high degree of stability and displays a tendency to retain its position. If a force is brought to act against the bullet in the direction through its longitudinal axis but not through its center of gravity while the projectile is in a state of rest, the latter will turn readily around the center of gravity in the direction of the applied force, thus spinning around a transverse axis running through the center of gravity, and the natural result is, the bullet will soon tip or "keyhole."

When, on the other hand, a force is made to act (under similar conditions otherwise) against the rotating bullet, the latter will not move in the direction of the force, its movements will then be on a plane perpendicular to the direction of the force. These phenomena are quite in accord with the theorem of the parallelogram of rotation, which establishes that every incitation toward lifting the point of the bullet must, in consideration of the prevailing rotation from above to the right, cause a spinning around a new axis projecting with its front end somewhat to the right from the original direction of the longitudinal axis of the supposed vertical plane.

Admitted even that these experiments as here roughly outlined, do not exactly conform to the state of affairs as they exist in reality, for the reason that the bullet as employed by Magnus did not swing absolutely freely, they have nevertheless convincingly shown that the point or front end of a traveling bullet cannot and will not accommodate its turning motion to the sense of the incitation as caused by the point of a bullet is incited to shift to the right, the point must at the same time assume a slight downward direction and thus lean toward the tangent path, bringing the latter again on a line with the axis of the bullet.

That such is really the case is best proven by the spherical holes made by the elongated bullet on the target. If the longitudinal axis of the bullet would retain, throughout its course, a position as shown in Fig. 2, or one similar to the same, the holes on the target would be of an oval instead of a spherical shape.

Magnus has further demonstrated the fact that it is erroneous to suppose that while a projectile continues to rotate around its longitudinal axis, the point of the former will, at the same time, spin in an upward direction, and that in reality the bullet does not perform either of these movements of rotation, but that both culminate in a common turn around an entirely new axis. Efforts have been made all along to find the means for avoiding or annulling the effect of the resistance of the air, but they have only until quite recently been crowned with something like success. Further attempts are still and continuously made in the same direction. Prof. Hebler in Zürich, Switzerland, assisted by the Austrian ballistic engineer, Mr. Krnka, has constructed for his military small-caliber rifle an elongated torpedo-shaped bullet with a channel running through the entire length of the bullet and assuming at the rear end the shape of a funnel.

This projectile is provided with a sabot in its center, made of papier maché or soft metal, which is arranged to leave the bullet immediately the latter quits the muzzle. The bullet is made preferably of steel, the sabot of copper. The inventors claim for this bullet the highest degree of accuracy—flat trajectory—and neutralize the velocity of 2,800 ft. per second is claimed for this bullet, which is nearly 700 ft. more than that obtained with any rifle bullet now in existence. The diameter is only about  $\frac{1}{16}$  in., and the inventors assert that it will do effective work up to a distance of nearly 6,000 yds. Of course such a bullet is intended for military purposes only; it will not serve the hunter, but may, perhaps, assist in the rifle shooting of the future.

A similarly constructed bullet, as said to have been lately invented also in France and is there called *balle tubulaire*. The old adage, according to which there is nothing new under the sun, again applies to these inventions. Hollow elongated bullets and those provided with sabots or guide collars have been employed in Germany in connection with the various styles of needle guns nearly thirty years ago.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Rifle at San Antonio.

FOR over a month the riflemen of San Antonio have been agitated over the team match which came off yesterday. It came about in this way: Capt. Ernest August Dösch, a veteran septuagenarian, who has always held his own, and considerably of some one else's as a rifleman, made a wager, unfortunately for himself, with Chas. F. A. Hummel, the popular whistling gentleman, who sells Petznecky cleaners and gun wads. It matters not what the wagers were, but being a round two dozen quarts of Mumm's, Capt. Dösch lost the wager, but awaited Charlie's pleasure as to delivery of the goods, and about a month ago the latter made the following proposition to his confere:

Capt. Dösch to have the first choice, and the two to choose a team of eight men from the membership of the rifle club, and shoot a match for a supper, on which occasion the wine was to be drunk at the expense of the occasion to be borne by the losing side of course. It was shot on Feb. 25 as follows:

E Dösch	10 0 5 10 7 5 8 5 4 6 50
G Altman	5 0 8 5 6 4 8 7 4 4 57-173
Texas Field	3 9 8 8 9 8 4 7 7 7-68
A Steves	10 6 10 8 9 9 7 7 7-79
A Guenther	9 8 7 10 10 6 9 7 7-99-226
E Steves	7 8 6 9 9 7 7 7 7-68
H Degener	7 7 10 10 6 7 8 8 8-80
C Hummel	7 7 6 9 8 6 7 8 6 7-71-224
E Seffel	9 8 6 10 7 8 6 6 6 4-62
A Altmann	4 10 8 4 6 5 7 10 4 7-67
Dr Herf	4 6 7 8 4 9 10 5 7 5-65-194
A Uhl	7 8 6 5 7 8 5 10 8 10-08
E Dreiss	8 6 10 6 7 10 8 10 4-71-215
G Gresecke	4 6 10 9 6 5 7 6 7 6-50
E Leich	6 10 9 8 7 5 7 7 7 6-10-74
J Leyler	7 6 7 7 8 6 5 5 6 9-06-190
C Hummel	5 7 6 9 7 10 7 8 8 5-75
E Seffel	7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7-68
A Altmann	4 4 5 6 6 7 7 10 6 6-60
Dr Herf	5 10 5 9 7 5 5 6 5 7-64
A Uhl	5 6 9 8 5 5 7 7 7 7-06-192-1627
E Dreiss	6 7 7 10 7 8 7 8 6 5-71
G Gresecke	7 9 7 6 3 4 10 5 7 8-66
E Leich	5 8 3 7 8 9 9 9 9-71-208
J Leyler	7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7-68
C Hummel	6 9 10 7 6 9 7 7 7 10-82
E Seffel	9 8 8 9 10 10 8 9 9 8-89-243
A Altmann	9 8 8 10 7 8 7 8 9 9-77
Dr Herf	8 9 3 7 9 5 6 8 6 6-69
A Uhl	19 10 6 8 9 10 8 7 8 7-82-228
E Dreiss	4 6 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7-68
G Gresecke	6 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7-68
E Leich	8 6 9 5 9 10 4 7 0 7-65-194
J Leyler	6 9 10 9 10 5 9 10 5 8-82
C Hummel	7 8 7 7 8 7 8 10 8 10-79
E Seffel	3 8 9 7 8 9 8 8 10-73
A Altmann	8 9 7 8 9 10 6 10 10-79
Dr Herf	6 7 7 8 8 10 6 8 8-74-226
A Uhl	1 7 8 5 8 10 9 10 4-75
E Dreiss	6 7 6 5 6 6 6 7 9 6-64
G Gresecke	8 7 4 4 6 8 4 6 4 9-60-190
E Leich	6 6 4 6 5 7 7 5 5 5-56
J Leyler	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-50
C Hummel	6 10 7 7 8 9 8 8 7-192-1732

To say that the Dösches were disgusted at their defeat is putting it mildly, and as I am writing these lines the captain of that side is clothed in mythical sack cloth and ashes. The rudeness of Ernest Steves' peach-hued cheek was heightened by his first three shots, 4, 0, 0. Sometimes the bullet hit the top then the bottom frame of the target, but always "poodle." In the worst Texas nomenclature "poodle" means that the bullet has missed the target.

John Laylor started in badly with two fouls, but gradually improved as he shot each score of 10 shots. His face had as much expression as that of the Egyptian sphinx when the enemy fell upon him with loud huzzas. You can't down John with defeat.

The entire winning side fell on one another's necks, but did not weep. They yelled, screamed and applauded, and had there been an old-fashioned Sioux Indian on the premises he certainly would have felt at home. During the shoot—It is stated by some of the losing side, to illustrate the roseate good luck the winners were playing in, Dr. Herf, in his excitement, forgot all about the set trigger up to the critical moment. He lowered his rifle and in setting the trigger pulled the front, or business, trigger by mistake. Bang went the gun "Och," says the doctor, "das was ein poodle." But he was thrown into confusion when the faithful pointer indicated a good 9.

Uhl, surnamed the farmer, called away above the average he usually makes and close unto him came Ed Dreiss, the founder of the shot-in-the-duck-gizzard theory.

Emanuel Seffel distinguished himself on this occasion, as usual, by making the best score, an average of 8.01 in 30 shots. His shooting was close to the center nearly all the time, making a beautiful string of fourteen consecutive spot shots.

Following the great match a team shoot was proposed as follows, 10 shots per man, 200 yds, off-hand:

H Degener	5 5 6 6 6 7 6 3 10-57
C Hummel	7 9 9 8 9 8 9 7 7-82
A Altmann	5 8 8 8 8 6 8 8 6-72
Uhl	9 10 4 5 5 6 8 8 6-72
E Steves	7 5 3 8 6 8 6 8 6-73
A Guenther	5 10 6 7 9 8 8 8 8-75
G Gresecke	7 7 4 7 6 7 8 6 4 4-60-553
E Dreiss	5 8 4 10 10 5 8 8 6 7-71
E Seffel	9 10 9 5 9 6 10 7 6 10-81
Texas Field	10 7 10 9 6 8 10 9 8 8-85
A Altmann	7 9 9 6 7 8 10 7 8 10-81
A Steves	5 8 4 8 9 7 10 7 10-73
Dr Herf	6 5 3 7 10 6 7 9 10 10-73
E Leich	5 0 7 6 5 4 6 0 7 4-40
J Leyler	7 5 7 7 4 9 7 9 0 6-61-565

After which an exodus to the city was inaugurated, and the beautiful range was left to the mercy of the coyotes and a flock of goats that have shown a predilection for barking on young trees that puts to shame any dog barking at the moon.

O. C. G.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions, 200 yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Most of to-day's shooting was done through a snowstorm, nevertheless some fair scores were made:

Winheimer	8 7 8 6 9 5 8 10 5 9-75
Drube	10 7 10 7 10 8 8 9 8 8-83
Payne	8 5 8 10 9 8 4 10 10 5-78
Roberts	8 9 9 5 8 8 8 4 5 7-71
Louis	9 10 8 7 8 6 6 10 10 7-80
Hake	10 8 10 9 9 6 10 10 10-85
Wellinger	10 7 7 5 9 10 8 8 7 7-78
Schmidling	10 5 4 10 0 9 6 8 8 8-77
Busse vs. Luft	3 0 3 4 0 2 5 4 6 5-33

The 100-shot gallery match between R. Busse and Ignatz Luft, which has been pending for some weeks, was shot off on the Zettler range on Friday of last week. Luft is an old rifleman of experience and ability. He was one of the three who tied for the New York Independent Corps \$500 trophy at the great festival in Newark in 1888.

At the present time he is not connected with any rifle club. R. Busse is a member of the New York City Corps, also the Zettler Club. He has only been connected with rifle shooting a few years, and he had but little experience in match shooting. His connection with the Zettler Club is developing his shooting qualities, however, and he will be heard from later in the ranks of the experts. Chas. G. Zettler and William Rosenbaum acted as judges and G. W. Plaisted referee and score keeper. The conditions called for 100 shots each in 10 shot strings on the 25-ring target, \$10 a side.

R. Busse	23 24 24 25 25 25 25 25 25 25-246
I Luft	22 22 24 24 24 25 25 25 25 25-240

Smith & Wesson Team Victorious.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 23.—The Smith & Wesson Pistol Club, of this city, returned home from a very successful meeting with the M. R. A. on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, the former team winning both matches. Four of the five individual merchandise prizes were won by Messrs. Axtelle, Talbot, Wesson and Clark respectively. The outcome of this meeting reflects great credit upon the S. & W. team as it was their first attempt at a match with an outside club, and the result was all that could be desired, considering the fact that the M. R. A. is one of the strongest shooting societies in the country. The Smith & Wesson delegation used exclusively the new single shot target pistol manufactured by Smith & Wesson, shooting the long rifle cartridge, and the results obtained demonstrate the fact that this arm, in the proper hands, is a wonderful shooter. The M. R. A. used the Stevens, Wurflein and S. & W. arms.

Smith & Wesson Team	M. R. A. Team
Wesson	84
F. Hodskins	80
C. S. Axtelle	94
Talbot	85
Goodrich	88
Stebens	82
C. Clark	86
T. D. Clark	79

Zettler Rifle Club.

Ten members of the Zettler Rifle Club were present to participate in the gallery shoot on Tuesday night. In the competition for the champion medal Fred Ross again came to the front with the fine score of 245. R. Busse was second with 243. In the competition for the best score in five entries, R. Busse came in ahead, making 249. Scores: Champion medal: Fred C. Ross 248, R. Busse 243, C. G. Zettler 242, B. Zettler 241, B. Walther 241, Gus Nowak 243, H. Holges 241, M. B. Engel 241, H. D. Miller 240, P. F. Schmidt 240. Best 10-shot score, five entries: R. Busse 249, Fred C. Ross 248, B. Zettler 248, Henry Holges 247, B. Walther 247, M. B. Engel 246, Gus Nowak 244, C. G. Zettler 245, Gus Nowak 244, P. F. Schmidt 246.











# Live Birds and Targets at Rutherford.

The monthly shoot of the Bolling Springs Fish and Gun club took place at Rutherford, N. J., on Feb. 17, the scores being as below:

Class A.	
Richmond.....	1111101011111111011111-22
McAlpin.....	1011101101111111111111-22
Holmes.....	111100010110110110001-16
Miller.....	1111111110110110111111-21
Huck.....	1101111111101110111101-21
Class B.	
Paul.....	11101111100101111111001-19
Griffiths.....	1111101101101101111111-14
James.....	1111111110111111111111-21
Lenone.....	0010111111110110011001-16
Lane.....	1100101000101111111101-19
Class C.	
Burgess.....	01001010010100101001001-10
Jeannerette.....	1010011111111111111101-20
Yocco.....	011110101111101100011-18

The above was followed by two events, one at 7 and the other at 5 live birds, of which the following were the results:

Richmond.....	2202222-7	Paul.....	0222221-6
Miller.....	120	Lenone.....	120220-5
McAlpin.....	210121-6	Griffiths.....	0112202-5
James.....	210111-5		
Five birds:			
Lenone.....	22100-3	Smith.....	21221-5
Griffiths.....	22003-3	James.....	21011-4
Paul.....	00101-2	Miller.....	11112-5
Richmond.....	20101-4	Morgan.....	11222-5
Hopper.....	02121-4	Outwater.....	10212-4

## TARGET SWEETSTAKES.

No. 1, 15 bluebirds, 50 cents entry:			
Lenoue.....	001111011001-9	James.....	1111011011001-11
McAlpin.....	111110101111-13	Burgess.....	0100100001001-5
Griffiths.....	1101010100101-9	Huck.....	1011011110101-11
Richmond.....	1111111110011-13	Paul.....	1111011110111-15
Miller.....	101110111000-10	Jeannerette.....	1011011001000-8
No. 2, 10 bluebirds, 50 cents entry:			
Richmond.....	111111111-10	Huck.....	11110101-8
McAlpin.....	1101011110-7	Burgess.....	100101000-4
Griffiths.....	0111010010-6	Lane.....	111000111-7
Lenone.....	111110101-8	Miller.....	111101111-7
Paul.....	101000100-4		
No. 3, 15 bluebirds, 50 cents entry:			
Outwater.....	010111110111-12	Happer.....	1101001100100-18
Huck.....	011110110110-11	Griffiths.....	0011101001001-14
Lenone.....	001111110011-11	Paul.....	1111010110111-14
No. 4, 15 bluebirds, 50 cents entry:			
Outwater.....	111101101111-13	Paul.....	1100101111100-10
Lenone.....	1101011110111-13	Griffiths.....	1010210111110-11
Huck.....	111111101101-13	Happer.....	0110101111110-12

## Forester Gun Club Tournament.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Feb. 20.—The annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club commenced this morning. The weather was very bad, an stormy, a high wind from the northwest blew the snow into the shooters's eyes, almost blinding him at times, and made the shooting very difficult, and I suppose as a rule a number of shooters will read the scores and say, "I wish I had been there, what a snap I would have had." To these I will say we would all have been pleased to see you. Among the shooters in attendance were C. M. Grimm, winner of the world's championship badge; John Read, of Omaha; Harbaugh, of Georgia; Hofer, of Alaska; Black, of Rock Island; Runge, Leopold and Black, of Burlington; Grimm and Budd, of Des Moines. The entrance money ran from \$1 to \$3.50 on targets and from \$3 to \$6 on live birds. The purses divided in two to five prizes. Score:

First Day.	
No. 1, 10 targets:	Harbaugh 10, Grimm 10, Black 9, Adams 4, Davis 2, Budd 2, Read 2, Gwynn 8, Levy 8.
No. 2, 7 live birds:	Read 6, Grimm 7, Davis 4, Budd 4, Harbaugh 4, Runge 4, Maser 4, Jones 5, Leopold 2, Servis 4, Marshall 6, Day 3, Gwynn 2, Richmond 5.
No. 3, 15 single targets:	Grimm 9, Read 12, Black 12, Harbaugh 13, Budd 13, Runge 13, Gwynn 10, Davis 11, Leopold 10.
No. 4, 6 live birds:	Read 4, Grimm 6, Runge 5, Marshall 4, Richmond 3, Budd 6, Harbaugh 6, Lewis 3, Hofer 6, Leonard 5, Day 5, Davis 4, Mudd 4, Lodder 6.
No. 5, 5 pairs targets:	Grimm 6, Read 6, Marshall 7, Harbaugh 7, Budd 7, Black 4, Leopold 4, Davis 6, Hofer 4.
No. 6, 8 live birds:	Gwynn 8, Read 7, Marshall 8, Harbaugh 7, Day 3, Hofer 6, Mudd 5, Lewis 8, Budd 8, Richmond 4.
Extra No. 1, 15 targets:	Budd 13, Harbaugh 10, Black 13, Grimm 14, Read 9, Marshall 9, Runge 10.
Extra No. 2, 5 pairs targets:	Budd 8, Grimm 5, Black 6, Harbaugh 5, Severance 8, Marshall 6, Maser 5, Read 8, Leopold 5.
Extra No. 3, 20 targets:	Marshall 15, Grimm 17, Budd 18, Harbaugh 15, Black 18, Read 10, Hofer 17, Mell 16.
Extra No. 4, 15 targets:	Budd 13, Black 13, Read 8, Marshall 11, Grimm 10, Lewis 8, Harbaugh 5, Mudd 5, Hofer 11, Leopold 11, Runge 10, Davis 6.
Extra No. 5, 20 targets:	Marshall 18, Grimm 18, Black 17, Harbaugh 13, Read 13, Budd 18, Hofer 15, Leopold 16.
Extra No. 6, 20 targets:	Grimm 13, Marshall 16, Budd 18, Harbaugh 7, Read 14, Black 17, Leopold 17, Hofer 17.
No. 7, 10 targets:	Harbaugh 5, Davis 3, Lewis 5, Frederick 4, Marshall 9, Black 7, Read 9, Grimm 7, Leopold 6, Budd 10, Hofer 8, Runge 5.
Extra No. 8, 5 live birds, miss and out:	Harbaugh 2, Marshall 3, Grimm 0, Read 1, Day 0, Richmond 3, Budd 4, Hofer 1, Runge 1, Leopold 0.
Extra No. 9, 25 targets:	Marshall 20, Leopold 20, Read 17, Grimm 16, Black 24, Budd 23, Harbaugh 15, Hofer 21.
Extra No. 10, 7 live birds:	Grimm 6, Marshall 6, Budd 7, Hofer 6, Harbaugh 4, Read 7, Mudd 5, Lewis 5.
Extra No. 11, 20 targets:	Grimm 12, Black 15, Marshall 13, Lodder 11, Budd 13, Read 10, Leopold 11, Lewis 8, Hofer 12.
Extra No. 12, 10 targets:	Grimm 10, Marshall 5, Black 8, Budd 9, Read 8.

Second Day.  
The weather to-day was cold and clear, with a high wind from the northwest and a very difficult light owing to sun and snow. Among the new arrivals were White and McBroom of Genesee, Wilson of Emmetsburg, Schaffer, Cuning, Hood and Coburn of home talent and Marshall of Keithsburg. Every one knows Marshall and he is the life of any party, place or kind. Always in a good humor, but likes to raise the limit to forty cents when he has an "ace full." Twenty events were shot to-day. Scores:

No. 1, 15 targets:	Grimm 13, Marshall 11, Black 10, Easterly 10, White 13, Smith 11, Grant 8, Budd 14, Plumber 8, Huffer 10, Schaffer 10.
No. 2, 7 live birds:	Read 7, Grimm 7, Easterly 6, Norman 3, Marshall 5, White 6, Grant 5, Smith 7, Huffer 6, Jones 6, Davis 6.
No. 3, 6 singles and 3 pairs:	Budd 8, Black 10, Plumber 9, Marshall 10, White 9, Grimm 9, Easterly 7, Smith 8, Grant 7, Schaffer 9.
No. 4, 10 live birds:	Grimm 8, Easterly 7, Read 10, Marshall 8, Budd 10, White 6, Huffer 7, Davis 8, Grant 2, Smith 7, Jones 7.
No. 5, 30 targets:	Budd 17, Grimm 30, White 13, Marshall 13, Plumber 19, Easterly 13, Black 18, Smith 13, Leopold 9, Grant 4, Marshall 5.
No. 6, 6 live birds:	Grimm 4, Easterly 5, White 4, Read 4, Marshall 5, Hofer 4, Budd 5, Norman 2, Grant 2, Watkins 5, Brannigan 3, Parish 3, Schaffer 4, McBroom 5, Hichis 1, Shado 5, Curry 3, Smith 2, Jones 6.
Extra No. 1, 15 targets:	Black 12, Grimm 15, Easterly 10, Plumber 13, Budd 14, Marshall 11, Leopold 12, Reynolds 5, Colburn 10, Grant 4.
Extra No. 2, 5 pairs targets:	Grimm 7, Budd 8, Easterly 10, Plumber 13, Budd 14, Marshall 11, Black 5, Grant 6, White 5, Leopold 4, McBroom 3, Smith 6.
Extra No. 3, 15 targets:	Grimm 13, Plumber 9, Easterly 9, White 14, Huffer 13, Shado 4, Budd 13, Marshall 9, Grant 11, McBroom 3, Reynolds 8, Schaffer 12, Parish 13.
Extra No. 4, 10 live birds:	Easterly 8, Grimm 10, Read 6, Marshall 9, Budd 9, White 8, Jones 7.
Extra No. 5, 5 pairs of targets:	Plumber 5, Shado 8, Brannigan 4, Easterly 7, Grant 7, Easterly 6, McBroom 4.
Extra No. 6, 10 targets:	Easterly 6, Shado 8, Budd 8, Marshall 10, Frederick 2, Grimm 7, White 9, Plumber 10, Grant 4, Cabeen 6, McBroom 6, Hancock 3, Reynolds 3, Huffer 7, Hoods 0, Jones 6, Lodder 7.
Extra No. 7, miss and out, live birds:	Grimm 5, Shado 4, Easterly 4, Marshall 5, Budd 4, Plumber 0, Hood 0, Jones 1.
Extra No. 8, 6 live birds:	Budd 4, Read 5, Grimm 5, Easterly 5, Marshall 5, Mudd 3, Watkins 3, McBroom 4, Grant 2, Jones 3, Brannigan 3.
Extra No. 9, 10 targets:	White 8, Shado 2, Marshall 7, Budd 9, Easterly 9, Plumber 10, Reynolds 7, Grimm 8.
Extra No. 10, 10 live birds:	Grimm 9, Easterly 7, Mudd 8, Marshall 8, Read 4.
Extra No. 11, 15 targets:	White 9, Marshall 13, Read 10, Budd 14, Grimm 14, McBroom 17, Easterly 9.
Extra No. 12, miss and out, live birds:	Budd 2, Mudd 1, Frederick 0, Marshall 5, Read 7, Grimm 6, Easterly 3, Ott 1, Jones 7, White 4, McBroom 1.
Extra No. 13, 10 targets:	Plumber 6, Marshall 8, Budd 9, McGinty 8, Rowe 2, White 7, Grimm 10, Easterly 5, McBroom 2.

Extra No. 14, 10 targets: Grimm 6, Marshall 6, Budd 8, Read 6, Reynolds 6, Easterly 7, Calben 6, McBroom 4, White 8.

## Third Day.

The weather to-day was cold with some snow, and the shooting both at targets and live birds quite difficult. Most every one ran out of shells of their own loading, and commenced work with the Chamberlain snuff-em-out load, 2 1/2 drs. E. C. powder, 1 1/2 oz. trap sevens, which gave the best of satisfaction. Messrs. Leonard, Davis, Kroy and Rackster of the Foresters had charge of the tournament, and everything passed off very pleasantly.

No. 1, 10 targets:	Grimm 9, Marshall 7, Hancock 4, Plumber 6, Budd 10.
No. 2, 6 live birds:	Grimm 6, Shado 4, Plumber 6, Budd 1, Baker 5, Lewis 5, Davis 3.
No. 3, 5 pairs targets:	Budd 5, Grimm 6, Marshall 6, Plumber 6.
No. 4, 10 live birds:	Grimm 9, Lewis 9, Budd 6, F. Fish 7, Plumber 7, Baker 6, Davis 6.
No. 5, 10 targets:	Baker 4, Fish 4, Henry 4, McGee 5, Ahrens 5, Shado 3, Lewis 4, Mudd 4, Grimm 5, Paddock 8, Budd 7, Plumber 8.
No. 6, 7 live birds:	Mudd 4, Grimm 5, Budd 6, Plumber 7, Davis 7, Lewis 5, Paddock 5, Baker 4, McGee 3, Fish 3, Shado 4, Brannigan 3.
Extra No. 1, miss and out, live birds:	Leonard 0, Read 2, Fish 3.
Extra No. 2, same:	Leonard 2, Fish 0, Read 0.
Extra No. 3, 10 pairs targets:	Marshall 11, Grimm 15, Plumber 9, Budd 12.
Extra No. 4, 5 pairs targets:	Marshall 7, Grimm 6, Plumber 5, Mackin 2, Budd 2.
Extra No. 5, miss and out, live birds:	Grimm 3, Marshall 0, Baker 0, Baker 0, Plumber 3, Budd 4, McGee 0, Fish 0.
Extra No. 6, same:	Marshall 2, Grimm 1, Plumber 0, Budd 2, McGee 1, Fish 1, Baker 0, Wheeler 0.
Extra No. 7, same:	Grimm 7, Budd 3, Marshall 1, Plumber 7.
Extra No. 8, 5 pairs targets:	Budd 7, Marshall 6, Grimm 6, Plumber 4, McGee 4, Fish 3, Baker 5.
Extra No. 9, 10 targets:	Grimm 8, Hancock 5, Budd 10, Marshall 7, Plumber 5, Wheeler 4, McGee 4, Lewis 3, Baker 9, Shado 6, Davis 4.
Extra No. 10, 10 targets:	Grimm 9, Budd 8, Marshall 6, Plumber 8, McGee 4, Davis 3, Hancock 2, Wheeler 5, Lewis 6, Shado 5, Baker 3, Fish 5.
Extra No. 11, 10 targets:	Marshall 8, Grimm 6, Budd 7, Davis 5, Lewis 2, Plumber 6, Shado 7, Baker 4, McGee 1, Frederick 5, Wheeler 5.
Extra No. 12, 10 targets:	Budd 9, Grimm 6, Plumber 9, Baker 7, McGee 5, Lewis 8, Shado 4, Davis 7, Wheeler 5.
Extra No. 13, 15 targets:	Grimm 14, Plumber 13, Lewis 7, Budd 13, Ahrens 7, Mudd 4, Henry 10.
Extra No. 14, miss and out, live birds:	Budd 4, Davis 3, Plumber 4, Grimm 2, Paddock 0, Lewis 0, Mudd 1.
Extra No. 15, 10 targets:	Budd 5, Plumber 6, Grimm 10, Paddock 9.
Extra No. 16, 5 pairs targets:	Grimm 7, Budd 5, Paddock 6, Plumber 6.

## Hell Gate Gun Club.

The monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, at Dexter Park, on Tuesday of last week, was one of the most successful held by the club this winter. The weather was of the day previous had given place to a warm southerly wind, making the day a most enjoyable one for outdoor sport. The only drawback was the bright sun and the snow upon the ground, which caused some of the shooters more or less snow blindness. The main feature of the day was a series of five sweeps at targets. These were followed by two live bird events.

No. 1, 20 targets:	E. Doelneck 14, J. H. Voss 12, C. Weber 11, C. Meltzer 5, J. Schubert 5, J. Franznik 2, P. Woelfel 2, A. Moeler 1.
No. 2, 10 targets:	Weber 5, Doelneck 4, Franznik 3, Moeler 3, Moltzer 3, Schubert 3, Voss 3, Woelfel 2.
No. 3, 10 targets:	Williams 10, H. W. Voss 8, J. H. Voss 8, F. Trostel 7, Doelneck 7, Weber 6, Dannefeller 6, Brode 5, Moltzer 4, Schubert 4, Foster 3, Franznik 3, Woelfel 2.
No. 4, club shoot at 20 targets:	Williams.....000111100101001000-8 H. W. Voss.....1111101010101100-14 J. H. Voss.....1011010101010111-13 Trostel.....100111001010100110-11 D. nefeller.....100101010010100100-10 Moltzer.....10100011100010100110-10 Weber.....001000110010100111-9 No. 5, 20 targets:

No. 6, 6 live birds:	H. W. Voss 10, Williams 13, Dannefeller 12.
Weber.....	11211-6
J. Brode.....	21222-6
Williams.....	10112-5
Foster.....	01230-4

No. 7, 4 live birds:	2112-4
Williams.....	1022-3
J. H. Voss.....	1101-3
E. Doelneck.....	1101-3
Trostel.....	2310-3

## Pittsburgh vs. Eagle.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: To encourage friendly contests between the numerous gun clubs of this vicinity, a series of team contests have been arranged, the first of which took place last Wednesday between ten members of the Pittsburgh Gun Club and ten members of the Eagle Gun Club, of Allegheny, Pa. The weather was all that could be desired, and quite a crowd of shooters were present. The contest resulted in a defeat for the Eagle Gun Club.

C. A. Painter.....	11111111111111111111-25
E. E. Schuber.....	11111111111111111111-24
W. M. C. Jones.....	11111111111111111111-24
Old Hoss.....	11010111111111111111-23
Jim Crow.....	11111111111111111111-23
E. H. McWhorter.....	11111111111111111111-23
G. Cochran.....	10111111111111111111-23
W. E. Painter.....	11111111111111111111-22
S. Shamer.....	00111111111111111111-20
H. W. Naif.....	10011111111111111111-20-237

## Eagle Gun Club.

Bessemer.....	11111111111111111111-24
Black.....	11111111111111111111-24
Sanders.....	01111111111111111111-23
Herron.....	11101011111111111111-21
Cutler.....	11111111111111111111-20
McCarney.....	01111111111111111111-20
Kline.....	01111111111111111111-20
Carman.....	11111111111111111111-20
Fagan.....	11001010111111111111-19
Ewing.....	11010101111111111111-18-208

## Team Shoot at Paterson.

One of the most interesting and hotly contested matches ever shot in Paterson took place at Willard's Park, on Saturday, March 3, under favorable weather conditions and in the presence of a couple of hundred people. It was a team race in which Chas. F. Lenone, of Passaic, and J. H. Outwater, of Rutherford, were pitted against W. G. E. Morgan, both of Paterson, each man shooting at 25 live birds, under old Long Island rules, for \$50 a side. T. Smith was referee, T. W. Morley and Gus F. Greiff being the judges. A feature of the match was the shooting of Outwater, who was not a whit disturbed by the "gun below the elbow" proviso, moving down 24 of his 25 birds in splendid style, and without any exertion. Lenone was away off on the question of position, and his partner's fine work alone saved him.
No. 1, 25 targets:
C. F. Lenone.....
W. Smith.....
E. W. Morgan.....
The match was followed by two 5-bird sweeps, \$3 entry, old Long Island rules to govern, the scores being as follows:
Lenone.....
Donerley.....
Bunn.....
Smith.....
Morphy.....
Appar.....
No. 2, 25 targets:
Wolf.....
Morgan.....
Keyhart.....
Griff.....
Hildum.....
Outwater.....

## Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

The monthly shoot of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, at Miller's Dexter Park, on Wednesday of last week was highly interesting to the five members who were present to participate. The weather was mild and pleasant, and the birds furnished by mine host Miller, were of the usual good quality found at this popular resort.

Club event, 7 birds:	211212-7
J. G. Nelson.....	1021220-5
C. Engelbrecht.....	0110201-1
E. Helgans.....	231220-6
Sweepstake at 8 birds:	J. Schlieman 7, J. Scheylin 7, C. Engelbrecht 7, J. G. Nelson 7.
Sweepstake shoot at 25 targets:	E. Helgans 22, C. Engelbrecht 20, J. G. Nelson 18, J. Schlieman 15, J. Scheylin 13.

## Red Bank Men Can Shoot.

TUESDAY, Feb. 27, was a great day for members of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J.; a great day for Parker guns and likewise a great day for Walsrode powder. It was the day for the big sweep, at 25 live birds, on Al. Heritage's ground at Marion, a sweep from which all the noted sportsmen had been barred in the hope that more amusement might be induced to enter. It made no difference, however, in the number of entries, only sixteen men going to the score. This, however, can be considered a good turnout when the stringency of the money market is considered. The management had confidently expected entries from a number of members of the Larchmont, Westminster, Carteret and Riverton clubs, but not a member of either club appeared on the grounds.

The day was a pleasant one so far as temperature was concerned, but the glare of the sun on the white snow, gave an exceedingly trying light for the eyes. The shoot began at 1 P. M., Jacob Pentz being referee and Gus Greiff scorer. The entries were A. W. Money, of Oakland; M. F. Lindsey, of Hoboken; M. H. Ruppel, of Milford; Fletcher Walters, of Arlington; T. F. Morley, of Paterson; E. M. Cooper, J. Evans and J. Ward, of Red Bank; C. M. Budd, of Long Branch; Chas. Smith, of Plainfield; John Rothacker, of Morristown; John Riggott, of Rockaway; J. W. Hoffman, of German Valley; W. G. Hollis, of Kearney; E. Collins, of Hoboken, and H. A. Penrose of New London. The birds were a fairly good lot, some as good as any one could wish for.

The shooting of the day was done by two of the Red Bank men, Cooper and Evans, who killed straight up to the last round when no one else stood to kill more than 23 birds. On the final round Cooper killed, but Evans unfortunately (17) got an 18, which was a good result. He missed this giving him \$500 all by his lone self. Cooper getting first, \$150; while third, \$60, went to Walters and Hoffman. It seemed to be a good day for Parker guns, which won first and second moneys and divided third money with a Greener, and Walsrode powder also seemed to have struck a pace, winning first and second moneys, third going to Schultze and E. C. Had there been four moneys the fourth would have been divided by two Parkers and one Greener shooting American Wood and one man shooting Walsrode. In fifth place was a Greener and Schultze; sixth place, Baker—E. C. Smith—S. S.; seventh place, Smith—American wood; eighth place, Colt—E. C., three Smith guns and two shooting American wood; ninth place, Greener—E. C.

Among the prominent visitors were E. D. Fulford, F. P. Class, J. H. Keller, Neaf Appar, C. M. Hedden, J. L. Smith, Wm. Hughes, Dr. J. C. Knowlton, E. S. Meeker and Henry Wolf. The scores were as below:	
Money (Baker, E. C.).....	0120222211111110220202-20
Lindsey (Smith, Am. Wood).....	2020222222222202022021202-18
Ruppel (Smith, Am. Wood).....	12122112111200000110220-18
Walters (Greener, Schultze).....	11212202011111111212112-23
Morley (Greener, E. C.).....	010122220001222121012-17
Cooper (Parker, Walsrode).....	2222222222222222222222-25
Evans (Parker, Walsrode).....	2222212121212222212220-24
Budd (Parker, Walsrode).....	22222222121222212122222-22
Ward (Parker, Am. Wood).....	221211112011101122122122-22



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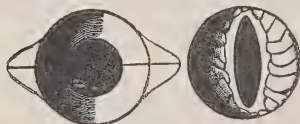
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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## TRESPASS.

IOWA sportsmen are reported to be dissatisfied with a trespass law which has just been enacted. Some go so far as to declare that the law will not be observed by shooters; that the courts will not uphold it, and that the next Legislature will repeal it. An examination of the statute, however, shows that it does not differ in principle from similar trespass laws which have long been in operation elsewhere. Its text runs:

SEC. 1. No person shall hunt, with dog or gun, upon the cultivated or inclosed lands of another without first obtaining permission from the owner, occupant or agent thereof.

SEC. 2. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not more than ten dollars for each and every offense. But no prosecution shall be commenced under this act except upon the information of the owner, occupant or agent of such cultivated or inclosed lands.

Laws of like tenor, forbidding trespass for hunting on inclosed or cultivated land without first obtaining permission, prevail in Arkansas, California (certain counties), Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, Oklahoma, Ohio, South Carolina and West Virginia. In Kansas the prohibition extends also to "the traveled or public road that adjoins such occupied or improved property;" and in West Virginia under certain conditions it may be extended to unclosed tracts. In Maryland the trespass regulations are county laws and bear especially hard upon non-residents. Rhode Island limits the offense, to shooting at or killing game upon the land.

In none of the States named is it necessary to post lands or to give notice against trespass. Similar statutes, but requiring that the land be posted or that notice be given, hold in Kentucky (some counties), Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Washington, Vermont, and the District of Columbia. In many instances the provisions of punishment for violations are more stringent than in the Iowa statute.

The trespass law is based upon the principle that the possessor may control what belongs to him. If a man owns or rents a house, he may forbid people to come into it; if there is a yard around the house, he may keep them out of the yard; and out of his garden and cornfield and pasture and meadow and wood lot. His lands are his own; he has the exclusive right to their use and enjoyment and privileges, including that of taking the game and the fish found on them. This is law and reason and common sense.

For the most part, taking the country over, the shooting and fishing trespass laws are more honored in the breach than in the observance. As a rule, the sportsman with his gun or the fisherman with his rod climbs the fences from the fields of one owner into those of another, and makes his way for miles through lots and woodlands without ever thinking of himself as a trespasser or being

so regarded by the owners of the lands. Where the law is enforced some good reasons usually exist for applying it. The land owner may want the game or the fish for himself or for some one else; he may not wish to have Bob White's whistle silenced; he may have been tried beyond all patience by insolent and rowdyish gunners; he may dread having his horses or cows disturbed by the uproar of gunning; he may fear fires; in short, there are a score of reasons, any one of which may be sufficient for keeping the gunners out; and it is for him to decide this, and for them to respect his decision. This is the rule, and by it every self-respecting sportsman will be governed despite the fact that the trespass regulations sometimes cause unreasonable deprivation, minister to churlish selfishness, or fortify a dog in his manger.

While a trespass law reasonably applied is decidedly for the true interest of gunners and the game supply, there is nevertheless much of hardship in this statute which has been adopted in Iowa. The hardship consists in taking away something which through long custom has come to be regarded as a right. The Iowa sportsman has been accustomed to hunt over the fields of others, not in defiance of their prohibition but as a matter of course; and quite as much as a matter of course have the owners of the fields complacently permitted him to do so. Now the statute steps in to forbid the hunting custom of the country, declares it unlawful and renders the violator liable to prosecution and fine. This is a new and unwonted condition of shooting, to which the sportsmen of Iowa may find difficulty in accommodating themselves, but which in the end may not prove more burdensome to them than are similar laws to the sportsmen of other States.

## NETS AS NUISANCES MAY BE DESTROYED.

In commenting last week on the case of a netter who sought to recover damages from a New York game protector for destroyed fishing nets, we made reference to the Steele case in the Supreme Court of the United States, of which we said, "It yet awaits decision; we believe that the end will be to affirm the constitutionality of the statute." On the very day that this was written, March 5, the decision was given out, and it does sustain the law. We have procured the full text of the opinion; it is printed in our fishing columns, and will repay careful reading.

The case was that of the owners of certain fishing nets who brought an action against a New York game protector to recover the value of certain nets which as a protector he had seized and summarily destroyed. The defendant set up for a defense that the law gave him authority to destroy the nets and directed him to do so. The point at issue then was as to the constitutional power of the Legislature to authorize the summary destruction of unlawful fishing nets which it had declared to be public nuisances, the plaintiff contending that such destruction constituted the confiscation of property without due process of law. The Supreme Court holds that the Legislature has this constitutional power.

The decision is one which will be hailed with general satisfaction by all citizens, who as public officers or private individuals and members of protective associations are engaged in conserving the food-fish supply in inland waters. Those who have been most active in the suppression of unlawful fishing contrivances know full well the impediments that would be put in their way under any other system than this of the summary destruction of nets. On the final result we congratulate in particular the Jefferson County Fish and Game Association, to whose alertness and ability in the conduct of the case the public is indebted.

Last week we recorded the decision in a State Court of a case similar to this one. It is likely to be the last one that we shall ever hear of. Unlawful fishing nets are nuisances and as such may be summarily abated.

That the sale of game should be prevented at all times is something for which the controlling sentiment of the community may not yet be prepared, but the trend of opinion is surely in that direction. The principle is one which the most sanguine may not hope to see put into practical and general operation for a long time to come. And yet non-market laws are already in force in certain localities, notably in some New York counties. Wherever tried this remedy for over-killing has proved effective. Cut off the marketing of woodcock and grouse and trout, and the good results are at once visible,

## SNAP SHOTS.

REPORTS from the Great South Bay announce the reappearance this spring in those waters of canvasback ducks in considerable numbers. Some years ago these birds were frequently killed in the Great South Bay, although—for whatever reason—canvasbacks have never been abundant there as have redheads and broadbills. What this reappearance may mean it is hard to say, but it is probably a part of the general abundance this year of ducks everywhere. If one were to believe a New York paper, we should imagine the Great South Bay a marvelously favorable feeding ground for these birds, since those killed there are referred to as weighing 7½ lbs., or about three times what the usual canvasback weighs.

The Virginia Legislature is debating the wisdom of adopting a dog tax law. There are two sides of the question, one stoutly defended by the dog owners and the other advanced by the sheep raisers. The sheep men are fortified by statistics supplied by Capt. J. C. Featherstone, of the United States Department of Agriculture. The figures show that during the year 1892 10,546 sheep were killed by dogs in Virginia; the average value of the animals killed was \$2.55, and the total amount \$26,892.80. These figures are startling, but they fail to show the full damage done to the sheep industry by dogs, for this constant menace deters farmers from engaging in the business. The Department of Agriculture is authority for the statement that the sheep killing by dogs in Virginia is only less than that in Ohio, which State leads the Union. Common sense would dictate a suppression of the curs in favor of wool and mutton.

If there is any one thing that is calculated to make newspaper publishers dissatisfied with their lot and apprehensive of the opinion which some folks must have of them, it is to receive in the mail from time to time anonymous remittances of sums of money varying in amount from eleven cents to eleven dollars, with not even a decipherable postmark clue to the location or name of the senders. For newspaper publishers who receive these favors from unknown persons are aware that the senders, who have thus parted with their money but not with their names, probably are wondering why they do not receive in return the goods ordered, and are indulging in altogether unwarrantable suspicions concerning the integrity of publishers. It will readily be understood that against such suspicious the publishers have no redress. All they have is the money. All they want is the name of the sender.

A correspondent writes in our columns to-day of a game refuge which he has provided for ruffed grouse by the very simple means of posting a tract of land and keeping off from it all shooters at all times. This is an expedient which has been resorted to in other instances known to us with no less encouraging and satisfactory results; in fact we have known of wide territories from which, save for such protected refuges, the supply of birds would have been annihilated. In the particular case cited by our correspondent the motive of the game preserver was not a selfish one; and the thoughtfulness and providence shown by him are worthy of commendation and emulation.

These are the days when there is something in the air suggestive of trout streams. March 1 is the opening date in some States; but even where the law is not up until April fishermen have been whipping the streams and playing many a fine fish—in fancy. One advantage of the fishing excursion of reverie is that no rheumatic twinges ever ensue.

A reign of ruffianism has passed by in this city. {By a new statute the dogs of New York will hereafter be impounded by agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The dog-catcher has had his day. The old system was fruitful of imposition, robbery, personal assaults, brutality; and was responsible for at least one murder.

It is curious that so many people who dabble in ornithology or entomology or mammalogy or ophiology or conchology or ichthyology use the word "specie" as if it were a singular of "species."



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### De Music of de Houn's.

I LIS'EN to de ribber  
As it hurries to de sea;  
To de gentle breeze a-singin'  
In de ol' magnolia tree;  
To de gurgle of de trout brook  
In de floods of airy spring;  
An' de music of de hedges  
When de birds begin to sing.  
But dey's a sweeter melody,  
Dat drowns all other soun's,  
It's dat noisy, joyous chorus—  
De music of de houn's.

Across de russet woodlands  
De mellow chorus swells,  
An' fades away in distance,  
Like de soun' of chiming bells;  
But it leaves de air a-tremblin',  
Like de music dat you bring  
When you softly strike de banjo  
Down on de little string.  
You kin talk of singin' angels,  
Wid dey harps 'n' gol'en crowns,  
But fo' me de sweetest music  
Is de music of de houn's.

THE GENERAL.

### DANVIS FOLKS.—XXV.

#### Friends in Adversity.

SAM wandered uneasily about in pursuit of work that had no purpose but to keep him from thinking. At last he shouldered the ox-yoke and started for the meadow. As he passed the hog pen he fairly resented the indifference with which the hogs were taking on fat for another man's benefit and begrudgingly threw them their accustomed largess of nubbins, though they grunted lazy recognition of his accustomed footstep. It put him more out of humor to see the contentment with which the oxen and cows grazed, jowl-deep, in the aftermath, and the sheep nibbled the pasture knolls, all indifferent to impending change of ownership, though they had been so long his daily companions. The old hound alone seemed sympathetic, walking at heel, spiritless and dejected, scarcely noticing the last night's fox trail that the reeking herbage still exhaled, and meeting his occasional glances with a wistful face more troubled than his master's.

The mood of nature was as little in accord with his. The sun shone out of the soft sky with genial warmth on woods and fields not yet quite stripped of painted leaves and green grass by the final desolating blasts of late autumn. There was a full measure of hearty cheer in the notes of migrant crows and other birds that delayed departure or stayed to brave the stress of winter, only the tri-syllabic plaint of the thistle bird, gleaning the ripe weed seeds, had a cadence of sadness and farewell.

"It's all the same to the airth an' the dumb critters who goes or who comes! All but you, Drive," he said, as he slipped the ox-bow on old Bright's burly neck and fastened it in the yoke and called Broad to take his place. "But I hope wuoever gits a holt o' you, ol' fellers, 'll be good to you an' the caows an' the ol' mare. I don't want you 'bused, ner the farm nuther."

He yoked the oxen to the cart and drove them out to the field for the last shocks of unhusked corn. The plow stood in an unfinished furrow among the stubble and frost-blackened pumpkin vines. Sam drew it out and heaved it upon the cart with spiteful energy.

"By, the gret horn spoon, I won't plow another furrer fer the Lord knows who," he soliloquized in a tone that accorded with the action, and with a long look as if bidding the familiar field farewell he hauled home the last load and turned the oxen loose.

He watched them wander off in search of the choicest feed and then set himself to husking, while his vagrant thoughts wandered in futile quest of a way of escape from the troubles which beset him. His eyes went over and over the familiar interior. It was hard to realize that the old barn was passing out of his ownership. Every nook and corner of scaffold, bay and stable recalled some incident of childish sport or freak of fancy, linked with the labors and thoughts of youth and manhood so intimately that their years seemed but as days, childhood and youth but parts of dawning manhood. The rudely carved initials and figures were translated again in their old significance, the scars, the knots, the contortions of grain took on again the semblance of men, beasts and birds, that had been realities to his childish imagination. All the familiar surroundings seemed too much a part of himself to go out of his life while he yet lived.

"Consarn it," he cried out impatiently, as he tossed aside a bundle of stalks, "my ideas runs wilder 'n a haoun' pup on a back track and never gits noverhes. I'll tell ye what, ol' dawg," addressing the hound curled up in the comfortable warmth of the sunshine falling on the barn floor, "we'll go off int' the woods a day, jest you an' me, an' see ef we can't git 'em straightened out."

Drive's tail beat a rustling response on the cornstalks and his sad brow was lifted in new corrugations of inquiry.

The shadow of a figure debased the gold of the floating moats and crept along the floor till it fell upon the rustling bundle on Sam's lap, and Pelatiah's lank figure materialized behind it. Drive wagged recognition and Sam turned a surprised face over his shoulder to welcome their comrade.

The simple greetings, "Why Peltier," "Wal, Samwil," expressed a deal of friendliness, but no more was said till Pelatiah, after the custom of such visitors, seated himself, drew a bundle of corn across his knee and began husking. For a while, there was a continuous rustling of husks, leaves and stalks, punctuated by the snapping off of ears and their sharp click upon the growing pile, then as the two huskers finished their bundles together, Pelatiah said, after much embarrassed clearing of his throat:

"I s'pose it's true what I hearn about that aire Bascom a-gittin' you into sech a mess?"

Sam nodded assent and Pelatiah continued, "I'm turrible sorry, Samwil, an' I wish't I hed the means to help ye mor'n what I hev, but I hev got some, which I want you to take an' use it."

He leaned far back, straightened his left leg, went

down into the depths of his trousers pocket and brought up therefrom a dilapidated wallet from which he took a small roll of bank notes and carefully counted them upon his knee with a frequently moistened forefinger.

"I hed consid'able over forty dollars 'at I'd saved up one way 'an' 'nother," he said apologetically, as he completed the counting, "but the fun'al, an' the darker's bill an' Hamner's took above half on 't. But I want ye to take this an' not trouble tu pay it back ontill things eases up on ye."

He stretched it out toward Sam with an awkward, bashful eagerness glowing in his honest face.

"Oh, Peltier, I couldn't," Sam protested, his voice choking and his eyes moistening, "I'm a thaousand times obleeged tu ye, but I couldn't take it."

"But I want ye tu, Samwil, 't aint much, I know, but it'll help over the pitches some, mebbey," Pelatiah urged. "I'm as 'bleeged tu ye as if 't was a thaousan' dollars, but I couldn't take it. I do know when I could pay you an' I haint a thing tu s'cure ye, ev'rythin' 's 'taiched up."

"I don't care when you pay me, I want you tu take it an' use it just as if 't was yourn." Pelatiah thrust the money further toward Sam's withdrawn hand. "I didn't s'pose you'd spleen agin takin' a leetle favor f'm me, Samwil, sen I've took so many f'm you," said Pelatiah in a grievous tone and still holding out the proffered loan.

Sam looked steadily into the earnest, kindly blue eyes and took hand and money in a warm, firm grasp.

"Ef you're goin' tu feel that way 'bout it I shall hafter take it, but I hedn't ortu."

"You hedn't ortu, you got tu," said Pelatiah joyfully. "It 'ould burn my pocket tu kerry it, an' you a-needin' on 't, so there!"

"Wal, ef you will hev it so, you will, but you got tu take a note 't any rate. Come int' the haouse an' I'll write one."

Pelatiah protested, but Sam was inexorable, and after counting out the loan carefully, pocketed it and led the way to the house.

"Bad luck is good luck, when it shows a feller who his frien's is," Sam said, laying a gentle hand on his young comrade's shoulder as they entered the door.

Long before the constable posted the notice of the sale in Hamner's barroom and Clapham's store, the news of Sam's disaster was spread through half the township.

Mrs. Purington waddled across the fields to offer the balm of condolence to the distressed family. The sound of her labored breath and ponderous step on the threshold as she assisted herself with a hand on her knee to surmount it and enter the door, opened to the Indian summer warmth, was the first announcement of her visit.

Faintly acknowledging the salutations of her daughter, Aunt Jerusha, Uncle Lisha and Timothy, she slowly lowered herself into the first comfortable chair, accomplishing the feat with a final bounce and exhaling a long sigh as if she were a slowly collapsing bag of inflated india rubber. Then she rummaged forth her handkerchief and bottle of hartshorn salts and fixed a tearful gaze on the little boy who sat among his abandoned playthings, staring in bewilderment at his grandmother's rueful countenance.

"O, you poor innercent!" she wailed, in a shaking voice, portentous of a lachrymal shower. "Little you know what's afore ye, a-sittin' there, playin' wi' your mother's clo's pins, which I gin her four dozen when she went tu haousekeepin' wi' your father, which I shouldn't think he c'd endure tu look at ye, ner her, a-thinkin' what he's brung on ye. Play wi' 'em while ye can; an' it don't make no diff'ence ef ye break 'em or lose 'em, fer 'taint likely she 'll hev no use fer 'em, wi' nothin' tu heng about, on'y the clo's on yer backs, which she can't 'thout all a-goin' tu bed. An' tu think 'at you was fetched through the whoopin' cough an' the measles wi' 'Hive surrup an' lobebe an' pennyrile tea, tu come tu this, which I gathered wi' my own han's, an' nanny-berries tu fetch 'em out, a-mussin' you an' comfortin' your mother, an' broke o' my rest, which I will continuer tu, whilst I'm g'n strench't."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes and tucked the smelling bottle inside it to her nose, making her snuffling sobs do double duty, while the object of her pity lifted up his voice and wept, whereunto Drive joined a sympathetic howl.

"Fer massy's sake, mother," cried Huldah, snatching up the child and wiping his nubby nose with her apron while she tried to comfort him, "what be you makin' sech a fuss about? There, mother's man, he stop a minute an' hear Drive sing. Just see what a haowdalo you've started. What's the use hev'n a fun'al afore anybody's dead?"

"It's allers the way," whined Mrs. Purington behind her handkerchief; "jes' as soon as ye try tu comfort anybody they git mad, stiddy o' bein' grateful one mossel tu folks a-toilin' 'cross lots tu console 'em, an' a-climbin' fences an' a-scozzlin' through wet grass. I do know why that rowen haint out, a ton tu the acre, an' 'de heart a-bustin' wi' sympathy, an' both feet a-soppin' wet, an' then hev it all took so ongrateful. An' Lisher an' Jerushy," making a blind gesture toward them with the smelling bottle, frugally stopped with her forefinger; "the haint nothin' fer them, as I see, but tu be heve on 't the taown."

"Good airth an' seas, Eunice Pur'n't! Ef I come tu that 't aint no killin' disgrace. Poverty haint no crime, an' I've allers paid my sheer o' the poor tax, an' ef it's my lot tu hev some on 't used for me I shan't consider it no disgrace. But the's lots o' days' works in me an' the ol' woman yit, afore it comes tu that."

"It does seem as if some folks hedn't no shame intu 'em," she said, mournfully; and Sam, entering just then, drew upon himself the consolatory stream.

"O, dear me, suzzy day!" she said, regarding him sorrowfully and reproachfully as she slowly snuffed the hartshorn. "I do hope, Samwil Lovel, 'at you reulize naow what I aller said an' Huldah's father, what yer goo' fer-nothin' huntin' 'ould come tu in the end. Huntin' an' signin' goes han' in han'. O, dear me, suz!"

"Wal, neow," Sam said in a conciliatory tone, "I don't ezactly see what my huntin' hed tu do wi' my signin' wi' that skeezuks. He never went a-huntin' 'long wi' me. Ef I was borned a ternal fool, I do know what the huntin', 'at come arter, hed tu do wi' t. Huntin' sharpens a feller's wits an' I'm most afeared I haint hunted half enough."

She groaned and went on:

"Haow in the livin' worl' anybody c'd trust that sof-

sopin' hippercrite of a Bascom 's more'n I c'n see intu. I allers said f'm the fust 'at he was a scallywag, an' wa'n't tu be trusted a inch. He went off a-owin' me myself tew dollars—twenty dozen aigs the' was—an' forty cents, 'cause I couldn't think o' nothin' I wanted jes' then, never mistrustin' nothin'."

"You must ha' ben a-huntin' that day, mother," Sam suggested.

"Me a-huntin'?" she snorted indignantly, "nob'dy never come to no good a-shoolin' an' a-traipsin' raoun' a-huntin' an'—"

"Taint no sech a thing, Eunice Bord'n." With the hoarse whistling voice came the sound of a footfall and the emphatic planting of a staff on the threshold, and Gran'ther Hill stamped in, glaring savagely at Mrs. Purington, who at once took refuge in her handkerchief and fortified herself with repeated sniffs of the hartshorn.

"It's good fer a man's body an' soul, tu go a-huntin' ef he don't hunt like a cussed hawg, a-gawmin' daown ev'rything he comes tu. A rest tu the body an' a diversion tu the min' fer sech as can enjy sensible diversion, an' haint got a appetite fer fun'als which I haint. Would n't never go tu my own 'f I c'd git red on 't."

The good woman uncovered one eye as this indirect thrust was delivered at one of her well-known weaknesses.

"The' can't nob'dy say 'at ever I went tu a fun'al on'y f'm a sense o' duty, aouten respect tu the deceased an' tu comfort the livin'," she protested in broken accents, "but I declare tu goodness Capting Hill, I won't never go nigh yourn."

"It's hopesin' I won't give ye no 'casion fer a c'nsid'able spell yit, Eunice," said the veteran, smiling grimly, "but I didn't come here tu jaw wi' women. I come here on business wi' Samwil," and he turned toward him without the softening of a line in his stern old visage.

"Hunters is some like sogers in hengin' together, an' I heng tu you, not 'at you're much of a hunter but ye would ha' ben ef I'd hed the bringin' on ye up, but you haint tu blame fer that. I've jest hearn 'at you've got yer foot into a reg'lar bear-trap that blasted Bascom sot fer ye. That comes o' bein' tew ternal clever an' good-natered, which it is the on'y fault o' hunters, an' what allers aided me. The idee is, naow, tu git ye aout on 't, an' I come over tu tell ye 'at I've jest drawed my year's pension, namely, ninety-six dollars, nine-ty six dollars in money, an' I'm goin' tu let ye hev it long as you're a min' tu, 'thaout use, twenty year, mebbey. I shan't want it till I git kin'e ol' an' gin aout."

The while he spoke, Gran'ther Hill drew out a tanned heart-case from his pocket and took out of it a roll of crisp new banknotes which he now began to count out on the table, and having laboriously completed the unusual task, shoved them toward Sam.

"I thank ye more'n I c'n tell, Cap'n Hill," Sam said in a shaking voice, "but I can't take it. I can't give ye no s'curity, an' my note haint wuth the paper it's wrote on naow. I couldn't take it, Cap'n."

"Damn the s'curity. Gim me yer dawg. Ish'd like tu own a ninety-six dollar haoun' dawg. Come, ye got tu take it, Sammy."

Sam shook his head. "No, Cap'n, I can't take it naow, but I'll tell ye what I'll do, if wust comes tu wust, I'll ask ye for 't, an' I'm as 'bleeged tu you as if I hed the money in my pocket," and he thrust the notes back into the veteran's unwilling hand.

"Wel, ef ye won't hev it no other way, so be it," he said, returning it to the heart-case and that to his pocket.

"I don't see no way," whimpered Mrs. Purington; having regained her speech and improving the first opportunity to exercise it, "no way but fer you, Huldah, tu take Bub, an' come hum till things gits settled. The'll be turrible onpleasant things 'at you c'n jest as well git red on. The'll be the vandue, which the hull haouse 'll be run over wuss 'an a donation party, thank goodness, they won't hafter be fed—sheriff's vandue—a-peekin' intu all the charmbars, an' a-trackin' I'm sullen tu garrit, fer there'll be mud, the'allers is, an' a-seein' your vallerdest things sof' afore your face an' eyes, fer mos' nothin'. You take Bub an' come hum."

"Mother," Huldah's voice was tremulous with suppressed indignation and her face flushed with anger, "What sort of a fairweather wife du you s'pose I be, tu sneak off an' leave my man tu stan' the brunt on 't alone? It was fer richer er poorer 'at I promised tu take Sam, an' what I promise I stan' tu, jes' as he does. What hits one, hits both, an' the heft one kerries, t'other takes the' sheer on."

"I do know but you'd better, Huldah," Sam said, "It'll be almighty onpleasant for ye here, as yer mother says."

"I've gone snucks wi' you in all the pleasant things we've come tu, an' so I shall in them that haint." She tossed the boy upon her shoulder and took him to his father, into whose arms she thrust him, where, clinging to Sam's neck, he cast furtive wondering backward glances at his grandmother's woebegone face and the grim visage of Gran'ther Hill.

"Bub haint a-goin' tu leave his daddy in the ruts, is he, nor his mother nuther?" she said, kissing his plump cheek.

"Neow then, Sammy," said Gran'ther Hill, starting in his chair with a sudden recollection, "if you've got any cider 'at's good fer the time o' year as it was this time las' year I want some on 't, fer I'm nigh about kiln-dried wi' talkin' an' hearin' talk. Light a light an' I'll go ri' daown sullen wi' ye, fer Lisher and Timmerthy don't need none, 't aint nourishin' 'nough fer sech ol' critters. Why, they've gone!" as his eyes sought the corner where they had last been. Having received all they desired of Mrs. Purington's consolation they had retired unnoticed to the shop.

As Gran'ther Hill carefully descended the stairs behind Sam, placing each foot twice on every step, he ground his gums till nose and chin met, and whispered hoarsely:

"By the Lord Harry, Lovel, I'll give ye the \$96 aout an' aout if you'll jes' le me choke that mother-n-law o' yourn one minute."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$8 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$4).



# Natural History.

## MAN AND SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Brother Kephart has "come back at me" in such a graceful manner in the snake issue that I feel impelled to send him a brotherly greeting and shake through your friendly columns. I had no intention, however, of exercising such hasty judgment as to place him in the category of game butchers, etc., but merely used his snake incident as a text for a sermon on a subject of much interest to myself, and, I hope, to other humanely disposed sportsmen.

Mr. Kephart with considerable adroitness places me in a very delicate position as between the serpent and the ladies. A gentleman of the name of Adam got into trouble in a somewhat similar conjuncture many years ago. If I have a greater weakness than for snakes it is for the ladies, and if, as Mr. Kephart intimates, the same old grudge continues to subsist between them, rendering all hope of reconciliation impossible, then I would have to separate them. I should first have demonstrated the snake's harmlessness, and if the ladies still declined to extend him social recognition on the picnic grounds (or other grounds) I would have removed him to a safe distance. In the original episode between the serpent and the women, it was the latter who had to retire and leave the serpent in possession of the picnic grounds. But in this more fortunate epoch the ladies are the undisputed presiding genii in all the Gardens of Eden that serve to brighten this otherwise unendurable "footstool," and the snakes must go if they demand it.

I will relate an incident *apropos* to the picnic occurrence. I once rescued an innocent snake from the angry attack of some Irish laborers. The snake was of a species which is very common in this country, of a general olive color, with shadings in large pattern, long and slender in shape, and which, for want of a better name, I call the bird snake, because he is a great climber. I picked him up by the head and tail, and placing him at full length on the trunk of a large tree, he very quickly climbed up out of danger. By the way, the revelation of Capt. Gallup, that snakes have feet is a very interesting one, if he has made no mistake about it.

Mr. Kephart suggests the possibility of a snake getting himself entirely "out of place" by running up his trousers' leg. I have an incident to meet that suggestion, showing the complete compatibility of such a situation. I was once walking in the suburbs of a town with a lady friend, and seeing a small snake coiled on the roadside, I placed my foot lightly on his back. In a few moments, raising my foot to see how the snake was faring, I discovered the end of his tail sticking out from the bottom of my trousers, while his head was about my knee. As this happened to be a garter snake, I recognized the appropriateness of his familiarity. I clasped my hands about my leg, and a slight kick brought him out. The lady, strange to say, did not "take a fit," nor make any demonstration, but viewed the whole proceeding very coolly.

Last summer my attention was attracted by the scolding of several bluejays about the roots of a tree near my office window. Going out to the tree, I discovered what I expected, a bird snake among its roots. I picked him up, and carrying him across the street to a Jew store, I placed him in the show case among the "fine jewelry," cravats, collars, etc. The Jew was delighted with his novel acquisition, thinking the snake would prove a "taking card," and attract customers. But he afterward told me that "de niggers wouldn't come in de store wid dat snake in dere," and so he sent his snakeship to a saloon near by, but he proved to be *non grata* to the saloon-keeper also, who dispatched him.

A word about the "glass snake," alluded to by Mr. Kephart. I was for a long time skeptical about the existence of such a creature, classing him along with stinging snakes, ghosts, etc., but did conceive that there might be a snake with an extra long tail of very brittle constitution, like that of some lizards, which theory was confirmed not long ago by seeing a specific description of a specimen by a writer who described what he himself saw, and who impressed me as being an accurate observer. The specimen, as I remember the description, was about 20in. long, and considerably more than half its length was tail, consisting of thin transverse laminae, with a very small and tender vertebral column in the middle, which readily separated, from a slight blow with a switch.

COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, Miss., March 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his museum in St. Augustine Dr. Vedder has several specimens of the "glass snake," which is a lizard (*Ophiosaurus ventralis*), known to naturalists as the serpent lizard. It has no legs and its locomotion is that of a serpent. Back of the vital parts its body is very brittle, owing to delicate articulation, and when seized by the tail or the after part of the body it breaks in two. Dr. Vedder says that hawks sometimes strike the glass snake just behind the stomach, and make away with what they have seized of the creature; but what is left is after all the whole snake except its tail. When broken in this way it grows a new tail, but only an inch or two long, and of perfect taper. The glass snake is very slender; some of those shown by Dr. Vedder are from 18in. to 2ft. in length.

E. H. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been somewhat worked up by the various articles recently in dear FOREST AND STREAM on the snake question. "Coahoma" evidently knows what he is talking about, though I do not agree with him entirely. But I did not suppose any one living in a snake country doubted the ability, especially of the black species, to climb trees. Of course they are climbers, and pretty good ones, too. How they do it I do not pretend to demonstrate. The first big blacksnake that I remember to have seen in a tree in my boyhood days was on a limb of a small tree, some 8 or 10ft. from the ground. My attention was called to the spot by the twittering and fluttering of a bird, as though in distress. Upon approaching and gazing through the bushes, which were quite thick thereabouts, I discovered a large snake coiled about a limb, his head erect, his eyes glittering and mouth open, facing a small bird on the same limb and but a few feet away. The bird

seemed fascinated, charmed, I verily believed, by the black scoundrel, and could only flutter and feebly protest. Had I not interfered, the little thing would have soon fallen a victim, and the nest of little ones would have soon followed. I popped the robber over, when the little warbler immediately fell to the ground, where for a few moments it fluttered feebly, then seemed to gather strength as the charm passed off, raised its little head, shook itself and was off to a neighboring bush. This was a blacksnake nearly 4ft. in length.

I have killed many since, some much larger. I never spare them. Why, it is as natural for a boy to hate a snake and kill them as it is for him to eat molasses candy or go a-fishing. It is inherent and requires no education. Does it not say, "And the seed of the woman shall bruise his head with his heel." It is born in us. What singular tastes some people have to tolerate or love a snake when even the smell of the little garter or grass snake, the most harmless of all, is sickening. After handling one the odor will hang to your fingers all day.

As to tree climbing, do you not recall the anecdote of Audubon? I believe its authenticity has never been questioned. Upon one of his excursions he discovered the hole of a flicker or yellowhammer (highhole we used to call them when a boy), on a dead tree some 40ft. from the ground. The naturalist was soon up the tree, and thrusting his hand into the hole for the eggs or young birds, when with a yell he let go and came straight down the 40ft. to the ground. His attendant rushed up to him exclaiming, "My dear master, are you hurt?" Upon gathering himself up and giving himself a shake or two, he replied in his broken English, "No, but if you want see one scare snake, look in dat hole." He had put his hand on a black fellow enjoying his dinner of the eggs or young. A surprise probably to both parties.

I like "Hermit's" article and especially Mr. Beal's. It is natural to hate a snake, and I will kill them whenever I come across them, and will go out of my way, and even miss a shot at grouse to lay out a black one—one of those deceitful, merciless scoundrels, what good are they any way? They are not very good to eat, though the Indians, some of them, think so, and from curiosity when sojourning with them I have tasted roasted rattlesnake; which is a rich dish with some tribes. The meat was white and very sweet, but I don't hanker after it. But a black-snake or a water adder, augh! If we wish to preserve the eggs of our quail or grouse or even of the little warblers that make our glens and woodlands vocal we must declare war upon the crawling gormandizers. We can't have both. There is an irrepressible conflict and it is the choice between the two. For me, give me birds around my woodland home, and not the sneaking, slimy woods pirate. All things living are created by Providence for some wise purpose, we are told, even mosquitoes and roaches. Nevertheless for our own protection and comfort we kill them. Hence I am down on snakes.

JACOBSTAFF.

[Mr. Kephart's original inquiry, in our issue of Jan. 27, was not as to whether blacksnakes climb trees, for we all know that they do, but "how does a snake descend a nearly vertical surface so very slowly without perceptible muscular movement in a perfectly straight line, when its belly scales slope the wrong way for the trip?"

## Albino Specimens.

CINCINNATI, O.—I read an interesting account in a recent FOREST AND STREAM of an albino redwing blackbird, and the writer wishes to know if any one knows of another such specimen. I never heard of this freak before occurring in the redwing, although it is just as apt to happen in them as in any other kind of bird, animal or human being. Albinos should be considered rare and procured and preserved whenever possible, and I here suggest that the work of preserving be given to a reliable taxidermist, as another albino of the same type or species may never be procured again. We have in our Cuvier Club albinos, among which is a purple grackle (crow blackbird). The top of head, back of neck, back, tail, long feathers in wings and toenails are white; bill, throat, breast, legs and part of the wings black as in the ordinary color.

Another is a robin which is a perfect albino. Another is a red-tailed hawk, a perfect albino excepting the eyes which I believe are black. Two quail are not white but between pink and light brown; the heads are a trifle lighter in color than in the original type. Of two crows, one is snow white with pink eyes, and the other is a more soiled specimen, and the eyes are black. We also have albino squirrels which seem to be quite common. I remember a perfect albino squirrel whose home is under the eaves of the Cleft House at Devil's Lake, Wisconsin. This one was a very tame one and a little tapping on the tree near the house would bring him down and he would not refuse to take nuts from one's hands.

F. B. MAGILL.

## "The Leaping Ouananiche."

THE ouananiche is rapidly coming into prominence, and is attracting the attention of anglers everywhere. Little has ever been published concerning where, when and how to catch this fish; and to answer the questions constantly being asked on all sides regarding it, Mr. Eugene McCarthy has written a brochure, which will be ready in a few days. Paper, price 50 cents. Published and for sale by Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York.

## Where to Find Game.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America, the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.—adv.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

# Game Bag and Gun.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

## TWO DEER WITH ONE BULLET.

READING an article entitled "Strange Coincidences" reminded me of two curious double shots, one of which befel me while hunting and camping in the Adirondacks. We had been fairly successful with the rod and were in no need of venison, as the two hams of a fat young buck still remained to satisfy our present needs. For several days we made no effort to replenish our larder in that line of goods until the hams had almost gone and the dismal prospect of salt ham and pork made fresh meat a necessity.

One evening, after many previous unsuccessful ones, while my friend and the guide had departed down the river with the boat, I set out to look at an old skiff on the bank, with the prospect of doing a little floating on my own account. I waited until the two hunters got well started, as I knew they would only ridicule the notion of my trying to handle the paddle and rifle alone. Taking my Winchester I started on my lonely way toward the landing, it was about a mile distant and I hoped to get there, look at the boat, and if it was all right return and get the lantern, etc., before dark. I made the trip in a half hour and found the old boat a useless hulk and in such ill repair that I gave up all hopes and started back to camp. Dusk had already advanced sufficiently to make objects rather indistinct and my progress through the brush was by no means noiseless. In one place the trail led through a patch of moss-covered tamarack and there silence reigned supreme. Just as I turned a sharp corner around a huge boulder, three large gray objects sprang from the brush with a crash, not thirty feet away. All was indistinct, but during that exciting moment I managed to recover myself enough to draw a bead on one of the fleeting objects. A puff of smoke and all was over. I ran forward eagerly to see what damage I had done, and to my unutterable surprise found a four-year-old buck lying over a log with a .45-70 through his sleek blue neck. After examining my trophy carefully I came to the conclusion that this was not the deer I had shot at. Of course this was by no means flattering to my marksmanship and sorely puzzled me. I examined all the tracks with great care and found that three deer had broken cover at my approach, and what was my astonishment when I discovered another track running horizontally with the one of the deer I had shot. Following this up a short way, I noticed spots of blood on the moss, and could hardly believe my eyes when I almost stumbled over the carcass of a doe shot clean through the heart. Gradually things unraveled themselves. Evidently I had shot at the deer running nearest to me, and that was the doe. The uncanny bullet had penetrated her fragile frame and struck the buck which was running horizontally with her on the further side. Of course I found him first, as the shot broke his spine and he fell in his tracks instantly.

I had a great laugh on the hunters who returned unsuccessful and almost frozen, and of course they would not believe what I said until they had seen the deer. This is the only instance that I know to be true, except one other, where a man has taken a quick shot at a bounding deer and had the luck to kill not only the one he fired at but a second also with the same bullet.

G. STANTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## YELLOWSTONE PARK NOTES.

LAST month Capt. G. S. Anderson, superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, sent out a party of scouts to the buffalo country in Hayden Valley to learn how the game was wintering.

The party left the post on Feb. 10 and got back on the 20th. They encountered bitterly cold weather but had few snow storms, and no trouble in getting about. They saw 50 elk on Swan Lake flat, and at the Yellowstone Cañon counted 300 on the other side of the river. About 200 were seen on Pelican Creek. Of buffalo, they saw 12—4 of them calves—on Astringen Creek, a branch of Pelican; 45 in the Hayden Valley; 9 of these being calves; another bunch of 40 with 7 calves, another of 23 with 4 calves, and two little bunches of 7 and 6 each. They also saw two buffalo on Nez Percé Creek and saw signs of more. From all this it is apparent that the buffalo are more scattered this winter than usual, and that a good many of them are on the east side of the Yellowstone River. This goes to show that they are wintering well, since when snows are deep they are apt to collect in the Hayden Valley. Besides the elk mentioned, above 300 were seen on Sour Creek and 18 in the Hayden Valley.

A week or two since a despatch appeared in the New York papers stating that poachers had killed in the Yellowstone Park a whole herd of buffalo, that the poachers had been captured by the troops, and that Capt. Anderson had them in the guard house at Ft. Sheridan. This on its face appeared to be a fake, for any news from the Yellowstone Park would not come to us from a point so distant and to the west as Boise City, Idaho. There is not the slightest reason for believing that there is any truth in the despatch.

A rumor was recently current at Livingston and Cinnabar that two men whom Capt. Anderson had in the guard house in December, have gone out to the Hayden Valley for buffalo, but nothing definite is known about this. There is probably nothing in it. An old offender is known to have recently been over on Pelican Creek with a toboggan. He was not seen, but some of the soldiers got on his trail and followed it out by Soda Butte, which he passed in the night and then went on to Cooke.

A snowshoe party from Fort Sheridan crossed over Mount Everts on snowshoes about the middle of February and saw 103 elk, besides a very large herd which they could not count more than a mile distant from them. They also saw 33 mule deer, a band of sheep very close to them, but most of them over the hill and out of sight, and about 250 or more antelope.

A few days after this the same party went through the Swan Lake basin on snowshoes, and found it full of elk which were busily employed digging at the snow to get at the grass, and seemed in good order.



## DIXIE LAND.—II.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

## The Welsh Rarebit and the Quail Shoot.

As we were saying about the Welsh rarebit at Little Rock, Mrs. Irwin announced that if Mr. Irwin and I would come back from our quail shoot at some sort of decent hour in the evening, she would do us the favor of building for us, in her new chafing dish, and in her own parlors, a Welsh rarebit which would make our hair curl, or words to that effect. We promised faithfully to be there, and the story of how we weren't there has a great deal to do with our quail shoot.

"When Col. Felton of Chicago, and his friend, Mr. Jacus of Buffalo, were here last winter," said Mr. Irwin, "we got fair shooting one evening about three miles out of town, but I don't think there are so many birds there this winter. We will go down to Mr. Pemberton's plantation, about ten miles down the river. I haven't seen the old gentleman for some time, but he has invited me to come, and I have been wanting for a long time to go out and call on him. It's a longish drive over a sand road, so we'll have to start early in the morning."

## A Mysterious Voice.

It was a little after 4 A. M. when we ate breakfast at a neighboring all-night restaurant and began our journey in the misty gloom of the winter morning. We jogged along slowly with nothing to entertain us until just about half an hour before dawn, when we were passing a little clump of negro cabins gathered along the roadside. Here we were startled by hearing a deep voice, apparently of one in sore distress, which came from one of the tumble-down shanties. There was no light in the cabin, and it was barely gray dawn outside, all of which made the sound of the deep-toned voice the more mysterious and thrilling.

"Hold on, Mr. Irwin, there's some one getting hurt in there," said I. "Let's stop and take in the fun." So we pulled up, not ten feet from the gate near which the cabin stood, our wheels making no noise on the damp sand.

"Oh, Lawd! oh, bressed Lawd!" said the deep voice, most dismal and gruesome in the uncanny twilight. Not another sound came from the house, not a motion as of one coming to the aid of the sufferer. We held our breath in expectation.

"Oh, Heavenly Father!" resumed the voice, and then fetched a groan you could have heard forty rods. Seeing something peculiar on Mr. Irwin's face, I sat still. The voice broke out into an incoherent, jumbled chant, a singsong of half barbaric but certainly fluent exhortation.

"Send Dy powah," chanted the voice, "roun' de worl! Make de han' o' grace an' chasetisemen' felt everywhah! Yea, everywhah let light dose shine throo' ther veil er niquitousness. Pejuce Dy token, Lawd, an' make these yer people feel ther sign!"

"Get up, Bill!" said Mr. Irwin, irreverently, and we drove on. "Do you know what that old fellow was doing?"

"Why, I reckon he was praying," I replied.

"No he wasn't. He was just rehearsing his prayer."

"Meaning—?"

"Don't you see that building there with the spire on it, just back of his cabin? Well, that's a nigger church and this old fellow is no doubt the preacher. It's safe to say his wife and about eight or ten children are asleep yet in that same cabin, and he gets up early to practice on his prayer while there's no one around. These niggers are the greatest grand-stand workers on earth. When this old fellow lights in among 'em at their next meeting he'll have a prayer so fervent and fluent that he'll be congratulated on it, and if you heard him you'd think every word was spontaneous and sincere. They've got to have religion and they got to have it their own way, and I reckon our friend there believes there is no excellence without great labor."

This was a new experience for me, and so odd and unreal that I can shut my eyes and see the whole dim scene again, and hear the musical intoning of the old black hypocrite in his mutational "rasslin'" as plainly as if he were at hand.

## More Negro Nature.

Three-quarters of an hour later we had another experience of negro nature. We drove down into the sandy flat along which the Arkansas River rolled its turbid flood just a little while after daybreak, having timed our trip so as to catch the first boat of the ferry by which we were at this point to cross the river. The ferryboat, a truly nondescript craft, operated by steam generated in a risky-looking donkey engine, was operated by a negro captain and crew. Unfortunately the boat, the captain and the crew were all on the other side of the river from us, a quarter of a mile away, and there they stayed, while for nearly an hour we got along as best we could in the morning wind that swept up the valley. All our hails were answered to the effect that the boat was "Comin' right away, boss," and when finally it did churn itself across those niggers thought they had been hurrying.

## At the Plantation.

Across the river we had only a mile and a half of our journey to compass, and this we found led through a wide bottom covered on the one hand with great trees and upon the other with wide cotton fields. At the dividing line stood Mr. Pemberton's plantation house, or rather houses, for there was quite a group of smaller buildings about the residence house. Many negroes and some dogs were on the outposts as we drove up, and dominating these appeared the tall form of the planter himself.

"Come in, come in," said he, "and sit by the fire. Have you had your breakfast?" We told him we had, and that all we needed was his consent and company for a try at a few of his birds.

"Well, you'll have to eat another breakfast," said he, and Miss Pemberton insisting likewise, we yielded and did so very cheerfully. This gave me a chance at four square meals and the Welsh rarebit that day, so I had some hopes of being able to get the best of my awful appetite.

"Sit down now and take it easy," said Mr. Pemberton after breakfast. "The niggers have put your horse up and there's no hurry about going out to kill those birds. They'll be there when we get ready, and lots of 'em. You're never going back to town this day, I'll tell you that right now."

"Oh yes, we must," said Mr. Irwin, "my wife will be expecting me back."

"Well, she won't see you," said our host, calmly, as he lit his pipe with a splinter at the open fire. "You needn't think we haven't got any meat and bread in the house, because we have got a little, and you're welcome. You haven't been out here for three years, and your friend never was here at all before. He mustn't come all the way from Chicago down here for a little shooting, and then go back the first day he gets here. He'd say we turned him out. No sir, you'll never get away till tomorrow, and maybe not then."

Mr. Irwin smiled at me and gave up the unequal fight, though still verbally protesting he must go. "Well, how are birds, anyhow?" he asked.

"Thousands of 'em," said Mr. Pemberton, "and I'm mighty glad you came. I've got two of the best dogs on earth—you can't beat 'em anywhere in the world. My pup Pat has the finest nose a pointer ever did have, and Grover—you know he's a brother to your dog Jack, that I gave you—well, he's so much better than Jack that I feel sorry for you. If you came here oftener than once in three years, I might give you a good dog, some day."

"That's all right," said Mr. Irwin, "my dogs have run all the way out from town this morning, but I'll bet you'll want to tie yours up before mine get through with them." And so on, and so on; for these two always had wordy wars, the "old man," as Mr. Irwin called him—for Mr. Pemberton was in the three-score neighborhood, though still very erect and vigorous—being an unmerciful guy, as I learned later.

I ventured to ask how far out we would need to walk that morning, and Mr. Pemberton replied:

"Walk? Why, we won't walk at all. Young man, where were you raised? We'll ride to our shooting, and we'll ride when we shoot. Didn't you ever see any good shooting from horseback? Well, we'll give you a touch of that if you like."

Sure enough, after a time the colored boys brought three fine saddlers up to the gate, and filling our pockets with shells, and taking along a further supply in a saddle-horn bag, we set out at a canter through the wood.

"Isn't the old gentleman a fine horseman?" said Mr. Irwin to me, as we both fell back together.

"I was just about to mention it," said I, looking at the easy erect figure on the big black ahead of us. Indeed, I do not think I ever saw a better horseback figure in my life, and since I returned to the city I have often looked with pity at some of the fancy boulevard equestrians, wondering how they would feel if the unconsciously graceful and masterful seat of such a born horseman should appear among them.

## Among the Birds.

We were only about half a mile from the house when we struck our first bevy, and soon all four of the dogs were roading and pointing running birds on a cotton field. From that time on until evening we were hardly out of sight of the game at any time for longer than a few minutes. Quail shooting I consider to be the most enjoyable and sportsmanlike of any American sport with the shot-gun, and here we had it in quality not to be surpassed anywhere on earth. True enough I found Mr. Irwin's assertion that up till that time I had never known what quail shooting was. No Northern shooter can form any just idea of the sport, and I confess I was astonished. Here was a country perfectly level, mostly of grass-bordered cotton fields, with corn, sedge and thicket in abundance, but with none of the exasperating features of the Northern tall cover. In the North you find your bevy, say, in the open, and it takes to the timber; then you have hard finding and hard shooting. Here nearly all shooting was in the open and consequently very easy, for a quail is not a hard bird to hit when you get it out where you can see it. All the surroundings were easy and pleasant, and there were birds, birds, birds everywhere! I never saw so many. We kept track of twenty full, big bevies, though there may have been more, and as the day was in January, and as we began at about 10 or 11 in the morning and stopped before dusk, it may be imagined what the stock of game was. All alternation of shots over points was forgotten, for the four dogs kept us all as busy as we liked. And four mighty good dogs they were, too, with not a poor nose in the lot, and displaying all those steady qualities which a dog will acquire from hunting where there is plenty of game to take the edge off his eagerness. Everything was perfect, and I think mortal man will never have any more fun than we did. For the first time I saw some of the Southern method of shooting from horseback, and my belief in the powers of a good shot to make a bag that way rose very rapidly. Mr. Pemberton told me that when he was in form (he had had an attack of grip) that he thought he could kill practically as many birds from the saddle as he could from the ground. In this shooting, of course, much depends on the horse. A well-trained horse is perfectly quiet and undisturbed by the shooting. The dogs are trained in retrieving to stand up with their front feet on the saddle skirts and deliver the game without the rider dismounting at all.

It would be impossible to describe in detail a day's shooting like this, for there would be too much detail, too many finds, too much good work, too many fine shots, to remember, let alone describe. I know we did not work to make a great bag, but we had a magnificent bag that evening none the less, about 75 birds, if I remember. Mr. Irwin accounted for the most of the birds. Mr. Pemberton and I found the weather pretty warm, and along in the middle of the day took it easy, doing more talking than shooting, I fear. It was Mr. Pemberton's especial delight to chaff Mr. Irwin, and if the latter ever missed a shot, woe to him.

"Well, Joe Irwin," he would hear, "I tell you what I think. I think you'd better put up your gun and go back to the house and send one of the bigger boys out to take your place. Why, if I shot as poor as you do, I'd be ashamed to leave town, I would indeed. Seems to me like you shoot poorer every year I know you."

The humor of this was that Mr. Irwin really was shooting very well indeed, as he always does, he being one of the best field shots I ever saw, and moreover possessed of the ardor and tirelessness which do so much toward "making a good bag." But Mr. Irwin was not alone the subject of our jovial host's berating.

"Walk in there and shoot, you newspaper man," he would say to me when one of the dogs had a point. "I'll bet you can beat Joe Irwin, though there's no glory in that. Shoot now, and if you miss that bird we'll throw you in the river."

Of course under such circumstances one had to kill his bird, and this being done, it was a pleasure to hear the old gentleman say with a suppressed snort of laughter:

"Humph! Well you did happen to hit one, didn't you. I'm glad of one thing, and that is that your paper didn't send a blame little dude down here to represent it. Say, aint most all newspaper men dudes?"

I assured Mr. Pemberton that FOREST AND STREAM didn't have a dude on the staff, which seemed to please him a great deal, but didn't take the edge off from his appetite for fun. For instance, when we stopped at a small and very reluctant well at one of the bottom cabins, I asked him if the water had any malaria in it.

"Full of it," said he, cheerfully, "plumb full of it. If you drink any of it you'll have the shakes before you get to town. Better not drink any." Though all the time he knew I was bathed in perspiration and perishing of a thirst which not even an actual chance at malaria would have deterred.

And so our pleasant day wore on, full of fun and jollity, and points and kills, and with a bag which toward evening was heavy enough, in all conscience, for the most sanguine or sanguinary sportsman. In the twenty bevies of which we kept track there were probably 300 birds at least, for the bevies had not been broken up and were very large. Of course, we put up many birds the second and third time, and in fact had the whole country full of scattered birds. Two-thirds of our day was put in on a little strip of country, perhaps three-quarters of a mile long by half a mile wide.

All this part of Arkansas is full of cockleburs, which grow in rankness and profusion unknown in the North. It was easy to understand the local preference for the pointer over the setter. Indeed, it would have been fairly inhumane to put a setter into some of the burr patches we shot over, to say nothing of the labor of combing him out at night.

As my friend had predicted, we did not leave for town that night, Mr. Pemberton rebelling at all mention of it. We ate a supper which I wish I could duplicate in Chicago, and at about the time Mrs. Irwin was getting her chafing dish ready for the Welsh rarebit which should console two hungry shooters, the said two hungry shooters were basking in the warmth of Mr. Pemberton's fireplace, with no messenger to explain their delinquency.

In the morning we put in a little time along the road on our host's plantation, and picked up a few more birds. Mr. Pemberton accompanying us well on our way. We could not induce him to take a bird for his own use. "I could always get all I wanted," said he, "but they're not good to eat. Same way with a duck. A duck is too muddy-tasting for me to eat. If you want something fine just take a young cottontail rabbit." Accordingly, the last we saw of our hospitable friend, he was making off at a hard gallop across the fields, the saddle skirts of his big black saddle covered with cottontails we had shot along the thickets. And all I hope is that I may some day hand him up another, and see the smile of supreme content with which he will receive his favorite game—cottontail, in the midst of millions of quail!

Mr. Pemberton told us that the country we shot over was not long ago full of deer, turkey and bear. The former were pretty well cleaned out, and for bear, he thought one would have to go to the rougher hill or swamp country of the State. We had many a story of the old bear-hunting days.

Mr. Irwin and I were eighteen hours behind our engagement when we drove up to the Richelieu that day, to discover Mrs. Irwin sitting with the ruins of a Welsh rarebit about her and a look of reproach upon her face.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## IN WEST VIRGINIA COVERS.

WHEELING, W. Va.—The close of the year found our covers depleted of quail. Last night whole coveys were found under an icy crust that they could not break through. In fact they were practically exterminated. A few solitary birds were heard whistling about the fields last summer. In the fall we failed to find more than one covey. Captain Booth, of the steamer Hudson and I hunted the Tomson and Johnson farms, the largest individual estates in the valley, and failed to find a single quail. Years ago these magnificent farms yielded from thirty to sixty birds in a day's hunt. Imagine our feelings, as we sat on a rail fence after the day's tramp with a couple of tired and disgusted dogs at our feet, and recalled former hunts in the halcyon days. Our day's hunt yielded but a solitary pheasant; the Captain killed him in the willows at the river's edge, a very unusual occurrence.

I endeavored to get a few birds to winter but did not succeed. Mr. G. O. Smith, of this city, purchased nine dozen Western quail at his own expense. I am marking their condition from day to day with jealous eye; and call back the old dog as he breaks from heel into their stubble home. Poor old fellow, he does not seem quite to understand why I am not willing to let him hunt pheasants in the woodland, as we occasionally pass down the wood road, and refuse to let him hunt quail in the stubble. However, I think the old fellow will find me willing to follow his lead, when the sere and yellow leaf is falling again. Some day I will take down the old gun, and with a smile of expectant pleasure will whistle for you—old dog, and you will come bounding to me with shining eyes, and fairly cover me with caresses, and then scatter the chickens right and left as you merrily lead the way to the stubble field. You will stop just at the edge of the field to wait for me; and you will trail slowly a little ways, then with head to the wind you will make one of your grand casts; and half-way around the field you will turn and come toward me, and stop with one foot raised and foam falling from your jaws, and there you will stand until I come up. The old gun will crack sharply on the open air; two birds will fall (of course, not less), and you will bring them and lay them gently in my hand. What joy will be ours on that day, old dog, until the twilight from the sinking sun has disappeared and all nature hushes down to sweet repose.

Squirrels and rabbits are very scarce here. Pheasants are fairly plenty, and seem to be holding their own. I love to stroll down through their haunts, the old wood road. There is a wild, weird beauty about these winter woods until nature awakens them. Oak, hemlock and beech deeply shade the road, and from the great trees of this primeval forest swaying grapevines swing to and fro in the shadows. Here and there evergreen trees dot the



forest roadside and embellish the sleeping forest with an emerald green. Great rocks line the roadside, and at some places form the forest floor. Scrub pines grow here and there in crevices on these rocky ledges; and where trees cast their shade moss grows in scanty patches. Around these ledges in patches of blackberry, sumack and haw bushes is the home of the pheasant. On sunny winter days these rocky shelves are his favorite dusting places. Let us stroll over and view his home. Having a good view of the road and our approach, he was on his guard. The setter comes to a stand; there is a moment of silence. Five pheasants plunge headlong into the thicket and down into the ravine below. Sure enough this is his home. At the thicket edge is his drumming log. Mark to the left. Our setter is pointing; as we take a step toward him he discovers his mistake, looks toward you and wags his tail. Never mind, old fellow; it is not necessary to apologize. Better a mistake now and then than a lost bird is our motto when hunting pheasants. Let us follow this cow path down through the thicket. What strange looking tree is that to the right of the path—a crabapple in this out of the way place. See, where they have been building! It looks as though chickens had been roosting here. A cliff rises behind, from whose abrupt walls hang festoons of gray moss that sway to the passing breeze. From the very top a pheasant hurls himself into mid air with roar that sounds strangely loud on the winter air. A stone fence slopes down to the pasture field below. A ground squirrel sounds his rasping bark, then retires to his hole in the fence, closely pursued by the setter. Along its moss-grown sides, among fallen rocks, overgrown with partidge berry and wild honeysuckle, is the home of the cottontail. It is also the highway for squirrels; in early spring many a trophy falls to the unerring rifle.

Pasture and forest descending in gentle undulations form a cross-country prospect that makes a delightful environment; in yonder springy meadow that winds between bushy thickets of alders is a splendid woodcock ground. Dull, yet picturesque, it lies under the gray winter sky. Let us turn back and cut across the woods to home. The setter has a point; they are waiting and settle in the stubblefield; the setter comes to heel, stops and looks wistfully back, then follows homeward. CUMBERLAND.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES AND NOTIONS.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The near approach of spring and the opening of the trout season, April 15, is looked forward to with joyful anticipations by our sportsmen, each being determined in advance to catch a few more fish this year and to put a few more days into the sport than in any previous year. Hope and anticipation furnishing a large share of the pleasures of life, fortunate indeed are we that there is no possible hindrance to taking full advantage of that phase of our temporal career. The tackle of last season will soon be under inspection, the useless discarded and new put in its place, of better design, if experience has taught that there is better to be had, the early worm will be laid in wait for and the early bird will not profit by his capture, and then the fun will begin.

The past winter has been an unusually prolific one for rabbit hunters. The strings have not run up to what they were known to thirty years ago, when the late Col. John B. Clarke and a couple of companions would go out and bring in anywhere from twenty to forty a day, but among recent seasons this has taken the lead. The best string contained fourteen and the next eleven. In the aggregate the number taken here since September has been immense. W. C. Clarke, Dr. D. S. Adams, Charles and George M. Clark, J. B. Estey and Warren F. Wheeler have been the most successful parties, nearly all of them own excellent dogs, and every one of them are adepts at the business.

During the early part of the season foxes were wonderfully thick in adjoining towns, and hunters had the best sport of their lives. So far as I have been able to learn Walter J. Whiting stands at the head with 14 pelts to his credit, and Edgar H. Kelsea next, with 9. For some reason the run of luck did not extend through many towns, as the last two months have shown slim returns from the sport. It is not that the supply of game has run out, as the farmers report foxes still plenty and as mischievous as ever. There have of late been deep snows, crusts and generally poor running, but the knowing ones advance the theory, as the principal cause of the recent poor showing, that most of the dogs used are too fast, causing the experienced reynards to go too far, and entirely out of reach, and, usually, sight of the hunter, many of those started heading for miles straight across the country, as though they had business in an adjoining county of a permanent nature.

Profiting by the knowledge of the benefit derived from the establishment of the Merrimack County Fish and Game League, the sportsmen of Hillsborough county recently met and organized a Game and Protective Association. W. C. Clarke was chosen president, and C. J. Darrah secretary and treasurer. The Association is securing a large membership and can do a great work for the fraternity in the county, if the interest of the individual members in the matter does not end with the signing of the constitution and the settlement of yearly dues, as is far too often the case, leaving all the practical work for the enforcement of the laws and the carrying out of the designs of the organization to the officers. The Association started out with the best of officers, but like a vessel on a cruise, in order to make a satisfactory voyage, it will require the co-operation of every man connected with the craft. This State has long had good fish and game laws, but like the prohibitory law of which some are so proud, they have fallen far short of accomplishing their purpose. The New Hampshire Fish and Game Law has existed many years, possessed commendable purposes and has done considerable good, but covering so large a territory made it unwieldy, many of its foremost members have died, others have moved out of the State or lost their interest, and for the past two years little has been heard from it, in fact it seems to have nearly or quite passed into oblivion. It was apparent that something must be done for the preservation of the sportsman's interests and a county association seemed the most feasible plan to pursue.

As an illustration of the lack of interest taken in the enforcement of the game laws, I may note that a deer was killed on Merrimack common, in the heart of this city, a few weeks ago, being surrounded and captured by

a mob; then clubbed to death and spirited away, few knew where and none made any effort to ascertain, notwithstanding there is a law imposing a fine of \$50 or six months' imprisonment, or both, covering such an act, yet there was no one to prosecute the offender. The animal was started in the town of Auburn and run by dogs to the scene of his ignominious death. There were those who claimed that it was lawful to kill any wild animal in the thickly settled part of the town, as they might do someone harm, or frighten a horse perhaps. If admitting that his presence here was a source of danger, after being unlawfully hounded to the place where he was liable to cause trouble, is it not the part of sound reasoning that the person responsible for his being driven to such a place should be the sufferer, rather than the deer, and made to settle all such damages, and the law-protected animal allowed life and liberty. It is my impression that those who killed that deer were fortunate that they had the dreamy New Hampshire League to avoid instead of the new County Association.

Herbert F. Green, one of the brightest young sportsmen of this city, as well as an ardent boatman, met with a fatal accident the 3d inst. While cleaning a revolver a cartridge left in one of the chambers was by some means exploded and the ball penetrated the man's heart. It was unquestionably an accident, but the circumstances surrounding it will never be understood, as the victim was alone and "what might have been" will continue to be sad words, in his case, as certainly as "what was" is deeply deplored by his hosts of friends.

A singular, and as far as I have been able to learn, unprecedented accident, occurred in my presence a few days ago. A hunter was firing at a target, using a high grade 12-bore hammerless gun, with a special smokeless shell, No. 3 primer, 45grs. Schultze powder and 1½oz. shot. When he pulled the trigger to the right barrel the primer was forced from the shell, crowded back the firing pin and followed it into the stock, accompanied by sufficient powder and force to blow a hole in the side about 4×¼ in., throwing the piece of stock 20ft. The barrel was clear, he had fired the gun thousands of times, and used many pounds of the same kind of powder with universal pleasure. Unless some one rises to explain I shall set the occurrence down as a freak of either the powder, shell or gun, with the weight of probability of capriciousness resting on the first named. Possibly the gun was made up wrong end to? PAYSON.

## STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

CLARENDON, Ark.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your discussion of methods for preventing the wholesale slaughter of game is indeed timely, and I believe your ideas could be successfully executed if the sportsmen of the country would lend their active co-operation—that is, use their personal influence with representatives to procure certain legislation. A personal talk with the legislator is worth months of public agitation.

Prohibiting the sale of game at all seasons would have the desired result in many of the States, but in the South a tax on guns in addition thereto would be necessary. There are very few market-hunters in the South, especially in this case in Arkansas. The colored brother with his smooth-bore musket or pot-metal breech-loader is the gentleman we want to stop. He hunts in season and out of season, and woe be unto whatever crosses his path—fat hogs not excepted. The negroes live in the country district in the midst of the game, with probably not more than one white family to the square mile, and thus situated they violate the game laws with impunity. A small tax on guns—say \$5 or \$2.50 each—would afford much relief, and, so far as the South is concerned, accomplish more practical good than anything that could be added to the game laws already on the statutes. I do not believe that such a tax would conflict with or abridge the privilege to bear arms that is guaranteed by the Constitution.

The sportsmen of this State and other States where the game is still fairly plentiful will soon be confronted with the same conditions that now confront those of older States. Ten years have wrought wonderful changes here. Then it was considered nothing unusual to bag thirty or forty prairie chickens in an afternoon's hunt; now it is doubtful if a thousand of these birds exist on all of Grand Prairie. Ten years ago our veteran hunter, Dr. R. M. West, killed sixty-six deer; he was delighted last season over a score of fourteen. Ten years ago more than forty coveys of quail could be found around the outskirts of Clarendon; season before last I found but thirteen coveys, and last season I found only four on the same grounds. It is the same as regards other game. Only a few more years at the present rate will be required to complete the work of extermination. Whatever is to be done should be gone ahead with at once; delay would be to simply "lock the stable door after the horse had been stolen."

WM. E. SPENCER.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sportsmen of Vermont are with you in your fight against the market-hunter. We'll take that plank of yours and with the aid of all intelligent voters in this country we'll close the entrance to that slaughter pen into which countless thousands of our game birds and animals are driven each year. Now don't imagine for a moment that I want to stop the market-hunter from killing fifty birds a day to support his wife and babies and allow the so-called sportsman to kill a hundred to give to his friends or rot in the garbage barrel. "H. C. S." in your edition of Feb. 24 touched the keynote to a theme that has run in my head for a long time when he said, "Count me one against the market-hunter, and when you get through with him, then there is another man who is just as bad, and I sometimes think worse, who wants looking after badly. He does not go round with a muzzle-loader and yaller dog." On the contrary he generally has the finest of outfits and is a good shot. He is the man who kills a hundred ducks a day and boasts about it." If some poor fellow breaks away from his weary round of toil and spends a day in the fragrant woods or pleasant fields, breathing God's pure air and getting in touch with all nature, then if he sells the contents of his bag to replenish his always slender purse, he is a "blamed pot-hunter," while the individual "H. C. S." describes may spend weeks afield, slaughter game right and left, and the world of sportsmen smiles its approval.

"Kelpie" comes in good and strong on the chorus in the

March 3 number when he writes, "But what business has any man, be he prince or peasant, with more than a dozen birds in a day, or with more than one, or at most two, deer in a season?"

I am very much pleased to hear these sentiments expressed in your columns, and I want to raise my voice in a loud amen. These few words may fall to earth before reaching their mark, but I have relieved my mind, anyway. I would like to know the opinions of brother readers of this paper on this theme. W. W. BROWN.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is my opinion that no legislature of any of the United States or Territories will ever pass a law prohibiting the sale of game at all times. Instead pass a law prohibiting the selling or offering for sale any game (no matter where killed) at any time during the close season on such game, and making the having in one's possession any of such game *prima facie* evidence of guilt; and forbidding the shipping of game out of the State at any time, and you will have solved the game preservation question. Such a law, in case of arrest for its violation, would put the burden of proof on the offender; it would prevent the storage of game, to be sold during the close season; it would prevent the shipping of game out of the State at any time; and last, but not least, it would effectually shut off that old dodge "that it was killed in some other State." A. B. WITCHER.

NEW YORK, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While out for lunch to-day I saw more evidence of the necessity of the prohibition of the sale of game, in the shape of a bunch of rabbits hung up in front of a game dealer's stall in Washington Market. If there is any way to bring these violators to justice I will do my share toward it. It is bad enough to have game pot-hunted in open season, but to do it when it is unlawful is worse yet. I have been told that they could not be prosecuted because they would prove that the game had been in cold storage. Will you please enlighten me on that point? On Monday afternoon my brother saw a deer landed at East New York station of the Long Island Railroad. It was done up in bagging as if it was a calf. It was immediately taken in charge by two policemen, who ordered it sent to the station house. I suppose they were notified by people who saw it shipped, as they were on hand when it arrived. Somebody did a good day's work against law breakers. Keep putting a new prop under the platform you have built and there will be more climbing on it all the time. OLD SQUAW.

[The New York law does not forbid the sale of rabbits even in close season. This is a defect which should be remedied.]

HUDSON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some years ago you waged a war against summer shooting. This was one of the many needed reforms in our game laws, and although your task at first appeared a hopeless one, thanks to your persistent and untiring efforts, the sportsman saw that you were right and to-day the shooting of woodcock in July is a thing of the past. Now you strike the keynote to another great protection when you say, "Stop the sale of game," and let me tell you right here that Columbia county has already anticipated you in this great reform, and last year our supervisors enacted the following law:

SEC. 9. No person shall, after the 1st day of May, 1893, catch or kill within the limits of said county of Columbia, any woodcock, quail, hare or rabbit, squirrel, ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, meadow lark, snipe, rail, woodcock or speckled or brook trout, for the purpose of selling or marketing the same; nor take or receive any fee, hire, barker or reward from another for the catching or killing of any such bird, animal, game or fish for such other person; nor shall any person, company or corporation, market, sell, have in possession to sell, offer for sale or attempt to sell, any of the said mentioned birds, game, animals or fish, if caught or killed within the said county of Columbia.

SEC. 10. No person, company or corporation shall carry, ship or transport from one point to another, either within or without said county, any of said birds, animals, game or fish caught or killed within said county of Columbia; provided the same are being shipped, carried or transported for the purpose of selling or marketing, or when the same are not accompanied by the owner thereof.

SEC. 11. Any and every person, company or corporation violating any of the provisions or restrictions of this act, shall be liable to a penalty of \$25 for each violation thereof; and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of \$10 for each of the foregoing mentioned and named birds, animals, game or fish had in possession, caught, killed, marketed, sold, attempted to sell, carried or transported contrary to or in violation of any of the provisions or restrictions of this act.

SEC. 12. All penalties provided for or imposed by this act may be sued for and recovered, judgment thereon had and executions enforced, and the proceeds or recovery applied or distributed as provided in Article 10 of Chapter 31 of the General Laws of 1892 of the State of New York, for the collection and enforcement of penalties provided for in said chapter; or as otherwise provided by law for the collection and enforcement of penalties.

This law went in effect May 1, 1893, and was a death blow to the market-shooters and fishers in this county. Heretofore it had been their custom to hunt and fish every day from the opening to the closing of the season, and peddle their game and fish from door to door. Now if this can be a success in Columbia county (as it has been) why can it not be in every county in this and other States. We know full well what you have to contend with, but don't let up. Keep the ball rolling, and as in the past, so will you have your reward in knowing that your efforts are appreciated not only by those of us who are sportsmen now, but also those who are to come after us. G. H.

COLT'S NECK, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I can truly say that the sentiments expressed through the columns of your paper in regard to market-shooting fully agree with mine, and I would be too glad if every State made or amended its game laws so as to put a veto on that business entirely, for I have noted the results of market-hunting in different places, and also of game protection. A. L. L.

An American contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM, advocates the forbidding of the sale of game at all seasons, on the ground that it has no longer any economic value as food, but "has become a luxury, is so regarded, and sold at prices which make it such. We can now supply food with the plow, reaper and cattle range cheaper than with the rifle or shotgun. We are no longer dependent for our sustenance on the resources and methods of primitive man." FOREST AND STREAM pleads for the game from the sportsman's point of view. Both ground and feathered game have certainly been entirely blotted out of wide areas, and unless legislation steps in, the American fauna will only exist in museums.—*The Echo, London, Eng.*



## ADIRONDACK FOXES.

The Lake Placid correspondent of the *Elizabethtown Post* has furnished his paper some interesting particulars on the length of time a fox can stay in his hole. In common with coons and bears, though to a much less extent, foxes seem to have the power of hibernating through the coldest winter weather. We doubt, however, if this record has ever been excelled:

"A young man from North Elba, whose name I will not disclose, took his gun and dog a few weeks ago and went fox hunting. After an exciting chase of several hours the fox was driven into a hole in the ground. When the young man arrived on the spot he discovered by examination that there were two foxes in the hole. He accordingly set a trap there, which he carried with him, and came home to await results. An old hunter with considerable experience told that nine days was the longest, to his knowledge, a fox had stayed in the ground. The young man watched his trap daily; soon the nine days were up and still no fox.

"At the end of the twelfth day, however, he found a fox in his trap. He set the trap over again and thought sure that a day or two more would be as long as the other fox could hold out, but in this he was mistaken, for he did not get the fox till the twenty-fifth day. It seems almost impossible that a fox could live in a hole twenty-five days without anything to eat, but such was the fact, and although very poor and weak he would have given a dog a good race when caught. In the meantime this young man was not idle with gun and dog, he went out again on a similar hunt, and strange to say similar was the result. The fox could not stand it to run long in the deep snow and soon went into a hole where also another fox had gone in the morning; making two foxes in that hole. When the hunter came to the hole he set a trap, and as there was nothing handy to fasten the chain he stepped some twenty feet from his trap to cut a stick; in so doing he discovered another hole, and immediately began to stop it up with a small tree, when to his surprise he heard his trap snap. He ran quickly to the other hole, but was too late, as the trap had gone beyond sight and reach. The young man, however, was not discouraged. He stopped up both holes and returned home. The writer was sojourning at the home of the hunter at that time and volunteered to go with him and dig out the trap if not the foxes.

"If any of the readers of this article ever helped dig out a fox in the winter in the Adirondacks, they know without explanation what a job we had. We chopped frozen ground and shoveled dirt five hours steady, getting a hole down some 6 or 8 ft. We were rewarded at last by getting hold of the chain of the trap and pulled out of the hole a nice fox caught by the lower jaw, the trap having a good firm hold. Have any of my readers ever heard before of the wily fox being caught by the jaw in a No. 1 1/2 trap, uncovered, unfasted, and a man within 20 ft. at the time? No, I do not think you ever did, but such is a fact. By the time we had this fox dispatched darkness had overtaken us. We had quite a strip of woods to go through, say nothing of the long stretch of clearing to reach home, and we decided it was time to start, for staying all night in the woods in winter is not very pleasant, as many will undoubtedly imagine. We stopped up the holes securely as we supposed and wended our way homeward. The next morning we went after the other fox; but the crafty fox had got out during the night and left for parts unknown."

## ON IOWA PRAIRIES.

VINTON, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been an excellent winter for game in this State so far. In this section there was snow in November, but it was not deep, and it melted off before Christmas, and there has been but little snow since and but little zero weather. In consequence of the early snow a good deal of corn was not husked until January, and the chickens visited these fields every day, and they must be in fine condition to go through the rest of the winter.

It was an unusually good season during the past spring and summer for ground birds of all kinds to hatch and raise their young. It was dry throughout the season, there were occasional rains but no flood spells, yet I am disappointed as to the amount of game this season in this immediate vicinity, but I know what the trouble is. One mile west of my place are some low hills, used mostly for grass, with no buildings near them. A creek runs from the hills by my place, and the land along this creek is used for grazing, and since I came to this State, eleven years ago, there has always been a chicken roost in those hills, and in the fastnesses near them. Last winter a flock of chickens would, nearly every day, come down the creek, and would frequently alight in the trees around my buildings, and when spring came and the flock broke up there were 150 chickens in it, and during the summer the little broods of chickens were quite numerous.

A covey of sixteen quail wintered with me, and I put out grain and every day I would see them. There was a severe spell of weather and deep snow during the latter part of the winter and the little flock was somewhat reduced in numbers, yet during the summer I would frequently see the young coveys and knew that some of the quail that had wintered with me had done well, yet I have not heard or seen one since early in the fall, and no member of the family has shot one, or a chicken during the past season.

A few weeks before the open time commences sportsmen from the city are accustomed to scour the country with their dogs, not to spot the coveys, but "just to give their dogs a little practice." There would always be more or less shooting, "not at game, but at blackbirds and crows, so as to get their hands in." Well, they get their hands in all right.

It was so dry here during the fall that dogs could not do good work and some chickens escaped, and I think others have come in from other parts of the country, for there is a flock of 125 chickens here now and only 25 in the flock early in the winter. One year ago the flock of chickens began with about 25 and kept increasing all winter.

One of our local sportsmen, William Brown, is spending the winter in the South. He is at the present time at Lake Charles, Louisiana, and is having great sport. We here in Iowa knew that he was making a good deal of disturbance down there, because on Jan. 13 a flock of 50 geese and a flock of less size passed over here going northwest, and on the 28th or 29th ducks were flying in

the same direction, while to-day a flock of 23 geese went over. All went in the same direction and all were hustling right along as though they wished to get away from something behind them mighty quick. Mr. Brown ought to be ashamed, he knowing what cold weather we have here in Iowa. Mr. Tom.

## A NEW JERSEY PHEASANTRY.

*Harper's Weekly* gives this account of Mr. Vernier De Guise's pheasantry in New Jersey:

The fields are all fenced in with wire netting with 2 in. meshes, and from the surface in which it is securely embedded, it rises to a height of 10 ft. In the summer time one can hear the musical "peeping" of the little fledglings, and the answering "clucking" of the mother hen, with an occasional cry from the cocks in the breeding pen as something startles them. The noise they make sounds like the first tentative efforts of a young rooster, except that whereas the latter flaps his wings and crows afterwards, the former "drums," and then sounds his note. In drumming they move their wings so rapidly that they seem like gauze.

The laying season begins about the middle of April, and before that time all the birds that are wanted for this purpose are caught from the field, where they have run all winter, and put in huge pens. These are 18 ft. square, or thereabouts, and are arranged in one large rectangle, with alleys between each alternate double row, so that access can be had to them through doors or gates left in the wire meshing for that purpose. The corners are darkened with water-proof hoods smeared with a disinfecting mixture, as indeed is everything about the place. These retreats are for the birds to lay under. The pens being in an apple orchard, the leaves afford shade and worms and larvæ also, for the insatiable crops beneath. Clumps of grass are left to grow about in spots, the rest of the ground loosened to encourage "bathing" and scratching. Five hens are put in with one cock, and unless they do not get along well together, the family is not disintegrated until the end of the season—and not then, for all are kept in one field. Birds one year old are preferred for laying, the older ones being sold off to preserves where they will be less confined. Two or three years in such small quarters make a difference in their powers of propagation, but they recuperate rapidly in the woods. Great care is exercised in choosing healthy birds, but if a weak one should be discovered—and they are rare—his neck is wrung on the spot, for Mr. De Guise has no hospital for contagious diseases. Sickness, to reiterate, is not frequent enough to require one. The manner of catching the birds to put in the pens is simple. They are driven into a large box commodious enough to allow two attendants to get inside comfortably, with the top and sides covered with bagging to prevent injury to the captives in their efforts to escape. Wide "wings" of wire netting extend out into the field from the entrance to the box, and when a man is sent to walk slowly towards the birds all within the radius of the wings run wildly to their fate. They do not try to fly unless startled, but their legs carry them along very fast. Once inside they are handed out one at a time to have a wing clipped. Even in this condition they make strenuous attempts to fly when alarmed in the pens, turning ludicrous somersaults in the air, only to come down unceremoniously and try again.

The average hen will lay about forty eggs in the interval from the beginning of the season to the middle of July, when it is practically over. During this period the birds are fed twice a day—in the forenoon on a mixture of cracked dog-biscuit, meal and pulverized oyster-shells softened with milk, and in the afternoon the diet is changed to grain. With the appearance of the first eggs attendants begin to go around in the late afternoon, near sunset, with flat-bottomed baskets in which to collect them. This is done every day as regular as clock work, for the hatching is not done by the pheasants, but by common barn-yard hens.

Several weeks before the first eggs are laid the farmers in the neighborhood are notified that sitting hens will be needed at the pheasantry, and soon after All-Fools day they begin to bring in all their surplus stock. These are purchased at market prices and confined in ventilated boxes arranged in tiers inside the barn the hens being satisfied to sit on porcelain eggs until needed for actual utility. When the pheasants have supplied enough eggs, the work of putting the latter down is begun. Back of the barn, on a gentle slope, are long rows of oblong coops, each one consisting of a closed box with a removable lid for the nest, and a diminutive yard a few feet in area for the hen to exercise in. This is inclosed by wire netting, and provided with a separate drinking-pan of earthenware. From fifteen to eighteen eggs are set in each nest, the number depending upon the size of the hen, which may be a bantam or a Plymouth Rock. When she is very large she may take twenty, for they are smaller than their own, light green in color, and so rich that only their expensiveness precludes their coming into general use for salads and mayonnaises. Each one is tested to see that it is not cracked, and the date of the setting is marked on the top of the nest box. The period of incubation is twenty-four days, and should, in the daily inspection, any hen show a disposition to shirk her duties, she is promptly disqualified, and another is substituted. But generally they are assiduous, and remain at their posts till the end.

When the young birds begin to appear before June 1, the constantly increasing duties of the attendants reach their maximum. Every evening the coops are examined to collect the little peepers, from whence they are transferred in baskets to one of the inclosed fields, in which light wooden coops are set down in regular rows in the grass. Around each of them is a little space fenced in with boards, and while the foster-mother is secured inside, the chicks can run out between the slats into the yard. By the time they have become strong enough to leap the low walls of their prison, they have also learned to know the "cluck" of their protector, and where to come back at nightfall. Six times a day they are fed on a sort of custard, made of cracked pheasant eggs and milk, from which the whey has been expressed. When two months old they are trapped and removed to another field, having no further need for the shelter of their mother's wings. The number of feedings is gradually reduced in the mean time to three a day, and the food becomes more substantial by the addition of grain. They grow wilder every day, and it is difficult to get more than a momentary glimpse of them as they dart through the grass, rustling the blades like a summer breeze. By

October the early birds have attained to full growth, passing the winter undisturbed and with need for little care. The only discomfort they undergo is in the traps when their wings are clipped.

## A GAME REFUGE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Having quite a tract of woodland in one of the Eastern States that had been gunned and gunned over by parties who sold their game, so that scarcely a partridge could be found on it, some six years since forbade hunting there and have kept the land well posted ever since, and prevailed on several of the neighboring farmers to see that the order was carried out, so that but very little hunting has been done on the tract during the time. Now, mind, I did it not for my own special benefit, for I have not shot a partridge nor any other kind of game there during the past twenty years, but to keep the grounds as a preserve or breeding place so as to prevent the game from being nearly or quite exterminated, since other suitable lands for breeding purposes are getting very scarce in these parts. And now for the result of my prohibiting shooting there.

Last August I took several strolls over the grounds and saw in one covey not less than fifteen partridges, and perhaps even more, and quite tame at that. At other places I saw two, three, four or more together; sometimes I could almost have hit them with a stone. I was greatly surprised, as one might well be, since I could scarcely travel for a distance in almost any direction without seeing them or hearing their *quit, quit*. How I would have liked to take a few snap shots at some of those groups with a camera.

Being asked with some show of hard feeling by one of the local gunners why I forbade hunting there since I was not living near so as to shoot over the grounds myself, I told him in reply that as long as game was well protected on that land it would spread in more or less quantities over adjacent grounds, so that he as well as others could always have from fair to good gunning in the vicinity. And I also said to him that instead of his feeling aggrieved about my posting the land, he and other hunters would thank me in after years for doing it; and he even admitted as much himself before we parted.

I really think that if every township had one or more suitable tracts of land on which game was fully protected at all seasons, the result would be more than satisfactory, and am fully persuaded that many of my fellow sportsmen will agree with me there. A. L. L.

## HERE IS A BEAR RECORD.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Several months ago there was an allusion in your columns to an old gentleman 74 years of age who had killed 74 bears, one for each of his 74 years. This was considered by his friends an achievement of large proportions. Our most famous bear hunter in this region is Mr. R. E. Bobo, who was the first white child born in Coahoma county, and is now about 45 years old. Mr. Bobo is a substantial cotton planter and a prominent citizen of the county, whose veracity is not questioned by those who know him. I met him yesterday on the train and mentioned the above matter to him. He said he had no correct idea as to the number of bears he had killed altogether; that he had kept a record for some years, but it was burned several years ago with his dwelling. He stated, however, that he and Mr. F. A. Payne in 1884 killed 151 bears. They made that number of successful runs without losing a bear. From September, 1873, to September, 1874, were killed by the parties who followed his dogs, white and negroes, 304 bears. On one occasion he and Mr. "Nels" Harris (present sheriff of this county) went out one day and returned the next, bringing in 13 bears. On a similar occasion they brought in 9, all large ones. During last Christmas holidays he hunted five days and killed 9 bears. There is no reason to doubt these statements, which, I presume, can be easily verified. COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, Miss., March 6.

## American Testing Institution.

PURSUANT to a call, the members of this institution met on Thursday, March 1, at No. 10 Murray street, New York, for the purpose of effecting an organization of the institution and for discussing the question as to a fixed plan upon which work should be conducted hereafter. Mr. Wm. Edward Carlin was called to their chair and Mr. Justus von Lengerke was asked to act as temporary secretary.

After a liberal exchange of views, it was resolved to delay the permanent organization for three months, and meanwhile prepare a prospectus and formulate a basis of operation, for which purpose a committee on organization was appointed consisting of Messrs. J. A. Dressel, John Dannefeler and C. H. Slater.

The following gentlemen consented to serve on a committee for the purpose of drafting a suitable prospectus: Mr. Armin Tenner, D. Kirkwood and J. von Lengerke. Armin Tenner was elected temporary manager and offered to operate the institution for three months at his own risk financially to prove to the members that the same would be self-sustaining.

The committee on organization agreed to act as provisional executive committee until the institution should be permanently organized.

## Winter Notes from Ontario.

The first wild geese of the season were seen flying over the city this morning. The deer reported to have been killed in Prince Edward proved to have been a yearling, which was killed by dogs that got after it. A large doe that wintered near the city has been driven off by fox-hounds that got on her track and chased her twice.

A large number of partridges perished in the snow in which they were imprisoned by a heavy crust that formed during one night in January.

Fox hunters have had many good runs, but their sport for the season is ended.

Many hares have been shot out of season in this district owing to a misunderstanding as to the distinction between hares and rabbits.

Mr. H. K. Smith, our game warden, is an active officer and has done his duty faithfully. R. S. B.



Schuylkill County League.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Schuylkill County League of Game and Fish Protective Associations met in Bensinger's Hall, Mahanoy City, yesterday in semi-annual convention, with the following representatives:

Pottsville—Col. J. M. Wetherill, Capt. H. J. Hendler, George Dewald, Edward G. Faust, Charles Parkin, F. L. Palmer.

Tremont—D. P. Faust, W. E. Moody, Elias Dillfield, Jacob Lauks and D. L. Mellon.

Schuylkill Haven—P. F. Baur, Willis Bryant and Dr. D. Dechert.

Mahanoy City—E. L. Silliman, W. A. Bensinger, S. S. Miller, H. K. Smith, Wallace Haldeman, J. J. Coyle, T. H. B. Lyon and Frank Wentz.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Col. J. M. Wetherill; Vice-President, E. S. Silliman; Secretary, F. C. Palmer; Treasurer, D. P. Faust; Solicitor, T. H. B. Lyon. Messrs. J. M. Wetherill, E. S. Silliman, C. W. Parkin, P. F. Baur and D. P. Faust were appointed warden committee. The committees will meet in the Pennsylvania Hall, Pottsville, at 9 A. M. to arrange a conference with the County Commissioners, the object being to have five wardens appointed at the counties' expense. This is in a line with the views of the *Miners' Journal* published last fall. An effort will also be made to discriminate in the tax rate of dogs, and the Commissioners will be asked to fix the tax at 50 cents a head, regardless of sex.

Mr. Faust in a forceful speech pointed out the importance of all the co-ordinate branches, being represented at the annual convention of the State Sportsmen's Association, to be held in Altoona next August. This subject will be considered by the Association. The next convention will be held at Schuylkill Haven, Sept. 4. The thanks of the Association were tendered Mr. Bensinger of the Grand Central Hotel, for hospitalities, and to the Mahanoy City Game and Fish Protective Association for kind and cordial treatment.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The extermination of game and game birds in our State seems to be threatened, and

Whereas, One of the most potent causes of the threatened evil is the action and work of the "market sportsmen," therefore be it

Resolved, By the League of Game and Fish Protective Association of Schuylkill county, at this, the semi-annual convention, assembled at Mahanoy City, Pa., that it is the sense of these associations that the sale of all dead game birds and animals should be prohibited by law.

Secretary Palmer writes: "I doubt if there is any county in the United States which can boast of five well-organized game and fish protective associations. Last winter (1892-1893) destroyed almost all our quail and rabbits, but this winter hasn't hurt what remained. The grouse were fairly plentiful this winter. Some of us think with fair weather and a little stocking we will have good shooting next season. Violations of game and fish laws are few in our coal mining county of Schuylkill."

Manitoba is Hospitable.

WINNIPEG, Man.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Writing in your issue of Feb. 17, "Saint Lawrence" condemns the game laws of Ontario and Quebec for discriminating between Canadian and American hunters. Let me, as a Canadian, enter my protest too. If the New York laws prohibited the Canucks from enjoying the pleasure of that State's hunting grounds the action of the Provinces would be justifiable; but as it stands now, they are ill repaying that debt of gratitude they owe to the States for their courtesy in throwing open their hunting grounds to the world.

Manitoba, the youngest Province in the Dominion, can teach them all a lesson in true sportsman's hospitality. Her hunting fields—and they cannot be surpassed in the world for feathered game—are open to all; provided, of course, that they adhere to the laws concerning the seasons; and the right hand of good fellowship is always extended to visiting shooters from the States. Let "Saint Lawrence" and his friends journey westward in the fall and we can give them either duck or prairie chicken shooting, the like of which they never saw before, and all without the \$25 license.

I hope that the "irresponsible and marauding parties" from the neighboring Dominion, whose habitual disregard of their own protective laws is an encouragement to piracy on this side of the border," that your correspondent refers to, are not taken as typical Canadian sportsmen. The lovers of the field, forest and stream are the same fine set the world over; and those on this side of the border are no exception.

ROD. RANDOM.]

Doing Without "Forest and Stream."

I TRIED it a few years ago for two weeks; my excuse for so doing was to economize; when I received the last paper of the year I told my newsdealer that I should discontinue it. Two weeks later I happened in the news room when the package of *FOREST AND STREAM* arrived. I picked up a copy and while looking it through saw something that interested me, and bought the paper, paying ten cents. After reading it through I found that there was a missing link and that I must have the back number, which I ordered the newsman to procure. This also cost me ten cents. And so it went on for a whole year, when I concluded that it was no economy in not subscribing for the *FOREST AND STREAM*. I have now every copy for the past thirteen years and do not know how to get along without it.

J. L. DAVISON.

The Coming of the Birds.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., March 5.—Song sparrows and purple grackles (crow blackbirds) were heard and seen here to-day. There are a good many whistlings in Raritan Bay, but rather wild. No ducks have yet arrived from the South.

J. L. K.

CENTRAL LAKE, March 5.—Robins reported seen and heard March 3. Crows heard March 4. Chipmunks out in force for the last three day. March 10.—Spring weather.

KELPIE.

California.

VENTURA, Cal., March 4.—Our game season was up March 1 for shooting quail, ducks, etc. Quail shooting has been very good the past season, but ducks were not so plentiful. Our fishing season begins April 1.

M. E. B.

Deer Hunting Ethics.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am an old-time subscriber and reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* and have come to have abounding faith in its judgment and wisdom. A good many times during the years that I have been reading it I have thought that it was wrong, but as time went on events proved the wisdom of its course, and so my faith has grown strong.

If it were not for this, I should be disposed to criticize very strongly your wisdom in printing in your issue of March 10 the horrible brutal story of water killing deer by a party of Canadians, which publication, it seems to me, can serve no good purpose. Perhaps it may have been well to print it for the simple reason that it will horrify a good many people and increase their detestation of this so-called sport, but on the same principle you might justify the publication of an account in which all the hunters made beasts of themselves with liquor. However, as I say, I have faith in your judgment, and I do not wish to criticize; but I may say that a more brutal story of cold-blooded butchery I have never seen in your columns.

OLD MAN.

Another Lost Bear Trap.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The late "Uncle" Wm. Chase, of Moro, Me., one of the most successful of hunters and woodsmen in that region, had a trap carried off by a bear, which all the close search by himself and his two boys and a few neighbors failed to find. This happened, if I recollect aright, along in the sixties. About ten years later a chopper in a lumber camp six miles from where the trap was taken, set his axe in the snow against a tree while he lighted his pipe. The axe gave forth a metallic sound, and on searching, the lost trap was found. The woods of Maine contain many lost traps carried off by bears, and so seldom is one recovered that the occurrence is interesting, to hunters at least.

PINE TREE.

Long Island Ducking Season.

NO CHANGE has been made in the New York ducking law this year. The open season throughout the State closed March 1, but on Long Island it will not close before May 1. Possession is forbidden in the State after March 1, except on Long Island, where possession is forbidden after May 1.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me,"

My cousin and I were sauntering down the bank of the Ouachita River one bright Sunday afternoon, taking a rest from our week's work, enjoying the fresh air and having a little chat about various matters. We were both fond of hunting and were, perhaps, talking on that very subject, when my cousin noticed something make its disappearance in the hollow of a tree that had been blown down and lodged in another tree. I did not see it but he said it looked like a coon, and on approaching the tree and looking into the hollow we could see a pair of bright eyes peering through the darkness at us. I told my cousin that if he would stay there I would go to the boat and get my rifle and we would have some fresh meat, for we had been living on salt meat a good while and a little coon fixed up right would go fine. In a few minutes I was back, prepared to make war on those two balls of fire, but the eyes were no longer to be seen; and as the sentinel declared that the animal had not gotten away we proceeded to smoke him out with moss and leaves. The tree was dry inside, and as it had a hole in the upper end the scheme worked like a charm, and we soon had smoke enough going through the hollow to smoke out any living thing with nostrils and eyes. Directly we heard a rumbling noise in the upper end, and a terrific *meow*, which had it been at night under the bed room window, would have brought forth a bootjack, pair of boots, trousers and all. Then out popped a house cat and disappeared through the woods with a suddenness that would have rivalled a Nancy Hanks gait. We looked in amazement at our disappearing dish of fresh meat, and turning to my cousin I said, "You are a fine fellow, aren't you? Don't know a cat from a coon."

MISSISSIPPI.]

—PLUMB-BOB.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The '94 catalogue that Wm. Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York, will shortly issue will be unusually instructive to anglers.

B. C. Millam & Son, Frankfort, Ky., manufacture a reel with a reputation for lasting. Reels of their manufacture made fifty years ago and constantly used are in good working order still.

The T. H. Chubb Rod Company, of Post Mills, Vt., will not issue a new catalogue for 1894, as their '93 catalogue is very complete. They will, however, issue from time to time special circulars describing new products.

The new rust preventive called "Gunoleum," which has recently been put upon the market, seems to meet the requirements of sportsmen in all respects. The manufacturers show letters from some of the principal gun manufacturers and sporting goods dealers commending their product.

The total losses upon insured property resulting from the recent fire in the Colts factory at Hartford have been placed at \$72,386.94. The appraisers appointed to estimate the loss to the buildings were Watson H. Bliss and John R. Hills, of Hartford. The appraisers of the loss to stock and machinery were Wm. Winchester, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and L. C. Glover, of the Colts Fire Arms Company. Insurance was carried to the amount of \$187,000.

William Wood, of 25 West 125th street, New York, is showing this early in the season a very large and superior line of St. Lawrence skiffs, boats, canoes, both sailing and paddling; also new and second-hand naphtha, steam and oil-burner launches. Mr. Wood is perhaps the oldest living oarsman and trainer in the country, having been first in 48 professional races out of 54 starts. He was also trainer to Yale College during the years 1893-4-5 and in each year gained a victory; hence is fully competent to judge what a boat should be. A new and handsome illustrated catalogue will be mailed free.

Go to the Mountains of Western North Carolina.

WHERE will you spend the month of March? A more delightful spot cannot be found than Asheville and Hot Springs, in the mountains of western North Carolina. You find in the air a brain and mind tonic that cannot be purchased in bottles or absorbed in powders. Where the mountains rear their lofty peaks against Italian blue skies in an atmosphere fairly filled with electrical brain shocks. The air of the mountains must be like a balm at this season, for it is like wire in winter. It is a paradise for the invalid, tourist and pleasure seeker, and can be reached within twenty-four hours' ride from New York, over the Pennsylvania and Richmond & Danville R. R., in an elegantly equipped vestibuled train carrying Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars from New York to Asheville and Hot Springs without change.

An attractive book, "The Land of the Sky," can be had upon application to Alex. S. Thwaites, Eastern Passenger Agent R. & D. R. R., 229 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

NETS AS NUISANCES.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 203.—OCTOBER TERM, 1893.

George W. Lawton et al.,  
Plaintiffs in Error,  
vs.  
William N. Steele.

In error to the Supreme  
Court of the State of  
New York.

[March 5, 1894.]

This was an action at law instituted in the Supreme Court for the county of Jefferson by the plaintiffs in error against the defendant in error, together with Edward L. Sargent and Richard U. Sherman, for the conversion of fifteen hoop and fyke nets of the alleged value of \$525. Defendants Steele and Sargent interposed a general denial. Defendant Sherman pleaded that he, with three others, constituted the "Commissioners of Fisheries" of the State of New York, with power to give directions to game and fish protectors with regard to the enforcement of the game law; that defendant Steele was a game and fish protector, duly appointed by the governor of the State of New York, and that the nets sued for were taken possession of by said Steele, as such game and fish protector, upon the ground that they were maintained upon the waters of the State in violation of existing statutes for the protection of fish and game, and thereby became a public nuisance.

The facts were undisputed. The nets were the property of the plaintiffs, and were taken away by the defendant Steele and destroyed. At the time of the taking most of the nets were in the waters of the Black River Bay, being used for fishing purposes, and the residue were upon the shore of that bay, having recently been used for the same purpose. The plaintiffs were fishermen, and the defendant was a State game and fish protector. The taking and destruction of the nets were claimed to have been justifiable under the statutes of the State relating to the protection of game and fish. Plaintiffs claimed there was no justification under the statutes, and if they constituted such justification upon their face, they were unconstitutional. Defendant Sherman was a State Fish Commissioner. Defendant Sargent was president of the Jefferson County Fish and Game Association. Plaintiffs claimed these defendants to be liable upon the ground that they instigated, incited, or directed the taking and destruction of the nets.

Upon trial before a jury a verdict was rendered, subject to the opinion of the court, in favor of the plaintiffs against defendant Steele for the sum of \$216, and in favor of defendants Sargent and Sherman. A motion for a new trial was denied, and judgment entered upon the verdict for \$216 damages and \$166.09 costs. On appeal to the General Term this judgment was reversed, and a new trial ordered, and a further appeal allowed to the Court of Appeals. On appeal to the Court of Appeals, the order of the General Term granting a new trial was affirmed, and judgment absolute ordered for the defendant. (119 N. Y. 226.) Plaintiffs thereupon sued out a writ of error from this court.

Mr. Justice BROWN delivered the opinion of the court.

This case involves the constitutionality of an act of the legislature of the State of New York known as chapter 591, Laws of New York of 1880, as amended by chapter 317, Laws of New York of 1883, entitled "An act for the appointment of game and fish protectors."

By a subsequent act enacted in 1886:

"SECTION 1. No person shall at any time kill or take from the waters of Henderson Bay or Lake Ontario, within one mile from the shore, between the most westerly point of Pillar Point and the boundary line between the counties of Jefferson and Oswego, . . . any fish of any kind by any device or means whatever otherwise than by hook and line or rod held in hand. But this section shall not apply to or prohibit the catching of minnows for bait, providing the person using nets for that purpose shall not set them, and shall throw back any trout, bass, or any other game fish taken, and keep only chubs, dace, suckers or shiners.

"Sec. 2. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a penalty of \$30 for each offence."

By the act of 1880, as amended by the act of 1883:

"Sec. 2. Any net, pound, or other means or device for taking or capturing fish, or whereby they may be taken or captured, set, put, floated, laid, found, or maintained, in or upon any of the waters of this State, or upon the shores or islands in any of the waters of this State, in violation of any existing or hereafter enacted statutes or laws for the protection of fish, is hereby declared to be, and is, a public nuisance, and may be abated and summarily destroyed by any person, and it shall be the duty of each and every protector aforesaid and of every game constable to seize and remove and forthwith destroy the same, and no action for damages shall lie or be maintained against any person for or on account of any such seizure and destruction."

This last section was alleged to be unconstitutional and void for three reasons: 1, as depriving the citizen of his property without due process of law; 2, as being in restraint of the liberty of the citizen; 3, as being an interference with the admiralty and maritime jurisdiction of the United States.

The trial court ruled the first of the above propositions in plaintiffs' favor, and the others against them, and judgment was thereupon entered in favor of the plaintiffs.

The constitutionality of the section in question was, however, sustained by the General Term and by the Court of Appeals, upon the ground of its being a lawful exercise of the police power of the State.

The extent and limits of what is known as the police power have been a fruitful subject of discussion in the appellate courts of nearly every State in the Union. It is universally conceded to include everything essential to the public safety, health and morals, and to justify the destruction or abatement, by summary proceedings, of whatever may be regarded as a public nuisance. Under this power it has been held that the State may order the destruction of a house falling to decay or otherwise endangering the lives of passersby; the demolition of such as are in the path of a conflagration; the slaughter of diseased cattle; the destruction of decayed or unwholesome food; the prohibition of wooden buildings in cities; the regulation of railways and other means of public conveyance, and of interments in burial grounds; the restriction of objectionable trades to certain localities; the compulsory vaccination of children; the confinement of the insane or



those afflicted with contagious diseases; the restraint of vagrants, beggars and habitual drunkards; the suppression of obscene publications and houses of ill fame; and the prohibition of gambling houses and places where intoxicating liquors are sold. Beyond this, however, the State may interfere wherever the public interests demand it, and in this particular a large discretion is necessarily vested in the Legislature to determine, not only what the interests of the public require, but what measures are necessary for the protection of such interests. (*Barbier v. Connolly*, 113 U. S. 27; *Kidd v. Pearson*, 128 U. S. 1.) To justify the State in thus interposing its authority in behalf of the public, it must appear, first, that the interest of the public generally, as distinguished from those of a particular class require such interference; and, second, that the means are reasonably necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose, and not unduly oppressive upon individuals. The legislature may not, under the guise of protecting the public interests, arbitrarily interfere with private business, or impose unusual and unnecessary restrictions upon lawful occupations. In other words, its determination as to what is a proper exercise of its police powers is not final or conclusive, but is subject to the supervision of the courts. Thus an act requiring the master of a vessel arriving from a foreign port to report the name, birthplace and occupation of every passenger, and the owner of such vessel to give a bond for every passenger so reported, conditioned to indemnify the State against any expense for the support of the persons named for four years thereafter, was held by this court to be indefensible as an exercise of the police power, and to be void as interfering with the right of Congress to regulate commerce with foreign nations. (*Henderson v. Mayor*, 92 U. S. 259.) A similar statute of California, requiring a bond for certain classes of passengers described, among which were "lewd and debauched women," was also held to show very clearly that the purpose was to extort money from a large class of passengers, or to prevent their immigration to California altogether, and was held to invade the right of Congress. (*Chy Lung v. Freeman*, 92 U. S. 275.) So in *Railroad Co. v. Husen*, (95 U. S. 465,) a statute of Missouri which prohibited the driving of Texas, Mexican, or Indian cattle into the State between certain dates in each year was held to be in conflict with the commerce clause of the Constitution, and not a legitimate exercise of the police powers of the State, though it was admitted that the State might for its self-protection prevent persons or animals having contagious diseases from entering its territory. In *Rockwell v. Nearing* (35 N. Y. 302), an act of the Legislature of New York, which authorized the seizure and sale without judicial process of all animals found trespassing within private inclosures, was held to be obnoxious to the constitutional provision that no person should be deprived of his property without due process of law. See also *Austin v. Murray* (16 Pick. 121); *Watertown v. Mayo* (109 Mass. 315); *The Slaughter-house cases* (16 Wall. 36); *In re Cheesebrough* (78 N. Y. 232); *Brown v. Perkins* (12 Cr. 89). In all these cases the acts were held to be invalid as involving an unnecessary invasion of the rights of property, and a practical inhibition of certain occupations harmless in themselves, and which might be carried on without detriment to the public interests.

The preservation of game and fish, however, has always been treated as within the proper domain of the police power, and laws limiting the season within which birds and wild animals may be killed or exposed for sale, and prescribing the time and manner in which fish may be caught, have been repeatedly upheld by the courts. Thus in *Smith v. Maryland*, (18 How. 71,) it was held that the State had a right to protect its fisheries in Chesapeake Bay by making it unlawful to take or capture oysters with a scoop or drag, and to inflict the penalty of forfeiture upon the vessel employed in this pursuit. The avowed object of the act was to prevent the destruction of the oysters by the use of particular instruments in taking them. "It does not touch," said the court, "the subject of the common liberty of taking oysters save for the purpose of guarding it from injury to whom it may belong and by whomsoever it may be enjoyed." It was held that the right of forfeiture existed, even though the vessel was enrolled for the coasting trade under the act of Congress. So in *Smith v. Levinson*, (8 N. Y. 472,) a similar act was held to be valid, although it vested certain legislative powers in boards of supervisors, authorizing them to make laws for the protection of shell and other fish. In *State v. Roberts*, (59 N. H. 256,) which was an indictment for taking fish out of navigable waters out of the season prescribed by statute, it was said by the court: "At common law the right of fishing in navigable waters was common to all. The taking and selling of certain kinds of fish and game at certain seasons of the year tended to the destruction of the privilege or right by the destruction consequent upon the unrestrained exercise of the right. This is regarded as injurious to the community, and, therefore, it is within the authority of the Legislature to impose restriction and limitation upon the time and manner of taking fish and game, considered valuable as articles of food or merchandise. For this purpose fish and game laws are enacted. The power to enact such laws has long been exercised, and so beneficially for the public that it ought not now to be called in question." (*Commonwealth v. Chapin*, 5 Pick. 199; *McCreedy v. Virginia*, 94 U. S. 391; *Vinton v. Welch*, 9 Pick. 92; *Commonwealth v. Essex Co.*, 13 Gray, 248; *Phelps v. Racey*, 60 N. Y. 10; *Holyoke Co. v. Lyman*, 15 Wall. 500; *Gentile v. State*, 29 Ind. 409; *State v. Lewis*, 33 N. E. R. 1024.)

As the waters referred to in the act are unquestionably within the jurisdiction of the State of New York, there can be no valid objection to a law regulating the manner in which fishing in these waters shall be carried on, (*Hooker v. Cummings*, 20 Johns. 91.) The duty of preserving the fisheries of a State from extinction, by prohibiting exhaustive methods of fishing, or the use of such destructive instruments as are likely to result in the extermination of the young as well as the mature fish, is as clear as its power to secure to its citizens, as far as possible, a supply of any other wholesome food.

The main and only real difficulty connected with the act in question is in its declaration that any net, etc., maintained in violation of any law for the protection of fisheries, is to be treated as a public nuisance, "and may be abated and summarily destroyed by any person, and it shall be the duty of each and every protector aforesaid and every game constable to seize, remove and forthwith destroy the same." The Legislature, however, undoubtedly

possessed the power not only to prohibit fishing by nets in these waters, but to make it a criminal offense, and to take such measures as were reasonable and necessary to prevent such offenses in the future. It certainly could not do this more effectually than by destroying the means of the offense. If the nets were being used in a manner detrimental to the interests of the public, we think it was within the power of the Legislature to declare them to be nuisances, and to authorize the officers of the State to abate them. (*Hart v. The Mayor*, 9 Wend. 571; *Meeker v. Van Rensselaer*, 15 Wend. 397.) An act of the Legislature which has for its object the preservation of the public interests against the illegal depredations of private individuals ought to be sustained, unless it is plainly violative of the Constitution, or subversive of private rights. In this case there can be no doubt of the right of the Legislature to authorize judicial proceedings to be taken for the condemnation of the nets in question, and their sale or destruction by process of law. Congress has assumed this power in a large number of cases, by authorizing the condemnation of property which has been made use of for the purpose of defrauding the revenue. Examples of this are vessels illegally registered or owned, or employed in smuggling or other illegal traffic; distilleries or breweries illegally carried on or operated, and buildings standing upon or near the boundary line between the United States and another country, and used as depots for smuggling goods. In all these cases, however, the forfeiture was decreed by judicial proceeding. But where the property is of little value, and its use for the illegal purpose is clear, the Legislature may declare it to be a nuisance, and subject to summary abatement. Instances of this are the power to kill diseased cattle; to pull down houses in the path of conflagrations; the destruction of decayed fruit or fish or unwholesome meats, or infected clothing, obscene books or pictures, or instruments which can only be used for illegal purposes. While the Legislature has no right arbitrarily to declare that to be a nuisance which is clearly not so, a good deal must be left to its discretion in that regard, and if the object to be accomplished is conducive to the public interests, it may exercise a large liberty of choice in the means employed. (*Newark, &c. R'y Co. v. Hunt*, 50 N. J. Law, 305; *Blasier v. Miller*, 10 Hun. 435; *Mouse's case*, 13 Coke, 62; *Stone v. The Mayor*, 25 Wend. 178; *Am. Print Works v. Lawrence*, 21 N. J. Law, 248; *Same v. Same*, 23 Id. 590.)

It is not easy to draw the line between cases where property illegally used may be destroyed summarily and where judicial proceedings are necessary for its condemnation. If the property were of great value, as, for instance, if it were a vessel employed for smuggling or other illegal purposes, it would be putting a dangerous power in the hands of a custom officer to permit him to sell or destroy it as a public nuisance, and the owner would have good reason to complain of such act as depriving him of his property without due process of law. But where the property is of trifling value, and its destruction is necessary to effect the object of a certain statute, we think it is within the power of the Legislature to order its summary abatement. For instance, if the Legislature should prohibit the killing of fish by explosive shells, and should order the cartridges so used to be destroyed, it would seem like belittling the dignity of the judiciary to require such destruction to be preceded by a solemn condemnation in a court of justice. The same remark might be made of the cards, chips, and dice of a gambling room.

The value of the nets in question was but \$15 apiece. The cost of condemning one, (and the use of one is as illegal as the use of a dozen,) by judicial proceeding, would largely exceed the value of the net, and doubtless the State would, in many cases, be deterred from executing the law by the expense. They could only be removed from the water with difficulty, and were liable to injury in the process of removal. The object of the law is undoubtedly a beneficial one, and the State ought not to be hampered in its enforcement by the application of constitutional provisions which are intended for the protection of substantial rights of property. It is evident that the efficacy of this statute would be seriously impaired by requiring every net illegally used to be carefully taken from the water, carried before a court or magistrate, notice of seizure to be given by publication, and regular judicial proceedings to be instituted for its condemnation.

There is not a State in the Union which has not a constitutional provision entitling persons charged with crime to a trial by jury, and yet from time immemorial the practice has been to try persons charged with petty offenses before a police magistrate, who not only passes upon the question of guilt, but metes out the proper punishment. This has never been treated as an infraction of the Constitution, though technically a person may in this way be deprived of his liberty without the intervention of a jury. (*Callan v. Wilson*, 127 U. S. 540, and cases cited.) So the summary abatement of nuisances without judicial process of proceeding was well known to the common law long prior to the adoption of the Constitution, and it has never been supposed that the constitutional provision in question in this case was intended to interfere with the established principles in that regard.

Nor is a person whose property is seized under the act in question without his legal remedy. If in fact his property has been used in violation of the act, he has no just reason to complain; if not, he may replevy his nets from the officer seizing them, or, if they have been destroyed, may have his action for their value. In such cases the burden would be upon the defendant to prove a justification under the statute. As was said by the Supreme Court of New Jersey in a similar case, (*Am. Print Works v. Lawrence*, 21 N. J. Law, 248, 259:) "The party is not, in point of fact, deprived of a trial by jury. The evidence necessary to sustain the defense is changed. Even if the party were deprived of a trial by jury, the statute is not, therefore, necessarily unconstitutional." Indeed, it is scarcely possible that any actual injustice could be done in the practical administration of the act.

It is said, however, that the nets are not in themselves a nuisance, but are perfectly lawful acts of manufacture, and are ordinarily used for a lawful purpose. This is, however, by no means a conclusive answer. Many articles, such, for instance, as cards, dice, and other articles used for gambling purposes, are perfectly harmless in themselves, but may become nuisances by being put to an illegal use, and in such cases fall within the ban of the law and may be summarily destroyed. It is true that this rule does not always follow from the illegal use of a harmless article. A house may not be torn down because

it is put to an illegal use, since it may be as readily used for a lawful purpose, (*Ely v. Supervisors*, 36 N. Y. 297,) but where minor articles of personal property are devoted to such use the fact that they may be used for a lawful purpose would not deprive the legislature of the power to destroy them. The power of the legislature to declare that which is perfectly innocent in itself to be unlawful is beyond question, (*People v. West*, 106 N. Y. 293,) and in such case the legislature may annex to the prohibited act all the incidents of a criminal offence, including the destruction of property denounced by it as a public nuisance.

In *Weller v. Snover* (42 N. J. Law, 341), it was held that a fish warden for a county, appointed by the Governor, had a right, under an act of the Legislature, to enter upon land and destroy a fish basket constructed in violation of the statute, together with the materials of which it was composed, so that it might not again be used. It was stated in that case that "after a statute has declared an invasion of a public right to be a nuisance it may be abated by the destruction of the object used to effect it. The person who, with actual or constructive notice of the law, sets up such nuisance cannot sue the officer whose duty it has been made by the statute to execute its provisions." So in *Williams v. Blackwall* (2 H. & C. 33), the right to take possession of or destroy any engine placed or used for catching salmon in contravention of law was held to extend to all persons, and was not limited to conservators or officers appointed under the act.

It is true there are several cases of a contrary purport. Some of these cases, however, may be explained upon the ground that the property seized was of considerable value—(*Leck v. Anderson*, 57 Cal. 251, boats as well as nets; *Dunn v. Burleigh*, 62 Me. 24, teams and supplies in lumbering; *King v. Hayes*, 80 Me. 206, a horse)—in others the court seems to have taken a more technical view of the law than the necessities of the case or an adequate protection of the owner required. (*Lowry v. Rainwater*, 70 Mo. 152; *State v. Robbins*, 124 Ind. 308; *Ridgeway v. West*, 60 Ind. 371.)

Upon the whole, we agree with the Court of Appeals in holding this act to be constitutional, and the judgment of the Supreme Court is, therefore, *Affirmed*.

#### SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 203.—OCTOBER TERM, 1893.

George W. Lawton et al.,  
Plaintiffs in Error,  
vs.  
William N. Steele.

In error to the Supreme  
Court of the State of  
New York.

[March 5, 1894.]

Mr. Chief Justice FULLER with whom concurred Mr. Justice FIELD and Mr. Justice BREWER dissenting.

In my opinion the legislation in question, so far as it authorizes the summary destruction of fishing nets and prohibits any action for damages on account of such destruction, is unconstitutional.

Fishing nets are in themselves articles of property entitled to the protection of the law, and I am unwilling to concede to the legislature of a State the power to declare them public nuisances, even when put to use in a manner forbidden by statute, and on that ground to justify their abatement by seizure and destruction without process, notice, or the observance of any judicial form.

The police power rests upon necessity and the right of self-protection, but private property cannot be arbitrarily invaded under the mere guise of police regulation, nor forfeited for the alleged violation of law by its owner, nor destroyed by way of penalty inflicted upon him, without opportunity to be heard.

It is not doubted that the abatement of a nuisance must be limited to the necessity of the occasion, and as the illegal use of fishing nets would be terminated by their withdrawal from the water and the public be fully protected by their detention, the lack of necessity for the arbitrary proceedings prescribed seems to me too obvious to be ignored. Nor do I perceive that the difficulty which may attend their removal, the liability to injury in the process, and their comparatively small value ordinarily, affect the principle, or tend to show their summary destruction to be reasonably essential to the suppression of the illegal use. Indeed, I think that that argument is to be deprecated as weakening the importance of the preservation, without impairment in ever so slight a degree, of constitutional guaranties.

I am, therefore, constrained to withhold my assent to the judgment just announced, and am authorized to say that Mr. Justice FIELD and Mr. Justice BREWER concur in this dissent.

#### Megantic Club.

BOSTON, March 12.—The first meeting of the newly elected directors of the Megantic Fish and Game Club was held at Young's Hotel, Wednesday, March 7, and the following were elected officers for the coming year: Pres., Alexander Taylor, Jr., New York; Vice-Presidents, Walter C. Prescott and Chas. A. Kilham, Boston; Sec'y, Arthur W. Robinson, Boston; Treas., L. Dana Chapman, Boston.

The most important business of the evening was the election of Dr. Heber Bishop a life member of the club. Mr. Kilham made the motion and made a very complimentary address in bringing the matter before the directors, praising Dr. Bishop for the many services he had rendered the club, and further stated that the club owed its existence to him and that he had done more for its success than any one else.

Another vote raising the salary of Supt. Phillips will be pleasant news to the club members, who realize and appreciate the hard work and faithful services of Mr. Phillips.

The new board of directors propose to make many improvements this season, to build two open fireplaces at the club house, and in short to make the preserve so attractive that visitors going there will be so pleased with the benefits and conveniences derived from membership that they will immediately, in order to avail themselves of the privilege, buy stock in the corporation.

Mr. Fred Viles, who is well known to all sportsmen, has been engaged for steward for the coming season, and under his management the directors feel confident that satisfaction will be given to all.

ARTHUR W. ROBINSON, Sec'y.



ANGLING NOTES.

Big Speckled Trout in Canada.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24 I quoted from a letter written to me from Quebec by an English gentleman traveling in this country, as follows: "I thought our Kentish Stour trout, which run up to 8½ and 9lbs., were large, but those here scale 10lbs." He did not say what kind of trout they were, but I assumed that they were our *fontinalis*, and if so I thought 10lbs. rather large even for Canada at carnival time, therefore I wrote to my friend, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers of Quebec, to ask about the species and the weight, and whether it was carnival weight or old-fashioned *avordupois*. Mr. Chambers writes me: "Your last letter interested me very much, particularly as I happened to have seen and know all about the big trout therein referred to. They were monsters, no doubt, and all *fontinalis* at that. But they played the same trick upon the visual contemplation of Mr. H., that really good fish always do with the weights and measures department of even the best balanced mind of the enthusiastic angler. The heaviest one of the lot weighed within a trifle of 8lbs. But everything looked large up here in carnival week, and at times even the inhabitants felt big over the success of the carnival and the general good time. Sorry you were not here and sorry that I did not meet your friend, though naturally pleased that I should have been the means through sending you the carnival programme of bringing him up here. But to return to our trout. They were caught in January in the waters of the Triton that are comprised within the limits of the Triton Fish and Game Club. Of course they were taken upon lines set through holes in the ice, and by special permission of the Crown Lands Department, seeing that fishing through the ice is now prohibited here. I suppose that from three to four dozen were brought to town, weighing from over 2 to between 7 and 8lbs. I saw them all. Part were displayed at the Garrison Club and part at the Chateau Frontenac during carnival week, and one I dissected at table. To be exact, I have inquired of Seaton, superintendent of the club, who brought the fish to town, what the heaviest one weighed, and he frankly admits that it was barely 8lbs. But he believes, and so do I, that the 10lbs. trout are there where the 8-pounders came from, and the 7-pounders in plenty. And seven or eight of the heavy hooks such as held the 7 and 8lbs. trout were broken through by the big 'uns that escaped. Shall we go up there together this year and try to find them? These fish, particularly when frozen, do look, if ever fish did, as if there was something wrong with the scales that weighed them. So symmetrical, and yet so plump and finely conditioned! And despite their freezing their livery of crimson and fine gold is wonderfully lustrous, and they must during life have fared sumptuously every day.

"The unfortunate that I subsequently carved looked a six pounds fish. So I guessed before weighing him, but he turned the scale at five. Others had similar experiences, so Mr. H.'s was not a solitary one."

Ouananiche Spawning.

Having in mind what I wrote about the spawning of ouananiche or landlocked salmon in Maine and New Hampshire waters, as related to me by Mr. Atkins and Dr. Quackenbos, I asked Mr. Chambers about the habits of the fish in the Lake St. John waters, as he has made a special study of the fish of that region. This is his reply: "Now about the spawning habits of the ouananiche. I know many of them run up stream to spawn, and I know the streams they ascend for the purpose. But from the immense quantities of young fry seen in parts of the Grand Discharge, I am inclined to believe that some of them run down; just as you say of the Schoodic variety. This is a matter worthy of careful study and I am still investigating it, though for years past I have been collecting all available information on the subject."

To be successful in stocking new waters with landlocked salmon it is highly important that their spawning habits should be fully understood and the plants be made to accommodate them if possible. It is really of no special moment if the salmon do run down from the waters in which they are planted to spawn in the streams below, provided the fry get back into the water in which the plant is made for the purpose of establishing them therein, but the outlet stream of some lakes, admirably suited for salmon, are of such a character that it would seem impossible for young, or even old fish to return if once carried down.

As Mr. Chambers says, the matter is worthy of careful study as I imagine that many thousands of salmon fry have been planted with but little thought as to suitable conditions existing for their welfare.

"Game" and "Gamy."

We often read that a fish is gamy (and sometimes the word is incorrectly spelled gamey) or that one is gamier than another, or that still another is gamiest of all. To-day I read a report of a State Fish Commission that "the pike-perch is a very gamy fish"; and again, "Mr. M. says he cannot speak too highly of this handsome and gamy fish (brown trout)." Another State report records: "They (black bass) have no superior among fresh-water fish in point of gaminess." That may be a misprint, but a newspaper clipping on my desk, in which is quoted something that I wrote about landlocked salmon, makes me say "gamier" where I wrote *gamest*. In a local-newspaper when I wrote that "the Loch Leven trout is one of the handsomest and gamest of the trout of Great Britain," the printer made *gamest* into "gamier," and when I read proof I corrected it, but as the printer had the last whack at it he let it stand gamier, but the word appeared in quotation marks, as though he protested in the most emphatic manner of "Yours truly, Slug Two."

An authority upon the proper use of words says: "Game is an adjective, meaning pertaining to certain animals or birds that a sportsman hunts, as game animals, game birds. It also means having a plucky spirit like such creatures. Comparison: Game, gamer, gamest, like tame, tamer, tamest. There is another adjective gamy, which describes the flavor of a grouse hung by the leg till he drops! Gamy is sometimes, though *only colloquially*, used in the sense of plucky. It runs: Gamy, gamier, gamiest. A good writer would use it *only* with reference to flavor."

How Smelt are Transported.

Since writing the reply to the Philadelphia correspon-

dent who wished to obtain the eggs of fresh-water smelt, I have hunted up the details of the experiments in smelt-hatching conducted by Mr. George Ricardo, to which I referred in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 24. The report of Mr. Ricardo's operations in hatching the smelt of the Hackensack and Raritan rivers, is found in the report of the New Jersey Commissioners for the years 1884-85. Apparently Mr. Ricardo had less trouble in handling smelt eggs during the process of hatching than did Mr. Marten, although he does not give the percentage of fry hatched.

But it is to the transportation of the fry that I now refer. Mr. Ricardo says: "It has been an open question, whether the young smelt fry could be transported with any degree of success on account of their apparent delicacy and infinitesimal size, as it is almost impossible to change the water in the cans without a great loss of fish, for it seems that they can pass through anything that water will run through. I have tried a number of experiments last year in the transportation of smelt fry. I sent them all over the State in cans and bottles, without the loss of a fish. They will live for ten days without any change of water, and may easily be sent from New Jersey to California by express without requiring any attention en route."

"At the last meeting of the American Fish Cultural Association at Washington, D. C., I gave to Prof. H. J. Rice a number of smelt fry to be exhibited at that meeting. I put them in a bottle of water, and he placed them in his satchel and carried them to Washington without giving them any air. He reported to me that he did not lose a fish; a result showing beyond doubt that the young fry are very hardy and easy to transport."

In FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 2, 1893, under "Angling Notes," will be found an account of transporting trout fry in air-tight vessels as practiced in New South Wales. Quite a number of people are desirous just at this time of stocking inland waters with smelts, and for this reason I have given Mr. Ricardo's experiment as to fry, and the fry may be obtained of the United States or New York Fish Commissions, as both are hatching the fish, but, if the adult fish are used, as I advised in a former note, the mistake should not be made of trying to transport them in the manner suggested by Mr. Ricardo for the fry. The adult smelts are found in cold water and they must be kept in fresh, cold water until they are planted in their new home. A marked change of temperature will prove fatal to them. Doubtless they will accustom themselves to a change if the change is brought about very gradually, but in the summer I have found in catching smelts for landlocked salmon bait that drawing them from the cold depths of a lake to the warmer surface water will kill them, and it required rapid movements to get a smelt from the bottom, transferred from the smelt hook to the salmon hook, and back again to the bottom as bait, and not kill it in the operation.

A Changed Heart.

A few years ago a man was arrested in northern New York for breaking the game law. He had been rather pronounced in his declarations that he should catch fish when he wanted them and he was not particular about the means employed to this end. He was not considered a bad man except in his disregard of the game laws, and those he regarded as infringing upon his rights as a citizen and a taxpayer. A game protector finally caught him red-handed with fish that he had taken illegally, but he "gave the law a tussle," and the law got the best of it and the man was landed in jail. There he had time for reflection, evidently, for so far as is known he never again put himself in a position to "have a tussle" with the game law. A few days ago I was talking with the officer who arrested this man and he told me that the one conflict with the law and the result had completely changed the man, and he was now a strong advocate of the game law and was active in enforcing it in the community where he lived.

With that he took from his pocket a letter which he gave me to read, and it proved to be from the foreman of the last grand jury of the county in which the ex-poacher lives. It certified, privately, that the writer of his own knowledge knew that the ex-poacher had learned that deer had formed a "yard" on the side of a mountain near his house, and fearing that they would be killed by crust hunters he had watched the yard for five days when the crust was hard and had thus been the means, probably, of saving the deer from destruction, for it had been discovered that some one was watching the yard, and men who might have a weakness in that direction had not dared to go near it. As privately as the letter was sent to the officer, the officer sent a letter to the ex-poacher, saying that he had learned by the underground line that he had watched the deer yard for five days and he commended him for his action, and as proof that he was in earnest in his commendation he inclosed \$5 as part payment of five days of good work well done. I wish that I was at liberty to give the name of the officer who contributed \$5 from his own pocket to encourage an ex-lawbreaker in his change of heart regarding game laws.

A. N. CHENEY.

Florida Tarpon Fishing.

PUNTA GORDA, Florida, March 5.—The tarpon fishing here is ahead of last season and the regular warm weather which has prevailed has made it almost a certainty to get a strike any day. The following is the record to date:

SEASON OF 1894.		ft.	in.	lbs.
Dec. 27, '93, A. F. Comacho, New York.....		5	5	150
Jan. 5, A. F. Comacho, New York.....		5	6	80
" 6, G. B. Magoun, New York.....		5	8	95
" 6, A. F. Comacho, New York.....		6	3	130
" 8, C. A. Dean, Boston.....		6	2	138
" 8, G. B. Magoun, New York.....		5	5	90
" 10, G. B. Magoun, New York.....		5	2	78
" 12, L. P. Magoun, New York.....		6	0	90
" 21, J. N. Camden, Jr., W. Va.....		8	3½	135
" 25, G. B. Magoun, New York.....		5	0	75
Feb. 22, R. N. Johnson, New Jersey.....		5	9	106
" 26, W. Y. M. Ripley, Vermont.....		6	8	103

Mr. F. A. Brown caught two beautiful tarpon last week in one day. When we do not care for such large fish, we enjoy ourselves from the hotel pier catching trout and sheephead. Mr. J. C. McCoy, of New York, who is here with Geo. B. Magoun, on board the Oriole, caught a monster jewfish here the other day, weighing 380lbs., and measuring 6ft. Mr. Cecil Hayter, of England, shot a seven-foot alligator here last Friday. So the variety of sport would suit any possible inclination. The average temperature here in February at 6 A. M. was 67°.

H. B. W.

BOSTON NOTES.

THE wonderfully pleasant weather the first twelve days of March has taken away a good deal of the snow and ice, and an early spring is promised. So far the season is certainly two weeks ahead of a year ago. Early trout fishing is promised. Boston fishermen who go down on the Cape are very much interested. Some of them have already been down to the streams and ponds to look after the trout that may be caught in Massachusetts after the first of April. Artist Mark Hollingsworth, than whom no man loves to fish for trout any better, will be one of the earliest on the ground. Charles Sias will go down to the trout preserve, belonging chiefly to himself and brother, as soon as the law is off.

There is yet some hope that the dreaded Gilbert trout bill may again be defeated. The House amendments have not yet been concurred in by the Senate. The measure is to come up again early this week. Through the energy of Mr. Charles F. Chamberlayne the following circular has been issued and thoroughly distributed:

BOSTON, March 8, 1894. Dear Sir: The "Gilbert Trout Bill" of 1894 can still be defeated by instant effort. Otherwise it is likely to become a law. Are you willing to assist in preventing the threatened destruction of wild trout for the profit of a few individuals? If so, there is but one thing to do. Write at once to your Senator and Representatives in the General Court, urging them to use their best efforts to prevent the enactment of the bill. If you see these fail, write the Governor. Write at once, and write strongly. I send this circular at the request of certain friends of trout preservation. Very respectfully, Charles F. Chamberlayne. (No. 60 Devonshire st.)

A good many letters have been written to Senators and Representatives, the result of the above circular, but I have not great confidence in the final defeat of the bill. Senators and Representatives have been approached and urged to vote against the measure. Gov. Greenhalge is also being urged with the necessity of vetoing the measure, but to me it is extremely doubtful as to his taking the interest in sporting matters sufficient to cause him to stop the measure.

Mr. Ireland has a letter from W. S. Hills, the blind fisherman, who is now in Florida, and is having a grand time and enjoying it greatly. He goes bluefishing nearly every day and takes some days as many as seventeen fish. This is early bluefishing, but it must be remembered that the fishing ground is far south. I have very little news of success of Boston sportsmen with the silver king this spring. Mr. Richard C. Harding is on a vacation at present in the vicinity of Ossipee, New Hampshire. He went away with the intention of doing some pickerel fishing, but the extreme thickness of the ice had hindered him at last accounts. Mr. Geo. B. Appleton, who had the misfortune to slip on the ice and break his leg some weeks ago, is out again, though on crutches still. He says that the recent spring days in March brought him out, though contrary to the advice of his physician and his best friends. His firm does not propose to make their usual show of live trout in the window on the first day of April this year; they are satisfied that the show of live trout attracts the rabble rather than the sportsmen.

Capt. Fred C. Barker, the well known camp and steam-boat proprietor of the Rangeleys, is on his way home from his trip to Southern California. He was in Boston on Saturday, and appears to be much improved in health. I honestly believe that his greatest trouble is overwork. There is not a man in the business of catering to sportsmen and taking care of them who puts in so much hard labor and personal attention as Capt. Fred. Everybody who has ever had to deal with him has a good word for him. Would that there were more like him in the same business. If he agrees that his boat shall be at a certain landing, in season, the storm must be a terror that can hinder it. Whatever he agrees to do, or that coupon ticket calls upon him to do, that is just what is going to be done.

Some amendments are being tacked on to the bill now before the Massachusetts Legislature to prevent the seining of smelt at any season in the streams and bays along the South Shore and the Cape. The smelt seiners are loth to give up their practices, though ruinous to hook and line fishing. The close time on smelt begins, in this State, on March 15. The fish dealers accede to the requirements of this law cheerfully, and all the smelt disappear from their places of business before that day. They are either disposed of or are shipped out of the State. New York evidently gets some of them. But the local smelt fisherman along the South Shore streams and on the Cape does not yield to the requirements of the law very willingly. He is in fact likely to cause the fish protectors a good deal of trouble.

SPECIAL.

SHE DIDN'T LIKE FISHING.

I FEAR that I can claim for myself no immunity from the rule that the old angler invariably grows uneasy on the approach of spring, and I am reminded of this by a letter lately received from a settlement in Ohio, in which the writer mentions sixty-three waters, or thereby, which he desires to fish during the coming season.

Finding myself in better health and spirits than I have enjoyed for some years past, I am reminded that I have laid up in memory sundry waters to be explored whenever I could manage to look them up.

As I write, the memories of old fishing days come crowding in upon my brain. I recollect that I one day surprised the echitelka, who was not fond of fishing. Nevertheless, she said that she would like to go out with me when convenient, in my boat. She didn't feel very well, and it might do her good. I replied that I should be pleased to accommodate her, and would leave my fishing tackle at home, as I had heard that she didn't enjoy the sport. She said that it was true—she didn't like to see the poor fish taken off the spear, nor to have them thrashing about in the boat; yet she insisted that I should make no change in my arrangements. So we went, and had a pleasant row, but did no fishing until on our return, while off the mouth of a brook where in former days the bass had the habit of interfering with my tackle (though none had been taken there for some time), I thought I would try a cast.

"I did not think that your line was so long, and I don't see how you can throw it so far," remarked the lady, with some appearance of interest. "What makes it act so? Is there a fish there?"

"Truly" I replied, "I am forced to the conclusion that there is some creature of that nature, for the reel sang a tune which meant a 8-pounder."

"Well, I thought maybe they would bite at your tackle, it looks so nice. See the pole bend. Does he pull?"



"If this court understand herself, he do."

"Can't you pull him in?"

"I should not like to try it just now; besides, you don't like to see the fishes flapping in the boat."

"It seems queer that I cannot see him at all. What sort of a fish is it?"

"It is a big-mouthed bass, and they do not always show themselves until compelled to do so, but you will probably see him soon."

The bass was growing weary, and I reached for my landing net.

"Oh, I do believe I can see it—it is a bass, sure enough."

The fish gradually approached, the net slid softly under the gleaming form, and it lay in the bottom of the boat with never a single flap. The lady drew a long breath, for despite previously conceived ideas, she had been following the proceedings with much interest; and a certain gratified expression lighted up her countenance.

"Oh, I never saw fish caught like that before."

"How do you like my way of angling?"

"Why, it is a great deal better than I expected."

There is much satisfaction in finding fish where you expect only water. I made a few more casts, and was successful in landing three. The fourth broke away, and the ochitelka seemed quite disappointed. Then I boated another—this time a 3½-pounder, and said: "I believe that is about enough for ourselves and the neighbors, isn't it?"

"Don't you think Mrs. W. would like one? She will be here this evening."

"Perhaps she would." And in obedience to the implied command I placed upon my hook a frog (which I had previously killed for the purpose), and taking a stroke or two of the bowfacer, sent my line to a little cluster of lily pads, which I had for some time had in view as the possible lurking place of a "buster."

The frog alighted just outside the lily leaves, and as it descended the water broke to the rise of a rousing bass, and the reel sang in sympathy with his movements.

"Now," said I, "there's business ahead; and if we can manage to land that fellow I think that Mrs. W. will tomorrow have fish enough for more than one meal."

It was a very large small-mouth, and when he felt the steel and sprang clear from the water the lady clapped her hands in astonishment.

"My! Why, he hopped right up in the air."

My tackle had shown signs of being a little tender, and having much sympathy for Mrs. W., who is an honest, hard-working woman, but though fond of bass, possesses not the art nor tackle requisite to the beguilement thereof. I felt that it was incumbent upon the ochitelka and myself to see to it that she had this particular fish for her breakfast.

Out leaped the bass—once, twice, thrice; and at every spring there was a subdued exclamation from the stern of the boat. At last the great fish floated alongside, over the net, was safe, and we each drew a long breath. It weighed—whatever you choose. (I may here state that I never use more time in playing a fish than the circumstances seem to justify.) When I had reeled in my line, laid the rod in the boat and assumed the oars, the lady said: "I never liked to go fishing before, but I have very much enjoyed the trip. I think that I should like to go again some day."

And so Mrs. W. had her fish.

KELPIE.

## CALIFORNIA CASTING TOURNAMENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Following are the rules adopted for the fly-casting tournament which will be held here May 4 and 5:

### Rules to Govern the Contests.

1. *Officers*.—Each contest shall be under the direction of a referee, two judges, a timekeeper and a clerk. The clerk shall see that each contestant is properly registered and that his tackle conforms to the rules governing the particular contest in which he is about to engage. The clerk should keep the records of the contest for which he is clerk. The timekeeper shall indicate by means of a flag the beginning and the ending of the period of time allotted to each contestant. The judges shall determine the degree of excellence of each performer and shall make the awards. The referee shall decide cases in which the judges disagree or when a contestant shall appeal from the decision of the judges. The referee shall interpret the rules in case of a misunderstanding. In matters not covered by the rules, the referee shall decide. The decision of the referee shall be final.

2. *Fee*.—The entrance fee for each contest shall be \$2.

3. *Who May Compete*.—The contests are open to all, there not being as yet sufficient basis for a separation into classes, but the executive committee may, for cause, decline to receive the entrance fee of any person, and may decline to admit him as a contestant.

4. *Medals*.—For each event there shall be a first medal of gold, a second medal of silver and a third medal of bronze. The medals shall be awarded in the order of averages, the highest average takes the Pacific Coast championship; but in events 1, 4 and 5 the longest cast shall be the Pacific Coast record.

5. *Hooks, Lines and Reels*.—Each fly-caster may use one, two or three flies. The kind of reel is not prescribed and the kind of line is not prescribed. The leader for events 1, 2 and 3 shall be of single gut and shall not be less than 6ft. nor more than 9ft. in length. The line shall be free from knots or any device to add weight to the line. For events 1, 2 and 3 the hooks shall not be larger than No. 5, for event 4 the hooks shall not be larger than No. 4-0. To prevent fouling the measuring line or the buoys, and to prevent possible injury to the spectators, all hooks shall be broken just below the barb.

6. *Rods*.—For event 1 the rods shall not exceed 11ft. in length. The weight is not limited. For event 2 the rod shall not exceed 11ft. in length and shall not exceed 8oz. in weight. For event 3 the rod shall not exceed 10ft. in length and shall not exceed 5oz. in weight. For event 4 the rod shall not exceed 18ft. in length. For event 5 the rod shall not exceed 10ft. in length. The weight of rod in events 4 and 5 is not limited.

7. *Style of Casting*.—For events 1, 2, 3 and 5 the casting shall be single-handed. For event 4 the casting may be double-handed.

8. *Time Allowance*.—The time allowed each contestant to extend his line and make his casts is 10 minutes. No time shall be allowed for the replacing of lost flies, but the judges in their discretion allow time for the rejoining of a rod or the replacing of a broken section. No cast in which the leader flies is missing shall be scored. Each contestant shall, after beginning the 10 minutes allotted to him, inform the judges when he desires the scoring to begin, calling score to designate that he is ready.

9. *Buoys and Scoring*.—In casting for distance and accuracy (Event No. 5), there shall be two buoys distant 50ft. and 60ft. from the edge of the casting platform, and there shall be made ten casts at each buoy. The leader fly is missing shall be scored. The total number of the dexterity, 10 being considered perfect. The total number of points both for accuracy and dexterity at both buoys shall be added together and be divided by 4 to get the percentage of each contestant.

10. *The Platform* shall be at least 8ft. square and its surface shall not be more than 1ft. above the surface of the water.

11. *The Lure Casting* shall be done on land on a court 30ft. wide and 300ft. long, through the main axis of which shall run a tape marked off in feet. The casting shall be done single-handed from one extremity of the court. The weight shall be a ½-oz. lead sinker. The line shall run from the reel and the rod shall not exceed 10ft. in length. Three preparatory casts shall be made and then five casts for record. To determine the record of a cast, subtract from the actual distance the number of feet, less one, that the weight falls from the tape, the

sum of the credits divided by five shall determine the score upon which the championship and the medals are awarded, but the greatest single cast shall constitute the Pacific Coast record.

It was also decided that in matters not covered by these rules, the rules of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club shall govern. NANCYOTT.

## NIAGARA COUNTY ANGLERS' CLUB.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Niagara County Anglers' Club held their annual meeting Friday, March 2, and the reports show a healthy growth of the club. We number 130 members—101 in good standing, dues paid to date—at \$2 a year. The club has prosecuted and convicted three for illegal fishing.

We offered a reward last year of \$25 for the detection and conviction of all persons caught fishing in violation of the game laws. This year we pay \$10, and as much as the fine is in addition, and propose to assist the game protector, James Ripson, to drive the devils out of the land. We paid \$75 in rewards last year, and having \$500 in the treasury we are better prepared to prosecute the work.

Half a million trout fry had been placed in Lake Ontario in April, 1893. Dynamiters and illegal fishermen had been prosecuted and punished, and \$75 paid in rewards to informers.

The public as well as the law breakers had recognized the sincerity and firmness of the organization in carrying out the objects which it was formed to promote. The past year has been a very successful one for the club. It has 129 members, with \$500 in the treasury, and the coming year is likely to add to its strength and usefulness. Including the 500,000 whitefish and the same number of trout fry expected within a few days, the club will have placed 3,000,000 fish in Lake Ontario, which will in time greatly improve the fishing there.

The prizes offered a year ago for the highest count of fish taken during the season were awarded as follows: First, silk umbrella from A. L. Smith, to William Hart, Gasport. Second, silk line from C. W. Hatch, to W. H. Case. Third, vest pattern from J. W. Peuss, to W. E. Huston. Mr. Hart's catch was 332 fish or 5,048 points, W. H. Case, 258 fish or 4,594 points, and W. E. Huston's, 49 fish, or 1,342 points.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, W. H. Case; Vice-President, J. F. Little; Secretary, F. K. Sweet; Treasurer, G. W. Weaver; Directors, W. A. Williams, Jos. Dumville and John A. Merritt.

In view of the large amount of work performed by the secretary, a salary of \$25 per year was voted that officer. Mr. Sweet has been secretary before and there is no more active member of the club.

Mr. W. H. Case, the new president, is as good a selection as could have been made, and he will keep the boys awake this year. The meeting adjourned until Tuesday, April 3. F. K. S.

### Death of William S. Miniszek.

MEMBERS of the fishing tackle trade, particularly in the West, will be pained to learn of the death of Mr. William S. Miniszek at his residence in this city on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Miniszek was the representative of the well-known fishing tackle firm of William Mills & Son, of New York, having traveled for them through the West and on the Pacific Coast, since 1886. He had an extensive acquaintance with the trade, and not only was he extremely popular, but was held in high esteem for his sterling qualities as a man.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### Planting and Growth of Landlocked Salmon.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: My friend Cheney's last letter on the habits of the wannanish (or wannanish, as Mr. Brewer tells me they pronounce it in Canada) recalls the fact that the plant of them which I made at the Connecticut Lakes in 1880 followed the habits of their Grand Lake progenitors and went down stream to spawn. When I was up there in '82 and inquired for them "Uncle Tom Chester" told me that one about 11in. long had been taken near the outlet of Second Lake, in which the first plant was made. I have never heard of another one being seen in that lake, but two or three years ago they began to appear in First Lake, and last year quite a number were taken there.

It is impossible for them to get up stream into Second Lake again, as the crest of the dam overhangs the pool below, which is very rocky and turbulent. There is also a log chute at the falls half-way down which pours its water out through a trough in the same manner, and it would be impossible for any fish to scale it. On the other hand, at the outlet of First Lake there is a sawmill, with a rack, or strainer, through which they could not go down, and it is two miles away from the place where they entered the lake, if the first lot spawned, as I think they did in the stream between the two lakes, where there is plenty of good spawning ground.

There is no such ground for at least half a mile below First Lake, as the channel is there a steep rocky gorge, and any fish which might have escaped at the outlet would have to keep on down the river to more quiet waters.

I have taken lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*) in the little pool where the sawmill wheel discharges, but that pool is not more than 15 or 20ft. in diameter; and they had probably been swept down when small and could not get back again.

SAM. WEBBER.

*Postscript*.—Further thought on what I have said about the spawning habits of the wannanish leads me to make the suggestion that the position of the first plant may have some effect on the future migration.

As I remember, the first, and certainly the subsequent ones at Sunapee, were made in the waters of Pike Brook, on which the hatching house now stands; and the young fry were brought up and educated in those waters, and naturally returned to them to spawn themselves.

On the other hand the fry I took to the Connecticut Lakes were planted in the lake at a point where a strong spring broke out on the shore of the lake and spread itself over a bed of loose stones and coarse gravel, under which the young fish found shelter instantly. It was late in the day, our ice was exhausted, and we did not dare to risk the pull of a mile in a boat and another mile tramp in the woods to find a suitable place to plant the fry in one of the inlets. The place where we did put them was on the same side of the lake as the inlet and not very distant from it, and probably their distinct—or in other words their inherited—experience led them to the outlet as the nearest running water.

I think this may have been the case also in the plant in some lake in central or western New York, of which I cannot recall the name, though it has been often spoken of, where I think the plant was directly in the lake, but where the fish were afterward found to have gone down to a lower one.

In the Sunapee case the fish from their own experience went up to the waters in which they were bred; and in the other cases, relying on their inherited experience, went down.

I offer these as possible explanations of the difference, and would like to know if my friend A. N. Cheney thinks them plausible and probable.

SAM. WEBBER.

PORTNEUF, Quebec.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of Jan. 27, Mr. A. N. Cheney had a communication respecting the growth of landlocked salmon. My experience has been as follows:

On the 4th of June, 1890, I placed about 8,000 fry of those fish (hatched by me from eggs obtained from the U. S. Hatchery, at Grand Lake Stream) in a fine stream or large brook flowing into a lake of about 10 square miles in superficies and connecting with other lakes on nearly the same level with about as much more.

Nothing was seen or known of these fish (except that some lumbermen reported that they had seen some of them dead the following spring—which report I do not consider very reliable), until last summer, when one was taken in a river flowing into the first named lake, which might weigh a trifle over 2½lb.

The fish must have been one of those I planted, since none are known to exist in any waters directly or indirectly connecting, or nearer than the Lake St. John region, some 135 miles away.

I am not surprised that no more fish have been taken, but am rather surprised at their slow growth. The extent of water area is too great and too little fished for any results to be looked for by the occasional fisherman in so short a time, but the late Col. Hodge, of New Hampshire, told me that they might be expected to weigh from 2 to 3lbs. in three years, although he did not think they would breed under five years. Consequently the contents of Mr. Cheney's letter vary so widely from my experience that I take the liberty of calling attention to it. The fish caught was some three miles (or more) from where the fry were placed and in a rapid half a mile above a high and steep fall. Another fish was heard and one seen to leap out of the water of the lake, in which there are no other leaping fish, only the gray trout (touriil), perch and minnows.

I put some 12,000 fry into another brook falling into a lake of the same water system but several miles away, and only connected with the first through eight or nine small lakes and their connecting streams. None of these have ever been heard from, but we go anywhere near them very rarely indeed.

In 1891 several thousand fry were (through mischance, for I intended to put them elsewhere) put into waters quite close to our favorite trout lake, which is fished more or less almost every day in the open season; but none of them have ever been discovered. Some hundreds, at least, of the 1890 eggs and fry must also have been spilled out of our hatching trough into the same waters, and as the lake would seem to be a place in every way favorable for them, I think it surprising that not one has been seen. There are no fish in that lake except speckled trout (in abundance) and minnows. I did not want the ouananiche in it, preferring to leave all the food for the trout.

*Postscript*.—Since I wrote the foregoing I have received some further information. Having seen the man who actually caught the one landlocked salmon mentioned I find it was only a very small one, perhaps some 7in. long, which makes me suspect that it was of a second generation, the product of the fry I planted in 1890.

I fail to see how it can be otherwise, and the fact puts a very encouraging aspect on my experiment.

That little fellow sprang at the fly directly out of white foam in a boiling rapid, into which the line was drawn to prevent it from getting entangled in some branches.

I shall hope for further developments next summer.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Feb. 28.—A man living on the shore of Torch Lake (about four miles from this village) tells me that he saw a fish taken from that lake recently which he believes to have come from a plant of landlocked salmon made by the Fish Commission six or seven years ago. He has never heard of any other result from this plant, though he saw the superintendent, Mr. Marks, some three years ago, at a time when they were netting, in order to secure evidence, if possible, that these fish had lived.

This specimen weighed about 3lbs., had no spots, was white or silvery on the sides, but darker on the back. My informant tried to buy it, in order to send it to the Commission, but was unsuccessful.

KELPIE.

### A Disease of Embryo Salmon.

*Editor Forest and Stream*:

The fry of Salmonidae at the Craig Brook Station have suffered occasionally from quite a list of diseases, the most of which have, however, inflicted but slight injury. The two most serious attacks were experienced in 1890 and 1893, during the sack stage, and their ravages were so extensive that I wish to consult other fishculturists with reference to any similar experience they may have had. I have considered the two attacks as coming from the same disease, though there are some reasons for thinking this point doubtful.

When the disease first made its appearance about the middle of April, 1890, the fry attacked were approaching the middle of the sack stage. The first symptoms observed was a blotched appearance of the sack, which arose from the presence of numerous small white spots just under the surface, scattered all over the sack, but most numerous near the tip. These spots increased in size and ran together somewhat, especially in the tip, which soon became quite white. Meanwhile the subjects of the disease appeared to lose the instinct to hide, became indifferent to light, and instead of clustering in the corners lay scattered about on the bottom of the trough, resting on their sides. The breathing now became weaker, and after a while ceased altogether. The heart continued to beat a little longer, but finally this ceased also and the fish was dead. After the first deaths in a trough, the mortality would rapidly increase until, in some of the worst cases, twenty per cent. or more would die in a single day, and the lot be almost annihilated before the completion of the absorption of the sack.

About thirty per cent. of the fry of all kinds succumbed to this epidemic in 1890. It began with the Atlantic salmon, but was more deadly that year with the landlocked salmon and saibling, and attacked all other kinds to some extent.

In 1891 there was no trace of this disease among any of the fry, but in 1892 it re-appeared and was even more destructive to the Atlantic salmon than in 1890, but no other sorts were attacked, though we were rearing landlocked salmon and brook trout under exactly the same conditions as the Atlantic salmon.

The epidemic was generally prevalent among the Atlantic salmon in 1892, but in 1890 it attacked only certain lots, not appearing to be infectious, but running in families. That is, there was evidence tending to prove that the descendants of certain parents were subject to the disease while the descendants of other parents were exempt. There was also evidence in favor of the view that the cause of the disease was local and not general. In some cases lots of eggs were divided and parts of them shipped to other stations, with the result that while those retained at Craig Brook suffered from the disease, those hatched and reared in other waters escaped entirely.

If other fishculturists have had experience with any such disease as I have described, they could render an important service by reporting the facts they have observed in full, and offering any suggestions they may be able to, as to causes and remedies.

C. G. ATKINS.

CRAIG BROOK STATION, East Orland, Maine.



The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog, and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

FIXTURES.  
DOG SHOWS.

March 27-30.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. D. B. Darby, Sec'y. Entries close March 16.  
April 17 to 20.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y. Entries close March 31.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 1 to 4.—Special show of St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-Terrier clubs, in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, Madison Square Garden.  
May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

THE members of the City of the Straits Kennel Club are to be congratulated on the successful conclusion of their second dog show, held March 7 to 10. It is always a pleasant duty to chronicle such a success, for it always augurs well for even a better show next time. Hitherto Detroit has not been considered good soil for such an enterprise. Although the club's initial show last year paid its way, this year was considered to be a crucial test as to whether such ventures would continue in popularity. There is little doubt of it now in Detroit. Popular prices ruled and crowded aisles resulted. On Thursday there were 2,500 paid admissions. On Friday 4,000 and on the last day about 3,000 people turned the stile. Saturday morning was devoted to Young America and there are probably several hundred budding fanciers and many worried fathers in the city this Sunday morning.

Although the bench show committee is composed of several whose names are familiar in show catalogues, the management of the dog show they have had little experience with. Still, all things considered, the show was fairly well managed, and the experience gained this year should stand them in good stead when another year comes round. The committee is composed of Geo. M. Hendrie, Louis Hilsen-deger, W. Howie Muir, Thos. C. Onelleite, C. A. Parkinson, Chas. Thurman, Guy D. Welton, the secretary, and Thos. Blake, whose experience in such affairs must prove a great help. Mr. Welton was the superintendent as well as secretary and stuck to his duties well, and while we are compelled to draw the attention of the club to a very few undesirable features, we trust they will be taken in all kindly spirit. Mr. Backus, the treasurer, was also an active worker during the week.

The judging was expeditiously gone through, most of the regular classes being judged the first day, and, considering the average show, with an entry of 469 dogs, this may be termed good work, especially as the three rings placed on an extended stage at one side of the hall were not very conveniently situated for quick ring service. The different members of the committee threw themselves heart and soul into the work during the whole week. The puppies were shown against the A. K. C. rule. Dogs not entered were allowed to be brought in for sale. The hours for exercising the dogs were too limited, consequently the exercising ring was at times entirely too crowded with a romping lot of dogs of all sizes; a menace to human and canine limbs.

The aisles were kept well swept, and the feeding and benching being under the experienced care of Mr. "Spratts" Ehrman and "Capt." Murphy, no fault can be found in this respect. During the show Jas. H. Burton's dog circus performed several times a day on the stage and proved a great drawing card, as the programme was a good one.

Everyone was delighted with the grand quality of the dogs on exhibition. In fact the best we have were there, and strong teams from the East stopped off on their way to the Windy City's show this week. The prize list shows the kennels represented, but we may mention that pointers, setters, spaniels and collies were particularly strong, both in numbers and quality. Spaniels were better than at New York, most of the other breeds show that the best were present, though not in such numbers as those named, which subject is treated of in a more detailed manner in the criticisms.

Among those present we noticed C. A. Pratt, Dr. L. Young-husband, C. W. Lougest, J. B. Lewis and father, A. Froem-bling, A. Bousfield, J. E. Dager, John Long, H. Jarrett, F. P. Dole, T. G. Davey, Hes. Milkins, F. C. Stone, W. B. Wells, Geo. Kime, R. Merrill, F. L. Moe, G. Douglas, C. M. Nelles, A. Laidlaw, J. R. Oughton, R. McEwen, J. A. Spracklin, Messrs. Hay & Alexander, George Thomas, W. Turner, C. Davison, R. W. Armstrong, "Sef" and Tom Hallam, B. F. Lewis, Donald Munroe, James Green, S. H. Sliper, T. A. Howard, etc.

The catalogue, while well arranged as far as entries in the different classes went, contained a number of typographical errors, which should be more closely scrutinized another year, as it is very important that the dogs' names should be correctly spelled; some had lost all identity. A marked catalogue was issued on Friday, and contained but two very unimportant mistakes, a very good achievement indeed. Dr. S. Breimon was the veterinarian, but he was difficult to find.

MASTIFFS (James Mortimer, Judge).—Although there were no challenge entries it would be difficult to find an exhibit of mastiffs more even in type and quality than appeared at this show. In open dogs Prince Cola headed the procession. This dog has improved, filled out in body and skull and although he has light chocolate markings and his muzzle, though deep, could be broader, there is little other fault to find with him. The well known Emperor William runs him close, Prince in muzzle, but looked light and tucked up; Emperor Maximilian, third, loses in size and is a trifle straight in hocks, his head is very typical; Beau-fort, Prince seemed under the weather and looked a bit thin, his feet are faulty, too open in toes, and his hind legs should be more bent. Cardinal Beaufort was absent. In bitches there were only two that could be considered, the well known Minna Minting beating Lady Diana in head, chest and shoulders, but not in carriage of ears. The former moved better than last year at Chicago. Zenobia was the only poor one shown, long faced. In puppies a very promising one in Kimball had little trouble in beating Campana, mentioned at New York. Frederick the Great unfortunately succumbed to the excitement of travel, dying on the way to the show.

Dr. Lougest took the special for best kennel and Prince Cola that for best mover, and with Minna Beaufort won the brace prize. None of the Mastiff Club specials were competed for, Dr. Lougest we should think would be a member of the club and adorn his sideboard with some of the handsome trophies they offer.

ST. BERNARDS (James Mortimer, Judge).—Some of the best we have were represented, but though numbers far ex-

ceeded those in the mastiff division, the quality was not nearly so even. Sir Bedivere, looking if anything better than at New York, had only Fernwood Bruce to beat in the challenge class; both were looking well. The massive fo had no competition on her first appearance in the challenge class; she looked much sprightlier and better than at Chicago. In open dogs, the handsome Eboracum was placed over Lord Dante, who is better behind, but not so well-shaped or marked in head. Eboracum is undershot slightly, but it does not detract from his appearance. The massive and handsome American Caesar, I believe, had been in better condition, would have pressed the others close; his head needs a little more stop, but for bone and general massiveness he excels the others. Sir William Wallace is a very nice small dog, with little fault to find in him except lack of collar; well-formed head, good bone, legs and body, and flat, rich-colored coat; pity there is no more of him. Earl Douglass, while a handsome dog as a pet, is too fine in muzzle; his coat is his chief attraction. In bitches, the beautiful-headed Rustic Beauty charmed all by her intense quality and typical expression, while her massive, deep head made a marked contrast to the others; it is a pity her coat is not flatter. Lying alongside Sir Bedivere, the couple made a charming object lesson in what St. Bernard expression and quality should be. A word of praise would not be amiss here if given to Arthur Trickett for his splendid work in getting these two dogs in the condition they are at present. Rustic Beauty was a wreck at Chicago, and Sir Bedivere was not anything too lively, but now, barring a little more coat, he looks as well as he ever has done in this country, and does not require to be lifted on his bench. The fact has been brought home to him that he is but a dog after all, and he eats with the rest now. While a dog may be a crack in his class, his internals are pretty much the same as any of his kind, and owners and kennelmen should remember this. The good-bodied Sunray, improving in head with age, came second to Beauty; while Uarda, third, a little plain-faced and light-colored, is well formed in body and legs, her head requires more depth and squareness. Arline, reserve, is a smart-moving bitch that well deserved her letters; nice type of head, but not enough of it. Lady Taylor might have done better had she not been shown in whelp; she has lots of quality, but is not massive enough in head. The others require no mention. In puppies Sir Havelock is a bit straight-faced and snipy, other parts good. Little Dorrit, second, while a pretty little thing, should be squarer in muzzle and not so full in eye; her skull is fair. Belle Isle Napoleon, though too long cast, might have had some letters; he has a better head than the second winner; his ribs are very flat, though.

In smooths Scottish Leader bested Alton II., both were well shown. The latter has a little the best in expression, but not in depth of muzzle and skull. No challenge bitches. In open dogs St. Augustine wins from Lawrence Garza in size and massiveness of head; both are faulty in hocks, the winner more so, and though better than at Toronto, still is a little thin. The bitch class saw a win for Pratt's Belle, a new face to me, a nice headed one, nearly all white in body, faulty tail, good legs. Sunol, second, is of better color, on the small side, fair head and nice type all through. Fern-wood Goldie, third, has been described before, just a fair bitch. The Argyle Kennels took the kennel special.

BLOODHOUNDS (James Mortimer, Judge).—This was a repetition of New York almost, excepting the winner, Kawena, who has just come over the sea. She is a bitch of excellent parts; while I don't think she can beat Belhus in head, being shorter in skull and muzzle and not so well defined in peak she scarcely has Belhus's nobility of expression, but she excels, although a bitch, in body formation and bone, and was shown in excellent condition. Vigilant, that promising young bitch we noticed at New York, was vhc. Alchemist was a little under the weather after his voyage and will not appear till Boston.

WOLFHOUNDS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—This was a repetition of New York as far as the dogs go, but awards were reversed in some cases. Argoss and Leekhof and Vinga and Zerry were again the order in challenge classes. In open dogs Odrooska, winner at New York, losing flesh a little, had to give way to Col. Dietz this time, who was vhc. at New York. The latter loses to the other in loin, front and head. Leekhof II. was reserve; he was also at New York where he took third money. In bitches the order was again Rega and Ermina; Lady Dietz took a step higher, this time being placed over Gypsy Queen, but as stated at New York she is a good sort, and especially in Lady's present thin condition should get the better position. Seacroft Kennels took the kennel special, but the Marlboro Kennels, taking condition and evenness of type, to say nothing of wins, should have won.

GRAT DANES (James Mortimer, Judge).—A very light exhibit, but some dogs of good type were shown, Mrs. Glynn getting most of the plums. In open dogs, there being no challenge entries, Senta's Brutus, first, a blue dog, has made up into a strong, well made dog since the fall of last year, excelling Stanley in formation of skull, cleanness of neck and face, bone and carriage of stern; losing a trifle at present in arch of loin, a splendid mover, ears should be neater. Sirius, third, should be more bent in hocks, is cheeky, and should be stronger in muzzle, best headed son of Melac yet seen. Pedro, vhc., is a coarse common looking black dog, light of eye, but good legs and bone; not a typical great Dane. In bitches Senta's Rheda has made up into a nicish sort in body and legs, beating Senta's Mascot, her litter sister, this time, but the latter scores in head and is a nicely formed bitch all through, with a good head of proper length. Rheda is sort of down-faced and not square enough in muzzle and is lighter in bone. The puppies were not good, the winner's head will not do, but is better in body and legs. Mrs. Glynn took the kennel and brace special.

DEERHOUNDS (James Mortimer, Judge).—Lochiel, looking more symmetrical than at New York, won nicely from Bruce II. in head and bone and loin, but loses in texture of coat, this dog should be shown as light in flesh as possible, consistent with dog show condition. In bitches we saw our old friend Olga once more; she keeps up wonderfully well, had a good coat on and was as hard as nails, in fact all these dogs were well muscled and hard. There were no specials.

GREYHOUNDS (James Mortimer, Judge).—The entries, with one exception, are so familiar to our readers that criticism is not necessary. Gem of the Season easily won from Pious Pembroke in challenge dogs, leaving Master Rich in the cold. Pretty Bestwood Daisy had things to herself in challenge bitches. In open bitches—no dogs were entered—Southern Beauty had no difficulty in winning over Idlewild.

SPANIELS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—The collection here was one that could scarcely be excelled and must have occasioned, especially in the cocker classes, no little trouble to the judge, who, however, gave the exhibitors little, if any, cause to grumble. In challenge fields Newton Abbott Torso was alone and looked fairly well. In open black dogs Beauty R.'s curly coat and snipy head placed her with a second only to her credit. Bitches saw Rose an easy winner from Daisy R.; her head is a bit wedge-shaped, however, short of coat, but good body and legs. Daisy's coat should be much flatter. In liver dogs first went without competition to Queen, first here last year; a bit plain in muzzle, otherwise will bear careful criticism. Any other color, the Toronto winner, Workman, was alone; he is not long enough in body and is "cockery" in head.

Challenge cocker dogs brought out a gay lot and that good one Black Duke, excelling in muzzle and body, was placed over champion Middy, who would do with more flesh. Jay Kay, Red Doe, Othello and Red Roland were out of it. In bitches first went to the popular Miss Waggle, who beats Black Duchess in head and condition, though her coat was

a bit stary. In open dogs (11) Jumie II., unnoticed at New York, won first; his head is a fairly good one, a little too full in brow, his body needs filling out, is not straight in front and is very low to the ground, good bone, flat coat. Pickpania, taking the same type, has a better head and is better in body. Woodlawn Prince, third, is a nicely made one, head a trifle long, but well shaped, better front than winner, good bone and body. Douglass, reserve, is too small and ultra cobby, but a smart little chap, nice head, little out at elbows. Donovan, vhc., is coarse in head and leggy to the others; another type of dog, and has made himself famous for some time to come; he won at New York. Woodland Count, vhc., was described at Newark. King Kole, vhc., is too high and broad in skull, but deserved his letters. Wild Fire is coarse in head. Amado has too much stop, otherwise a nice sort. Brantford Jet went way down this time with hc. In the ladies (17) first went to a sweet-headed one in Baby Ruth, but she is out at elbow when standing naturally and is light in body yet. Rideau Reine we have frequently spoken of and also Lady Fidget, who hardly stands true enough in front. Dart, reserve, I could not find. Among the six vhc.'s were Woodland Jude; rather long-headed, but good bone and body, with fair front. Nellie S. has a nice head, but is a little bowed in front; Nellie deserved her letters. Fashion is high in skull and struck me as rather a nice type all over, though she has a rather plain profile, is a cobby sort. Miss Helyett, hc.; nice head and front, but light in body. Woodstock Dora found competition too warm and Lady Constance's crooked front and full, broad skull put her out.

In any other color dogs, first went to St. Lawrence Prince, whose round coarse skull is offset by good legs. Brantford Rufus, second, is well known, described at New York. Brantford Redstone, won last year, is full in eye and brow, stands up well. Brown Lad, vhc., should have darker eye and not be so full in brow; good otherwise. Duke B., hc., is too full in muzzle, and so is Gold Ring. Dandy S. is faulty in head, but a good workman-like looking dog. In bitches, Red Rose, second, a little out before the eye but well shown. Ruth S. is also faulty before the eye, but a nice sort, described before. Woodland Polly, reserve; is a trifle plain in muzzle, but little fault elsewhere, in fact, so many of these shown had but one or two prominent faults that criticism becomes a repetition. Keeps should be shorter in muzzle, but body and legs pass muster.

There were no Clumbers entered. In Irish water spaniels there was not one with a proper tight curled coat, most of those shown were open and flat headed. Patsy B. won in dogs, was poorly shown and is light in body, coat open. Garry Owen shown better in condition and coat, and had the best head on the bench, legs well clothed. The well known Biddy Malone won in bitches, but her curl is all "wilted," bests Kitty of Cork in length of head and coat such as it is. Erin, reserve, has a thick coarse head and poor coat for ice water work.

COLLIES (James Mortimer, Judge).—A fine lot of dogs, the best from Canada and the States. In challenge dogs Wellesbourne Charlie and Roslyn Wilkes fought their battle again, and victory lay with the former, as at New York; neither are in full bloom. Flurry III. had a nice win from the rather plain-faced Jaky Dean, especially in the carriage of ears, though a bit ragged in coat, particularly in brush. Open dogs (21) must have been a puzzler after picking the winner, Sefton Hero, who looked very fit, though more coat would improve him. Yardley Fox came next, he is plain in quarters, too short bodied, good type of head and gets his ears up nicely; excellent coat all through. Orme, third, is a nice sort, head fair length, good ear, coat soft. Blizzard, reserve, a white-coated one, has a good flat skull, but is light in body and out of coat. Among the vhc. there were Rhod-erick Dhont, coarse in head, good length of coat but open. Finsbury Dude is soft in coat and head is not fine enough. Ightewhell Chief is a rather pleasing dog that can beat his fellow card dogs; good length of head, bit cheeky, well coated but not dense enough, good legs, ears a bit heavy but carried well, falls away behind too sharp, should be darker in eye. In bitches the winner proved to be Charlton Phyllis again; she was described at Saratoga, but stands better behind now than she did then, she looks well. Lady Fidget, from the same kennel, came next; she is out of coat and heavy in ear. Lassie, third, turns her feet out, but her head is very pretty; dips in back a little. Helena, reserve, has a sweet head, nice length with good body and coat, and might have gone higher up. Bertha II. was outclassed in head. Nora is too high in brow, but a nice face, heavy ears detract however. I liked Lady Christopher the best of the two lettered ones. Cragston Kennels took the kennel special, and Lassie the special for best owned in Michigan.

POODLES (C. H. Mason, Judge).—With the Meadowmere Kennels supplying all but two entries, the winners have been written of very recently. Dinah, alone in challenge bitches, scored her first win then; Chloe being marked absent, Sidi won in open curly dogs, followed by Yankee, a nice smart sort. Diablo, reserve, loses in coat and muzzle to winner. In bitches the New York second winner Cybele, lost first prize to her kennel mate Bess and sustaining the opinion I expressed in the New York report that she is the better bitch, though beaten there, she beats in muzzle, rib and loin. Bismarck was the only corded one and a separate class was made.

BULLDOGS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—The three shown are all well known and were described in the New York report. Romance won over Wal Hampton, beating in head and condition considerably. The Graven Image was alone in her class.

BULL-TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).—In their game of see-saw, Starlight and Attraction made another appearance; this time the weight of the judge's opinion made the former score. Then Cordona won in dogs, followed by Top-sparkle, some distance apart though, Bellerby King coming in for what he deserved, the reserve card; he is not true in front, faulty in head and eye, too light, cheeky, fairly good body. Edgewood Tipsey and Edgewood Topsey, wrongly entered as Modesty, furnished the bitch class winners and the New York decision was sustained.

DACHSHUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—There was little work here, for Jay scores well over Plethysaurus, though losing in condition he scores so much in head and front and length. Tapstur Horst, reserve, loses in feet, stop, ears and stern. In the next class Jargonelle again had it her own way, as the other is not approaching in type, head, front, length or skin.

BEAGLES (John Davidson, Judge).—With the extended classification I expected to see a bigger entry. Most of the winners are well known. Doctor led in lonely state in challenge dogs, then June M., excelling Snow in type of head, scored another blue ribbon, and was in much better shape than at Chicago three months since. Open dogs, large size, Joe, described at New York, won, better in head, but not in skull than Pomp. Pomp runs him close. In bitches the New York winner, Oracle, was alone, traveling is not doing her much good. In dogs under 13in. the well known Adam scored. He is plain-faced, but a good working sort of dog. I liked Baby Deane for first in bitches over Superba, slightly better head; neither are good, better bone and cobbier body. Guy D. Welton won the kennel prize and Oracle the special for best in show, somewhat easily.

FOX-TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).—A nice lot of these dogs, though competition was not very brisk, the New York winners sticking to the front. Raffle, in the absence of Ripon Stormer, had a walkover in challenge dogs, and so had Grouse II. in her class; she looked exceedingly well, too. The New York winner, Warren Safeguard, had an easy win in open dogs, beating Baby Pailisy in skull and muzzle, a more punishing head. Baby Pailisy looked well and is a nice ter-



rier, but was out of coat. Arrandale Mixture is light in bone, fair head, he and Laundowne Poverino have occupied the same relation before. Hillsdale Royal is light in body and weak in muzzle. That capital sort, improving, too, Warren Caution beat Warren Duty, and properly, in length of head and strength of muzzle and coat; both are nice of stamp, though a little more "varmint" expression would add to their appearance. Lady Rosebery, third, is a little coarse in head to the winner, but has more bone, she is well known. Richmond Jesmine, vhc., should be stronger in muzzle, is a bit leggy, good body.

In wires first went to Undercliffe Comet, whose wide front and coarse shoulders rather spoil the effect of his good head. Dark Eye, second, is well known, and so is Ebor Larchmont, while Adwood Jim II. is a campaigner of the old sort. In bitches, Jess Frost, with two sores on her stern, should have given place to Raper's Rosanna, a better-headed one but leggy and out of coat; Jess should not have been shown. Glenmore Belle loses in length of head to both. The Rutherford Kennels took both kennel prizes, which included a \$100 trophy. The best in show owned in Canada fell rightly enough to Ruby Pallissy, which pleased his new owners mightily. With this also went the cigars for the best owned in Wayne and Essex counties.

**IRISH TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—There was only one strikingly good fresh face, the others, excepting one, are old campaigners. In the challenge class Jack Briggs scored again over Jackanapes, and in the absence of Bill Briggs, Brickbat, Jr., claimed a blue ribbon in the open dog class; pity this dog is so much on the large size; he is well formed. The bitch class introduced us to a new one from Dr. Niven's kennel, Glenary Donagh, a ten months' old terrier, quite large enough but of excellent type, long clean head well formed; she should do some winning. Blue Ribbon, second, is quite a coarse-headed one in comparison.

**DANDIE DINMONTS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—Only King o' the Heather and Ainstey Daisy from the same kennel, but with positions reversed from New York as they should be.

**SKYE TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—A nice lot, but all well known and reported fully at New York.

**BEDLINGTON TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—Mount Vernon Tibbie won; nice size. Second went to a capital made one in Doctor A.; rather large size but excellent and well shaped body. Professor looked very thin and smaller than ever; muzzle too snipy and soft coated.

**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—In challenge class three were put down, Broomfield Sultan getting the verdict, with Gypsy Girl reserve; Prince Regent, a better-tanned dog, looking on. In open dogs, Glenwood won nicely; he was at New York; beats Rochelle Turk in head, though a bit coarse, eye and bone and body. Rochelle Oolah, reserve, described before; a poor one. In bitches, Rosette scored nicely in general type and character, though tan could be better, over Rochelle Moll; Betsy, also well known, getting reserve.

**YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—Only three, and not a good one in the lot. And the same may be said of the toy terriers, though Tiny has a larger head than is generally met with; tan too light, and only got second.

**SCOTCH TERRIERS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—Three and Kilroy were placed as before in challenge class, and Kilree again beat Wankie Tam; both looked well. Culebrian this time beat Wankie Daisy; better head, ears and general type. Merry Coll, reserve, loses in coat, front and head to the winners.

**PUGS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—Curtis and Vega furnished the challenge winners, and were well shown. In open dogs, Finsbury Duke won nicely; should be a little cobbler in body, but a nice sort all through. Andy D., with his long face and shelly body, was lucky to get second over Drummer, vhc., in spite of the latter's bent leg and smutty coat; one is a pug in general formation, the other not. But Ochmar, reserve, should be spoken of first; he is too flat in skull, long-faced and light in body, no trace and tail. Al Von was absent. In bitches, Haughty Madge, a bitch of excellent type and general formation, scored easily from Lady Clover. Miss Decima, reserve, scores over La Belle Petit and the second winner in head and substance and general type. Diamond Bessie, a nice little sort, excels Baby S. also, the other vhc., very much in head; latter is too long and also shelly in body; Bessie's open feet are against her. Rustic Queen II. is too light in body and should have more skull. The Italian greyhounds are all well known.

**MISCELLANEOUS CLASS (C. H. Mason, Judge).**—Equal firsts were given to the smooth sheepdog Blue Belle and the bobtail Herdman II., described last week. In the small dogs, Dewr, the Welshman; Mieke, the Schipperke, and Sheffield Lad divided.

H. W. LACY.

**FOXHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).**—The three classes provided had a total of nine entries. Rosemary, a fine bitch, won easily over Ranger II. in the challenge class, and in open dogs, Denmark won quite as easily over his three competitors. Second went to Clinker, light in body and poor in head and hound character. Herberty Jack, vhc., was ordinary compared to the winners. The three bitches were not remarkable for merit. Torment, a small bitch won first, while second went to Maud, light in body, short of leg and long cast.

**POINTERS (John Davidson, Judge).**—The pointer classes were quite good in quality, the kennel teams being remarkably good ones. The Hempstead Farm Co. won the special for the best kennel and also the special for the best kennel of four with field trial records, these two specials having a very even lot of competitors, the Hempstead Farm having Robert le Diable, Duke of Hessen, Sanford Druid and Hempstead Duke. Mr. Davey had a very strong kennel in competition, but they were lacking in sortness and average quality as compared with the Hempstead Farm dogs. In the heavy weight challenge class, Count Graphic took first over Tempest. In the corresponding bitch class Woolton Game got the decision over Josie Brackett. In light-weight challenge dogs Duke of Hessen easily won over Rush of Lad. There were three well-known competitors in the challenge bitch class for light-weights. Lady Gay Spanker, first, Miss Rimmer, the reserve; Wild Lilly was the other competitor. There were five competitors in the open class for heavy-weight dogs. First went to Sandford Druid. He is a little straight in stiles and shows throatiness. He has a good head, body, legs and feet. Second went to Molton Banner, described recently, and third went to Dandy, a long-cast dog, coarse in head, straight in stiles and shoulders, body well ribbed and well shaped. The reserve, Count Graphic's Pat, stands high on legs and his head is coarse. In the heavy-weight bitch class Hempstead Pearl, winner of first, has quite a good head, though somewhat narrow in muzzle. She stands squarely on good legs and feet, has a uniform good muscular development and good symmetry. Lady Graphic, second, is plain in head, and the expression of her face is marred by prominent, full eyes. She has good legs and feet and fair symmetry of form. Brighton Leda, third, carries her ears badly sometimes, and she is a shade heavy in limbs. Abess of Kent, the reserve, is heavy in shoulders, throaty, and ordinary in quality.

In light-weight dogs Ridgeview Tenny, in excellent condition, won first in a class of eight competitors, second going to Ridgeview Comet, well made aside from some faults of head and neck. Third was won by Hempstead Duke, ordinary in head and deficient in symmetrical finish. The reserve, Sport of Hessen, is long cast and coarse. Trim, vhc., is light in muscles, neck too widely spread on shoulders, long body and ordinary symmetry. The open bitch class had seven entries. First prize was won by a fairly good small bitch, throaty and light in head. Hempstead Blossom, second, is not clean cut in head, but well built though lacking a

trifle in general symmetry. Fan Fan, second, described in previous reports, won third. Devonshire Pearl is narrow in muzzle and throaty, otherwise she is quite trimly built and sound. Two received vhc., Duchess, wide in ribs, straight in shoulders and head somewhat coarse, and Hempstead Jilt, a bitch of ordinary quality with some coarseness.

**ENGLISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).**—The English setter classes were strong in numbers and quality. Toledo Blade and Monk of Furness, dogs of sharply distinct type, were the competitors in the challenge class for dogs. The latter is largely Laverack in breeding and type, while Toledo Blade is more after the type of the modern setter, or rather the idea of type of the modern setters, for they are in fact of the greatest variety of types. Of the two distinct types, Monk is a better dog of his type than Toledo Blade is of the modern setter. Cincinnati was entered in the class but did not compete. Viatrix Llewellyn, in good condition, won over her two competitors, Cambriana and Albert's Nellie, the latter getting reserve. The dog class filled the ring to its utmost capacity consistent with judging. There were twenty-two competitors. Paul Bow was in excellent condition and won first; his head is his worst fault, the muzzle being light and the head not being clean cut. He has excellent back, body, ribs, quarters, legs and feet; ribs a bit too wide at the shoulders, good symmetry. Second was won by Netherwood Nymrod, described recently in these columns. The third winner, Washtenaw Grouse, is quite a good setter, a little heavy in shoulders and straight in stifle; fairly good general symmetry. Max Noble, the reserve, is long cast, but has excellent muscular development and good symmetry; he is about medium size, stands squarely on sound legs and feet, and has a workmanlike appearance; he was well conditioned and hard as nails. The vhc. dogs were above the average in quality. They were Monk of Furness Sting, Robin Goch, Wordsley Dude, Ben Hur of Riverview and Matano, both he and Max Noble pressing the winner of third very close. I fancied the latter for third place, he being a better finished dog with uniform muscular development.

There were eighteen competitors in the bitch class. Toledo Queen, first, had a very strong competitor in Luna, the latter a bitch of fine symmetry; she is slightly faulty in knees and sometimes stands with elbows in; she is better in head, neck and symmetry than Toledo Queen, though the latter is a bitch of much merit; her head is light and narrow, neck too short, body well shaped, strong in back and quarters, and symmetrical in form. Third went to Nellie Breeze of Washtenaw, a pretty bitch with a tendency to lateness. The reserve went to Cleopatra, quite a good bitch with a plain head, neck short and stifle too straight. Both she and Tube Rose, vhc., were strong competitors for third place. The others awarded vhc. were Sylvia and Liberty II.

**IRISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).**—The kennel prize was taken by the Oak Grove Kennels. In the challenge class, Kildare Glenmore was first with Seminole the reserve. Edna H. had no competitor in the challenge class for bitches. The open dog class had four competitors, of which Finglas was easily first. Pemberton, shown in good condition, was second, and Killane, an ordinary dog, was third. Finglas, coarse in head, flat in ribs, throaty and ordinary, was reserve. There were ten in the bitch class. Nona was placed over Ruby Glenmore II., the same positions which they were awarded at New York. Rosamond won third. The remainder of the class was ordinary. Nita Concord, reserve, has a narrow head, light skull, short neck, but is fairly well built otherwise. Roxie, vhc., is light in muzzle, ears set high, faulty knees and ordinary in quality.

**GORDON SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).**—Heather Lad won over Leo B. in the challenge class for dogs. In the bitch class Duchess of Waverly was first, Lady Gordon reserve. There were four in the open dog class. In which Duke of Wellington was first. Second was won by Judge S., somewhat long cast in form, narrow muzzle and thin in flesh, tan partly smudgy. Shot Boy, third, has a coarse head, throaty, heavy shoulders, pale tan, legs and feet good. Rab, reserve, has a flat, coarse head. There were five bitches. First went to Highland Yola, a good bitch, though rounding in hips, which gives her a heavy appearance. Montrose, second, is cobby in build, a bit heavy in shoulders and ordinary in symmetry. Dwight Effie, third, was first at Columbus last week. Mohawk Rosa, vhc., was but ordinary, as was also Lady Neva, the reserve. Dr. Dixon's dogs won the kennel prize.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

**MASTIFFS.**—Dogs: 1st, L. Youngblood's Prince Cola; 2d and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William and Emperor Maximilian. Very high com. Dr. C. A. Lougest's Baufur. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana; 2d, L. Youngblood's Minnie Beaufort; 3d, withheld.—Puppies: 1st, Bay City Kennels' Kimball; 2d, C. A. Lougest's Campana.

**ST. BERNARDS (ROUGH).** CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Argyle Kennels' Sir Bedivere. Very high com. reserve, J. B. Lewis's Fernwood Bruce. Bitches: 1st, J. B. Lewis's Ido.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Eboracum; 2d, Bay City Kennels' Lord Dante; 3d, Arthur Froembling's American Caesar. Very high com. H. J. Walker's Sir William Wallace. High com. Belle Isle Kennels' Earl Douglas. Com., J. J. McKenna's Royal Prince of Detroit. Bitches: 1st, Argyle Kennels' Rustic Beauty; 2d, Swiss Mountain's Suray; 3d, Argyle Kennels' Warda. Very high com. reserve, J. B. Lewis's Arline. Very high com., Bay City Kennels' Lady Taylor. Com., T. C. Jones's Lady Limond; 1st, A. Hethich's Fernwood Rose II.—Puppies: (rough or smooth) 1st, J. W. Nagle's Sir Henry Havelock; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Lady Dora.—(Smooth) CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ch. Scottish Leader. Very high com. reserve, Argyle Kennels' Alton II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Bay City Kennels' St. Augustine; 2d, J. Farnoff's Lawrence Garza; 3d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, Argyle Kennels' Pratt's Belle; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunol; 3d, J. B. Lewis's Fernwood Goldy.

**BLOODHOUNDS.**—1st, 2d and 3d very high com., Dr. C. H. Lougest's Kaween, Belhus, Berrys Bradshaw and Vigilant.

**RUSSIAN WOLFDOGS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Huntington's champion Argoss. Reserve, Seacroft Kennels' Leekhoi. Bitches: 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Vinga. Reserve, H. W. Huntington's Zerry. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Col. Dietz. 2d, H. W. Huntington's Odrooska. Reserve, N. N. Wanner's Leekhoi II. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's Rega and Dmina. Reserve and very high com., Seacroft Kennels' Lady Dietz and Gypsy Queen.

**GREAT DANES.**—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. J. W. O. Glyn's Senta's Brutus; 2d, Paul Clagstone's Stanley; 3d, Peter Reid's Sirius. Very high com., B. W. Pasternack's Pedro. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Mrs. J. W. O. Glyn's Senta's Rheda and Senta's Mascote. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. J. W. O. Glyn's Wolverton's Hadie; 2d, L. C. Smith's Senta II.

**FOXHOUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Rosemary. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Denmark; 2d, Jos. Smith's Clinker. Very high com., Frank Herberty's Herberty Jack. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Torment; 2d, Jos. Smith's Maid.

**DEERHOUNDS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Albion L. Page's Lochiel; 1st, W. Howie Muir's Bruar II. Bitches: 1st, W. Howie Muir's Olga.

**GREYHOUNDS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season and Pious Pembroke. Bitches: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy. OPEN—Bitches: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Southern Beauty; 2d, Chas. W. Sarvis's Idlewild.

**POINTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs (55lbs. or over): 1st, Leamington Pointer Kennels' champion Count Graphic. Reserve, W. Lydard's Tempest. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game. Reserve, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen. Beserte, Hechtval and Windle's Rustic of Lad. Bitches: 1st and reserve, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor; 2d, G. O. Smith's Moulton Banner. OPEN—Dogs (55lbs. or over): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Sandford Druid; 3d, F. S. Evans's Dandy. Very high com. reserve, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic's Pat. Very high com., J. E. O'Connell's Duke of Croxteth. Bitches: 1st, Hector's H. H. C. Smith's Daisy; 2d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Lady Graphic; 3d, T. G. Davey's Brighton Lad. Very high com. reserve, B. W. Parker's Abess of Kent. Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, Netherwood Kennels' Ridgeview Tenny; 2d, T. G. Davey's Ridgeview Comet; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Duke. Very high com. reserve, W. J. Goodspeed's Sport of Hessen. Very high com., B. S. Stapleton's Trim. High com., E. P. Stone's Rubie and F. W. Kuehn's Duke of Evansville. Bitches: 1st, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic's Baby, 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Blossom; 3d, C. E. O'Connell's Fan Fan II. Very high com. reserve, C.

D. Roberts's Devonshire Pearl. Very high com., P. F. Stone's Duchess and Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Jilt. High com., E. H. Robinson's Duchess II. and Maj. J. H. Smith's Tiglat Pileazar.

**ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st and reserve, J. E. Dager's champion Max of Toledo Blade. Bitches: 1st, Washtenaw Kennels' Albert's Nellie. Reserve, J. Lewis's Viatrix Llewellyn. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. Merrill's Paul Bo; 2d, Netherwood Kennels' Netherwood Nymrod; 3d, Washtenaw Kennels' Washtenaw Grouse. Very high com. reserve, E. C. Smith's Max Noble. Very high com., Eddy & Armstrong's Monk of Furness Sting, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch, H. Northwood's Wordsley Dude and F. G. Taylor's Ben Hur of Riverview. High com., R. Bangham's Ontario, Com. E. T. Tappes's Brighton Bewell, J. Slocum's Stonewall Jackson, W. B. Wells's Luke and Dr. S. W. Hart's Beaconsfield Adonis. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Rathbone's Toledo Queen; 2d, W. B. Wells's Luna; 3d, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze of Washtenaw. Very high com. reserve, W. B. Wells's Cleopatra. Very high com., Maj. J. H. Smith's Sylvia. T. G. Davey's Liberty II. and E. Merrill's True Rose. High com., E. W. Coleman's Little Girl, Dr. C. Moll's Albert's Nellie, and W. D. Tristram's Bessie Brown. Com., W. Jenette's Josephine J.

**IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare Glenmore. Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Edna H. Bitches: 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas; 2d, J. J. Scanlan's Pemberton; 3d, J. B. McKay's Killane. Very high com. reserve, G. D. Welton's Finglas. Bitches: 1st, F. L. Moe's Nona; 2d, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II.; 3d, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Rosamond. Very high com. reserve, Concord Cocker Kennels' Nina Concord. Very high com., E. B. Gregory's Roxie. High com., A. D. Wagoner's Mona Scully and W. Lang's Kildare Gladys. Com., D. Garlick's Nell.

**GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad. Reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly and Lady Gordon. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington; 2d, Mohawk Gordon Setter Kennels' Judge S.; 3d, F. C. Baldwin's Shot Boy. Very high com. reserve, A. McVittie's Rah. Bitches: 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Yola; 2d, very high com. reserve and very high com., Mohawk Gordon Setter Kennels' Montrose; Lady Neva and Mohawk Rosa; 3d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Effie.

**FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (over 28lbs.):** 1st, B. F. Lewis's Newton Abbot. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. B. Gregory's Beauty B. Bitches: 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Rosa; 2d, B. Gregory's Daisy R.—LYER.—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Queen. Any other color.—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Workman.

**COCKERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (not over 28lbs.):** 1st, Luckwell & Douglass's Ch. Black Duke. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ch. Middy. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ch. Miss Waggle. Reserve, J. P. Willey's Black Duchess. OPEN—Dogs (black): 1st, J. P. Willey's Junie II.; 2d, Concord Cocker Kennels' Pickpance; 3d, Henry Brooks's Woodland Prince. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Douglas. Very high com., Edwin W. Payne's Kinkole, Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Count and W. T. Fiske's Donovon. High com., Mrs. T. R. Roberts's Amado, Edwin W. Fiske's Wild Fire, H. B. Field's Brantford Jet and Luckwell & Douglass's Black Duke, Jr. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Baby Ruth and Rideau Reine; 3d and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lady Fidget and Dart. Very high com. A. B. Houghton's Lady Ruth and S. J. Fiske's Lady Ruth. A. Spracklin's Nellie, Luckwell & Douglass's Nellie S. and Woodland Jude, and Concord Cocker Kennels' La Dina. High com., A. T. Knowlson's Miss Helyett, Dole & Thomas's Woodstock Dora and Jersey Cocker Kennels' Lady Constance. Com., K. C. Craigie's Cricket and Edwin W. Fiske's Coketown Cleo. Dogs (any other color): 1st, C. T. Sackett's St. Lawrence Prince; 3d, Edwin Fiske's Brantford Jet. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dandy B. Very high com., P. P. Wright's Brown Lad. High com., S. J. Bowling's Duke B. and Concord Cocker Kennels' Gold Ring. Bitches: 1st, Brantford Cocker Kennels' Red Rose; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ruth S. Reserve, Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Polly. Very high com., H. C. Wann's Keeps.

**IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Blaisdell & Gardner's Patky B. and Garry Owen. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Blaisdell & Gardner's Blaisdell and Garry Owen; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Killy of Cork, High com., Thomas Blake's Dasey.

**COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellsbourne Charlie. Very high com. reserve, Cragston Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III. Very high com. reserve, Cragston Kennels' Jaky Dean. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and very high com. reserve, Cragston Kennels' Sefton Hero and Blizard; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Yardley Fox; 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Orme. Very high com., W. L. & H. Jeffrey's Ighewell Chief, Cragston Kennels' Rhodokl, Quent, Samuels & Mighon's Finsbury Jude. High com., E. A. & L. S. Rogers's Major Welton, D. J. Jeffrey's Lachie. Com., E. A. & L. S. Rogers's Dundee Ben, Cragston Kennels' (2) Herward the Wake and Cragston Cherr. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Cragston Kennels' Charlton Phyllis and Lady Fidget; 3d, Mrs. R. Humfryes Roberts's Lassie. Very high com. reserve, McEwen & Gibson's Helena. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Berta II., Sanders & Mighon's Mrs. H. H. Cragston Kennels' (3) Cragston Queen, Cragston Belle and Lady Christopher. Com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Gipsy II.

**POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Dinah. OPEN—Dogs (any color):** 1st, 2d and reserve, Meadowmere Kennels' Sidi, Yankee and Diable. Bitches: 1st, 2d and reserve, Meadowmere Kennels' Bess, Cybele and Miss. CORDED—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. N. Duer's Blismark.

**BULLDOGS.**—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Romance, 2d, Woodland Park Kennels' Wal Hampton. Bitches: Frank F. Dole's Graven Image.

**BUL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches:** 1st and reserve, Frank F. Dole's champion St. Albion and champion Atraction. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. R. Huidkoper's Cardonna; 2d, Frank F. Dole's Toppack; 3d, reserve, F. L. Dever's Bellerby King. Bitches: 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Edgewood Tipsey; 2d, Frank F. Dole's Edgewood Modesty.

**DACHSHUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jay; 2d, E. A. Meiser's Pletyhsaurus. Very high com. reserve, Arthur Froembling's Tiptsyr Horst. Bitches: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jargonelle; 2d, Arthur Froembling's Gypsy.

**BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor. Bitches: 1st, Guy D. Welton's June M. Reserve, Middleton Kennels' Snow. OPEN—Dogs (over 13 and under 15lb.): 1st and 2d, Guy D. Welton's June M. Kennels' Opacle. Dogs (13in. and under): 1st, Middleton Kennels' Adam. Bitches: 1st, Guy D. Welton's Superba; 2d, John Wallane's Baby Deane.

**FOX-TERRIERS.—(SMOOTH) CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffie. Bitches: 1st, Seacroft Kennels' Grouse II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Safeguard; 2d, Foxhall Kennels' Baby Pally; 3d, H. LeRoy Jones's Arrandale Mixture. Very high com., Dr. Darby's Poverino. Bitches: 1st and 2d, W. L. Rutherford's Warren Caution and Warren Duty; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Lady Raper's Rosanna. Reserve, Seacroft Kennels' Richmond Jesmine. High com., A. A. McDonald's Berewerky Twinkle. Com., T. C. Quellet's My Lady Stardon and Hamilton Fox-Terrier Kennels' Maple Leaf. (WIRE HAired) OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Archie White's Undercliffe Comet; 2d, A. A. Macdonald's Dark Eye; Springhill Kennels' Ebor Larchmont. Very high com., A. E. Clegghorn's Adwood Jim II. Bitches: 1st, Woodland Park Kennels' Jack Frost; 2d and very high com., A. E. Clegghorn's Raper's Rosanna and Glenmore Belle.

**IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Jack Briggs. Very high com. reserve, Woodland Park Kennels' Jackanapes. OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Brickbat, Jr. Bitches: 1st, J. S. Niven's Glenary Onagh; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Blue Ribbon.

**DANDIE DINMONTS.—OPEN—1st and 2d, Heather Kennels' King o' the Heather and Ainstey Daisy.**

**SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. K. Caner's Endcliffe Maggie. Reserve, C. A. Shinn's champion Sir Stafford. OPEN—1st, 2d and reserve, C. A. Shinn's Queen of Skyes, Elphinstone and Princess May.**

**BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.**—1st, C. W. Lougest's Mt. Vernon Tibbie; 2d, L. R. Baldwin's Doctor A.

**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—OVER 7lbs.—1st, Dr. H. T. Foote's Broomfield Sultan. Reserve, Toon & Thomas's Gipsy Girl. OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Rochelle Turk. Reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Oolah. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Rosette; 2d and reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle McL. and Betsy.

**YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.**—1st and reserve, W. C. Bishop's True Blue and Hero; 2d, N. H. Hawkins's Young Dandy.

**TOY TERRIERS.—UNDER 7lbs.—1st, withheld; 2d, T. L. Berry's Tiny.**

**SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and reserve, Brooks & Ames's Three and Kilroy. OPEN—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Kilree and Wankie Tam. Bitches: 1st, Brooks & Ames's Culebrian.

**PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, Rookery Kennels' Curtis. Bitches: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Vega. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Finsbury Duke; 2d and reserve, S. H. Siffer & Son's Andy D. and Othmar. Very high com., G. Howard's Drummer. Com., O. Gartner's Rover. Bitches: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Hilda; 2d, S. H. Siffer & Son's Lady Clover. Reserve, G. Howard's Miss Oceana. Very high com., S. H. Siffer & Son's Baby S., G. Howard's Diamond Bessie and



Seminole Kennels' La Belle Petite. High com., G. Howard's Rustic Queen II.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st and reserve, J. Lewis's Sprite and Spring;—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Roma and Igersoll. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. Lewis's Lady Lee and Yinnie. Reserve and very high com., F. H. Hoyt's Trixie and Irene.

MISCELLANEOUS.—30lbs. or over—Equal 1st, Hempstead Farm's Herdman II. and Chestnut Hill Kennels' Blue Belle. Reserve, P. F. Ryan's Jack.—UNDER 30lbs.—Equal 1st, Woodland Park Kennels' Dewr, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Mickle and Toon & Thomas's Sheffield Lad. Reserve, Mrs. Boughen's Duke. Very high com., B. Verstine's Don.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS.—Best kennel, Dr. Lougest. Best mover, Prince Cola. Best brace, Prince Cola and Minnie Beaufort.

ST. BERNARDS.—Club medals: Best American bred dog, Alton II. Best bitch ditto, Pratt's Belle. Best St. Bernard (3), Sir Bedivere. Best kennel (2), Argyle Kennels. Best dog puppy owned in Detroit, Belle Isle Napoleon I. Best bitch ditto, Little Dorsett. Best dog owned in Detroit with two of get, Earl Douglas with Little Dorsett and Belle Isle Napoleon I. Best Canadian bred owned in Canada, Sir Henry Haylock. Best brace of St. Bernards, Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty. Best smooth, champion Scottish Leader. Best owned in Detroit (2), Sir William Wallace. Best smooth Swiss bred, St. Augustin.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Best kennel, Dr. Lougest.

RUSSIAN WOLFDONDS.—Best kennel, Seacroft Kennels.

GREAT DANES.—Best kennel, Mrs. Glyn, and best brace.

FOXHOUNDS.—Best brace American hounds, Clinker and Maud. Best brace in show, Rosemary and Denmark.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best kennel, A. W. Purbeck.

POINTERS.—Best kennel, Hempstead Farm Kennels', and best with field trial records. Best dog and bitch with two of get, champion Count Graphic with Lady Graphic and Count Graphic's Baby. Best bitch owned in Michigan, Duchess.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, W. B. Wells, also best kennel with field trial records. Best under one year owned in Wayne and Essex counties, Ontario. Best dog or bitch with two of its get, Albert's Nellie with Washenaw Grouse and Nellie Breeze of Washenaw.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best bitch owned in Michigan, Nona.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best kennel, Dr. S. G. Dixon.

SPANIELS.—American Spaniel Club specials: Club cup for best cocker, Junie II. Best brace of Irish waters, Patsy B. and Biddy Malone. Best brace cockers, champion Miss Waggle and champion Middy. Best brace of fields, Rose and Queen. Silver cup for best field spaniel, Queen. Best kennel of Irish waters, Blaisdell & Gardner. Best kennel of cockers, Swiss Mountain Kennels. Best cocker bitch with two of her get, Woodland Judy with Pickpania and Junie II. Best cocker owned in Michigan, Pickpania. Best red cocker ditto, Brantford Redstone. Best cocker bitch in the class and one of her get (2), Woodland Judy with Junie II.

COLLIES.—Best kennel, Cragston Kennels. Best collie owned in Michigan, Lanie.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Best kennel, Frank F. Dole.

BRAGLES.—Best kennel, Guy D. Welton. Best in show, Oracle.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best kennel, L. & W. Rutherford, also silver cup for same. Best owned in Canada, Raby Pallissy. Best owned in Wayne and Essex counties, Raby Pallissy.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Best kennel, Toon & Thomas. Best brace, Prince Regent and Gipsy Girl. Best toy terrier in class 102, Tina.

SCOTT TERRIERS.—Best, Tirie.

PUGS.—Best kennel, Rookery Kennels.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Best kennel, Joe Lewis.

HANDLERS' PRIZE.—First, B. F. Lewis; second, Thos. Blake.

Spaniel Club Meeting.

THE meeting of the American Spaniel Club executive committee was held at the secretary's office, 374 Broadway, on March 6. Present: Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, president; E. H. Oldham, treasurer; Dr. S. Bradbury, and Rowland P. Keasbey, Secretary. Mr. Thomas H. Terry was duly elected a member of the club. Messrs. Bradbury and Keasbey were appointed a committee to audit the treasurer's books. It was also resolved that at all shows, where the Spaniel Club judges officiate and where the club's specials are offered, the judges are hereby instructed to make their official report at once to the secretary of the Spaniel Club of their awards, so that the same may be promptly paid by the club.

It was decided to offer the following special prizes at the coming Philadelphia show: "Bell" Cup for the best brace of other colored cockers; \$5 for the best brace of Irish water, or Clumber spaniels; \$5 for the best brace of field spaniels; \$5 for the best brace of cocker spaniels.

Messrs. Wilmerding and Keasbey were, on motion, appointed a committee to represent the Spaniel Club's interest in connection with the coming specialty show. The committee also decided to offer at the specialty show the Cocker Cup, value \$100, for the best American-bred cocker, and also to offer \$25 in cash, in addition to the usual \$20, that goes with Classification No. 1, the first mentioned cash prize to be allotted as the committee on special prizes sees fit.

Boston Show.

BOSTON, Mass., March 10.—Since the issue of our premium list the following special prizes have been donated to be awarded at our show:

The Great Dane Club President's Challenge Cup for the best dog or bitch in the show, to be competed for by members, and must be won three times before becoming the property of any one member.

Harry Dutton offers \$10 in gold for the best pointer, dog or bitch, in the show, donor not to compete.

The National Beagle Club offers a piece of silver plate, valued at \$25, for the best beagle the get of a dog or bitch that has been placed at a beagle field trial held in America. This is open to the world.

James L. Little offers \$5 for the best exhibit of four or more Scottish terriers, entered and owned by one exhibitor; donor not to compete. Also \$5 for the best exhibit of four or more dachshunds, entered and owned by one exhibitor.

The New England Kennel Club offers \$20 for the best exhibit of four or more bloodhounds, entered and owned by one exhibitor. D. E. LOVELAND, Secretary.

Honor To Whom Honor Is Due.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was glad to notice your tribute to Mr. Booth, of whom I saw a good deal on the Canadian Circuit in 1892. The attention which this handler paid to his dogs not only on judging day but every day of the whole circuit, was worthy of all admiration. But it was as a man and a gentleman as well as a handler, etc., that Mr. Booth was an honor to the professional part of the kennel world. There is plenty of room for such professionals as Mr. Booth, and if there were more men in the ranks of the character, type and quality of this gentleman, fewer men of the right sort would desert the paths of the "fancy" disgusted, and more would enter the kingdom of dogmen which is not now quite synonymous with the Kingdom of Heaven. WESLEY MILLS, M. D.

MONTREAL Canada.

Cocker Rhea at New York.

WOODSTOCK, Ontario, Can., March 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice I am credited with having won second prize for cocker bitch puppies at the recent Westminster Kennel Club show with the red bitch Rhea. Although the entry was made by me, Rhea was entered as the property of Mr. B. J. Rae, of Woodstock, to whom the credit of the win and the breeding belongs. ANDREW LAIDLAW.

[The entry was in Mr. Laidlaw's name and Mr. Rae's name does not appear in the catalogue.]

DOG CHAT.

The number of dogs for which taxes are paid in England is 1,128,000, Ireland 368,000, France 1,864,000, Germany 1,432,000. It is estimated that there are 2,000,000 dogs in the United Kingdom of Great Britain which pass the tax.

Mr. C. D. Roberts writes: I have had quite a stroke of hard luck, having lately lost seven out of eight of a litter of pups born Sept. 19, '93 by champion Duke of Dexter and out of my Devonshire Pearl. I tried my best to save them but got only one through. I shall try this nick again and from what I saw of this last litter I know they will be grand ones. Such heads I never saw yet on pups.

A patch on a bull-terrier is no longer considered a disqualifying blemish in England, and prizes are now awarded to patched dogs. Marked dogs have not been scored too heavily over here hitherto, though it will be well to draw the line pretty sharply and do all we can to breed out the barsnister.

A lady's dog club is the newest thing in kenneldom on the other side. At least Miss Darbishin is organizing such a club and has received great encouragement.

The Bedlington terrier Buckgrove Blue Belle, which Mr. Hopkinson, of Charlottesville, Va., purchased from Mr. Fred W. Smith, is now coming over from England in the steamship Maryland, bound to Baltimore, Md.

The Mascoutah show has a total of 781 entries, made up as follows:

Mastiffs.....	36	Boston terriers.....	3
St. Bernards.....	84	Dachshunds.....	13
Bloodhounds.....	5	Beagles.....	19
Great Danes.....	27	Toy terriers.....	51
Newfoundlands.....	2	Irish terriers.....	5
Russian wolfhounds.....	17	Scottish terriers.....	7
Deerhounds.....	6	Welsh terriers.....	1
Greyhounds.....	16	Bedlington terriers.....	2
American foxhounds.....	13	Dandie Dimout terriers.....	3
English foxhounds.....	3	Seyre terriers.....	14
Pointers.....	36	Schipperkes.....	1
English setters.....	55	Black and tan terriers.....	13
Irish setters.....	38	Yorkshire terriers.....	10
Gordon setters.....	18	Toy terriers.....	2
Chesapeake.....	8	Pugs.....	25
Field spaniels.....	7	King Charles spaniels.....	7
Field spaniels.....	15	Blenheim spaniels.....	7
Cocker spaniels.....	51	Prince Charles spaniels.....	4
Collies.....	71	Japanese spaniels.....	1
Poodles.....	18	Toy spaniels.....	2
Bulldogs.....	10	Italian greyhounds.....	6
Bull-terriers.....	40	Miscellaneous.....	4

White Wonder, the well known bull-terrier, lately owned by Mr. Harris, seems fated to create trouble wherever he goes. The dog was disqualified for deafness at the last Birmingham show. From this decision Mr. Pegg, his present owner, appealed to the Kennel Club. The committee, notwithstanding Mr. Sewell's certificate to the effect that the dog was not totally deaf and that he could hear a whistle, decided not to interfere with the Birmingham decision. Mr. Pegg can still continue to show his dog, but of course will probably be protested wherever he wins. It is a thousand pities that this splendidly formed terrier is so afflicted. He was the cleanest cut bull-terrier that ever came over here.

Mr. L. A. Klein, of Black Lake, P. Q., Canada, is getting together a kennel of dachshunds that are bred from both good German bench show stock and field trial winners. In 1891 he imported the bitch Hexe and the dog Lump, bred by Mr. E. Harder, of Stülze in Mecklenburg. Hexe is by Junker Racker, first, Nürnberg and Berlin 1890, Brussels 1891, and reserve in the field trials at Hanover; second, Berlin, first, two specials at Nürnberg, first, Schonberg in 1890, and first, Brussels 1891. Junker Racker's sire and dam were also winners of many prizes. Lump is now owned by Mr. Ed. Wertheim, of Chicago, and is descended from the great prize winner Hetman Black. With dogs of this breeding, Mr. Klein expects to show up well in the prize lists next year.

Mr. Schallenberger, the St. Bernard breeder, of Alma, Neb., sends us some capital photographs of his dogs. Alma would seem to be a good locality for the St. Bernard industry if one may judge by a picture of the ten-months-old pup Patrician, a smooth, by Aristocrat, out of Valkyrie, by Watch. This dog has a very deep massive head, and excellent body, chest and legs, and seems brimful of quality. He will probably be shown at Chicago with the rest of this kennel, and if the camera tells the truth he should score well. That good smooth Melrose is now an inmate of this kennel. A picture of Alton III. shows a heavily-coated, good-headed dog, with lots of quality.

Dog "Coaxers."

The New York Sun is responsible for a story that there is an old man living in one of the suburbs of Jersey City, who turns to his good account a dog's appetite for the parings of a horse's hoof, that part which the horseshoer cuts away after burning the impression of the shoe into the hoof. This man lives about eight miles from the nearest ferry to New York, and it is his custom to rise at five o'clock every morning and walk to the ferry. Armed with a pocket full of "dog coaxers" he passes through the streets where he knows there are good dogs, and gaining the attention of one of them he throws it a piece of "hoof" and the dog is encouraged to follow him, which it generally does. If the dog at any time shows signs of reluctance to follow, another piece of "coaxer" is thrown to him. In this manner they keep on until the ferry is reached. The man now assumes proprietorship of the dog, and if he does not succeed in selling the animal on the boat takes it to Wall street and generally disposes of it there. The old man has an elastic conscience, but if it should prick at all, reasons within himself that the dog followed him and, therefore he did not steal it.

Sayso—"Those who love books almost invariably love dogs. That is a rule with, I think, few exceptions." Nowitt—"I am one of the exceptions." Sayso—"You love books and hate dogs?" Nowitt—"Exactly." Sayso—"That is strange." Nowitt—"Not in the least—I am a book agent."—P. & S. S. Co. Bulletin.

Our Providence (R. I.) contributor "Tode" tells this: "The story comes from a neighboring city that some few days ago a man applied to the Mayor with a pitiable tale of woe. The good Mayor gave the man \$7 and he departed in good spirits. A little while after he ran into a man who had a bulldog for sale. Whether the unfortunate pined for the company of the dog or whether he considered the dog or his owner more unfortunate than himself we don't hear. At any rate, he gave the man \$5 for the dog, and departed toward his destitute home with a new addition and but \$2 in cash. Men with 'sporty' instincts must have the necessary paraphernalia. If they put the proposed tax on dogs, we suppose some of us poor fellows will have to go without a dinner some day to pay the tax on our beloved outfit."

Black and tan terriers do not receive much encouragement these days, and the breed has made little headway. It is a most difficult and disappointing dog to produce respectably, as generations of fanciers have found at the cost of much gold and mental, not to mention moral, turpitude (it is some

years since we saw this latter word used in reference to dogs, but it fits in here). Dr. Foote, A. W. Smith and others have done much laudable work for the breed, but somehow they have not produced a real good one and the imported ones are still the best. Prof. Wm. G. Graham, evidently has a tender consideration for this handsome terrier and through the FOREST AND STREAM has donated a handsome scarf pin to be presented to the owner of the black and tan terrier winning the most prizes on the present circuit of the shows. The pin represents the head of the usual toy terrier cut into crystal, and then painted after the manner of those we alluded to a couple of weeks since. The crystal is handsomely mounted in gold, and is altogether a handsome affair although a trifle large for the modest inclinations of our black and tan fanciers. The pin will be awarded to the winner after the Boston show.

Whippet racing is receiving considerable attention just now among sportsmen on the other side. Lord Lonsdale and other noblemen have become patrons of the National Whippet Club, and Mrs. Langtry and others are taking up the sport.

The best English mastiff that ever reached the Pacific coast succumbed to the poison fiend recently. This was Gavin McNab's Ingleside Crown Prince, by champion Ilford Chancellor out of Madge Minting, first, San Francisco, 1891, '92 and '93. He leaves many good puppies and grown dogs of his get, but unfortunately there were no bitches of equal quality on the coast to mate him with and none of his puppies promise to approach him in quality. He was not only large and grand in head, but an unusually strong, active dog for a big one.

During the Detroit show sales were slack. Miss Griffin, owner of Belle Isle Kennels, sold several pups; J. E. Dager, of Toledo, O., sold a pup by champion Monk of Furness to S. W. Wayson, of Detroit; Geo. Douglas, of Woodstock, sold a cocker by champion Black Duke to E. H. Donnelly, of Sandwich, Mich., and J. A. Spracklin placed two cocker pups with D. E. Phillips, of Detroit.

B. F. Lewis bought of Mr. J. B. Fisher, of Ypsilanti, Mich., a pup by Cincinnati out of Albert's Nellie.

Messrs. Hay & Alexander, of Windsor, Ont., have purchased from Seacroft Kennels the well-known Raby Pallissy, and did well at his first showing at Detroit.

As a consequence of the limited exercising time at Detroit show where so many dogs had to be turned loose in the ring at once, a distressing accident happened on Friday evening. While Eboracum was being exercised in the crowded ring, Fernwood Bruce, the St. Bernard, attacked him. There was a lively shindy, and Mrs. Meacham bravely came to the rescue of her dog, and in trying to separate the two she was bitten severely on one hand. She acted with great nerve throughout and we trust she will soon be all right again. This emphasizes the fact that henceforth a rule should be made at all shows, that no dogs shall be allowed off the chain in the exercising ring. There will surely be a bad fight some day if this matter is not attended to. Rings should be reserved for different sized dogs, the little ones need them as much as the big ones, but at present it is unsafe for many of the smaller breeds to be put down in the ring at exercising time.

B. F. Lewis sold, during the Detroit show, his well known beagle dog Doctor to C. A. Parkinson, of Detroit. Also an Irish setter pup to James McGregor.

Mr. Jarrett was busy at New York like the rest of the "regulars;" his Irish terrier, second in puppy class, he sold to Count von Rossen, of New York. The collie bitch Olive, second in open, puppy and novice classes, to Mr. Wilton, of New York; collie puppy Warwick, third in puppy class, to Mr. F. Molton, also of New York. Two collie pups will now belong to Mrs. Mayer, of Brooklyn. He also booked services for Christopher, his noted collie. Mr. Forsyth leased Iduna III. from Mr. F. Carswell for that purpose and sends his own Lass of Gowrie (by Christopher ex Denver Lass) to the same dog.

The Irish setter Nona was bred to Killane during the Detroit show. Killane is owned by J. B. McKay, of Detroit, Mich. He is by Kildare, sire of Queen Vie, dam Ruth (Dick Swiveler—Yuba). Nona is by Finglas, field and bench winner, out of the well-known Ruby Glenmore. Nona is a litter sister to Finglas, winner of second International field trials held at Chatham, Ont., 1893. Nona is winner of first New York, first Detroit 1894; Killane, first puppy New York 1894. The litter was purchased by L. N. Hilsendegen, of Prairie Mound Kennels. Great results are expected, as they are the cream of field and bench Irish setter breeding. The pups will not be for sale.

Our correspondent, W. Edward Wick writes: "Every dog has his day, and this was a day of fate for many dogs in Ohio. The House by an almost unanimous vote passed the dog tax bill, of which Lewis, of Delaware, is responsible. As it passed it provides that on the first day of October the auditor shall certify to the constables in each township, the names of the owners (or harborers) of dogs upon which tax has not been paid and the constable is to proceed forthwith to collect the tax or kill the canine."

Dr. Longest writes: "You must have been misinformed regarding the sale of my mastiff bitch Gerda II., as she has not been offered for sale, nor do I wish to part with her. I purchased the bloodhound dog Berry's Bradshaw at the late New York show."

Several dogs while exercising in the ring at Detroit persisted in jumping over the fence down to the main floor, a drop of about eight feet. Vinga, the noted Russian wolfhound, tried it and now she is nursing a broken leg. The leg was set in a glass cast and the bitch will stay during Chicago show at Windsor, Ont., and be taken home on Turner's return. This handicaps the Seacroft Kennels very considerably in the kennel special competitions at the next few shows, although they won the special here without her.

They say a prophet is without honor in his own country, but the cocker Pickpania has a brand of cigars named after him.

Dr. C. A. Lougest lost by death his very promising mastiff pup Frederick the Great, first at New York, while coming to Detroit show. Its death occurred between Boston and Greenfield, Mass. It did not appear very sick when leaving Boston and must have died from a fit, the stomach swelling considerably.

New York City Dog Law.

By a law just enacted, the license fee for a dog in New York city will be \$3 from May 1 for the first year, and \$1 a year renewal. Every licensed dog must wear a collar with metal tag bearing the number. Untagged and unlicensed dogs will be impounded by officers of the S. F. P. C. A. and held forty-eight hours for redemption (fee \$3). Cats are dogs in the eyes of this law. License blanks for dogs and cats will



be ready April 1, at the secretary's headquarters, No. 10 East Twenty-second street.

After three weeks of dogshowing and disappointments, Messrs. Dole and Jarrett intend to try a more rarefied atmosphere and will storm the Denver "Fancy" with their troupe. They will then try to jump from Denver, Col., to Philadelphia, Pa., in time for the Quaker show. They expect to "land with both feet." Just Fancy!

#### Philadelphia Dog Show.

We are requested to draw attention to an error on the entry blank which was not discovered until over 2,000 premium lists had been sent out. The date of closing is given as March 17, whereas it should have been March 16. Exhibitors will oblige the club by considering the premium list date the correct one and mailing their entries not later than March 16. A class has been added for toy spaniels other than King Charles. The club offers kennel prize for wolfhounds and splits challenge and open classes of black and curly poodles.

The Hempstead Farm Co. will give an exhibition of live stock in the Madison Square Garden, this city, beginning April 27. There will be all classes of live stock from hares to rabbits; and a novel feature will be the showing of family groups of old and young. In connection with the Farm exhibits there will be a specialty dog show by the St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-Terrier clubs. It promises to be a most interesting exhibition.

#### Vicissitudes of the Judging Ring.

CATSKILL, N. Y., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read the letter of "Solus" in your last issue on "Spaniels in New York," I will state the experience of my friend, Mr. Frank Pidgeon, of Saugerties, and myself in the judging of the cocker Barefoot. I had a dog in another ring at the time the class for open black dogs was called, and Mr. Pidgeon was to go in with Barefoot. He did so, and was sent out with him, as Barefoot was not of cocker type. I soon went to Barefoot's stall and found him there. Not knowing that Mr. Pidgeon had had him in, I immediately took him in again and was awarded he. on him. Again, in the novice class I handled him and won vhc. on him. Still again, when the entries to compete for the special for "best American black dog pup" were called I again handled him and won the special.

Do not think by the above that we are looking for any name for Barefoot, for he was sold at the end of the show, but do understand this is written by me to find whether the judge, Mr. Wilmerding, changed his style of a cocker in less than ten minutes. F. M. THOMAS.

#### Toronto Show.

TORONTO, March 5.—The following gentlemen were elected the committee of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's bench show of dogs, to be held at the city of Toronto from Sept. 10 to 14: Messrs. C. W. Postlethwaite, chairman; John Maughan, vice-chairman; J. F. Kirk, J. Henderson, J. Wilson, Robt. Junior, Jos. Dilworth, J. G. Williams, J. G. Mitchener, H. B. Donovan, W. P. Fraser, R. G. Wilkie, George Sweetman, A. A. MacDonald and C. A. Stone, secretary and superintendent. C. A. STONE.

#### Chicago Show.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 13.—The show opened this morning with an excellent quality of dogs. Judging commenced promptly. Mr. Anthony was prevented by sickness in family from judging pointers and Mr. Donoghue takes his classes. San Francisco and Portland will have no shows this year. H. W. LACY.

#### KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

#### NAMES CLAIMED.

##### Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Repat.* by Barnes Bros., Wellsville, N. Y., for fawn pug bitch, whelped Oct. 6, 1893, by Curly Penrice (champion Penrice—Sister Bonnie) out of Ruby.

#### BRED.

##### Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Bonnie Belle—Blenion Volunteer.* C. A. Sumner's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Belle to his Blenion Volunteer, Nov. 7. *Bonnie Buzz—Blenion Volunteer.* C. A. Sumner's (Los Angeles, Cal.) fox-terrier bitch Bonnie Buzz to his Blenion Volunteer, Sept. 22. *Lilla of Glenrose—Driver.* Barnes Bros.' (Wellsville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Lilla of Glenrose (Flute M.—Skip) to their Driver (Brittle—Pearl), Jan. 7.

*Hazel Weller—Spot.* Barnes Bros.' (Wellsville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Hazel Weller (Tony Weller—Hazel Kirk) to J. O. Fellows's Spot (champion Frank Forest—Vick R.), Jan. 7.

*Mischief—Nelson II.* Barnes Bros.' (Wellsville, N. Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Mischief to O. Valger's imported Nelson II. (champion Ted—Lady), Jan. 11.

*Merry Duchess—Micawber.* Barnes Bros.' (Wellsville, N. Y.) imported Yorkshire terrier bitch Merry Duchess (Bank's Royal—Smart's Juno) to their Micawber (Sandy—Mona), Feb. 8.

*Empress of India—Rip.* Barnes Bros.' (Wellsville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Empress of India (Tamarack—Fleet) to C. B. Macken's Rip, Dec. 14.

*Fritz's Fan—David of Hessen.* C. L. Smallwood's (Tuscaloosa, Ala.) pointer bitch Fritz's Fan (Hindoo Fritz—Bertie May) to T. T. Ashford's David of Hessen (Duke of Hessen—Princess Marguerite), Jan. 15.

*Ellen Terry—Eboracum.* Woodin & Hoyt's (Berwick, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Ellen Terry (Plineum—Yorkie) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' Eboracum (Scottish Prince—Lady Glen), Feb. 14.

*Dolly—Kingstonian Count.* Woodin & Hoyt's (Berwick, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Dolly to Col. Ruppert's Kingstonian Count (Scottish Prince—Septima), Feb. 8.

*Countess Adeline—Kent III.* A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Countess Adeline (Count Noble's Boy—Clip Roderigo) to A. B. Davis's Kent III. (Kent II.—Miss La Salle), Jan. 23.

*Heze—Jack.* L. A. Klein's (Wertheim Mere, B. Co.) imported dachshund bitch Heze (Junker Racker—Schnipp) to O. E. Levey's imported Jack, Feb. 5.

*Prairie Flower—Barnaby Rudge.* P. & H. Smith's (St. Stephen, N. B.) Skye terrier bitch Prairie Flower (champion Old Burgundy—Lowland Maid) to their Barnaby Rudge (Medoc—Nip), Feb. 14.

*Bessie—Ned.* M. J. Flaherty's (Providence, R. I.) pointer bitch Bessie (Dick Swiveller—Bloomie) to T. Phinney's Ned, March 3.

*Tube Rose—Paul Bo.* R. Merrill's (Milwaukee, Wis.) English setter bitch Tube Rose (Count Noble—Lila) to his Paul Bo (champion Paul Gladstone—champion Girl), Feb. 8.

*Lassie—Metchley Wonder, Jr.* Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Lassie (Hamish of Ruthven—Stella) to their Metchley Wonder, Jr., Jan. 3.

*Maple Grove Luath—Metchley Wonder, Jr.* Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Maple Grove Luath (Clifton Hero—Sparkle) to their Metchley Wonder, Jr., Jan. 7.

#### WHELPS.

##### Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Lass of Kippen.* E. G. Dunkle's (Brookton, Mass.) pointer bitch Lass of Kippen (champion Naso of Kippen—June II.), Jan. 7, thirteen (six dogs), by W. G. Lovell's Coronet (Greenfield—Lillian).

*Rochelle Carla.* Scott Robinson's (Allegheny City, Pa.) black and tan bitch Rochelle Carla (Broomfield Sultan—Broomfield Madge), Nov. 25, four (one dog), by Mr. McClintock's Job Trotter (Tony Weller—Rochelle Ma'ge).

*Adeline.* The Bay Kennel Club's (New York city) beagle bitch Adeline (champion Frank Forest—Ina), Feb. 1, four (two dogs), by their Fritz of Rockland (Scottie—Frances).

*Dot II.* Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Dot II. (Christopher—Active), Aug. 20, seven (four dogs), by their Metchley Wonder, Jr. (Metchley Wonder—Barby Rose).

*Maple Grove Luath.* Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch

Maple Grove Luath (Clifton Hero—Sparkle), Sept. 21, two dogs, by their Metchley Wonder, Jr. (Metchley Wonder—Barby Rose). *Flossie May.* Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Flossie May (Randolph—Maple Grove Luath), Jan. 1, ten (five dogs), by their Metchley Wonder, Jr. (Metchley Wonder—Barby Rose). *Sedan.* Glendyne Kennels' Irish setter bitch Sedan, Jan. 1, two dogs, by their Glen Jarvis (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid).

#### SALES.

##### Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Bonnie Broom.* White fox-terrier dog, whelped May 5, 1893, by Le Logas out of Bonnie Buzz, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to Mrs. S. A. Clarke, same place.

*Black and tan Gordon setter dog,* whelped Feb. 25, 1890, by Murkland Ranger out of Beaulah, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to G. E. Hatch, same place.

*Curly Penrice—Midget whelp.* Fawn silver pug dog, whelped July 20, 1893, by Barnes Bros., Wellsville, N. Y., to Mrs. Fannie Loomis, Bath, N. Y.

*Curly Penrice—Vanity whelp.* Fawn pug dog, whelped Oct. 24, 1893, by Barnes Bros., Wellsville, N. Y., to W. Currier, Andrews Settlement, Pa.

*Curly Penrice—Ruby whelp.* Fawn pug dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1893, by Barnes Bros., Wellsville, N. Y., to Mrs. H. D. Voorhies, Jamestown, N. Y.

*Murkland Ranger—Queen Noble whelp.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Oct. 27, 1893, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to W. H. Picken, New York.

*Rose Lawn Dazzle.* White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Dec. 11, 1893, by Hillside Rascal (champion Ruby Mixer—Lady Reckon) out of Seacroft Boaster (champion Dominie—Brokenhurst Queenie), by Rose Lawn Kennels, Columbia, Pa., to Hon. J. S. Wilson, same place.

*Rose Lawn Roundy.* Black, tan and white dog; same litter, by Rose Lawn Kennels, Columbia, Pa., to H. C. Bruner, same place.

*Rose Lawn Sport.* White, black and tan dog; same litter, by Rose Lawn Kennels, Columbia, Pa., to W. W. Cleaves, same place.

*Rose Lawn Dolly.* White bitch, same litter, by Rose Lawn Kennels, Columbia, Pa., to H. Gladfelder, same place.

*Rose Lawn Fen.* White bitch, same litter, by Rose Lawn Kennels, Columbia, Pa., to Col. Jas. Duff, same place.

*Reckless.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1893, by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Dawn, Ill., to W. F. Roos, Chicago, Ill.

*Negress.* Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped 16, 1893, by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Dawn, Ill., to M. Paige, Chicago, Ill.

*Metchley Wonder, Jr.—Maple Grove Luath whelps.* Sable and white collie dogs, whelped Sept. 21, 1893, by Maple Grove Kennels, Logan, O., one each to J. R. Hopley, Bucyrus, O., and J. Smith, Greendale, O.

*Metchley Wonder, Jr.—Dot II. whelps.* Sable and white collies, whelped Aug. 30, 1893, by Maple Grove Kennels, Logan, O., a dog each to H. L. Shirley, Louisville, Ky.; T. E. B. Kernan, Philadelphia, Pa.; G. S. Allen & Son, Milliken, Mich.; and R. L. Overton, Nashville, Tenn.; and a bitch each to M. Davis, Circleville, O.; G. W. Lloyd, Sand Run, O., and J. A. Shaw, Logan, O.

*Metchley Wonder, Jr.—Flossie May whelps.* Sable and white collies, whelped July 12, 1893, by Maple Grove Kennels, Logan, O., a dog to J. C. McCallough, Cincinnati, O., and a bitch to F. M. Saunders, Haydenville, O., and W. H. Woodruff, Logan, O.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. T. P., Montreal, P. Q.—In about three or four months.

W. J. S., Warren, Pa.—Address O. H. Hardon, Indianapolis, Ind.

A. H. M., Central Valley, N. Y.—Try faradization to muscles of hip.

E. A. W., Ledalia, Col.—Write O. H. Hardon, Indianapolis, Ind., for jack rabbits.

W. M. W., Pittsfield, Mass.—B. F. Lewis's address is Lansdowne.

Geo. S. Thomas, Salem, Mass. Feb. Kirby, Woodbury, N. J.

E. E. C. S., Falmouth, Mass.—The address of the secretary of the Brunswick Fur Club is Bradford S. Turpin, Cottage street, Dorchester, Mass.

J. J. E., Potsdam, N. Y.—Certainly. It is only when the bitch is bred very young that these may be an improvement in succeeding litters.

H. O. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—The risks in 'spaying the pug at two years old are comparatively slight. Would probably be all right again in two or three weeks.

CONSTANT READER, Allegheny City.—St. Bernard slobbering so much is probably due to either of the following causes: Disease of the gums or teeth, or paralysis of the lips.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Give forty drops of the syrup of iodine of iron and three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times a day. For the stomach give one grain of opoid with each meal.

M. J. S., Hamburg, N. Y.—We do not give information where to buy dogs in this column. Consult our business columns, and if you do not find what you require the best way is to advertise.

Mr. J. S.—You will find the breeds advertised in our business columns. It would be invidious on our part to recommend any particular kennel, in this column. You had better advertise for what you want.

F. W. P., Highland, N. C.—Your suggestion is a good one, and will be followed in future. You will find FOREST AND STREAM pursues this plan in giving the entries for the different stakes and is the only kennel journal which does so.

M. J. S., Hamburg, N. Y.—We do not know of any "full-blooded Kentucky-trained bloodhounds." A Kennel Special in our business columns would probably bring you what you require, that is if you mean foxhounds used for man-hunting.

J. J. E.—Wash the ear out daily and apply the following ointment:

B. E. . . . . 3i  
Ung. zinci . . . . . 3iv

Mix. Apply to ear twice a day.

H. W. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—I have a very finely bred black, white and tan bitch, now 2½ years old, which is apparently barren. She comes into heat regularly, and I have had her served several times, the results being unfruitful in each case. Ans. Have the vagina and womb examined by a veterinarian.

J. H. W., New York City.—The collie bitch Dark was owned by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa. Breeder, J. Pirie, England. Whelped July 6, 1890. We believe Mr. A. H. Mason of Manchester, England, owned her when she was bred to Caracatus, but this you can probably ascertain by writing to Mr. Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

E. W., Boston, Mass.—Irish setter Eileen was bred by John M. Niall, Ireland; whelped May, 1875, by Goings's Bob out of Niall's Fan; Bob by Hutchinson's Bob out of his Lilly, Fan by Ponto out of Venus. Berkley was bred by St. Louis Kennel Club, whelped July, 1876, by Elcho out of Lou II.; Elcho by Charlie out of Nell, Lou II. by Grouse out of Maybe.

M. S. S., Germantown, Pa.—1. Will you please inform as to the address of the American Kennel Club stud book? 2. Also the American Kennel Register. I wish to get a copy of pedigree of the pointer bitch Miss Nan, by Rapidon out of Lady Bird. The above was registered three or four years ago. Ans. 1. No. 41 Broadway, New York. 2. No longer published. 3. Miss Nan (A.K.C.S.B. 12,931), by Rapid Don (4,098) out of Lady Davidson (8,015), by Duane's Hamlet out of Kate IV. Rapid Don, by Don out of Nellie Bird.

C. S. L., South Bend, Ind.—My beagle dog, 16 months old, had distemper three months ago and is now in good health, apparently, with the exception that he is distressed in breathing and makes a noise as though snoring when awake and at night breathes so hard that we cannot allow him in the house. At times he braces himself and acts as though choking or gagging. Ans. Paint chest with tincture of iodine three times a week. Give thirty drops of syrup of iodine of iron three times a day and one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil twice a day.

MASSACHUSETTS.—1. Is the New England Field Trial Club still in existence? 2. Do they intend to have a field trial on their preserve at Assonet, Mass., this fall? 3. Could a field trial of pointers and setters be successfully held where State protects game bird from being killed during the year? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. We cannot give a decisive answer on this point. It will all depend upon how the birds winter. If there are sufficient birds, the trials will probably be held. 3. Yes. When rules do not require retrieving it is not necessary to kill the birds.

H. M. S., Toronto, Can.—I have a pointer pup, six or seven months old, which has been ailing for several weeks with the following symptoms: Retracted eyes—discharge a thick, yellow fluid at times; nostrils—no discharge, yet he snuffles and uses his paws as though to

clear them: appetite good, but he is as thin as a barb-wire fence. The skin has broken out on the back of the neck about the size of a dime. Last week he appeared all right, but has fallen back into the old state. Ans. Probably distemper coming on. Give a two-grain quinine pill three times a day, and also give a dessertspoonful of cod-liver oil twice a day. If there is no improvement in two weeks write again.

G. F. P., New Rochelle, N. Y.—1. Feed St. Bernard pup four times a day with broth in which meat, vegetables, stale bread, oatmeal and rice may be mixed alternately, so as to afford a variety. Give raw meat chopped up three times a week. Dog biscuits crushed and fed dry may with advantage constitute one meal, at breakfast best. 2. Don't wash the pup; have his coat brushed with a dandy brush every day. The less you wash such dogs the better; grooming keeps them clean. 3. While so young it is advisable to keep him, not actually in a warm room, but where he will be free from draughts and perfectly dry. St. Bernards should not be coddled. 4. Mix vaseline and sulphur and rub on the sores.

J. G. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Have you treated for worms? If not do so. Give the following mixture:

Bismuth sub. nit. . . . . 3i.

Soda bicarb. . . . . grs. xii.

Papard . . . . . grs. xii.

Morph. sulph. . . . . grs. ii.

Mucil. acacia . . . . . 3i.

Aq. merth pep a . . . . . 3iii.

Mix. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day.

## Hunting and Coursing.

#### FIXTURES.

April 17.—South Dakota Coursing Club's inaugural meeting, at Mitchell. S. D. Entries close April 16. S. S. Batley, Sec'y; Fox Kenney, Judge; Joseph Dodd, Slipper.

#### Dakota Coursing.

MITCHELL, S. D., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Spring coursing will open at Oaks, N. D., April 3 and following days, with Mr. E. H. Mulcaster in the saddle. First dog wins \$130, runner-up \$65, third and fourth each \$33.50. Should the stake fill the club will add four purses of \$5 each. The stake will be for thirty-two all-age greyhounds (or less), at \$5 entrance, with proportionate deduction in winnings if the stake does not fill. They will also offer a consolation prize. It is the wish of all coursers throughout the States that this inaugural meeting will be a successful one.

The Arctic weather with which the Altair Club had to contend may hold back a few of the boys. But, at the present writing here, the weather and ground are in very favorable condition for training. This meeting should be a success with such a man as A. P. Slocum at the back of it.

The next week the second annual spring meeting will be held at Huron, beginning the 10th and finish. Some \$200 will be given to the winners. First money \$100. And here the splendid Mr. E. H. Mulcaster will once more say which dog shall wear the crown. This town will surely hold a good meeting, and to guarantee this we only refer to the previous meetings held there.

The next week the South Dakota Club will hold its inaugural meet at Mitchell, beginning April 17 and run of following days. I think that Mr. Mulcaster will judge here. Mr. Wm. Fox Kenny, of Sioux Falls, has been asked to judge and we have not received a satisfactory reply from him. It was supposed that Mr. Mulcaster could not be with us, but later the club has heard from him and doubtless he will judge.

Sioux Falls and Artesian are talking strongly of holding spring meetings. If they do I have no doubt Mr. Kenny will do the judging at both places, as he has been spoken to. H. G. NICHOLS.

#### That Beagle Challenge.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of Feb. 24 appeared a challenge for me from Mr. C. S. Wixom. In answer I will repeat: I claim to have the best string of stud dogs in America. Does Mr. Wixom think the superiority of our kennels can be decided at a dog show? What matters which should beat on the bench; are not beagles sporting dogs, and can their superiority as a true, spirited and correct follower of a rabbit be tested at a dog show? Does not Mr. Wixom well know there are quite a number of the champions of to-day that could not compete favorably in the chase with an ordinary pack dog. In fact none are perfectly worthless in the chase. If Mr. Wixom is anxious to have our dogs tested in the chase (which I claim is the only way) I am willing to put up the forfeit money, and comply with the terms of his challenge at any time; and if he thinks I have hoisted my colors too high in my advertisement, he must lower them by beating my dogs in the field. I claim I am no usurper. I have won in field trials with said string, an Absolute, one first, one second and reserve. The superiority of a kennel of pugs could be decided at a dog show, but how a stud beagle can be I am at a loss to know, as sportsmen generally look upon dogs that appear to have been inmates of a bandbox suspiciously as a sporting dog. POTTINGER DORSEY.

NEW MARKET, Md., Feb. 22.

Mr. Freeman Lloyd makes a rather sweeping assertion when he says that England can "whack" the world in greyhounds and horses. This is probably true in regard to the latter, but before the former assertion will go down with graceful ease we would like to see some of the English cracks take a two mile breather with a Huron or a Kansas jack. English greyhounds may be a little smarter in working the hare, owing to the "dashy" style of work the English hare gives them, but for bottom and stamina we should say the prairie greyhounds can more than hold their own and are little inferior in sharp point work.

## Dachting.

#### FIXTURES.

##### JUNE.

4. Brooklyn, Ann., New York. 16. American, Ann., L. I. Sound.

5. Atlantic, Ann., New York. 18. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.

7. New York, Ann., New York. 23. Sea. Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.

##### JULY.

3. Sea. Cor., Race, Oyster Bay to 21. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.

4. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, 23. Squantum, Flit Cup, cabin cats, Squantum, Mass.

4. Larchmont, Ann., L. I. Sound. 28. Indian Harbor, Ann., Long Island Sound.

##### AUGUST.

— New York, Annual Cruise. 25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.

4. Squantum, Ladies' Day, Squantum, Mass.

##### SEPTEMBER.

1. Larchmont, Fall, L. I. Sound. 15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup, Long Island Sound.

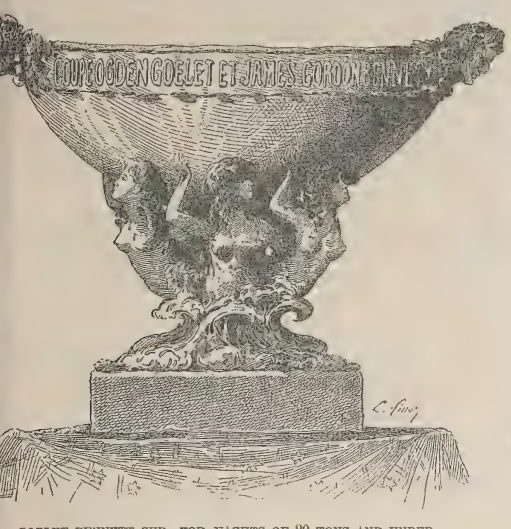
1. Squantum, Club Run, Squantum, Mass.

2. New York Y. R. A., Ann., N. Y. 22. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.



The Goelet and Bennett Cups.

ALTHOUGH no American yacht clubs are represented at the assemblage of yachts which takes place this week at Cannes, the racing cannot fail to be of interest to Americans, as two of the important events are for prizes generously donated by American yachtsmen. Since 1882 Mr. Ogden Goelet, of New York, has annually given to the New York Y. C. the two cups which bear his name, a most generous donation, as they have cost respectively \$1,000 and \$500, a total of \$30,000 in thirteen years. Ex-Com. James Gordon Bennett, of the steam yacht Namouna, has also been a liberal giver during his long term of membership in the New York Y. C., the many prizes which bear his name, including the Cape May, Brenton's Reef, Bennett-Douglas and other cups that have passed out of memory through being permanently won, aggregating an equal or even a still larger sum. Both of these gentlemen have spent much time abroad and have sailed much in French and other foreign waters, last spring being present at the regattas and review in the Mediterranean. So much were they impressed by the



GOELET-BENNETT CUP—FOR YACHTS OF 20 TONS AND UNDER.

energy displayed and the results accomplished by French yachtsmen in the encouragement of designing, building and racing, that they joined in the establishment of the handsome and valuable prizes which bear their joint names, and which are shown in the illustrations, which we reproduce from *Le Yacht*. These two cups have been given under the following conditions:

REGULATIONS FOR THE GOELET AND BENNETT CUPS.

ART. I.—These cups, established by Messrs. Goelet and James Gordon Bennett, are the prizes for international races to be run in 1894, in which may take part all yachts which conform to the conditions announced below.

ART. II.—The first prize is an object of art, in silver, to cost 5,000 francs (\$1,000), offered by Mr. Ogden Goelet, and of a compensation offered by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, representing the expense to the winning yacht of going from her home station to Cannes and returning.

The second prize is an object of art, also in silver, to cost 2,500 francs (\$500), offered by Mr. Ogden Goelet.

ART. III.—These two cups are, and remain, the property of the Union of Yachtmen of Cannes. The owners of yachts which may



GOELET-BENNETT CUP—FOR YACHTS OVER 20 TONS.

be holders shall have only provisional possession, except in the case provided for by Art. XII.

ART. IV.—The races shall take place in the roadstead of Cannes.

ART. V.—The racing rules and allowances shall be those of the Union of French Yachts.

ART. VI.—The races shall be open to yachts of all nations and of all rigs, with fixed keels or centerboards, of over 20 tons for the first cup and 20 tons or less, but over 5 tons for the second cup (the tonnage to be measured by the rule of the Union of French Yachts), provided the owner be a member of a club, either French or foreign, which is recognized by the Union of French Yachts.

ART. VII.—The possession of the cups shall be decided by but one race (each year) the details of which will be published each year in a special programme prepared by the Union of Yachtmen of Cannes, and approved by the Union of French Yachts. The length of course shall be at least 30 miles naut. for the first cup, and at least 20 miles naut. for the second cup.

ART. VIII.—In the case of no yacht having finished the course before sunset, the race will be declared off and sailed the following day, if possible, or at a future date.

ART. IX.—The races shall not take place unless at least four yachts start. Should this number not be present, the race may be postponed to a date to be fixed by the Union of Yachtmen of Cannes.

ART. X.—If the race for one or the other cup cannot be held, for any reason whatever, after having been once postponed, the Union of

Yachtmen of Cannes shall not be compelled to hold the race that year.

ART. XI.—The Union of Yachtmen of Cannes shall deliver, subject to a receipt, each cup to the club to which the winner belongs. The club shall be responsible for the cup to the Union of Yachtmen of Cannes.

ART. XII.—Each cup shall become the property of the yachtman who may win it for three consecutive years, with the same or with a different yacht, and when thus won it will be replaced, for the second time, by Mr. Ogden Goelet.

ART. XIII.—The cup belonging to the owner, and not to the yacht, shall not be transferred through the sale of a winning yacht.

ART. XIV.—The compensation to the winner of the first cup for the cost of the voyage going and returning, will be regulated according to the number of miles sailed and the tonnage of the winning yacht.

ART. XV.—In the case of the death of a holder of a cup, the club to which he belonged shall return it to the Union of Yachtmen of Cannes.

ART. XVI.—In the case of the dissolution of the Union of Yachtmen of Cannes, the cups shall be placed under the direction of the Union of French Yachtmen, and shall continue to be raced for under the same conditions; but Mr. Ogden Goelet reserves the right to designate the port at which the races for the cups shall be held, and he shall no longer be held to renew the prizes.

(Signed.)

J. OGDEN GOELET,  
JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

The President of the Union of Yachtmen of Cannes,  
VICOMTE DE ROCHEBOUQUART.

The President of the Union of French Yachts,  
REAR ADMIRAL BARON LAGE.

The handsome cups were designed and made by Tiffany & Co., New York; and, in place of the promised sums, cost, respectively, 8,000 francs (\$1,600) and 4,000 francs (\$800). The first prize to be paid by Mr. Bennett to the winner of the first prize this year has been fixed at a maximum of 6,500 francs (\$1,300). The races take place as we go to press, on Tuesday, March 13. The programme for the whole week is as follows: March 10 and 11, Cannes Nautical Society, international regattas. March 13, Goelet-Bennett cups, Union of Yachtmen of Cannes. March 14, Union of Yachtmen of Cannes, yachts above 20 tons, yachts from 10 to 20 tons. March 15, Union of Yachtmen of Cannes, racing yachts over 10 tons, cruising yachts, schooners and yawls over 10 tons, yachts of 10 tons and under. March 16, four classes, 1 to 5 tons. March 17, review of the fleet. March 18, miscellaneous craft, sailing and rowing races, illumination and fete. March 19, cruising match to Nice; Union of Yachtmen of Cannes.

The principal competitor in the races will be Britannia, sailed by Capt. John Carter, and her owner, the Prince of Wales, will be present. Mr. Goelet is at Cannes in White Layde, and Mr. Bennett is also there in Namouna.

Building at Nyack.

THE shops of C. L. Seabury & Co., at Nyack, N. Y., have been busy all winter, and the twin screw steam yacht designed by the firm, is now nearly finished. She is being built for a New York yachtman, and is 75ft. over all, 11ft. 6in. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft, bulwarks 13in. high. There is a cabin trunk 23in. high from the after end of saloon, over the saloon and engine room to the forward end of galley. The saloon is 14ft. long, fitted with transoms with lockers under them. The wine lockers and china closet are arranged in the after end. The finish is mahogany and gold panel work. A stateroom is arranged directly forward of the saloon on the port side with a large double berth, with drawers under it, and a dressing case with a mirror and drawers will be fitted. A toilet room is arranged on the starboard side, forward of the saloon, with an entrance from stateroom and saloon. Directly forward of the toilet room is arranged a small room with shelves and hooks, and with sliding door connecting with the stateroom. This apartment will also be used as a wardrobe. The machinery consists of two Seabury triple expansion marine engines of latest design, and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler, fitted with all necessary appliances. The galley is forward of the engine room, fitted with a range, sink and pump, the smoke pipe is connected with main smoke funnel. Directly forward of the galley is arranged the forecastle or crew's quarters, with accommodations for six people. Forward of this is a large crew's toilet room. These apartments have a good light and ventilation. The deck is flush forward, with deck room on either side of cabin house, also a large after deck. She is schooner rigged, and will carry two boats on davits, etc. Her speed is 14 to 15 miles per hour.

The 30ft. cabin steam launch built for Mr. W. B. Higgins, of this city is completed. She is fitted with a fore and aft, compound engine and safety water tube boiler. She has a cabin forward, a cabin aft with a toilet room arranged with a w. c. and wash basin. There is good deck room forward and aft, and on either side of cabin-house, with bulwarks. The high speed steam launch Palos, owned by Mr. Jarvis B. Edison, of New York, is being fitted with a new triple expansion engine of latest design, and a safety water tube boiler. The high speed steam launch Daisy, formerly Henrietta, and now owned by Mr. Walter Langlois, of New York, is being fitted with a Seabury boiler. The high speed launch Imp, owned by Mr. J. L. Hutchinson, of New York, has had her engine re-built, boiler thoroughly overhauled, and looked over in general. Mr. Frank Bement, of the well known firm of Bement, Miles & Co., machinery builders of Philadelphia, Pa., placed an order for a safety water tube boiler, latest design, which will be placed in the new 30ft. steam yacht he is having built. Mr. J. S. Muckie, of Philadelphia, has also placed his order for a boiler, for his launch Scott.

Messrs. Seabury & Co. are now building a modern racing sloop for a New York yachtman, from their own designs. She will be a centerboard boat, 38ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 9ft. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft with board up and about 7ft. 6in. with board down. She will be double planked above waterline, and will carry her lead outside.

George Hallet Balch.

MR. GEORGE HALLET BALCH, president of the Boylston Insurance Company, died suddenly of pneumonia in Boston on Feb. 24, in the forty-sixth year of his age. He was among the last of the boys to graduate from the counting house of William Perkins & Co., noted merchants and ship owners. After serving the customary four years, he was given a letter of credit of \$1,000, to be invested at his discretion in the East Indies, and the choice of ships as a guest for the voyage.

He sailed in the celebrated clipper ship Archer for San Francisco, Hong Kong and Manila. Leaving the ship in the last named city, he traveled extensively in China, the Straits settlements, India, Egypt, the Holy Land and Europe, being away from home nearly two years. It was partly this voyage which developed his great love for the sea, which in after years proved such a source of endless pleasure to him. After his return to Boston he became much interested in sailing, and was for a time regarded as the best amateur oarsman in the State. Afterward he purchased the celebrated catboat Firefly from the late Edward Burgess, but this afforded limited facilities for cruising, and he soon became owner of the cutter Vayu, so well known and admired in every harbor from Boston to Frenchman's Bay for the beauty of her lines and her bright and staunch appearance. Few possessed his thorough knowledge of the coast line, including its lights, buoys, courses, etc., which was derived from many trips and unceasing study of the charts and the "Coast Pilot." To enter a harbor once was sufficient for all its landmarks to be indelibly impressed upon his mind, never to be forgotten, and always ready for immediate use. His thoughtfulness and care in everything he undertook amounted to enthusiasm. About his yacht, which was his delight and pride, nothing but the very best could be used, and the result was that not even a piece of rope yarn was ever carried away during long cruises in all kinds of weather. He was a firm believer that nine-tenths of the accidents are due to carelessness and that the remaining one-tenth are unavoidable. He always handled and sailed his boat in a masterly manner, as though working for a prize; nothing was ever permitted to be done carelessly. Always kind and considerate of his men, he never exalted but what was just and right. His private character was spotless and richly endowed with many virtues. He had the highest ideals and the strength of will to realize them. His nature was so genial and sympathetic that he made a host of friends. He was modest and unassuming, except when occasion demanded, and then there was no hesitation or retirement. He will be long remembered as one who advocated yachting for its manly, healthful sport, and deprecated the abuses so often attributed to it. R. H. H. PHILADELPHIA, March 7.

Semiramis.

SEMIRAMIS, steam yacht, has just been purchased by A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, owner of Avenel, née Narod. Semiramis was fully described and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 17, 1891. She was designed by Mr. Alfred H. Brown, of London, one of the leading designers of steam yachts, and is in many ways a model boat. She is 29ft. 6in. long, 19ft. 10in. L.W., 27ft. 6in. in beam, and 14ft. 6in. draft. Her accommodations are ample and elegant. The yacht will be a very important addition to the American fleet. She has just returned from a long cruise to the East Indies, undertaken under rather curious circumstances. She was purchased from her original owner, Mr. John Leyaght, by Mme. Lebaudy, a wealthy French widow whose son, Max Lebaudy, was enjoying Parisian life as an up-to-date fashion, the son of his mother, the French woman in yachting and remove him from some undesirable associations. Arrangements were made for a scientific trip to the East under the direction of M. Louis Lapique, but when the time came the young man refused to go, and the expedition started without him.

Steam Yacht Race.

MONACO TO GENOA, FEB. 27.

THE steam yacht race from Monaco to Genoa excited more than usual interest because it was not complicated by time allowances, and because, according to reports, the yachts were pretty evenly matched in point of speed, and Roxana and Fauvette are probably the fastest yachts of their tonnage afloat. The winner, Fauvette, was built in 1892 by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, engineers and shipbuilders of Leith, for M. E. A. Perignon, from designs by Mr. Dixon Kemp. The engines and boilers were designed and built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson; the propeller was designed by Messrs. W. White & Sons, Cowes, and cast in Stone's patent bronze metal. The speed of Fauvette on the measured mile in 1893 was at the rate of 15.6 knots an hour. Her mean speed this week on the run from Monaco to Genoa was 15.25 knots an hour. The Poros was built in 1891, and has recently had some improvements made to her machinery. The Namouna was built in 1882 at Newburgh, U. S. A. Originally she was fitted with ordinary two-cylinder compound engines, but during the past winter these have been replaced by triple-cylinder engines, at a cost, it is said, of £12,000. The Roxana was built at Nantes, and is twin-screw yacht.

Match for steam yachts for an *objet d'art*, value \$60, and medals for the other competitors; course, from Cap Martin (Monaco) to Genoa 75 miles.

Yacht.	Tons.	N.H.P.	Owner.
Poros.....	1086.....	400.....	M. A. Koosnetzoff.
Namouna.....	740.....	.....	Mr. J. Gordon Bennett.
Eros.....	737.....	155.....	Baron A. Rothschild.
Fauvette.....	420.....	144.....	M. E. A. Perignon.
Roxana.....	110.....	.....	Prince G. of Leuchtenberg.

The race was started off Cap Martin at 9:36, in a light wind and smooth sea. The Fauvette led, and maintained it easily throughout, her lead at the finish being about a mile and a quarter. The yachts crossed the winning line at Genoa at:

Fauvette (win'g).	H. M.	Mean speed	Roxana.....	H. M.	Mean speed
.....	2 22	15.25 knots	.....	2 40	14.34 knots
Namouna.....	2 28	14.88 "	Eros.....	2 44	14.17 "
Poros.....	2 30	14.62 "	.....	.....	.....

The yachts arrived at Genoa by the Chevalier Garibaldi Colletti, vice-president of the Regio Yacht Club Italiano, who acted as judge at the finish. The yachts were berthed in the Mole Orientale, and excited an enormous amount of interest among the inhabitants, as such a fine fleet of steam yachts had never before been seen in the port.—*The Field*.

New Yachts.

YACHT building about New York is this year even duller than last, as there is nothing on the stocks of over 40ft. in sailing craft, and of the smaller boats now under way nearly all are for cruising. The John Mumm yard, at Bay Ridge, which has been managed by Mr. Wintlingham for the past five years, has been taken by Mr. Chas. Olmstead, of Brooklyn, and a good building shed, with steam heat, was erected last fall in place of the open shed built to cover Yana when she was built in 1890. In this shed is a very handsome bulb finkeel of 35ft. L.W., designed by Mr. Olmstead and built by him for Henry F. Crosby. The 30ft. cutter Anita, designed by Mr. Olmstead for Mr. Crosby last year, was completely wrecked in the August gales, and the new boat will replace her. The model is of the Vasp type, with long ends, but the wooden keel is carried down into a compass keel, the hull being covered with a lead bulb. The dimensions are 50ft. over all, 35ft. L.W., about 12ft. beam and 7ft. draft, with cutter rig. The rudder will be of the usual form, hung on the sternpost. The frame is of sawn oak. There is a low trunk over the main cabin, and the two rooms forward, a stateroom and a toilet room to starboard and a spare stateroom, fitted for use as a butlers pantry, to port. The yacht is very well constructed, and shows good workmanship all over. She will be named Eridon.

Alongside of her is a finkeel, also of Mr. Olmstead's design, the frame being partly planked. She is for John Noble Stearns, who will race her about Greenport, the present home of Herreshoff's Dilemma, and she, as well as another finkeel for a syndicate, will come in the same class. The dimensions are about 40ft. over all, 27ft. L.W., 7ft. beam. The second boat has not yet been started. In the yard is the 35-footer Glenelg, designed by Mr. Olmstead last year. Her keel has been removed and will be recast, and her balance rudder has been discarded, the after side of the fin being fitted with deadwood and sternpost, to which the usual rudder is hung. In one of the sheds in the yard Capt. Jimmy Smith is building an 18ft. racing catboat of his own design for Mr. Maxwell, to be used about Pleasure Bay.

At Wallin & Gorman's yard, 54th street, Bay Ridge, the frame is up for a centerboard sloop for a Mr. Busen, from his own design. She will be 35ft. over all, 22ft. L.W., 11ft. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft, with long forward overhang. The firm have also built four open catboats recently. At Solheim & Aronson's yard is a new yacht of 24ft. L.W., similar to Golden Hope, built last year. She was designed by C. C. Gillespie, and will be owned by E. D. Cowman, of New York. Her dimensions are: Over all 36ft., L.W. 21ft., beam 9ft., draft 5ft. Alongside of her is a 17ft. catboat for W. J. Brundage.

Philadelphia Y. C.

THE retirement of Mr. Francis Shunk Brown from the commodoreship of the Philadelphia Y. C. has caused general regret in the club, which has prospered greatly under his leadership. As a fitting mark of the esteem in which he is held, the members of the club with their guests, to the number of fifty-five, met at the Manufacturers' Club on March 10 to do him honor at a yachtman's dinner. The tables were arranged in an oval, the space inside being filled with flowers, forming an imitation lake, on which floated a floral model of the flagship Schomer, decorated with miniature red and green electric lights, while from a lighthouse of white and pink roses a red flash light shone out over the table. The decoration was completed by yacht flags, electric lights and anchors, wheels and other nautical furniture in flowers. At the head of the table was the newly elected commodore, Hon. John E. Rayburn, with Commodore Brown on his right and Commodore Wm. S. Schley, U. S. N., on his left.

Among the members and guests were Com. C. H. Rockwell, U.S.N.; Lieut. Wm. Rowbotham, U.S.N.; Com. Robt. Center, New York; Hon. O. S. Pruden, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.; Wm. Findlay Brown, Robt. M. McVade, H. S. Furness, Wm. M. Slingerly, Samuel Snellenburg, Samuel L. Kent, S. E. Moore, Col. J. Lewis Good, Frank Bement, John M. Wood, Hon. Theodore F. Jenkins, Clarence B. Kugler, Col. Wm. B. Mann, J. G. Ramsdell, Dr. Thos. C. Steilwagen, G. C. Ramsdell, Geo. T. Gwilliam, J. Lindsay Little, John S. Wilbraham, Wm. S. Stockton, Samuel B. Barth, Dr. W. W. Hollingsworth, M. R. Muckie, Jr., I. N. Hannold, P. H. Johnson, Samuel F. Givin, James W. MacFarlan, A. J. Hass, C. H. Downing, John H. Lehman, Josiah R. Adams, John S. Muckie, T. Carpenter Smith, A. H. Haig, Matthew Dittman, Edwin B. Garrigue, Dr. W. Joseph Hearn, A. H. Marshall, J. Joseph W. MacFarlan, Wm. S. Snellenburg, Wm. P. Bement, E. Y. McCurdy, Edwin E. Sentman, Benson Mann, Chas. L. Wilson.

During the dinner speeches were made by Com. Reayburn, Com. Brown, Com. Schley and others. The affair passed off pleasantly and was in every way a success. The Philadelphia Y. C. is now, largely through Commodore Brown's efforts, in a very prosperous condition, with every promise of a continuance under the new board of officers.

American Model Y. C.

AT the last meeting of the above club an important rule was passed which will have a tendency to elevate model yachting in the future. This rule is called the five-eighths rule, that is, all future models will be designed to represent large yachts from 50 to 95ft. L.W., the object being to suppress racing catboat models against well-proportioned models, which was possible under the present rule. The present classification will not be altered, the 35in. boat will represent a yacht of 55ft., the 42in. a 67.2ft., 48 to 53in. equal 73.5 to 84.8ft. Also Class A. will be abolished, and the present class raised, namely, to equal 84 to 95ft. All computations in the future will be represented in feet.

The coming season will see the A. M. Y. C. with a suitable salt water station at Communipaw, in conjunction with the Jersey City Y. C., where the ability of the old and new models will be fully tested. The election of officers will take place the first Friday in April.

In centerboard last week a misprint occurred in the measurement rule; the area of the sail is measured, the square root of the result is extracted and added to the waterline length, the sum being divided by two; the Sawanahaka rule used by nearly all American yacht clubs.

Yacht Clubs of Puget Sound.

THE yacht clubs of Puget Sound, Washington, are as follows: Seattle Y. C., Seattle, Wash., W. W. French, Sec'y. Tacoma Y. C., Tacoma, Wash., E. Irving, Jr., Sec'y. Bellingham Bay Y. C., New Whatcom, Wash., R. G. Calvert, Sec'y. Fairhaven Y. C., Fairhaven, Wash. Anacortes Y. C., Anacortes, Wash. Port Townsend Y. C., Port Townsend, Wash. Port Angeles Y. C., Port Angeles, Wash.

Lasca, schr., John E. Brooks, New York Y. C., is now fitting out to under Capt. Rhodes for a cruise to British waters. Her racing sail is and gear will be shipped by steamer.



## Biscayne Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BISCAYNE BAY, Fla.—The event of the year so far as this place and the Biscayne Bay Y. C. is concerned, has come and gone, and Feb. 22, 1894, which means to us regatta day, is a thing of the past. We had a pretty good time, but not quite as good as usual, for we lacked boats, wind, cups and music for a hop. We had some boats but not many, and some wind but not much, and some music but very little and very poor what there was of it. We had no cups because, although they were ordered early in January, we live too far away for them to have reached us yet. So the boats not having the glittering prizes dangling before their noses, like a bag of oats in front of a lazy horse, did not go so fast as they might. Still some very pretty work was shown, and we might have had a worse day as well as poorer sport.

The new Lawley boat, Flying Cloud, for instance, sailed like a witch, outpointing the wind itself, and leaving the ex cup winner Nethla so far behind that the latter was not in it. Com. Munroe, who has sold Wabun, and is consequently without a boat for the present, sailed Nethla, and thus experienced the novel sensation of being on a losing boat. As there were no other entries in the first class, the race was between these two.

In the second class there were so few entries that the committee found it necessary to bunch several boats of diverse rig and model, such as a big Cape Cod cat, a small sloop, a sharpie and two American raws, with a result that no one was satisfied. The race in this class was won on time by Mr. Alfred Peacock's wonderful sloop Widow, but she was disqualified on an unfortunate misunderstanding of rules by Mr. Richard Carney who sailed her, and the cup went to Mr. Haigh's Crosby cat, Reina.

The third class being composed of small open boats, found the light wind and smooth sea so great to their liking that they not only made a pretty race among themselves, but the winner, William Brickell's handsome cat-boat Dalphine, made a fine race in the five minutes handicap cat-starting, and finished among the big boats of the classes above hers.

The course was the usual triangular cup course, from off Coconut Grove to a stakeboat in the channel off Bear Out, thence to a boat off the inner buoy of the Cape Florida Channel, and back to point of departure, ten miles in all, sailed over twice by the larger boats, and once by the smaller. The wind was light from southeast. There were fourteen starters in the races, and as many more yachts, naphtha launches, etc., laden with spectators gathered to see the fun. The judges and time keepers were Messrs. Alfred Munroe, Wm. Albury, Walter Broune and Fred Morse. The regatta was devoid of incident, and the following tabulated summary will announce its results:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flying Cloud.....	10 52 41	2 51 30	3 38 30	3 58 30
Nethla.....	10 52 37	3 05 25	4 16 08	4 11 24

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reine.....	10 51 50	3 23 08	4 31 18	4 31 18
Alapatta.....	10 52 27	3 59 16	5 06 49	4 54 54
Nicketti.....	10 52 30	3 55 34	5 03 04	4 51 09
Widow.....	10 52 42	3 55 58	4 43 16	4 26 10
Owen.....	10 55 00	W. Andrew.		

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Daphne.....	11 06 35	1 33 13	2 26 38	2 26 38
Lancelot.....	11 06 50	2 20 50	3 14 00	3 12 16
Lucille.....	11 06 45	1 57 18	2 50 53	2 44 02
Swan.....	11 09 45	1 52 24	2 42 39	2 34 49
Sunrise.....	11 10 10	2 24 35	2 14 25	2 10 10
Little Pet.....	11 07 59	2 05 34	3 00 35	2 49 30
Visilant.....	11 09 11	1 57 43	2 48 32	2 34 46

If we did not have a particularly successful regatta as compared with those of former years, we had a rattling good race between our two largest yachts on Feb. 16. The contestants were Whim, Mr. Bradford McGreger, and Flying Cloud, Mr. S. F. Moore. Whim is 8 years old, and was designed by A. Cary Smith for cruising purposes only. She is schooner rigged and very heavily built. Flying Cloud is a modern racer of the Gloria type, designed by her owner, and turned out by Lawley last summer. This was her first race. After considerable good-natured banter between the owners, a match was arranged to be sailed, 10 miles to windward and return, over the Biscayne Y. C.'s ocean course, out in the Gulf Stream, on the first day that the wind was either due N. or S., the prize to be a handsome silver cup furnished by the loser.

Two days later the conditions were favorable. The breeze was a howling norther, the stiffest we have had this season, and blowing against the current of the stream it kicked up the liveliest kind of a sea. To race in the open ocean under these conditions, without another sail in sight, nor even a tug to render assistance in case of accident, required pluck and the privilege of winning blood.

The two racers, accompanied by the big cat Reina, which was to act as stakeboat, and moved with all necessary speed under a five-reefed mainsail, and Nethla carrying a party of spectators, several of whom were ladies, started from the bay about 11 o'clock for outside buoy No. 1 of the Hawk Channel. Reina, by going through Bear Out got back after about 200 yards outside the buoy. Nethla turned the work too heavy for her passengers. Whim was sailed by her owner, and Flying Cloud by Com. Munroe. As they passed the stakeboat, Whim first at 12:34, and Cloud two minutes later, the sight was one to warm the cockles of a yachtsman's heart, and the little group on the wildly tumbling Reina were well repaid for the discomforts of their position by the sight of the winner. Whim stood up like a church and her crew, perched on the weather coaming of her cockpit, were as dry and comfortable as though on shore. Her stability and fitness for the work for which she was designed, were shown when at the usual hour her cook served a hot dinner to both cabin and fore-cabin as though the yacht was lying in port. As she dashed over the line with a handsome lead, her men raised a cheer that hearkened these hopes for the final result. It was however, their first and last, for when two minutes later Flying Cloud drove by the same point buried in a smother of spray that swept her from stem to stern, lee rail out of sight, water nearly up to the top of her cabin trunk, and crew hanging on by their eyelids, she was seen to be doing all of two points better than her competitor. Not only did she seem to be diving straight into the eyes of the judges, but she was so close that she was working a trifle to windward of it. However uncomfortable it was on board, it was glorious to see her plunge through those waves, smashing them into snow drifts of spray that flew a quarter of a mile to leeward, her white decks and yellow brass work gleaming in the hot sunlight, water streaming from every point like showers of diamonds, as she leaped from sea to sea, like the greyhound she looked.

A long lead seaward carried the two out into the Gulf Stream where a big north-bound Mallory steamer was showing her nose under with every plunge. When they came about, Whim was half a mile to leeward and her chances of winning had vanished. At the mark, which was the big red Biscayne Buoy off the house of refuge, Flying Cloud was a good three miles ahead, and the two came back together. Whim pulled out with a start, and the two came back together. It was pretty race and a plucky race, and both men have good reason to be proud of their boats.

Whim has proved herself so staunch and weatherly as to be the beau-ideal of a cruiser, while the Biscayne Bay Y. C. is willing to bet a cookie that in Flying Cloud they have the fastest bit of wood in Southern waters. This was the first time the two yachtsmen desirous of a bit of winter sport want to try conclusions in a sea that will test their boats to the utmost, let them take a run down to latitude 25 N. and borrow the Biscayne Bay Y. C. ocean course for a day.

O. K. CHOBEE.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Shackamaxon Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Richard L. Binder; Vice-Com., Wm. T. Craven; Recording Sec'y., H. S. Anderson; Financial Sec'y., R. B. Murphy; Treas., W. H. Sherman. Trustees: J. McCormack, W. C. Jones, F. Anderson. Fleet Capt., J. B. Brewer; Measurers, V. T. Craven, C. Stauffer, L. M. Beck. Regatta Committee: R. L. Binder, J. Eschner, H. A. Schenker. The report and the various orders for the last year were received, and showed a very prosperous season. The club house has been rebuilt and four new yachts entered in the club. An important departure was made in amending the constitution, removing the clause which confined membership to those having yachts on Shackamaxon slip, and opening the club to any one of good character interested in yachting. This move, it is hoped, will make this the most prominent yacht club in this section of the country.

The annual regatta of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will take place off Oyster Bay, on Friday, June 23; and on July 3 there will be a special race to Lochmont.

The Columbia Y. C. of New York held its annual meeting on March 6, the following officers were elected: Com., J. F. Hiltchcock; Vice-Com., J. L. Hiller; Rear-Com., W. D. Ellis; Sec'y., G. Parkhill; Treas., J. A. Weaver; Fleet Surgeon, D. D. Stevens; Meas., J. J. Murphy; Steward, C. M. Armstrong. Board of Trustees: T. S. Coole, A. P. Scripture and C. N. Ironside. The club fleet includes one schooner, 20 cabin sloops, 5 steamers, 5 naphtha launches, 8 cabin boats and 8 open cats.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York was held on March 8 at the residence of Mr. N. Roosevelt Schuyler, the following officers being elected: Admiral, C. H. Tweed, cutter Shona; Fleet Captain, M. R. Schuyler; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees: C. H. Tweed, M. R. Schuyler, E. M. Padelford, August Belmont and S. M. Roosevelt.

On March 6 the annual meeting of the New Bedford Y. C. was held, the following officers being elected: Com., F. C. Haskell; Vice-Com., E. M. Whitney; Rear-Com., O. C. Stevens; Sec'y., A. S. James; Treas., F. A. Booth. Directors: B. H. Anthony, E. B. Hammond, C. T. Allen, J. K. Nye, A. W. Forbes, J. B. Rhodes, N. Hathaway, H. K. Snow, A. W. Holmes, R. A. Terry, H. Wood. The club has 156 members and a fleet of 50 yachts.

The yacht sailors of Bridgeport, South Norwalk and Saugatuck are beginning to take an interest in model yachting, some boats are building and races will be sailed this year.

The Yale Corinthian Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 6, the following officers being elected: Com., G. B. Miller, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; scbr, Christine; Vice-Com., H. W. Harris, of East Orange, N. J.; slip Nymph; Rear-Com., W. A. Delano, of Philadelphia, slip Veto; Sec'y and Treas., H. W. Buck, of New York, cutter Yolande. Governing Board: G. T. Adee, '95; C. McL. Clark, '94 S. C. Fincke, '97; G. Z. Gray, '96; A. B. Hughes, '95; G. A. Phelps, '95, and B. G. Wells, '95 S.

Arthur G. Earle, owner of the yachts Zingara and Choctaw, died in New York on Nov. 5 of appendicitis, at the age of thirty.

Sparkle, steam yacht, W. M. Singler, was sunk on March 3 at Elkton, Md., through the bursting of a pipe below water. She was raised at once, the damage being slight.

At the annual meeting of the Portland Y. C. on March 7, the following officers were elected: Com., Chas. W. Bray; Vice-Com., Wm. Willis Gould. Sec., Chas. F. Flagg, Treas., Carl F. A. Weber; Fleet Capt., John F. A. Merrill; Meas., Abiel M. Smith; Trustees, Com. (ex officio) Wm. Senter, B. W. Jones, Chas. E. Somerby; Regatta Committee, Abiel M. Smith, Willis E. Carter, R. Samuel Raud, Wendel Kirsch; Membership Committee, C. J. Farrington, Frank H. Little, Edw. H. York. House Committee, W. V. Gould, Chas. D. Smith.

The Kingston Co., of London, builders of fast launches, has issued a challenge to the steam yacht Yankee Doodle on behalf of the yacht Hibernia, to race any distance on the Thames for a stake of \$5,000 per side, which challenge has been accepted by the owners of Yankee Doodle.

On March 5 a new yacht club was organized in Hamilton, Ont., under the name of the Victoria Y. C.

Mr. Gustave Caillotte, an enthusiastic yachtsman and successful amateur designer, died in Paris on Feb. 21, at the age of 46 years. Mr. Caillotte, one of whose designs we published last year, was a strong supporter of yachting in France, and has done much good work in writing, designing and sailing.

The Yacht Masters' Association, whose headquarters are at Tebo's, South Brooklyn, have elected officers as follows: Pres., Capt. Geo. E. Wicks, steam yacht Elected; Vice-Pres., Capt. Sam'l Lowburg, steam yacht Oneida; Sec'y, Chief Engineer John Leonard, steam yacht Utopia.

Alicia, steam yacht, H. M. Flagler, has sailed from New York for St. Augustine, Fla.

A very interesting lecture on "Explorations of the Arctic Regions," was delivered before the Philadelphia Y. C. by Com. W. S. Schley, U. S. N., on Feb. 21.

We have received the club book of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., which lively little club has now a membership of 25 and a fleet of 23 yachts.

Ambassadors, scbr., that huge and cumbersome failure more appropriately known as the "Actor House," has at last found her vocation, having recently brought to Boston from Newfoundland the largest and finest cargo of frozen herring ever known at that port. She is now owned by Dixon Bros., who have put her into trade, the fish trade. It has taken nearly twenty years to find out just what she was good for.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, the designer, has been seriously ill through the winter, but is now nearly well.

## Canoeing.

## AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1893-94.  
COMMODORE: IRVING V. DORLAND, Arlington, N. J.  
SECRETARY-TREASURER: G. A. DOUGLASS, Newark, N. J. (136 Liberty st., N.Y.)  
LIBRARIAN: W. P. STEPHENS, Bayonne, N. J.

ATLANTIC DIVISION. OFFICERS:  
VICE-COM.: C. V. Schuyler, New York.  
REAR-COM.: F. E. Fredricka, New York.  
PURSER: F. L. Dummell,oklyn, N. Y.  
EX. COM.: J. B. Laid, F. W. Hayes, J. K. Hand.

EASTERN DIVISION. OFFICERS:  
VICE-COM.: E. H. Barney, Springfield.  
REAR-COM.: F. Schuyler, Jr., Holyoke.  
PURSER: E. C. Knappe, Springfield.  
EX. COM.: G. L. Parmele, Paul Butler, R. Apollonio.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for the current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expense. Applications sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

## WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.  
VICE-Comm.—L. K. Ligit, Detroit, Mich.  
REAR-Comm.—James H. Egan, Chicago, Ill.  
SECRETARY-TREAS.—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.  
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; G. B. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; S. B. Mettler, Jackson, Mich.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas. on blank form which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2.00 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

The description of the canoe exhibit at the exhibition in London is a good index of the present condition of British canoeing. The decked sailing canoe of standard dimensions is conspicuous by its absence, the canoe-yawl, open canoe and various nondescript craft making up the bulk of the collection. The future of the 16x30 sailing canoe is somewhat doubtful, in view of the many types of small craft that have been produced within recent years. It is however the parent of all these types, and the influence of canoeing as practiced between 1880 and 1890 in England and America will be visible for many years to come.

## Modern British Canoes.

From the Field.

Go to the yachting exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, is the advice we would give to canoeers who are in London during this month of February. Canoeing, especially the canoe-yawl branch, is the only one of the water sports that has not been entirely abandoned for yachting, also include articles and novelties useful and adaptable to canoe fitting. The almost entire absence of small raters—there being only one of racing breed—is peculiar; the chief nesting-places of 1/2 and 1-raters—Coves and Southampton—do not exhibit a single craft. The solitary 1/2-rater yacht, as distinguished from canoe-yawls, is the Spruce II, built by Smith, of Oxford; and close by her in the "deck sailing" class, is the "Plover," a 1/2-rater, and near the fittings common to sailing canoes, including a sliding deck seat; her mast steps in a tabernacle, with slide lever action instead of forestry for lowering or lifting; she is also fitted with crutches for sculling—a mode of propulsion unnecessary, indeed detrimental, in a canoe. In the large types of canoe-yawls, of some 5 ft. beam, sculling or sweeping is almost a necessary mode of propulsion, and the canoe-yawl Nautilus under sloop rig, both owned by Mr. W. Baden Powell. The Pearl, as mentioned on page 10 of the official catalogue, was built for the Marquis of Anglesey in 1830, to the lines of Sainy a noted smuggler—at the time when the Marquis of Anglesey wished to build the

Pearl to beat one of Mr. Weld's yachts, he got Sainy released from Colchester gaol, where he had been imprisoned for an infringement of the excise acts." The old Pearl was, however, entirely rebuilt by Nicholson, at Gosport, in 1872; the amateur photograph was taken from the dinghy in a calm on the Solent. On one of the side tables there are photographs of the Spruce, canoe-yawl, and Spruce II, under sail.

The wonderfully light life-belt and life-buoy cushions stuffed with reindeer hair, which were so much used in canoes last season, are shown by Messrs. Bowers on Stand 29. So far as we have used these reindeer hair cushions, we prefer them infinitely to those stuffed with cork or formed of inflated rubber. The folding cushion, useable in a moment as a life buoy, is a most handy and useful piece of furniture in the canoe-yawl, where the ordinary circular life buoy is utterly out of place. One point we found by experience was the necessity of having cushion covers perforated with a suitable number of eyelet holes, so as to always dry the hair after a wetting, otherwise the scent is rather high.

A number of Canadian model canoes are shown. They are, however, mostly fitted as gilling canoes, with flat narrow and cushions and tiny reed lug sails, nice enough for summer evening Thames lounging; and, indeed, most are fitted with sculls and silver-plated crutches. There are no points of novelty in construction or fitment worthy of notice. A central, dry-storage, watertight compartment might well be added, both for safety and comfort, in these comparatively open craft; and, for those who wish to do real canoeing in the canoe-yawl, where the ordinary circular life buoy is utterly out of place, not for mere sailing, but for use when paddling with a fresh breeze ahead or on either side.

Turning now to the canoe-yawls, the real interest of the exhibition, from a canoeing point of view, is before us. It is a curious thing to note that not a single sailing canoe or first-class sailing racing canoe is in the show. The only new craft of this class which we hear of in the canoeing world are being built to order; whereas, in the larger class of canoe-yawls, in addition to those on exhibit, builders are producing several "on spec," and are selling them. Turk, of Kingston-on-Thames, is exhibiting one of 18 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., on the lines we published in the Field of Feb. 25, March 4 and April 15, 1893, fully rigged and fitted. She is for river and estuary sailing, and can easily be stripped of her rig and gear for housing or transport by land or by steamer. She is not intended for long passages on open coasts, being a little small for such work; but with expert handling, and some caution as to the approach of bad weather, she would be capable of doing a lot of open salt-water sailing. She is fitted with rod-and-yoke deck steering gear; a form we do not recommend for rough water, but which is cheaper in production than the horizontal head-and-deck wheels with chain gear (as fitted on the Nautilus). Her rig is of the balance lug battened type, main and mizen ketch.

Near by is a new form of collapsible boat (James's patent), which, if made quite small, say 10x3 ft., would prove a great blessing to the larger canoe-yawls when using coast ports where landing is bad and watermen are few. Though the yawl can be taken in to land her crew, she is apt to suffer very roughly on the shore or against a quay while the owner is waiting for a horse or a cart. The folding boat can be carried flat on deck while sailing, or might even be made to fit in the well, and form a bucket well. James's boats have one excellent point in their structure—they have only one skin of canvas—so the skin can be painted from time to time, or mended if damaged.

The Nautilus, canoe-yawl, which was built last spring, and sailed on the Solent and south coast for some two and a half months last season, is shown in the Field of Feb. 25, March 4 and April 15, 1893, fully rigged and fitted. She is of the sea-going type, a very powerful and able sea boat, so fitted with watertight bulkheads as to be practically unsinkable, and so ballasted by a loaded center plate as to be uncapizable. She is shown with her cruising rig of main and mizen standing lugs (her racing sloop rig, we have mentioned above, may be seen in the photographic gallery below). The mode of rigging the sail with main beam and yard halyards allows the sail to be hoisted or scandalized like a gaff sail, yet it can be taken off the mast in a few seconds for stowing ashore or on a yacht, or for shifting to the larger rig.

In size and weight the Nautilus is just about as large as can be slung to and hoisted on a yacht's steam launch davits, or lifted in on deck for passage to river or estuary, and for storage on a moorings last season. The absence of a counter and the peculiar form of the rig, go a long way toward easy storage on such occasions; and on railway trucks with rope slings she was often lifted, with centerboard and all ballast in position, and her mast lowered in its tabernacle trunk, immediately from sailing or ready to sail.

The center plate is of two sheets of steel plate, kept expanded by a wooden frame riveted to an iron socket at the lower corner for lead ballast blocks, which can be lifted in or out by hand, and the exposed plate edges are bent together and riveted, forming a fine edge for cutting the water. From a light weather racing point of view, the boat is rather too strong in substance of materials of build; but for rough water and for long life this is an advantage, and she has taken prizes. The sails are by Jackson of Norwich, and it will be noticed that the main beam and yard halyards are carried to the yard, and the sail is clipped with brass wire grips to a brass plate traveler on the spar, so that in damp weather the sail can immediately be eased in a long boom and yard, and then hauled out again on dry days, thus preventing that bad stretching, which one commonly sees on Mr. Johny Haultaut's boats. The peculiarity of the rudder is that it can be used as a standard rudder, or it can be fully dropped, the center of the effort thereof can be shifted as much as 2 in. by hauling on the plate tackle. Side hatches have been fitted to the well, but have as yet not been needed; nor has the pump ever been used for pumping a sea out, for the simple reason that she has never shipped a sea in the well.

The next boat worthy of note by the canoeers is the Midge pneumatic folding boat. The boat exhibited is a very small craft of the Kajak type, or Arctic canoe; she is about 12 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in. Lieut. Sayre, of the 1st Life Brigade, has sailed her for some time, and may be seen cruising canoes at Dover on June 18 next with whom we may compare notes, or make a match across Channel to Boulogne if wind N.E., or Calais if S.W." The boat shown has no rigging or other sailing fittings, so we are unable to judge of the possibilities of this type of boat; but the inventor claims she will prove as fast, or faster, than wooden boats. If the length is to be restricted to 12 ft., the match had better be kept within Dover Bay, unless the sea is dead calm, and then a sailing match for 24 miles would be "no go."

Another aspirant to fame lies within a yard of the Midge—the Porpoise. We published a letter last week from her owner, claiming that in the Porpoise he introduced a new type of canoe-yawl. He says: "My object has been to produce the smallest canoe-yawl, which although small, will be able to carry a man, a rowing machine, and a lot of kit, if not better, than any open sea boat of the kind. The Porpoise will be able to tackle weather which much larger boats of the inland and French polish schools dare not look at, will launch and beach easily and safely." In the catalogue she is described as of 14 ft. 6 in. length, 17 ft. 2 in. length, by 4 ft. 4 in. beam over all, sail area 100sq. ft. At the present time the hull only is in view; her rigging has not been furnished, nor has her steering rudder, her steering gear or her centerboard gear been set up in working order. As to model, there is nothing out of the common line of a boat, sharp at each end, such as the St. Lawrence skiff, partly decked in. The ends perhaps show fuller sections, and the waterlines are convex at the bow and stern. The measurements given in the catalogue do not say whether 17 ft. 2 in. is her l.w.l. length or whether that is over all, but as 17 ft. 2 in. by 100 ft. is a sail area of 1722 sq. ft., we may take it to be her l.w.l. length. The "inland, French-polished" Nautilus near her is 17 ft. 5 in. in l.w.l. length, and it would take a severe twist to turn one into the belief that Nautilus "would not look at the weather which Porpoise would tackle." However, Channel matches and tackling seas may be well left to paper for the present. There may be much to learn when the novelties are fully fitted; at present we only see the shell.

A new type of lighted center plate is exhibited by Mr. Brewster at stand 59, which, taken shortly, may be described as a hollow bent bulk head laden with leaden discs for half its length; the half of length of bulk occupies the whole of the fore edge of a center plate, dropped at an angle of 45°, and then the other half of length of bulk, bent in a gentle curve, becomes horizontal. When the plate is down the disc inside the bulk runs down the bulk, into and fill the horizontal, or lower part of the bulk. When the plate is up, the bulk runs up the bulk, and the bulk houses up in the case, and the discs of lead run back into the fore part of the bulk, which is then along the bottom of the boat's keel, the slot only being open for housing the bulk at its after end. Large scale drawings explain the working of the plate and the discs.

Very near the 1/2-rater Spruce II. In the catalogue she appears as "a new departure from the Oxford canoe-yawl, in that she has a bulk keel." But she has a counter and a transom, and her rudder is not hung abaft the stern, therefore she is not a canoe-yawl under the definition of the Royal Canoe Club, but may be under some other definition. That she is a clipper at match sailing we do not doubt, but her model is not such as goes dry in heavy briny water, but where flag winning is the only consideration, wet jackets matter little, and with bucket well and bulk keel little harm can come so long as the bulk holds together and the garboards do not open, and in Spruce they seem to hold on well.

Late in time, but perhaps not too late, a canoe of the first class, or R. C. A. racing type, has been added. Of course, to experts this goes for nothing much, but to those who are less in the know this thing is of considerable interest, as it fills the missing link in the chain of sequence of types. The exhibition now contains the sea-going canoe-yawl Nautilus; then the river-going canoe-yawls of medium size;



the first-class racing canoe; and the small type, late second class canoe.

It would have been an interesting thing to have also in comparison an up-to-date sailing canoe, built under the new rule, which permits overhangs, bulb keels and 8ft. of beam, seeing that the canoe exhibited is of the Stale design, now many years old. However, the craft shown is on a design which has done excellent racing work, and the boat is well built and rigged. She is on order for Rangoon, and will no doubt somewhat astonish the natives; but we should much prefer something absolutely uncapsizable for such waters, and with more beam.

### Toronto C. C.

Toronto, March 5.—Saturday evening, March 3, was "Athletic night" and the handsome house of the Toronto C. C. was again a blaze of lights, it being the occasion of their third, and for this winter the last, large complimentary social entertainment. The programme consisted of athletic and acrobatic feats, with just enough song and music to keep the boys in good spirits, and was started in the gymnasium with an exhibition of horizontal-bar work by Messrs. Morgan, Thompson, Slevett and Bruce, followed by a slack wire performance by Mr. Bruce. Commodore Tilley then requested the audience to repair to the dining room, where a stage about 16ft. square, erected almost in the center, the programme was continued. The inevitable Tommy Baker sang in his own happy way; he didn't sing of "Home, Sweet Home," but he reached the spot under the vest pocket just the same. Alf Sturrock sang of the rolling billows, and more than one of the boys went down to launch their canoes to go off to the wreck only to find that skates were the only mode of aquatic locomotion. There were also songs by Messrs. Joe Baker, F. Piggot, Henry Wright.

The athletic part of the programme consisted of three three-minute bouts with foils by Messrs. Cooper and Barton; tumbling by Morgan, Thompson, Bruce and Slevett; three two-minute rounds sparring by Messrs. Goldman and Barton; fancy club swinging by Mr. Loghead; three three-minute rounds sparring by Messrs. A. E. Bell and Alex. Wheeler. The events of the evening were, however, the acrobatic and hand balancing feats by Mr. W. Taylor, instructor Beaver Athletic Club, and his partner, Mr. Robert White. The last event on the programme, and the one that held every man to his place and made him take chances of missing the last car, was three five-minute rounds of scientific wrestling between Mr. W. W. LaMont, champion light-weight wrestler of Canada, and Mr. W. W. Taylor. The contestants in this event were so evenly matched that at the end of their fifteen minutes' work neither had secured a fall, and they were cheered to the echo. Commodore Tilley then invited the guests to the supper room, where lunch was served.

Among the three hundred present were many of Toronto's most prominent business men, and it speaks well for the T. C. C. to note that quite a number of the boys were not ashamed to bring their fathers with them. The entire arrangements were in the hands of the house committee, composed of A. E. Bell, Bert Smith and J. C. Iredale.

### The Newton Boat Club War Canoe.

About fifty of the local canoe men gathered at the Newton Boat Club house on the Charles River, on Thursday evening, March 8, at the request of the "crew" of the Wawbewaw, to take part in their third smoker of the season.

The chief entertainment of the evening consisted of a fine display of stereoscopic views of different A. C. A. meets by Com. Jas. W. Cartwright, Jr. of the Puritan C. C. The views were of the annual subscription's Neck, Peddock's Island and the Charles River were enthusiastically applauded, and proved to be of great interest. After having extended a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Cartwright, the canoeists partook of light refreshments and listened to a most pleasant series of musical selections from the following gentlemen:

The Corey Hill Toboggan Club Quintette." Mr. L. G. Hoffman, leader; selections on banjo, mandolin, harmonica and piano; songs by Mr. Cartwright and Mr. C. B. Ashenden, who have many times been heard at A. C. A. meets; and selections on the violin and piano by Messrs. Robins and Pierce. Altogether the affair was most successful and the good time lasted until the small hours.

Among the canoeists present were: J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Chas. F. Dodge, Wm. Garty and Geo. R. Angus of the Puritan C. C., Com. H. B. Grant, E. T. Brigham, J. W. Brown, A. C. Wyer and E. F. Wyer of the Imiton C. C., C. L. Bennett of the Sprague C. C., Fred F. Smith of the Dedham C. C., ex-Capt. Wm. A. Hall, W. A. Wheeler, Louis S. Drake, Francis J. Burrage, Geo. B. Smith, L. A. Hall, W. A. Plimpton, John F. Linder, Wm. V. Forsaith, Chas. W. Knapp, Chester A. Howe, Thos. C. Phelps and W. H. Pulsifer of the Newton B. C., and Clarence B. Ashenden, L. G. Hoffman, E. A. Outhank, E. P. Small, F. P. Black, Noses Bamber, C. W. Young, A. H. Coolidge, Robt. A. Hens and F. I. Wynn.

Those responsible for the good time were the following members of the "Crew": Louis S. Drake, Capt. Francis J. Burrage, Lieut. Geo. B. Smith, John F. Linder, Wm. V. Forsaith, Chester A. Howe and Chas. W. Knapp.

The coming season will doubtless be interesting as far as war canoes are concerned. Mr. J. R. Robertson of Auburndale already has two nearly completed for the Springfield C. C., the other for Hartford. The members of the Puritan C. C. also intend to have one built, and in all probability the Boston C. C. will be equipped in the same way.

The Eastern Division meet will certainly be interesting if five war canoes are to compete in the races.

### Reforming the A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of March 10 contains an article by "Pulex" under the above caption. The letter is for the most part irrelevant, as it does not treat on the reform in question. Now as regards this subject, I again claim the A. C. A. does not need reform. The Association is all right as far as it goes, the only trouble is that it cannot go far enough on account of the small means at its command. That an association of canoeists should be so small, but not by the A. C. A., I have had some experience in that line. The association has about a thousand members. What does that figure amount to for a circulation? Nothing. If the A. C. A. is to run a paper the dues of the members will have to be doubled. That would do no harm, as the A. C. A. needs the money. Now, the main trouble arises in the lack of members and the difficulty in obtaining more.

The present divisions are too large to be easily worked by their officers. Then again the rivalry between the divisions is not nearly so keen as it would be were the separate States each divisions. This has been proved a fact in the experience of the League of American Wheelmen. Then let us see what could be done if State divisions were the rule. In the first place, each State would have its board of officers, who would have a limited territory to travel and work in, a definite territory. Each State would, or should, have permanent division camp site, to which the men would become accustomed and learn to consider their meetings there a fixture. With a limited territory the divisions could publish maps of the same—another advantage. The rivalry between the States would become keen and, as sure as fate, the membership would grow. Again, by establishing State divisions the jealousy between two sections of a large division would be abolished, and that jealousy is worthy of serious consideration in some of the divisions as at present made up. Of course, all States would not now be divisions, as a minimum limit of A. C. A. men would have to be established to constitute a division, as in the L. A. W.; but it can be placed low, so that a division could be easily made up. The foregoing is not reform, but progress. We have nearly reached the limit of our possibilities under the present system, let us consider some other.

Friend "Pulex" speaking of a canoe club dubs them cruisers, because they cruise in a body, and ignores the fact that individual work makes a cruising club full as much as concerted action. My own club, the Puritan C. C., is a cruising club, if Saturday afternoon and Sunday trips may be called cruises. We do not call them such, hence we have no cruising in a body. Our aggregate of individual mileages will be about a thousand miles, but we would not be so proud of a hundred-mile trips we call cruises, and it is upon those trips that the A. C. A. men find the value of the Association.

"Pulex" intimates that the clubmen mentioned may be able to give points to the Librarian. Why don't they do it and give more power to his arm? Doubtless the racers can give them points on some equally important matters, such as canoe sailing. Races between well equipped cruisers are still as exciting and as interesting as those between racing machines. And there is not a shadow of a doubt but that any cruiser will learn more about sailing a canoe in a season's racing than he would in several years of cruising sailing. I know it for it has been my experience, and I know that such mild racing as a cruising club indulges in, will do more to produce a well equipped and well designed fleet than all the cruising that club can do in a lifetime. LEX.

Boston, March 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Before answering the communications from "lex" and "Pulex" allow me to express my condemnation of the action of "Pulex" in going out of his way to stir a gentleman whose only offense was that he came from Rutherford. To avoid any personalities in the future let me briefly state my case. Every canoeist should be an A. C. A. man. He will be, as a whole, and also it can be made to bend him. The A. C. A. has done much for canoeing and is not to be disputed, but it has also been in an indirect way, and at present it is rather at a standstill.

Nowadays no man gets anything out of his membership unless he goes to the meets. Not one of the answers I have seen have disproved my statements. I offered some suggestions. Those who replied, instead of doing likewise, expressed their horror at a supposed attack on the meet. I knew that "lex" advised me to get to work to enlarge the membership. Now what inducement can "lex" offer to a man to join; and what can he say to the probable response to such an invitation: "What good will it do me?" If the meet is urged it will be answered that the speaker is a clerk in a bank or a dry goods or commission house or some other business where he only has his regular vacation season at such a time as to prevent his going to the meet. Do you suggest the division meets? He will answer that he cannot leave business to go to them. What other inducement can you offer? None, absolutely none. He can get all the important news of the sport and the meet from the magazines and newspapers. The ideas as to fittings, etc., he can pick up well enough to suit him from his contact with others in cruising or visiting at neighboring club houses, and he is not apt to take much stock in the idea of joining for the sake of having his name in the year book. And yet such a man will be found to represent a large number who are practical canoeists.

At present the A. C. A. only appears to look after the men who come to the meet. They don't need so much care, but as to the fellow who stays in his own waters, why he is left to paddle his own canoe. If the A. C. A. is to increase its membership among such men, it must show something else besides the meet as an inducement.

I agree with "lex" when he says, "It is not so much reform of the few principles under which the A. C. A. exists as advancement—very good advancement—along those lines. And one of the greatest obstacles to the man who wishes to advance is the fact that the new and beneficial features can be introduced." If "lex" will re-read my letter he will see that it offers some suggestions. "lex" does not take his own medicine of "getting to work" in this, the only way at present open. Why?

Let me trespass on your space a little more and I am done. Here in Rutherford we have had a canoe club for the last eight years. After that eight years the A. C. A. membership has increased. The club has experience have not been able to show one solitary inducement to join the A. C. A. except the pleasure of going to the meet, and even that only covers the actual being in the camp. Everything else they get anyhow. Now, will "lex" show me how to work to increase the membership of the A. C. A. when there is absolutely no inducement to offer to new members?

If the A. C. A. is to grow among others besides racing men and those who have leisure to attend the meets, it must pay some attention to them.

Were it not for the wide circulation given it by the FOREST AND STREAM I should ignore "Pulex's" screed. "Pulex" apparently is not posted. If a practical canoeist is one who has passed a number of years in various types of canoe, in sailing, paddling and cruising, why then I am one. If attendance at the meet is the sole qualification, then I am not. By "Pulex's" own confession, no one who is not at the meet has anything to say in A. C. A. matters. Is that fair? Also, by the same token, there is nothing a member gets—bar the meet—but a list of his fellow members, unless he goes to the meet.

Mr. Burns shows more of the right kind of spirit. He had some ideas himself on the subject of advancement, and he gave them. If all our members were of the same caliber there would be no need for this discussion. Let us hear from some one else. JOHN TRUSTY HOLDEN.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., March 10.

### Life Membership in the A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By-laws, Sec. 2, states that the annual subscription is one dollar, but does not provide for members compounding for an annual subscription. I would suggest that at the next annual meeting the by-law be so amended as to read after the word "accepted" on ninth line as follows: "Any member may compound for his subscription and become a life member by the payment of fifteen dollars. A separate account shall be kept of all moneys received from life members, to be called the life membership account, and the receipts shall be invested at interest by the honorary treasurer, and no payment shall be made from it unless authorized by a majority of members. The interest derived from investment mentioned shall be carried to and form part of the income of the Association. Should a life member resign, or cease to be an amateur, or be expelled from the Association, or otherwise cease to be a duly qualified member, no part of the life composition paid by him shall be returned to such life member. Seventy per cent. of the interest of the above composition shall be paid to the pursuer of the division to which the life member belongs and thirty per cent. retained for the A. C. A. treasury."

The advantages of having life members are numerous. I invite criticism of the above suggestion.

A MEMBER OF SIX YEARS' STANDING.

### A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION—Edward Muller, New York city. Northern Division—Chas. O. Wyatt, Montreal. Central Division—Lucius H. Washburn, Albany, N. Y. Eastern Division—William Garty, George R. Angers, Waldo P. Kennard.

### CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Knickerbocker C. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Julius H. Seymour; Vice-Com., James K. Hand; Sec'y, William R. Farrell, Jr., 476 West 152d street, New York; Treas., Sidney M. Winttingham; Meas., Frank C. Moore.

The annual election of officers of the Yonkers C. C. resulted as follows: Com., William R. Haviland; Vice-Com., Daniel B. Goodsell; Sec'y, Thomas Hale, Jr.; Treas., Everett Masten; Capt., H. Lansing Quick; Lieut., Charles T. Middlebrook.

At the annual meeting of the Holyoke C. C. on March 7, the following officers were elected: Capt., F. H. Metcalf; 1st Lieut., E. T. Newton; 2d Lieut., J. M. Ramage; Purser, A. S. Seymour; Sec., W. L. Eaton; Executive Committee, W. D. Judd, W. C. Brown and R. T. Wyckoff. The annual regatta will take place on Sept. 3.

The annual meeting of the Tatassit C. C. was held on March 5, the following officers being elected: Com., T. H. Blood; Vice-Com., F. A. Goodard; Purser, W. N. Brooks; Sec., F. P. Kendall; Capt., F. P. Dean; Directors, Howard Frost and C. L. Allen; House Committee, W. F. Robinson, A. F. Townsend and F. D. Freeman; Membership Committee, C. S. Day, A. E. Davis and W. M. Freeman; Historian, G. U. Halcott; Auditor, A. O. Knight. The retiring Commodore, Howard Frost, was presented by Com. Blood with a huge wooden watch, a reminder of the money advanced on a watch by the Commodore to a tramp, the watch being worthless. In the wooden disc was embedded a beautiful gold watch, a gift from the club.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### General Comments on the Drift of Bullets, and Rifles and Rifle Shootings.

BY ARMIN TENNER,

Superintendent American Testing Institution.

The path described by a bullet in the course of its flight is governed by certain laws and conditions. These may briefly be enumerated as follows: In consequence of the tendency of the resistance of the air to the bullet, and the resistance of the bullet to the air, the bullet, in the right, a variation in the spinning axis of the projectile is brought about, causing the latter to drift away from the shot plane to the right. Thus a new axis of rotation is created, and while oscillating with its longitudinal axis around this new axis the bullet offers its left surface continuously to the pressure of the air and is thus forced to drift to the right, thereby creating a change in the axis of rotation and in the position of its longitudinal axis, and these conditions again on the other hand cause the bullet to lean toward the tangent path. This tendency of leaning toward the tangent path and of drifting to the right is greatly lessened by a counter pressure brought about by the meeting of the rotating with the resisting air, causing a condensation of the latter on the bullet's right side. The tendency of a bullet to press to the right not only holds forth throughout its entire flight, but the contrary increases as the stability of the longitudinal axis diminishes.

The trajectory of the center of gravity of a traveling bullet describes a curve with a double crook, around which all other points of the projectile, those resting upon the given axis of rotation excepted, must describe spiral (cycloidal) lines of continuously growing steepness. The sportsman can easily detect the effect of the deviation to the right, as indicated by a bullet which glanced off the ground after striking it. The track or grooves left by such a bullet will, under ordinary conditions, always show a slight crook to the right.

If bullets of different weights and sizes are employed for one and the same caliber and propelled by the same powder charge, the heavier will be, as shown further on, the least subject to deviation. A bullet thrown as far as 2,000 yds., will not perform a full cone oscillation short of 800 yds.

### THE DIRECTION OF DERIVATION.

The derivation will be to the right (1) when the bullet rotates from the left to the right, since the point of intersection of the resultant of air pressure and the longitudinal axis will then be found in front of the center of gravity of the bullet; (2) when the rotation is to the left and the point of intersection is found in or behind the center of gravity.

The derivation will be to the left (3) with bullets rotating to the right if the point of intersection is in or behind the center of gravity; (4) with bullets rotating to the left because the center of gravity will then be always in front of the point of intersection. The conditions 2 and 4 exist only theoretically as far as our modern elongated bullets are concerned. Practically the derivation of such a bullet is to the right if the rotation is to the right, and to the left if the rotation is to the left, since in both cases the point of intersection of the resultant of air resistance is always found in front of the projectile's center of gravity.

### THE TWIST OF RIFLES.

The spiral grooves in the rifle barrel called the twist serve no other purpose save that to prevent the bullet from tipping or "keyholing," and to give its flight the necessary stability.

For bullets two and one-half times in length of their diameter, and being propelled by a high velocity, the angle of the twist should be about 3½ degrees; longer bullets require a steeper twist angle, especially if the velocity is comparatively lower, and the same rule applies to the smaller calibers, regardless of the bullet's weight or shape. If a lighter and a heavier bullet are employed of the same caliber, that of the heavier specific weight will do better in a comparatively less steep angle of twist than the lighter one. With a properly chosen twist angle the length of a bullet can be extended to four times its caliber, and such a bullet can still be made to describe a regular path. The size of the bore of the barrel divided by the length of the twist gives the tangent of the angle of twist.

In this country the nature of the twist is described by the distance in which it makes one complete turn. Their lengths vary in American rifles between 12 and 72 in.

The number of revolutions made by a bullet within a unit of time—one second—at the speed with which it quits the muzzle is called the angle velocity. The latter is governed by the steepness of the twist or the velocity of the velocity of the bullet. If, for instance, the latter has an initial velocity of, say, 1,800 ft., and the twist makes one turn in 25 in., the bullet will make about 782 revolutions per second.

The larger calibers, as a rule, have and require smaller twist angles, i. e., a slower twist than smaller calibers, and this for the reason that with the same velocities and bullets of similar shape the surface of the smaller twist receives a greater angle velocity than the larger, or in other words, with the same initial velocities the angle velocities of the surface of the different similar bullets, the same as the tangents of the twist angles, must be in a reversed proportion to their calibers, and considering at the same time that the lengths of the twist must be proportionate to the squares of the calibers, in order to reduce the deviation caused by the twist to the desired lowest limit. This law is based on the observation that, although bullets with the large twist, owing to its greater surface, the air pressure from the side will grow in single proportion with the caliber, whereas the mass to be moved



Fig. 4.

will increase in cubic proportion to the caliber. A quick twist has a tendency to retard the velocity, and on this account the twist should not be chosen quicker than necessary to serve the purpose previously mentioned.

THE VELOCITY OF BULLETS OF THE SAME CALIBER BUT OF THE DIFFERENT SPECIFIC WEIGHTS.

If a lighter and a heavier bullet of the same caliber is employed in the same rifle, and both are propelled by a similar powder charge, the lighter bullet will show the highest velocity of the two, but the heavier bullet will retain its velocity over a longer distance. When a certain rifle propels a bullet weighing 380 grs., say at a rate of velocity equal to 1,745 ft., the same powder charge would propel a bullet weighing 365 grs. at the rate of 1,762 ft., one weighing 350 grs. at the rate of 1,789 ft., one weighing 335 grs. at the rate of 1,806 ft., one weighing 320 grs. at the rate of 1,823 ft., one weighing 305 grs. at the rate of 1,838 ft., one weighing 290 grs. at the rate of 1,853 ft., and one weighing 275 grs. at the rate of 1,870 ft., or thereabouts. As a rule the velocities are the four roots from the quotient of the load, and equal quotients of loads give equal initial velocities.

### EXPRESS AND AMERICAN RIFLES.

It is a matter of frequent occurrence to find things called by a wrong name in this country, or to find things we understand to differ from what a name really implies. Dogs of a certain species are called and known in America as "Great Danes," although the same dog is not known by that name in his native country. The common sparrow is here known as the "English" sparrow, notwithstanding the fact that this species of bird is found all over Europe and other parts of the old world and that the ancestors of the majority of the sparrows as they now inhabit our cities, towns and villages, were brought to this country from Germany. The common or Bohemian pheasant is here called the English pheasant, etc.

By an "express" rifle the American shooter, as a rule, understands a rifle made expressly to shoot an expanding or exploding bullet, and by an express bullet a projectile with a sort of a channel (as shown in Fig. 4) for being filled with a copper tube, wax or tallow, or with some explosive agent. This is all wrong. The majority of hunters on the European continent use the express rifle, but not one out of a thousand employs such a bullet; and this for the simple reason that they have no need for such a bullet, and that these bullets shoot less accurately and are much more liable to spoil the best part of the flesh of a roebuck or stag.

A bullet provided with a channel running from its front end to the center, or even beyond it, is of course more liable to "flutter," as its unsteady travel is called, than a solid bullet of the same size, and this for the reason that the former, in having its center of gravity shifted still further away and to the rear of its transverse axis, is more subject to the disturbing effects named in connection with the causes and results of derivation than the solid bullet.

I have before me the catalogue of the Ideal Manufacturing Co., which, as a whole and otherwise, contains much valuable information for riflemen, in which, speaking of express bullets, the following passages occur: "Properly speaking, the express cartridge consists of a heavy charge of powder and a short, light bullet," and "Rifles for this kind of ammunition have a slow twist and will not carry the long bullet point on," etc. Both of these statements are wrong and misleading.

The powder charge of an express cartridge is generally in proportion to the weight of the bullet, and the elongated bullet does and must travel on the longitudinal axis, i. e., point on, up to the distance for which such a rifle is intended and for which they are employed. Why should such not be the case?

According to the figures given in the catalogue named the twist in the rifles made up in 16 in. in some barrels, one turn in 30 in. in others. My three-barreled gun bears the mark: "Cal. 12-11-32," which means that the gun barrels are 32-bore, that the diameter of the bullet for the express rifle barrel is 11 mm., or about 7/16 in., and that the twist makes one turn in 52 centimeters, equal to a fraction over 20 in. The length of the bullet is 14 in., its weight is 255 grs., the black powder charge is 58 grs. or the equivalent in nitro powder, which latter have been used for years in my rifle successfully. Strictly speaking, every rifle with the spiral twist or one that will impart to the projectile a high speed of velocity is an express rifle.

The Marlin round-point bullet, cal. .33 for instance, is only a trifle longer than my express bullet; the former weighs 255 grs., the corresponding powder charge is 55 grs. But there are two more and shorter sizes of bullets of the same caliber besides, one weighing 175 grs., the other only 155 grs., with that same powder charge as used for the longer bullet.

The proportion of the weights of the powder charge and the bullet in my express cartridge is about 1 to 5, the proportion of the Marlin long cartridge is 1 to 4 1/2, and that of the two shorter cartridges is 1 to 3 1/2, and 1 to 2 1/2, respectively. The Marlin is an American rifle and still the American shooter is informed by the authority quoted that the express cartridge consists of a heavy charge of powder and a short, light bullet, and that for target shooting the slow twist of the express rifle it will not carry a long bullet point on.

It is true that the same authority says in reference to the shooting distances for which the express rifles are principally made, sighted and intended, namely 150 yds. The express rifle is designed for hunting purposes only. They have a comparatively great striking power and flat trajectory up to that distance. They should not be compared with rifles made for target shooting for the reason stated. Rifle making is not a secret, neither are the tools and machinery employed.







**Nitro in the Rifle.**

SOME months since we resorted to a trial of nitro powder in the rifle. Assisted by one of our local experts, F. C. Ross, we shot a score of 50 shots at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, from the machine rest, the result of which was reproduced in *FOREST AND STREAM* on Dec. 16, 1893. The merits of this target were such that we were induced to go ahead with further experiments in order to demonstrate its qualities for reliable work.

The target shot on Dec. 16 was made with a combination of 7grs. nitro and about 4grs Hazard's F.G. powder in a .38-50 Ballard Schuetzen rifle. In the mean time we had the rifle rechambered for the 55grs. shell, and continued our experiments. Some weeks since we received from Messrs. Weibusch & Hilger, the New York agents for the S. S. Powder Co.'s nitro powder, samples of their rifle powder. A series of trials were made with the "Rifleite 450," with a full charge (55grs. measure); the result not being satisfactory, we went back to our original plan of using a small priming charge of nitro, and filling the balance of the shell with black powder.

On March 5 we fired, off hand, a series of shots at 200yds. on the German ring target, using a powder charge as follows: 10grs. Rifleite and 36grs. F.G. Hazard (apothecary weight), shells primed with the new Winchester No. 3, W. primer. The total of the series (50 shots) was 1,085, an average of 217 for each 10 shots.

Without cleaning, we proceeded to shoot two strings more of 10 shots each, using a 330 patched bullet. The shots are recorded in their order as follows:

22	25	22	21	24	21	22	22	21	23	—223
24	24	23	20	24	25	23	25	22	20	—230

In the 70 shots fired only one was out of the bullseye (21in. black), a 17.

The most interesting part of this series was the close work of the patched bullet. Including the preliminary shots some sixty shots were fired before starting with the patched bullets, and beyond blowing the smoke from the barrel after each discharge, the interior of the barrel was not disturbed.

On March 10 we fired the same style of load but substituting SR. for the Rifleite in a series of 80 shots, shooting off-hand, we made the following score in 10 shot strings: 201, 226, 226, 225, 222, 210, 221, 224.

In shooting this series we used the 330 lubricated bullet made in the Ideal mould. Our purpose in shooting this style of load was to get away from the excessive fouling which one gets in using black powder alone, when shooting without cleaning.

The nitro powder used in the Ballard in full charges is not safe and we would not advise its use. But used in the quantities as indicated in this article the results have been quite to our liking. Each discharge leaves the barrel comparatively clean as the scores with the patched bullets show.

In loading the nitro, it is necessary, in order to get uniform results to weigh each load. The black powder after the exact quantity to fill the shell is ascertained and the load is made in the Wilkinson machine. We trust that any of our riflemen who have brought into this combination will have as good success as our experiments have indicated and should they hit upon any improvement we hope they will favor the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* with the results.

PLAISTED.

**Ross and Dorrier Will Shoot.**

AMONG the many topics that have been uppermost in the minds of our local rifleman for many months past has been a contemplated 100 shot match between Fred C. Ross and Michael Dorrier. Of the many expert riflemen in America these two are looked upon as being the best of all at the present time. To become expert in rifle shooting as these two sportsmen are, is no easy matter. In the case of Ross and Dorrier, there has been generated, largely through the aid of the participants of each, a strong desire to bring the two together in an individual match. Ross is one of the youngest in the present coterie of experts in off-hand shooting, he has developed phenomenal abilities in the few years that he has given to rifle practice. Dorrier, on the other hand, is one of the older gunners, who have been prominent for a number of years. In the game he has no equal, and at 30yds. the only man who could ever make him lower his colors was John Hayes, last year's champion. These two have met in several 100 shot contests, with the results on the whole rather in favor of Hayes. But Hayes has been in the fight a good many years. Time and business cares make it obligatory upon him to retire from championship competitions. Thus it has come to pass that the competition for the month, that Hayes has won so well these many years, is about to become a very interesting subject to the fraternity.

The admirers and followers of Ross in his rapid development as an expert, desire to see this much coveted honor rest upon his shoulders. In the other direction comes the old expert Dorrier, with his many admirers, who believe that this veteran has abilities in him that have not as yet been drawn out to the limit. The result is that with the continual showing and pushing on the part of the friends of these two worthy opponents of the rifle, they have at last been brought into a focus, and a match has been made and articles signed calling for a 100 shot contest, to take place in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, on April 16; stakes \$100 a side. It is to be hoped that when the two come together on the day in question they will both be in condition to make the scores of all previous matches past records. The friends of both men believe that such will be the result.

**California Rifleman.**

Feb. 25.—The most noteworthy event of the Mid Winter Fair shoot this week is the performance of F. O. Young at the point target. He started on Wednesday to see how many points he could make on 100 consecutive shots. He finished his first 50 shots on that day, scoring 2,305 points. The remaining 50 to-day yielded 94 or a total of 190 in his 100 shots—a very fine score.

No other fine shooting has been done except on the man target, when within a short space of time the following were recorded by the secretary: H. Heeth 91, Dr. Rodgers 90, J. E. Klein 90.

The financial outlook for the total shoot is very promising to the projectors, as nearly \$5,000 has been taken in for tickets to date.

The Canadian Pistol and Rifle Club held its semi-monthly all comers' shoot to-day, but the scores were only ordinary. Practically no attention has yet been given to rest shooting by the club. As a consequence the scores are by no means praiseworthy. Facilities will soon be established for the encouragement of this fascinating department of rifle shooting.

To-day in the all-comers' rest match Dr. Rodgers scored 99. In the all-comers' army rifle match W. Glendeman scored 85, E. Hovey 84, F. O. Young 83, Dr. Rodgers 82, P. Bohr 79, D. C. Bablin 69, T. J. Carroll 78, L. Barrere 75, C. Mangels 69, G. W. Crane 65, H. B. Crane 56, J. Peters 56, A. E. Crane 63, H. G. Marsh 41.

In the all-comers' military match H. R. Brown made 75 and H. L. Pendleton 74. The following scores were made in the all-comers' pistol match: E. Hovey 90, H. L. Pendleton 89, S. D. Kellogg 89, C. M. Dais 88, F. O. Young 87, L. Barrere 83, A. H. Page 83, C. Thurlock 80, P. Bohr 76.

ROEHL.

**Jerseymen at the Targets.**

On Saturday of last week a number of rifleman from the Greenville and Excelsior clubs assembled in Armbruster's Park for practice. The weather was warm and fair. Mr. Dorrier, who is matched to shoot 100-shot match with Ross on April 16, was out for practice. He shot a series of 100 shots and made the remarkably fine score of 2,246. Hansen shot in good form, making a total of 1,081 in 50 shots. Colin Boag made the highest 50-shot score that he ever made in the outdoor range, making a total of 1,063. C. Scheeline and John Hill were present and participated in the shoot. The scores are appended:

Dorrier, 100 shots.....	222	226	223	230	232	220	227	222	214	230	—2246
Hansen, 50 shots.....	216	221	213	228	207	—1063					
C. Boag, 50 shots.....	210	222	210	214	207	—1063					
Plaisted, 50 shots.....	209	215	219	209	204	—1056					
Scheeline, 70 shots.....	176	173	215	158	196	—1118					
John Hill, 30 shots.....	141	178	—319								

**New York Rifle Club.**

NEW YORK, March 5.—The New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot on the 3d inst. at Zettler's gallery, 12 St. Mark's place. The following members entered and made scores as follows:

Chadbourne.....	243	242	Crocker.....	231	229
Young.....	239	239	King.....	228	228
Geusch.....	235	238	Barker.....	225	226

March 12.—The New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot at Zettler's gallery, No. 12 St. Mark's place, on the 10th inst. and the following members were present with the following results:

Young.....	242	240	Crocker.....	233	232
Geusch.....	240	239	King.....	227	230
Barker.....	235	226	E. R. Chadbourne, Sec'y.		

**Heidenreich Rifle Club.**

NEW YORK, March 6.—At our 100ft. range the members of the Heidenreich Club have shot the following scores, March 4: Horn 236, Roberts 236, Hicks 230, Doupsey 234, Steckel 233, Goodman 237, Koch 230, May 216, Heidenreich 215, Keller 219, Wm. May, Sec'y.

**Paterson Rifle Club.**

The members of the Paterson Rifle Club had a pleasant day's sport at the targets on March 4. The weekly shoots of the club on the Bunker Hill range are becoming a matter of interest to the citizens of Paterson, and every practice day finds a goodly crowd present to watch the shooting of the marksmen. The club range is 100yds. long and the 20-ring German target the official target. Scores:

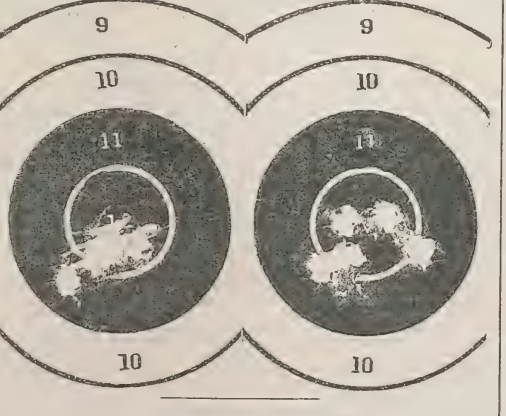
James Welcher.....	18	20	17	20	18	18	20	18	19	—187
Wm S Brooks.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
Wm Dutcher.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
James Irons.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
August Dietrich.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
John W Johnson.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
Abe Newby.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
Ben Maskell.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
John Ranson, Captain.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
Jess W Foster.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
Wm Maskell.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
Thos Blake.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	
C. Pyle.....	15	20	19	18	20	17	19	17	183	

The 50-shot match between Jos. Irons and Aug. Dietrich for a purse of \$40 was shot off on the Bunker Hill range on March 11. A large gathering of the club members were present to witness the contest. The match was close and was won by Dietrich by eight points. Following the match came the regular club practice in which sixteen members participated:										
Dietrich.....	18	18	15	16	18	16	16	20	18	18—176
Irons.....	19	16	18	17	16	18	16	16	15—168	
Referee, J. Weston.....	17	18	14	17	18	15	16	20	19—168	
Jas Welcher.....	20	15	17	17	18	17	20	18	17—170	
Abe Newby.....	17	15	19	17	19	17	16	19	20—172—857	
Jas Irons.....	16	19	18	18	17	17	20	18	17—179	
Jess Foster.....	19	20	18	18	13	14	19	13	17—14—165	
Aug Dietrich.....	19	19	16	18	20	14	19	13	17—13—163	
Wm Dutcher.....	15	17	20	17	15	16	19	17	14—166	
Wm S Brooks.....	17	19	18	18	15	16	19	17	18—170—849	
John Gallagher.....	19	20	17	16	18	15	18	19	16—178	
John Weston.....	20	18	19	16	16	18	19	18	19—179	
Robt Gonne.....	15	19	18	18	17	19	15	19	10—177	
John Ranson (captain).....	20	16	19	20	18	18	19	15	18—177	
Thos Kelley.....	20	19	11	18	18	17	19	16	18—175	
Jas McVeigh.....	14	16	15	17	20	18	19	17	14—174	
Wm Gregg.....	18	15	17	14	15	19	17	15	20—169	
Wm Newby.....	18	15	19	17	14	15	19	17	15—166	
John Gallagher.....	15	10	16	18	19	14	18	16	15—158	
John Weston.....	8	13	14	17	15	18	16	16	16—148	
Robt Gonne.....	18	8	19	14	13	18	16	14	14—147	
John Ranson (captain).....	18	18	13	16	19	—84				
Thos Kelley.....	18	18	15	20	—86					
Jas McVeigh.....	18	14	15	18	—82					
Wm Gregg.....	11	16	18	15	—81					
Wm Gregg.....	14	17	17	15	17	—80				

**With Eyes 64 Years Old.**

NEARLY every sportsman in America has heard of Samuel Castle of Newark, one of the most expert field and trap shots in the country, but few know of him as a rifle shot. In the days gone by, however, Mr. Castle was fully able to hold his own in any kind of company, either at rest or off shoulder work, but of late years he has confined himself almost entirely to shooting with the smoothbore. A short time ago, however, with a party of friends he strolled into John Hollenberg's North Ward ranges, at 423 Broad street, and tried a few strings at a rest on the 25yds. range, using a 3-F Ballard gallery rifle and 22 shorts made by the United States Cartridge Company, which had been left at the range by "Tee Kay" Keller.

He fired half a dozen or more of strings of 10 shots each, his lowest score being 116 out of the possible 120 points. On his fourth and fifth strings he made full scores of 120 each, and for the sake of showing what his 64-year-old eyes are capable of doing, full-size fac-similes of the two targets are here shown:



**Beideman Rifle Club.**

BEIDEMAN, N. J., March 5.—The following shows the weekly shoot of Beideman Rifle Club, week ending March 3, conditions 25yds., outside range, strictly off-hand, target 44in. ring, possible 250: Dr. E. L. Gardiner 245, L. Wood 243, Wm. Gilbert 242, W. Schmedman 232.

Pistol score, 50yds., standard American target, possible 100:

J. L. Wood.....	10	10	10	10	8	8	8	8	—89
E. L. Gardiner.....	10	10	10	10	8	8	8	8	—87

March 10.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending March 10. Conditions 25yds., strictly off-hand, outside range, 44in. ring target, possible 250: J. L. Wood 241, E. L. Gardiner 241, Wm. Wurflein 238, W. Gilbert 237, A. C. McGowan 233.

Pistol score, 50yds., standard American target:

J. L. Wood.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	8	—88
E. L. Gardiner.....	10	8	8	8	7	8	7	8	—81

WALT GILBERT, Sec'y.

**Zettler Rifle Club.**

ONLY ten members of the Zettler Club were present on Tuesday night to participate in the weekly club shoot. Fred C. Ross won the champion medal on the score of 247. R. Busse was second with 245. Henry Holges was high with the best 10-shot score, making 249. Ross was champion target. F. C. Ross 247, R. Busse 245, H. Holges 246, M. B. Engel 241, B. Walther 240, H. D. Muller 239, B. Zettler 244, C. G. Zettler 238.

Best 10-shot scores, 5 entries: H. Holges 249, F. C. Ross 248, B. Walther 248, R. Busse 246, M. B. Engel 241, Krauss 239, H. D. Muller 239, C. G. Zettler 244, Gus Nowak 245.

**Schlicht Rifle Club.**

THE weekly shoot of the Schlicht Rifle Club at its headquarters on March 5, brought together twenty-five members in competition for the class medals. Geo. Dorr won the champion medal, W. Schlicht the first class, Geo. Lautenberger the second class and A. Meyer the third class medal. Scores: Geo. Schlicht 240, Geo. Dorr 235, W. Schlicht 229, Geo. Lautenberger 227, Capt. Brönnelintne 227, G. J. Goehing 226, C. Seidel 225, A. Meyer 224, M. Dams 223, Ad Meyer 219, Chris Meyer 216, G. Richter 216, Jacob Diehl 215, J. Dorr 215, J. Schlicht 214, J. Dedrick 214, F. Lambrix 214, N. Mehr 210, C. Stein 208, J. Gebhardt 207, G. Tribut 206, G. Meyer 205, P. Man 210, A. Denbine 204, J. Bonder 202.

**Palisade Rifle Club.**

TEN members of the Palisade Club were on hand on March 4 to participate in the weekly shoot for the class medals. Fred Krobatsch won the first class medal, R. Glaser the second class and Geo. Dorr the third class. The members are all making good progress in their efforts to become proficient and each week the winners are compelled to raise their totals in order to retain their lead. Scores: Fred Krobatsch 231, R. Glaser 231, Geo. Dorr 227, Fred Wood 223, C. Heimberger 218, F. Esperer 217, W. Ahles 214, O. L. Orferheide 213, A. Ahles 209, H. Rose 209.

**Empire Rifle Club.**

THE following scores were made by the Empire Rifle Club, Tuesday evening, March 6: J. Grimm 245, Wm. Rosenbaum 241, B. Zahn 239, H. Zettler 236, Wm. Malsenholder 235, Chas. Zettler, Jr. 233.

BEN ZAHN, Secretary.

**RIFLE NOTES.**

The Turtle Bay Rifle Club has disbanded. It is reported that a number of the members will enter the ranks of the famous Zettler Club.

The Miller Club, in order to increase its membership, contemplates reducing its initiation fee.

The Our Own Club, of Hoboken, is adding new members to its roll every week.

The Greenville Club will soon celebrate its third anniversary, and among the interesting features of the occasion will be a match with the Excelsior Club team. Special invitations will be sent to the prominent clubs and societies of New York and vicinity to be present to participate in the hospitalities. The Greenville Club has gained an enviable reputation in the fraternity for its hospitable reception to visiting shooters.

At the weekly shoot of the Excelsior Club on March 6 only two members were present to participate in the competition for club medals. L. F. Hansen made 245 and C. Thomas 230.

The magnificent shooting that M. Dorrier has been doing within the past few days will add new zest to the interest of rifleman in the coming contest between him and Ross. The latter, by his work in the gallery of late demonstrates the fact that he too is in the line of improvement. When the day of the contest arrives and the match opens, Wissel's Park will contain a larger gathering of rifleman than has been seen there in many years. The amount of interest centered in this match is greater by far than that of any previous match among rifleman within our memory. That old veteran of the target Wm. Hayes, of Newark, has been requested to act as referee, and has accepted the position.

On Wednesday of last week Michael Dorrier, who is matched with Fred C. Ross to shoot 100 shots in Cypress Hill Park, on April 16, challenged G. W. Plaisted for a 100 shot race in the Greenville Park for a small purse, granting the latter a handicap of 50 points. Plaisted thought that inasmuch as Dorrier had just recovered from a severe sickness that with the aid of the handicap Michael would be an easy mark and accepted the offer. The match was shot off in the afternoon following. After the 100 shots had been shot and the totals footed up, Plaisted found that he had banked too much on his assurance that the invalid could not shoot. The scores are appended in 10 shot strings:

Dorrier.....	217	226	228	237	121	220	225	226	228	203	—2231
Plaisted.....	201	226	226	225	222	210	221	224	200	206+50	—2210

**Trap-Shooting.**

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

**FIXTURES.**

March 21.—Union Gun Club, 25 live bird shoot, \$20 entry, at Springfield, N. J.

March 22.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League team shoot, combined with all-day tournament of Maplewood Gun Club.

March 22.—"Dutchy" Smith vs. Aaron Woodruff, 100 live birds each, \$100 a side, at Marion.

March 26.—Acme Gun Club, open shoot at Dexter Park, targets and birds.

March 26.—Acme Gun Club tournament, at Miller's Dexter Park, Long Island. Targets and birds.

March 26.—Forest Gun Club, target tournament, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

March 23.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, first tournament, at Auburn.

April 4.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 4.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association eighteenth annual meeting, at Austin, Texas. Wallace Miller, Sec'y.

April 4.—California State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at San Francisco.

April 11.—Baltimore (Md.) Gun Club annual tournament, under management of H. A. Penrose and E. D. Miller.

April 18.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh Gun Club will add \$200.

April 27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.

April 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, second tournament, at Rochester.

May 13.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, spring tournament; two days targets, last day live birds.

May 16.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

May 23.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Springfield, O. Springfield Gun Club will add \$200.

May 10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament and meeting, at Ft. Smith, Ark.; \$1,000 added money; professionals and experts will be handicapped. Address Joseph Matthews, Ft. Smith, or John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Hot Springs, Ark.

May 8.—Ohio Trap-Shooter's League annual meeting and tournament, at Columbus, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

May 17.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 17.—The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fourth tournament, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club, at Garfield Park race track, Chicago, Ill. The Prairie Gun Club adds \$500 to the purses.

May 22.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament, first day, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, third tournament, at Utica.

May 30.—June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fifth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club. \$300 added money.

June 4.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y.

June 7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-third annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address E. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament, at Tacoma, Wash.

June 19.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.

July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse.







Boone's First Annual.

BOONE, Iowa, March 1.—The first annual tournament of the Boone Gun Club ended to-day. The attendance was fair, among the visiting sportsmen were Christensen and Peterson, of Randall; Georgeson, of Kelley; Abbott, of Charter Oak; Kline, of Manson; C. W. Grimm, of Clear Lake; Read, of Omaha; Trotter, of Kingsley; McCartney, Brooks and Budd, of Des Moines. The live birds were a good lot, and the match between Morgan and Georgeson was quite exciting and about 500 spectators witnessed the contest. When 59 birds had been shot at by each contestant, Mr. Georgeson was 15 birds in the lead and Mr. Morgan withdrew. C. W. Bunn.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Matt.....1001011111-7	O L Clapp.....1010000010-6
Hamaker.....1010100101-5	E G Abbott.....0100100111-3
H A Kline.....0110100000-4	J C Read.....1111111100-8
G Christensen.....1111111001-9	C W Budd.....1111111111-10
J Peterson.....1111111111-10	E D Trotter.....1111111101-9
C M Grimm.....0111111111-9	J Georgeson.....1111111101-11
No. 2, 15 targets, entrance \$4:	
Grimm.....110110111111-23	Abbott.....111111111111-15
Christensen.....111111010111-13	H A Kline.....110110111111-13
Budd.....011011110111-12	Christensen.....111111011011-13
Hamaker.....100011011010-7	Peterson.....011011110111-12
Trotter.....111111111111-23	Matt.....110111100111-11
Georgeson.....111101110111-12	
No. 4, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Read.....11111111011000-16	Matt.....1000010100110000-00
Budd.....1110111101111111-18	Georgeson.....11111101101111-18
Trotter.....1110111111111111-18	Grimm.....1111111100111101-17
Abbott.....1100111101101101-15	

No. 5, 10 live birds, entrance \$2:	
Grimm.....0111111111-9	Georgeson.....1110011111-8
Blyth.....0100101110-5	Budd.....1111111110-9
Butler.....1001100110-6	Morgan.....1000100101-4
Christensen.....1111110011-8	Webster.....1101001010-5
Abbott.....1110101110-7	Rivers.....1101011001-6
Read.....0110010111-6	Trotter.....1101100110-6
No. 6, 10 pairs targets, entrance \$3, \$5 added:	
Read.....01101010101010101010-13	
Abbott.....01101010101010101010-12	
Butler.....00101010101010101010-11	
Budd.....11101010101010101010-10	
Ferry.....00101010101010101010-09	
Trotter.....11101010101010101010-08	
Georgeson.....11101010101010101010-07	
No. 7, 5 live birds, entrance \$3:	
Grimm.....011111-4	Sellers.....11000-2
Christensen.....11001-3	Tillie.....10000-1
Butler.....01111-4	Hamaker.....1101-4
Budd.....11111-5	Plumber.....11010-3
Matt.....0001-2	Peterson.....1101-4
Trotter.....01111-4	Abbott.....01110-3
Georgeson.....11101-2	
No. 8, 25 targets, entrance \$4:	
Grimm.....11111111111111111111-25	
Budd.....11111111111111111111-25	
Ferry.....0010101010000011101101-12	
Hamaker.....1001110101010101111110-16	
Trotter.....11111111111111111111-24	
Georgeson.....11111111111111111111-23	
Extra No. 1, 20 targets, entrance \$8:	
Read 14, McCartney 14, Rivers 13, Georgeson 16, Kline 12, Budd 9, 20 targets, entrance \$1:	
Read 14, Butler 17, Trotter 17, Budd 20, Trotter 15, Ferguson 15.	
Extra No. 4, 10 targets, entrance \$1:	
Grimm 6, Abbott 9, Hamaker 4, Butler 6, Ferry 8, Read 7, Trotter 9, Christensen 8, Budd 9, Matt 3, Georgeson 7, Peterson 7, Kline 6, Clapp 1, Fuller 2, Johnson 3.	
Extra No. 5, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Georgeson 13, Read 9, Christensen 10, Butler 7, Budd 15, Grimm 18, Hamaker 6, Abbott 12, Matt 10, Trotter 14, Peterson 8.	

Second Day.

No. 9, 15 targets, entrance \$2:	
Budd.....111011111111-14	Read.....110111010110-10
Abbott.....111011111111-13	Christensen.....110111110110-12
Grimm.....101101110110-6	Trotter.....110110110110-12
Butler.....010011011010-1	Peterson.....011011101008-9
Georgeson.....111111111111-14	
No. 10, 15 targets, unknown angles, entrance \$2.50:	
Grimm.....111111111111-13	Plumber.....111011011010-10
Abbott.....111111111111-10	Budd.....111111111111-15
Georgeson.....111011101010-10	Trotter.....111111111111-14
Butler.....0010010000-10	
No. 11, 10 pairs targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Grimm.....11101010101010101010-14	
Plumber.....01101010101010101010-09	
Budd.....01101010101010101010-08	
Abbott.....00101010101010101010-07	
Trotter.....11101010101010101010-06	
No. 12, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Grimm.....1110101010-7	Budd.....1111111111-10
Abbott.....0111101010-7	Hamaker.....1110101010-8
Plumber.....0010111010-7	Trotter.....1111111101-9
No. 13, 10 live birds, entrance \$7.00:	
Butler.....0010010100-8	Hobbs.....0011111080-5
Grimm.....1101010111-7	Sellard.....0101110110-7
Abbott.....1010010110-6	Christensen.....0111101010-7
Trotter.....0110010110-6	Plumber.....0111101010-7
Georgeson.....1100110000-5	C E Wells.....010111010-6
Budd.....1111101111-9	Peterson.....1111110000-7
No. 15, 20 targets, entrance \$4.00:	
Budd.....0111111111111111-12	Trotter.....1101111111111110-18
Plumber.....1101111010101110-16	Abbott.....1101111111111111-17
Grimm.....1110111111111111-17	
Extra No. 1, 10 targets, entrance \$1.00:	
Grimm 8, Butler 6, Abbott 8, Tilley 6, Pearson 5, Budd 8, Plumber 7.	
Extra No. 2, 7 live birds, entrance \$5.00:	
Budd 5, Plumber 6, Abbott 4, Grimm 6, Georgeson 6, Hobbs 2, E B Sellard 4, Trotter 5.	
Extra No. 3, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Abbott 13, Budd 12, Wells 6, Pearson 9, Plumber 13, Georgeson 13, Grimm 14.	
Extra No. 4, 10 live birds, entrance \$5:	
Grimm 9, Abbott 10, Budd 10, Foster 7, Blum 8.	
Extra No. 5, 10 targets, entrance \$1:	
Christensen 7, Matt 4, Butler 8, Holliday 5.	
Extra No. 6, 10 targets, entrance \$1:	
Abbott 9, Grimm 10, Pearson 7, Hamaker 8, Walter 8, Plumber 6, Seeling 2, Fingan 0, Peterson 5.	
Extra No. 7, 10 targets, entrance \$1:	
Grimm 7, Abbott 9, Pearson 5, Hamaker 7, C. E. Wells 5, Plumber 5, Goodson 4.	
Extra No. 8, 10 targets, entrance \$1:	
Grimm 9, Wells 5, Plumber 6, Abbott 8, Haymaker 7, Pierson 2, Matt 5.	
Extra No. 9, 10 targets, entrance \$1:	
Grimm 10, Plumber 7, Abbott 10, Trotter 9, Georgeson 5, Budd 9, Butler 5, Wells 6, Tilley 5, Galpin 3, McDevitt 3, Sellers 5.	
Extra No. 10, 10 targets, entrance \$1:	
Grimm 8, Budd 10, Abbott 9, Plumber 4, Haymaker 4, Trotter 4.	
Miss-and-out at live birds, \$3 entrance:	
Sellard 0, Grimm 2, Budd 0, Butler 1, Abbott 1, Plumber 2.	
Miss-and-out, \$2 entrance:	
Sellard 0, Grimm 3, Budd 9, Butler 0, Abbott 8, Plumber 3.	
Match at 50 live birds, \$50 a side:	
John Georgeson.....222112302121020210222222111222122220-34	
Wm Morgan.....0003002111002220021022300212020040002102-19	
Morgan gave up the match after 39th bird.	

On Oneida County Grounds.

UTICA, N. Y., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed scores made to-day in a series of sweepstakes at live birds on Oneida County Sportsman's Association grounds. Birds were the finest we have ever trapped, many of them falling dead outside boundary, but scores failed to keep record of them. Mr. John Fulford is now securing live birds and hopes to be able to get enough to hold an all day shoot in the near future, notice of which will be given later:

No. 1:	
Booth.....111012191-8	Cummings.....1111100210-7
Hunter.....0110100212-8	Scott.....1101200120-6
Kilbourne.....1111120010-7	
No. 2:	
Booth.....2210211210-8	Cummings.....0000001201-4
Hunter.....0112012210-7	Fulford.....2001212221-7
Kilbourne.....3110211100-7	
No. 3:	
Hunter.....1121111111-9	Fulford.....1211212221-10
Kilbourne.....0112121111-9	Richardson.....1101021111-8
Smitt.....0022021212-7	
No. 4:	
Hunter.....22101-4	Dick.....1112-5
Kilbourne.....10230-3	Smith.....00101-3
Fairchild.....12012-3	
Kilbourne.....211210111-9	Hunter.....231121010-8
	MANITOU.

Riverton vs. New Utrecht.

THE return match between teams representing the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, for the bronze trophy was shot off on the Woodlawn Park grounds on Thursday of last week. The previous match, which was shot some weeks since on the grounds of the Riverton Club, at Riverton, N. J., was won by the Riverton team with a margin of 8 birds. A special train from Bay Ridge carried a large number of enthusiastic sportsmen to Woodlawn in the early part of the day, among whom were W. H. Wolstencroft, J. A. R. Elliott, T. W. Morley, E. G. Downing, C. L. Flanagan, Lee Helgans, E. M. Günther, L. A. Bauman, J. Bennett, W. Hartje, C. Furgueson 3d, Dr. Winger, Jerome Eddy, Wm. Stewart, R. J. Van Brunt, Neaf Apgar, W. Townsend, Guy Robinson, W. S. Van Cleft, Dr. J. C. De Mund, A. P. Bigelow, John McKay, Dr. Cummings, Peter Hagenau, Neil Van Brunt, J. B. Voorhes, Anderson Squire, Dr. Shepherd, E. H. Pool, Major Bertier, Chas. Van Brunt, P. S. Bogart and John Matthews.

The Riverton men were handicapped by not having some of their best men present to participate in the contest. Messrs. Dolan, Macalester and Walsh, three of the best of the Riverton team being absent. The Riverton men, however, brought along a large supply of confidence and as the result of the match shows, the best element of the club was not needed to overcome the Long Island representatives. John S. Hoey was backed by W. S. Stokes was captain for the New Utrecht and D. S. Thomas for the Riverton.

The contest was opened at 11:15, with Dr. Wynn of the New Utrechts at the trap. The Doctor opened the ball by killing his bird with his second barrel. J. W. Smith of the Rivertons followed, missing a strong left-quartering bird. N. E. Money was the second man of the New Utrechts to face the traps; he killed his bird, an incomer, with second barrel. The second man of the Rivertons was C. L. Furgueson, Jr., followed for the New Utrecht, killing his bird. W. H. Sterling of the Rivertons was next and brought his bird to grass with his second barrel. C. E. Morris for the New Utrechts was next, killing his bird with the second barrel. A. Gillingham of the Rivertons scored a miss on his first. When the first four men of the two teams had finished their birds, the second man of the Rivertons was in the lead, and Long Island stock was inclined to be bullish. The second squad of five from each team to face the traps resulted in the Rivertons gaining five birds upon the New Utrechts, leaving the latter three birds in the rear. After lunch the last squad of five men from each team faced the traps. The Rivertons had a lead of three birds but the Long Island men were strong in the belief that they would overcome this lead, and the consequence was that a number of small wagers were made on the final result. The contest, however, proved to be an unfortunate for the New Utrecht team. They only succeeded in holding their own, each squad killing fifty-nine birds, leaving the Rivertons three birds in the lead on a total of 161 against 158 for the New Utrechts. Fourteen men shot on each team, and of the twenty-eight men engaged in the contest only one, J. H. Davis of the Riverton team, killed five birds. The best individual score on the part of the New Utrecht team was made by L. P. Davenport, who killed fourteen. The scores are appended:

Riverton Gun Club.

J W Smith (23).....	002020221210000-7
E H Godschalk (30).....	22222121202021-14
W H Sterling (29).....	31222102221012-13
A Gillingham (30).....	02122220022220-11
J Albert (28).....	02220011201221-11
J H Edge (28).....	02210220202030-9
E B Showell (28).....	122120212201-14
C Reinhard (28).....	1221011222211-14
L Finletter (28).....	232122202100221-12
J C Wisnuth (30).....	1101202020202121-11
J H Davis (28).....	21212111111111-15
H Peck (30).....	22220022222202-12
H Jones (30).....	01221201011212-10
D S Thomas (30).....	01222222202021-11

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Dr Wynn (30).....	222100112121000-10
N E Money (28).....	22202002200202-10
C Furgueson, Jr (30).....	22222022222220-13
C E Morris (30).....	23222010122222-13
C W Myer (28).....	00202012022212-10
G E Grief (30).....	21212010102211-11
G W Coulston (28).....	21202001212120-11
A W Money (30).....	122220202102-12
G W Cropsey (29).....	022222102001-6
F L Davenport (30).....	222222222202-14
C Plate (28).....	00111122212220-12
C Kattenstroth (28).....	12220200211022-10
D Deacon (28).....	22202202020222-11
G Nostrand (30).....	01202021112121-12

Lakeview Rod and Gun Club.

LAKEVIEW, Mass., March 5.—There was a good attendance at the club shoot on Saturday, March 3. It was an ideal day for shooting, the sun shining beautifully and the wind to mar the flight of the targets. The shooting was not up to the average, the shooters' score being a mass of slush, making difficult footing. All but the first two events were rapid-fire, at 10 singles, in two squads with the following scores: No. 1, 5 single standards, known angles: J. T. Mascroft 3, R. W. Robinson 2, W. H. Buck 3, E. T. Kirschbaum 2, S. Randall 1, V. D. Kenerson 0, G. S. Davis 1.

No. 2, 5 singles, unknown angles, 5 traps, 3 moneys:	
J T Mascroft.....1100-3	G S Davis.....0000000000-0
E T Kirschbaum.....1100-3	T Davis.....0001000110-3
S Randall.....1001-2	McLellan.....1110011011-7
T H Davis.....1001-2	Goodell.....1101111111-9
A W Walls.....1010-2	W H Buck.....00111-3
M P Roach.....1010-2	C H Goodell.....00010-1
C H Goodwin.....0001-1	R W Robinson.....00000-0
No. 3, rapid fire, 2 moneys: McLellan 8, Randall 7, Robinson 6, Mascroft 8, Kenerson 7, Buck 7.	
No. 4, rapid-fire, 2 moneys:	
Mascroft.....111111011-9	G S Davis.....0000000000-0
Buck.....111101010-6	T Davis.....0001000110-3
Kenerson.....111010100-6	McLellan.....1110011011-7
Randall.....011101011-7	Goodell.....1101111111-9
Robinson.....100101110-6	Goodwin.....0110011010-6
No. 5, rapid fire, 5 traps, 2 moneys:	
Mascroft.....111101111-9	Emerson.....111011001-7
Kenerson.....111111111-9	Randall.....0011001100-4
Buck.....101101010-7	McLellan.....1110110110-7
Robinson.....100101010-5	Goodell.....111010110-7
Walls.....110011111-8	Bucklin.....011011100-6
Roach.....111101100-7	Roper.....111010101-7
No. 6, novelty system, rapid fire, two moneys: Walls 3, Mascroft 4, Roche 4, Kenerson 5, Buck 6, Emerson 4, McLellan 1, Goodell 2, Robinson 2, Goodwin 3, Raper 4.	
No. 7, rapid fire, three moneys:	
Mascroft.....111111111-8	Goodall.....101001000-3
McLellan.....101101010-6	Goodwin.....10101010-6
Robinson.....111010111-8	Kenerson.....111011011-7
Roach.....0011001010-4	Roper.....100110101-6
Emerson.....000110011-6	Bucklin.....010100111-6
Randall.....011110110-7	Walls.....101110111-8
No. 8, rapid fire, 10 singles, 5 traps, two moneys, known angles:	
McLellan.....01010101-5	Kenerson.....001101111-7
Davis.....0110100011-5	Mascroft.....101010111-7
Goodell.....01010101-4	Buck.....1011111110-8
Goodwin.....00101000-3	Davis.....100100101-6
Robinson.....100110111-7	Walls.....110010101-6
Randall.....0001000011-3	Roach.....1010101010-6

The next shoot of the club will be held March 17. The annual meeting for the election of officers will be held April 2. The secretary and treasurer's report will show a very successful season. The winners of the various club prizes will be announced at the meeting.

Unknown Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Unknown Gun Club, at Dexter Park, on Thursday of last week, was highly successful; twenty-four members were present to participate in the club event. The weather was mild and spring-like and the birds of good quality. J. Vaghts was the only one of the twenty-four engaged in the contest who killed his full quota of 7 birds, winning the club trophy. Messrs. Flynn, Hyde, Voiling and Lakeman tied with 6 each for second place. Messrs. Broome, Boyd, Chichester, Rappman, Littlefield, Ring and Rommerman tied with 5 each for third place. A series of miss and out sweepstakes followed, won by Flynn, Littlefield and Chichester.

J Flynn.....	222102-5	J Bohling.....	122011-6
E A Vroom.....	002211-5	M Chichester.....	020111-5
E Skidmore.....	101021-5	G Rappman.....	011012-5
H Von Staden.....	1001202-4	W A Littlefield.....	122120-5
J Ackhurst.....	101010-4	C Ring.....	001112-5
J P Hyde.....	212110-4	F A Thompson.....	221020-4
J Vaghts.....	111121-7	H Boomer.....	201011-5
W B.....	012012-5	O Lakeman.....	101121-5
M Deifen.....	112012-6	H Enebel, Sr.....	002210-3

McMurphy vs. Van Gilder.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—I notice in issue of Feb. 17 of your valuable paper an article on the subject of protection to the amateur shooters of the country. The proposition advanced by Mr. McMurphy at first glance, and a slight study of his figures looks rather catching, but when thoroughly digested and at the same time compared with facts and figures gained through practical experience, his new scheme drops to pieces. I propose to give you figures, something from the May 1893 tournament of the Knoxville Gun Club, and will take the second day to get an average of the three days' shoot. On this day there were eight events at 20 targets each, \$3 entrance, with \$240 cash added for the day, five moneys—30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Result of the full day's shooting of eight events:

24 men in for 1st place for \$460.00, put in \$ 72, won \$388.00	
41 men in for 2d place for \$384.00, put in \$123, won \$261.00	
67 men in for 3d place for \$335.00, put in \$201, won \$134.00	
81 men in for 4th place for \$184.75, put in \$243, lost \$ 58.35	
107 men in for 5th place for \$182.75, put in \$221, won \$135.25	

As will be seen by the above all first, second and third place men were winners, whereas in McMurphy's plan, our winners in second and third place would have been losers; our fourth money lost 71 cents each, while by McMurphy's plan they would have lost 60 cents, and our fifth money men, who win back \$138.35 of the \$321 they put in, would under McMurphy's plan have lost all they put in the pot. The figures show that the country plan is best for the amateur, while McMurphy's gives all or nearly all the "status" to the top gun and the top guns mostly mean experts and lets the amateur simply shoot all day and pay, then pay him back his entrance fee less his targets, and said amateur has the poor prospect of an all-day wrestle with the expert for top place. Our plan opens to the gaze of the amateur not only a chance to land on top, but he also has the chance to land in second and third place and come out a winner; in fourth place a chance to come out nearly even and ditto in fifth place. According to McMurphy's plan we think the amateur starts in on an uphill race and is virtually beaten before he begins. It don't take him long to see that he is being "played for a sucker," and he soon "jumps the game."

In regard to dropping for places, our experience during the last three years shows that with our system of cash average money for each day, and then for the three days, has done away with it so far as the better shots are concerned. The fact is, no good shooter can afford to throw away the chance to win our prizes of \$45, \$36, \$21, \$17, \$20 and \$6 in cash for the three days, and the result has been very gratifying to the management, and a pleasure to attending shooters at our tournaments.

Right here I beg to differ with Mr. Hough in his scathing remarks in regard to the shooting of the country. His experience at tournaments has been in sections of the country where such disgraceful conduct is permitted, but the writer has yet to witness such proceedings at any tournament held in the southern section of the country, and we here with invite Brother Hough to attend our tournament in May, when we will show him an entirely different state of affairs and guarantee that when he writes us up he will have no use for the strong language used in his article.



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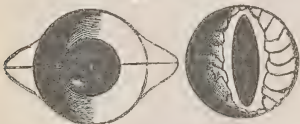
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VOL. XLII.—No. 12.  
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

### A PREMIUM ON CRIME.

THE killing of ten buffalo in the National Park by a skin hunter from Cooke City and his capture by the Government scout is announced in another column. The news comes to us by telegraph from a staff correspondent now on the ground, and while for the present full details are lacking, the capture is unquestionably the most important that has ever been made in the National Park.

The occurrence calls public attention again and most forcibly to the criminal negligence of which Congress has been guilty for all these years in failing to provide any form of government for the Park, or to establish any process of law by which crimes against the public committed within its borders can be punished. The result is that, although misdemeanors and crimes of many different grades have been perpetrated in the Park, only in exceptional cases has any punishment been meted out to the offenders. Practically the only punishment that can be visited on the criminal is to lock him up in the guard-house. In other words, a man while in the National Park is not subject to the law of the land; within its borders he may without fear of punishment do those things which are forbidden in all other parts of the country.

Such a condition is not only an anomaly under our form of government, but a disgrace to every American citizen. Every citizen shares with all the others the ownership in the wonders of our National pleasure ground, and when its natural features are defaced, its forests destroyed, and its game butchered, each one is injured by being robbed of so much that belongs to him.

There is at present no remedy. Representatives elected by the people to guard their interests have steadily refused to enact bills brought before Congress for the protection of the National Park, or if willing to enact them have insisted on nullifying the good that they might do by coupling with the good provisions, others wholly bad and menacing the Park and all that it contains. A measure which should merely protect the National Park has in it nothing to excite the enthusiasm of the politician; there is the hope neither of gain nor of political preferment—nothing but the public good—and the average politician is not looking about him to see how he can benefit the public. His ambitions are more modest. He is quite satisfied if he can benefit himself.

The man Howell, who has just been arrested, has destroyed property belonging to the Government—that is, to the people—which was worth from \$2,500 to \$5,000; yet if we may judge the future by the past, he will be allowed to go on his way practically without punishment. If he had committed a similar act anywhere else—if he had destroyed Government horses or mules or grain or supplies of any sort to this extent—he would have served a long time in prison. So long as these lewd fellows of the baser sort, who lack only daring to be horse thieves and rustlers, know that they will not be punished for their invasions of the Park, ten regiments of troops could not protect it against their raids, but let it once be known that punishment will follow swiftly on the heels of capture, and they will give the Park a wide berth. As things stand at present, they laugh at the troops.

Behind the miserable scoundrels who commit the depredations are the still more cowardly wretches, who by offering high prices for skins and heads, tempt the poachers. These men are more contemptible than their tools, for they have not the courage to face the cold and snows of the mountains, the fatigues of the chase or the chances of capture. They merely buy the spoils. They are the "fences."

In the Yellowstone Park the buffalo—remnant of a continent—have increased year by year, until now they number perhaps 500; the most curious ornaments, the rarest of the living wonders of our American Wonderland. But Congress, by its continued neglect, encourages the evil-minded to believe that they may penetrate even here and destroy this last remnant of a race long nearly extinct. It puts a premium on this crime.

A year ago this winter several buffalo were killed; last spring and the spring before, a number of calves were captured; this winter ten buffalo have been slaughtered at a single killing. At this rate it will not be long before the last shall have been shot down. It is for the people to say whether or no they desire this.

### FROM THE COURTS.

#### Unlawful Nets as Nuisances.

WE printed last week the full text of the finding of the Supreme Court of the United States, sustaining the constitutionality of the New York law which provides that fishing nets used unlawfully are public nuisances, and as such may be summarily abated. This case has excited wide interest, and the decision has been received with satisfaction. Incidentally the Supreme Court has delivered much sound doctrine on the subject of fish and game protection. The document is worthy of careful study. The cause of protection is more firmly established than before. Indeed, the trend of the courts is in that direction. The fish and game laws are in principle so reasonable that appeals to the higher courts only demonstrate anew their strength.

#### Responsibility for Bear Traps.

The Maine Supreme Court has just rendered a decision affecting the legal responsibility of bear trappers who set their traps in wild or abandoned lands. Marshall P. Whitney set a bear trap on abandoned land at Byron, and in it caught Freeland D. Abbott's thoroughbred colt. Abbott sued and recovered \$733 damages.

#### Game Sold in Close Season.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has given a decision in the case of Roth vs. The State, the point involved being the right to sell imported game in the close season. Mr. E. N. Roth, proprietor of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Cincinnati, having served quail to a guest after the open season had closed, was prosecuted and fined in the lower courts, and appealed the case, contending that the statute did not apply. The agreed statement of the facts was as follows:

The defendant is the proprietor of the St. Nicholas Hotel, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and a citizen of said city; on the 21st day of October, 1891, he had in his possession for the purpose of sale (not in the original package) to his guests in said hotel in the city of Cincinnati, and State of Ohio, six quails, which quails were by him purchased in the State of New York and shipped to him for the purposes aforesaid. That he did sell one of said quails (not in the original package) to —, for the sum of seventy cents, to be eaten by her as a guest in said hotel, on the 21st day of October, 1891, in the said city of Cincinnati, and State of Ohio. Said quail having been killed in the State of New York at a time when the killing and selling thereof was not prohibited by law.

Mr. Roth's counsel claimed that the law was not intended to apply to these birds which had been imported from New York; and that if it was so intended it was unconstitutional, since it sought to regulate inter-state commerce and interfered with property rights. This contention was overruled by the Circuit Court, and the Supreme Court has just affirmed the decision. This is in line with the decision in Phelps vs. Racey, in New York, Magner vs. the people, in Illinois, and numerous other precedents. We see it stated that Mr. Roth will appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

#### A California Deer Skin Case.

The great problem in certain districts of California is to put an end to the killing of deer for their skins. The hide-hunter or skin-butcher is the most destructive agent; if he were suppressed, in some counties there would hardly be need of any deer protection at all. California game laws are now for the most part county ordinances; and that of Humboldt county prescribes.

Every person who in the county of Humboldt shall buy, sell or offer for sale, transport or carry, or have in his possession any deer or deer skins, or any hide or pelt from which the evidence of sex has been removed, or any of the aforesaid game at a time when it is unlawful to kill the same, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Two men convicted under this section came on *habeas corpus* before Judge Hunter of the Supreme Court of Humboldt county. Their counsel claimed that this provision of the law was intended to apply only to persons who had in possession deer skins at a time when it was unlawful to kill deer; and that such skins were only those from which the evidence of sex was removed. But the Court dissented from this view, and concluded its opinion in these words:

The object of the law undoubtedly was to prohibit entirely the traffic in deer skins and in that manner to prevent the killing of deer when it was unlawful to do so.

It is for the Legislature or the Board of Supervisors to say what the law shall be. With the policy of the law the courts have nothing to do. Its plain duty is to declare the law as it finds it.

I am satisfied that I have given the proper construction to the law, and the deer under the provisions of this ordinance are so hedged in that it is only possible for a person to kill male deer for three months of the year, and then only for his own use. He cannot sell the hides. He may utilize them for any purpose he wishes to during that time. For the rest of the time he cannot buy the skins or transport them or be found in their possession and he cannot be found in the possession of skins from which the evidence of sex has been removed at any time.

#### Reared Fish in Public Waters.

Fish Commissioner Richard E. Follett of Connecticut, has become involved in lawsuits in Massachusetts over netting some trout which he claims were his own fish in his own waters, but which the authorities contend could not be classed as any other than wild fish in public waters. In addition to his duties as Fish Commissioner of Connecticut, Mr. Follett is superintendent of a private fish hatchery maintained by Mr. C. W. Barnum on a farm leased for the purpose. Lee Brook, an outlet of the hatchery ponds, is a stream several miles in length, and Mr. Barnum also has under lease, but not inclosed, portions of this stream. Last year there were in one of the hatchery ponds, which was between 200 and 300 feet long by 75 to 100 feet in width, some 1,500 brown trout, which had been bought in Rhode Island. In June it was noticed that these brown trout were afflicted with fungus, that bane of fishculture establishments. After trying in vain to rid them of this by salt water baths, Superintendent Follett decided to turn them out from the pond into Lee Brook, and to take his chances of recovering them. They were set free in the stream but were fed with liver by the hatchery employees through the summer and were regarded as still belonging to the establishment. In September, when spawning time came, Superintendent Follett and one of his employees netted out some of these fish from Lee Brook, carried them back into the hatchery pond, took their spawn and finally returned the fish to the brook. For this prosecution was instituted under three counts—unlawfully taking 300 trout out of season, unlawfully taking them with a net, and having them in possession not alive. Trial was had on the second count.

Superintendent Follett set up for a defense that he had acted under license of that section of the Massachusetts fish law which provides:

SEC. 28. Fishes artificially propagated or maintained shall be the property of the person propagating or maintaining them; and a person legally engaged in their culture and maintenance may take them in his own waters at pleasure, and may have them in his possession for purposes properly connected with said culture and maintenance, and may at all times sell them for these purposes, but shall not sell them for food at seasons when their capture is prohibited by law.

He claimed that the portion of Lee Brook into which the fish had been put, inasmuch as it was leased by Mr. Barnum, was a part of the hatchery waters, and that the trout put into it and fed there came within the classification of "fishes artificially propagated or maintained." It does not appear that the leased portion of Lee Brook was cut off from the rest of the stream, so that the trout might not come and go; the only contention was that these were hatchery trout, given leave of absence from the hatchery for their health, fed by the hatchery, recaptured by hatchery employees, and taken back to the hatchery.

Assuming that the only fish recovered by Mr. Follett were brown trout, which he had put into the stream, the netting of them was in itself an act hardly coming within the category of those robberies of public waters by netters, which the statute is intended to punish. On the other hand, whatever may have been the merits of this particular case, there appears to be no question that it was a technical violation of the statute forbidding netting of trout, and we do not see how the trial could have resulted otherwise than as it did, in a conviction. For while the fish in Mr. Follett's ponds were within his control to do with them as Sec. 28 permits, the moment he turned them out into Lee Brook, a public water within the meaning of the law, he surrendered his special proprietary rights in them, and thenceforward could recapture them only with hook and line and in open season. The occupation of the defendant as a trout culturist and his purpose in taking the fish could not count for anything, in an interpretation of the statute, when as a matter of fact he was taking fish from a public stream. Whether the trout were intended for breeding purposes or for frying had no bearing on the case. They were fish in public waters, captured in a mode plainly contrary to the statute; and to the lay mind it will appear that Mr. Follett has acted upon an ingenious misconception of the principles governing the case, which is not altogether to the credit of one holding the office of State Commissioner of Fisheries.

The decision of the case, rendered by Judge Sanford, was as follows, an appeal from it having been taken:

The statutes have surrounded with many restrictions the taking of trout in this Commonwealth, and the more recent legislation upon



this subject has tended to increase rather than reduce such restrictions.

In Berkshire and its sister counties of Hampshire and Franklin the time within which trout can be legally caught is still further limited and restricted, and with justice, for among the hills of these three western counties are to be found the best trout streams in the Commonwealth.

Of the three counts alleged in the complaint, the Commonwealth has presented evidence sustaining the second count, viz., the taking of trout from the Lee Brook with a net, and claims that such taking is contrary to Section 51, Chapter 91, of the Public Statutes, which provides that whoever takes a trout with a net at any season of the year shall forfeit not less than five dollars nor more than twenty dollars for each fish so taken, as modified by the statutes of 1884 and 1890.

The defendants, conducting a trout hatchery near said brook, and controlling by lease lands for a considerable distance bordering upon said brook, claim that, under the provisions of Sections 25 and 26, Chapter 91 of the Public Statutes, which provide that a riparian proprietor may, within the limits of his own premises, inclose the water of a stream not navigable for the cultivation of useful fishes, provided he furnish a suitable passage for migratory fishes frequenting such waters, and that fishes artificially propagated or maintained shall be the property of the person propagating or maintaining them, and a person legally engaged in their culture or maintenance may take them in his own waters at pleasure, and may have them in his possession for purposes properly connected with said culture and maintenance, etc., he has a right to take trout for certain purposes, and justifies such taking under the sections named.

The defendant acknowledges the taking of a number of trout, to wit 150, from the Lee Brook, with a net, on his own premises, and claims that the said trout are a portion of a large number of trout placed by him in said brook some three months previous to the time of taking, and that he has a right to take said trout for purposes of pisciculture.

Presuming the facts stated by the defendant to be uncontroverted, and that the trout placed in the Lee Brook were defendant's property originally, and that he fed the fish in certain portions of the Lee Brook every day, it seems to the court that the law was intended to give the defendant no such latitude as is claimed by him in the right to take such trout with a net at pleasure. The ownership in trout exists only while they are in the absolute possession or control of the party who may be engaged in their culture or maintenance, and the fact that certain trout were fed each day by the defendant, as in the present case, would not be maintaining them as intended by the statute. The Lee Brook is a trout stream several miles in length, and trout placed in it without furnishing inclosures for their control are placed at the owner's risk and cannot be considered as under his control. The question as to whether trout running for the length of time testified to in a brook can be identified as tame or domestic trout is one of considerable doubt, and is one of secondary importance in this case. The court finds the defendant Follett guilty on the second count of netting 150 trout contrary to the statute and orders him to pay a fine of \$150, and finds the defendant McDonough guilty on the same count and orders him to pay a fine of \$10.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### HOW 'RAS FOOLS THE DIVERS.

ONE pleasant morning the writer sauntered out on the Biloxi wharf to await the departure of the supply boat for Ship Island, twelve miles distant, where he hoped to bag a few snipe, as well as to enjoy the delightful trip across the sound.

This wharf is the landing and favorite lounging place of oystermen, fishermen, sailormen; in short, all sorts and conditions of men of aquatic or semi-aquatic tendencies. The reason for this preference is sufficiently obvious when it is understood that the outer end of the structure terminates in deep water, while at the shore end there is liquid of another kind—for here is found the only bar-room on the beach.

The occupants this morning were a couple of dagos, as all Italians, Sicilians, Spanish, Portuguese and Austrians are indiscriminately called hereabouts, who were dozing in the sunshine, while on the opposite side of the wharf sat a sour-visaged old negro, his throat gashed from ear to ear with a fringe of white whisker, a pair of huge silver-mounted spectacles astride his nose, and armed with about ten feet of the business end of a heavy cane fishing-pole, to which was attached an uncommonly robust-looking line bearing a large float, on which a gaze of gloomy expectancy was fixed as it bobbed gently on the surface of the water.

Seated near him, on a pile of lumber, were four young negro oystermen, one of whom was dramatically describing, to the intense interest and amusement of the others, a court trial of a colored man for larceny, which he had recently witnessed. I seated myself, quietly listening, and was astonished at the talent displayed by 'Ras, for so the speaker was addressed, in his recital. The inimitable manner in which he portrayed the pompous gravity and deliberate utterance of the judge, the eagerness of the lawyers and their squabbles over points of law and evidence, together with the sly cunning of the culprit, veiled under an affectation of simplicity, would make the fortune of any sketch artist on the stage who could master the dialect, sense of humor, and above all, the unctious of the narrator and his evident enjoyment of his own tale. Frequent bursts of laughter, ki-yahs and eager questions showed how absorbed were his listeners. I noticed, however, that the patriarch of the pole did not seem to share the general hilarity, and every now and then would wag his head contemptuously in the direction of the group and grumble something apparently not of a complimentary nature. 'Ras and another called 'Dolphus, the two talkers of the party, were evidently in his black-book, to judge from his glances and mutterings.

The conversation about the trial having flagged, I slipped a nitro shell into my gun and dropped a gull flying by—rather a longish shot. The darkies were amazed at the slight report and at the distance as well, and, as it is not etiquette in the South for them to enter, unbidden, into a conversation with a white "gemman," they followed, in this instance, their usual custom of talking at him among themselves.

"Sho," said 'Ras to his associates, "wha' kin' o' powdah's dat? No noise an' no smoke, but m'ity wicked kill-in'. Des a lill poppy noise—soun' like Unc' Joe dere scratchin' a match on deseat o' he pants."

"Den hits pooty pow'ful match Unc' Joe got," rejoined 'Dolphus, "ter fotch down dat gull so fur off." Uncle Joe cast a baleful glare at the party and kept on mumbling with added bitterness. "Did ye see dat gun, 'Ras?" asked 'Dolphus, "Dat's one o' dem 'douten no hammahs on her,"

"Dat's fac'," replied 'Ras, "haint got no hawns 'tall—des look like one dese yere mooley cows. Wot gits me 's dat lill snappy noise like w'en she shoots. Now ef I'd cut loose heah wif my ole smokestack 'tw'ud shake dis yer whawf off'n its laigs an' tum'l Unc' Joe in de brine, specs an' all, fo' bait fo' de gars. Dey done sho got pizened dough ef dey got bite o' him."

These allusions to Uncle Joe were by no means well received by that worthy. The two wags knowing his infirmity of temper had doubtless been baiting him before my arrival. Their last shot was too much for him, and with a stern look he opened on them: "Ef yo' 'Ras an' yo' 'Dolphus would wag dem oyster tongs o' your'n ha'f so fas' like yo' wag yo' jaws, yo'd a each lifted two bits wof' o' oysters by dis time o' mawn. I never see sich lazy, shif'les, no 'count niggahs. Stan'n roun' talkin' fool talk an' grinnin' like 'gaters at dere own foolishness, 'sturbun' 'spect'bl' people an' keepin' dem f'm dey wof'."

But 'Ras and 'Dolphus were absorbed in my gun, and, beyond exchanging a wink, gave little heed to the old man's scolding. It is astonishing all through the South to note the affectionate and almost reverent regard the negroes have for a modern gun. Rarely do they possess even the most primitive breechloader, and wherever I have been my gun has excited among them a most respectful admiration, part of which seems to be extended even to the owner of so wonderful a weapon. Nearly every ducky has a love for hunting, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more dangerous and grotesque than the assortment of junk-shop cripples that pass with them for guns. Old army muskets and carbines, No. 8 singlebarreled shotguns, reminding one of the old-fashioned blunderbuss, single and double discarded Creole shotguns, with barrels 36 to 40 in. long, all muzzleloaders—in short, every description of firearm that can be possibly made to shoot—most of them in the last stages of rust and general decrepitude, the barrels holding to the crazy stocks by dint of wrapping with twine, wire and even leather straps. These they load, by guess, with a handful of the cheapest black powder, usually 5 to 10 lbs., with shot in proportion, the peril of the discharge being about equally divided between the game and the shooter—to say nothing of any unfortunate bystander.

With a view of drawing out the boys, I showed them my gun, explaining its mechanism, and 'Ras, who had taken a glimpse through the barrels, broke out, astounded: "Golly, Dolph, take er squint froo dat bar'l; 'nuff to put yo' eye out; she shine like one dese yer tellus-copes. Ef ye look froo my gun ye tink yo' lookin' up er chimney." "Da's so," assented the other, "an' yo' bar'l's mos' twice's long as dis, even 'lowin' fo' de piece off'n de muzzle; look like some ole hoss cum along an' chawed off de end."

"Well," said 'Ras confidentially, with a side glance at the old fisherman, "I done spec de way de end o' dat bar'l got frazzled off was dat Unc' Joe happen along some time an' done took a bite off'n de muzzle wif dat one toof o' his'n."

The laughter which followed this personal allusion was too much for Uncle Joe, and he retorted savagely: "I done tell yo' two low down niggahs youse common as hawg tracks; you bin spoilt in de cradle; yu' parents aint done dere dooty by ye; you aint had no bringin' up, yo' aint. Ole brack snake 's de only med'cin' fo' yo' sort. Ef yo' 'b long ten me I'd des naterally w'r ye out, I wud, if I hatter cut ye inter shoestrin's fust."

"Wow," said 'Ras, "ef ole Unc' Joe make sech bitin' remarks wif on'y one toof, w'at he do ef he got whole set?"

"I tell you w'at, 'Ras Kent," said the old man, now thoroughly aroused, "You aint gwine ter lose none o' yo' teef f'm ole age—gum tree or tellumgraf pole do yo' biznis sho', fo' you git much oldah. You git 'vited to er dance some dese days wha' yo' aint got no lady padnah, but dey give yo' a necktie fo' dat party, an' m'ity snug fit, too; dat's wha' 'tis. Dah's wha' you'll en—dancin' on nuffin', an' sarve ye right, too," he added vindictively, "ye mis'ble swamp niggah."

The boys were delighted with the burst of ire on the part of the old man and would have continued to pester him, but I called 'Ras's attention to a couple of divers just out of gun shot from the wharf, and asked him if they were good to eat.

"Yas'r, Yas'r, fines' kin' o' eatin' if ye know how to cook 'em. But dey's mitey hard to shoot, dey is. Dey's mitey cute an' quick, an' dey know heap 'bout er gun, an' dey des dive at de flash, dey aint waitin' fer no shot to git dar. But," he went on, "I cud tell ye how to git 'em, sah, on'y I aint got no see-gyah to show you wif—got to have see-gyah, or pipe, or sump'n to gi' ye de propah idee."

The cigar was produced, and while 'Ras was lighting up the old man delivered himself in a stage aside, in tones of deepest disgust: "J'ebber heah de likes o' dat impercence. He mout des' well ax de gemman right out fer a see-gah—dahs wer' he shows his bringin' up. He aint got no man'ehs mor'n one o' dese yer ole he billy-goats, he aint. Dat's de kin' o' t'ing make me feel like I lib too long."

'Ras, never heeding him, commenced: "You des light up yo' see-gyah like dis, sah, an' paddle yo' skiff clost up to de divah. He aint gwine ter fly cos he knows ye git him den, dead sho'. No sah, no t'ynin' fo' him. W'en ye git clost up he des dive, an' byme-by he come an' cock he eye roun' at ye, den sah, ye des go so at im: *Pouf!* [here he emitted a prodigious volume of smoke] an' *Blip!* down go Mr. Divah! He tink dat pouf smoke he seen, de smoke f'm er gun. Byme-by up he pop agin, an' you go like dis agin: *Pouf!* [another cloud] an' *Blap!* down he go agin. Now sah, git yo' gun ready. De trid time he come up, yo' go *Pouf* agin, like dis, wif de see-gyah smoke, but ole Mr. Divah, he bin fooled twif an' he des set still an' waggle he tail an' laff. Den you up an' tu'n loose wif dat snappy powdah o' yo'n an' Mr. Divah he des tu'n up he toes to de sky. Yah, yah, dat fetch em eberty time. An'," he added with a side grin, "eny time sah you shoot mo' divah like y' wan' ter eat, Unc' Joe heah be mitey glad ter git a nice fat young un ter put dat toof in—cos Unc' Joe he ver' nice ole gemman—onot ye git ter unstan' in. He r'ar good deal, an' talk pooty wicked—but bress de Lawd, he doan' mean noffin' by dat—dat's des his way. He mitey fon' o' me too, Unc' Joe is. He do anything fo' me, lub me better'n one his own chill'n, he do. But heah cum de cap'n o' de boat, sah, an' dey'll start off in er munit. I'll tote yo' traps aboa'd sah," and taking my gun and shooting coat, the dusky humorist led the way to the boat, followed by an unspeakable glance from the old black fisherman.

### HODGE PODGE.

As the snake question seems to be having another inning, and several of your worthy contributors have been "to the bat" as it were, I'd like to "strike out" in one way or another, in this and other fields suggested by articles in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, and would remark in the first place thirty-fourthly that I support, in the main, "Coahoma's" position. I don't know why he should be wholly incredulous, though, as to the "Garden of Eden myth," as he calls it, for part of it is true, as he must confess, viz.: "On thy belly shalt thou go," etc., but as to the latter part of the curse, "and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life," I am a little shaky myself, though we don't know positively that the snake addressed didn't die of want of nourishment. I don't pretend to be thoroughly grounded in the faith that the curse was intended as to diet, to extend to all future generations of snakes; that is, considering dust as we know it to-day. It would be a mighty unsatisfactory and unsatisfying as well as monotonous course of diet, and I don't believe we should have snakes to worry about and scare the life out of women now, if snakes had been thus limited. But maybe, some brother will say, that the dust business was figurative. Well, I believe it was myself; it has to be; but if that part was figurative, what about—Oh! Well, say we drop it. Deep water. I might say, though, in wading out, that I'm aware that there are more than one kinds of dust, and that we all, snakes and people, eat dust in one form or another. I don't believe in killing snakes indiscriminately. If a snake attacks me I kill it in self-defense, not otherwise, unless it is a rattler or moccasin. I sometimes think that it was the cobra that was cursed. He was down that way.

I don't know what right I have to kill a snake that is harmless to me or any one else any more than I have to kill a young robin. But "Hermie" says he is troubled in his mind because snakes eat birds. Did he ever see a robin in spring or some other time cock his head on one side and suddenly pounce down with his cruel beak on a poor innocent worm that was browsing around under cover of the grass after something to eat, and brace back on his hindlegs and pull and jerk and kick until he had the defenseless writhing worm before him, and then gobble it down, or perchance, after jabbing it with his beak until it was limp and lifeless, leave it and hop off after another, because forsooth it wasn't in good condition?

Which has done most good in this world, robins or worms?

There are lots of people in this world crueler and more venomous than snakes. Mr. Beal says, "Against the vice which the snakes catch and eat must be set the birds' eggs, etc." as if it were a virtuous and highly praiseworthy act in the snake to kill mice. What harm do field mice do? Of course, when mice play games in the partition about 2 A. M., why, that's another thing; but that's *Mus domesticus*. *Rusticus* isn't guilty, and he's the one the snake affects. I always had a liking for mice. They are such cute little beasties, and since the "Singing Mouse" of Mr. Hough has set poetry to music in the wonderfully sweet and tender melody of "Lake Belle Marie," I shall always have a tender spot beneath my jacket for mouse. It's many a long day since anything in that vein has so played on my sensibilities. No mauling, prowling, sleep-dispelling house mouse ever sung like that. No, it was the field mouse who lives among the soothing, kindly influences of nature, who hears the morning stars sing together, and the evening breeze in dying cadences, as it lulls the fields to sleep, while the silver sickle hangs in the darkening vault, who sniffs the fresh fragrance of the morning, sees the liquid diamonds as they tremble on leaf and flower, listens to the thrilling carol of birds and the dashing music or gentle lullaby of the stream.

Yes, it was a lovely song. The "Singing Mouse" may sing and sing, but it will hardly waken our emotions in another as deliciously tender song as that. I thank Mr. Hough for it. He has afforded us much pleasure, for he always writes well, but in my estimation he has done nothing else quite so good as that.

But to return to snakes. Some years ago, in writing of my experiences in Florida for FOREST AND STREAM, I told of finding a moccasin near the banks of the St. John in much the same position as that of Mr. Kephart. It was about two feet from the bottom of a smooth-barked hickory tree eight or ten inches in diameter, head downward, position a little out of vertical, not much. The snake lay perfectly straight, motionless, and I stood a few feet away and watched it some time, when on being touched with a stick it slid down the tree slowly and crawled away. The tree was almost perpendicular, not enough lean to it as apparently to afford any support for the snake. I thought it quite remarkable and so remarked about it, but there was no comment on it, probably because your readers thought it a snake story or because times were not ripe for consideration of such subjects. For one, I am in condition, you see, to believe Mr. K's story. I think we all should feel very much obliged to Capt. Gallup for explaining how certain snakes can totally ignore the laws of gravity and climb a tree both ways quite the same as legged creatures. But this thing shouldn't have been hidden in a corner since 1832, or anyway since FOREST AND STREAM was born. People should tell what they know right away when they know it, especially about snakes. Those automatic dogs, or clutches, are great, but I couldn't help thinking that s'posin' they should accidentally get set when a snake was pulling out for home under great stress, why he'd go right out of his skin. Maybe after all that's what these clutches are for principally, and so the manner in which a snake sheds its skin is solved.

It is common now, as it always has been, to discredit experiences which are not one's own. This is wrong. Because I, a thousand miles away, didn't witness that Kekoskee bullhead eruption, or because you at a like distance didn't see the man kill a puma with a club, proves nothing. Truth is stranger than anything a man can invent. Happenings are bobbing up every day that never bobbed before. Time wasn't ripe, that's all.

My friend Judge Greene, who writes so entertainingly and seductively about Green Lake and the Molalla, said recently that a friend of his had lost all the brightness and gayety out of him, had in fact become a pessimist of the most pessim type, and held an undying grudge against the man who killed the puma because he (the Judge)

L. J. M.



jokingly remarked that the killer could draw the long bow very effectively. Supposing he could. We can all do a good many things we won't.

The Judge asked his friend if cougars went paddling round in the water like muskrats. Why, nobody expects they do regularly. That one didn't but once. The serpent didn't tempt Eve but once. Romulus and Remus were the only boys who ever suckled a wolf so far as we know. And then the Judge wanted to know if it wasn't a little strange that the man should find a nicely-fashioned handspike, etc., etc. As I remember the story it wasn't a nice affair at all, just a plain every day old battered spike providentially washed up with the drift. And to further weaken the man's trust, the Judge asked him what he thought about the papa cougar wading in and taking his baby out of the wet. Any cougar who would see his own offspring drown when he could save it ought to be killed with a more ignominious weapon than a handspike. I'm mighty sorry about all this, for I think we should each try to inspire confidence in our fellow man.

But speaking of the Judge, what a cinch he and Mr. Mead have on the Green Lake canvasback business, haven't they? When I read of that camp and surroundings, and the sport they have, I get so worked up I have to take two or three tours around the block to cool off. That boat, and ferry, and Mike, and cabin, and coziness and comfort, and old barn with the hay in it, and ducks galore, and good fellowship are just "gorjus." We can't all enjoy the good things, but if the Judge will tell us all about it we'll get along the best we can.

Speaking of spelling reminds me of a word Mr. Hough used and no doubt spelled correctly in his last letter. He mentioned the Aransas Pass R.R., and the "intelligent" compositor, who knew more and better geography than Mr. Hough, set it up Arkansas Pass. Once or twice elsewhere lately I have seen the same mistake made, and I want it stopped right here. It won't probably make any difference in the amount of lead the ducks take in for ballast down that way, but the spell must be broke.

I verily believe that Mr. McCarthy has struck bed rock in the matter of fighting qualities of the ouan, or oue, or oui—why no, I had it right the first time, ouaniche. While correspondents have been somewhat at loggerheads about the matter, they have entirely overlooked the fact that an athlete can knock out a dude, that a fish trained amid the dashing foam of a rock-strewn stream will out-fight a pampered brother that eats and dawdles his life away in the deep waters of a lake. Stands to reason. He has to rustle.

I meant to have told you how much I enjoyed that sketch. "How the Sleepers Got Egg Nogg," in your Feb. 10. It was just a daisy. The man who wrote it lives down South, "I reckon." There is only now and then a writer who can hit off the darky dialect pat, and the writers are seldom who can tell a story so well.

Finally, I am with you on the "Platform Plank."

O. O. S.

## NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder if all of our brethren of the rod and reel experience the same feeling that comes over me on any bright, warm day after Jan. 1, when, it does not matter how engaged my time may be, little transient visions of "likely" places on some romantic trout stream will flash before my vision. For years it has been thus with me, and my good wife, who does not take much stock in my pilgrimages to "The Land of the Sky," has learned the signs of the fever so thoroughly that I am forced into many a hearty laugh when deeply buried in my thoughts, by her laconic remark, "Fishing again!"

Of course the FOREST AND STREAM in its weekly visits has much to do with aggravating the fever, and has much to answer for to long-suffering wives who do not think as does your correspondent Mrs. Tomlin. How I wish they all did; then a fellow would not have to look so foolish when he saw that strange little doubting twitch in the corner of his wife's mouth when he is trying to entertain her with some of his grand exploits among the trout. "Seeing" alone "is believing," has, unfortunately, come to stay, as connected with the statements of an angler.

Through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM we are constantly being invited to join (second hand) the joys of life round the well-equipped camp in the West and North, and to assist in the capture of some monster of a landlocked salmon, ouaniche or great lake trout, and I regret to say that that is as near as we in the South ever get to the reality, for nature in her throes, long ages ago, broke down the rock barriers that formed the "predamite" lakes of the Blue Ridge and has left in their places smiling valleys or "coves," as they are locally termed. As far as I have been able to find out in my wide wanderings in the mountain region of western North Carolina, not a single lake exists.

No well appointed club house, with cook and steward, awaits the weary angler after a hard day's fishing, but all the same we have our good times as well as our more favored brethren round the Northern lakes; and this is about the way we have it. In the first place we have several hundreds of square miles of mountain land forty to fifty miles "away from the madding crowd" that haunts the track of the iron horse, and through these mountains rush and dash and dance dozens of noble streams, chuck full of as fine mountain trout as any pot-hunter or angler might desire. The very absence of the luxurious club houses betokens the total absence of any clubs, with their restrictions and surly keepers to warn you off of a tempting piece of fishing. Too far from the railroad to tempt for market-fishing, the native kills what he can eat, consequently the supply for the angler is never impaired. The proverbial kindness and hospitality of a rather poor people furnishes you with a rough, but hearty, welcome.

The short courses of the torrents from their sources, 4,000ft. above sea level, to the sluggish rivers in the lowlands naturally have developed strength and rare fighting powers in the denizens of the waters, and though I have killed trout in many parts of the world I have yet to find any that can excel those of the "Old North State" in gamy properties. But we are not entirely debarred from the pleasure of the capture of nobler game fish, for through the enterprise of your occasional correspondent Mr. Henry Stewart the stream which takes its rise on his property and rushes madly down some 2,000ft. in a short ten miles has become literally alive with thousands of rainbow trout. Well, I never caught an ouaniche, but if there is anything to beat, for his size, a 2½-pound

rainbow trout fighting for dear life at the end of 50ft. of line, while you grasp the butt of a 6oz. fly-rod and steer him clear of the sharp volcanic rocks that seem to reach out for your line, why I would like to tackle it. It is a fight to a finish with them, and they are finished by the time you have them in your creel, and from the aching of your right arm you fell that you are about finished too.

To enjoy all this you have to put your "tenderfeet" in your pocket and fraternize with the hardy mountaineer and go camping. And we do camp sometimes, but not in the approved style of some of your correspondents, with living tent and cook tent, with cooks and guides and half a carload of "duffle." I believe there is one tent in these mountains that an enterprising livery stable man bought from a party of dudes who had been chased out of it near Highlands by a shower of rain. But we go it in the original way, by selecting a nice dry fissure in the face of cliff, called by courtesy a cave, and with plenty of hemlock twigs for bedding, and an endless supply of dry driftwood washed high and dry by the winter floods for fuel, we fish, eat, smoke and sleep, with nothing to worry us greater than the anxiety of returning in good order the coffee-pot and fry-pan we have borrowed from some kindly neighbors. What glorious times these are! The mild climate of our Southland makes it a matter of indifference if the fire does go out at night, and if the eddying smoke from the camp-fire, as it curls around the corners of our rock house, does make you start from a sweet sleep with your lungs pretty well smoke dried, you are more than recompensed by the first breath of pure mountain air laden with the perfume of the white azalia, that greets you at the entrance.

But with all this, there is one great drawback for the true sportsman. There are too few anglers who go into these fastnesses to enjoy your triumphs and condole with you for the loss of that monster. Very few have found their way in, and while an occasional party can be scraped together to enjoy with you the luxuries of our "rock house" and smoke, yet often your fishing is severely by yourself, and it becomes uninteresting to relate your exploits to a native who coincides with all you say, and is supremely oblivious when you throw down the gauntlet for an argument. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," so I am in hopes that the "hard times" that everyone feels, more or less, may tempt some of my brethren into this "angler's paradise," as it costs you about as much per week there as you have been in the habit of paying for one day's boats and guides. There's lots of room and lots of trout, so come on, and be able, when you return home, to say that there is something good in the South.

B.

## CAPTAIN, COLONEL AND MAJOR.

### The Captain's Story.

"It has always seemed strange to me that history has not done justice to the shot tower of the Confederate Army. I built it. Without shot towers, bacon ruled supreme. With shot towers, it abdicated in favor of the Virginia partridge. Before the war my uncle brought me from London a very fine shotgun made by Purdy and costing forty guineas. I carried it into the struggle, but the Confederacy soon got out of bird shot and if I had not constructed my shot tower it would have become useless long before it escaped from Richmond. But one day I procured a piece of 2in. plank, 4in. wide and 2ft. long, and whittled one end of it down to a handle and bored a 2in. hole in the other end. Then with a saw I cut a slit lengthwise of the board, and through the hole. In this saw kerf a piece of cardboard was placed after having been perforated with numerous holes of a size suitable for bird shot. Between the handle and the improvised ladle at the other end a series of transverse notches were made. The shot tower was complete. One Confederate would hold the shot tower over a pan of water while another poured melted lead into the hole and upon the perforated cardboard, while I, with a short stick, would scrape up and down the notches causing the melted lead to "jump" on the cardboard and leak through into the water in the form of shot. Selah!"

### The Colonel's Story.

"If horses had the gift of human speech, I am sure that a thrilling history of the war could be told from the equine standpoint. They had much to do with every part of the conflict. In one of the most exciting incidents of my part of it, they had it all to do.

"We were at B, on a scouting expedition and, although we expected an attack, it was so fierce and furious when it came that almost the whole attachment was captured without a struggle. Before we knew the Yanks were upon us, they came galloping into town from all directions. Our men in charge of the horses turned them loose and stampeded them, and down the street they came in a panic-stricken rush that nothing could have stopped. A moment before I had jumped on my own horse in front of headquarters thinking to do a little stampeding myself down that very street, but had given it up on seeing a squad of bluecoats approach. I knew they would never stop those horses, though, and the instant they passed me I dug in my spurs and took their dust and followed. I was well past the Yanks before they discovered that there was a 'Johnny Reb' on the side of one of the horses and opened fire. They missed me but hit old Joe, although he kept bravely on. Ahead of us was a bayon which the flying herd skirted, but which Joe and I plunged into as our only refuge. We were nearly over when he began to falter, and as our pursuers were clattering down the road behind us, I slipped off my side arms and slid off into the water and struck out for shore, and was just able to scramble up the bank and throw myself flat in the bushes and swamp grass before the Yanks came in sight. Poor Joe made an heroic effort to follow me and succeeded in getting his fore feet on the bank, where he hung for a moment with his noble face so close to me that we looked into each other's souls. After a moment, he sank back into the water."

### The Major's Story.

"Yes, it's the Grand Passion. The powder burning passion. We burn it in firecrackers and toy cannons long before we are able to carry a gun, and when we can no longer burn it in a gun we lie down and die.

"One afternoon, in our firecracker period, Jim and I borrowed father's powder horn and went down to the 'quarters' to our 'nigger mammy's' cabin and climbed up on the roof where we could reach the top of the mud

chimney and overhear what was going on inside. Aunt Liza's husband was on his knees, evidently, at the fire-side, for we could hear him praying. From the other side of the fireplace Aunt Liza offered up another kind of incense. We could distinctly smell sausage cooking, and, in the pauses of his prayer, we could hear old Uncle Isaac's supper sputtering in the pan. He was a very religious man, and we were not at all surprised to find him at the Throne of Grace. It was a very fervent supplication, and between our ears and our noses we concluded that he must have been making a raid on the smoke house.

"Directly he got through with his own sins, and in a feeling of general amnesty he prayed:

"'Oh Lawd, bress de white folks.'" And just then we slightly tipped the powder horn. There was a quick fizzle in the fire and Uncle Isaac stopped short.

"'Wha' dat? Wha' mek dat spit en de fire?'"

"'Wha what? Yo brack nigger; dat's jes de way de fire allas spit when hit gwinter snow.'"

"As soon as he settled down to the white folks again we gave the horn another tilt.

"'Dar 'tis again, Aunt Lize, don't twell me dat's case hit's gwinter snow; dem's sperrits.'"

"'G'way! Yo superstitiouser old nigger yo! Yo so deep in yo sins yo wa'r out dat ha'thstone on yo knees wif one eye on yo Maker and de yether eye tu'n roun' to feah some one grab yo. I twell yo hit gwinter snow, w'en de fire spit dat away.'"

"And somehow the old horn got away from us and went down the chimney, and the next it seemed as though the whole cabin shot past us. We slid down and out for the house and got behind the kitchen just as the two worst scared darkies I ever saw met my father at the door.

"'What's all this running about?' he demanded as they hurled themselves upon him.

"'Oh, Marse John, de devil's down en de quarters.'"

"'Nonsense.'"

"'Fo de Lawd, I'se fryin' sasses, an Unc' Isaac he offerin' up he evenin' pra'r 'n de debil jump down de chimbley en grab de sasses en hit me over de head wif de pan 'n hook Unc' Isaac en de side wif he ho'n en bruk hit off en he side, en *hjar de ho'n*.'" GEORGE KENNEDY.

## WOMAN IN THE WILDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me second the advice given by "Podgers" in his recent article relative to ladies enjoying out of door sports. When the summer sun is high in the zenith and its rays fall almost perpendicularly upon our heads, a man will exclaim, "Oh, this unbearable heat," and forthwith pack a grip and hie himself away to the cooling mountain breezes. Now, "Why should not the wife go also?"

Women need little urging to take to horseback riding, shooting, fishing, rowing and camp life; and what is better or more exhilarating, or will send the blood coursing faster, or sooner bring roses to pale cheeks and luster to tired eyes than a good canter, the excitement of a shot at game, a row on the placid waters of a lake, or tempting the wary trout with a bogus fly?

I speak from experience. I have known the heat of the city, the burning pavements and the sultry air, and until I began an out-door life thought them uncomfortable necessities; but now to pen me up in the city during the hot summer months would be like confining the wild bird of the forest in a gilded cage.

I go with my husband everywhere. No bush is too thick, no stream too deep, no forest too dark, no hill is so high that I cannot follow him, and the best part is that he enjoys having me go with him. With the gun, porcupines are my pet game. After work is done in the morning and the others have all gone their respective ways, I shoulder my little .25-20 Maynard, and start out, and fine fun it is to bring a porcupine tumbling down from the tree he is destroying (by peeling off the bark). Sometimes I vary the sport in favor of camp meat—mountain grouse, sage grouse or antelope. Fly-fishing and boating are more pet pleasures, but I do like the gun and hope soon to try my hand with my rifle on big game. A hammock swung to the breeze enhances the enjoyment at camp, while the occasional shower only serves to brighten nature and make her more pleasing. Then the glorious sunrises, the golden sunsets, and the pale silvery rays of Luna as she slowly appears from behind a snow-capped mountain would make every fiber of a nature-loving person's being quicken with a new sense of appreciation of all that is grand and good.

Yes, ladies, take "Podgers's" advice, and for a Christmas present accept the rod and gun, and when your husband's grip is packed for the next summer's outing just remark quietly, "What time did you say our train left, dear? I will be ready at any hour you mention," and be ready, and he will take you gladly. Then enjoy yourself. Don't mind torn dresses, worn out boots, and scratched and sunburnt hands and face; take such things as they come, and you will find health and new pleasures, pleasures which cannot become blasé, and then you free yourself from the duties of society for a while, and drink in the life-giving oxygen which nature provides so bountifully but which would be denied you in your city home.

Mrs. D

## What the Kingfishers Would Have Done.

CINCINNATI, O., March 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: After reading Chapter XXIV. of the incomparable character sketches and home life of the "Danvis Folks" I was moved to exclaim, "Poor Sam Lovel," and in the same breath to anathematize that smooth, oily tongued rascal Bascom. I think brother Robinson made a mistake in letting him get away without giving Sam a chance to take a flying shot at him with the old "ore bed." Even now (only it is too late) it would afford me—and a few hundreds of other readers as I am convinced—a "power o' comfort" if brother Robinson could put old Drive and Sam on the trail, run him to earth, smoke him out and bring back his hide as a trophy of the best hunt of his life, this "figgeratively speakin'" and for a satisfactory round-up to the whole story. KINGFISHER.

## A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).



## Natural History.

### TREE-CLIMBING SNAKES.

A Call for the Previous Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Even after my last statement, the vials of wrath continue flowing until one would suppose, by implication, that I had been running around through the woods killing everything I saw, out of sheer wantonness. Very well, gentlemen, have it so. If it will do the woods-folk any good, or inculcate a truer sportsmanship, to make me pose as an awful example of what I never was, and always did detest, why just crack away.

I killed a snake; not because he was a snake, nor because I was afraid of him, nor because he might be after birds, nor in the interest of science, nor to try my pistol, nor yet out of mere deviltry. I killed him because he had invaded the precincts sacred to women and children, and had frightened a peaceable housewife so that she seized her basket and ran to the station crying: "To think that I was passing back and forth under that horrid thing all day! I will never come near the woods again in all my life."

The woman was from a great city, where the air is poisoned with sulphur and befouled with soot. Her holidays, I judged, were few. She had an instinctive and unconquerable repugnance to the reptile, and a fear of it which was not altogether fanciful. One glance at the powerful muscles of a 5 ft. blacksnake, one thought of toddling children who knew no better than to play with it—that was enough for her.

Now which had a better right on the premises, the woman or the snake?

You say that it was all ignorant prejudice on her part. Very well; but was she to blame for it? Read your Bible.

But that Garden of Eden story is all a myth? Certainly; and shows how the instinctive loathing of serpent forms has always been part and parcel of our human nature, not a proof of malignity or idiocy in some one individual.

Why didn't I teach her better? Well, I have been several kinds of a fool in my day, but I haven't sent missionaries to uninhabited islands, and am not thinking of doing so at present. You can teach men to respect snakes—that is to stay, some men, a very select few. But woman? Well, there is Miss Hoply; I mention her in profound respect; she is one in just about five hundred million woman, so far as the snake question is concerned; and I don't feel called upon to preach at the rest of them for the sake of a thing that I have no special fondness for myself. I would rather speed my energies on something that gives some promise of tangible result.

If that misguided snake had been sunning himself on the bluff that backs the picnic grounds, a mere matter of 50 yds. away, or anywhere else in the woods where I had been giving the household-defender its annual targeting, he would be alive to-day for all of me. But he came where he was not wanted, frightened a good old lady half out of her shoes, and I killed him. Consequently I am a brute and a barbarian. All right; I will not quarrel over a definition.

And now let us see if we can't get back to the point from which this discussion started. My only object in writing was to report a fact about blacksnakes, which I had not seen previously mentioned, namely, that they sometimes descend a nearly vertical and comparatively smooth surface in a straight line. I made no comment on their ability to climb trees, taking it for granted that everybody knew as much. Perhaps everybody knows, too, that they can execute the seemingly contradictory feat that I witnessed at Crève-Cœur; but if so, then everybody has a provoking way of keeping such knowledge quiet.

Before writing my letter of June 27 I had examined such works on herpetology and animal locomotion as our library affords, but found no mention of snakes ascending or descending trees in a straight line. I ordered Miss Hoply's treatise, but it has not yet arrived from London. Most authorities are content to simply say that the *Columbidae* are nimble climbers. DeKay says of the blacksnake: "It climbs trees with great ease, by coiling itself round the trunk in a spiral manner, in search of eggs and young birds" (Nat. Hist. of N. Y., Zool. iii., 36). This statement about coiling round the trunk is repeated by others, but my research ended in finding nothing about vertical ascent or descent, and so I wrote to FOREST AND STREAM for information.

Meanwhile I have been hunting diligently through our sets of periodicals for some light on the subject, and at last have found an article bearing directly upon the matter, and from which I take the liberty of quoting.

In Science for Dec. 16, 1892 (vol. xx., pp. 338-9), there is a most interesting report by Waldo Dennis of "Watching a Snake for an Hour," in which he says: "One bright morning in July I was walking in the woods when a snake crossed my path only a few feet in front of me. It was about two feet long and its dark blotches made it resemble a water snake. It had not been disturbed by my presence, as it moved very slowly, and this slow movement led me to watch it.

"It scarcely crossed the path before it began to ascend a medium-sized dogwood tree (*Cornus florida*). This to me was a coveted opportunity. The story of an eye witness as to how a blacksnake had climbed the naked corner of a house to a height of ten feet had left me curious to see something of the kind myself.

"The dogwood tree, near the ground, was about seven inches in diameter, and was a rather smooth-barked one. The tree leaned but slightly for about ten feet of its height, but then it curved sharply to a horizontal, making the highest part of the body about fifteen feet from the ground. The snake started up on the under side of the slant, and apparently found no more trouble going up the tree than it had in going over the ground. It made no effort to wind itself around the tree nor to hug the tree by winding back and forth, as the blacksnake had been reported to do on the corner of the house. It went straight up without crook or turn." \* \* \*

The entire article is very instructive reading, but I can only quote a little here and there.

"When such a protuberance as a knot came in its way, it seemed to care very little for its advantage, and left it to one side. After getting up four or five feet it stopped;

being anxious that it should go on up, and fearing it would come down, I touched it with a stick, whereupon it moved faster, gliding quickly out of my reach, showing thus that it had been going so slowly from choice and not from any difficulty in going faster. \* \* \* It occurred to me to wonder how it would manage its descent, so I left off experimenting in this line and retired to watch. \* \* \*

"After a sun bath of nearly half an hour, the snake began slowly to descend. His course was as straight coming down as it had been going up; but, now being on the top of the trunk, he naturally kept to the outside of the bend. His progress was interrupted with frequent pauses, and at times it was so slow that I could scarcely detect any movement."

This tallies closely with the conduct of my blacksnake, which, after it was shot, descended in a perfectly straight line, very slowly, as though the tree trunk were smeared with molasses and the stiffened snake was passive, letting gravity pull him down, while the sticky fluid sufficed to let him down easily. The following paragraph from Mr. Dennis's article is worthy of notice in this connection, but I draw no inferences at present:

"Not finding his game in this instance, however, his highness stiffened himself and withdrew. But, as if loath to give up the treat he had promised himself, he lingered quite a while at the spot and busied himself in a way which probably accounted for his moving so slowly before, but which from my distance had been unnoticed. He seemed to be using his tongue as a tactile organ on the bark, playing it back and forth from his mouth like a little brush, running it way out, or dropping it down close to his chin, according to the nearness of the piece of bark under inspection. It finally turned up the tree again, carefully sampling the bark as it went. It seemed in quest of something, but what could it find with its tongue? when so evidently, to the eye, there was nothing for a snake to eat. After going for a little ways, he again turned down. But all the way, from here down, it kept up that use of its tongue on the bark."

I observed a similar action of the tongue on the part of my snake, but supposed that it was because he was wounded, and so made no comment.

I am very much obliged to Capt. Gallup for his interesting answer to my query, and would like to hear more about those needle-like spines or "claws." How long are they? Are they stiff like a needle, or flexible like a hair? Are you sure, Captain, that they do not slough off after the snake has cast its skin?

After reading "Coahoma's" valiant defense of snakes in general, I felt more kindly toward a class which I had always been told were the foes of birds, and toward which I had cherished some resentment accordingly. But Mr. Beal, "Hermit," and Capt. Gallup give us pretty strong evidence that the blacksnake is a bandit who deserves no quarter. I love birds; I wish justice to snakes; but between birds and snakes, if a choice must be made, there is no question whatever from my point of view.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me reiterate once for all that I wish harm to no creature. I may be mistaken in estimating the relative value of species, but the humblest reptile is an object of curious interest to me, even if I cannot love it, and I kill nothing without what seems good reason. At the same time I have no use for a hysterical sentimentalism, which, carried to its logical conclusion, would destroy gun and rod, and make vegetarians of us all.

HORACE KEPHART.

St. Louis, March 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken much pleasure in reading the snake articles that have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM lately, and before the controversy ends would like to add my mite.

I have always believed the blacksnake to be one of the greatest foes that the nesting birds in this part of the country have to contend with; not from what I have read, but from what I have seen with my own eyes. "Kelpie" says he believes snakes have the power to charm birds and other small animals, but I doubt it, for I have lived for twenty-five years where snakes are common, and although I have always been on the lookout for such an occurrence, it has never been my good fortune to verify this general belief.

Four years ago I came upon two catbirds that were much excited about something, and on examination I found a blacksnake coiled around a limb of a small tree, not far from the nest of the birds. The two catbirds would flutter almost into the face of the snake, and then with a quick dart strike his body with a vicious peck. The snake was immovable most of the time, but once in a while struck at the birds, who were always too quick for him. In fifteen minutes the birds were exhausted and rested on a branch three feet or so away. Finally the snake decided he had other business to attend to, and started to glide down his branch, but in an instant the two plucky birds were at him again. The snake was evidently afraid to retreat while the battle was on, for he at once became quiet and stood fifteen minutes more buffeting, when suddenly he wildly untwisted himself and dropped to the ground. Before he had crawled ten feet I killed him with a stick, and found that his body was literally covered with tiny marks made by the beaks of the birds. If I had followed the impulse to dispatch him at once I would probably have been a believer in snake charming, for those birds were fluttering right into his face just as I have always read they did. It is possible this particular snake was cross-eyed, or had some other ocular defect which interfered with his charming powers, but at any rate he was the worst licked snake I ever saw. And the catbirds, oh! didn't they have a rejoicing around the nest of young birds that they had so bravely fought for.

Last summer I found two song sparrows and one Wilson thrush nest in a hedge. I saw these nests when they were under construction, when they contained eggs and after the eggs were hatched. One day the nests of the song sparrows were empty, which I wondered at, for the birds were only four or five days old. Later in the day I heard the two old thrushes making a tremendous fuss, and on walking carefully toward them I found a large blacksnake in the act of swallowing the last of that little family. I have no doubt that he was the rascal who destroyed the homes of the song sparrows, too, and in my wrath I tried to end his career, but a friendly hole was his salvation.

A few days later I was attracted by a large gathering of

birds around a bush that I knew contained a nest of young catbirds. On looking I found this nest was not empty, for a blacksnake had coiled as much of his ugly body in it as possible, and was evidently wondering what the poor parent birds were making such a fuss about.

I have witnessed many other sights of the kind, and a blacksnake was always the thief, so can you wonder that I consider him my enemy and try to kill him? Mr. F. E. L. Beale spoke words of wisdom when he said he did not believe the snakes in this country occupy a position of great importance from either an economic or aesthetic point of view. I for one am open to conviction, and if FOREST AND STREAM can convince me that the blacksnake has other good qualities that overbalance his bird-killing proclivities, he shall always be spared by me.

The bird arrivals in this neighborhood so far this season are: March 3, bluebirds; March 8, robins and starlings (male only); March 13, pewees. PERCIVAL CHRYSTIE.

Hier Bridge, N. J., March 16.

### An Albino Weasel.

TOLEDO, O., March 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: My hired man killed a weasel the other day which was entirely white, with the exception of about one-half inch at the end of the tail, which was black. It is the first weasel of the kind I ever saw and would ask if white weasels are common. This weasel was domiciled under a rotten log, and his lair contained partially devoured portions of two quail, two chipmunks and some small animal with a gray skin, probably a field rat. AUTOKEE.

### An Albino Hawk.

ANNISTON, Ala.—I see in your columns occasionally a reference to albinos. We have in Anniston a hawk which, while not an albino altogether, is white. It is of perfect shape but its eyes are black. It has very few feathers but what are pure white—some three or four in its wings and tail. It was caught near this place in a trap. P. F. A.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### IN DIXIE LAND.—III.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

#### The Plot Thickens.

WHEN I first determined upon my trip into Dixie Land, there were a number of my friends who expressed the wish and determination to go with me. As usual, this number grew less as the time for departure grew near, and when it came to actually getting on the train, I found that I was quite alone, with a journey of a few thousand miles, more or less, to be taken in that condition. It had happened, however, that my friend, Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, had talked over the prospects of the trip with me while he was over in Chicago taking in a few more prizes in the dog show with his well-known setter Paul Bo. He persuaded Dick that Paul's health would be benefited by a winter journey South, and we both concluded offensive and defensive alliance for the purpose of having more fun in one month than anybody ever did have before. At the last moment Dick wired that he was detained by business, but that he would meet me in Little Rock on such and such a morning. "That's the last I'll ever see of him," I thought; and when a telegram came on that morning instead of the sender of it, I was the more ready to back that belief, though all the telegram said was that he would be at Little Rock two days later. At any rate, I was perfectly comfortable and happy at Little Rock, the more so as Mr. Irwin and myself had good promise of getting Mrs. Irwin to relent about that Welsh rarebit, and as I felt that I should not easily find a part of the country where I would have better opportunity to get into subjection an appetite which was really becoming alarming. Therefore, reasoned I, why not let the world wag a couple of days, and wait for Dick, whether he is going to come or not?

So we let the world go right on, and on the morning when Dick was billed to appear as per his last schedule, I sauntered down to the depot with the calmness that can only come to the philosophical man who is sure of three meals a day, and may be more.

Much to my surprise and delight, Dick did really come this time. I saw him down the platform, his young, blonde face at some altitude above the average of the crowd, his long limbs incased in an elegant pair of those trousers whose creases are the despair of the Milwaukee bloods, his Fedora hat creased with equal accuracy, his necktie tied small at the bottom of the knot, and a fresh flower in the lapel of his coat. On the whole, he was quite a wholesome-looking boy, and I was glad to see him. If the audience will keep its eyes upon the creases of those trousers, I will later on lay a legal foundation for introducing them in evidence.

"Well, what kind of shooting have you been having?" asked Dick, the first thing. Of course he did. He didn't care whether or not everybody was well, or how the country was getting along. In the enthusiasm of youth the only thing of importance was the shooting. The three meals a day, or the Welsh rarebit, of which I was about to tell him, made no figure in his mind.

"Oh, we killed a buggy load of birds or so yesterday," said I, nonchalantly, as if we could do it any time we wanted to.

"Where? Whereabouts? How far out did you go? Can we get out again to-day?" And so on. To all of which I answered suitably, and begged him to be calm, and to come on up and enjoy his breakfast, as became a wise young man.

Meantime approached a very dirty and ragged nigger, with the query, "Is them all yo' dawgs, boss, n' does you want 'em fotted up town, sah?"

"Oh, yes, the dogs," said Dick. "You know I told you I would bring Paul Bo and a pointer along for the trip. Well, I concluded it wasn't best to bring Paul the way he was feeling, and my pointer cut his leg on a piece of glass, so I brought along two pointers that belong to a friend of mine. He says they are fair, and will be helped by more field work than he can give them, so he wanted me to, bring them along."

#### Decent Baggage-men.

We found the pointers to be a pair of opposites, Nip, a gaunt Colossus, about 6 ft. long, not fat and alleged to be



unfattenable; Gyp, a short and stocky one, of much the converse description, since it seemed nothing could reduce her solid flesh. Dick had them in a good roomy crate.

"It's a good deal of a nuisance to take dogs along usually," said he, "and I've often dreaded a trip over the Western railroads, the baggagemen rob and bother you so much; but the Iron Mountain men treated me the nicest I ever was treated when I had dogs along. Mr. Townsend, the general passenger agent, saw that I got a permit for the dogs, there was a man at the Union Depot to help me with them from the Alton train on to the Iron Mountain at St. Louis, and the baggageman coming down was so nice about I just gave him a tip anyhow. These men down in this country don't seem to act like the fellows I've met in the West and North." Which latter reflection my friend repeated many times before our journey ended.

In short, we were now in another land, a land less harsh in climate and in customs, a land where men have time enough to live, and kindness enough to want others to live also. We were out of the snow, and among the quail, and away from work, and what more could one ask? As one reflected on all this one experienced a large, generous, comfortable feeling in the cardiac region, a glow of warmth extending quite about the neck (a Northern man usually feels cold to the touch under the ears), and a buoyancy of step such as was ample repayment for the trip, if it ended right there and had no further plans.

#### Side Trips for Quail.

We didn't take Dick right out after quail as soon as breakfast was over, neither do I wish any to think that we could find quail in the hotel yard. We explained to him, as I would like to explain to others, that the birds were not to be found right in the edge of town at Little Rock, any more than at any other town of its size. The negro shooters and other owners of cheap sporting gear keep the crop cut down pretty close, out for a few miles, say four or five miles, or walking distance—though I imagine that even within that radius the shooting would seem good to a Northerner. It is the custom of the Little Rock shooters to drive out ten to fifteen miles, or else to make a railroad trip to some point twenty to forty miles distant. By taking the Ft. Smith road out for even short distances one gets to little way stations in the heart of a purely rural country, and a widely scattered population, where the great plantations are dotted only by occasional negro cabins, and where the birds breed practically undisturbed by the residents from one end of the year to the other.

If one could get good accommodations in any of these little villages it might do to stop there, although I do not think the residents would look kindly on any party who stayed for a long time and killed a great many birds. The best way to do, and a remarkably convenient way, is to make Little Rock the headquarters, where one can be admirably quartered and have at hand everything he needs, ammunition, good quarters for his dogs, etc., and then to use the railway trains instead of horse and wagon. The trains leave very early in the morning, so that one is landed on his shooting grounds earlier than if he had gone the usual driving distance by team, and they come in late in the evening, so that one can close his day's shooting comfortably and take the train home as he would his wagon, with the difference that the train is the more comfortable. Or, if one objects to the early morning departure, he can take an evening train out of the city and drop off, say, at 8 to 10 o'clock in the evening at the small town where he intends shooting, taking his chances on getting hotel accommodations there for the night. There are dozens of good shooting points thus available, the accommodating quality of the railroad trains being dependent on the fact that Little Rock is a central and important railroad point, and hence entitled to have its trains arrive and depart in the morning and evening, as all good big cities do. There might be some who would object to this, and say that they "would rather be right on the shooting grounds." A trip would teach them wisdom as to that, unless they had invitations to stop with some of the planters. That, however, is not the question. No shooter who is in the least a gentlemanly shooter ought to expect or to wish to go down into that country and shoot every day in the week, for that would mean simply a butchery of birds. In a country where fifty birds to the gun daily is no herculean task no sportsman can wish to shoot every day of the week, nor more than half the days of the week. Therefore, this city offers inducements of the most remarkable sort. One can here be absolutely sure of one or two "good days"—days when he sees hundreds of birds, and bags dozens of them; he can also be sure of comfort when he is not shooting.

#### Arkansas Vox Populi.

I have no use for a man who is not satisfied with one or two actual "good days." If any man wants more than one or two such days to the week, and if he wants to shoot every day, and kill every bird he can every day, then I certainly don't want him ever to go down into this country; probably he'll wish he hadn't if he does. The men of the State Association make the laws, so far as the sportsmen are concerned. They say the law absolutely prevents shipment of game out of the State, but does not prohibit gentlemanly shooting by non-residents. Any shooting of ungentelemanly sort would very soon have visited upon it a practical stigma from the source to which all laws ultimately revert. Don't run against any of the Arkansas *vox populi*. Be a gentleman in your shooting there. Indeed, you have my permission and advice to be a gentleman no matter where you may be shooting. If you are a gentleman, you can't beat Little Rock country very badly for game, not in America, and not to-day. Thus, at Plummerville, one of the little way-stations referred to, one Little Rock shooter bagged 52 birds to his own gun in a little over half a day, the week before my visit. Two guns had bagged over 150 there. A party of several had bagged—I do not know how many, but much in that proportion. I heard many stories of large bags, and saw much to prove their truth, so much that my memory does not carry them all, yet I think it can be substantiated that two years ago two guns in one day up the road, bagged nearly 200 birds. I am sure it was over 175, and have a vague recollection it was 197. One party of three guns came in with 88 birds, the result of one day's shooting. My own experience at Mr. Pemberton's place would show the uselessness of further figures. It is easy to see what the shooting in this favored country is, and how easy it would be to abuse it. It simply must not be abused by any Northern man who

goes in there, for that would be poor return for the treatment he would be certain to receive.

Well, it may readily be imagined that, as Mr. Irwin and I got Dick into a corner—I by this time being quite a settler in the country—and related all these things to Dick, we had the poor boy about wild, for it must be remembered that we had had our shoot and he hadn't had his. Mr. Irwin, of course, had his business to look after and a reputation as a citizen as well as a shooter to maintain, but when he saw how nervous Dick was getting he relented and said:

"I did think I couldn't go out again for a while, but seeing it's you, and you want to go so bad, we'll just take one more trip. We'll go up the road to Morrillton and shoot in the Arkansas Valley bottoms." And this, if readers will pardon so personal a story, is what we did. I cross my heart, there's plenty of blood in this story, so it's worth reading.

We took the evening train up the road after having eaten a comfortable dinner, which, be sure, I was in no mood to overlook. It was between 10 and 11 at night when we tumbled into the little hotel at Morrillton, perhaps fifty miles from the city. We couldn't get anything to eat then, at which I rebelled. But I got even in the morning. The waiters actually looked at me with trepidation.

We expected to meet at Morrillton Mr. Percy Stout, a friend of Mr. Irwin and the best hunter of the neighborhood. Unfortunately, Mr. Stout was out of town, being across the river on a deer hunt. Mr. Irwin was, however, well acquainted with the country we were to shoot over, so in the early morning we acquired a good double rig and a poor nigger driver, and sallied forth before the mists were cleared away from the "mountain" at the edge of town—a hill which will be a mountain some day, or which anyhow is laid out all right for one.

Over the mountain, we crossed a creek, along whose bottomlands the fog still hung white and heavy. Here the dogs began to work, but we called them in, as our drive was to be six to eight miles out in all. We had along two brace, Mr. Irwin's pointers and those brought from the North by Dick. One of the latter, the long one, Nip, showed the speed and nearly the size of a lightning palace train, and we allowed he wouldn't last till night if he kept that up. Ham, or Jack, as Mr. Irwin alternately called his stub and twist little pepper and salt fellow, was also out and away. This dog never would ride in any sort of a vehicle, and seemed to be practically tireless. The two canine ladies were more dignified, and were content to stay in the wagon and crawl all over the occupants.

#### The First Bevy.

The sun was just beginning to roll up the fog into sheets and pillow cases, when we pulled up on top of a high ridge which skirted the bottomlands over which we were to shoot. We cast down a little cottonfield, Mr. Irwin working to the right and Dick taking his brace to the left. It was a lovely scenting morning and the cover was certainly promising.

"Well, here surely is a good cover for a bevy," said Dick, as we followed a hedge row down into a little weedy hollow by the cottonfield. His prophecy was good, for Nip made game, though being of limited experience on birds he could not hit it off right at first. The other, Gyp, was of wider field experience and very quickly knew what to do. She made a rapid cast and was just at point when Nip, with fire in his eye, came clattering through the tall weeds looking for something he had lost. The noise in the weeds put the birds up wild and they went off at a great pace.

Meantime we heard Mr. Irwin's gun, and working on over after our bevy found that his birds were marked down on practically the same piece of ground as ours, a heavy and tangled thicket near some tall young timber. Here the dogs got plenty of work, and we began to pick up a few birds. I very quickly saw that I was out with a couple of hot-class ones that day. Mr. Irwin I had seen shoot before in the field, but though I had seen Dick Merrill often at the traps and knew he was a clinker there, I had never shot in the field with him. He didn't do anything but kill a double the first thing—which he did a good many times later in the day—and then he and Mr. Irwin began to get them all kinds of ways. We had lots of fun in this little corner. I suppose I ought to remember just how many birds we took out of our pockets when we reached the wagon, but I don't. It was quite a handsome little bunch of them, though.

#### Delectable Country.

And now before us, further than we could see in the early morning, there stretched as pretty a bit of country as every made scene for the sport of shooters. Let us say two miles wide and four or five long, and flat as a floor, lay the bottom land, covered with corn, cotton, grass, weeds and burrs—as good a country for quail as ever lay out of doors, no matter what the climate. This, our guide informed us, was a strip of country on which he had made some of his heaviest bags in earlier seasons.

We spread out and started in at the upper end of the flat, and before we were fairly started in Dick's dogs had a bevy nailed, and he got a double. Mr. Irwin, getting a shot at one of the bevy as it came in over him, killed it very handsomely. And the ball was on.

From that time on I need not describe the fun. In fact, I can't. Again there was too much of it, too many birds, too much good shooting, to work into the description of a shooting day. We all had good guns—cylinder right barrels and open lefts—for the sport, our loads were perfect, the dogs were lovely, the day was pleasant and the birds were there. No ingredient therefore, was missing.

During the day we put up twenty-odd bevs, and had we worked on down more rapidly to the further end of the plot, where we found so many birds in the evening, we should have seen yet more, for we learned that Percy Stout had been among the bevs when we first started in, which meant a perceptible thinning down, the same Percy being a bad man with a shotgun. As it was, we did most of our work early and most of our shooting late. I don't know how many birds we killed in all, but I know I kept track up to 75 and think we had somewhere between that and 100, probably 89 or 77, or something like that. Those two men surely did make me walk and shoot.

Somebody or other, or may be more than that, lately found fault with me for telling how to skin quail. Said it was no good way to fix quail, because quail ought to be picked. Of course they ought, of course. If a fellow hasn't got anything but time, he can sit around and pick

quail, and it isn't against the law to do that, so far as I know. I have eaten picked quail in a country where there weren't any quail. Likewise, I have eaten skinned quail, in a country where there were quail. It's this way: Down East, they count quail and pick them. Down South, they don't count 'em and don't pick 'em. Bless my heart, if I had to pick all the quail I could kill in Arkansas in a day, I never would go shooting. Quail are like oysters; you can skin and eat 30 or 40 of them, without wasting any time, and not feel any the worse for it. At least, that is the way I felt along toward evening. Dick felt the same way. In fact, our hotel, in revenge for the breakfast I had eaten, had composed for us three adult men a lunch consisting of four biscuit, two small parti-colored apples and a piece of sponge cake. But here let us draw a veil.

#### Plenty of Game.

During the day we startled from their feeding grounds in the corn a great gang of Canada geese, and saw them come out again from the river later in the day. We heard a great many geese honking out on the bars of the river, and it seemed that if one were prepared for it and cared to take the trouble, he could have gotten a goose without much trouble, as the flyway was easily located.

Dick's dogs went fairly wild in their hunting for a while, for they had never seen so many birds in their lives, but after a time they steadied down and showed the making of a very good pair of bird dogs. The short, fat one stood the day better than the long, lean one. The latter lost a lot of his exuberance along in the evening, for the weather was quite warm, and he was just recovering from the grip. Nancy and Jack, Mr. Irwin's brace, behaved like a perfect lady and gentleman. Poor Jack, since then I learn that he has gone over the range, a sudden malady having cut short his merry and sturdy young life, as I have elsewhere stated.

And so, we saw quail, quail, quail, all day long, until their scent no longer excited the green dogs, and until their whirring flight no longer disturbed our nerves. One bevy would go down into the cover, and we would put up another bevy while we were looking for it. Once, in the evening, Dick and I put up three bevs at the same time, and Mr. Irwin was at that moment shooting in another not 150 yds. to our right. Out of that rise, singularly enough, Dick knocked down three birds and never got one of them. He laid down his hat to help mark, and lost his hat for quite a while. The dogs got rattled and went to pointing singles, and Dick had to give up his birds. We left part of these scattered birds on a bit of level ragweed cover when the wagon came up, for we already had a bag big enough for anybody, and both dogs and men were tired and hungry.

#### Percy Stout Had Results.

In the North you go hunting, and you get plenty of air and sunshine and walking and poetry, but you don't get anything else. You have to go home to your wife—if you have any—and explain all about it, and tell how it happened, and what a good time you had. In short, you have to bring back explanations and not results. Now, it's results that count in this sinful world. The fellow who has results doesn't have to make many explanations. In the South you bring back results and not explanations when you come from your hunt. As see below.

On our way in we overtook a horseman who was plodding along on muleback, if a horseman can be doing that—anyhow he was. Him Mr. Irwin recognized to be Mr. Percy Stout, the missing friend who was out hunting. After salutations and introductions, the first question was: "What luck?"

"Oh, we've got three deer coming along in the wagon behind," said Mr. Stout carelessly. "We ought to have had more, but we had a pleasant hunt. We chased a big buck right across your quail ground here once to-day. Of course we got a lot of squirrels and things. We've been camped out on the bluff over there, across the river, three or four days, and we had a lot of good runs with the dogs, though some of our men didn't understand their business very well. There's a good deal of sign over in there, and plenty of deer, too." It was evident then that Mr. Stout had more results than the single fox squirrel we saw dangling at his saddle.

At this stage of the game Dick wanted to stop the wagon and get right out and go deer hunting. Mr. Stout smiled gravely and assured him that it was "no trouble to get a deer." Later on, Mr. Stout called at our hotel in the village, that evening, and we had a long talk with him over the game question. He reported quail and squirrels unending and a few turkeys. Traveling much all over the section he knows the game supply as thoroughly as any man of the State, perhaps. He told us that in the Nations one could still get quail, chickens, deer and turkey on the same hunt, and further stated that he thought he could get a deer or so by going about forty miles from where we were.

"If you gentlemen could only stay here a little longer," said he, "we'd get a wagon and go up country thirty or forty miles on a camp hunt into a wilder part of the State. We would surely show you bear, deer and turkey, and would jolt you up a bit on some of the rough roads. Or, if you can't stay now, and can get down in here next fall, we'll go then. You'll be down next fall, won't you?"

To this question I could only shake my head in doubt. Dick, however, who has fewer cares to restrain him than most folks, perhaps, practically concluded on a trip for next fall with Mr. Stout after deer, turkey and bear. Some or all of these they will get if they go, for there is no better posted hunter of that section than Mr. Stout, and as we have seen, he brings in results and not explanations.

#### To be Continued.

We sat late that night talking, and after parting with our friend for the night, we bribed the singularly and uniquely worthless nigger who officiated as porter to give us an early call for the 4 A. M. train in to Little Rock. He didn't do it. If he had, it might have been different with the creases in Dick's trousers.

But I presume it will add interest to the next section of this story if I postponed till then the account of what happened to Dick's trousers and the creases thereof. This I promise to be of thrilling interest. You know, it was all dark in the early morning, and the train had whistled, and we were all hurrying as fast as we could.—But there, this is to be continued, and there's plenty of time about it.

E. HOUGH.



## TRANSPANTING QUAIL.

MUCH activity has been shown this year by clubs and individuals in stocking the covers with quail. The birds are procured in the West and the South, most of those of the West being shipped from Kansas, whose peculiar law is commented on in our editorial columns.

## Pennsylvania.

In reply to an inquiry from this office, Alderman David L. Deen, of Lancaster, Pa., wrote us under date of Feb. 26: "About the 12th of January, 1894, we received from Chas. Payne, of Wichita, Kan., 115 dozen quail. They came to us in first-class condition, healthy and strong, only nine having died in shipping. They were immediately distributed among the members, every member taking care of his own birds. They are doing very well, the most of the birds being kept in coops. We feed wheat, screenings, buckwheat and millet, giving plenty of water, gravel and greens, such as cabbage, lettuce and water cress. We will liberate our birds in pairs about the middle of March if the weather is good. We expect to have good shooting in this county next fall. It is an experiment with us. We had plenty of quail here until last winter, when the snow destroyed nearly all. We have placed another order with Mr. Payne for quail, which we expect in a few days. DAVID L. DEEN, "Sec'y Lancaster County Game Protective Association."

The Game and Fish Protective Association of Pottsville was less successful in its importation of birds from Tennessee. The Pottsville *Journal* of Feb. 5 reported that of the 180 quail received from Tennessee some were very lively, but about 46 of them must have been handled very lively by the railroad crews. One agent at Cincinnati wrote the word "dead" on several crates, and when the birds got here they were so dead that even a benevolent looking pointer owned by Frank Seltzer turned away with disgust. One crate contained only one live bird. The other birds were dead. It is believed that a number of the birds were dead when shipped.

The Roxborough Gun Club adopted a novel scheme for raising funds for quail. They held an all-day shoot at clay targets for valuable prizes on Christmas Day on the grounds at Shawmont, the proceeds of the tournament being applied to purchasing quail to stock the woods along the Wissahickon Creek. A considerable sum was also donated by the members and their friends for the purpose.

## Connecticut.

Mr. A. C. Collins, President of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, of Hartford, writes that the club "subscribed \$50, and its members \$80 more for the purchase of live quail for stocking grounds not posted in towns adjacent to Hartford. Some of the sportsmen (not all of them) in this city 'chipped in' some funds, and we have ordered thirty-five dozen live quail. We have received already twenty-five dozen. These birds are to be kept by persons interested until spring, when we propose to liberate the quail in pairs."

## Rhode Island.

Several lots of birds have been put out in Rhode Island by the State Association, though with doubtful success. A writer in the Providence *Evening Bulletin* wrote the other day:

It is stated that the 150 Southern quail which were liberated on Prudence Island in December last, none have been seen since the heavy fall of snow which occurred two weeks ago, and it is feared that they have all perished. It is also stated that a bevy of twenty Southern quail, which were liberated in another section of the State, were found dead in the snow. So it seems that we cannot depend on Southern birds for restocking, unless they can be kept in captivity during the winter and liberated in the spring. Our native quail are much more hardy than those from the South, and can endure any degree of cold if their supply of nourishment is sufficient.

In placing food for them, which may consist of rye, corn, buckwheat, oats or hayseed, it should be put in or near their known haunts on a southern exposure, where the snow soon melts, or a place cleared of snow and covered with evergreens, raised about a foot from the ground, which will prevent the food from being covered by subsequent falls of snow and furnish a shelter from storms and birds of prey. Another excellent place is around spring holes, where the snow always melts as rapidly as it falls. It is to be hoped our farmers will do all they can to help the quail survive the winter, and there is no doubt their sportsmen friends will remunerate them for any food which they may supply, and the pleasant note of Bob White will cheer them in their labors next summer.

Our correspondent "Tode" wrote us of a lot of quail put out in the Blackstone Valley that the farmers on whose land they were put have offered to feed them if the association would pay for the grain.

Not all Rhode Island farmers, however, appear to believe in fostering the game supply. Something of the animus of one class, at least, may be inferred from what "Warwick Farmer" writes in the Providence *Journal*:

I have noticed several articles in the *Journal* upon stocking the State with quail and their poor success, which is not altogether owing to our severe winters, for, while the farmers like to have their quail around and to hear them whistle, they do not like to have their farms overrun in the fall by a mass of apparently lawless hunters with their dogs, which generally do more or less damage before they leave, and no farmer dare leave his farm to go to church on a Sunday or any other day for fear of a visit from this class of marauders. Nine-tenths of the damage done to sheep by dogs has been from the red setters, as they do not bark to give warning of their presence. The farmers in general in this section will do all they can to prevent the multiplication of game of all sorts for this reason, for extermination is our only resort, for the aggressors are generally worthless, irresponsible parties, their sole capital being invested in a gun and dog, and don't own ground enough to be buried upon. I would suggest that parties who wish to raise quail or other game purchase some of our abandoned farms and stock them with game; then they can do all the hunting they please upon their own ground and nobody can object. Much more could be written upon this subject, showing how young quail are shot and sold in the markets that would not weigh 40z., and how flocks that have been brought up in our own barnyards have been exterminated by gunners that had no more right to them than to our hens and turkeys. Suffice it to say that you cannot raise quail on somebody else's land.

A correspondent who sends us this well remarks: "I enjoy an occasional day in the woods and endeavor to injure no man's property upon whose land I go. There are, of course, two sides to this question, but it seems to me that destroying the game, of which there is now little enough, is not a very manly way to settle it. The same parties would probably take fruit or anything else they wanted if the game was all killed off, and no sportsman worthy of the name would willfully injure any man's property."

## Tennessee.

Some time ago a few of our interested citizens, including Tate L. Earnest, J. M. Fink, J. B. Simpson and others, says the Jonesboro *Herald*, raised a sum to be used in the purchase of quail to stock some of the farms in this county. So far about five or six dozen have been received

and turned out on some of the farms selected as suitable localities. It is hoped that the people in the neighborhoods in which the birds have been liberated will take sufficient interest in the matter to see that they are afforded legal protection, and if needed given some food, although the latter will not likely be necessary. The move is one that is creditable to the gentlemen concerned, and should meet with appreciation from all.

## West Virginia.

THE Parkersburg (W.Va.) Gun Club have received twenty-three dozen quail from Memphis, Tenn., which will be distributed throughout the county to replace the birds which had become almost extinct in that neighborhood.

W. EDWARD WICK.

## Nebraska.

CHADRON, Neb., March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Noticing in your issue of Oct. 28, 1893, an inquiry as to the practical results of quail-stocking enterprises, I am pleased to report gratifying success in this (Dawes) county. In the spring of 1885 Mr. T. J. Wilson, locally known as "Happy" Wilson, brought from Missouri two pairs of quail and turned them loose at his homestead east of this city. These quail seemed to do well from the start. On July 4, 1890, while attending a picnic in the vicinity I was surprised to hear the familiar note of Bob White in this strange land. Suffice it to say that Bowery dancing, red lemonade and frontier oratory lost their charm, while I made a still-hunt for Bob, and watched him a long time, totally unknown to him, until my admiration drew me too close and frightened him away. In the winter of 1892 I found coveys on Beaver and Chadron creeks about twenty miles apart, and this winter on White River. Local sentiment has been the only protection afforded these birds, and they are now becoming sufficiently plentiful to afford fine sport. Our open winters seem to be especially favorable for their increase. L. A. C.

## A GEORGIA BIRD HUNT.

In the spring of 1893 I wrote you a short letter on "Turkey Hunting in Middle Georgia." You expressed the desire to have me write again. In these hard times (for Georgia has not escaped the general depression) we look about us to see where we may economize, but find it hard to give up the weekly issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Has it not truly become a necessity? Well, it seems so, at least to me, as I find myself looking forward to each Monday for several days prior to its coming. I have been getting the paper of late from a local book dealer. For years I was a constant subscriber, and after a lapse of several years I find I enjoy it as well as ever. It was a standing joke with the "Madame" when I told any game story, fish yarn or big snake item, to remark, "That came from the *FOREST AND STREAM*, didn't it?" I never enjoyed the insinuation, as it reflected on *FOREST AND STREAM*, for why should not the majority of the interesting articles be true? I believe most of the articles, but some I read *cum grano salis*, and suppose most readers do. It is with delight that I follow a true sportsman in his roamings, as I find myself praising one for his good shots and blaming him for his bad ones. I am free to confess I love the paper, as it always brings brightness and is refreshing to my mind when I read it. It was my purpose to write you of a Christmas hunt, but I am wandering from my subject, though I trust my slight praise of your worthy self will excuse my digression.

As to the hunt. It was Christmas of 1893. I felt a disposition to ride over my old familiar hunting ground, more for the sake of old associations, as I did not expect to kill many birds. My mind took me back several years when I could find eight or ten bevs of birds there in a day's shoot, and when I generally killed from fifteen to twenty-five birds; where I shot over my handsome black pointer Pete, sired by Pete, Jr., and he by Strong's Pete, of Dedham, Mass. Many a time has he pointed when I had to stop and admire his style and beauty, longing for an artist to give me his picture. But he has passed away and his like I fear I will not own soon. There too I killed many birds over a setter—cross from Elcho Irish and Laverack, and who, when in his prime, would find as many birds as any dog I ever shot over. Over these two dogs I made a score one winter of twenty-five birds out of thirty-seven shots, and the next season over the same ground the same score—quite a coincidence.

I find myself living over the past and this calls to mind a hunt I took there with two ministerial friends and brethren. Both were fair shots and we bagged thirty-five birds. We had found a covey of birds, and after flushing them mounted our horses to follow, when I observed that one of my dogs had pointed a single. I rode forward, followed by the others, and had gone but a short distance when I heard a noise, and turning back discovered the Professor turning a somersault over his horse's head, which had stepped into a rotten stump hole. He was soon up and unhurt, while I had to laugh at the amusing figure he cut. I could but remark that I had often heard of ministerial acrobats, but had never before seen one in the performance of the very act. I have laughed over it many a time since then.

Well, after breakfast I took my gun and dog, made my way, saddled my old horse, crossed the Ocmulgee close by and at nine o'clock departed for the old grounds four miles away. I soon reached the fields and found at once a small bevy in few yards of where I had so often found them before. My pointer was wild and going with the wind, ran amuck the covey and flushed them. I soon dismounted and followed them, walking along some small pines, flushed a bird, took snap shot and scored a miss. Soon I got up two more, got one shot, bag it, locate the fourth bird that flushed, follow it, flush unexpectedly but grass him easily. I go back and soon three more get up; with my right I make a beautiful shot, hit the left hard but to my surprise he does not fall. I follow close on and Max soon pins him down, and as I approach he moves on and gathers in the dead bird. One more flush, another bird is bagged and I leave the remnant for future breeding. I mount my horse, move forward and a quarter mile on my dog gets scent of small batch of birds, and after faithful and long working locates them in an open field, having passed near them twice. I saw one on the ground, flushed it, "knocked it into pie," quickly wheeling fired at another but scored a miss. I followed, and going into a thick place Max points—the bird flushed and I was delighted to see him fall, as I made one of the seeming impossibles, as it had to be killed by shooting through a

thick haw bush. Soon another point and equally satisfactory kill. Surely, I thought, "I am in my shooting jacket to-day."

I went a half mile further on before I found another bevy, and it, too, had been depleted; got only one shot on the rise, which I bagged. Two more shots, both hit, but I failed to bag. I covered quite a large territory before I found the next batch. Spent about fifteen minutes to lunch before locating these, however, and felt much refreshed. Failed to down my first shot but bagged the second. Following on Max soon pointed and there was my first bird stone dead. A snap shot and a miss after much hunting. Four more were found, only one shot and another bird is bagged. I soon found one of these, and seeing it on the edge of a thicket in a small gully, I went between it and the bushes hoping to force it into the open, but it was too smart for me and whipped around the pines. I took a snap shot but scored a miss. I soon flushed another and my little 16 hammerless has sent him to grass as limp as a rag.

I mount and hasten over old familiar ground. Soon Max gives unmistakable evidence of birds; he hunts hard but fails to locate. I then pass the home of my farmer friend, Mr. Edwards, who has so often invited me to shoot on his place, and there I see a merry party of young people enjoying the Christmas holiday. Soon I pass over ground where I remember having killed nine birds out of a bevy, my companion bagging only one. Soon I find a batch of four birds and on the rise I got nothing. Soon I get a rise and bag a long shot. Looking up a bird which I had badly wounded, Max finds five or six more. I killed with my right, having made a very poor shot with my left barrel. I located only one bird, the rest having flown over a hill where I could not find them. I soon had a beautiful left-quartering shot, and at the crack of the little hammerless he "tumbled to the racket."

I had not gone more than a quarter of a mile before Max showed signs of birds. I dismounted as he worked through hedge, fearing he would flush, and soon found him on a point. The birds got up badly, and I got only one shot, which I failed to bag. I marked one down and thought the covey had pitched in a beautiful place, but found the only bird that lingered was running and feared I would miss him, but put him to grass in good style. The rest had flown. Two hundred yards further on and Max soon had one pointed. I killed this one, scored a miss, bagged one, badly wounded the next, but lost it, as I wheeled quickly to my right to send another to grass. Would have gotten the wounded bird could I have marked it down. I was content with that covey, and left a few "for seed."

Moving on toward home, I was surprised to see Max show signs of birds, having passed about out of the grounds. Dismounting and tying my horse, I follow the dog, who soon locates them. They rise badly. I score a miss with first barrel, but kill a long shot with second. I mark two nearly down, and follow them with the last shells I have in my gun. Coming suddenly upon one which takes wing, I score a miss. A long shot is made, immediately the bird soars high in the air, and I know he is mine. He soon pitches forward, and I bag my twenty-first bird with thirty-seven shots, only four to five miles from the city, and I am back before sunset, having had a delightful day, with the exception of the lonesomeness of hunting alone.

Thus ended my Christmas hunt, and greatly to my surprise I had found so many birds. I thought they had all been killed in that neighborhood. OLD SUBSCRIBER.

## GEORGIA.

## KNOWING ONE'S GUN.

*Editor Forest and Stream*:

Every practical, experienced and intelligent huntsman knows that to obtain the best service from a dog, and to fully appreciate and enjoy its work, we must, first of all, make ourselves familiar with its individual qualities and disposition. Quite the same rule applies to the shotgun. With the very best barrel material, the most improved machinery and tools, and the highest skilled labor at his command, it is impossible for a gunmaker to produce two guns, yes, even two barrels of the same gun, with precisely similar shooting qualities, and why? Because the conditions governing these qualities are only partly known to him and within his control.

The momentum of elasticity or expansion, for instance, which plays quite an important factor in regard to the shooting quality of a shotgun, is beyond the control of the gunmaker; and yet this very feature of the barrel material accounts, to a great extent, for the well-known phenomenon that some guns will not shoot one particular propelling agent nearly so well as another. The various powders develop their gases under different conditions, and whenever these conditions are in close harmony with the expansive qualities of the barrel, we may, as a rule, look for good and uniform results and *vice versa*.

It is nothing exceptional to find that a gun will shoot a load less satisfactorily at one time than at another and under different climatical conditions. We know that even the bullet of a rifle, owing to the effect of the influence of temperature upon the powder, will describe a different curve in its flight in winter from that during summer, and yet the rifle is much less capricious in its behavior than the shotgun.

For several reasons a particular gun or barrel will do the best service with a certain size and load of shot, and a slight increase or decrease of the powder charge frequently has a great bearing upon a gun's shooting qualities. Only quite recently I repeatedly experienced and established the fact that even such a slight difference as that existing between shot No. 7 and 7½ has a bearing upon the behavior of a gun.

Strange as it appears, some guns will actually put a smaller number of pellets No. 7½ into the 30in. circle than No. 7, some guns again will shoot No. 6 shot better than No. 3 or 4. The relations between the cartridge chamber and the soul of the barrel are often such as to render a gun particularly susceptible to the wadding material both in point of elasticity and diameter.

It can hardly be expected from the gunmaker that he should establish for every gun he puts out the best suited load. Even if he did, the gunner would be very little benefited by such work unless he would employ some load as found to suit the gun best. The shooter must determine the proper load himself or have this done by others. When the sportsman carries out such a test, he should bear in mind that a good pattern deserves only to



## STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While approving of your new "platform plank" prohibiting marketing of game, I am not so sure that it is not so radical a departure that it will fail to receive the support of many who might be led to favor a less stringent measure. Would it not be better to start off with a plank of no marketing or possession of game in close season?

This would clean out the cold storage warehouses, that in this vicinity are filled up in January and February with game and carried over until open season in the fall. For instance, pinnated grouse are exposed the day season opens in Quincy Market (and I doubt not elsewhere in the country), that have lain in cold storage since the deep snow of the previous winter. Clammy, slimy, water-soaked pieces of flesh that will become putrid in a few hours' time if not cooked, are palmed off on the misinformed public as "the first of the season." Anyone can easily distinguish them from season birds, as they are exposed for sale denuded of feathers ready for the cook; and good reason why, as it requires but a stroke or two of the hand when feathers and skin readily slip off the body, being in first stage of putridity. And again they are offered all prepared for cooking at from 50 to 75 cents per pair less than fresh unpicked and undrawn birds.

Further, to-day in Quincy Market, in Market street commission houses and throughout the city, grouse, quail and venison are more plenty than at any time for the past year. Why? Simply because the trappers and market-hunters, aided by the deep snows, are getting in their work. Boston for years has been the dumping ground for illegally-killed game. Great efforts have been made in times past to regulate the traffic, but the parties who sell grass seed when grouse are out of season, in fact are ready to sell anything for a commission, backed by capital which carries legislative influence, have thus far been enabled to carry their point. Their interests are now carefully looked after every election by men who are known to be in sympathy, and I understand they now are fortified by having one of their choice on the legislative committee upon fisheries and game. The society supposed to have special care of game, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, have never seemingly dared to take positive and aggressive grounds against the Market street dealers, and the consequence is that for the past few years those who wish to see the fast disappearing game saved from total annihilation are compelled to keep quiet, no protest to the Fish and Game Commissioners would avail, as their time was taken up by the exacting duties of junket trips on the Ocean Gem. See Boston newspaper reports of legislative action regarding repair of said State pleasure yacht.

My idea for the preservation of fish and game is to energetically carry out the practice followed in Maine—with possibly some slight variation, and which has proven to be of so much value to that State, because it has been faithfully executed, and is as follows:

Make any common carrier punishable by a fine of not less than \$500 who transports game out of the State in close season.

Make it a criminal offense to kill, sell or have in possession game in close season with a fine of not less than \$25 for first offense, double that for second, and imprisonment for not less than six months or more than two years for third or succeeding offenses.

Pass these two laws and then tax every gun \$2 per year, this fund to be used by game commissioners to carry the law into effect. This will enable them to employ competent officers to detect and bring offenders to punishment.

Finally, let the commissioners of game be men who have the ability, are competent and interested in the preservation of game, making the office one of responsibility rather than of ornament.

My judgment is that if these laws were passed and proper officers selected to execute them, the crying necessity which prompted this new "plank" will be largely done away with. The killing with a gun is not what has destroyed the game, it is the trap and snare, and in close season during heavy snow—and the modern cold storage warehousing of the game. Regulate the season when it may be killed, allow none to be had in possession at any other time, and faithfully execute the law; this will do more to save our game than anything else, with all due respect. Mr. Editor, you and I both know that it is possible to make laws which cannot be executed, and in many States the statutes are now cumbered with such; let us then rather make what we can execute and call upon all good citizens to aid us.

With an experience of twenty-five years, I may send you some ideas on planting of game birds, particularly in New England. W. W. CASTLE,

DANVILLE, N. Y., March.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The consensus of opinion of a majority of your correspondents seems to be along the line of prohibiting the sale of game, and after a careful reading of what they have to say I am forced to the conclusion that the motive of their protests is a purely selfish one. I am neither a market-shooter nor have among my friends any who practice that line of business, but I fail to see where there is anything disreputable or wrong in it. I can readily understand how a man might have the genuine sporting instinct in his heart and yet through lack of means be unable to gratify it unless he resorted to the crime (?) of disposing of a part of it for money. No one certainly would question his right to do so; in fact, I think lovers of the field would be glad that an impetuous fellow sportsman was able to gratify his sporting instincts so easily.

A market-shooter wastes no game; he goes out with no crowd of enthusiasts into some distant well-stocked region, far away from points where game cannot be given away, much less sold, and in the excitement of pursuit allow himself to destroy that which will only be wasted. On the contrary, he looks to it that the shipping facilities are the best and is careful that every head arrives in market as sweet as a nut, where it goes to minister to the comfort of those who enjoy wild food yet lack the skill or opportunity of securing it in the field. If it is to be illegal to sell game it must also be illegal to give it away. There is a law that liquor can neither be sold or given away without a license, and the same rule should apply to game. If the law says to A, "You must

not shoot game for the market any more," it must also say to B, "You must only shoot enough for your own use and not do as you have been in the habit of doing. That is, bring home a couple of barrels of ducks that you couldn't use and distribute among your friends."

This utter selfishness on the part of your correspondents is very sad to me. I read between the lines that if a law prohibiting the sale of game can be passed that the market-shooter will be crowded out and the game that would naturally fall before his gun and be eaten by the people in general, would find its way instead into the pockets of the favored sportsman and be eaten by his family and friends. What logic! Isn't it patent to every thinking mind that our game, provided by an all-wise Providence, has a mission in the economy of life other than to delight the killing instinct of the wealthy gunner, who shoots for the same reason that he takes a hand at draw poker or drives a fast horse—for the excitement of the thing? Game was made not only to delight man in the taking, but to eat. The gun cracks, the little puff of feathers announcing the dead shot delights the sportsman's eye. The grouse falls, is retrieved by the setter, fondled by the shooter and put in the game pocket. Now what? Why cooked and eaten, of course. The eating must follow the shooting just as certainly as the report follows the pressure of the trigger.

It is rank nonsense to say that one man can shoot, kill and eat game and another can't shoot, kill and sell game that somebody else eats. The advocates of this measure are on the wrong tack; they don't consider how un-American and petty such a law would appear on our statute books. There is game enough for all if sportsmen will bend their energies toward conserving it by looking to the passage and maintenance of wise laws. Both sportsmen and market-shooters can do their part by acting in unison, instead of trying to deprive one another of rights that are legitimate and honest. Taxing guns and saying "you shan't" to market-hunters won't bring about the desired result, but restocking and honest, concerted action will. There is a growing sentiment to-day among farmers looking toward the preservation of game, and as they are the hope of the sportsmen their feelings and ideas should be considered on all game measures. Get the farmer boys interested, not by telling them that if they bring a grouse or a couple of squirrels to town for sale they will be arrested, but by teaching them how valuable the game on the farm is and asking them to wage war on the destroyers of partridge and quail eggs, get them to feed the birds in winter when the cruel crust and icy coverings on the buds cut off their natural food supply. Don't mind the market-shooter, brother sportsmen, he is with you, and will stay by you until the desired good is obtained. H. W. D. L.

DANVERS, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The best game law I know of is to prohibit the sale of game altogether. Such a law undoubtedly would make a howl of much extent from the market-shooters and marketmen, but it would do the work as never done before. The market is what exterminates our game, from the buffalo to reed birds, and I think in due time such action will be taken. J. W. B.

ITHACA, N. Y.—That's a good platform; one that will, if carried into practical execution, replenish the game supply and vouchsafe to us and those who are to come after us, a perennial period of good shooting. Tompkins county is cursed with the presence of the market-shooter, more's the pity. Cut this individual's chief source of income short and I verily believe the game supply problem is solved. Keep up the fight, and drive the market-shooter into other pursuits. It can be done, and FOREST AND STREAM is the paper to do it. M. C. H.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am acquainted with the planks of many platforms, and of them all I should choose to stand on "The sale of game should be forbidden at all times." O. S. B.

## A Mudhen Tournament.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the preserve of the Long Beach Gun Club, the mudhens have become so numerous as to prove a nuisance. They consume a great amount of food, which otherwise the ducks would have, and in return they afford no sport. In view of the above facts, the members of the club have decided to hold a grand "mudhen tournament," one week from to-day, the weather permitting.

The programme is about as follows:

At the invitation of the club, the sportsmen will assemble on the grounds, and will be assigned to their positions, when the shooting will commence, at 9 A. M. and last until about 5 P. M. No questions asked as to how you bag your mudhens, take them as you can, "pot shots" and all.

There is a medal, with an appropriate inscription and a mudhen engraved thereon, to be given to the man bringing in the largest number of heads. There are also various other prizes donated by the merchants of this city, such as loaded shells, cigars, etc.

There will be a "barbecue" in connection with the shoot, where the sportsmen will be treated to "barbecue bull's heads à la Mexicano," and "chile con carne" ad libitum.

The affair is gotten up solely for the purpose of exterminating the mudhens, or at least to decrease their numbers, and incidentally to have a good time. Truly this will be a novel shoot. I will inform you as to the result. CULPEPER.

## American Testing Institution.

THE names of the following gentlemen have been added to the membership list: C. Howard Slater, Jersey City; James N. Dupuy, president I. G. C., Ironton, O.; Chas. L. Horner, Greensboro, N. C.; W. H. Gibbs, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Geo. W. Coulston, New York city; Peter Gibson, attorney at law, Cincinnati, O.; Edward E. Fox, secretary Cicero Gun Club, Oak Park, Ill.; Percy F. Stone, secretary Horicon Shooting Club, Chicago, Ill.; J. Henry Kerr, attorney at law, Auburn, N. Y.; C. L. Wilcox, secretary Andover Rifle Club, West Williamsfield, O.; Erwin M. Beale, attorney at law, Lewisburgh, Pa.; O. D. Delano, manager LeRoy Shot and Lead Works, New York city; Edward L. Travis, attorney at law, Halifax, N. C.; J. R. Beam, New York city. ARMIN TENNER, Supt.

be called so in case the corresponding velocity or striking force reaches the standard value. This last-named question is much more difficult to solve than many imagine. In the first place a distinction must be made between the penetrative facilities and striking force of the pellets. These pellets, which are propelled by a very high velocity, *i. e.*, imparted with a comparatively great striking force, cannot and will not penetrate a paper pad or any other object so deep as the pellets of a shot cloud propelled by a lower velocity.

In view of this fact all tests carried out by means of a paper or card board pad are generally based on false premises and lead to erroneous conclusions. The results of such tests are worthless and misleading.

A certain class of shooters, again, are guided in their choice for ammunition by the high scores made by others with a certain load; they do not consider that a load which may do good service in one gun is likely to behave properly in another, and that they not only act foolishly in employing the same ammunition, but assume a great risk in doing so.

A 3in. shell, for instance, can be forced into a gun barrel chambered for a 2½in. shell, it can readily be exploded too, but what the result may be is another question. Under favorable circumstances the gunner employing such a shell not suited for his gun may only experience a "kick," creating an impression as though his gun had suddenly been transformed into a hind leg of a mule, but he may also see his gun go to pieces.

There is no occasion for going to such extremes in the way of a powder charge and shot load to kill a pigeon as some gunners do. To boil a potato, boiling water is required, but as soon as the water has reached the boiling point no amount of extra fuel will facilitate the process much further. To kill a pigeon, a certain sum of striking force is required, not quite as high as that necessary to kill an elephant. The penetrative force of pellets is governed by a maximum, whenever this is reached, no extra powder charge will serve to increase it still further. The chances of hitting a bird with a gun of a certain caliber and size shot, too, are subject to certain laws, and these laws will not give away to any artificial enforcement.

As a rule, the gunner employing a gun of 12-bore cannot increase his killing chances much by enlarging his shot load beyond 1½oz. of shot No. 7. I know that this assertion will not meet the views of many trap-shooters, but I make it all the same, and stand ready to admit my mistake as soon as they prove to me that I am wrong. I cannot, however, yield to any superstitious belief—I want facts, indisputable facts, as I shall here name them in regard to the relations of the striking force between a load consisting of 1½oz. of shot and 3drs. of Schultze, and 3drs. of the same powder and 1½oz. of shot No. 7, both loads to be employed for a 12-bore gun. It is claimed for the heavy load that it will kill further than the light one. Now, let us see what the facts in the premises are: At 50yds. from the muzzle the standard or light load will show a velocity of 770ft., and the velocity of the heavier load at the same point is 760ft., or 10ft. less than that of the former. The muzzle velocity of both loads is about the same, or only 2ft. higher with the heavier load. What has the gunner employing the load gained? He has succeeded in increasing the recoil about 25, the bursting strain or pressure in the gun barrel about 35 per cent., that's all.

I have recently been called upon to determine for a number of shotguns the most suitable loads. From 16 guns tested eight proved to shoot Schultze powder better than any other. In nearly all cases the wadding material had to be chosen with due regard of the relation between cartridge chamber and soul of barrel. Four guns made the best showing with Walsrode powder, and two with E. C. and American wood powder respectively.

A Purdy gun produced with Schultze powder, wadded in a certain manner, and 1½oz. No. 7 shot, an average pattern in the 30-inch circle at 40yds.—right barrel 234, left barrel 244 pellets. A Scott gun produced with Walsrode powder an average pattern—right barrel 232, left barrel 245 pellets. One gun, a Francotte, did best with Schultze powder in the right, E. C. powder in the left barrel.

In one case fully 300 shots were fired before the proper load was established for the left barrel of a gun which proved very stubborn and would not put more than 190 pellets in the 30-inch circle. The same barrel finally produced an average pattern of 230 pellets.

The pellets found in the 30-inch circle must be judged also in point of distribution. If a gun is patterned for pigeon shooting, a skeleton of a pigeon is placed in the center of the target; if for ducks, that of a duck is substituted. By counting the pellets found in the skeleton, and considering the force at impact of each pellet, a pretty fair conclusion can be drawn as to the chances of hitting and killing for every load employed. ARMIN TENNER.

## TEXAS GAME INTERESTS.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—In May, 1890, a State sportsmen's convention was called in the city of Waco, which was attended by over fifty gentlemen, who began at once a "campaign of education" in the State. Later on Mr. John Gilbert, of Houston, organized the Harris County Game Protective Association, and in connection with Mr. Guessaz, of San Antonio, prepared a game bill, which was presented to the legislative body at Austin at the last meeting. The bill was iron-clad in every respect, making possession of game *prima facie* evidence of guilt and providing fat fines for any violation of any of its provisions. It passed the Senate but was killed in the House by only seven votes. That is the situation in a nutshell.

But this is not all. This great State, with its boundless territory, at one time overrun with the nimble-legged deer, has a Governor who at present is under bond for violating the game law in Nacogdoches county. In February, over a month deep into the chase season, this man, who should have set the example as a sportsman, as the foremost citizen of the State, hid himself to the wilds of Nacogdoches county, kills a deer when the law forbids it and when he is spoken to for a statement by a representative of the press, replies that he thought that "Nacogdoches county was exempt from the application of the law." A great excuse for a sportsman to make, isn't it? Of course Mr. Hogg is so benighted that he does not know that even if the good law on the books of Texas does not apply, there is an unwritten law which is engraved on the innermost lining of a true sportsman's soul, which reads: "Thou shalt not kill at seasons set aside by nature as mating time."



## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From our Staff Correspondent.]

## A Woolly Bear Country.

At the World's Fair, as I have earlier mentioned, I met a Western newspaper man and former government scout, Mr. J. W. Redington, who told me about some good bear country, the best, in his opinion, now left in the West. Asking Mr. Redington for such details as he could add, he writes me as below. The unique letter head of the *Puyallup Commerce* is worth fac-simile reproduction, and the copy of the paper which Mr. Redington adds is as startling all the way through as the letter is at its start. I am satisfied that Mr. Redington's bear story is due to have won on it, and know his friend is the right sort, but some way I can't escape the idea that no bear hunt out in that section will be quite complete unless Mr. Redington is along. Mr. Redington's full name is J. Watermelon Redheadington, as his card implies. The letter follows:

DEPARTMENT OF BEAR HUNTING AND BIG YARNS—DICTATED.

THE GREAT PUYALLUP VALLEY IS THE HOTBED OF THE  
HOP-VINE AND THE FRUIT-TREE.

## • • MEMORANDUM • •

HOME RANCH OF

## The Only Puyallup Commerce

Instigated by J. W. Redington.

A Western Washington Paper that  
Never Caus Dogs, Rarely Gets  
Drunk, and Uses but Very  
Little Profane Language.

\$2.00 a year—in advance when it can  
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chards, Clam Trees, etc. Nine years  
old and not a Bald Hair in its Head.  
Bustles made from the Commerce  
are not affected by electric wires.

Puyallup, Wash., Jan. 8, '94

To E. Hough,  
Forest and Stream  
Chicago

In answer to your elegant  
epistle of last fall.

DEAR SIR—Referring again to our conversation at World's Fair about a good bear country, etc., I think that the man you want to arrange with is Capt. S. G. Fisher, present address Blackfoot, Idaho. When I was scout and war correspondent in '77, I served under him, and he is a man to tie to. You can read what Gen. Howard says of him in his book "Chief Joseph; His Pursuit and Capture," page 231. Capt. Fisher and his nephew have some quartz mines in the Salmon River region, and they are complete pack and hunting outfits, and they know every part of the wild region. Blackfoot is quite a town on the Utah Northern R.R., about twenty miles from Pocatello, Idaho, on the U. P. R.R. Anywhere near there would be a good point to start on a hunt. And Capt. Fisher knows just where to go to get game. When I went into the bear country I went from this side. But come to figure on it now, I see that the best starting point now would be from near Blackfoot or else from near the end of the Wood River branch of the U. P. R. R. Capt. Fisher is an intelligent gentleman, who has been post trader and agent on the Bannock and Shoshone reservation for about twenty years. He resigned last spring to superintend development work on his fisher mine in the Salmon River region. My last letter from him is from Blackfoot, Idaho, where he moved his family when he left the agency at Ross Fork, Idaho. When I was there last he had quite a collection of Indian curios, etc.

If you or any other Chicago gentlemen think of going after big game, drop a line to Capt. Fisher, and if you can get him to rig up an outfit and go you will never regret it. He is a man among men.

Hoping to meet you at the No-Winter Fair, and that '94 will be prosperous to you and FOREST AND STREAM, I am, very respectfully, etc.,  
J. W. REDINGTON.

## Hoodooos.

There are such things as hoodooos. We had one in Texas. It was a decoy duck with a broken nose. The fellow who found that decoy in his fleet always had poor luck, and was fortunate if he got back home without getting wet. We tested this so often that no room remained for doubt.

## A Horned Doe.

There are such things as horned does (Virginia deer), at least there is one head of a horned doe at old man Dorch's place at San Antonio, Texas. The head only remains, but the testimony is direct and not to be doubted.

## Expensive Head.

At San Antonio is Albert Friedrich's 78 points head, which was illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM. This head cost in traveling expenses and all about \$600. It could not be bought for \$1,000.

## All Hens.

When the bluewing teal first appear in Texas from the North in their migratory flight, they are all hens. You will see no white bars on the head.

## To Load Buckshot.

To load buckshot so they will shoot close and even, put in a loose layer, then separate the shot from each other, by rolling up little spills of stiffish paper, letting these stick up clear out of the top of the shell. Then put in the next layer of shot, which will be identical in arrangement with the layer below. After all the layers are in, clip off the tops of the paper rolls even with the top of the shell, put in the wad and crimp. The shot will not jam or scatter wildly, and this method of loading is better than the use of bran, cornmeal or tallow. Percy Stout, of Morrilton, Texas, devised this way.

E. HOUGH.

## Buffalo Poachers in the Yellowstone.

FORT YELLOWSTONE Wyo., March 17.—[Special to Forest and Stream:] Capt. Scott, in charge scouting party, reports from the Lake to Captain Anderson that Park Scout Burgess has captured Howell, the notorious Cooke City poacher with ten fresh buffalo skins, on Astrating Creek, near Pelican. The prisoner has been ordered brought in. This is the most important arrest ever made in the park.

E. HOUGH.

## "The Beautiful Flower Garden."

READERS OF FOREST AND STREAM interested in gardening will appreciate "The Beautiful Flower Garden," from the press of W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia. The book is written by an artist, F. Schuyler Mathews, in collaboration with a professional grower, and is illustrated by over 200 drawings and reproductions from photographs.

A bright idea was that of the author to show how plants of different varieties appear just after they have sprouted through the ground. All amateur gardeners know how extremely difficult it is to tell the little seedlings from weeds. With these sketches, made direct from nature, any one can tell what would be a poppy and what would be a rag weed.

All the works previously published on this subject are expensive, treating of great estates and parks; this book is for the million. The subject matter is drawn from the best in the artistic world of gardening, showing the influence of the formal English style, the Italian renaissance and the art of the Japanese upon gardening. An important part is that devoted to descriptions of flowers easily procured and grown from seeds, bulbs and cuttings, with bright sketches showing their forms of growth. The prevailing idea in the book is to teach harmony in the arrangement of flowers and plants. The price is 50 cents, postpaid.

## Camp-Fire Glickerings.

"That reminds me."

WHILE on a visit to a friend about a month ago, at Montreal, the conversation turned upon the subject of rats, which my friend stated were very troublesome in his house, and so cunning as to defy all attempts to catch them.

I mentioned a case where a rat had been troubling me in my office, finally making his headquarters in one of the drawers of my desk. I set a trap one Saturday night, and was rewarded by finding it on Sunday morning, part of a rat's fore leg. On Tuesday night, hearing a noise in the drawer, I called assistance and routed out the rat, which we finally killed, and we found that the injured member had been neatly gnawed off at the "elbow" joint, and was already perfectly healed.

"Oh!" said my friend, "you can't expect much from country rats. If that had been a Montreal rat, now, he'd have stolen one of your pen handles and made himself a wooden leg."

Major X., a retired English officer, who lived some months ago in the Credit Valley district, Ontario, used to tell the following story of a wonderful pointer owned by him:

"I went out fishing one day, accompanied as usual by my dog. Our route lay along the bank of the river, which was at the time remarkably clean. Suddenly the dog wheeled around and pointed stiffly at the water, and following the direction of his point I could dimly perceive a large fish, though why the dog should point a fish, I could not at the moment imagine. However, I adjusted my tackle, put a minnow on the hook, cast my line, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I had a fine pike on the bank.

"As the dog still continued to point him, my curiosity was aroused, and taking out my knife, I cut open the fish, when the mystery was solved—there was a snipe in the pike's belly."

SONKE P. Q.

PINTAIL.

## Sea and River Fishing.

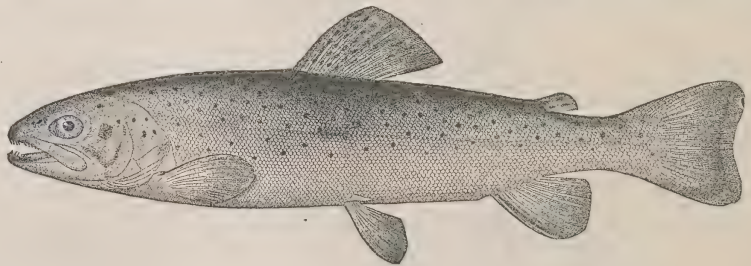
## VON BEHR OR BROWN TROUT.

AMONG the "distinguished immigrants" from foreign waters the European brook trout is now nearly as well known in the United States as our own *fontinalis*. The active history of its introduction dates back only eleven years, and yet the fish is now thoroughly acclimated in Colorado, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and other States.

In some waters, notably in New York, there is a difference of opinion about the wisdom of its introduction, and this was foreseen by the late Prof. Baird, who devised and set in motion the machinery of exchanges of fish eggs with foreign countries. It may prove interesting to readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know how the eggs of the trout were first obtained, especially as the request for them was sent from the office of this journal by Mr. Fred Mather. The letter follows herewith:

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York, Dec. 23, 1883.—My Dear Professor: We think it desirable to introduce both the European brook trout (*Salmo fario*) and the grayling at the new hatchery at Cold Spring. Should you have an offer of any from your foreign correspondents we will be glad to receive and care for them. Very truly yours, F. MATHER.

On the next day the Commissioner replied to Mr.



VON BEHR OR BROWN TROUT.

Mather, and we extract the portion relating to foreign eggs desired at Cold Spring:

U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, Washington, D. C., Dec. 23, 1883.—I note what you say about eggs of European trout and grayling. I am offered plenty of trout eggs, but have hitherto declined them; will, however, ask Von Behr to send some. Yours truly, S. F. BAIRD.

On Dec. 29, 1882, Prof. Baird wrote to Herr von Behr announcing his intention to ship 500,000 whitefish eggs, 100,000 lake trout eggs and 25,000 eggs of the brook trout. He had already sent eggs of various kinds, including California salmon. His letter concluded as follows:

U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, Washington, D. C., Dec. 29, 1882.—Dear Mr. von Behr: Mr. Mather is about starting a new hatchery on Long Island, near New York, in which he will do a great deal of work for the United States. He thinks he would like to have some eggs of the European trout. Can you send him some? Very truly yours, S. F. BAIRD.

The eggs were received in due time, and on March 20, 1883, Mr. Mather wrote to Prof. Baird concerning them:

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., March 20, 1883.—My Dear Professor: Mr. Blackford asked me about those German trout eggs. I told him that I received them through you, and we decided that the State had no claim on them, although we sent Mr. Green 12,000. If you have any orders concerning them we will be pleased to receive them. They are hatching rapidly, and as Frank Clark has asked for some we will send him a lot without waiting for further orders, as they cannot be delayed long. Hoping that this will meet your views, I remain, Very truly yours, F. MATHER.

The introduction of the Von Behr trout is, therefore, due to the suggestion of Mr. Mather; but it was effected by Professor Baird, whose friendship for and cooperation with Herr von Behr begun many years before the exchange in question was broached. The first streams to receive the young trout were a branch of the Pere Marquette River in northern Michigan and a brook at Caledonia, N. Y. It is not unusual at present to collect 250,000 eggs of this species at a station in one season.

The Von Behr is a large trout, much larger than the brook trout, and should never be planted in waters in which the latter fish is native, unless the risk of exterminating the smaller fish is first fully considered. The Von Behr, under favorable conditions, reaches the weight of 30 lbs. as, for example, in Finland where a fish of that size was caught last year by Mr. Thesleff, as described recently in these columns. A wild specimen, 7 years old, taken in the United States, weighed about 11 lbs.

The trout thrives in clear, cold, rapid streams and at the mouths of streams tributary to lakes. In its movements it is swift and it leaps over obstructions like the salmon. It feeds usually in the morning and evening, is more active during evening and night, and often lies quietly in deep pools or in the shadow of overhanging branches and trees for hours at a time. It feeds upon insects and their larvae, worms, mollusks and small fishes, and, like the rainbow, it is fond of the eggs of fishes. In Europe it is described as rising eagerly to the surface in pursuit of gnats and is said to grow most rapidly when fed upon insects.

It begins to spawn at the age of two years in America, the season extending from October to January. The eggs are from one-sixth to one-fifth of an inch in diameter and yellowish or reddish in color. They are deposited at intervals during a period of many days in crevices between stones, under projecting roots of trees, and sometimes in nests excavated by the parents. The eggs are covered by the fish to some extent with gravel. They hatch in from 40 to 70 days, according to temperature of the water. The young thrive in water about fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Sterility is common in females, and breeders have been known to cease reproduction when 8 years old.

The trout is in its prime from May to the end of September. Its flesh is very digestible and nutritious, and deeper red than that of the salmon when suitable food is provided; the flavor and color, however, vary with food and locality. Insect food produces the most rapid growth and best condition.

T. H. B.

## ANGLING NOTES.

## Will American Saibling Rise to the Fly?

My friend, Frederick Bryton, the actor, came to see me last year after a brief visit to Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, where he had failed to take a single Sunapee saibling on the artificial fly. Mr. Bryton is a fly-fisherman pure and simple, and if the fish that he seeks will not take a fly he never catches them, for he will fish with no other lure. Knowing that I had been to Sunapee Lake several years in succession, he asked me in substance: Will the American saibling or Alpine charr of Sunapee Lake, rise to the fly? I was obliged to say: Honest Injun! I do not know that any one has taken this fish with the fly.

My visits to Sunapee have been made in June, latter part; July and August, when the saibling are found only in deep water, and therefore I have not even tried to catch them with the fly. In fact, I do not know that any one except Mr. Bryton has tried them with the fly, and during the time of two visits that he made the fish were in deep water, where they could not see a fly on the surface. What I do know is that the saibling affects the small Skinner spoons throughout May and early June, and on the spawning beds in late October, when hundreds are taken for the State hatchery for breeding purposes.

These are the only times when the fish is at or near the surface, and possibly the right fly has not been offered at the right time and in the right place; for there is no known reason why they should not take a fly if it is presented to their notice. The ouananiche early fishing at Sunapee is casting or sinking a live smelt, the natural food of the saibling; no one apparently has tried the fly so successful with the brook trout and the ouananiche. I further know that next May Dr. Quackenbos proposes to

devote considerable time to casting the fly for this charr, and he has promised me the record of his experience when I join him at the lake in June. In the meantime I can give an extract from a letter relating to the experience of an English angler fortunate enough to enjoy a day's charr fishing in a Lapland lake; it was the opposite of Mr. Bryton's. Although informed that this rüding or red trout would take neither fly nor metallic bait, but could be caught only in nets. Piscator equipped with flies and spoon baits made his way to the birch-bordered water, with alpine environment, the home of the coveted charr. Attaching a silver spoon with red lining to his line, he soon felt a heavy tug, and thus describes the battle that followed:

"Down to the bottom went the something, and there sulked in 60 ft. of water. But the tackle was strong and we soon made him show himself—a sight never to be forgotten. A splendid slaty-blue fish, shaped like a plump mackerel, pearly spots along the broad sides, belly gleaming a vivid pink, fins dyed like the fingers of rosy morn to an almost crimson hue, and the edge of each fin outlined by a pencil mark of silver.

"No sooner did he show himself than he jumped fully 2 ft. out of the water. We had no gaff, and netting in our small and flimsy boat seemed a ticklish proceeding, so we made for the shore, where, after a dozen splendid rushes into deep water, C. netted him. He was in the pink of condition and weighed 2 lbs. 8 oz."

This describes to perfection a spring battle with a Sunapee saibling, whose colors, however, affect the cream with the same pearl spots and white ribboned fins.

Dr. Quackenbos has told me that one May he hooked on a cast smelt a 4 lbs. saibling which made for each pound of its weight a magnificent 2 ft. leap into the air. Our Lapland angler later tried the fly: "I cast well out into the lake, keeping myself as far back from the water as



possible. A bar of pink and silver flashed through the waves, and a grand fish threw himself bodily out of the water on to my Scotch fly. I knew that he was well hooked and at once gave him the butt and led him into the depths of the lake. C. netted him for me after twenty minutes of hard fighting. His weight was 3lbs. 10z., and on my fly tackle his fighting qualities appeared to far better advantage than had been the case with the victim of the spoon."

Similar tactics brought other specimens of *Salmo alpinus* to book. May we not expect that the saibling of Sunapee will also take the fly, soon after the ice goes out in the month of May? No one has made a study of this at Sunapee, for all are content to capture the fish with live results, and whisper it in the bushes, worms. I verily believe the American *alpinus* will do as his Lapp congener when feathers and silk to his liking are deftly offered.

#### Fingerling Fishermen.

On the back of an old letter which relates the capture of undersized brook trout, and the disgust of the writer at such unsportsmanlike conduct on the part of the "fingerling butchers," a friend of mine wrote:

"Oh the depravity!  
Dig a big cavity,  
And in all gravity,  
Tincture with brevity  
Lives of such men."

#### A Baby Tarpon.

Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, an English gentleman at present in this country for the fishing, writes me from Marco, Florida: "Between constant traveling and fishing our correspondence is sadly in arrears. Following the advice of Dr. Trowbridge, which you sent me, I came to Punta Gorda. Although they did exceptionally well in January, no tarpon had been taken for three weeks. Yesterday I had a big day at Naples, where we are staying. About forty pounds of 'trout,' lady fish (very game this), red snapper, etc., and one tarpon—a baby tarpon of 10lbs., nevertheless the first this year at Naples."

"To-day I have come down here, the most southerly inhabited spot on the Gulf of Mexico side of the State, and am writing this in a very wabbling small boat while patiently waiting for silver king No. 2. Florida (this part of it, indeed) is undoubtedly the best place for all-round fishing in the world."

"Just now a big shark gave me three-fourths of an hour's hard work. I reeled him in, and while getting my revolver from my pocket he jumped almost into the boat, and—crack! My No. 18 bass wire was snapped. Shark is fairly game. The best small game fish in Florida is the ladyfish (local name probably). One jumped fourteen times yesterday, and fought very much like a salmon of twice its size. I find a good sprinkling of English over here for the fishing this year. Will write anon of my sport. Am having an immense time and well fixed generally."

There is a family of ladyfishes (*Albulidae*), and the fish that Mr. Harmsworth refers to is *Albula vulpes*, commonly called ladyfish or bonefish, game on the hook, but not highly regarded for the table.

#### Spawning of Rainbow Trout.

A correspondent, writing from Jackson, Mich., under date of March 6, says: "I saw, at Allegan, Mich., to-day what was called by the fish warden of that place a rainbow trout. It was caught in a net by men who said they were fishing for suckers, and who turned it over to the fish warden. It was taken at the foot or lower side of a dam, and was a female fish, full of spawn as large as double B shot. It measured 22in. from tip to tip, 4½in. wide, and weighed 4½lbs. I always supposed that trout of all kinds were fall spawning fish. Will you state in your notes in FOREST AND STREAM whether the rainbow trout and landlocked salmon are spring or fall spawners?"

Landlocked salmon spawn in the fall, October and November, and rainbow trout spawn in the spring. In the McCloud River, California, where the spawning of the rainbow trout has been closely observed, they have been known to spawn as early as Jan. 10 and as late as May. Stone has said that it was reported to him that the rainbow trout was spawning somewhere in the State of California every month in the year. This is owing to variations in elevation, latitude and temperature. In New York State, in confinement, the rainbow trout spawns from March to May, but eggs of this fish have been received in New York during the first few days of March that were taken from the trout in Michigan, therefore they must have spawned in Michigan in February. Further, the spawning season of the rainbow trout and our common brook trout, *fontinalis*, have become so nearly identical in New York in some instances that the two species have been crossed. This was accomplished by bringing together late-spawning *fontinalis* and early-spawning *irideus*. Temperature may advance or retard the spawning of either species.

#### Smelt in Rivers.

A gentleman in New Hampshire writes me: "I am obliged for the letters you have written in FOREST AND STREAM about smelt eggs. I have in mind one of the rivers in southern New Hampshire which I think needs some sort of food for the fish now in it. There are five dams on the stream in a distance of five miles, and rapids or falls at each dam. I have doubts if I should plant either adult smelt or the eggs, whether the fish would find their way to the sea, over the dams or through the sluices, and be lost, or if they would run up stream still further. If they will do the latter that is what I wish, but as it is a public stream I do not wish to go to the expense of planting smelt only to lose them."

The smelt is not a stream fish, they enter streams from the sea, or tributaries of lakes, if they are landlocked, only for the purpose of spawning. They run up the streams at night, spawn, and return to the sea or lake before morning. It would be a waste of fish, money and time to attempt to stock a stream containing five dams or to establish them permanently in any stream. As soon as the smelts are hatched they run down into the water, sea or lake, into which the stream empties. I have seen thousands of little smelt at the mouths of the streams in which they were hatched, and their size gave the best evidence that they lost no time in leaving the nursery stream.

My correspondent does not say what species of fish he wishes to feed. If trout, the best food for planting the

stream is fresh-water shrimp; if black bass are to be fed, plant crawfish. Both of these crustaceans are easily and cheaply obtained, and they are very prolific.

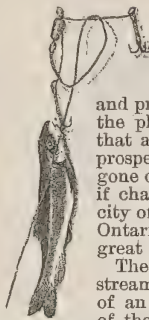
#### To Preserve Salmon Eggs.

A correspondent in Portland, Oregon, wishes a formula published in FOREST AND STREAM, which he may use for preserving salmon eggs. I think I can say, after due deliberation, that the gray hairs in my head are due, in part, to experiments in this direction which ended, as a rule, in failure. But at this moment I have eggs and fry of brook trout, brown trout, Loch Leven trout and salmon (*salar*), that were taken and hatched more than two years ago, and they retain their color perfectly, so that the eggs look as if they were just spawned and the fry look as if they were just hatched. They are preserved in equal parts, in bulk, of glycerine, water and alcohol. The formula was given to me by Mr. Mather, of the New York Fish Commission.

In the impregnated eggs the embryo is to be seen as perfectly and clearly as if they had never come in contact with anything but pure water. The eggs and fry are in bottles, and a year ago I used them to illustrate a lecture upon fishculture, when they were poured out into open glass vessels, and for the time the preserving fluid became slightly cloudy, owing, as I afterward thought, to the cold, but they are now perfectly clear again except for the sediment in the bottles containing the fry—the eggs have no sediment. Alcohol and water, eighty per cent. of the former, and twenty per cent. of the latter, will preserve the eggs, but it will turn them white and they become opaque instead of semi-transparent as in nature.

A. N. CHENEY.

#### FISHING WITH A BARE HOOK.

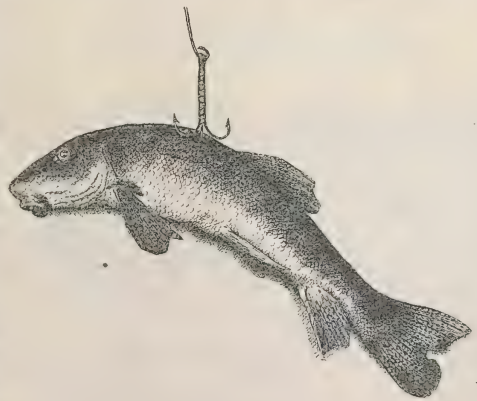


WHEN I was a boy we used to consider the act of fishing with a bare hook as the very acme of pleasureless and profitless follies. Indeed we often used the phrase, as descriptive of any enterprise that afforded neither present enjoyment nor prospective advantage; and I might have gone on forever in the same way of thinking, if chance had not brought me to the good city of Oswego, on the south shore of Lake Ontario, where the art is practiced to very great advantage.

The Oswego River, a large and powerful stream, bears the annual tribute to Ontario, of an extensive chain of lakes in the interior of the State of New York. Near its mouth the river is about 500ft. wide, 'and 8 or 10ft. deep, and it flows rapidly in a rocky bed. It divides the city of Oswego into two nearly equal parts, and furnishes abundant water-power for its numerous mills and factories. But it is not of these that I intend to speak.

Every spring, beginning about the middle of April, the river is visited by a prodigious number of fish of the genus *Catostomus*, commonly called suckers. Doubtless they are inspired by a tribal tradition, transmitted from their remotest ancestors, to the effect that the Oswego River is an admirable place to set up housekeeping and bring up a large and interesting family. They seem to ignore the fact that the river in reality is polluted by factory waste, and obstructed by mill-dams surmountable only by the aid of absurdly impossible fish-ladders.

The fish enter the river from Lake Ontario, and work their way slowly up stream against the strong current.



SUCKER FISHING.

They swim close to the bottom, and often lie motionless for long periods in the shelter of some stone, their heads pointing up stream; or they may cling to the smooth surface of the rock by their sucker-like mouths. They appear to have no disposition to feed, and steadfastly refuse the most tempting lures. The river water is turbid from the spring freshets, so the fish are concealed from view and therefore can not be reached with the spear. The laws of the State, and the swift current for that matter, forbid the use of nets and seines. So it would seem that the fish were in a fair way to avoid capture.

The young men and boys, however, have discovered a way to circumvent them, and provided with an apparatus which I shall presently describe, they eagerly await their coming. A cynical writer has summarized the gentle craft of angling as "a stick and a string with a worm at one end and a fool at the other;" and to make use of this definition, without in any way indorsing it, I will begin at the worm end of the arrangement to describe the tackle.

Three large fish-hooks are first fastened together back to back, so as to form a grapple. Two of these grapples are generally used, and are hung about eight or ten inches apart from the ends of a wire spreader. This last is simply a piece of wire about a foot in length, bent in such a way as to form an eye at each end and one in the middle. To the middle of the spreader a strong line with a heavy sinker is attached, and this with a long and very stiff bamboo pole completes the outfit.

There are two bridges across the river at Oswego about

a furlong apart, and between them a stone wall has been built right in the middle of the river, parallel to the current, so that the river is divided and the water flows on each side of the wall. This wall is about 6ft. wide on top and stands 2 or 3ft. above the level of the water, which here has a depth of 10 or 12ft. This forms the fishing ground, and here upon every pleasant day, as long as the season lasts, dozens of men and boys can be seen, engaged from morning till night in active pursuit of the fish. The operation is exceedingly simple. The angler casts his line upstream, allows the sinker to carry the grapples to the bottom, and then by a motion of the pole draws them gently down with the current. If the hook touches a fish he gives a smart jerk to fix it firmly, and at once lands his fluttering victim on the top of the wall. When one looks at the size of the river, the chance of lowering a hook down into it and pulling it up with a fish on it seems infinitely less than that of drawing the grand prize in the lottery. In fact, it is like discharging a fowling piece in the direction of a forest in the hope of bringing down some game. But owing to the abundance of the fish, to the great crowds and shoals of them that are forcing their way up the river, large numbers are caught. Indeed, it is not an uncommon thing to pull up two at a time.

The fish thus caught consist of two or three different varieties of suckers. They are of good size, averaging 2 or 3lbs. in weight, and much larger ones are sometimes taken. Occasionally a fisherman hooks on to a 100lbs. sturgeon. Then there is a lively contest, as a result of which the sturgeon sometimes departs with the tackle.

Locally these suckers are called "shad," "mullet" and other delectable names, but it would require more than this to make them really desirable for the table. They certainly have a sad lack of flavor and an undoubted surplus of small bones.

They eat them, though! Oh, yes! Perhaps the best that could be said of them would be a remark once made to me by an old hunter when we were reduced to living on porcupines: "They are a long ways ahead of nothing."

CAPT. DAN C. KINGMAN, U. S. A.

#### BOSTON NOTES.

SOMEHOW the weather has played the smelt fishermen "fast and loose" this spring. At least the smelt fishermen who usually so much enjoy smelt dipping with their hands in Parker River, and at other rivers along the North Shore, have had no success worth mentioning this spring. The fashion is to go with lantern strapped to the waist or the forehead, wading with rubber hip boots up the stream to where the spawning smelt are struggling to reach the swiftly-running fresh water. The smelt are seen by help of the lantern's rays, when, with a quick dip of the fisherman's hand he is in the basket. On spring nights in former seasons it has not been more than fun for a single fisherman to dip out 20 to 30lbs. of smelt in a few hours. But this spring no good hauls have been made. Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, an authority on Parker River smelt, had made one or two smelting excursions up to the end of the open season last week, but with poor success. He thinks that the unusually early spring has demoralized the time of smelt spawning some way. On Tuesday evening he did succeed in getting twenty-eight, however, and the twenty-eight weighed 5lbs.

The tackle dealers say that there is a good deal of interest being manifested among the trout fishermen, and the lines and rods are being put in readiness for the first of April. Perhaps it is the early coming of the robins that has set the fishermen to thinking. On St. Patrick's Day these beautiful harbingers of spring were singing merrily in the suburbs of Boston. Reports from the Maine woods and waters also indicate an early spring. Mr. C. Stevens has advices from Andover which say that the snow is going fast, and that the water in Richardson Lake is rising rapidly, with every prospect of early departure of the ice from the Rangeleys. He predicts that the ice will be out of these lakes as early as April 25, provided the weather holds fine. He is making further improvements on Camp Vive Vale, in the Narrows of Richardson Lake. On the other hand, Capt. Fred C. Barker is of the opinion that the ice will be late about going out, for the ice is always very slow about leaving the lakes when there is a good deal of snow, and consequently snow-ice on top of the clear blue ice. The snow-ice stops the action of the sun's rays, and the blue or solid ice melts away only very slowly.

Mr. Harry Dutton is at home from his winter trip to Florida. I learn that he has built a camp at Borie Beach, Big Richardson Pond, and that one of the Soules will have charge of it. Doubtless they have already torn down the old Borie Camp, that has sheltered so many hunters in days gone by. It was there that Herbert Kempton, of the Boston Herald staff, caught the tame bear (?) last year, and exhibited him, with a string to his leg, to the rest Camp Stewart party. He played trained bear in the evening, with Mr. W. T. Farley as manager, and came very near getting put out of the camp, to sleep among the hedgehogs, to which class of animals the bear caught at Camp Borie really belonged. A man who will go deliberately to work to make the ladies believe that a porcupine is really a bear, deserves to be put out of camp.

SPECIAL.

#### Potomac River Fish Protection.

By recent Congressional legislation, the shad and herring of the Potomac River will be protected on their spawning beds, a bill having been passed to continue in force the provisions of the act approved March 2, 1885, entitled "An act to protect fish in the Potomac River in the District of Columbia, and to provide a spawning ground for shad and herring in the said Potomac River."

It would be well if the protection contemplated in this act could be extended to the black bass in the vicinity of Quantico and Potomac City, which have been caught by hundreds in seines, and are doubtless still being taken by the same means. We have this statement from an eye witness, an enthusiastic bass fisherman whose feelings were outraged by the shameless destruction of the fine fish recently introduced by the Government.

#### Robin and Trout Tackle.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 15.—To-day I saw the first robin of the season in the Twentieth Ward of this city. He was lively, looked large and fat, and made me feel like going fishing.

J. W. HAGUE.



### Mortality Among Barracudas in California.

BARRACUDA put in an appearance one month earlier than ever before. They came in immense quantities and something happened to them. Thousands came ashore dead, while the water was full of fish that seemed dazed, swimming about with their heads out of water. Among them were some halibut, yellowtails and some other fish, but they were principally barracuda. All kinds of theories have been advanced, one that fishermen had used dynamite bombs, another that it was caused by volcanic disturbances from the bottom, another that the fish coming from tropical waters become chilled; then another, that the newspapers put forth much to the disadvantage of fishermen and fish dealers, that it was disease, and there has been a great falling off in the consumption of fish in consequence. The disease theory cannot be correct, for decomposition does not set in any sooner than if the fish were taken from the sea in the natural way. (From letter of John L. Griffin, dated Los Angeles, Cal., March 2, 1894, to the U. S. Fish Commission.)

This will recall the accounts of fish mortality in the Gulf of Mexico and the almost total extinction of the tilefish off the northern coast, due in all probability to sudden changes of temperature. This may have caused the destruction of the barracuda above mentioned. The subject, however, is one which has provoked endless speculation and diverse theorizing, and will doubtless continue to excite the imagination of persons who see the results of causes which appear, to them, deeply mysterious. The explanation of such phenomena is to be found, not by guessing, but by the known methods of scientific research. One good thermometer is worth more than a thousand conjectures in the solution of such problems.

### Pennsylvania Association.

A LARGELY attended meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, March 10. Communications conveying intelligence of infractions of the fishery laws in different localities were read and thoroughly discussed, and prompt action was taken to secure the correction of same.

The association has been the favored recipient of Thaddeus Norris's original manuscript of the "American Angler," which valuable gift was highly appreciated and a vote of thanks tendered to its donor, Dr. Howard Kingsbury, of Philadelphia.

### Adirondack League Club.

THE annual meeting of the Adirondack League Club was held last week in this city. The following trustees were elected to serve for three years: Mills W. Barie, D. L. Snyder, Harry E. Howland, Robert C. Alexander and Spencer Aldrich. The hold-over trustees are Warner Miller, A. G. Mills, Warren Higley, Henry S. Harper, Wm. H. Boardman, Rev. Dr. S. J. Nicolls, Frederick G. Burnham, Dr. B. G. Fernow, Alexander R. Harper and Wm. G. DeWitt. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees the following officers were elected: President, A. G. Mills; Vice-President, Warren Higley; Treasurer, Henry S. Harper; Secretary, Robert C. Alexander.

### Scioto River "Salmon."

CIRCLEVILLE, O., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have taken FOREST AND STREAM six or seven years; I get it at our news stand; and permit me to thank you for publishing so readable and interesting a paper. Our local fishermen have caught several salmon already this spring, near the city, at the State dam in the Scioto River. I am afraid, though, that they were not caught by legitimate means. Probably caught in dip nets. I saw quite a number exposed for sale, from 10 to 20 lbs. weight.

J. W. L.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### Landlocked Salmon Planting.

DIXFIELD, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a late issue of your paper was an article from the pen of A. N. Cheney in regard to the habits of the landlocked salmon, a query whether, if the eggs were taken from fish that spawned in the outlet of a lake, the progeny of those fish in Maine with these fish. We had thousands of eggs from Sebago which were taken from Crooked River (an inlet), also from Grand Lake stream (an outlet). I have observed their habits carefully. I think that if everything is favorable they prefer the inlets; but I have not the least doubt but what they select what is the best ground to propagate their species, without any regard to whether it be an inlet or an outlet.

Neither will they always return to the stream in which they are hatched and bred. The first salmon eggs we had for distribution in Maine of any amount came from Sebago Lake. Some 2,000 of them I put in Weld Pond, part in the outlet and a part in a tributary. Some four years after they appeared at both places. About that time we established a hatchery there, and hatched quite a large number of eggs from both Sebago and Grand Lake. Flowing into this pond are six large streams, all excellent trout streams and spawning grounds, to which they have free access for miles. On one of these we had our hatching house. In all of these streams we put thousands of salmon fry, yet never a single salmon came into these streams to spawn. They all go into the first stream they were placed in and the outlet, the larger number in the stream. The pond is now one of the best fishing grounds in Maine for trout and salmon. Why they will not come into all the brooks to spawn is a conundrum to me. My judgment would be that the streams they discard would be the best, being larger, with pure water, plenty of shade and deep pools. The young fry will stay there till one to two years old, when they go to the lake and never return. There are many strange things about fish. I presume they know why they do so, I don't. I can only guess. I may be right, but don't feel at all sure. Am sure I don't know it all.

H. O. STANLEY.

### Salmon Disease—Correction.

EAST POLAND, Me., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my communication on "Disease of Embryo Salmon," published in your issue of March 17, I used the term "infectious" where contagious would have more correctly expressed my meaning. The sentence where the term occurs should read: "In 1890 it (the disease) attacked only certain lots, not appearing to be contagious, but running in families."

C. G. ATKINS.

### Iowa Fish Commission.

FISH COMMISSIONER T. J. GRIGGS has sent to Governor Boies his report for the years 1892 and 1893. The work of rescuing and distributing fish from overflowed areas so energetically begun by a former commissioner, was carried on by Mr. Griggs with untiring industry and excellent results. Nearly a million and a quarter of crappie, black bass, pike-perch, yellow perch, pickerel and catfish were deposited in the waters of the State, and two and a half millions of good fish were planted in Spirit and Okoboji lakes from sloughs in their vicinity. Carp were sent to 127 applicants, and the owners of 166 private ponds were supplied with such kinds of fish as they deemed suitable.

Iowa is richly provided with beautiful lakes and streams, and many famous summer resorts owe their charms mainly to their advantages for lovers of the line and reel. "Spirit and Okoboji lakes with their tributaries have a shore line of 50 miles, Clear Lake 20 miles, Storm Lake 15 miles, Wall Lake 12 miles, Twin Lakes 15 miles, Iowa Lake 8 miles, Lake Park or Silver Lake 6 miles, besides many other lakes all fairly well supplied with fish, and thousands of pleasure-seekers visit their shores every year for fishing and recreation. Spirit and Okoboji lakes are, beyond question, the most popular summer resorts in the Northwest."

The law relating to fishways is found defective because it can be interpreted to mean that fishway outlets should be flush with the top of the dam, which construction does not afford an opportunity for fish to pass over the obstruction. It is defective, too, in compelling the Commissioner to prosecute offenders before a justice of the peace, from whom there lies no appeal to a higher court. One of the evil results of this law is seen in the existence of 116 dams in various parts of the State, which are still unprovided with fishways.

Commissioner Griggs has prosecuted over 600 offenders against the fish laws, and has secured 500 convictions, which yielded to the credit of the school fund an amount nearly equal to the appropriation for the Fish Commission. He



T. J. GRIGGS,  
Iowa Fish Commissioner.

would, however, divert a portion of these fines to the compensation of deputy fish and game wardens, and the balance to the State treasury, to assist in maintaining the Fish Commission.

The Commissioner received about 200 letters last year informing him of the slaughter of game out of season, but as he had no jurisdiction over such cases, he could do nothing. Spearing through the ice in winter and seining upon the spawning grounds and in the approaches to spawning grounds are among the common offenses against fish protection. Mr. Griggs recommends that the laws be so changed as to make the ownership of a seine *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and to require the owner to furnish proof that such unlawful device was not used by himself or by others while in his possession to catch fish.

For the purpose of protecting Iowa fish over boundary lines he recommends the enactment of the Minnesota law which provides that the possession of any bird, animal or fish shall be *prima facie* evidence that it was the property of this State, and that it was caught in this State, to disprove which it shall be necessary to show by the testimony of the party who actually caught the same, that it was not the property of this State, or that it was caught outside of this State. Whenever it shall appear that any bird, animal or fish was caught outside of this State, it shall be *prima facie* evidence that it was the property of the State in which it was caught, and that it was caught at a time, in a manner and for a purpose prohibited by the laws of the State, and shipped in violation of the laws thereof, to disprove which it shall be necessary to show by what direct and positive evidence that it was not the property of the State, or that it was killed at a time, in a manner and for a purpose permitted by the law of the State, and that it was not shipped in defiance of any law.

The appendix to the Commissioner's report contains chapters on the fishes of Iowa extracted from Dr. Bean's work on the Fishes of Pennsylvania, and concludes with the fish laws of Iowa, approved April 1, 1890.

### Smelt Eggs.

DIXFIELD, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the last issue of your paper an article from Mr. A. N. Cheney in regard to smelts and where their eggs can be obtained. In the last two years I have gathered the eggs from the bottom of the brooks in Maine, where the smelt run up to spawn about the time the ice goes out in the spring; and I have transported them successfully to stock other ponds and lakes in our State. Many of our ponds are well stocked with the fresh-water smelt; in fact, all or nearly all that are the natural habitat of the landlocked salmon have them.

The smelt deposit their eggs on the grass, moss, sticks and stones on the bottoms of brooks. They stick to whatever they touch, and can be easily gathered by thousands. I have packed them in damp moss or sphagnum, and had no trouble in transporting them where they would not be more than a

day or two on the route. Of course many are poor, but I should judge that 40 to 50 per cent. hatched. They should be handled carefully and placed in running water in some stream that flows into the pond you wish to stock. This can be done much cheaper, and I think it a surer way, than to undertake to transport the live fish. The eggs could be sent by express, and would need no one to accompany them. I doubt if one would get any benefit from the live fish the first year, as they would be very likely to get rid of their eggs before reaching their destination; and one could gather ten times the amount of eggs in the same time as to catch live fish; also transport eggs much cheaper and in smaller package. If the parties who desire them will write me, I think I could procure them a box of eggs well packed and delivered at express office for about \$10. This would have to be done about the 1st of May. I could not warrant them to reach their destination in good condition, but I think the chances would be that a fair percentage would be good. They hatch in about two weeks after the eggs are deposited, and go to the lake at once.

The fresh-water smelt in Maine vary very much in size in our different ponds. In some they never attain a length of over 3 or 4 in., while in others they grow to 12 or 14 in., running larger than they do in salt water. All our ponds that contain smelts are so nearly connected with the sea that they might have originally come from that source. I consider it very necessary to have them in ponds where it is desired to stock with salmon, as they are their natural food. All the waters in Maine which are the original home of the salmon contain the smelt.

HENRY O. STANLEY, Com. of Fisheries.

### Nets in Inland Waters.

HERE is some sound reasoning from the pen of Gen. D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse, who writes the "Easy Chair" column of the *Sunday Standard* of that city. Gen. Bruce is president of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and has given much study to the subject of the food fish supply.

"The subject of increasing and cheapening fish food is constantly awakening new interest throughout the State, the public having become convinced of its importance. Men who are leading in such direction are beginning to be looked upon as philanthropists rather than enthusiastic sportsmen with selfish purposes to attain. Nothing is more certain than unless protection is given to the waters of the State they will very soon become barren of fish food. No convincing argument can be made, it would seem, in favor of opening the inland waters to a few men making it their vocation to supply Eastern markets to the exclusion of thousands of people who would enjoy the recreation of a day now and then in a legitimate way of taking fish. If it shall be said that net fishermen should be allowed to supply our inland markets the answer is, that inland markets would be neglected for the better Eastern markets. At Brewerton alone the shipments during forty-three months, scattered over the five years—1874, '75, '76, '77, '78—amounted to 8,359 barrels, or 1,757,849 lbs. Nobody can now tell the quantity shipped during the same period from Cleveland, Bernhard's Bay, Constantia, Lakeport, Bridgeport, South Bay and other places. It is a well known fact that the grand swoop which was made, almost wholly removed fish from the lake. There was profit in it to a few fishermen, but what benefit did the people at large receive? This record would be repeated everywhere if nets were again to be allowed in the fresh waters of the State. The public is beginning to understand this fact and to give proper support to protective work. The need of it is manifest to every thinking, intelligent person, and somebody must perform it if fish food is to be saved to the people."

### Where to Find Game.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America, the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.—*Adv.*

## The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog, and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

### FIXTURES.

#### "DOG SHOWS."

March 27-30.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. D. B. Darby, Sec'y. Entries close March 16.  
April 17 to 20.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y. Entries close March 31.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 1 to 4.—Special show of St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-terrier clubs, in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, Madison Square Garden.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

CAPT. C. M. MCMURDO writes me as follows: "Mr. Brailsford is to send me out Dogwood shortly. I have not his breeding yet, but know the dog well, as he was with Mr. Johnson's dogs last fall, in Manitoba, in charge of S. Hallam. We worked our dogs a great deal together, owing to the kindness of Mr. Johnson in giving us kennel room, etc. You will remember that he was first in the Derby at Morris, Man., last year, where he showed himself to be a very high-class dog. Mr. Davidson (who was one of the judges) writes me that he did better afterward at Chatham, though he lacked experience on quail."

With Capt. McMurdo's continued interest in the pointer, progressive improvement in that breed is certain.

B. WATERS.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.



# CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

March 13 to 16. Entries, 773. Dogs benched, 691.

THE Windy City has scored again. There may be no other city in this wide country that can stand three dog shows in thirteen months and crowd the aisles of each one, but we doubt it. Chicago people love dogs, there is no doubt about this, and this adoration is not restricted to class, the Ward McAllisters joggling elbows with those who have to work hard for their bread and butter. Hard times may be a good subject to talk about, but the dog shows this season have so far more than held their own—New York with its one dollar admission probably holds the record, Columbus and Detroit both did well, and Chicago with fifty cents admission was a fitting climax to the Western circuit, and we only hope Philadelphia and Boston may do as well. Afternoon and evening the aisles in both buildings during the Mascoutah Club's fifth annual gathering were crowded, uncomfortably so at times. The arrangement of the benches and rings was much superior to former years. In Battery D were placed the six rings arranged as at New York and most of the large dogs. The rest, about 400 dogs, were benched in the adjoining Second Army building. Here the light was not very good, gas having to be burned during the day. There was some delay in getting the benching up here on Monday night, the management not being able to get in till 10:30 P. M., everything, however, was ready to put up, and early Tuesday morning the benching was ready for the dogs. This occasioned some little inconvenience among the early comers on Monday, but could not be helped.

Judging commenced promptly at 10:20 A. M., and soon all the judges were in full swing, dealing joy or sorrow as occasion served. Mr. Payson, Mr. Woodward, and other members of the club acted as stewards, and rings were well served when one takes into consideration the fact that the dogs were as a rule benched without much consideration in regard to rotation. This is wrong, and the good example set at New York should have been carried through. Judging was completed, with the exception of a few of Mr. Mortimer's specials, the first day, and his work was done by noon Wednesday.

The different members of the committee worked with a will, but especial praise should be given to Mr. Bryson, the president, who was here, there and everywhere, early and late the whole week, attending to the varied interests of the show. In this he was ably seconded by Mr. Walter C. Gunn, the treasurer, who was active in making everything go smoothly. Mr. S. C. Payson I also noticed was always near when wanted, in fact the committee is such in fact as well as name. Dr. Withers attended to the veterinary part, and was a second Glover for being in evidence when wanted. With such willing workers it is little wonder that John Read's duties as superintendent were considerably lightened and the show worked smoothly from beginning to end. The Mascoutah Club has demonstrated that it could give a show when required without any catchpenny devices to swell the entries.

The quality of the dogs entered could scarcely be excelled, as the prize list will show, many of the best dogs from New York having taken in the circuit. The valuable prize list demanded such recognition. Prizes were paid promptly on Friday, and from what we could gather the club must have a balance to the good, although the expense for hall rents was higher than formerly. The buildings are rather low and with little ventilation it was a difficult matter to clear the atmosphere of offensive odors, but "Sanitas" did as well for it as anything could do. Spratts Company benched and fed, and this year there was no grumbling on their account in regard to benching. Joe Locke attended to the press duties, and his work was apparent in the space afforded the daily papers, though several paragraphs leaked in in regard to one of the judges that good taste might well have forsworn, as there was really no cause for such "sectional" remarks. A number of well-known dog men were to be seen during the week, in fact, most of the principal owners in the West and many men interested in field trials were present.

The catalogue was well and tastefully arranged on the model of that of the W. K. C., interspersed with sketches from the *A. K. C. Gazette*. There were no objectionable features, such as litters of puppies, mock auctions and such devices, that tend to lower the tone of any show. All things considered, the Mascoutah Club scored a distinct success, and we are glad of it.

**MASTIFFS** (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Chicago shows for some time past have been notable for the excellent quality of the mastiff classes, but this time the quality excelled any former year, and the open dog class brought out such a gathering of good mastiffs as we have not seen in many years. Nearly all the best dogs we have were there, and between the three first there is little to choose. There were no challenge dogs; in bitches, Lady Colens, looking as well as she probably ever will do, scored over Sinaloa, so much in substance, size, massiveness of head and body that the issue was scarcely in doubt. In open dogs, a grand class, first went to the Detroit winner, Prince Cola, who beats the second, an old acquaintance, Melrose Prince, in volume of skull and body. Emperor William, third, loses in volume of skull, but has a better muzzle; shown a bit leggy, too. Melrose is lower to the ground and deeper-bodied. Leamington, whom we spoke so well of at the West Side show, has since then been very sick and has not been improved thereby, his muzzle becoming somewhat pinched and wedge-shaped; his immense skull makes this more apparent; his ears are also faulty, otherwise he is a very good dog. Emperor Maximilian loses in size and body to the others. Cube, vhc., has a fair-shaped head, but is small. Alarm is another nice dog, by Ormonde, standing on good legs, should have more rib. Marquis, vhc., looked tucked up and light in body; in fact, most of Mr. Bunn's dogs showed the effects of the sickness that prevailed in his kennel the past three or four months. Rossington and Baby Bunn well deserved their letters; the former is too high in brow, and a very short head gives him a "bully" expression. Baby Bunn is a light-eared dog, lacking in expression, faulty in back; head should be deeper and squarer. The bitch class was not so large, but the entries were choice. The well-known Lady Diana was considered the best, followed by Minna Minting, a reversal of the Detroit decision the week before. Rowena, a good-sized bitch, light in markings, came third; her head has scarcely breadth enough, and she needs more rib and body. Cerene, well known, deserved her place. Fortuna, vhc., is a little flat-faced, and muzzle should be deeper, forelegs and elbow are not quite truly formed, nice body and hind parts. Persia, hc., was lucky; her face is long and a bit flat, eye light, is light in body, too. Vistula II. I liked better; better in head and body. In the absence of Frederick the Great, Druid walked over in puppy dogs; he is faulty in ear carriage, otherwise a rather promising sort of youngster. First went to Campania in bitches, and Gyda might well have had a second, though other prizes were withheld. In novice class first to Rowena, who should in our estimation have given place to Leamington, whose massive head, better bone, depth and shape of body, and greater character would seem to fully entitle him to the place. Beaufort Prince, well known, came in for third. Tiger, a correctly colored sort of dog, mean expression, was given c.; head of fair shape, bad tail. The kennel prize fell to the Peoria kennel.

**ST. BERNARDS** (*Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge*).—As in mastiffs, Chicago can always be counted on for a good show of his breed, and especially so in home-bred ones. The entry this time compared more than favorably with New York.

Challenge rough dogs brought out Sir Bedivere, Aristocrat and Fernwood Bruce, the first named looking better even than at Detroit, and won easily; but between Bruce and Aristocrat the struggle was keener. Bruce loses in head, slightly in body and bone, but is better on his legs all round, and gets it a bit in length of body. To was the only representative of her class. Open dogs (5) cannot be considered a very happy effort on the judge's part. Safford, first, is a dog brim full of quality, with perfect markings, and needs only a little more stop to boast a good head, nice body and legs, in fact, a well-made dog all round, showing lots of type and quality. Second to Captain Nedep, a son of Lord Melrose, a wide jump in type, for he has absolutely nothing but his size and flat coat to recommend him for the place. He is devoid of markings or white on face or collar, a big, upstanding, light-ribbed dog, washy in color, wretched hocks, very weak head of fair shape, a dog very far from the winner in type and quality, although of the same blood. Tramp, third, is rightly named, he needs grooming and "culturing"; a bit; he has great bone, a fair stamp of head, though a trifle long, good head markings, no collar, shows quality. Lord Dante, fourth, should have come second; he is an all round, well-made little dog, who would be improved with dark shadings. Alton III. is a dog standing on excellent legs, muzzle should be deeper and squarer, good color, bone and body especially, a dog of excellent quality that might well have been nearer the top. Mauprat, vhc., deserved his letters and no more in this class. Complete was lucky, a dog showing too much white, fair head, but narrow, shown too fat, and has little character. American Caesar, vhc., is the best headed one in the class, and taking all into consideration, type, size, bone and general characteristics, he should have won, though he was shown thin he was in good healthy condition. Caesar first, Lord Dante second, Safford third and Alton III. fourth, would have suited better. There were half a dozen in the class superior to Captain Nedep. Lord of Richmond is another nice sort of dog, with immense bone, should be broader in chest and deeper and longer and squarer in muzzle, excellent coat and legs, body should be longer, but it has good depth and ribs. Boris, hc., has a wedgy muzzle, but good skull, feet turn out a little and his body should be longer. Melrose Rex loses in muzzle, coat curly in places.

In judging such a class as this where there were so many dogs that had no earthly chance to win, it would be better if Miss Whitney would clear a lot of the worst out of the ring instead of keeping them there all the time, where they take up much desirable space that is required to move and properly examine the good ones. The bitch class (15) furnished material for careful judging, too, as several good ones were near the top. First went rightly to the beautiful-headed Rustic Beauty, who only loses in fatness of coat. The well known Alta Berna claimed second; she was well shown, and so was Lady Adelaide II., whom we have not seen for some time; both should be deeper and squarer in muzzle, and Adelaide have more stop. Sunray, fourth, I preferred for second place, taking body, legs and head into consideration, although she perhaps does not show quite so much face quality as Adelaide, she beats Alta in head and front. Arline, reserve, should be deeper in stop. Lady Glady's, of the mentioned ones, is quite a fair sort, faulty in muzzle. A lot of hc. cards were given but some did not deserve so much consideration; such was Karenina, too curly-coated, fat, and nearly all white. Maudina, hc., should have more stop and ribs. Fernwood Rose II. well deserved her letters; she is a little scooped out before the stop, shows too much stop, but was well shown and might have had another letter. Tot was shown too fat; would be improved with more stop; good legs and body. A good-looking pup in Columbus won in dog pups (6); he was in New York; bit flat-faced but head is fairly well-shaped, is narrow-chested at present; good coat and body. Easter Cyclone is but a weak-headed one, in fact outside the winner there was little to attract attention. In bitch puppies (4) first went to Aristocrate, a nicely-grown youngster, that could be much improved in head if stop were more defined. Flora, second, loses considerably in head, which will never be a good one, too light in muzzle and straight-faced. Sadie Lassie, third, has rather a nice head but small, shows intense quality but turns her forefoot out. The novice class (14) for roughs was a mixed lot and the winners have been described in open classes, where they occupied the same positions, Uarda, described last week, getting reserve; all but four numbers were carried on from the open class and therefore required little judging.

Smooth challenge dogs had two entries, Melrose and Alton II., the former loses in massiveness of head what he gains slightly in expression and markings, is improving in head, broadening out; both are well made dogs, showing lots of quality. There were no entries in the corresponding bitch class. In open dogs (5) first went to Lawrence Garza, a well made, typical little dog; second to Argyle Alpha, a bit plain in coloring, lacking shadings, hocks might be stronger, fair short square head, excellent bone, a bit back in pasterns, nice coat, will improve. St. Augustine, third, was hardly treated, his fine head, size, quality, body, in spite of being in light flesh, good color and general type, should have placed him well first, as he was at Detroit; Patrician, fourth, has a nice, well-shaped, short head, but not enough of it, in fact, is bitch-headed, dips a trifle in back, a well grown youngster that with time will do much better. Victor Anton, c., loses much to the others, in poor condition. In open bitches (7) the Argyle Kennels furnished another winner with Judith's Rachel, faulty in ears, a long cast bitch, light in body, good legs, fair shaped head, muzzle should be deeper, too much white but shows a good deal of quality in head; Sunol, second, was at Detroit; Fernwood Queen, third, was lucky; she has a poor, shallow head, not stop enough, good legs and body; Valkyrie, fourth, is also plain faced, not deep enough, good body, trifle straight behind, rich body color, but more face shadings would improve her, a true smooth; Pratt's Belle, reserve, I thought harshly treated; she might have been at least second or third. Columbian Queen, vhc., I could not find. In dog puppies (2) Argyle Alpha was again placed over Patrician, and the same order was maintained in the novice class, Argyle Kennels with a very even lot won both kennel prizes, and as their dogs were benched together made an interesting display.

**GREAT DANES** (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—The interest in the exhibit of these dogs was considerably dampened by the fact that Kennel Lawrence's dogs were not present, although entered. Major McKinley, looking very well, walked over for his challenge prize. In open dogs Stanley, second at Detroit last week, won nicely from Anderson's Sandor, also well-known, getting broad in skull. Leo Waldeman is too pinched in muzzle, straight behind, but, barring hindlegs beats Hero R., fourth, in type; he was shown thin, good forelegs and bone. Hero is very throaty, big eye, cheeky, good bone and legs. Lady Hanno, the winner in bitches (formerly Minca) beats Flora in body, the latter being too flat in loin, muzzle too short, skull fair; in fact, is better all round in type and quality. Ruth, third, is a rather common, short-headed sort, not very straight in front. Neverzell did not arrive till the third day and was, of course, too late for competition. Jessie, first in puppies, has a plain, snipy head and is very throaty; there is little to choose between her and Nord for the position. In novices Major D. won; head too coarse and too much stop; I liked the second winner, a harlequin of much sprightlier type. Juno R. is of the plain, common, coarse type, a black. With the Kennel Lawrence eleven entries the exhibit would have been a good one; as it was it was disappointing for Chicago.

**NEWFOUNDLANDS** (*Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge*).—A poor turnout. One dog from whom first was withheld; too long in head, good size, faulty in coat, too open. Flora I., first

in bitches, is small, long, narrow head little stop, shown fat, fair coat.

**RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS** (*Roger D. Williams, Judge*).—This exhibit was merely a repetition of Detroit, with the exception that Vinga's unlucky accident allowed Jerry an easy win, especially as Svodka in jumping off the bench, slipped on the floor and was quite lame in the ring. In open dogs Col. Dietz again beat Odroski, who is looking a bit light all through. Cedric II., third, loses considerably to both in front and size and coat. In bitches, Riga and Irmina again took the blue and red ribbons, this putting the former in the challenge class now. Gypsy Queen was given third over Lady Dietz, who has gone all to pieces. In puppies, however, her quality pulled her through, and she beat the same lot from Mr. Gould's kennel that she faced at New York. These dogs need conditioning and fattening up; they are very much in the rough. Marlboro Kennels rightfully took the kennel prize, having a better conditioned and more even lot.

**DEERHOUNDS** (*Roger D. Williams, Judge*).—Olga was the only challenge representative. In open dogs (3), Bruar II. won nicely from Strebor, whose light bone, faulty feet and straight second thigh keep him back, fair coat. Rob, third, loses in size and substance to the others. Lassie, the winning bitch, I think is inferior in size, head, bone and coat to the second, Madge. Bruar II. and Olga took the specials.

**GREYHOUNDS** (*Roger D. Williams, Judge*).—Gem of the Season easily won again, while Master Rich this time was placed over Pious Pembroke on account of condition, though thin himself. Pious Pembroke, poor fellow, will not need any further attention. In challenge bitches Southern Beauty was rightly placed over the dainty Bestwood Daisy, both nicely shown. In open dogs (4) first went to a rather coarse dog, Glenkirk, especially so in neck and plain behind, good front for his age, ten years. This dog has sired puppies that are winning stakes in England this year. Yorkshire Lad, second, is heavy in shoulders, lacks quality, though a fairly well built dog. Dick W., third, is too broad in front, does not stand over enough ground, wide in skull and ears too large. Black Cloud, fourth, has a nicely turned body, good front, and I almost preferred him for third place. In bitches Mr. Williams made the only break we have ever seen him guilty of, by placing Hasty Pudding, a pretty enough little bitch, but not straight in front and heavy in shoulders, over Yorkshire Lass, a capably made one all through, perhaps a bit coarse, but little fault can be found with such a strong symmetrically built animal; Hasty Pudding's capital hard condition was no doubt some cause for her placing, but should not outweigh the other's good points. Jennie Glendyne, third, is much of the same build as Lass, but heavier in shoulders, skull too round and wide and would do with more rib. Grae O'Mally, fourth, is a smart little one, a bit light throughout and is too short in body and falls away in quarters too much. Idlewild, reserve, is a little wide in front and is hardly true at elbow and would do with more swell of rib. A. W. Purbeck took the kennel prize, his exhibits showing very much more quality than the rest.

**SPANIELS** (*J. F. Kirk, Judge*).—It is some time since we saw this veteran judge in the ring, but nevertheless he has not forgotten a spaniel, and though we could scarcely follow him in some of his decisions, on the whole he judged acceptably.

In Irish water spaniels many of the entries were at Detroit, so it is not necessary to write about them so fully. The winner in dogs, O'Clery, has a rather short, plain head, coat long and little curl. Patsy B., second, was shown last week, and so was Garry Owen, third. Sport, c., is too smooth in coat. In bitches, Biddy Malone was again placed over Kitty of Cork, as at Detroit. Mallard Duck, third, has a rather good head, topknot and ear, good eye, but lacks proper curl of coat. Erin was absent.

There were no Clumbers shown. Field spaniels showed up well and were almost a repetition of New York as regards the principal winners. In challenge dogs, Newton Abbot Torso this time beat Newton Abbot Farmer, but the latter is lower on the leg, better in head and bone. In the corresponding bitch class the well-known Sussex Bridford Ruby was placed over Rosedale Bess, both from the Keasbey Kennels. In open black dogs (5), the well-known Echo again scored, beating Sport in muzzle, which is too long and plain-shaped, is down in quarters, good coat and ear. Third went to Dan, who also loses in depth and squareness of muzzle, coat and front. Dash White has a rather good head, but his coat should be flatter. Bitches had three entries, and Daisy Dean and Dorothy were both placed over the Detroit winner, Rose, being better in shape of muzzle and having more and better coat. The well-known liver, Queen, was alone in the next class for her color, and Joe won again in puppies.

Cocker challenge dogs had an entry of seven veterans of the fancy, and Black Duke repeated his Detroit victory. Brantford Red Jacket came next, with Red Roland reserve, Jay Kay, Othello, Red Doc and champion Middy being lookers on, the latter's lack of flesh being responsible for his unnoticed position, as really he is up to the winner's form when in shape. Miss Waggles, though looking ragged and out of coat, had no difficulty in beating I Say, who was well shown. Jessie C., also looking well, came next.

In open black dogs (7) there was strong competition and first went rightly to the well made Pickpania, who excels Woodlawn Prince in head, shorter and deeper, and in other parts he is just as good. Brantford Jet was lucky, his faulty front and heavy skull should have placed him behind Black Duke Jr., who beats him in head and only requires a little deeper, better furnished body. Douglas, reserve, is a bit too short in body and elbows turn out a little, a cocky sort, head too strong for his size. Wildfire and King Kole, hc., have been mentioned before. In bitches (14) it took the judge some time to single out the winner, but in putting Dart ahead of such a strong class there is room for disagreement; good head she has but her body is a bit long and light and her front is not true enough; Cora II. is better in body and front. La Dina, third, must depend on her body more than head for such recognition. Woodlawn Jude, fourth, should be shorter in head. Fashion, vhc., is too high in skull but good otherwise. Topsy S. in the same division seemed hardly treated, her head, front and body are good if the latter is a trifle long, she should have been well in the money. Nellie S. and Corktown Olio have been spoken of before. Any other color dogs, five faced the judge and most of them won at Detroit. Red Prince was chosen for the blue followed by Brantford Rufus; the winner is nice type all through, a little full in skull yet but good fault at his age; Rufus won at Detroit. Woodlawn Jim, third, should be a little cleaner in skull and straighter in front, his body should be a little shorter, otherwise a nice sort; St. Lawrence Prince, the winner at Detroit, should have been higher up, though his head would do with fining down a little, was well shown and is better than average in front; Dandy S., c., is poor in expression and too much stop, well built otherwise. In bitches (5) two being absent, first went to Tonita, a nicely made one, compact, built on good working lines, good front, if feet did not turn out a little. Red Rose, second, had all she could do to beat Woodlawn Polly, which she does merely in muzzle. Brantford Beauty, fourth, loses in front, coat and head to the others; Ruth S. should be stronger before the eye, nice body and legs, should have been reserve. Red Prince won in puppies with Black Duke Jr. second. Swiss Mountain Kennels took the brace and kennel prizes, while Black Duke scored over everything for the cup for best sporting spaniel, though close pushed by Miss Waggles, his condition pulled him through, though beaten in action by the bitch.

**COLLIES** (*J. A. Long, Judge*).—Probably a stronger entry than Chicago has ever seen before, being in great part a repetition of New York with only the Hempstead Farm Kennels



not showing. Wellesbourne Charlie and Roslyn Wilkes and Flurry III. and Jaky Dean in challenge classes was once more the order, and probably for the last time, as open class winners Sefton Hero and Charlton Phyllis will now have something to say. Open dogs had thirteen entries, Bendigo absent, though on the bench. Sefton Hero and Christopher occupied their accustomed positions, and the latter will now have an easier time of it. Chesterford Hero, looking very much better than ever before, came in for third; it is a pity he is not a larger dog. Toronto Wonder, fourth, still retaining his mane and frill, has lost some of his body coat. Scotsman, reserve, has too much stop, too full and round in skull, lots of coat, but not dense enough; a fine, up-standing dog, with scarcely the quality of the winners. Blizzard, vhc., was at Detroit; Douglas is a bit plain, and hardly shows the quality we look for from this kennel; needs more coat. Rhoderick Dhout deserved his letters. Charlton Phyllis won again in bitches, second going to Chesterford Hattie, who looked well, with dense coat, though scarcely long enough. Blossom, third, shows intense quality; is small, but well made, with a dense coat; a daughter of Christopher and the winner at the last December show. Donna, fourth, is a bit full and round in skull back of this she is a showy, nice bitch. Fanny Kay, reserve, is down-eared, plain in head, brown too full; for this place I thought Gypsey II. well in; head well shaped, but lack of white makes it a bit plain, nice body, but short of coat, gets her tail up too gaily at times. Lady Christopher and Lady Fidget are well known; they are out of coat. Grange Nellie has gone all out of form, coarse and fat. In puppies, the handsome little dog Orme won well from Hereward the Wake, whose lack of coat and wall-eye are against him. Puppies change so much it is little use commenting particularly upon them. Piper is a good-coated one, a little cheeky and strong in skull. Willowdale Pride, the puppy bitch class winner, I did not see. Elphin, second, has a rather coarse head and heavy ear, good coat. Cragston Kennels took the kennel prize, but were closely pushed by Chestnut Hill, coat, condition and all things considered. Novice class winners have been commented upon.

**POODLES (James Mortimer, Judge).**—The principal winners have been described so repeatedly lately it is not necessary to enter into a repetition. In the absence of Milo and Chloe, Dinah, from the same kennels, was the only challenge representative. In corded open dogs Bismarck rightly won, beating Parisian so much in cords and condition. Czarina, the only entry in the other class, was absent. In open black curly-coated dogs Rajah won again, with Lais, a smart-looking fellow, not so good in curl or head, second. Sidi, well known, took third. Dahomey, fourth, is plain in loin and quarters. Clicquot, reserve, is a smart stamp but coat is brushed out and a bit woolly. Moughlow is slack in back, good coat, but head rather short and coarse. Yankee, second last week, could get no higher than he; he looked tucked up and leggy, though a smart stamp of poodle. Diablo had wasted to a shadow, being very light in loin, or would have done better. Bess, Cybele and Miss furnished the corresponding class winners. Miss is soft in coat with little curl. In any other color a sort of a first cousin to a bobtail was given first, a white dog with little character and rough coat.

**BULLDOGS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—The entries here were all of well known animals, Leonidas and The Graven Image taking the challenge prizes respectively, which Leonidas further supplemented by taking the special for best in show. Romance and Sally Brass II. had each a walkover in their classes for 45lbs. and over; the former improves all the time; Sally is too high on leg and flat-faced, not broken up enough nor depth. In light-weight dogs Wal Hampton had little difficulty in beating the terrier body and front of African Monarch.

**BULL-TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—These terriers always show up well at Chicago, and competition was strong in the various classes and wins well placed on the whole. In challenge dogs (2) Streatham Monarch had no difficulty in beating Dufferin, grown altogether too thick and cloddy. In bitches (2) Attraction again vanquished her kennel mate Starlight. Open dogs, 30lbs. and over (8), saw Cardonna once more returned the winner, followed by Duke of Rochester, Topsparkle and Billy Bulger, all dogs I have commented on quite recently. Bellerby King, vhc., was also at Detroit. Croydon Monarch has a nice head but lacks substance and falls in front to the others. Vesper Bell won once more in the corresponding class; should be cleaner in cheek and longer in muzzle. Edgewood Topsy comes next and ran her very close with Countess of Dufferin, who keeps her head well and stands on good legs, not far behind either. White Gypsy is cheeky and heavy in shoulder and was not well shown. White Queen loses in length of head, neck and shoulders. Under 30lbs., dogs (2), Rookery Boy beat Principio, but I think the latter scores all over in head and front. The bitch class was a smart one, the winner the cleanly-made Lady Rochester, who excels Jeanne D'Arc in eye and front, but latter has good neck and body. Lowland Duchess, third, is well known, while Pearl Rochester pushes her close; better in head and front. Mermaid, vhc., has gone off very much. Tarquin beats Croydon Fay in shape and character of head, but loses to the other in body and legs. Rookery Boy, Bellerby King and White Queen was the order in the novice class. The special for best heavy weight went to Cardonna, but barring having a little the best of Streatham Monarch before the eye and coat, the latter excels to our mind.

In the Boston terriers Tony, winner in heavy dogs, is too long-faced, light in body and "bully" front. Ben, the winner in under 20lbs., has a fair head, light in body, out at shoulders. Hector, second, loses in head but has a better front.

**DACHSHUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).**—Challenge entry Fritz K. was absent. In open dogs (3) Nips took the blue, followed by Knirps; he is coarse and his tail tickles the back of his neck almost. Jay beats Knirps all over in type and character, and especially in head and ear, skin and length of body, but was shown out of shape. Pelythosaurus also is of better type than the others, in spite of too much wrinkle. Topsy, too high in skull, short ear, good length of body and loose skin. Tips Zur Horst was at Detroit. Fritz is coarse and full in skull. In bitches there was nothing to beat Jargonelle, whose sweet head and type easily beat the rather coarse Gypsey. Nellie S. was absent.

**FOX-TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—Many of the entries here have been seen on the benches during the past weeks. The quality was good on the whole and would have been better if the Blemton entries had put in an appearance. In challenge dogs Raffle had another walkover, Blemton Victor II. being absent and Grouse II. filled her place in the corresponding class. Open dogs (9) saw the old familiar names of Warren Safeguard and Tip Top at the top, the latter loses in skull and muzzle to the former, who is as game a terrier as he is good looking, and that is also the opinion of the Detroit coon with whom he struck up such an intimate acquaintance. Arrondale Mixture, third, was at Detroit. Hillside Royal, vhc., loses in body and muzzle, while Poverino, who seems to be a puzzler to all catalogue compilers, is losing flesh, but should have had another letter. Sport and Toronto are ordinary. Warren Captious and Duty headed the list in the next class; they were at Detroit; so was Lady Roseberry, third. After them came Richmond Jessamine, whose head is of good length, but a weak jaw is against her, besides being on the leg. Maple Leaf was at Detroit. In dog puppies (6) there was nothing particularly noticeable, Audubon Stipend and Seacroft King being the only mentioned ones; the former is the best, a promising sort, though he turns his feet out. Warren Topy was absent. In bitches (3) first to Maple Leaf, second to Chip, whom I could not find. Hillside Royal and Seacroft King and

Crocus II. were the winners in the dog novices in the order named and do not require much mentioning. In bitches Richmond Jessamine, Glendon Dixie losing in head and front, but better in body, and Maple Leaf furnished the only successful candidates for the money. The wire division was represented by Ebor Larchmont and Jess Frost, who won in their respective classes; both were at Detroit. The kennel prize went of course to the Rutherford Kennels, and Warren Safeguard took the cup for best in show.

**IRISH TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—Jack Briggs again succeeded in beating Jackanapes in challenge dogs, while Candor made a very acceptable entry for the corresponding class. Brickbat, Jr., walked over in open dogs, and the same owner's Blue Ribbon had a bloodless victory in her class. She was described last week.

**SCOTCH TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—"Tiree and Kilroy were placed as before in challenge class, and Kilree again beat Wankie Tam; both looked well. Culbrian this time beat Wankie Daisy; better head, ears and general type. Merry Coll, reserve, loses in coat, front and head to the winners." This is the Detroit report, and the entries were identical here.

Dewr was the only "Welshman" on the bench. Bedlington terriers had only The Professor and Mount Vernon Tibbie, both at Detroit, and described there. Each walked over for its \$10.

**DANDIE DINMOTS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—Pretty much the same entries again, King o' the Heather and Ainstey Daisy being the challenge winners in the order named. Tweed, winner in open dogs, was lucky; he is a good sort of rough dog, has not the coat and type of the others.

**SKYE TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—Endcliffe Maggie beat Barnaby Rudge in challenge class, the big dog is a bit coarse all round and loses in action to the other. In Stafford, reserve, lost in coat; it is time he was retired if he is going to be beaten. Elphinstone had no difficulty in beating Toodles in open dogs, better head, coat and bone. Queen of the Skyes and Princess May occupied their accustomed positions. Prairie Flower, third, and Lady Stafford fourth, all well known. Prairie Flower beat Lady Stafford again in novices as well as Belle Stafford, who loses in head and bone. Puppy prizes withheld. Elphinstone and Queen of Skyes were the winning brace and Barnaby beat Elphinstone in head and length for best dog, the competition between Queen of Skyes and Endcliffe Maggie was keen; Maggie having the stronger head, but in action, coat and general type Her Majesty should get it a little bit; Maggie was never shown better.

Mieke was the only Schipperke and won. **BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—The same old faces, but the judge did not view them the same way as usual. Broomfield Sultan and Prince Regent were placed equal in challenge dogs; the former I thought should have won, especially in Prince's present bare-headed condition. In bitches I could not follow Queen III. second to Gypsey Girl, who loses in head, make and shape of body, especially set on of stern, is a bit clearer in leg markings, but tan is washy comparatively, both were well shown. Louie came in for reserve; she can beat Girl both in markings and body. In open dogs the well made, but rather coarse Glenwood won easily over Rochelle Turk and Rochelle Oolah; better markings, body and head. Rochelle Mac, reserve, loses in head, neck and front. Rochelle Sultan has nice tan, but faulty head and front. Rosette beats Rochelle Sultana in head and markings. For the special for best I should think Sultan or Prince Regent a truer-shaped terrier than Gypsey, whose queer set on of stern and round rump and washy tan should place her back; she is whippet too. Queen III. not being a first winner is not mentioned in this criticism.

**YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).**—Something better than we usually find. The well known Minnie York in nice coat was alone in challenge class. Fispool Gem simply smothered the others in open dogs in size and coat, being well shown. Charlie, second, is short of coat but of fine color. Joker II. I could not get a sight of. Prince Harry must have lost in length of body coat for his body color is good and so is his tan; Dick York, Jr., vhc., is too leggy and big, coat short and mixed. In bitches first went by default to Pinkey York, a beautifully-coated little thing of excellent type and rarely shown. Toy terriers were poor, the winner, Lotta, being quite large but with fair tan and markings.

**PUGS (Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge).**—This breed is usually strong here, and this show proved no exception, some of the best in the country being shown. Curtis and Eberhart's Cashier furnished the challenge winners in order named, the former beats in size, but his black face is against him. Vega was the only entry in challenge bitches. In open dogs, a strong class, Al Von caught the judge's eye for first, as at New York. Bobbie Mac came next, big, coarse ear and head, though fairly well shaped, but smutty, good wrinkle, body and curl. Patsy Bolivar loses in skull. Finsbury Duke, fourth, should have been higher up, although shown light; he is as good in type and build as any head to smutty in color. Uncle Bob has the spot on forehead to perfection. In body, curl and trace, needs a deeper stop and would then be a good one. Duke Howard, vhc., faulty in front and ears set on too high, well shaped muzzle, which should be shorter. Sir Douglas is well known, is a bit coarse, but well made, good curl, muzzle should be shorter. Tito, vhc., had retired, and Drummer was not for competition. In bitches (5) Haughty Madge of course won; traveling does not seem to hurt her at all. Lady Verne, second, loses in muzzle and skull, and was too fat. Miss Decima pressed her close. Sprake's Patti, fourth, has a fair head and body. Hooker, reserve, has a rather plain, flat face, nice ear and should be clearer in head color. Miss Robinson is supposed to be a black pug, its tail curls and it has a "pugly" head, though too long for the fawns, body light and long, a puppy yet. Some fair puppies were shown, the best of all being Queen Zitka, a very promising sort, if a little shorter in muzzle, but still is well shaped, deep and square. Rookery Kennels showed an even lot for kennel prize and won.

**TOY SPANIELS (Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge).**—An excellent lot of these pet dogs, and the Western breeders are evidently going to make their Eastern friends look to their laurels. Calumet Alice, looking fat and big and curly, was alone in challenge King Charles. In open dogs Little Duke won nicely; a capital-headed one, short-faced and deep, good earage and body, excellent feather, even to tail, and rich tan markings. Second went to Bentick; excellent skull and stop, coat should be flatter, tan should be brighter, nice feather. Calumet St. Cyr is smutty in tan, short of coat, excellent short face and high skull. This was a class very much above the average. In bitches American Beauty, by Royal Duke, won well; she has excellent tan, skull and short deep face, good fat coat and length of ear, but should have been in better shape. Lady of the Lake, her mother, has nice face tan, a better skull than muzzle, that should be a bit shorter, nice coat and feather, a trifle bowy in front. Special for best King Charles spaniel went to Calumet Alice, but either Little Duke or American Beauty can outpoint her in her present shape.

In Blenheim Rex, Jr., won in dogs, stop not deep enough, rather flat head and long, good legs. Miss Ruby, the bitch, had a walk-over, not very good in forelegs, but excellent head, body and coat; she also won the special. Prince Charles and Rubys brought out Ruby Pasha for first, who beats Taffy in skull, eye and a little in coat, but is not so cobby and well made in body as the latter. In bitches Fasia could scarcely be shorter in face or better in skull; coat curls a little in places, but she has plenty of it, and good body and legs—a very good one. Miss Wally is another of the same

stamp. Quite a nice little Jap, faulty in one ear, carries it out, and should be shorter-faced—won without competition. In toy spaniel puppies Young America is a most promising short-faced pup, winning nicely in squareness of muzzle, eye and tan from Duchess of Bellevue. Fasia easily took the special in the lot.

**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (Rogee D. Williams, Judge).**—Sprite and Spring in challenge classes and Taglioti in open dogs were the winners; the latter is down-eared, but has a good, long, clean head and is of nice, dainty size. Tinnie and Lady Lee in the bitch class were very much under the weather when shown and had bad coughs; they should be blanketed this changeable weather. Lottie won in this class; she is too much out before the eye but very nice size in body and shape. Jos. Lewis took the kennel prize.

**MISCELLANEOUS CLASS (John Davidson, Judge).**—In dogs (3) first went to the bobtail Hardman II. and second to the "Pom." Sheffield Lad, a moderate Dalmation getting third. In bitches Blue Belle the collie was probably the only true bred entry, the other, Slightly, I suppose is a Chihuahua, though liver and tan in color. H. W. Lacy.

**FOXHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).**—The exhibits of American foxhounds were far away above the average exhibit at dog shows, both in quality and numbers. Mr. Roger D. Williams owned nearly all of them. In the challenge class for dogs Commodore had no competition. He is a hound of exceptional muscular development and foxhound quality, although his head could be improved, particularly in muzzle. In the corresponding class for bitches Femur had a walkover. She is a bitch of a great deal of quality. The four dogs in the open class for them were owned by Mr. Roger Williams, as were also five out of the six bitches in their class. First in dogs went to Simple Simon, excellent in body, legs and feet; leather good and even, muscular development; muzzle he was somewhat light and too round. Second went to Topgallant, rather lanky and long cast, and his head was not clean cut. Dickens, fourth, is short in neck and a trifle heavy in shoulders, and light behind, his head is quite good. The Admiral, fourth, is throaty, ordinarily good head and good in body, legs and feet. Topsy, first in bitches, is remarkably sound, and she stands squarely on excellent legs and feet. The bitches, after first prize winner, did not rate in merit so high as the dogs. La Jora, second, is but a fairly good bitch, while Loopey, fourth, is a leggy bitch, coarse generally, lacking in symmetry and inferior in foxhound character to those placed below her. Flossy, fourth, has a good neck, a well ribbed body, plain head and awkward carriage of ears. The kennel of Mr. Williams was a sorry lot. In English foxhounds Denmark had no competition in the class for dogs, while the sterling bitch Rosemary easily beat Torment in the corresponding bitch class.

**POINTERS (Mr. Tim Donoghue, Judge).**—The exhibit was rather inferior both in number and the quality of the entries. It was quite a disappointment that the competition was so light. Duke of Dexter won over Tempest in the challenge class for heavy weights, while Woolton Game, notwithstanding her age, easily beats the younger bitch, Josie Bracket, in the heavy-weight bitch class. Dogs over 55lbs. had but three entries, of which Sandford Druid was easily first. He has been described recently. Molton Banner was drawn finer in flesh and did not appear so heavy in build to the eye as he really is. Third went to Dictator, recently described, while fourth went to Sport Viscount Edisto, ears set on too high, muzzle a bit light and pasterns too strong. He shows some throatiness and has a well-ribbed body. There were four entries in the heavy-weight bitches, of which Hempstead Pearl, good in body, legs and feet, fairly good head, shows some throatiness and somewhat on the cobby order, won first. Second was won by Brighton Leda, short in muzzle, throaty, well built, but of ordinary symmetry. Beppo's Girl, third, has ears set high, straight shoulders and is somewhat too wide in ribs, and is more symmetrical than the winner of third, and also is superior in neck, head and shoulders. In light-weight challenge dogs Duke of Hessen was first over Rush of Lad, while in the corresponding class Lady Gay Spanker was first, Miss Rumor was second and Wild Lily was the other competitor.

Seven competitors faced the judge in the light-weight dog class. Ridgeview Comet was first, though hard pushed by Ridgeview Tenny, both well known, as is also the third prize winner, Hempstead Duke, while fourth went to the well-known field trial winner Lad of Rush. While the latter is a tidily built dog, he can never compete successfully on the bench with the best pointers. Luck of Kent, vhc., is long cast and has a poor head, though he is upstanding and is somewhat leggy, good in neck and fair, general symmetry. The bitch class had five entries, first going to Hempstead Blossom, a fairly good bitch, while second went to Devonshire Pearl, of more than average symmetry. Third went to the well-known Fan Fan II. Mab of Kent, thick in shoulders, short muzzle, good legs and feet, won fourth. There were seven in the field trial class, Tempest, Walton Game, Sandford Druid, Duke of Hessen, Ridgeview Tenny, Lad of Rush and Hempstead Duke. Duke of Hessen and Sandford Druid were first and second, third going to Hempstead Duke, though there was a far better one in Ridgeview Tenny. The kennel prize was won by Mr. T. G. Davey over the Hempstead Farm's exhibit, though the latter were a sortier and more workmanlike lot.

**ENGLISH SETTERS (Major J. M. Taylor, Judge).**—The classes were quite well filled, particularly the open dog class, which had twenty competitors. Toledo Blade and Albert's Nellie were the winners in the challenge classes for dogs and bitches respectively, with Bohemian Girl second to Nellie. Paul Bo, shown in good condition, again took first honors in the open class; second going to Washtenaw Grouse, third to Matane, all well known dogs. Fourth went to Paul Hill, light in skull and bone, curl in stern, good shoulders, body and quarters and fair general symmetry. The reserve went to Netherwood Nymrod, shown thin in flesh. Six were given vhc., Piercy Hill, King Gladys, Tremont, Price, Chesterfield Surprise and Ben Hur of Riverview. The first mentioned is plain in head, light barrel, out at elbows. King Gladys is a trifle leggy and light in bone. Tremont has a fairly good head, is heavy in shoulders, not quite heavy enough in loin. Price is slack built and too high on legs. The rest of the class was somewhat better than ordinary. The bitch class had fifteen entries, of which Luna, light in muzzle and bone, was first, second going to Daisy of Riverview, light in muzzle and bone, a trifle leggy, good in body, shoulders and fair in symmetry. Nellie Breeze, third, is a bitch of average quality. Flight of Riverview, fourth, is narrow in skull and muzzle, light head, bone and body, and while she has fair symmetry, she just escapes being weedy. The reserve went to Liberty II., while of the three which received vhc., Tube Rose is plain in head, and was too high in flesh. Arline was but average in quality and Miss Shattuck has a good head, though narrow in skull and deficient in short ribs. The bitch class was inferior to the dog class in quality. There were two dogs in the puppy class. Count Bo is plain in head, a bit large in knees, good neck, shoulders and general symmetry. Second went to Pembroke Dick, a large puppy, plain in head and short in neck. There were four bitch puppies. Belle of Riverview, first, is light in build and fair in symmetry. Second went to Elise, and third to Pembroke Lill, light in muzzle and bone. In the field trial class, the winners were Cincinnati, Toledo Blade and Paul Bo, first, second and third. Paul Bo is better than Toledo Blade in symmetry, shoulders and body, the latter is carrying a good deal of lumber, and in my opinion was inferior to Paul Bo. The Riverview Kennels took the kennel special prize.

**IRISH SETTERS (Major J. M. Taylor, Judge).**—The classes were inferior in merit and small in entries. Kildare Glen



ker. Best exhibit of four, T. G. Davey.  
**ENGLISH SETTERS.**—Best field trial dog, Cincinnatus. Best kennel,  
 J. T. Williams.  
**IRISH SETTERS.**—Best exhibit of four, Oak Grove Kennels.  
**GORDON SETTERS.**—Best exhibit of four, Dr. S. G. Dixon.



**SPORTING SPANIELS.**—Best American bred, Black Duke.  
**IRISH WATER SPANIELS.**—Best brace, Ruddy Malone and Patsy B.  
**FIELD SPANIELS.**—Best brace, Bridford Ruby and Echo. Best exhibit of four, R. P. Kenney.  
**COCKER SPANIELS.**—Best brace, Miss Waggle and Dart. Best brace other than black, Jessie C. and Toniba. Best exhibit of four, Swiss Mountain Kennels.  
**COLLIES.**—Best bred by a member of the Collie Club, Christopher. Best in open classes owned in Chicago, Toronto Wonder (2). Collie Club's silver medals—Best dog in open class, Sefton Hero. Best bitch ditto, Charlton Phyllis. Best born in 1893, Orme. Best dog or bitch in challenge classes, Wellesbourne Charlie. Best dog or bitch in novice class, Chestford Hero. Best kennel, Cragston Kennels.  
**POODLES.**—Best dog in open class, Rajah. Best kennel, Meadowmere Kennels.  
**BULLDOGS.**—Bulldog Club medals—Best in show, Leonidas; Graven Image, reserve. Best American bred, Burlington Belle. Best owned in Western States, Geo. H. Russell's African Monarch. Best in show, Leonidas.  
**BULL TERRIERS.**—Best in show over 20 lbs. (2) Cordonna. Best under 20 lbs. Tarquin. Best in show, any weight, Cordonna. Best puppy, Tarquin.  
**BOSTON TERRIERS.**—Best dog or bitch, Tony. Club medal, best in show (2), Tony, also best dog.  
**BEAGLES.**—Best kennel, Middletown Kennels.  
**FOX TERRIERS.**—Smooth, best dog in open class, Warren Safeguard. Garfield cup for best in show, Warren Safeguard. Best kennel, L. & W. Rutherford. Best wire-haired, Jess Frost.  
**SKYE TERRIERS.**—Best pair, Elphinstone and Queen of the Skyes. Best dog, Barnaby Rudge. Best bitch, Queen of the Skyes.  
**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.**—Best in show, Gypsy Girl. Best kennel, Toon & Symonds.  
**YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.**—Best dog in show, Fishpool Gem. Best kennel, Dr. N. E. Oliver.  
**PUGS.**—Best kennel, Rookery Kennels.  
**TOY SPANIELS.**—Best King Charles, Calumet Alice. Best Blenheim, Miss Ruby. Best Prince Charles, Fasia.  
**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—Best kennel, Jos Lewis.

### Louisville Kennel Club.

The following is from Mr. St. Marc M. Mundy, secretary of the new organization hereinafter mentioned:

Suppose you have heard about the new Louisville Kennel Club. It has just been organized or rather incorporated under our State law with a capital of \$2,000. It is not completely organized yet in all details as to its working officers, there being two vacancies to be filled to-night in the bench show committee. Have delayed writing you about this until everything was in working order, but will give the present list of officers and send you names of those elected to fill vacancies as soon as possible, also will give you list of members or stockholders.

Dr. David W. Yandell, Louisville, President; Hon. Henry S. Tyler, Mayor of Louisville, First Vice-President; Col. C. P. Atmore, General Pass. Agent L. & N. R. R., Second Vice-President; Col. John B. Castleman, Chairman Park Commissioners, Louisville, Third Vice-President; Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Fourth Vice-President; Norvin T. Harris, Louisville, Fifth Vice-President; Morris B. Belknap, Belknap & Co., Louisville, Sixth Vice-President.

Board of Directors: Dr. D. W. Yandell, Col. J. B. Castleman, Morris B. Belknap, Marion E. Taylor, J. L. Adams, T. J. O'Bryan, Hon. H. S. Tyler, Roger D. Williams, John Barrett, Alex. L. Semple, Dan P. Ritchey, Harry Weissinger, Col. C. P. Atmore, Norvin T. Harris, Jas. S. Phelps, Jr., Dr. J. B. Alexander, A. F. German.

Secretary, St. Marc M. Mundy; Treasurer, James Clark, Jr. Bench Show Committee: Dan P. Ritchey, T. J. O'Bryan, A. F. German. Superintendent, George H. Hill.

Additional list of members or stockholders: Ex-Gov. Simon B. Buckner, Warren N. Henderson, J. M. Vaughn, E. Altsheier, Harry L. Means, Chas. L. Nelson, W. G. Barrett, S. Zorn, Oscar Fenely, Louis Hite, Jas. B. Thompson, F. J. Hogan, Bland Ballard, J. H. Mansir, St. John Boyle, Otho Graves, Stanley Adams, D. G. Rowland, Geo. Bowman, T. P. Watts, Wm. F. Johnson.

The list of members as a whole contains the names of some of the most prominent business men, in fact, all the stockholders are prominent men, and their influence will make the dog shows we will give social fads.

We have secured the Armory on Seventh near Chestnut for holding our show in. It is well located and of easy access from any part of the city by car lines—you know we have an excellent street-car system of transfers here; can go from most any part of the entire city to another for 5 cents by transferring.

Roger Williams says the hall is one of the best adapted for holding a dog show in he has ever seen and capable of benching over 600 dogs; it is 180ft. long on lower floor by 60ft. wide with no posts, has a wide gallery running around the two sides and back, well ventilated and lighted. Adjoining the south side of the building is a yard inclosed by a 10ft. board fence. This yard is 200ft. by 40ft. and will make a good place to exercise the dogs.

Have just written on to join the American Kennel Club and try to get May 9, 10, 11 and 12 as the dates for our first show.

If Washington, D. C., and Nashville are to give shows this year near ours, Col. Atmore will arrange to have through-cars from New York to Louisville via Washington at cheap rates for the Eastern handlers. He is also going to get all the roads running into Louisville to give a special passenger rate of one fare for the round trip during the show.

Our premium list is going to be quite liberal, the purses amounting to nearly if not \$2,000 with plenty of club specials, some of the latter to be offered in a new form, viz., for braces. Have written on to all the specialty clubs asking them to give prizes for their particular breeds.

### "Vicissitudes of the Judging Ring."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed letter, which comes to me unsolicited, covers the one that appeared in your paper this week under the above caption signed F. M. Thomas and requires no comment from me.

A. CLINTON WILMERDING.

SAUGERTIES, March 15.—Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding: DEAR SIR—I received my FOREST AND STREAM this evening and was surprised to find what was contained therein under the heading "Vicissitudes of the Judging Ring." I never saw Mr. Thomas until he made application to me to take charge of and care for my dogs at the New York show, and his use of my name in connection with the above is entirely unauthorized, as is also an attempt to connect me, even inferentially, with a train of circumstances which are said to have occurred, but of which I know scarcely anything—of my own knowledge. It is news to me that Barefoot was sent out because you did not consider him of cocker type. Mr. Thomas is also in error in stating that he handled Barefoot in the special. Barefoot was only a puppy, eligible to the classes in which he was shown by a few days, and competing as he did against mature dogs he probably got all he was entitled to—from the judge's point of view. At all events, when there is any kicking to be done which interests me I would prefer to do it in my own ornate style. I appreciate the difficulties judges labor under in the placing of dogs consistently in the ring too well to make them a target for newspaper criticism unless there be some flagrant breach of fairness.

My experience in the use of cockers in this country has taught me that we must have a dog for use higher on the leg than seems to be preferred by most of the Spaniel Club—on the bench; but that is no reason to my mind why the advocates of the different types should pound each other in the newspapers. Life is too short. FRANK K. PIDGEON.

### Denver Show.

"LANDED both feet; all well. Entries, 180."

JARRETT & DOLE.

### Meeting of the U. S. F. T. C.

THE annual meeting of the club was held on the afternoon of Thursday, March 15, in the 2d Regiment Armory, Chicago. The meeting of the board of governors was held first. There were present Messrs. P. T. Madison, who presided, Richard Merrill and B. Waters. There were fifteen members represented by proxy. Charges had been preferred against Mr. J. M. Arent for misconduct at the club's trials at Bicknell last year. The offense consisted in publicly impugning the decisions of the judges and reflecting on their abilities in an unpleasant manner. The occurrence was most disagreeable and seriously offended several members at the time, but it was understood that the matter would be officially acted on by the club. For certain reasons it was thought best to defer action till the annual meeting. Charges were preferred against Mr. Arent and a copy mailed to him in ample time to comply with the by-laws, which require that at least ten days' notice in such cases shall be given. In the meantime the secretary received an apology of which the following is a copy:

HICKORY VALLEY, Tenn., March 5.—To the Officers and members of the U. S. F. T. C. Club: GENTLEMEN—I desire to apologize to the officers and members of the club and to the judges for my unthoughtful action at the Bicknell trials last November. What I did was done in the heat of passion, and caused by excitement by many present. I ask that you overlook the occurrence, assuring you that no one regrets the unpleasantness more than I do, and in the future, if I should run any dog in the club's trials, I will accept the decision of the judges without comment. Yours respectfully, J. M. ARENT.

The written apology of Mr. Arent, with many personal assurances of regret and acknowledgment of his offense, caused the members present to take a lenient turn and the apology was accepted.

Mr. Arent's protest, in respect to the Strideaway-Topsy's Rod heat, was disallowed, and the decision of the judges was sustained. The grounds of protest were that some person or persons unknown had tampered with Topsy's Rod on the night before the race for the purpose of insuring his defeat in the absolute heat. Mr. Arent could not name any one, nor even any one whom he suspected. The testimony offered were vague statements and inferences which amounted to nothing as evidence, hence the action of the club.

The board then adjourned and the club meeting began. There were present, in addition to those already mentioned, Messrs. Stafford, Arent and Rice. Mr. Stafford was elected chairman. Mr. Madison was secretary *pro tem*. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Mr. St. Marc M. Mundy, Louisville, Ky., and Mr. John Barker, of Racine, Wis., were elected to membership.

The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a healthy financial condition. There were 32 members in good standing. Trials A paid \$495.25 above expenses. Trials B paid \$405.20. The balance on hand was \$1,869.20, out of which \$100 was to be paid the winner of the Derby absolute heat last February.

Messrs. O. P. Weisburger and Dr. W. C. Duke are to have 30 days' notice in which to pay certain entry forfeits or be prohibited from entering in the club's trials hereafter. Mr. J. H. Trezevant, the same, except that he have 60 days' notice.

It was carried that the dues of 1893 and 1894 be passed, except that in respect to the dues of this year they be collected if the secretary found it necessary to do so for the benefit of the club.

It was resolved that the club's rules governing competitors shall be rigidly enforced at the club's future competitions, to the end that harmony and good fellowship prevail, and the judges be protected in the exercise of their duties.

The resignations of Messrs. R. P. Daggett, R. L. Shannon and J. N. Seale were accepted.

Following is the list of the Board of Governors elected: Dr. N. Rowe, J. M. Freeman, Wm. M. Kerr, Col. A. G. Sloo, H. Hulman, Jr., C. G. Stoddard, Norvin T. Harris, Richard Merrill, J. M. Arent, P. T. Madison, J. A. Balmer, J. L. Adams, W. B. Stafford, A. S. Person and B. Waters.

The new board then convened. It was carried that Trials A be held at Bicknell, Ind., commencing on the first Monday in November, and that Trials B be held in the South at some point to be selected later, commencing on the third Monday in January. Mr. Madison was appointed a committee on grounds with power to make necessary arrangements.

Four stakes were provided, namely, a Setter and Pointer Derby, and an All-Age Setter and Pointer Stake. The prizes in each Derby are \$575, divided into \$200 to first, \$150 to second, \$100 to third, \$75 to fourth and \$50 to fifth. Entrance \$30. Entries close Sept. 1 for Trials A, nomination \$10, second payment, \$10, Oct. 1.

The All-Age stakes have each \$500 divided into \$150, \$125, \$100, \$75 and \$50, first, second, third, fourth and fifth respectively. Entries close Oct. 1, \$10 to nominate and \$20 to start. Entries to the Derby, trials B, close Aug. 1, second payment, Oct. 1. All-Age entries close Nov. 1. Dr. N. Rowe and Mr. P. T. Madison were appointed a committee to engage judges. The secretary's salary was fixed at \$500 in such years as the club holds two trials. The clause in Rule 13, referring to bitches in season or unduly attracting the attention of any dog was repealed. The other officers were re-elected: Pres., Dr. N. Rowe; 1st Vice-Pres., C. G. Stoddard; 2d Vice-Pres., H. Hulman, Jr.; Sec.-Treas., P. T. Madison.

It was a grave mistake to elect Mr. Arent on the Board of Governors under existing circumstances. B. WATERS.

### Gordon Setter Club Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The adjourned annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club, of America, was held at 988 Prospect avenue, New York City, Thursday evening, March 8, and the following members were present in person or proxy. Messrs. Jas. B. Blossom, L. A. Van Zandt, H. F. Ludlow, Noyes Billings, J. R. Oughton, Geo. Meister, A. W. Harrington, Jr. After the usual routine business the treasurer reported \$51.65 balance on hand and no indebtedness.

It was decided to donate \$10 to be competed for at the Philadelphia Kennel Club show, and \$5 at Louisville.

The subject of field trials was then discussed and as several large donations for that purpose were promised, it was resolved to hold entirely independent trials next fall.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James B. Blossom, Pres.; J. R. Oughton, Vice-Pres.; L. A. Van Zandt, Sec.-Treas. Executive Com., W. S. Lee, Noyes Billings, H. F. Ludlow, Geo. Meister, together with the other officers. Five new members were elected and the meeting adjourned. L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y.

### After Many Months.

A REMARKABLE incident in the way of the recovery of a stolen dog occurred at the Detroit dog show. A setter dog owned by Mr. Hamilton, of Detroit, was stolen last October. Mr. Paul Wenshoff bought the dog of some boys for \$5. Then came a peculiar chain of circumstances which fitted as well as if made purposely for the case. Mr. Wenshoff brought his dog to the show for some purpose. The real owner happened to be standing by and recognized the dog. An officer happened to be standing by, too. The matter was amicably settled by the payment of \$25 for the dog by Mr. Wenshoff. B. WATERS.

Mayor Stuart of Hamilton, Canada, has been presented with a kindly-worded testimonial by the members of the Toronto Kennel Club testifying to their admiration of him as a man and a fancier. We regret that lack of space prevents its publication this week.

### DOG CHAT.

Pomona Kennels lost by death last week a very promising young female collie, by champion The Squire out of Jane and a fine Prince Charles spaniel dog by Pomona Ben out of Trinket.

The following specials have been offered at the N. E. K. C. show: The club offers \$15 for the best couple of foxhounds and \$10 for the second best couple; \$5 for the best poodle in the open classes. A member of the Bull-Dog Club offers \$15 for the best American bred bulldog or bitch under 15 mos. of age. A friend of the Boston Terrier offers \$20 for best dog or bitch of that breed exhibited. The American Fox-Terrier Club offers their grand challenge cup, valued at \$800, for the best fox-terrier in the show. James L. Little, Esq., offers \$5 for the best exhibit of four or more Irish terriers and owned by one exhibitor. Arrangements have been made with the various railroads running into Boston as follows: The Boston and Maine and the Fitchburg will transport three dogs free with a ticket. The Old Colony system of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., will carry two dogs free with each ticket. All in excess of that number must be turned over to the express companies unless crated, in which case they will be carried at excess rates. All New York lines will take two dogs free on chains, and any in crates at excess rates.

### Books on Non-Sporting Dogs.

Mr. Horace Cox announces for publication early in April the concluding volumes of "Modern Dogs of Great Britain," by Rawdon B. Lee. The early volume, which appeared in 1893, was confined to hounds and sporting dogs generally; now we are promised the "Non-Sporting Dogs" in one volume, "The Terriers" in another, the two appearing simultaneously. The illustrations will be by Arthur Wardle and R. H. Moore. From the numerous inquiries we have had lately for an up-to-date work on non-sporting dogs we anticipate a great demand for the two books. They will be for sale at this office.

Can any one supply the address of Mr. Hopfe, formerly owner of the Hospice Kennels?

An executive meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, at 8:30 P. M., on Friday, March 30. The following is the business to come up: 1. Proposed agreement between the C. K. C. and the A. K. C. 2. Melac-Minerva's Fawn case. 3. Election of new members. 4. Miscellaneous business.

The Cragston Kennels are going in for bob-tails, and will show a team next year.

A dispatch from Minneapolis during the Chicago show stated that Mr. W. A. Locke, of New York, had arrived there in search of a St. Bernard owned by Mr. Geo. J. Gould, which was stolen from his kennels. A clew led to that city, where it is said the dog had been shipped after being dyed black!

The entries for the Maniche challenge cup for American-bred dachshunds, to be competed for at the Boston show, close March 31 with FOREST AND STREAM.

Sales were slack at Chicago this time, though a few good ones changed owners. The well-known Skye terrier Barnaby Rudge will now be shown for Dr. Eller, of Philadelphia, and will help to swell the strong interest in this breed that is already claimed for the Quaker City.

Seacroft Kennels disposed of a little surplus stock. Mr. E. P. Preston, of Chicago, bought the wolfhound Gypsy Queen. The fox-terrier Richmond Jessamine was also sold to a Chicago party.

Mr. Winslow presided at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's last monthly meeting at the Aldine Hotel March 13. Those present were Doctors G. D. B. Darby, G. G. Davis, Alexander Glass and Loder, Harry Sinnott, G. H. Thompson, T. Phelps, F. G. Taylor, J. C. Doban, H. S. Painter and S. D. Biddle. The names of W. H. Child and C. G. Thompson were added to the life membership list, and Messrs. Riddle, Doban, Painter and Dr. Karsner were admitted to membership. The club accepted the *Public Ledger* loving cup, which will be given to the best fox-terrier in the open classes. Ten dollars will be given to the best four wolfhounds, and two challenge and two open classes were made for curly black poodles. The special prize list promises to be a large one.

The Louisville Kennel Club was to have held a bench show committee meeting last Saturday evening, but as the committee was not quite ready to have the directors pass on their work the evening was passed in general talk. The club is endeavoring to persuade the Nashville people to run a show the week after their's and Mr. Seairight was to attend the meeting of the bench show committee to talk over the prospects. The judges have not yet been formally selected, but Major J. M. Taylor for sporting dogs and Mr. James Mortimer for the rest is the ticket at present, with probably another judge to take great Danes and beagles.

The cocker spaniel bitch Dame was found smothered in her box when it arrived by express at Chicago show. We must say that to ship several cockers in the long box which Mr. Fiske sent them in simply courted such a disaster, and was a cruelty to his pets. The box was built almost solid with four or five solid partitions, air being supplied merely through a few auger holes round the top. Better run the chances of coughs and colds than certain death by suffocation. When dogs must as at present be sent by express, special care should be exercised in their crating, as there is no telling where they may be placed during transit.

The St. Bernard bitches Rustic Beauty and Adelaide II. have been bred to Sir Bedivere and the results are anxiously awaited in the Little Rock kennels.

Messrs. McEwen & Gibson sold the reserve in open class dogs, Scotsman, by Edgbaston Excelsior out of Ryland Lady, to Mr. Ford of Cohoes, N. Y., during the Chicago show, and it is probable that the Piper will go to the Chestnut Hill Kennels. Mr. Gibson also sold their vnc. bitch Effie to a Chicago Lady.

George S. Thomas, of the firm of Toon & Toomas, won the special of \$100 at Chicago, for the handler showing the largest number of first and second prize winners and Ben Lewis took the second prize of \$25. There is a good deal of grumbling over the way in which these prizes are competed for and in fairness to all, some hard and fast rule should be set down to govern the competitions. As it is at present, handlers' names are attached to the entry blanks, who have nothing more to do with the dog at the show than a friendship to the owner implies. The prizes should be awarded to the handler who really has his dogs in charge, brings them to the show, and draws the prize money for their winnings.

Lovers of a good greyhound will regret to hear that Pious Pembroke, the well-known bench winner, was smothered in his crate the day after Chicago show. We heard the news as we were leaving that city for home, and were unable to gain any further particulars. The dog was not in good condition, but we cannot account for his being smothered, as the show



building was not at all warm. This kennel is unlucky, as at Washington last year Lilly of Gainsboro paid the penalty of a too close confinement.

P. K. C. Show.

Just before going to press we received the following wire from Philadelphia, dated March 20: "Run over 450 entries, cannot give exact number till to-night."—PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.

The Collie Club announces that in addition to the annual collie sweepstake, it has been decided to revive the futurity stakes. A sweepstake for litters of collie puppies born on or after Jan. 1, 1894. Entrance fee, fifty cents for each pup. The entire number of the litter born alive must be entered, and the entries must be made prior to the puppies attaining the age of six weeks. One or more of any litter entered may be selected to compete for the stake. A collie entered in this stake having changed ownership shall be eligible to compete, upon condition of the transfer being registered by the breeder with the secretary of the Collie Club. 50% of the stake shall go to the winner, 20% to the second, 10% to the third, and 20% to the breeder of the winner. To be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club show of 1895. Entries after July 1, 1894, will be competed for at some dog show in the fall of 1895.

As some litters may have passed the limit of age, any such will be accepted prior to April 1, 1894. It being highly probable that the winners in this stake will also be winners in the regular sweepstakes it will be quite an object to enter both. Entry blanks will be furnished by the secretary, J. D. Shotwell, 82 Hillside ave., Orange, N. J.

It is well known that this journal does not interfere in politics except as they may affect game legislation and kindred matters, but some of our contemporaries in their efforts to involve Tammany even in a dog deal have pounced upon our announcement that Mayor Gilroy had purchased the great Dane Major McKinley. The man who had charge of Major McKinley at the New York show is responsible for the statement, but on inquiry at the Chicago show we find that the deal fell through on a disagreement about the price.

The dates claimed for Toronto, Canada, show are Sept. 10 to 14. C. A. Stone, secretary and superintendent.

Spaniels At New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me space in your paper to thank "Solus" for his comments on the spaniel judging at the late New York show. Whosoever he may be he understands spaniels and merits the thanks of all spaniel breeders who wish to improve and establish a strain of spaniels that will breed to a type—his remarks I heartily indorse and would add: I was an exhibitor at this show, but never again will I enter or lead a spaniel before Mr. Wilmerding for an opinion of it, as he has amply demonstrated to me his inability to properly judge a good class of spaniels, as he has no fixed type that I can discover. He takes the position that size influenced some of his decisions. As "Solus" remarks, had the judge come out before entries closed and given exhibitors to understand he was to "lift them up" and weight was to cut such a figure in the awards, would there have been such a large entry? I assure your readers had such been known, nine entries that did go in would have been absent. I would like him or any other judge to explain wherein under the American Spaniel Club standards he finds any authority to place a single point to the credit of weight or size. The standard says from 18 to 28lbs. I claim no judge has any right to place a larger or a smaller specimen unless he can score a point or part of one more than the smaller. Personally I like a good size spaniel and breed to obtain it, but not at the sacrifice of other points. It is only by breeding and exhibiting and selecting the most perfect specimens, that we can improve our type and make that type a fixture. But no improvement must be expected from such decisions as placing Newton Abbot Farmer over Newton Abbot Torso; Colehill Rufus at the foot of his class; Middy, a dog that should have won in his class, left without a card; placing Donovan at the head in his class, were decisions that caused me to retire and take a seat, the better to observe the burlesque. That the judge wanted light, more light, further light, when he had spent a half hour rejudging some of them again in the novice class, was no surprise to me. J. P. WILEY.

Safety of the Columbus Show.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Waters in his report of the Columbus show says: "Had there been a fire the fate of the dogs on the upper floors was easy to predict."

In this Mr. Waters does us a slight injustice, first because Mr. Waters surely must have noted how carefully we had prepared to guard against fire. Again, Columbus should not be continually harped upon because of her great misfortune of 1888. The past has gone and should be forgiven, if not entirely forgotten.

When I give your readers an outline of the protection we offered our exhibitors they will, I think, uphold me in my bold assertion, that "a fire was almost an impossibility in our show room."

The safety of our show was under the personal supervision of the chief of our city fire department and his able assistant, and at no time was it possible for a fire to spread to an extent to do the least harm. In addition to our own careful vigilance we had on each floor, under the care of a competent fireman, a fire extinguisher ready at all times to quench the least spark. No smoking was allowed in the show room, and how rigidly this rule was enforced our exhibitors can testify. Ben Lewis and Mr. Turner both stated to me that at no other show they ever attended was this rule enforced so strictly; two of our lady exhibitors also made the same statement. Our night watchmen received their instructions from our fire chief and were carefully instructed in the use of the electric calls placed in the show room. Taken all in all we thought the precautions taken were the best, and I hope you will pardon me for taking exceptions from the otherwise fine report of our show. H. A. BRIDGE.

Manitoba Dog Show.

The first annual dog show in connection with the Manitoba Poultry Association's Exhibition, opened at Winnipeg, on Tuesday, March 6, and continued until Thursday, March 8. The entries in all classes were large and valuable canines from all parts of the country participated. A noticeable feature was the abundance of the larger breeds which seem adapted to the rigid temperature of the Northwest. In fact, there was a splendid entry in both quality and numbers. Among the St. Bernards were found some excellent animals and the Newfoundland, deerhounds, wolfhounds and great Danes were well represented. Setters, pointers and retrievers were numerous and some old prize winners of the East were among the successful ones. Spaniels, terriers, collies and foxhounds were all of splendid quality and the few bulldogs on exhibition were excellent animals. The entries in the toy class were not very numerous; but there were some dainty little canines among them. The whole exhibition was most successful and promises to become one of the most important events of the winter season in Winnipeg. J.

Dog Protective Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the Grand Rapids Dog Protective Association was held March 5, with a large attendance. The reports of the different officers for the year were made and that of the treasurer showed a good financial condition; and the secretary's disclosed a membership of just 100, interested in protecting their dogs and who are willing to pay any assessment their executive committee may levy for that purpose. The President reported that in one way and another about 25 dogs had been recovered and returned to their owners, some by law, some through the medium of a postal card to the members and some having been picked up on the streets, having strayed away.

One fact that was apparent to all was the moral influence our Association has had in the reduced number of dogs that have been run off, never to be heard of again, and although this is an unknown quantity still the members have felt just as much more secure in their membership as the dog thieves have felt alarmed at the prospect of the Association getting after them. We trust other associations will be formed in other cities to cooperate with us and each other, when, I can assure you, we will give the fraternity a lively race.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. H. Annin; Secretary, W. D. Pugh; Treasurer, Eber Rice; Executive Committee, R. C. Wharton, D. G. Henry, Francis Lilley and C. F. Road. W. D. PUGH. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lump II, Black Rascal, Maes'chen von Vento, Flossie and Witch. By Vento Farm Kennels, Black Lake, Quebec, for black and tan dachs, hunds, two dogs and three bitches, whelped Sept. 10, 1893, by imported Lump out of imported Hexe.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Novice—Clyde. A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) beagle bitch Lady Novice (The Rambler—Lady Vic) to B. S. Turpin's Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), Feb. 19.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lass of Kippen. E. G. Duncklee's (Brockton, Mass.) pointer bitch Lass of Kippen (champion Nasso of Kippen—Juno II.), Jan. 7, thirteen (six dogs), by G. W. Lovell's Coronet (Greenfield—Lillian).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Rip Rap, Jr.—Prairie Belle whelp. Pointer dog, whelped July 12, 1893, by Jas. McAleer, Emsworth, Pa., to A. G. Lanks, Sheriff of Luce county, Mich.

Rip Rap, Jr.—Prairie Belle whelp. Black, white and ticked dog, whelped Nov. 25, 1893, by Jas. McAleer, Emsworth, Pa., to A. G. Lanks, Sheriff of Luce county, Mich.

Dixey—Blossom whelp. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1893, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to B. A. Kelly, Carbondale, Pa.

Waterman's Spike. Bull-terrier dog, by Mr. Faversham, to M. M. Ehrlich, New York City.

Tube Rose. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped June 20, 1893, by Count Noble out of Lit, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to R. Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.

Prairie Flower. Imported steel gray Skye terrier bitch, by champion Old Burgundy out of Lowland Maid, by C. H. Smith, St. Stephen, N. B., to P. & H. Smith, same place.

Islay. Imported steel gray Skye terrier bitch, by Fruachan out of Helen MacGregor, by C. H. Smith, St. Stephen, N. B., to P. & H. Smith, same place.

Barnaby Rudge. Imported steel gray Skye terrier dog, by Medace out of Nip, by C. H. Smith, St. Stephen, N. B., to P. & H. Smith, same place.

Don. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Jan. 21, 1893, by Dandy out of Maud, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to Chas. Ashley, same place.

Murkland E. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Feb. 25, 1890, by Murkland Ranger out of Beaulah, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to ex-Mayor Chas. L. Ashley, same place.

Lily L. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped May 1, 1893, by Prince L. out of Sadie B., by A. J. Lewis, Central Falls, R. I., to J. W. Lawson, East Providence, R. I.

Bonnie Browine. White, tan head, tan patches fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 9, 1893, by Blenton Volunteer out of Bonnie Belle, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to W. V. Howard, same place.

Bonnie Betty. White, black and tan head, black patch fox terrier bitch, whelped May 1, 1893, by Blenton Volunteer out of Bonnie Buena, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to A. J. Griswold, Nogales, A. T.

Bonnie Beau. White, tan head, fox-terrier dog, whelped May 9, 1893, by Blenton Volunteer out of Bonnie Belle, by C. A. Sumner, Los Angeles, Cal., to Mrs. T. B. Shepherd, Ventura, Cal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. New Rochelle.—1. How often and what should a St. Bernard pup nine weeks old be fed? 2. Should he be washed? If so, how, and if not, in what way can his coat be kept clean? 3. Should his pen be kept warm or cold? Ans. 1. From three to four times a day. Sweet milk, mutton soup with vegetables and stale bread, oatmeal, etc.; also raw meat, chopped fine, every other day is good. 2. At his age washing is unnecessary, if the quarters are neat and clean, with plenty of clean bedding. 3. If he has plenty of clean bedding and the sleeping quarters are free from draughts, artificial heat is unnecessary.

C. E. S. Middletown, Conn.—1. I have two setter pups that I intend hunting together, one of which is a wide ranger, while the other hunts close but quarters his ground well. Which one is the proper dog to teach to retrieve, or would you teach them both? 2. What is the proper way to prevent them from chasing chickens? 3. Is it a good idea to work them on quail in field without gun? Ans. 1. The wider one has very little relation to the quality of a retriever. If you intend to keep the dogs for your own shooting teach the slowest one to retrieve. 2. Punish them every time you catch them chasing chickens. 3. Yes.

W. E. R. Reading, Pa.—The slime and blood may be the result of constipation or it may be due to disease of the rectum. Take the dog to veterinarian.

G. S. Boston.—1. It is probably a tumor and should be removed. 2. Feed on raw lean meat once a day.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

April 17.—South Dakota Coursing Club's inaugural meeting, at Mitchell, S. D. Entries close April 16. S. S. Batley, Sec'y; Fox Kenney, Judge; Joseph Dodd, Slipper.

Central Ohio Fox Hunters' Club.

The Central Ohio Fox Hunters' Club, of Coshocton, Wayne, Tuscarawas and Holmes counties held its fourth annual meeting at Millersburg, March 7. It was the largest and best attended of any ever held by the club, every county being well represented. The meeting was held in Agricultural Hall, and at 10:30 o'clock A. M. was called to order by the president, John A. Bucklew, of Warsaw. After hearing the reports of the committees and treasurer and secretary, Hon. E. L. Lybarger presented a resolution to change the name of the club to the Central Ohio Sportsman's Club. The resolution was unanimously adopted. This change was made in order to admit other sportsmen outside of fox hunters to membership.

On motion, E. L. Lybarger, L. F. Findley and Lake F. Jones were appointed a committee to draft new by-laws, after which an adjournment was taken until after dinner.

Immediately upon reassembling the committee reported the new by-laws which were adopted. Among them are the following:

This Association shall be known as the Central Ohio Sportsman's Association. Its objects shall be:

First—The encouragement of interest on the part of the people in the preservation of game and fish.

Second—Encouragement of gentlemanly sport, the assembling together from all parts of the district of gentlemen fond of sport, friendly enjoyment, mutual acquaintance and the recuperating of our physical powers by outdoor exercise.

Third—The membership shall consist in addition to those already enrolled, of such other persons as may apply and be enrolled by the secretary upon the payment of the membership fee of twenty-five cents.

Fourth—The officers of the association shall consist of a president, secretary and treasurer, and one vice-president from each county belonging to the association.

Fifth—The officers first chosen shall serve until the next annual meeting, and shall thereafter be chosen for a period of one year, or at each annual meeting.

Twelfth—It shall be the duty of all members of this association to assist each other in recovering lost or stolen dogs, and when any dog is lost or stolen, and any member knowing of its whereabouts, shall communicate said knowledge to the secretary of the association, at Millersburg, Ohio.

The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That this association will aid and assist the legally constituted authorities in the enforcement of all laws made and provided for the protection of game and fish. That we discountenance fox hunting during the months of June and July, and that we pledge ourselves to abstain from fox hunting during these months.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, John A. Bucklew; Vice-Presidents, Coshocton County, J. L. Moore; Wayne, Lake F. Jones; Tuscarawas, Wm. T. Zinkon; Holmes, Merriman Lisle; Secretary, L. G. Barton; Treasurer, Charles M. Williams.

Northwestern Beagle Club of America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the Northwestern Beagle Club was held at Battery D, Chicago, March 15. Members present, G. A. Buckstaff, E. H. Rummele, Jr., H. A. Dillingham, Chas. Niss, Jr., E. Bardoe Elliott and Louis Steffen. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, at 2:30 P. M.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Letters from the National and New England Beagle clubs were read. It was decided to hold the coming field trials the week following the National Beagle Club's trials, beginning on Nov. 7.

The secretary was authorized to get some Eastern gentleman to represent the N. W. B. C. at the American Kennel Club meetings.

The arranging of classes for the field trials, also the adoption of the Beagle standard were laid over until the next meeting.

New members elected are: Edwin A. Woodward, Chicago; G. W. Werner, New London, Wis.; Oscar and R. Hintze and Frank Winneman, Milwaukee. Meeting adjourned.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. F. M. Whipple, the M. F. H. of the Brunswick Fur Club, contemplates settling in southern California. His departure will be a loss to fox hunting interests of New England. His favorite hounds, Ned and Spot, well known on the bench and in the field, will go with him.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass., has presented his interest in the celebrated Kinney—White pack of foxhounds to his friend and partner, Mr. John M. White, Millbury, Mass.

The interest in coursing at St. Louis, Mo., is increasing rapidly. Of late they have been holding local club meets at Brentwood Park, but they have now advanced to an open meeting to be held on March 26 to 28, open to all comers. Dr. George Irwin Royce will judge. Nearly all of the prominent greyhounds in the West will be in attendance to compete.

There will be coursing meetings at Oaks, S. D., April 3 to 5, Huron, S. D., April 10 to 12, and Mitchell, S. D., April 17 and following days.

Dachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.		JUNE.	
24. St. Lawrence, Squad. Cruise.	26. Portland, Cruise.	18. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.	19. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.
2. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, first series.	4. Brooklyn, Ann., New York.	16. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, second series.	23. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, third series.
5. Atlantic, Ann., New York.	7. New York, Ann., New York.	23. Larchmont, Spring, L. I. Sound.	23. Sea Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.
9. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, first series.	13. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, second series.	15. Portland, Annual.	16. American, Ann., L. I. Sound.
2. A. M., St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, challenge cup; P. M. steam yacht race, 18ft. fourth series.	3. Sea Cor., Race, Oyster Bay to Larchmont, Mass.	4. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.	23. Squantum, Flint Cups, cabin cats, Squantum, Mass.
4. Larchmont, Ann., L. I. Sound.	7. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fourth series.	23. Indian Harbor, Ann., Long Island Sound.	
AUGUST.		SEPTEMBER.	
1. New York, Annual Cruise.	4. Squantum, Ladies' Day, Squantum, Mass.	25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.	
1. Larchmont, Fall, L. I. Sound.	15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup, Long Island Sound.	22. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.	
3. New York Y. R. A., Ann., N. Y.			

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

The preliminary programme of the Seawanhaka-Cor. Y. C. for 1893 will include: A naphtha launch and small class races on opening day, a special race for class I of sloops, the annual race on Saturday, June 23, special races to and from New London, June 25 to 30, a special race from Oyster Bay to Larchmont, July 3, a race for the Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup, a special race for a cup presented by Mr. George Bullock, an oyster boat race and the usual Saturday races. The complete programme will be issued later, detailing the courses and conditions for all races and announcing additional events. The special race for class I of sloops, contingent upon entries, will be sailed for



the prize offered at the annual meeting. The annual race on Saturday, June 23, will be open to all classes and visiting clubs, with the Leland Corinthian challenge cup open for competition in a special class. It is also intended to provide an entertainment at the club house, on the evening of Friday, June 22, of which due notice will be given by the House Committee.

The special races to New London and return, open to all classes and visiting clubs, will be provided, at the pleasure of yacht owners, for the purpose of attending the Yale-Harvard boat race. The general programme will include a reception at the club house and a race to New London covering two days. All yachts racing in cruising trim and in two classes: schooners and sloops; time to be cumulative for the two days; time allowance of the club with the wind factor of five-tenths, used in tables, varied proportionally to average wind velocity on each day. Prizes to be awarded to winning yachts. A reception will be held on board the flagship in New London Harbor. On Saturday, June 30, the day following the Yale-Harvard contest, or on Monday, July 2, in event of postponement, the fleet will race to the westward under conditions to be announced; finishing at Oyster Bay. Prizes to be awarded to winning yachts.

The special race to Larchmont is fixed for Tuesday, July 3, the conditions to be hereafter named, and in event of delay in returning from New London the start will be made from New Haven or Black Rock instead of Oyster Bay. The Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup race will be open to classes under 35ft., racing over the inside course unless otherwise specified. The special race for the cup presented by Mr. George Bullock will be for yachts of the smaller classes over the bell buoy triangular course unless otherwise specified. The oyster boat race and usual Saturday races will be sailed under conditions to be named; dates for the above to be announced in the final programme.

The race committee for the year are Messrs. Gordon Wendell, Chairman, 61 North street; R. A. Rutherford, Secretary, 19 W. 24th street; Walter C. Kerr, Valentine Mott and E. C. Weeks.

### St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, is preparing for what promises to be a prosperous and interesting season. Many changes and improvements are being made about the club quarters. Innumerable alterations to the fleet are under way, by the busy sound of the hammer and saw about the club storage sheds, the yacht that finished a weary third last season may keep her swifter sister closer company this summer. For the 30ft. class Mr. G. Herick Dugan is building a new flyer designed by himself, which no doubt will give a good report before the season is well advanced. Mr. C. E. Archibald has bought a 31-footer from the West, which proved herself very able and fast last season. Mr. H. M. Molson is getting on a Clapham Bouncer from



SQUINX—"DOUBLE CAT" CRUISER.

FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 4, 1893.

Roslyn, while three other wonders of assorted sizes are positively coming to help on the racing interest.

The events arranged for the season are as follows: May 24, Squadron cruise; June 2, 18ft. class, first series; June 9, A, 30, 25, 21ft. classes, first series; June 15, 18ft. class, second series; June 16, A, 30, 25, 21ft. classes, second series; June 23, 18ft. class, third series; June 30, A, 30, 25, 21ft. classes, third series; July 2, A, M., A, 30, 25, 21ft. (all for Sir Donald A. Smith challenge cup on this day); P. M., steam yacht race, 18ft., fourth series; July 7, A, 30, 25, 21ft. classes, fourth series; July 14, A, 30, 25, 21ft. classes, fifth series.

Class A yachts measuring 30ft. corrected length; 30ft. class, yachts measuring 25ft. and under 30ft. corrected length; 25ft. class, yachts measuring 21ft. and under 25ft. corrected length; 21ft. class, yachts measuring 18ft. and under 21ft. corrected length; 18ft. class, yachts measuring 16ft. and under 18ft. corrected length.

Dinghy races and races for craft not within yacht classification will be arranged later on.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Jersey City Y. C. elected the following officers on March 1: Com., G. Van Horn; Vice-Com., A. Roe; Pres., J. Hilton; Sec'y, J. V. Wolcott; Treas., P. W. Figueroa; Meas., Dr. O. F. Coe. Directors: the above and C. H. Benson, H. C. Roome, Dr. W. J. Parker, F. W. Lyons, A. B. Reynolds. Executive Committee: C. F. Ockerhausen, O. F. Coe, Chas. Miller. Finance Committee: A. B. Reynolds, E. P. Buffet, F. W. Lyons. Regatta Committee: C. H. Benson, Dr. Parker, Dr. Coe. Entertainment Committee: A. Roe, J. V. Wolcott, E. P. Buffet. W. H. Hooker was elected an associate member. The regatta will be held in June.

Flying Cloud, yawl, mentioned in the report of the Biscayne Bay Y. C. last week was designed by Waterhouse & Chesebrough of Boston to meet the requirements of her owner, Mr. S. F. Moore. The yacht has turned out a complete success, being tried hard on the passage from Boston to Florida, and proving a good seaboat in some very bad weather, although of light draft. Her owner proposes to make a trip to the Bahamas before returning North.

Minneapolis, Minn., is taking up model yachting, having two clubs, the Minneapolis Model Yacht Racing Association, John Hadden, Secretary, and the Calhoun Model Y. C. organized last fall, Geo. Turner, No. 1,330 Fourth avenue, South, secretary.

Exile, the fast 21-footer designed and raced by J. F. Small, of Boston, has been sold to F. M. Randall of the Pavana Y. C. She is 30ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam and 1ft. 6in. draft. She was built, like all of her class, as an open boat, but a light trunk cabin will be added to bring her into the class about New York.

Almost as a matter of course, Britannia has been successful in all the races in which she has started, her only antagonist being the old Valkyrie, 70ft. l.w.l., and the 40-rater Deerhound, now Oretta, of 60ft.

## Canoeing.

### FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.

AS BEARING on the discussion now taking place in our columns, we commend to canoeists the proposed programme for the annual meet. While the usual events are provided for the racing machines, both paddling and sailing, it will be seen that the cruisers, ex-racers and general purpose canoes of all kinds are by no means neglected, as some of our correspondents have inferred, but that every possible provision is made for them.

In sailing, the record races are strictly limited to hoisting and lowering sails; and so far as is possible, the conditions are framed to encourage the all-around canoeist rather than the sailing specialist. For the exclusive benefit of the cruiser or retired racer, one event is arranged for which the committee has attempted to set no definite limit, but from which it proposes to exclude anything that is obviously



VICINITY OF CROTON POINT AND A. C. A. CAMP GROUND.

of the nature of a racing machine as distinguished from the older type of canoes such as Notus, Eclipse, Hornet and Vesper, in which some of the best racing of the Association has been done. The success of this race, and we feel safe in saying that it is very doubtful, depends on the men who are heard every year in an outcry against racing men and racing machines. It is clearly impossible to lay down exact limits in advance, but we have every confidence that the committee will fairly and intelligently discriminate to exclude canoes which in build or fitting may belong to the racing rather than the ex-racing class; it only remains to be seen how many canoes will present themselves.

WHILE this race is intended for one class of canoes which, according to a widespread idea, is entirely sacrificed to the racing class, event No. 13 is similarly intended for the wide canoes, canoe-yaws and other odd-sized craft which are the subject of a similar complaint of neglect. In this class, too, it is impossible to set limits until it is known what the entries may be, but the committee has shown an honest and earnest intention to remedy a complaint which, whether well or ill founded, is quite general; the result cannot fail to be instructive.

In the paddling classes a provision is made for the purely cruising and general purpose type, the 15x30 open Canadian canoe of serviceable build, a class which last year, in its very home, failed to fill.

The programme is, as stated, only provisional, and all members are at liberty to make suggestions to the committee, or through our columns, for its improvement.

ONE good feature of the new programme is the abandonment of the limit of 16x30 for the club fours, as recommended at various times by members. Although by chance this size of canoe has come into general use for the club fours, it is entirely unsuited for such work, being much too small. Just what size will prove best is a question, but the committee are in hopes that enough canoes of suitable dimensions and working build will be present to solve it. The intention is to favor the use of service canoes in this race rather than racing shells.

### THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1894.

Croton Point—July 13-27.

THE inquiries which reach us as to the location and date for the coming A. C. A. meet indicate the existence of considerable interest on the part of men who, while members, have not attended previous meets or kept posted on A. C. A. matters, but who now propose to avail themselves of the accessibility of the new camp site. The accompanying maps, for which we are indebted to Mr. J. K. Hand, show the immediate locality, as well as the adjoining points on the Hudson River, Peekskill and Sing Sing on the east, and Haverstraw on the west, all points of the great trunk lines and easily reached from New England, the North and West. The details of the secondary transportation between the camp and the railroad stations, are now being arranged in a way that promises immunity from the usual delay and expense on this stage of the journey. The following provisional programme has been arranged by the regatta committee:

#### A. C. A. Regatta Programme, 1894 Meet.

Event No. 1.—Record race, paddling and sailing combined, 1½ miles

alternately, total 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Sails to be known as lowering sails.

Event No. 2.—Record race, paddling, ½ mile straightaway. Same canoe to be used as in event No. 1.

Event No. 3.—Record race, sailing, 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. Same canoe, sails, seat, etc., to be used as in event No. 1.

Note.—For record races see Rule 5, sailing regulations.

Event No. 4.—Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 5.—Paddling, open canoes not under 50lbs. weight, ½ mile straightaway; single blade.

Event No. 6.—Unlimited sailing, 6 miles. Time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race. See Rule 5, sailing regulations.

Event No. 7.—Trophy sailing, 9 miles. Time limit 3½ hours. Starters to be selected as per Rule 5, sailing regulations.

Event No. 8.—Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles. Time limit 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Event No. 7 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Note.—This race will not be called until event No. 7 has been sailed.

Event No. 9.—Novice sailing, 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1893.

Event No. 10.—Club sailing, 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. No club can be represented unless it enters at least three men, all men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1894 A. C. A. Meet.

Event No. 11.—Passenger cruising sailing, 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Canoes to enter this event must come within the regular classification, to have a well 16in. wide and at least 3ft. 6in. long, with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. will be clear. Lowering sails must be used. No limit on seats. Canoes must carry a passenger weighing at least 110lbs.

Event No. 12.—Outclassed sailing, 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours.

Note.—It is the intention to give this race for the outclassed canoes, without bath-tub wells, etc. Conditions will be posted when the committee see what class and number of boats there will be to enter this race.

Event No. 13.—Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. Conditions to be posted.

Event No. 14.—Tandem paddling, ½ mile straightaway. Decked sailing canoes, double blades; open canoes single blades.

Event No. 15.—Club four paddling, ½ mile straightaway. Not limited to a 16x30.

Event No. 16.—Sailing upset and maneuvering. At signal throw paddle over stern and recover, second signal canoe to be heeled over until top of mast touches the water. Canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail.

Event No. 17.—Paddling upset, ¼ mile. Usual conditions. No special appliances.

Event No. 18.—Hurry-scurry. Run, swim and paddle. Short distance.

Event No. 19.—Gymnastics.

Event No. 20.—War canoe, 1 mile. Conditions to be posted.

Note.—This race will be made a special feature if the committee receive enough entries.

The Dolphin sailing trophy is a silver cup presented to the A. C. A. by the Yonkers C. C. as a perpetual consolation cup for the trophy race.

### CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Yonkers C. C. is making material improvements to its house. The old dressing room has been taken down and rebuilt with new racks in the front of the house, also a new dressing room with improved shower, etc. A new feature is a work shop with work bench, etc., and room to varnish canoes in. A new platform will be erected in front of the house, putting the float about 100ft. further out into the river. The Ko-ko-ko-ho is being overhauled and put in shape for the meet and the boys are getting to work already so that a very good year for canoeing is promised around Yonkers.

#### A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: J. L. Held, Hoboken, N. J.; Frederick W. Donnelly, Trenton, N. J.



The A. C. A. and its Critics.

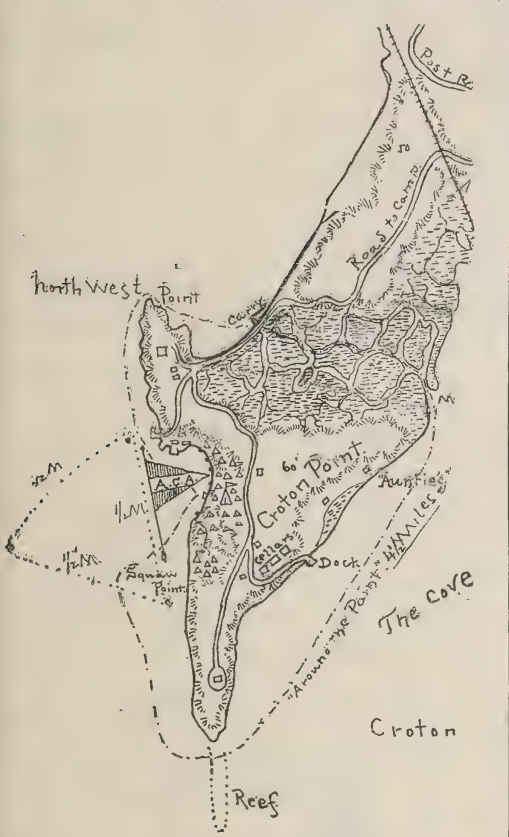
Editor Forest and Stream:

It was an evil moment when I allowed myself to be drawn into the discussion regarding reform in the A. C. A. I have been assured by friends who have read my letter that I am a fool; my language has been characterized as "beastly personal;" it has been said that my composition lacks style; I have been accused me of drawing odious comparisons in favor of the Hoboken Club, and Hoboken men have complained of my doing the reverse. I have even heard it remarked that my letter was humorous (and Mr. Holden will bear me out when I say that this reform is too serious a matter for levity). These and more would I willingly bear, but to have Mr. Holden turn on me! Aye, there's the rub! As A. Ward would say, "It's a mite!"

But Mr. Holden misunderstands my letter and my attitude on the reform question. I believe, with him, that there is a great deal to be desired in that direction. (I have attended a few of the meets.) The prominent men in canoeing circles to-day are those who are skillful with the sails or mighty with the paddle. Those who seek enjoyment in cruising only are seldom heard of, even when they cruise 400 or 500 miles. I compared the Hoboken and Ianthe clubs merely to exemplify this difference. To my mind the Hoboken men are the better canoeists. The Ianthe men are "graduates" of the cruising class and would enjoy their regattas and racing just as well if they were yacht races, boat races or tub races.

But how are we going to help it? I do not think that publishing a regular newspaper would effect much of a change. As Mr. Cartwright says, the Association has about a thousand members. If you could get 100 subscribers out of this number you would do well. Each club would get one copy and the members would take turns reading it. If we must have a paper here would be my plan. Require every club purser to forward to the Association commodore or some other competent man, all matters of news and information coming to his attention. The commodore would then issue this in the shape of a "Bulletin" to the clubs, and it could be tacked on the door where the men could read it. This would not be expensive. The printer could take the various communications and arrange them to suit himself, and the expense could be assessed on the clubs subscribing to the "Bulletin."

Now Mr. Holden, a word with you. You say that but for the wide circulation given my letter in these columns you would ignore my screed. I gather from this that had I written direct to you, you would have thrown my letter in the waste basket. How perfectly



A. C. A. CAMP GROUND—CROTON POINT.

dreafed of you! As to my not being posted, you, of course, are a competent judge. But tell me, have you not achieved fame under the nom de plume of "Cycle-Oar" in your local paper at Rutherford, New Jersey? Who has not heard the story of the "Purser and his Chum" who sailed the billowy Passaic one summer afternoon? Did not the gentle zephyrs blow on that occasion, and was it not the purser's boast that he would rather upset than luff, and didn't he upset? forgetting that (with apologies to the autograph album),

"It were better to have luffed and lost Than never to have luffed at all."

And who has not read the thrilling adventures of the "Captain and Mate and the three tugs?" And are you not an authority on Indian names? Well, I guess! Didn't you build two canoes with a jack-knife and a few rude tools, and didn't you name one of them the "Sew-Ga," which when translated, you said, meant "Big Man." And some of the boys, however, upon searching the Indian archives, discover that, read backward, it meant "Big Girl!"

Now a word to Mr. Cartwright. You take Mr. Holden too seriously. The only person in the Atlantic Division who takes Mr. Holden seriously, is Mr. Holden himself. I don't believe him to be bent so much on overturning the existing order of things as he is of seeing his full name at the bottom of a printed letter. We, of the Atlantic Division, who know him well, appreciate his wide experience as a canoeist and newspaper correspondent, and we love him. He owns three or four canvas canoes, and has cruised the entire distance from Rutherford to Newark several times, and it must certainly be four or five miles. And it was on only one occasion that the trip was too much for him and he had to be brought home on a lumber barge. Only one.

He avers that I have slurred a gentleman whose only offense was that he came from Rutherford. Now that was really no offense at all! If he had remained there! Ah! that would have been different! However, I am sorry for having slurred him and hasten to apologize, and I hope that during the meet next summer he will come from Rutherford again and bring his reform ideas with him.

I admit that it would be courteous toward Mr. H. for me to contribute these few stickles over my own name. But then a man of Mr. Holden's perspicacity (hold on! where's my dictionary?) and thorough knowledge of A. C. A. meets and matters must know "Pulex." If he does not I would suggest his visiting at least one meet, when he would have his eyes opened not only to "flex" but to "Pulex" as well. And while "flex" seems to insinuate that Mr. H. would be signally fortunate in having his eyes opened to "flex," it would really be nothing to the honor conferred on Mr. H., by having his eyes opened to

PULEX.

racer? I can produce evidence to show that I have won no races, and have not even made serious attempts at doing so—on the other hand my boat is an excellent one, adding, every once in a while, and when the wind is fair she carries canvas to the extent of about 50ft. If a few trips, of a few hundred miles or so, over waters unknown to most canoeists, makes a cruiser, then I must plead guilty and enrol myself under the banner of that great army whose prestige is maintained by Mr. J. T. Holden aforesaid.

If "intimation is the sincerest of flattery," I have flattered Mr. Holden by following his example in two particulars; I offered a humble suggestion as to how the condition of the A. C. might be bettered; and signed my own name. Would that "Pulex" had done likewise, rather than to shoot the arrows of sarcasm from behind the protection of a nom de plume.

"Flex" answers Mr. Holden on one or two points, and both he and "Pulex" write very pretty letters; but what have they to offer for the good of the Association? If the text of "Pulex's" letter means anything it means that there is something wrong in the Association which needs righting, but I am afraid his vision is without a moral, and that the text is lost sight of before he reaches "in conclusion."

There is something wrong with the A. C. A.; it does not advance with those rapid strides that its supporters would wish to see; but is there any society or institution that will not stand reforming? Be it the citizens of the United States are not a unit in regard to its administration, and half of them leave, or advance, foreigners not to come in, that they will get nothing for their dollar? No, they do their level best to get into office and run the show on a better plan; they write away to their friends to come and help them, and say, "America, with all thy faults I love thee still."

If a cruising meet is going to right this wrong, then let us have one by all means; if State divisions are the panacea, then let us cut the Association up into little pieces; if the publication of a monthly sheet devoted to the interests of cruisers will bring that abused class relief, then by all means let us publish, provided an editor can be secured; if "Pulex" has anything to suggest let him set it forth, but before experimenting on these lines let us have a few more ideas, and while we are about it we might as well have some practical ones.

Here is one. Do away with the general mess at the meet. Take the responsibility of the executive and divide it among the members who attend. Give the man who makes his own camp kit a chance to glory in his efficiency, and when the racing man comes to the tent of the cruiser and sues for a meal, won't the cruiser have a chance to heap coals of fire on the head of the said racing man.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the 1893 secretary had some inquiries before camp as to how to reach there, what the grub would be like, whether there would be men on the ground ready to do all the work of pitching tents, etc., etc. The questions were not asked by racing men.

For "Pulex's" information I may say that Mr. Holden did not receive a request to secure advertisements for the Year Book. That request was sent only to the officers and members of the executive committee. Their names appear in the Year Book. Some of them live in New York. I wonder if "Pulex" secured any of the very few ads. sent in response to this request.

Will "Pulex" in return give me some information? How is it that the Ianthe men, who spend all their time holding down chairs and swapping fishy stories, keep in condition to race? Why do not the Hoboken men, with muscles hardened by constant exercise, with skill made perfect by steady practice, rise in their might and sweep into eternal oblivion this club who race—and sit in balconies? It would be a service to all canoeists.

R. EASTON BURNS.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at San Antonio.

The regular practice shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Club took place on the afternoon of the 11th inst. The attendance was good and the shooting excellent, as will be seen by the scores below.

On the 15th, almost the entire membership of this club will attend the annual prize shoot of the Vogel's Valley Rifle Club. This is the prize event of the season, and a full report of same will appear in these columns.

Conditions: 300yds., muzzle rest, open sights, 10 shots per score:

G Altman	11 6 9 10 9 11 9 9 9 12—95
E Seffel	9 11 8 11 8 5 7 7 12 8—87
E Tech	12 11 7 10 9 7 9 8 8 9—90
Ad Altman	9 10 9 11 8 8 8 12 9 9—93
A Heif	9 12 6 9 10 9 7 6 9 10—87
A Uhl	11 9 12 10 7 9 10 10 12 6—96
Al Altman	7 8 10 9 10 9 9 6 8 10—81
Stuve	9 7 9 8 9 7 9 9 7 3—82
Sness	8 9 12 10 12 12 9 11 11—106
Remmert	7 10 8 11 9 12 8 11 11 12—99
Neumann	12 8 11 7 9 8 9 9 12 8—98
A Guenther	8 11 8 9 12 10 10 9 12 10—96
Giesecke	8 11 8 9 12 10 9 12 8 11—95
J Legler	9 10 11 10 9 7 12 8 11—95
O Hummel	6 7 7 9 9 10 9 8 10 8—86
Wm Herpel	8 6 7 9 8 9 8 10 8 11—84
	9 11 8 7 11 12 9 6 6 7—86
	11 6 4 12 7 9 6 10 10 5—80
	6 8 4 6 3 4 10 5 4 5—55
	4 8 5 6 9 5 5 7 7 10—68
	10 8 8 8 6 5 8 8 6 7—74
	7 12 5 6 8 13 6 5 8 7—76
	7 5 6 8 6 5 6 7 7 10—70
	12 10 7 10 9 7 9 8 7 9—85
	8 7 8 9 8 10 11 7 12 6—86
	12 10 7 10 9 7 9 8 7 9—88
	9 7 3 6 8 8 3 5 6 10—65
	6 6 9 9 12 9 8 10 9 8—86
	8 4 11 7 9 11 7 11 12—88

O. G.

Rifleman vs. Bowlers.

Some weeks ago the Greenville Rifle Club received a challenge from the Linden Bowling Club, of Greenville, to bowl a match and shoot a match. The challenge was accepted by the Greenville Club. In the bowling match the Linden team won by some eighty odd points, but in the contest with the rifle, which came off on the Greenville Club ranges on Wednesday last week, the bowlers found that the bullseye was a sort of head-pin game that was new to them, and the consequence was that the Greenville team buried them under a margin of 485 points. The scores are appended, distance 82ft.:

Greenville Rifle Club.

Collins	25 25 25 25 25 25 23 23 22—241
Hill	24 23 22 22 21 20 18 18 18—203
G Vuestner	24 23 21 20 20 19 18 18 16—202
F Vuestner	24 23 20 20 19 18 15 0—190
Graf	25 24 24 23 23 22 21 18 17—221
H Gotthardt	25 24 24 23 23 21 20 17 22—233
R Zeiger	25 24 23 23 20 19 18 18 14—206
Huelsen	25 25 22 21 21 19 18 17 13—200
Lutz	25 25 25 24 24 23 20 18 13—227
Charlock	23 23 23 22 21 21 20 19—216
Agneau	24 24 23 23 23 23 23 23—232

Linden Bowling Club.

Filexamo	25 24 23 23 22 21 21 16 17 22—214
Perry	20 16 13 9 9 8 7 7—106
Schultz	23 21 20 16 14 11 0 0—124
Vasser	25 25 24 22 21 19 17 15 14—201
McDonald	22 21 18 17 14 15 10 10 7—152
O'Halloran	21 21 20 19 18 15 15 14—173
Mitchell	24 22 21 20 18 15 17 16 16—195
Banker	24 23 23 23 20 19 17 0—191
Jackson	23 23 22 22 17 17 14 10—181
Hers	24 24 20 20 20 17 16 15—175
Allaire	25 25 25 24 23 21 21 20 20—2104

Conlin's Shooting Gallery.

The latest novelty in shooting is a shot pistol. Mr. Albert A. Cohn has had one made similar to the one gotten up by the Renettes of Paris. It seems to be quite effective at 15yds, and I have no doubt that Mr. Cohn will do well with it at the traps. It is .38cal., everlasting shell, 23, long, using nitro powders, S. S. No. 9 shot.

Mr. Wm. E. Carlin has been making some good scores with the revolver at 25yds. Major D. Crockett has made several good scores with open sight rifle, 12ft.

I am making experiments with different kinds of nitro powders for revolver shooting as soon as I decide on one giving satisfactory results I will send the particulars to the FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday evenings are set apart for revolver practice, and Saturday for rifle shooting. All are invited to give us a call.

J. S. C.

Jerseymen at the Targets.

THERE was the usual contingent of riflemen in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, N. J., on Saturday afternoon of last week. Fine weather and good form on the part of some of the shooters brought forth some remarkably good scores.

Michael Dorrier gave another exhibition of his remarkable shooting abilities. L. P. Hansen of the Excelsior Club, was present, and started out to shoot a 100-shot race with Dorrier for a small stake, but the afternoon was so far advanced before the match was opened that Hansen was compelled to retire on the completion of his eighth score. Dorrier shot his final shots when the last rays of daylight were fading away. He got a 15 on his 97th and a 9 on his 100th shot, reducing his total on the remarkably fine score of 2359. Last week he made a total of 2,246, and the week before 2,231. His two last scores (200 shots) are ahead of all other previous records. Hansen's shooting was first-class. He made a total of 1,791 in 80 shots, an average of 223.8 per 10-shot score. Plaisted, Boyce, Boag, Chavant, Hill and Scheeline were present and participated in the afternoon's sport. Hill's and Scheeline's scores were mislaid owing to the darkness in the shooting house at the close of the shoot; we are therefore unable to publish them with the others. C. H. Chavant had the misfortune to disable his rifle and was unable to shoot out his scores. On next Saturday, March 24, it is expected that there will be a number of New York riflemen present in the park to participate with the local riflemen. Scores:

M Dorrier, 100 shots	24 25 24 23 25 24 23 20 22 21—233
	25 24 20 25 21 21 18 24 24—236
	22 21 25 24 22 23 19 24 24—235
	25 24 23 22 25 24 23 23 23 21—243
	21 22 24 23 23 25 23 23 24 25—233
	21 21 24 24 23 25 22 19 23—231
	25 23 25 22 23 23 25 22 22 21—231
	25 21 19 23 23 21 25 25 21 23—235
	22 23 20 23 23 24 22 25 19 25—235
	22 25 24 24 24 19 21 15 24 9—207
L P Hansen, 80 shots	23 21 22 20 23 24 23 23 20 22—221
	24 23 21 22 19 23 23 22 22—233
	21 22 25 21 19 22 23 24 21—231
	20 21 23 21 24 23 22 22 22—224
	24 24 23 24 23 23 25 23 20—231
	24 21 22 22 22 24 17 23 24—221
	24 24 23 23 21 22 21 25 24—231
	21 25 22 24 25 25 22 25 19 25—231
G W Plaisted, 50 shots	19 21 23 23 25 19 21 19 20—214
	22 22 25 20 19 21 24 21 20—216
	18 20 22 24 23 23 19 20 21—213
	25 24 23 18 21 24 24 22 17—225
	10 19 24 23 20 24 20 24 21—214
O C Boyce, 50 shots	20 18 19 21 20 20 25 24—208
	17 22 23 19 22 23 21 16 22—207
	20 15 17 21 20 22 22 22 20—202
	25 21 19 23 21 16 17 23 20—201
	23 21 20 22 25 19 21 19 23—214
C Boag, 50 shots	22 18 25 23 18 14 24 19 22—205
	23 19 13 21 18 25 20 23 25—209
	24 25 18 23 24 14 16 22 17—206
	20 21 19 17 24 23 20 19 17—203
	18 24 22 21 22 18 18 18 22—201
C A Chavant	15 21 20 22 20 19 23 25 19 21—205

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, March 11.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	10 9 10 6 9 8 8 8 7 6—84
	10 8 10 8 7 10 10 8 8 8—87
	10 10 6 9 7 7 9 8 9 9—82
	10 7 9 10 7 7 8 7 7 8—81
Weinheimer	10 7 6 7 7 9 8 7 10 6—78
	8 6 10 7 8 9 9 5 5 6—73
	6 10 7 5 9 7 5 5 8 8—70
	6 9 6 8 5 7 9 8 7 4—69
Payne	6 10 9 4 10 5 10 6 7 9—76
	9 10 6 8 8 5 6 7 9 6—74
	10 6 7 9 8 7 7 8 7 8—77
	6 9 7 6 6 10 6 5 9 4—65
Wellinger	10 5 7 6 10 7 8 9 8 7—77
	10 5 7 10 7 5 8 7 7 8—74
	8 8 5 10 7 8 5 6 6 8—78
	10 7 10 6 9 8 5 5 10 5—75
Simon	9 7 7 8 8 5 6 5 7 9—72
	4 10 7 10 4 8 6 10 6—72
	9 7 7 3 7 5 8 6 9 6—67
	5 5 10 5 6 9 8 5 9 4—66
Stegner	7 10 8 7 10 5 5 5 7 10—74
	8 8 5 4 8 6 9 7 7 8—70
	6 9 7 5 7 4 9 8 7 9—71
	5 4 4 8 8 8 9 7 8 8—69
Hake	7 2 3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7—77
	7 5 4 10 9 6 7 8 6 7—69
	8 4 10 4 6 7 10 6 5 8—68
Schneidlin	5 7 10 10 10 8 7 7 7 10—81
	8 6 5 6 5 8 7 6 6 8—87
	6 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 3 3—36
Roberts	5 11 8 8 10 7 8 7 10—73
	8 10 6 6 6 5 7 9 9 7—74
	5 7 10 8 9 6 7 8 7 10—75
	8 8 5 9 9 8 9 7 6 5—74
Puthoff	2 7 6 3 5 9 3 5 6 9—55
	4 4 8 5 7 8 7 2 3 5—53
	4 4 5 5 7 4 8 4 5 3—44
	1 4 8 1 4 6 5 6 5 8—45
	2 4 2 2 3 1 3 1 2 2—23
Nagel	2 4 1 4 0 4 1 7 1 2—24
	4 2 6 0 4 6 6 6 4 2—40
	0 1 3 7 3 2 4 1 2 3—23

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 12.—I inclose you scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club on Saturday, March 10, Standard target, 200yds., off-hand. Wind light but light very glaring.

Re-entry Match.

J Edwards	7 8 8 5 6 7 6 9 6 10—73
F R Rand	9 10 8 5 7 8 8 9 7 9—80
	8 8 9 5 7 8 10 7 10—79
	8 8 9 4 7 8 7 10 10—87
R D Garden	5 7 6 8 9 8 8 10 10 9—80
	8 9 8 10 6 10 10 10 9—86
H M Pope (60 shots)	9 9 6 10 6 7 10 10 9 6—82
	5 8 8 5 8 8 10 10 9 7—79
	7 8 7 6 4 10 9 9 10—78
	9 10 9 8 5 9 6 9 9 10—84
	9 7 9 9 9 9 8 8 6 7—82
	8 10 10 10 8 8 9 7 9—89

Medal Match.

Pope	9 7 9 9 9 9 9 8 6 7—82
Rand	8 10 5 6 5 6 10 6 7 8—71
Edwards	8 7 6 7 5 7 7 9 8—82

H. M. POPE, Secretary.

Revolver Top Notch in Canada.

AGINCOURT, March 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: The accompanying five consecutive scores, which we believe to be the best hitherto made with the revolver in Canada, were made by Dr. H. McLaren, sergeant Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, over the range of the Scarborough Rifle Club at Agincourt, March 1, range 25yds., off-hand, S. & W. revolver, 7in. barrel:

Dr H McLaren	7 5 4 6 5 6 7—41
	6 4 6 6 6 6 7—41
	5 7 7 5 6 6 6—43
	7 6 7 6 7 6 7—46
	6 6 7 6 6 6 6—43

The target is the standard revolver target—one-half actual size—as used by the military and police organizations in Canada.

D. A. CLARK, M.D.

New York Rifle Club.

THE New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot at Zettler's gallery, 12 St. Mark's Place, on the 17th inst. The members present and their scores were:

Young	246	241	Crocker	233	233
Chadbourne	244	242	Barker	237	233
Gench	240	240	Dannefelser	235	223

E. R. CHADBOURNE, Sec'y.

Heidenreich Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Scores shot at a distance of 100ft.: Horn 245, Steckel 240, Enders 237, Roberts 234, Ratz 227, May 225, Napier 220, Heidenreich 218, Kellner 204, Goodman 223.

WM. MAY, Sec'y.



## Dominion Off Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND.—Scores made by the several teams of the Dominion Off Hand Rifle Association, at their monthly match on March 2 and 3. The match was shot over the ranges of the several affiliated clubs:

	100yds.	200yds.
King City Team.	9 10 7 10 49	9 10 7 10 43-32
J W Crowley.	10 9 10 10 49	10 9 10 7 8-44-39
A Carley.	9 9 10 10 45	8 6 7 10 41-37
Dr Norman.	10 9 10 10 46	10 10 5 8 9-42-81
J Cameron.	8 9 8 4 10-39	8 10 6 6 26-31-430
C H Hall.	10 8 7 10 40-45	

	100yds.	200yds.
Midland Team.	10 8 10 9 46	10 10 7 9 10-46-32
R O Stokes.	10 10 10 10 48	10 10 10 10 46-32
J Soden.	10 10 10 10 48	10 10 10 10 46-32
G Strathern.	9 10 10 10 47	10 10 10 10 46-32
G H Stokes.	7 4 7 5 32	6 6 1 6 10-29-61-418

	100yds.	200yds.
Bradford 1st Team.	10 10 10 10 48	9 10 10 10 44-32
H E McKee.	10 10 10 10 45	9 10 10 10 44-32
D Nielly.	10 10 10 10 44	9 10 10 10 44-32
J G Nielly.	10 10 10 10 44	9 10 10 10 44-32
H Parker.	9 9 7 7 41	4 6 5 7 4-26-37
W Probert.	10 8 9 8 10-45	7 10 10 2 3-32-77-306

	100yds.	200yds.
Goderich Team.	9 10 7 8 43	7 10 7 10 7-41-84
E W Watson.	9 10 9 10 43	8 5 5 6 6-33-76
R W Runciman.	9 10 9 10 44	8 5 5 6 6-33-76
O H Perrington.	9 10 9 10 44	8 5 5 6 6-33-76
F T Taffel.	8 6 10 10-40	7 8 7 7 9-37-79
W Rutson.	9 10 7 8 39	7 10 8 10 10-45-84-394

	100yds.	200yds.
Toronto, First Team.	9 10 7 10 43	10 9 10 9 10-48-91
A Elliott.	10 9 5 7 10-41	10 8 10 10 7-45-89
S Bayles.	10 9 7 10 44	10 3 2 9 9-33-77
W J Graham.	10 9 7 10 44	7 8 5 7 9-36-70
J Allan.	9 10 6 7 37	3 8 7 5 9-32-69-393
W J Davidson.	10 10 6 7 37	

	100yds.	200yds.
Scarboro Team.	10 10 6 9 10-45	8 8 8 10 6-35-80
J E Elliott.	9 8 8 9 8-43	10 7 9 5 8-39-82
V A Kennedy.	10 9 7 8 39	10 10 9 10 8-47-86
J O Clark.	10 7 10 10 47	8 7 7 7 8-37-84
J Chisholm.	4 10 3 9 6-32	3 10 6 6 0-25-54-386

	100yds.	200yds.
Perry Sound, Second Team.	9 7 9 10 7-42	10 9 8 10 8-45-87
J B Miller.	9 7 9 10 7-42	10 9 8 10 8-45-87
J F Macdonald.	9 10 6 9 7-41	8 10 6 7 40-81
T Newburn.	5 6 7 8 7-33	0 10 9 10 10-39-73
J McClelland.	6 10 7 9 10-42	6 5 9 7 9-36-70
Geo. White.	7 9 10 8 10-47	5 3 16 10 31-63-380

	100yds.	200yds.
Clarksburg Team.	9 8 10 10 10-47	8 6 7 10 9-40-87
F Henman.	2 10 10 10 8-40	10 7 4 0 0-21-61
D Henman.	8 10 10 9 7-44	10 6 1 7 7-31-75
M Mahoney.	4 10 8 5 4-31	10 8 7 2 6-33-63
C W Hartman.	10 8 10 8 4-44	10 10 4 10 9-43-87-373

	100yds.	200yds.
G Timmons.	10 9 9 10 45	10 3 10 10 9-42-87
J Nielly.	10 10 8 6 23	10 4 5 10 10-44-30
J A Nielly.	9 10 10 6 40	9 4 9 5 2-27-67
A Nielly.	8 10 10 9 46	7 10 10 10 44-30
Robt Nielly.	9 8 8 8 6-39	1 8 6 3 7-25-64-371

	100yds.	200yds.
Orillia, First Team.	9 9 10 8 10-46	7 7 8 7 8-37-75
A Harvie.	8 10 6 6 8-38	7 7 8 7 8-37-75
W Hammond.	8 7 10 10 9-44	6 10 8 3 8-35-73
H Ross.	9 10 6 6 5-36	7 7 8 7 8-37-73
W W Wood.	10 10 5 8 9-42	3 10 6 5 5-29-71-359

	100yds.	200yds.
Bradford, Third Team.	8 8 8 10 10-42	10 10 10 10 7-47-59
A McWilliams.	10 10 8 10 41	4 8 10 6 1-17-66
A Goldsmith.	3 4 8 6 8-33	9 5 0 5 3-23-51
J O Connell.	10 8 6 6 8-38	2 7 8 9 7-33-71
E Stibbo.	8 5 5 8 8-29	4 5 5 5 2-21-50-337

	100yds.	200yds.
Perry Sound, First Team.	10 9 9 7 5-40	9 8 10 10 8-43-83
J Moorish.	7 9 9 10 41	8 10 10 10 8-43-83
T W Huff.	10 7 6 9 8-40	2 8 8 10 10-70
R J Leggart.	10 7 6 9 8-40	2 8 8 10 10-70
R J Clarkson.	6 9 8 10 10-42	5 0 2 6 9-22-64
G Richardson.	1 7 4 10 10-32	10 0 0 0 10-42-334

	100yds.	200yds.
Orillia, Second Team.	10 6 1 1 0-18	6 0 6 2 6-20-38
J Barnes.	8 10 0 4 9-31	6 0 6 0 4-15-47
D Hadden.	2 4 10 10 4-17	4 8 10 10 4-17
J Kennedy.	9 10 8 9 8-44	4 4 9 7 10-34-73
M Robinson.	8 8 6 8 8-37	0 3 1 5 10-10-56-251

	100yds.	200yds.
Toronto, Second Team, Four Men.	5 6 9 0 2-22	5 9 10 0 3-27-49
J Allen.	6 9 10 6 7-38	7 10 0 0 1-18-56
J Dixon.	7 9 8 8 8-41	4 10 10 4-35-76
F Scholes.	8 10 5 5 3-39	3 10 0 0 10-20-59-240
J L Scholes.	8 10 5 5 3-39	

	100yds.	200yds.
Wausakase, Four Men Team.	2 9 6 8 3-28	0 8 10 1 4-23-51
R W George.	0 5 10 10 10-35	10 3 10 0 8-31-66
F Laurie.	2 9 6 8 3-26	6 3 0 10 2-21-47
S B Purvis.	5 7 6 6 6-30	7 7 5 7 0-26-56-320
E Taylor.		

## Schlicht Rifle Club.

A TEAM shoot between the members of the Schlicht Club made matters lively at the weekly shoot on March 12. Each team consisted of seven men, Geo. Schlicht captain of one and Geo. Dorr the other, the stakes \$10 a side. Capt. Schlicht's team won by 55 points. In the competition for the class medals Geo. Dorr won the championship medal, Capt. Brellenthine 2nd, M. Danes 3rd, Geo. Schlicht 4th, Geo. Meyer 5th, Geo. Schlicht 6th, Geo. Schlicht 7th, Geo. Schlicht 8th, Geo. Schlicht 9th, Geo. Schlicht 10th, Geo. Schlicht 11th, Geo. Schlicht 12th, Geo. Schlicht 13th, Geo. Schlicht 14th, Geo. Schlicht 15th, Geo. Schlicht 16th, Geo. Schlicht 17th, Geo. Schlicht 18th, Geo. Schlicht 19th, Geo. Schlicht 20th, Geo. Schlicht 21st, Geo. Schlicht 22nd, Geo. Schlicht 23rd, Geo. Schlicht 24th, Geo. Schlicht 25th, Geo. Schlicht 26th, Geo. Schlicht 27th, Geo. Schlicht 28th, Geo. Schlicht 29th, Geo. Schlicht 30th, Geo. Schlicht 31st, Geo. Schlicht 32nd, Geo. Schlicht 33rd, Geo. Schlicht 34th, Geo. Schlicht 35th, Geo. Schlicht 36th, Geo. Schlicht 37th, Geo. Schlicht 38th, Geo. Schlicht 39th, Geo. Schlicht 40th, Geo. Schlicht 41st, Geo. Schlicht 42nd, Geo. Schlicht 43rd, Geo. Schlicht 44th, Geo. Schlicht 45th, Geo. Schlicht 46th, Geo. Schlicht 47th, Geo. Schlicht 48th, Geo. Schlicht 49th, Geo. Schlicht 50th, Geo. Schlicht 51st, Geo. Schlicht 52nd, Geo. Schlicht 53rd, Geo. Schlicht 54th, Geo. Schlicht 55th, Geo. Schlicht 56th, Geo. Schlicht 57th, Geo. Schlicht 58th, Geo. Schlicht 59th, Geo. Schlicht 60th, Geo. Schlicht 61st, Geo. Schlicht 62nd, Geo. Schlicht 63rd, Geo. Schlicht 64th, Geo. Schlicht 65th, Geo. Schlicht 66th, Geo. Schlicht 67th, Geo. Schlicht 68th, Geo. Schlicht 69th, Geo. Schlicht 70th, Geo. Schlicht 71st, Geo. Schlicht 72nd, Geo. Schlicht 73rd, Geo. Schlicht 74th, Geo. Schlicht 75th, Geo. Schlicht 76th, Geo. Schlicht 77th, Geo. Schlicht 78th, Geo. Schlicht 79th, Geo. Schlicht 80th, Geo. Schlicht 81st, Geo. Schlicht 82nd, Geo. Schlicht 83rd, Geo. Schlicht 84th, Geo. Schlicht 85th, Geo. Schlicht 86th, Geo. Schlicht 87th, Geo. Schlicht 88th, Geo. Schlicht 89th, Geo. Schlicht 90th, Geo. Schlicht 91st, Geo. Schlicht 92nd, Geo. Schlicht 93rd, Geo. Schlicht 94th, Geo. Schlicht 95th, Geo. Schlicht 96th, Geo. Schlicht 97th, Geo. Schlicht 98th, Geo. Schlicht 99th, Geo. Schlicht 100th.

Team shoot, 5 shots per man:			
Geo Schlicht.	123	Geo Dorr.	119
Capt Brellenthine.	119	A Meyer.	93
M Danes.	114	C Leibel.	112
J Dedrick.	108	J Schlicht.	93
C Meyer.	106	W Schlicht.	111
Geo Richert.	106	F Lambrix.	97
W Waller.	102-773	C Stein.	98-723

## Zettler Rifle Club.

ELEVEN members of the Zettler Club were present on Tuesday night to compete for the club prizes and the champion medal. Henry Holges was in good form, he won the medal on his first entry on the score of 243, it proved to be the best score of the night's practice. Scores: Championship target: Holges 249, Busse 246, Walther 244, Brown 241, C. G. Zettler 241, Muller 234, Flack 246, Ross 245, Engel 242, B. Zettler 241, Hartmann 238.

Best 10 shot score, 5 entries: Holges 249, Flack 247, Busse 247, C. G. Zettler 245, B. Zettler 242, Ross 245, Engel 247, Brown 245, Muller 243, Walther 245, Hartmann 238.

## Greenville Rifle Club.

TWENTY-THREE members of the Greenville Rifle Club were present on March 16 to participate in the competition for the class prizes. The four ranges were kept in continuous use until midnight. Scheeline was high with 242. Purkess and Collins tied for second place with 239 each. Scores: Scheeline 242, Purkess 239, Holzappel 250, Charles 237, Graef 244, Collins 239, Barr 235, Chavart 234, Dodds 230, Spahn 234, Plaisted 235, Agnew 234, Hill 221, Robidoux 233, J. Boag 234, F. Wuestner 230, Huelsen 216, Lutz 229, Becker 214, Daniels 219, E. Wuestner 198, Lembeck 235, Gotthardt 232.

## Another Challenge for Youngsters.

CHICAGO, March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As my former challenges, published over two months ago, have not been taken up, I will let my son Alfred shoot against any boy under 12 years of age in the United States 100 shots, in series of 10 shots each inside of 15 seconds at a target 200 yds. to count outside of said time, and 5 points added to each score for every second of reduction in time. Conditions: Range 50 to 150 ft., to the option of party accepting challenge; open sights, off-hand, German ring target, reduced according to range.

## Lady Miller Rifle Club.

THE weekly shoot of the Lady Miller Rifle Club, at its headquarters, on Monday night, has been a grand success. The medal winners were Mrs. Meyns in first class, Mrs. Ahrent in second class and Mrs. Stein third class. Scores: Mrs. Ahrent 232, Mrs. Boardman 224, Mrs. Meyns 223, Mrs. Stein 218, Miss M. Miller 220, Miss Begerow 217, Mrs. Volk 211, Mrs. Fisher 210, Miss Saunders 208, Mrs. D. Miller 210, Mrs. Stadler 208, Miss Yureman 205, Miss Gehardt 204.

## Palisade Rifle Club.

ELEVEN members of the Palisade Rifle Club were present at headquarters March 11 to participate in the competition for class medals. Fred Grobatsch won the first class medal, George Dorr the second and Fred Ward the third. Scores: F. Grobatsch 239, George Dorr 238, F. Asprey 224, F. Ward 225, W. Ahles 223, C. Hemberger 221, R. Glaser 218, A. Aufderheide 210, H. Rose 217, A. Ahles 213, August Ahles 210.

## Excelsior Rifle Club.

ONLY four members of the Excelsior Club participated in the weekly shoot on March 13. Scores: Charles Thomas 238, L. Ryer 235, Charles Reers 234, J. Binns 221.

## RIFLE NOTES.

WE received samples of the Leonard powder last week for trial in the rifle. A few shots were tried in the 38-55 Ballard, using 25grs. This powder gives an extremely high velocity to the bullet, so much so that we were compelled, after firing a dozen shots, to postpone further shooting on account of the leading of the barrel. With a patched bullet or lubricated bullet of a hardness sufficient to withstand the friction, this powder will no doubt give good results. It burns clean, and so far as we could judge, gave no extraordinary chamber pressure. Next week we hope to try a series of shots from the machine rest with this and other powders. The want of a suitable primer for the rifle shell is a great obstacle to the use of nitro in the rifle thus far. The new Winchester No. 3 V. primer, if made of harder metal, would give more satisfactory results than it does now. As it is made at the present time it has a disagreeable way of working in and around the firing pin. Dissolving as it were, and when next heard from is playing high jinks in the lock action. This is a matter that is interesting our manufacturers at the present time, and later on we may hope to see a primer in the market that will meet the wants of our riflemen.

Messrs. Walther, Hayes and Krauss, the shooting masters of the new National Bund, have just won the prize program for the festival of 1895. The general committee (delegates) of the societies composing the Bund will meet early next month, when it is expected that a programme for the festival will be formulated and prospectus printed and issued to the public by May 1. The feeling of harmony which seems to have settled upon the various interests constituting this new Bund augurs well for its future success. In Wm. V. Weber, the president, the Bund has an executive whose magnetic qualities will prove a tower of strength in keeping the various elements in the Bund in harmonious union. Where to hold the festival is a question that is seriously agitating the minds of the delegates at the present time. Union Hill, N. J., was the scene of the last festival held in this vicinity, which was in 1878. The vicinity of Morris Park is said to have great attractions as a park for a Bundes Fest. New Jersey, as the spot for the festival, has not much favor with the New York and Brooklyn delegates. May 1 will probably see the whole matter settled.

The summer of 1894 is going to be a busy one among our local rifle societies. The coming festival in '95 will be the stimulus that will add vigor and strength to many of our societies. Riflemen who had laid aside the rifle as one of the pleasures of a past experience will feel compelled to return to their old love. New affiliations and the modern rifle will make some of the old veterans as frisky as a colt, and when 1895 rolls around they will be found in line with the younger generation contesting for honors at the target.

Michael Dorrler, who is on the shady side of forty, and who shoots with glasses, never shot so well in his life as he is doing at the present time. A year ago he was going to retire; sell off his guns; nothing in it any more. The prospects now are that he will delay the sale until next season.

A proper backing for targets in the target houses of our city ranges will be a serious question to our park proprietors when nitro powders come generally into use. Wooden backs and brick walls will have to give way to some other mode of catching and holding the bullets. Some of our base ball catchers may be in position to give us a pointer.

A team match between teams from the Our Own Club of Newark and the Hudsons of Marion, is on for Thursday of this week. It will take place on the Marion ranges.

The team match between the Excelsior and the Greenville clubs came off on the Greenville Club ranges on Wednesday night. A full report will appear in next week's issue.

## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

## FIXTURES.

March 21.—Union Gun Club, 25 live bird shoot, \$30 entry, at Springfield, N. J.

March 22.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League team shoot, combined with all-day tournament at Dexter Park, Long Island.

March 23.—"Dutchy" Smith vs. Aaron Woodruff, 100 live birds each, \$100 a side, at Marion.

March 26.—Acme Gun Club, open shoot at Dexter Park, targets and birds.

March 26.—Acme Gun Club tournament, at Miller's Dexter Park, Long Island. Targets and birds.

March 26.—Acme Gun Club, target tournament, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

March 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, first tournament, at Auburn.

April 4.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand annual handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 4.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association eighteenth annual meeting, at Austin, Texas. Wallace Miller, Sec'y.

April 4.—California State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at San Francisco.

April 11.—Baltimore (Md.) Gun Club, tenth annual tournament, at Grason's Park, two days targets, third day live birds.

April 11.—Baltimore (Md.) Gun Club, annual tournament, under management of H. A. Penrose and E. D. Miller.

April 18.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh Gun Club will add \$200.

April 24.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.

April 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, second tournament, at Rochester.

May 1.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, spring tournament; two days targets, last day live birds.

May 1.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

May 2.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Springfield, O. Springfield Gun Club will add \$300.

May 2.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament and meeting, at Ft. Smith, Ark. \$1,000 added money; professionals and experts will be handicapped. Address Joseph P. Matthews, Ft. Smith, or John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Hot Springs, Ark.

May 8.—Ohio Trap-Shooter's League annual meeting and tournament, at Columbus, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

May 15.—Second annual tournament of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association, Lynn, Mass. Sec'y, F. Brown, Sec'y.

May 17.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 17.—The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fourth tournament, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club, at Garfield Park race track, Chicago, Ill. The Prairie Gun Club adds \$500 to the purse.

May 22.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weiss, Sec'y.

May 30.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, third tournament, at Utica.

May 30.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fifth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club. \$300 added money.

June 4.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y.

June 5.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscorn, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament, at Tacoma, Wash.

June 19.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.

June 27.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's sixth tournament, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind. Elwood Gun Club will add \$300.

July 13.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from \$200 to \$300.

July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse.

Aug. 21.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsonburg, Pa. Altoona.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Oct. 4.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at



Entries to the Grand American handicap of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association have been received from Florida, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New York, which argue well for the success of the tournament. Shooters who contemplate entering this event should not forget that regular entries close March 31.—ELMER E. SHANER, Manager I. M. and D. A.

At a recent meeting of the Pennix Gun Club of Port Dover, Ont., the following officers were duly elected: J. B. Fick, President; S. L. Butler, Vice-President; E. Taylor, Treasurer; J. W. Lawrie, Secretary; Managing Committee, H. Barrett, John Horn; Auditors, J. R. Davis, H. Holden. This club is in a flourishing condition and hopes soon to have permanent shooting grounds and protection from weather.

Don't forget that in order to enter the grand American handicap for \$25 entry with a forfeit of \$10 must be received on or before March 31 by Justus Von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York, or Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa. After the above date and up to and including the firing of the last shot in the second round of the handicap, it will cost \$35 to enter.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., March 17.—We have organized a gun club here of about 40 active members. Following are the officers: President, G. A. Kendall; Secretary-Treasurer, H. S. Vance; Executive Committee, N. W. Waldron, H. S. Vance and H. W. Brown. We shall erect a new club house and shall put in a new set of expert traps fitted with Paul North's electric pulps. Probably the bluecock target will be adopted.—WINDFIELD.

The Textile Gun Club, of Gloucester City, N. J., has elected the following officers: President, James Hutchinson; Vice-President, Joseph Cheeseman; Secretary, Harry Williams; Treasurer, William Gray; Directors, James McQuaide, Stephen Hommedieu, Frank McQuaide, George Daisey, Lawrence Moran, S. Smith and Frank Cones.

Frank Class, of Morristown, is anxious to match his trapper, Scott Davenport, to trap more birds without stopping or to trap 300 birds in quicker time than any man in the world, the stake to be \$100 a side. Class would like to have the match decided at Dexter Park during the interstate shoot.

At the March badge shoot of the Wawaset Gun Club of Wilmington, Del., J. White carried off the honors with a score of 24 breaks out of a possible 25. Other scores were E. Mason 16, C. Buckmaster 22, L. Mauldin 22, O. Springer 20, J. Huber 15, J. Springs 12, I. Elliott 23, T. Wright 21, R. Miller 21, E. Melchoir 21, H. Donaldson 11, F. Martin 11, W. Buckmaster 10.

A 4-man team race at 25 targets per man, took place on the Pansy Gun Club grounds on March 10, the being the officers: President, W. S. Smith (Parker) 20, C. Hume (Smith) 16, J. R. Kenyon (Lefever) 12, W. Weston (Webley) 8; total 56. J. Schaffer (Parker) 17, H. Myer (Lefever) 16, J. Cable (Lefever) 14, C. V. Hester (Lefever) 8; total 55.

Rollo Heikes, the handsome blonde expert from Dayton, O., is spending a little time in and about the Metropolis. "Rollo" looks to be in splendid health and says he is fit to shoot for his life. He will be one of the contestants in the grand American handicap and will show what can be done with the new Winchester repeater.

The Fitchburg (Mass.) Rifle and Gun Club, at its annual meeting, elected the following officers: President, Chas. H. Brown, Vice-President, Dr. C. W. Ebbury; Secretary-Treasurer, E. B. Twilchell; Board of Directors—H. L. Wallace, H. E. Houghton, C. L. Tenney, E. W. Lewis, David Salmon, F. S. Washburn.

The Braddock (Pa.) Gun Club has re-organized for the season of 1894. George Nimon, Pres.; Alex. Durant, Vice-Pres.; W. J. Vance, Sec'y-Treas. Directors—John Gelm and Mike Connolly. W. J. Vance and John Gelm are a committee on grounds, which are expected to be secured on the other side of the river.

At the shoot of the Standard Gun Club of Baltimore, on March 12, Lopus broke 88 targets out of 90. Clements 37, Ducker 34, Hankins 33, King 31, Martell 31, Johns 31, Camdy 31, Johnson 29, Price 29, Peters 29, Starr 28, Franklin 27, Buckbee 26 and Sanders 22.

Fred'k Marsden, of Wissahickon, shot a 50-bird match for \$100 a side at the Penn Square Driving Park, on March 14, against Frank Hoagland, of the Roxborough Gun Club. 24yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, under Long Island rules; Marsden killed 86 to Hoagland's 45.

Rollo Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio, recently performed a phenomenal feat in the way of rapid firing, breaking 500 target in 37m. 16s., thus beating the previous record (his own) of 40m. 40s. He used three Smith hammerless ejectors.

Have you sent in your entry for the grand American handicap? If not, why not? Send your entry now to Justus Von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York, or Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

The New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club has leased Woodlawn Park L. I., for five years, beginning May 1. The club has put nearly \$1,000 worth of improvements on the grounds and will hold them for their own exclusive use.

The initial shoot of the Central New York Trappers' League will be held at Auburn on Wednesday of next week, and the chances are that a big crowd of shooters will be on hand other than those who shoot on the teams.

The live bird and target tournament of the Aeme Gun Club, to be held at Dexter Park on Monday, will attract a big crowd of shooters from New York as well as from the Island.

B. H. Barnett, of Jacksonville, is the new target champion of Florida, having won that title at the Orlando tournament. Mr. Barnett lays it all to his Parker gun.

Massachusetts State Tournament.

LYNN, Mass., March 14.—The sixth tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association took place here yesterday, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association, situated at Lynnhurst. It was a beautiful spring day and the sweet songs of the sparrows, robins and bluebirds made everything seem like unto a sportsman's paradise. A harmonious wind blow across the traps and slightly reinforced the targets in their speedy flight; yet with such dextrous and agile experts as John Mascroft, W. L. Davis, E. T. Smith, A. W. Walls and A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; H. W. Eager, of Marlboro; Messrs. Sawyer, Wheeler, Winn, Gore, Sanborn and Warren, of Boston; Messrs. Pray, Rodgers and Marvel, of Marblehead, very few targets escaped the unerring and deadly aim of such crack.

The Atlantic Club tendered the Massachusetts boys a rousing reception, and visiting sportsmen will long remember the courtesy extended them at this meeting. With grounds located at the beautiful suburb, Lynnhurst, where grand and picturesque scenery abounds, surrounding the shooting grounds on all sides, the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association can boast of one of the finest clubs in eastern Massachusetts. Its fixtures are none but the finest and its members are a most generous and sociable community, and its club house is always open to every lover of the trap and gun.

We present a good likeness of Mr. W. A. Wetherbee, of Stoneham, president of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association. Sportsmen will recognize Mr. Wetherbee as one of the most agreeable sportsmen in the fraternity, an expert field and trap-shooter. He was elected president of the Atlantic Club in June, 1893, and is a great enthusiast.

W. F. Brown, of whom we note below, secretary and organizer of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association, is undoubtedly known to every lover of trap-shooting in New England. He is an enthusiastic trap-shooter and won the Massachusetts individual championship in November, 1892.



G. L. BAXTER.  
Captain Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association.

ber, 1892. Mr. Brown is very entertaining, and sportsmen will receive the most courteous treatment at his hands.

G. L. Baxter, captain of the Atlantic Club, is one of the most successful fowl shooters in the United States, as well as a good trap-shooter. He is always willing to shoot and a great lover of the sport. It was 10 o'clock when President Wetherbee called the first event to order. Mr. John L. Skinner, representing the Foreham Arms Co. of Chicago, was present with a grand display of gun mechanism and shot throughout the tournament in good form. The State championship events were well fought, W. G. Pray, under the nom de plume of Yarp, winning the standard event with 18. The team championship was a tie between the Massachusetts Rifle Association and the Boston Shooting Association. A very palatable lunch was served free by the club and everyone, spectator and competitor, enjoyed a grand occasion. The events follow:

No. 1, 10 targets, expert rules:				
Winn	9	Shot	9	
Eager	2	Sawyer	5	
Smith	4	Mascroft	3	
Wheeler	9	Wetherbee	8	
Davis	8	Walls	3	
No. 2, known angles, 6 targets:				
Winn	6	Shot	6	
Eager	6	Sawyer	5	
Smith	4	Mascroft	3	
Wheeler	4	Walls	3	
Davis	6	Skinner	5	
No. 3, 10 targets, expert rules:				
Winn	6	Shot	8	
Eager	8	Sawyer	5	
Smith	4	Mascroft	3	
Wheeler	8	Walls	3	
Davis	9	Skinner	5	
No. 4, 6 known angles:				
Winn	6	Sawyer	6	
Eager	6	Mascroft	6	
Smith	5	Walls	4	
Wheeler	5	Skinner	6	
Davis	5	Brown	6	
Shot	2	Somes	2	
No. 5, 10 targets, known angles:				
Winn	11	11011111	8	
Eager	9	11011111	7	
Smith	11	11111111	10	
Wheeler	11	11011111	9	
Davis	10	10011011	7	
Shot	11	01110111	8	
Sawyer	11	10101111	8	
Mascroft	11	11111111	10	
Walls	11	10111010	7	
No. 6, team race, 10 targets, 3 men:				
Eager	10	10110111	8	
Winn	10	10101011	7	
Gore	11	11101011	8-23	
Worcester Sportsman's Club	11	11001101	7	
Mascroft	10	10101110	6	
Davis	10	10101110	6	
Smith	11	10101111	8-21	
Atlantic Association No. 2:				
Wetherbee	10	10101101	6	
Dodge	10	10101101	6	
No. 7, 5 pairs, known angles:				
Gore	11	10 10 10 10 10	4	
Warren	11	10 11 11 11 11	9	
Davis	10	11 10 11 11 10	6	
Skinner	10	01 10 10 11 10	6	
Pray	10	10 10 10 11 10	6	
Wadsworth	11	10 10 10 10 10	6	
Mascroft	11	10 11 11 10 10	7	
Winn	10	10 10 10 10 10	6	
Eager	11	10 11 10 10 10	7	
No. 8, unknown angles:				
Gore	10	7	Mascroft	9
Warren	10	6	Yarp	3
Winn	10	7	Eager	8
Davis	10	6	Smith	8
Skinner	10	6	Wheeler	9
Wadsworth	10	6	Shot	7
No. 9, individual championship:				
Gore	10	11011111110110	15	
Warren	10	1011010011101101	12	
Davis	10	1101101101110011	14	
Skinner	10	1101101101101111	16	
Shot	10	1111101010011101	15	
Wadsworth	10	101010000001011010	9	
Mascroft	10	1011011011111111	16	
Winn	10	11001111111101110	15	
Eager	10	10011111011001111	13	
Clough	10	100011100001100011	9	
No. 10, 7 straightaway:				
Gore	11	111110	6	
Warren	10	101111	5	
Davis	10	101101	4	
Skinner	10	111111	7	
Wadsworth	10	101011	5	
Mascroft	10	101111	5	
Winn	10	111111	6	
Shot	10	111111	5	
Wadsworth	10	111111	6	
Smith	10	111111	6	
Sawyer	10	111111	6	

Flemington Gun Club.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., March 15.—Inclosed find scores made at the last two weekly shoots of the Flemington Gun Club, March 9 and 16. All shooting was at Empire targets, from three traps, unknown angles. Under American Shooting Association rules, one man up, and as all shooters use 12-gauge guns the shooting was from the 16yds. mark. Lott, Schaffer, Reading and Moore shot American E. C. powder, Cass shot black, and Chamberlin shot Walsrode. The way Lott "snuffed 'em out" was the feature of to-day's shoot, although the work of Schaffer was nice and clean. Scores follow:

March 9.—No. 1, 10 Empires: Chamberlin 7, Lott 6, Moore 6, Cass 6, Sutphin 9.			
No. 2, 15 Empires:			
Chamberlin	10	111111101101	12
Lott	10	111010110110	10
Sutphin	11	111011100011	10
Moore	10	101110111111	11
No. 3, 10 Empires:			
Chamberlin	10	1110111111	8
Lott	10	1110111111	7
Sutphin	10	1110111111	9
Moore	10	10010111	6
March 16.—No. 1, 10 Empires: Chamberlin 7, Reading 6, Lott 8, Moore 8, Cass 6, Schaffer 7.			
No. 2, 15 Empires:			
Chamberlin	10	111011100011	10
Reading	10	111011100111	9
Lott	10	111011101111	11
Schaffer	10	111011101111	11
No. 3, 10 Empires: Schaffer 8, Lott 3, Cass 6, Moore 3, Chamberlin 9.			

Shooting in the Nutmeg State.

BAYPORT, Conn., March 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the Big Rag Gun Club, held on the 17th inst. New grounds have been selected, and while they are much more convenient than the old ones the shooting is much harder, all targets being thrown over the water. Messrs. G. E. Horton and J. D. Ayres presented the club with three prizes to be shot for during the day. Each contestant shot at 100 keystones:

S Chard	10101110100011111101011010100100010111011
E T Lockwood	01101111110111011001000010010110100010111—60
G P Foote	111011101001010101101101010101010101000010—54
O E Peck	11101110101010101010101010101010101010101—50
G M Kalb	111011101000101111111010111100000101111001—57
W Peck	111011101001010101010101010101010101010101—65
W I Sanger	1110111000010000101011111110100011101001111—67

First prize was won by W. I. Sanger, second by G. M. Kalb and third S. Chard. The prizes were: First, silver cake basket; second, silver butter dish; third, silver pickle dish 999

Waverly Gun Club.

Eight members of the Waverly Gun Club participated in the monthly shoot at Miller's Dexter Park, on Tuesday of last week.

Club event, 10 targets:			
Hillmer	100111111-8	Mohrman	01010101-4
Van Staden	101101101-7	Fehleisen	00001000-1
Grace	00101101-6	Schuster	00100000-1
Helmstead	111001001-6	Rugen	00000100-1
Sweepstakes, 6 targets:			
Hillmer	100111-4	Van Staden	000100-1
Schulz	010101-3	Helmstead	000100-1
Grau	001010-2	Fehleisen	000000-0
Mohrman	100100-2	Schuster	000000-0
Rugen	010100-2		

Central Gun Club.

DULUTH, Minn.—The local tournament of the Central Gun Club, which was arranged for Washington's Birthday, in which a gold watch was to be competed for and which has been from time to time postponed owing to unfavorable weather, was shot off March 11. The day was all that could be desired and some good work was done, showing that everybody taking part was after the "dicker," which was captured by Jos. Dodge by an average of 86 per cent., with several very close followers.

All events were known angles and traps, rapid firing system. In the team shoot of 9 singles and 3 pairs some very clever work was done on the doubles. Following is the score by events:

Team shoot: Dodge's Team—Dodge, Nelson 12, Pastorek 10, McClure 9, Greene, Bonehill 8; total 59. Pearson's Team—Day, Metcalf 9, Pearson 8, Little, Haskins 5, Gunderson 3; total 30.

No. 2, 10 singles: Pastorek, Dodge, Nelson, Bonehill, Pearson 8, Day 7, Greene, D. Day 6, A. Pearson, Metcalf 5, Gunderson; Little 4.



W. F. BROWN.  
Secretary Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association.

No. 3, 10 singles: Dodge, Pearson, Greene 9, Pastorek, Bonehill, McClure 8, Nelson 7, Little, Metcalf 6, Day 5, Haskins 4, Gunderson 2.

No. 4, 10 singles: Metcalf 7, Day 6, Peterson 5, Haskins 4.

No. 5, 15 singles: Dodge, Nelson 11, 1101111111—14. Peterson 10, 1000010000100—4. Pastorek 11, 111000101110—10. Bonehill 10, 10101001010100—8. Metcalf 10, 01111000010110—9. Day 10, 10101001010101—7. Pearson 10, 1000010110101—8. Nelson 10, 11111110110110—12. Greene 10, 111011101101—12. McClure 10, 10111111111111—14. R. Little 10, 111010010000—8. J. Greene 10, 101111111111—14.

The annual meeting of the Central Gun Club of Duluth, Minn., was held at their rooms on March 7, and elected the following list of officers for the ensuing year: John W. Nelson, President; Dr. D. H. Day, Vice-President; H. L. Heister, Secretary; L. M. Gunderson, Treasurer; T. H. Little, Field Captain; Robt. Moore, Lieutenant. The report of the treasurer shows the financial department of the club to be in good shape. Several committees were appointed, among them a committee to arrange for our second annual tournament which will be held July 4, 5 and 6, 1894. An elaborate programme, one which will suit everybody, is assured. The club has recently ordered a complete set of five expert traps with electric pulps, which will reach here soon, and with these the attendance at local and tournament shoots will be large. Several names were added to the roll of the club, which numbers about fifty. The club is to be divided into three shooting classes, and two additional medals have been ordered.

Philmont Rod and Gun Club.

PHILMONT, N. Y., March 17.—Inclosed find scores made at our club shoot yesterday, 20 targets per man:

Ames	100101110110010001—11	Dingman	101011000011101101—12
Vanderb'h	1101110101011110—15	Baker	011110101101000100—11
Vedder	10101100000100110—8	Powell	0100111111101010—13
Howland	1011001101111111—14	Ferguson	1001111011111111—16
Blundell	01101101111000101—12	Richards	101001100110110111—13



W. A. WETHERBEE.  
President Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association.

Bellefonte, Pa., has a gun club with a dozen members, of which Frank Warfield is president, Geo. B. Jackson secretary and John Furst treasurer.

T. W. Morley and C. F. Lenone recently shot a 15-bird match, old Long Island rules governing, for \$25 a side, Morley killing 13 to Lenone's 4.

The Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company are having a big call for their handsome catalogue and programme of the June tournament.

The Pansy Gun Club, of Kingston, N. Y., has 30 active and 6 honorary members. This comprises about all the shooters in the town.

The Beaver Falls (Pa.) Gun Club are about to purchase club grounds when they will remove their house from Geneva Park.

Several shooters from up the Hudson have signified their intention of attending the Knoxville shoot.

The April tournament of the Baltimore Gun Club will be held at Grason's Park.

Louis Miller intends to put out a "corking" lot of birds for the American handicap.

The Pansy Gun Club, of Kingston, N. Y., is about to erect a club house.

Save your odd pennies for the Knoxville shoot. C. H. TOWNSEND.

Sloppy Weather Gun Club.

A NEW gun club known as the Sloppy Weather Gun Club, was organized last week at 121 East Fourth street, New York, and held its initial shoot at Dexter Park on Friday, March 16. Gus Nowak, one of the Emerald Gun Club heavy weights, is president. Scores:

J Mess	30020230—4	J Wagner	010000102—3
Gus Nowak	13021121—7	C Heckler	20010112—5
H Bailor	1112012—7	F Eisel	01011011—5



### New Utrecht Gun Club.



Equalization of Shooters Solved.

**Editor Forest and Stream:**  
The problem of how to equalize the shooters of a club has in my humble judgment been solved, and is now in successful practice at all the meetings of the Knoxville Gun Club.  
This question has agitated the minds of the shooters for a long time, and systems have been evolved by enthusiastic sportsmen from time to time, but only partially practical in their results.  
To equalize a 60% member of a club with the 75, 80, 85, 88 and 92% members seems impossible, and practically has been so considered, yet with this system the club has no trouble, and the problem is solved and simply works like a charm.  
The great difficulty on this problem was the key to the starting point or basis to begin work on. Find this average basis, then let merit of one's own shooting ability win. Experience at all our shoots and other tournaments demonstrates that 92% will win or tie. Now, to obtain this base you cannot use 10 or 15 target base, because they are too short to determine a shooter's average ability. Neither will 20 targets get 92%, as 18 out of 20 = 90% and 19 out of 20 = 95%, hence we go one step higher and find that 25 targets is not too long to tire a shooter and the base 92% = 23 out of 25, which will win or tie more than the average.  
A shooter may make 15 out of 15 = 100%, but let him shoot 20 and he makes 19 out of 20 = 95%, or 25 = 23 or 92%, the tie or win, as a shooter will by his record show from the club scores his average on 25 targets will not go beyond 23 out of 25 or 92%. Now, let merit step in and beat the average base 23 if it can do so and the shooter feels proud of his win on 25 or 25 straight.  
Hence having determined the base or starting point for equalization in all club contests (briefly stated, shoot at 25 targets, necessary average to win or tie = 23 out of 25 = 92%) we can begin to easily classify the members of a club.  
There are always in a club two or more members who can shoot 88 to 92% on an average = 22 to 23 out of 25. They will constitute class A, and are only entitled to what they can break out of 25 without any allowance. The next class will be those who can shoot 80 to 88%, and class C who shoot 60 to 80%, as follows:  
Class A = 88 to 92% = 23 out of 25 = no allowance made.  
Class B = 80 to 88% = 20 out of 25, equalized to basis of 23 out of 25.  
Class C = 60 to 80% = 12 out of 25, equalized to basis of 23 out of 25.  
As follows:  

Must make 16 out of 1st 20 or 80%, doing so allowed 2 targets = 18 or 90%	Class B.
Making 17 " " 20 " 85%, " " 1 " = 18 or 90%	
" 18 " " 20 " 90%, " " 0 " = 18 or 90%	

Making 12 out of 1st 20 or 60%, doing so allowed 7 targets = 19 or 95%	Class A.
" 13 " " 20 " 65%, " " 6 " = 19 or 95%	
" etc., " etc., " etc., " " = 19 or 95%	

  
Class B must make 16 to be entitled to the benefit of class allowance, and then if they break their last 5 targets straight, by merit, they come in for tie or win on 25 or 92%. If they fail to make 16 out of 20 then their score counts for only what they make without allowance, and hence come in on same basis as class A that fail to make their supposed basis, 23 out of 25 or 92%.  
The same rule will apply to class C, who must make their class percentage, 12 out of first 20, to be entitled to their class privileges or 19, and breaking their per cent. basis = 3 to 2 out of 5, or places them on a possible win at 24, but a probable win at 23 or 92%, as they will only average 4 out of 5, hence breaking say 12-7, their allowance = 19-4 out of last 5 shot at = 23 out of 25 = 92% tie or win by merit of the possible win.  
If the clubs of the country will try this system of classification, and in connection with it use our "certificate trophy challenge scheme," they will find renewed interest taken by the old members.  
Our club is absolutely revived, as we now have out nine certificates, and each holder of same wants another, and the consequence is great rivalry to win and "rub it on a fellow."  
Now, a word about nitro loads, shell, wads, etc. Above and beyond all considerations, let each member of a club get the best shooting qualities of his own gun by practical tests and not theoretical demonstration. We have been surfeited by certain theoretical tabulated statements, that so far as they concern the individual merits of the shooter's gun are practically of no value.  
I believe in theory, but I must say when combined with practical, painstaking work, experimenting with shooting loads of different powders, wadded differently in different length shells of different kinds is the only way, for each individual can determine the best results for his own gun. This is absolutely necessary to become an expert with his gun, which may fit him perfectly, but he shoots a certain load that some one recommends with no good results, simply because he did not try it before he used it at the match which he lost.  
Now, two guns will shoot alike near, but they may seem to be bored. A small percentage of powder added will give different results in one from the other; also make a change in length of shell for long or short crimp and different wadding, and your results will be surprising.  
The average target is broken 30-35yds., and the load must be targeted at the proper distance each individual kills it. If you target at 40yds. and you kill your target at 30 you are certainly handicapped by a surprising target if you will only test the question. This point, proper distance to target for open even results, is what every shooter should bear in mind when ordering a gun and have it bored that way. The quicker the load or greater the shot velocity the nearer you can hold on a target and consequently the better chances to kill, as you eliminate the per cent. holding so and so. Hence practically and not theoretically determine the load for your gun will give best regular results, and when found stick to it, even if Mr. A. who shoots something entirely different that fits his gun, says: "Why, try some of my shells and I am sure you will do better." Confidence in your load by practical trial and sticking to it will improve any shooter's score, even if he does make a few bad scores, as he absolutely knows it is himself at fault and not the gun or load. The sooner the vacillating shooters find this out the better and quicker will it be to their own good and improvement as a trap shoot.  
I have been all along this whole line, and doubt not many others also who read the records, and by practical hard work I have found out that my Smith ejector No. 12 will give the best results for open, even distribution (pull the load out from center, the great fault of all guns) after trying all sorts and kinds of powder, shells and wadding as follows: Climax 5in. shell, primed with 3grs. FFG Hazard Kentucky rifle, 45grs. (trap) E. C. American made, one trap wad No. 11 1/2, one white felt 3/8 No. 11 1/2 (all U.M.C.) one black edge No. 12 (Winchester), 14oz. No. 7 1/2 chilled shot and their Keystone trap shot wad.  
All the wads put down solid not to mash the grain of E. C., but to prevent also the hard grain priming from getting displaced. Let some one try E. C. loaded this way and I will guarantee he will not have a "torture to a pigeon" if he "holds on" with his gun.  
The best cheap killing load for targets I find to be as follows and next best for even work: Climax or Rival 2 1/2 primer as above and 41grs. (trap) E. C., one trap or field wad, one black edge 1/4in. (all U. M. C.), then 13oz. full No. 7 1/2 chilled shot and thin shot wad (all the time). This load gives a full 1/4in. crimp which is absolutely necessary with any nitro powder for even and regular results.  
I prefer to use the 3/8 white wad because it will in 100 birds give more regular results and relieves the recoil of the gun at the small

additional cost. Also the new No. 3 W. Rival 2 1/2 primed 1gr. and 41grs. E. C., with trap wad 1 1/4 black edge No. 11 1/2 and one common 12; then 14oz. chilled No. 7 1/2. This load is a killer and is used by some of the Knoxville Gun Club with great success.  
If the shooters of the country will now in friendly criticism "tear out the thread of my narration" for my modest claims, and by such discussion advance the cause of shooting, my object will have been accomplished.  
R. VAN GILDER, Sec'y Knoxville Gun Club.  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

**Trap At San Antonio.**  
The trap shooting season of 1894 was officially ushered into being by the two clubs of this city on the 11th inst. The attendance at West End and Lakeview was large for the first shoot of the season, and the interest shown bespeaks well for a successful year at the trap.  
At West End, the Powder Hill Gun Club regular media shoot took place. The new medal for 1894 is the prettiest ever contested for in this region and is the result of Mr. A. B. Critzer's good taste. This club has departed from the stereotyped rapid firing system and is now shooting from five unknown traps. Thirty singles and five pairs constitute the regular medal contest. The medal to become the personal property of any member winning the same three consecutive times. The medal was won by Mr. A. B. Critzer on the modest score of 32, and the scores of all the members are a clear indication of what 90 per cent. men at the rapid firing system will do when they face unknown traps without practice. Score:  

	Singles	Doubles	Total
Critzer	24	8	32
Texas Field	30	7	37
Glockner	18	6	24
Dress Jr.	18	7	25
George	30	8	38
Olmesorge	30	7	37
Arthur	19	6	25

  
At the Lakeview grounds the members of the San Antonio Gun Club were treated to a merchandise prize shoot at 20 singles and 5 pairs, known traps, unknown angles, with the following result:  
First class: Black 23, Briesbach 22, Exp 23, Kelley 23, McCormack 19, Vernon 26, Chabot 22, France 17, McKiver 19, Paris 21, Thiele 20, Rothwell 23, Veith 18, Adams 21.  
Second class: Shields 20, Learn 16, Wittchell 17, Riely 16, Fay 15, Tendick 18, Wagenfuh 20, Hice 17, Phillips 22, Barber 15, Vollbrecht 19, Grossmann 11, Frank 18, Smith 10.  
The prizes were distributed in the following order: First class: Silver flask, water, wad, Verber, lathe by Nord, A. B. Critzer on the modest third, won by Rothwell; hat, fourth, won by Chabot; pocket knife, fifth, won by Paris. For second class: Silk umbrella, first prize, won by Phillips; Shields won second prize, a shell case; Vollbrecht won third, a pair hunting shoes; Vendick won fourth, gold pen; Wittchell won fifth, jointed fishing rod.  
No. 2, 15 singles: Adams 13, France 10, Barber 5, Samuels 12, Chabot 11, McCormack 13, Vollbrecht 9, Paris 9, Hice 11, Rothwell 14, Shields 11, Learn 10, Tendick 13, Riely 11, Kelley 13, Wagenfuh 14, Fay 8, Veith 12, Briesbach 14, Vernon 14, Hice 10.  
No. 2, 10 singles and 2 pair: France 11, Learn 4, Shields 7, Vollbrecht 10, Adams 10, Tendick 9, Paris 9, McCormack 9, Black 10, Hice 6, Samuels 10, Chabot 8, Phillips 9, Briesbach 10, Rothwell 10.  
No. 4, 15 singles: France 13, Adams 13, Riely 11, Barber 6, Rothwell 9, Tendick 13, Grossmann 10, Paris 6, McCormack 7, Samuels 13, Black 13, Frank 11, Chabot 12, Briesbach 11.  
O. G.

**Parkway Rod and Gun Club.**  
The monthly shoot of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club at Dexter Park on Wednesday of last week brought together the average attendance of members and the usual crowd of spectators. The day was a typical March day, the weather pleasant with a strong northwest wind blowing across the grounds. As we have had previous occasion to remark, the Parkway's day at Dexter Park brings extra preparations on the part of mine host Miller, for the Parkway's are active and numerous, circulation normal and their digestive organs generally in good order. Mr. Miller's preparations on Wednesday were of the order that brings satisfaction to both the patron and host. The birds that went into the traps were mostly good, strong flyers, and made it difficult for the gunners to put up clean scores. In fact, only one of the fifteen men engaged in the club event at 7 birds killed all of his birds. This honor fell to Henry Bramwell, one of the Class B men. He was later in the day decorated by President Bookman with the club trophy. The three prizes donated by the club for the best score in each class on this occasion consisted of three sets of knives and forks (silver). The prize for Class A was won by Jim Bennett, who killed 6 of his 7 birds. Lew Helgans was second with 5. The Class B prize went to Henry Bramwell, along with the club trophy on the score of 7 kills; Jas. Link was second with 6.  
Sweep for shotgun, 5 birds, \$2:  

O. Meyer	2922-4	Bookman	22120-4
W. R. Selover	11000-2	J. B. Kay	12320-4
J. Young	2010w.	Wooley	01002-1
Edgerton	11110-4	Bramwell	11112-5
Bennett	01122-4	Helgans	12112-5
H. Selover	22001-3	Martin	1202w.

  
Club handicap, 7 birds:  

Class A—25yds.			
C. M. Meyer	202102-4	Lee Helgans	2222200-5
J. Bennett	111102-6		
Class B—25yds.			
H. Bramwell	2112121-7	T. Short	1221070-5
H. Bookman	0000020-1	W. R. Selover	2122210-6
T. Edgerton	101300-3	H. Lemire	0112201-5
J. Link	2122101-4		
Class C—21yds.			
C. Wissel	1010112-5	J. Young	2120212-6
J. Wooley	1120101-5	J. B. Knowlson	1101121-6
H. Selover	0211211-6		

**Interstate Dates.**  
**Editor Forest and Stream:**  
The sixth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be given at Elwood, Ind., June 27 and 28, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club. The Elwood Gun Club will add \$200 in cash to the purses.  
The seventh tournament will be given at Louisville, Ky., July 18 and 19, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from \$200 to \$400 to the purses.  
ELMER E. SHANER, Manager I. M. and D. A.

**Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.**  
HOT SPRINGS, ARK., March 13.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** I continue to receive letters from shooters all over the country inquiring about our tournament, and it is safe to say that the fourth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be a grand success. Recent advices from Ft. Smith are to the effect that the \$1,000 added money is a certainty and they are making preparations already for a big crowd.  
J. J. STAFFER, JR., Sec'y.

**Boiling Springs Monthly.**  
RUTHERFORD, N. J. March 14.—Inclosed please find scores made at our monthly live bird shoot.  
Sweep No. 1, 15 singles, \$1: Carlos 10, Simpson 7, Van Dyke 12, Lenone 11, Mackey 9, Paul 8, Richmond 13, McAlpin 12, Elliott 15, Hobart 12, Huck 12, Linsley 10.  
Sweep No. 2, 10 birds, 50 cents: Lenone 9, Carlos 4, Paul 7, Mackey 7, Van Dyke 10, Richmond 7, Simpson 7, Elliott 9, McAlpin 4, Frank 6, Sweep No. 3, expert rules, 50 cents: Elliott 6, Simpson 6, Hobart 6, Linsley 6, McAlpin 6, Lenone 8, Paul 7, Carlos 6, Geoffrey 6, Abbott 8, Wellock 1.  
Sweep No. 4, 25 singles, \$1: Lenone 17, Abbott 17, McAlpin 23, Paul 24.  
Seven live birds:  

Lenone	0001010-2	Loomis	1102122-6
Greiff	201021-5	James	0111222-6
Mackey	2210111-6	Dill	2200010-3
Collins	1120100-4	Hobart	1201210-5
McAlpin	2112222-7	Elliott	2121212-7
Van Dyke	1102111-6	Simpson	1122212-7
Richmond	2202221-5	Linsley	2222222-7
Carlos	1110002-4	Paul	0001211-4

  
Sweep 3 birds, \$3:  

Lenone	001-1	Loomis	111-3
Greiff	201-2	James	211-3
Mackey	220-2	Dill	112-3
Collins	112-3	Hobart	212-3
McAlpin	211-3	Elliott	211-3
Van Dyke	112-3	Simpson	111-3
Redmond	222-3	Linsley	222-3
Carlos	110-2		

  
Match between Lenone and Van Dyke, 25 birds, \$25: Lenone 6, Van Dyke 17.  
Sweep No. 5, 10 singles, 50 cents:  

McAlpin	111001101-8	Paul	111101110-8
	011001101-8	Abbott	11110101-8
Linsley	110000101-5	Huck	111100111-8

  
Sweep No. 6, 25 singles, \$1:  

McAlpin	1111101111111011111111-23
Lenone	0111010101111111111111-18
Paul	111111111111111111111111-21
Abbott	111111010111111111111111-17

  
Sweep No. 7, 25 singles, \$1:  

McAlpin	1111111111111011111111-23
Lenone	011110101011111111111111-17
Abbott	111101010011111111111111-21
Paul	110011001111111111111111-17

**Hartford.**  
The good weather of March 10 brought out a fair attendance at the medal shoot. Following are the scores at 25 targets thrown from five traps:  

Furtington	10110000111111010111101-17
Hall	11011111000000011101001-14
Melrose	110101010110111111111111-20
Risley	101111111111111111111111-24
Tucker	011101100111010110101011-16
Sexton	001110111111011111110101-15
Wickin	01010110011111010100111-15
Hotchkiss	0111111111010111111111-22
Olmsed	011110111100111111111110-20
Colt	01101010100010001101001-12
Cook	111101010111111111111111-24
Alger	100101011111000111001010-14
White	011000111111011111111111-19
Willis	111111111111111111111111-24
William	111111011111111111111111-23
W. Hills	010100111111111111111101-20
Manross	111111111111111111111111-24
Collins	111101010111101011001100-16
Dougllass	111110111111011111111011-21
O. B. Treat	111110011111011011111111-21
Fibberts	011111111011111111111111-24
O. Treat	111111111111111111111111-23
Geiselman	110111111111011111001010-19

  
Cook, Sec'y.

**Morley Outshoots Coulston.**  
A MATCH at 50 live birds each for \$50 a side, loser to pay for the birds, took place at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Saturday, March 17, the principals being T. W. Morley of Paterson and Geo. W. Coulston of Brooklyn. The day was delightful and the birds fairly good. Morley was in great fettle and shot his opponent out in the third quarter. John L. Brewer was referee. The scores:  

Morley	1120120121221222212222122-23
	2011102221221221222122211-44
Coulston	2202120222211122022002223-19
	00220022012220202020201-13-32

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C. M., Winchester, England.—I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and seeing what you say Feb. 24 about the quantity of wildcats in Massachusetts, I should like very much to know whether they are to be hunted with hounds like a fox, or would they tree at once? Ans. They would tree.  
F. C. A., Auburn, N. Y.—Will you kindly inform if spring duck shooting is prohibited on Cayuga Lake and Seneca River? There has been shooting there this spring, and if it is legal I want my share. Ans. The law closes the season March 1 everywhere in the State except on Long Island. See *Game Laws in Brief*.  
I. W. F., Roscoe.—Will you please inform me when the open season on trout begins? Is there any local law affecting the trout season in the counties of Sullivan, Delaware and Ulster? There are various opinions expressed by the local fishermen here. It requires watchfulness to keep posted on the game and fish laws, owing to the constant "tinkering" of our representatives at Albany. Ans. By the general law the trout season will open on Long Island on April 1, elsewhere in the State on April 15. County supervisors' laws extend the opening date to May 1 in Columbia and Madison.  
R. S., Madison, Wis.—Will you kindly inform me through your columns whether 32in. barrels give better penetration when using black powder than 30in. barrels on a 12-bore gun. Ans. For all practical purposes the difference in length mentioned would have very little effect on the shooting. Many 30in. 12-bores will surpass 30in. guns. With ordinary loads the penetration is about equal. The longer barrels, however, would have the advantage when increased loads were used.

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WARD'S NATURAL SCIENCE ESTABLISHMENT,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

For Seasons  
for all Fish and Game

and other points of Fish and Game laws consult the *Game Laws in Brief*, which is sold by all dealers or sent by Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Price 25 cents. Covers the whole country. Is reliable and has 25 half-tone pictures.

It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where we get back a good deal more than the cost of catalogue and postage.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,  
18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY



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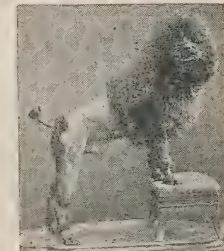
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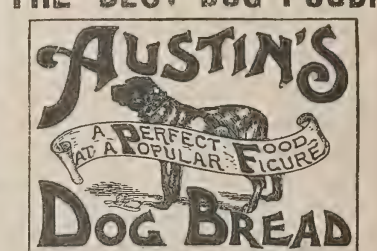
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }  
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1894.

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{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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## "A PLATFORM PLANK."

WE have reprinted, as a folder for an envelope, "A Platform Plank," from our issue of Feb. 3, and "Absolute Prohibition of Game Traffic," from issue of Feb. 10; and should be glad to supply them in any desired numbers, without cost.

## DANGERS OF SEGREGATION.

It was in March, 1872, that Congress set aside the Yellowstone National Park as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, and during all this time it has been preserved and used by the people for the purposes for which it was established. Its integrity has many times been threatened. The speculators and money getters, who are constantly watching their opportunity to get from the United States Government something for nothing, have made efforts to seize the whole Park, to cut away portions of it and to secure strips of its territory for private purposes, but none of these things have ever been done. None of the Park's area has been taken from it.

Now it is threatened again, and in several directions. Of these dangers the most imminent is the project for the segregation of the northeast corner. This project is the successor of a plan set on foot years ago by a small number of speculators to obtain a right of way for a railroad running down Soda Butte Creek, the East Fork and the Yellowstone River from Cooke City to Cinnabar. This right of way project having been several times defeated on the ground that no railway should be allowed in the Park, the same speculators are now trying to have the northeast corner of the Park and a large portion of the forest reserve cut off, and to have the Yellowstone River made the northern boundary of the reservation.

If this change should be made it would in practice open the whole northeast corner of the Park to the skin-hunters, and would vastly increase the difficulties of protecting it.

As the boundaries stand at present, there are really but two entrances to the Park on the northeast. One of these is by way of Cinnabar, up the Yellowstone, the other is by way of Clark's Fork and down Soda Butte Creek. Everywhere else the reservation is walled in by mountains so high and so rugged as to be quite impassable. But if the boundaries were altered as proposed, the north bank of the Yellowstone River would at once become a legalized resort for the horde of lawless characters, who constantly hover on the borders of the Park, and it would be easy for them to slip across the river and to commit their depredations. All the game in the country proposed to be thrown open—a few buffalo, two fine herds of mountain sheep, and the only antelope to be found in the Park—would at once be destroyed and the existence of the game actually ranging south of the river would be gravely imperilled. Fires would be started along the river, and the forests, now green and flourishing, would soon be burned off so that the water supply of the Yellowstone, which is

of such vast importance to thousands of farmers on the plains below, would be made irregular and seriously lessened.

The facts of the case are thoroughly understood in Montana. The segregation project had its origin in the mountain towns of that State, and it is earnestly opposed by the towns on the plains, whose chief industry is agriculture and stock raising. These dwellers on the plains comprehend very well that the segregation bill threatens their very existence, for it endangers their water supply, and without water they cannot grow their crops nor sustain their herds. The whole cry for segregation is confined to a few speculators in Livingston, Cooke City and Helena, the last named town furnishing the money for the movement, since the means of Livingston were long ago exhausted, and Cooke City never had any. These speculators, however, have succeeded in persuading certain Montana papers to take up their cry, and have endeavored to make up for the smallness of their numbers by the great tumult they create. The facts are, however, that the newspapers of all the plains towns, such as Stillwater, Red Lodge, Billings and others, reflect the strong sentiment which exists in their sections and are opposed to segregation, and this for the most excellent and practical reason that it will mean ruin of their farmers and the practical depopulation of their territory.

In FOREST AND STREAM of last week we announced exclusively the capture, red-handed, of a poacher with the spoils of eleven buffalo, slain in the National Park. This man had entered the reservation from Cooke, quietly slipped by the soldiers at Soda Butte and had erected his lodge and was hunting in the Pelican Creek Valley, where he was taken in the act of skinning one of five buffalo that he had just killed. Since the publication of this dispatch a general press telegram has been sent out, which states that extensive depredations of this nature are going on in and about the Park. Such destruction of the public property will continue so long as no law exists by which those who violate the regulations can be punished.

If the segregation bill should be passed, the natural barrier which now protects the Park on the north and east will be thrown down, and nothing will take its place to keep out intruders save a narrow river which can easily be crossed. When this shall have become the Park boundary, neither laws nor patrols will keep out the poachers, and the game will disappear before the horde of poachers like snow beneath the warm spring rain.

It were better that a thousand elk should be killed than a single buffalo, but it is just the buffalo that most attract the skin-hunter, and so are most in danger from his gun. It is these few survivors of all the myriads that once thronged this continent that most need protection. This protection they should have, not because they are game, but because they are the last relics of America's greatest land animal.

## NO WORDS WASTED.

MR. ALEX. STARBUCK sends us the full text of the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio in the case of Edward N. Roth vs. The State of Ohio, referred to in these columns last week. Here is the decision, all of it:

3736.  
Edward N. Roth }  
vs. } Error to Circuit Court of Hamilton County.  
The State of Ohio. }  
By the Court:

It is an offense under Sec. 6964, of the Revised Statutes, to sell quail in this State, except between the 10th day of November and the 15th day of December, though such quail were killed outside of this State, and where it was lawful to kill the same. The section is constitutional.

Terse and to the point. But if the Court had written its decision as Mr. Starbuck writes of his fishing trips to the North Shore, for "quail" we should have had "the speckled beauty of the dewy stubble," or some other interjection of the poetry of the field into the court records.

We neglected to say last week that to the Cuvier Club of Cincinnati belongs the credit of establishing this point of Ohio law. The club engaged the detective to secure the evidence, retained Judge J. P. Murphy as counsel—and a very able and masterly counsel he proved to be; supplied the sinews of war; and fought the case through from magistrate to Supreme Court. The result is a decision which will materially assist in the protection of game in Ohio; and for this the people of the State have to thank the public-spirited members of the Cuvier Club.

## SNAP SHOTS.

The Massachusetts Association, in making determined opposition to the Gilbert trout bill, have prepared an effective document reviewing the legislation of the Commonwealth for the protection of its wild trout. We print this review elsewhere. The strongest factor of the society's opposition to the proposed measure is found in the actual experience of the past. When the statute permitted the sale in close time of trout "killed outside of the Commonwealth," it was impossible to distinguish between native fish and foreign fish; and there was absolutely no way to shut off the market supply of trout from Massachusetts brooks. The first trout protective law quoted by the committee was the work of Daniel Webster, who once said of it:

It has so happened that all the public services that I have rendered in the world in my day and generation have been connected with the general government. I think I ought to make an exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature and I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object in which I could be useful in that position, and after much reflection I introduced a bill which, with the consent of both houses of the Legislature, passed into a law and is now a law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any manner than in the old way, with an ordinary hook and line.

If Webster were living to-day how he would sweep away the fallacious pleas and pretensions of the advocates of marketing brook trout in close season.

In our game columns will be found some extracts from the third annual report of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission. This is one of the most level-headed, intelligent and efficient commissions in the country; and in their executive officer, Mr. W. P. Andrus, they have a level-headed, intelligent and efficient agent. We have put these extracts under the head "Stop the Sale of Game" for the reason that the report dwells with such emphasis upon the cold storage establishments and the markets as factors in the problem of preserving to Minnesota its game stock. If any one is in doubt about where our game is going to, let him reflect on the figures given in this report—4,000 carcasses of venison shipped to outside markets, and 480,000 birds; and these the work of a single season. One of these days the people will wake up. Then the FOREST AND STREAM plank will mean something.

Massachusetts will try the year's close season plan on quail again, a law just having been adopted making it illegal to kill quail in 1894. But there is another bill in the Legislature which should be not only scotched, but killed, for it is thoroughly bad, permitting the possession and sale of quail by dealers and cold storage establishments from Oct. 15 to May 1; and of other game at all seasons. Massachusetts can never accomplish protection with concurrent close killing season and open market season.

The New York Assembly last week rejected a bill making lawful the Sunday fishing, which is done in the waters about New York city. The prohibition of Sunday fishing is a part of the penal code. We believe that there is now another bill in the legislature to amend the penal code in this respect.

It appears that we erred when we said last week that the fish which Fish Commissioner Follett had netted out of public waters were brown trout; they were brook trout. This point is immaterial. It was just as much a breach of the law to take one species as to take the other.

Mr. W. H. Rogers, inventor of the Rogers fishway, died at his home in Amherst, Nova Scotia, last week, aged seventy-one years. Mr. Rogers was widely known in connection with his fishway, a contrivance in which he had abiding faith.

The New York Legislature is considering a bill which requires Canadians to pay a license fee of \$25 for shooting and fishing. It is a game of tit for tat.

When you come to think of it, a legislative deadlock is not without its compensation, for so long as it lasts the fish and game laws cannot be tinkered.

Something like 565,000 acres of Adirondack lands are in the possession of individuals and clubs for private preserves, from which the public is excluded.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

"Should you lure,  
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behooves you then to ply your finest art."

THE angler who voyages to the North Shore of Lake Superior for the ever beautiful trout of radiant dyes has revealed to him a region of primitive wildness and picturesque beauty that is without a parallel on this continent. The lake itself, the largest body of fresh water in the world, alone impresses him far beyond his most sanguine expectations. Imagine a vast reservoir of the purest, clearest and most wholesome water, having for its dimensions a length of 380 miles, a breadth of 160 at its widest part, and a shore-line of rough and ragged walls of 1,500 miles, with a depth varying from 500 to 1,000 ft. This is not all, for in addition to its having a waterway of 2,100 miles from the source of the St. Louis emptying at its head to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, it receives the waters of 200 rivers and contains 25,000 islands and islets. Its very purity and coolness, never rising above 46° Fahrenheit, make it the most favored home for the matchless beauties who so proudly wear the celestial colors of the rainbow and the sunset.

From Gros Cap Island to the mouth of the famed Nipigon, and, in fact, along the entire coast line, they lie in quiet concealment in rocky chasms, under ledges and around big boulders. In the first mentioned boundary they are found to be more numerous and of more ample proportions, but always of that graceful symmetry and ideal iridescence which pre-eminently make them worthy the pen and pencil of both poet and painter.

For a number of years, in company with Mr. P. E. Roach, whom I have in other published serials called Ned, and will hereafter in this, I have sailed along the beetling cliffs and purple mountains of the North Shore, tempting, with alluring flies of shimmering tinsel and feathers gay, these scarlet-robed Hebes of the "gleaming stars" that in expectancy lie in their rocky lairs ever ready with blazing eyes and tiger-like savagery to spring upon their unsuspecting prey.

In the early part of last July, when the sun was pouring down a flood of bright golden light, and lovely clouds of crimson were serenely drifting in the empyrean blue, we started with very hopeful hearts and unflinching tenacity of purpose for the iron-bound coast in a Mackinac—a special name for that class of boats—well provisioned, and manned by two sturdy half-breed sailors. The water being as smooth as polished steel and the heat unduly intense, we took a tow from the "Soo" with the little tug Annie Clarke as far as Grindstone Point, where we "cast off" went ashore and camped. It being near 6 o'clock when we struck the beach, and having had nothing but a few crackers since early morn, we hustled things around quite lively, and soon saw the white wings of our tents arise amid a cluster of spruce and balsam, the provisions carefully stowed away, and then the long-wished-for supper prepared, to which we brought a plow boy's insatiable appetite. It was dispatched, I assure you, with alacrity, and without the formula of finger bowls or linen napkins. We were roughing it, and as a necessity, the dining-room auxiliaries of a first-class *menu* were omitted on this particular outing.

Camping, we will here remark, while incidentally touching upon the delightful recreation, is not for every one; it is not for those whose appetite fails them at a table less than three feet above grasshoppers and crickets; it is not for people of few resources, miserable when alone. It is for all who are in love with nature, who desire to know her in every mood—in storm, in the wilderness, in the night, and with Keats,

"Far, far away to leave  
All manner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve  
From little cares;"

who, away from the shows of things, find clearer judgments sifting down between the leaves with the sunlight, and springing up with the grass blades, and who are willing to pay for all this the price of some sacrifice of ease and order and conventionality.

Ned and I always took this philosophic view of it, really the angler's view, and fully discussed it that evening over our "tea and toast," satisfied that no perfumed dandy of the gentle art with soft muscles and silk stocking affinities should ever seek this rock-bound and mountainous shore in pursuit of the tinted beauties. His Utopian ideas of the angle would soon go glimmering if he ever had the hardihood to attempt it.

Desiring, after the wholesome repast, to enjoy the fretted and dying fires that then filled the vault of heaven, we sought a convenient spot on some rocks overlooking the great lake, and there watched the regal loveliness of the west, as the clouds took on the scarlet of the sea-shell, and the far away hills the blue and tender gray of the departing day. Turning to the luminous gateway of the east, as twilight lost itself in the crimson hues, we were greeted with the silver face of the full moon in summer glow rising slowly o'er the rustling treetops into the amethystine sky.

Our cup of emotional pleasure was now filled to the very brim with this impressive scene of heavenly splendor where nature had massed her choicest colors like the threads of some delicate embroidery,

"Purpled and paled with dreamy mist,  
Shaken from breezy wafts that lie  
Calmed in their isles of amethyst."

A myriad of murmuring insects, as if to destroy our quiet contemplation of the bejeweled arch, had now risen on all sides of us, and those that blood alone would satisfy made such a ravenous attack upon us that the fly repellent which we were fortunate enough to bring along, was soon deluging our faces and hands. Ned bawled out in bitter agony at the savage onslaught of the bloody horde, which make life such a misery on these lonely shores, while I was not a bit behind in the use of that lurid language which seems to afford a pagan as much relief as tears do the gentler sex. The odoriferous liquid, however, soon began to display its subtle powers upon these little trumpeters of the woods, and then we became as gentle as sucking doves.

The night wore on apace in unclouded grandeur with

"the silver-footed queen" proudly advancing in her celestial pathway and flooding lake and land with shimmering beams and shifting shadows.

The silence which prevailed—deep as death itself—was only broken by the clamorous hoot of some far away owl, or the flutter of some hungry whippoorwill as he snapped up the tiny insects for his nocturnal meal. My piscatorial *camarade* was so deeply enthused with the ravishing beauty of the night and the luxury of a fragrant regalia, that nought but the leap of a trout or the bite of a *brûlot* would bring him back to things terrestrial. The latter, however, soon drew his blood, and then sentiment was in hurried retreat and he himself once more.

"The beastly pirates will never let up," was his awakening response to the insectivorous invaders, and then there was a free anointing once more with the powerful mixture.

The plans for the morning's sport being talked over and fully matured, we quietly retired to luxuriant beds of fragrant balsam leaves which soon wooed us to restful slumber and delightful dreams.

The early dawn, like a rose of joy, introduced a refulgent sun, accompanied with tinted clouds lazily floating in unnumbered battalions across the spangled dome of blue, and charmingly imprinting their delicate reflections o'er the far-reaching prospect.

The gentle breeze, a southwest one and always a delight to the gentle angler, came laden with a fragrance and exhilaration from the dense forests that made the eyes sparkle with the radiant glow of ruddy health. It was really the exquisite morning of a faultless summer day. Eager for the anticipated sport, the camp was at once aroused, breakfast hurriedly served, and then to the home of the Apollo of the dotted robes.

Our half-breeds, we will here particularize, were experienced and active boatmen, and in every way exceedingly meritorious, taking as much interest as ourselves in raids for the rose-colored leopards of the rocky reefs and pellucid pools. The chief boatman answered to the name of Peter, being the one who was with us on our trip of last year, while his "helper" responded to that of Kenosh. Though the latter was a "sub" on the trip, he was the best of the twain, and could give his boss many fine points in skillful navigation, and also discount him as *chef* of the frying pans. He was unusually daring with a boat, and would venture in storms that would make many a half-breed turn pale, if not his more civilized brother. He was a rare exception to his class, and so apparent was his superiority to that of his chief that that individual was constantly kept on the strain to prevent being entirely overshadowed. We were confident we had drawn a prize in Kenosh, and that he would prove superlatively satisfactory, and could fully be depended upon in time of threatened peril. Invariably he was the first to obey, and that morning had arisen unusually early, so there would be no delay in starting for the retreats of the golden fins. Ned was also another of the peep-o-day boys, for he was always up with the first coming of dawn, arranging his tackle, and particularly his flies, which so frequently had to have, in his opinion, an additional red feather or two, and doubtless a glass eye.

"All aboard!" was the cry immediately after breakfast, and into the shapely Mackinac we all tumbled with an alacrity that astonished ourselves. The prospective sport was undoubtedly the incentive for our unusual agility, and to have seen us hustling around that morning, like boys on the common, you would think we had been partaking of the waters which Ponce de Leon so long sought for, but never found.

My tackle had been ready long before the breakfast bell had tinkled. I had selected a silver-doctor for my dropper and a gray-hackle with a red body for my stretcher, having always found these very choice flies; and with my 7-ounce split bamboo with cork handle and aluminum reel, was satisfied, thus prepared, to secure my share of the quarry.

Ned had selected a couple of flies of his own creation, which might as well be termed the "red-headed-terror" and the "scarlet-avenger," as they were without any distinct nomenclature or of any specific class. Which was the dropper or which the stretcher I never ascertained, suffice it to say, he idolized them as if they were priceless pearls. It mattered not to him whether it was terror or avenger that took precedence on the leader—they went sailing all the same to the sun-kissed waters with as lurid a streak in their wake as a comet displays in its erratic course through the regions of unknown space.

After proceeding along the wood-crowned and serrated shore a short distance, we reached what we thought coveted waters, and then the work of earnest casting commenced. Ned sent his blood-red flies over some streaks of darkened waters, while I sought a victim around some huge boulders. Neither of us getting a response to our very industrious flogging, we passed on, casting as we went in every available spot that we thought harbored the beautifully mottled trout. Over ledges, chasms and debris of dismantled rocks our flies industriously fell, only to be lifted from the dimpled waters to go through the same *modus operandi* time and again, till our hearts grew sad and weary of the persistent work.

Flies were changed a dozen times or more, but it was futile work, as no red-jacket showed the least bit of inquisitiveness. It was "love's labor lost," and were it not for the radiance with its soft and balmy air, the rhythmic beat of the murmuring waves, the sapphire beauty and "the deep sunset of hope," which whispered promised pleasure, we would have turned the prow of our boat campward, satisfied that the trout were not there or else not rising to the most attractive or deftly thrown fly.

Ned suggested a move onward to the "big rocks," a mile or two ahead, and if they failed to yield us the tinted trophies, to return and break camp, either then or in the morning. Being in accord, a move to this haven of hope was ordered, and then two pairs of glistening blades swept through the mirrored green of the crystalline waters. Arriving at the rocks, we cast off our hob-nailed brogans and then encased our feet in tight-fitting slippers covered with rough-bottomed rubbers, that we might be enabled to clamber more readily over the ragged and inclined rocks without danger of a plunge into the icy waters below. I took the outer edge of a big block of granite, and sitting down for concealment, commenced casting. On the second throw I had a rise from one of the small fry, which I lamentably missed. Again the flies went out and fell like fluttering snowflakes, as I thought, upon the rippling water, and the same investigating trout—or one like it—struck at my silver-doctor,

and then was repenting of his hasty interview with a frantic frenzy that availed him but little. Though of less than half a pound, he fought gallantly, but for all that he was soon pressing the meshes of the net, being the first victim of the angler's allurements. Although he belonged to the infantile class, he was received with as royal a welcome as if his weight were in pounds. We were not just then elevating our proboscis at this size. Later on he would have been treated with an indignity that would have insured his contemptuous return to the element from which he had been purloined.

Once more my flies sailed out for others of the dotted tribe, and soon I impaled one a shade larger and more lovely in his silken coat of ravishing hues. My pride at these tom-tits in tints began to rise, vain man that I then was, and in a minute or two, as if to increase my triumph, had another racing around with my dropper—a red-tip coachman. This one completed a trinity of the rainbow beauties and led me to believe after all that the trout would yet be generous before the bright sun kissed his usual good-night to the breathing waters. I turned around to look at my associate, and there he was, poised on the apex of a slanting rock, casting and fluttering his flies with an industry and patience that alone belong to the accomplished angler.

"You have a boss place there," he said, as he noticed my observing eyes.

"Yes, for baby trout."

"Well, I am not too proud just now for even that class of *pisces*, I assure you," and then with the arm of an athlete and the eye of an eagle he silently resumed his casting with an expectant hope that indeed merited generous success.

The sun was at meridian and its lance-like rays quite ardent, yet the ardor of the angler still remained unquenched, though "the flesh pots of Egypt" were temptingly reposing in the lunch basket near by under the rustling branches of some clustered pines. Our appetite then was only for the radiant redcoats, and so we both kept up a steady flogging of the gleaming lake, expecting every moment to see some hungry or inquisitive trout break with wolfish snap for the quivering flies. Finally I received a savage response and this time it was from a foeman worthy of my steel. I felt the barbed hook sink into his trembling jaws as I gave the necessary twitch at the proper time and then there sang the tuneful rhythm so pleasing to the patient angler, as the bewildered trout, as I then thought it, dashed for deeper water and unlimited freedom.

Yard after yard of line spun out, and then, as I applied the pressure of the silver spool, he came to the surface and made an acrobatic leap-somersault, if you will; and much to my astonishment, as well as that of the entire party, who were now interested in the fight, revealed himself as a genuine bronze-backer, and a heavy-weight at that. Now it requires more time and patience I think to kill a small-mouth black bass, such as this was, with a trout rod, than it does a brook trout of equal weight under the same circumstances.

"Give him ample time," was the cautious cry of the originator of the lurid flies, and time it was, for I played him through all his savage dashes, his frantic leaps, his stubborn sulks and his crafty strategy, until I almost despaired of bringing him to the net. At last he comes to the surface, and then, as if harboring some grand *coup*, yields to the running thread as it is returned to the rhythmic reel. I well knew the bulldog fighter had another trump to play and that it would drop ere he involuntarily consented to be encircled in the fatal twine. Gently he approached, and as he rested a moment on his panting sides I saw the savage glare of his fierce eyes, too vital indeed for a complete surrender. "Ah! there he goes once more," but he was not the surprise party he had plotted for, as I had learned the tricks of these old bronze warriors too well in my many exploits around the picturesque islands of Lake Erie to be now taken at a disadvantage. "Run on, my frantic brave, for I opine it will be your last race ere your funeral dirge is sung. Tired and broken-hearted are you, and even the white flag goes up in token of surrender." Well, stand ready with the net. Ah! here you are; now lift him out gently and ascertain what his weight registers. "Three and a half pounds," say you? "All right, lay him carefully on the grass with the other symmetrical beauties, and there you have in the two species the realistic picture of the gamiest and handsomest fish that ever made the heart of an angler palpitate with pleasurable emotions. Now for lunch."

As it was quite warm we sought the grateful shade under some spreading maples in the deep woods, and there did ample justice to the contents of a well-filled lunch basket. It was probably not as fine as the Egyptian cookery, of which it is said the great Caesar grew fat with the feasting thereof, but our keen appetite rendered it so very palatable that we were not at all envious of the imperial gourmand.

After the tid-bits of the basket—really our dessert—had been disposed of, the half-breeds and my associate indulged in a smoke, while I, piscatorially inclined, took my rod and again sought the big rock in expectation of alluring another trout or bass to the feast of the flies. Through repeated castings I rose another black bass, with which I unfortunately failed to connect, and then, after the lapse of a few minutes, hung one of the bespotted beauties of a little less than half a pound, and that was all I could coax from the icy waters around this choice spot during an hour's constant casting.

The smokers having imbibed enough of the poisonous nicotine, now pronounced in favor of taking the boat and coasting along, in hopes of bettering our sport. Trying the experiment for fully an hour or more without the surface of the water being broken by the desirable fish, we concluded they were not in it at all, and then the prow of the Mackinac was turned to our far-away camp. On coming to what we considered choice places *en route*, we stopped and offered our flies as a temptation to *S. fontinalis*, but they were not to be uncoined with the fluttering feathers, and so we reeled up and went on our "winding way," content to take in the shifting panorama, always a source of great delight to the ardent lover of nature.

A glance at the distant and beautiful Bachawanaung Bay revealed the faint mist of blue, gently stealing o'er the wooded hills, until lost in the bright sunshine; to the west, where Aurora was fast coursing, streamed clouds in mantle of gold that scarcely moved; soft shadows fell o'er the valleys and the heights above; zephyr breezes laden with the fragrance of the balsamic forests caress your



cheeks; the water, cool and pure enough for a bath for Diana, rippled from the bow in rolls of silver, while as if to give completeness to the scene, an unseen warbler in a grove near by was breaking his heart as if he were

"The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell."

With these delightful auxiliaries it was a lovely row along the rugged shore. The steady dip of the flashing blades kept time to the carol of blithesome birds and the tinkling melody of murmuring waves against the gray and moss-grown rocks. Soon the fluttering folds of our tent were in view, and then the half-breeds, as if inspired with the sight, increased the speed of the craft till the foam in a rainfall of snowy sea roses dropped from her cutwater in graceful and spreading curvatures. In a few minutes we were at the desired haven, fully satisfied with the day's outing, though the vermilion-dyed victims were few, and small at that.

After we had partaken of supper, we had a conference and concluded to change our base on the morrow and sail for Bachewauang Bay, where we hoped to find the freckled beauties more plentiful and more eager to court the acquaintance of the flies artificial. Word, therefore, went out to the half-breeds for the breaking of camp at an early hour in the morning, and then after a luxuriant smoke and the usual pow-wow, which always followed a day's sport, we sought our comfortable beds and soon fell asleep to the hum of the industrious mosquitoes, who were in countless numbers around our netting, striving to find an aperture for a blood-sucking banquet. We awoke in the morning feeling exceedingly refreshed and reinvigorated, as our slumbers had been unusually sweet and sound.

The lake which panted at our feet was a picture of serene delight, every jutting crag, dome and pinnacle aglow with sparkling radiance; the southwest wind, balmy as if it had come from fields of flowers, rippled the water into twinkling crystals, while the sky developed a marvel of delicate tints "shot with silver and amber from the early sun."

Eager to take the morning breeze, the half-breeds went to work with a will, one preparing breakfast and the other dismantling the camp and arranging the packages of provisions, etc., for the boat. The meal, a hurried one, at which the bronze-backer, a victim of the previous day, formed part of the culinary, was soon partaken of, and then all hands aided in loading the floating craft. As the morning indicated a hot day, with the probability of its soon being a breezeless one, the boys were unusually eager to be afloat, and in about forty winks we were off with a favorable though uncertain wind. It was but a short time before we had zephyr lullabys that scarcely straightened the sails, and which necessitated a prompt resort to the ash blades long before we reached our destination, lovely Bachewauang Bay. The sun sent his silver lances with such a prostrating effect that the shore and shade were just then objective points of great interest. The half-breeds toiled manfully at the row locks, with the beads of perspiration dropping from their rigid faces at every dip of the oars. Anon, some *chanson* of a lively nature fell from their lips, and then our troubadour, the musical Ned, gave an *aria* so deliciously replete with melody that the tawny warblers feeling their inferiority in the musical rhythm so palpably, did not again venture upon vocalism when our minstrel of the lute-like voice was near by. Ned's *repertoire* of the sentimental and comic was literally, so to speak, inexhaustible, and when there was toil to lighten he was always to the front through the inspiration of the divine art.

About meridian we reached our destination and camped in a most charming spot commanding a full view of the magnificent bay. The mirror-like condition of the lake, as well as the intense heat, prevented trouting, so we passed the afternoon in cards, reading, converse and the like.

About meal time a grave and pale-faced girl from the lighthouse, having dark tresses, black eyes, pinched lips and mournful voice, indicative of a cheerless and solitary life, sold us two quarts of wild and luscious strawberries, and as I stood in need of a camp chair, which I had inadvertently omitted from our outfit, also purchased from her a small rocker, and was therefore made supremely happy, for during the trip I realized a world of solid comfort out of it. A camp chair in an outing is a jewel above price, but when you have a luxuriant rocker to sink into after a day's hard toil you feel thrice blessed.

The supper hour had come and gone, and the afternoon sun, which had been notably hot and had laid her bars of quivering gold with a lavish hand on sea and land, was now fast relaxing the fierceness of her burning rays, the shade being no longer sought for comfort. Bachewauang, flushed in its tempered glow, was a picture of incomparable loveliness, and though I have seen it time and again, written frequently of its charms and often angled around its wave-worn shores, I can still find new surprises that charm, new suggestions that fill with kindling emotions. Bathe it in sunshine, assail it in storm, give it autumnal haze or vernal bloom, sweep it with arctic blasts or tropic whisperings, it is always an object to excite the adoration of the true lover of nature. It is, and always will be, the paradise of Lake Superior's wild, rugged and imposing scenery.

"Nature here  
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweets,  
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss,"

ALEX. STARBUCK.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Spring in the Northwest.

SILVERBALE, Wash., March 13.—Spring has come with us; ducks are beginning to go north, trees are leafing, grouse have commenced to hoot and skunk cabbage is "high enough for bear feed," so I guess the rainy season is about over.

About fifteen deer have been killed in the vicinity this winter, but the woods are full of them yet. My quail are doing nicely and are in good condition. I have noticed tracks of the possums several times, so they are all right too, I guess.

I got caught in a squall on the bay not long since and was blown high and dry on the beach, canoe and all, when the sea went down, but I reckon I'll paddle over to the post-office every Wednesday after FOREST AND STREAM just the same, blow or no blow; got to do it or break a king-bolt.

EL COMANCHO.

### ISIAH'S FIRST DEER.

"FINE haid, yes, seh, 'tis so; got antlers on it like a bresh heap.

"Yes, seh, dey is a mighty curiousness look 'bout de eyes, but, you see, de man what done stuffed de haid on'y had one pa'r ob eyes lef' in his shop, an' dey war'n't mates; one on 'em is yaller, 'n' turner one's brown. Dat's de haid ob my fust deer, seh, an' I'll never fergit de day when I shot him.

"'Twas 'bout de fifties—I disremember de yeah ezactly, 'n' we all was down in Maimphus, Tensersee, de ol' Marster, Marse Will 'n' me.

"De ol' Marster he wen' down de ribber to Jackson, 'n' leave Marse Will 'n' me to wait fo' him in Maimphus.

"De secon' day after de ol' Marster lef', Marse Will he say, 'Isiah, how you like to go up de kentry a bit an' do some deer shootin'?"

"You see, Marse Will he never did no shootin' at big game yit, 'n' I ain' nuther, so we was bofe kin'er anxious like to 'stinguish ourself's befoh de ol' Marster come back, so I 'low I like to go mighty well, so de nex' day we took de boat up de Mississip' to a place called Darnell up in Lake county, den 'cross de kentry in a buckboa'd to Reel-foot Lake.

"We had two fine houn's along, fo' in dem days people didn't think nothin' ob houn'n' deer. We got to de lake 'long to 'rds evenin' an' made camp on de upper en'. Den I tu'n to an' cook de supper, 'n' we sot up oveh de fiah fo' an hour or mo' befoh we tu'ed in.

"'Twas one ob dem still kin' o' nights, de skies was full o' big white stars an' dey shine in de lake twell hit look like dey was another sky layin' on de yearth.

"Jus' as fas was tu'n in Marster Will he say, 'Look yeah, Isiah, de fus' deer we fin' to-morrer 'longs to me 'n' I don' wan' you to eben shoot at it un'er any circums'tances whatsomever—if you do, I'm gwine fo' to cut de toughest switch I kin fin' 'n' I'll w'ar it out on yo' back,' 'n' I say. 'All right, Marse Will, I ain' gwine shoot twell you all tell me.' Wall, in de mo'nin' we fin' a good runaway, an' Marse Will he sot down on a log behin' a bush, an' I loosen de houn's. 'Twarn't long befoh de houn's 'gin to whimper, den ol' Yaller he soun' one long note 'n' off dey bofe went. I got back to de camp 'n' I was feelin' mighty miserable to think I couldn't git no chance at dat deer. Anyhow I put a cap on my ride, one ob dem ol' fashion' Kaintucky rifles, an' layin' it down clus at hand, I start in to clear up de breakfas' things.

"De houn's cry was a-growin' fainter and fainter, twell it soun' like de sof' music dem little black keys make down on de lower end ob de big pianner. Den bim-be-dey 'gin to come a little clusser, an' de clusser dey git, de mo' I 'gin to feel dat I was in fo' a good switchin'. Den I 'gin to sing so as I couldn't hear em, but dey got nearer 'n' nearer, twell jus' 'bout a quarter of a mile down de lake, a big buck come jumpin' out ob de un'erbrush an' wen' splashin' into de water. I drapped de skillet I was a scrapin', grab de gun an' start a-runnin' fo' de pint ob lan' de buck was a-haidin' fo'.

"I tried to keep out ob sight behin' de bushes, but de deer catch sight ob me, an' my lan's how he did make de water curl aroun' his neck!

"Twict I done trip myself up an' wen' sprawlin' out on my face; de thorns 'n' briars scratch my face an' han's twell dey was a-bleedin' in a dozen places; my shirt 'n' coat look like dey was nothin' but rags, an' every little while I had to wade in water up to my neck, hol'in' my gun up over my haid. Jus' as I got within 'bout a hun'rd yards ob de pint, de deer struck bottom, an' as he 'gin to wade up de slopin' beach, I drappen on one knee, an' was jus' a-takin' aim when I hear Marse Will a-shoutin':

"'Hol' on dere, you brack nigger, don' you shoot dat deer or I'll lick de hide clean offen you.'

"Den jus' you cut yo' switch, Marse Will,' I yells; an' jus' as de two sights come in line wid de deer's shoulder I pulled de trigger, he gave one or two jumps to 'rd de woods, den stop short 'n' drap all in a heap.

"Well, seh, all day long I was a-thinkin' 'bout dat switch, an' if it hadn' a been fo' a buck dat come Marster Will's way to 'rd sundown dey ain' de slightest doubt but I'd a caught an ungordly lickin'.

"When Marse Will come to camp dat evenin' I done cut a toler'ble good switch an' han' it to him; but he on'y laugh 'n' say, 'You brack debbil, you know well you 'serves it, but it was a mighty good shot, 'n' I'll leff you off dis time, fo' to tell de trufe, Isiah, when dat deer passed within twain'ty yards ob me I was a-shakin' so hard dat I jus' stood an' holler'd at him, an' never 'membered dat I had a gun twill he was gone.'"

THE GENERAL.

### DANVIS FOLKS.—XXVI.

#### In the Woods.

"THEY say the Widder Needham wants tu let her place on sheers," said Sam to his wife the next morning, when they, the baby and the hound were the only occupants of the kitchen. "An' I thought o' tryin' fer that, but I do know, I can't git a holt o' nothin'. I b'lieve I shall hafter go off int' de woods by myself a spell. The woods is allers my cure-all," and he cast a casual glance up at his gun that was gathering the dust of disuse. "Then agin, I kinder want tu look over aour mountain lot. That haint ben 'taiched, an' it seem's ough it might be turned tu some 'caout. The's a slew o' timber on 't, an' I c'd build us a turrible neat lawg haouse aouten them spruce."

"I allers thought a lawg haouse was jes' as cute as c'd be an' allers wanted tu live in one," Huldah said with enthusiasm.

"Mebby you'll git the chance. An' if I c'd hit de Forge folks on a coalin' job, I might make well on 't. If 't was cleared up, I s'pose we might git a livin' off on 't. It's consid'able uphill an' I don't s'pose the s'ile o' land is fust chop, but I guess it 'ould raise white beans an' buckwheat, an' both on 'em is fillin'."

"Good land, Sam, don't fer lan's sake say 'buckwheat' afore mother. She'd hev a conception fit an' hev aour ears all cracked off 'm aour heads afore the buckwheat was in blow."

"I don't set no gre't store by it myself," Sam conceded, "but it's better 'n a snow bank, an' high duck folks is gittin' tu think buckwheat pancakes is some punkins. But the can't no Green Maountain boy go agin beans. They was victuals an' drink tu the ol' settlers, an' ammerinition tew, fer I've heard Gran'ther Hill tell, haow 'at they shot Yorkers with 'em. I guess I'll go up an' look the lot over an' see! An' I s'pose I might as well take my gun along, an' Drive 'ould feel bad if I left him."

"No, you mustn't hurt Drive's feelin's," said Huldah, laughing as she roused the hound from the heavy sleep that linked one hunting bout with another.

"I allers feel better in the woods an' c'n think better in 'em an' mebbey c'n git my ideas straightened aout."

Huldah had great faith in Sam's sovereign balm for all his ills of body and mind, having seen it work many cures of both; and offered no objection to a trial of it now. As he stepped forward to take down his gun his father came in with some husks in a basket to sort for braiding. With surprise, but no reproach, he said:

"Why, Sammy, seem's ough you was takin' a late start a-huntin' fer you."

"Wal, father, I'm goin' more tu see about the wood lot. Seem's ough we c'd get somethin' aout o' that," Sam explained and went out, Drive careering about him in clumsy expression of joy at the unexpected outing. Sam's heart felt a fresh pang as he passed the shop window and thought of the anxiety his credulity had brought upon his two old friends.

As Huldah fondly watched her husband out of sight she sighed to see how wearily he walked with downcast eyes as one whose thoughts were far from sport or pastime. Yet his dulled senses were alert enough to feel keenly how his mood was mocked by the Indian summer day that seemed to have caught all the year's serenity in its misty web of gold and purple.

The breeze touched him softly as the breath of June, nor scarcely stirred the drifted windrows of fallen leaves, nor tossed a-lee the gray ashes of the golden rod's burned-out flame, nor bore from the veiled mountain the low song of its evergreens. The tranquil babble of the unswollen brooks rose and fell with the light wafts, the bluebird's carol floated down through the haze that was spun from sky to earth, the meadow-larks sang their long-drawn summer songs and the lazy caw of lingering crows came from their latest woodland camp among the evergreens, and a partridge's April drum-call throbbled through the filmy copes. It was as if nature were solacing herself in this autumnal truce for all turbulence of her forces, past or henceforth possible.

With scarcely a thought of his course, Sam entered the woods and heard as in a dream the old hound's rustling footsteps as he ranged about him. Nor did he scarcely notice more, the impatient whine that told of a puzzling scent, half-exhaled since reynard fared homeward from his early mousing, nor yet the first clear note that announced a more exhilarating savor with assured direction. But when the melody became exultant and continuous with competing echoes he awoke to a realization that the fox was afoot, and he instinctively made for a favorite runway.

It was at the crest of a ledge that wrinkled the mountain side lengthwise, where the starved trees, beggarly with patches of lichen and rags of moss stood far apart among the rocks and gave eye and gun a range of several rods. Sam stood listening till the hound's voice with its attendant clamor of screaming jays had faded out of hearing, leaving the woods about him as silent as if he was their only tenant.

He sat down on a fallen trunk and his thoughts went wearily back to a confused consideration of plans for the future that came and went like a procession of fog wreaths and would take no more definite form.

The bugle notes rose faintly again in the distance, and rolled nearer and nearer, but if heard were not heeded, till a sudden burst close at hand recalled with a start his wandering thoughts and he got quickly to his feet. There was a rustling of the dry leaves in the hollow at his left, and he caught fleeting glimpses of the fox running at top speed in evident alarm at a sight or scent of the hunter. With one motion the cocked gun was at Sam's shoulder, sighted a foot ahead the flying target and the trigger pulled, and in that moment, his mind all on the game now, he was aware with a pang of vexation that a tree trunk had intervened. He heaved a sigh of disappointment.

"By the gre't horn spoon! Jewed by a skeezucks and fooled by a fox! I wonder what's a-comin' next?"

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

## Natural History.

### Are Mongolian Pheasants Desirable?

LEWISTON, Me., March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice from time to time in your columns letters from different sections of the country in regard to the introduction and propagation of the ring-neck or Mongolian pheasant. The introduction of foreign game birds is a question of great interest to every sportsman and one that should be carefully considered. We are well aware of the disastrous results which followed the introduction of the house sparrow, better known as the English sparrow. These "rats of the air" were imported to check the ravages of insects from the foliage of trees. Instead of this, they themselves have proved more destructive than the pests they were intended to destroy.

The Mongolian pheasant is a magnificent game bird, handsome, hardy and prolific, and is termed the king of the forest; and for this reason alone we should give much careful thought and study before introducing them here.

Evidence is given where in California and Oregon these birds destroy whole broods of young of the dusky or sooty grouse. Can we afford to take the chances with any birds that are antagonistic to our ruffed grouse, one of the best and noblest game birds of the world? There is a great question in my mind whether the increase of pheasants would compensate us for the decrease of grouse.

There are many well-behaved species of game birds that would be a welcome addition to our forests; but I think we should carefully consider before taking a too hasty step in the introduction of the Mongolian pheasant.

E. G. GAY.

### Albino Blackbird.

PORTLAND, Conn., March 19.—Your correspondent, F. B. Magill, inquires about albino red-winged blackbirds. I have in my collection a specimen that was shot here Sept. 10, 1877. It is white above, and a light straw or cream color below, from throat to vent. The red on the bend of the wings shows distinctly. Eyes pink.

JNO. H. SAGE.



## EUROPEAN SONG BIRDS IN AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At different times and in various sections of this country numerous species of European singing birds have been liberated for the purpose of acclimatization. The most extensive and probably the most systematic attempt in this direction was carried out under the auspices of the Cincinnati Acclimatization Society about twenty years ago. In my capacity as secretary of the organization named, I made a trip to Europe for the purpose of gathering there a large number of birds presumably adapted to our climates. To carry out my mission properly, I found it necessary to have the birds trapped for the purpose, since females are rarely kept alive and in captivity. The birds thus collected, over three thousand in number, and made up of over forty different species, arrived in good condition at Cincinnati in the latter part of December. They were comfortably quartered in the upper story of the old Burnett mansion, in Burnett Woods Park. A small portion of them were acquired by Mr. Carl Dänzer, the well-known German editor, at St. Louis, Mo., and in due season were liberated by him near St. Louis. The rest and mass of them were set free in Burnett Woods Park the following spring. Some of the birds immediately started for parts unknown, others left the next days and weeks, but quite a number were seen all summer in Burnett Woods, Spring Grove Cemetery, and other suburban points. When the autumn and the migratory season came, all of those which had remained near Cincinnati until then departed never to return again; only the skylarks came back the next and every subsequent spring and multiplied. Their acclimatization was accomplished.

Now what has become of the other birds? This has ever since been a much discussed question, and no definite explanation could thus far be advanced. Some were and still are of the opinion that the birds had been shot by pot-hunters or devoured by birds of prey, others cherished the belief that the more tender species had fallen victims to our changeable and rough climate during the winter, and others held that the birds probably had sought and found suitable quarters in various distant parts of the country, where they have attracted no particular attention and are not recognized as foreigners. All these theories are justly open to question, none of them have been proved conclusively or convincingly. Only one thing appears to be certain, the birds are lost, apparently lost for good, the same as those liberated for a similar purpose previously and subsequently.

A short time ago Heinrich Gätkke's work, "Die Vogelwarte Helgoland" (The Ornithological Observatory of Heligoland), made its appearance in Germany, which offers us an entirely new explanation for the probable fate of the lost birds. Gätkke has lived fifty-three years on the island in the North Sea and has devoted a lifetime to the study of the migration of birds. He is a thorough ornithologist, a lover of nature in general and birds in particular, a scientist and sportsman. He has carefully watched the movements and life of the birds as they inhabit Heligoland and as they pass by millions every spring and autumn over the rocky little island. Never before has the nomadic life of the feathered wanderers been so exhaustively and interestingly pictured and described as in Gätkke's work.

During the migrating seasons, in especially dark nights or on stormy days, Heligoland is found literally covered with millions of different species of wandering birds. Millions and millions pass the island unnoticed and unseen because, as Gätkke has established, most birds rise, when they migrate, to very high regions of the air, from 10,000 to 15,000ft. above ground, probably for the reason that thus they meet with less resistance of the air and their flight is thereby facilitated. He also proves very conclusively that the young birds never depend on their parents to guide them on their first travel to distant parts of the world. The young commence the journey from one to two weeks in advance of the old birds and return about as much later again in the spring. The old male birds are the last to leave their summer abodes, the first to return.

According to Gätkke's observations, all the birds generally make their journey in the spring in a course south to north, but they do not travel in a direction north to south in the autumn. In the latter event the majority of birds proceed first in a westerly direction. The birds, for instance, inhabiting in the summer the northern part of Germany, Russia as far as Asia, Norway and Sweden, migrate westward, cross the Baltic or North Sea bound for England and Ireland, from where they make a sharp turn by way of Gibraltar to Africa. Very few of them stay over winter on British soil.

Gätkke has paid considerable attention to the speed of flight of migrating birds. His figures in the premises are partly based upon direct observation, partly upon calculations. He gives the speed of flight of crows, when traveling across the North Sea, at 135 miles an hour. The northern blue-breasted robin, a bird of the size of our common bluebird, makes the journey from central Africa to Heligoland in one single night, requiring a speed of travel at the rate of 225 miles per hour. But even this remarkable speed is surpassed by a species of the plover family, which inhabits Labrador in summer and takes up its winter quarters in Brazil. This bird crosses the Atlantic Ocean without stopping on its way on any of the islands found on its route of travel.

Instinct evidently plays a very important role in the migration of birds. Let us take the northern blue-breasted robin as an example. The young bird rises at sunset for its distant journey. It continues its travel all night and approaches and touches the ground again in the morning. In one night it has crossed Germany, the Alps, and at daybreak it finds itself in southern Italy. Here it rests during the day and when the sun sets again, the journey is resumed. On the second morning it has reached its destination, never known or seen before, the bird has arrived in central Africa and takes its second breakfast among a forest of palm trees.

Now, returning to the lost European birds as liberated in this country, we will, as we justly may, suppose that these birds were influenced with the same natural instinct which governs their migration at home. In searching for warm climates in winter they would take the same westerly course as if they had begun the journey in their native lands. They very likely have chosen the route to Africa via England and Ireland. To reach these countries they would have to cross the North Sea

Their instinct teaches them this. Arriving at the Pacific coast they would likely and naturally take the ocean before them to be the North Sea. They start to cross this sea. They fly hundreds of miles and find no sign of land. They become bewildered, but they continue the journey as long as their power holds out. But this power is not equal to the emergency. They cannot reach the land on the other side. Completely exhausted and no longer able to fly they drop one by one into the water of the Pacific Ocean. They are drowned, lost. No one has witnessed their last struggle. No one can chronicle their fate from actual observation. Thousands of birds perish annually in a similar way on their way to Africa, principally such as the European quail and other poor flyers.

May be that this new explanation for the fate of the imported birds too narrows down to a vague theory, but it certainly is based on a pretty fair possibility, and those who can study Gätkke's work, and digest his observations and conclusions, will, I think, agree with me, that we have some reason to suppose that the European birds are buried in the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

ARMIN TENNER.

## SEA SERPENT, SO-CALLED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 3, under the heading, "Exit the Sea Serpent," I see that A. N. Cheney denies the probability of the existence of the sea serpent, and also quotes from an article by Dr. Jordan, in a California newspaper, the following: "Although there have been many reports of sea serpents, there is not, at present, the slightest positive evidence that such a creature now inhabits the sea. It is not within the realm of probability that any marine reptile of large size, other than sea turtles, now exists. The sea has been as fully explored as the land; the fishes of the sea, from the surface to the depth of five miles, are as well known as the animals of similar size on any of the Continents, except Europe. The larger animals, which swim near the surface in the open ocean, are for the most part well known, and have been known ever since oceanic navigation began. Probably not half a dozen marine animals reaching a length of 15ft. have been discovered in our century; most of those now known were known to the ancients."

In order that both sides of the question may have a fair chance, and that the sea serpent may not be included in the modern slaughter of animal life, I present the following criticism on Dr. Jordan's article, and also some of the evidence that leads me to believe that some sort of a sea serpent exists.

Dr. Jordan is right when he says there have been many reports of the sea serpent. Here are a few of them:

Capt. the Hon. George Hope states that when in H. M. S. Fly, in the Gulf of California, the sea being perfectly calm, he saw at the bottom a large marine animal with the head and general form of an alligator, except that the neck was much longer, and that instead of legs, the creature had four large flappers, somewhat like those of a turtle, the anterior pair being larger than the posterior; the creature was distinctly visible, and all its movements could be observed with ease; it appeared to be pursuing its prey at the bottom of the sea. Its movements were somewhat serpentine, and an appearance of annulations, or ring-like divisions of the body, was distinctly perceptible.

Capt. Hope was not acquainted with the fossil remains of *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosauri*, the forms of which were very similar to the creature he saw. Again, we have the following from Holder's "Marvels of Animal Life":

LYNN, Mass., June 26, 1881.—Mr. C. F. Holder, Dear Sir: Yours of the 24th inst. came duly to hand, and in reply to that part of it relating to the account given by myself of a strange fish, serpent, or some other marine animal, called a sea serpent, I have to say that I saw him on a pleasant, calm summer morning of August, 1819, from Long Beach Lynn, now Nahant. At this time he was about a quarter of a mile away; but the water was so smooth, that I could plainly see his head and the motions of his body; but not distinctly enough to give a good description of him. Later in the day I saw him again off Dead Rock; he then passed along about 100ft. from where I stood, with head about 2ft. out of the water, and his speed was about the ordinary of a common steamer. What I saw of his length was from 50 to 60ft. It was very difficult to count the bunches, or humps (not fins) upon his back, as by the undulatory motion they did not all appear at once. This accounts in part for the varied descriptions given of him by different parties. His appearance on the surface of the water was occasional and but for a short time; the color of his skin was dark, differing but little from the water, or the back of any common fish. This is the best description I can give of him from my own observation, and I saw the monster just as truly, although not quite so clearly as I ever saw anything. This matter has been treated by many as a hoax, fish story, or a sea-side phenomenon, to bring trade to the watering places; but notwithstanding all this, there is no doubt in my mind that some kind of an uncommon rover in the form of a snake, or serpent, called an ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, or some other long-named marine animal, has been seen by hundreds of men and boys in our own, if not in other waters; and five persons besides myself, Amos Lawrence, Samuel Cabot and James Prince of Boston, Benjamin F. Newhall of Bangs, and John Marston of Swampscott, bore public testimony of seeing him at the time. Yours truly, NATHAN D. CHASE.

James Prince says he saw the sea serpent off Nahant Beach, and that a great crowd of people was present and saw the animal; he says that he counted thirteen bunches on its back, although his family thought there were fifteen. He drove along the beach following the creature and watching him with his glass.

Another example of what might be called expert testimony is furnished by the crew of the bark Pauline, of London. Their testimony was taken before the stipendiary magistrate of the Liverpool Court as follows:

"Borough of Liverpool, in the county of Palatine of Lancaster, to wit: We, the undersigned captain, officers and crew of the bark Pauline, of London, of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, do voluntarily and sincerely declare that on July 8, 1875, in latitude 5° 13' S., longitude 35° W., we observed three large sperm whales, and one of them was gripped around the body with two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about 30ft. and its girth about 8 or 9ft. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes and then suddenly dragged the whale to the bottom head first. [Signed] George Drevar, master; Horatio Thompson, John Henderson Landells, Owen Baker, William Lewaren."

How any one can pronounce these reports false is more than I can understand; if they are not positive evidence they are very near to it, too near to be thrown out as false. The time has come for such reports from men of good character to be received with respect and serious consideration. That it is "within the realm of probability that any marine reptile other than sea turtles now exists" the following evidence will show:

Take the squid, for instance. The stories of a squid large enough to capsize a boat, or pull a man out of one, were formerly all set down as false. How is it now? In the Peabody Museum of Yale College can be seen a model of a squid about 40ft. long, made by Prof. Verrill after actual parts which he was able to procure. Individuals have been taken over 60ft. long, and they are known to have attacked the natives of the Indian Seas, when out in their canoes.

The tile fish was unknown to either fishermen, or science up to 1879; its discovery was entirely accidental. Captain Kirby, of the schooner Wm. V. Hutchings, while trawling for cod, southward of Nantucket, took 5,000lbs. of a species of fish which we had never seen before. This fish was found by Prof. Verrill to inhabit a strip of water having a temperature of 48° F., and lying on the border of the Gulf Stream slope; sandwiched between the Arctic current on the one hand, and the cold depths of the sea on the other.

In the months of March and April, 1883, vessels crossing this belt of water, reported seeing the sea covered for miles with dead fish, which afterward proved to be the tile fish. Captain Collins, of the schooner Navarino, plowed through 150 miles of water, dotted as far as the eye could reach with these fish; he made a careful computation and found that their numbers must have exceeded the number of one million. The fish were probably killed by a change in the temperature of the water they inhabited.

Here, then, are two recent discoveries; one of a large creature and the other of a smaller, but very numerous one, that escaped our attention until a short time ago. Many more such could be cited. They seem to me to be good evidence that a creature such as the sea serpent could exist until the present date, without being also captured.

Newman says that "Negative evidence alone is an unsafe basis for argument against the existence of unknown animals," as the following will show: During the deep sea dredgings of H. M. S. Lightning, Porcupine and Challenger, many new species of mollusca and others which had been supposed to have been extinct ever since the chalk, were brought to light, and by deep sea trawlings of the last-mentioned ship there have been brought up from great depths fishes of unknown species and which could not exist near the surface owing to the rupture of their air bladders when removed from the pressure of deep waters.

Gosse mentions that the ship in which he made the voyage to Jamaica was surrounded in the north Atlantic for seventeen continuous hours by a troop of whales of large size, of an undescribed species, which on no other occasion had fallen under scientific observation. Unique specimens of other cetaceans are also recorded.

Bartlett directs our attention to the fact that even on land there exists one of the largest mammals, probably in a thousand, of which only one individual has been brought to notice, viz., the hairy-eared, two-horned rhinoceros (*R. lasiotis*), now in the Zoological Gardens, London. It was captured in 1869 at Chittagong, India, where for years collectors and naturalists have worked and published lists of animals met with, and yet no knowledge of this great beast had ever before been obtained, nor is there any portion of one in any museum. Newman arrives at the conclusion that to assume that naturalists have perfect cognizance of every existing marine animal of large size, would be quite unwarrantable. He says: "It appears to me more than probable that many marine animals unknown to science, and some of them of gigantic size, may have their ordinary habitat in the sea and only occasionally come to the surface; and I think that it is not impossible that among them may be marine snakes of greater dimensions than we are aware of, and even a creature having close affinities with the old sea reptiles whose fossil skeletons tell of their magnitude and abundance in past ages." Newman's opinion is that the closest affinities of the sea serpent would be found to be the Enaliosaurans, or marine lizards, whose fossil remains are abundant in the Oolite and the Lias; and on this point Gosse agrees with him.

Agassiz said, concerning this point: "It would be in precise conformity with analogy that such an animal of the Enaliosaur type should exist in American seas, as I have found numerous instances in which the fossil forms of the Old World were represented by living types in the New."

Dr. J. E. Gray, late of the British Museum, a strict zoologist, is cited by Gosse as having long ago expressed his opinion that some undescribed form exists, which is intermediate between the tortoises and the serpents, and he (Gosse) sums up the English evidence of the sea serpent as follows: "Carefully comparing the independent narratives of the English witnesses of known character and position, most of them being officers under the Crown, we have a creature possessing the following characteristics: (1) The general form of a serpent; (2) great length, say above 60ft.; (3) head considered to resemble that of a serpent; (4) neck from 13 to 16in. in diameter; (5) appendages on the head, neck or back resembling a crest or mane (considerable discrepancy in details); (6) color, dark brown or green, streaked or spotted with white; (7) swims at the surface of the water with a rapid or slow movement, the head and neck projected and elevated above the surface; (8) progression steady and uniform, the body straight, but capable of being thrown in convolutions; (9) spouts in the manner of a whale; (10) like a long 'nun buoy.'"

Dr. Jordan states that the sea has been as fully explored as the land. Well, it may have been; but that is not saying very much for our actual knowledge of its vast hordes of life, when we consider the limited means we have for exploring the sea. If its inhabitants are not obliging enough to come to the surface, and let us view them there, then we have only the dredge left as a means of forcing our acquaintance upon them, and how uncertain that is. A prominent member of the U. S. Fish Commission, who has had long experience in dredging, told me that he thought he would have as much chance to dredge up a trilobite, or a sea serpent, as he would to obtain a buffalo skull by dragging an anchor over the plains from a balloon. Yet, he hoped to live to see the day when a trilobite and a sea serpent would somehow be caught.

Finally, there is no biological, zoological, or geological reason why a modern sea serpent should not have come down to us from any of the old sea serpent stocks.

We have the king crab as such a descendant from the pre-Cambrian trilobite stock, the *Lepidosiren*, *Protopterus* *Ceratodus* and *Polypterus* from the Devonian



Lepido-ganoids, and a number of modern Placoids. Agassiz concluded that it was possible for some modern form of the Enaliosaurians to still exist in the American seas; why not have some descendant from the cretaceous Mosasaurs, of which there were at least fifty different species, some reaching a length of 75ft., or from the many forms of Plesiosaurs of the Jurassic period?

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Feb. 27. STEPHEN A. KROM.  
[If correspondents who are especially interested in this subject will turn back to the issues of FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 14, 1892, p. 331, and Dec. 21, 1892, p. 406, they will find there a good deal that bears on the "sea serpent" question.]

### A PET BAT.

I HAVE often glanced over your Natural History columns, and been both amused and instructed. As one of your purposes seems to be to rid the readers of an unnatural and inhuman antipathy to all forms of life lower than man, allow me to aid by describing my experience in taming and making a pet of a common bat. This little animal is too often stamped and beaten out of existence on grounds as ill-founded as those on which all snakes are condemned.

I found my bat on a window sill one spring-like day in mid-winter (1894), and brought him in to save him from freezing to death. I gave him the free range of the two rooms more particularly appropriated to me. For some days the bat was quite shy and hung himself away during daylight behind a picture frame, coming out at night to circle around, perhaps in search of food. On these occasions I would place a very fine piece of raw meat on my finger, and waiting for him to light, would place it near his jaws. He soon learned to snatch it off and devour it, chewing it a long time. I then gave him a few drops of water from my finger or a pencil, and he would fly around for a while and then hide himself away. For a week or eight days at a time he would chatter and snap (and bite, too) at any one touching him. However, his bite would scarcely penetrate the outer skin.

He soon got so tame that I and my two-year-old boy could handle him with impunity, and my boy grew much attached to him, and always asked for his "bug" to be placed on his head or hand, and would carry him around that way for some time, the bat clambering all over him.

The bat seemed to become quite attached to me. While I was sick in bed he would lie for hours in my half closed hand or against my neck, and by the time I got well could often be called to me. On such occasions he seldom flew right on me, but would fly near, alight, and come up my pantaloons, up my vest, and seek his ease hanging on my collar or in my bosom. This habit eventually caused his death, for having to wear a flannel cloth on my chest soaked in camphorated oil, the fumes one day overpowered him, and clogging his lungs suffocated him. Before this happened I found out that this little mammal is capable of a great deal of affection and will prove a familiar and interesting, if odd, pet. He would forsake his haunts at any time to be on me, and when I tired of him and gave him a toss into the air he would as likely fly back to me as anywhere else, next preferring the headboard, window or door-casing, or bookcase, where he would hang upside down.

Further, I succeeded in proving to my wife and mother that a bat's ambition in life is not to fix itself in a woman's hair, and that if he did get in that it was not necessary to sacrifice the hair to get the bat out. And that, instead of being covered with insects, the little animal was very cleanly. I never discovered, and I searched carefully and microscopically, any vermin on him. After eating he would fly to the window-casing and there, upside down, would perform his ablutions, always keeping his fur as soft and clean as could be desired.

This pet bat I kept alive and thriving on raw meat chopped fine or scraped, milk and water, and he soon learned his feeding place and the feeding hour. Of course the season being mid-winter, no trouble was experienced in keeping him prisoner. My mother and wife got to regard the little fellow favorably and would allow him to crawl on their hands and arms, which I considered a great victory over prejudice, antipathy and superstition, for the bat is unfortunately rated among the unlucky possessions.

After death, though reluctantly, I dissected the little fellow and found a large brain half as large as the first joint of my finger. His backbone with ribs was terminated by a finely tapering set of bones forming the tail. This mammal is not far below man in development, and in zoölogy is rated above birds, reptiles and rodents. He had lungs, heart and liver in proportion to his size and a stomach much resembling the human stomach.

If this eulogy of my pet bat is doubted, I would say that this is by no means the first time a bat has been tamed and made a pet, as will be found by referring to books on zoölogy (Cheiroptera), Chambers' Encyclopedia and Britannica; but I do hope I am the first to relate such an experience in your columns.

LLOYD J. SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

### Mountain Sheep Horns.

CORA, Wyoming.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like some of your correspondents who have hunted and killed Rocky Mountain sheep give the size of the largest horns of the bucks measured around the base, that is, the circumference. I have killed a good many bucks, and some of them were so old that they were almost toothless, and I never got horns yet that were over 15½ in. in size. Some of the old ones would measure as much as a foot from the base as at the base, but the points are most always badly worn off by long usage, especially when they come in front of their face. I hear of 18, 20, and even 22 in., and one report is that a party has offered \$500 for a pair of 22 in. I think he can offer \$5,000 and not be afraid of having to pay it; I do not think that such a sheep lives in the Rockies. I have my doubts about the 20 in. and I would like to see the 18 in.

MOUNTAINEER.

### A NEW SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

## Game Bag and Gun.

### IN DIXIE LAND.—IV.

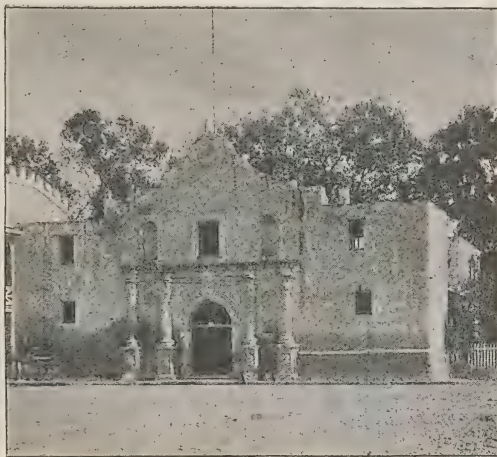
[From a Staff Correspondent.]

#### An Illad of the Trousers.

AS I WAS saying, it was early morning at Morrilton, and the nigger hadn't called us, and the train had whistled, and we wanted to catch that train the worst way in the world. We had two guns and a shell box and a bag or so apiece, besides the four dogs and other odds and ends. The crossing between the hotel and depot was paved with large, irregular stones. When one adds that it was dark, and supplements it all by again reverting to the incomparable creases in Dick's trousers, what more remains to be said? The mind at once leaps to the conclusion that Dick had both hands full, that he was hurrying, that in the dark he stumbled and fell and that his trousers —

Ah, why is it that the good die young, that flowers cannot last, that one's good girl marries some one else and raises a large family, that the beautiful is the perishable, that the sun of life's hopes is the total of life's disappointments? Of Dick's trousers I approved fully, and they must have been a source of secret satisfaction to that modest young man himself, they sprung so nicely over the hips, hung so faultlessly straight and easy, clung so delicately but firmly in at the heel, dropped chastely at the instep, and withal supported so severe, so ascetic a crease, the same extending not too high, but just high enough. Why, then, was it in the cynicism of fate that Dick must fall, must strike one of the yawning cobble stones, and rise again still running, with face flushed with the dominant determination to catch that train, but with a wide and ragged cut across the knee of his trousers at right angles to the divine crease and extending indefinitely far to the right and left until lost in the gloom of the early morning twilight?

It is enough. The sun rose. The train whistled and pulled in. We boarded it. We sat attempting to con-



THE ALAMO.

verse in figured carelessness. We gazed from the window at the passing show of the landscape. In pity one offered Dick a cigar. As best we could we assumed a gaiety we little felt. Useless. We could not disguise the fact that Dick's other trousers were locked fast in his trunk at Little Rock depot; that the said trunk was checked through to San Antonio; that we had just three minutes time to make the connection with the south bound train at Little Rock; that our plans necessitated our making this connection; that therefore in a few short hours he, Dick, would be speeding southward, not twenty yards behind another pair of trousers, reaching for them, yearning for them, longing for them, knowing they were there, there in the baggage car, so near, so impossible, so like a fitting, evanescent dream, while strive as he might, he could gain no nearer to the quest, but must sit for a day and a night hopeless and uncomfortable, until relief and San Antonio should come. We could not evade this heartless truth. Meantime, there was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears, and not a safety pin in the outfit. Dick crossed his knees convulsively and I thought I heard a sob.

#### Southward Nevertheless.

But we hasten. Let us only say that we were late into Little Rock, and instead of three minutes had only twenty seconds in which to catch the Iron Mountain train south. Here Chicago training was useful. In fifteen seconds we had our guns and pack bags aboard, our dogs slammed into the baggage car, the crate thrown in after them, the waiting trunks from the Little Rock depot slung in after that, our breakfast ordered at the buffet, and were standing on the platform waving adieu to our kind Little Rock host, Mr. Irwin, who stood holding in one hand our enormous bundle of birds, and in the other the chains of his faithful friends, Nancy and Jack. Perhaps it is as well the adieus were short, for we couldn't have thanked Mr. Irwin enough for his kindness to us if we had tried all day.

And so we sped southward rapidly, putting in most of the time eating soft boiled eggs, and pork and beans from the buffet, for Dick's appetite was now as impetuous as my own. The public may lose interest in this appetite, but it goes, because I know that the main thing in a winter trip for rest is an appetite that increases with every roll of the wheels away from home. That means that a trip is a success. Try it, and you will find it a success in your own case of grudge against the world, the cook and the sons of men.

I hope that on your sleeping car there will be a pretty girl. There nearly always is, especially in this part of the country, and there may be worse things to help pass the time, if the girl be not too disturbingly pretty or inane. There was one on our sleeper. But Dick—what did Dick do? Alas! He convulsively crossed his knee

and looked out of the window; and again I thought I heard at least a sigh.

I hope also that, when you take your trip, you will have made proper commissariat arrangements for your dogs. We still found the baggage man polite and kind to a degree, but dogs can't eat newspapers or oranges, and there was nothing else left on the train. The short stops allowable at the meal stations left us only time to take the dogs out on the platform for a little exercise, and not time enough to get any table scraps for them to eat. The only thing we could depend on was the staple lunch counter sandwich, the price of which remains ten cents, no matter how far south you go. When it comes to supplying a dog with a body 6ft. long, every inch of which is filled with a yearning, craving want for food, with railroad sandwiches enough at ten cents each to keep the craving want in even reasonable subjection, the situation is one deserving the attention of our ablest financiers, especially if you are a trifle hungry yourself, as I believe I have said we were. Dick would go to the baggage car and take out the dogs when we came to a meal station, and I would go to the lunch counter and get a long paper sack full of the most desperate sandwiches. Then we would anchor the dogs to a post, and surrounded by a curious crowd of grinning niggers, proceed to feed the dogs. This latter was a simple thing. You held in your hand a large, luscious sandwich, and fixed your eye upon Nip's generous mouth, which was practically a red-lined sandwich cistern, that's all it was. You dropped the sandwich delicately, with a slight turn of the wrist. Nip did the rest.

#### Still in Great Game Country.

Meantime we must not lose sight of the fact that we were still in a great game country. Arkansas is one of the very best game States in the Union to-day. It is perhaps only a question between Arkansas and Texas. The West is out of it now. The West is done, and its game is gone. The story is told in effect for that country. The story will not be told so soon for the South, for there the conditions are more favorable for game. Moreover, the settlers of the South are not apathetic foreigners who care nothing for a gun, but sportsmen themselves, who know how to value sport. Hospitable to the point of punctiliousness, they will welcome gentlemanly shooters, but that is the only kind they will welcome, and therefore I believe it will be a long time before they are going to allow their game to be killed off as it has been in the West. You will not have to study far to reach in the South a very pronounced sentiment which is the best possible protection for game—a sentiment which is inherent and natural, not artificial or compulsory.

At Texarkana, for instance, one can stop off and make a central headquarters as at Little Rock. He will be in the heart of a country full of quail, turkey and deer. At any one of a dozen points between these two cities, one can find himself in practically the same sort of situation.

I have said something earlier about bass fishing in this country. We hear nothing of it as we do of the Northern famous waters, yet there are Arkansas streams by dozens, which would drive the fly-fishers crazy. The bass are there and they will take the fly, and one can depend on his catch. Our host at Little Rock told us that he had had the finest fly-fishing for bass he ever had in his life, in the streams and bayous about that favored city. Of course, the best of this sport comes earlier in the season, and we did not try for the bass, though with bait the members of the little club whose house stands only a few miles from the city, were taking fine strings of bass late in December. As the weather grows cooler the bass take to the deeper water, but they hardly hibernate and will bite on warm days practically the winter through. In the summer time Arkansas is not a desirable country for the Northern angler, they told me, for the danger of malaria is very pronounced.

I found the Little Rock anglers using the most modern appliances. For instance, the Johnson Fancy fly was one of our host's favorites. Bait-fishing also was much done, and our friend showed us a very killing minnow trap invented by his father. It was simply a flat basket made of fine-meshed wire, the top of the wire being so drawn in at the edges as to make a covered rim around the entire top. The basket being baited is thrust down in the water like a dip-net, by means of a pole. When brought up, the minnows dart down and out at alarm, as is their habit, but are caught and held in by the covered rim. This I was assured was a very deadly style of minnow trap, and was the invention of an old and very successful angler, Mr. Irwin père, who lives at Kansas City, and is an ex-president of the Missouri State Association.

#### Half and Half.

At Texarkana you are half in Texas, half in Arkansas, and wholly in paradise, if the weather is as balmy as it was when we were there. Here we left the Iron Mountain road, our car now continuing south over the Texas & Pacific Railroad, still in a game country, and still among baggagemen different from the *genus intractabile* of the North. Therefore, the trying question of transporting our dogs became a task of pleasing lightness. I think the baggageman of the South has a soft spot in his heart for a dog. Also, he knows a pointer from a setter.

At Longview the fast train continues its way still south, but now over still another road, the International Great Northern. And still you are in a shooting country. Gradually the character of the country is changing now. You approach the plains, the mesquite and the cactus; but always there remains with you the gray aspect of the tangled coverts, the wide cotton fields and the rude cabins of the negroes. The cabins grow more and more picturesque, and apparently less and less habitable. Evidently you are reaching a land where easy weather is the usual thing. Presently the mesquite will grow grayer, the moss will show more on the trees, the cabins will turn from logs laid crosswise to logs standing upright or to adobe. A still greater languor will be in the air of the local life. The sun will be shining warmly, brightly, not keenly but dreamily. There is no ice, no snow. You are a million miles from winter and from care. Life is not a stark spectre, but a swimming, radiant dream. You are young, you are again happy, you are —

In short, you are asleep, and it is a good sleep.

#### San Antonio.

When you awake you are away, 'way down South in Dixie, and things have drawn about them in the night, you find the intangible serape of half-Spanishness. And presently you are in San Antonio, San Antonio the old, the mys-



terious, the sun-bathed, San Antonio de Bexar, the sphinx of the Southwest. Now that you are there, it is ten to one you can't pronounce the name of the town. On the plains we used to call it "Santone." The city itself, now becoming modern and advanced, prefers a departure from the border days, and calls it San Antonio in full. The Americans speak of Bexar county, Bexar street, Bexar anything—and there is a good deal of Bexar around—as if it were pronounced "Bear." But the Mexican who devoutly dreams away the warm sunshine of the day in front of the ruined missions which speak so plainly of another day, crosses himself and beseeches the good San Antonio de "Bay-ar" to send him success with the señorita whom he loves or the chicken he will fight in to-morrow's cocking main over in the "old town." The man has not yet been found who calls Bexar "Bex-er."

My friend Dick had never been in San Antonio before, and it was a keen delight for him to walk out in the bright morning air and see the oddly clad greasers, the picturesque niggers and the hardly less picturesque white hangers-on about the depot building. It was all very different from anything of the North. We liked it so well that we determined we would not go directly on through to the Gulf coast, but would spend a day or two first in San Antonio the blessed, San Antonio the golden—San Antonio, which after a while will be so well known to Northern travelers that it would be thought foolish to spend even so much time as this in writing about it.

In the first place, we got located at our hotel, and turned the dogs out for a run, which certainly they must have enjoyed after their long ride cooped up like market-bound fowls. Then Dick heaved a sigh of relief as he opened his trunk, mingled with a sigh of regret as he laid aside the trousers fatally injured at Morrillton. After that, we kicked aside our useless overshoes, hung up our overcoats at the hotel and went out for a walk.

#### America's Thermopylae.

History cherishes the story of Thermopylae, and Leonidas will long remain a good card at country lyceums. But if my memory serves me aright there was one Greek got away at Thermopylae, and it's no cinch a good many of the others wouldn't, if they hadn't been embarrassed by the Persians. Yet here, in this old, un-American town, about which we hear little in history, took place that unsung Thermopylae in which there was not one survivor, a battle in which every man of the victims fell a hero, and took with him his pro rata of the enemy. That fight in the stuffy, smoke-filled, shot-riddled old adobe, the old Alamo mission, is not distant enough for us to reverence it. The proof is too tangible. You can see too easily the place where the Mexicans dropped into a heap and burned the bodies of Crockett, Travis, Bowie and their fighting men. They have built a church on that place. When the church has fallen in ruins will be time enough, perhaps, to begin to think about the Alamo and the men who defended it, and who helped give Texas to the Union.

#### Had Sustained a Loss.

Dick and I visited the old plaza where once the *chile* girls held their midnight fires, but here we met a disappointment, and found the town had sustained a loss. The *chile* girls had moved to another plaza, and Martha, the *chile* queen of four years ago, was gone, deposed, lost—in short, married. Another *chile* queen had arisen, Sadie yclept, who scorned to sell *chile* out of doors at midnight, and who actually had a *chile* restaurant up on the Alamo plaza. Thither, then, that evening.

But about the *chile* pastime and the *chile* queen as about many things in San Antonio and elsewhere, I must write later, promising faithfulness. It grieves me to reflect that we have not killed a single thing in this article—except the Mexicans at the Alamo, who had been dead—but I promise that from now on this story shall become bloodier and bloodier, and in parts shall fairly reek with gore.

I can hardly help stopping to write about our *chile* soiree at the *casá de la Reina de Chile* Sadie. You see, the new *chile* queen was called Sadie. Dick had never seen a *chile* queen, and wouldn't have known one from Adam. Indeed, I imagine that a great many people don't know what that unique being, a *chile* queen, is; neither do they know what a *chile* supper is. But it takes time to tell all these things. For instance, as I was saying, when Dick —

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### A TRIP FOR MEAT.

COLUMBIA FALLS, Mont., Jan. 17.—On Dec. 4 Jack, the Young Person and I started from Coram on the morning train for Belton to get a little meat for winter use, for, be it known, that dried venison is a favorite of mine, with milk gravy or any other way. We had shipped the boat the day before, and on arrival at B. found the craft in good shape. We had to drag it over snow about 50yds. to the river, and after loading in bedding, provisions, etc., we started to float down the stream for Columbia Falls, a distance of about 20 miles. Jack was provided with a .50-95, the Y. P. with a .40-60, and I had my old .45-60.

About two and a half miles below Belton we stopped to investigate a small island. J. strayed off to the right. I went north from the river, and the Y. P. started for a small rapid above where we landed, in order to get a few trout if possible, but without any success. In about 20 minutes I heard the "mountain howitzer" roar four or five times, and then Jack's signal. Got to him in about 15 minutes and learned he had wounded a doe, which had taken to the river and swam out of sight around a bend. I have forgotten to mention the most important part of the outfit, Jack's dog Nigger, than which there is no gamier dog on earth. Of the five mountain lions Jack has killed this fall and winter Nig has treed four, and tackles them at any time or place, without fear of the consequences.

On getting around the bend we saw the doe standing on a gravel bar and chased her about forty rods; she then took the water to swim ashore, and when she got ashore I finished her with a shot that broke her back. On her run she started two more deer that escaped.

Two miles below where we captured the first one we saw another deer on a small point at the foot of a rapid. The Y. P. was in the bow, Jack in the middle and I was paddling and steering. We were still as mice and got within 100yds. before she noticed us, and there she stood and looked at us until we were within 60 or 70yds. I fired two shots at her, Jack two and the boy three, and the

last shot he downed her. We put in to shore, and just before landing out jumped her fawn and started along the side of the hill. I take the credit of stopping him. Having cleaned these we loaded them in and started on.

On a point where the North Fork joins the Middle Fork we saw two more deer, and as we intended to stop here for the night in a trapper's cabin we drifted down as slowly and quietly as possible. When within about 80yds. they started and Jack turned the mountain howitzer on them. In the intervals the boy was getting in his work with the .40-60, and your uncle occasionally swelled the chorus with the .45. They ran 200yds. to the bank of the North Fork, turned to run up the stream, when one of them took to the water and swam across, ran a few yards and laid down. Jack got out on the point with Nig and ran to where this one had crossed; the other kept up the North fork, uninjured, at least we saw no blood. We put Nig across after the one that was lying down, but on his approach up she jumped and started down the river. Jack stopped her with ease about 100yds. away.

We carried the dunnage up to the cabin, unpacked, and while the boy and I were getting wood, Jack ran the culinary department. In about half an hour we gathered round the fireplace to a meal of venison, light bread, butter, coffee, pickles, cookies and milk.

Just after dark it began to rain, and kept it up until 12 M. next day. After dinner we started, and after passing a bad rapid Jack got out to walk a short distance, and inside of 100yds. knocked over a towhead. We now concluded that we had meat enough, and set sail for Coram, reaching Jack's house about 4 P. M., and next morning started for Columbia Falls.

We could have killed a dozen more deer if we had wanted to, but we had enough, and quit. By the way, let me mention that if any one imagines he can drive center in 100yds., standing or sitting in a boat on the streams in this part of the world, he must do finer work than I have seen done by any one up to date.

Since writing you before, Jack has killed another mountain lion, making five, and saw tracks of two more. He has the greatest dog I ever saw. Don't seem to be afraid of anything. H. H. G.

#### AN OLD-TIMER ON THE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By reports in the papers I see that the annual assault is being made on the Yellowstone National Park in a bill before Congress, granting right of way to a railroad through it, this time from a new direction and from a new motive. Heretofore it has been alleged that the Cooke City mines could only be reached by a railroad via the East Fork of the Yellowstone and Soda Butte Creek. Now the proposition seems to be to run a railroad into and across the Park for the accommodation of tourists, etc.

Now, it is a singular fact that the applicants for all such franchises in this country are parties who could not build a railroad ten miles long even if they could obtain permission from Congress to do so, but would probably try to sell out to some company able to build the road. It is quite common in this country for parties to get right of way over some route which will be likely to be of value in the near future, and to make a preliminary survey and make a little show of work and then wait for some company to buy them out; failing this the whole scheme drops out of sight. The great trans-continental lines have been greatly embarrassed in this way, and it would be well for our law-makers to bear this in mind and refrain from granting exclusive privileges unless the grantees are able to do the work, or else prohibit the transfer to another party.

Now every man in this country believes that the miners of the new world (Cooke City) district should have a railroad as soon as possible, as many of them were there long before the National Park was thought of as such; and went there young and vigorous men, and are still there representing their mines, even though they have grown old and gray waiting, never losing faith in ultimate success. But even these men are beginning to look to the East instead of the West for an outlet. Now the route via Clark's Fork to connect with the N. P. or any other road is but little longer, and doubtless just as good, as that by way of East Fork and Cinnabar, and has many advantages which the other has not. It would not be confined to connection with the Northern Pacific only and would open new fields of coal and other minerals. Besides, the Northern Pacific is not now in condition to extend its lines or build new ones, while the Burlington and Northwestern are both reaching out into this country and are not financially embarrassed.

In the past, all attacks on the Park have been met and defeated by its friends in the East, and we confidently look to them for its future protection. They are too far away to be interested in its spoliation, and men who have lived for years in the midst of the sublimest scenery are not so alive to its grandeur and beauty as are people from the East, to whom it is entirely new. To the old-timer it has become commonplace and he cares less for its preservation, and considers it only for its commercial aspect.

Now the facts are, that the Park has not in itself been made more attractive by the carriage roads, hotels, etc., constructed there, but it has been made accessible to a class of tourists who without them could never have gazed on its wonders. But I will leave it to any one who visited the region twenty years ago, before any roads were made or houses built, when all was as nature formed it, to say if it was not more attractive then than now. On the other hand, we know that good hotels and good roads are a necessity for Eastern and European visitors.

Friends of the Park who knew the true condition of things, have always insisted that a railroad through the Park would drive all buffalo, elk and other large game away, and that in a few years all the animals of that class that are left will be those protected by the Government.

But there is one thing in the management of the Park that is wrong, and that is that the national pleasure ground is becoming too much the private property of the licensed transportation companies and hotel syndicates, and many people of limited means are deprived of the pleasure of visiting the Park by reason of the exorbitant charges at the hotels and for transportation. The regulations should be such that people could hire any one to carry them through the Park so long as they obey the laws concerning it and abstain from mischief. I believe that most of the acts of vandalism committed in the Park have been done by those whose wealth or official position has caused their acts to pass unnoticed.

The regulations should be as liberal as possible, for

while all people are taxed for its maintenance but a small percentage visit the Park, and it is very unpleasant for many who do so to be constantly under military surveillance, and military, and the military in charge should be as strictly prohibited from destroying game as are the citizens visiting it. PIONEER.

#### THE CAPTURE OF HOWELL.

We published last week a brief telegram, announcing the capture of the notorious poacher Howell with the skins and hides of ten of the National Park buffalo which he had killed near Astrigent Creek, in the Hayden Valley. This news was exclusively for the FOREST AND STREAM, none of the other papers, either daily or weekly, having learned of it, but two or three days after its publication in FOREST AND STREAM, a general press despatch appeared in all the papers, announcing that hunters were committing depredations in the Park and explaining that this was due to the laxness of Congress in failing to provide any law by which such depredations can be punished.

As stated in the FOREST AND STREAM, the capture was made by Burgess, the Park scout, and a full and detailed account of it will shortly appear. In the meantime we are able to give some facts connected with the capture which cannot fail to be of interest.

On Tuesday, March 13, in obedience to orders received from Capt. George S. Anderson, Burgess left the Lake Hotel for the Pelican Creek, traveling of course on snowshoes. That night he spent not far from Broad Creek and a few miles northwest of Fern Lake. Early the next morning, very soon after starting out, he struck an old trail of snowshoes, and following it up stumbled upon a cache of six buffalo scalps and six skins, from three of which the hair had been partially removed as if for the manufacture of rawhide. He took this plunder in and passed on to the south until he had come near the mouth of the Astrigent Creek, where he again struck a snowshoe trail, this time freshly made. Following it up he came to the lodge belonging to the traveler, which was pitched about two miles northwest of the mouth of the Astrigent Creek. While waiting here Burgess heard some shots, and soon located his man, whom he found on the north bank of Pelican Creek, about one mile west of the Astrigent Creek.

The man was busy skinning a buffalo, and five of these animals lay about him. Burgess rushed upon him, and Howell was so occupied with his work that he did not see his captor until he was close to him. He had no time to think about making any resistance, but threw up his hands at once. Burgess brought him in and reached the guard house at Fort Sheridan at about 4:30 on Wednesday, March 14. Howell is now confined there, and will no doubt remain until news has been received from Washington as to what is to be done with him.

A party from the post was at that time at the lake, and at the date of our advices were about to begin to bring in the plunder.

There have been at least eleven buffalo killed and no one knows how many more. It is certain that Howell has been in the Park several times during the winter, and it is not very unlikely that he may have killed a large number of these animals. It is evident that unless something is done at once to make poaching a crime, the Yellowstone Park buffalo will very soon be wholly exterminated.

#### WHERE ARE WE AT?

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Coahoma's" recent animadversions on the snake killer as approved by FOREST AND STREAM, the sportsman's arbiter, brings us to that point where we must stop and study the compass of life and try to determine where we, as sportsmen, are at. This is evidenced by the interest manifested by readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the issue just at hand.

It is no new subject, for in every thoughtful sportsman's mind there rises now and then, like Banquo's ghost, the question: What place does the sportsman occupy in the great problem of life? It will not down, and we are forced to contemplate it whether we would or not.

Man with a show of reason assumes superiority over all other creatures and by that assumption he further assumes a terrible responsibility, the responsibility of the conqueror in his treatment of the conquered; the responsibility of him to whom is given the power to say to one: thou mayest live: unto the other; thou shalt die. That responsibility that assumes the arbitration of matters involving life and death. Reflections pertaining to this subject cannot come under your ban, "political or religious." They are close to the sportsman's heart and he is still entitled to know his true place if anybody can teach him.

This undefined, semi-dormant desire manifests itself on every page of FOREST AND STREAM, as every observant reader knows. We read between the lines if not in them this desire for enlightenment. Naturally as sportsmen grow older and become stiffened with rheumatism, the witchery and glamour of the chase abates. When the fires of life begin to burn low and the light in the eye grows dim, it is then that we stop and take our bearings and begin to ask serious questions. Seldom do we see the red-cheeked boy with a rod or gun in his hands handicap himself with any such embarrassing reflections. He steps from the cradle inspired with high resolves to kill and destroy the lower orders of life mercilessly, and to wage a war of extermination against snakes, spiders and "injuns" in particular. When confronted with the proposition that even the least of God's creatures have been created for a purpose, and have some rights and certain privileges, he falls back on the Bible admonition, "and thou shalt bruise his head," in the matter of snakes, and rests his cause against other forms of life on assumptions, extremely vague it is true, but all founded on the general declaration that all things are created for his use, benefit and pleasure. He tells us that the big fish are made to eat the little ones, because they do eat them, and Dean Swift only reverses the anatomical allegory when he declared:

"a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
And so proceed ad infinitum,"

but all going to show that "the course of nature seems a course of death."



The proclamation giving the snake the "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of field mice," may interfere somewhat with the vested rights of the field mouse to pursue his usual avocations, but it is doubtless founded upon the correct theory. Conceding as much, do we not find ourselves in a rather anomalous position? We must interfere and abrogate the penalty of death inflicted by the strong upon the weak in the lower orders of life so far as we can, or just keep hands off and let nature take her course absolutely and without any limitations, with the chances decidedly in favor of the snakes, hawks, sharks, cougars, skunks and others of the enviable "four hundred," the elect as it were.

If "Coahoma's" intentions were peaceable, why was that Marlin carbine "conveniently hanging to his saddle" at the time when he observed the eagle rending the fish on the bank of Flower Lake. We are informed that the Marlin was for duck, squirrel or rabbit and not intended as a disturbing element where "Coahoma's" own appetite was not concerned. This raises another question, viz.: If "Coahoma" or his family was not hungry he certainly had no right to compass the lives of any of these creatures. If hunger required the sacrifice of life then he must disclaim any element of sport in connection with the transaction and concede that he was pot-hunting (hunting for the pot), for when one takes the life of a creature to appease the cravings of a hungry stomach he is no more entitled to call it sport than the farmer would have to speak of the sport of killing a fat hog or cow. Understand, "Coahoma," you are no more guilty than myself or any other sportsman; it is the proposition we have in hand, not the individual. If sport is "that which diverts and makes merry," then the sportsman's anxiety about the welfare of his family must be modified even if they are out of meat.

Many perplexing questions follow each other when we pause to consider this question. For example: Are the protective laws of our country enacted in the interest of the game itself or only that we may be in at more deaths, on the same principle that the farmer by the sweat of his brow looks after the increase of his herds and flocks? Does the taint of barbarism still stick to us that we should find the greatest of our pleasures in the sorrows and sufferings of other life? However, I will venture the assertion that no thoughtful sportsman ever took the life of fish, flesh or fowl without experiencing a sort of pricking sensation at his heart; a remorse born of the consciousness of guilt.

But, Mr. Editor, will you or kind-hearted "Coahoma" please tell us where we, as sportsmen, are at?

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, March 14.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

### A Game Pocket.

A GENTLEMAN who wishes to be known as "W. W. W." very kindly writes as follows from Mandan, N. D., and I know his letter will be read with interest by many who do not often meet with such generosity of purpose:

"Being a sportsman and good reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and therefore unselfish, I would like to share my game pocket with yourself or any of your friends who may stray out this way the coming fall. The shooting here is excellent and game of all kinds more plentiful than it was six years ago, with perhaps the exception of antelope. We have white-tail deer, cranes, swan, geese, ducks, sharptail grouse and jack rabbits in plenty. I have never seen grouse as plentiful before as they have been the past two years, and we should have lots of them this coming fall as the winter so far has been very mild and food easy to secure.

"The deer are increasing every year, and will continue to do so as long as the Indians are kept on the reservations during the 'breaking up' of the Missouri in the spring. Then is when they do the most damage to the game, as the water drives the deer out of the thick brush to the hills and small brush patches near the river, where they can be killed easily.

"Last spring I saw an Indian with the skins of over a dozen fawn antelope which were not over three to four days old when killed. All the deer the Indians (Sioux) kill during the open season wouldn't keep them from starvation, as they are most indifferent shots. Most of the deer ground we have here is on the Missouri bottoms, and there they can 'laugh and grow fat,' as it is almost an impossibility for a man to secure one by still-hunting. About the only way to get a shot is at a water hole, morning or evening, or to find a runway near a clearing and camp. It requires a vast amount of patience, as I have found out from experience.

"By the way, as I understand it, 'still-hunting' means following a runway or taking a trail and following that. Am I right or wrong? One evening last October I found a haystack just west of a cabbage patch on the river bottoms near town, and as the stack was between two well defined runways which led to and from this patch, I concluded to 'go into camp.' I crawled up on the stack, and fixing myself comfortably, waited for perhaps an hour. Finally, just as it was getting dusk, I caught a glimpse of something coming out of the brush. At first I didn't know whether it was a fox or a deer, but as it approached I saw it was an old doe, head and tail up and stepping as if on eggs. She came within about 80ft. of me, and right in line of the rifle. I did not dare raise the gun, as she was looking right at me, and it was so near dark I couldn't see the sights. She stopped opposite me and I lowered the rifle a trifle and pulled the trigger. She dropped to shot and I found I had struck her in shoulder, and ranging back the bullet had broken her back. This was within two and one-half miles of town.

"About two or three days after this I went down to the same stack one morning at 4 o'clock and at daylight saw an immense wildcat making a breakfast off the paunch of this deer. I shot him and he jumped around for about a minute, I should judge, with a .40-65 bullet hole clear through him lengthwise.

"The climate here is 'way up' and in the fall we have the finest weather I ever saw anywhere. It is great sport to start out after grouse here in October, as then they are good, strong, swift flyers and do not have to be kicked up.

"My dog is not a very good one, that is, no prize winner. She is just a common meat dog, of the English setter type, pedigree unknown. I never owned a better dog, however, for trailing wounded deer.

"I had quite a heart-rending experience last fall while on a little hunting trip with a party of friends just below Fort Abraham Lincoln. We all left town about an hour before daylight, and as we had only six miles to go, we got there in plenty time. After taking care of the teams we separated, and each taking one of the many wood roads running through this bottom, we started out with the firm resolve of laying out some old buck the first shot. I went over toward the Missouri River, where the timber is more open, and about 7 o'clock, as I came to a little clearing, I saw two very animated-looking white things bobbing up over the rose bushes. Soon I saw more than the tails, and found out they were an immense buck and doe. The buck kept well in the brush, and the doe, not being so wary, was hopping along out in the open. They turned and came down toward me. I waited until after the doe passed, as I wanted a shot at the buck; but he wouldn't show himself plainly enough. Finally I cut loose at the doe and down she went, only to get up again. I shot her again as she jumped, and this time she stayed down. At the second shot the buck ran out into a thin patch of willows, and I got a shot at him as he was going away from me. I don't think I hit him the first time, but at the second shot he fell all in a heap and lay there kicking, within 75yds of me. I walked down to where the doe was and bled her. Starting for the buck I was surprised to see him get up and skip, and as I was in a thick tangle of grapevines and brush I couldn't use the rifle at all. Calling to one of the other boys who was not far away, we dressed the doe; hung her up, and then started after the cripple. He bled but a few drops and we never found him, but found out later in the day that he ran by one of the other boys, giving him three good open shots at less than 50yds., but he failed to score a hit. In the course of a couple of hours I went back to where I had hung up the doe, and she 'was not.' Some miserable whelp from Bismark appropriated it, as there were two of them on our side of the river that day. I saw them while looking for the crippled deer just as they were leaving our side of the river in a boat, but at that time I did not know the deer had been stolen. Had I known it I rather think they would have come back. I had no more shots that day, but two of the other boys were more fortunate, each getting a fine yearling buck. That day we saw ten deer in this patch of brush, and it is only about a mile long by a half a mile in width. Not very large but plenty thick.

"Should either yourself or any of your friends happen out this way I would be glad to put them on to the best shooting. Hoping that the FOREST AND STREAM 'rabbit scheme' is working smoothly and that old FOREST AND STREAM will never grow less, I will close. Do not forget me when you come this way. "W. W. W."

## STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I most heartily indorse your platform, and in line with this, hope the new organization, the National Game Bird and Fish Association, will nail your colors to their mast-head and work for the same end.

Let the many local societies adopt these sentiments, and it will not be long before such laws will be made and enforced as shall stop the destruction of the many thousands of game birds killed for profit.

Last fall in Minnesota and North Dakota I heard and saw enough to open wide the eyes and set to thinking the most credulous sportsman. In Minnesota tons of chickens and grouse were killed and shipped by market-shooters and self-styled sportsmen, and sold (lawfully) within the State, while there were as many more shipped out of the State (unlawfully) and sold. In North Dakota every man with a gun and brains enough to use it successfully would kill every marketable bird he could, and ship to St. Paul or Chicago, according to the state of the market, it being just as easy to send to the latter place as the former, although against the law of the State.

I also found some of these self-styled sportsmen from a city in an adjoining State, with dogs, tents and cook, who had been out from the day the chicken season opened, killing, killing, killing, and shipping out of the State to a certain cold storage house, where the game would be kept until it was a scarcity in the market, and then "give it to their friends." What a feast those friends must have had, for they had sent up to the time of my meeting them, about 1,000 chickens and grouse, and when I left, those ardent, expert sportsmen were still slaughtering.

I know of others in the East, who go to the Western prairies for sport, who shoot day after day every game bird they can, but they say none are wasted or lost. Why? Because they stifle their consciences by sending all they cannot eat to the market to be sold and use this ill-gotten money toward paying their expenses.

I was informed by a native of Dakota that he had no trouble in sending his game to St. Paul or Chicago. A pair of chickens now and then, handed to the express messenger, changed every box or barrel to "dressed poultry." Must these things go on forever? Shall railroad companies and individuals continue openly to violate the laws, because of the "almighty dollar"? Take from these individuals and corporations this, the only incentive, by forbidding the sale of game at all seasons, and the question will be promptly and most satisfactorily answered.

PHILADELPHIA, March 19.

H. O. WILBUR.

From the Annual Report of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commissioners.

We have the honor to lay before you the report of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of Minnesota, for the year ending Dec. 1, 1893. Since our last report was made a new game code formulated by this board was presented to the Legislature, and with a few minor alterations it was enacted into law, and it is now accepted as the most practical and efficient game law that this State or the Northwest has ever enjoyed.

Under the provisions of this law the board appointed one of its members to act for it and to be known as its "Executive Agent, and who should have all the powers possessed by the board when it, the board, was not in session." This was for the purpose of concentrating responsibility and authority, and for the more efficient administration of the law in its practical workings. The wisdom of such provision has been evident from the start; the department has had a head, and the work of its employees has been subject to constant supervision and direction.

The duties devolved upon the executive agent, as representative of the board, have been voluminous and have required almost his entire attention. To one not familiar with work of this kind it would seem as though there could not be such a vast amount of work. But when one is conversant with the detail required to intelligently administer the duties of the office, it at once becomes evident that this has assumed a department of itself, and is one of no little responsibility.

This board has not looked at the subject of the protection of the game and fish of the State from simply a sportsman's point of view; but we have considered it rather from an economic standpoint. In the bountiful supply that has been provided this State of the food product, as seen in the quantity of game, birds and animals, and the great variety and number of fish that inhabit our waters, is to be found a matter which is worthy more than ordinary attention.

The people of the State, as a whole, seem to appreciate but sparingly the bountiful provision that nature has made of this food supply, and the importance of it is only realized by them when the supply has become exhausted.

Our citizens who live in the section of the State known as the "Park Region," are not aware of this bounty that nature has provided, or if they are aware of it they seem to care so little about its preservation that they give no thought to any caring for it, or realizing its value to them, or that it is sure to be soon exhausted, if they do not take measures to protect it. They seem to be impressed with the idea that it is something that will never fail, and acting upon that impression they unwisely and indiscriminately slaughter it at all times and seasons; not taking thought for one moment that there must surely follow the inevitable result of exhaustion and extermination. This was and still is to some extent the condition of affairs in several sections of the State.

It has been the aim of the board in the past to endeavor to educate the people to an understanding of what the "laws for the preservation and protection of game and fish" mean. Having this idea in view since this commission was organized, and working out on the lines of educating the people, as before stated, we are pleased to announce that we can see that our efforts have been successful in a great measure, and that to-day the sentiment of a vast majority of the citizens of the State is in favor of propagation, preservation and protection of the birds, animals and fish of this State. They begin to realize what it means in the way of a cheaper food product for them, and their assistance in aiding our officials in the enforcement of the law, has been, and is, of great value. The old idea of protection, that it meant the preservation of the game and fish of the State as a benefit for sportsmen alone, has, in a large degree, passed away, and has given place to the newer idea that it is for the preservation of the food supply and the provision of that supply for its citizens. The farming element of this State are aware of what this food product means to them, and our most valuable assistance comes from the farmers and those living on the frontier, or in sections where the game more largely abounds.

In carrying out this new game code the State was distracted and a warden for each district was appointed, the idea being that the warden so appointed, and residing near the commissioner, might be more immediately under the supervision of the board, and he, the warden, might have the opportunity of consulting with the commissioner in the pursuit of his duties. We are very much pleased to refer to the work of our wardens and their efforts, as having been very effective in greatly reducing the lawlessness respecting the killing of game and fish in large quantities, as has been the custom heretofore. Many of these officials have encountered extreme danger, and but for their firmness and the idea that the State was behind them in all its authority, they would have been unable to perform their duties and secure the results that they have. These wardens were required to report to the executive agent each month in full, the work that they had performed during the month last past, and to keep in constant communication with him in reference to cases in hand. We also made use of a detective force which we have scattered through the State, and we have received the assistance of numerous citizens who have made reports to this office. For obvious reasons we have preferred not to embody in this report the report of the wardens and the detective force and others above referred to, for by these reports we have secured information which we can the more readily make use of advantageously by refraining from their publication.

In the beginning of our work, under this new law, we realized the necessity of having at our command a legal adviser, who should be fully conversant with all the legal requirements, and well versed in the law pertaining to this especial subject. We, therefore, had a consultation with the Attorney General, which resulted in our finding that his office was so burdened with duties of the State, that it would be practically impossible for him to give us the required assistance in the prosecution of our work that we deemed necessary. He, therefore, upon consultation with Your Excellency, informed us, that with your consent, we might secure the services of William Ely Bramhall, an attorney of St. Paul, who had given the "Game Laws" an exhaustive study, and who was probably better versed and posted in all matters pertaining to this subject, from a legal standpoint, than any one else of his profession in this western country. We have drawn very heavily upon his time and knowledge in all our work, and by his counsel and aid we have been enabled to secure a great deal of valuable information that we trust will ultimately result very beneficially to this State. As his work was largely of necessity in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, we secured his appointment by the County Attorney of Ramsey county, as especial counsel to prosecute in Ramsey county courts, all cases of infraction of the game and fish laws, that might come before these courts. We are now in a position to carry on our work at less expense in this department than we have ever been before.

The matter of game laws and the knowledge of them, looked at from a legal standpoint, is a subject in itself, and that it is a subject of no small import is well known, when one comes to study it.

We now have in vogue a system which we believe will be invaluable to us in the future, in the apprehension of those who are engaged in the wholesale slaughter of game and fish and the transportation of the same out of the State.

The use of nets in our inland waters and streams in the past, has been the means of largely undoing and destroying the work of the fish commission in the stocking of the



waters of the State. The new code, absolutely forbidding the use of a net for any purpose, and the enforcement of that portion of it, has already proved the wisdom of such legislation. The increased quantity and number of young fry of all kinds that are to be found in our lakes and streams is abundant proof of our assertion, and if we can keep the nets out and prevent the wholesale and indiscriminate taking of fish by them, we can, in a short time, restock these now depleted waters. In the counties of Otter Tail, Douglas, Becker, Grant and Crow Wing, where are to be found the greatest number of lakes, there reside a large number of people who seem to think that the fish supply will never be exhausted, and who, at all times and seasons, have insisted on taking them, and that too, in unlimited quantities and amounts. The wardens have put in a great deal of work in that section of the State, which heretofore has not received much attention, and have endeavored to break up this practically wholesale netting, and we are pleased to report that they have succeeded fairly well.

In our efforts to prevent the destruction of game and fish, we have carefully considered the different ideas and methods suggested by the members of the board, and those of others of experience, in handling this subject. We have arrived at the conclusion that if we could control the markets or control those who handle the game and fish in quantities, and restrict the sale and quantity of these articles, that we could the better protect the same. Our efforts have, therefore, been directed to shutting off and controlling the marketing facilities in the large centers of the State. But the law being new, and we not having had it adjudicated by the higher courts of the State, we have deemed it wise to "make haste slowly" and have now several cases which are in process of adjudication. We have also accumulated evidence in a great number of other cases, so that when judgment shall have been rendered in those cases that are now in court, and in case the judgment should be favorable to the State, we will be in a position to take the action necessary to put a stop to the illegal business of game traffic, as now carried on in such voluminous measure.

In the cold storage business as carried on in this State, we recognize one of the greatest obstacles to the enforcement of the law for the protection of game and fish of the State. This business depending in a large measure for its success upon the handling of game and fish for a profit, it is a question of great importance to determine if it can openly and flagrantly continue to act as a "fence" for the use of the market-hunters and dealers in game and fish, and the shipment of the same out of the State. For without the facilities afforded by the system of cold storage, there would not and could not be such a great amount of this material handled. The quantity of these articles handled yearly by these cold storage companies is something enormous, and by the reason of their method of conducting their business, which they realize is contrary to law, it is impossible for us to ascertain accurately the quantity handled. We are able only to approximate. It is safe, however, to estimate that at least 4,000 carcasses of venison will be handled and shipped out of this State for the year 1893, and the number of birds we estimate at 40,000 dozens, or 480,000 birds, that have been handled in this market since the open season began in July. This includes duck, plover, grouse, partridge, woodcock and pheasant, the larger part of which have been taken in this State and killed. In addition to this, thousands of ducks and geese, which have been killed in North Dakota, have been marketed and transported through the game centers of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth to Eastern markets. A large quantity of this product is secured ostensibly on the Indian reservations; and by those who are professional market-hunters, who are employed by dealers in that commodity, both in this and adjacent States. It is the custom of these dealers to employ Indians and irresponsible white men and half-breeds, who reside on the Indian Reservation, to do the killing and to bring the material to some convenient point for shipment to the dealers who reside in Chicago, or some other large city outside of the State. The game is killed in quantities and is frequently in quantities sufficient to make carload lots, and is billed by the agent and shipped out of the State by aid of the common carriers under the name of anything else than its proper name.

The question of such killing on the reservation and how to handle and prevent it is one that is at present receiving the attention of this board and of the game and fish commissioners of several of the other States in which Indian reservations exist. This matter was brought up at a recent conference of the game and fish commissioners of the several States which was held in Chicago under the auspices of the United States Government in October, during the World's Fair, and the matter was deemed of sufficient importance to bring it to the attention of the Interior Department of the United States Government, who alone have jurisdiction on these reservations, and we trust that we may secure such action through that department as will in the future shut out and shut off the above named class of irresponsible game butchers.

The common carriers doing business in the State, who transport all this game from places where it is killed, have not seen fit to endeavor to co-operate with this board, nor to comply with the plain provisions of the law applicable to them, although it was plainly, thoroughly and fully set forth and made known to them through circulars issued by this board, and through the game laws which were put into the hands of each one of the managers of the several companies from the time of the enactment of the law. They have seen fit to figure that the small amount of money that they might receive from the transportation of the game in and out of the State, contrary to law, was of more importance to them than such an amount as they might receive from those who would come into the State to indulge in the sport of killing and the consequent amount of money that they would necessarily expend while here.

Inasmuch as these game carriers refuse to recognize the law, we were under the necessity of having one of them indicted, and since indictments have been secured, they one and all have manifested a disposition to aid us very materially and energetically in the enforcement of the provisions of the law. We are able now to state that we have the hearty co-operation of the officials of the express and many of the railroad companies in our work. This has been evident in the cases of one or two of the express companies who have requested our executive agent to draw up such a circular letter, addressed to the agents of their com-

panies, as he wished, relative to the shipment and handling of game and fish, and they have given this circular their official sanction and signature, and distributed it among their employees.

The difficulty is not so much with the official management of the common carriers as with the subordinate employees, and now that we have an understanding with the officials, and have their aid and the promise that their instructions will be lived up to to the letter, or that the offending employee will be summarily discharged, we have reason to believe that we shall meet with greater success than we have heretofore even hoped for.

It is but justice to say that when the matter has been thoroughly presented to and understood by the above-named officials, and the position that they have unwisely assumed toward the law has been made plain to them, that they give us their hearty co-operation, particularly so after we have given them to understand that it is our intention to enforce the laws relative to the protection of game and fish of the State through the common carriers. A few examples of decapitation among the employees will have a very salutary effect upon the balance of the forces of the railroad and express companies.

The sentiment in relation to the retention of the game and fish of this State, within this State, for the use of its citizens has grown and increased very rapidly, as it has become known in what vast quantities it is being shipped out for consumption in the Eastern States; for, as a matter of fact, Minnesota, Wisconsin and North Dakota furnish for the Eastern markets at least fifty per cent, of all the large game consumed, and Minnesota alone contributes a large percentage of the cheaper and coarser food fish that are handled in St. Louis and Kansas City, and points adjacent to these cities.

One great source of trouble and annoyance that we have experienced in the enforcement of this law, arises from the refusal of the justices of the peace throughout the State, to enforce the plain provisions of it. Many of those who commit the offenses hold such community relations, that the justices are loth to perform their plain duties, and in many instances they presume to declare the law unconstitutional, and do not even hold a prisoner and give the State an opportunity to prove otherwise. The county attorneys have also in several instances looked with disfavor on the enforcement of this law, because, perchance, it may interfere with their political fortunes, and they, therefore, have but feebly assisted our officers in their prosecutions.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You have surely sounded the keynote of the situation when you say prohibit the sale of game. Some of my observation is in a way that I have not seen mentioned. Having been in the restaurant business I can safely say that three-quarters or more of those who eat the game would gladly see the sale prohibited. I mention this to show how little real demand there is for game, and were it not for the profits to commission merchants and to those who serve the game, there would be no selling. It is the few against the masses.

H. W. B.

#### Asleep on Post.

TEN summers ago I camped for six weeks on a little lake which is situated in Herkimer county, New York, and which at that time was a veritable sportsman's paradise. Little did I then think how near the day was when the "summer girl" would drive us old hunters to seek new lakes and forests. But alas, with the opening up of that country by the railroad, it came only too soon.

I arrived in camp that summer late in the afternoon, and was not long in getting my duffle arranged and taking my place in the bow of the boat under a jack. But luck was not with me, and for five nights I floated without seeing or hearing a deer. I was then invited by a neighboring party, to join them on Moose River for a day's hounding. I accepted, and was stationed on an island just below where a runway crossed the river. I shall never forget that day. It was so still and peaceful that a hound's voice could have been heard for miles. Not a cloud was in the sky, and the warm air heavily laden with the scent of balsams and spruces, caused a drowsiness to come over me. I lay down on my back, well hidden in the long grass, and pondered over my recent hard luck in floating. Suddenly my heart gave a bound, for there was a splashing in the water at the lower end of the island. That's a deer at last, I thought; but on looking I saw nothing but a flock of sheldrakes. Again I lay down, and although I fought it off, the sleep lost in floating soon asserted itself, and I dozed. In the course of an hour I was waked up by more splashing, and this time it was apparently very close. So, without thinking, I jumped up, and there, not 15ft. away, stood the most startled buck I have ever seen. I looked at him, he looked at me; twenty seconds passed. My heart was thumping against my ribs fifty pounds to a thump. My rifle was at my feet, and that confounded deer trying to look holes through me. But at last I stooped for my rifle, and the spell was broken. With a whirl and a spring my venison was vanishing down stream. Then the bullets began to fly, but I verily believe that deer went faster than they did; at any rate six empty shells lay at my feet when that buck disappeared around a bend of the stream. Perhaps the wasting of all that good lead was caused by buck fever. I will not deny it, although I had hunted and shot a good many deer before this buck took such a mean advantage of me. I was looking for a deer ahead of the hounds; not for one to sneak up behind me in that fashion. But I learned a lesson, and since that time I have never slept when watching for deer. PERCIVAL.

#### A Townsend Wildfowl Sketch.

THE series of sketches, which we printed some time ago, entitled "Among the Wildfowl," from drawings by Mr. Wilmot Townsend, attracted much attention and admiration from practical duck hunters. Mr. Townsend's ducks are real ducks, the creatures actually seen in the air and on the water. Mr. Townsend has just completed a new drawing, entitled "Outside the Danger Line." It depicts a flock of broadbills alighting; and the study of action will readily be recognized by observing gunners as true to the life. The scene represented is on a calm day, when with nothing to alarm them, the ducks have concluded to rest a while far from shore. The sketch depicts the action displayed by the different individuals comprising the flock as they pitch to the water. It is distinctly a study of broadbills, for other ducks have different methods of

accomplishing the same feat. The drawing has been reproduced by the artotype process, the plate being 16x21in. When Mr. Townsend brought one in to us the other day we suggested that some of our readers might like the engraving. The edition is limited to 100. The price is \$3. We can supply it.

#### No Punishment for Park Poachers.

ALONG with the dispatch which we printed yesterday announcing the destruction of big game in the Yellowstone Park, comes a dispatch to FOREST AND STREAM announcing the capture by a Government scouting party of a notorious poacher named Howell with eleven fresh buffalo skins in his possession. This arrest would be a matter for great congratulation if the poacher was likely to be properly punished, but, as FOREST AND STREAM points out, there is practically no remedy against the perpetrators of such outrages, although the Government spends considerable money keeping troops in the Park for its alleged preservation. The stealer of a Government mule would suffer much more severely and certainly at the hands of the law than the destroyer of a part of the few remaining buffalo on this continent. The Senate committee on territories will give a hearing next Wednesday on a bill which will supply some of the legal safeguards which the preservation of the Yellowstone Park requires. It is to be hoped that in some way enough members of Congress can be interested in this matter to secure favorable action.—*New York Evening Post.*

#### A Button that will Do the Rest.

CHICAGO, March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I saw in a sportsman's journal a notice, where the writer suggested that a badge for sportsmen and lovers of rod and gun be gotten up, by which they might recognize each other, and the idea has taken me by storm. When we see what a hard task it is to effect any national associations, owing to the utter impossibility to unite all interests of the many States of our wide land, and when we see how important it would be to see the grand army of sportsmen united and visible also to the eye of the uninitiated, it seems to me that some way may be found by which this could be done, and I think here the way is found, a badge, to wear which shall be a sportsman's pride, which shall at once stamp him as one of a great croud of men who have at heart not game destruction, as so many seem to think, but game protection, as one who loves the game and will only diminish the supply when the law allows it and when it will not tend to exterminate the species. He who goes to the field and streams with this love for our game cannot and never will be a game butcher and a game hog.

I have, therefore, executed a design for a badge and submit it to the American sportsmen as a token of good fellowship. It bears the motto "Protect the Game." For a centerpiece I took the noblest of our game birds, "Bob White," he who is inhabiting our broad land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from North to South, who, by his cheery voice, his game-ness and beauty, is known and loved by all who ever visit his haunts.

Permit me to state what I hope this badge may accomplish:

First—The closer acquaintance of sportsmen, who so often, when out on the road, would like to meet another, yet do not like to touch the subject to any one and who, when they do see one, would only too gladly receive all information they may want and which is always so gladly given. They could recognize him at once, and we all know wherever two sportsmen meet, open hearts and hands are waiting; he sees himself among friends; for no club, no lodge, no association of any kind brings men together so closely as sportsmanship will do; but so often we do not know that maybe near us sits a man whose heart beats as warmly for our beloved passion as our own and we pass by him unknown.

Second—Would not the sight of the badge on many a man's lapel cause the public to inquire and see with wonder that the sportsman recruits and comes from all walks of life, from palace and hut; and seeing that one great impulse moves them all? Field sports will become more popular, more respected and known, and the subjects of universal game protection will begin to interest those who now are almost or totally ignorant of the matter, this would certainly educate our people to that end and that they will begin to value the birds and beasts and fishes which inhabit our fields and streams, not as a matter of commercial value, but because they furnish such recreation and game for the sportsman in their pursuit to find many friends, and the subjects of universal game protection will begin to interest those who now are almost or totally ignorant of the matter, this would certainly educate our people to that end and that they will begin to value the birds and beasts and fishes which inhabit our fields and streams, not as a matter of commercial value, but because they furnish such recreation and game for the sportsman in their pursuit to find many friends, and the subjects of universal game protection will begin to interest those 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# Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

## THE LAST OF THE STRETCH SNAKES.

"Hol' on er bit!" Lighthouse Charley emerged from the cavernous depths of his old green "gre't co't" and held up a deprecating hand. Treat Clark had been painfully spelling out a half column account of a savage prize fight in an adjoining county, at the end of which, the reporter, warming up to his subject, declared, "Thus ended a famous battle, one long to be remembered in the annals of the grandest form of contest on earth—between two human beings with bare fists to the finish!" Ejaculations of "The't's so, ber gosh!" and "En he ain' very fur wrong thar nuther!" came from the expectoratorial targeteers who had been decorating the stove to a considerable extent during this enthralling narrative.

"Twa'n't ter enny ways compare with ther hookin' er them two bull pups daown to Stratford P'int las' Fast Day, I'll bet er wad er money!" put in Eph Sandford, the doubting disciple, "why, them dawgs ud er bin chawin' yit of thet infarnal, dad-blasted, flap-eared ol' Dawson ad'en er yelled 'p'lice'!"

"Arfther all Oi don't know that onny uv yees his iver sane a rale schrimidge," interrupted Pat Nolan, surreptitiously refilling his yellow clay pipe from the box behind the counter under cover of the argument, "that is onny er yees that misht ther foight b'twene Larry McBride's owld gold bantam an' Barney Craven's silver whoite lasht Sotherday evenin', be ther howly face av ther praste, thim wor r'yul boyds! Why, yees hav' no crachures on this side er ther big salt drink thot kin foight." Just here Lighthouse Charley woke up with a last violent snore, and snatching an idea of the controversy, promptly took a hand.

"Hol' on er bit," said he, rubbing his eyes and blinking, "thar may be er good many kin's er fights an' er heap er diffrence er 'pinion 'bout 'em, but when all's done an' said ther cre'tur' ain' been born yit ter outmaneuver er git aroun' er reel clever snake. Er snake wuz tu much fer ther fust man an' woman thet ever breathed on airth, an' they've kep' on bein' tu much ever sence. Fac' is, they're sech er plaguey sight smarter'n other things, that ther ain' no kin' er struggle when they tackle hold; but yer let one snake grab ernuther an' then, says I, thar's er skirmish ter make ther Pope git down off his gilt throne en holler 'Bully!' Thar ain' anuther livin' cre'tur', whether man, bird, fish er reptile, betwixt sunrise en sunset thet kin twist horns with Mister Sarpint. An' speakin' er snakes fightin' minds me er sumpin. I see the wust tussle last Sunday er week thet ever I did. Awful 'twas!"

The old man assumed an awed expression, as if the mere recollection overpowered him, and relapsed into silence. Every one was regarding him anxiously, for Lighthouse Charley was recognized as an authority on snakes, and his observations on curious species were carefully treasured up and passed from one to another of the villagers. Invariably he fell into this state of apathy after he had awakened peculiar interest in some new story, and it had been discovered years ago that nothing save a good, blood-stirring drink could arouse him to a talking mood or refresh his failing memory.

"Phwat wuz yez erboot to observe, Mister Baldwin, aboot ther snaix yez wuz spakin' uv?" ventured Pat, studying the label on a starch box with well-feigned interest.

Only the asthmatic ticking of the clock broke the stillness. The student of snake life had apparently resumed his slumber. With a despairing glance at Eph, Pat, who was devoured by curiosity and could not have waited five minutes more, called:

"Hoil! Mister Gregory, could yez be sittin' oot er small glash of rye for Mister Baldwin an' mesilf?"

Gregory dropped his painful mathematical chore of adding up the daybook and brought from the little triangular cupboard a yellow-glass bottle and two small tumblers with badly broken edges. If the onlookers thought the cheering music of clinking glass would awaken the sleeper they underestimated the art of the venerable sage. Not until he had been called several times did it even dawn on him that anyone had spoken, and after that on account of his deafness it had to be explained to him that he was invited to take a drop of cheer. After a murmur of protest he submitted and, strangely enough, heard Pat's purposely low-toned query of "Wather in yours, Mister Baldwin?" and started up a prompt "No!" that caused just a shadow of a smile to play across the Irishman's face. After a preliminary sip he renewed his inquiry, vigorously stirring his grog:

"Yez wuz soyin' erboot thot snaix foight yez observed," with a wink at Eph's younger brother, who was purloining a few very dry prunes during Gregory's absence on a trip to the cellar for molasses. And by the way, these journeys to the nether world were invariably times of universal depredation, and even the short measure that the conservative Gregory took care to give in the dark barely equalled his unconscious losses above board.

"So I wuz, so I wuz," Lighthouse Charley admitted, with some reluctance. "What wuz I a-sayin'?" Oh, yes, hum! hum! Awful, thet fight, awful!" Pat, seeing that a lapse of memory was imminent, sighed and refilled the empty glass.

"It's loike pourin' wather intu er bothmless pot, sure, Mister Baldwin, fur me ter thry ter kape thetish glash full!"

"You rec'lec' ther ole foundations en' timbers thet lie down ther junction er Mill Race Brook en the Wepa-wang, whar Beman's ole gris' mill oncet wuz?" Lighthouse Charley was under full sail now, and did not wait for the nods of assent. "Wal, en' ud'neath them 'jists en' wheels thar's bin ever sence I cum' on ther stage er fambly er af-fired remarkerbul snakes, en I very much doubt ef enny er yer ever seen one on 'em, even Eph thar, thet fishes the brook reg'lar when ther trout 'gin ter flip in ther April days. Yit et's more'n er score er years gone now thet I faoun' them dark green divils livin' thar. En er loose pile er broken wood en mortar wuz the'r den, en thar er warm day t'werds noon time yer could allers spy 'em et play er feedin' ef yer wuz quiet-like en' still. No wonderment ter me 't er slashin', kersplashin', perslushin' cuss like Eph never seen 'em. Tarnal s'prise' ez 't he kin ever git er smell er fish makin' sech er raow long-stream."

The old man paused to cast a severe glance in Eph's direction, but Eph with his eyes half closed was appar-

ently unconscious. The fact was, owing to a shortage in funds, that sportsman had not been able to "call out" a glass of whisky for the snake historian of late and hence the mild rebuke. "But then lordy-me, enny yawpin' school gal kin chet these yer 'hand traout' leetle minners thet's on'y fit fer bait fer er decent fish," pursued the old man with contempt. "Some er these dark nights, Pat, my boy, ther ole man 'll take yer aout en show yer wher' ther parients er Eph's traout live. But ter git back ter these snake. 'Twa'n't ther purty green shiny cut with red specks en, ner ther yellor eyes ez big ez er York shillin' thet flickered en burned some like fire thet wuz ther s'prise'ment 'baout 'em. Yer might well git ter garpin' w'en I tell yer they wuz stretch snakes!"

"Howly Mither! Phwat, a stretch snaix?" gasped young Nolan, letting his underjaw drop in uncontrollable astonishment.

"Stretch snakes they wuz, jes' the samey," proceeded the oracle, moistening his lips with an unctuous smack, "en more'n thet, they c'u'd stretch ter beat enny livin' er dead thing thet wuz ever pulled aouten es natri'l length er thickness. Menny er time I've seed 'em er feedin' by ther brook with jes' ther tip er ther tails lef en ther burrow waoun' raoun' er beam so 's ter hol' like death 'tself, stretchin' way aout, ter twelve, yis, bergobberswang, I've seed 'em reach sixteen feet goin' fer er frog er one er these lizard-creepers. Course the natri'l size warn't more'n three feet long en er inch thick, but this reachin' more'n made 'em ekal ter er seven-foot moc'sin er black snake. Enny other snake thet cum by en picked er row wuz done fur. No more'n he'd git huffy 'n he felt hisself grabbed en drawn enter this burre like er rope walk hed tuck him 'fore he c'u'd spell letter S with his tail. Somehaow, though, this yer climate didn't do well fur these stretchers. They kin' er died off en petered aout tell ther warn't las' year on'y one lef', er slappin' big chap, nearly four foot long, thet whar long er practicin' all these years en er natri'l born genius fur extendin' hisself, got so he c'u'd fa'ly lengthen aout ter twenty-five foot. I b'lieve ez er solum fac' thet thet cuss c'u'd reach from Sunday afternoon er this week plum enter Saturday night er week arter next."

Another libation and following smack of appreciation from the gray-haired keeper of the inland "lighthouse," who seemed to be seriously affected by his recollections of this serpentine marvel.

"Yis, thet wuz his gre't fortée like, this lettin' hisself aout, but all ther same et wuz longer this yer same 'lastic trick thet he cum ter grief las' Sunday a week. Yer see all these years diff'runt kin's o' snake champiowns hed tried ter daown these chaps er some er the biggest er the lot hed cum plaguey near doin' it. But thet 'pull in' bizness hed allers so tuck ther breaths erways thet they warn't good fer nothin' when they landed en ther burrer. Then too late years this yer ole stretcher rigged up er couple er stones close tegerther wedged tight en ther maouth er ther den so's when he drew back on thet 'snap' game er his'n he yanked ther poor devil he'd grabbed 'tween these sharp edges en did him hifalutin' quick. Yit when er feller's pridin' hisself on sech er dog-blasted keen bit er wisdom, some other man's allers layin' awake nights thinkin' how ter bust his kertrapshun. En over en the willer-shoots cross ther Mill Race ther lived er leetle stumpy water-moccasin thet wuz no fool, nuther, tho' he hedn't enny store clo'es ner enny top-notch tricks. Fur weeks he's bin er lyin' guiled up en er hatch top er ther flat rock en ther stream whar the sun wuz hot. Other folks might er thought he wuz jes' er swimmin' er sleepin' but I seed his tail kerwaggle ev'ry now en agin en when er snake does thet he's layin' powder-trains und'neath somthin'. Yit nothin' turned up till las' Sunday er week. I wuz sittin' on ther ves' bank er ther main stream whittlin' aout er new ax halve when I see ther cute leetle moc'sin cum slidin' aout'n ther willer clump en dive en. He swum und'r water tell he got mos' ter t'other shore en then cum up ter take er squirt. Ther stretch snake wuz layin' short-very front er ther burrer, blinkerin' his eyes en rollin' over so's ter show up his e'gant suit er clo'es en ther sunlight. All 't once he caught sight er this leetle gray snake makin' impendent signs at him en kin' er darin' him ter fight. The small feller hed clumb ashore en wuz in the line er er big kerwallopin' strong hick'ry tree nearly twenty foot off from the burrer. That wuz all suffishunt fur Mr. Stretch; aout he shot, en ez t'other snake dodged he follered him like lightnin' raoun' ther tree en raoun' ergin' 'fore he cud grab him. Ther little fighter hed tuck er turn raoun' er root en then the Injun rubber man snake 'gun ter draw en. Thar he wuz, one end wrapped raoun' er beam en tied en er hard knot (fact guess 't had growed so sence 'twas tied, no one cud er unloosed it, en t'other double lapped raoun' er twenty-year-ole hick'ry tree. Course 'twas like yu er me playin' tug-er-war long er one er these yer forty-ton steam bull-gines, en ther more nothin' give way ther more thet snake made his muscles jump. Don' need no prophut ter tell ther rest. Las' he giv' sech a dad-lung, scatter-blotted ole pull thet he broke hisself plum en two en died er agonizin' death. I kin fa'ly see ther smile er triumphs thet ther moc'sin hed on when he unwrapped hisself en svum off ther fav'rite rock. Thar he guiled up en snoozed, en ev'ry now en agin he'd kin' er put his head with his tail en say, "Thet settles em fer good, ole boy."

Lighthouse Charley seeing that no more spirituous moisture was at hand, rose and buttoned up his woolly wrapping, preparatory to departure.

"Look yeah, Misser Baldwin," interjected 'Jedge' Spence, a dilapidated ex-slave, black as pitch and bent as a pine knot, "whar kin er po' man-like me see one dem won'tul snaikes yo' bin tellin' us er stratche story ob?" A doubtful smile played across the old negro's scared face.

"Enny body but er nigger would er listened en heered me say thet that wuz ther 'las' er ther stretch snakes!" With which parting words the outer door slammed and the old man was gone. H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

# Sea and River Fishing.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Smolts.

MR. JOHN MOWAT, of Campbellton, N. B., writes me again about the smolts, and little by little we may come to a better, truer understanding of the full history of the salmon, and reconcile conditions which now, apparently, contradict one another when observed in different countries or different waters. Mr. Mowat's letter is eminently practical and is as follows: "I read with pleasure your notes in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 24 on the age and growth of salmon, about which there is such a diversity of opinion held by what seems to be tangible proof. Much of this could be explained, I think, if climatic conditions and locality were properly considered. For instance, take a river with fairly clear water, gravelly bottom and shelving banks, where the water close to the shore is warmed by the sun and seldom touches the freezing point, and having in it a large supply of insect life. Take another stream without these favorable conditions, and having a solid girdle of ice on its surface and in places frozen to the bottom. Would not the young fry become smolts possibly in six months in one case, while in the other it might take eighteen months, as is the case in our Northern rivers, thus making it nearly two years from the laying of the egg until the fry becomes a perfect smolt?"

"It is possible some parr may be hindered in growth\* from some cause, and remain for another year in fresh water. My attention was drawn to this by catching some smolts much larger than common; they were probably 9 or 10 in. long, and on examination as to their extra fullness I found the milk ovaries full, something I never found in the common smolt. The question arises, had they been to sea, if so, how long? One of the reasons why I imagine they had been to sea is this: We believe the descending December smolts return as grilse the following July, weighing from 3 to 4 lbs., and so far as I have observed, all of them males, some years more, some less; in some rivers they are plentiful, in some rivers there are none.

"It is possible, however, in rivers where the fish run small, say an average of 10 lbs., that females of 6 lbs. weight will give spawn, but in all my piscicultural experience of 10 years I never saw a female under 10 lbs., and the grilse were all males, forcing me to the conclusion that the females remain nearly two years at sea before returning to fresh water.

"Regarding experiments in the growth of the young salmon, you mention smolts one and two years old being about the same size. This may be perfectly true and to my mind can be easily accounted for.

"Let each of us take 100 eggs of the same hatch, you keep yours in water from 33 to 40°, and I place mine in water at from 60 to 65°, and I will have the young fish feeding with the sac absorbed, and yours will not be out of the eggs—this I know from actual experiment. I have seen ova from Fraser River salmon taken in October, and brought overland here fully eyed in November. Placed in the troughs the fry would burst the shell in January, and in April they would be an inert mass on the bottom with the sacs still attached. Our eggs of the *salar*, are laid down Nov. 1, and about the first week in May the fry are clear of the shell; if the weather is fine and the snow water gone they will wiggle around quite lively; should a frosty week come, then it seems to take the vitality out of them and they look as if they feel the cold, huddling in heaps, so they often have to be moved to prevent their smothering. This is caused by the water getting 2 or 3° colder.

"I should certainly think the salmon you mention, taken in the lower Hudson at 1 and 1½ lbs. were older than eighteen months, or had, some time, got a taste of salt water.

"Respecting the young salmon taken last fall in the lake that I spoke of, the two largest taken were some of the product of 500 fry only, which my son placed there in June, 1891, consequently they were about 2½ years in the lake. The smaller ones, of which a dozen were taken, being about 3 in. shorter than the others, and about ½ lb. in weight, were planted in June, 1892. In this lake are very fine trout, plenty of them, and averaging 1½ lbs. in weight. It also contains fresh-water smelt and chubs. The water is not clear, although there is a good deal of gravelly bottom. We are watching with much interest the results of this little stocking now that we are assured of its success.

"I may say further on this smolt question that I think ours when going to sea will average about 7 in. in length, but remember that our salmon are big fellows. Would it follow in the family, do you think, that the smolts would be above the average size? Who knows? At all events it is a reason."

### Comments.

The smolt that I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM as giving ripe milt as I took it from the hook, had not been to salt water. I caught it in the brook where I planted the fry, and between that stream and the sea are three falls and a number of dams, not one of which could smolt or salmon reascend after once passing down over them. This smolt was even more advanced than the one mentioned by Mr. Mowat, for the milt was ripe and the time was October. The ripe smolt was on the gravel where there was a rapid in the brook, and it was quite by chance that I cast my fly where he got it; for all the best of the young salmon in the brook appeared to be in quiet pools, and it was from such pools that I caught the others mentioned. It is possible that had I fished the rapids other ripe smolts would have been taken.

That Mr. Mowat's reasoning, based upon theoretical conditions of temperature for retarding or advancing the growth of young salmon, is sound, there can be no doubt except that he does not go far enough and lay stress upon food as a factor most favorable to growth, although food naturally results from the conditions of sunshine and warmth. This is illustrated in a marked manner in a

\* Not only possible, but an established fact. I planted one lot yearling Atlantic salmon (they were really about 15 months old) hatched from the same lot of eggs and reared together, and th ranged in length from under 3 in. to over 6 in. I went with a carlo of yearling California salmon to plant them in Vermont for the U. Fish Commission. They were really 11 months old, and though reared together, there was the same difference in length as in *salar*. The strongest fry got the most food, and their growth was more rapid. A. N.



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article in a French publication of recent date. The author of the article is Mr. J. Kunstler, and Mr. Charles G. Atkins of the U. S. Fish Commission has just sent me a translation made by his assistant, Mr. Charles Cecil Jocelyn. The author relates that by a system of feeding rainbow trout have, in France, been brought to maturity and ripe ova have been taken from them, when they were less than twelve months old.

It is not unusual to hear that some of our native brook trout breed when they are yearlings, but in such a case "yearlings" is a conventional expression. Trout do breed the year after they are born, but they are born in the month of January, perhaps, and spawn in a year from the following October or November. Or they may actually be two years old, as I will show.

These are facts: In Pennsylvania trout begin to spawn Oct. 10 and they may be hatched in forty-five days, so they may be born Nov. 25, and as the sac may be absorbed in thirty days they may be feeding before Jan. 1, and yet as they are turned out the following spring or summer as fry, it is customary to call them yearlings the succeeding year, when by a strict accounting it may be twenty-four months between the time of breaking the egg and spawning of the "yearlings."

But the results obtained by Mr. Kunstler fade into obscurity alongside of the claim made by an European correspondent of mine. By his system of feeding he claims that he can raise trout in ten months to one and two kilograms ( $\frac{2}{3}$  to  $\frac{4}{3}$  lbs.) and salmon in the same length of time to two and four kilograms ( $\frac{4}{3}$  to  $\frac{8}{3}$  lbs.). That is in ten months from birth he produces grilse or salmon. I have for more than a year been investigating this reported miraculous growth, but so far have obtained nothing to publish.

As to Mr. Mowat's final query, Why is it not reasonable that a race of large salmon should produce larger smolts than a race of small salmon? I planted a large number of lake trout fry from a race of large lake trout in a lake containing only a race of small lake trout, and the average size of the trout and the maximum size of individuals have increased in this lake. Much of the increase is doubtless owing to the fresh blood, but the introduction of a race of larger fish must play its part. Some years ago it was given out from one of the New York State hatcheries that lake trout reached a length of 13 in. when three years old. I have always assumed that this measurement was obtained from the young of Lake Ontario trout, as I understood at the time that the eggs at the hatchery came from that lake. On the other hand, Mr. Frank Clark, at Northville, Mich., gives the length of a lake trout three years and three months old at 16 in., presumably the fish being descended from Lake Michigan trout.

#### Analogous Testimony.

It is perhaps curious that I had written to this point when the mail brought me a letter from Mr. Charles G. Atkins concerning a subject in no way related to what I have been writing about, but in which he incidentally touches upon the subject of smolts in illustrating another matter. This is the extract: "So far as my own experience goes (I own that it is not quite sufficient to settle the matter) salmon are not quite so rapid growers during their two first years as trout, but this is in water that rarely rises to the temperature of 70° F., and possibly in water above 70° the salmon would grow faster.

"Now, a salmon passes the first one or two years of its life in the river. I mean, of course, when at liberty under natural conditions, and during that whole period (I have reason to conclude that in our river it is two years) it only attains a length of 6 to 8 in. If it comes back as a grilse, it then weighs, at the age of say three years, only 3 or 4 lbs. A salmon weighing 8 lbs. would surely be an adult, and could not be less than four years old."

Conclusions derived from observations made on a river stocked with salmon, the stream never before having contained them, are more reliable than observations made on a salmon river with no fixed point to start from and no means of tracing individual smolt or salmon, and no way of separating one individual from another. It is from data obtained on a stocked stream that leads me to believe that smolts go to sea when two years old and return as salmon when four years old; and as no grilse have been taken, so far as can be learned, it is assumed that grilse do not enter the stream. I am in hopes to try still further experiments with salmon fry the present year.

Mr. Atkins having had charge of the salmon breeding works of the United States Fish Commission since its organization, I know of no man in this country more competent to speak of the habits of the fish than he, and the little that I have been able to observe confirms his views.

A. N. CHENEY.

#### BOSTON FISHING LINES.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to get the Maine Central Railroad to put on a night train from Portland, Me., to Farmington, and for the Sandy River and the Phillips & Rangeley roads to put on a connecting train. The proposition is to have the night train leave Portland for Farmington immediately on the arrival of the train over the Boston & Maine which leaves Boston at 7 P. M. This train would land the Boston or New York sportsmen at Rangeley in season for breakfast, and then down the lakes in the morning. Such an arrangement would greatly convenience a majority of sportsmen in Boston, who are desirous of reaching some hunting or fishing grounds by night trains. The want of time keeps more of the busy sportsmen at home than any other cause, and if the Rangeleys could be reached by one night's ride from Boston, it should increase the travel in that direction. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, has already taken considerable interest in the scheme and has mentioned it to many sportsmen, and finds the plan to meet with their most hearty approval. The plan would put the Rangeleys on a par with Moosehead, which lake may be reached by the usual summer trains in one night from Boston. By means of such a train over the Maine Central, New York sportsmen could leave that city at noon and be landed at Rangeley the next morning. The scheme is to be laid before the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Maine Central, Mr. Fred Boothby, at once.

The ice left the Penobscot River on Thursday of last week, the earliest, say the Maine papers, since 1851—other papers say since 1818. The celebrated salmon pool at Bangor is clear of ice and the salmon fishermen will now

try the fish every day. But the chances are not favorable for a run of salmon for some time yet, though the extremely early departure of the ice would indicate an early run of salmon.

Boston fishermen are fitting out for April 1, the opening day of the trout season in Massachusetts. The members of the Monument Club are getting their lines ready, and many of them will visit their preserves in the vicinity of Bourne on the opening day. They will take some large trout, no doubt, as in former seasons. By the way, it is darkly hinted that Mr. Walter L. Gilbert's preserve is sometimes drawn upon a few days in advance, and that some good-sized cultivated trout are let go in the preserved waters along the Cape, in order that the owners of the preserved streams may have the supreme pleasure of catching the big trout. One thing is sure, and that is that there is little fishing on the Cape and the South Shore nowadays, except in the protected waters. The country boy, with his pin hook, his alder rod and his wriggling worm, stands but little chance, except that he steals the fish. Great is wealth and weak is rusticity!

Capt. Fred C. Baker, of Rangeley, reports the ice very thick and strong in the Rangeleys, with a good deal of snow ice over it. This, he believes, will cause the ice to be slow about going out. On the other hand, Billy Soule, one of the best known guides and camp keepers at the Rangeleys, thinks that the ice will go out before May 5.

The Gilbert trout bill had not passed its final stages in the Massachusetts Legislature on Saturday, and there was then some hope that it might be defeated after all, though but little is being done to hinder its passage. The defenders of a good trout law have got tired, and there is danger that the Gilbert bill may go through from a sheer lack of interest on the part of those who have formerly labored nobly in its defeat. SPECIAL.

#### THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the committee on fly-casting tournament, held Tuesday evening, March 13, it was decided to make the style of casting in event No. 5 (lure casting) double-handed instead of single-handed, as at first proposed.

The merchandise prizes already donated are one Leonard rod, one Bristol steel rod, reels, lines, flies, etc.

The height of the platform will probably be raised to 18 in. above the surface of the water instead of 1 ft. as originally proposed. In all other respects the rules will remain unchanged.

The tournament will be held in the Midwinter Fair grounds. Director-General Young has offered to make a lake suitable for the purpose of the tournament somewhere in the Recreation grounds, and has also offered a handsome trophy to be presented to the one making the highest average in events 1, 2, 3 and 4 (fly-casting), both of which offers the committee has accepted.

A candidate for the trophy must enter in all the fly-casting events, viz., 1, 2, 3 and 4.

The date of the anglers' convention has been fixed for Friday, May 5, at 8 o'clock P. M., to be held in Festival Hall, at the Fair grounds.

It is proposed to give a "fish dinner" on Saturday evening, May 6, at a cost not to exceed \$3 per plate, to which dinner all anglers and their friends will be invited; further notice of same will be given hereafter.

Copies of the rules and events will soon be printed and forwarded, together with blank applications for entries to all anglers in the State whose names are known to the committee.

All who anticipate entering the tournament should, however, immediately forward name and address to Walter D. Mansfield, No. 3 Pine street, San Francisco.

The above is a complete record of the business done at our meeting on the 13th.

W. D. MANSFIELD,  
Secretary of Committee.

#### Florida East Coast.

PALE BEACH, Fla., March 16.—We are enjoying superb fishing here at present, some fine catches having been made. Last week Mr. J. B. Riley, of New Haven, and myself caught during the forenoon 33 fish that weighed 268 lbs., the largest two weighing 33 lbs.; they were the gamy kingfish. During our fishing we used a sponge glass to see in deep water, and could see perfectly plain 50 ft. deep and watch the thousands of great fish moving about feeding. It was great sport to see them take our bait and after they were hooked to watch their maneuvers to get away. Occasionally we would see a great shark and then it was a question to get our hooks in the boat before they got hold to cut them off. We had to look out for the jewfish, monstrous great fellows, weighing from 200 to 400 lbs. Our boat was too small to tackle such fish. Yesterday one was hooked and landed here that weighed 216 lbs.

Several sharks have been caught; one was landed here a few days ago that was 9 ft. long.

The finest black bass fishing I have ever had is also to be enjoyed by going but a short distance from the hotel, to one of the fresh-water lakes, that is one of the many that form the great everglade country. The bass seem to be waiting to be caught, and the largest kind; I have not caught any larger than 7 lbs., it was not my fault, but the fault of my light tackle. One wants to be equipped with plenty of good stout fishing tackle to land the big ones of these lakes; they are caught here weighing as high as 20 lbs. N. W.

#### New Jersey Trout.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 19.—The very warm weather prevailing has sent some of the most enthusiastic anglers to the brookside during the past week, and some very good catches of trout are reported. Personally I have seen none of the big strings, but have seen enough to know that they are not all fake stories. The law, which permits taking trout March 1, is regarded by most anglers as wrong, and was repealed last week in our Legislature, making the date April 1, but it has not yet received the Governor's signature. Owing to the unofficial character of our Senate, the legality of the bill is questionable, and doubtless will receive but small attention from the fraternity. Striped bass are beginning to move in our locality. Last Friday six were taken at one haul in a herring net. In Manasquan River, so far, none have been taken with rod and reel. But this week will witness the effort made if weather holds good.

LEONARD HULT,

#### MASSACHUSETTS TROUT LAW.

AN OUTLINE OF LEGISLATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF TROUT, WITH SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE GILBERT BILL.

As early as 1822 (Acts and Resolves, Chapter 21) a law was passed prohibiting the catching of trout in "any rivers, streams or ponds within the Commonwealth, by day or by night, in any other way or manner than by hook and lines." Penalty, fifty cents for each fish illegally taken.

In the year 1849 (Chapter 36) the first close season on trout fishing was established. It applied to "Mashpee River" and the "District of Mashpee," from Sept. 15 to April 1. Penalty, fifty cents for each fish had in possession, knowing the same to have been taken illegally.

As early as the year 1856 three commissioners were appointed to investigate and report to the next general court upon the artificial propagation of fish and the expediency of introducing the same into the Commonwealth.

In 1866 the taking of trout within the Commonwealth from Sept. 20 to March 20 was prohibited. Penalty, one dollar for each fish unlawfully taken.

In the same year (1866) two commissioners were appointed on the fisheries in the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers.

This was the origin of the State Board of Commissioners on Inland Fisheries and Game.

In 1869 the laws were "amended and enlarged," and the close time continued as before (Sept. 20 to March 20).

In 1874 (Chapter 186) the law of 1869 was repealed and a stronger enactment passed, as follows:

"Whoever takes or catches any trout, landlocked salmon or lake trout within the limits of this Commonwealth, or buys, sells or has in possession the same, taken within said limits between the twentieth day of August and the twentieth day of March in each year, or takes or catches any trout, landlocked salmon or lake trout with any net or salmon-pot, at any season of the year, shall forfeit for each fish so caught a sum of not less than five nor more than twenty dollars."

The friends of trout protection found in their attempt to punish offenders, that the phrase "taken within the limits of this Commonwealth" was a loop-hole by which dishonest dealers were able to escape conviction, as it was impossible to prove where the fish were taken.

They sought to improve the law of 1874, and in their efforts were ably assisted by ex-Governor George D. Robinson, then a senator from the second Hampden District. He caused the law as it came from the House in the year 1876 to be amended and vastly improved in effectiveness. The iron-clad statute of that year was largely the product of his brain. Under that law the penalty was raised to ten dollars for each fish illegally "taken or had in possession."

The law declared also that "In all prosecutions under this act, the possession of any trout during the time included between the dates stated above shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict under this act."

The law was further strengthened by the addition of section two, making it the duty of selectmen, police officers and constables to cause the "provisions of this act to be enforced in their respective cities and towns."

Under this law it was possible for the friends of protection to secure convictions. A great stumbling-block had been removed in striking out the phrase "taken within the limits of this Commonwealth." By his work in connection with this bill, Governor Robinson won the grateful regard of every true sportsman acquainted with the facts.

All previous laws had been in some degree experimental, with an evident disposition on the part of lawmakers to give added strength to each new enactment. Penalties were increased. The close season extended. There had come to be greater certainty of conviction. This was the culmination of enlightened public sentiment.

The law was enacted in obedience to public opinion in regard to the protection of food fishes.

The same sentiment manifested itself in more stringent laws for the protection of smelts and lobsters.

The year 1880 was marked by a retrograde step—allowing trout not taken in any of the waters of Massachusetts to be sold or had in possession. But thanks to the intelligence of the legislators of 1884, it became unlawful for "any person to take, sell, offer, or expose for sale or to have in possession a trout \* \* \* between the first day of September and the first day of April. The weakness of the law of 1880 was removed.

The close season has continued to the present time (Sept. 1 to April 1).

Under the law of 1874 the prosecution were forced to show that trout illegally sold were "taken within the limits of this Commonwealth." This proved an insurmountable obstacle in attempts to secure convictions under the law.

So under the law of 1880, when it was lawful to have in possession or sell trout "not taken in the waters of this Commonwealth," all the trout to be found then came from outside the State. This was a loophole by which avaricious dealers were enabled to escape the penalties of the law.

It cost the friends of protection large expenditures of time and money to test the laws of 1874 and 1880, and they are not anxious to be compelled to test such an enactment as the Gilbert law, against which the first objection is that it contains an avenue of escape for those who for any reason wish to engage in the illegal capture or sale of trout.

Under that bill the prosecution must show that trout illegally held, or offered for sale, are not artificially raised.

The external appearance of such trout is not different from that of wild trout. The difficulty in the case is apparent. As under the law of 1880 all the trout to be found were taken without "the limits of this Commonwealth," so under this bill all the trout will be "artificially raised" trout.

By one stroke the passage of that law will undo the work of more than a quarter of a century.

The Boston market will become the dumping ground for the poachers of all New England and the British Provinces.

It may be urged that the Commissioners are to provide means of discrimination. The difficulties in their way are too great. They cannot circumvent the cunning of poachers and law-breakers.

In that regard, the framing of the bill is a device for concealing the "true inwardness" of the bill under the cloak of the Commissioners' indorsement. It has even been reported that the Commissioners are not opposed to



the bill (?), with this proviso: "If it can be passed without injury to the wild trout."

The second objection to the bill is that it is unfair to other States. In 1891 the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a resolution in "relation to adoption of uniform laws for protection of food fishes in the New England States."

It requested the Commissioners on Inland Fisheries and Game to confer with the proper authorities of each of the other New England States, with a view to securing the adoption of "uniform laws" to protect the food fishes of those States and report the result of the conference to the next Legislature. (Acts and Resolves of Mass., 1891, p. 1107.)

The conference met in Boston, Nov. 16, 1891, and Commissioners from all the States were present, with the exception of Vermont.

Commissioner Brackett, in his report for 1892 (p. 34), says: "A large majority of the Commissioners were strongly opposed to the Gilbert bill. And all appeared to agree in regard to liver-fed trout for food."

Of all the New England States (five of which were represented in the conference) Rhode Island alone allows fishing for trout earlier than April 1. Out of twenty-five States having a close season, twenty do not allow trout fishing earlier than April 1; six do not allow it till May 1, while several have the open season from April 15. Some States have non-export laws, others limit the amount to be taken, and some prohibit taking trout through the ice.

The third objection to the bill is that it is inconsistent with the established policy of the Commonwealth.

In the veto message of Governor Russell, submitted on the return of the Gilbert bill to the House of Representatives in 1892 (Acts and Resolves, p. 633) His Excellency says:

"The Commonwealth by many and careful regulations and restrictions has vigorously undertaken the preservation of her useful fish. In furtherance of this well-established and wise policy she has created important and expensive offices, made large appropriations of money, imposed restrictions and obligations upon private ownership of land and water used or useful for fisheries, carefully limited the time, manner and place of fishing, and as a regulation the most stringent and efficient, short of entire prohibition, forbidden the purchase, sale or possession of many fish out of the lawful season. All of this State supervision and interference with personal liberty and private property have been only upon the conceded fact of the common interest of all the people in the preservation of useful fish in the Commonwealth, and the necessity of united and so of State action to this end.

"Such action, year by year increasing, has been with the approval and upon demand of the people.

"Among the first most needing such legal protection have been the trout."

The Governor further speaks of the "large expenditures for hatcheries, propagation and distribution," tells us that unrestricted fishing would soon "exterminate the trout."

"Such restrictions already established are difficult of enforcement, and in my judgment would become impossible of enforcement if it is made for one's pecuniary interest to violate them by opening to him a valuable market out of season."

"The restrictions" intended to prevent the sale of other trout can be easily evaded, and I believe will be practically useless.

"All trout may soon be made to meet the required condition, or to escape detection if they do not."

He declares that he cannot give his "approval to such legislation or aid in" the establishing of an artificial trout industry by special favors from government to the injury of the public.

The Governor sums up his objections as follows:

"First, because it permits an act which I believe will remove the most efficient restraint upon the illegal catching of trout, and will lead to their extermination.

"Second, because it establishes a precedent which, if followed, will go far to destroy the usefulness of the fish and game laws of the Commonwealth.

"Third, because in effect, if not in form, it is legislation for a special interest against the public interest, and to the public injury."

GEORGE W. WIGGIN, President,  
HENRY H. KIMBALL, Secretary,  
JOHN FOTTLER, JR.,  
HORACE T. ROCKWELL,  
BENJAMIN C. CLARK,  
ARTHUR W. ROBINSON,  
DR. HEBER BISHOP,  
DR. JOHN T. STETSON,  
JOHN N. ROBERTS,  
of the Board of Management of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

### More Rhyme than Reason.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Several times I have seen in articles reference as to the direction of the wind for fishing. Here is a little verse which although known to some may be new to others:

When the wind is in the north,  
No good fisherman will go forth;  
When the wind is in the east,  
'Tis good for neither man nor beast;  
When the wind is in the west,  
Fishing is at its very best;  
When the wind is in the south,  
It blows the bait to the fish's mouth.

H. T. M.

### Death of Col. R. M. Taliaferro.

AFTER a lingering illness Col. R. M. Taliaferro died at his home near Rockville Centre, N. Y., aged 72. He was born in Wythe county, Va., and was always a typical Southern sportsman with the rod and gun, and during his prime was one of America's experts at fly-casting. He was the father of the wife of Mr. C. K. Farmer, of Indianapolis.

### Mr. Blackford's Trout Opening.

MR. EUGENE G. BLACKFORD, of Fulton Market, this city, will make his usual display of trout on the opening of the season, April 16.

### Natchaug Fishing Prizes for 1894.

THE Natchaug Silk Co., whose big fish prize competition was so successful last year, announce a new list of prizes for 1894, as follows, aggregating \$225 in gold for fish caught between April 1 and Nov. 1:

First prize, \$25 for the heaviest muskallonge; second, \$25 for the heaviest small-mouthed bass; third, \$25 for the heaviest large-mouthed bass; fourth, \$25 for the heaviest lake trout; fifth, \$25 for the heaviest brook trout caught in other waters than the State of Maine; sixth, \$25 for the greatest variety and largest number of fresh-water fish caught in one day by one person; seventh, \$25 for the greatest weight of any kind of fresh-water fish caught in one day by one person; eighth, \$25 for the heaviest fish of any kind caught with the Natchaug silk line in fresh or salt water; ninth, \$25 for the heaviest brook trout caught in the State of Maine. As the trout caught in the lakes of Maine are acknowledged to be genuine brook trout, on account of the size of these fish we bar them from our fifth prize, and offer this as a special prize for these waters.

Conditions.—All of these fish must be caught with the Natchaug silk fishing line in fresh water (except prize 8) and by fair angling. Competitors must forward to the Natchaug Silk Co., Willimantic, Conn., or Chicago, Ill., their full name, post-office address, together with the description and weight of fish caught, and name of dealer from whom line was purchased, within seven days after such catch is made, together with the name of one reputable witness affixed. On Nov. 7 the award will be made and the list of successful competitors announced in the FOREST AND STREAM. All successful competitors before receiving their prizes will be required to send an affidavit as to their statement of fish caught.

The winners last year were: First prize, John J. Hildebrandt, Logansport, Ind., caught Oct. 26, Kankakee River, muskallonge weighing 26 lbs. Second, George J. Bradbeer, Detroit, Mich., caught Sept. 30, St. Clair Flats, small-mouthed black bass, weighing 7 lbs. 2oz. Third, Paul Lang, Orford, N. H., caught May 14, Newfound Lake, N. H., lake trout, weighing 14 lbs. Fourth, R. N. Parish, Oakdale, Conn., caught Sept. 15, Rangleys Lake, Me., brook trout, weighing 6 lbs. 9oz. Fifth, B. Waters, Chicago, and Ben. Wolf, Ewart, Mich., each having caught a large-mouthed bass, weighing 6 lbs. 2oz. Sixth, Will. Cunningham, Attica, Ind., caught Sept. 23, Kankakee River, Ill., 101 fish, including 11 varieties, the largest weighing 12 lbs. Seventh, J. B. Carlin, Ashland, Wis., caught July 22, Pelican Lake, Wis., muskallonge weighing 26 lbs. Fish was not weighed until five days after being caught.

### Sunday Fishing.

SOME years ago a number of gentlemen visited the mountains of Colorado for the purpose of fishing. Among the party was a bishop of an Eastern diocese of the Episcopal Church. Fishing was the sole occupation and amusement of the visitors; so when Sunday came, as there was nothing else to do, the laymen of the party got out their rods, preparatory to casting a line. But they were in a quandary as to the bishop. They did not want to hurt his feelings by leaving him behind, nor did they want to offend his religious principles by inviting him to go fishing on Sunday. Finally one of them plucked up courage and told him of their dilemma, whereupon the good man said that he would tell them of a happening in his earlier life which he thought rather apropos.

"Some years ago," he said, "when I had charge of the affairs of a parish, I was awakened about 2 o'clock one morning, and upon inquiring who was there, heard a man's voice reply that he was there with Miss Blank, and that they wanted to get married. I reasoned with him about the untimely hour, but to no avail; he meant to get married right then and there. So I put on my clothes and gown, and went downstairs and began the marriage service. Everything went along as dictated in the service till I asked the man, 'Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' to which he replied, 'What 'm I here fur?'" They waited for the bishop.—*Harper's Magazine.*

### PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

#### A New Lyman Sight.

DR. WILLIAM LYMAN has devised a leaf sight, which is a combination of a bar with a triangular ivory center and a wide open V crotch. "Many sportsmen who use my rear sights," says Dr. Lyman, "do so with the ordinary crotch sight on the barrel. This is much in the way and the shooting is done at a great disadvantage. My leaf sight can be put in place of it. It folds down close to the barrel, allowing the shooter to use the combination sight in an unobstructed manner, and the result is that the shooting is twice as good as when the ordinary crotch sight is on the barrel. Although the shooter should in any case use my tang sights for nearly all shooting, he has the satisfaction of knowing that if he wishes to use this leaf sight that it is the best form of crotch and bar sight in use. The bar leaf is excellent as a twilight sight or when used at night with a jack."



#### Wm. Mills & Son's Catalogue.

THE long-established and popular firm of Wm. Mills & Son, dealers in fishing tackle, of this city, have issued an elaborate catalogue of anglers' appliances; and they have shown a good deal of horse sense by getting the document into shape at this time when the average fisherman's fancy is lightly turning to thoughts of a spring outfit for the waters. Everything that an angler in his right mind could want as essential and some things that no one unless out of his right mind would count as other than pure luxuries are here catalogued, named, illustrated and price-listed. The Messrs. Mills can supply everything but the actual water, the fish in it, and the skill to take it out.

#### Conroy's Catalogue.

AN interesting illustration in Mr. Thomas J. Conroy's catalogue of angling goods, just issued from the Conroy establishment on the block with FOREST AND STREAM, is the very last one in the book. It is a vignette printed from the original woodcut used by John Conroy in 1830. It is not quite up to the mark of modern wood engraving, but Mr. Conroy ought to regard it with much complacency, for its antiquated air is suggestive of the long life of the Conroy fishing tackle house. The catalogue illustrates lines, rods, hooks and all the other articles that in 1894 go to make up a complete stock of anglers' supplies.

#### Mason's Chess Book.

WE have received from Horace Cox, London, a copy of "The Principles of Chess." The author is not Mr. Frank Mason, but the celebrated chess player James Mason.

#### An Opinion from Lansing.

LANSING, Mich., March 18.—I hand you \$4 for a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. I have files for fifteen years. Have just been reading "Danvis Polks'" "Friends in Need." This alone is worth the whole "price of admission." I like your "plank!" It is a winner. In fact, I can't just think of anything I don't like, unless it be that Bre'r Hough's wind (or ink) gives out too soon sometimes. If I ever get time again will send some notes. LAMONT THOMPSON.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### Causes of Malformation in Artificially Hatched Fish.

SOME months ago I think I noticed an article or two on the obscure character of the causes of deformity in young fish artificially hatched, and I trust that my interest in the subject may be my excuse for offering these notes from my personal experience. Such instances as have come under my observation have led me to think that deformities in fish embryos belong to two distinct classes, viz., one class comprising those that have two heads or two tails, or any portion of the body duplicated, though otherwise perfect in form, and a second class comprising those that are literally malformations, *i. e.*, badly formed fish having curved spines, spiral-shaped bodies, crooked tails and the like.

Though not an embryologist, I conjecture that the deformities of the first class have their origin away back in the period when the germ of the egg is being formed in the ovaries of the parent fish, for I cannot see how any duplicate bodies or duplicate parts of bodies can be produced after the framework, so to speak, of the egg has been completed within the parent fish. The duplicate forms must of necessity already exist potentially in the germ of the egg when it is ripe for extrusion from the ovaries. No subsequent manipulation, of course, can make a double embryo, if it does not so exist in the egg germ when development is completed. If it is a perfectly formed egg to begin with, nothing can make a double-headed or double-tailed fish develop in it while hatching. Consequently no mismanagement or misfortune in the hatching of the egg can cause this first class of malformations. They at present lie beyond the power of human agency to cause or to prevent. These consequently belong to a province with which the fishculturist has nothing to do, and which consequently impose no responsibilities on him.

I think, however, that it is not so with the second class, comprising the embryos with imperfect and misshapen bodies—at least not always so. These certainly can be produced and I think generally are produced by something that happens to the egg after it leaves the fish. By this I mean that an egg which comes from the parent fish perfect may be so treated that it will produce an embryo with a curved or spiral spine, or with a crooked tail or anything else that has been found to actually occur in the way of a literal malformation. If my conclusions are correct, then the germ of the duplicate forms already exists in the egg before it leaves the fish, and the misshapen forms are produced by some injury to the egg after it leaves the fish. This being true, the subject becomes a matter of practical interest to the fishculturist and it comes within his province to deal with it. And now the question presents itself directly to us, how do these injuries happen and how do they produce the malformations? That it is an easy thing to cause the injuries may be inferred from the exceedingly delicate and sensitive nature of the substance of which the fetus or embryo is composed, at least before the appearance of the black choroid pigment usually called by fishculturists the eye spot.

Every fishculturist knows that a short time before the eye spot shows, and while the base of the skull is hardly outlined and the spinal column appears only as a fine dark thread in the middle of the embryo, the eggs are so extremely sensitive that they will hardly bear the touch of the soft beard of a feather without being killed. If they are so delicate as this, and they certainly are, it naturally follows that a slight touch or a jar, though not sufficient to kill the embryo, might nevertheless injure the internal structure of the egg sufficiently to produce a malformation. Indeed, I have often wondered, when I considered that the brain, heart, gills (lungs), eyes and spine were all nothing but a semi-fluid substance at this stage of development, that these organs did not get all jumbled together sometimes in an indistinguishable mass as the eggs were rattled about in the trays. Considering the delicate material inside the egg, the wonder to me is, not that there are so many malformations at birth, but that there are so few. Think for instance how easy it would be for some of the delicate cells of the dorsal cord while they are forming to get displaced or possibly ruptured by some slight blow or jar, but if it does happen, the result must be a deformed spine. I am consequently inclined to believe that malformations are usually caused in this way, viz., by injuries to the embryo, too slight to kill the egg, but effective enough to disturb or displace the delicate cells forming within, to the extent of producing imperfect and misshapen forms when hatched.

Now, a fishculturist has only to look back over one season's experience in hatching eggs to recall many ways in which these not quite fatal, but nevertheless damaging injuries may happen to the embryo. For instance, at the very outset, when the eggs are first pressed from the fish, we know that sometimes they strike the bottom of the pan very hard, with apparent impunity; but though they are not visibly hurt, who knows but what the germ right then and there receives an irreparable injury, afterward to manifest itself in a malformation. Then again, I have often seen egg pickers in the hatching house, before the appearance of the eye-spot has indicated that the delicate stage is past, whirl the eggs about with great force, and excuse themselves by saying, "that does not hurt the eggs. You see it does not kill them," and then give the eggs another whirl to emphasize their statement. Now, it's true we do not see the eggs killed before our eyes, but how do we know that such handling is not disturbing the delicate structure within, and getting the sensitive little embryos out of shape, to appear ultimately as deformed fish?

There are other ways in which careless management may produce this. For example, if sediment is allowed to collect on the eggs when hatching, although it may not so entirely stop up the pores of the shell membranes as to kill the eggs, it may nevertheless so interrupt the development of certain parts of the embryo as to create a deformity.

Sometimes, owing to the want of a proper water supply, or to the eggs being left too long in the packing boxes during transportation, the shell will shrink and appear to have a dent on one side of it, although the egg survives apparently uninjured. Whether this actually produces a malformation I cannot say, but at all events it usually develops an embryo that never will be good for much. Sometimes again little parasites will fasten themselves on the egg while hatching, and if they are allowed to remain long enough they will, I think, though not wholly destroying the life of the egg, cause an imperfect development of the embryo, resulting in a malformation at birth. And lastly, I must mention that I have sometimes suspected that abrupt changes of temperature in the hatching water might produce deformities. Of this I am not sure, however, so I will only say that when the water supply changes several degrees between night and day, and the development of the embryo is rushed forward at a great rate of speed during the day by the warm water, and retarded again at night by the cold water and rushed again the next day, it certainly would not be surprising if the various organs of the embryo within did not get formed just right. This, however, is only a suspicion of mine.

Although I do not claim to have established the fact that malformations are caused in the way above described, it seems to me that there is a possibility that sometimes they may be, and accordingly, if any novice in hatching fish eggs is not unwilling to accept advice from a fishculturist who perhaps may lay claim to the doubtful merit of having had the longest experience of any in this country of now having, I would say, "Do not think you can be too careful in handling the fish eggs in your care. If you do not know whether any specified treatment will hurt the egg, give the delicate little



embryo the benefit of the doubt, and avoid that particular treatment; and because the egg does not die and turn white right before your eyes on account of rough treatment, do not be too positive that the rough treatment is not going to show its effect some time in the future.

Above all, do not, as the writer has often done, lose your temper when the eggs at their sensitive stage die so easily and almost at the slightest touch; for this is doubtless a merciful provision of nature to avoid giving life to misshapen and ill-organized, and consequently unhappy and pitiful, creatures.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

#### Mr. Jex on Sea Fishery Depletion.

LONDON, England, March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find in your issue of Feb. 10, 1894, that you have mentioned my name in connection with the important question of the destruction of immature fish, and brood and fry. There is no question that this is a serious matter for fishermen and the public alike, not only of food for the masses but the employment of the men engaged in the catching of food fish. In the waters around the British Islands of late years, sailing vessels have been replaced by steamers, involving a much larger catching and killing power, and I am sorry to say that in some places our waters have been nearly depopulated of fish. Many varieties now command three or four times the price that they sold at thirty years ago. I find that not one of my vessels, which are nearly double the size they were then, 60 and 70 tons of your measurement, can now catch as much fish in a fortnight as they did forty years back in one night. This has been steadily going on in the catch per vessel, yet since that time we have increased our catching powers to an enormous extent. At one port where I was when a lad forty-five years ago there were but six vessels engaged in trawling for bottom fish; I have seen over 900 vessels registered from there; at other ports then unknown there are now from 300 to 1,000 vessels engaged, many of them steamers. This increased catching power keeps our markets fairly supplied, but the quality and size is very much inferior to what it was in years gone by. I have 12 vessels that I work at one port and another; I am part owner of 20 steamers and 50 sailing vessels, and have been engaged in all classes of sea fishing, long line, drift net and trawl, and I speak not with a theoretical but a practical knowledge of the effect of the destruction of brood and fry. I know of a fishery on this coast line that within the last twenty-five years has been swept out clean by the use of small meshed nets. That fishery extended about 150 miles, and was a mid-winter herring, with a good many shad, most prolific fishes. Of late years we have neither had nor seen a fish. There is not a doubt that this is due to the destruction of brood and fry; and there are many other fisheries in a similar danger. Many of our deep sea fishes come into the bays, estuaries and mouths of rivers for food, light and heat; as they become larger they migrate into deeper water; but before they leave it must be that vast quantities are taken by improper instruments, especially small mesh nets, the required size picked out, and the fry allowed to be washed away by the tide or used as manure upon the land. Such wholesale destruction of the people's food should be stopped. It would be well for your people if laws can be passed prescribing the varieties and sizes that may be taken, with adequate punishment for violation; also a limitation as to distance from shore, whether three miles or otherwise. These are the measures that we are trying to get passed here. Should reasonable protection be had, those engaged in the fisheries will in a short time see for themselves a vast improvement in their catches. Your purse seines, pound nets, top and bottom seines, and all nets with small meshes do no end of killing of what should be protected. On this side there is no question that such has been the means of a vast destruction of our own deep-sea, mid-surface and surface-swimming fisheries. I am certain if protective measures were taken it would be for the benefit of those who may for a time think that they will be deprived of their means of livelihood. But on the contrary they will find in a short time an improvement, and they will be glad of the adoption of such measures for their own interest. Your mackerel and menhaden and many of your whitefish need protection, or you will find that the catches will go from bad to worse, and those engaged in the industry will be sorry that they did not take measures in time to protect their own interests and the well being of the people at large. I could say much more upon this subject, but I have taken up too much of your time already.

EDWARD JEX.

(Fish salesman, auctioneer and smack owner, Billingsgate.)

## The Kennel

All those who love a dog because it is a dog, and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canins fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

#### FIXTURES.

##### DOG SHOWS.

March 27-30.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. D. B. Darby, Sec'y. Entries close March 16.  
April 17 to 20.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y. Entries close March 31.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 1 to 4.—Special show of St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-Terrier clubs, in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, Madison Square Garden.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

##### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Don't forget that entries for Boston show close Saturday night, March 31, with David Loveland, New England Kennel Club, Boston, Mass.

#### Adornment of Sideboards.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of March 17 you state: "Dr. Longest, we would think, would be a member of the club and adorn his sideboard with some of the handsome trophies they offer." The rule of the American Mastiff Club reads: "None of these cups to be awarded unless there are three at least entered and actually in competition." I have sent my entries for both Detroit and Chicago shows, but the money was returned to me, there not being sufficient entries to compete for same. I should only be too pleased if more of the members of the American Mastiff Club would enter for these handsome cups—to adorn their sideboards.

C. A. LOUGEST, M.D.

Boston, Mass., March 17.

#### POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The following extract from a letter received by Mr. F. R. King, of Leighton, Ala., contains information of special interest to sportsmen. The writer of the letter is Mr. H. J. Burrell, of Portland, Ore., and is in reply to a letter of Mr. King containing a request for information on the subject. Mr. King is a member of the Manchester Kennel Co., which has an important place in the annals of field trials and in field trial records for several years, and a high place in the esteem of sportsmen. Mr. King informs me that an earnest effort is being made to introduce the pheasant in his section, and the information contained in the following letter was sought to advance that purpose. It reads as follows:

"You say a gentleman of your place is raising pheasants for sale, but you do not say what kind. I will take it for granted that they are Chinese pheasants, better known as Mongolian pheasants. Chinese pheasants were imported into this State about eight years ago. About twenty-five pairs were turned loose in different sections, and now there are thousands of them. They breed very rapidly. An old hen will raise two or three broods a year, according to the season, averaging about 10 chicks to the brood. As soon as the first brood is hatched, the old cock takes them in charge, and the hen goes to laying again, and so on.

"It is no uncommon thing to kill three different sizes of pheasants out of the same covey.

"Late in the fall the birds separate; that is, the hens bunch together and the cocks the same until spring, when they mate.

"They work mostly in open ground, around wheat fields and pasture lands, where they can catch grasshoppers, and around cornfields, old orchards and vegetable gardens. They are very fond of cabbage and garden truck in general.

"Now, as to the sport they afford in the field—they are entirely different in their habits from any birds we have in this country. Dogs have to be specially broken on them.

"It is very seldom you can take a dog which has been broken on quail, prairie chicken, etc., and then break him on Chinese pheasants.

"They are great runners. It takes a good dog to catch an old, wing-broken cock. Old and young birds run more or less, but young birds only run a short distance, when they lie nicely for a dog.

"A dog has got to do lots of trailing. He must not stand so soon as he strikes the scent, as the bird is probably 100 yds. or more away.

"Mr. Monteith, my shooting companion, owns one of the finest Chinese pheasant dogs in this part of the country. I have seen him trail an old cock fully 500 yds., making half a dozen stands before the cock would lie close, or as we say, 'hole the bird.' A young bird usually lies close after the first run.

"You can readily see that a dog not used to that kind of working will not be in it for a minute. Lots of times the old birds will not lie at all, but will run for a ways and then flush.

"It is useless to work a bird down wind when once flushed, for the moment he hits the ground he runs like a race horse for pasture new.

"Mr. Monteith and I have made several large bags over his dog Dukes. We killed 101 in one day a year ago last September. Last September we killed 73 in one day. Mark's Hal is a very good retriever, but he doesn't 'catch on' to China pheasants very well."

There is most excellent quail shooting along the Illinois Central and Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham railroads, but what is now an abundance will gradually diminish to a dearth of shooting if more restrictive laws are not passed, and the season shortened. There is now nearly six months of open season in the South; too long by far considering the numbers and destructiveness of the modern shooter. The introduction of the pheasant would be a great addition to the game resources of the South.

#### Back in the Fold.

The many friends of Mr. W. W. Titus, of Waverly, Miss., and few people, handlers or otherwise, have more friends than "Billy"—will be pleased to learn that he will join his business interests with field trials and again will be in the thick of the competition. I quote some extracts from his letter to me, not the least interesting part being the amusing satire on the wide-ranging dog. He says:

"After much deliberation, I have decided to come back to the fold again and handle in field trials. What induced me to do this, more than anything else, was the opening of the 'Selling Stake' in the Eastern trials. If I go there for the purpose of running shooting dogs, it will be just as easy to take a few dogs for the other stakes.

"There is little here in the way of news, especially that of a canine nature. I might tell you of some wonderful dogs that I have, but I suppose it would be more wonderful for some gentleman to tell of dogs they owned which were any other way. \* \* \*

"I had quite a chat with old Uncle Chess. Among other matters, we talked about dogs. Uncle Chess was very anxious to know what constituted a first class dog in these degenerate days, and I tried mighty hard to tell him, but I don't think the old man comprehended very clearly. At last I told him about the wide-ranging dogs we had, and the old man wanted to know if they were not a heap of trouble to keep track of. 'I had a dog once,' he said, 'way back in the 50's, that was the outragingest dog I ever saw. I recollect one day I was out hunting in a country I was a stranger to, and I lost my dog. I kept hunting and a-hunting for the dog until finally I was lost myself. About this time I met a old gentleman on a horse, with a sack of corn in front of him, evidently on his way to mill.

"'Mister,' said I, 'have you seen anything of a dog that looked like he might be lost?'

"'No, my boy,' he replied, 'are you sure you aren't lost yourself?'

"'No sir, I ain't sure about not being lost. In fact, I know I'm lost. But, Mister, that dog is lost so much wuss 'n I am, that I ain't got any time to think about my own troubles.'

"About this time my dog came in sight, and, though I caught him, I had to lead him home and tie him—couldn't use him for a week."

"How was that, Uncle Chess," I required.

"Why, the blame dog was so badly lost that it took him a week to find out who I was, and the darn fool was always mighty distant after that. I always thought he acted like he was suspicious that I was an impostor and was palming myself off for his master, till finally I felt so hurt about the way he treated me, that I gave him away, but he was a ranger, though right."

"Would he retrieve?" I asked.

"Would he what?" said Uncle Chess, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Would he bring a bird when you killed it?"

"Oh, I didn't exactly understand you. Yes, he would bring a bird every time. Once I was out turkey hunting (he was a good turkey dog) and he crossed the river and got after something in the cane on the other side. I thought it was turkeys and I ripped and snorted, and told him to catch 'em. Bring him out, I yelled; and from the way the cane was smashing and a cracking I decided he had caught one. Directly he and something come rolling out of the cane into the river, and then began to swim toward my side. As he was below me I made my way down to where he would land, and what do you think he had?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Uncle Chess, without it was a turkey."

"He had the biggest, blackest billy goat you ever put your eyes on."

"About this time the train stopped at my station and I got off."

"I am preparing to go to North Dakota about the last of June, and will take my field trial dogs up there and give them a good start for next fall."

There is a rumor of the formation of a new field trial club in the South. It is the intention to give liberal purses and to hold the trials in January. There will be more definite information to give soon.

There is a strong sentiment in favor of forming a club which will cater more especially to the interests of amateurs. Such a club could be formed successfully, I believe, as there is a large amateur contingent which hold aloof from trials from a belief that they have no chance to win against professionals.

B. WATERS.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### Denver Dog Show.

THE first show given under the auspices of the reorganized Continental Kennel Co., now known as the Western Kennel Club, seems to have been a success, at any rate, as far as the quality of the dogs exhibited is concerned. Although there were only about 180 entries, the show boasted some of the most prominent dogs of their breeds in the country. Such are Sir Bedivere, Rustic Beauty, Melrose, Alton II., Gem of the Season, Wellesbourne Charlie, Maney Trefoil, Attraction, The Graven Image, Wal Hampton and others. The local kennels, such as St. Patrick Greyhound Kennels, with Pearl of Pekin, that Best Gem of the Season, Boomerang, St. Patrick, etc., and the Carlowie Collie Kennels, with their collies, Maney Trefoil, etc., quite held their own in open classes with the strong Chestnut Hill Kennels. Mr. John Davidson judged all classes. Our detailed report of the show has not arrived yet. The list of awards is as follows:

##### PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, R. H. Goulding's Mars; 2d, F. A. Hasen-plug's Bevis II. Reserve, Carrie Bock's Troy. Very high com., J. F. Symes's Standish of Berkshire. Bitches: 1st, M. Miller's Nitger. Puppies: 1st, Carrie Bock's Doctor.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Argyle Kennels' Sir Bedivere. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. H. Fisher's Saladin; 2d, Mrs. F. E. Shepherd's Big Ben Leonard. Reserve, A. C. Shallenberger's Alton II. Very high com., G. Rice's Mascot-Captain. High com., R. M. Kennedy's Bob, Duke of Highlands and N. Goff's Mountain Chief. Com., Mrs. W. W. Williamson's Beauty and Mrs. J. Filmore's Roxey. Bitches: 1st, Argyle Kennels' Rustic Beauty; 2d, A. C. Shallenberger's Alta Berna. Reserve, E. Jones's Nello J. High com., S. L. Bigelow's Ute Princess. Puppies: 1st and 2d, C. T. Wentworth's Lord Alton and Lady Alton II. Very high com., Hon. O. E. Le Fever's Sir Bevis. SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Argyle Kennels' Alton II.; 2d, A. C. Shallenberger's Melrose. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Patrician. Bitches: 1st, Argyle Kennels' Pratt's Belle; 2d, E. T. Weiant's Columbia Venus. Puppies: 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Patrician.

GREAT DANES.—1st, F. S. Anderson's Anderson's Sandor; 2d, J. McArthur's Don Juan. Very high com., Mrs. M. Crawford's Captain. High com., B. K. Walker's Prince. Bitches: 1st, F. S. Anderson's Flora A.; 2d, D. Fitzsimmons's Lady Venus.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Prizes withheld.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepard.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d and reserve, P. H. Hacke's Smeltchak, Odnor and Argus. Bitches: 1st, P. H. Hacke's Koketka.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, M. Harrison's Douglas. Bitches: 1st, Broadmore Kennels' Lassie Jean.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Gem of the Season. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, St. Patrick Greyhound Kennels' Monk Bish and Boomerang; 2d, St. Patrick Greyhound Kennels' Pearl of Pekin and Black Maria. Puppies: 1st and 2d, R. L. Lee's Montana and Donald.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Denmark. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Rosemary; 2d, Vinewood Kennels' Dolly-go-nimble.

POINTERS.—Bitches: 1st, J. C. Harrington's Dido A. Puppies: 1st, H. C. Glaze's True Silver.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Lewis's Victress Llewellyn. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, American Field Kennels' King Gladys; 2d, T. J. Mansfield's Frank. Bitches: 1st, L. Dingle's Nig; 2d and very high com., American Field Kennels' Rattle and Queen Gladys. Puppies: 1st, 2d and very high com., F. F. Thomas's King's Valentine, King Leo's Antony and King Leo's Mary. Reserve, J. M. Norman's Bella. High com., American Field Kennels' King Allister.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Hill's Donowa; 2d, D. L. & A. Carmichael's Shamrock Bruce. Very high com., C. W. Marche's Terry. Bitches: 1st, Kildare Kennels' Ruby Glenmore II.; 2d, Lake Shore Kennels' Lake Shore Ruby.

GORDON SETTERS.—Bitches: 1st, Mrs. N. M. Clapp's Dixie.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, D. L. Mechin's Punch; 2d, J. Lansing's Vic.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Newton Abbott Torso; 2d, Lake Shore Kennels' Nick Ott. Very high com., J. Smith's Coup's Gyp. Bitches: 1st, J. Smith's Dorothy; 2d, F. Van Dornum's Dandy.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. F. Sackett's Othello. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Count; 2d, C. F. Sackett's St. Lawrence Prince. Very high com., J. H. McTague's McTague's Cherry. Bitches: 1st, Dole & Thomas's Woodstock Dora.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie. Reserve, Carlowie Collie Kennels' Maney Trefoil. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Carlowie Collie Kennels' Chrisholm; 2d, Rose Hill Kennels' Reserve Bohn. Reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Prince Valera. Very high com., H. H. Field's Psyche and Rose Hill Kennels' Denver Sandy. High com., F. S. Anderson's Toronto Wonder and A. H. Lowe's Roslyn II. Com., J. H. P. Voorhees's Senator. Bitches: 1st, reserve and high com., Carlowie Collie Kennels' La Creole, Sooty and Heather Twig; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Gipsy II. Very high com., high com. and com., Rose Hill Kennels' Rose Hill Dolly, Maid of the Mill and Princess Sheila. Puppies: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Orme; 2d and reserve, Carlowie Collie Kennels' Chrisholm and Sooty.

BULLDOG.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Graven Image. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Wal Hampton.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight; 2d, Luz-boro Kennels' Crisp. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. F. Dole's Topsparkle. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Topsy; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' White Gipsy.

DAKSHUNDS.—1st and 2d, Winrush Kennels' Jargonelle and Jay. BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, G. D. Welton's June M.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, G. D. Welton's Joe and Pomp. High com., R. C. Perky's Don. Bitches: 1st, G. D. Welton's Superba.

FOX TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lady Roseberry. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, South Shore Kennels' George Bell; 2d, Painter Bros' Stinger. High com., L. E. Myers's Aristocrat. Bitches: 1st, W. P. Tichenor's Juggles; 2d, L. E. Myers's Chip. Reserve, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jess II. Very high com., high com. and com., South Shore Kennels' Fancy II. and Flirt. High com., C. A. Scofield's Fidget. Puppies: 1st, T. K. Twist's Whistle; 2d, L. E. Myers's Chip. Very high com., South Shore Kennels' Fury. High com., Ed Smith's Denver Ed Smith.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jackanapes; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Brickbat, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Candor.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, A. F. Hertzler's Killtip and Rattler. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Merry Call; 2d, A. F. Hertzler's Bessie.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, H. K. Oner's Endcliffe Maggie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, John Bell's Bo-Peep.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Oolah.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Duke Howard. Bitches: 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Lake Shore Julia; 2d, E. Triplett's Judy.

BLENNHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, G. H. Moore's King of Diamonds.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Prizes withheld.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Dewr and F. W. Broad's Chihuahueria.

##### SPECIAL PRIZES.

St. Bernards—Best kennels, Argyle Kennels; best in show, Sir Bed



vere; best pair, Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty. Russian wolfhounds—Best handled, P. H. Hackel. Greyhounds—Best kennel, St. Patrick Kennels; best greyhound, Pearl of Pekin. English setters—Best kennels, American Field Kennels. Collies—Best kennel, Chestnut Hill Kennels. Beagles—Best kennel, Geo. D. Welton. Fox-terriers—Best kennel, South Shore Kennels.

## DOG CHAT.

Messrs. James Mortimer, E. M. Oldham and Major J. M. Taylor are the judges so far chosen for the Toronto show in September next. Mr. Oldham will of course take spaniels, and it is to be hoped that he will not, for his own sake, raise the "anti."

Mr. J. C. Vail, of Warwick, N. Y., intends, according to a local paper, to build some new kennels on his property and will again take a limited number of dogs to board and train. The Frank Forester Kennels have held some good dogs in their day.

The Boston *Herald* says there are fully 10,000 dog owners in Boston who take more or less interest in the doings of the kennel world. If this is the case the N. E. K. C. should not bother themselves about the loss of Fast Day.

### P. K. C. Show.

The entries for this show closed with 479 entries as follows:

Mastiffs.....	7	Poodles.....	26
St. Bernards.....	83	Bulldogs.....	12
Bloodhounds.....	2	Bull-Terriers.....	14
Great Danes.....	10	Dachshunds.....	4
Newfoundlands.....	1	Beagles.....	28
Russian Wolfhounds.....	9	Fox-Terriers.....	42
Deerhounds.....	2	Irish Terriers.....	4
Greyhounds.....	15	Black and Tan Terriers.....	3
Foxhounds.....	9	Scottish Terriers.....	4
Chesapeake Bay dogs.....	3	Skye Terriers.....	2
Pointers.....	86	Yorkshire Terriers.....	5
English Setters.....	43	Toy Terriers.....	2
Irish Setters.....	31	Pugs.....	9
Gordon Setters.....	7	Toy Spaniels.....	14
Irish Water Spaniels.....	1	Italian Greyhounds.....	1
Field Spaniels.....	9	Miscellaneous.....	8
Cocker Spaniels.....	47		
Collies.....	28	Total.....	479

The entry of English setters must be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Taylor, as he makes his debut as a judge. Spaniels, beagles, fox-terriers and poodles must also be considered as complimentary to the judges. Collies have a good entry, too, considering the fact that the judge is himself a prominent exhibitor in this breed, and therefore his entries are so many lost.

### Los Angeles Show.

The dog show committee of the Southern California Kennel Club have decided, owing to the great expense that would be incurred in getting a judge from the East for their show alone, to secure local talent. Mr. H. H. Briggs, a prominent San Francisco sportsman and president of the Pacific Kennel Club, together with A. Russell Crowell, kennel editor of the *Breeder and Sportsman*, will take all breeds except fox-terriers and bull-terriers, and these will be passed upon by Mr. G. L. Waring, a gentleman who has lately come out from England and who is said to have judged at some small shows in England; and pointers, which Mr. R. T. Vandevort will judge. Owing to the backing down of the other clubs on the Coast, the Los Angeles enthusiasts, to whom such an event is furthest from their thoughts, this show should be given the support which their enterprise and love of dogs deserve. The club has never missed a show since its organization and this will be their sixth gathering, while only two shows have ever paid a profit. The club is supported by sportsmen and they see no reason why they should not hold a show because there is some work and no pay.

We omitted to mention last week that Mr. George S. Thomas, while at Chicago, sold his black and tan terriers Rochelle Turk and Rosette to Mr. Fred C. Stilson, Janesville, Wis. Mr. H. Jarrett also sold a cocker spaniel by Fascination to Miss Materson, of Kansas City.

While at Chicago show we heard a rumor that Mr. Lawrence Shuster, of Philadelphia, had died very recently. We regret to hear the sad news confirmed. Mr. Shuster was well known as one of the oldest and most prominent fanciers in Philadelphia, his English setters having won both on bench and field. He was identified with the early Philadelphia K. C. shows, being treasurer, we believe, and also was connected with the *Fanciers' Journal* in that capacity when it started on its troubled career. In late years his interest in kennel affairs, outside of the P. K. C. field trials, has not been very active.

Mr. Reick, contrary to custom, did not purchase any St. Bernards during his recent trip to Europe, but from the kennels of Mrs. L. E. Jenkins, of Forest Hill, he secured the Blenheim spaniels Wild Honey and Nokomis, said to be the smallest in this celebrated exhibitor's kennels. They are each under 6lbs. weight.

It is most amusing to read the learned opinions of those who have never seen the dog Pade as to whether he is a pure beagle or a basset-beagle or what not. *Stock-Keeper* prints a picture of the dog and then asks, "What is it?" which is just about the best way to treat the subject. Mr. Millais takes up the question as to whether the dog has basset blood in him, but as his deductions are entirely drawn from the photograph spoken of it is merely an opinion as to that photograph and not of the dog, as no one from that picture can form a correct idea of the dog's crooked forelegs. We may say in answer to Mr. Millais's opinion regarding malformed beagle legs in their similarity to the basset crook, that the peculiar formation of Pade's legs is not due to "osseous enlargement of the distal cords," but the crook is "largely due to the arrangement of the bones in the carpus" and "the phalanges are turned outward." No one ever said that Pade had a basset front pure and simple, but rather that Pade showed in his forelegs every indication of a basset or dachshund cross.

Dr. H. Koenig, of Lexington avenue, New York, has purchased from the Dutchess Kennels a very handsome dog pup by Alton, Jr., out of Miss Anna.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club will make a bold bid for success in the matter of attendance, at any rate. To each ticket of admission will be attached a coupon which will entitle the holder to participate in drawing for a pedigreed dog that will be donated each night. Each day a dog of a different breed will be given away.

The English fancy is having a regular Donnybrook sort of a time over the appointment of the Irish terrier judge for the Kennel Club's show to be held next month. It seems Mr. G. R. Krehl suggested Mr. Hill, a well-known judge of the breed, for the office, and he was appointed. Mr. Hill not being on the Irish Terrier Club's list of judges, the president of that body of specialists is using his best endeavors to boycott the show in true Irish fashion, which, in the interests of the breed the club is supposed to foster, cannot be called very praiseworthy on his part. Mr. Krehl, as vice-president of

the club, on the other hand, has explained his position in a letter to his paper, and calls upon the exhibitors to back up the judge with their entries. The fight is only just commencing, but will attract considerable attention on all sides before the show comes off.

The noted deerhound exhibitor and breeder, Mr. Weston Bell of Rossie, Perthshire, Scotland, is dead. He owned the celebrated dog Rossie Ralph and was counted the most successful exhibitor of deerhounds in Great Britain, besides having a number of winners in other breeds from time to time. He was the author of "The Scottish Deerhound" and was only 35 years old at the time of his death, which occurred March 9, from pneumonia.

Mr. Geo. Bell, of Toronto, we are glad to see, is on the war-path again, this time as a competitor for P. K. C. prizes. He called at our office on his way to the Quaker City, and is enthusiastic over a 7-months-old Canadian-bred black and tan terrier he is sending there. Dusky Trap he reports as looking fit and well, weighing 18lbs. A 4-months-old pup by him is to make us all open our other eye at Toronto next September.

### The N. E. K. Club.

The N. E. K. Club have provided a class to be known as "907A," for Dalmatians, dogs and bitches, offering \$10 and \$5 for first and second respectively. Friends of the Boston terrier have offered the following additional specials for that breed: \$10 for the best brood bitch, to be shown with two of her produce; \$10 for the most typical-headed bitch, and \$5 for the best dog or bitch puppy.

The Toronto Kennel Club held its annual meeting March 22, with President J. F. Kirk in the chair. The club's spring show, which will be open to dogs owned in Canada, will be held April 13 to 14, at the Granite Rink. J. S. Williams will judge St. Bernards, C. A. Stone pointers, English and Gordon setters, Richard Gibson fox-terriers and George Bell all the rest. Premium lists will be issued this week and a number of specials are promised. The old list of officers was re-elected with J. F. Kirk as President, A. A. McDonald and W. S. Crawford being added to the executive committee. A deputation from the club was to wait on the Attorney General on March 23, to urge the passage of a bill under which dog thieves may be more easily prosecuted.

In collie bitch pups at Chicago show first should read Tom Godslan's Blossom and Willowdale Kennels' Pride, which was the next number to Blossom's, and the number against their names could apply to either, hence the mistake.

Referring to dachshunds at New York, Dr. E. Guenther, of Newark, N. J., writes: "I would ask you in justice to Mr. Manice, of Pittsfield, Mass., to make the following correction in your valuable and to me ever welcome paper. In your list of prize winners at the late show of the Westminster Kennel Club, in Class 144A, dachshund puppies, you give first to my bitch puppy Nanette; second to Pretzel (John H. Mathews) and vhc. to Hermit (Windrush Kennels). I am aware that the official catalogue published the awards as above, and this very likely explains your mistake. The awards were as follows: First, Hermit (Windrush Kennels); second, Pretzel (John H. Mathews); vhc., Nanette (Dr. E. Guenther)." We are pleased to give Dr. Guenther the opportunity to make such a courteous correction.

Mr. C. Stedman Hanks, the owner of the Seacroft Kennels, is passing the winter in the South. At present he is enjoying the fishing on the east side of Florida, in a houseboat. He writes: "I am away from all doggy news; please send me a copy of the *FOREST AND STREAM* which has the account of the New York show and the reports of the different judges on their awards."

Mayor Stewart, although he is a busy man these days with the care of the municipal affairs of Hamilton, Canada, on his hands, has not entirely relinquished his interest in dogdom, and speaks of getting out from England another bulldog or two. We may yet see another show at Hamilton, and under the patronage of his Worship.

### What has become of the Bull-Terrier Club?

#### Lord Walbeck.

Last week we referred to a dispatch, sent to the dailies during the Chicago show, which alluded to a St. Bernard stolen from Mr. Geo. J. Gould. Mr. Gould has not lost a dog, and the report is entirely erroneous. It will be remembered that after the New York show we stated that some one had shipped No. 25 instead of No. 52 from the Garden on the morning after the show. No. 25 was Mr. S. Miller's dog Lord Walbeck and No. 52 was Mr. E. W. Fiske's dog Hamlet. As soon as Mr. Miller heard of this when he went to the building to get his dog on Saturday morning, and not finding his dog, he at once shipped No. 52 in his own crate to Mr. Fiske at Mount Vernon, and then proceeded himself to Mr. Fiske's place. Arrived there, he found that no St. Bernard had reached Mr. Fiske's kennels, although his spaniels had arrived. Mr. Fiske subsequently received his dog Hamlet, but no trace has as yet been found of Lord Walbeck. The dog is a valuable one and well known at dog shows. He is the only son of Young Bute and Miss Anna in this country, having been imported *in utero*. Mr. Miller is naturally very anxious about his dog and is investigating the source of the dispatch alluded to above, thinking the dog referred to may be his. Whether the W. K. C. can be held responsible for the dog's loss is an interesting question which is now under consideration. Mr. Miller having put the case in the hands of his lawyer. If any one should hear of the dog it would be a kindness to advise Mr. Miller at 21 Centre street, New York city, as to its whereabouts. The W. K. C. is using every endeavor and no little money in trying to trace the dogs—the Irish terrier Shargar is also still missing.

The name of the donor of the scarf pin to be given to the owner of the black and tan terrier winning the most prizes during the present dog show season is Prof. Wm. G. Ingram and not Graham, as first stated.

### Great Danes.

While at Detroit we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Glynn, the owner of the Wolverton Kennels of Great Danes. She stated that it was her intention as soon as she could sell her kennel, to follow her husband to England. We are therefore not surprised to hear that Mr. Lawrence, of Columbus, Ohio, who has lately made such rapid strides to the front in the great Dane fancy, has purchased the whole of Mrs. Glynn's kennel. This purchase includes three fine youngsters out of the well known Senta, that died recently in Mr. Lawrence's kennels. They are about one year old; Senta's Brutus is one, the blue dog that won at Detroit and Senta's Rheda and Senta's Mascot, first and second respectively at that show, are the others. With the help of this new and young blood, the Kennel Lawrence expect to add many more winning brackets.

The *British Fancier* did an enterprising piece of work in getting out a special edition of their paper containing a report of the Manchester show, with its 650 entries, on the second day of the show. This journal seems to be a more than lively "corps," and its predicted death appears to be as unlikely as its success seemed assured. *FOREST AND*

*STREAM* does not wish to be robbed of its laurels, and we must remind our trans-Atlantic contemporary that this journal was the first to issue a special edition during an important show. This was in 1892, when the New York show, with its 1,400 entries, was fully reported, embellished with a large number of half-tone pictures of the winners and all the judges.

The late Manchester show was scarcely the success of former years, as far as entries went, though the quality could not be cavilled at. The Deakin challenge cup for the best in sporting and non-sporting divisions was captured in the former section by the well known pointer champion Saddleback, the wire fox-terrier Cauldwell Naller getting reserve, and in the latter by the crack smooth St. Bernard Lola IV., Southport Perfection, the collie, coming in for reserve. "Billy" Graham brought out a new Irish terrier bitch Breda Bee, that is said to be a "corker." Owing to a number of unfortunate causes, chief among them being the very mystifying new classification of the Kennel Club, a number of classes were cancelled, such important breeds as bloodhounds, pugs and greyhounds not having sufficient entries.

Mr. A. H. Megson, of Manchester, recently purchased a young collie, Guy Mannerling, by Sefton Hero, for \$1,000, that is said to be very nearly a world beater if he only gets his ears up a bit more; in coat, bone, substance and style it is said he cannot be excelled. He won all before him at the Manchester show, where he was first shown.

The *Sporting Mirror* (Eng.) says in speaking of the New York show, "FOREST AND STREAM wins the whippet so far as full judges' critique goes." This is a new term to us, but as a whippet is supposed to be fast and gets to the front pretty quick we take the above as a compliment.

The English Mastiffs Ogilvie and Jubilee Beauty, together with the crack Plutarch, have been sold since Capt. Pidcocke's death, which occurred recently, to Mr. A. D. Intcliffe, Failsworth, Lancashire.

We learn that an order has been placed on the other side for the best Irish terrier dog or bitch that can be procured.

### Louisville Dog Show.

THE secretary of the Louisville Kennel Club, Mr. St. Marc Mundy, writing about their coming show, says:

"The directors of the Louisville Kennel Club (incorporated) held their regular weekly meeting on Wednesday evening, March 21, at the Armory. Of the nineteen directors only two were absent, which illustrates the interest taken in the club's affairs and the present important topic of interest, its first annual dog show, which will be given May 9 to 12, the week following the Hempstead Farm Specialty show in New York.

"The dog show committee reported themselves ready to submit the result of their labors on the premium list and the list recommended by them was adopted unanimously. It provides for forty-five different breeds, including miscellaneous, and 152 different classes, while the total sum of the purses will amount to over \$2,000, exclusive of the handlers' prizes, of which there will be five. Three for handlers non-residents of Jefferson county, Ky., or Floyd and Clark counties, Ind., and two for handlers residents of those three counties exclusively. The moneys for the five handlers' prizes will amount to a total of \$150.

"The judges so far decided upon are Messrs. Mortimer, Roger D. Williams and Major J. M. Taylor, but there will be one, and possibly two, other judges added to the list, as we are now waiting to hear from several gentlemen. Our premium list will be ready for distribution March 31.

"Louisville being a port of entry, arrangements are now on foot to enable our Canadian brother exhibitors to bring their dogs here in bond, and so avoid the disagreeable payment of duty on their animals. We also hope to make arrangements for special transportation for the Eastern and Northern exhibitors, by having two special cars leave New York after the Hempstead Farm show, and come out over different routes.

"These two routes will be selected with the idea of securing the most benefit to the different exhibitors, by having the cars pass through certain cities, so that exhibitors living between New York and Louisville, who may not attend the New York show of May 1 to 4, can meet these cars at points nearest to their homes, and thus secure the benefit of their use and cheaper transportation to Louisville and return, for these cars will return over the same route they came here by. We are also figuring on having a special car put on and run from Chicago for the benefit of the exhibitors from that city and vicinity and the Northwest.

"Nashville is also talking about giving a dog show the week after ours, and if they do, the exhibitors from a distance will then be able to take in both, as Nashville is only a little over six hours' run from here. Should they give this show, and commence it on May 10, all the exhibitors can have their dogs cared for here, the few intervening days between the two shows, remain and see the Kentucky Derby on the afternoon of the 15th, and yet be in Nashville the following morning in plenty of time to bench their dogs. To any one who has never seen the Kentucky Derby and the grand stand thronged with the beautiful Southern women, as it is on Derby day, I will simply say, it is a sight well worth going a few miles to see."

### "Vicissitudes of the Judging Ring."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In behalf of F. M. Thomas, relative to "Vicissitudes of the Judging Ring," will say he is out of town and on his return will make answer to the above. A. MILTON MYERS.

CATSKILL, N. Y., March 24.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. P. M., Erie, Pa.—Is there an English mastiff dog registered under the name of Rex? If so, what is his pedigree? Ans. Rex (A. K. C. S. B. 9,705), by Turk II. out of Bess, by Major out of Mollie. Turk II., by Rajah out of Brenda.

E. F. G., Nashua, N. H.—You do not give the name of the beagle.

## Hunting and Coursing.

### FIXTURES.

April 17.—South Dakota Coursing Club's inaugural meeting, at Mitchell, S. D. Entries close April 16. S. S. Batley, Sec'y; Fox Kenney, Judge; Joseph Dodd, Slipper.

### Brunswick Fur Club.

THERE will be a special meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Mechanic's Hall, Boston, Mass., on April 17, at 12 M. A delegate to the American Kennel Club will be elected, and other important business will come before the meeting. The annual field trials will take place during the week of Nov. 5. The place will be announced later.

### International Coursing Meeting.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

As there never has been published a report of the receipts and disbursements of the International Coursing Meeting, would it not be of interest to a great many readers, for the treasurer to do so? NOMINATOR.



### Coursing in South Dakota.

THE Huron Coursing Club has decided to offer a "sapling" stakes, to be run at the meeting there on April 10. It will be for eight or ten puppies whelped since April 10, 1893, and will be run in connection with the twenty-four-dog stake. The meetings at Oakes, Huron and Mitchell are expected to be large, as there is so much interest manifested among the owners of the leash in those towns. Mr. H. G. Nichols writes us that the weather at present is fine, and the ground could not be in better condition.

After April 1 that enthusiastic courser, Mr. J. H. Rew, will be located at Artesian, S. D., in the general merchandise business. He will also keep his kennel of greyhounds there.

### HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

On March 9, while F. Gray Griswold, M. F. H. of the Meadowbrook Club, with E. T. Cushing, E. W. Roby and H. L. Herbert had a pack out on Hempstead Plains, L. I., for an exercising run, a fox was found near Hone's Wood which afforded the liveliest sport for nearly two hours. Reynard ran through Wheatley and then through a pretty stiff fence and rail country, finally being run into near Stanley Mortimer's place in the Wheatley Hills. This is said to be first wild fox put up by these hounds in some years.

In Queens county, N. Y., the county law, passed at the last session, authorizes the payment of \$5 bounty for each fox and \$1 bounty for each weasel, possum, racoon, skunk or woodchuck killed.

## Yachting.

THE article by "Thalassa," on the length and sail area of recent British yachts, which we reproduce this week from *The Yachtsman*, is interesting in connection with a similar investigation of yachts built under the old tonnage rule and the then newly adopted rating rule by the same writer in 1887, and also with the comparisons of American yachts made by us in 1889. The diagrammatic method followed in all three cases appeals immediately to the eye, end is clearer and more convincing than any tables of figures; and the curves as plotted throw much light on the comparative development of the different sizes of racing yachts. It is worth noting that in our investigations the 30ft. and 40ft. classes showed an abnormal proportion of sail area, and a similar excess is found in the present diagram in the nearly equivalent classes of 10 and 20 rating. Owing to the lack of a few well developed small classes, our comparison was not carried below the 30ft. class, but from that class upward the curve was very similar to that shown in the present diagram for the old tonnage boats, the smaller ones being more heavily rigged and the ratio of sail to length decreasing rapidly as the size increased; the largest ratio in the 30 and 40ft. classes being 150%, while in the schooners of about 100ft. l.w.l. it decreased to less than 100%. The result of the rating rule, as here shown, has been to produce craft of much less sail area than is found in connection with any given length on this side of the water; while the proportion of sail area is very small in the open sailing boats, such as the 1/2 and 1-raters, but comparatively large in the yacht classes.

THERE are two points in "Thalassa's" letter with which we cannot agree, his conclusion as to the effect of lighter materials, and his surprise, as expressed in the final paragraph. As we understand the case the use of lighter materials in hull or rig means an increase of ballast and sail-carrying power on the same model, permitting a larger rig and increasing the length of the ordinate of the curve instead of decreasing it. As regards the comparative power of the large yachts built under the tonnage and rating rules, it has been known to Americans for some years, in fact, since Genesta raced here in 1885, that the old tonnage cutters, in spite of their weight of ballast and displacement, were vessels of low power. It is with regret that we note that while in 1885 there was a large fleet of American racing yachts to which such investigations might profitably be applied, to-day there are not only no live racing classes as the basis for such work, but practically no racing yachts in any class.

The condition of yacht racing on both sides of the Atlantic at the present time shows a curious paradox. In spite of Navahoe's defeat last year, the great event of the season was the successful defense for the eighth time of the America's Cup, and the defeat of the sixth British challenger. The victory of Vigilant over Valkyrie was no less complete and notable than in former years, and the honors of the season clearly rested on this side of the Atlantic. As the natural result of this state of affairs one would look to see life and activity on the part of the victors and corresponding discouragement and apathy on the part of the vanquished. Far from such being the case, however, the result is exactly opposite; in England and Scotland designers and builders are busy with new yachts and alterations on those of last year; in America there is no talk of building or racing, in fact the only new yacht of any note in the shops of the builders of the successful yacht of last year is for a Scotch owner. Of course the prevailing business depression is an important factor in the condition of yachting; but that it is not the only one is proved by the similar dullness that has prevailed in former years, though never to so great an extent, immediately after a successful defense of the America's Cup.

So far as true racing goes, there is nothing in the condition of business to hinder the building of racing yachts, as the best sport to-day is to be had in the classes below 40ft. If yachtsmen really want to race, there is ample opportunity for good sport in the 21, 25, 30 or 35ft. classes at a moderate outlay; in fact now, when many of the large steam yachts and expensive craft are likely to be laid up all the season, is the very time for yachtsmen to seek the keenest kind of sport in the smaller racing classes. It is an interesting question why, after being beaten on this side, British racing goes on as usual, while a victory here is as likely as not to be followed by a dull season. While Vigilant lies rusting on the beach and Colonia in the water, Valkyrie is busily fitting out for her return voyage and a busy season with Britannia and Satanita. In the next class, the 40-rater, there will be one new and several old yachts; the 20-rating class promises to be especially good this year; the fight in the 10-rating will be hot enough though the attempts to beat the new Herreshoff boat, and there is a certainty of good racing in the smaller classes. A careful review of the outlook on this side will show that every class from the smallest up is practically dead, so far as continuous racing through the season is concerned, and there is no saying when building and racing will take a turn upward. The course of designing, building and racing in Great Britain of late years has been by no means all that could be desired; but at its worst it is far better than on this side, where regular class racing seems a thing of the past, and where the national prestige depends on a successful spurt at intervals rather than a regular progress from year to year. Just now that course of experiment and improvement has absolutely stopped in America, while on the other side is going on steadily in the building of new boats and the racing of them with older ones.

AFTER a prosperous existence of five years, the New York Yacht Racing Association has lately been threatened with serious trouble

from within through the attempt to pass an amendment to the constitution which is obnoxious to a number of clubs. The two prime functions of such an organization are first to promote good feeling and harmonious action among all local clubs, and second to promulgate uniform regulations and rules for racing. The first end has been very successfully accomplished thus far; a number of clubs about New York have been brought together and have worked very harmoniously, their *esprit du corps* in fact being the mainstay of the organization, as local conditions prevent the holding of more than one Association race each year, and interfere with any general attendance of a majority of the fleet in the club regattas of the various Association clubs.

In the second end the Association has been less fortunate, as the measurement rule adopted by it at the start and retained ever since, is diametrically opposed to all modern tendencies in yacht racing. While for a certain limited class of boats the rule answers well enough, it places a heavy tax on everything of modern design, and its adoption and retention has undoubtedly retarded the growth of the Association.

The principal if not the only argument in favor of the rule has been that it was acceptable to a majority of the clubs in the Association, and that its adoption prevented the disputes and dissensions which must inevitably follow an attempt to adopt any rule taxing sail as well as length. As a matter of expediency, this reasoning carried some weight five years ago, and the adoption of the rule was acquiesced in by those who were opposed to it as wrong in principle, merely because it smoothed a way for the union of the various clubs. The recent attempt to rivet this same rule on all Association clubs, to the exclusion of all other rules, presents a strange state of affairs; the same men who in the interests of union and harmony have opposed all attempts to replace a poor rule by a newer and better one, have now deliberately sacrificed the general interests of the Association in an attempt to force a general compliance with the old rule.

The adoption of a rule that would be up to the times and suitable to the present trend of yacht racing might have cost the Association some members, and have temporarily interrupted its successful growth, but with the final result of placing it on a stronger and better footing, and of attracting to its membership those new yachts which are so rapidly outnumbering the old square-ended craft. Now, the Association has met with a serious setback, and with no possible good results to follow; it will take no short time to heal the present breach between the advocates and opponents of the disputed amendment. The latest proposal toward a compromise is most unsatisfactory, the pressing of the amendment in a mutilated and emasculated form, which makes it inoperative in practice, but retains it in the constitution as a constant source of irritation to both sides. If those who have already pressed the matter to a point where it has wrought serious injury to the Association are honest in their protestations of allegiance, and unwilling to sacrifice much good work that they have done in the past, they will see the propriety of quietly dropping the whole matter and using the powerful influence which should still remain with them to smooth out all recollection of it.

The local conditions in the vicinity of New York are decidedly unfavorable to general interclub racing, such as maintains about Boston; the clubs on the Hudson River proper, the Upper Bay and the Sound are separated by distance and by tidal waters covered with steam craft, so that a trip from Gravesend Bay to New Rochelle, or even to Yonkers, is too lengthy and troublesome to be undertaken save for some special occasion; and yet such trips are necessary to a large number of yachts which would enter any local race. Under such circumstances the Association cannot hold more than one open race in a season, and it must be content with an indirect influence on the club races. Its true field is a wide one, but still it has limits; the ordinary jealousies and disputes that afflict all local organizations, afloat or ashore, must be subdued by allegiance to the general association as a body, and by respect for its officers and laws. While the first object is to secure harmony and unity of action, and the observance of uniform rules, it is hardly less important that all rules should be brought to the highest standard, and that the Association should be progressive.

The question of a measurement rule is the most difficult one which the Association has yet been called on to settle. The "mean length" rule was in 1889 in use by most of its clubs, and a large proportion of the yachts were built to race under it. Apart from other considerations, the practical difficulty of measuring a fleet of at least 100 yachts from twenty different clubs was a serious one, and would have been much greater under a rule including sail area as well as length. Even at that time, however, the length and sail area rule was almost universal, and since then it has become the recognized rule of American clubs; while the length rule in its various forms has disappeared, save from the smaller New York and Boston clubs.

To-day the objections to taxing overhangs and the desirability of taxing sail are recognized by clubs and yachtsmen wherever yachts are raced; and in striving to force the Association to the sole recognition of the "mean length" rule, its leaders have placed themselves in opposition to everything which is modern and progressive in yachting.

The whole question may be summed up briefly: If the New York Yacht Racing Association is right in prohibiting overhangs and compelling the building of yachts with plumb stems and stems, then Herreshoff and Watson are wrong, the great yacht clubs of America, Great Britain and France are wrong, and yachtsmen throughout the world have fallen into grievous error.

### New York Y. C.

THE phenomenal growth of the New York Y. C., which began just after the Puritan-Genesta races in 1885 and has gained impetus with each succeeding contest, has made necessary a very general revision of its laws, which work has been in the hands of a committee for some time, and was finally submitted to the members on March 22, at a regular meeting. In the absence of Com. Morgan, Vice-Com. E. M. Brown presided. After the routine business, the report of the special committee on the admission of ladies as members, Messrs. Wm. F. Douglas, J. D. Smith and F. T. Robinson, was taken up and the following amendment, proposed by the committee, was adopted, subject to ratification at a future meeting:

"Any woman owning a yacht is eligible for election to the club as a flag member, and shall upon election pay annual dues, but no initiation fee. Such membership shall continue only during the period of a yacht ownership and carries only the following privileges: The right to fly the club burgee, to have private signal registered with the secretary, to enter yacht in club races and the use of the club stations and floats."

The following amendments were discussed and adopted:

CONSTITUTION.  
Add to Article III, paragraph entitled "Treasurer," the words "which he shall keep in two accounts, to be known as principal account and income account respectively. To the principal account shall be transferred and therein kept all moneys now invested in bonds or received from life membership funds, and all moneys which shall hereafter be received by the club from life memberships and admission fees. In the income account shall be included all other receipts of the club."

Strike out of Article VIII, the last clause thereof, reading as follows: "These payments shall constitute a reserve fund to be deposited in a New York trust company by the treasurer, and no disposition of this fund shall be made except by a vote at two meetings, one of which shall be a general meeting."

Amend Article IX, to read as follows:  
"At the first general meeting in each year or as soon thereafter as an election can be held there shall be elected on separate ballots a regatta committee, a library committee, and a committee on club stations."

"The flag officers, together with the secretary and treasurer, shall, *ex-officio*, constitute a finance committee."

"At the last general meeting in each year there shall be elected by ballot a nominating committee."

Strike out of Article X, paragraph "House Committee," the words "They shall, at the second general meeting in each year, submit to the club an estimate of the amount that they may deem necessary, inclusive of the rent of the club house, to properly carry on and maintain the said club house until the first general meeting of the club, and an appropriation shall then be made in which shall not be exceeded except by special action of the club."

Strike out of Article X, paragraph "Library Committee," the words "At the second general meeting of each year they state what appropriation should be made for the ensuing year."

Strike out of Article X, paragraph "Committee on club sites, stations and floats," both from title and body of the paragraph, the words "sites" and "and floats."

Add to Article X, as amended the following:  
"The finance committee shall consist of the flag officers, the secretary and the treasurer."

The finance committee shall hold a stated meeting at the club house on the third Tuesday of February in each year, at which meeting all applications for appropriations of club moneys for the use of the several committees and of the secretary and treasurer for the ensuing year, and also an abstract from the treasurer's accounts for the past year, showing the income of the club during that time in four separate items, namely:

First—From life memberships.

Second—From admission fees from new members.

Third—From annual dues.

Fourth—From all other sources; and also showing the amount of principal funds in the treasury, shall be submitted in writing by the chairman of each of the said several committees and by said secretary and treasurer.

The finance committee shall have supervision of all appropriations of club moneys for use of officers and committees, and shall review applications for the same, and upon the basis of the abstract of the treasurer's report shall estimate the income of the club for the ensuing year.

"At the second general meeting in each year, under the head of 'miscellaneous business,' the finance committee shall submit to the club its estimate of the income of the club, together with a statement of the several amounts which it deems necessary for the use of each committee and officer for the ensuing year, for the performance of their several duties and for the maintenance of all club property in charge of said officers and committees respectively, which several and respective amounts said finance committee shall then move to be made by the club as general appropriations."

All applications for appropriations shall be submitted to the finance committee at its stated meeting, or at any other time, provided that if not submitted at the stated meeting a special meeting of said committee shall be called as soon as convenient after such application shall be made to consider the same.

The finance committee shall report on such application at the next meeting of the club, when, if it approve the application, it shall recommend the same and move that the necessary appropriation be made by the club, or, if it do not approve the same, it shall so report to the club.

"Application for all appropriations shall be made by addressing the same in writing to the finance committee at the club house."

And to Article X, the paragraph entitled "Nominating Committee," and to the last clause thereof, to wit, the words "This committee shall be elected at the general meeting in each year," and except that from the second paragraph there shall be stricken out the words "First general meeting in each year," and inserted in lieu thereof, "Meeting of the club at which action shall be taken thereon."

Add to Article X, the following:

"No change in yacht ownership on the part of any member of any committee shall disqualify him from serving during the full year for which he shall have been elected."

"Each of the committees mentioned in this article shall have power to fill vacancies in its membership occurring during the year for which it shall have been elected."

Amend Article XI, by transferring the existing provisions thereof as thus amended to Article X, and inserting in lieu thereof the following provision:

"All expenditures of club moneys shall be authorized by the club upon recommendation and motion of the finance committee, or against or without the same only as herein provided."

"Appropriations shall be classified as general appropriations, which shall consist of all appropriations made and paid from the income account."

"Special appropriations, which shall include all made and paid from the principal account."

"General appropriations shall be made at the second general meeting of the club in each year for the use of the secretary, the treasurer, the regatta committee, the house committee, the library committee, the committee on club stations, or any other general meeting or special meeting called for that purpose, for any object not herein specified. In the aggregate the general appropriations shall not exceed the estimate of income for the ensuing year as made by the finance committee."

"Special appropriations shall be made at any two meetings of the club, but only upon vote taken upon a call of the roll."

"No appropriation shall be made without the recommendation and except upon the motion of the finance committee, nor in amounts in excess of those recommended by and moved for by that committee, except by an affirmative vote of two-thirds of the members entitled to vote, present and voting, taken upon a call of the roll."

"No member present and entitled to vote shall be excused from voting in the motion to appropriate money without the recommendation of the finance committee, or in excess of the amount recommended by the committee; upon refusal of any such member to vote he shall be recorded in the negative."

"It shall be the duty of each committee and officer named in this article to prepare in writing a detailed statement of the expenses necessary properly to be incurred during the ensuing year by the committee or officer, and the same shall be presented to the finance committee at or before its stated meeting in February."

### BY-LAWS.

Strike out of Chapter 13 the last clause thereof. Amend Chapter 15 by striking out the clause thereof which reads as follows:

"An appropriation shall be made at the same time to defray the expenses of the regatta and all other club races held during the season, which appropriation shall not be exceeded without the written consent of a majority of the flag officers."

The following new members were elected: John Moller, John Habershaw, Henry W. Bucknall, Walter S. Logan, John I. Waterbury, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., George B. Magoun, Franklin L. Gunther, Alexander M. Prudden, Henry B. Hendricks, Lieut. J. D. Selridge, U. S. N., Lieut. R. G. Devostort, U. S. N., Eugene Tomkins, Lieut. C. King, Jr., D. Le Roy Dresser, John B. Mills, Robt. Stewart, W. H. McCord, Cais C. Bragg and John H. Gourlie.

Mr. J. S. Bergen, Secretary J. V. S. Oddie, Mr. A. B. Jones, Mr. F. T. Adams and Treasurer F. W. J. Hurst were appointed a committee to arrange for the proper celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the club's organization, which will occur on July 30 of this year.

Mr. Smith, chairman of the America's Cup committee, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously passed:

"That the members of the New York Yacht Club desire to officially express their appreciation of the patriotic and sportsmanlike action of those gentlemen, to whom we owe the fleet of splendid vessels called for by the challenge of the Valkyrie in 1893, and on behalf of the yacht clubs of this country to thank them for their noble efforts to guard for us the emblem of the yachting supremacy of the world, the America's Cup."

Letters from Lord Douraven thanking the club for electing him an honorary member, and advising that the Valkyrie would not be raced in American waters this year, were read.

During the evening there was an exhibition a very handsome silver trophy presented and made by the Whiting Mfg. Co. of New York, to the club's order, for presentation to Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the head and representative of the Vigilant syndicate. Mr. Iselin being absent through illness, the presentation was deferred, but Mr. J. D. Smith, on behalf of the cup committee, transferred the cup to the club.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Valkyrie still lies on Tebo's drydock, but her racing spars were shipped on March 17, to the yard of E. J. Echols, and Capt. Cranfield and his crew will sail for New York on April 4, to fit out at once for the return voyage.

Romola, steam yacht, sailed from New York on March 20, for Portsmouth, Eng., in charge of Capt. Hammond, having been sold by Mr. Pulitzer to an English owner. The price is stated at \$25,000.

Semirauts, steam yacht, sailed on March 23 from Marseilles for Philadelphia, having on board her designer, Mr. Alfred H. Brown and Messrs. Pearce, Roberts, Forest and Danielson. Her new owner, Mr. A. J. Drezel, will change her name to Margherita.

Messrs. A. B. Sands & Sons, the yacht plumbers, have recently patented a very compact and light folding lavatory for yachts, two sizes being made. The smaller size complete, with pump, bowl, soap dish, etc., weighs but 13lbs.







## The Action of the Y. R. A. Rules on Length and Sail Area.

To the Editor of the Yachtsman:

Although you are a strong opponent to the present rule of rating, many of your readers may possibly be interested in an analysis I have recently made with a view to determine best lengths for the Y. R. A. classes in British waters and climate, more especially as some of the results were unexpected.

My object was twofold—firstly, to indicate what may be termed the best lengths in each of the existing classes of the Yacht Racing Association; and, secondly, to show the different action of the present Y. R. A. rule (where Rating =  $L \cdot S \div 6,000$ ), and of the old Y. R. A. rule (where Tonnage =  $\frac{1}{2}(L + B)^2 \div 1,700$ ).

As regards the first question, it will be found that the most convenient way to analyze the subject is to compare the length of hull on load-line with the square root of sail area, and perform it in such a manner that the results at once appeal to the eye.

A comparison of L.W.L. with R. on a diagram gives the same results; but they are not so easily seen, the curves being much flatter, and, consequently, the variations from the mean curve in those classes which do not agree with it are less convincingly displayed. Moreover, the mean curve itself could not have been found by a simple comparison of L.W.L. to R., whereas the analysis pursued shows that no curve could pass through the main point of existing tens and twenties, the Britannia point and the origin.

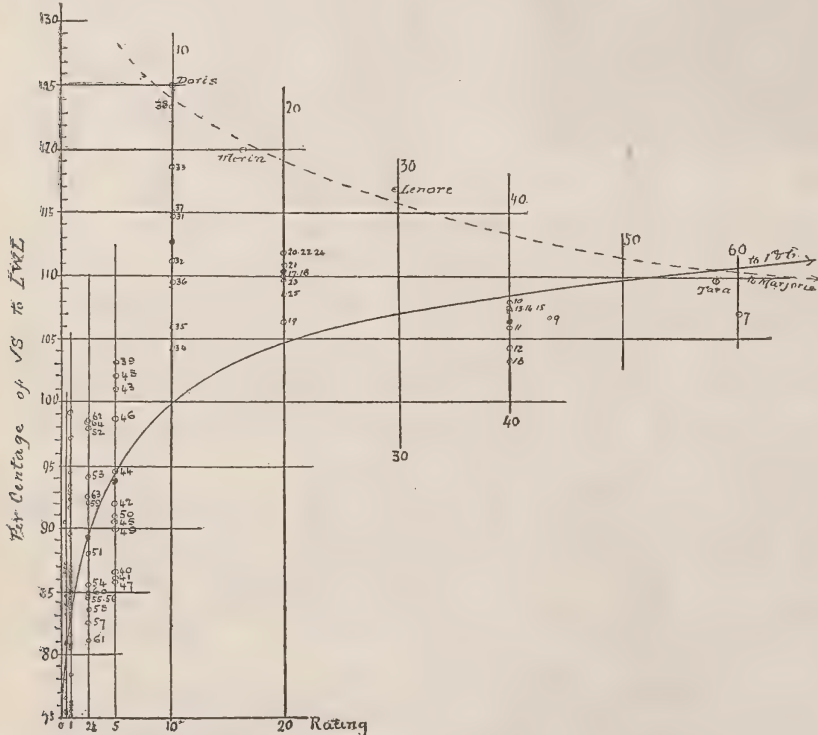
After trying various methods for indicating the relations of L to S diagrammatically, I found that the clearest and most easily comprehended was one in which the ordinates represent the percentage ratios of  $\sqrt{S}$  to L, and the abscissæ represent the rating of the yachts and classes to be compared.

The diagram is plotted from the following table, in which the first column gives the names of yachts, the second their ratings by existing Y. R. A. rule, the third their sail area, and the fourth the percentage ratio of their  $\sqrt{S}$  to L, which is of course =  $100 \sqrt{S} \div L$ .

The table would be of inconvenient size if taken into the smaller classes of 1 and 1½-rating, but the results can be stated briefly, thus: The percentage ratios of  $\sqrt{S}$  to L in the class of 1-rating are:

Callista 90.0, Corisande 74.7, Callacom 94.5, Dona 84.3, Doushka 81.5, Dot 83.9, Fader 90.1, Fantom 70.0, Fiend 93.5, Fleeting 83.0, Harle Holla 91.3, Icipit 83.9, Javelin 85.2, Kitten 80.6, Leading Article 86.3, Maharance 86.0, Mahatma 80.7, Marion 75.9, Mazoe 84.7, Minuet 86.6, Morwena 97.3, Querida 83.0, Rhosyn 78.2, Rogue 76.2, Roulette 85.8, Sacharissa 80.8, Scud 81.6, Tartar 93.2, Tip-Cat 82.9, Tisane 83.1, Tramp 86.4, Unit 93.0, Unit (Mersey) 89.5, Vikendor 72.2, Viva 99.1, Whisperm 83.8, Whoo-hoo 87.0, Wolfhound 92.3. Mean (of 33), 84.90.

The ratios for the ½-rating class are:



Assepal 84.0, Coquette 83.1, Eileen 84.7, Humming Top 90.6, Idono 74.0, Jabiru 87.0, Khistie 73.1, Ladybird 76.6, Lady Grisel 75.5, Mosquito 78.8, Nautilus 71.3, Pique 74.2, Razamuffin 80.7, Sagamore 72.3, Spruce 87.3, Vega 95.3, Wee Winn 78.0. Mean (of 17), 80.76.

Collecting the means, they are:

In the large class, 114.23; 40-rating, 106.47; 20-rating, 110.35, 10-rating, 112.89; 5-rating, 93.63; 2½-rating, 89.14; 1-rating, 84.90; ½-rating, 80.76.

Now, it is evident that the variations in these means must follow some law of change, and, as such change must be gradual, the means themselves should follow a curve when the boats race in the same climate under similar conditions. It will be found on trial that the small classes and the large class, as represented by Britannia, fit the curve shown on the figure (the mean value for the large class is probably too low, owing to the ridiculous sail plan put upon Satanita); but the 40-raters are slightly below the curve, the 20-raters are above it and the 10-raters (except Doreen and Mabel) are dreadful sinners. A dark spot shows the mean value in each class to the limits of diagram. Any attempt to raise the curve toward the tens and twenties fails to produce a probable result. Moreover, it would be worse for the forties. I am, therefore, convinced that the curve shown on the diagram is nearly correct for the average climate of an English summer and for our present means of building racing yachts. The successful use of lighter materials in the construction of hulls, or of lighter cotton or silk in the sails, or lighter spars and rigging, would lower the curve, not raise it—in which case the position of the forties would be improved, but the positions of the 20 and 10-raters would become still worse.

Now, the best percentage of  $\sqrt{S}$  to L, as shown by the curve in each Y. R. A. class, being 78 for ½-R., 82 for 1-R., 88 for 2½-R., 93.5 for 5-R., 100 for 10-R., 104.5 for 20-R., 108.4 for 40-R., 110.7 for 60-R., 116.5 for 150-R., let us convert these percentages into best lengths.

Call the percentage of  $\sqrt{S}$  to L, P.

Then  $L = 100 \sqrt{S} \div P$

But  $L = 6,000 \div R \div S$  (by rule of rating).

Estimating L from these two equations we get:

$\sqrt{S} = 6,000 \div R \div P$

$S = 360,000 \div R^2 \div P^2$

$S = 360,000 \div R^2 \div P^2$

$S = 360,000 \div R^2 \div P^2$

$S = 360,000 \div R^2 \div P^2$

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$S = 360,000 \div R^2 \div P^2$

It is interesting to note that Columbine's point lies close to the racing curve, although she is a "cruising yawl," intended only "for occasional racing."

In conclusion, let the student observe the different action of the old Y. R. A. rule, sometimes called the 1730 rule. The result is roughly indicated by the dotted line on diagram, and passes near to the points occupied by Doris, Ulerin, Lenore, Tara and Marjorie. Their relative sizes are compared by the existing rule of rating, because it gives as true an index of their power as the tonnage rule under which they were built, and because it obviates a second diagram and enables us to compare them, not only *inter se*, but with the boats built for the existing rule. It has not been considered necessary to plot a large number of the old boats. The two curves show the precisely opposite tendencies in the two rules—so far as the relation of sail to length is concerned. This, of course, was already known. But the fact that the curves intersect at all (as they do near the Tara point), and that consequently the present rule produces more powerful boats per unit of length in the large class than did the old rule, may possibly cause surprise to some yachtsmen, as it certainly did to

THALASSA.

COMPARISON OF RATING, LENGTH AND SAIL AREA OF BRITISH RACING YACHTS.

	R	L	S	$\sqrt{S}$
Vigilant	173	86.20	12330	128.8
1. Britannia	151	87.73	10327	115.8
2. Calluna	141	81.95	10305	123.9
3. Iverna	114	83.32	8187	107.8
4. Navahoe	157	86.93	10816	119.6
5. Satanita	162	97.65	9923	102.0
6. Valkyrie in England	148	86.82	10207	116.3
			mean	114.23
7. Columbine	60	67.60	5270	107.4
8. Maid Marian	58	65.50	5312	122.4
9. Mohawk	44	61.11	4281	107.0
10. Castanet	40	59.02	4055	107.9
11. Creole	40	59.61	3994	106.0
12. Lais	40	60.35	3973	104.4
13. Queen Mab	40	59.20	4053	107.6
14. Thalia	40	59.14	4055	107.7
15. Varuna	40	59.17	4046	107.5
16. Vendetta	40	60.45	3967	104.2
			mean	106.47

THALASSA.

## The Mediterranean Races.

The absence of a suitable number of competitors made the racing at Cannes rather perfunctory, as Britannia, of 8 ft. 1 in. w. l., was of course much more than a match for the old Valkyrie, of 7 ft. 6 in. w. l. The 40-rater Oretta, née Deerhound, of 59 ft. The first race of the Société Nautique de Cannes took place on March 10, Britannia winning by 40 m. from Valkyrie, while in the 20-ton class Luciole, a French-built yacht, won from three competitors, and Va Partout, née Glycera, sailed over in the smaller class.

On March 11 the races were for feluccas, sand boats and small craft, and on March 12 the races were for the old Valkyrie, of 7 ft. 6 in. w. l. The first race of the Société Nautique de Cannes took place on March 10, Britannia winning by 40 m. from Valkyrie, while in the 20-ton class Luciole, a French-built yacht, won from three competitors, and Va Partout, née Glycera, sailed over in the smaller class.

The races for the Goelet-Bennett cups were sailed on March 13, Britannia easily beating Valkyrie and Oretta, while Cristoforo Colombo won the 20-ton cup. On March 14 Britannia won the city of Cannes prize, and Cygne the Monte Carlo prize. The race for the Carnot cup was started on March 16, but a storm drove the yachts home. It was sailed on March 20, Britannia winning. On March 17 the grand review took place. The Prince of Wales sailed on Britannia in all the races. Among the steam yachts were Mr. Bennett's Namouna and Mr. Goelet's White Ladye, and Queen Mab, chartered by J. T. Lord, all under the American flag. Mr. James Gordon Bennett has offered a prize of \$1,000, in addition to the cost of the coal on her home voyage, to the winner of a steam yacht race for vessels over 100 tons builders' measurement, with a prize of \$400 for yachts under 100 tons, and one of \$25 for steam launches carried on yachts. The races will take place off Nice on April 2.

## A New Schooner Yacht.

DURING the past week nearly all of the daily papers have published the notice of the launch of a new schooner yacht, built at Bayles' yard, Port Jefferson, for Mr. George G. Chisholm, of New York. This elegant craft, said to have cost \$25,000, is none other than the old schooner Lancer, for the second time masquerading under a new name, having discarded her late name, Enigma, for the new one, Wayfarer. Lancer was modelled and built in 1881 by Alonzo E. Smith, of Islip, for Col. Josiah Porter, a wooden centerboard schooner 8 ft. 8 in. over all, 7 ft. 6 in. l. w. l., 2 ft. 6 in. beam, 9 ft. 6 in. depth and 7 ft. 6 in. draft. In 1892 she was purchased by her present owner, and in the course of fitting out, in lifting one of the masts for some repairs, it broke in two while slung, and on examination the spars and rigging were found to be so far gone that it was necessary to replace everything above the deck. Under her new rig the yacht was known as Enigma, and as such she was in commission last season. When she laid up in the fall, some repairs to the hull were found necessary, and she was taken to Bayles' yard, where an examination disclosed the fact that the hull was in much the same state as the spars had been. The yacht was placed on the ways, the spars still standing, and the planking and frames cut away, leaving the keel, sternpost and deck, and on this foundation the so-called new yacht Wayfarer was built. We recently had the pleasure of viewing the result, and of the model the less said the better.

The Sewaren Land and Water Club is considering the establishment of a floating club house off its station at Sewaren, N. J., on Staten Island Sound, and a canvas of the club members indicates a strong feeling in favor of such a step. With a commodious and handsome club house, and a safe and quiet anchorage which will admit yachts of up to 8 ft. draught at all times, the club will be able to offer advantages to local yachtsmen that few other organizations possess. The station is only forty-five minutes from the foot of Liberty street, and the trains are frequent and comfortable. The club has now about twenty boats on its list, from a forty-footer down, and the membership is made up of New York business men.

The annual meeting of the Yapev Aquatic Club, of Bordentown, on the Delaware, was held in the club house on March 7, and the following officers were elected: Pres., S. W. Beldon; Vice-Pres., D. R. Brown; Purser, Chas. E. Burr; Captain, Fred. G. Wieser; Mate, J. M. Hartley; Directors, Geo. F. Tyler, W. Robbins and R. Bennett. The club is in a flourishing condition, being practically out of debt and owning a \$2,000 club house on the river front.

## Canoeing.

### FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.

## The A. C. A. and its Critics.

Oh, he's all right. Who's all right? Why, Holden is. Except that he is misguided and misinformed, and thus is all wrong. Now, I have always thought Mr. Holden a pretty decent sort of a fellow and with considerable enterprise; had he gone to a few of the meetings in order to get the right view of the case under discussion, he would either be talking on a different stratum, if, as probably, he takes in order to see his name in print, or he would not be talking at all; for he would be of the opinion as all right-minded canoeists are, that the A. C. A. meets are just the best place in the world to go to, when you have been around with the bicycle cranks, the rowing men, and others of that ilk, and are tired of that sort of thing, and when you are in a state of mind to wish a sojourn among the most manly, jovial and true-hearted men that drift from a life of life; when you want to find sportsmen of whom you are proud to call yourself one of them and consider that you belong to the first body of "amateurs" in the utmost purity of the word, that is in existence.

Now for "Pulex." He is a funny fellow and ought to apply for a position with Barnum & Co. But I repeat, who is he? He claims to be on a par or even ahead of our noble "lex," but I am pretty well posted on canoeing matters, but fail to recall ever having even heard of him. If this discussion keeps on, we will have even men who are not members of the A. C. A. taking a hand in it, for I have heard of funnier things than that happening, and just speaking of funny, I would not be very much surprised to learn that "Pulex" could not show a certificate of membership, or any credential that he is even a canoeist. It strikes me, from the accurate knowledge he has of Mr. Holden's movements, that he is probably a disgraced Jerseyman who has an axe to grind and probably does not live far from the famed Rutherford. Perhaps Mr. Holden has beaten him in a race some time, or even perhaps won the smiles of a girl that "Pulex" was suing for. From the way he talks I should judge that he was "down" on the whole Passaic River. Probably he is not well thought of out there, and if he is, he is not out who he is they will probably think less of him than heretofore.

I should judge that some time one of the Hoboken men had gotten him in tow and taken him along with them on one of their delightful little cruises, treating him as all canoeists treat one another, and he thought he had reached the Mecca of canoeing. No, no, Pulex, it was only the beginning. Just cruise up to Croton Point this summer and you will see how the height of your happiness.

Then, too, we will have a chance to see what sort of a cruiser and combined funny man you are.

You are as badly informed as Mr. Holden is. If you do not believe me, ask Com. Dorland, and while you are at it, ask him about "collecting" news and editing a bulletin. I have not heard yet of his looking for situation, and if he don't give you a bigger fright than the man that wanted to make him "speak German as soon as he opened his mouth" last week, I miss my guess.

Mr. Burns is the right sort of a man after all.

Much obliged old man, you are right, if I can sit on the balcony all the time, it is not likely that she would be doing some of the things she does. It would be wasting ink to deny Pulex's statement that we do not do any canoeing out there. Let him come around almost any day, or any time of day, during the season, and he will find some about.

Let him join us around the camp-fire, on the cruise, on our "picnics" with the girls, or even in a race (if he can go fast enough to keep up), and see if he don't think we are as nice as we think we are.

There is one point that I endorse thoroughly in Pulex's letters; his admission of Hoboken. They are a fine set of fellows, hospitable, entertaining, good cruisers and have only one failing, they do not race enough.

As to Mr. Holden, at times I have thought there was hope for him, and then again he will say something which will disprove it. I admire his feeling that every canoeist should be a member of the A. C. A., but not for a mercenary object. He says a man gets absolutely nothing for his dollar unless he goes to the meet and that no one has told him to the contrary.

He says he can get all the important news of the meet from the newspapers and magazines. The ideas as to fittings etc., he can pick up well enough to suit him from his contact with others in cruising or visiting at neighboring club houses. What a narrow-minded, mean policy that would be. Suppose every one followed the same lines, would we have any A. C. A., any clubs, any canoeists or any canoeing at all?

I am afraid that the fellow who would be satisfied to work on such principles, would be the kind that would borrow his neighbor's paper instead of buying his own, or would cut a hole in the circus tent to see the show, instead of paying his admission.

LANTIER

On March 12, in the U. S. District Court at Boston, Judge Nelson gave his decision in the suit of Mr. Vanderbilt against the Metropolitan Steamship Co., for the loss of the steam yacht Albatross; the decision being in Mr. Vanderbilt's favor. The amount claimed is \$305,000, but the amount to be paid will be settled by an assessor, and will probably be limited to the appraised value of the colliding vessel, the H. F. Dimock, at the time of the disaster.

Class.	Sail Area.	Length.	Examples in Support.
½ rating	176.2	17.02	Wee Winn..... 0.5 177 17.04
1 "	289.3	20.74	Scud..... 1.0 289 20.83
2 ½ "	558.2	26.86	Babe..... 2.5 556 26.76
5 "	933.2	32.50	Natica..... 5 934 32.25
10 "	1532.8	39.14	Doreen..... 10 1572 38.05
20 "	2505.3	47.89	Deirdre..... 20 2590 46.19
40 "	4075.3	58.89	Queen Mab..... 40 4053 59.20
60 "	5415.5	66.47	Columbine..... 60 5270 67.46
150 "	10321.0	87.20	Britannia..... 151 10327 87.73



### Midwinter Fair Shooters.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Sunday, at the Midwinter Fair shoot, Geo. Helm made one of those lucky strugs that seldom fall to any marksman, viz., on his first ticket of three shots for merchandise prizes on Midwinter Fair target, he made the possible 25 25 25—75. He received the hearty congratulations of all the sporting big game men.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., March 25. J. T. HOLDEN.

ATLANTIC DIVISION—F. O. Gross, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Chicago Challenges New York.

**Heidenreich Rifle Club.**  
 NEW YORK, March 25.—Scores shot at a distance of 100ft.: Horn 241, Roberts 236, Goodman 233, Steckel 233, Kaufman 233, Koch 226, Heidenreich 208, May 218.

**Columbian Pistol and Rifle Club.**

"The Blue Grass team presented to the club last evening a handsome rocking chair. The club expects to increase the membership to 200 before May 1."

### Paterson Rifle Association.

### Here is a Score.

By this complete score you can see that the shooter only missed be blackonce, on his thirty-sixth shot, making a 16; and at the same time he made the highest 100-shot score, topping the high score of M. Dorrier by two points.

CHARLES C. WISSEL.

### Midwinter Fair Shooters.

Scores on the ring target were only fair, C. Thierback making 92 and Dr. Rodgers 91. D. Taktor made 69 on the Midwinter Fair target. The "kingship" is in great doubt and will not be decided until the last shot is fired next Sunday. Only three are seriously competing for this honor, and it is apt to prove somewhat costly to the winner. ROSEL.

## Hudson vs. Our Own.

Captain Mahlenbrock.	Scorer, C. E. Bird.														
Our Own Club															
Coppersmith.....	23	24	24	24	25	24	22	25	25	24	—240				
Gensch.....	23	25	20	23	24	23	24	23	23	23	—227				
Bander.....	23	23	23	24	24	24	24	23	25	24	—235				
Sandvald.....	23	25	24	18	22	22	24	19	25	—215					
Stork.....	23	22	21	23	23	23	24	23	23	—213					
Criqui.....	22	16	20	21	18	23	0	23	23	—184					
Graef.....	25	22	25	25	25	24	23	24	25	—236					
Fetting.....	24	24	20	24	22	25	25	21	23	—231					
Wigman.....	25	23	24	22	25	25	24	23	23	—233					
Wigman.....	22	25	25	25	25	25	24	22	23	—237					
Captain J. Bander.	Scorer, H. Bodvey.														

### Schottler Rifle Club Prize Shoot.

ym Rosenbaum.....	74 73-147	A Eppig.....	72 73-144
Buss.....	74 73-147	A Albrecht.....	72 69-141
Horney.....	73 73-146	Menninger.....	68 63-136
C Ross.....	73 73-146	Lindstedt.....	67 66-133
Iuth.....	73 73-146		

**Beideman Rifle Club.**

WEEKLY shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club at their range, Beideman Station, N. J., for week ending March 17: Conditions, 25yds., possible 50, 254gin. targets, 1ygin. bull outside range, strictly off-hand:

L Wood.....	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	247
W Wurrlin.....	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	239
W Wurrlin.....	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	23	23	23	238
C McGowan.....	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	23	23	23	238
V Gilbert.....	25	25	25	25	24	23	23	23	23	23	237

Pistol score, standard American targets. 60yds.:  
L Gardiner..... 10 10 10 10 9 9 9 8 8 7—80  
L Wood..... 10 10 10 10 9 8 8 8 7—80

WAT. GILBERT Sec'y

### Zettler Rifle Club.

Champion target: Louis Flach 249, B. Walther 245, H. Holges 245, F. C. Ross 245, C. G. Zettler 244, R. Busse 243, B. Zettler 242, M. B. Engel 239, H. D. Muller 238.

Best 10-shot score, 5 entries: Louis Flach 249, F. C. Ross 249, H. Holges 246, B. Zettler 245, R. Busse 246, C. G. Zettler 244, B. Walther 246, J. H. Brown 245, H. D. Muller 239.

## New York Rifle Club.

The New York Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot at No. 12 St. Mark's place, on the 24th inst. The following members were present and made the scores below. Rifles, .22 short; range, 100ft.:

Young.....	243	242	Herrington.....	230	227
Wensch.....	240	233	Case.....	228	228
Chadbourne.....	238	236	Barker.....	235	
Duane.....	237	232	Daly.....	218	
Rockner.....	232	230	E. R. CHADBOURNE, Sec'y.		



### Greenville vs. Excelsior.

On Wednesday night of last week, the "celery" district in Jersey City known as Greenville, was the scene of a large gathering of rifle men and their friends. It was the third anniversary of the organization of the Greenville Rifle Club, and in order to make the occasion of greater interest to members and guests, a team match was arranged with the Excelsior Club, 10 men a side.

The weather was beastly, rain and heavy fog enveloping the entire city and harbor, making travel both uncomfortable and dangerous. Many friends of the club from the upper part of New York and Brooklyn were prevented from being on hand to participate in the festivities owing to the weather conditions. The two cities, however, were well represented by a delegation of sportsmen who were impervious to rain or fog. With them came the Manhasset Quartette of Brooklyn, the echo of whose songs are so popular in the Edison Phonograph at the present time. Recitations and good stories by Messrs. Spayne and Dalton of Brooklyn, and by that local humorist Robert McDonald, interspersed with songs of the quartette, and others kept the large gathering which filled the club house in a continuous condition of mirth and good fellowship. The club's "Chef," Edward Borr, was in his element; he had his lunch tables loaded with the good things that help to put the inner man in good humor with the outer.

The shooting off of the match part of the programme was not started until nearly 9 o'clock P. M. The heavy fog had its best shooting talent on hand and in good form to uphold the honor of Greenville. The Excelsior team, accompanied by a large delegation of friends and members of the club, was on hand at an early hour in the evening engaged in practice upon the ranges, in order to get the lay of land, as it were. It was reported that Capt. Hansen had been for several days previous to the match engaged in putting his team through a severe course of training in order to be in condition to recover the prestige which the Greenville team secured in the last series of matches. Capt. Hansen's well-laid plans went amiss through the machinations of Chef Borr, who, as soon as his eye rested upon their good form, says to himself, "By gum! I'll stiffen every mother's son of them, till they're so full they can't shoot a little bit," and at them he went, and till the glare of his eye, Capt. Hansen's labor of the previous week was gone to the dogs.

The Greenville team put up the highest total score for a 10-men team ever made in the gallery, it being no less than 2,341, against 2,261 for the Excelsior team. The latter team, as a whole, shot in poor form, but as Jimmie Hughes expressed it, they had a high time, and if the Excelsior team desire to down the Greenville team in the future, the Excelsior Club will have to add all the latest improvements in club shooting, among which will be a Chef "à la Borr." The scores are appended, 10 shots per man, possible 250:

Excelsior Team.	
Weber	25 25 24 24 24 24 23 22 19 18—238
Hughes	25 24 23 22 21 21 20 20 20 20—216
Phiney	25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20 20 20—216
Channing	25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20 20 20—216
Thomas	25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20 20 20—216
Hennessey	25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20 20 20—216
Bauchle	24 24 23 22 22 22 21 21 21 21—213
Boyce	25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20 20 20—216
Hansen	25 25 25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20—238
Duff	25 25 24 24 24 23 22 21 19 18—2291
Greenville Team.	
Plaisted	25 25 24 24 24 23 23 21 20 18—236
Chavant	25 25 24 23 23 21 20 20 18—224
Robidoux	25 25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20—237
C Boag	25 25 25 24 24 23 22 21 20—238
Lutz	25 24 24 24 24 23 23 22 20—236
J Boag	25 24 24 24 23 23 22 21 20—237
Purkess	25 25 25 25 24 23 22 21 20—238
Collins	25 25 24 24 24 23 22 21 20—236
Scheeline	25 25 24 24 23 22 21 19—230
Dorrier	25 25 25 25 25 24 24 24 24—2341
E. A. Graef, scorer.	

### Jerseymen at the Targets.

The Saturday outing of rifle men from the Greenville and Excelsior Clubs, in Armbruster's Park, on March 24, brought together the usual number of regulars. The weather was warm and clear, light and variable winds with a dry atmosphere gave some of the best of the bullet cranks more or less trouble during the afternoon. Messrs. Dorrier, Hansen, Plaisted and Chavant went into a handicap sweep, 100 shots per man, Dorrier granting Hansen 25 points, Plaisted 50 and Chavant 100.

Dorrier did not shoot in the high form that he has been in of late, his total for the 100 shot, being 2,341. Hansen made a handicap of 25 points a total of 2,327, one point behind the old veteran. Plaisted got into trouble in his third and fourth strings and made a poor showing in his 100 shots, making only 2,062 in his total. Chavant retired from the contest on his fifth string. Robidoux, C. Boag, Scheeline, Hill, Agneau and Frank Chase, of the Greenville Club, were on hand and participated in a few practice scores. After the close of the shooting, all hands adjourned to the dining room of the Hotel Armbruster, where a pleasant hour was spent in discussing the merits of one of Mother Armbruster's Saturday evening lunches. Scores:

Chavant	20 19 20 22 22 21 17 18 24—206
Hansen	19 22 20 25 25 22 17 20 21 16—199
	22 19 20 17 19 21 34 13 16 25—199
	18 22 22 22 22 20 19 15 24 22—208
	21 18 17 24 21 19 15 15 25—208
Hansen	21 19 25 18 19 20 23 22 21 23—211
	24 25 19 23 24 24 22 21 23—223
	23 23 20 21 21 21 24 20 24—223
	24 25 22 23 23 25 19 18 23—225
	22 24 25 19 21 21 24 23 23—221
	18 21 22 13 23 23 23 23 24—213
	23 21 22 23 18 22 17 23 19—211
	22 21 20 25 20 24 21 24 24—224
	21 24 25 22 24 25 23 24 25—223
	21 19 23 24 21 22 16 24 24—218—2202
Handicap	25

Robidoux	21 24 19 17 24 25 22 18 20 23—227
C Boag	25 23 21 21 23 20 17 24 21—212
Scheeline	16 21 10 17 24 20 18 24 25 21—206
Hill	18 21 14 16 13 11 15 16 18—170
Agneau	22 21 20 16 16 13 12 13 20—163
Plaisted	19 23 20 22 22 20 19 15 24—209
	15 13 19 20 24 20 21 21 22—210
	19 23 22 18 19 21 20 16 14—186
	22 21 19 9 10 20 17 14 19—176
	24 21 22 19 18 23 24 22 18—215
	19 20 20 18 23 21 25 24 22—213
	25 23 18 22 23 25 21 16 15—214
	15 23 23 20 22 20 25 19 25—212
	21 18 25 22 17 22 20 21—206
	20 25 21 21 18 25 24 18 24 25—202
Handicap	50

Dorrier, scratch	23 21 24 21 24 21 17 24 22—221
	22 23 22 21 20 21 20 25 25—225
	21 22 24 24 17 24 22 20 25—223
	24 24 19 23 18 18 25 21 24—220
	23 25 23 24 23 21 23 23 21—223
	25 25 23 24 23 21 23 23 21—223
	16 21 24 21 22 25 25 21 25—225
	15 23 23 20 22 20 25 19 25—212
	21 24 24 21 22 25 24 21—221
	23 24 25 24 21 25 25 16 21—227—2235

### Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 25.—I enclose scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club on Saturday, March 24, Standard American target, 200 yds., off-hand. Light good, wind light at first, but blowing a gale at the close. Medal match, single entry:

W J Dunbar	8 4 4 6 9 7 3 6 5 8—65
F K Rand	10 5 7 10 8 7 7 8 8—75
J Edwards	8 9 9 8 8 9 6 5 9 8—79
H M Pope	7 10 8 8 8 7 10 6 10—84
Re-entry match:	
H A Fox	6 1 3 5 4 7 6 4 5 4—45
	6 3 5 5 0 6 3 4 5 5—45
W J Dunbar	9 5 6 5 5 6 8 6 4 7—61
	4 6 10 4 8 6 4 9 7—65
J Edwards	6 8 5 7 6 5 7 6 10—68
D S Seymour	6 10 10 9 6 9 8 7 6—79
	10 8 7 7 9 8 3 9 9—77
	6 10 8 9 7 6 10 8 8—81
F K Rand	9 10 8 9 5 8 9 10 9—83
	9 9 7 10 10 6 10 6 9—86
	8 8 7 8 8 9 7 9 8—79
R D Gardner	10 10 9 9 8 9 10 9—93
H M Pope (50 shots)	9 10 10 8 8 10 7 6 10—83
	9 7 7 10 10 7 6 10 9—85
	7 10 8 8 8 7 10 6 10—84
	6 8 8 9 9 9 8 10 8 6—81
H. M. Pope, Sec'y.	

### Schlicht Rifle Club.

TWENTY-FOUR members of the Schlicht Club were present at headquarters on Monday night to compete for the class medals. The following are the winners: Geo. Dorr, champion medal; Wm. Schlicht, first class; M. Dans, second class; E. Mehr, third class. The scores are appended, 10 shots each, possible 50: Geo. Schlicht 24, Geo. Dorr 237, Wm. Schlicht 237, M. Dans 233, J. Diehl 230, A. Meyer 229, Capt. Brellenthine 226, E. Mehr 221, Geo. Laulenberger 221, Geo. Richter 220, John Dedrick 219, J. Schlicht 219, L. Dorr 219, G. J. Goehring 219, C. Meyer 216, C. Greek 216, P. Mane 215, G. Scholys 215, E. Poersch 211, F. Dambrix 210, C. Stein 203, J. Bouders 200, A. Tribut 205.

### Our Own Rifle Club.

THE OUR OWN CLUB of Hoboken, N. J., held its weekly gallery shoot on March 13. Twelve members participated in the competition. Adolph Malz put up the good score of 244. Kruse was second, with 240, Boehmcke third, with 238. Nearly every week sees one or more individual matches shot off on the club range between members of the club. This sort of practice adds to the shooting form and confidence of the riflemen in his rifle. Scores: Adolph Malz 244, J. H. Kruse 240, W. Boehmcke 238, W. P. Dilger 231, F. Sessmann 228, O. Schmidt 224, R. Harthoff, Jr., 218, J. Stein 203, H. Molkeuber 203, C. L. Dilger 202, A. T. Cuneo 212, C. Schmidt 202.

### Lady Miller Rifle Club.

THE Lady Miller Rifle Club of Hoboken keeps up the even tenor of its weekly practice for class medals. Some weeks the matrons get away with the medals and the honors, and then again the misses make a rush and reach the goal. This week the matrons got a little the best of the game, winning two out of the three. The winners were Mrs. Meyns first, Mrs. D. Miller second, Miss Saunders third. Scores: Miss Saunders 237, Mrs. Meyns 218, Mrs. D. Miller 218, Mrs. Stein 221, Miss N. Miller 217, Mrs. Abrie 215, Mrs. Stach 212, Mrs. Fish 210, Mrs. Beglar 207, Mrs. Volk 211, Miss Mannheim 209, Miss Yourman 203, Miss Clausen 203.

### Greenville Rifle Club.

THE anniversary racket and team match of the Greenville Club at its headquarters on Wednesday night previous had a disastrous effect upon the nerves of some of the shooters that stuck to them until the practice shoot on Friday night. Only sixteen members were present to participate in the competition for the class prizes. The scores are appended: Dorrier 245, Plaisted 240, C. Boag 240, Robidoux 239, Purkess 239, Collins 236, J. Boag 237, Chavant 234, Dods 235, Agneau 234, Lembeck 233, E. Wuestner 233, F. Wuestner 216, Hill 224, Barr 223, Holzapfel 204.

### Palisade Rifle Club.

FIFTEEN members of the Palisade Rifle Club met at headquarters in Geo. Schlicht's gallery March 18, for weekly practice. Scores: C. Hemberger 234, Fred Esperer 234, Geo. Dorr 233, Fred Krobatsch 231, H. Bose 231, R. Glaser 219, O. L. Aufderheide 216, Fred Ward 212, Wm. Rose 211, Wm. Ables 209, Ad. Ahles 209, Aug. Ahles 207, W. Bontamps 205, Henry Aufderheide 200, L. Dumont 200.

### RIFLE NOTES.

AT the weekly shoot of the Excelsior Club on Tuesday night only three men were on hand to compete for the class medals. Hennessey made 244, Duff 241 and Bins 241. The members of the club have been rather negligent in their practice of late, and the result is that their last series of matches with the Greenville Club have been in favor of the Farmers.

We have been requested by one of our correspondents to set a rule for the settlement of ties in handicap matches. The best rule that we know of in the interest of the sport is to shoot, or in other words, shoot off the ties. Any rule that decides ties by the most men who shoot, or the least others, gives the advantage to the scratch man in most instances.

The contemplated gallery match between teams from the Williamsburg Schuetzen Corps and the Empire Rifle Club, which grew out of the rivalry generated at the Zettler Club tournament on Feb. 23, will not be shot off this season. The Williamsburg Corps will open its outdoor shooting at Cypress Hills Park the early part of April, and the gallery rifle will remain in the rack until next winter.

The Paterson (N. J.) Rifle Association forwarded a challenge to the Greenville Club last week, to shoot a friendly one and home team match on the outdoor range. The Greenville Club has accepted the challenge, and the first match is arranged to come off at the Greenville Schuetzen Park, Saturday, April 14.

The New York Independent Corps opened its season shooting at 200 yds. on Wednesday of this week in Washington Park, a report of the shoot will appear in next week's issue. The New York Central Corps also opened its season on Thursday in the same park.

Champion Gus Zimmerman will pay another visit to Europe in June to participate in the great shooting festivals which will be held in Germany, Switzerland and France in July and August.

A visit to Cypress Hills Park last week developed the fact that Chas. C. Wissel is getting this popular resort into first class order to receive the host of riflemen who will be found there with the opening of the summer season in April.

The Zettler Club will open its summer practice here on April 8. The club has organized a liberal programme of prizes, which should draw out the maximum strength of the shooting element in the club.

The report in last week's issue of the team tournament of the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association shows that our cousins over the border are keeping rifle matters in a healthy condition. We hope to see them represented at our great shooting festival which comes off in New York in the summer of 1895. This recalls to our mind a remark made some weeks since by that old American rifleman and inventor, J. H. Brown, who, in speaking of the rifle and its interests, declared that the riflemen of America should make a concerted effort to revive international match shooting. No doubt this recommendation of Mr. Brown's will be seconded by every lover of the rifle in the land, but there is a mountain of obstacles in the way of its accomplishment and no engineer in sight competent to remove or tunnel the obstruction.

Some of our local followers of rifle matters are inclined to get hysterical over the Ross-Dorrier match, which comes off on April 18. The two principals in the coming affair are not losing any sleep over its outcome, and to all others we would say keep cool until the crisis is over, when Wissel will probably have a stock of chopped ice and Mumm to stimulate the joy of the winners and likewise drown the sorrow of the losers.

A committee from the New York Rifle Club is out looking for a desirable park in which to hold the weekly practice shoots for the coming season. The idea that we, the proprietors report that their dates for the coming season have filled up unusually fast thus far and that the prospects are good for a successful year for rifle shooting.

Now that the outdoor shooting season is drawing near and the gallery will be discarded to some extent, it would be a rather interesting match to have some Hudson county club pit a team against the famous Hudson Rifle Club. Where are the Millers, could they not make a go at the Marion boys?

The equipment of the ranges of the Hudson Rifle Club is as near complete as any in the country, being supplied with four ranges, with a complete light and dark system, and a target man takes but a short time to shoot team matches, so that the evening can be devoted to sociability as well as marksmanship. Now is the time for some of the clubs to give them a rub. Who will be first to "knock off their chip" and enjoy their genial hospitality which is always noticeable at their home.

## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

### FIXTURES.

April 4.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, third team contest, combined with all-day tournament of South Side Gun Club, at Newark, N. J.  
April 4.—Morley vs. Outwater, 50 birds, \$50 a side. Morley vs. Ryan, 25 birds, \$25 a side, at Willard's Park, Paterson.  
April 4.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Hunter Park, Long Island.  
April 4.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association eighteenth annual meeting, at Austin, Texas. Wallace Miller, Sec'y.  
April 4.—California State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at San Francisco.

April 7.—Union Gun Club, 50 targets, \$5 entry, open to all. Also club and sweepstakes shooting, at Springfield, N. J.

April 11-12.—Baltimore (Md.) Gun Club, tenth annual tournament, at Grason's Park; two days targets, third day live birds. H. A. Penrose and E. D. Miller, Managers.

April 12.—Morley vs. Smith, 50 live birds, \$50 a side, at Willard's Park, Paterson.

April 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh Gun Club will add \$200.

April 24-27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.

April 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, second tournament, at Rochester.

May 1-3.—Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, spring tournament; two days targets, last day live birds.

May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament and meeting, at Ft. Smith, Ark.; \$1,000 added money; professionals and experts will be handicapped. Address Joseph P. Matthews, Ft. Smith, or John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Hot Springs, Ark.

May 2-3.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Springfield, O. Springfield Gun Club will add \$200.

May 8-10.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, at Columbus, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

May 15.—Second annual tournament of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association, at Lynn, Mass. W. F. Brown, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 17-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fourth tournament, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club, at Garfield Park race track, Chicago, Ill. The Prairie Gun Club adds \$500 to the purses.

May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, third tournament, at Utica.

May 30-June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fifth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club. \$200 added money.

June 4-9.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Hingham (N. Y.) Gun Club, first annual tournament.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12-14.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14-15.—Association of the Northwest, annual tournament, at Tacoma, Wash.

June 13-21.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.

June 27-28.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's sixth tournament, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind. Elwood Gun Club will add \$200.

July 4.—Central Gun Club tournament, at Duluth.

July 13-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from \$300 to \$400.

July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament, at West Newburg.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Nov. 28.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

At the annual meeting of the Fitchburg (Mass.) Rifle and Gun Club the following committees were appointed: Finance Committee, H. I. Wallace, E. B. Twitchell, I. O. Converse; Membership Committee, H. E. Houghton, David Salmon, E. B. Twitchell; House and Grounds, E. N. Choate, F. S. Washburn, L. R. Sharkey, G. C. Pierce; Committee on Range, E. E. Howard, C. L. Tenney, W. V. Lower; Trap Shooting, S. P. Putnam, O. G. Converse, E. Estabrook; Indoor Range, E. E. Howard, F. Washburn, I. O. Converse, A. M. Sanderson, E. J. Lewis; Fish and Game, Chas. H. Potter, C. W. Pillsbury, I. O. Converse, S. P. Putnam, Dr. J. W. Stimpson. The report of the range committee that, notwithstanding the new Wallace street, the club would be unmolested, and the range of the club can be used as heretofore, was accepted.

COLUMBIA, Pa., March 15.—There was a big meeting of sportsmen at Hotel Columbia last evening to reorganize the Columbia Gun Club, increase its membership, and make arrangements for the shooting campaign. It was agreed to increase the membership to forty-five or fifty. Officers were elected as follows: President, E. W. G. Taylor; Vice-President, John C. Broome; Secretary, Harry H. Myers; Treasurer, Samuel Hoffman; Finance Committee, Messrs. Broome, Taylor, Myers, Watson and Fendrich; Committee on By-Laws, Messrs. Hoffman and Watson. The club has leased a tract of ground from Mr. Wm. Morris, in East Columbia, and at the meeting last evening it was decided to erect a club house on the lot. It will be comfortable and adequate for the purposes.

If the new repeating shotgun of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. does not go to the front it will not be on account of not having crack shots in the first and foremost ranks; the company has secured the services of the champion of Kansas City, who is shooting the race of his life with the new arm. And then they have W. R. Hobart, the crack shot and hustler of the South Side Gun Club, and one of the best of the Jersey shots; and also Ferd E. Van Dyke, also of New Jersey, who won the target championship at New London in 1892 and who is a rattling fine shot under all conditions. And again Rolle Holmquist has started in to shoot the new gun and intends to make some new records at targets, as well as making it talk loud on live birds.

"Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield, has made two matches with T. V. Morley at Plainfield, the first to be shot at Willard's Park, April 13 and the second at Plainfield three weeks later. The conditions, which are identical for each match, are 50 live birds per man, Hurlingham rules to govern, for \$50 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Morley and Lever, of Elizabeth, have also arranged to come together in two matches, one of which will have been shot before this issue appears, but too late for particulars. The conditions for each match are 25 live birds per man, \$25 a side, Hurlingham rules, except one barrel only to be used.

GREENSBORO, N. C., March 18.—The annual meeting of the Greensboro Gun Club was held last night. All the old officers were re-elected for the coming year, namely: President, James D. Glenn; Secretary and Treasurer, E. L. Hilmer; Captain and General Manager, J. F. Jordan. J. W. Fry was elected a member of the executive committee and E. T. Garsed was elected a member of the club. It was decided to







## Winners of Lakeview Prizes.

The Lakeview Rod and Gun Club held its last shoot for the season of 1893 March 17. The warm spring day thawed out sixty of the boys, all anxious to see the deciding scores for the 1893 prizes, and see the new automatic trap-pulling indicator invented by A. W. Walls.

The prize winners for 1893 were: Silver pitcher, decorated with crossed guns and laurel leaf wreath in alto relief, line-engraved hunting scene, etc., conditions 15 targets, unknown angles, American Association rules, no handicap, weekly shoots to begin May 1 and end Sept. 11. Fifteen entries were made and the prize won by N. W. Parker with 150 breaks out of 285 shots; C. M. Williams second with 145 breaks.

Gold-lined silver cup, 10 birds, seven shots, N. W. Parker, winner, 28 breaks, 70 shots; C. M. Williams second, 25 breaks, 50 shots, in a field of 16 entries.

Silver trophy, 20 birds, 12 shots, 50 cents entry, 33 contestants, 240 shots each, N. W. Parker, winner, 122, 10 shots; C. M. Williams, second, 84, 8 shots.

Highest number of shots during the season, \$5, C. M. Williams, 1,590. Highest number of breaks during the season, \$3, N. W. Parker, 902. Attending greatest number of shoots, \$3.50, C. M. Williams, 28. Best average shooting for season, \$2, C. M. Williams.

Greatest improvement, \$1, C. A. Hansen.

The scores for the day were as follows, special silver cup race, 20 singles, 5 traps, unknown angles:

McLellan, 01010001100010101-8	Kinerson, 010011111111101011-13
Skinner, 11010001101101101-13	Williams, 110001100101110000-9
Maseroft, 111101101101101101-10	Pade, 0000010100101000000-4
Walls, 01011011010011000110-10	G Reeves, 000000111110101000-8
Forehand, 111110110100110110-13	W Reeves, 000011111110001010-9
Parker, 0010010101100110011-10	

No. 2, rapid-fire, 10 birds, known angles, 5 traps:	
G S McLellan, 0010101000-3	E W Ide, 1010010001-4
P J Kimm, 0010101111-8	G H Reeves, 0111100001-5
J T Maseroft, 1111101101-9	W R Reeves, 0110000101-4
R W Walls, 1111101111-9	G S Davis, 0010010111-5
W H Buck, 1011010110-6	C A Hanson, 1000100000-2
C E Forehand, 1111101111-10	C E Fay, 0100100000-2
V D Kenerson, 1110101111-7	F Bucklin, 0100011111-6
C M Williams, 1110010001-6	

No. 3, 5 clays, unknown angles, traps 1, 2, 4, 5:	
G S McLellan, 00010-1	
P J Kimm, 11100-3	
J T Maseroft, 01100-3	
W H Buck, 01100-2	
C E Forehand, 00110-2	
N W Parker, 00011-2	
V D Kenerson, 00001-1	
C M Williams, 11000-2	
E W Ide, 11000-2	
G H Reeves, 00000-0	
W R Reeves, 00000-0	
A W Walls, 01110-3	
W C Hamilton, 00001-1	
G S Davis, 10000-1	
D W Bradt, 00001-1	
C A Hanson, 11000-2	
F Bucklin, 11100-3	
C E Fay, 00000-0	
W G Allen, 01000-1	

No. 4, rapid fire, 10 birds, known angles, 5 traps:	
N D Kenerson, 1001101001-5	
G H Reeves, 0110010000-3	
W R Reeves, 0101001100-5	
N W Parker, 0101001100-5	
G S Davis, 0010100100-3	
G S McLellan, 1110001011-6	
C E Forehand, 1111101111-10	
P J Skinner, 1111011111-9	
W H Buck, 0110000101-3	
R W Walls, 1110010111-7	
F Bucklin, 1001101001-5	
W G Allen, 0111000000-3	
D W Bradt, 0110000100-3	
C E Fay, 0100001000-2	
W C Hamilton, 0110000000-2	
E W Ide, 0000010101-3	
C H Goodell, 0100000000-1	

No. 5, rapid fire, 10 birds, known angles, 5 traps:	
N D Kenerson, 0000010101-3	
G S Davis, 1111001100-6	
G S McLellan, 1000001110-4	
C E Forehand, 0111101111-9	
P J Skinner, 1010101001-6	
J T Maseroft, 0111111111-9	
W H Buck, 0110000101-3	
R W Walls, 1110010111-7	
F Bucklin, 1001101001-5	
W G Allen, 0111000000-3	
D W Bradt, 0110000100-3	
C E Fay, 0100001000-2	
W C Hamilton, 0110000000-2	
E W Ide, 0000010101-3	
C H Goodell, 0100000000-1	

No. 6, rapid fire, 10 birds, known angles, 5 traps:	
N D Kenerson, 0000010101-3	
G S Davis, 1111001100-6	
G S McLellan, 1000001110-4	
C E Forehand, 0111101111-9	
P J Skinner, 1010101001-6	
J T Maseroft, 0111111111-9	
W H Buck, 0110000101-3	
R W Walls, 1110010111-7	
F Bucklin, 1001101001-5	
W G Allen, 0111000000-3	
D W Bradt, 0110000100-3	
C E Fay, 0100001000-2	
W C Hamilton, 0110000000-2	
E W Ide, 0000010101-3	
C H Goodell, 0100000000-1	

## Jeannette Gun Club.

There was a big turn-out at the last shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, and beside the regular club contest at 10 birds, a team race was shot between F. Baar and F. Walbaum on one side, and C. Carr and C. Langeau on the other, 25 birds per man, for \$100 a side. Jacob Pentz was referee, and A. Christen scorer. The result:

F Baar, 100111011111111110100011-18	
F Walbaum, 0101100111111000010000-12-30	
C Carr, 11001100100011111011010-15	
C Langeau, 1111111111111011011111-22-37	

Club shoot:	
C Offmann, 1010110101-7	G Steffens, 1110111111-9
H Otten, 1010110101-7	J Kroeger, 1101100101-7
C Boesch, 0010010111-6	C Mohrmann, 1101101101-8
H Heinke, 1001010101-5	H Winter, 1011111111-9
H Raub, 1110101101-6	A J Chester, 1011010111-5
F Baar, 1010110111-8	R Kuart, 0111101011-7
W P Rinkhoff, 1111011111-9	L Lebing, 1010010100-6
F Karstens, 1010010101-5	F Reichard, 1001010101-5
H Rottmann, 1100101111-7	F Walbaum, 1000101010-4
C Meyer, 1110111111-9	H Nobel, 1011001010-5

## Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

The monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held on March 14, called out a goodly number of members and some good scores were recorded, despite the cyclonic breeze that blew across Woodland Park. The main attraction was the club shoot at 7 live birds, handicap rises, for the Plate diamond badge, this being the eleventh of the series of twelve contests. Mr. Fred Pfander is practically the owner of this handsome souvenir, which is well worth the winning. He has won it four times out of eleven competitions against some of the best wing shots in this section. In to-day's contest two of

his birds were carried over the boundary by the wind and fell stone dead:

W Lair (26yds).....1111120-6	012	F Pfander (28).....23e12-5	10
Dr Van Ord (30).....1100201-4	1231	J E Orr (25).....1011022-5	121
J Schlemann (25).....1200111-5	0	W Schelges (35).....212130-6	201
F McLaughlin (25).....0010011-4	1120	C Englebrecht (25).....0020001-2	
F Eppig (23).....1003210-4	2112	C Plate (25).....121210-6	121
H McLaughlin (25).....1021113-6	w	D Lynch (23).....0100221-4	01
J B Voorhes (27).....1221123-7	131	Capt Craemer (25).....1221112-7	10
A Eppig (25).....0012023-4	101		

The shoot off of the ties was at three birds, then miss and out.

On Dec. 13, 1893, Mr. Pfander won the badge competition by killing 11 to W. A. Little's 10; Jan. 10, killed 10 to W. Lair's 9; Feb. 14, killed 11 to C. Murphy's 10, Dr. Northbridge's 9 and C. Engle's 7.

## Princeton 'Varsity Gun Club.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 14.—The 'Varsity Gun Club faced a March gale to-day in their first practice for the intercollegiate race. The targets did not mind the wind a bit, but tumbled, dipped and dodged like a lot of jacksnipe. The blizzard brought tears to the shooter's eyes, but the hard shell tar-coats went right on, unbroken, round after round, though the shot could be plainly heard rattling against them.

The targets were a bad lot, acknowledged by the manufacturers "too hard a bake," but even this would not altogether account for the awful scores.

The veterans Lewis, Vaughn and Tiffany scored 14, 12 and 13 respectively out of 25. Balance of score is unfit for publication, and we suppress it with satisfaction.

One incident of the melancholy meeting raised a smile: A crow, beating to windward, passed overhead (out of range), but immediately after weathering traps, pressed downward by the gale, came near the ground. He could not fly as fast as man could run and some of our undergar, sprinters started after him.

Oh, what a sight for gods and men—and a Kodak—was the race that followed! No. 8s were too light, however, and the result was very

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## Ironton Defeats South Point.

IRONTON, O.—The trap shoot between the Ironton and South Point gun clubs, on the former grounds in this city, Monday afternoon, was won by the Ironton team in a score of 137 to 94 out of 300 birds. The latter had eight men, Ironton seven. Scores:

Ironton Club.	
Austin, 110111110111011011011011-23	
J Welch, 110110110110110111011111-23	
J Rogers, 001110110110110111101110-18	
W Williams, 000011011011011000001110-11	
W Nigh, 101111111011011101101111-22	
J Dupuy, 110011111111111101101111-25	
H Paul, 011011011011011011011111-16-137	
South Point Club.	







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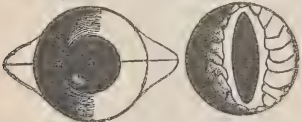
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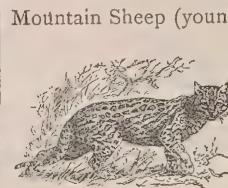
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1894.

VOL. XLII.—No. 14  
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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## THE TROUT SEASON.

THIS week in waters of Long Island and Massachusetts, and in Connecticut and Iowa the season has opened in which trout may be lawfully taken. There has been an exodus of men completely equipped, with their tackle in perfect order, intent on luring from the waters the prey from which they have been so long debarred. Side by side with these, up and down the brooks and along the little rivers, the small boy with his cut pole, his gigantic hook and his pocket full of worms, wriggles his way through the underbrush, making his way to the deepest holes, where he knows the "big ones" lie. These he takes, and perhaps before night turns into metal or paper, to him much more acceptable than the ruddy flesh of trout.

It is only in the southernmost tier of States where trout are found that the season opens as early as All Fools' Day. For New York in general, for Pennsylvania and for some other States the date is April 15, while in Maine, Michigan, South Dakota and Pike county, Pennsylvania, May 1 is the opening day, and in Colorado it is postponed until June 1.

We are not of those who believe in always starting out on the opening day. Too often this means facing a cold rain, handling an ice-bound reel and line, fishing with numbed fingers, and—worst of all—getting no fish; for these are slow to rise in the cold, rough weather of early spring. Better it is, we think, to be governed by the weather conditions rather than by the calendar, and to choose for the first outing for the season one of those warm few days which even now are at hand. There may be softer fish in the brooks than there were on the opening day, some of the big fellows may have found their way into the frying-pan and so have escaped you forever, but on the other hand, those that are left will rise with more energy, fight harder for their inches, and last longer than those taken in a snowstorm or out of water, that is icy cold. Besides the actual pleasure to the angler from the fish and their condition, there is the still greater delight to be derived from all the beauties of awakening nature now spread before him, and which the warm sunshine invites him to enjoy and to dream over.

The man is happy who goes a-fishing for the first time, if not on the opening day, at least early in the season. Shut up, perhaps, during the long winter months in office or store or city, the sights and sounds and odors of nature now seem to him something altogether new. They are revelations of another existence, yet each charmed sense brings back to him memories of other days like this, but none so beautiful nor so happy. For him now the new-come bluebird warbles his sweetest notes; for his pleasure the ruddy-chested robin hops fearlessly over the brown meadow and digs his yellow beak deep into the soft earth in search of the luckless worm that too early is seeking the light. The modest flowers of early spring—liverwort and violet, adder's tongue and

wind flower, and blood root on the sunny banks—show their tender beauties to him. Though known to so few of those who share his life in the busy world, they are old friends of his.

He hears the roll of the woodpecker on the dead limb, the lighter tapping of the vagrant chickadee and the sharp complaining of the clambering nuthatch. From some knoll in the depths of the wood comes the distant thunder of the grouse's drum; crows caw on the tops of the tall chestnuts, and from far above them falls the shrill cry of a red-tailed hawk poised on motionless wing.

Only now and then are such sounds heard. For the most part the woods are silent. The song birds have not come, yet he knows that through the forests, over the meadows and among the brambles that grow along the old stone fences, is marching northward noiselessly, but steadily the vanguard of an army soon to make itself both seen and heard. But it is not yet here.

Everywhere in field and wood and air is the sense of a silent unseen brooding motion, which shall soon burst forth into something to be seen and heard and felt everywhere. Catkins of alder are swelling, buds of willows are turning green and those of the soft maple red. Yet a little while, and all this silence of preparation shall have passed and we shall see nature no longer working in secret, but openly, joyously, in the sight of all the world.

## SNAP SHOTS.

Time is gradually revealing to us the latent and unsuspected potentialities of journalism as exemplified in the onward and upward progress of the "Sportsmen's Favorite Journal." It has in times past by alluring descriptions of favored regions impelled folks to desert their altars and their fires and the green graves of their sires and move their lares and penates to distant climes; and it has even restored members of a family, lost to one another and separated by the distance of the Atlantic from the Pacific. It has promoted acquaintances among scores of people, who but for it would have been ever as strangers, and by it have become lifelong friends. And now comes an esteemed contributor who avers, "And do you know that, not only many of my most prized friends, but some of my best clients, have come to me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. \* \* \* I can trace several thousand dollars directly to the friendship of FOREST AND STREAM." There is a record indeed; and it is one worth having, and not to be hid under a bushel.

It does seem that if we must adopt some one name for the fish known as landlocked salmon, and as ouananiche or winninish or fresh-water salmon, we might choose something better than ouananiche, which is a heathen word done into French and given a Parisian accent. If whonanishe is the English equivalent of the Montagnais name, why is not whonanishe to be adopted rather than ouananiche, which not one person in ten knows how to pronounce until he is told? Whatever name be adopted there will be some advantage in having one uniform designation, for this will materially aid in the discussion of the game qualities of the fish as it is found in different waters. The ouananiche of the Lake St. John district might lose some of its wild flavor if called landlocked salmon; but it is quite certain that the landlocked salmon of our own New England waters would be none the less worthy of the angler's keenest skill even if it were handicapped with the outlandish Indian-French hybrid cognomen.

Another instance of the perverse wilfulness of fate. Commander Verney Lovett Cameron was the first European to cross the African continent in its central latitudes, accomplished many other feats of exploration notable for their arduous and hazardous nature, was honored by geographical societies for his daring and achievement, and came through all perils unscathed, only to die last week from the effects of a fall from his horse in the hunting field.

Maryland is not likely just now to have a long close season on quail. A bill making a close time for two years was introduced into the Senate recently, but tabled indefinitely. Dr. John J. Fort tells us that the new bills amending the law are almost as numerous as the counties of the State, and the result will be to make Joseph's coat a thing of the past as a reminder of some-

thing variegated and patched. By the way, it strikes us that Dr. Fort has a not unworthy ambition, expressed in the declaration, "I don't know that I can leave my children any better legacy of public good than to have them know their father was one of the first active and actual movers in a struggle for sportsmen's rights and privileges."

Not until within comparatively very recent years have competent scientific and systematic investigations been undertaken to determine the true character of certain species of birds and other animals commonly called vermin. As a result of such studies abundant reason has been found already for a reversal of opinion respecting some species which have heretofore always been under a ban. The public at large is slow and reluctant to accept scientific testimony in behalf of such creatures. Hawks and owls, for example, are now known to be of incalculable benefit to agriculture as destroyers of noxious animal life; and yet it would be too much to ask of the present generation, nursed in prejudice, that it should turn sharp about and befriend the birds which it has always pursued with such unrelenting assiduity.

The Minnesota Game and Fish Commissioners have given much attention to the enforcement of the law providing for fishways in dams. They report that almost invariably, when the owner of a dam which is an obstacle to the passage of fish has been properly approached, and the matter has been properly explained to him, he has cheerfully complied with their request. During the year 1893 notices were served on fifty-seven dam owners, thirty-seven ways were constructed, and others will be in readiness this season. To provide free passage for fish is half the battle. Too often the public is ignorant, officials apathetic, dams numerous, fishways unknown and fish never heard of.

The game law committee of the New York Assembly possesses a dangerous capacity for mischief, when, as the chairman remarks, it goes into executive session. Exhibit A—Its impatience to discuss seriously any specific point except license to spear suckers. Exhibit B—The bill in which it has incorporated its ignorance of what the game interests of the State demand and its callous disregard of the demands of people who do know something of these things. We printed a summary of the bill last week. It has gone to the Senate, and there it should have nine-tenths of its provisions eradicated for the public good.

Long Island trout fishermen have crowded the season this year by getting their representatives at Albany to put through a bill making Saturday the opening day, when according to the calendar it would fall on a Sunday. The Long Island trout season opens by the letter of the statute on April 1, which was Sunday, but by virtue of this new rule the opening day was Saturday, March 31. The season for the State at large then will begin on Saturday, April 14, instead of on Monday the 16th. The full text of the new law is given elsewhere, it applies to both fish and game.

The didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiots have close competitors in the knew-it-wasn't-loaded variety. One of these latter in Pennsylvania the other day was fooling with an old revolver, pointing it in joke at his sister and his father; and when they had been frightened as much as he thought they should be by a weapon which he knew to be not loaded, he placed the muzzle against his own head and pulled the trigger. What happened then was so sudden that he probably never realized his mistake.

Mr. Roth, the Cincinnati hotel man who has just been beaten on his quail case, will carry it up to the United States Supreme Court, and there the Cuvier Club will continue the fight. If we were advising Mr. Roth we should tell him to stop where he is; but it will be a satisfaction to have the question passed upon by the Supreme Court.

The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held Wednesday, May 16, at the rooms of the Fish Protective Association of Pennsylvania. Papers of interest will be read. The secretary is Mr. Edward P. Doyle, No. 53 Broadway, New York.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XXVII.

### Luck of the Woods.

THE report of the gun led Drive to the spot by a shorter route than the devious course of the fox. The hound looked up with reproachful, wondering inquiry a moment when laid on the trail, and then resumed his slow, persistent pursuit with a renewed burst of far-echoed melody. Sam listened in vexation of spirit to the receding notes of the hound and the answering echoes growing fainter and fainter till they were scarcely distinguishable above the fitful stir of dry leaves in the vagrant wafts of air and the constant monotone of the evergreens on the wind-loved heights.

At last they faded quite beyond the scope of intetest listening, and then dismissing with them all thoughts of sport, he went on over ledges and through depressions toward the mountain lot. His woodsman's eye soon discovered the faint marks of one boundary, which he traced to an ancient corner tree, encircled by its axe-scarred "witnesses" and bearing the moss-grown initials of the colonial surveyor and the numbers of the four lots whose common corner it had established, when Governor Benning Wentworth held disputed sway over the New Hampshire grants. Thence he carefully followed the eastern line through the forest whose autumnal silence was as unbroken as the dead stillness of winter, save for the occasional rustle of fallen leaves and the liquid tinkle of a rivulet ringing its course with a chime of foam bells.

The iterant clamor of a log-cock on his accustomed beat, the patient tapping of his lesser brethren, a squirrel's rasping of a nut, the petulant squalling of the jays, were sounds common to both seasons; but as Sam, with the habitual caution of a hunter, went noiselessly onward, he became aware of sounds that seemed strange and at variance with these. It was the noise of delving with spade and pick in stony soil. He moved cautiously in its direction till he came to the brink of a ledge overlooking a level plateau or terrace, whereon he saw almost beneath him three men, two entire strangers, but one who was steadily wielding a pick he recognized as a trapper and root digger, from a neighboring town.

A ministerial-looking gentleman in seedy black clothes, was carefully examining the upturned earth and stones, and the third, who was evidently first in the order of their worldly standing, was intently watching the proceedings while nervously puffing a cigar of such fragrance that when it reached Sam's nostrils he was possessed of a desire to smoke and instinctively put his hand in his pocket for pipe and tobacco. But denying himself, he quietly stretched out in a comfortable position to peer over the edge of the cliff to see what kind of work was being done on his property.

"Well, Professor," he heard the smoker saying, "what's your opinion of it?"

The Professor chuckled some specimens thoughtfully from hand to hand and answered in measured precision: "It is apparently an ore of good quality, but that can of course only be ascertained by smelting it in sufficient quantity for a practical test of its quality."

"Worth buying, do you think?" the other asked.

"Certainly," was answered with a decision that was presently qualified by "at a reasonable figure, Colonel."

"Of course," the Colonel answered impatiently, "It isn't likely any one will ask a steep price for a mountain wood lot, but suppose they should get their ideas up, how much would it do to pay?"

"It is very convenient to the Forge," the Professor pondered, "hematite is apt to be hard, but it can be mixed with a softer ore to advantage; the bed appears to be quite extensive, I should consider it safe to pay a thousand dollars."

Sam's heart was beating so loudly that he mistook it for the ponderous throb of the forge hammer two miles away and prognosticated a storm from what he called the "holeriness of the air."

"Pooh, a thousand dollars. Any of these people would jump at half that. It's more money than they ever saw, and it's nothing but a wood lot anyway." The Colonel threw down the stump of his cigar and stamped it out.

"And that would leave you \$500 to buy a race horse, another Cock of the Rock, or to divide between me and our friend Trask here, who is the real discoverer of the bed."

"O, William is going to be paid well for his time and trouble," said the Colonel.

"Wal, I callate I ortu hev suthin' more 'n days' wages seein' 'at I diskivered this 'ere bed," the person referred to remarked squatting on his haunches so that his knees were in a line with his ears, his arms outstretched between them, while he meditatively poked the earth with the point of the pick. "Yis, an' more 'n I c'd ha' airnt diggin' jinshang, or trappin'. Sh-sh-sh! Hear that aire haound dawg. He's comin' right stret here. Gawly bleue, I wish 't I'd fetched my gun."

He suddenly uncoiled his long legs and sprang up like an attenuated jack-in-the-box, bending an attentive ear as he stretched out a widespread hand to enjoin silence.

Sam was giving such close attention to this conversation, that his ear did not catch the voice of the returning hound until drawn to it by the words and attitude of Trask. Almost in the same instant he saw the fox a long gunshot off on the brink of the ledge, picking his way along the naked rock, intent on the strategy of a puzzling trail, yet with ears and nose alert for any lurking enemy. Sam took in at a glance that most perfect picture of cunning that nature gives, the cunning which it was his chief delight to foil, and the hunter's instinct arose above all other thought or plan, joined with a desire to atone for the morning's blundering shot.

His gun was aimed with deliberate celerity, and in the same instant spat forth its deadly charge, and in the midst of a requiem of echoing report and resounding bugle notes, poor Reynard tumbled down the cliff, almost at the feet of the prospectors, who were more startled by the sudden apparition than was he by the stroke that ended his life with its first shock.

The secret of his presence being disclosed, Sam descended to secure his quarry, which he did with well-simulated surprise at the discovery of witnesses to his shot.

"By the gre't horn spoon," he declared, coming to a sudden halt before the group, with the fox lying yet untouched at his feet. "You folks scairt me aouten a year's growth, a-comin' on tu ye so unexpected. I'd jes' as soon ha' thought o' runnin' on tu a camp-meetin' up here, fer I s'posed me an' Drive an' the wil' critters hed the woods all tu ourselves. Haint strayed off an' got lost ner nothin', hev ye?"

The Colonel hesitated a moment, considering whether it was not best to accept this as an explanation of their presence, but at once dismissed it as not a plausible one.

"Why, no, I can't say we're lost, for our friend Trask seems to know the lay of the land. But I'd like to know who owns this lot. There's some timber on it I'd like to get. This yellow birch is just what I want. There's some pretty good trees here. That tree, and that," indicating with his forefinger a couple of shaggy giants that reared their rustling manes just beside him; "don't you think they'd do, Professor?"

The Professor ran a critical eye upon them and nodded a dubious affirmative.

"There's slews o' yaller birch all through here fer few miled, jest as thick as 't is on this lot," Sam said.

"Yes, I know," the Colonel replied hurriedly, "but I want the pick of it all, and I'd as soon begin here as anywhere."

"I don't see what on airth anyb'dy wants of yaller birch in p'tic'lar," said Sam, "ef 't was cherry birch for furnitur, naow, but yaller birch, good land, what d' ye want o' that?"

"Never mind what I want of it," said the Colonel with the air of one impatient of questioning, "I want it. I've been informed this part of the mountain belongs to a man by the name of Lovel. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Do you think he'd be likely to sell it? For a reasonable price, of course, you understand."

"Yes, I know him. He'll sell," Sam said, and then continued with apparent irrelevance, as he stirred the upturned ferruginous earth with his toe, "this ere is a kinder cur'us lookin' sile o' land. Looks as 'ough it hed got rusty a-lyin' roun' useless so long. Guess like 's not the 's iron in 't."

The Colonel declined to notice it with a sidewise glance.

"Ah, yes, it does look a little odd. Trask's been digging some of his wonderful roots here. The owner's name is Lovel, I believe I'll call and see him."

Sam straightened his fox upon a convenient log preparatory to skinning it, seated himself astride it and began whetting his knife on his boot.

"You needn't bother tu," he said, "he's right here, all ready for a trade. I'm him. Naow, haow much be you goin' tu offer?"

"You?" cried the Colonel, quite taken by surprise, and then advancing toward him with his right hand cordially outstretched, "Why, Mr. Lovel, I'm delighted to meet you, sir. De-lighted. You are just the man I want to see and meeting you here saves lots of bother. My name's Ketchum, they call me Colonel sometimes."

Sam stuck his knife in the log and not without a flattered sense of receiving distinguished consideration, took the proffered hand of the most celebrated speculator and fast man of the county.

"And this is my friend, Professor Stillman, and Mr. Trask, you may have met Trask, for he's a hunter," the Colonel said, introducing his companions, with whom Sam shook hands with less embarrassment. "That was a capital shot, Mr. Lovel. If I'd made it I should be proud as a peacock. I never could shoot a fox. They're too smart for me. Have a cigar, Mr. Lovel."

Sam was nothing loth to accept the proffered Havana already recommended by the fragrance of its predecessor beyond all need of words. The Colonel obligingly lighted a new-fangled match in a little vial of liquid and held it for him till the cigar was properly fired. He had never tasted anything with so delicious a flavor before, yet it only made him hungrier for his more satisfying pipe. Having his own cigar well lighted the Colonel took it from his lips to say, while he regarded Sam with a shrewd, downward glance:

"Now, about this wood lot," he emphasized wood. "What are you going to ask for it, cash on the nail the minute the deed is signed?"

"What 'll you give?" Sam asked, feeling the edge of his knife with a critical touch.

"Oh, I don't want to put a price on another man's property," said the Colonel, encouraging his cigar with a few rapid whiffs. "Name your price and I'll tell you whether I can pay it."

Sam nerved himself to a supreme effrontery and made his offer in a voice so steady he wondered if it was his own.

"Wal, then, I'll take fifteen hundred dollars for 't," and was so appalled by the extravagance of the price he had named that he did not venture to look up, but began carefully ripping the hindleg of the fox.

"Whew!" the Colonel blew out a mouthful of smoke in a long whistle of surprise. "Fifteen hundred dollars! Good Lord, man, are you crazy? Why that's more than a thousand acres of this mountain land would bring. You're joking, Mr. Lovel. Let's quit fooling and talk business."

"I mean just what I say," Sam said, gathering confidence he knew not how, "fifteen hundred 's my price."

"Oh, well, then it's no use talking," the Colonel declared with assumed indifference that scarcely concealed his vexation. "I don't want the birch bad enough to give that or half of it. Some other lot will do about as well. Come, Professor, we might as well be off; come, Trask, show us the way out."

Trask shouldered his pick and spade and led the way with long strides, followed with slower steps by his companions, who presently halted and conferred together in low tones. Then the Colonel returned a little to ask, "You really mean to say that fifteen hundred is your price?"

"Sartinly," said Sam, stripping a leg of his fox.

"It's ridiculous," the other insisted, "fifteen hundred dollars for a patch of mountain land only worth the wood and lumber that's on it."

Sam suddenly faced toward him: "Look a-here, Colonel, what's the use o' your foolin'! It haint the wood you want. It's this 'ere iron ore." He picked up a handful of the black and rusty fragments and held them out in his open palm. "I do know what it's wuth, mebbey four times what I ask fer it, but you c'n hev it fer that, hit er miss."

It had seldom befallen Colonel Ketchum's brazen face

to be surprised into such blank astonishment as now over-spread it.

"Who the devil told you there was ore here?" he blurted out.

"O, I've knowed it fer quite a spell," Sam said with a coolness that was amazing to himself, considering he had known it but half an hour.

"Well, if there is, it may not be worth a thing."

"I've hearn the 'was them 'at 'ould pay a thaousan' dollars for 't. It's consid'able handy to the Forge. I guess the Comp'ny 'ould give suthin' for 't."

The Colonel retired to confer with the Professor, then came back. "Well, I've concluded to take the chances and give you a thousand," Sam shook his head. "Well, le's split the difference and call it twelve-fifty."

"No," said Sam, completing the stripping of the fox of its beauty and tossing the carcass aside, "I guess I'll give the Comp'ny a chance fust."

The Colonel chewed his cigar, forgetting to nurse its languishing fire, and after some moments of silence said: "Well, I'm going to be a confounded fool and give you your price."

"I p'sume tu say I'm the fool," answered Sam with a nervous laugh.

"Mr. Lovel," the Colonel said, regarding him with growing admiration, "I aint surprised that you take in the foxes."

"I can't help a-knockin' 'em over when they blunder right ontu me," Sam said with becoming modesty.

"Well, Mr. Lovel, I'll pay you cash down, when we git the papers made out to-morrow."

"All right, an' naow I s'pose we might as well hyper aout o' this!" Sam said, carefully shaking the fur of the fox skin, turned right side out, into comely fluffiness. "Be you folks goin' my way? Come o' dawg."

Drive reluctantly arose from the bed he had made in the leaves, refreshed himself with a sniff of the fox tail dangling from his master's pocket, and limped with gingerly, footsore steps in the rear of the party as it took its way down the rough descent.

The Colonel discoursed with as continual volubility as the uncertain footing would permit and seemed in excellent spirits for a man who had just made a bad bargain, as he continually averred he had done. After appointing a meeting at Joel Bartlett's for "drawin' writin's" for the next morning, Sam parted from his new acquaintances where their ways and his diverged, and held across the fields homeward with a light heart.

"I've allers faoun' my luck in the woods," he thought. "It fetched me Huld, an' naow it's saved me a hum' fer her an' Bub an' the ol' folks." ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 266.)

AFTER breakfast the next morning we started for the angle in Pancake Bay, but as it was a long mile before we could reach it, and along a shore that had heretofore been considered the trying place of the vermilion-hued beauties, we concluded to give it a thorough flogging, in hopes of arousing some dappled patriarch of the deep. At it we went, sending our lures into every tempting place that looked like a lair for the gameful fish. I never was so hopeful of starting one for my fly, for never was there place that appeared more trouty than this. Boulders big and little, shattered rocks of all sizes and forms, chasms deep and narrow, ledges ragged and shelving, were in ample confusion; yet the particular denizen of the deep we sought stirred not at sight of bright or dark or fanciful feathers, whether tossed with the lightness of down or fluttered with incomparable skill. We gave them the range of almost the entire catalogue of flies, with a few novelties of Ned's masterpieces done up in ruby red, but it was in vain, for they moved not.

The place had evidently been depopulated by the tawny savages with their terrible pot-hunting tactics of the treacherous gill-net and the deadly set-lines. The premium they received from the market purveyor of ten cents per pound was too tempting to permit of leaving any of the handsome tribe in their native haunts. At last, wearied and saddened over the deplorable development, we reached Pancake Bay, and then, after two hours of industrious work, were rewarded with only two tiny trout that ran a few inches over the legal size. Ned could contain himself no longer at the miserable luck we were having, and therefore sought consolation in singing,

"The trout I'm catching now are naught  
To those that in my youth  
I threw right back as soon as caught;  
Six-pounders they in truth.

And so I sigh for days gone by,  
My heart bleeds, O, it does—  
And tears come welling to my eye  
For times that used to was."

There was still one chance more for the quarry, and that was an earnest search for a noted reef about a mile or more from shore, which we had heard of time and again, and said to swarm with lovely trout of gigantic proportions. Well, we began the quest, but it was like looking for the sunken treasure of the piratical Captain Kidd. We rowed here and we rowed there, and we rowed all around, looking for the shallow water, but ere we found it indications of rain and storm showed up in the west. Immense clouds of inky blackness were driven before the wind with an appalling look, as if on mischief bent. A moan of thunder was heard and then a vivid streak of lightning painted its sharp and lurid lines on the rolling clouds, which were heavily surcharged with dense vapor.

The reef and its finny dwellers thereon were very suddenly forgotten, for we were over three miles from camp, and with a head wind to contend with it was indeed questionable whether we could make it without being deluged with the threatened shower or driven ashore on the rocks by the storm. The boys were quick to realize the situation and applied a vigor to the blades that made them bend as if they would momentarily break.

"We may make it," said Peter, as he made the water foam from the tip of his oars, "but it will be a close race."

Ned was sure we could, but as I viewed the great, ugly-looking wings of smoky clouds spreading out on all sides as they came tearing along before the fierce gale, I was exceedingly doubtful of the result. There was no apparent danger of swamping, but only in getting a good soaking, for neither of us had our rubbers aboard, as we



were positive when we started of a continuance of favorable weather.

Lake Superior is a capricious monster, a veritable womb of storms. Zephyr breezes are soon turned to hurricanes, and gentle waves form in foaming crests with a suddenness that would inevitably shatter the most substantial fabric.

Every minute the wind was increasing and the waves rolling higher. Soon the white caps were tumbling on every curving ridge, and as the boat rode into the battling surges it would fall with a decided thump, and the water fly from the sides with a stubborn spitefulness. The lake was evidently becoming enraged, making it harder and harder every minute for the toilers at the rowlocks. Manfully stuck the half-breeds to their work, and after an hour's incessant and vigorous rowing we rounded into lovely Bachewauaung Bay and a good harbor, with the pattering rain at our heels. As violent as the indications were for a tempestuous storm, it, fortunately for us, veered to the southeast, giving us only the fringe of it in a small shower. That ended the pursuit of the carmined beauties for the day, for we remained at our quarters during the afternoon drawing consolation from our books and the cribbage board, which were ever enjoyable.

Indications of a change in the heated term which had continued for the past week were now quite manifest, as cooler weather and a somber sky had fully developed. This would evidently improve the fishing, for the lake, during the reign of the sultry weather, had been as smooth as a parlor floor, scarcely a tinkling cat's paw being observable, and that only during the morning and evening breezes.

A boy from the lighthouse, that evening after supper, set a gill-net in the bay in our immediate vicinity for the capture of herrings, as he stated, but we presume if a spotted trout got ensnared it would hardly be liberated, particularly if it were marketable as to size, for down to the fishing station near by it would go for its value in ducats. Oh! these pot hunting Indians; what fearful raids they have made the past few seasons on this beautiful and delicious fish! Tons upon tons of them have gone to the Chicago market, where they sell for about 50 or 75 cents per pound. The Fish Commissioners at both the American and Canadian "Soo's" pay no attention whatever to it, satisfied to keep their eyes closed to the defiant piracy. Julian Ralph in *Harper's Monthly* says:

"I find that on both shores of the lake there is a growing feeling that, in spite of the millions of 'fry' the Fish Commission dumps into that and the other lakes, the vast reservoirs of delicious food are being ruined by the same policy and the same methods that make our lumbermen the chief criminals of the continent. Men who have spent years on the lakes solemnly assert that not only are the annual yields becoming smaller and smaller, but that the sizes of the fish are growing less and less. Worse yet, they assert that illicit practices, or those which he made illicit, result in the catching and destruction of millions of fish which are too small to market. I do not believe that any man of leisure could find a more benevolent cause in which to enlist than in that of a crusade against the use of small-meshed nets in Lake Superior. I will not, on my present knowledge, say that the planting of fish fry is a waste of time and energy, but it certainly is regarded by many as ineffectual in the present crisis. Government had better direct its energy to that ounce of net-cutting that is better than a ton of fry."

"At present there are trout a-plenty in the streams that flow into the great lake through the beautiful forests which clothe that enormous tract, in which, south of Superior alone, there are said to be between 500 and 600 little lakes. Exactly like it, from the sportsman's point of view, is the region north of the lake, where the land looks, upon a detailed map, like a great sponge, all glistening with water, so crowded is its surface with lakes and streams."

Early the next morning the young half-breed was on the lake with his boat, lifting his gill-nets, but the finny harvest did not pan out to his entire satisfaction, as he only had eight herrings and a lot of perch and suckers, the two latter being disdainfully thrown upon the bank. I asked why he did not return them to the element, and in reply he stated they were dead when taken out of the net and that to throw them back would drive the fish away, and this is the belief of every Indian and half-breed along the shore; and further, they will not even put any vessel in the lake near their nets in which fish have been washed.

When the young half-breed passed our quarters he gave our boys three of the herrings which he had cleverly cleaned, and in such a thorough manner had the work been done that not a bone remained in them. The back bone had simply been deftly taken out with the other bones adhering to it. We had them—the herrings—for our breakfast, and I must confess they were almost as toothsome as the delicious trout of the pellucid pool. I now looked with more favor on this much abused fish, for I had always shared in the general belief that they were entirely too bony for the table. Ned remarked, when at breakfast, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, as he lifted one of the browned fish to his plate, "We came for trout, but it looks very much as if netted herring were to be the substitute."

"Be patient, gentle angler, till we have reached the golden beds where abideth the peerless fish of the painted fins and spotted sides."

"How far hence lieth this royal bed of rose-colored beauties?"

"About fifty miles; far beyond the famed river called Agnawa."

"Would we were there now."

And then we sighed in unison, and sighed deeply at that, for this land of promise, but with the prospect of an adverse change in the weather, as well as an adverse breeze, it was just then impossible to make the advance, and so we concluded to await the arrival of the tug Annie Clarke, in order to secure some mail matter we were expecting. We were evidently anchored for another day.

After breakfast, we crossed to the island opposite, which was about three miles distant, in expectation of inducing some hungry or inquisitive trout to investigate our lures. Here again we found the wind blowing to such an extent that it was hard work to satisfactorily lay our flies upon the water. We, however, received a rise or two from some of the juvenile class, but failed to impale them. Every minute the wind was increasing and the white horses gallily topping the waves, while the rocky shore was one mass of creaming foam.

"The sky looks black around, around,  
The sky looks black around;  
And he that would be merry, boys,  
Come haul his boat a-ground."

Ned suggested an immediate retreat, as there was strong evidence in the sombre masses of clouds scudding low and swiftly, of an approaching storm. The warning was one to heed, and in consequence word was given to hoist sail and let her slide for the fishing station on the opposite side. The boys turned to with willing hands and soon the sails were in position, and when the stiff breeze filled them we fairly flew over the racing waves, lifting the water in dazzling snows and gracefully tossing the foam bells from her plunging bow. It had become a wild and wicked sea in a very short time and bade fair to test the sailing capacity of our Mackinac long before we would reach the distant shore. She, however, behaved most handsomely, gallantly riding the rolling, roaring, angry waves and bringing us into harbor without shipping a single sea.

As it was two miles from here to the camp, and the wind was in our teeth, and nothing but disagreeable tacking would take the boat there, we concluded to anchor her here and tramp the distance through a dense wood to our quarters. The storm which had been threatening when we started was now fast becoming one in reality, and it was indeed questionable whether we would reach camp before the vapor clouds dissolved and the silver drops pattered. The wind was also assuming a fierceness that wildly tossed the overhanging boughs and made the forest roar and crack, while "the thunder winged with red lightning and impetuous rage" lent assistance to the elemental warfare. In addition to this it was intolerably sultry, the road rough and stony, and the walking, as a consequence, very toilsome. Soon a few drops of rain fell, then a brief cessation, and by the time we reached camp Jupiter was about ready to again open his floodgates and deluge the parched earth. Observing our tents in a fair way of going to sea over the bluff from the unruly winds, they were at once strengthened, and no sooner was it done than the storm broke with terrific violence, giving us a heavy downpour,

"Foul with stains  
Of gushing torrents and descending rains."

The heavy shower continued for about an hour and then it fretted itself away to the mutter of distant thunder.

With the disappearance of the storm the air began to grow quite chilly, and then a heavy fog arose that enveloped both land and sea in the misty vapor. It was a dismal picture, all the delicious charms of the lovely bay and its surroundings having suddenly disappeared in the dense masses of cloudy dampness. The wail of the waves sounded as audible and dreary as the very groans of nature itself; cold winds constantly sighed o'er the bare scarps of the low cliffs in our immediate front; the trees, thickets and the bending grasses were all headed to the full with the dripping moisture; in fact, everything was dull and blotted with humidity; not even the shrill scream of a white-winged gull was heard, nor the tender note of a robin broke the dismal solitude that prevailed.

After the radiance and softness of a summer morn, marvelous in gold and crimson tints, this sudden plunge into an abyss of dreary gloom was not without its depressing influence. Ned whistled and sang to keep his courage up, but the notes were only half-hearted, more mournful than melodious. We, however, wore the long hours away with the excitement of cards, the reading of fiction and the discussion of varied topics until supper was served under our tent.

The tug we had expected during the day did not arrive, owing doubtless to the storm and fog, so we took on a good stock of patience that night when we retired, hoping to hear more favorable news in the morning of the overdue boat.

The dawn disclosed a heavy fog with the sun endeavoring to penetrate through the vaporous masses. It was a very favorable indication and our hopes for clearing weather ran high. Another straw of importance to this effect was noticeable in a spider's gossamer web that had been spun with "thread of the finest tether" during the night, on a tall bush in front of our tent, and which looked like a delicate piece of lovely frosted silver work as it swayed to and fro in the morning breeze. Mr. Spider is evidently a weather prophet, and would never have worked his airy loom if rain had threatened.

Soon as breakfast was over we sent the boys down to the fishing station for the anchored boat, while Ned and I strolled over to the rocky beach and surveyed the waves as they beat against the iron-bound shore. In a brief time the fog began to rise and fade away, and then the blue above appeared in its regal beauty, while the bright sun once more poured its golden libations o'er the woods and waters. The hills gleam out as clear cut as crystal against the sky; the valleys charmingly recede in hazy softness, while the gentle wind once more sways the sable plumes of fir and balsam and plays with the tall pine tops.

A steamer's whistle is now heard and then a small tug comes in view and heads for the fishing station. It is evidently the missing tug which has had a hard night of it wandering aimlessly around in the heavy fog.

About noon the boys returned with the boat, bringing us a big package of letters and papers which they had received from the long-looked-for tug.

The afternoon developed into one of infinite loveliness, which we enjoyed in reading our delayed mail and in luxurious idleness. Myriads of flies drawn from their secluded retreats by the warmth of the sun's bright rays were drying their tiny wings and warning their round bodies as they soared and flashed in the golden glow. Some were in sombre colors, others bore aureate hues on their gossamer drapery, while many there were as black as night, or painted with "olives dark as the midnight tree" and as coarse-robed as of "beetle stamp." What a strange fascination there was about them as they swarmed around our tents with their bulging eyes and their slender shapes. It was but a brief time, however, before our admiration and observation were turned to denunciation, for the piratical species which had collected in great clouds on every side of us began their vampirish tricks of painful boring and cruel blood sucking, and then there was a scamper and a hasty anointing with the powerful repellent. This held them at bay until it was thoroughly dried and then another attack and another anointing, and so on till bedtime, when the protective mosquito bar completely baffled them,

The next morning at 6 o'clock we left Bachewauaung Bay with a balmy air blowing mild and glad through the bending trees and o'er the rippling lake. It was really one of those elemental conditions, surprisingly delicious, an earthly joy that one is prepared to demand in Paradise. We sailed along as if

"In a magic dream,  
By shadowy wood and crystal stream,  
By mountain peak and forest dell,  
Where fawns and fairies love to dwell."

Rounding the lighthouse point we skirt along a low-cliffed shore that is wooded to the very edge for at least two miles, and then are at charming Pancake Bay, with a stretch of eight miles to the opposite shore. We made the crossing in about an hour and a half to the tinkling cadence of the snowy spray as it fell and raced from the bow in fan-shaped ripples. Now we reach a rugged shore that assumes the picturesque, and which changes as unexpectedly as the pictures presented by a revolving kaleidoscope. Rounded forms of granite, gneiss and other igneous rocks, massive and grand, generously line the coast. It is an impressive and bold formation that runs ragged and serrated, with gravelly beaches here and there, and then again, a small islet or two of aged and well-worn granite in a variety of tints, comes into view with a grace of irresistible attractiveness. Scarred cliffs of a dreary and interminable gray look sternly down upon us, while, as if to brighten the scene, clusters of birch and balsam, cedar and pine, give vividness and relief to the weather-stained and lichen-covered rocks that almost continually form the shore.

Reaching Maimase, we are amid the most impressive scenery, which continues till we come to the harbor at the point where a fishing station has recently been located, and which very materially detracts from the magnificence of the islands so attractively clustered here. Unsightly shanties and rude store houses now stand where formerly lovely groves were in regal mantle of living green.

The breeze is now fast giving way to the burning orb, the sails scarcely fill, and the tinkle from the bow is a mere whisper. Overhead the silvery skies are beautiful with tiny snow-banks that float and mingle with a grace of motion that is poetry itself, while the gentle air from the deep woods is laden with balm on its wings that intoxicates with the very essence of health.

The half-breeds look ominously at the half-filled sails, shake their heads and sigh, and inwardly count the prospective hours of toil; still we move lazily by rocks and reefs, by points and promontories, by lovely coves and retreating bays, by ragged cliffs and towering mountains, until the old sails are lifeless.

Then the boys take to the oars, and again we move with an increased speed that gave us hope of reaching our destination a few hours before sunset.

Ned, tired of idling, concluded to try the silver spoon for the capture of a Mackinac trout, and so overboard went the deceitful lure that span with the revolving regularity of clock-work. He patiently waited for a strike, and when within about a mile of the twin sisters, or split rock as some call it, an aroused Mackinac dropped on the bright lure like a panther on his prey, and then the braided twine was gathered in, hand over hand, with an astonishing swiftness, and when the proper time to boat him came he was swung with a surprising swiftness to the bottom of the craft that must have about deprived him of his remaining senses.

"He will do for the pot," says the troller.

"Ay, for the pot-hunter, too," I responded.

"Thanks."

And then in deep silence and with a sardonic grin at my malicious reference, he again had the silver spoon whirling in the water, but he received no response, and was fain to wind up when we were about to land. The fish he had taken was a "shore Mackinac" and weighed about 4lbs. and was quite an acquisition to the larder and would assuredly prove appetizing as a supper dish, for we were both like hungry wolves, having had nothing but a cold collation since morning.

It was about 5 o'clock when we entered the channel that divides the two islands, and in the course of an hour had the camp in apple-pie order; and then supper was duly served and hugely enjoyed, for there is nothing like a keen appetite to give relish to the smoking viands.

Dryden felicitously covers the case when he said:

"No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat;  
Her hunger gave a relish to the meat."

Satisfied that we were on good trouting grounds, we concluded not to cross to the main shore for fishing till the next morning. We had had unexampled sport there the previous season and presumed it would be repeated again; but Ned thought not, and pointing to some of the implements for gill-netting and a few tepee poles which had been left behind by some vandals said, "Were it not for these evidences of the barbarians' recent visit we would have had faith in it, but surmised they had netted and fished out about every trout in the neighborhood." This somewhat destroyed my confidence, and wishing to disprove Ned's unfavorable prediction at once got my rod and flies ready for action and went to the choicest places around the islands and commenced casting, hoping to lure and hang a trout or two. I worked incessantly for nearly an hour, but not a rise did I receive, and then I began to feel a convert to his belief. I hoped, however, that the main shore would develop on the morrow a tribe of the jeweled beauties eager to spring upon the fluttering fly.

The twilight hours were indicative of stormy weather, and shortly after retiring Old Jove let loose his hosts and rain fell in torrents, accompanied with vivid lightning and heavy peals of deep-toned thunder. To add to our misery the gale brought down the tent, and the boys being aroused by our resonant yells, came to our relief and raised and strengthened the canvas with additional cord. This little event, though somewhat disagreeable, was heartily laughed over by all parties. Silence one more reigning in camp we were soon in peaceful slumber, amid the racket of the elemental battle that moaned ever and anon like a frenzied beast.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



## Natural History.

### JAGUARS IN HONDURAS.

"I'll be shot if I know just how to take the confounded tigers," said Pense, as he handed his cup for a second installment of hot coffee. "I've seen a few jaguars, and I've heard the Waikas and the Payas tell yarns about others, but the brute I had an interview with on that arroyo running into the Oro, up here a little ways, beat me completely."

"I was following up the arroyo when I came to a place where it was choked to the top of the banks with big boulders. I thought that it would be easier to climb out of the ravine and go around than it would be to clamber up those smooth stones, so up I went out of the ditch. The woods were open enough there. Well, sir, the minute I put foot on the top of that bank I was looking square into the eyes of the biggest tiger I ever saw."

"Of course. Each tiger is the biggest ever seen." "Oh, I know that," replied Pense good humoredly. "I've said the same, many a time, when others have been telling their tiger yarns. So I'll take it all back. The fellow I was staring at, and that was staring at me, wasn't really a big one. To confess the honest truth, I don't believe that he was bigger than an elephant; but it is the solemn truth, he looked as big as a church—he looked to me bigger than all the rest of outdoors."

"That fellow just lay there in the sunshine and blinked, actually blinked, as much as to say, 'Come, here's a nice warm spot and I've had a good dinner. Come and lie down here and we'll take a little nap.' He had a ware's head and bones beside him, so I knew what the matter was."

"At first I was fairly paralyzed at seeing him lying there in the sunshine that made the yellow spots among the black of his sleek hide look like big nuggets of gold set in black lava, only his coat shone more than lava shines. His tail lay curled around beside him, still except the tip end, and that bent a little, slowly. It was plain enough at a glance that he had stuffed himself as full as a tick, and was too sleepy and good humored to care a darn for anything or anybody."

"Well, it was a curious chance to see a menagerie, and after I'd looked at it may be two minutes I began to think that it might be really a free show for me after all. So I thought that I'd back down into the arroyo and skin out to where I left my gun and things, same as we all do just when we are going to run our noses into some place where we'll want our shooters. Then that blasted tiger shut both eyes for a moment, then half opened them and shut them again. He was too sleepy to care."

"Well, I'll be hanged," says I to myself. 'Have I tramped through these woods and tramped up that rocky quebrada to be stopped and insulted in this way? I'll have that chap out of there or know the reason why.' So I looked out a good place to jump for in case of trouble, and then gave a big yell. Going to scare him out of that, you know. His eyes popped open, but he didn't scare worth a cent."

"I'll try a stone or two, and see how you'll like that," says I. I grew bolder, you see, when I saw that he was too lazy to move. So I slipped down into the gully and tossed half a dozen stones up to the top of the bank and followed them myself. I pitched three or four of the stones over the bushes to where the tiger lay, but was careful to keep out of his sight. I waited half a minute, then peeped through the leaves. There that lazy beggar lay, in the same place, but his eyes were open."

"Maybe you know, some of you, how many different kinds of a darned fool a man can be. I haven't found out all of them yet, and don't expect to. What the dickens possessed me I don't know—maybe it was the sleepy, don't-care way he acted, but I ought to have known better, for his eyes were shining green, and his tail was straightened out, all but the tip end, and was waving over the wet leaves behind him; and his ears were cocked a little toward where I stood. Like a fool I chucked a stone at him."

"The next moment I was skinning out of that. I just flew down the quebrada, but how I ever got to the place where my gun was I'll be blessed if I can tell. It would break any man's neck to run over those smooth and loose stones, when he took care how he went. But I got my rifle, and of course didn't care then how quick he came; but he didn't show up. So I went on up the arroyo again, and climbed out to look for him in the old place; but he wasn't there. I saw no sign of him after that. I wonder what he thought of the impudence of the two-legged brute that wouldn't leave him in quiet to enjoy his siesta."

"What I've been wondering ever since is: How many times out of a hundred can a man fool around black tigers in these woods, and stand and yell at 'em, and chuck stones in their faces like a blasted idiot, without getting scratched. Why, it gives the coffee in my cup a chill when I sit here and think of that interview I had with his royal nibs in his bedroom."

Captain Brown lit his cigar, tilted his chair on its hind-legs, and swung it around until his elbow could rest comfortably on the table.

"You see that jaguars can be quite good-natured. In fact, I have known them to be quite sociable in their way, and to show considerable interest in people. I remember, for instance, a time when I took the short cut over the mountain between Concordia and Guaymaca. 'Twas late when I started, and night was near by the time I rode out of the green montes on the top of the range. I thought little of that, however, until my mule snorted and wheeled in the trail. I stopped her and turned her nose down hill again; then I saw in the dim light a long, slender form beside the trail and not more than 10 yds. away."

"I pulled my pistol and dug my spurs into the flanks of my mule; I spoke to her and she started forward, for she was brave and had great confidence in me. We've known each other intimately for five or six years, and have pulled each other out of more than one scrape."

"The jaguar trotted off 10 or 15 yds., when it heard my voice and saw us start on down the trail. The moon rose just then, and we could see the cat quite plainly. It trotted along quietly over the pine leaves that covered the ground, keeping about a rod or perhaps two from the trail. When it found it was foreraching on us it would

stop and wait until we came nearly abreast; then it would start down the hillside again."

"Some way I didn't shoot at first, possibly because I was giving attention to my mule. And then I thought that, as I was safe enough with my pistol in hand, I'd see what the brute would do. So we jogged along, Dolly and I, studying natural history when it was natural. Dolly did jerk her tail once in a while, and snap her jaws on the bit, but she made no other sign to show that she was not quits contented with the condition of affairs."

"We three went three or four miles in that way. Then the cat stopped in a patch of moonlight that seemed as bright as day—you all know how wonderfully plainly the moonlight here shows everything it falls upon—and turned her head toward us, as much as to say: 'Hear those dogs! What do you think about them?'"

"Old Don Pablo's dogs had heard us coming, and were making the usual racket. I rode along, and when we were abreast of the tiger it started down the hill again, as though it had come to the conclusion that it would be safe to go on, if I was ready to face the dogs."

"The voice of the dogs came ringing up from the valley again, and seemed nearer than before. The tiger stopped again, gazed at the valley where the dogs were, looked at me for a moment, and slowly turned and walked up the hillside. I put the revolver hook in my belt. There was nothing near that I wished to shoot."

"I was on a tramp through the woods of the Uampu, one day," said Peritará, in quiet, reminiscent tones. "There had been a light rain, most of the afternoon, and the newly made trail I was traveling was wet. I saw the fresh tracks of a tiger in the sand beside a creek which I forded, and came across it two or three times afterward when I crossed the stream, which I had to do often, because the trail followed the little valley for several miles."

"This fellow was keeping company with me, I knew, but it did not trouble me any, because I knew that tigers hereabout often do that, from curiosity, probably. But toward night I began to wish that the brute would either quit my trail or give me a shot at him or her. It may be well enough to jog along with a tiger beside you, by daylight; but one is likely to feel some distrust of such a neighbor in the darkness—especially when he has never been properly introduced."

"At last I came to where the trail ran down a steep clay bank, and near the foot of the incline I saw the two roofs of leaves that the men had slept under when at work cutting the trail, a week or two before. And in the clay of the hillside I also saw eight or ten footprints, each as big as my hand, left by the tiger. The water running down the hill had not yet filled the imprints—so I knew that they had been made less than a minute before I saw them."

"Night was near, so I hurried to make a fire. I felt that I wanted a good fire that night, as much as I ever wanted a fire in my life. Not that it was likely to be cold, but I had a turkey on my back, that I had killed that day, and roasted turkey would be good to eat. But everything was dripping wet, except, perhaps, the under side of those roofs of leaves, and I had hard work to start a fire. Again and again did the leaves and bark burn out and leave unburnt the splinters which I had split from the charred sticks I found on the ashes of the old camp fires. I began to fear that my matches would give out, and then I would be uncomfortable, for raw turkey is not really good food for man; and I would not like to be suddenly called upon in the night to welcome a neighbor whom I had never seen, to a house in which there was no cheerful blaze."

"But at last the fire blazed up brightly, and lit all the dripping trees about. I cut a goodly pile of branches from a dead tree that had been cut down near the camp, and then I squatted beside the bed of coals and roasted part of my turkey. I threw the bones out on the trail where I could plainly see any animal that might come to get them."

"Then I put on more wood, spread my hammock on the dry spot under the leafy roof, put my blankets in the hammock and sat down to wait for the coming of dawn. After a while I thought that it would be more comfortable to lie down to watch than it would be to squat there all night—and it was then only 8 o'clock. So I piled on more wood and lay down to watch those bones."

"It was broad and sunny daylight when I saw the place where the bones of the turkey were thrown. They were gone, but the tiger had left tracks there. I don't know that I ever saw him, or her."

"That reminds me of a trip I made across the mountains, from Culmi to San Estaban," said another of our party. "The region is pretty wild, for there is only one house in the whole thirty miles, and it is green forest all the way, with rather rough hills, tumbling streams in wild quebradas, and tangled thickets—a place that would make the true hunter's heart laugh. We lost time in getting away from our friends in Culmi, and sunset was near when we reached the bank of a creek where our Paya guide pointed to some tracks in the sand. 'Tigre negro, señores,' said he, in quiet tones."

"I was new to the country and the people in those days, and his manner and voice were so quiet that I thought that he might be trying to scare us, and when he proposed that we should go into camp within five rods of those tracks, I felt sure that he was fooling us. So when our mules had been picketed where they could reach some gamelote, I went back and examined the sandy borders of the stream. Sure enough, the footprints were those of some big cat. They looked to me like those of the mountain lion, but the Paya said: 'Lion here, too, but he is gone long time.'"

The next morning I examined the bank of the creek where we had crossed it, and also where we crossed it again after leaving camp, and not five rods from our camp-fire. There were scores of footprints in each of the places. Our beasts snorted once or twice in the night, and one of the horses squealed and let fly with his heels, but there was not a scratch on any of them in the morning."

"Not one of us got a glimpse of tiger or of mountain lion that trip, although we feel quite certain that one or more followed us for miles through the thick woods. I have learned since that they are almost sure to skulk along beside travelers in the woods, sometimes for days, seemingly from curiosity, merely. We all know that they seldom actually attack a human being."

D. E. VERAS.

### Amiable Wolves.

VINTON, Iowa.—There are always prairie wolves here, and sometimes a gray wolf is seen in the timber along the Cedar River. Last winter a wood hauler was coming up the river, when he was startled by seeing two wolves run up and trot along, one on either side of his team. The only weapon the man had was an axe, and several times he struck at the wolves. When he did so the wolves would spring to one side, and then work back close to the sled. After they had followed along in this way for a few minutes they trotted off into the timber. They may have been the same jolly pair that a man saw afterward trotting along beside his team just the other side of the road fence. They acted so friendly like that the man stopped his team and walked up to the fence with his whip in his hand. The wolves stood still and looked at him until he cracked his whip at them and almost reached them, when they jumped back and sat down. Soon they moved up nearer the man, and he snapped his whip at them again, and again they jumped back, and went through their former movements until the man became tired of it. The wolves seemed to think it was great fun."

These wolves were better natured than a timber wolf that was seen by a wood chopper at Fish Lake, eight miles north of this place. The man was on his sled, and was surprised to see a big, ugly-looking fellow walk past him, seemingly paying no attention to him, as much as to say, "I am minding my own business and I expect you to do the same." After the man had gotten somewhat over his surprise, he thought that he would at least hurry that wolf a little; so, seizing his axe, he sprang from the sled and started for the beast, but the wolf wheeled around and opened his jaws, and snarled and looked so hostile that the man could not tumble over himself fast enough in his endeavor to get back on to the sled. After the wolf had got good and ready he turned to walk away again. The man scratched his head and concluded that he and the axe ought to be enough for one wolf, so again he jumped from the sled and ran to overtake the fellow; but the timber prowler wheeled again and with savage snarls started to meet the man half way, and again the man let no snow melt under his feet while getting on to his sled, which he concluded—and wisely, too—was the best place for him, while the surly wolf took his time and disappeared in the woods."

These incidents remind me of a good and true wolf experience connected with a sportsman of this place, but I am a little touchy about relating it, because I do not wish to be called a

Mt. Tom.

### Mountain Sheep Horns.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 31.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have hunted mountain sheep wherever they are to be found on the American continent. I have a head with horns on which I killed that measure 17 in. at the base and are 42 in. long. I believe this to be the largest set of horns that can be produced in this country. Like "Mountaineer," I have on my hunts often heard of these 20 and 22 in. horns, and have left offers of big money with guides to let me know when they get one larger than mine. I have never heard from them."

A. B. F. KINNEY.

### An Albino Fox.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 29.—Albino is getting to be quite the fashion in almost everything this season. I think I have got the best yet. My brother sent me last week from Conticook, P. Q., which is close to the Vermont line, an albino fox skin. It is not an arctic fox, but a real red fox, perfectly white."

A. B. F. KINNEY.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### ON THE LOWER POTOMAC.

DURING the Christmas holidays "Billy" Hofer and I made a trip on the steamer T. V. Arrowsmith around the mouth of the Potomac River. We started about 3 in the afternoon, and almost before we were away from the wharf we saw a flock of about fifty ducks. When we were a little way below Alexandria we saw another flock, this one having nearly seventy-five ducks. They were too far off for us to tell what they were, but from flight and general appearance they seemed to be teal. We were in the pilot house at the time and the quartermaster, who was at the wheel, said it was rather unusual of late years to see many ducks so near Washington."

The steamer is the old Arrowsmith, of New York Harbor. She is almost entirely made over and has lost much of her former speed, but she can still do fourteen knots an hour under favorable conditions. The dining saloon is on the main deck and has windows all the way around, so that you miss none of the sights while eating. This is a great advantage, as every inch of the way between Washington and the mouth of the river is interesting."

About an hour after seeing the flock of teal our attention was attracted to the continuous flight of crows across the river toward the Virginia side. There must have been many thousands in sight, all the time from about 4 to 5 P. M. On asking the pilot about them he said that thousands of them leave their roosting place, a "rookery" back of Alexandria, every morning at sunrise, and go up toward Baltimore to feed. There they spend the day and return at sundown to the rookery, which they have occupied for many years."

Late in the afternoon we began to sight occasional bunches of ducks, whistlings and waterwitches most of them, and just before sunset we saw a flock of about 150 ducks. By the time we passed Mount Vernon it was quite dark, so we were unable to see a flock of geese, which we heard honking right under the shores of Washington's home."

The first landing made after leaving Alexandria was at Colonial Beach, a recent but flourishing summer resort. Billy and I had just gone to bed, and as the noise made by the deck hands in shifting cargo was great, we lost our first nap and got into a talkative mood, which served to keep us awake till we made the next landing and took aboard a man who was also in a talkative mood, and as he had a penetrating voice he kept every one on the boat from going to sleep for a couple of hours. Still there was some compensation, for when he got through talking the whole boat knew everything about everybody who lived on the river from Hunting Creek to Chesapeake Bay."



There were several other landings made that night, and thanks to our friend with the loud voice we saw them all. The next morning we were within a couple of miles of the bay and we saw ducks flying in every direction, but there were no large flocks. After breakfast we went up to the pilot house, where we spent most of our time, and saw the pilot kill a gull with a .45cal. Winchester at what he called 200yds. The only kinds of duck we saw during the whole trip were the southernlands, whistlings, waterwitches and teal. The pilot said he had only seen one small flock of canvasbacks this year. At a landing which we made shortly before lunch we saw a man bring aboard quite a string of gray squirrels; some of them had tails ten inches long. In the string was a red-headed woodpecker. The market-hunters of this region send their strings of game up to Washington by the steamer, and we got a very fair idea of varieties and quantity of the game of this section by seeing what the men brought aboard. At the same landing we noted a pair of coons and a wild turkey. At other places rabbits, woodcock, quail, possums and, I am sorry to say, larks and sparrows were brought on board. These sparrows are shipped to Washington under the name of "reedbirds." There were also strings of miscellaneous small birds that should never have been shot. A great many fish are brought to Washington by this steamer. The pilot said quail shooting was good here, so that the people around the mouth of the Patomac have no cause to complain about their land game, but they have good reason to protest against the shooting of the much-diminished numbers of ducks.

The steamer's business is at the river landings, and up all the narrow creeks and bays putting into it, and after sitting in the pilot house in an inky black night and seeing the pilots feel their way through the winding channel of the creeks, unaided by buoys, search lights, or light-houses, one comes to the belief that river pilots must have some sense not possessed by ordinary mortals. In most of the channels the boat's keel was so near the bottom, that the wake was all muddy and the speed was greatly reduced by the suction caused by the closeness of the muddy bottom. On several occasions the channel was so narrow that the waves of the wake broke in 6in. of water but 15 or 20ft. off on either side of the boat, and it was not uncommon to feel her keel grating on the bottom as she passed over some hump in the channel.

Among the creeks and bays we visited were Nomin Creek, St. Clements Bay, Smith's Creek and Coan River. As we were coming out of Coan River, bound for St. George's Island, we saw the President coming home from a shooting trip on board of the U. S. buoy tender Violet. She turned around after a duck and gave us a chance to catch up with her a little, so we had an exciting race up river. As the Violet is a small boat, the Arrowsmith beat. We spent a whole day on the lower river, and a most enjoyable day it was. W. B. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## RHODE ISLAND QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest the article last week in regard to the transportation of quail for the purpose of restocking depleted covers. Our little State was given more space than any of the others, but the same as all of the other communications on the subject the results of the experiment were mere conjecture. It would be gratifying to all persons interested in the work of transplanting quail to have some tangible facts in regard to the success of their efforts. Our State is the most thickly populated of any in the Union, and still there is an abundance of cover left wherein game may find refuge. The expansion of civilization has not decreased the range for game as the open land is for the most part under a state of cultivation and affords better cover for quail every year. The larger game has departed to be sure and no reference is made in the game laws for the protection of deer. Two weeks ago one was killed in Exeter, and several have been seen in the southern part of the State this winter. Last week the blood in the veins of the old hunters became almost congealed when they heard of a big bear in Exeter, and a stage of rejuvenation commenced. The bear is still at large.

But as to the quail. Our winters are somewhat tempered from what they were years ago, but occasionally we have an old timer and then the crop of quail becomes blighted and shooting the following season is poor. Under the circumstances we are obliged to rely upon this gamy little bird for our sport. To let nature take its course would be a slow means of replenishing the supply, so after the severe storms of a year ago the sportsmen decided to assist nature in order to insure some sport during the last decade of the vanishing century. Under the auspices of the State Game Association, subscription papers were started and a goodly amount was raised. Orders were placed for birds early in the fall and during the winter they have been filled, a few birds being sent on at a time. The money now has all been expended and we believe that we shall profit by the work that has been so well inaugurated. Since last December, 121 dozen birds have been received from the South through the State Association. As many more have been purchased by private parties for preserves. It has been surprising to see the interest that has been aroused in the movement by persons who never saw a quail. They have handed in contributions and many of them have even done better than some of the hunters.

I have occupied a position in this work that has brought me in close touch with the association and have had under my personal supervision the handling of a great many of the birds. This enables me to speak with a certain degree of knowledge. The experiment was a costly one and we have profited by it. We have to-day after a most severe winter a supply of birds in our woods that has not been equalled for years. Some are native, most are Southern birds. We have lost some of the birds that were liberated, but we have saved many. The exact number it is impossible to tell. Our work has been done in a most systematic manner and so well pleased are we with the result that we shall repeat the work not as an experiment next winter. We lost some birds. That was to be expected. Next year we will lose few. Why? This year has been one of experiment. We have tried every means that was suggested for the preservation of the birds and know what can be done with every conceivable pen and method, while the birds are kept in confinement and know what to expect and how to treat birds that are liberated. Our experience has cost us considerable and it would take too much space to relate it, but I shall en-

deavor to place it before the sportsmen of the country in pamphlet form if it can be done at a reasonable cost. It would be the means of saving sportsmen a great many dollars. Nearly every week we hear from the birds that were liberated early in the winter before we had had any snow, and we know for a fact that a large majority of the birds we put out have survived the severe storms.

You quoted in your last issue a letter that appeared in the Providence Journal, from a Warwick farmer with comments from a sportsman. I inclose a clipping from the same paper that I furnished in regard to the matter.

"In an open letter to the Journal, a farmer from the town of Warwick has considerable fault to find with the sportsmen. The latter speaks in bitter terms about the way the farmers are treated by the hunters, and the only thing to be regretted is that the letter is full of truths. There are a great many persons who go into the woods who are anything but sportsmen. They do not recognize the rights of the farmers, and are nothing more than armed marauders. They trample down gardens and meadows, steal fruit and kill fowl, and, if remonstrated with, insult the farmer. It is this class of men who have no regard for the laws of the State, either those pertaining to the killing of game, or the rights of individuals, that make the average farmer the enemy to a man who carries a gun and owns a bird dog. The farmers are not to blame for the way they treat the hunters, for they have been forced to use them as they do for protection to themselves and their property. A farmer who is treated as a man is easily managed, and will have no objections to gentlemen hunting on his land. The Connecticut law that makes every farmer a constable on his own land is a pretty good law, and would be appreciated by the gentlemen hunters of this State as well as by the farmers. The hunters cannot expect to shoot on private land if the owners object, and if the owners are not treated properly they are bound to object."

While the farmer may have carried matters a little too far by killing off the game, it must be remembered that he has some rights that must be recognized. Few people recognize what the farmers of this busy State have to contend with from the hunters. Every water privilege in the State is occupied by a mill or factory making these plantations a hive of industry. The operatives are numerous and the State is crowded with mills and large corporations, and these operatives find that they can get into the country by walking a very short distance. This brings the farms into close communication with the mill villages, and the people fairly overrun the farms on Sundays and Saturday afternoons. Many of them carry guns but they are not figured as a factor in the depletion of game. They do, however, impose upon the farmers, and for this reason many of the farmers believe that every man who carries a gun is an enemy to him and a source of danger to his property. S. H. ROBERTS.

## STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No doubt Brother D. L.'s position against the prohibition of game marketing is well taken, but it does go mightily against the grain of resident sportsmen when such a pestiferous fellow as we have here in a neighboring township ranges with his spaniels through all the best shooting grounds of the region in the first days of the open season, or a little before, and gets the cream of the partridge shooting, just for the money he can get out of it. The resident sportsmen are farmers, mechanics and professional men, who can get but now and then a day's shooting, while this fellow can use all days for this purpose. Though he is suspected of sending many of his birds out of the State, they go ostensibly to Burlington market, and so the non-exportation law does not reach him. If farmers post their lands they cannot watch them, nor afford to have them watched, and this man, who disregards all laws that he can safely violate or evade, does not care a snap of his finger for a posting notice. An entire prohibition of game selling would put an end to his evil practices. Yet in some respects his ways are no worse than those of another man that I know of, a non-resident who leases an extensive tract of marsh to the exclusion of all residents, kills four times as many ducks as he can use, and leaves half of them to lie and rot. Surely they might better be sold than wasted, as Mr. De L. says, and eaten or in some way made useful, which is the legitimate end of all game.

But, after all, what does it matter? Do we not remember "Nessmuk's" prophetic words, "The game must go," and going it is, inevitably, beyond the reach of us ordinary mortals, into the control of the rich, who will share it only with their rich friends. This lapse into Old World aristocratic custom goes sorely against the republican grain, but it must be endured, and really, it is the only hope of game preservation, for the guns of the multitude are too many for the wood folk. Either way, it is not of much consequence to us old fellows, who have had our day, but we cannot help being sorry for our boys, who will have no shooting but at lifeless targets, unless by luck or crookedness they acquire riches.

Concerning the destruction of game by predatory animals, I can bear witness that 45 years ago there were a dozen foxes, raccoons, skunks, mink, hawks of all kinds and the larger owls, where there is one now, and I am quite safe in saying that there were at the same time twenty to one of the present number of ruffed grouse, twice as many woodcock in their more restricted haunts, and innumerable ducks, where now can be found only individuals or scattered flocks. Nature rarely disturbs her own balance, but civilized man is continually interfering with it. He is the arch-enemy of the game, circumscribing its ranges, and waging an incessant warfare against it with constantly improved devices for rapid destruction. AWABSOOSE.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., March 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: May the day be near at hand when the solid plank in our platform for the suppression of traffic in game, which you are so ably advocating, becomes an effective law in every State and Territory. It will be the last and only law needed for the protection of game outside of an observance of the breeding and spawning seasons.

Until within the last two or three years fishing and shooting has been excellent about here, but now the streams and woods are nearly depleted of game, largely

owing to the painstaking efforts of the industrious market suppliers. Our Fish and Game Club is making great effort to restock the streams, and we have put in a great many thousands of the fry of brook and rainbow trout; but we have much to contend with in illegal fishing. Stopping the sale of game would also stop about 90 per cent. of illegal fishing and shooting here. C. F. E.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md.—I am with FOREST AND STREAM in its broad policy, vote first, last and all the time for the plank, "no game to be sold." SAMUEL J. FORT, M.D.

## The Chatham Reunion.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Chatham Fish and Game Protective Association of Chatham, N. J., celebrated the fourth year of their existence as a corporate body by a most elaborate game dinner on Wednesday evening, March 28. The affair will long be remembered by those who participated as one of the greatest treats ever given by the association.

The dinner was served in the club house at Chatham, so well known to passengers on the D. L. & W. R.R., and was most enjoyable in every detail. It has for some time been the wish of a large proportion of the members to afford an opportunity to discuss the questions that have arisen from time to time concerning the work undertaken by the club, and this was the indirect cause that led to the filling effect commented upon late in the evening by the members. The participants included a large number of the members of the association residing in Morristown, Madison, Orange and Newark.

The president, Mr. E. L. Phillips, acted as toastmaster and delivered the address of welcome, which was enthusiastically received. The Rev. Dr. J. Clement French of Newark responded to the toast "The Forest and Stream," in a most eloquent and humorous manner.

Mr. Wm. Elder, the ex-secretary and treasurer, followed Dr. French with a very interesting history of the Association and its work, and expressed the wish generally echoed by members, that the Association will in the near future be a power felt throughout the State for the protection of our game and enforcement of our game laws.

This was followed by Mr. J. H. Hardin, who responded to the toast, "Our Game Laws," in a very humorous demonstration of how it was said but true that our members found it more to their interest to know nothing whatever on this subject. The respect with which these statutes are treated in our vicinity now, however, would suggest that somebody knew something about them.

The toast, "The Ladies," was responded to by Mr. John Jephson, and most nobly were they treated at his hands. After Mr. Jephson's toast a general discussion of subjects of interest was indulged in, and the party broke up with a feeling that the evening was all too short to thoroughly enjoy the affair.

It has been the practice of the Association for three years past to buy and liberate early every spring several hundred quail on their preserve, which includes a large proportion of the "great swamp" of Morris county, N. J., and some of the finest shooting ground in the Pas-saic Valley.

Some very fine shooting has been afforded to the members as the result of this and the farmers in the whole northern end of the State have commented on the number of quail on their grounds of late, having scattered from the club preserve.

A pheasantry is now under consideration and the club hopes within a few years to afford its members the pleasure of shooting on its preserve this most royal of game birds. A MEMBER.

## An Incident with the Grays.

WHILE on a still-hunt for gray squirrels one day last fall I did something that pleased me so much that I want to tell of it. I had just brought a gray to bag and stood reloading when I saw another run up a tall maple further down in the woods. I got down there as quietly as possible, when I discovered a hole in the tree about 50ft. from the ground. I made up my mind to wait for "his nibs," so seated myself comfortably on a large boulder with a good view of the hole. Presently a little black nose was poked out and a pair of bright eyes examined the situation and disappeared immediately. I "froze" to that boulder, my gun at a ready, and for about five minutes watched this game of "Now you see it and now you don't." Of course I couldn't shoot for he would only drop back into the hole and be lost.

At this juncture, with a noise like a young freight train, a big gray came tearing down from the top of the same tree. He did not see me till he got right beside the hole, and then he brought up with a jerk that must have disturbed his internal machinery. My first impulse was to "unhook" on him, but it flashed through my mind that such action would insure the one in the hole staying there, and if I did not fire I might get a chance at both. Almost immediately the first squirrel jumped out, and the pair, one on each side, started up the tree. With as pretty a right and left as I ever made I tumbled two grays in the autumn leaves. I felt so much elated at the way I had outwitted the wily fellows that I laughed outright, which frightened the red squirrel on the dead limb of the old hemlock so that he beat a hasty retreat to the dense foliage of its top. W. W. B.

VERMONT.

## That Mudhen Tournament.

LOS ANGELES, March 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: The "mudhen tournament" has come and gone, and as a result there are just 409 fewer mudhens in Los Angeles county. About twenty-five sportsmen participated in the shoot, and the three highest scores were 65, 63 and 48, made by Mr. Nottman, Mr. George Shields and Mr. Ed. Tufts.

The shoot did not take place on the grounds of the Long Beach Gun Club, as announced, because, owing to a scarcity of water, the mudhens had all left, or mayhap it was because they had a foreboding of coming evil. So it was held on the grounds of the Cerritos Gun Club, a small but aristocratic club of five members. And so closed a successful season, and for a time the guns will repose idly in their cases, except for an occasional turn at the traps, until the coming of next season shall call them forth again.

And by the way, I am on that plank! FOREST AND STREAM started the wedge, and it rests with the sportsmen of America to drive it home, CULPEPPER.



## IN DIXIE LAND.—V.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

AS I WAS saying, Dick had never eaten a *chile* supper, so while we were at San Antonio we ate one. But I have changed my mind about telling of this one, because we had a much better one at the same place later on, and about this one I can tell after a while.

At San Antonio we were taken bodily in charge by that vigorous and generally known sportsman, Mr. O. C. Guessaz, and his friend, Mr. A. C. Paris, another of the San Antonio reliable, and they took us all over the town and introduced us on an average to three sportsmen a minute, all day long. It is simply astonishing what a number of sportsmen this cosmopolitan town contains. The gun clubs run away up in the fifties and sixties in membership, and the strength of the rifle interest may be seen from the fact that over 100 contestants are sometimes gathered at one of the shoots on the leading range. Of tarpon fishers, and bass fishers, and duck shooters, and deer hunters the name is legion. I am frank to say that I do not believe there is a city in the United States where the percentage of sportsmen is so large compared to the population as it is here. Sport here is practical and earnest, and savors not so much of the unhearty dilettanteism of a country where the opportunity for sport is meager and infrequent.

We found the shooters of this section all lamenting the extreme dryness of the season. Mitchell's Lake, the great club preserve, about ten miles from town, was entirely dried up. Many of the lagoons between San Antonio and the coast were entirely dry, and the complaint was general that even the quail were driven from their favorite grounds by reason of the drought, and had departed for regions unknown. A bag of 50 birds a day to the gun in the country around Marcellina was now thought good, where once 100 to the gun was common—where, indeed, the most conservative shooters told us, it was once clearly within the possibility of a good shot to bag 200 birds a day, provided he had men to carry guns and ammunition for him. (This statement may be scoffed at, but only by those who have never seen the number of Bob Whites in the level pastures of the section mentioned. The statement is unfortunately true. Such heavy shooting has been done there that it is likely it can never again be possible now.)

As to the duck shooting on the Gulf coast, we heard all sorts of conflicting reports. Some said it was good, some said it was poor. All thought it would be better if the marshes were fuller of water. We got straight tips on country covering about 500 square miles, and finally concluded we would have to chance it and not try to go to all the places we heard about. In time it will appear that what our friends lamented as scarcity of game was to us the greatest plenty. Reviewing the trip, we now know that we visited in all the best all around country now left in the United States.

## A New Tarpon Country.

On one thing all the San Antonio men agree, and that was the excellence of the tarpon fishing to be had at the Aransas Pass, near the coast town of Rockport, which was to be the furthestmost point of our journey. Mr. T. H. Micklejohn, one of the tarpon coterie of San Antonio, told us we would hardly get a tarpon in January or February.

"At any time from March or April till December, depending on the weather," said he, "you can not have only the prospect but the certainty of hanging a tarpon at the Pass, without the tedious uncertainty which marks the Florida fishing for the Silver King. In September I believe I could guarantee a decent fisher a tarpon for every day. I have hung eleven tarpon in one day, and landed two of them, and all of our little party that go down there have had equal experiences. Four of us killed nine in one day. The tarpon come into the channel of Aransas Bay, and in the proper season you can see them not only in dozens, but apparently actually in scores. You need not smile, for I have seen days when this was absolutely true. They run in out of the Gulf through the Pass at the jetties, and play up and down in the channel and in the shallow water inside. We don't fish for them still-fishing with ground bait as they do in Florida, but troll for them with mullet bait, as you would for mascalonge. When a tarpon strikes a trolling bait he does it with a rush, and you've got your hands full from then on.

"Yes, sir, I do not hesitate for a moment to say that we have the finest tarpon fishing at Aransas Pass there is to be found in America. It surely surpasses that of Florida, just as much as you can imagine. Moreover, our tarpon season is eight months long.

"You never heard of this country for tarpon fishing, did you? No, and there are a great many other things about Texas that you never heard of. The sportsmen of the North don't come here because they don't know the country, and they don't know it because no one has ever taken the trouble to tell about it."

Mr. Micklejohn's assertions we found borne out by every one we met along the coast, and although the season did not invite us to use the tarpon rods and outfit which he insisted we should take down with us, we only regretted the late date of our visit, and resolved next time to so regulate our dates as to add the killing of a tarpon to the long and varied list of sports possible in this singularly-favored corner of the world.

## A Winter Paradise.

At San Antonio we met Mr. A. W. Adams, of Chicago, who has spent two or three winters there to escape the tortures of a rheumatic trouble which is always aggravated by the Northern winter. Mr. Adams is a devout sportsman and looks on the winters now as being the happiest portions of his life.

"This town is simply a winter paradise," said he, "and I am surprised that it is no more widely known—though I believe they claim that over 1,000 Northerners wintered here last winter. The climate is dry, so warm and yet so bracing, that a fellow just can't stay sick here. I have tried California, all of it, and I consider San Antonio far and away superior in point of winter climate, and especially much better than California in rheumatic troubles.

"This is a great place to spend a winter. You can have every and any kind of field sports. The region about is full of all sorts of game, from deer and turkey down to quail, and even if you didn't want to shoot you always had plenty to see, for this is the oddest old town you ever did see—50,000, about half Mexican, half American, one-

third German and another third of all sorts. It's as cosmopolitan as any city in America, and yet as friendly and easy as a country village, and full of the best fellows you ever saw.

"What San Antonio needs more than anything else in the world is a good hotel. Give her that, and you can't hold her back from a big share of the winter traffic of the country. Her natural advantages for that purpose are not equalled anywhere in the United States."

San Antonio grew on us strongly as we went about it with our friends, and we almost regretted to turn our faces to the still further South. But we had not yet smelled the salt-water or killed a canvasback, and this we were billed to do. Therefore we told Mr. Guessaz and Mr. Paris that we would stop again on our way north and made our preparations for the short railroad journey which lay between us and the terminus of our long trip from the North.

## The Southern Railroad Man.

There is a difference between the Northern railroad man and the Southern railroad man. The railroad man in general is a maligned individual, for whom no one ever has a good word. He has to be brief and exact to hold his job, and he has to be icy and austere to save his time, but back of the cold front you usually will find a good fellow, well posted and liberal, fond of a joke and often fond of sport. The difference between the Northern and Southern railroad man is, I presume, largely one of exterior. The Northern official is gruffer and harder to get at. The Southern man is easier and more democratic of habit, and if I must say it, more polite.

Mr. Martin, the general passenger agent of the San Antonio and Aransas Pass R. R., to whom we had letters equivalent to a sight draft on his general information about the country, was out of town, but Mr. G. F. Lupton, assistant passenger agent, took us into the office of the road, stopped all the stenographers in their work, opened the doors, told us to take possession, and made us feel as though we owned a controlling interest in the stock, to



MEXICAN HOME—SAN ANTONIO.

say nothing of a large slice of the State of Texas. Once more we received the courtesy of a baggage frank for our dogs, and letters to employees which proved of great service. I cannot say enough for the courtesies shown us by the railroads all through our trip.

"We have been expecting you through here for several days," said Mr. Lupton, "but knew you were having a good time at Little Rock. They are looking for you down at Rockport, too, and you are sure to have a great time there. We hear of good bags of ducks down there still, and you will get shooting without a question. My only regret is that you are not here in a better tarpon season. You never ought to leave here without killing your tarpon, and if it were almost any month but this you surely would not have to. We have the best tarpon country of the United States and I don't say that because I'm in the railroad business either. You will have to come down again, if you don't get your tarpon this time. You can tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM unhesitatingly that you have discovered a new tarpon country, and one where it isn't all waiting and no fighting, and you can say this on my personal, and not my railroad, advice, too."

## The Last Link.

It may be seen how close is the relation between San Antonio and the sea coast country. It is a mere trifle from one to the other. As San Antonio increases in vogue as a winter resort—which it cannot fail to do—the coastwise country below it will be visited by greater and greater numbers for the sake of the added variety and the great excellence of the sport offered. At present no one in the North knows of Rockport—nor many in the South, for that matter. Yet FOREST AND STREAM will presently show that here is one of the very best, perhaps actually the best, all-round sporting country for winter tourists there is on the continent—a place where you can get climate and actual shooting and fishing all combined. This is news, and good news.

Therefore we hastened to cover the last link in our journey, the short railroad run from San Antonio to Rockport over the Aransas Pass road. In this you leave San Antonio at 2:10 P. M. and get in to Rockport at 8 P. M., if memory serves, anyhow in the early evening.

## Kennedy Junction.

At Kennedy Junction, between the two points above mentioned, the shooter could locate for a great shooting time. The country is a beautiful one, and the San Antonio shooters told us it was a great place for quail, with the usual chance at bigger game, which prevails in all this region now in hand.

## Beeville.

Beeville is still further south than Kennedy Junction, and is another fine point. Beeville has been written of a great deal in the papers, and many will recognize this name before any others mentioned herein, because of the game stories from that village. The stories are not exaggerated. The quail, deer and turkey are not shot out of that country, but Beeville was in the center of the drought

this year, and much of the game moved away to the water courses.

## Alice.

Alice is the name of a terminal station on another branch of the Aransas Pass Railroad from that which we were on. We were told that a magnificent trip could be made by going to Alice and taking wagon there to the southeast, among the fresh-water lagoons, in the King's Ranch and Santa Rosita Ranch pastures. This is a great wildfowl country when there is any water in the country. This is newer ground than that directly south of San Antonio, and I believe I would rather risk it than the Beeville country, because it has not been much shot and is practically unknown. By getting down between Alice and Corpus Christi, well into the southwest corner of the State, and along the Nueces River bottoms also, one is in the best of the deer and turkey country, though away from all civilization and all supplies. This section we had not time to visit, so all I can say is hearsay, though hearsay of practical certainty. In short, when you get this far down, the only puzzle is to know which way to go. It is an embarrassment of riches. You are now in a real, actual, genuine game country at last. Don't worry where to go. Go anywhere, and be satisfied, and don't grieve if you didn't get to the best place of them all, and kill more game than anybody ever did before. Certainly you will here meet all sorts of contradictory advice as to the actual Mecca for you. Don't mind that; you meet it in any country, no matter how wild. Don't mind it. Be sure, it is Mecca all around you.

Perhaps readers will pardon the personal part of our story, in order to learn definitely what sort of sport we actually had at the points we visited, that being to some minds the only actual test. Therefore I shall give patiently the further details of our hunt.

## Rockport at Last.

We ran into Rockport at last, after our pleasant afternoon across the live oak intervals, the cotton fields and the open grass country of the great ranches. At the depot we were met by Mr. Milton Everett, the proprietor of the Aransas Hotel, to whom we had letters. So, though we were now a long way from home, we were still not out from among our friends. Mr. Everett impressed us as though we had always known him. It was natural to meet him, natural to get our baggage and our beloved dogs over to his house, to "clean up a bit," to eat a supper—dear me, what a supper we did eat of sea fish and oysters—and then to sit down for a rest or talk, at length safely and happily arrived at the end of our journey, in sound of the sea, many hundred miles away from Chicago, and an untraversable distance away from winter and from care. In Chicago you grow old. In Rockport you grow young. If I have luck I will again go down there and from time to time slip off a load or so of years. I say, then, in the morning after you arrive at Rockport you are young. Ponce de Leon missed the place.

## Couldn't Hurry.

You can't hurry at Rockport and you needn't try it. They won't have it. After a little you won't want to hurry yourself. In this salt, summery air you feel too good right where you happen to be to want to get up and go anywhere else. It isn't laziness, but a divine restfulness. Don't try to hurry. You'll only grieve and astonish people, and you won't be near so happy as if you take it easy. Don't go down there with only a week or so of time to spend. Make it a month. Then you will throw in another month when you wake up and find the first month is gone.

Dick and I, full of the city restlessness, wanted to get right out and do everything and go everywhere at once. Mr. Everett gravely acquiesced. So did Mr. J. C. Fulton, to whom also we had letters. Mr. Fulton is one of the wealthy and well-known citizens of the place, and to him and Mr. Everett my friend and I were indebted for most of the pleasures of our visit. I imagine they must have thought us two nervous individuals, we were so impetuously eager to catch a boatload of fish before breakfast, and kill another boatload of ducks before dinner. To all our wishes they gravely acquiesced, and said, "To-morrow."

## To-Morrow.

In fact, we were in mañana land, the country of to-morrow, the only country on earth where a man can actually rest or get rested. It was to-morrow, though I forget which to-morrow, when we made our first trip out of town after sport.

This is a very to-morrowish story, on the whole, it seems to me, but I can't help that. To-morrow, then, that is to say, in a later chapter, I shall describe Rockport fundamentally, shall explain how it is that most of the sporting at that place must be done by means of sailing boats, whose cabins afford cooking and sleeping accommodations. My immediate concern now is to kill a few ducks, and so bear out the promise of less bloodlessness in the future of this story.

## A Tidy Craft.

We sailed from the Aransas Hotel wharf, of a lovely morning and on a lovely craft. Our good fortune never forsook us, and we struck the best of the several sailing craft which carry passengers for this purpose. This was the Novice, a 31ft. cat-rigged centerboarder, 12ft. beam and 34in. draft. Novice has for skipper Capt. Johnnie Bludworth, and for mate Jimmie Bludworth, the former 25 years old and the latter 22. These two boys built Novice from stem to stern and from gaff to keelson, doing all the work from shaping the ribs down to caulking and painting. Johnnie Bludworth designed her, working from a sectional model of his own make. "I never have got far enough along to design a boat on paper," said he, "but I'm going to, some time." When I add that away down here on the Southern Sea Johnnie and Jimmie Bludworth have been treading FOREST AND STREAM for years, and know pretty well what all the Northern boats and builders are doing, it may be less surprise to add that Novice was a success from the start. She trimmed up everything in her country, and carries undisputed the gold ball of supremacy aloft on her mast. Moreover, in 1892 she left home and went clear east to Galveston, going out into the Gulf, and at the Galveston regatta beat everything that sailed against her in all kinds of weather, and brought home the great silver regatta cup, which now rests at Johnnie Bludworth's cosy home down at the Shellbanks shipyard. Novice has beaten the best North-



ern-built boats of professional design that have been sent to this country, and the seamanship that obtains here is by no means amateurish. I hope she will continue to beat them all, partly because we came to love the boat from sailing on her and learning her so satisfactorily, but mostly because she is sailed by two of the whitest boys that ever hauled a rope or shot a gun—two perfect young gentlemen, quiet, pleasant, plucky, cheerful and kind, absolutely the best guides I ever met on any trip. The stranger will do well to get these boys to take him out, for they have shot for the market, carried shooters and fishers, and gone out for sport themselves so much all over this coastwise country, that they know every inch of land and water thereabout, know where the birds are and know how to get to them if they can be gotten. Moreover, they are two lovable boys, boys out of a thousand, boys who will blush if they see this, but still boys who will sail in any wind and not get rattled in a squall—as we learned for ourselves. We thought it a big part of our luck that we fell upon Novice—the which we owed to Mr. Fulton's plans.

Our host, Mr. Everett, Mr. R. M. Innes, superintendent of transportation for the Aransas Pass R. R.; Mr. McCullom, of Covington, Ky.; Dick Merrill and myself, made up the passenger list, and Johnnie and Jimmie the ship's company. We were bound for the Shellbanks, on the dredged channel through the flats that separate Aransas and Corpus Christi bays. The run was about eight or nine miles, and we made it easy as a dream, Novice compelling our admiration the first hour we sailed aboard her.

#### By the Sea Shore.

At the Shellbanks the channel makes a swift bend out of Aransas Bay, and twists away through the flats, past the mouth of that wide and expensive dredged canal, which once made the claim of Aransas City to "deep water" and therefore to a metropolitan future—now, alas, not in the least metropolitan. The land here is low, with little islands and tongues and shallow sprits. Here Johnnie Bludworth has his shipyard, where the boats pull out when they want to calk or repaint, and he and his young wife are the only inhabitants of the bank. Across the channel is the Quarantine station. Beyond that is the lighthouse. Beyond that again, about six miles or so from the banks, is Aransas Pass, where the Government jetties are, and where the tarpon are, too. Beyond the Quarantine station, half way over to it, back of it—in short almost any direction you may look—are passes where the redheads fly to and from their feed. At the Shellbanks itself is a fine pass, and on all hands from this central point are miles and miles and miles of feeding grounds, covered with water from 3 in. to 3 ft. deep and full of the sweet bulbous rooted grass which is here the staple food of the wild ducks. Certainly a very pleasant set of circumstances for one wishing some easy and easily accessible duck shooting.

#### Among the Redheads.

Everybody went fishing but Dick and myself. The boys took us out with the sneakboxes to try for some of the redheads which we saw beginning to work. The Novice has two of these boxes and about 100 decoys in her outfit. The sinkboxes are made by the boy's father, who is a good metal worker, and are built after an original but very good model. They are about 7 ft. long by 3 ft. wide, with a high turtle-back deck, with coaming, leaving a cockpit about 4 ft. long and just wide enough for the shooter to lie down, which feat he must accomplish by sticking his feet under the turtle-back deck in front of him, and hunching his shoulders in sideways into the cockpit. When he wishes to shoot he simply sits up and shoots from that position. When in use, the deck of the sinkbox is covered with mud and salt marsh grass. The material of the boat is galvanized iron, and there are no air chambers. If filled, the boat would sink at once, but they will take an astonishing sea, so long as one keeps cool and doesn't fall out. Car locks of collapsible sort are provided. When in position the boat sits low in the water and makes an admirable blind. It must be borne in mind that nearly all the coast shooting at this locality is open water shooting, with not a particle of cover of any kind about. As usual, the hunter instinct has developed precisely the most useful sort of means to get at the game. By the use of these sinkboxes we made good shooting when others were helpless and could get no bag at all.

"Do you expect me to get into that cast iron tub and go out there into that sea?" I asked of Johnnie, as he signified his readiness to start.

"Why, we fellows do," said he, deprecatingly. "It's safer than it looks."

"All right," I told him, "if you can stand drowning I suppose I can, but I want to tell you right now, I'm plenty scared of iron boats with no air in 'em, when the waves are higher than a meeting house and the wind off shore."

Johnnie was so polite to laugh at me, and seeing he was so polite, I resolved to drown gracefully. I soon found, however, that the pesky little thing was a lot better than it looked. You couldn't upset it; and though it rowed just as well sideways as any other, it bobbed on the seas like a cork, and the waves never got beyond the coaming. Moreover, we had only a quarter of a mile or so to go, and then we struck a flat, whereat we pulled up our top boots and waded. This was on a feeding bed where the birds often banked up, and here Johnnie left me after we had put out our decoys and anchored the sink box quartering to them.

#### Killed Something At Last.

I lay down full length in the box, with one eye just over the leeward edge, with my open shell box between my legs, and with Roll Organ's gun poking out through the low fringe of grass about the coaming. It was a couple of hours before dark, perhaps, the wind was right, and the birds were moving, for I could see flock after flock passing, some in one direction and some in another. Many headed up the shore line of the Quarantine island, and of these I knew at once I should get in a few flocks, for the wind was exactly right for it.

It was not long before I saw a long, black line of rapidly moving fowl coming up my way, and when I gave them a call they swung straight in for me, and I don't believe you could have kept them out of that tough looking flock of home-made decoys if you had tried your best.

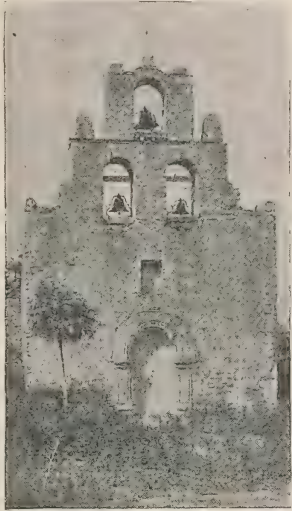
"Oh, dear, but won't I just kill about 19 of you, now!" I chuckled to myself, as they dropped and came skimming in with their wings set and their toes pushing out in front of them. I ought to have "let 'em light," as my

friend Harry Dale says, but I couldn't keep down any longer. I sat up, and it seemed to me that I had pulled most of the deck with me when I did. The birds bunched for an instant, and at 25 yds. I let them have it, expecting to kill the whole 19 right there. I heard the swish of the shot as they struck, but to my surprise only one bird fell out, though he was very limp and folded-up like. In my surprise at not killing the other 18, I dwelt so long that I had to be very careful with the second to cut out another bird, which also fell in a very tired way on the water. I had to let the other 17 go, but on the whole felt satisfied with my pair of redheads, which were in full plumage and extraordinarily fat and heavy—as indeed we found all the birds in that country.

I hardly had screwed myself into the sinkbox again before I saw another flock breaking their necks to get in among my decoys. As they drew down I sat up calmly on a wet place my rubber boots had left on the bottom boards, and the shot of Roll Organ's gun went snip! snip! about like snapping your fingers, against a pair of birds, and they came out with never a mark as they hit the water.

"The trouble with me is," thought I, as a bitter smile wreathed my cruel lips while I put in a couple more shells, "that I'm not understood. I'm probably the best duck shot there is in the whole world, and I never knew it before. I can do this every time. It's dead easy for us good ones."

I suppose I ought to stop the story right here, and let the impression go abroad that I was correct in my surmises as above. The truth is, however, that out of the very next flock I only got one bird, and failed so many times to get my double that I concluded probably I wasn't



MISSION OF SAN FRANCISCO DE LA ESPADA—SAN ANTONIO.

actually the best duck shot in the whole world, but maybe only the next best. For a time the birds swung to the right instead of to the left. That made it awkward shooting from the box, and I would miss with my second barrel. Then they would break to the left of me, and come in so close that I would miss them with the right and kill with the left. I killed a number at less than 20 yds. from the box, and this, it should be remembered, was right out in the open water. One way or the other, I found it almost impossible to keep from getting at least one bird out of each flock, for they were decoying beautifully and coming fast, so that soon I had a very nice little bag, indeed—enough to cover up the faintest of the big skiff in which Johnnie came out after me. I was quite in love with the world that evening, for I had had one of those rare treats—a thoroughly satisfactory little shoot on wildfowl. I was pleased with the sinkbox, pleased with the nitro loads I had brought all the way down from Chicago, and tickled to death with Roll Organ's gun, which mentally I resolved to steal. Evidently my first day at Rockport was a success.

Meantime another schooner-load of shooters had deployed along the channel back of my point and had canonaded the birds in such fashion that Dick, who was stationed still further back, had had little or no shooting and had only bagged half a dozen birds. "He's a mighty good shot, though," Jimmy assured me, confidentially.

The wind fell at sunset and we could not sail back to town. Dick and I ate a few dozen oysters after supper, and then tiring of that monotonous pastime went spearing flounders by lantern light with Johnnie. We had no spear so we sharpened a stick. That's good enough for a flounder spear. We got half a dozen of these misfit, side-wise fish, which we traded on the schooner for more oysters. Then a breeze sprung up and we tranquilly sailed home with a fine display of redheads cooling out in pairs along the stags.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### A New Wrinkle in Bear Traps.

SILVERDALE, Wash.—An Indian gave me a receipt for a—to me—new wrinkle in bear traps the other day. He says: "Get a pony beer keg and drive big wire spikes through from the outside, slanting toward the bottom. File them plenty sharp and knock one head out of the keg. Put honey in the bottom and leave it on or near the bear trail. Mr. Bear puts his head in (easy enough) after the honey and gets 'spiked in' so he can't get the keg off. What's the matter with poor Lo for 'ways that are childlike and bland?'"

EL. COMANCHO.

#### Maine Wildfowl.

BRUNSWICK, Me., March 26.—Geese and ducks are coming along in considerable numbers on their way to their summer resorts; but the shooting is not very good this spring on account of the unusually warm weather we have had since the first of March, and the ice is nearly all out of the salt-water bays. When there is plenty of ice we can approach the birds much better by making our floats resemble ice cakes.

NIMROD.

#### Velocity and Penetration.

BRUNSWICK, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of 24th inst. Mr. Armin Tenner makes the statement that the penetration of shot at a high velocity is not so great as it is at some lower velocity. Mr. Tenner does not make the statement without some good reason no doubt, but I have always found that I could drive shot deeper at 30 yds. than at 40 yds. or any greater distance, and I have always supposed that shot at 30 yds. had a higher velocity than at 40 yds. or any greater distance. I have always thought in common with most people that the higher the velocity of shot or bullet the greater the penetration would be. It is said by those who have tried it that a common tallow candle can be driven through a pine board of considerable thickness if propelled at a very high velocity, and I have always supposed the higher the velocity the greater the ability of any substance to overcome resistance; of course weight and hardness are additional factors.

I would like to hear from those who have had experience whether the penetration of a 12-gauge gun properly loaded is as great as an 8-gauge gun properly loaded. It is maintained by many in this vicinity that the 12-gauge is quite equal in this respect to the 10 or 8-gauge.

NIMROD.

#### A Great Flight in Iowa.

ALGONA, Ia., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are in the midst of a great flight of ducks and geese. I have never seen anything like it in the twenty-eight years that I have lived in Algona. The birds appear to come from every direction, the largest share from the north. They fly close to the ground and are very anxious to light wherever there is a little water. I think the bluebills outnumber all the rest, although there are a great many canvasbacks, redheads, mallards, widgeons and green-wing teal, with now and then a broadbill. The birds are in good condition. There is a great deal of feed in the country. The Canada geese light in the river close to my house. The great storms in other parts of the country must have driven the birds here. We have had quite a good deal of wind, but no snow or rain.

JOHN G. SMITH.

### Camp-Fire Glickerings.

"That reminds me."

#### A Good Skunk Day.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

This was in Maine and not over fifty miles from the capital city. It was cold; it seemed as though the mercury had gone down cellar or off to hibernation with the bears. But the big bay horse was a goer and recalled that of which Scripture says: "His neck is clothed with thunder, he paweth in the valley, he smelleth the battle afar off."

The robes were ample, and with the good fur coat, cap and gloves made that sleigh ride seem like those of long ago and almost renewed one's youth.

The driver, an improvised, but good one, then out of other work, grew confidential and reminiscent.

"I used to go skunkin' 'bout here in the winter."

Upon inquiry he said he made skunk catching his business in dull times. He had caught forty-two skunks alone and then formed articles of partnership with Sam, and they two together caught 135, all in one month. That made 177 of the odoriferous beasts disposed of in one moon by two men. They sold the skins and the "ile," and thus made a good thing.

"We hed one darned good day jess beyond them woods. We hed two dogs to find the holes, an' when they found 'em the dogs 'ud go off so's not to git the parfume an' we did the killin'." We hed spades, shotguns, revolvers an' a hook on a pole. Ye see the dogs told us jess where to dig an' when we opened a hole we could see the fellers, an' a clip on the head fixed the fust one an' the hook hauled them out, an' so on to the last. Now I'm tellin' ye we got fifteen skunks from that one hole an' there was no more smell than there was to the snow itself.

"We sot in to skin 'em an' when we'd got to the last two we tried to best each other. Jess then one o' the dogs spoke down by the crick an' we knew he hed something that wasn't skunk. We hustled down an' found the dog barkin' at a hole under the stun in the bank. I looked in an' see a coon an' shot it with my revolver, an' hauled it out with the hook. The old dog still barked an' I run in my hook an' pulled out another coon. The old dog still said there was something more an' I hauled out another coon—that made three coon. We went back an' finished skinnin' the skunks an' then separated, Sam takin' ten dog an' me the other, an' Mister, 'twa'n't more'n ten minutes 'fore my dog lit out a yelpin' like all possesst right toward Sam, who was a listenin'. Sam see a big fox comin' his way, an' he got behind a tree, an' when the fox was nigh enough Sam let strip with the shotgun, an' Mr. Fox keeled over. We skun him, an' Mister, I'm tellin' ye that in the next hour we got two more foxes. That made 15 skunks, 3 coon an' 3 foxes all in one day.

"We didn't lug home the carkisses of the skunks an' foxes, we took their pelts an' the fat of the skunks. We carried a flat tin can to put the taller in.

"The coon we carried in whole an' we sent the carkisses to Boston an' got \$5 apiece for 'em, an' we hed the pelts left. The skunk skins everedged 75 cents. Coon skins \$1.50; foxes \$2, an' the skunk ile brung \$4. I call that a good day's work."

I ventured on the antiquated chestnut and said: "And it wasn't much of a day for skunks after all." I was sorry I said it, for he indignantly fired back: "Yes 'twas too, the gosh all firedest day I ever see."

KENN E. BEC.

AUGUSTA, Maine.

#### In Hard Luck.

*Editor Hard Luck Department:*

This incident has been related to several of my friends, who did not see anything funny in it, so as a last resort, I will endeavor to unload it on FOREST AND STREAM, and try to forget it.

Sitting in my office on the top floor of one of Chicago's sky-ticklers one cloudy day recently, every little while I could hear a volley of shots, fired by hunters out on the harbor breakwater. The day was perfect for the sport and there was evidently a good flight. I had the same



reason for not being out there that the recently quoted Irishman had for not joining his neighbors in the "profession of the unemployed," "the boss wouldn't let me off."

A portly German entered and desired to see one of the firm on an important business matter. The gentleman inquired for was engaged, and in order to hold my German friend I commenced conversing with him about the view from our windows, incidentally mentioning that the shots we hear occasionally were fired by men shooting ducks out on the pier.

Previously listless he was now all attention.

"Vat," he said, "Vild ducks?"

"Yes."

"Out on the pier?"

"Yes."

He regarded me solemnly with evident distrust and surprise in his manner. After a short reflection he said, very deliberately and earnestly: "Dot is very singular. I didn't know dot de vild ducks would ever light on de pier."

I just showed the above to another client, who read it without changing a muscle. After a second, however, he smiled.

"Of course I see it," he said, "they wouldn't light on the pier, they would light on the water." ALGODON.

## Sea and River Fishing.

### NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE.

Now THAT April's here, there are bird songs everywhere,  
Floating out upon the lazy, hazy springtime atmosphere;  
The shallow, sandy brooks come leaping, laughing from their nooks,  
Like children after school is done, now that April's here.

Little flowerets peep from their beds of winter sleep,  
Across the velvet lawn, at dawn, the anemids slowly creep.  
A time of smiles and blisses, for the sun throws happy kisses  
Through the tears that the changeful skies of April weep.

The piping robins come back to the quiet home  
From which the frosts unkindly, blindly drove them far away to roam,  
The quail calls from the covers, safe retreat for feathered lovers;  
The plow turns to the sun the rich and yielding loam.

Here sit I and ponder, if the swift stream over yonder,  
Of happy days reminding, winding in its banks and under,  
As it murmurs down the valleys, holds some *Salmo fontinalis*,  
Of all his tribe the peer, the great and glowing wonder.

Now that April's here, I begin to question where  
My wife has hid the tackle that I laid aside last year,  
For I hear a voice that's calling where the water's foam is falling,  
And the eddies swirl and darken, now that April's here.

J. H. LA ROCHE.

### ANGLING NOTES.

#### Pronunciation of Ouananiche.

JUDGE S. H. GREENE writes me: "Through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM will you kindly educate us of the 'wild and woolly West' in the pronunciation of the name of that game fish of yours of the East, 'ouananiche'? Many of us who boldly, without the least hesitation, talk freely about Skamokawa, the capital of Wahiakum county; Humpulope, Semiahoo, Stillaquamish, Wa Wawai, etc., hedge on the word ouananiche, by simply spelling it, leaving each auditor to mentally pronounce it to suit himself, or, at most, stammering out something so entirely unsatisfactory that the attempted pronunciation is invariably followed by the parenthetical remark, 'or however you pronounce it.'"

I am a little surprised that this question was not asked long ago by some one of somebody, for common as this rather queer-looking word has become of late years I have known of but one attempt made to represent the correct pronunciation in printed letters, and in that single instance such dense ignorance was shown regarding the genealogy of the fish that the given pronunciation might have been regarded with suspicion, particularly as after representing the sound of the word the writer thereafter, throughout his article, gave an English rendering of the word entirely different from that which he had just said was correct. Canadian angling writers have sometimes spelled the word in English in one way and at another time in another way, representing entirely different sounds, but in the following I am confirmed by Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, who has collected fifteen mongrel forms of the word and who is an authority upon the subject.

Ouananiche is pronounced by the Montagnais Indian as if it were spelled in English—*whonanische*. The first "h" is used because they pronounce the word as if it commenced with an aspirate, and the "o" is employed for the broad sound of "a," as in the English word, wan. I think the most common form of the word represented in English spelling is "winnish," and Mr. Chambers explains how this has come about: "The French, having no 'w,' and their 'ou' being nearly its equivalent, as in *oui*, pronounced 'we,' the original French spelling 'ouananiche,' for the employment of which in preference to English forms of the word I have always strenuously contended, is the best possible picture of the spoken sound. Some of the French residents about Lake St. John pronounce the word as if its first vowel was an 'i,' and give it the English sound, and some anglers have carried this pronunciation away with them, and so have arisen the many mongrel forms of the word."

Webster's dictionary, 1892, perpetuates the spelling "winnish," and defines the fish as "the landlocked variety of the common salmon (Canada)." This is not the form generally or officially accepted in Canada, nor is the fish a landlocked variety.

#### Ouananiche or Landlocked Salmon?

It is rather agreeable than otherwise to have one differ with you, when it is done so pleasantly as in FOREST AND STREAM, March 10, where Mr. Eugene McCarthy objects to my description of ouananiche as weighing 25lbs. But have they not been caught weighing more than 25lbs? I did not say in Canada, nor did I even mean to intimate that such was the case. Is Canada alone entitled to the common name of a species of fish that exists elsewhere and grows to a larger size than in Canada? About the time of writing the note to which Mr. McCarthy refers, a

friend wished to mention in a pamphlet the fish called ouananiche in Canada (and, by the way, it is called landlocked salmon by a well-known Canadian writer in an article devoted chiefly to the Lake St. John fish), and landlocked salmon in New England, and he desired to use the most appropriate common name for the fish and consulted me about it. Gorman had just said that the salmon of Lake St. John, of Sebago, of Schoodic and of the Atlantic coast streams were one and the same, namely, *Salmo salar*. That whether they were called landlocked salmon in the United States, or ouananiche in Canada, they were not a variety, but the species itself. They are not landlocked salmon, for wherever found they can go to sea if they have the desire, as the way is open, and in all probability they were called ouananiche before they were called landlocked salmon. We really need but one common name for a single species of fish, as a rule, but to distinguish the salmon that go to sea from those that remain in fresh water, it is necessary to have two, and which is the best for the fresh-water fish, ouananiche or landlocked salmon? And which holds the age? I voted for ouananiche, no matter where the fish is found, and so used the word. "Trout" sufficiently describes *fontinalis* whether the fish is 2oz. in weight in Pike county, Pennsylvania, 8lbs. in weight in the Batican, in Canada, or 12lbs. in weight in Moosehucmaguntic Lake in Maine. The big-mouth black bass is not to be envied because it is an Oswego bass in New York, a chub in Virginia and a trout in Florida.

If there is danger of international complications arising over this name we could say the ouananiche of Canada and the ouananiche of the United States, to separate one from the other. When the country is in a depressed state and economy is in order, it is a great time to reduce the number of common names of some of our fishes that lead only to confusion and bad language on the part of some of our fishermen, as for instance when they find that a pike-perch may be, according to the waters in which it resides, a dory or a doré; a yellow pike or a green pike; a wall-eyed pike or a glass-eye; a hornfish or okaw; a jack-salmon or a plain salmon.

Unless served with an injunction, I wish hereafter to write of the fresh-water salmon, whenever I have occasion to do so, as the ouananiche, no matter in what waters it may be found.

#### The Other Side.

A gentleman who is a staunch friend of the ouananiche as found in New England waters, read Mr. McCarthy's letter in FOREST AND STREAM, and wrote me in defense of his favorite fish: "There is no difference anatomically between the landlocked salmon of New England and the ouananiche of Lake St. John—therefore they are the same fish."

"Environment, of course, modifies habits and conditions, size and energies. Fish that spend their lives fighting a 'turmoil of waters' have no time to grow, and are, as Mr. McCarthy says, usually washed off the hook when struck in their native element. The current does three-fourths of the fighting. Transfer such a fish to smooth water and he will be more easily mastered."

"Can it be that the vaunted fish of Roberval, tearing about in 'waters than which none can be wilder,' keeps the angler busy for 15 minutes only? There must be something abnormal here, some lesion of the fighting-quality lobes, judging from the action of New England ouananiche when hooked in those deep, quiet waters Mr. McCarthy affects to despise. I have known anglers play a New England landlocked salmon for an hour, the fish leaping repeatedly, and it required all their experience and strength to bring him to net. I have seen their bloodless hands and noted the reaction in complete nervous demoralization."

"Note their argument: 'The weight in the New Hampshire lakes is still another indication that those landlocked salmon are different from the ouananiche.'"

"A given fish will grow to three or four times the size in one water that it attains in another. Every angler knows this. Give the Roberval fish less fighting to do and more food, and they will doubtless grow as large and as fast as the New Hampshire salmon. Mr. Cheney is right, the name 'little salmon' does not correctly describe the fish in question, which attains a weight of over 30lbs.—not where it is stunted from birth by a harrowing fight for life in those terrible rapids we are told about."

"Pseudo relatives of the States! Big, flabby congeners of that Canadian wonder, this fighting pigmy of the Grand Discharge, how dare you 'usurp' the name the red man gave you? Aren't you ashamed to 'steal the thunder' of this minnow of the Petite Decharge?"

"After all, Mr. McCarthy admits that he has never met you, but formulates his ideas entirely from the experience of others—who appear to have spooned for you, doubtless in vain. When he makes your acquaintance he will acquire a deep respect for you."

In this connection I am reminded of a fight that I witnessed and timed on a New England lake when it required an hour and forty minutes, as I now recall it, for an angler to kill an ouananiche of about 15lbs. I thought the time overlong in which to kill the fish, but as it was not my fish perhaps I would better not air my views about the manner of killing it.

#### Spring Fishing.

There is every prospect at this writing that the ice will be out of Lake George, N. Y., before April 1, as there are miles of open water now. This is such an unusual thing that no one can remember its like. Last year the ice went out April 29 in the main lake, although there was ice in the bays on May 1, on which date the open season for lake trout fishing begins.

The trout come to the surface as soon as the ice is gone and remain on the top of the water rarely more than two weeks, so that the prospect for good surface fishing this year is not flattering, as there is yet a full month and more before it will be legal to fish. It remains to be seen whether or not the whitefish remain at the surface longer than usual this year. If they do, the trout will stay also, for they follow the whitefish and prey upon them. Just now there is a heap of speculation about what will happen.

Under date of March 18, one of the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners writes: "One week ago to-day I was at Newfound Lake, and while there saw a beautiful sight. At the outlet of the lake where, I should judge, there were some two acres of open water, I saw a salmon rise, and a man living there told me that the day before he saw six different salmon rising at almost the same time."

This is another indication that the season is unusually early this year, and that anglers may be disappointed about the surface fishing when the season legally opens.

A. N. CHENEY.

### THE LEAPING OUANANICHE.\*

BY EUGENE M'CARTHY.

"Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch bark canoe stood endwise."

APTLY do the words of Hiawatha portray, in part, what I wish to describe.

"How!" A small word, indeed, but what a task its explanation sets before me to perform. Should I begin by confessing that I do not know how to catch ouananiche myself, I believe that I would approximate the truth. The more time one spends in this fishing, and the more one studies the fish, the sooner one's belief is strengthened that the knowledge which should follow practice grows less instead of greater. With experience in catching ouananiche, one formulates certain ideas as to the proper way to strike them, to play them and to land them. Suddenly a change comes over the spirit of the fish, and the supposed proper methods are far better to honor in the breach rather than in the observance. These changes are radical and oft-occurring; applying as well to just where to find them as to their action when striking and when hooked.

I have before mentioned that the ouananiche are great fighters, surpassing even the trout and black bass in this particular, and it would almost seem as though there was method in their fight, they vary it in quality, but not in quantity.

To-day they are to be caught only in the white, boiling water just under a fall, to-morrow in the more quiet water beyond; to-day they fight when hooked, by constantly leaping from the water, to-morrow by running and sulking deep down; now they make prodigious jumps for a passing darning needle or some other member of the *mouche* family, and are not to be tempted by any of our flies. Again they rise quickly to any color or kind of cast that we may give them.

When an ouananiche is hooked, he is not even half caught; as my guides would say, "*Brébis comptées, le loup les mange*," truly one should not count their chickens before they are hatched, nor their ouananiche before they are netted.

The ouananiche has one mortal enemy in the pickerel (*brochet*), with which Lake St. John abounds, and which grow to enormous size. I have frequently caught ouananiche bearing large scars, both recent and old, showing narrow escapes from the enemy. Perhaps feeling the wound when hooked, and attributing it to their natural enemy may have something to do with causing them to fight as they will. In any event, the fighting they do is simply tremendous.

In rough water the ouananiche is rarely seen when he takes the fly, the choppy waves concealing his strike. The first intimation will be to see it jump from the water in the vicinity of the cast, and a severe tightening strain on the line. If this occurs when the cast is being drawn in and the rod elevated back, something will break unless it is possible for the tip to be rapidly given. If in smooth water, the strike can be seen, and the tip given at once.

Strike the fish firmly, but without a sharp jerk, as they usually hook only in the lip lightly, and the fly is easily torn out. Follow at once by drawing quickly an absolutely tight line, never relax, even an inch. Stop the reel, draw out between the reel and first ring from 3 to 4 ft. of line taut in the left hand. Give the fish the butt of the rod as much as possible, hold it absolutely tight without giving line except when it leaps; then slightly draw the tip and follow the leap with the necessary line from that held in the left hand. Being held absolutely in check without slack, the fish runs only within a short radius, pulling usually with all its strength; this may result in laming the wrist, but more fish are saved. If preferred, the reel can be used and the ouananiche allowed to run, but they turn and return so quickly that the slack cannot easily be recovered; result, that another run with the slack tightens the line with a jerk, the hook is torn out or broken, and the fish gone. Individually, I find an automatic reel preferable, as it will take the slack as rapidly as given, and to it I attribute the saving of many fish. Never hurry the fish, or attempt to lead it to the net until satisfied that it is thoroughly tired out, and do not relax the strain, or watchfulness, until safely netted. An ouananiche of about 3lbs. weight will require fully fifteen to twenty minutes or more, to kill it, and it will fight hard every moment.

Now it will leap from the water anywhere from two or three to a dozen times, rising fully 3 or 4 ft. from the surface, returning to the water only to make an immediate wild rush toward the bottom. If near a fall it will make many attempts to rush under the falling water, or in the rough part of the rapids, there to sulk, pull, and often shake violently to release the hook. Then perhaps, a rush toward the fisherman, a quick turn and deep down again, a moment's rest and then a violent race to and fro, as far as the line will permit. The jumps are quick, and occur when least expected, often following one another in quick succession. In fact, the fish are never at rest, but change their tactics every moment; each fish fights differently, the method pursued in catching one will scarcely apply to the next. The hand and mind must act in unison quickly, and both will be thoroughly occupied. There are so many "ifs" that it is easy to understand how questionable is the saving of the fish after being hooked. If well hooked, if the hook shall tear out, or if the hook, leader, line or rod shall not break. Be prepared to lose, as a rule, more fish than you save; that is the common experience.

In regard to the selection of tackle, the greatest care must be used. I find that an "E" silk line with a 6 ft. leader is best, and am always sure that my leaders and flies are new, well made, and will stand a good prior test. An "E" line being heavy, is less liable to break, and cannot be cut by the rocks when drawn across them, as frequently happens in playing a fish. A short leader is necessary to prevent its being tangled in the rough water of the rapids, or from the violent play of the fish.

All anglers have their favorite rods, either split-bamboo, lancewood or greenheart. All are good—the lighter and

\* From Mr. McCarthy's book of this name just published by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



more springy they are the better. Rods from 6½ to 8oz. in weight are the best, although lighter and even much heavier ones are used. The practical point is to have plenty of them, at least two or three, with several extra tips. Broken rods, and tips especially, are a frequently occurring contingency of ouananiche fishing.

Eight or ten varieties form an ample variety of flies and most of them should be tied on No. 4 hooks. The Jock-Scott, silver-doctor, brown-hackle, cow-dung, Seth-Green, Lord-Baltimore, Parmacheene-belle and scarlet-bibis I have always found to give me sufficient variety, and I have rarely used anything else. A good supply should be taken, since those not broken soon become

SNAGGING SALMON ON THE HUDSON.

I NOTICED the article in your last number on "Fishing With a Bare Hook." There was a similar method used on the Hudson last year at Mechanicville. As is well known salmon were abundant in that river last year. The fishway at the Mechanicville Dam was not opened for some time and many fine salmon were spawning in the river near the mouths of several cold streamlets which flowed from springs near the river. Where these streams entered the river there would often be a few feet of sand covered by shallow water and then breaking off abruptly into a deep round hole which was surrounded by a

THE ALBEMARLE SHAD FISHERIES.

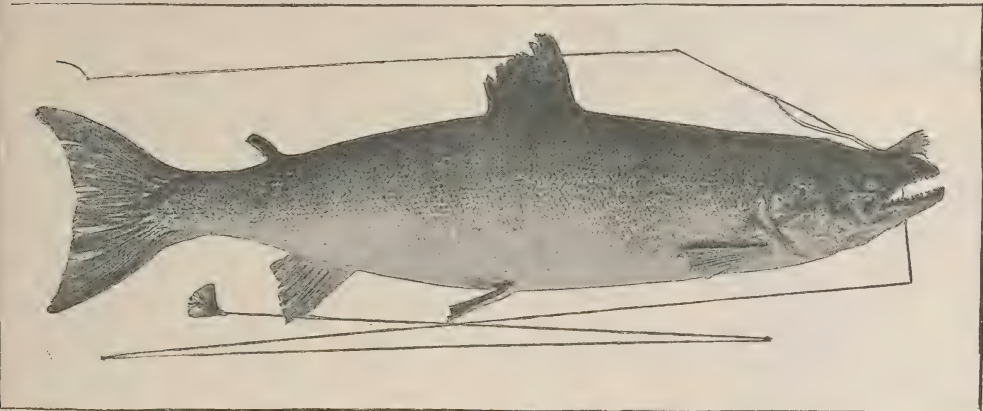
COMPARATIVELY few who eat shad in their season are aware that the greater part of the supply in the New York and Boston markets comes from two single fisheries in Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. These two fisheries are *vis-à-vis*. One, the largest, belonging to Dr. Capehart, at Avoca, near Edenton, employs fine steam seine boats and 50 men; the other, Hare-Woods, directly opposite, has only two seine boats and a proportionate number of men, but it saves a handicap by using a seine which is five miles long, including the hauling ropes!

Just now the season is nearing its best, and in a few days will be at its height, fishermen being augurs. When the runs of shad are largest, as many as 6,000 fish are known to have been taken at a single haul. Four hours are required for a haul, and four hauls are made in a day, throughout the season, which is supposed to last 60 days. It is hard work. Last Saturday, when I was down at Hare-Wood's beach, 1,200 shad came in at one haul. Sometimes half a dozen big rockfish, or striped bass, come in, too, and no end of herring. Six rockfish came in on Saturday. During the climax of the herring season, which follows the shad, and continues after the shad have done, 200,000 herring at a haul are not uncommon. This makes a pile at the beach of 80ft. front, which measures 22ft. wide, and nearly 2ft. deep. At a distance it looks like a snow bank. Parties of ladies and gentlemen drive down from Edenton in carriages to see the sight.

Many of Edenton's best citizens operate fisheries, and while the season is on they rough it in common with the working fishermen, who are quartered in large barracks, where there is also a mess room, salting and packing rooms, barrel houses, engine houses for the steam winches which haul the seines, and other accessories. Recently, owing to warm weather, the business has not been remunerative, although the catch has been satisfactory. Prematurely hot weather is as fatal to profit in shad catching as premature frost is to the trucking interest. On March 23 the thermometer at Albemarle showed a noon temperature of 90°. On the 26th following snow threatened the growing peas which were already in blossom. Such are the vicissitudes of life and occupation on the Sounds.

Of course a good many shad are caught in seines in the Neuse River and at other places in Pamlico and Albemarle sounds; and they are caught in stake, drift and pound nets as well. Horse power is employed in hauling second-class seines, and the scows which "shoot" them, or lay them out, are propelled by oars. Their average length is 6,000ft., which is over a mile long. Pound-fishing is the least laborious and expensive. To operate a big shad fishery costs \$10,000 a month, and the plant or outfit requires a capital of \$20,000. It costs a good deal of time, money and laborious work to prepare the ground for seining by clearing it of snags and other obstructions. Drags, dynamite and sweeps are used, and frequently the services of submarine divers are employed. When ledges or reefs are discovered other ground has to be selected.

Formerly in Tyrrell county there were operated some of the largest seine fisheries in the world, but they were destroyed in the late war, and for want of capital have never been refitted. There are openings now for others to take



A 7½ LBS. OUANANICHE TAKEN BY MR. EUGENE MCCARTHY.

worn and battered from violent usage, are useless and need to be frequently renewed. I find, as a rule, that the most successful cast is cow-dung or brown-hackle for trailer and a Jock-Scott or silver-doctor for dropper. Use two flies only and fasten the dropper at the last knot on the leader next to the line. By doing this it will skip the surface better and take most of the fish, as its action seems to attract them more.

To give advice just how to fish for ouananiche, and to make fishing successful, is an utter impossibility; general information only can be given. It is practically necessary to know what to take in the way of clothing, tackle, etc., as one is too far removed from a base of supplies to get anything that may be needed. It is necessary also to know what one has to combat with in catching the ouananiche, what to use, and in a general way how to use it. Such knowledge to the angler fishing these waters for the first time will save him much vexation, a quantity of broken tackle, and perchance some fish. Beyond this, his own acquired experience will be his guide. Experience alone can prove his teacher. As the French say, "*A force de forger on devient forgeron*"—practice alone makes perfect. Previous fishing experience is a great aid, but the ouananiche is so totally different from other fish that it is like learning a new art to successfully angle for and land it.

When fishing the pools in the rivers, it is generally better, and more convenient to fish from the rocks, but in the Grand Discharge one can more readily reach the pools from a canoe.

Imagine yourself in the midst of a boiling rapid, your canoe dancing and bounding on the troubled waters. You make a cast, and you have an ouananiche, or perhaps two, as sometimes happens. Here you have excitement beyond compare. Imagine the skill necessary to handle and save them; your varied emotions; your surroundings—all—and then one fully appreciates that he is engaged in the finest fishing known. No fitting eulogy can be given such fishing. Only those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy it can understand and appreciate.

But one proviso is to be made to insure satisfactory success in ouananiche fishing, and that is to take sufficient time to fairly test them in the right waters at the right times mentioned.

**The Brook Silverside.**

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by this mail in separate packages two specimens of small fish taken in our lake. They are not familiar to us and may be from the plant of "wall-eyes" made three months ago, of which no results have been apparent. It is hoped that you may be able to identify them.

F. H. THRUSTON.

[The fish is known as the brook silverside, or skipjack. It is not related to the "wall-eye," but belongs to the family containing the silverside or friar of the Atlantic Coast. The species grows to the length of only four inches and is valuable only as food for larger fish. It is common in streams and ponds in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and has been taken recently in the States of South Carolina and Florida. The brook silverside is a surface swimmer; its habit of skipping out of water and along the surface suggested for it the name skip-jack. This little fish is an excellent species for introduction into black bass waters and proves a most attractive live bait for that species when properly placed before the game.]

**Rappahannock Club**

FREDERICKSBURG, Va.—We have a club under the name of the Rappahannock Rod and Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association, with a membership of 75. Luke W. White of the Grace Pointer Kennels, President; Hy. Weman, Treasurer; C. McCalley, Secretary. We have secured the control of 1,500 acres of land as a game preserve, and have planted 200 large-mouth bass in the Rappahannock, with the same number of rainbow trout in a stream above town. We have also six Mongolian pheasants which we keep in pens, and with the increase of which we propose to stock our preserve.

L. G. R.

**Club Constitutions.**

SECRETARIES of game and fish protective clubs will favor us by sending copies of their club constitutions and by-laws.

growth of weeds. The salmon would come into these holes and be in the cool water, rolling on the surface occasionally so as to be plainly visible. The fishing was done entirely from the shore until a fish was hooked, when the person who was so fortunate, jumped into a boat and followed the fish into deeper water. All the boats were run up on the shore and from the stern several persons would fish. The boats were so numerous and so close together that it was almost impossible to cast. In pulling in your line you would always catch either a big stump, which must have been one mass of flies and broken leaders or another line. It was very odd salmon fishing to any one who had cast their flies on the swift salmon streams of Canada. The rods used were what each man happened to have and were a surprising collection for salmon fishing. A leader with four or five flies was the usual thing. These were in most cases baited with small pieces of salt pork. A very light sinker was used by those who had the best success. The most desirable position was to be right over one of the holes which I have already described. The flies, pork and all were allowed to sink. If a salmon was attracted by a fly so as to touch it or the pork (the feeling was like a minnow nibble), the line was



OUANANICHE POOL, FIFTH FALLS, MISTASSINI.

jerked straight upward in the hope of hooking the fish in the side or belly.

I believe there was only one fish taken fairly. He rose to a fly cast in the proper manner and weighed a little over 9lbs. I did not care to try the pork method and cast my flies on the surface, but with little success.

While fishing I noticed a tremendous fish-hawk which was sailing over the island in the center of the river. All at once he shot down into the water, and it was easy to see that he had fastened into something that was no toy, for though he flapped his great wings he could not fly, and could not seem to raise the fish at all. He kept beating his great wings, however, and striving with all his might to go off with his prize, but after ten minutes he saw that this method was all to no purpose, and tried a cute trick. He let go his hold for an instant and then fastened his claws firmly into the fish's head. He raised his right wing and struck it into the water, giving a powerful shove, then with the left, and in this way he swam 75yds. to a shoal off the island, and here succeeded in getting the fish ashore. Two fishermen started at once for the island and scared the bird away. They brought the fish to where I was and I saw that it was a salmon that would easily weigh 9lbs.

W. T. MORRISON.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

their places. This fact may be of interest to the proprietors of the deserted fisheries of the Connecticut.

Shad all go North on ice, but herring are chiefly salted and shipped in barrels. Herring roe has become quite an important commodity of late. Sturgeon of large size are occasionally taken in the seines, and their roe is utilized for caviare.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

**Took Two to Catch Him.**

FREDERICKSBURG, Va.—Tom Larkin and myself were bass fishing together in the Rappahannock, above this place. Tom had on a large chub, or fallfish, for bait, while I had a smaller one. After a few minutes Tom had a strike. The fish proved to be a slow biter, and mouthed the bait for ten minutes or more. Finally he made a circle and passed around my line before I had a chance to move it, and as I supposed, fouling my line. Tom said a few things and struck the fish, while I gave him plenty of slack. He was landed after a struggle of ten minutes and was found to have both hooks deep in his throat. He was a 4-pounder and a beauty. I promptly claimed half the honor of capture, which it is needless to say was not accorded by Tom.

L. G. R.



## BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, April 2.—The trout season of 1894, in Massachusetts, is open. April 1 was the opening day, and a most auspicious and delightful day it was. In the night the wind changed to the southwest, and the weather also changed from the chill and freezing of several days previous to the most delightful of April days. By 9 o'clock in the morning the mercury registered 60 in the shade. What a day for trout! But alas! It was Sunday! It is darkly hinted that some fishing was really done on Sunday, however, the sportsmen taking their chances with the authorities of the State.

The complaint is a bitter and a growing one that "there are now no waters on the Cape that amount to anything," where the private citizen may fish. The ponds and streams are nearly all under control of individuals or clubs. The angler, who is not so fortunate as to belong to a club, or to own or control a fishing preserve himself, is more than ever asking himself the question as to where he is to fish in the Bay State. But invitations to fish the stocked and controlled trout preserves are not very hard to obtain, if one manifests the proper spirit, and shows a true interest in the sport.

A good trout season is predicted. The streams are clear of snow ice unusually early, and the temperature of the water is favorable. This is especially true of the streams and ponds in Connecticut, in which several Boston and Worcester parties are interested.

The Boys' Party, of the Monomoy Brant Club, left Boston on Wednesday for the shooting grounds. In the party were Mr. Harry Read, Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence; Mr. Harry Wright, of Walpole, and several others. The parties ahead of this one at the Monomoy and the other clubs in that vicinity are reported to have obtained but few brant, though many were seen. The weather was too fine, and though the birds seemed to be numerous off shore, they would not rise and come near to the decoys. Hence but few brant have been obtained. But the duck shooting has been fair. The party of which Mr. Adams, of Adams & Chapman, was a member, is reported to have taken "a barrel of ducks" at the Masquoit Club, across the bay from the Monomoy. But a late report from the Boys' Party, at Monomoy, says that the brant are behaving more to the liking of the shooters, and that some good hauls have been made.

The Bangor, Me., salmon pool is open much earlier than usual this year. Prominent resident members are trying the salmon, but up to the time of this writing no salmon had been taken. SPECIAL.

## A New Fishing Tackle Store.

WITHIN the past few days a big gilded fish has taken up his position overhanging the sidewalk next door to the FOREST AND STREAM. It is the totem of the United States Net and Twine Co., who have just opened at 316 Broadway a very handsome new retail fishing tackle store.

They celebrate their opening with an elegant display of oil paintings of fish, trout, salmon, grilse and black bass, from the studios of the most celebrated painters in the country, such as William M. Brackett, F. A. Tait, La Goodwin, Kilburne and others. These will remain on exhibition during the month of April, and anglers generally are invited to view them.

The Kosmic rod display is something wonderful. The United States people have recently bought this split-bamboo rod from A. G. Spalding & Bros., and now own the complete plant and factory. The exhibit is the same one that won the prize at Chicago, and it consists of a great variety of most beautiful Kosmic rods, from the \$500 gold-mounted beauties to the regular standard working rods.

Mr. E. S. Osgood, formerly manager of the fishing tackle department of A. G. Spalding & Bros., is in charge of the retail department of this new store, and Mr. H. J. Frost, who for many years has represented the company on the road, has now been brought into the office and placed in charge of the wholesale sample rooms as house salesman. Since Jan. 1 Mr. Francis E. Wardle has been elected secretary and manager of the company, Mr. W. H. Wallace remaining in the position of treasurer.

May the big fish swing aloft many years and the golden sheen be the symbol of the continued prosperity of these new next door neighbors of FOREST AND STREAM.

## The Red-Bellied Dace.

WEBSTER, Mass., March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Would you kindly tell me the common name of inclosed fish? The prominent black stripe on its sides is something I have not noticed before.

CHAS. GERBER.

[The red-bellied dace or minnow is a strikingly beautiful little fish at this time of the year, as it is now approaching the breeding season. It abounds in small streams from New England to Dakota and southward to Tennessee. Along the sides are two jet black narrow bands, one beginning above the eye and extending to the tail; the other occupying the snout in front of the eye and continued behind the eye to the base of the tail fin, where it ends abruptly in a slightly enlarged spot. The belly and the space between the bands are bright silvery, replaced by scarlet in breeding males, which have the same red color at the base of the back fin, tail fin and the fin behind the vent. In the height of the breeding season the fins are bright yellow and the body of the male is covered with small tubercles. The dace reaches a length of 3 in. In its habits it resembles the stone roller, with which it associates. It prefers clear streams which arise from springs. As an aquarium fish it is scarcely excelled in beauty and hardiness, and as a bait for the black bass it has few superiors among the minnows.]

## Delaware Bass.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 28.—A number of local fishermen have made good catches in this neighborhood. Last week some very good strings of bass and pickerel were taken on live bait at St. Georges, Del. J.

## Albany Game Legislation.

[Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, March 31.—The following is Chapter 183 of the Laws of 1894: Section 1 of subdivision 7 of Section 271 of the game law is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Where an act is prohibited between certain dates, it is not lawful upon the date first named and it is lawful upon the date last named. But when said last date shall fall upon Sunday it shall be lawful to shoot, hunt or fish on the preceding day, as if that day was the date so named in this act.

## Fortunate Bangor.

BANGOR, Me., enjoys the distinction of being the most convenient city in the world to a first-class salmon pool. It is perfectly possible for a citizen to go fishing there every day during the season without neglecting his business. He does not lose track of his interests and can give his directions from his boat almost as well as from his office.

The big game of the Maine woods crowds down close to Bangor, too. Fortunate residents hitch up their horses and drive out a few miles to hunt, and return with their venison still warm.

Bangor boasts of the pioneer canvas canoe builder, a first-class taxidermist and the largest manufacturer of moccasins and hunting-boots in the world. J. B. B.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

## Vermont Trout.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I read with pleasure the courteous comments on my letter relating to Mr. Titcomb's plan for protecting Vermont waters by your correspondent "Rod," and as a continuation of what has been written on the subject, must say I do not think it the purpose of Mr. Titcomb to post all small streams, as there must be some localities where all streams are small; and to deprive the people of one section entirely of their neighboring trout fishing would be unreasonable and unjust, causing the law to be felt as oppressive to them, thus rendering it practically inoperative.

Still, even these small streams could be shut off for a few rods at their heads, thus leaving an occasional spring hole to contain one and awhile a fair-sized fish for propagating purposes; and one good-sized spawner is worth a great many of the so called 6-inch fish, that amount to practically nothing as breeders. It is only recently that the Vermont people have realized the value of their State as a summering place for city folks, and now that they have commenced to advertise it, the volume of business in that line must increase, letting loose each year a large army of fishermen. How many keepers of hotels or boarding houses would be likely to have one of their boarders or their children find for taking trout under size? Not one, I believe. Were the streams posted in a manner to make it plain the State did the posting, and all trespassers were amenable to the State, the moral effect would help largely toward partial protection. Absolute protection cannot be had without prohibiting the catching of trout entirely for a number of years or on waters that have become the private property of individuals or clubs.

In the Adirondacks I know of small brooks that are seldom fished, but left to grow trout of sufficient size to be useful as breeders. These will drop down into deep water during the winter and such of them as escape the summer fishing work up stream in the fall and perform their natural functions, filling the little rivulets with small trout, they in turn becoming reproducers. Perhaps the plenitude of good fishing is one reason of this abstinence from fishing such waters. Perhaps it is education forced on the people by the logic of events, and as human nature is largely selfishness, the best way to protect the trout is to educate the Vermont folks that it is to their interest to observe the law, only I tremble for the fate of the little spotted fellows while the lesson is being learned.

I had a case come under my observation last summer that brought out strongly how queer may be some of the reasons actuating the defense of violators of the fish law. I was at Middlebury, Vt.; the county court was in session; they were trying a poor Frenchman from Orwell for netting fish (not trout). One of the selectmen of Orwell was there and worked very zealously for his acquittal. I was surprised to see this unwonted interest, and being personally acquainted with the gentleman quizzed him a little, developing the fact he wished to clear the man to prevent his family becoming a town charge, thus increasing the individual's tax, how much I wonder!

Now if we can make the people feel that it is to their interest to assist personally in carrying out this idea, by showing an increased trout supply, an increased revenue from city boarders and of lands sold for the erection of summer homes, giving a larger number of tax payers and a smaller amount of tax on the individual. Why won't selfishness do the rest? H. C. KIRK.

ALBANY, N. Y.

## Rearing Brook Trout.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In May, 1891, I planted upward of 7,000 speckled trout fry (American brook trout) in a pond about an acre in size, possessing, I think, many of the conditions for successful trout raising, both as the locality and temperature of water, etc. The pond is fed by about a dozen bottom springs in different parts of it, and will soon be reasonably well shaded with trees and shrubs, the depth being from a few inches to seven or eight feet, and in one spot twelve feet.

The trout have thriven well, and as they attained a large size as yearlings, must have bred in 1891 as well as '92-3, at least judging from the great number of all sizes that appeared in the pond last autumn. They were fed the first summer and winter, but owing to my absence from the locality, have not been fed since. They appear to have done well, however, without artificial food, but I am a little anxious about them this winter (the pond being seven miles off), and would like you to give me a hint as to whether they ought to be fed for the remainder of the winter through holes in the ice.

But what I desire principally is your opinion as to how many speckled trout, say an acre pond, with regular feeding would maintain without overcrowding? Do you say about thirty, forty, fifty, sixty thousand—or how many?

My object is to make a business of trout culture; adding other ponds interspersed throughout our locality with the expectation of realizing a profitable return. I may say that angling for pleasure by our citizens and others would be the principal source of profit, but of course the stock being kept up, netting for the market might also be resorted to.

Given, then, that the trout having been three years in the "original" pond, and that the largest sized ones average, say, half a pound, how many do you think it would be prudently safe to fish out every year, having in view the keeping up of the stock and making a permanent business of it? It will be easy under my plan to keep a record of the number caught—of course returning to the water all under eight inches—and call a halt when the maximum number has been reached.

As I have little idea practically of the fecundity of speckled trout, and cannot very well estimate, even approximately, the number of a sufficiently large size for table use that in a well-stocked pond of a given area it would be safe to catch each season, I shall be grateful for your advice as a guide in the management of a trout business.

This letter may appear to you chimerical, rather than practical, but if an approximate—guiding—answer can be made to it at all, I do not doubt but that it can be found in the sanctum of FOREST AND STREAM. CHARLES ARMSTRONG. HAMILTON, Ont., Feb. 22.

[As the trout have survived two winters without artificial food and have increased in number, it seems highly reasonable to suppose that the pond contains natural food sufficient for their needs. Among trout culturists, as well as

other members of a community, the motto "Let well enough alone" is never forgotten. Brook trout, as a matter of fact, are extremely capricious about feeding in winter.

It is well nigh impossible to lay down a rule for the capacity of a body of water for supporting fish life. This can be determined with accuracy by experiment only. The amount of the inflow from springs, and the extent and kind of food present, will prove the most important factors of the problem. The volume of the water supply can be determined from the amount escaping at the outlet, but the food-producing capacity is to be learned by actual trial with fish. And this matter will soon regulate itself, or it can be controlled by feeding during a portion of the year, say for a few months preceding the breeding season and in the coldest part of the winter if the fish can be induced to feed.

A better system of trout rearing involves a series of ponds in which the fish may be always assorted according to size and facilities for artificial hatching of the eggs and care of fry.]

## Handicapped Salmon Fry.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

A rather remarkable condition of affairs in the life history of salmon was related to me to-day by Mr. James W. McGowan, of the Cascades, up the Columbia: About the 10th of this month while Mr. McGowan with a force of men were clearing a place for one of their fish wheels on the sloping gravelly bank of the Columbia they unearthed—or rather ungraveled—a whole hatful of salmon fry 1½ in. in length. Numerous springs in the adjacent bank kept the gravel moist enough seemingly to support fish life while the youngsters more or less patiently awaited a "rise in the Columbia." Possibly there is nothing very remarkable or unusual about this, but it was a revelation to me, and the McGowans, who have been actively and prominently engaged in the salmon industry for thirty-five years, were so impressed with the novelty of their discovery that they expressed a desire that it should be made known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I might add that they found a number dead where the gravel had dried, although this would be but a natural consequence. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 23.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., athletic outfitters, moved into their new and large quarters 149 and 151 Wabash avenue, Chicago, April 2. In addition to the increased facilities consequent to more space, the firm will have a well-equipped riding school for bicyclists, and for those interested in aquatic sports a full line of sailing boats, canoes and steam launches.

THE WATERBURY WATCH COMPANY, Waterbury, Conn., March 19, 1894.—Messrs. E. A. Buck & Co.: I received this day the shoes sent me and they are very satisfactory indeed, and I want another pair made without heels, same style of shoe, only what you would call a moccasin, with sole same weight as the sole on these shoes sewed on. Will hold this letter until I see some of my friends who I think will try the shoes. If so, hope to send you orders for more. In this I inclose postal note. Want also one more pair of shoes same as those just sent, but lighter soles. I inclose the note received from a friend who saw these shoes. Yours very truly, GEO. HEERT—Advs.

## The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

## FIXTURES.

## DOG SHOWS.

April 17 to 20.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y. Entries close March 31.

April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 1 to 4.—Special show of St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-Terrier clubs, in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, Madison Square Garden.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

## FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

## PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

March 27 to 30. Entries, 484.

THE Philadelphia Kennel Club did all that lay in their power to achieve a success with their show held last week in Tattersalls, on Market street, and take it all in all it was the best gathering of dogs that the Quaker City has seen in many years. The show was well advertised and the press lent its aid as probably never before, and lots of people came to see the dogs. But, as usual, the F. K. C. will have to shoulder a loss. The phenomenal run of fine weather experienced by all the shows in the circuit so far, was broken on Thursday last when rain fell quite heavily and interfered considerably with the gate. It was fine in the evening, however. A number of prominent fanciers were present and seemed to fully enjoy the opportunity to meet their fellow fanciers. Among those we noticed were Col. H. O'Bannon, C. W. Longest, H. G. Trevor, B. Alton Smith, Dr. Longnecker, Frank Carswell, Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Huidekoper, Frank F. Dole, L. Finletter, Dr. H. T. Foote, M. A. Thiman, J. T. Barnes, J. H. H. Macner, E. L. Kraus, E. W. Fiske, M. C. Viti, Geo. R. Preston, T. H. Garlick, C. S. Wixom, R. Fox, John N. Lewis, T. Johnson, W. T. Payne, G. P. Runtom, Frank P. Smith, W. Tallman, F. Sean, C. A. Shinn, W. J. Higginson, J. G. Thomson, G. W. H. Ritchie, Geo. Bell, Mr. Smyth, Mrs. Trevor, Mrs. Meacham, Mrs. Gilligan, Mrs. Read, Mrs. Atwood, etc.

The judging was all completed the first day and a marked catalogue issued the morning after by 7 A. M., a record scarcely even approached in this country before. The catalogue had few wrong entries and was well arranged, interleaved catalogues being provided for the press. Spratt's Co. fed and benched and Mr. John Read as usual, in his quiet undisturbed way, made an efficient superintendent, and everything was kept sweet and clean. Mr. James Watson was press agent and it is due to him in no small degree that the papers did so well and that the marked catalogue was out so early.

Mr. "Bert" Winslow, the popular president, was a whole reception committee himself, and did all, as he only knows how, to make things go. The bench show committee of the club, composed of Messrs. H. G. Sinnott, G. H. Thomson, C. G. Thompson, J. J. Schnellberger, Phil Walsh, Jr., G. Schreiber and Dr. L. C. Sauveur, worked hard and some of them were always on hand. During judging, Mr. H. W. Smith's rug was stewarded by Geo. Thomson, who also looked after Mr. Oldham's interests in the spaniel ring. J. R. Painter held the ribbons for A. C. Krueger, while Mr. Mortimer was relieved of much trouble by Geo. W.



Price. Dr. Darby helped his fellow medico, Dr. Sauveur, in the collie ring, while Harry Snnott and Mr. Price looked after Mr. Mason alternately. Dr. Glass attended to Mr. Taylor and Dr. Glover. Four rings were furnished upstairs, the show as usual being held on two floors in Tattersall's sales rooms. Dr. Glass "vetted" the show and Dr. Darby had lots to do as secretary and did it.

The judging of several of the specials created a great deal of interest. At the same time, in fairness to the three judges on whom devolved the arduous duty of selecting the best owned in Philadelphia and best American bred for the Ashmont Trophy, the judging of these events should have been attended to before the other judges returned home. Neither was it fair to the exhibitors, for, however good, say, a terrier might be, it would receive scant attention at the hands of a setter or a spaniel judge. On Messrs. Taylor and Oldham and Dr. L. C. Sauveur devolved the unwelcome tasks. In the competition for best owned in Philadelphia, those left in were Sandy Gladstone, the English setter, Bob Ivy, the pug, and Wellesbourne Charlie, the collie. The latter rightly won. There were others that should have been kept in, such as Scottish Leader, Queen of Skyes, Miss Wagglers or champion Middy, in preference to Sandy Gladstone.

The next competition, and one over which as usual there was lots of talk, was the Ashmont trophy for best American-bred in the show. Quite an assortment trooped in for this, but first one then another fell out, such as Royal Krueger the beagle, Warren Captious, the fox-terrier; Empress of Contocook, etc., but still the little black and tan terrier Perfection held on until he and Antonio, the English setter, and Ridgeview Tenny, the pointer, were alone left in to wrestle with the judges. As far as we could make out, the terrier was the "plump" for Mr. Oldham, Dr. Sauveur was undecided and Mr. Taylor wanted Antonio, and he wanted it badly and he got it. Antonio won, Perfection being counted out for not having enough flesh on his ribs, the judges forgetting he was but a seven months old pup. He should have won hands down, especially considering the difficulty of breeding such a good one of this breed, and this we suppose enters into the idea for which such a trophy is given.

#### Mastiffs.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Seven entries and three prizes withheld does not speak well for breeders of these dogs nor for the interest the members of the Mastiff Club evidently take in the breed. Dr. Lougest has kept to the front well this season and it is to be regretted that while the array of Club specials has been temptingly displayed at the head of every catalogue, the plums had to be passed for lack of other club entries. Lady Diana was the only challenge entry and looked none the worse for her travels. This is her first challenge prize. Emperor William scored again and must be getting dangerously near the coveted class. Bruce Caution loses to him much in massiveness of head, size and bone. In bitches (2) Cerene, well known and well shown, scored head and shoulders over Nell, from whom second was withheld. Nell and Bluff were in the local class, but the judge could not allow them in the money even then. Emperor William won the special for best in show.

#### St. Bernards.

Chas. H. Mason, Judge.

Had it not been for the Swiss Mountain Kennels which came out with all its local colors flying, the entry would have been very mediocre. With thirty-three shown altogether, sixteen came from the German-tan Kennels. There were no challenge roughs. That good dog Eboracum scored nicely in open dogs, beating Ardmore in body, size and massiveness, and squareness of head; although as a son of Lady Adelaide, Ardmore shows nice quality and a good type of head. Nero D. loses considerably in muzzle, front and hind quarters, though showing quite some quality. Bruce, Jr., he, deserved his letters and that was all; lacks the quality of the others. In bitches, Sunray and Harmony, the latter losing in size and substance, were placed as named, I like Harmony's head better, more quality. Lady Juno Jacques, should have more stop, and shadings would improve an otherwise fair head, good legs. The other five entries here were N. F. C. from the Swiss Mountain Kennels. Madam B., a rather well boned pup, too straight in face and not broad enough, won from a better headed one in Columbus, that has been round so much lately. Voodoo, reserve, is scarcely promising, plain head. In smooth challenge class, Scottish Leader as usual made the welkin ring and showed in his usual robust form. Empress of Contocook, the only entry from the Dutchess Kennels, was alone in her class and looked deeper in body than ever. In open dogs the short-tailed Chester is not so good on his legs, head and other parts that his short tail could be overlooked. Cestor of Contocook should be broader and deeper in muzzle and shows a little too much coat. In bitches (2), Sunol, June having strayed away, was the only entry; she has been out this season. Cestor of Contocook won in puppies, in Beauty's absence. The local class (7) prize fell to Ardmore, Rosabel second and another dog by Tristan G., Empire State, took reserve, shows great bone and rather nice head. The others need no particular mention. Swiss Mountain Kennels took the kennel prize, and A. L. Martin's Nero D. the special for best American-bred rough dog.

#### Bloodhounds.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Only two of this good old breed showed up and both have been mentioned on the Western circuit, Kaween again beating Belhus. Both looked well.

#### Great Danes.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Just an average show for Philadelphia, scarcely, perhaps, so good as last year's show. Theseus beating in head won over another equally well known one in Stanley that was at Detroit. Victor, third, loses in muzzle, cleanness in neck and a little in type of body and general makeup. Caesar is inclined to coarseness and straight behind; nice body and front. Bitches had three present, one absent. Fay won but was cleverly handled; her feet are out in front, plain muzzle and dips in back. Cora stands much better on her legs, is not so clean in throat but has a better head all over and is a better mover, and has more character and type. Dora, third, moves poorly, is throaty, elbows out, a trifle open in toes but otherwise a fair all round stamp with a muzzle too lippy and not of correct type.

The Newfoundland prize was withheld from the only entry, Rover.

#### Russian Wolfhounds.

H. W. Smith, Judge.

This show was interesting from the fact that both of the principal kennels have had a week to recover from their Western trip, and the way Turner had pulled his dogs together was very commendable. Stokes had not been idle either, but Turner had more to do in this respect. Leekhoi, in challenge dogs, looked fit to go for his life, and Argoss never came nearer being beaten in his American career; he looked bare and did not move with that sprightliness of action the other dog showed. Leekhoi excelled in coat and cleanness of shoulders; type put Argoss ahead. Leekhoi's time is coming if Argoss does not pull together. Col. Dietz, who showed the good effects of his week at home, scored again over Odrooski. At the same time if Argoss beats Leekhoi, Odrooski should beat the other. Sorvanets is getting cloddy and does not look half the dog he did. In bitches

Olivia, a grandly conditioned and coated one, showing beautiful quality, carried the judge away completely, so that he forgot her very faulty front and open feet, still she is a good bodied bitch. Riga came next, showing signs of the circuit's wear and tear against the other's prettiness. Lady Dietz, vhc., is picking up a bit, but still looked light. Olivia, rather strange to say, took the special for best in show, still if condition was the cause of Argoss being put back, Leekhoi on Olivia's type should certainly have won in his class. But the more we see of these dogs the less satisfactory seems to be the judging results, and probably there has been more hard feeling engendered than in the judging of any other breed, and when we import a Russian Demidoff or something of that sort we shall perhaps get a correct line to go by. H. W. Huntington took the kennel prize.

#### Deerhounds.

H. W. Smith, Judge.

Only one, Minna, from Mr. Page's kennel, his other, Lochiel, being absent. Minna was at New York. She took the medal for best.

#### Greyhounds.

H. W. Smith, Judge.

The trials of the circuit showed themselves plainly here. for Gem of the Season could scarcely stand up, and neither he nor Master Rich were really fit to show. And no wonder the light little Miss Dollar III. beat them out for special. Gem of the Season had been on the rail from Denver since the previous Friday night. In open dogs, first went to Baltic, a well put up brindle, excellent front, plain head, very good behind the shoulders, beats Norway Star in front and ear carriage, but is not so clean in outline nor so good in head. Cheeky Charlie, third, is a well made dog and a good greyhound, but handicapped here by condition; the others being shown very fit. The bitch class was poor—very, Miss Dollar III. very rightly being the only entry recognized for first honors, second was withheld and third given to a poor-fronted one in Nellie. Miss Dollar took the special for best in show and Baltic that for best owned in Philadelphia.

#### American Foxhounds.

Dr. H. C. Glover, Judge.

With the exception of one or two there was little in the open classes to command attention, Ranger II. though on the heavy type, beat Elite again in challenge. In open dogs Tuck beats Skip in body, front and muzzle. Bitches had five and the three winners were much on same type, Nip, vhc., being a lighter sort. The kennel prize went to the Lima Hunt.

#### Chesapeake Bay Dogs.

E. M. Oldham, Judge.

Mr. Oldham here made his debut as a judge in this breed, but his duties were not at all arduous. Cleveland was alone in dogs and Mary II. was also absent in the bitch class, so Bigelow Rose, from the same kennel, took the blue, the handing out of which was the only difficult duty the judge had to perform.

#### Pointers.

Chas. Heath, Judge.

A number of well-known dogs greeted this popular pointer man. Duke of Hessen and Tempest once more met with the same result, and Woolton Game, well shown, beat Hempstead's Pearl by the skin of her teeth, good bitch as the former is; Wild Lily and Lady Tammany were out of it; both are better in body conformation than head. The winners in heavy open dogs are known; that good dog, Sandford Druid, we have frequently spoken so well of, was placed over R. Panic, whom he excels in head and shoulders and front. Hempstead Drake, a nice sort, good legs and body, would do with more stop and has too light an eye. King of Hessen has a nice head, though wide between ears, a well-made son of Duke of Hessen. Gamester, vhc., should be cleaner in shoulders, good head, not well shown. In bitches only one, Kent's Belle, that was described at New York; she should be cleaner in skull. In light-weight dogs both Jersey dogs scored, Ridgeview Tenny first and Ridgeview Donald next. Tenny was in the heavy brigade at New York. I like Tenny's head better than the other, who is inclined to be dishd. Hempstead Carlo, third, is a nice-headed one, a little light in body. Aspiration, reserve, is rather a nice-bodied one, muzzle too fine. Doc Tanner would have a fair head if muzzle were not so plain, good legs and body. In bitches others that are well known scored. Hempstead Blossom moved up more than one or two pegs on her New York form; she is a good-legged and bodied bitch. Springside Nell again took honors above Fan Fan II. Graceful II., if a little stronger in head, would be better, shows lots of quality. Hempstead Zoe's, vhc., light eye and wide skull are against her. Fannie Kirk, in the same division, stands on good legs, but is plain in head, especially muzzle. Moderation, hc., deserved his letters, but is faulty before the eye and in shoulder. Some fair pups were shown, the Springside Kennels with its Pax and Lill, two more of the Donald-Lady Tammany litter that has done so well, scored somewhat easily. In the local class King of Hessen and Gamester took the money. Hempstead Farm Kennels won the kennel special, and their Duke of Hessen special for best dog with two of his get, Hempstead Drake and Hempstead Blossom; the bitch prize under same conditions was won by Woolton Game with the same two. Best pointer with a field trial record and best pointer in show was Sandford Druid; best American bred, Gamester.

#### English Setters.

Francis G. Taylor, Judge.

The challenge class dogs seemed a hot one with Toledo Blade, Glendon, Cincinnati and Monk of Furness entered, but the latter two were for specials only. Toledo Blade won, but Glendon is a better type, especially in head. In bitches, Donna Juanita beat the well-known Spectre. She excels in substance and hindparts. In open dogs Mr. Taylor had a notable class; there was little real bench English setter type, the field sort having the call. Antonio won; he is not a bench show dog, though he can go in the field, and was none too well shown, in fact looked rough. Sandy Gladstone has a better head and is fairly made all round, but is a plain one, lacking quality. Paul Hill is plain in muzzle, light in eye, otherwise showing some quality. The Earl might well have been higher up, shows more pretensions to bench form. Rock Noble, vhc., is too broad in skull and stop is not defined enough, good otherwise. Kent III. well deserved his letters; nice head, might be better in shoulders and front. In bitches a hard and trying class faced the judge, and many of them should have been weeded out to allow the others to be seen. The well-known Countess Rush scored again; she has been repeatedly written up. Toledo Queen, second, should have more stop; otherwise a good head and set on good shoulders and body. Flight of Riverview, third, is another well-known entry. Belle of Brownstone, reserve, is a well-ribbed one, with a good head, but stands a bit out in front. Among the lettered ones Prima Donna was hardly treated; she might have come in a good second; she is well known. Gossip, another plain one, but shown fat; can use her legs we know. Edgemark's Nellie and Victoria D. both deserved their cards, though the former has a better body than head; Victoria D., on the contrary, has a good head, if it had more stop, but is not so well ribbed. It is a noticeable fact that most of these English setters are to a great extent straight-faced. A well-defined stop adds so much to the make and symmetry of an English setter head. Cincinnati's Pride won in puppies, but I could not find it. Pop Monarch's head should be deeper

and squarer in muzzle, and legs need straightening. The others need no comment. Sandy Gladstone won in the local class, having a better head than Edna, second, who also lost in rib and loin. J. E. Dager took the kennel prize, and Antonio took specials for best in show and best with field trial record. Best bitch, Donna Juanita; best bitch owned in Philadelphia, Nanon.

#### Irish Setters.

Dr. H. C. Glover, Judge.

A number of good ones were on hand, the Seminole Kennels having a good entry, but the rank and file was not up to form. The classes were well handled. Challenge dogs brought champion Tim once more to the front, followed by Pride of Patsy, Montauk, Jr., getting left. In bitches, champion Laura B. had no difficulty in beating Elfreda from the same kennel. In open dogs, Seminole Kennels took first and second with Young Tim and Elcho, Jr., both well known; then for third came Mark Anthony, who is plain in head, too cut out before the eye. Pemberton, a large dog but well made, was given extra third. Don, reserve, has a head more on the English order, but nice legs and rib. Among the vhc.'s I liked Dennis the Gossoon, though he should be deeper and squarer in muzzle; Count droops behind, fair head and color; Bang has a very good head but turns his feet out, good color, considering type he might have been higher up; Young Signal is scarcely a show dog, plain head, stocky build. In bitches, Seminole Kennels took first and second again with Fly and Delphine, at the same time Delphine has a better head and eye, but loses in color a little, that is if I got the right one; numbers throughout the show were set with no attention to rotation. Ruby Glenmore II. has been recently described, she got third. Biddy, reserve, is another well-known member of the Seminole team, a little small. Maid of Borstol, while faulty in skull, should have had more than hc. In puppies, first was withheld and second given to Maggie Moore, a rather poor one, light in color yet. A big coarse dog in Speedaway won in "locals," his color is commendable. Roscoe II. has a coarse common head. Seminole Kennels took the kennel prize; champion Tim the special for best in show, and Ruby Glenmore II. that for best with Seminole Kennels not competing.

#### Gordon Setters.

Dr. H. C. Glover, Judge.

The entries here were disappointing, Dr. Dixon keeping out of the way; with one of the best Gordon judges we have officiating, the Philadelphia kennels should have come out in force, but probably the team needs a rest. Lady Gordon was the only challenge entry. A good-headed and tanned one in Homer S. won in open dogs. Wang Ivanhoe is not far behind had he more stop and squarer muzzle. Archibald, well known, is of different type, light in tan. In bitches, Tesse, first, although a little Roman-nosed, excels Daisy Ivanhoe in muzzle and before the eye, better forelegs, too. Belle T., third, should be flatter in skull and longer; good legs and tan. Kennel prize did not fill. Best Gordon owned by a member of the G. S. Club, Archibald.

#### Spaniels.

E. M. Oldham, Judge.

There was a pretty fair entry here and many of the faces are so familiar they scarcely need describing. The judge placed them well, sticking to his type all through. Kitty of Cork was the only Irish water represented. In field challenge dogs Newton Abbott Torso had not much trouble to score over Brantford Mohawk, better head, legs and body. Open blacks only entry, Sorry Jake, absent. Midnight III., a bitch of excellent type, faulty in head, won nicely in the next class from Maid, a little high on the leg, fair head and good body length. In any other color Coleshill Rufus, a dark liver, won from Brownie and Romeo, excelling in general type, height and coat. Russett, the only entry in bitches, was absent though her owners were there. In cockers, going through the catalogue is simply a repetition of late shows, although the awards are not the same. In challenge dogs champion Middy, very much improved with his week's rest, scored from Jay Kay, Pickpansia being absent. Othello should have had a look in, although not in his usual bloom. In bitches Miss Wagglers and champion I Say, in Black Dutchess's absence, was the order; there was little between them this time, muzzle and skull being in favor of Wagglers. In open black dogs King Raven, Jr., beats in body and general type. King Kole is small and Douglass, third, is shorter still. Donovan was put back to reserve; he is not this judge's type, but more of a cocker than the "extreme" Douglass. In bitches the entry was much larger, first, Rideau Reine, second, Lady Fidget, third, Miss Phyllis, reserve, Raven Belle, who loses in front and muzzle, nice sort otherwise. Among the three letter ones I liked Fashion, a trifle long, but all-round good type, well shown. Circe loses in front and muzzle, high brow. Other than blacks, Brantford Rufus scored another for Mr. Fiske, Wang, second, losing in body and front. Dandy S. was absent. In bitches Tonita, a trifle long, scored from the charming Ruth S., who loses before eye a bit, but body and legs cannot be beaten. Red Niobe's coarse head and front put her out. Fannie, vhc., had to give in to Cherry Blossom for reserve, losing in head and front to the other. In puppies, Midshipmite, one of those "dear" little things, scored over Zuleika, a red one, Circe getting reserve, beaten in skull, front and coat by the others. In the local class Jay Kay II., won from Wang. Kathleen, reserve, faulty in head and forelegs. Best brace of cockers, Middy and Miss Wagglers. Best brace other than black, Bell cup, Ruth S. and Zuleika. Best in open classes, King Raven. Best-headed cocker, Rideau Reine. Best brace of fields, Midnight III. and Coleshill Rufus. Best field bitch in open class, Midnight III.

#### Collies.

Dr. L. C. Sauveur, Judge.

A nice entry and the Doctor handled his classes correctly again. Wellesbourne Charlie and Flurry III. took the challenge prizes without competition; both looked well considering their recent campaigning. In open dogs (9), Christopher's sweet quality, excellent mane and style could not be denied. Woodmansterne Trefoil and Conrad II. came next; both are getting well into coat and should be right for Boston. Chesterford Marvel we scarcely recognized with his heavy coat on and promising mane; he was a bit light behind, has lots of quality. Hempstead Chief, short of coat, is bunched up in the shoulders, fair head. Ben Nevis, Jr., is a bit coarse, but a good deal like the old dog; faulty in ears. Bruce Christopher loses in head and size. In bitches, Ormskirk Julia, first, Woodmansterne Deborah, second, were streets ahead of Nettle, third. Julia showed light in body, nice head and ear. Deborah has scarcely the quality in head, but looked better in body, having a longer coat. In puppies, Hempstead Rex and Hempstead Bess, the New York vhc's., were placed in this order, although for sweet type I like the bitch best; the dog looked faulty in ear carriage and tucked up, the bitch was in better coat. Squire II. is a bit coarse. Pansy is too full in skull yet. In locals, Bruce Christopher was the winner. Chestnut Hill Kennels took the kennel prize. Breeder of best collie in 1893, Hempstead Farm Kennels with Hempstead Rex. Best stud dog with two of his get, Christopher.

#### Poodles.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

An excellent gathering of these dogs welcomed the judge. As usual the Meadowmere Kennels furnished the majority. The winners, most of them, have been so recently on the circuit, it is not necessary to describe many of them. Milo and



Dinah furnished the challenge winners, Rajah and Chloenot being shown. In corded dogs Duke beat the well known Bismarck, better condition and cords. In curly black dogs Sidi won again with Girofle second, losing in head and coat to the other. Ithel, a nicely made one with fairly crisp coat came third, and Dophan, inclined to cords, took reserve. The others were much on the same style, though several showed a good start for cords. In bitches that smart one, Bess, scored again with Girofle and Snowball in order next, all from the same kennel and with little difference between them. Juno, vhc., a smarter, better curled one than Frou Frou, reserve; Stella and Countess lose in coat. Diamond had no difficulty in scoring over the white half and half coated Bon-Ton. Best kennel, Meadowmere Kennels; best any variety, Milo; best black curly bitch, Dinah.

#### Bulldogs.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

The competition for best in challenge class was interesting and Saleni, let off her chain, pulled off the prize; King Lud ran her close, but dips behind shoulder, and is not so straight in forebone as the bitch; the bitch was much better shown than at New York. In open dogs, Romance and Wal Hampton took the money, and Argonaut, reserve, should be deeper in muzzle and more out at shoulder. African Monarch, vhc., was at Chicago. In bitches, first went to Lucy Glitters, a Dudley nosed one, the judge when asked about it, maintaining that as the rest of her color was in keeping, she should not be penalized in such a class. The club standard says Dndley nose is a disqualification and it is so held in England. Lucy in shape of head beats Katisha easily in depth and squareness of foreface. Careless, reserve, is too long in face and not broken up enough. Saleni took the specials for best in show and best bitch. Best bitch in open classes, Lucy Glitters.

#### Bull-Terriers.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

A very nice lot altogether faced the judge, but as so many of the winners have been on the circuit their placings will be sufficient to record. Cordona won in challenge dogs, but Kit beating Starlight and Attraction in challenge bitches, considering the former's condition, was scarcely the thing, as the latter's bag was down and she was not in her Saratoga form. In open dogs Duke of Rochester won again, followed by Topsparkle, whom he beats in head and front. Harborne King, third, is cheeky, light in eye and stop too defined. Billy Bulger is coarse compared to winner. Admiral Mello is throaty and not long enough in face. In bitches Edgewood Tipsey, Lady Carrabrook and Thelma took the money, with Edgewood Topsey reserve. Topsey should have been second, better type than either of the other two, although she did not show so well. Lady Carrabrook's light eye and short neck are against her.

Light-weight dogs and bitches had Tarquin a winner again; his head pulls him through. Lady Rochester I like better in front and body. Rookery Boy was in his right place here. Pearl Rochester, third, her quality and nice model throughout being rightly recognized. F. F. Dole took the kennel prize and Cordona the cup for best in the show.

#### Dachshunds.

A. C. Krueger, Judge.

In open dogs, in spite of condition, Jay had no difficulty in beating Dash, a plain, light tanned one. In bitches Jargonelle beats Jessie Victoria in length of muzzle and front; both show lots of type and quality.

#### Beagles.

A. C. Krueger, Judge.

A number of the familiar names were absent, but with the Hornell-Harmony dogs and Consolidated Kennels on hand, quality was good. They were well handled. In challenge dogs, Sherry, a dog we have always commended beat Forest Hunter especially in head and front. Royal Kreuger and Tricotrin were not for competition. In bitches, the sweet little Ava W. scored over the rather coarse Twintwo, the latter has many good points, but is not the showy bitch she was. In open dogs a clinking good one just under size came to the front, Bauman, a little wide and bowy in front and feet could be better, outside of that he is a "cracker" for type and substance. Directum, second, is coarse headed. Roger W. gets his tail over; third has been seen before, Keith is faulty in front though nice type. In bitches, Daisy Corbett, scored from a good fronted one in Popsey, she is pinched in muzzle and even longer than Daisy in back. Actress, third, is wide in skull and shown thin. Rockland Nellie gets it in front from Actress, but is a little long faced, still I prefer her to the other. Gypsy A. is well known, loses in head, and body too long. In open dogs, small sized, Paderewski, not a very good one, loses in front to Little Wonder; he has, however, more substance. Young Royal, third, has a very poor muzzle, good otherwise. In bitches, Evangeline a bitch of sweet quality, beats Hia in head but not in body or legs. Queechey gets her feet out, nice type and better than average in muzzle. Smut is not straight in front. Velvet, a very nice stamp of pup won in her class, Rose Graham losing in head and coat, being third, the others I did not see as they went home early. Best kennel Hornell-Harmony Kennels; best in open class Daisy Corbett; best in show Royal Kreuger, Bauman reserve.

#### Fox-Terriers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Outside of those of the Rutherford Kennels and one or two others the quality here was not such as one could go into ecstasies over. Grouse II. was the only challenge entry. Warren Tip Top and Warren Layman, the latter losing in skull and muzzle, were the winning dogs, followed by Baby Nigger, also well known; so are Arrondale Mixture, Hillside Royal and Poverino, who looked improved since his return. In bitches Warren Captious and Duty were again placed as named, and they looked very well, too. Lady Roseberry, another familiar face, third. Trim, vhc., loses in front, and muzzle and ear. In puppies, Warren Regent, a nice-headed one with full skull yet, won from the nice-headed Mister Great Snap. Mere Jollice, he, is a big dog but has many good qualities; for his excellent front he should have had more notice; his coat is soft. Triton won in the local class—a son of Raffle, rather good front and head. Philadelphia, second, should be longer in neck and squarer in muzzle. In wire-haired open dogs Mister Great Snap scored, his half brother Brittle Bright, whom he excels in coat and head, coming next, the coarse-headed Ebor Larchmont third and Jack Prompter, coarse in head and faulty in ear and front, vhc. A very nice-headed and fronted bitch with excellently-carried ears in Roche Tacit, scored easily from Jess Frost, beating in length of head and front. Mistress Betsie, third, loses to both in carriage of ear, front and coat, but is a nice type though. Rutherford Kennels took the kennel prize. Best American bred dog in the open class, Warren Tip Top. Best in open class (2), Warren Captious. Best in local class (2), Triton. Best in show, Warren Captious.

#### Irish Terriers.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

Jack Briggs and Jackanapes again in challenge class. Brickbat, Jr., had no competition in open dogs and a rather nice-headed bitch, Kathleen, won in open bitches without competition.

#### Black and Tan Terriers.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

Gypsy Girl, fresh from her Chicago victories, in Broomfield Sultan's absence, had to beat Glenwood; but for the

latter's coarseness he should win, better color and body, shape and ear. In open dogs Perfection, a son of Black Earl, was alone and, of course, took the blue; he is the best pup I have seen in many a year, his style, head, neck, body and carriage of tail could scarcely be beaten; good bone; eye a little light, badly breeched and scarcely true in front feet, are the only faults one wants to pick out yet. If he is lucky he should have a winning career, and George Bell is his owner.

#### Scott Terriers.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

Not a very good class, just three, with the moderate Merry Call first, followed by Glenelg and Glenshea; Glenelg easily beats the other in coat and style.

#### Skye Terriers.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

Plenty of quality and all of them well known, in fact here in the Quaker City is the main stronghold of this breed. Queen of Skyes and Endcliffe Maggie came together in challenge class and the Queen won before; her color could be improved. Barnaby Rudge was the other competitor. Elphinstone again captured the open dog ribbon, and in bitches Belle Stafford and Princess May was the order, followed by Islay, all well known, the latter beaten in coat. C. A. Shinn took the kennel prize.

#### Yorkshire Terriers.

C. H. Mason, Judge.

A small entry in the three classes, but a choice lot and well known. Young Ted in challenge class; Prince beating Jacks in color and size in open dogs, while Judy, a nicely colored one of nice size, was alone in her class. In toys Little Plimmer, a very fair little terrier, won, Snap not being considered eligible for second.

#### Pugs.

Dr. L. C. Sauvour, Judge.

A rather nice lot altogether. Bob Ivy, looking tip-top, was alone in challenge class. Ivy Boy, a little on the leg, took the next class prize, followed by Capers, who loses in front, depth of muzzle and curl to him. Pomona Fritz loses in muzzle and skull to winner. In bitches Pansy G., a very smart sort, might be a bit squarer in muzzle, but excellent legs, body and curl, as I saw her running naturally. Little Ruth is a very pretty little one, not the depth of body of the other. Lady Treasure loses by length of face and body and curl. Dr. Cryer took the kennel prize and Bob Ivy best in show.

#### Toy Spaniels.

James Mortimer, Judge.

The short-faced King of the Charlies won from Romona Nina in the class for King Charles, Nails, vhc., losing in skull, color and coat to the others. In any other toy spaniels the Jap, Mamie won, Rhoda being given an extra prize, the Jap, O'Kikusan getting second. Kobie, vhc., I liked for this; shorter faced and better size. Tamak, Princess Colonna and Looloo well deserved their letters. Best Japanese in show, Mamie; best toy spaniel, King of the Charlies; best kennel, Mrs. F. Senn. Spring was the only Italian greyhound.

#### Miscellaneous.

James Mortimer, Judge.

A poor lot. Bey and Turk, basset hounds, were the winners in the heavy division; Turk loses much to the other in forelegs and head. In small size a little sort of black Pomeranian, won from Dewr, the Welshman, a fair Maltese coming next. Toodles we don't know what she is.

H. W. Lacy.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William; 2d, J. V. C. Roberts's Bruce Cauton. Bitches: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Cerne; 2d, withheld.—LOCAL CLASS.—Prizes withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Eboracum; 2d, Hall & Burgess's Ardmore; 3d, A. L. Martin's Nero D. High com. J. T. Barnes's Bruce, Jr. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunray and Harmony; 3d, Dr. T. S. Carrington's Lady Juno Jacques. Puppies: 1st, A. Burgess's Madam B; 2d, F. Reichard's Columbus. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Voodoo.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Scottish Leader. Bitches: 1st, Col. Rupert, Jr.'s Empress of Contocook.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, M. A. Thiman's Chester; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Castor of Contocook. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunol. Puppies: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Castor of Contocook.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, Hall & Burgess's Ardmore; 2d and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Rosabell and Empire State. Very high com. E. Loeb's Rector. High com. J. T. Barnes's Bruce, Jr., and E. B. Beaumont's Ma Queen.

ENGLISH BLOODHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Kaveen and Belhus.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Deegen's Thesusus; 2d, P. Clapstone's Stanley; 3d, J. H. H. Maennner's Victor. Very high com. E. L. Kraus's Cesar. Bitches: 1st, F. H. Klauder's Fay; 2d, J. H. H. Maennner's Cora; 3d, E. L. Kraus's Dora.

RUSSIAN WOLFDHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, H. W. Huntington's Champion Argoss.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, C. S. Hanks's Col. Dietz and Sorvanets; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Odrooski. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Olivia; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Riga. Very high com. C. S. Hanks's Lady Dietz.

DEERHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, A. L. Page's Minna.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. Reserve, W. G. Triton's Master Rich.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, F. P. Smith's Baltic; 2d, W. S. Gibson's Norway Star; 3d, P. J. Walsh, Jr.'s Crested Charlie. Bitches: 1st, Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar III.; 3d, A. E. Willis's Nellie.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Seminole Kennels' Ranger II.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Lima Hunt Club's Buck and Skip. Bitches: 1st and 2d, 3d, Whitlitt & Higgins's Belva, Queen W. and Maranny Cook II. Very high com. Lima Hunt Club's Nip.

CHEESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, B. A. Smith's Cleveland. Bitches: 1st, B. A. Smith's Bigelow Rose.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game and Hempstead Pearl.—OPEN.—Dogs (50lbs. and over): 1st and 3d, Hempstead Farm's Sandford and Hempstead Drake; 2d, Springside Kennels' Ridgeview. Reserve, Col. Parke Longnecker's King of Hessen. Very high com. Frank H. Fleer's Gamster. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, Springside Kennels' Kent's Belle. Dogs (under 50lbs.): 1st, Netherwood Kennels' Ridgeview Tenny; 2d, Springside Kennels' Ridgeview Donald; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Carlo. Reserve, Leonard Finletter's Aspiration. Very high com. M. L. Evanson's Doc Tanner. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Blossom; 2d, Springside Kennels' Springside Nell; 3d, C. E. Connell's Fan Fan II. Reserve, Eldred Kennels' Graciel II. Very high com. Dr. J. G. F. Holston's Fannie Kirk and J. B. Baker's Westminster Zoe. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Springside Kennels' Springside Pax and Springside Lill. Reserve, H. W. Gouindie's King Croxeth. Very high com. John E. Fox's Cricket, Jr.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, Dr. Parke L. Longnecker's King of Hessen; 2d, Frank H. Fleer's Gamster. Reserve, Leonard Finletter's Aspiration.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade. Bitches: 1st, Jas. W. Wood's Donna Juanita.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio; 2d, S. Murray Mitchell's Sandy Gladstone; 3d, J. Taylor Williams's Paul Hill. Very high com. Victoria Kennels' The Earl, John Mink's Rock Noble and Arthur E. Davis's Kent III. High com. Fox & Sells's Dion C. and Wm. E. Caldwell's Aldine Com. W. H. Walston's Kenwood. Bitches: 1st and very high com. Blue Ridge Kennels' Countess Ruth and Gossip; 3d, Chas. A. Rathbone's Toledo Queen; 3d, J. Taylor Williams's Flight of Riverview. Reserve, Phil. Demmel's Belle of Brownstown. Very high com. E. J. Myers's Prima Donna, Jos. E. Borden's Edgemark's Nellie and John Denver's Victoria D. High com. S. Murray Mitchell's Nanon, J. E. Dager's Lady Beatrice, W. L. Kidwell's Modest Girl, H. D. Ogden's Queen of the Elms and Jacob Schroth's Fannie

Noble. Com., J. E. Dager's Doris C. Puppies: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Cincinnati Pride; 2d, Wm. G. Register's Pop Monarch. Very high com., W. P. Mercer's Ben Barlow.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, S. Murray Mitchell's Sandy Gladstone; 2d, G. W. Hunter's Edna.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim and Pride of Fatsy. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Laura B. and champion Alfreda.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Young Tim and Elcho, Jr.; 3d, E. H. Brennan's Mark Anthony; extra 3d, J. J. Scanlan's Pemberton. Reserve, C. G. Alexander's Don. Very high com. C. G. Alexander's Bang, E. H. Brennan's King Idle and Dennis the Gossoon. Com. G. O. Smith's Young Signal. Bitches: 1st and 2d, reserve, Seminole Kennels' Fly, Delphine and Biddy; 3d, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II. High com. N. McIntosh's Maid of Borstal. Puppies: 2d, N. B. Young's Maggie Moore.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, P. Guckes's Speedaway; 2d, S. J. DeLany's Roscoe II.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, J. Graham's Lady Gordon.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, W. O. Lindley's Homer S.; 2d, O. W. Schaffer's Wang Ivanhoe; 3d, J. E. Clark's Archibald. Bitches: 1st, L. S. Green's Tessie; 2d, P. E. Matthes's Daisy Ivanhoe; 3d, C. Y. A. Thompson's Belle.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Newton Abbott Torso.—OPEN.—Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Farm's Midnight III.; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Maid. Dogs (other than black): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Colehill Rufus; 2d, C. A. Watts's Brownie; 3d, L. B. Bajer's Romeo.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Middy. Reserve, E. W. Fiske's Jay Kay. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Miss Wagles Reserve, E. W. Fiske's I Say.—OPEN.—BLACK.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Raven and Douglass; 2d, E. W. Fiske's King Kole. Reserve, W. T. Payne's Donovan. High com. E. E. Miller's Cloudy Mid. Bitches: 1st and very high com. A. Laidlaw's Rideau Reine and Cere; 2d and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lady Fidget and Raven Belle; 3d, E. A. Wilson's Miss Phyllis. Very high com. E. W. Fiske's Fashion. High com. T. S. Harris's Blossom and E. W. Fiske's Eugenie.—OTHER THAN BLACK.—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Fiske's Brantford Rufus; 2d, J. Calvert & Son's Wang. Bitches: 1st and very high com. A. Laidlaw's Tonita and Fannie; 2d and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ruth and Cherry Blossom; 3d, Pomona Kennels' Red Niobe. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Midshipmite and Zuleika. Reserve, A. Laidlaw's Cere.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Jay Kay II. and Kathleen; 2d, J. Calvert & Son's Wang.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellbourne Charles. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Flucy II.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher and Chesterford Marvel; 2d, 3d and very high com. Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Troiloff, Conrad II. and Hempstead Chief. Very high com. W. R. Outburt's Bruce Christopher and William Benner's Ben Nevis, Jr. High com. J. H. Shepard's Lad. Com. Arthur Black's Scot. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Hempstead Farm's Elmskirk Lady and Woodmansterne Deborah; 2d, Dr. G. W. Caldwell's Nellie. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Rex and Hempstead Bess. Reserve, H. B. Fry's The Squire II. Very high com. Maybrook Kennels' Maybrook.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, W. R. Outburt's Bruce Christopher; 2d, C. J. Maxwell's Du Pont. Reserve, William Benner's Ben Nevis, Jr. Very high com. P. Muller's Prince Charlie.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Milo. Bitches: 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Dinah.—OPEN.—CORDED.—1st, M. C. Work's Duke; 2d, Dr. S. N. Duer's Bismarck.—CURLY.—Dogs (black): 1st and 2d, Meadowmere Kennels' Sidi and Girofle; 3d and reserve, J. D. Bush's Titel and Dophan. Very high com. J. L. Woolston's Negro, A. G. Barrie's Jean Jacques Rousseau and Meadowmere Kennels' Romeo. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com. Meadowmere Kennels' Bess, Gerofia, Snowball and Juno. Reserve, Mrs. G. A. Freeman, Jr.'s Frou Frou. High com. J. B. Ellison's Stella and Countess. Dogs (other than black): 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Diamant; 2d, E. E. Borie's Ton-Ton.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Saleni. Reserve, J. H. Congdon's King Lud.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Romance; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Wal Hampton. Reserve, J. D. Bush's Titel and Dophan. Very high com. F. Dole's African Monarch. Bitches: 1st, R. D. Winthrop's Lucy Glitters; 2d, J. L. Congdon's Katisha. Reserve, J. D. Bush's Careless.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, R. S. Huidekoper's V.S. Capless. Bitches: 1st, R. S. Huidekoper's Kiki. Reserve, F. F. Dole's Starlight.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, J. W. Higgins's Duke of Rochester and Billy Bulger; 2d, F. F. Dole's Topsparkle; 3d, J. D. Patterson's Harborne King. Bitches: 1st, G. P. Runtion's Edgewood Tipsey; 2d, A. Thomson's Lady Carrabrook; 3d, Dr. G. D. B. Darby's Thelma. Reserve, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Topsy.—LIGHT WEIGHT.—1st, G. P. Runtion's Tarquin; 2d and 3d, W. J. Higginson's Lady Rochester and Pearl Rochester. Reserve, T. S. Craig's Rookery Boy.

DACHSHUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jay; 2d, R. Konigsbauer's Dash. Bitches: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jargonelle; 2d, Dr. Moischenbacher's Jessie Victoria.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sherry. Reserve, Consolidated Beagle Kennels' Forest Hunter. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W.—OPEN.—Dogs (over 13in.): 1st, Consolidated Beagle Kennels' Bauman; 2d, Wm. Rebmann's Daboch; 3d and very high com. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Roger and Keith. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Daisy Corbett and Popsey; 3d, J. C. Weeks's Actress. Reserve, E. L. Stine's Rockland Nellie. Very high com. Consolidated Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A. Com. W. P. Simpson's Topsy T. Dogs (under 13in.): 1st, Consolidated Beagle Kennels' Paderewski; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Little Wonder; 3d, Frank B. Bolton's Young Royal. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Evangeline and Queechey; 2d, Charles D. Bernheimer's Hia. High com. E. L. Stine's Smut. Puppies: 1st and 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Velvet and Rose Graham; 2d, Consolidated Beagle Kennels' Clarion of Glenrose.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Charles Steadman Hanks's Grouse II.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tipton and Warren Layman; 3d, E. A. Cook's Ruby Trigger. Reserve, H. L. Roy Jones's Arrandale Mixture. Very high com., James Ferris Bell's Hillside Royal and Dr. Geo. D. B. Darby's Poverino. Bitches: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captious and Warren Duty; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Lady Roseberry. Very high com. Dr. Geo. D. B. Darby's Trim. Com. E. H. Cook's Scarrott Assart. Puppies: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Regent; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap. Very high com. John T. Peacey's British Prince. High com. Mere Kennels' Mere Jollice and Dr. Geo. D. B. Darby's Diego.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, Dr. Geo. D. B. Darby's Triton; 2d, J. G. Tomson's Philadelphia. High com. John T. Peacey's Prodigal and W. T. McAlees's Vic Prompter.—WIRE-HAIRED.—Dogs: 1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap; 2d, H. T. Foote's Brittle Bright; 3d, J. C. Weeks's Ebor Larchmont. Very high com. L. A. Rice's Jack Prompter. Bitches: 1st, Maybrook Kennels' Roche Tacit; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jess Frost; 3d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mistress Betsie.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Jack Briggs. Reserve, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jackanapes.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Brickbat, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Wm. C. Dulles's Kathleen.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Ophrey G. Reserve, S. D. Ripley's Grouse.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Manchester Black and Tan Terrier Kennels' Perfection.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Merry Call; 2d and reserve, T. H. Garlick's Glenelg and Glenshea.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Queen of Skyes. Reserve, H. K. Cauer's Endcliffe Maggie.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphinstone. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Belle Stafford and Princess May. Reserve, P. & H. Smith's Islay.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, F. Senn's Young Ted.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, F. Senn's Prince; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Jacks. Bitches: 1st, F. Senn's Judy.

TOY TERRIERS (OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE).—1st, Jas. Patterson's Little Plimmer.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Ivy Boy; 2d, Mrs. J. F. Sinnott's Capers; 3d, Pomona Kennels' Pomona Fritz. Bitches: 1st and 2d, M. H. Cryer's Pansy G. and Little Ruth; 3d, C. J. Mischler's Lady Treasure.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, M. H. Cryer's Ivy Boy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, F. Senn's King of the Charlies; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Pomona Nina. Very high com. Mrs. H. B. Cox, Jr.'s Nails.

TOY SPANIELS (OTHER THAN KING CHARLES).—Extra 1st, Merry View Kennels' Rhoda; 1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Mamie; 2d, Mrs. F. A. Atwood's O'Kikusan. Very high com. Mrs. F. Senn's Kobie. High com. Mrs. F. Senn's Tamak, Mrs. C. H. Buzby's Princess Colonna, Mrs. S. J. Spooner's Looloo.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Joe Lewis's Spring.—OVER 30lbs.—1st and 2d, J. T. Richards's Bey and Turk.—UNDER 30lbs.—1st, Mrs. Robt. Glendenning's Mirtza; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Dewr (Welsh terrier). Very high com. A. Wood's Toodles, L. E. Bixler's Pride of Malta.



## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

## Clubs and Handlers.

FROM some remarks made on my recent writings on handlers and club membership, I am led to infer that some of the readers may think that there was something personal in the objection. It is difficult to handle any subject in which personality is concerned without seeming to have a personal motive, either open or concealed. But the objections raised were not on personal grounds at all. The whole matter rested entirely on a principle of equity which always has been and is recognized in all competitions. No man is allowed to judge his own dog or horse in a competition, nor is there a sentiment in favor of a contestant taking part in both sides of a competition; that is, in the judging or managing and in the competition. The sentiment is against it in all competitions, whether the action or influence be direct or indirect. The feeling that it is improper to have even a remote personal interest, in both the judging or management and the competition, has been shown a number of times at trials when a judge withdrew from judging a stake in which was a dog of his own breeding. This I consider as being an act of over-sensitiveness and unnecessary, since no sportsman would be suspected of prejudice in favor of a dog from such a commonplace and unimportant incident as being the breeder. A gentleman who has the standing and qualifications which induce a club to give him an invitation to judge certainly has stability enough to judge in a competition any dog he may have bred.

This matter is presented merely to show to what an extreme limit the principle is recognized when the circumstances are all direct, and not concealed by apparently innocent and detached interest, as, for instance, club membership.

To bring out my meaning clearer, the protest made by Mr. Avent in respect to the matter of the alleged tampering with Topsy's Rod in connection with the running of the absolute heat of the Derby at Grand Junction, Tenn., in February last, will serve for illustration as to the manner in which complications may arise which affect the equity of a competition. Mr. Avent when he made the protest was a member of the board of governors and for that matter he is now a member. He entered a formal protest while the heat was being contested in his capacity as a handler and owner. As a member of the board he had a perfect legal right to pass on his own protest in his capacity as such member. The club has no rule against it nor has it any usage to the contrary to appeal to. Mr. Avent did not attempt to pass on his own protest, nor do I mention the matter as implying that he would do so. My purpose is simply to show the complications which arise when a competitor is also one who gives the competition and passes upon it, and to show the imprudence of organizing a board on principles which are antagonistic to a perfect equity of competition.

It may be said that members of clubs who are handlers would have too high a sense of courtesy and propriety to ever act as a member on a matter in which they are directly interested as a competitor, but that simply reduces a broad principle of equity to a matter of individual discretion. I do not believe that the handlers who are now club members would do anything which would impair the equity of a competition, but, as I explained at the outset, there is absolutely no intention to discuss persons. The broad principle of equity is sufficient. Moreover, the membership of clubs is not a fixed quantity. It changes more or less from year to year. What a member or members this year might not do this member or members next year might do if there be no law against it.

Again, a member of a board of governors should be able to perform all the duties to the office. If he cannot do so for private business reasons or interests which disqualify him, he is not eligible to the office, particularly when there are numerous members who have no disqualifying interests, who could be elected to the office. A member of a board of governors, at the same time being a competitor, might not pass on his own protest, but he might be called upon to pass on the protest of another competitor in the same competition, or to interpret a rule, or to rule on some circumstance for which no rule was provided. He thus would have an advantage over his fellow competitors, since he had privileges as a competitor, though under color of his office or by virtue of his office, whichever term is most pleasing, which the other competitors could not enjoy, and which he as a member was free from; that is, his fellow competitors could not pass on any of his protests or interpret rules or rule on unusual cases.

To this it has been replied that all handlers have the same privilege to become club members and thus enjoy the appertaining privileges alike. All handlers cannot afford expensive club dues, nor take the responsibility which comes to a member, of standing an assessment for a deficit. Then again, if all handlers belonged to a club, they would control it in every respect, and it is necessary, to give the competition proper prestige, interest and importance, that the club be managed by sportsmen who are not interested as handlers.

In my opinion, handlers are in a manner opposing their own interests when they become club members. It is not to their interest to have a voice in the competition. The non-professional sportsman, who pays his dues from mere fondness of the sport, likes to have the arrangement of the competition himself. He is an important factor from every standpoint. It is not to the best interest of the handlers to arrange and maintain, as members, a competition. If they are members they will be present in force at the club meetings, and will gradually get possession in managing the club's affairs, this the more easily as they will practically be a unit in their action. The other club members will never be at a trial or club meeting in force, and they will hold entirely different views, in all probability, as to the policy of the club and will not act in unison. As they lose control of the club's affairs they will lose interest, and everybody knows what happens when a member loses membership interest.

In presenting this somewhat novel idea, I feel quite sure that time will prove the soundness of the principle that it is to the mutual advantage of the clubs and the handlers to remain in their respective special domain. I have not much belief that the foregoing will be accepted at present as good reasoning, but I feel confident that it will be in time. It will be of interest if some of the handlers will express their opinions on this subject; and also club members might have some opinions worth perusing.

The Manchester Kennel Company was very unfortunate at Grand Junction. Both their entries, Glean's Sport and Glean's Pink, were very sick and consequently unfitted to start in the stake of the U. S. F. T. C. Both dogs are excellent performers, and it was a great disappointment to their owners that they were incapacitated to compete.

It would be wise for any club to engage four judges, one of whom could be held as a reserve. At nearly all trials one or two of the judges fail to appear or cannot act for some reason. With a judge in reserve, the vacancy could be filled without loss or annoyance. In case of a vacancy the usage is to engage the most available man on the grounds or one of the reporters, often against their inclination and judgment. Often, too, against their convenience. Often, again, to their discomfort after the decisions are made.

## The Heat System.

There was some little advocacy of a return to the heat system in the competition at field trials, or at least a modification of it. That is, the heat system was to prevail, accord-

ing to the views presented, till first place was decided, after which the spotting system would be used in placing the rest of the winners. The heat vs. the spotting system is already a twice told tale, and needs nothing more in the way of argument. The theory that a dog which beats another dog beats also all the other dogs which the latter has beaten is a fallacy. It is unsound in theory and produces false results in application. The reasons are that no dog's work or his ability to do work is a fixed quantity. He may do perfect work one day and may be "off his nose" or sick the next, or he may be headstrong and bolt or chase in one heat and not in others; in short, he may do a thousand things to lower his work, and at best the average performance of a dog is not made up of uniform detail, nor are the opportunities or conditions alike one heat after another.

But I promised to present the subject for an expression of opinion, and for that purpose it is written.

Any set of rules which are intended to serve the double purpose of bringing the best dogs to the front and at the same time placate the vexation or temporize with the owners of poor dogs or defeated dogs are a failure in conception and must fail in practice. The time limit is one of the farcical details of the rules at present. The dogs are in the competition to win or lose. When a dog is beaten or wins, he has completed all that, in common sense, the competition affords or is intended for. But it has been decided to give the owner a fixed amount for his money right or wrong, thus at every trial can be witnessed the solemn farce of a brace of dogs being run over any kind of ground to kill time, because they have not merit even to make a creditable competition.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## "Vicissitudes of the Judging Ring."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 17, under above heading, I gave the true happenings of the judging of the cocker Barefoot at the New York show and asked the question, "Did Mr. Wilmerding change his style of a cocker in less than ten minutes?"

In your issue of the 24th, under same heading, Mr. Wilmerding, in answer to my question, says: "The inclosed letter covers the one which appeared in your last week's issue under above caption signed F. M. Thomas and needs no comment from me." I fail to see wherein Mr. Wilmerding answers my question, the only one I asked, viz., "Did he change his style of cocker in less than ten minutes?"

Mr. Pidgeon says: "I am surprised to find what was contained therein under the head 'Vicissitudes of the Judging Ring.'"

His being surprised was unnecessary, as I wrote him saying that I had sent the facts to you. As to connecting him, even inferentially, with "a train of circumstances" which he says are said to have occurred, and of which he knows scarcely anything of his own knowledge, I will say plainly that he knows fully of all I wrote in regard to Barefoot's judging and I have proof of this, or at least that he did know before he left the show. It being news to Mr. Pidgeon of Barefoot being sent out of the ring because Mr. Wilmerding did not consider him cocker type surprises me, for it was Mr. Pidgeon who told this to me and my friend.

I am not in error as to handling Barefoot for the special, but I was not with him in the ring during the whole of the judging for the special. Mr. Pidgeon says further, "Being only eligible to the classes he was in—probably got all he was entitled to—from the judge's point of view." What a change in his opinion and choice of words. At the time of the judging I remember well his being just the reverse and having a much different feeling toward the judge and an organization not necessary to mention here.

FRANK W. THOMAS.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

[There are certain parts omitted in the above letter that are not relevant to the case.]

## Denver Dog Show.

THE fifth annual dog show which opened at the Coliseum Hall, Denver, on March 21, as in former years, did not prove a financial success, and we are sorry to hear that the members will have to dip into their pockets to make up the loss. The lack of a suitable building in the central part of the town, together with bad weather for the first day and a big fire near the show on the second day which cut off the electric lights, have much to do with the failure. The show was well advertised and the dogs, while few in number, were of very high quality. The show was kept open on Saturday and the shortage reduced to about \$250.

The management was excellent in every respect and great praise is due the committee, and especially to the superintendent, Mr. H. C. Withington, who did all in his power to make the show pleasant to both visitors and exhibitors. Messrs. F. F. Dole and J. Naylor were on from the East with big strings and captured most of the prizes, the former winning the prize for largest number in best condition.

There was scarcely any competition in any classes excepting the St. Bernard and collies, and as the winners are all well known criticism is unnecessary.

In St. Bernards the Argyle Kennels and Mr. A. C. Shallenberger captured the blues, and in collies the local dogs were well able to hold their own, the Carlwrie Kennels winning both open classes with two very nice puppies of their own breeding.

A few sales were made during the show. The St. Patrick Kennels sold a good young greyhound by Monk Bishop ex Lady Graham Gladys, six months old, to Mr. Jarrett. The Argyle Kennels sold the well-known smooth St. Bernard Pratt's Belle, for \$500, to Messrs. Wyant and Bishop. The Carlwrie Kennels sold a collie dog pup, litter brother to the winner in open class, to Mr. Jarrett, also a nice young dog by Maney Trefoil, to Mr. Mitchell Harrison, who is staying at Colorado Springs, and who came to the show to see his deerhound Douglas win first prize.

## Hogs as Bird Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read in your Chicago contemporary, in an article from "Tar Heel," that in an English book published some sixty years ago it is recorded that a sow named Slut was trained to trail, point and retrieve game birds, and you have no idea how sorry I am that this bit of English history has been unearthed, for I am afraid that the arms akimbo coterie, in their great desire to be "Henglish you know," will be after all the sows—razor backs—in the South to put into their field trials and therefore handicap still more, and if possible set aside entirely our truly useful and practical field dog. I fear the danger still more on account of its being so well known how fleet these sows are; they can easily outrun any pointer or setter in the country. Our setters that are so intelligent, so tractable, that have so often sat up before us for the purpose of divining and anticipating our every want, have been snubbed and set aside long enough by the high class men by calling them names in derision—such as plugs, scrubs, etc., etc., and upon second thought I am not sure but it would be well for them to transfer their premeditated devotion from our lovable setter, who is capable of fully understanding and doing our bidding, without becoming sulky and inactive, like those that run wild because they will not stand training, to the sow, for there is no question but the sow could get into the next county quicker and the race among the horsemen would be so much more exhilarating and exciting. Let her come!

Feb. 12.

## Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. "Andy Laidlaw," he of cocker fame, has added the Irish water spaniel bitch Marguerite and a son of hers to his string, and we shall never probably see more of the bitch on the bench which she has frequently adorned with honor to herself and her late breeder, Dr. Nicoll, of Montreal.

Mr. S. C. Stevens, the manager of the Montreal exposition, informs me that a show will be held in Montreal this fall probably the week following Toronto. If Ottawa hangs on and one or two other places come into line, forming a brief fall circuit, it would do much to strengthen the fancy here.

Mr. Jno. B. Carmichael, of Victoria, B. C., has bought the smooth fox-terrier bitch Blemton Rapture, bred by Mr. August Belmont. She has been in California for some time and in 1888 was first in the puppy class at Syracuse, and in 1890 vhc. reserve at Boston and vhc. at Buffalo. She is in whelp to Blemton Reefer (champion Venio—champion Rachel).

An executive meeting of the C. K. C. was held in Toronto on March 30. Present: Dr. J. S. Niven in the chair, Dr. H. S. Griffin, Messrs. E. W. Boyle, T. G. Davey, C. A. Stone, H. B. Donovan, secretary; Mr. Richard Gibson was also present. The minutes of last meeting (as published in *Gazette*) taken as read. In the matter of the agreement between C. K. C. and A. K. C. the articles of agreement, letters from the secretary of the A. K. C. and Mr. F. S. Wetherall read. It was resolved to amend C. K. C. rules to agree with those of the A. K. C. Moved by Dr. Griffin, seconded by Mr. Stone, that report of committee be received and adopted by this executive. Carried. On motion of Dr. Griffin, seconded by Mr. Stone, the secretary was instructed to communicate with A. K. C., informing them of action taken by executive, but that financial ratification must be referred to the club at the next annual meeting (in September), but that notwithstanding this delay we trust that awards at shows in Canada this year under C. K. C. rules may be recognized.

On the reading of evidence sent in the club found it had no jurisdiction in the Melac—Minerva's Fawn case. A grant of \$43 was made the president for his expenses to New York in connection with official business for this club.

Both Messrs. Gibson and McEwen were in Toronto this week attending the spring stallion show, where Mr. Gibson judged. He informs me that he will judge the smooth fox-terrier classes only at the Toronto spring show, having declined to take the wire-haired classes.

The special prizes, both cash and kind, offered at the Toronto show, to be held on April 13 and 14, are both numerous and valuable, and it is hoped the entry may be more than a merely local one.

[Mr. Donovan forwards a list of the specials, but unfortunately space does not permit of publishing a tithe of them.]

## The Specialty Show.

FOREST AND STREAM was the first journal to give news of the coming specialty show to be held in New York, and in fact provided all the news so far given on the subject. The first official notification of the affair, however, comes to us with the premium list. The show will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, in connection with the Hempstead Farm display. The breeds that will be represented are St. Bernards, collies, rough and smooth, and bobtails, fox-terriers (smooth and wire), spaniels and bulldogs.

St. Bernards and collies and smooth fox-terriers get \$20 and \$10 in challenge classes, \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5 in open; puppies and novices, \$15, \$10 and \$5. The other breeds get \$5 less in each class than the above-mentioned breeds. Clumbers and Irish water spaniels do not have separate sex classes. The specials are very numerous. St. Bernards, collies and fox-terriers get \$25 cash from the Madison Square Garden Co. Other cash specials of more than ordinary value are given, besides the numerous trophies and other specials donated by the different specialty clubs.

Entries close April 20, and the fee is \$5. Mr. Jas. Mortimer will superintend.

The show will commence May 1, and continue till the 4th. The bench show committee will be composed of W. H. Joeckel, Jr. and J. A. C. Johnson, of the St. Bernard Club of America; J. D. Shotwell and Thos. H. Terry, of the Collie Club of America; John E. Thayer and H. W. Smith, of the American Fox-Terrier Club; A. C. Wilmerding and Rowland P. Keasbey, of the American Spaniel Club; J. H. Matthews and E. Willard Roby, of the Bulldog Club of America.

Judges will be: For collies, Robt. McEwen, of Canada; fox-terriers, R. F. Mayhew, of New York; spaniels, E. M. Oldham, of New York; bulldogs, James Mortimer, of Hempstead, L. I. The St. Bernard Club hopes to secure the services of Mr. Sydney W. Smith, of Leeds, Eng., as judge.

Dr. H. Clay Glover will be the veterinarian.

## Red Cockers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is far from my intention to meddle with the storm of criticisms Mr. Wilmerding seems to have stirred up through his judging at New York, preferring to leave this to the old hands at the game. What strikes me as peculiar in their many spaniel controversies during past years is the fact that while a great deal of interesting reading is afforded, there is little real information to be gained that would help a novice like myself to breed on the right lines. Lately I have been very much impressed with the fact that the red or dun cockers seem almost invariably to be well-made, active-looking dogs, higher on the legs and much straighter than the black ones. Now, in going through the aisles at New York it was almost the exception to find a black cocker straight in the forelegs. Many of them were wretchedly crooked, and "Uncle Dick's" pat simile of "crocodile fronts" occurred to me.

I have never been fortunate enough to breed a red cocker, but I am told that they will often come in litters whose parents are pure black. How is this? And how is it that they are so straight in front compared to their black brothers and sisters. In breeding reds to reds can one be sure of getting all that color, or must the breeding be persisted in until a strain is formed? These may seem foolish questions to the veteran breeders, but I think many others will concur in my statement that too much of dog breeding is taken for granted nowadays, and the new ones, like myself, that is, new from a show point of view, must glean their knowledge by casual remarks dropped at the bench side, or worry along as best they can and find out for themselves, which is an unsatisfactory process at the best. I don't want to interfere with this judging controversy, but I would like to know about those red cockers.

RED COCKERS.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., March 23.

We learn that in the early part of the New York show, Mr. Oldham, the spaniel judge, was walking near the Post-Office and saw an Irish terrier with a show tag on going full speed down Broadway. In speaking of the loss of Sharqar, the Irish terrier, from the New York show, to a Broadway policeman, the latter stated to Mr. Oldham that he also saw the dog below Fulton street, and had it not been for his belt, that impeded his quick stooping, he would have caught the dog as it passed him on the run. The police were caught the dog for it. The dog has not been seen since. He was evidently frightened at the noise and bustle of the streets.



## DOG CHAT.

It seems that Ben Lewis won the handler's prize at Chicago show after all, as considering the dogs he actually took and handled at the show he had much the best of the record. Geo. Thomas, we understand, was second, but in view of his contention that the dogs named in the catalogue as handled by him constituted a claim to the prize, the club generously made up the difference and he got the \$100 too. These prizes as we have stated, give rise to a lot of talk if nothing else, and some other plan should be adopted to secure the dogs these handlers can command. It would be better for the club to pay them so much according to the number and value of the dogs they can bring personally to the show.

At Philadelphia the manager of the Woodlawn Park Kennels, "Jim" Robinson, purchased the well known bulldog The Graven Image from Frank F. Dole for \$200. She will be bred to their Wal Hampton to get the proper degree of "Chiarascuro," we suppose.

During the Philadelphia show the collies owned by James Corbett were placed on exhibition. They are Bert and Mollie; Bert is by Christopher and came from the Chestnut Hill Kennels. They showed lack of training and needed a bath. Since the show we learn that they have been sent to Mr. Jarrett's kennels to be put in shape for the Specialty show at New York next month.

There is to be another show at Saratoga at the end of August, under the management of the Saratoga Kennel Club. The show will be held in the same hall as in January, and preparations will be made to accommodate 500 dogs. It is expected that as Saratoga will be crowded at that time, enough may be realized to reimburse the club for its last failure, and as the Hiltons will be interested in it there is every likelihood of the visitors showing up in force.

Mr. H. T. Payne came up to Philadelphia to see how his New York sensation, Donovan, fared. He was disappointed, but like a good fancier will try again and will now send the "any other color" Tonita along, having purchased her at that show.

Mr. Tallman severed his connection with the *Turf, Field and Farm*, April 1. Probably his work as manager of the Springside Kennels of pointers demands most of his time. "Billy" is quite proud of the record the pups by Ridgeview Donald out of Lady Tammany have made this season. At New York they took 1st and 3d in dogs, and 1st, 3d and reserve in bitches. At Philadelphia, 1st and second with different pups, Springside Pax and Springside Lill, these two he sold at the P. K. C. show to Mr. Joseph L. Woolston, of Germantown, Pa. He also sold some pups at home to Mr. Thos. McKean, of Philadelphia. The kennels still have two more of this litter which will come out at Boston, and we hope with the same good luck that their brothers and sisters have had.

Mr. Jarrett, of Chestnut Hill Kennels and Frank F. Dole, arrived in Philadelphia from Denver at 5 A. M. on the morning of the show, having been under full sail since the previous Friday night. They both looked tired and their dogs more so, the big ones especially being affected by the journey. The Denver show people were unfortunate, as on the first night of the show a building on the same block as the show hall was burned down and the electric light connections destroyed. This necessitated the closing of the show the evenings of the early part of the show. Mr. Jarrett sold a cocker to Mr. Smythe, of the Swiss Mountain Kennels and bought a collie from Mr. Dole at a very short figure.

Mr. R. H. Burr, of Middletown, Conn., an old reader and advertiser of *FOREST AND STREAM*, writes us that he has just received word from a party in Bridgeport, Conn., who has found a red Irish setter bitch with a collar with his name on, and writes to know if she belongs to him. She does not, but probably belongs to some one who had purchased her from his kennel, and he gave the collar with her. The collar has been sent to Mr. Burr for identification, but he cannot make out from this who owns her. It has attached a dog show brass tag, No. 473, which looks as if she had been at the New York show; she has been around Bridgeport two months or more, but he has only just received word in regard to her.

The Swiss Mountain Kennels lost their smooth bitch June about a fortnight since and nothing has been heard of her. Information as to her whereabouts will be gladly received.

A rather amusing incident occurred at Philadelphia. A lady exhibitor was very much displeased with the secretary because, having gone to the trouble of writing out a long pedigree for her spaniel she very much wished to have it printed in the catalogue for "It has such an influence on the judges, you know." It was not printed.

## Sales at Philadelphia.

C. S. Wixom of the Hornell-Harmony Kennels sold his beagle Keith to Mr. E. L. Stine, who is getting together quite a nice kennel.

John M. Lewis, the well known and "smiling" field dog handler, sold the English setter bitch Jennie L. by Roi D'or ex Countess Christina to Dr. J. W. Kent of Philadelphia during the show.

Mr. Wixom struck while the iron was hot and Olivia's honors were thick upon her, selling her to Mr. Mortimer of the Hempstead Farm Co. She should make a very useful bitch bred to a good-fronted dog.

On the last day of the show Dr. Sauvour sold a collie pup by The Squire out of Gypsy Maid to a gentleman in Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Smythe, of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, sold to Mr. Mundy, the owner of Tattersall's building where the show was held, the smooth St. Bernard Castor of Contoocock, winner of first in smooth puppies.

Mr. Robinson of Woodland Kennels sold three Irish terrier pups to Frank Dole.

## Red Cockers.

Mr. C. M. Nelles, of Brantford, Ont., was busy with his red cockers at Chicago, and while he did a fair share of winning he also was successful in disposing of some of his stock. To Mr. Julian Ramsay, of Chicago, he sold Red Prince, winner of first in open and puppy classes. Mr. H. Lester, of the same city, bought a red dog pup, and so did Mr. Roger Williams, the greyhound judge. Mrs. J. L. Oustott and Mr. H. J. White, both of Chicago, bought a dog and bitch pup respectively. From indications at late shows it would seem as if the red cocker is running the black a close race for popularity, and justly so, for we quite agree with "Red Cockers," whose letter will be found in another column, that the reds show uniformly better in front and are of more active proportions than the blacks, and for that reason, if nothing else, they should be encouraged, though breeding in for color may hurt them in the same way the black has suffered in the controlling of type.

## Los Angeles Show.

The Southern California Kennel Club's premium list comes to hand at the last moment. With the exception of mastiffs, St. Bernards, greyhounds, great Danes, pointers,

setters and fox-terriers which, in addition to challenge prizes of \$5 and \$8, have also \$3 and \$2 in open classes, nearly all of the breeds have the money \$5 and \$3, only, in challenge classes and open get merely honors in the way of diplomas. Since the premium list was printed the judges' list has been changed and now Mr. G. L. Waring will pass on bull-terriers and fox-terriers and Mr. A. C. Waddell of Coffeyville, Kas., on all other breeds. A number of specials are given and 214 classes are provided in all. Entries close April 7.

It looks very much as if the Glenrose and Forest Beagle Kennels had joined forces, the Consolidated Beagle Kennels being the result. We were told to look out for beagle news in the P. K. C. catalogue and this may be it, unless it refers to their new dog Banman.

Mr. E. H. Moore does seem to have had luck not only sometimes with his dog; but now we hear that his house has been burned down again. This was a handsome residence. We have no further particulars as to the fire or its origin.

The Rinada Kennels are selling out their stock. They have already sold Musette, by Chancellor ex Dauntless; also Dauntless, by Arkos II, ex Cora. The bitch Solitaire, by R. Panie ex Ridgeview Revelation, is also sold. A number of good bred ones yet remain in the kennels.

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 20 the following editorial paragraph appeared, "Walter Wellman's Polar expedition, in an order to Spratts Patent (Limited) for biscuit supplies, has included 'Armebis'—a concentrated meat biscuit—and wheat meal biscuits similar to those the company has for some years furnished to the English Government departments." This shows confidence, for it does not pay to run any risks in food supplies for those regions.

We acknowledge the receipt of an excellent photograph of Dr. Younghusband's Prince Cola, the winner at Detroit and Chicago. It shows his head and body off to perfection.

Dr. Cryer has practically dropped out of the active showing fancy in pups, but still keeps up a lively interest in the breed at home. He showed us a team, naturally off the chain, at Philadelphia that is hard to beat. There may be others in the country with better individual members, but for sortness, with the possible exception of Ivy Boy, who is a little on the leg to the others, he has four that would take some pulling down anywhere. Bob Ivy, Pansy G. and Little Ruth are a very pretty trio.

The National Pointer and Setter Field Trials will be held April 24, on the estate of Sir W. O. Corbet, near Shrewsbury, England.

Mr. Jos. Evans, some time connected with *British Fancier*, and who, we understand, was the amusing writer known as "Diogenes Up to Date," is seriously ill.

Whippet racing seems to be taking hold in the London (Eng.) districts and several important handicaps are on the tapis. The racing is very simple. Men "runners-up" go beyond the winning mark, and when the pistol has been fired and the dogs slipped the runners-up wave handkerchiefs and whistle to attract the attention of their favorites, who are trained to run to them as straight, and almost as swift, as an arrow. Any dog that quarrels with a fellow-competing *en route* is disqualified. Whippet dogs can cover the ground—grass, clatter path or any other—at a surprising speed, the champions running 200yds. in twelve seconds or nearly 17yds. in a second.

Collie breeders are looking forward with more than usual interest to the specialty show to be given by the Collie Club in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, May 1 to 4. The amount of cash prizes offered far exceed any heretofore offered by the club. The premium list will be exactly the same as that of the late Westminster Kennel Club show, and in addition there will be six or eight special cash prizes of \$20 each, with same number of silver and bronze club medals. The Collie Club trophy and the President's cup will be competed for. Thos. H. Terry and J. D. Shotwell constitute the dog show committee, and Mr. James Mortimer will be the superintendent. The specials are all confined to collies owned by members, and to get a piece of the good things those who are not members had better get in as soon as possible.

Edward A. Smith, The Florence, N. Y., offers \$25 at the Specialty show for the most level team of four cockers, weight 18 to 23lbs.

## KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

## BRED.

**Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**  
*Brummy*—Clyde. A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) beagle bitch Brummy (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Noddy) to B. S. Turpin's Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), March 2.  
*Little Girl*—Murland Ranger II. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Little Girl (Sam—Chloe) to his Murland Ranger II. (Murland Ranger—Beulah), Jan. 5.  
*Cromar's Vic*—Bathos. Dr. Blodgett's (New York city) bull bitch Cromar's Vic to J. B. Matthews's Bathos.  
*Wake*—Clyde. A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) beagle bitch Wake (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Noddy) to B. S. Turpin's Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), Feb. 20.  
*Skylark*—King of Lynn. F. G. Lefavour's (Beverly, Mass.) pointer bitch Skylark (Frank W.—Snipe) to R. Leslie's King of Lynn (Tempest—Nady of Nado), March 7.  
*Wanda*—King of Lynn. G. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch Wanda (Graphic—Vinnie) to R. Leslie's King of Lynn (Tempest—Nady of Nado), Dec. 19.  
*Tona Wanda*—King of Lynn. F. M. Nash's (Somersworth, N. H.) pointer bitch Tona Wanda (Bang Bang—Underhill's Jane) to R. Leslie's King of Lynn (Tempest—Nady of Nado), July 19, 1893.  
*Dorothy Ann*—King of Lynn. T. C. Wilson's (Ipswich, Mass.) pointer bitch Dorothy Ann (Duke of Beaufort—Man'zelle) to R. Leslie's King of Lynn (Tempest—Nady of Nado), Oct. 17, 1893.  
*Olie B.*—Tribulation. B. M. Stephenson's (La Grange, Tenn.) pointer bitch Olie B. to his champion Tribulation, Jan. 18.  
*Sue*—Tribulation. C. A. Morgan's (Columbia, Tenn.) pointer bitch Sue to B. M. Stephenson's champion Tribulation, March 1.  
*Cora C.*—Tribulation. F. F. Capers's (Greenville, S. C.) pointer bitch Cora C. to B. M. Stephenson's champion Tribulation, March 17.  
*Croxie O'Bannon*—Tribulation. E. L. Atherton's (Louisville, Ky.) pointer bitch Croxie O'Bannon to B. M. Stephenson's champion Tribulation, March 26.  
*Midget Nellie*—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister) to their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie T.), March 23.  
*Dolly Tester*—Bathos. J. H. Matthews's (New York city) bull bitch Dolly Tester to his Bathos, March 27.

## WHELPS.

**Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**  
*Dafoodil*. J. M. Fronsfield, Jr.'s (Wayne, Pa.) English setter bitch Dafoodil (Roderigo—Maud Val Jean), Feb. 4, six (four dogs), by his Trickster (Buckelwell—Minnetonka).  
*Tricie H.* E. R. Thornburgh's (Jamestown, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tricie H., March 16, four (three dogs), by W. F. Porter's Woodale Drive.  
*Blackrock Belle*. Newton Kennels' (Elmira, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Blackrock Belle (Vesuvian—Rescue), March 22, five (three dogs), by their Starden's Prince.  
*Mabel E.* Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mabel E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman), March 23, six (three dogs), by their John Bull (champion Louis—Ray Queen), March 23.  
*Colleen Bawn*. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch

Colleen Bawn (Spokane—Lady Verne), March 25, five (three dogs), by their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

## SALES.

**Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**  
*Hillside Rosalind*. White and black fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 18, 1893, by Starden's King out of Hillside Model, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Dr. W. W. Varick, Jersey City, N. J.  
*Hillside Beakon*. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1893, by Starden's King out of Lady Reckon, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to F. A. Littlefield, Bedford Park, N. Y.  
*Hillside Rhoda*. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 20, 1893, by Starden's King out of Hillside Ruth, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to J. O. Davis, Fall River, Mass.  
*Hillside Decision*. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 14, 1893, by Dusky Trap out of Verdict, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to F. J. Nolan, Albany, N. Y.  
*Hillside Royalty*. White and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped June 4, 1893, by Starden's King out of Princess, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to H. A. Tuthill, Easton, Md.  
*Hillside Pitcher*. Black, white and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped April 23, 1892, by Pitcher out of Princess, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to John Wren, Columbus, O.  
*Hillside Royal*. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped June 30, 1892, by Starden's King out of Hillside Freda, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to J. F. Belt, Wilmington, Del.  
*Hillside Nymph*. White and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 21, 1893, by Starden's King out of Lady Newforest, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. R. Kennedy, New Orleans, La.  
*Hillside Sparkle*. White and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1893, by Starden's King out of Richmond Dazzle, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. C. Freeman, Cornwall, Pa.  
*Yeddo*. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped May, 1893, by Happy Toby out of Midget Nellie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to F. E. Goodman, Waco, Tex.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C., Fort Niobrara, Neb.—We do not recommend kennels, but you will find Irish setters advertised in our business columns.  
V. B. M., Raleigh, N. C.—For canker in the ear, wash the ear out daily and blow powdered boric acid into the ear twice a day.  
F. B. E., New York.—You had better write to Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, the president, 163 Broadway, New York. The annual dues are \$5.  
C. D. B., Hartford, Conn.—Write to W. Phillips, corner of Forty-ninth street and Broadway, New York, about clipping. Spaying a bitch is not a dangerous operation.  
A. H. M., Central Valley, N. Y.—I have a valuable St. Bernard that has a kind of sprain in the left hip. Ans. This is a case that requires the personal attention of a veterinarian.  
P. W. B., New York.—First season of oestrus comes on when the pug is about ten months old. She could be bred then, but it is better as a rule to wait till the bitch is fifteen or sixteen months old.

## Hunting and Coursing.

## FIXTURES.

April 17.—South Dakota Coursing Club's inaugural meeting, at Mitchell, S. D. Entries close April 16. S. S. Batley, Sec'y; Fox Kenney, Judge; Joseph Dodd, Slipper.

## Beagle Pedigrees.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
Can you or any of your readers kindly give me through your columns the pedigrees of the following beagles:  
1. Pet (dog). All I can ascertain concerning him is that he was imported from the pack of Mr. Trefrey, Cornwall, Eng. 2. Imported The Hermit (dog). 3. Rosey (bitch), bred by Gen. Rowett. 4. Beauty (bitch).  
J. P. T.

NEW YORK, March 24.

## HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

A meeting of the New England Beagle Club will be held at Mechanics' Building, Boston, April 19, at 2 P. M., during Boston dog show.

The Brunswick Fur Club will make an exhibit of fox-hounds at the dog show of the New England Kennel Club at Boston.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, president of the Worcester Fur Co., has purchased Mr. F. M. Whipple's noted hounds, Ned and Spot, and has presented them to Mr. John M. White, of Millbury. This addition will make Mr. White's celebrated pack stronger than ever, both on the bench and in the field.

## Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

## APRIL.

15. Savin Hill, Open, 15ft. class, Dorchester Bay.  
MAY.  
1. New Jersey, Open, N. Y. Bay. 26. Portland, Cruise.  
24. St. Lawrence, Squad. Cruise. 30. So. Boston, Open, City Point.  
JUNE.  
2. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, first series. 16. American, Ann., L. I. Sound.  
3. Brooklyn, Ann., New York. 16. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft.  
4. Atlantic, Ann., New York. Classes, second series.  
5. New York, Ann., New York. 18. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.  
6. Larchmont, Spring, L. I. Sound. 18. Massachusetts, Open, Nahant.  
9. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. 23. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, third series.  
Classes, first series. 23. Sea. Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.  
9. American, Special Class, Newburyport. 23. Youkers Cor., Ann., Hudson River.  
12. Schoodic, Special Race, Club. 23. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.  
12. New Jersey, Ann., N. Y. Bay. 30. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft.  
13. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, second series. 30. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft.  
15. Portland, Annual. Classes, third series.  
JULY.  
2. A. M. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. 14. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft.  
21ft. Classes, challenge cup. Classes, fifth series.  
P. M., steam yacht race, 18ft. 14-21. Larchmont, Cruise, Long Island Sound.  
fourth series. 17-18-19. Interlake Y. A., 1st Meet, Lake Erie.  
3. Sea. Cor., Race, Oyster Bay to Larchmont. 21. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.  
4. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass. 21. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.  
4. City of Boston, Open, Boston Harbor. 28. Squantum, Flint Cups, cabin cats, Squantum, Mass.  
7. Dorchester Bay Clubs, Union Race, Dorchester Bay. 28. Indian Harbor, Ann., Long Island Sound.  
7. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. 30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.  
Classes, fourth series. 30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.  
12. Schoodic, 1st Cup Race, Club.  
AUGUST.  
—, New York, Annual Cruise. 18. American, Seaver Cup Newburyport.  
4. Squantum, Ladies' Day, Squantum, Mass. 25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay.  
13. Schoodic, Open, St. Andrews. 25. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.  
16-17-18. Corinthian, Midsummer Series, Marblehead. 27. Schoodic, 3d Cup, St. Andrews.  
SEPTEMBER.  
1. Larchmont, Fall, L. I. Sound. 15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup Long Island Sound.  
1. Squantum, Club Run, Squantum, Mass. 22. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.  
1. Hull Cor., Open, Hull. 22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.  
3. So. Boston, Open, City Point. 22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.  
3. New York Y. R., Ann., N. Y. 10. Schoodic, Sail-off for Cup.



With the shipping home of Valkyrie's racing spars and gear, and the formal letter from Lord Dunraven notifying the New York Y. C. that she will not be raced here, the last chance of further racing is at an end. As yet the fact is unappreciated by American yachtsmen that the loss is almost entirely on their side, and that a serious blunder has been made in declining tacitly but none the less positively a bold and sportsmanlike challenge.

The advantages to be gained by a continuance of racing in the large class are two-fold; in the first place, the putting in commission of Vigilant, Colonia, Jubilee, Navahoe and Volunteer would infuse life into a season that now promises absolutely nothing in the way of racing, and would give just the stimulus of which American yachting is now in dire need.

In the second place, it is only through a further continuance of the experiments of last year that any adequate return can be had for the immense amount of money wasted in the construction of the Cup defenders. As matters are now, the large class is dead, and its members will sooner or later go the way of all Cup defenders, to be sold for what they will bring and be converted into more or less inferior schooners; in which case the results of this most expensive experiment will be almost nothing. The sole fact brought out last year is that Vigilant is a very fast yacht, but how fast for her size and cost or how much superior in model to the others, is not known. The others are but half-tried experiments, and their failures are due to clearly defined causes, such as the faulty rig of Jubilee and the deficient draft of Colonia; no one can say to-day that the fin-keel or the conventional keel boat has been proved a failure on its merits apart from obvious faults of design and construction.

The further racing of these yachts is necessary to the realization of a fair return in the shape of authentic data for the amount of money expended. Every year the competition of the designers is keener, and with the prospect of a challenge for the Cup in 1895, American yachtsmen cannot afford to lose almost two years of experiment, and to rest content with the incomplete and possibly misleading conclusions of the last trial races, while their rivals are busy building, altering and racing in every class.

It would seem that the immediate demands for a season of racing and for a further knowledge of the new boats were reasons sufficient to set the fleet afloat, but there is still another and stronger one. The reasons for not racing their yachts again may be clear and satisfactory to the members of the Vigilant syndicate, on whom the matter chiefly hinges, and in fact may be good and valid; but they will never be understood on the other side of the Atlantic; and, rightly or wrongly, they will create a feeling that will only increase with years, and which will never be removed. American yachtsmen are not likely to forget soon the cowardly backdown of the owner of the Arrow from his open challenge; and although the circumstances in the present case are entirely different, in the minds of British yachtsmen the two cases are apt to be classed in much the same category.

However unjust this may be, it is not unnatural from the standpoint of British racing. There the class racing goes on year in and year out, with ups and downs it is true, but still with twenty to forty races in a season for the regular classes. When a new yacht is built, it is not for a special service of a couple of months, to be sold for a song or laid up to rust afterward, but for regular racing for a series of years. The owners of Valkyrie, Britannia and Satanita are as busy this spring as they were last, and just as Meteor is still in the racing though outclassed, the new yachts are likely to fly their racing flags for many years. So accustomed are British yachtsmen to this regular racing, that they fail to comprehend that in America there has been for some years no regular racing of large cutters or even of 70-footers; and that when yachts are built of hitherto unknown size and cost, it is but for a few months or weeks of racing for some special event, and not for a long and honorable career as winners. Under these circumstances, it is only to be expected that the failure of this peerless fleet, headed by the victorious Vigilant, to meet a direct and open challenge from Valkyrie, is laid solely to a fear of defeat.

The reasons given by the American press, and which are mainly derived from various "prominent" but anonymous yachtsmen, are neither convincing nor creditable, and not calculated to remove such an impression. One, which has been ascribed to Mr. Iselin, but which, in default of confirmation, we are loath to believe is really his, is that Lord Dunraven has not challenged Vigilant to a race. Such a quibble as this hardly needs an answer; the open declaration of Lord Dunraven that he would leave his yacht here and race her in all races up to July, and the testimony of her new spars and rig, should be all the challenge necessary for the owners of the American yachts of her class. In the same connection it is argued that if Lord Dunraven really wishes to meet Vigilant he can do so for a stake of twenty thousand dollars. American yachtsmen have been slow in the past to look to money prizes as compared to fair and chivalrous sport; only a few years since they condemned freely the financial instinct which came to the surface after a grand ocean race, and such sordid excuses as this but misrepresent the general feeling. The whole conduct of Lord Dunraven last year, with his liberal expenditure of money individually in opposition to three wealthy syndicates, places Americans in a very bad light when they ask for money before giving another race.

The other excuse that Vigilant might be beaten (by a fluke) should she venture to meet Valkyrie again speaks for itself; it is a strange thing if Americans are afraid of a yacht they profess to have beaten with the utmost ease.

DEAR to the heart of every true American yachtsman is the good old story of how the famous Dauntless once sailed up and down the English Channel with a board in her rigging bearing in big letters a challenge to all British yachts, which, of course, was not accepted. Are they prepared now, in this Valkyrie episode, to provide their rivals with material for a similar story, no less apocryphal, but just as hale and vigorous, to be handed down to future generations, of how Valkyrie challenged the whole fleet of Cup defenders, from Vigilant to Volunteer, of whom none dared to meet her? This is the way that history is made, and American yachtsmen have only themselves to blame if their British cousins retort "Valkyrie—Vigilant" whenever they say "Arrow—Mayflower."

The action of the New York Y. R. A. last week in dropping the amendments which have created so much ill feeling, and in restoring matters to their original condition, is likely to have a good effect in restoring harmony among the clubs. Just now, when the larger yachts are not racing, is the time for the clubs which concern themselves with the smaller craft to do the most good. There is a chance for plenty of racing in yachts under 40ft. this year, as there are no new yachts or trial races to attract attention from local events. The New York Y. R. A. is now in a position to aid and encourage local races, and to do good work for yachting about New York.

LORD DUNRAVEN, after ill success last year in the 20-rater class, has purchased the fastest 20-rater, the third Dragon, designed and built by Will Pife, Jr., and will fit her with a centerboard. He has also a design of his own for a 20-rater, which he will build from the work being done by Summers & Payne.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

The most important meeting ever held by the New York Yacht Racing Association was that of last Friday evening, March 30. At 8:30 the meeting was, in the absence of the president and vice-president, called to order by Secretary George Parkhill. Com. J. T. Hitchcock of the Columbia Y. C. was then elected chairman. The roll call showed that the following clubs were represented at the meeting: Columbia, Harlem, Hudson River, New York, New Jersey, Pavonia, Tappan, Zee, Yonkers Corinthian, Ocean, Kill von Kull, Canarsie, Bayonne, Audubon and Tower Ridge yacht clubs (15).

The minutes of the previous meeting were now read, and a motion made to approve them brought out rather a heated discussion between Com. Prime and several of the other members, the former gentleman claiming they were incorrect and Secretary Parkhill insisting that they were correct. The minutes were finally corrected to every one's satisfaction. The secretary reported that he had chartered the iron steamer Cygnus for the Labor Day regatta of the Association on Sept. 8.

Com. Prime, chairman of the dinner committee, now submitted his report, after a canvass of the clubs, when it was found that but a little more than 50 had signified their intention of being present at the dinner. To April club meeting the second greatest number, a suitable decorative flag souvenir for the club room. 3. To the Commodore of the club reporting the third greatest number, a suitably engraved medal souvenir.

The secretary then read the resignation of the Brooklyn Y. C. After various motions had been made to accept, lay on table and to postpone action until the meeting of April 13, the resignation was finally accepted. The discussion of this resignation took up much of the valuable time and in the various phases of it Com. Prime, who was in favor of its acceptance, managed to hold the floor for a great part of the time. There is no doubt that Com. Prime made a great fight, and he finally carried his point.

Immediately following the acceptance of the resignation, a letter from Com. Sutton, the president of the Association, was read, declining to accept the resignation on the ground of his inability, because of the withdrawal of the Brooklyn Y. C. It was the unanimous opinion of the delegates present that he be requested to remain. As the Commodore is a member of the Pavonia Y. C., in the event of his consent being obtained, the matter of eligibility can be easily fixed.

On the last cruise, prizes were offered by Admiral Sutton as follows: 1. To the club reporting the greatest number of yachts (irrespective of size) at the rendezvous, a complete set of the annual directory. 2. To the club reporting the second greatest number, a suitable decorative flag souvenir for the club room. 3. To the Commodore of the club reporting the third greatest number, a suitably engraved medal souvenir.

The first prize went to the Brooklyn Y. C., the second was a tie between the Pavonia and Yonkers Corinthian clubs, which was decided by lot and Pavonia obtained the second prize; the third went to the Yonkers Corinthian.

It now being nearly half past eleven, Com. Prime moved to adjourn. The chair declared the motion out of order as the principal business for which the meeting had been called had not been taken up. The decision of the chair was now appealed from and sustained. Judge Simms immediately obtained the floor and moved the following amendments to the constitution, which were respectively passed by a two-thirds vote. To amend Article VIII, by striking out the following: "And any club failing to be represented at any meeting of the Association shall be fined the sum of \$1."

To Article VIII, by striking out the following: "Any yacht club in the Association giving a race or regatta open to one or more clubs in the Association under any rules contrary to the Association shall be fined such sums as the delegates of the Association shall determine."

"But nothing contained in this constitution shall be deemed to make it obligatory on the part of any club in this Association to hold any regatta open to one or more clubs under the rules of this Association, provided that such club shall state in the invitation to or notice of such regatta that it is to be sailed under other rules."

As the opponent to the adoption of these amendments had just left to go to the train, very little if any of the discussion was had, and their adoption followed, as previously stated.

By striking out the two amendments to Art. 8 it leaves it as in the original constitution, which is as follows:

"Assessments.—Funds for defraying the current expenses of the Association shall be raised by an annual assessment on each club of ten dollars, which shall be due and payable in advance, and the financial statement shall be read at the date of the annual meeting. No other assessments shall be levied except by a two-thirds vote of all the clubs present at a meeting called for that purpose."

The other amendment adopted is to Article II., which defines the objects of the Association. The meeting finally adjourned at midnight.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The fixtures of the Cleveland Y. C. for 1894 are: May 30, squadron sail to Rocky River; July 4, ladies' day; Sept. 3 (Labor Day), fall regatta. At the meeting of the board of directors, held on March 28, bids were opened for the construction of a new club house, at the foot of Erie street, but action on them was deferred for two weeks to allow the stock subscription committee more time to push their work of raising the money required to finish the building. Mr. G. W. Luthmeyer was elected as the representative of the club in the new Interlake Yachting Association, which was formed in Cleveland on March 19, and of which Mr. E. W. Radder, of 104 Superior street, Cleveland, is secretary and treasurer.

At a meeting of the Minneapolis Model Yacht Racing Association, held March 27, it was agreed to form two new classes, 35in. l.w.l., and 30in. l.w.l., the latter taking the place of the 27in. class. Its officers for 1894 are as follows: Com., C. H. Mehlin; Vice-Com., G. M. Hosack; Sec'y-Treas., John Hadden, 100 Washington avenue, N. The Minneapolis Saturday Evening Journal has promised its support to the club in the city, for which a large list of thanks was extended. The club has taken in six new members since the last report.

The Schoodic (Me.) Y. C. has arranged the following events: May 30, clam bake, Sandy Point, club and guests; June 13, special regatta, De Monts, club yachts; June 27, fish chowder, Robinson, club and guests; July 12, first cup race, Robinson, club yachts; July 30, second cup race, De Monts, club yachts; Aug. 13, open race, St. Andrews Bay, all comers; Aug. 27, third cup race, St. Andrews Bay, club yachts; Sept. 10, sail off for cup, De Monts, club yachts; Sept. 25, clam bake, Sandy Point, club and guests. Measurement rule: Load waterline plus one-fifth of the after overhang. No restriction on Mr. G. W. Luthmeyer's yacht, the above regattas must be between 15 and 30ft. waterline length. Prizes in the Mosquito Fleet class, comprising all boats under 15ft. waterline length, will also be given on some of the above dates.

An important meeting of yachtsmen was held on March 23, at the winter quarters of the Massachusetts Y. C. in Boston, representatives being present from the following clubs: Hull, Hull Cor., Winthrop, Dorchester, Massachusetts, Savin Hill, South Boston and Quincy. Mr. Percy Hodges, Savin Hill Y. C., presided, and Mr. Barclay Tilton, Hull Y. C., acted as secretary. The principal object of the conference was to arrange suitable dates for all open regattas of the clubs under whose auspices they are to be held. The extreme limits of boats to be allowed to enter the races were fixed at from 12 to 25ft. waterline inclusive. The matter of classification within these limits was discussed and was finally left to the clubs for settlement. The question of waiving club events in case they conflicted with the dates set for the open races was also left to individual preference.

McBride Brothers' fast steam launch Yankee Doodle was taken out of dry dock yesterday, and in the afternoon her boiler was put in place. To-morrow her engines will be put in and if the weather is favorable the little flyer will take her first trip up the river to-day. Nothing more has been heard from the Kingdom Company or the English yacht Hibernia, so the Yankee Doodle is open to a match race with anything afloat.—Philadelphia Record, March 25.

Coronet, schr., A. C. James, was at Wilmington N. C., on March 28. The Philadelphia Times of March 25 contains an interesting article on the Philadelphia Model Y. C.

Messrs. Waterhouse & Chesbrough have an order for a 21ft. c.b. knockabout, 30ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft, with 1,600lbs. of iron on the keel. She will have a cabin and water-tight cockpit.

Vandua, cutter, the steel 80-tonner which made Mr. Watson's name in the large classes of 1890, has been renamed Madrigal by her present owner, Mr. T. B. C. West. Vandua, with her old rival, Sacra, is now a historic vessel, marking nearly the highest point in British racing, just before the advantages of the lead keel and of improved construction were sacrificed to extreme narrow beam. Her name has been a familiar word in yachting for many years, and it is a pity that she should now be deprived of it, and her identity obscured under a more commonplace appellation.

Some statements have recently been made that Lord Dunraven could have as much racing as he desired with Valkyrie against Vigilant, Colonia or Jubilee. We believe this is perfectly correct, only the races would have to be for very large stakes in order to make them worth the doing or to make them of great international importance. However, this is not what Lord Dunraven desired, but rather to race Valkyrie in the regatta matches of the New York Y. C. and other clubs. For these races it is doubtful if Vigilant will be fitted out; at any rate, she would not be if Valkyrie took part in them. We said some time ago we did not see how the owners of the Vigilant could be blamed for their decision; by racing Vigilant against Valkyrie in open matches they had everything to lose and nothing to gain in point of prestige, and, however much we may regret that Valkyrie will not have a chance of turning the tables on Vigilant, we can scarcely find fault with the discretion which keeps Vigilant out of the way.—Field, March 24.

Mr. A. E. Abbott, of Montreal, has ordered from A. G. Cuthbert a yacht for the 18ft. class of the St. Lawrence Y. C., to be 27ft. over all, 17ft. l.w.l., 2ft. 6in. draft.

The Keystone Y. C., of Woodsburg, L. I., have elected the following officers: Pres., Frederick K. Walsh; Vice-Pres., Joseph Rotho; Sec'y, Counsellor William E. J. Treas., Benjamin Lyon, Governing Committee: Frederick K. Walsh, Dr. Edward C. Smith, Dr. George A. Wilson, Edward L. Mailler and Charles A. Frost. It was decided by unanimous vote to change the name of the organization to the Woodsburg Club. Outdoor sports and social amusements will be the features.

In the United States District Court to-day Judge Brown granted a decree to Rinaldo D. Braley against John Bell for damages done by the defendant's yacht Growler to the plaintiff's yacht She. Both men are members of the Pavonia Y. C., and on the night of Sept. 13, 1893, their yachts were anchored outside the club house at Communipaw. A severe storm arose during the night, which caused Growler to drag her anchor and foul She, doing her serious damage. The rules of the club did not prescribe the limits of anchorage ground, but Judge Brown holds that the anchorage ground of Growler was unsafe. The place was soft mud, so that anchors could not take a firm hold, and reliance on them in case of a storm was at the risk of the owner. A decree is therefore given to Braley. A referee will compute the damage.—New York Evening Post, March 24.

The Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., of Larchmont, has elected officers as follows: Com., J. H. Sterling; Vice-Com., George S. Towle; Sec'y, Frank A. Moore; Treas., George C. Murray. Trustees: Edward F. Caldwell, Frederick C. Hilliard and Chas. A. Singer.

Natalie, steam yacht, has been sold to Hippolyte for \$25,000, and the blood-curdling yarn of the capture of the yacht and the massacre of her crew proves to be without foundation.

The Toronto Mail of March 24 contains an excellent illustrated article on the Royal Canadian Y. C., with portraits of the officers.

The following are the season's fixtures of the Knickerbocker Y. C.: June 16, opening regatta, open; July 14, club regatta; Aug. 25, club regatta; Sept. 23, ladies' day, club.

Enona, schr., has been sold by Col. Hugh Cochrane to Mrs. G. B. Thompson, owner of the cutter Indra. Mrs. Thompson last season had the schooner Orynthia under charter.

The Philadelphia Y. C. has extended the courtesies of its anchorage grounds and club house at Tincum, to the officers and members of the New York Y. C. for the season of 1894.

The New Jersey Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 29, the following officers being elected: Com., Frank S. Ketchum, ship. Chrm., Vice-Com., Alfred Wenzel, ship. Warden, Rec-Com., George E. Gart and Treas., Edward V. Ketchum, Fin-Com., Bernard A. de Edin. Cor-Sec., Louis Wunder; Meas., Frank Springling. Regatta Committee: Alfred Wenzel, John W. Dickinson and William Sherman. Trustees: Edward W. Ketchum, Edward A. Stevens, Frank S. Ketchum, John W. Dickinson and Alexander Berry. The following delegates to the Yacht Racing Association were appointed by the commodore: George E. Gartland, Daniel O'Brien and Louis Wunder. The opening day was set for May 1, and the annual regatta for Tuesday, June 12.

Atalanta, schr., F. W. Savin, was launched at New London, March 27, after a thorough re-building, including the addition of 5 tons to her after overhang. Messrs. Sawyer & Son will fit her with new sails.

Barracouta, steam yacht, J. R. Fell, has been reported at St. Jago de Cuba, on March 21, whence she was to sail two or three days later for Jamaica, St. Thomas, Martinique and Barbadoes.

Lapwing, cutter, has been purchased by Morgan Wolcott, of New York, giving in part payment Nayade, cutter. Mr. Wolcott is a keen Corinthian and a cruiser. The yacht is at Manning's Basin, to overhaul and fit out.

The proposed race of model yachts at City Point on the large pond of the Marine Park, yesterday did not amount to much as a race. One intrepid Mark reader, Capt. Giles, arrived on the scene at 2 o'clock with his boat carefully tucked under his arm, but the rest, Capt. Sherslock, Frisbie and Perry, were not in evidence. Capt. Giles displayed the excellent qualities of his Ruthe H. to a knot of spectators for half an hour, then rapped her fin in paper and went home. About 3 o'clock Capt. Frisbie and Perry arrived, and the latter's new boat, with her aluminum fin and fittings, was given her first spin. She manifested a strong tendency to fall off and refused to go to windward. A few alterations were necessary, and she was then sent out as a full-fledged racer. Capt. Frisbie's boat, a beamy fin, did great work to windward in a heavy breeze with topsail set, and proved herself an able boat. Capt. Giles' boat is a 40in. fin, drawing 16in of water. She is built on the plan of the Jubilee, with fuller lines forward, she carries 9lbs. of ballast and is named for Capt. Harding's daughter.—Boston Morning Journal, March 27.

The Savin Hill Y. C. will give an open sweepstakes race April 19, for boats of 15ft. over all or under. There will also be a class for open boats or tenders. Entrance fee will be \$1, and full particulars will be given later.

Mme. Lebaudy, the owner of Semiramis, steam yacht, has given the amount received from the sale of the yacht, \$90,000, for the care and education of children who are left by their parents to their own devices.

Wenonah, centerboard sloop, has been purchased by John G. Mehan of Brooklyn through Hughes's Agency.

Smuggler, cutter, has been sold by Mr. Morgan to Messrs. Peebles & Moore of New York through Manning's Agency.

Talisman, steam yacht, has been chartered through Hughes's Agency to S. A. Maxwell.

Herald, steam yacht, has been sold by E. B. Harvey to the Venezuelan Government, and after fitting out at New London she will sail for Venezuela. The yacht was designed by J. Beaver-Webb and built by Lawley in 1884.

The racing boat designed by Stewart & Binney and building for W. De Graw of Red Bank by Thos. Biddle, will be 31ft. over all, 26ft. l.w.l. and 1ft. 6in. draft, with centerplate and rudder of Tobin bronze. The mast will be 42ft., boom 35ft. and gaff 19ft. She will be jib and mainsail rig, but with topsail.

Polly, sloop, is at Poillon's yard, where a new and larger stern is being added.

Anacanda, sloop, designed by Philip Ellsworth and owned by John G. Prague, has been sold to Com. A. J. Prime, Yonkers Corinthian Y. C., who will convert her into a schooner, Sawyer & Son making the sails.

Vamoose, steam yacht, has been sold by the Munro estate to F. T. Merrill for \$17,500, as stated.

Licia, steam yacht, H. M. Flazler, has returned to New York, being ordered home suddenly from the Southern cruise on which she lately sailed.

Intrepid, steam yacht, was at Barbados on March 17, having encountered rough weather on the passage out.

The newly organized Lake Yachting Association, of Lake Erie, will hold its first racing meeting on July 17, 18 and 19.

The Sodus Bay Y. C., of Sodus Bay, New York, on Lake Ontario, a new club, has elected the following officers: Com., A. O. Bartle; Vice-Com., F. J. B. LeFebvre; Sec'y-Treas., Wm. LeFebvre.

The race of March 27, off Nee's, was won by Britannia, beating Valkyrie by 17 minutes. On March 29, Britannia again won. Only three yachts started the steam yacht race. Roxana being first, Eros second and Forosa third.



## Cruising in the Cy-Pres-1893.

(Continued from Page 279.)

Wednesday July 12.—We were in no hurry to start, so took things easily, and it was eight o'clock before we got under way. The breeze was light from N. W. and had been growing lighter for an hour before we started, but we thought we could stem the last of the flood tide, and cross Quincy Bay before the turn, which would be about ten o'clock, and then it would be a very easy matter to drop down on the ebb to Hull, our next stopping place. We passed around the northern end of Thompson's Island, about midway between Sunken Ledge Beacon and Hanganman's Island, where there is 10 ft. of water at low tide, our course being S. S. E. by chart. The breeze gradually died down till we could not tell whether there was any air stirring or not, but as the water was as smooth as glass, we kept moving slowly along.

The chart shows a very irregular depth of water over this course, the figures for low water off Moon Island being 9 ft. A short distance further on there are three fathoms, then it shoals again to 9 ft. and quickly sinks to 3½ and 4 fathoms just before reaching Sunken Ledge. We kept the lead going constantly all the way from Moon Island to Sunken Ledge, partly because we had nothing else to do and wanted to check our work by the chart, and partly by way of practice. We found the soundings exactly as they were marked on the chart, allowing of course for the stage of water which was now about full flood.

Quincy Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, 2¼ miles long from Moon Island to Nut Island on the N. E., and about 1½ miles deep. It is well protected from easterly winds by numerous islands and reefs, and the



Hull Y. C. House.

HULL—FROM OUR ANCHORAGE.

shores are hilly and picturesque. There is an average depth of water of 7 ft. at low tide and a prettier place to sail of an afternoon would be hard to find.

The tide turned just as we passed between Hanganman's Island and Sunken Ledge Beacon, and we began to drift off to the eastward of our course, or in the direction of Nantasket Roads. We thought the ebb tide would probably run pretty strong down both sides of Peddock's Island, as the water was from four to six fathoms deep all around it, and that if we could squeeze past Nut Island we would find the tide then setting us in the direction in which we wanted to go. We therefore bore away to the south all we could and still clear the island, but for some time it was very doubtful which would prevail, the wind or the tide; and we were just debating whether it would not be best to anchor where we were and wait for more wind, when the breeze began to increase perceptibly and continued, from that on, to fan us gently along.

We ran close to Nut Island (which is not an island at all, but a comical little hill on the extreme end of Hough's Neck, which separates Quincy Bay from Hingham Bay), keeping in the shallow water between it and Pig Rock Beacon, so as to avoid the tide, which was running to the westward strong; when we got well over into the stream of Weymouth Fare River we turned N. E. and ran directly toward Hull, which was in plain view a little over two miles away. As the wind continued very light we headed for the center of the high land, wishing to be carried through Hull Gut by the swiftly rushing tide. (We found afterward that this was the correct way to do, as the best anchorage is well to the eastward of the two big spindles shown on the chart.) The sail from Nut Island is very delightful as we had enough breeze to make us slip nicely through the still water, and the tide being with us, we glided by the islands and land marks very rapidly. We were surprised and delighted at the extent and beauty of Hingham Bay and enjoyed the quiet blue water and green rolling hills. It was full of early history of this region and had many interesting things to say about nearly every prominent landmark.

We reached Hull at 1 P. M. and dropped anchor in the club house of the Hull Corinthian Y. C. As I was expecting letters here, we went on shore immediately, taking our water jug and market basket with us. We pulled up to the landing of the club house, but a big sign telling us in language more forcible than polite to keep off, stared us in the face, and we were forced to row quite a distance to the landing at the old town. We hauled our dinghy up on the float and took a look around us. The large hill is at the end of the main street, which winds around between two hills that rise quickly up from the water's edge. The western one is almost completely covered with rather plain summer cottages. They are close together and those on the water front have long stairs leading down to the beach, where there are a few bath houses. The eastern hill has very few houses on it and the top is used as a signal station, where a square white flag over one of similar size of black was flying.

We walked up the main street a short distance and found a fountain of good, cool water, that we were told was pumped from Hingham, several miles away. We left our jug at a little booth near the fountain, which was presided over by a tiny girl not more than eight years of age. The post office is a little further up the street, and on the left-hand side. It is a little one-story cottage kept by a very old woman who had some clock knacks for sale. When I asked her if she had any letters for me, she handed me a pile to look over and see for myself, remarking as she did so that that was the last mail. I told her I was expecting to get a letter here, and possibly it had come by an earlier mail, whereupon she handed me another pile, very like the first, but much dirtier, from frequent thumbing. I was disappointed at not finding anything, and, leaving my address, asked her to forward whatever might come to Plymouth or Provincetown.

The walk from the landing to the stores was long and hot. There was no breeze at all between the hills, but the sun searched out every nook and corner, and the perspiration rolled from us. The grocery store is on the right hand side of the street and over on the northwest side of the point. We could stand in the shade of the store and see George's Island and the Narrows Light almost immediately in front of us. After laying in a stock of bread, butter, eggs, cherries and ginger ale we trudged back to the fountain, where we filled our jug and bought a glass of birch beer of the little girl at the booth to pay her for taking care of the jug for us. We found we had all we could carry, and were glad to get down to the landing where we could drop our burdens.

We noticed on getting on board again that the barometer had fallen quite a little and about 4 o'clock we had quite a squall from the northward, with dark, lowering clouds and occasional spiteful bursts of rain. The wind was so strong that we thought it best to take down our awning, which shook and flapped in a very disagreeable manner, and were therefore forced to seek shelter from the storm in the cabin. We had a hot supper at 6 o'clock, and were about to turn in when we heard strains of sweet music issuing from the club house. As the rain had ceased we came out on deck and listened to the music for about an hour. It was very good, indeed, and we were close enough to hear all the more delicate passages, and to join in the applause. We were greatly annoyed by the swells from the passing steamers, which ran quite close to us, and we decided if we ever came here again that we would anchor off the landing at the foot of the main street, where we would be more out of their way, and closer to our base of supplies. We turned in about 9:30 and slept soundly and quietly. There were occasional showers during the night, but none of much violence.

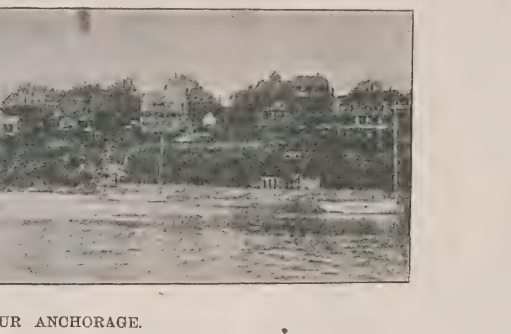
Thursday, July 13.—We were up at daybreak, and while taking our morning wash on deck were treated to a most gorgeous sunrise, as old Sol crept up behind the hill at whose foot we were anchored. We made an early start, Hingham being our objective point, as we wanted to take advantage of the young flood tide. The channel is crooked, and we knew we would be liable to get around. We passed along close to the west side of Bumpkin Island keeping a sharp lookout for the red buoy midway between it and Crow Point, so that we should not run on to Crow Point flats, where there is but one or two feet of water at low tide. The wind was light but steady, just exactly right for an exploring expedition, and it would take us anywhere we wanted to go; while we were not obliged to tend sheets, but had all our time to devote to navigating our craft in the narrow channel.

Crow Point, or Downer's Landing, is a high headland covered with cottages. There is a large hotel near the docks with a covered walk out to the pier. The steamers from Boston to Hingham stop here, both coming and going. There are boat and bath houses, and the place seemed to us a very attractive one. We ran close to the docks and straight on past them to the black buoy near Ragged Island, where we turned eastward and ran between the buoy and Chandler's

Island, keeping the island close to and on our port. We held this course till we were past Sailor Island, the third of this little group, where we turned south sharp round the end of it and at right angles with our former course. We kept close to the edge of the island till we came to two large piles, when we again turned to the east, passing between the piles. The channel from this point was more crooked than before, but plainly marked by piles and brush, for the benefit of steamboats that run up to Hingham several times a day; one of which passed us, going up, in this narrow channel.

There was scarcely room for us, our boom just grazing the buoy or mark on one side with not more than twenty feet between us and the steamer. This steamer and her mate caused us lots of trouble at Hingham and for a few moments we afforded their passengers considerable amusement. As we got up close to the docks we noticed that one steamer was just getting ready to leave, and that the other was lying in the channel just beyond waiting for her to get out of the way that she might back round the end of the pier, so as to be ready to start bow first when it should be time for her to leave. We kept well over to the right, so as to be as much out of the way as possible, and were just about to pass the first steamer when we ran aground on what proved to be the edge of a deeply dredged channel. We took in our sails at once and threw out a light kedge to prevent drifting on to the dock should we suddenly lose loose.

While we were doing this the outgoing steamer left the dock, and it seemed to us purposely, ran close to us under a full head of steam, her big sidewheels churning the water into a froth. Her rapid motion caused us to take a quick lurch toward her and brought our rail on that side close to the water's edge. As she passed us in this helpless



condition, her big swells completely drenched us, and it took all of F's strength to keep the dinghy from coming bodily on board of us; for it had drifted round broadside to us as soon as we had struck the ground. Just ahead of us there lay a big and three or four mud scows all hard aground. A dredge was at work close into the docks, deepening and widening the channel. As soon as the stage of water would admit, the tug took a loaded scow out toward the open water to dump it, and the crew of the dredge hauled one of the empty ones alongside and began filling it with the black, odoriferous mud from the bottom.

In about half an hour from the time we went around the tide had risen sufficiently to float us. The wind and the tide both being fair, we got the foresail on her and ran down past the end of the docks, anchoring in 8 ft. of water. After watching the dredge for a few minutes, we went on shore and inquired what time the next steamer would leave, as we did not relish the idea of being again caught in the narrow channel just as she was about to leave her dock. We wandered about till half past 3, when we returned to the yacht and got up our mainsail. We set the jib in stops, and were just about to break out our anchor when we noticed that the crew of the dredge were hauling another scow across the channel, and had a rope stretched right in our course.

We waited till they had things fixed to their satisfaction and then weighed anchor, breaking out the jib as it came up out of the water. The breeze had freshened somewhat, and we found we could just lay our course clear of the ends of the dock and down the channel to the first buoy or stake. We tacked back and forth, keeping in the channel most of the time, and following the same course we had come by, although there was plenty of water for us anywhere, it being nearly high water. We had a delightful sail back to Hull, the breeze freshening as we got further out into the more open water. We felt that we had explored waters not commonly sailed in, by the yachmen along the coast, and this feeling of discovery, added to the charm of the perfect day, made it, on the whole, one of the most delightful trips we had undertaken. On reaching Hull we dropped our anchor abreast of the landing at the foot of the street—spread our awning and ate our lunch.

The weather had been fine all the morning, and as far as we could see there was every indication that it would continue so, but the



SITUATE MAIN STREET—LOW TIDE.

barometer had dropped a tenth by noon. We took things pretty easily after dinner; F was below writing up the log. I was on deck reeving a new pair of jib sheets and doing other little odd jobs, of which there are so many on a yacht, when my attention was called to a rushing sound to the eastward. Looking up from my work I saw a white streak coming rapidly toward us, and in a moment we were struck by a hard gale which slatted and banged our awning about at such a terrific rate that I called F. out on deck to help me furl it. Near us lay a large catboat that had been out in the morning. The owner had gone ashore without furling the sail, leaving it down in a heap on the cockpit floor. The wind caught this loose canvas and threw the gaff up, then blew the whole sail overboard, where it thrashed and whipped about in a frantic manner for some time before the owner came out and secured it.

There were several small boats at sailing and some of them had a hard time of it. We were very sorry for two poor fellows who were out in a skiff, over near Peddock's Island and heading toward us. They luffed up in the squall when it first struck, and finding that it was "full of business," turned a reef in their single sail. They tried to beat under this reduced rig, but could not make any headway at all against the wind and ebb tide. After struggling against fate for a few minutes they took down sail, mast and all, and began to row. By this time the wind had kicked up quite a little chop in the channel, and every sea flew clear over them. It was a long hard pull and a wet one, but by persevering they finally got over to the club house landing. It took fully an hour to accomplish in that wind what they could have done in ten minutes with ease under ordinary circumstances.

All the boats in sight turned in from one to three reefs, and even then they had all they could stagger under. We were so close to the landing that we lay in perfectly still water and enjoyed the fun. Numbers of boats started out from the club house with parties on board, but all were oilskins or waterproofs of some kind. The wind died down about 6 o'clock, and by sunset it was perfectly calm. There was not a cloud in the sky of any kind, and the only indication we had

had of a change in the atmosphere was the rather sudden drop of one-tenth of an inch in the barometer. There are two large beacons or spindles off Hull that mark two rocks, the best anchorage for small boats is to the eastward of these, as the tide runs less swiftly there and the swells from the passing steamers are not so annoying.

Friday, July 14.—We arose with the sun and hurried our breakfast, as we wanted to get out through Hull Gut before the tide began to flow. The breeze was very light from northeast and we knew that if we waited until the tide got to flowing that we could not beat out at all. We weighed anchor at 5:45 and expected to find it slack water in the Gut, but were surprised to find the flood tide already running and to see how swift the current was. The tide tables gave 5:40 as the time for low water and we were not more than ten minutes late, if we were that much.

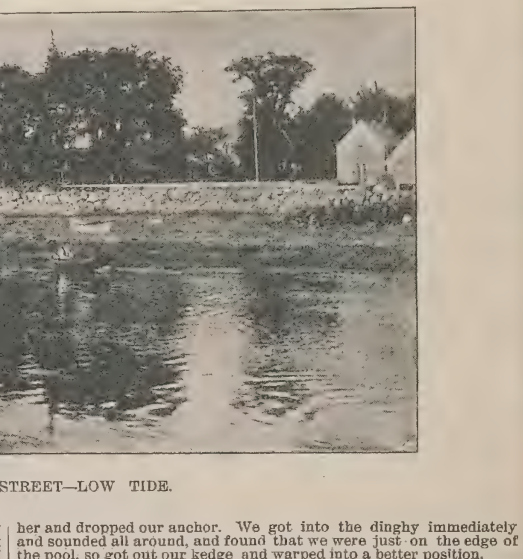
We stood across the current on starboard tack and succeeded in just clearing the point of Peddock's Island, although for a few minutes it seemed as though we would have to go about and cross the current again. We held on the starboard tack till well over to Fort Warren (George's Island), when we went about and laid our course to just clear the black buoy off Point Allerton. The breeze was a little fresher as we got out from among the islands and the seas were quite large, evidently the result of the squall we had had the day before. The Cy-pres slid up and down the big rollers in a very exhilarating manner, as the brisk breeze drove us swiftly along. We had studied the chart a good deal and thought we could find our way into Cohasset without any trouble, but on nearing the entrance to the channel we could not tell where the buoys were, and the Glades House was outside of the rocks. We could see the breakers in several places and did not dare to go in very close, fearing in the old sea then running that we might strike. We therefore ran on by all the buoys till very near to Minot's Ledge Light, when we went about and ran back, picking up the buoys in turn and following the sailing directions as laid down in Stebbin's guide book. Shag Rock is a small rocky islet plainly visible at all stages of water and the Glades House is the only large building in sight on the left hand side of the harbor. Keep the Glades House well open from Shag Rock till you pick up the Black Buoy on Jack Rock, then port your tiller and run across toward White Head. As we ran in before the wind we spoke to a fisherman in a dory and he told us to pick up a white keg buoy near White Head, which is the prominent land on the right hand side of the entrance as you go in. We found the mooring without any difficulty and slipping the bitts over the bitts were at rest once more.

I was anxious to hear from my family, so jumped into the dinghy without changing my clothes and rowed ashore. I had on an old soft felt hat, a flannel shirt, white cotton duck trousers (not very clean) and "sneakers" on my feet. The shore along which I rowed was very pretty, and wooded down to the water's edge. Numerous summer cottages occupied the point of White Head, the grounds extending back toward the village. I was surprised to find a picturesque little harbor up at the village, completely landlocked, but unfortunately dry at low tide. This little basin was full of sailing craft of all sizes, from 15 to 30 ft. long, all of the shallow centerboard type. There was a little yawl of about 35 ft. l.v.l. that particularly pleased me, and I spent some minutes rowing around her and admiring her beautiful proportions. After landing I had a long walk up to the Post Office, through a delightfully shady street. The fact that I was a stranger in a strange country was impressed very forcibly upon me. I thought to drop a postal card to my wife, but found on putting my hand in my pocket that I had no purse, and furthermore I had no knife, no trinkets, no finger ring, no scarf-pin, not even a scarf or a handkerchief to exchange for a postal card, and was forced to turn away and retrace my steps, not knowing a soul that would be willing to lend me even one cent.

The exercise of pulling the dinghy to the village was a pleasure, but I found it quite a different matter to pull back. The tide was running up the channel like a mill race, and the old sea sailing in, helped on by the breeze, made it very hard work. It was a good mile or more from the dock to the yacht, and when I reached her I was nearly played out, my hands were swollen and I was shaky in the legs. We were anxious to get out of this open harbor or cove before night, so I could not stop to rest, but got under way at once.

We had to beat out against a sharp chop and swift tide and found it very tedious doing so. Twice the breeze left us almost entirely, and we thrashed and tumbled about amazingly till we turned back to pick up the moorings again, when, just as we were ready to do so, we got a puff and decided to try it once more. We finally managed to creep out between the buoys we had passed when going in, and found more wind as we stood off shore. We seemed to ride the waves much better on the starboard tack so held on in a northwesterly direction till we could clear Minot's Ledge on port tack. This made a sail over two miles further than necessary, but, as we held a good wind off shore, we thought that we gained by it in the long run.

We rounded the breakwater at Scituate at 1:30, running over the bar in a breaking sea. The harbor is small and well protected by an artificial breakwater that runs in a S. E. direction from the old octagonal tower on the point. The channel is curved and narrow. After rounding the end of the breakwater it follows back nearly parallel with it and then turns in an easy curve off to the left and toward two spindles or beacons—one of which is on either hand. The deepest spot or pool is about two-thirds of the distance from the tower to the beacons, and in it there is about 7 ft. of water at low tide, and room enough for three or four boats to swing at their anchors. As we rounded the end of the breakwater we noticed a good-sized schooner at anchor and concluded that she was in the pool, so ran down near



her and dropped our anchor. We got into the dinghy immediately and sounded all around, and found that we were just on the edge of the pool, so got out our kedge and warped into a better position.

About an hour before low tide we were astonished to see a fleet of dories pull out past us into the shallow water just outside the bar. On inquiring what they were after we learned that they were "mossers" and were raking moss of the edible kind. They had each a long-handled rake and some of them had a long fork. They go out as far as they can at low tide and work back with the incoming tide, pulling the moss off from the rocky bottom as they go along. In two hours they can gather about one barrelful, worth \$3.50 when bleached and dried. The women and children do their share of the work, washing the moss, turning it over and over to dry and bleach, and gathering it up in piles at night or before a shower, and covering it with canvas. The gathering of the moss is the principal occupation of the seafaring folk during the summer months, and is, on the whole, a very profitable one. We counted twenty dories in the fleet and all were painted or decorated in some peculiar manner, so that they could be easily recognized by any one at all familiar with them.

We had not been in the harbor very long when a small schooner about 27 ft. long came down from the village and dropped anchor near us. She was a dilapidated-looking craft, with dirty and torn sails and a smashed trail. Her crew was made up of a man and his two sons. The father proved to be an old soldier, and was very talkative; we invited him on board and he amused us for an hour telling about his army experience and his adventures on the water. He purchased the little schooner without knowing a single thing about sailing, and his description of the various scrapes he got into was very funny. After eating our lunch we went up to the village, a very quaint, old-fashioned town, the principal street winding along the water. Hand-some old residences are mixed in with fish houses and coal yards. I took several pictures of the town from the water and a few of the surroundings of the harbor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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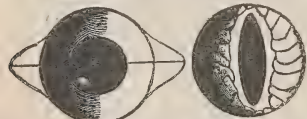
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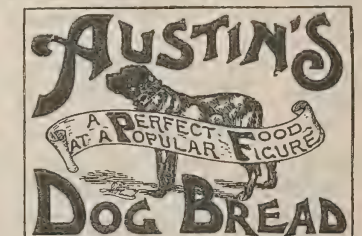


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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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## "Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

IN February of 1887, in the face of, or on the heels of, the disastrous Schwatka expedition, the FOREST AND STREAM dispatched Mr. Elwood Hofer, as a special commissioner, to make a snowshoe exploration of the Yellowstone Park. Commissioner Hofer accomplished his mission successfully and with much credit; and his account of the exploration with its results was contributed to our columns in a series of extremely interesting chapters describing "Winter in Wonderland." The story was extensively copied by the daily press, and we believe had an important influence in the making of public opinion favorable to the Park. So rich was the store of information then obtained, so valuable the facts ascertained, so fascinating the story of adventures amid the tremendous scenery of the Park—that it was determined to repeat the undertaking whenever the occasion should arise to demand it.

That occasion came with 1894. For with the assurance of raids on the territory of the Park by conscienceless money-hunters in the United States Congress, there came to us rumors of projected raids by no less conscienceless head-hunters on the game of the Yellowstone. In view of these things the expedition was sent out.

The events of the past few weeks have abundantly justified our prevision. The Park has been assailed in Congress. The buffalo butchers have committed their depredations. Now, if ever, there is need of direct, authentic, first-hand information about the Park and its game. Now, if ever, the time has come to sound a call which shall awaken anew public interest, and direct the attention of the public to those priceless possessions of the public which can be protected only by the activity and the voice of the public.

Last month the FOREST AND STREAM'S Yellowstone Park Game Exploration party was equipped for an extended snowshoe expedition, and set out upon its work, Mr. E. Hough, our Chicago and the West staff correspondent, and Mr. Elwood Hofer, of the Mammoth Hot Springs, being equal in command. Comradeship in the Boone and Crockett Club Cabin of the World's Fair had tried and proved their camp compatibility; and no two

men ever put on snowshoes for a wilderness tour better equipped than they with lively interest in their cause and alertness and intelligence for its successful prosecution.

The first fruits of the exploration have already come to us in a personal letter from Mr. Hough telling of the diminution of the buffalo of the Park and of the raids of trophy thieves. Extracts from this letter are given on another page. When the whole story shall be told, as it will be with every detail, the facts will demonstrate anew the crying urgency for action by our apathetic Congress.

We need not add that the new pictures of "Winter in Wonderland," which are in store for readers of FOREST AND STREAM, will be awaited with high expectation. The graphic pen of our versatile correspondent has never had a worthier task than the picturing of the Yellowstone in the time of its winter enchantment. And if all shall go well there will be some big-game photographs, taken by FOREST AND STREAM cameras, which will prove notable additions to the series already published in our columns.

## SAVE THE PARK BUFFALO.

IT is but a short time since we announced the capture of a poacher in the National Park, and the fact that he had killed eleven buffalo, and this announcement greatly surprised and alarmed all who are interested in the National Park and all public-spirited citizens as well.

In another column we quote statements contained in a private letter received from our staff correspondent in the National Park, and these statements show that the condition of things there, so far as the buffalo are concerned, is infinitely worse than any one had supposed. Besides the buffalo known to have been killed by Howell, Messrs. Hough and Hofer, of the FOREST AND STREAM Yellowstone Park Game Exploration, discovered in another place eight buffalo carcasses scattered over the hillside and buried under 4ft. of snow. The date at which these were killed has not yet been determined, as it was impossible with the means at hand for the travelers to get to the carcasses.

There seems now to be little doubt that within the last year or two a wholesale slaughter has been taking place among our buffalo preserved in the Yellowstone Park. It was believed that these, if they had been protected, would by natural increase have reached four or five hundred by this time, but if the herd has been preyed on by poachers in other years as it has in the winter of 1893-4, we can well imagine that two hundred or two hundred and fifty is the outside limit for the buffalo in the Park.

As we stated a few days ago, Congress has put a premium on the head of every one of these great beasts. Any man is free to enter the National Park and kill them, and knows that—even if taken in the act—no punishment can be inflicted on him. The chances against his capture are considerable, and even if he is taken, the only inconvenience that he suffers is a confiscation of his outfit, amounting to but a few dollars in value, and a few weeks discomfort in the guard house. Against this there is the prospect of selling for \$200 or \$300 the head of every buffalo which he has killed, and in the deep snows of winter there would be no difficulty in killing in the course of three or four days, all the buffalo in the Hayden Valley, which, as our correspondent reports, are now not more than from seventy-five to one hundred head.

It is not surprising that sportsmen and many of the newspapers of the country are stirred up about this matter, nor that a number of police bills have been introduced in Congress to remedy the existing state of things. Most of the bills introduced thus far are entirely inadequate, partly because they have been drawn by persons who are not familiar with the condition of things in the Park, and so are ignorant of what is required in such a bill. It is somewhat absurd to provide the penalty of a fine of \$100 for killing a buffalo, when it is perfectly well known that if a man kills one and succeeds in getting its head out of the Park, he can obtain for it three times the amount of the possible fine. On the other hand the penalties should not be so severe as to excite sympathy for the law breaker, and so to render the law inoperative.

We have already said that these animals are Government property, and that injury to them should be punished in the same way as injury to any other Govern-

ment property. The Yellowstone Park has by law been distinctly set aside as a public Park or pleasuring ground for the people, and the natural objects in it, whether animate or inanimate, belong to the public. It is the business of the Government, which acts for the people, to protect this property which belongs to those whom it represents. The executive branch of the Government has done and is doing all in its power to furnish this protection, but the legislative branch has failed and continues to fail to do its duty, for it refuses to provide methods and means for enforcing the protection which it has authorized in the organic act establishing the Park.

We suggest that every reader of FOREST AND STREAM who is interested in the Park or in natural history, or in the things pertaining to America, should write to his Senator and Representative in Congress, asking them to take an active interest in the protection of the Park. In no other way can Congress be made to feel the force of public opinion, and be induced to enact the necessary laws for the protection of the National Park.

## SNAP SHOTS.

If you visit the Greatest Show on Earth you will observe that of all the brute performers, horses, donkeys, bears, lions, dogs, monkeys, elephants, the dog is the only one that shows any recognition of the audience. All the rest go through their tasks as stolidly as if they were in the solitude of the wilderness, with never a look to the right or the left, from the time they enter the arena to the moment of going out again. But no sooner does the dog come in than he looks about the vast auditorium; with eye and ear and wag of tail—and all the canine modes of expression—he recognizes the thousands who are looking at him; and never through all the performance does he forget that he is going through his part in the presence of spectators. In the intervals of the acts, the trick elephant stands stolid, an inert mass; but the dog improves the opportunity to glance about at the people and to give them a wag which is canine for a wink. Thus the animal show of the circus exhibits anew the human companionability of the dog above that of all other brute creatures.

FOREST AND STREAM'S yachting editor, Mr. Stephens, has a little Scotch-Yorkshire-Skye terrier about four months old. Last week, while playing in the road in front of the house, this puppy was run over by a passing wagon and lay in a rut, unable to move. He had been playing with a fox-terrier, which, seeing another wagon coming along, and evidently appreciating the disabled condition of his young friend, deliberately put his nose under the puppy's body and pushed him out of the rut before the wagon passed. Then the fox-terrier ran to the house door and barked until he attracted the attention of the inmates, who at once hastened to rescue his disabled friend. The two legs on one side were found to be broken. These were put in splints, and the puppy is now in a fair way to recovery, for on Sunday he walked twenty feet and down a flight of stairs on the remaining two sound legs. The fox-terrier cannot boast a pedigree, but this is little consequence when his heart and head are evidently in the right place.

Carrier pigeons are employed in the lake fisheries to some extent. Cleveland (Ohio) companies are said to supply each of their boats with two birds, the first of which is set free after the nets have been drawn. This bird bears a note announcing the size and character of the catch in order that the necessary preparations may be made for receiving it at the wharf and for communicating with the buyers. The second pigeon is held in reserve to give notice of any accident or danger.

Senator Lindsay of Kentucky having been removed to a higher sphere of usefulness, the Legislature of that State has at last adopted the long-fought-for measure to forbid the seining of fish in inland waters. Now that there promises to be an end of indiscriminate destruction there will be some encouragement for the stocking of Kentucky streams with fish of old and new varieties.

The Russian Government is about to found two chairs for instruction in pisciculture. One will be at the Forestry Institute of St. Petersburg and the other at the Rural Economy Station at New Alexandria.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XXVII.

Under Clear Skies.

AS with swift strides that seemed too slow to carry home the good news to its inmates Sam topped the crest of a pasture knoll, he became aware of a familiar odor of rank tobacco too late to avoid its source, for in the next moment he was confronted by Antoine making a short cut homeward from his day's chopping.

"Hill-o, Sam. Dat was you, don't it. Wal, Ah 'll ant s'pose probly you'll felt for went huntin'. Wal, you do pooty good for gat dat fox. Say, Sam, ant he too bad baout dat Bascoms howe up everee body an' run hesef away. Dat was too shem. Dey say dat poor hol Buttle gal mos' crazy in hees head for loss hees two honed dollar, an' de widder Needham mos' as crazy for glad she ant marree it, and, seh, dey was tol' dey was constubble you all up, an' was goin' for sol' you all aout. But it was mek you felt good yet for gat dat fox ant he? You was look pooty good nachel, hein? Ah tol' you, Ah was felt bad for you, Sam, an' all of it. What all we goin' do if Onc' Lasha broke off hees shaup for loafin' place, hein? Mees Purintim say he'll gat for go on taown, an' Aunt Jerushy. O, dat was too shem. Ah tol' you Sam, if Ah 'll can fan all de money dat hol feller bury Ah 'll len' you of it an' set you all up."

"I'm b'legged to ye, Antwine," Sam answered at the first opportunity given him, "but I guess I'm goin' to git things straightened aout an' I shouldn't wonder ef we c'd continner right on a-hevin' settin' in the shop. But I've got to be a-moggin; good evenin'," and he pushed on, leaving the Canadian staring after him, for once in his life speechless with wonder, till he ejaculated with a deep-drawn sigh:

"Ah b'lieved he was be so troublesomed it mek it crazy in hees head. Ah dat was too bad for heem." Overwhelmed by a sudden suspicion he exclaimed, "By tunder! Ah bet he fan dat money. Dat too bad for me."

When Sam saw his own house light shining through the early autumnal gloaming, chimney and roof taking form against the hazy sky and nebulous glimmer of re-lighted stars, and traced the dusky slopes and swells of meadow and pasture, they had never seemed so dear as now with the sense of re-established possession.

Now he could see Huldah appear at one of the kitchen windows whose welcoming light he had seen on the hill afar, and knew she was looking out for him as she doubtless had done for countless times since the shadows began to blend with the hazy twilight, and the crickets, warmed to life again, chirped faintly in farewell concert.

Huldah's face, sadly sobered of late, brightened at the sight of her husband's, and its brightness was mingled with surprise when she noted its unexpected cheerfulness.

"Why, Sam, you must ha' had 'stor'nary luck a-huntin' erless you faoun' a better farm 'an what you expected to, up in the maountain."

"I hev hed a streak o' luck in the woods ag'in, Huld," he said; and when he had hung up his gun and kissed his boy, he beckoned her to the bedroom and told her his story.

Aunt Jerusha's face, sober almost to sadness, yet calm with the peace conquered in many trials, met his in questioning surprise and caught a reflection of its renewed cheerfulness as he passed her, saying:

"I've fetched home good news, Aunt Jerushy, Huld 'll tell ye;" and going into the shop he imparted it to his father and Uncle Lisha.

Before the evening was far spent, Pelatiah, Joseph Hill and Solon came in, assuming a cheerfulness of speech that their funeral faces belied. Influenced by the happy, care-free manner pervading the shop, the old comrades drifted into the familiar channels of discourse. At length, unable longer to restrain his curiosity, Solon said:

"Samule, we come in to express our symptoms, it bein' understood quite gin'ral 'at you had got revolved pecuniary w' that aire Bascom, an' him hev'in' absquated."

"We've felt dreffly 'baout it up to aour haouse," Joseph broke in with his deliberate drawl. "I tol' Mari 'at I do know 's I ever hearn father talk so much about anythin' thaout 't was Ticonderogue, an' he 's cussed Bascom baout as bad as he ever did Tories. Seem 's 'ough, but I d' know."

"By gin'ral hints," Solon continued, "sence we here assembled I've gathered 'at you've ben reimbusted. Be we so to understand it, an' ef so wherefore an' whyfore?"

Sam tilted his chair backward, stretched his legs straight out before him, clasped his hands behind his head and fixed his eyes upon the dingy ceiling.

"Mebby," he said after a considerable pause, during which the hum of the women's voices, his father's careful feeding of the stove and the clatter of the baby's playthings could be heard in the kitchen, "Mebby I've got a rich uncle 'at you never heard on, an' mebbey I've busted into a bank an' mebbey I've faoun' a ore bed hendy to the Forge, an' mebbey I've diskivered perpet'al motion. Bimeby you 'll know, but take my word for 't, things is all right an' we're goin' to keep right on a-visitin' in this ere shop. But the's one thing we do want'er fergit, the fust run o' sleddin' at we git, an' that is to tu all han's turn aout an' draw up them Buttle's gals a big wood pile. They've lost all the savin's an' haint got no rich uncle. An' now I've got to git that boy to sleep."

The lives of the Danvis Folks resumed their ordinary tranquil course.

For me, Time has touched them as lightly as it has the crowns of their own mountains, which centuries have not changed.

I find myself forgetful of the lapse of fifty years, thinking of my old friends as yet alive, preserving the quaintness of speech, the homely pastimes, the simplicity of dress and manners and above all the neighborly kindness that belonged to their day and generation, untouched by the strifes and ambitions and changes of the busy world that chafes and beats around them, and without a desire for a part therein.

The uneventful day is spent. The shadows of the mountains and the early twilight creep across the quiet valley. Out of the dusk and deepening gloom homestead lights

shine forth like stars in a nether sky and after a time go out, one by one.

I cannot say farewell as if the lights of my old friends were extinguished forever, but only good night.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

## ALONG THE MINNESOTA RIVER.

YEARS ago, when the "Twin Cities" were infants in swaddling clothes, when Fort Snelling existed in much of its primitive picturesqueness ere the incoming tide of immigration had peopled the surrounding territory, drained the sloughs and marshes and transformed the boundless prairies into cultivated farms, when ducks in countless numbers swarmed on lakes and ponds that were found in every valley and hollow along this river, when the "scaipe" of the gamy little snipe was heard at almost every footstep as we tramped the marshes, when our pointers and setters could still find prairie chicken within the low limits of the two cities.

A bright day in October, in this halcyon time, my friend P. and myself set out for one of our favorite resorts, on the Minnesota River. Leaving home on the C. M. & St. P. R. R. we were soon at Fort Snelling, where the Minnesota merges itself in the "Father of Waters."

Crossing on the old ferry we soon had out our birch bark canoe, bought on a previous trip for the munificent sum of four dollars from a degenerate son of the noble redman, whose tribe had their lodges at the nearby village of Mendota, the long-time home of the late General Sibley, a pioneer famous in the early history of Minnesota and afterward Governor of the State. Its resting place had been in the old ferryman's poultry house. A careful examination showed us that before trusting ourselves in our frail bark sundry repairs would be necessary, but we were prepared for this emergency, sad experiences in the past having taught wisdom, and with the pitch and tow brought for the purpose we soon had the cracks and seams patched and our craft was pronounced seaworthy.

Launching the canoe, after filling it about half full of straw upon which we spread a rubber blanket, lunch basket and other traps were snugly stowed away, and with guns handy for a chance shot, our voyage up the river began. The Minnesota River is a pretty stream as it winds its way with many a twist and turn; its banks are low and fringed with bushes and trees; most of the foliage is gone now, but the bare trunks and limbs are almost concealed by the tangled mass of vines and creepers; an overhanging tree is encircled by a huge wild grapevine, and from the limbs hang immense quantities of grapes. The sunshine and frost have given them a delicious flavor, and we have but to steady our boat and reach up to gather all we wish. The hardy scrub oak still retains its dark green leaves, which mingled with the clusters of berries of the bittersweet form a pretty picture. Wild plums, cherries and the brilliant red of thorn apples, add to the beauty of the scenery and afford feasts for countless birds of all varieties, that, thronging their branches, give life and music to the charm of our surroundings.

The profusion of berries had tempted here many of the most rare and beautiful birds. The tanager, who had changed his spring jacket of scarlet, was still beautiful in his summer tints of green and yellow; an oriole clothed in bright orange and black still lingered; the golden-winged woodpecker, the belted kingfisher, the gaudy but disagreeably noisy bluejay, tiny warblers of all kinds, were here, while from the adjacent marshes rose thousands of blackbirds, from the common every-day, plain blackbird to red-winged starling, and the yellow-headed, the handsomest of all varieties. Animal life was not confined to birds alone. Every now and then the stillness of the river was broken by the plunge of a muskrat; squirrels, gray, black and red, chattered defiance, and as we silently rounded a bend, an otter was seen gracefully sliding down the bank into the water. The stream is sluggish, and our light boat moves so easily that I have dropped my paddle, leaving the work for P., who is an adept in the business, and have been lazily smoking my pipe and enjoying the many pleasant sights and incidents, but we are to leave the river, and have some hard work before us.

A tiny little brook comes in here, too small to float a boat at its mouth, but up it we must go. The beauties of a birch bark are now shown; a quarter of a mile up, the stream widens out and is deeper and for a short distance a boat will float. A short carry along an old wood road, with a corduroy bridge across the stream is soon made, the lightness of our boat making it an easy one, and we are again afloat but with so little water under us that the boat will only carry one, and that one will have to wade and drag the boat half the time. P. kindly volunteers and is generally allowed the honor; with my gun I stroll through the woods for perhaps a mile as the creek winds and turns, though really our destination is less than a mile from the river. Coming again to the boat at the end of the woods I re-embark; the stream is now swift and deep, running through vast beds of wild rice with many a turn that brings us at last into an open bit of water, dotted all over with clumps of grass and wild rice. Before leaving this spot we push a pole into the soft mud and tie a handkerchief to it, as without this landmark the opening to the creek may be sought for unsuccessfully for hours.

Selecting a well known spot, in the usual line of flight, our little boat is pushed well into the rice, the broken and bent stalks are straightened up and bent around and over the boat until our blind is perfect.

The day has been bright and warm so far, but as the morning grows into afternoon there comes a little cloudiness, a suspicion of what later in the season might be snow; all the better for ducks we think, for ducks are what we are after, and, as the sequel proved, ducks we were to get. We had not long to wait; they came early and stayed late. First came a flock of blue-winged teal; a right and left from P. with a miss and kill from myself brought three of them to bag, and the ball was opened; then for an hour or more flock after flock of teal flashed by, the air was full of them and they fell to the right of us and to the left. As there came a lull in the flight, we moved out from the rice and picked up the dead birds, and a goodly number we had.

Hardly had we regained the shelter of our blind before the birds began coming in again, and now came mallards, bluebills and black ducks. We were more particular now and picked out the birds we wanted, leaving the rest to pass by unharmed. Large flocks of the lesser ducks would settle in the water near us, only to take wing

again as our guns spoke to some of their more aristocratic brethren, but although "man may make the forenoon, God makes the afternoon," as a dear old hunting companion used to say, and we have got to get through the creek before dark, and the river is a long way off, so we hasten to gather up the last birds shot and find our way to the head of the creek. We cannot see our pole, but we go to where we know it is, and it is not there; the openings all look alike to us and we paddle from one to the other, every now and then sure that we have found it, but after paddling a while only bringing up in a *cul de sac*.

The twilight is short and we know that darkness will soon overtake us. Something must be done. The shores are entirely surrounded with a dense growth of wild rice through which we cannot get our boat, neither can we get ourselves through without the boat. The dismal prospect of spending the night in the little canoe begins to force itself upon our minds; we have about given up hope of finding the creek, thinking as it proved that our pole had fallen. Looking toward the west the reflection of the dying sun enables us to see some objects, but around us it is rapidly growing from dusk to darkness, still we somewhat mechanically keep our paddles going while the situation is discussed. Guiding the boat close to the margin of rice, hoping to find some opening through which we can reach solid ground, our hopes are partially realized; we find a rock way out in this marsh, a rock large enough to land upon, and our long confinement in the boat makes us mighty glad to stretch our limbs on this bit of ground.

Landing, we pull the canoe up and secure it, then explore a little. We seem to be on an island, three sides are surrounded by water, the fourth seems to be a very wet meadow, over which in daylight we could probably make our way, but it is not to be thought of at this time as these wild meadows, marshes, which at times are dry enough to cut the grass upon, are treacherous; water holes abound and the upper crust is thin, you may stand upon it in places and shake whole acres, but not far from us we see a haystack; this we will reach. We go to it and find it in rather a wet place, so return to our rock of refuge, each with a large armful of dry hay; we light some of it, and by the blaze see the extent of our dominion, and also that a fallen tree, the only one probably that ever stood there, will furnish us fuel. A fire is soon built, the coffee-pot put to boil, a couple of ducks skinned (as the easiest way of preparing them) and broiled. After the inner man is satisfied we feel better and set about providing beds; another trip to the haystack and enough is provided to soften the rock; a crevice some two feet deep and a foot in width in our rock furnishes us with a fire-place, into which the remains of our fire are swept; the rock has been heated by the fire and our beds soon occupy the spot; our only blanket, the rubber one in the canoe, is fastened up about two feet high over our beds and we crawl in, first replenishing the fire and providing more wood, for the night is cold.

Our work has taken time; it is nearly 11 o'clock and we are weary; we do not have to woo the drowsy god, he is waiting for us and folds us in his arms and wraps his mantle around us, and we sleep as quietly as an infant in its mother's arms; but after a couple of hours I awake with the sensation that my feet and legs must be frozen. As I rouse up and rebuild the fire, I notice that a quantity of loose flat stones where our fire has been have become thoroughly heated. With thick gloves I secured a number of them. Then building up a good fire I returned to bed, and placing the heated stones around me become warmed through and sleep soundly until morning. The thick white frost over everything in the morning gives evidence of the coldness of the night; but we have not suffered. Our breakfast, a repetition of our supper, is prepared and finished before daylight.

Long before the eye can discern them the whistling wings of the early incoming ducks make music for our ears, and ever and anon countless shadowy forms darken, for a moment the faint line of color which appears heralding the coming of the day god, and slowly widens and spreads over the horizon until the whole eastern sky becomes one mass of rose-tinted flame. The water beneath us, covered with myriads of birds, reflects the colors of the heavens, and the twilight of early morning is dispelled by the glories of the rising sun. We lie and watch the birds silently as we smoke our pipes, and find as much enjoyment in noting their ways as we had the day before in bringing them to bag. The true sportsman is not a game butcher and does not find all his pleasure in the mere killing of game, noting the many different varieties, studying their habits and learning of nature its part, if not the highest part, of his enjoyment.

It is Sunday morning. We do not usually shoot on Sundays and do not care to this morning; we have birds enough, and the charm of everything about us seems too sweet to be rudely broken. After a time we silently unfasten our boat, and hardly ruffling the water, glide softly over it, but our appearance is the signal for alarm, and with great commotion and fluttering the birds are on the wing. We readily find the creek in the daylight, and are soon through it and back in the river; the slow current carries us quietly along, and we reach the ferry about noon. We have loitered idly by the way, and consumed much time, but the hours have not been wasted, and we shall never regret them; we have been alone with nature's God and have learned lessons that will not be forgotten; we have gained in health by our outing, and can take up the battle of life with new courage and faith. If we have done no good, we have at least done no harm, and is not that day well spent wherein we can say "we have nothing to regret?" Go thou, reader, and do likewise:

"If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

EVERETT O'DONNELL.

## The Better Way.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Bravo for Rowland E. Robinson! To have the true-hearted hunter, Sam Lovel, escape his threatened ruin in the fragrant forests of his beloved mountains is a far better ending to his troubles than to pursue the man that wronged him, and with "ol' ore bed" and the chase with a homicide.

HORACE B. DERBY,

ALBANY, N. Y.



Natural History.

THE STRANGE ANIMALS OF THIBET.

THIBET has long been a land of mystery, it is only quite recently that any reliable information on its physical features and natural productions has reached the outer world, and to this day it continues to be the least known section of the globe in all senses. It is such an immense region, so isolated by natural and artificial barriers, and so peculiar in its conditions that it would indeed have been a wonder had its zoological productions not proved new and strange in a degree unknown since the discovery of America and Australia.

It was in fact a virgin field for the zoologist when in 1869 the Catholic missionary, Abbé Armand David, went to live in one of the valleys of the district known as the Moupin, and there collected in a few months the specimens that were forwarded to Professor Alphonse Milne-Edwards, of Paris, and formed the material for the studies that he afterward published in his "Researches on the Mammals of Eastern Thibet."

Attention is directed anew to the fauna of this region by the paper on the collections made recently by Prince Henri of Orleans, read by Prof. A. Milne-Edwards at the International Zoological Congress, at Moscow, in 1892, and recently published. While the results of l'Abbé Armand David's explorations are known to zoologists, to many readers they will be wholly new.

Prof. Milne-Edwards proceeds to examine in detail the various mammals that the indefatigable missionary discovered in less than a year. In all there are forty of these; some thirty odd are new to science and the rest are extremely rare; many are types of new genera, while not a few represent new families, and this among large mammals. What a naturalist's paradise! Truly Thibet is to the world just now what Mexico is to America.

The attention of the general observer of this collection would at once be arrested by the coon-bear, on account of its great size and extraordinary appearance.

This animal, *Ailuropus melanoleucus* (till now unknown to science), looks much like a large black and white bear; but according to Prof. Edwards it is structurally not a true bear at all. In its dentition it approaches rather to the hyenas and the cats, while its feet remind one of the panda or Asiatic raccoon (*Ailurus*), whence the name that it has received—*Ailuropus* or "Ailurus-footed." The cranium, again, differs extremely from the types of *Mustelidae* as well as from that of the *Hyena*, and supports the claim of a new group for the species. Its feet, as seen below, are not truly plantigrade, as in bears and coons, but resemble the semi-plantigrade feet of the panda. The fur is like that of a bear, and the curious coloration is the same in all ages and sexes.

"The *Ailuropus* inhabits the most inaccessible mountains of eastern Thibet, and never descends from these retreats to ravage the fields, as does the black bear, and the chase of this animal presents very great difficulties. It feeds principally on roots, bamboos and other vegetables.

"According to the information furnished to the Abbé David by the hunters of Moupin, it attains to a very great size; but the adult male, of which the museum possesses the skin, is not so large as our Pyrenean brown bear. He measures from the point of the nose to the base of the tail (following the curves of the back) 1.50 meters [about 4ft. 9in.], and his height at the withers is .66 meters [about 25in.]."

Not less curious to the zoologist will be found the beautiful little *Nectogale elegans*, a sort of large shrew with the habits of an otter.

"The Abbé A. David discovered this curious insectivore on the margins of the fierce torrents which descend from the mountains of Moupin. In these it swims and dives with remarkable ease in spite of the rapidity of the current, and gives active chase to the smaller fish. Although it is not rare it is difficult to secure specimens on account of the peculiar manner in which it lives; it is necessary to

drain the little stream and pursue the animal into the bottom of the holes in which it takes refuge.

Another curiosity is the weeping muntjac or *Cervulus lacrimans*, a tiny deer only 16in. in height at the withers. It has remarkably long pedicels for its horns and almost no horns at all, so that in a sense it may be said to shed only the tips of its antlers. Its immense tusks are another remarkable feature.

The budorcas (*Budorcas taxicola tibetana*) is characterized by Milne-Edwards as one of the most remarkable animals of the Thibetan fauna. "It is one of those animals with mixed characters, which seem to have borrowed the peculiarities of their organization from several very distinct types; it has affinities at the same time with the antelope, the sheep and the bovine families.

"The budorcas, far from being an animal of light and elegant shape, formed for speed, as are most of the ante-

lopes, is thick-set and low on its feet. Its head is heavy and its neck short; its chest is broad, its body massive and its limbs extremely robust; it seems to be organized for climbing on steep declivities and to rush upon its enemies after the manner of the Cape buffalo and the musk-ox, rather than to bound lightly and to save itself from danger by flight. In short it is seen only on the high mountains, and the hunters assert that it is very formidable. \* \* \*

"According to the information which they gave to the Abbé David this species lives on the steepest and most densely wooded declivities of the highest mountains. It



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP OR BIGHORN.

does not go far from these excepting during the night to feed. In winter, when all the mountains are covered with snow, it retires to the highest naked summits, where at this season the snow never falls, and where it finds abundance of long dry herbs on the steep banks exposed to the sun, which has melted the snow which fell in summer and autumn.

"The budorcas seems to be quite common on all the great mountains of eastern Thibet; it ranges as far as those of western Se-tchouan. It lives generally alone or in small bands. However, it seems that in the month of June they are found in large herds.

"Its strong and sharp horns inspire the hunters with



POLO SHEEP.

dread, and they prefer to take the animal in traps rather than to pursue it with firearms.

"The cry of the budorcas is a low, very deep bellowing; it snorts loudly when it is alarmed. Its dung is hard and round, like that of sheep and goats, and not confluent like that of cattle.

"The total length of a young male, following the curves from the end of the nose to the base of the tail was 2.13 meters [about 7ft.]; height at the withers 1.02 [about 40in.]."

Other animals of great interest are one or two species of flying squirrel, one of these *Pteromys albo-rufus*, a giant measuring in total length some 40in., being in fact the size of a small fox. Several species of true *Mus*, at least three species of *Lagomys*, or tailless dwarf hare, deer, marmots, martens, etc., corresponding in a measure with our own, as well as monkeys, leopards and pheasants, of which we have no representatives. Other animal wonders of this vast landlocked continent, not encountered by David, are the pale, or snow, tiger, the white, or snow, leopard, the Thibetan bear, the yak, or grunting ox, and the ailurus, or Asiatic raccoon, with its wonderful rainbow fur, and several large species of mountain sheep and goat, some of them somewhat like our bighorn; but the monarch of them all, the king of the bighorns, the great Polo sheep, is worthy of more than merely categorical notice.

This magnificent animal was discovered and described by Marco Polo several centuries ago when he made his famous journey into Asia. But nothing more was heard of the creature, and in time men came to believe that the great Polo had been indulging in a traveler's romance and had founded his account of the fabulous horns on the very poor foundation presented by the horns of a Himalayan wild sheep. Recently, however, the further exploration of western Thibet has led to the re-discovery of the great sheep. From one of the specimens brought by Messrs. de Breteuil and Ridgway from the Pamir I made the herewith drawing, and from a specimen alongside in the same case I made the sketch of the American bighorn. They are drawn to the same scale and the reader who knows the Rocky Mountain species can make comparisons for himself.

In 1840, Mr. Blyth read before the Zoological Society of London, a paper on the genus *Ovis*, in which he introduced to the scientific world the great Polo sheep. He makes the following remarks:

"*Ovis polii*, nobis (the Pamir sheep). In the narrative of the celebrated Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, we read (in Marsden's edition, p. 142), that upon the elevated plain of Pamir, eastward of Bokhara, and which is 16,000ft. above the sea level, 'wild animals are met with in great numbers, particularly sheep of a large size, having horns, three, four and even six palms in length. The shepherds form ladders and vessels of them for holding their victuals. They also construct fences for inclosing their cattle, and securing them against the wolves, with which they say

the country is infested, and which likewise destroy many of the wild sheep or goats. \* \* \*

Mr. Blyth had nothing but a pair of horns to found his description on, but a second pair was found, and in 1860 a third pair found their way to London. It was not, however, until 1874 that a complete skin was procured and described by Dr. Stoliczka in the Proc. Zoo. Soc., with a colored plate of the animal.

Travelers and sportsmen have added to our information from time to time since then, and recently in a work on the "Mammalia of India," by Sterndale, we have the following facts: The weight of an adult Polo sheep is from 576 to 612lbs., the head and horns weighing over 72lbs. He also mentions a pair that was 48in. from tip to tip, 14in. girth at the base and 73in. "round the curve." The last measurement evidently means of one horn, which would give 12ft. 2in. as the total length of the pair. Another pair mentioned were nearly 5ft. from tip to tip, and 16in. in girth at the base seems common, while Stoliczka mentions a pair that were each 18in. in girth.

The concluding paragraph of the describer is as follows: "Large flocks of *Ovis polii* were observed on the undulating high plateau to the south of the Chadow-Kul, where grass vegetation is abundant. At the time the officers of the mission visited this ground, i. e., in the beginning of January, it was the rutting season. The characters of the ground upon the Pamir and upon the part of the Thian Shan inhabited by these wild sheep are exactly similar."

From this it would seem that this is not an Alpine species like the American bighorn, but rather an inhabitant of the plateaus and foothills outskirting the great backbone of Asia on the north.

The original describer having nothing but the horns, supposed a much larger animal than it really is, but still it is considerably larger than our bighorn, while the great size of his majestic horns renders them a fitting crown for him as king of all the bighorn race.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

The paper above referred to, read by Prof. A. Milne-Edwards before the International Zoological Congress at Moscow, enumerates a great number of species contained in the collection of Prince Henri of Orleans. On the slopes of the Tien-Tsin Mountains of Chinese Turkestan are found many large mammals very different from those of Europe and also different from those of Thibet. There are wolves, bears, deer, roe deer, tigers and panthers, while on the elevated and arid desert at the foot of these mountains gazelles are very abundant, as are also foxes, a cat somewhat resembling one of the smaller cats of northern Africa, and wild camels in small herds.

On the higher land between Turkestan and Thibet are the great Polo sheep and the burrell sheep, gazelle, wild yaks and wild asses.

Southwest from here in the mountain country, covered with forests of coniferous trees, monkeys are abundant, some of them with long, thick fur, and living even up among the snow. Here, too, are found many species of cats, the panthers being the largest. Wolves and wild dogs, foxes, skunks and martens are all common, and there are at least two bears, as well as one species of raccoon-bear. *Ailuropus*, however, is not found in this region. Among the rodents are many squirrels, a ground hog, several mice and hares, as well as two species of *Lagomys*.

Ruminant mammals are also numerous here. Two of them are wild yaks, another is a large antelope which belongs to the same group with the American white goat, two musk deer, a roe buck and a rusa deer.

The collection is one of extreme interest, and the species contained in it show more or less resemblance to many Chinese forms, while also possessing certain peculiar characters which are not found elsewhere.

An American traveler, Mr. W. W. Rockhill, now residing in this country, has several times penetrated into the very heart of Thibet, and indeed has traversed it from end to end. As Mr. Rockhill is not only an explorer and



BUDORCAS.



WEeping MUNTJAC.

geographer, but a sportsman as well, it is to be hoped that before long he will give his countrymen the benefit of some of his experience with the big game of Thibet.

[It is to be remembered in considering the great polo sheep and comparing it with our bighorn, that it is by no means certain that the latter is an "Alpine species." It is true that at present it lives high up among the bare rocks of the mountain tops, and we are disposed to regard it as "Alpine" in the same sense that we call the white goat or the white-tailed ptarmigan Alpine, but there is very grave question whether this designation was originally applicable to the mountain sheep. On the contrary we are inclined to believe that this habit of life is one which has been recently acquired and which has resulted from its persecution by hunters. Richardson mentions that a member of his party found them living on the slopes at the foot of the mountains. We ourselves



have seen them out on the plains at considerable distances from the mountains. Until killed or driven off they were abundant in rough bad land country far from the mountains along the Platte, Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. We have known of an individual of this species being seen on the sand plains as far east as Birdwood Creek in Nebraska, not very far northwest of North Platte City. Moreover, Indians and white hunters who traveled the plains fifty years ago have often told us that in those days sheep were common on the plain—though perhaps at no very great distance from the mountains. The late Hugh Monroe, who went to the foot of the Rocky Mountains in 1813, has often described to us the great abundance of sheep on the rough buttes in the plains country of northern Montana, and the Indians' method of hunting them. In those early days, when sheep skins were needed, the Indians on horseback would surround one of these buttes where sheep were abundant, and after the circle had been made complete, one or two men would climb to the top of the butte and drive the sheep off, when they were easily killed by the mounted hunters below. Though the settlement of the West, with the activity of the hunter, is of comparatively recent date, quite enough time has elapsed for these changes of habit in the game.

#### Size of Mountain Sheep Horns.

BILLINGS, MONT., April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "Mountaineer" in your last issue, I will say that as a taxidermist I have mounted hundreds of mountain sheep heads. The largest one I ever got hold of measured 17½ in. around base of horn. I do not call this a world beater. Old hunters will look at a head and will say they have one 2 or 3 in. larger, but when they send it in it generally measures about 15 in.

While I am on the subject of large heads I would like to mention one I have in my possession. It is of a black-tail buck, killed in Wyoming. It has seven perfect points on each side, not counting the spike point. It measures 33 in. spread. I think this is a record breaker for spread, and will so consider it until I hear of a larger head.

GEO. SOULE.

#### A Pennsylvania Cinnamon Bear.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

• A friend writes me from Ralston, Lycoming county, Pa.: "Two bears have been caught in traps and two shot this winter. I had a choice piece of one and it was very fine. Two of them were cinnamon bears, a very rare thing in this country. I saw both of them and can vouch for them being cinnamons."

Please note what is said about the cinnamon bears. I thought the cinnamon bear was not found east of the Rocky Mountain region.

[The cinnamon bear—so-called—of the Rocky Mountain hunters, is a brown color form of the grizzly (*Ursus horribilis*), while the brown color form of the black bear (*Ursus americanus*) is the cinnamon bear of the books and of the East. It is not uncommon to find cubs of both colors in a single litter.]

#### A Woodchuck in Distress.

BENJ. BEVIER, of Highland, N. Y., in company with others, one day heard a continuous chirping sound and he concluded to ascertain whence it came. On approaching it, great was their astonishment at seeing a young woodchuck wedged in the jaws of a snake—blacksnake I think it was. The animal was about half engulfed, the head protruding. The snake was killed, and on withdrawing the chuck it was seen that its posterior parts were shrunken to a pitiable degree, as if their dimension had been reduced by compression and the extraction of the juices of the body.

N. D. ELTING.

### Game Bag and Gun.

#### HUNTING WITH A DOG.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, CAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 3 I note "El Comancho's" dissertation upon still-hunting without a dog. I differ with him in his estimation of still-hunting, but in the one particular—that I prefer a dog. I have also known the Indian hunter of admirable sagacity to use them.

Whose soul "proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog, shall bear him company."

My dog, however, must be a good one, and he is not for the purpose of hounding deer into runways or lakes. Indeed, I use him much as poor "Lo" does—as a friend and companion in the mountains and forests, and upon many a lonely ramble into obscure and distant nooks.

I have done a great deal of deer hunting, and upon the grounds I have hunted I have always considered a good dog almost indispensable. In the mountains, heavy timber or dense brush, deer usually have their haunts, and if "El Comancho" and "B." read this they may make exceptions in denouncing dogs for deer.

In order to give my definition of a good dog I will describe the best dog I ever had for deer. He was named Johnny, because he was presented to our house by a Chinaman when he was a very small puppy. He grew and proved to be a yellow, short-haired dog, without any known pedigree. I think he had some hound, some shepherd and a great deal of ordinary kind of dog in him. He was fond of hunting, and after a few trips to the woods he proved easily trained and intelligent. When in his prime, Johnny's companionship on a deer hunt was for me almost a guarantee that a deer



COON-BEAR.

would come to grief before dark. He was the best still-hunter I ever knew. He did the hunting, and I following, did the rest. His position in the hunt was about 10 ft. in my advance, and he was compass, chart and director-in-chief. His judgment of the proper locality in which to find game was almost infallible, and as soon as he located deer his every movement announced the fact.

When the scent was warm his excitement would be intense, but he rarely broke or uttered a sound other than a low whine. Sometimes he broke at the crack of the rifle, but not if I kept cool enough myself to check him.

He found many deer for me, and frequently they would



Hindpaw.

COON BEAR.

Forepaw.

be in the very last places I would have expected to find them without his guidance.

With him I usually had the advantage of being fully prepared for the game, and was often able to select from a number and avoid shooting does or animals out of condition. Even with his aid snap shots were often necessary, and snap shots, as deer hunters know, often result in wounded deer. In case I wounded a deer, slightly or seriously, Johnny knew it, and would follow a cripple or bleeding deer as long as there was a hope. It was seldom indeed that he failed to stop one that was at all disabled. After stopping a cripple his baying would always announce the state of affairs. Upon one occasion he took me three miles on my back track where I found a buck dead that I thought was but slightly wounded. A heavy wind was blowing and I could not hear his cry, and had finally set off for home without him. When he overtook me I was fully three miles from the deer, but his actions "spoke louder than words," and following his lead I found the buck lying dead one mile from where I shot him. Upon another occasion I shot a deer just at dark. It was a "snap shot," and broke the buck's foreleg between the foot and the knee. Johnny stopped and bayed him no less than a dozen times in going two miles over a brushy mountain, but when I approached he could not hold the frantic animal, which proved to be a 200 lbs. "forked horn," and it had become so dark I could not see dog or deer. Guided by the dog's baying I followed over rocks, brush and mountain, and finally found myself in the stage road but half a mile from town. It was pitch dark and the dog and deer were fighting in the road not 10 ft. from me. I could see neither of them, and could only locate them by their pantings and strugglings. Of course I could not shoot, and I lost my gun by laying it down to help the dog. It was midnight when I at last groped my way near enough to get the buck by a hindleg, and by twisting him around a bush threw him to the ground. The dog was so near exhausted he could not bite the deer's throat, and I had a desperate time before I could use my knife.

There—I got started on that yarn, and had to finish it. I have told it to a great many people, but never wrote it out before. But it was a memorable struggle with an almost uninjured and formidable animal upon his own ground during a very dark night. I learned afterward that a man drove up in a buggy while the struggle was going on in the road, and he immediately turned back and stayed over night in town. He predicted to the sheriff that a desperate tragedy had taken place in the road, but the morning light only revealed a "mighty big buck" hanging in a bush.

I have deviated. I intended to spread myself on Johnny's good qualities in particular, and upon those of other dogs I have known. But I must add that the selfish object of getting the game is not the only charm in hav-

ing a good, properly trained dog upon a still-hunt for deer, as well as other game. I never enjoy a hunt of any kind alone. Some companions are better to have along than a dog—but none are more faithful—none can be more silently sociable.

In regard to the study of "little things in detail," as "El Comancho" has it, study a good dog. Note his wonderful instinct, his sensitive nose, his faithful zeal, his anxious quest, his excitement when game is found, his joy when it is secured, his unswerving fidelity in any event!

As I recall to mind many long and lonely tramps in all sorts of wild thickets, dense timber, on mountain sides and in deep ravines and cañons, many a long and wearisome chase, or short and sharp struggle with game, I recall, as part of every mental picture, the faithful dumb animal that was always ready to go and never failed to do his best—always the same in storm or shine, good luck or bad. He never complained; he never grew weary or discouraged. He never answered a cross word with a surly reply. To a kind word he never failed to manifest good fellowship with a wag of his tail and a brighter gleam from his eyes. Besides the companionship of a good dog, he is often the means of giving alarm if danger is met with in the wilderness, and many a beast of prey would be now playing its vocation but for the alertness of man's closest dumb friend.

To sum up briefly, I prefer a dog for almost any sort of hunting, and most of all in still-hunting or deer stalking. I want a dog to find game, but not to chase it away; a dog that will obey orders and not break; a dog well enough bred to retrieve if there is occasion for him to do so, or fight if necessary; above all, a good, mannerly, sociable and amiable dog who will stay with me under any and all circumstances upon an expedition. Such dogs are by no means rare, either.

With all deference to "El Comancho" and "B." I beg to record my differing opinions, and believing I am one of a majority I would suggest that they reconsider their declarations and try a good dog once. Many a deer has limped off to die in thicket or ravine, and was lost to the sportsman who hunted without a dog. He is an exceptional hunter in the mountains, who does not lose two out of five deer shot if he hunts without a dog. This may seem surprising, but think it over.

RANSACKER.

#### EVIL OF SPRING SHOOTING.

CHICAGO, April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon leaving home this morning, on my way to the office I was accosted by a man carrying a large bunch of mallard ducks; he offered to sell me a pair for twenty-five cents. I asked him where he got them, and he said, "I purchased them on South Water street." When asked if that was all he had, he said no, and pointed to an express wagon standing in the middle of the street. Being a sportsman and naturally interested in the preservation of our game birds and fishes, I was anxious to find out what was in this wagon, and so went to it. I found it contained fully 250 to 300 wild ducks, among which were mallards, bluebills, pintails, ringbills and a few widgeon, and a number of smaller ducks, such as teal, butterball, etc. And upon further inquiry I found that they could be purchased anywhere along our principal market thoroughfares, ranging in price from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen, being classified according to size.

It seems to me that when our game birds are getting to be such a common commodity that they are sold on the streets of this city as any one would buy garden vegetables; and at about a proportionate price, that it is about time that we, as sportsmen, should use strenuous efforts to stop this wholesale slaughter of ducks in the spring, when they are on their way to the breeding grounds of the Dakotas and the British possessions. A large number of birds that are shipped to this market for sale cannot possibly find buyers, as they come in such quantities that they only spoil on the hands of the commission merchants, and are thrown away when they become unfit to be placed on sale. There has been a great deal written upon the subject of game protection, and they pitch into the market-hunter and lay all the blame at his door. I do not, however, believe that this much abused individual is the only source upon whom we are to turn our attack; he is not so much to be censured as the "gentlemanly" spring shooter; and I have personal knowledge of several who have been shooting along the Illinois and Kankakee rivers, and at Fox Lake and other points, who have made bags averaging from 35 to 100 birds each day. If this will not exterminate game, for goodness sake what will? And I think that our National Association for the Protection of Game Birds



"OTTER-SHREW."

and Fishes would do well to turn their guns upon the greatest of all evils found in this line of game extermination, namely, spring shooting. The experience that the writer had this morning was enough to set any man thinking who has the interest of game at heart, and if he was ever inclined to do any spring shooting would, I think, turn back from his purpose and see the folly of his certainly evil intentions.

On March 3 I wrote a letter to one of your esteemed contemporaries upon the subject of an emblem for sportsmen, and I observe that Mr. A. M. Weinhardt has taken up my suggestion and submitted a long article, with illustration, upon the subject, forgetting, however, to credit the original idea to the writer. I am not particularly anxious for "glory," but to use an old-time expression,



"Give the devil that which is due him," and therefore I ask Mr. Weinhart to "bring back my smoke." That, however, is neither here nor there; the main object of my communication is to call your attention, and that of sportsmen in general throughout the United States, to the universal outrage of spring shooting, by citing this forcible argument in favor of its abolition. BLUEBILL.

Apologies of this is this vigorous expression of opinion by Mr. G. R. Peck, printed by him as an editorial in his paper, the Auburn, N. Y., *Advertiser*: "Thirty years ago the wild pigeon was so common around Auburn as to be an easy mark for even a flint lock. To-day there is not one left to tell the story and in fact there were not any left to speak of in 1870, ten years after 1860. Reason: No protection, robbery of nests and butchery of squabs to enrich marketmen.

"It will be the same way with ducks if they are to be killed for the market. Years ago battery shooting came near killing all the ducks. That was checked and prohibited and now ducks are quite common again and to-day are mating and nesting in the Seneca River, tame and at peace because the shooting season was shortened to March 1. The effort to lengthen it again to May 1 means death and destruction. Ducks do not wait until May 1 to pair. They pair earlier than that. But does not the continual chasing of them and shooting at them retard development of young? Certainly. A prominent politician of this city informed us the other day of the fact that his fowls which were laying 20 eggs a day dropped to 4 and 5 a day in one day, caused by fright at a couple of fox-terriers which broke into the coops one night and killed 4 or 5 of them. If that will disturb egg laying in fowls, what will a continual chasing of ducks with shotguns do in their mating season? Why, retard the production of ducks, of course. Some sportsmen act like a pack of wild pigs or ignorant boars in regard to the protection of fish and game."

The *Washington Post*, in a paragraph about spring snipe shooting, says:

A word of advice right here should be remembered. Let every gunner after snipe make up his mind that he would as soon shoot his best friend as a woodcock at this time of the year. The finest birds that fly are now mating, and one killed now means two or three less in August. You are liable to flush them any time along the edges of the marshes, where the underbrush and thickets begin, and when you see them rise and flutter in the air and drop almost immediately, you will be a brute to raise your gun and give it to them, for they are either with young when they take flight as described, or are about to become proud parents. Don't forget this warning if you have a drop of sporting blood in your veins.

What is the difference between woodcock shooting in spring and snipe shooting in spring? Both "are about to become proud parents." Why should the "drop of sporting blood" be the salvation of one any more than of the other?

#### A VIRGINIA WILD TURKEY HUNT.

LEAVING home before daybreak I was soon at E. T. V. & G. R. R. depot with faithful Max and my little hammerless and a few shells loaded with No. 6 shot, and also some with No. 8, besides a couple of buckshot shells.

Just at daybreak I leave the cars, deposit my overcoat and gun case at a house and hasten toward the turkey range two miles away. On my way Max points a bevy of quail scarcely moved from their last night's roosting place, and I tarry long enough to bag a brace. Moving on I cover a large area and find turkey signs very scarce, more so than ever before in my acquaintance with those woods. I decide that the turkeys are in the pine thickets. So I leave the woods and soon Max shows signs of game. I judge that they are quail, exchange 8s for 6s, follow him till he crosses a large gully, and when I get over miss him, but he soon comes back to me. I go forward and finally decide that it must be a cold trail for turkeys. Replacing a shell of 6s I notice that Max quickens his gait; I do the same, and soon he is out of sight, when his rapid barking tells the tale. I hasten noiselessly forward as one large old gobbler has flown up into a pine tree. Getting about 35yds. from the tree I search for, locate him, step aside to get a better view of him, he sees me and is about to take wing when I quickly raise my gun and down he comes, killed outright. Max is on to him before I can reach him, and how he enjoys it.

Waiting thirty minutes or so I begin to call, but the wary old gobbler will not reply, and though I have waited an hour and a half no response to my yelping cheers me. About that time some hounds on the creek below me are making the woods ring, and soon a beautiful doe passes 100yds. below me. I quickly exchange buckshot for 6s and step up to see if she will come my way, but she is out of reach and I am disappointed.

My turkey hunt is broken up, so I return to the railroad station and await a way freight train which is four hours delayed. The deer-hunters in the meantime have gone three miles below on Savage Creek, jump a two-prong buck and run him up the creek. I hear the dogs at their near the station, but did not dream they would come near to me. My gun was taken apart, put in its case and lying on a bench near me. A negro boy steps up on the porch near by and listens to the dogs. Suddenly he cries, "Look at that deer! Look at that deer!" In a few moments the buck leaps the fence around the park, runs a few yards, suddenly stops and wheels to his right. The boys and Max take after him, while Col. G., of Macon, who is awaiting the train like myself, slips in a shell of small shot and fires at him, only to accelerate his speed. Oh, how I wished my gun had been ready, then I would have had both turkey and venison to carry home.

Deer are accumulating rapidly, the game law for the last few years being favorable; the open season Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, but was very recently changed Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. So ended my turkey hunt and we had two Christmas turkeys.

Birds were plentiful last season and we made some nice bags. OLD SUBSCRIBER.

#### The Mt. Vernon Deer.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The quail shooting of 1893 across the Potomac in Virginia was fair, but not anywhere near as good as it was last year. It is all on account of the bad laws, and moreover because the few good laws are not enforced.

Out at Gen. Washington's old home, Mt. Vernon, there is a herd of fine Virginia deer, there are twelve in number; last year there were twice that number, but the other half were sent up to John Wanamaker's place up in Pennsylvania, VIRGINIA.

#### BUFFALO SLAUGHTER IN THE PARK.

In a private letter from Mr. Hough, now with the *FOREST AND STREAM's* Yellowstone Park Game Exploration, comes this story of the raid by the head hunters on the buffalo of the Park. Fuller details will be given in the report of the expedition. The letter was written on March 29:

I am afraid you are all wrong in your belief that there are now 500 buffalo in the Park. Capt. Anderson admitted last night that he feared 200 would cover it now. I do not believe there are over 200 or 250 buffalo left alive. There may be a large band up at the head of the Pelican Creek hot country, but unless this is so the herd is not half as large to-day as it was last year reported. The hay was largely cut on the Hayden and other valleys two years ago and also last year. Unquestionably this sent the elk out of the Hayden Valley, and it is to be hoped it also sent the buffalo, though the latter have not yet been located elsewhere. Capt. Anderson thinks the elk are in large bands on the upper Pelican, and argues that the buffalo must be in there, too. The man Howell had been camped in that country since September, and I do not believe he ever stopped at eleven head.

We counted 75 to 85 head of buffalo in Hayden this trip. Hofer was surprised at the scarcity of buffalo and elk. Sergt. Parker makes the Hayden and Nez Percé district buffalo 81 head. Capt. Scott counted 103 head in Hayden Valley one day three weeks ago. One band of 6 and another of 7 head were seen in the Pelican country, 20 miles, say, from Hayden Valley. This comprises the total winter report of buffalo seen. We saw three head in Nez Percé Valley.

The worst of it all is, Hofer and I found where a killing had been made on Trout Creek, in the Hayden Valley. The carcasses were under four to five feet of snow and the animals may have been killed in January. We noticed the unusual number of coyotes, and found at length a hillside covered with coyote and fox tracks. We saw also tracks of a mountain lion, a wolverine, a lynx and a large bear. We then found six deep pits in the snow, which we investigated, and I saw two others which I did not go to. From the bits of hair, the bones, contents of intestines, etc., we knew there was buffalo at the bottom of each hole dug by the animals that were feeding there. The bodies were all on a quarter of mile of ground and it looks like a killing, of course. The snow was packed and icy and we had no way of digging down, so we could not tell whether or not the heads had been taken, though we thought the skins were. We could only see a little of the stripped bones and the fresh meat torn by the feeding animals. We reported this to Capt. Anderson. He sends out a party to-morrow to investigate. I think he will find that 6 or 8 head of buffalo were killed here. This is 15 miles from the Howell killing.

I think forty buffalo have been killed this fall and winter, and no one knows how many more. While exactness is impossible, and while I am still new in the Park, I do not feel as though there were over 200 or 250 head left alive. I could have killed 60 head one day. Any man could do that in the snow. It is a big country. You are right in saying that ten troops could not protect the buffalo. The Park can be patrolled, but until there is a penalty established, how can the poachers be stopped from taking the 1,000 to 1 odds? Howell boasted to me that all he could lose was \$26.75 (the cost of his outfit), and said that if he had been left alone he would have cleaned up \$2,000. I do not believe the extent of this year's killing has been learned as yet. That it is 20 head, at least, is sure. I would not want to be an alarmist, but there are no 500, or 400, or 300 head of buffalo in the Park alive to-day. Congress will delay making a law until there are not a score left. The present system puts a premium on their heads, and invites their destruction. Capt. Anderson knows this Park thoroughly, I am sure, and he is energetic and positive to a delightful extent, but either or any other man is working against awful odds when he has the short end of 1,000 to 1.

I hope that a later and better count will show up the rest of the herd elsewhere, but Captain Anderson tells me this moment that we may quote him as saying that without further information he will not report over 200 or 250 buffalo in the Park in his next annual report.

#### The Yellowstone National Park.

(From Garden and Forest.)

MUCH indignation has naturally been kindled by the stories recently published of the slaughter of the few buffalo which were nominally under Government protection in the Yellowstone Park. A late number of *FOREST AND STREAM* contained a circumstantial account of the capture of one miscreant in the very act of skinning one of the five buffaloes which lay dead about him, and there were evidences that he had been quite as successful in his murderous work on former days. The situation is made more depressing by the knowledge that this is probably a representative case, and that other poachers are engaged in the work of exterminating the few surviving individuals of the countless herds which once ranged over the plains. More aggravating still is the reflection that no law exists for the punishment of such crimes. The fact that Yellowstone Park and the adjacent reservation have been set apart for the use and enjoyment of the people forever, is really no protection to its forests or its game, but rather an advertisement to every outlaw that he can steal the timber, or set the woods on fire, or slaughter the game, without fear of punishment. Obviously the first duty of Congress in this matter is to pass laws for the government of all our parks and reservations and then administer them in such a way that they will command respect. It is a national disgrace that property which belongs to all the people should be more unsafe than property that belongs to any one of the people.

#### JACKSNIPES SHOOTING.

In my opinion, of all the game birds of America, there is none which affords more genuine sport to the gunner than the Wilson snipe, more commonly called jacksnipe.

Here in California, or at least in this section of the State, some snipe can be found almost any time during the open season (Sept. 15—March 15), but I have always found them in greater numbers during the last month of the open season. In fact, the open season should extend to April 1, at least, as none of the birds breed here, and the season closes just as it is at its best.

I enjoyed exceptionally fine sport with the snipe at the last of the past season. The preserve which I shot over was a cattle pasture, of about four or five hundred acres in extent, devoid of all cover save a small growth of wiry grass and a few patches of cockle burrs here and there, and with just enough water in it to afford a splendid feeding ground for the jacks, but not sufficient to make it tiresome walking; in fact, it was an ideal snipe ground. It was to this meadow that I came one day in the latter part of the season in quest of snipe.

In hunting snipe, it is better not to commence shooting until about 10 o'clock, as the birds will rise closer after the sun has warmed things up a little than earlier in the day. But on the day in question I had been hunting duck all morning on a nearby lake, and had bagged a few brace of those showy birds, cinnamon teal.

So, changing my No. 6 shot for No. 9, I walked on over to the meadow. I had not walked far, after arriving at their feeding grounds, when three of the long-billed gentlemen got up with their peculiar, quavering cry, and I threw up the gun, only to miss with both barrels. But that did not phase me, for as every one knows they are very hard birds to hit.

On the next rise, however, I did better, and had the satisfaction of doubling up a single in great style. I always make it a rule, in snipe shooting especially, to load my gun immediately after shooting, keeping my eye on the fallen bird, if any, because it is a very easy matter to lose snipe, as they are almost exactly the color of the grass in which they hide.

It is well I did so in this case, for as I stooped to pick up my bird, another rose almost under my nose, and I promptly knocked him down. Walking on a little way, I found myself in the thick of them, with birds popping up from the grass on all sides, most of them beyond range, however. They would only circle about for a short time, and then suddenly pitch into the grass again.

I only took the most promising shots, and managed to tumble them over with pretty fair regularity after having gotten warmed to the work.

At one time I was in a predicament: I had brought down three successive snipe without moving from my tracks, and as the birds had all fallen some distance apart, and added to that, there was a provoking sameness about the ground, I knew that if I moved to retrieve the first, I would stand but a slim chance of finding the other two. As I stood there trying vainly to find some mark by which I could find the second and third, suddenly a brilliant idea suggested itself; I laid the gun on a convenient tussock, with its muzzle pointed toward jack No. 3, and while I made a mental calculation of the relative position of No. 2, I walked over and picked up No. 1. In this way I found all three.

It certainly was delightful sport. The day was a perfect one, with not a cloud in the sky, and just warm enough to make one feel lazy. Presently a bird rose about 10yds. ahead of me, and commenced tacking lazily across the meadow. Bang! bang! *Scap! scap!* and not even a feather to show for my burnt powder. He kept on his erratic flight until he was a mere speck outlined against the deep blue of the sky, at intervals uttering his squeaking cry, which seemed very much like a derisive laugh at my expense, and finally pitched down beside a rail fence.

I decided that I would have that snipe or burn some more powder in the attempt, at least. So I lined him by a distant windmill, and walked on over to the spot where he had lit. I followed the fence along knowing that often the snipe run for quite a distance after alighting, but this one did not materialize. Becoming impatient I uttered a sharp "Get out of here," and sure enough he rose some distance ahead of me, and as luck would have it, on the opposite side of the fence. He skimmed along quite near the ground, and I caught only a glimpse of him over the rib of the barrel as he appeared for an instant between two fence rails, but as I pulled the trigger I felt that he was my bird. Nor was I disappointed, for there he lay on his breast, with his wings spread as if in flight.

After a few more turns around the meadow, knocking down a snipe now and then, my supply of No. 9's gave out, and I was compelled to stop, although the birds were still plentiful.

On my way to the buggy I made a handsome double on two mallards which rose squawking from a pond ahead of me.

When I straightened out the contents of the capacious pockets of my shooting jacket, I counted just one more snipe than an even two dozen, which, with the cinnamon teal and brace of mallards, made a very fair showing.

CULPEPPER.

#### A Bewildered Wild Swan.

WHILE Mr. E. G. Pendleton, of Washington, D. C., was hunting wild turkey in the mountains of Virginia, 2,500ft. above tide mark, he saw a large white swan stumbling along over the rocky ridges nearing the summit of one of the highest peaks. The day was extremely foggy, and the swan evidently desired to get above the heavy mist before starting off in its flight. When within 35yds. the hunter fired, only intending to wound the bird if possible. As luck would have it, only a few shot took effect in the neck, and running forward he caught the swan up in his arms and carried him to the foot of the mountain, placing him with a tame goose in his pond on his beautiful preserve there. The wounded neck soon healed up and the swan seemed quite contented with his lot. He became perfectly tame, in a short time answering to the call of the keeper and running along with the tame goose to be fed. WM. W. HART.

#### New York Grouse.

LESTER, N. Y.—Grouse have wintered splendidly and are more plenty than for years at this season. H. W. B.



## IN DIXIE LAND.—VI.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

## After Canvasback.

In the account of a Southern trip near Galveston last winter I spoke of the excellent snipe shooting we had. Dick Merrill and I hoped to find the jack snipe in plenty about Rockport, and usually one can do so. The present season was so extremely dry, however, that the coast marsh was quite dried up. So extreme was this drouth in the southwestern part of the State that crops were failures. In Starr county much of the range stock perished and the people were in want. At Paisano, Texas, the summer drouth and the cold northers of the winter combined caused the people to issue a public call for aid, to which Corpus Christi responded nobly. The water courses and lagoons of a large section of the country were utterly dried up. It is to be supposed, therefore, that the present was hardly a fair season to judge of the snipe shooting, the marsh duck shooting or even the quail shooting of that part of the State. Under the circumstances Dick and I concluded not to try for quail or snipe, but to stick to the deep-water duck shooting. Moreover, we wanted something even better than the fine redhead shooting. Nothing but canvasback would do us. So one day we went aboard the Novice and started for Puerto Bay, some twenty miles or more distant from Rockport, where our guides told us there were a great many canvasback, and where they had been less disturbed than at Hines Bay, still further east along the coast, at which latter bay most of the heavy market-shooting had been done, until the drop in the market made it profitless to kill the ducks for shipment.

"There is celery in the Hines Bay," said Johnnie, "and there isn't any in the Puerto Bay. Hines Bay is very shallow, and it is hard to get in there with a sailing boat. We can get part way into the Puerto Bay with our boat. There is no place to stop at Hines Bay nor at the Puerto Bay either, unless Mr. Kemp will take you in." (We had letters to Mr. Kemp, who lives on the shore of Puerto Bay, but never found opportunity to present them.)

It was noon when we got out of Rockport, and the air was so light and baffling that it was sundown when we got around the horn of the long and beautiful Live Oak peninsula around which we had to double. We crawled on in the dark, the boys following the tortuous channel among the shoals and keys by instinct. Once we went hard and fast aground on a reef in the dark, and it took us an hour to kedge off, but finally we made our way into the wide waters of the Puerto Bay, dropped anchor, cooked a rattling good supper on the gasoline range in the cabin, and slept soundly till early dawn.

## Plenty of Birds.

In the night a stiff wind came up and it was much colder than on the day before. The face of the bay was covered with white-tipped waves, enough to make a man look twice at a sink box. Johnnie and Jimmie said it was all right, though. After breakfast our two parties took a skiff and a sinkbox apiece and pulled out for the head of the bay with the wind directly astern. The boxes towed all right, and the wind helped us so kindly that we made two or three miles over the rough water almost before we knew it.

Johnnie and I were ahead, and as we went we could see great bodies of ducks on all sides of us, floating out in the open. Most of these were redheads, with some bluebills (dos-grés). We saw a few canvas flying about. At length, as we passed the mouth of a shallow side bay, we saw a great body of birds whose white backs were so apparent, that we looked twice at them. Once in a while one would sit up on his tail in the water and shake himself; also, we could see how high and straight they held up their heads. There was no doubt of it, it was a raft of those rare and much prized birds, the canvasback ducks. There were acres and acres of them, bobbing around and feeding in a great long line. We thought there were probably 2,000 at least in that one body, and more were continually dropping in.

Dick and Jimmie were about half a mile back of us, and at length we saw that they had located the same body of birds. We decided to pass on and let Dick have that lot, as he had had poor shooting on the Shellbanks trip. Presently we saw them put up the birds, put out their decoys and get in position. "Yes, and he'll kill 50 canvas in there before noon," said Johnnie, "if the birds begin to work at all."

Johnnie and I kept on further toward the head of the bay, passing innumerable brush blinds which had been made by the market-shooters out in the open water. The great bulk of the birds put up by Dick had left the bay and gone out inshore.

"There's a big dam and a tank of fresh water up at the head of this bay, on the Fulton Ranch," said Johnnie, "that's what they call the 'port,' or 'puerta' of this bay. Some call this 'Purdy Bay,' meaning Puerta Bay. The ducks go over to that fresh water once a day, and if a fellow had decoys and cover there, he might get shooting, though they come in high, and mostly at night when they are disturbed a good deal. A canvasback duck is going to have fresh water once a day, somewhere or other. Those birds'll come back from there pretty soon, and they'll come in here high. If they go back to the bay where we put them out, your friend will have good shooting. We may get a few down in here. Anyhow, we'll put out and try it."

So we did put out, and Johnnie left me tied to a stake, out in the middle of the ocean, with the wind getting higher, and the waves growing whiter, and the pitch of the rolling sinkbox so sharp that I wouldn't have sworn I could have hit my decoys with a rest.

## Decided a Question.

I was square in the course of the incoming flight, but the birds would not decoy. Canvas and redheads crossed over me, but said only "ha-ha!" chucklingly as they passed. It was a perfect duck day, but the ducks wouldn't do their share. They went on by and massed up in great bodies on the other side of the bay. Dick's gun spoke back of me only rarely. Johnnie's blind showed only an occasional puff of smoke. In despair I began to shoot bluebills, and every time I unhitched and went out after a dead bird I had ten minutes of fight trying to get back against the wind to the vague spot where my wooden anchor was awash. Only one canvasback came in to me, a solitary, desolate old hen which conceived an affection for my decoys. Flickering up and down the water with

uneven wing along the water, she evidently meant business. I lay low, and she lit among the decoys. With a slow, careful motion, I got a bead on her long, snaky neck, which she raised to its full limit as I sat up. Then I joyfully swatted her as she sat, and taking no chances, swatted her again, for I thought maybe she moved a leg after the first time. Then once more I rode the sidling sea-horse of a sneakbox out, and picked up a very dead canvasback. I was in no mood for foolishness. The question whether it is even right to shoot a duck on the water may now be considered settled. It is right, when it's a canvasback, and they're working as badly as they were that morning.

## November the Best Month.

Johnnie and I now laboriously pulled back against the wind to where Dick and Jimmie were located. We found them complaining bitterly and with only half a dozen canvasbacks in their boats. They said the birds had all gone across the bay and banked up in great rafts, not working at all.

"That's the trouble," said Johnnie, "it's too late in the season for good canvas shooting now, unless you hit a very hard norther. The birds have been shot at so much by this time that they are educated. This whole bay is full of feed, and if you put them up out of one cove they just go over and light in another one as good."

"You may think it odd," he continued, "but the best time to get canvas shooting here is from Nov. 16 on for thirty days, just about when you are having your shooting in the North. It doesn't take the birds long to cross the country clear down to this place. When they first come in they are not wild and will work to the decoys nicely. Very heavy bags are then made here and at Hines Bay on canvasback. I have known of one gun killing 167. Jimmie and I have between us killed some pretty good bags in this bay, 60 to 100 a day."

"The total number of canvas shipped out of Rockport every winter is very large. Over 50,000 were shipped last winter in less than two months. I suppose there were 30 or 40 market-shooters shipping then. This season there was no price at all for birds, and the shooters all quit shooting. One man told me he shipped 430 canvasbacks to New York at one time this winter, and he only netted \$5 above the ice and express. Of course he quit shooting. Nelson, of Galveston, one of the best market-shooters there, came over here to shoot, because their best water was closed up there, but he's gone back home now. I think Nelson is the best duck shot that ever shot here. He made the big bag I have told you about, 167 in one day."

While we sat in the boats and talked, Jimmie, quiet, faithful Jimmie, had pulled clear back to the Novice and cooked a fine fat canvasback for lunch. In about an hour and a half he came skating down over the white-topped water with a basketful of good things to eat. Then we concluded we would all go back to the Novice, as there was no flight at all. This we accomplished at the cost of a good deal of labor, for the wind was dead against us and increasing. In the middle of the bay I broke an oarlock on the sinkbox I was rowing, and was helpless till Johnnie picked me up, after which we found it all we could both do to row the skiff and tow the box. Dick was still worse off, for he was taken suddenly indisposed and had it not been for Jimmie's tough young muscle he would have had a sorry time in getting his iron ship home against the wind and sea.

We rode out a roughish night, all snug and warm below. In the morning Dick did not feel well enough to go out again, so we left him to keep ship, Johnnie going toward the head of the bay, while Jimmie went back toward the foot, into a cove where we put out fully 5,000 birds. On all sides we could see great rafts of birds, over 1,000 in a bank, apparently, and among them many rafts of canvas, but though the weather was good and rough, we got no work out of them and only killed a few stragglers. The best fun I had was in running the little sinkbox, in which I had now gained the greatest confidence as a sea boat. It always kept right side up, and even the heaviest seas broke harmlessly around the coaming and did not come inboard. With a proper apron, one of these boats would be practically unsinkable. It sits so low in the water that at a distance it looks as though the occupant were sitting flat on the water, and rowing himself without any boat at all.

It now seemed to us that we could have more certain and satisfactory shooting at the Shellbanks than in the Puerto Bay, we weighed anchor and made for town, going under reef, and tearing along at a great gait, which landed us home early in the evening.

## Sailing and Shooting.

In one of the two following articles of this series I wish to describe the sporting situation at Rockport fully, as I believe it is a point to which the attention of Northern shooters may well be turned. It will be well to make brief the personal experience of my friend and myself there, the which could be indefinitely expanded.

It did not take us long to learn that we could easily have all the duck shooting we wanted if we cared to go after it. One day we heard of a bag of 61 redheads made off the peninsula point, only three miles from town. Another day we learned of one gun killing 88 redheads on the channel below the quarantine station. One evening we and the two Bludworth boys picked up 52 fine redheads in about an hour down at the Shellbank, most of them on a pass, not over 300 yds. from Johnnie's house. Sometimes we would take the sneakboxes and drag them around on some of the shallow flats of that locality, and get some rapid fun of a morning or an evening, while maybe in the middle of the day there would be no birds moving at all. Then there would be whole days when everything was quiet, and when the birds kept bunched up on the flats, not stirring a wing. One squally day Jimmie and Dick and I took the Novice and sailed 20 miles down the coast to the Shamrock Cove, at the edge of Corpus Christi Bay, hoping to get heavy shooting there. We got very little shooting, though we passed flats where thousands of pintails and redheads were feeding. We sailed down in half a gale of wind, making the 20 miles in less than two hours, the Novice apparently needing every ounce of her 6,000 lbs. of ballast, but traveling like a witch, with her rail under. We had a wildish night that night at anchor, and the next day had to reef down four points. How Jimmie ever kept her in the narrow, crooked, dredged channel I can't say, but Dick and I exulted in the way Novice ran and handled. We

only put out the decoys once for the ducks that day, and again they were disinclined to come to us. That day I again had the misfortune to break an oarlock on my sneakbox, though fortunately to windward of the Novice. Dick and Jimmie couldn't for a long time make out why I didn't row, but at length Dick put out with a skiff and saved my life. If I had missed the Novice in my drift, I should have had six miles of wild water to cross before striking land, and hungry as I was, should have starved to death before I got there. You can't paddle one of those sneakboxes when it is loaded down with decoys, because it would only turn around, and there was no way to scull it. All a fellow could do was to hold her straight with the one oar, and let the waves do as they liked about it. Dick sat off in the skiff and laughed at me, and since I couldn't get to him, I had to stand it. The next day we fixed those rowlocks.

## A Lazy Country.

We found that the experience of going out and killing a whole lot of birds every day was not the only possible pleasure to be had on a winter resting trip. When we found the shooting was so easy and so good we soon lost the edge of our shooting appetite. We ceased to get up at unheard of hours in the morning, or to work all day long in hunting, and confined ourselves more and more closely to the neighborhood of the Shellbanks, where we put in the last five days of our stay. We told Johnnie he would have to keep us, so Johnnie smiled and consented, and there we larked and loafed away the laziest, precious week two mortals ever knew, shooting tin cans and bottles when we got too lazy to go out after redheads, but mostly lying in the sun and letting the universe run itself without our aid. If anybody had told me that I would ever lie an hour on a board and watch a hermit crab, I should have thought him much mistaken, but such I found to be a possible thing for me under the warm sun of a Texas "winter"—which isn't really any winter at all.

We just loafed, and said "to-morrow." We let the great banks of white pelicans alone, and didn't even wish to break the law by murdering the gulls. When the evening flight of redheads began to scurry over the bank we would pull across the channel, just ninety-five measured yards, and knock out a few of them as they crossed. The rest of the day we watched the porpoises and the hermit crabs, and the gulls, and ate oysters, and wished it was time for the next meal. Dick began to have cheeks like a ground squirrel, and both of us had long since been baked and burned to a red-brown color.

## Good Commissariat and Good Fun.

We discovered a bed of oysters in a little bayou not a biscuit toss back of the house—Johnnie just happened to mention it, they cared nothing for oysters and could not realize why any one should—and from that time on Dick and I always had a job on our hands when nothing else was urgent. We would go over to the bayou and pull up a double armful of the great oysters, and carry them over to the edge of the beach, where a shell ridge broke off the wind, and build a little fire of chips and blocks. Then we would roast the oysters till they fizzed, take them out and have a morsel fit for the gods. Sometimes it was toward midnight, and everybody else was in bed, when Dick and I would be sitting out in the dark, beside our little fire, roasting oysters and telling stories. Sometimes the Dago fishing craft would come to Johnnie's shipyard to haul up, and very often they would have a deckload of oysters aboard, for all the Aransas Bay country is full of oysters. The custom in such case seems to be to help yourself. One fisherman, who was repainting at the yard, stayed there for three days, and one of her crew, Pietro, the most villainous-looking—and the most obliging—black pirate that ever was, whatever may have been his nationality, used to open oysters for us. One time we caught him we noticed him sort of wiping the oyster knife on his bare foot, and—though maybe it was very foolish of us to mind a little thing like that—we somehow didn't care for any more just then.

We fell in love with the Novice and made many trips on her, exploring the country about Rockport thoroughly and sailing in all probably between 150 and 200 miles along the shallow waters of the adjacent bays. Mr. Everett and Mr. Fulton made plans to take us on a long voyage up to Hines Bay and over to St. Joseph Island, where we could surely have killed a deer, but the naphtha launch engaged for this journey proved unfit and the project was abandoned. Lack of time also compelled us to give up at the last moment our intended visit to the home ranch of the great Fulton property, near Gregory station, where Mr. George Fulton was expecting us, and where we should almost certainly have seen turkey and deer, and have had some good duck shooting. We learned all too thoroughly and to our sorrow that one can not go down there and see that country thoroughly, and go into all the branches of the sport which is offered, in the space of two or three weeks. One should give himself far more time if he expects to do the subject thoroughly in all its diversity. We worked hard to get a fair knowledge of the country, but found it impossible to engage in all the sorts of sport. For instance, we did not fish at all, yet Mr. Everett, who is an ardent fisher, always got a good catch of trout (weakfish) and other sorts of sea-fish when he went out with us. Mr. H. B. Smith, of Whitewater, Wis., who was at Rockport while we were there, has the best theory of it. He will stay there until next April.

Dick and I realized that we couldn't do everything we wanted to do, so we did what we could. When not engaged in a half-Nelson hold on some husky oyster we were trying to open, we were sailing, or shooting, or just thinking. I can't remember what I thought. Of course, we progressed in able seamanship, and Dick, whom at first we had to correct for calling the starboard locker "that right-hand little cupboard downstairs," developed into a great crew, so that he and Jimmy could take Novice anywhere in any weather.

There are several of these sailing craft at Rockport, and they get a good deal to do in the winter taking out hunting and excursion parties. They charter usually at \$8 to \$10 a day, sometimes as low as \$6 for a mere sailing trip. The passengers furnish their own provisions and the boat company will cook for the party. Some decoys go with the boat, but none of them have sneakboxes but Novice. One of these boats, a schooner-rigged one, is called "Enaid," and the story goes that her owner named her after his daughter, but I'm sure there's a mistake somewhere if that's what his daughter is named. It was this



misfit freak of nomenclature, by the way, which made fast at our wharf down at the Shellbanks one day, and she had on board a merry party from up in Texas—Col. Wm. Kelihor, Mr. G. W. Mendel and two friends from Taylor, Texas, and Mr. B. W. Hunter, of Austin, Texas. Col. Kelihor is a devoted sportsman and spends his winters fishing for tarpon at Rockport, and his summers away North in the Wisconsin pine woods. It is thus that extremes meet in the sportsmanship of to-day. Naturally Col. Kelihor and I had a pleasant time comparing notes. He assured me of the excellence of the tarpon fishing at the Aransas Pass, to which he said Florida tarpon fishing could not compare.

#### Homeward Again.

There was enough of interest to keep us busy, aside from the industry of duck shooting—a village fandango in the Mexican quarter, one evening, for instance, or a trip inland after doves, here rightly classed as game birds, or a stroll up the beach after willets or curlews—but to all of it there had to come an end. Dick could have stayed longer, but my time was already overdrawn. Dick promised the boys to be down again next winter, saying that he would bring a party and spend two or three months in the State. I promised to come again if I ever could, and then we said good-bye to Johnnie and his kindly young wife, and left the Shellbanks for the sail to town, with Jimmie as ship's master and ourselves as crew.

Novice came gracefully around as we left the channel and rounded the point and leaned over gently to the insistent breeze. Then she heeled sharply as we caught it fair, and the water whitened under her bows. As we passed the little gray dwelling where we had spent so many pleasant days, we manned the rail and gave a salute of four guns. At the door Johnnie and his wife were standing, and at once he reached inside the door for the old 40-gauge and answered our salute. This we acknowledged as we wore ship and raced off on the starboard tack. And then the fluttering of the handkerchiefs grew fainter, and we knew that we were faced toward home.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

### STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am an "impecunious fellow sportsman." To make it more plain, I am a poor man; I make this honest confession right on the start or I will be accused of "utter selfishness in this."

I enjoy a day's sport with dog and gun. I can't shoot as well as the market-shooters with whom I am acquainted and don't kill as many birds; and from my own observation am prepared to say that the market-shooters in this country kill more birds than all the enthusiasts, sports, pot-hunters, dudes (call them whatever name you choose), put together. One of your correspondents says, "The utter selfishness on the part of your correspondents is very sad to me." Now the selfishness of the market-shooter and fisher is very sad to me.

Upon my neighbor's farm and back of my house is one of these nice little warm covers where the woodcock come early in the spring, and by the middle of July have their little brood. Further up this run and where the cover is thicker, the grouse (partridge) frequently rear their young. Through the cover runs a trout brook; the open season for trout fishing begins April 15, and as soon as it is light on that morning you will find the man on hand who catches fish to sell. He fishes all day, while I am obliged to work for my dollar; at night or in the morning he starts for the town with the catch and sells them for \$2.50 or \$3.50 according to his catch. When the day comes that I have no work or can leave to go fishing, the fish are all gone. Where? Sold. And the money is in the pocket of this friend to the poor man, the market-fisher. While fishing, he is looking for the signs of game birds; and before the season opens he knows just where every brood of partridge and woodcock is located for miles around, and how many there are in each brood. As soon as the day dawns on the morning of the open season, bang goes a gun. My little boy jumps up; "Isay, Father, do you hear that? I guess they are after our partridge." Sure enough they are, and it is "in no distant well-stocked region," but right by my house; with a good dog and being good shots they clean up the brood, never leaving the cover until all are killed; if by any chance one or two escape, you can rest assured that they will come again another day and continue coming until all are brought to bag and "sent to market as sweet as a nut."

You can talk, preach and write, but you cannot convince me that a man who hunts for the market isn't looking for the dollars there are in it. And I believe the market-shooter is more to be dreaded by the poor man pot-hunter, the man who shoots and enjoys it, and takes home the game for his family to enjoy, than all the sports and wealthy shooters in the country. They are as a rule men who have trades, but when the season opens they can make more by hunting and at the same time enjoy the sport. If there was no place to sell the game, do you suppose for a minute they would do it? No. Take away the sight of the dollars and they will not have that "genuine sporting instinct in their hearts" that the gentleman from Dansville writes about.

This reads well: "The gun cracks, the little puff of feathers announcing the dead shot delights the sportsman's eye; the grouse falls, is retrieved by the setter, fondled by the shooter and put in the game pocket. Now what?"

To the market-shooter another seventy-five cents added to the receipts, "Now what?" To the poor man, the pot-hunter, it means that he can go home to his family (after the day's sport) and have for his dinner what money can't buy, what isn't on sale in the market. "Now what?" for the wealthy gunner? "He shoots for the same reason that he takes a hand at draw poker or drives a fast horse—for the excitement of the thing." What stuff! The wealthy sportsman to-day is more of a friend to the poor sportsman than the market-shooter, and is doing more for them.

I am in favor of clubs and game preserves, for the reason that wherever such a preserve is located all the woods in the vicinity are benefited; and many a poor man may have an opportunity to shoot on the preserve. Not many miles from where I live there is a small game preserve,

and you ought to see the wild duck in there this spring. Some poaching has been done, but with the present law no shooting ducks after March 1. We have more than we ever saw before, and can it be possible that these men who are clamoring to shoot ducks in the spring can't see that every duck shot now will make from ten to twelve less to come back in the fall.

"There is a growing sentiment to-day among farmers looking toward the preservation of game." You are right, "Dansville," there is; we have got the same growing down here; all breaking out with it; got it bad; a regular epidemic. But say, you don't think they are going to preserve it and have market-shooters come in and kill it off and sell it? Oh no! they want it so that their own boys can have a hunt and have game for them and their tables. Farmers' boys don't sell game down this way and they don't intend any one else shall take it to sell. Let a farmer post his land, put up signs "No trespassing or shooting here," who will do the most growling about it? Who will be tearing down the signs? Will it be the wealthy sportsman, the poor pot-hunter or the market-shooter? Who does it hurt the most? Stop the sale of game and you stop the snaring of grouse, the catching of game in traps, the netting of ducks and all the shooting devices that send tons and tons of game to market daily.

I read the other day that President Cleveland came home with a wagon load of ducks; I don't know but he sells ducks. Take away the selling of game and the continuous slaughter of ducks we read of last fall in FOREST AND STREAM, why, some of the clubs would be stopped. I understand they sell ducks to help pay running expenses.

I can readily see how a law prohibiting the sale of game will deprive many of the enjoyment of eating it. But such a law is only anticipating by a very few years what will be the inevitable result of the wholesale slaughter of game that is going on now. Our game birds will follow in the path of the buffalo, and but a few years will have passed when there will be scarcely enough left for specimens in our public institutions.

I am for the new plank.

BUSHWHACKER.

TAGEKIANIC, N. Y.

SANDERS, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: Twenty years ago deer were quite plenty. I was acting as guide for hunting parties, and it was very rare for a party to go out empty-handed. There was no easy way of getting game out, as the inhabitants knew nothing of commission houses. There was only the love of sport to induce a killing of the game. But as our roads became better, outside parties came in hunting for market, buying all they could as well, and deer were slaughtered at all times and in all ways. In the fall and winter of 1882 more than 200 deer were taken out of the East Fork alone, and it was computed by those competent to judge that over 700 deer were taken out of the county. If there had been no market it is safe to say that half that number would have been left for future needs. Now there are very few left, and if something is not done to stop the hounding, a year or two more will clean them out entirely.

The same story holds good with trout. In 1881 I was guiding a party from Philadelphia. It was the early part of the season; the weather was unsuitable; trout had not been taking the fly. The party's time would be up on the Saturday; they had not had enough to eat in the eight days they had been in. On the Friday about noon the fish commenced to take the fly, and in three hours I caught 17 lbs. of dressed trout, all over 6 in. Now, thanks to the count fisherman and dynamite fiend, you can not catch that weight in a week. Our streams are lined as soon as the season opens by those who fish for market, and nine-tenths of their catch will be under 6 in.

If you stop the sale of game it will do away with the inducement to snare grouse. We have stopped the spring shooting of woodcock and grouse to a great extent by appeals and threats.

The bad man "H. C. S." censures in your paper is frequently met with. As an instance, a few years ago we planted 7,000 California trout in our streams. The residents all promised to return all caught. The streams were posted to that effect. A party of men from a neighboring county were in that summer, and on looking in one of their creeks I saw 14 little rainbows, not over 3 in. long. When I spoke to the owner of the creek he said, "Oh, yes, I saw the notice. But they all count." These men all claimed that they belonged to a fish and game club.

R. F. M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had it in my mind a dozen times to tell you how heartily I am in sympathy with the FOREST AND STREAM's plank in favor of doing away with the marketing of game. It has been my own notion for years and a matter which I have talked over many times with brother sportsmen. On the principle that constant dropping wears away the hardest stone, I believe that a frequent reiteration of the views you hold upon this subject and constantly keeping the matter before the people will eventually result in bringing about the desired end. To my mind it is the true and only solution of the game protective question.

In common with hosts of others of your readers, I look forward with eagerness to the day which brings me the weekly copy of your paper, which after reading I send up into the country to some friends, who pass it from hand to hand, and in this way it does a vast deal of missionary work.

ROBERT J. MIX.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your arguments for suppressing the sale of game are logical and have my cordial indorsement; but logic and politics have little in common. It is true that the markets are responsible for most of the slaughter of game. But if any individual should undertake to fight the traffic single-handed, you know just how he would fare. If I understand your editorials aright, they urge sportsmen to help educate public sentiment in this direction, but do not call upon us to try to influence legislation at present. That is all right. There are some sections of our country, and this is one of them, where there is field enough for plucky work in the educating line alone. St. Louis is one of the greatest game markets in the world, and the Southwest, from which most of the supply comes, is largely peopled by professional market-hunters. The man who should go down into the Ozarks, where I recently camped, and preach your crusade, would probably stay there. Here in the city he would only be laughed at as a harmless crank. So, I repeat, there is plenty to do in the educating line,

especially since such game laws as we now have are openly defied by dealers and restaurants. To undertake more than this at present would spoil the work already done.

But, alas! by the time public sentiment is willing to back a movement to prohibit the sale of game, there will be no need of it.

What we need out here is an association of sportsmen who will raise money to prosecute every violation of the present game laws right here in St. Louis. When there are no more "snow birds" served at the restaurants to "the best people in the city," then the association can go a step higher and enlist in your work. I would be glad to join such an organization and contribute to it my pen and purse—such as they are—but I would give precious little for our chance of influencing legislation against the sale of game in this State, so long as there is any left to sell. I hate to say this, but I must, for I believe it true.

HORACE KEPHART.

GREENE, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I think, with W. W. Castle and "H. W. D. L.," that while the "platform plank" would, without doubt, stop a good deal of game-killing both in season and out, that it is not quite fair. If we could have a game warden or commissioner in this county supported by a tax on guns and dogs, and further stimulated by a fee for each case won and be appointed by some non-partisan power, our game would be better off than with the "platform plank" in force, for there is no one who makes any pretense of enforcing the law.

F. B. S.

AUBURN, R. I.—Editor Forest and Stream: I certainly believe the "platform plank" to be a move in the right direction and I am in hearty sympathy with the idea expressed and all else that will lead to the same end.

Why don't you make your paper twice as large? I don't have enough reading in one to last until the next is out. It is so good that when I begin I do not want to leave off until I have read it through. I think it grows better and better every week.

A. B. C.

IRVING, Mich., March 26.—Geese were very plentiful here, but I have heard of none killed. I tried several times, but could not get within range; cover was poor and a blind would not answer, as they fed in a dozen places. If a man had decoys and a call he would be all O.K. Birdshave wintered well. I have talked with several sportsmen regarding your platform plank, and like myself they are with you. I have been out but one day with my gun in a year, with a bag of six rabbits, so you see what a game destroyer I have become. But I never am weary of reading of the deeds of my brethren recorded in FOREST AND STREAM.

BRIAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

HOLLAND, Mich., April 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: Inclosed find stamp for postage on 100 each of "A Platform Plank" and "The Absolute Prohibition of Game Traffic" if you can spare me that number. The game and fish protective clubs of the State will hold a convention at Lansing some time in May, with the object of recommending to the Legislature such laws as may seem best. We will see what we can do with the "Platform Plank."

ARTHUR T. BAUMGARTEL,

Sec'y Rod and Gun Club.

#### Pennsylvania Quail.

WAYNESBURG, Greene County, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM and have been for years. Having read "A. G. B.'s" letter from Holland, Mich., I can say that the same conditions in regard to the quail exist here. The last day of the season of 1892 myself and companion found as many if not more quail than on any day we were out, and nothing short of a ball and chain—if I am well—will keep me out of the field on a fine day during the open season. We could find any day in walking distance of our town anywhere from four to ten beavies. As soon as the snow and cold weather had left us I went over this same ground, where, as we went home on the evening of the last day of the season of 1892 we left them calling and getting together on all sides. I believe it a low estimate when I say we saw over one hundred quail on the "Old Tamen Taylor place" that day, and could not find a single quail. I was out several times last fall after grouse, and in all my tramping I found but three small beavies.

The last bevy I found had among them one with his right wing shot off close up. The wound was almost healed up. I brought it home and have it yet. It is a female, has recovered and is bright and lively. I shall try and find its bevy if any are left and turn it out with them as soon as all danger from cold and snow has passed.

The grouse will soon be a thing of the past in this county, and squirrels are getting very scarce. You can find a portable sawmill on every run or stream in this county and the woods are fast disappearing. This has been a very favorable winter for game in this section. We had the heaviest snow fall of the season in the last twenty-four hours; from 10 to 12 in.; but it has not been cold and will soon disappear. I can just recollect the winter of 1855 and '56, and last winter was the worst since that time here.

W. L. A.

#### Buttons.

LITTLE SIoux, Ia., March 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am heartily in accord with Mr. Weinhardt's suggestions outlined in his letter to FOREST AND STREAM under date of March 22, and would suggest that all sportsmen throughout the country give their views on the subject in the columns of your valuable paper. If the badge is adopted generally, as I hope it will be, I think some one of our game birds should be selected for the centerpiece of all the badges worn, and not left to the fancy of each individual wearer, as suggested by Mr. Weinhardt. I am in favor of the quail, as it is found in all parts of our country, and to my mind is the gamest of all our game birds and the most fitted to adorn an emblem that will be worn by men who love the birds and the grand sport they afford, and who will protect and not wantonly destroy them. I also think that the badge should be made either of silver or gold exclusively, so that they may be uniform in all respects; and will say I am in favor of the silver badge, as I believe it would be more generally worn by sportsmen throughout the country on account of its small cost as compared with gold.

P. G. HICKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Weinhardt's button is the nucleus for an organization that will be of great benefit to the people. Let its presence on the lapel of a man's coat be his indorsement of the purest principles of sportsmanship. Let it be the emblem of principle, a badge of honor, the talisman of a friend. And render it impossible for fish and game boys, market-shooters and fishers, or men who illegally or in close season capture or kill fish or game, to wear this button. Let it be a guarantee of good behavior, and may the farmer understand that a man wearing this button will not injure his crops, break his fences, shoot his hens or tame doves, or commit any act unbecoming a sportsman.

BERT KNAPP.



### Massachusetts Game Interests.

DANVERS, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Fish and Game Protective Association of Massachusetts have, I think, taken the right step to protect some of our game birds by securing a law to make the whole of the year of 1894 a close season on quail. I feel very sure that the sportsmen of Massachusetts will be pleased to hear of this and will heartily thank the Association for introducing the bill. There is now but one thing to do to improve the situation, and that is stop the sale of quail in this State for this year and I feel sure that the open season of 1895 will give to the sportsmen as good shooting as they have had for many years. There are a good many small flocks of quail in the vicinity of our town that have escaped the gunner and have survived the winter. The flocks have from 4 to 10 birds in them, and I have heard of as many as 5 of these flocks that have been seen within a few days and all of them within two miles of town, and there must be many birds besides. These birds if not killed will restock this part of the country in pretty good shape, and I sincerely hope that they will all be allowed to live. But if quail are allowed to be sold at all times of the year I am afraid that there will not be as many birds another year as there would be otherwise. If marketmen are to be allowed to sell quail that come from other States, how is any one going to tell how many of the birds come from other States and how many from Massachusetts?

The men who like to shoot have to contend with the snaring of partridge. There is one man not 10 miles from this place, who during the last season snared and sent to market over 1,000 partridge. This is a good many birds, but I am told this by men who are so situated that their word can be taken as authority. We have no game wardens in this part of the State; and as I understand the law it is very hard to stop the snaring, as it allows a man to snare on his own land and can allow any one else to do so if he chooses. This is very nice for the man who snares, but is rather hard on the man who likes to shoot once in a while and goes into a piece of woods where he knew there had been a brood of partridge all summer, only to find when he gets there that there is only one bird left. And there are lots of twines hung up on the bushes and perhaps this on the first day the law is off. It makes a man feel that the game laws as they are intended are good things, but as they are enforced are very poor things and no credit to the ones that make them, nor any protection to the game; but I think the Game Protective Association of Massachusetts is doing some good work, and I am satisfied that the only way to accomplish good results is to accomplish it through these Associations. A.

### When George II. Reigned.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In turning over the leaves of the second volume of "Laws of New York from 1792 to 1793," I find that upon Dec. 16, 1758, in the thirty-second year of the reign of King George II., the General Assembly of the Colony of New York passed a law entitled "An Act More Effectually to Prevent the Killing of Deer and Firing the Woods Within this Colony." By the first section of this law it was enacted that if any person should kill or destroy any wild buck, doe or fawn, "or any other Sort of Deer whatsoever" in the months of January, February, March, April, May or June, such person should forfeit the sum of three pounds for every such buck, doe, fawn "or other deer" so killed or destroyed. And by Sec. VI. it is provided that "One act entitled 'An Act to Prevent Killing of Deer,' passed in the twenty-fourth year of His Majesty's reign, shall be and hereby is repealed," which indicates that the killing of deer was regulated by law in the Colony of New York at least as early as 1750.

Section III. of this act of 1758 tells a sad story, and perhaps furnishes an authority in favor of the passage of the bill introduced during the present session of the Legislature for retaliation upon our Canadian neighbors. It reads as follows:

"And whereas several idle strolling persons come out of other Governments into some parts of this Colony and continue lurking about in private in the woods, and kill and destroy the deer for the sake of the skins only, leaving the flesh in the woods to rot, and at the same time firing the woods, to the manifest injury of the inhabitants of this Colony. For remedy whereof, Be it enacted, \* \* \* That from and after the publication of this act if any person or persons, not being an inhabitant residing in this Colony, shall come into the same and kill or destroy any wild buck, doe, fawn or other deer, and being thereof convicted as aforesaid, every such person shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay the sum of Five Pounds," etc.

Verily "the wisdom of our ancestors" is in the policy of game protection. Let us continue to exercise the same wisdom, and may "the absolute prohibition of the sale of game" be not far distant! OSWEGATCHIE.

### Shad Run and Snipe Flight.

"I HAVE always noticed," said Dick Jones, the pressman, who is the best authority on wing shooting in this section of the country, and who knows every good piece of sport-giving ground within forty miles of Washington, "that when the first big run of shad comes up the river there is always a good flight of snipe. I don't know the reason for it, but in years of observation I have never known the snipe to fail to come with the shad. During the last year or two," he concluded, "there have been more snipe killed near this city than for many springs previously, and I reckon we'll have pretty good sport this year."

For the information of sportsmen not familiar with good shooting ground for the jackies near Washington, a few pointers may be given. The marshes in Eastern Branch and the meadows along it above Banning's Bridge are always apt to give a snipe dog rewarded work during the season, and the marshes in the Potomac at the foot of Seventeenth street and from there up toward Georgetown have also been prolific of good bags to sportsmen who hunt with sense and system.—*Washington Post.*

### Camp Notes from the Minnesota Woods.

PELAN, Minn., April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from the Big Ridge country, twenty miles east of here, the intervening stretch of country being one vast muskeg, in which are small patches of quaking asp. These large muskegs and aspen thickets are a favorite feeding and hiding ground for moose. The Big Ridge I refer to has been for many years past

a favorite range for deer and bear especially. I have occasionally found there moose and caribou. On the present trip, however, I found two saw mills running there, and a gang of men cutting and hauling logs. This has spoiled our hunting in that locality. The gold fever in the Rainy River country has brought a great many people into that region, and thus the game is being hampered and cornered. It will be but a few years, at this rate, until this whole northeastern Minnesota forest will be cut up with settlements, and the moose and other game will have to emigrate toward Hudson's Bay, in order to find an undisturbed range. The black bear will come out of their winter quarters now within a week or two, and I shall be prepared to meet a few of them half way.

BURTON HARRIS.

### Birds' Eggs are Free.

THE Wilson Bill puts on the free list eggs and yolks of, and eggs of birds, fish and insects.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

### Enforcing the Game Laws.

ABOUT three miles out from town on the road to Willboro lives Barney McLane, on a little well-kept farm of sixty acres.

Of what nationality Barney is would be hard to say, and what the fashion of his attire still harder.

In appearance he is of medium height, with an open countenance and bright blue eyes. He has no regard for style whatever, and utterly abhors that offensive creature, the dude. His long hair floats unkempt in the wind and his sun-burned face is ornamented with a ridiculous spattering of rusty beard, reminding one of a stubble field in August. He invariably wears in summer and winter a Scotch cap with the vizor turned to the back, a long woolen outing shirt hanging outside his trousers like a butcher's frock, and heavy rubber boots. He was at one time employed by the Hudson's Bay Co. as a hunter and trapper, and it is undoubtedly from his wild life that he has adopted most of his peculiarities.

Barney is inclined to be garrulous, and his drawing voice is to be heard on all occasions. When in 1890 he was appointed special police for the enforcement of the game laws his importance knew no bounds. Late into the night, seated on an empty cracker barrel at the village store, he would harangue to an open mouthed audience of sturdy sons of the soil on the necessity of enforcing the game laws.

Not least attentive among his audience was Dennis Holland, who though to all appearances serene, was inwardly boiling over with envy. The two had never been on friendly terms, and now that one had risen to such distinction among his fellows the other was filled with fierce jealousy and bent on his downfall.

One bright spring morning as Dennis was passing by he espied his rival down by the edge of the pine woods sawing kindling-wood. Instantly a plan flashed through his brain whereby he could entrap the old man. What an opportunity! Stealing into the woodshed he appropriated a discarded soap box and crept down by the barn into the woods. When within fifty feet of the siz, siz, of the bucksaw, placing the box upon the ground he began drumming upon it with his fists in imitation of a grouse, slowly at first, then increasing into a prolonged rumble. Instantly the saw ceased, then came a muttered exclamation and the sound of departing footsteps. Soon the worthy game-keeper appeared returning with his trusty Queen-Anne musket. Assuring himself that no one was in sight he began beating about for the supposed bird. At the end of half an hour, seating himself on a fallen tree to rest and mop his brow, he exclaimed, "By gum, that war a rousin' big pa'tridge. I wonder where he is."

"Right here," exclaimed Dennis, stepping from behind a hemlock and presenting the box.

"What are you a-doin' here!" cried the huntsman in surprise and alarm.

"Enforcin' them game laws," was the demure reply.

Poor Barney! His chagrin was too keen for description. Of course Dennis promised never to tell, but you may rest assured, kind reader, that within twenty-four hours the story had been the rounds with sundry embellishments which strict adherence to the truth would have rendered unnecessary.

If you ever happen to be passing through Belleville and stop at the store to chat, don't mention the subject of game protection if Barney McLane is there, for he is sensitive on this point. B.

### A Washington Trapper.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24.—Until a few mornings since my mental picture of a trapper had been such a man as Cooper puts in his stories, living on the outside of civilization alone amid numerous dangers, with long hair, a long stride and a long rifle. But recently I have discovered one doing an active business inside the city limits of the capital of the United States. I got in my boat a few mornings since for a pull down the river before business hours, and while rowing along saw an old negro man pull out from under one of the wharves a steel trap with a muskrat in it. Pulling up I found him to be a venerable specimen of the "Ole Virginny nigger" type, and consequently very friendly and talkative. He has twenty-four traps which he sets under the wharves and along in the holes made in the bank of the river by the numerous rodents. He averages a dozen each morning, he tells me, the hides of which bring fifteen cents apiece, at a local furrier. This is not such a bad financial return for four hours' work each day.

"I had a funny 'spierence down yander by the bridge dis winter," said he. "I sot a trap in a hole and I guess I didn't fasten de chain tight 'nough, kaze de nex' mornin' when I come down de trap was gone and I could see where de rat had dragged it in de hole. Dat was las' winter. Well, a few mornin's ago I was passin' dere and I could see where de trap was still bein' dragged in and out de hole, so I went home and got a spade and after two hours' hard work I dug out dat rat."

"Well," said I, "was the trap still on it?"  
"Yes, boss, it was on its tail; and dat aint all, it was a she rat, and dere was four little ones in dere and each one of dem had a little steel trap on its tail."  
He got his quarter. ROE FULKERSON.

## Sea and River Fishing.

### IN BILLY BOWLEGS' LAND.

PALM BEACH, Fla.—This region, from its ease of access under present conditions by an all rail route and the excellence and variety of the fish caught in the lake and in the ocean, must become a very great resort for those who love variety in sport. Besides the lake and the ocean which swarm with so many varieties of salt-water fish, you have to go but a little way to the westward to come to the fresh-water lakes, which abound in bass. The result has been that those coming for a few days have lengthened their stay into weeks, because when one man has caught a kingfish weighing 30lbs. the other man feels that he cannot possibly leave until he has done as well; and a string of fish caught may consist of red snappers, kingfish, groupers, with any number of the smaller fish.

A few days since a party had an interview with a large whale which rose quite close to the boat, and not one of the little black whales so often seen along this coast either, but one whose size would have made an old whaler's eyes flash. A harpoon, however, was not part of the fishing tackle, nor were any of the party ambitious to capture a whale, and so a rapid retreat was made for the shore. In the eyes of all the party his size was prodigious, while to the gaze of the colored boatman he seemed like a veritable monster of the deep.

Going westward from the lake you soon come into the country of the Seminoles, where there is no lack of game.

As almost all the fish caught are shown on the lawn and weighed, the stories told have an element of veracity that is quite charming, and the only romance allowed is in the tale of those who got away, when the imagination must be allowed some play or half the charm of fishing would be gone.

We have a summer sea, where the rowboat can be safely launched from the shore and a day's sport enjoyed on the open ocean, without a thought of danger, amid schools of fish eager to take almost any sort of bait. So pass the days away, and the tired man of business goes back to his desk browned and tired, but well and able once more to take up his toil refreshed and invigorated, and with a memory stored with pleasant recollections of sea and shore and lake and woods.

Billy Bowlegs is a frequent visitor at the hotel, where he finds a ready market for his skins, etc. He dresses in true Indian style and is quite an attraction. "Tiger" is another Seminole brave who often visits civilization. I send a photo of Billy Bowlegs, that your readers may know how our red brethren of the Everglades appear.

April 2.—How does this account show for the fishing at Palm Beach for one day? To-day three parties were out on the ocean fishing for what are here known as kingfish.

Col. Clow and Mr. Royce of Chicago caught 57, averaging over 20lbs. each.

Mr. Merrill and Mr. Dornier of New York caught 77, averaging 17½lbs. each. Mr. Vandergriff and Mr. Arms caught 62, averaging 20lbs. The day was fine, the sea smooth, and the boats sailed merrily along with lines trolling and the fish following, apparently eager to be caught. The flying fish arose in flocks as they were chased by the larger fish, and often were caught while in the air by the frigate bird, which swoops upon them like a flash. Although the fishermen were not more than three hours engaged in the catch, they all returned thoroughly tired from what proved the greatest day in numbers caught in the history of Palm Beach. None of them needed to tell but the plain, unvarnished tale, for the fish were there to speak for themselves. The three boats certainly did remarkably well. W.

### ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 289.)

THE morning was not much improvement on the evening, for there was every indication of a continuance of the unpropitious weather. The wind blew fiercely, the waves pounded the rocks with terrible violence, and a thick fog arose from the valleys, that soon sought the waters and began to creep outward, much to the dismay of mariners as well as anglers. It was evident there was to be no trout-ing soon, and, as a necessity, we hugged the snug quarters of our tent, played "crib," read and made observations on the weather, as if that alone had been the business of our lives. The half-breeds busied themselves in improving the comfort of our tent by a generous spread therein of foliaged branches. Rain, which had been threatening all the morning, soon came, and then we were prisoners indeed.

After dinner the fog disappeared, the sun came out and the massive clouds which had filled the heavens suddenly broke and charmingly wreathed the summits of the mountains, now settling below or hanging in patches on the sides, again soaring above, displaying a long line of irregular peaks lying far and brilliant in the streaming light, and anon taking on gorgeous colors from rosy pink to glowing red, as if ablaze with internal fires. Although a northwest wind was blowing and the waves tossing in froth, we concluded to try a little bay just opposite our quarters that gave us a very comfortable lee. It was a half mile through a decidedly lumpy sea to the desired locality, but confinement in camp had become so irksome that morning that any change we thought would be for the better, so we took the boat and started for the land of promise. It was a hard row o'er a sea that was festooned in froth, but as it was a short distance the boys heeded not the bounding billows. Now, if there were any place that looked like an ideal spot for trouting, it was along the rugged shore of this little bay. The entire bottom developed one continual line of broken and upheaved masses of granite and trap-rock, and with such generous cover for the *fontinalis* you'd declare they were here in countless numbers.

Arriving at the bay we pulled to a rugged rock which had but recently toppled from the cliff above, as an unbleached side of it evidenced, and around which the waves were curling in anything but whispers or dimples. We were confident we had reached a promising spot where wary trout must lie, eager for some dropping or passing prey. As light as the first flakes of snow, so we flatteringly thought, two choice flies, a Parmacheene-belle and a scarlet-ibis, were sent from my rod into the tempting waters, but the only response, the spreading circles where the artistic lures so silently fell, Ned was a



close second with two of his fanciful creations, and he also failed to arouse a fin.

The first dropping of the flies does not always receive a rise, though it may attract some far away trout to the place. Again and again they fall and flutter, until every foot around this huge rock, and every crevice that displayed a darkened line, had been completely covered. It was futile, for no trout rippled the surface; so we moved along, casting as we went, and not till we had reached a small gravelly beach did our lures attract, and then a half-pounder snapped at my stretcher and was caught on the fly. Peter, on taking him out of the landing net, discovered several gill-net marks upon him, and that alone told the entire story of their paucity here. The pot-hunting savages had been ahead of us and had captured about all the trout in the neighborhood.

We fished an hour or so more without receiving a response, and then returned to camp with a wind that was fast dying out. Ned, as he stepped from the boat, said in despairing tones, "If we can't catch trout we can take in the exhilarating ozone, and that at least is some solace."

He thought at one time that it was entirely too early in the season for the trout to rise well to the fly, but now he was positive we were entirely too late, it being simply another instance of the early bird (savage) getting the worm. We had now come about seventy miles and it was evident that the entire coast so far had been about depopulated of the beautiful game fish. Our only hope in striking the quarry was to move ahead and try to find waters that the cunning barbarians had not netted, or fished to death with their set lines. As the weather had been very unpropitious for the angle, the lake being either too smooth, too rough or too foggy, we concluded to remain another day and try the shore line westward.

Ned could hardly comprehend such a total absence of the trout, for this place last year was decidedly the best we had fished. He, however, consoled himself as far as he could, with the idea that the pure water and healthful climate still remained.

I thought this an opportune time to remind Ned that W. C. Prime, the accomplished author of "I Go A-Fishing," said that "there is always that distinction to be kept in mind between going to get fish and going a-fishing. There is no possibility of convincing the general run of people that the old angler has his enjoyment in the going for fish, and that the getting of fish is but a minor part of the day's pleasure."

"That is exactly the way I look at it, and though I may be somewhat disappointed in returning without the quarry, I always feel as if I had had much real enjoyment from the simple pastime."

"I am delighted, Ned, that you take such a pleasant view of it, but listen to what he further says:

"But as you grow older, we learn more and more to appreciate the innumerable joys which dwell on the banks and in the waters of the rivers and lakes, and which are surely to be taken when one goes a-fishing. And, therefore, the old angler always has a successful day, catching that which he went out to catch with great certainty, and coming home with a load of beauty to talk and tell about, though there be not a fish in his creel."

"That is delicious, and when I return to civilization again, I shall certainly take infinite pleasure in reading Prime's 'I Go A-Fishing.'"

"Do, and you will revel in a book that will recall the delightful memories of the gentle art and fascinate you from its first page to its last."

After supper, the stiff breezes having fallen to mere zephyrs, we sent the boys over to the main shore to gather some fragrant balsam boughs for our tent, while Ned and I had our usual rubber of "crib." In about an hour the boatmen returned with a liberal supply of the green foliage, which, when spread in the tent, filled it with a fragrance, the inhaling of which was akin to draughts of enlivening tonic.

The early dawn brought a bright sky and a southeast wind that tossed the water in dancing waves of silver, just the thing for fishing. Ned sang, as sweetly as a lark, while he was putting his tackle in order for the prospective angle, and was so eager for the start that he fairly bolted his breakfast and did not care whether he had hot cakes or not as the final dish. Not satisfied with his own haste, he hurried the boys for the departure, as he was fairly aching to cast his flies, some upon which he had made a slight improvement which he thought no trout with curiosity or appetite would fail to attack with tiger-like ferocity.

Out from the canal-like harbor, between the two islands, we shot into the green waters with a balmy air as exhilarating as new wine. It was but a short time before we reached the main shore and commenced the work of enticement. Every moment I looked to see some beauty of the deep pounce upon a lure, but it was a full hour before I aroused and fortunately hung one, but unfortunately he released himself after being indulged in the most careful and delicate handling. The fates evidently seemed to be "for'ninst" us, for we had now been on the pursuit for the past five days and had not caught over that many fish. It was a case of do or die with us, and, as time was not to be considered, we became more earnest than ever in our search for the redcoats. Again the strife is continued, and the flies from bow and stern fell upon the water with an unflagging industry and patience deserving generous reward. At last one small trout, under a half pound, was the victim; and then satisfied that further advance would be profitless, concluded to return, break camp at once and go to Aguawa, some five miles ahead, where we were confident of meeting with better success. Word was accordingly given the half-breeds to head for camp, and in less than half an hour the boat entered the narrow channel to our quarters and the work of dismantling and loading immediately commenced.

Once more we are off, with a gentle breeze that about filled the sails and started a tender and tuneful cadence from the bow as we slid o'er the silver surface with a silvery blue sky above. The wind held till we reached the river, for which the boys were duly thankful, as rowing on a hot day, which this was, was not a very agreeable occupation. On landing, the tents were at once pitched and dinner prepared, which was partaken of with keen appetites, it being far beyond the noon hour.

On making arrangements for the trip up the river, Ned discovered that he had left his Frankfort reel at the island, and the result of it was the boys had to return for it, which going and coming consumed the remainder of the afternoon. We reluctantly abandoned the trip till

the morrow and then concluded to make a day of it on the famous river.

After supper I caught a fine trout in front of the camp, in an arm of the river that extended some distance parallel with the lake. He was a crimson warrior that fought fiercely for his freedom, but his brave efforts were in vain. After his first fierce dash he suddenly leaped from the water shaking the diamond drops from his spangled sides, and then plunged violently to the bottom where he struggled till his vital forces were sadly demoralized. Having no landing net with me just then, I worried him till I was satisfied I could safely land him on the beach. Carefully I drag him along, and so completely subdued and exhausted was he that when his scarlet side pressed the shining sand there was not a quiver in him that was perceptible. He was a royal beauty, "in vestures of silver and azure and gold, just out of the swirl of the veering stream," and justly proved the dish *de résistance* at the matutinal meal.

This raised our hopes to a high degree and led us to believe that after all the rippling river would yield us an abundance of exciting sport. With this feeling, we retired that night to dream of the prospective pleasures of the gentle art, and the beauties of wood and dell through which we would have to tramp *en route* to the famous pools.

The morning for which we were so impatient came at last, with a cloudless sky and with the amber sunways



BILLY DOWLESS.

glinting and spreading on all sides, and everyone astir and eager for the departure.

As we were to make a day of it at the first big pool, we had a lunch prepared in which was included the inevitable tea, which of course necessitated the taking of pot and kettle, and as the boys suggested that a fish fry would be agreeable, a frying-pan was also included. These, with the lunch, were put in a sack for convenience of carrying, as we would probably have some fallen timber to climb over as well as thickets to breast through.

As the road through the woods to the pool would save us at least two miles, we wisely, as we thought, concluded to take it. But here was a dilemma, for not one in the entire party knew it, though Kenosh said he was confident he could pilot us to the place. Placing confidence in his statement, we took up the line of march, single file, and entered the deep wood just back of the Indian settlement called Aguawa, and which, strange to say, did not that day contain a single inhabitant, as they were all at Mamase engaged in the fisheries. We here struck a narrow path which was well defined for about a mile and a half, and then it suddenly ended. Here we went into an untrodden forest, making detours here and there, around fallen timber and through tangled thickets. It was hard work now, for when we were not circling around the dead timber we were climbing over or crawling under it. In addition to this, the black flies were very numerous and pestered us not a little. At last the half-breeds called a halt and suggested that we remain where we were and they would go ahead and endeavor to find the trail that led to the pool. This satisfied us that our guides were all at sea relative to the correct route, but as the suggestion was a sage one, were satisfied with it and told them to go ahead, and then we sat down upon a fallen tree and commenced fighting the multitude of flies and mosquitoes with some foliated branches.

We were somewhat fatigued, not with the tramp, but the constant climbing and creeping, and began to think after all that the sylvan beauties we anticipated were not a bit entertaining. Discomfort and admiration are not harmonious companions at all. If we became enthused with the brilliant plumage of some forest warbler as he came in view, the feast of the flies upon our exposed anatomy would soon recall us to protective duties. Anon,

a red squirrel would race along, and just as soon as we began to take interest in its graceful movements, a fly or two with venomous fangs would alight upon our nose or some other tender spot, and make the blood trickle and the flesh tingle. Here we sat for at least two hours, listening to the hum of our tormentors, with the agreeable variation of a bird's sweet note, awaiting the return of our guides, until at last we began to think that they, too, had lost themselves in their wanderings. Ned suggested a return to camp, and here another embarrassment struck us very forcibly. It was a disagreement about the correct direction to our quarters, Ned insisting that it was to the right of us, while I claimed it was to the left. While we were thus arguing the points of the compass and looking for the trail we had come over, a shout was heard from our boys, to which we gladly responded. On joining us they gave the lamentable information that they could not find the path, though they had found the river and dipped from it one small trout.

As we did not feel like tramping all day in the sultry insect-infested woods, we returned to camp somewhat disgusted with the morning's venture.

Immediately after dinner we took the boat and went up to the river to the first shallows, where we got ashore and commenced casting. I picked up two or three small trout here, and not being satisfied took Kenosh and walked up the river about a mile, fishing each pool as we came to it, from the bank, and with very good results. The last pool, and the best, required considerable wading to properly fish it. I really did not feel like getting wet, but as I gazed into the sheet of limpid water I saw several trout leap from it in sportive play, and that determined me to venture, though a case of rheumatics immediately ensued as the result. Kenosh smiled encouragingly as he saw me wade in, and remarked, "Now we get 'em." And sure enough, we did "get 'em," for at nearly every cast a trout sprang for the lure.

At the upper end of the pool where the ripples ran merrily, I was fortunate enough to hang two at once, both of which Kenosh succeeded in adroitly netting. My next cast brought a half-pounder, and then the next victim just about reached the legal limit. There was then a cessation of the sport for a few minutes, but when I cast by a submerged tree near the opposite shore, I received a savage response, but being a little off my guard, missed him by about the fiftieth part of a second.

"Big fellow, that," says Kenosh, looking somewhat disappointed at my failure to connect with the greedy trout.

"Yes, big and active; but I will change my tactics on him," I replied. And then I waded ashore and put on a larger fly for my stretcher, and also increased the size of my dropper. I had been using a No. 9 sproat, not expecting to find such a large fish at this part of the river. A No. 4 gilt-coachman was now on my dropper and a No. 3 silver-doctor on my stretcher; and with these I again waded in and sent them to the very spot the inquisitive trout had so suddenly disturbed. There was no response to this invitation, so I sent another with an R. S. V. P., and this time the gilt-edge allurement was accepted with an impolite but fatal greediness. The little Chubb rod gracefully bent and the reel hummed as the gameful trout dashed down the stream with a rapidity born of desperation.

"Full well was strained the silken braid,  
By swift retreat and sudden tack;  
At last one furious lunge was made,  
And then the line lay slack."

I saw a golden gleam, and then it appeared to me very much like an entrancing dream. He was gone, and a bird on a swaying limb caroled a note of serene joy, while Kenosh and I looked at one another so despairingly and so hopelessly that words were unnecessary to picture our great disappointment. It was already graphically expressed; the handwriting was on the wall.

Without a word between us, I commenced casting again, and after a few droppings of the lures I had another proposition, which I accepted, and had the infinite satisfaction of seeing the dotted darling safely in the net. He was a half-pounder, and was a victim to the coachman in gilt.

Again and again the flies dance on the crystal pool, but no trout breaks the rippling water. I move along to some shelving rocks tinted by the rays of the sinking sun, and here I snatch four more lovely 10in. trout from their secluded lurking-places. A tempting spot a few yards ahead, where some clustered cedars were casting their fanciful shadows on the quiet waters, now attracted my attention. Wading carefully and quietly up the stream, I soon have my lures dropping amid the lines of sun and shade, and was duly rewarded with the capture of three more of the pretty specimens that gleam in gold and scarlet, crimson and purple. Changing my base once more, I tramp silently on till I reach the head of some rapids whose tossing waters are running over the shallow beds of glistening pebbles to as merry a tune as the woodland piper plays. It is the same old story of the successful angler's pursuit, and so it continued as we wandered along the banks of this sinuous stream to the evening hymn of sweet-throated birds.

I fished for about an hour more in this lengthy and translucent pool, and having caught sufficient during that time for the entire camp for a day, I concluded before returning to reel up and rest on a fallen tree that had been undermined by the rapid current. Now that my pleasures of the angle had been fully satisfied, I became an enraptured admirer of the picturesque landscape, which surrounded me on all sides. The very water at my feet rippled in tinkling tones over glistening beds of gravel and along banks bordered by ferns and flowers, shadowed by birch and balsam, and rife in evergreens and sedgy grass. It is impossible to write in terms which will not seem extravagant, of the unbroken forests which cover the sugar loaf mountains on the immediate west of this racing river. Here we see familiar shrubs grown to stately trees; towering pines piercing the upper air, tapering cedars in strange confusion, somber hemlocks with their spreading arms, while beneath, the lesser growth of birches and tangled thickets hide the flinty rocks among which they grow. Beautiful berries gleam, strange wild flowers shine like stars, ferns run riot in luxuriance, velvet-like mosses cover every rock and fallen timber. Innumerable rills, clear as crystal and cold as ice, drop into the parent stream in musical whisper, while at infrequent intervals small lakes sleep in silent beauty on the level plains. It is an Arcadia of an icy region serenely and peacefully reposing in the long



light and deep slanting shadows of the fading afternoon; no angler eager for nature at her best could ask for more:

"And here, where the eddies so pearly white  
Sink away into gloom or wheel into light,  
Where the trunk of decaying pine tree doth throw  
Its leaning bridge o'er the current flow,  
The patient angler, with rod and line,  
May cast his flies and his tackle so fine;  
And soon his basket a treasure will hold  
Of azure fishes o'erspangled with gold."

Rested and content, I take up the tramp for Ned and the craft, crossing and recrossing the river a dozen times or more on the trip before I stumble on my comrade fast asleep in the boat, with the balmy air moving his gray locks and the sun browning his rugged and expressive face. He said he had grown weary of fishing as well as disgusted with the size of his victims, and concluded to enter the Land of Nod. Peter, who had remained, went into the woods while Ned was napping and gathered a large supply of balsam boughs for our tents. This is a luxury that princes may envy, for its inhalation is as healthful as the most coveted balm, and possesses the magnificent virtues of lulling to the most restful slumber. We would sooner have missed our meals than not to have had our tent redolent with it. Balsam was the first and the last thing thought of in camp, and we had it in generous quantities, fairly reveling in it; and so fragrant were we with it that we began to feel as if we were closely allied to the odoriferous tree.

It was but half a mile to camp, which we reached in the glow of a luminous sunset that filled the western sky with a golden curtain of alternating bands of the most lovely hues—purple, violet, gold and amber.

"Falling dew with spangles deck'd the glade,  
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade."

We found on reaching our quarters the lilliputians of the insect world, with their tiny spears sharpened and their little knives whetted, ready for the gore of human. Like all their pestiferous tribe, they stood not on ceremony in their greetings, but fell upon us in such clouds and with such ferocity that we were bleeding at many a pore before we could find the misplaced repellent. Once in our possession, we routed them with the subtle mixture as if it carried death in its very fumes.

These malignant hummers being disposed of, for the present, I at once disrobed myself of my damp clothes, and after a vigorous rubbing with a crash towel was soon enrobed in dry garments that were then a positive luxury. Now, if I could only escape from the penalty for my rashness in wading, all would be well, but as one of my knees was already aching I was satisfied I was in for a case of rheumatics or something akin thereto. The adolescent angler who has everything to his advantage, may wade without so much danger of ailment, but when it comes to an old man attempting it who has nearly three score and ten to his account, it savors somewhat of idiocy.

That evening after supper a couple of Indians from Michipicoten, who were in camp with their families on the opposite side of the river, made us a visit, and hearing of our failure to find the big pool, offered to pilot us to the place for \$1.50. Our boys were averse to our engaging them, stating at the same time that they were positive of finding it on a second attempt. They were fearful of falling in our estimation if we engaged a guide, but as we did not wish to have a repetition of the morning's wanderings, concluded to take one of them and make an early start at dawn for the distant pool. The bargain being concluded they took their canoe and crossed the stream to their quarters, decidedly pleased with the prospect of so easily earning a little money with a lunch and supper in addition thereto.

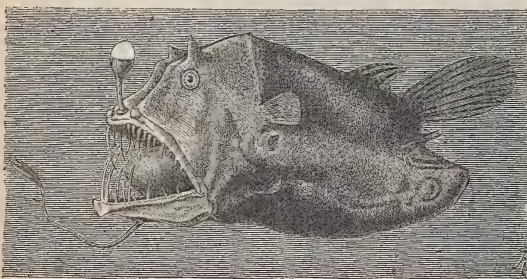
I was so worn out that evening with my piscatorial pursuit of the afternoon, that I sought an early couch and was soon lulled to slumber by the sweet song of the sea and the gentle rustle of the forest.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE TORCH-FISH.

ONE of the most noteworthy and striking facts of animal life is its adaptation to the conditions of its environment. Study any animals or groups of animals, and it will be seen that its leading physical characteristics are in exact adaptation to its habits and conditions. A very interesting illustration is afforded by the torch-fish (*Linophryne lucifer*), a cut of which, taken from Schorer's *Familienblatt*, Berlin, is given herewith. The torch-fish



is a deep-sea fish carrying on his nose an organ which he can illuminate with a phosphorescent light or extinguish at pleasure. *L. lucifer* does not use his lantern to guide him on his pathless course in the dark depths of ocean, or to enable him to look around him; but, when meal-time comes, he lights up to attract small fishes, which, mistaking the lantern for a phosphorescent insect, dart straight for it, only to find their way into the capacious jaws of *L. lucifer*. The mode in which the lantern is lighted and extinguished is not yet clearly understood. The illustration appeared originally in Haacke's "Schöpfung der Thierwelt."—*Literary Digest*, New York.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

### ANGLING NOTES.

#### Fraser River Salmon Pen.

THE most comprehensive picture that I have seen of the artificial spawning of salmon—and at best there are precious few of these of any sort—is one that was sent to me from Vancouver, B. C., of the Fraser River salmon pen belonging to the Dominion Fish Commission, and reproduced in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

The Fraser River hatchery is on Harrison River, a tributary of the lower Fraser, and the salmon pen shown in the picture is on Morrison Creek. At the time the photograph was taken the hatchery was in charge of the late Mr. Thomas Mowat, a son of the veteran salmon fisherman, John Mowat, of New Brunswick. In the picture Mr. Thomas Mowat is the second figure from the left, holding a female salmon over a pan, on a box. In the foreground is the pen, filled with salmon, where they are retained until ripe, and from which they are dipped to be artificially spawned. After the fish are handled by the spawners they are put into the raceway at the extreme right and rear, from which they find their way back to the river. The operation of spawning is clearly shown. With one hand gloved in a worsted glove the fish is firmly held by the tail over a pan, and the other hand is pressed along the belly of the fish, forcing the ova into the pan. The man standing between the two spawn-takers holds a male salmon by the tail ready to be passed to the spawn takers that the milt may be taken in the same manner that the eggs are taken, and in the same pan, and thus the eggs are impregnated. The male salmon is indicated by the hooked jaws. A reading glass will aid one to see how solidly they are packed in the pen. As a whole the photograph is remarkably clear, and FOREST AND STREAM has made a reproduction fully as clear and well worth preserving by those interested in the process of artificial breeding.

#### Feeding Bait Fish.

A correspondent in Meriden, Conn., writes: "What is the best food for bait fish (shiners)? They are kept in a tank that has water running through it all the time." As boy and man I have dealt extensively in bait fish, and as a rule fed the fish nothing at all, because the "bait box" was generally placed in a small stream, so the water ran through it and the fish got enough out of the water to keep them in condition until they were used, this being soon after they were put into the bait box. Such feeding as I have done has been with corn bread crumbs in winter and earth worms in summer. On one occasion I fed a lot of bait with chopped raw liver that had been pressed through a wire sieve and then mixed with water until it was of the consistency of syrup. This treatment fouled the water more than bread crumbs or earth worms, and the bait box required frequent cleaning, which it must have, no matter what the artificial food may be that is introduced into the box.

Overcrowding a bait box with shiners and the consequent development of fungus is more fatal than starvation from lack of food. That water contains minute organisms to sustain life in a given number of bait fish confined in a given space is illustrated by an experience of my own. In April I bought a lot of suckers as bait for lake trout trolling. I was obliged to buy more than I wanted in order to get any. Those that I did not use at the time were put into a spring in the cellar of the man from whom I bought them. I forgot all about them until late in the fall when I wanted bait fish, and then for the first time I saw the spring. It was about as large as a bushel basket and the fish were all alive, but very thin, and it was cruel to have left such a number of fish in such small quarters without feeding.

To furnish an ideal bait box or tank for keeping such fish, my idea would be to construct it large enough to introduce some of the water mosses from Caledonia Creek, N. Y. There are four mosses found in this famous trout spring in which natural food breeds abundantly. They are the moisture-loving, river-bank, fern-branched and rusus-like mosses. See the advertisement of Mr. James Annin, Jr., in FOREST AND STREAM and write to him, and I have no doubt he will furnish the water mosses and a water cress too, if desired, and with the mosses will come a supply of natural food that will reproduce itself to feed shiners or trout.

#### Westwood's Angling Books.

How many anglers in New York city know that the rare library of angling books collected by Thomas Westwood, author of "The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler," "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," etc., etc., is to be found in the Lenox Library? I did not know it until long after Mr. Westwood's death, although on more than one occasion he mentioned in his letters that his books had come to New York. Once he said to me: "If I go on I shall be setting up an angling library again, I, that renounced the luxury years ago and scattered my thousand volumes over the world. New York got the best of them. I think New York gets the best of most rare and curious things nowadays. I have never ceased to regret having parted with my collection."

Yet I never happened to ask him where in New York the collection went to. He had every edition of Walton up to the time he parted with his books.

#### Surface Fishing for Lake Trout.

As indicated in a note in this column last week, Lake George, N. Y., is now entirely free from ice. From the Narrows, at Bolton, to the Canoe Islands the lake was clear as early as March 19. On March 31 a steam yacht came from Ticonderoga to the Sagamore Hotel at Bolton, but not until the afternoon of April 1 did the last of the ice between Caldwell and Diamond Island disappear. Even with April 1 as the date it beats the record. Previous to this year the earliest that the ice has entirely left the lake within the memory of any one now living was in 1873, when it went out on April 4. Already local fishermen and local newspapers are predicting that there will be no surface fishing this year, as the trout will have come to the top and returned before the season legally opens, on May 1. Should this prove true, it will be a great disappointment to many anglers, for of late years fishermen from all parts of the country have visited Lake George on or about May 1 to troll on the surface for lake trout, and the success has been such as to extend the fame of the lake as a fishing resort. The first week in April trout were seen in large schools at the surface of the water near the Sagamore Hotel dock, and on the east side

of Green Island. This is where the fish gathered for some reason last year as they never were known to do before, and where tons of them were caught, as I related last season.

I have had several letters of inquiry about the prospects for fishing after May 1, and presume I shall have more. I can only guess at it, and may not be a good guesser, but it may prove of comfort to some of my correspondents if I give some facts from my journal instead of guesses as to what may be. In 1878, the year the ice went out on April 4, I reached the lake on May 2, going direct to Bolton. On the 3d I trolled at the bottom, as I believed that the trout had been at the surface and returned to the bottom. Alec Taylor was my boatman on that day (and he is considered the best professional fisherman at the lake), while his father, who was my regular boatman, went for bait. The next day six boats started for Hague, and most all the trout were caught at the surface. It was the same on the 5th, 6th and 7th. The night we reached the hotel at Hague, our six boats displayed such a catch of trout as may not have been seen there since. Coming out of Hague I caught three trout one after another, at the surface, that weighed 5lbs. each. Our total catch was not as large as might be made now that the trout are more plentiful and run larger, but it was the banner year of that period before the lake was restocked with trout by the State. A. N. CHENEY.

### FROM WORM TO FEATHERS.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: After three weeks of continual disappointments, we three busy men, Counsellor John E. Lanning, Dr. H. S. Kimmouth and myself, set out Friday, 23d ult., for a trial at the trout, which were reported to be very plentiful in the streams tributary to the South Shrewsbury. We were accompanied by Caesar Riley, the Doctor's man of all work (who, by the way, in spite of the fact that his name is suggestive of Celtic origin, is as black as the proverbial ace of spades; and Lanning says he can prove that Caesar is the only negro ever born in Ireland).

After a disagreeable ride of 12 miles in the face of a drizzling rain we arrived at what the Doctor was pleased to term the right spot. Calling out the aged colored man who lives near by the stream, we managed to secure comfortable quarters for our team; and having adjusted our suits were ready for business. "Now, you fellows," exclaimed the Doctor, "just watch me pick out a fine fish, right down here in this little pool. I took three from there one day last spring in less than as many minutes; and it wasn't a very good day for trout fishing, either."

With bated breath we stood still and watched his stealthy approach to the bank and admired his faultless cast, but, alas, no reward attended his efforts. After a kindly remark from the Counsellor that anybody could do as well as that, we proceeded down stream about 100 yds. below our starting point, and while I was passing around a cluster of alders I was startled by a wild whoop-ee from the Counsellor, and ran out in time to see his right leg retire from active service down a convenient muskrat hole, and his left assuming gyrations *à la* Midway Plaisance. In his hurry to have the thing over he had carelessly tossed his hat into the top of a bunch of alders, leaving his head (which is entirely devoid of its crowning glory) bobbing around like an animated billiard ball, the black, adhesive mud returning his unexpected call in the form of a patch about the size of a full-blown pancake square in the face. Borrowing a rail from an adjacent fence, we pried him out and laid him tenderly on the grass. While I was removing the mud from his face, making my leather cap perform the double service of washbasin and towel, I heard the Doctor, who was carefully examining the wreck, murmur something about "Compound fractures of the Third Commandment." However, we were soon moving on down stream, the Doctor almost immediately taking two fine fish from a small pool, while I caught three from near the foot of a small run emptying into the stream.

Being desirous of saving all fish taken for stocking purposes we pressed into service two barrels found in the meadow, which were water-tight. In all we got twenty-seven fine fish and transported them in safety to a brook which we had prepared in advance for their reception; and we will see to it that they are well protected.

A heavy rain now setting in, we were compelled to return to the house where we had left our rig and lunch. The Doctor soon began negotiating with the old dorky for some articles suitable to move our fish in, and was thus employed, when he was surprised to feel a heavy tug on his rod, which he was holding behind him. A glance was sufficient to reveal all. An inquisitive old hen spying the worm dangling at the end of his rod, had swallowed it, hook and all, at a gulp. It is hard to determine which of the two were most surprised when the situation became apparent, the Doctor or the hen. Starting off with a rush to join her fellows in the barnyard, she was soon brought to a full stop by a dextrous motion of the Doctor's rod, known only to expert anglers. And now the fun began in earnest. The more she realized her position the more determined she became to get away. Around and around the wood pile went the old hen, her gait broken now and then by a wild flop of the wings, instantly followed by a gleeful somersault as the line would tighten, the Doctor maintaining his position as a good second in the race and continually receiving encouragement from the rest of the party. "It do beat terrifyin' snakes, an' she was my best layin' hen," exclaimed the old dorky mournfully. "See here," at last broke in the Doctor, "this thing has got to stop some time. Catch her, some of you roaring idiots, will you!" And as we surrounded and secured her we all agreed that decapitation was necessary, as the hook could not be secured. So toward the chopping block we started, one carrying the hen, another the axe, the Doctor holding on to his rod and the dorky bringing up the rear.

Yesterday when I asked the Counsellor confidentially if he didn't drive the hen up to the hook purposely he got mad. LEONARD HULT.

### Warren County Association.

WARREN, Pa.—Thanks to the praiseworthy efforts of the Warren County Fish and Game Protective Association illegal fishing has been greatly lessened. Several arrests have been made and heavy fines imposed on persons caught spearing fish through the ice. Many spearing tents were also seized. Some time ago German carp were



introduced into these waters and everything goes to show that the stocking will prove fruitful, some big ones of 8 and 9 lbs., and many smaller ones having been caught. The anglers here are eagerly waiting for April 15, when the open season for trout begins, and as much stocking has been done the fishing promises to be fair in what few streams that have not been ruined by sawmills.

W. A. V. O.

THE GRASSHOPPER-LOVING TROUT.

It was once my luck to be one of a party who were the second to drop line in a certain lake of British Columbia for the trout which there did abound. It happened thus: Some section hands on the railroad told me of the place, which was a pond of spring water which had only been discovered after a recent forest fire. The pool was about a quarter of a mile in diameter and nearly round, with indications of considerable depth.

Now the funny part was that the steep mountains which hemmed this pool in swarmed with grasshoppers, and every time a grasshopper hopped, five times out of six he went down hill, thus most of them in the end brought up in the pond, where they were at once taken care of.

I tried these trout with a fly, but only the small ones would notice it, and they rarely. But a grasshopper they would take every time. In the stomach of one which I caught I found twenty-five hoppers in a nearly perfect state, and I should judge as many more partly digested, still he evidently wanted at least one more, which landed him in the great hereafter.

On our return to the car we laid out as many trout as would go on the bottom of an old trail wagon and had them photographed, as you see by the illustration. On the back of photograph I find written, "One-quarter of six hours' sport." The interesting thing about it was that the trout evidently knew where they could find plenty of grasshoppers at that season of the year, for in the river

can be reached without too much labor after leaving the railroad and where we can find at least good fishing, you will confer a favor on all of us and on a few of your subscribers. Trusting to receive an early reply, I remain, truly yours,

HORACE E. KISTLER, President J. O. C.

Angling Incidents.

PORTLAND, Oregon.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading all the articles pro and con in regard to killing snakes, I want to say that I never would do it until last summer. While we were on the Molalla one afternoon, I was fishing the riffles, my curiosity was aroused by something on the shore. There I was surprised to find a harmless snake about 20 in. long fishing. A fellow feeling caused me to stop and see how it was done. He would let his head down to the surface of the water and let his tongue down, and about one-half inch under; the trout fry, about two inches long, would gather and begin nibbling at it; then a splash and Mr. Snake drew back with a fish in his mouth. I saw this repeated three times and still he was not satisfied, so in the interest of future anglers I picked him up by the tail and thumped his head against a rock.

WM. J. NEWMAN.

On one occasion while fishing at night on the banks of the Appomattox River, in Virginia, with a companion, while we were sitting with a light between us, my friend remarked, "Don't move, there is a moccasin ready to strike at your back." I did not stir, but cold chills began to run up and down my back. He got up very quiet, but as his hand reached for a stick the snake let fly and I jumped to my feet like one galvanized, and at same time he hit it with the stick as it some way stuck to my back. The rubber coat I had saved me, but the blow with the stick almost knocked the wind out of my body. The snake had struck with such force that his fangs were imbedded in the rubber. Well, we tried fishing again,



FRASER RIVER SALMON PEN.

and streams within a mile of the pool they were by no means plenty, so must have purposely gone up to have a fine, extensive lunch party.

When a grasshopper struck the water from three to four dozen trout would go for him. None of these fish were large, not one in ten reaching the weight of one pound. They were of the red-throated variety.

WILLARD NYE, JR.

Johnstown Outing Club.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., March 13.—The Johnstown Outing Club is composed of thirty members—business and professional men—and its objects are, as stated in the constitution, as follows:

"SEC. 2. The objects of this club shall be the protection and propagation of all game and fish; co-operation with the authorities in enforcing the game and fish laws; to provide an annual outing for its members, and to encourage in them the true sportsman spirit."

The club was organized in April, 1892, and our first annual outing was held about three miles above Confluence, Somerset county, Pa., on the Youghiogheny River, and our sport was chiefly catching the gamy black bass. For its size and weight the black bass in the Youghiogheny and Castleman rivers, just above their confluence, will afford a true sportsman more genuine enthusiasm and pleasure than any black bass in any other waters that I have fished or read of. They are game. I have had one jump over my head; and they weigh only from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., yet they have more fight in them than a 4-pound lake bass.

Last spring several articles appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM referring to Indian Lake, near Huntsville, Logan county, Ohio. Our club sent a committee of two to Indian Lake to investigate, and their report corroborating the articles referred to, we decided to camp there.

We left Johnstown on July 16, 1893, in two special cars over the B. & O. R. R., and camped for two weeks on the shores of Indian Lake, and had a very satisfactory outing, excepting that the bass would not bite. We tried to make up for our disappointment by making large catches of ring perch, sunfish and calico bass, making sport by using light, springy rods.

We have a first-class camping outfit worth \$500, and we go out to enjoy ourselves. Some members are satisfied with ordinary camp life, but the majority want to hunt and fish. Owing to the fact that our outing takes place in the latter part of July or the first part of August, you can see how we are handicapped. Now, if you can suggest a place within 600 or 800 miles of Johnstown which

but there were so many of those spotted devils about that we gave it up and went to killing them. But hunting snakes by lantern light is not very quieting to one's nerves, so we got out of the brush and tall grass in double quick time.

BRIAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

Carp in Cayuga Lake.

ITHACA, N. Y.—A good many large pickerel were caught here last fall, together with some pretty big carp. A few years ago one or two carp ponds, located at Ludlowville and Sheldrake, I think, gave way, emptying their contents into Cayuga Lake. Since then carp have been taken in considerable numbers annually. Ham Spicer holds the record of '93 for heavy-weight carp, having taken one which weighed 23 lbs. The fish, at the first tug on the line, pulled Spicer, who was not looking, though perhaps longing for leviathans, into the water and mud knee-deep, and it took a lively and exciting two minutes to land the beauteous bouncer of the sluggish inlet. Spicer thinks about the proper carp tackle is a barn raiser's pike pole and a steamboat's anchor rope, with a modern Hercules at the land end of the outfit.

A large consignment of pike for Cayuga Lake is shortly expected here. Two or three consignments of trout fry have already been placed in neighboring streams. For good trout fishing the angler should visit the vicinity of Speedsville, Hartford Mills, Slaterville, McLean and Cortland. The present outlook indicates clear running streams for opening day on brook trout.

M. C. H.

Suckers Survive Freezing.

ITHACA, N. Y.—As bearing on the question recently discussed in FOREST AND STREAM relative to the injuries sustained by fish from freezing, allow me to say that a local angler cut cakes of ice from along the west shore of Cayuga Lake the past winter in which suckers were found frozen solid. The fish were chopped out of the ice, put in water and in a few hours were swimming about with as much animation as usual. The gentleman who gives me the above item also tells me that recently one of a pair of goldfish he has long possessed escaped from the tank in which it is kept, and, although diligent search was made for it, some six hours elapsed before it was found. The fish was returned to the water as an experiment, all signs of life having vanished, and to the wonder and delight of the family, it soon assumed a lively and spirited air, apparently none the worse for its exhausting experience.

M. C. H.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

The Trout Netting Case.

SHEFFIELD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my FOREST AND STREAM of March 24, I notice your article on the action brought by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against R. E. Follett, Fish Commissioner of Connecticut, for the illegal taking of trout, and his conviction and fine of \$150 for same. As I am a resident of this town, a lessee of part of the same brook, and have helped stock the same for the last nine years, I want to give you a few notes on this matter that your correspondent omitted.

A friend of Mr. Follett's or he himself in a letter to the Hartford Times, states that the sportsmen here have from the start antagonized the hatchery and Mr. Barnum's interests in the same. The man that made that statement knew it to be false, and only said it to try and create a little sympathy for the Fish Commissioner. The sportsmen around here know Mr. Barnum to be a sportsman and a gentleman, and one who would not knowingly violate the law nor have any one in his employ do so. He leaves the full management of the hatchery to Mr. Follett, who resides here, while Mr. Barnum lives in Lime Rock, Conn. This Lee Brook is about five miles long, and has always been noted as a good trout brook, and has been stocked for the past ten years regularly by fry furnished by the State of Massachusetts. Mr. Barnum leases the upper portion of it, about two miles in all.

Mr. Follett was arrested for netting trout in the close season last fall in this running brook, and his defense is that because he turned some trout out of his ponds into the brook last June because they were not doing well—turned right in among the wild trout—he had a right to net them, and on the witness stand under oath he testified that four months later when he netted the stream he could easily identify his fish from the wild ones, and I want to add right here that there isn't a single fisherman up here believes such a thing, nor have I met one anywhere in my travels who does. He says he knew them by their peculiar color, because he fed them some liver nearly every day. But by far the greater part of their nourishment was derived from the natural food in the brook, and besides it is a well known fact that trout adapt their color to their surroundings.

It is a mystery to the sportsmen around here why it is that Mr. Follett went the two miles of the brook to net his trout, when he only fed them in one place. Fish generally congregate where they are fed. His sole defense was that because he turned the trout out in January, '93 and fed them, he had a right to net them.

How does he explain his action in netting that brook some nine months before? He netted the brook in September and October 1892, long before he turned any fish into it, long before he bought any trout to put in his pond. In fact his first pond was stocked with the wild trout netted from the Lee Brook and its tributaries in September and October of 1892. Here a man, who holds the office of Fish Commissioner of the State of Connecticut, who says that "From his earliest recollections he has been interested in fishculture; and for years has been in the fish hatching business." He above all others should be posted in laws pertaining to fish and fishing; and in netting as he has, he must have known he was going contrary to law, and for such deliberate and willful violation should be fined the extreme penalty. There might be some excuse for a man who had not made a study of fish, fishing and fish laws, but none for this commissioner.

Mr. Follett has appealed the case and the decision of the higher court will be awaited with interest by all sportsmen in Berkshire county.

HARRY S. ANDREWS.

The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 17 to 20.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y. Entries close March 31.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 1 to 4.—Special show of St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-Terrier clubs, in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, Madison Square Garden.  
May 9 to 12.—Louisville Kennel Club, at Louisville, Ky. St. Marc M. Munday, Sec'y.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Don't forget that the Specialty show entries close April 20, with James Mortimer, 44 Broadway, New York.

Shooting Dog vs. Field Trial Dog.

VIRGINIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Would a gentleman's shooting dog—a good ranger, staunch, and a first-class retriever both from land and water—stand any show in a field trial with a regular field trial dog, broken and handled by a professional?

Does retrieving count for anything in a field trial or is it objectionable? and is a dog required to drop to shot?

S. W.

[There are ten chances to one that the dog would not under the conditions you state. This is the hub on which the whole argument about the way field trials are conducted at the present day is turning. The better the amateur's dog is trained the less chance he would seem to have in present competitions. It depends chiefly upon the handler, and until the adept professionals, who seem to have things all their own way and are allowed to break up an opponent's dog as much as they choose, are put into a class of their own and amateurs are allowed to compete with amateurs, the amateur's dog per se, however well trained, stands little chance for the money. We cannot explain our meaning better than to quote the words of a veteran shooting dog handler who competed this last fall in the Southern trials: "They're too fast for me; it isn't field work, it's racing." Retrieving, in the principal trials, is not recognized. If the dog is steady to shot that is sufficient; dropping, of course, is preferable.]

Mr. Andrew Laidlaw has purchased the crack Irish water spaniel Dennis Marguerite from a party in Montreal.



## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

## The Migration of the Handlers.

I QUOTE one paragraph from a letter by Mr. J. M. Freeman of Bicknell, Ind., which contains cheerful information concerning game prospects at Bicknell, and therefore favorable for field trial interests, that place having been fixed upon for the next trials of the U. S. F. T. C. It also contains mention of the homeward flight of several handlers. He says:

"There is not much dog news here at present. Birds have wintered well and there will be an abundance left over for seed. Mr. John T. Mayfield is expected home here this week from Mississippi. Mr. Geo. E. Gray will also stop off here a few weeks on his way home from Mississippi.

"Mr. Andy Gleason expects to locate here permanently, so that in the future we will be decidedly doggy around Bicknell."

## A Chance for a Trainer.

From that delightful Morris, Mon. city which is yet fortunate in being both in civilization and a great game country, comes information of the need there of a field trial trainer. There is a good business opening in that country for a good man. It is useless for any other kind to go there. An unskillful or negligent trainer would not succeed. Mr. R. J. Gallagher, secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, writes me as follows:

"Canine matters are not making the rapid moves anticipated a short time ago, but they are not at a standstill by any means. Every now and then a new youngster is brought on for the express purpose of sweeping everything in the Derby. I trust that some of our people will succeed in reaching the money this year.

"The latest addition which I have had the pleasure of taking out of bond was a nice bitch puppy from our friend Mr. L. W. Smith, which I sold to Mr. Borrodale, of this place. It is by Orlando—Atalanta, and looks like a mover. Another is the young dog Gladiator, by Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice, purchased from the Manchester Kennels by Mr. F. W. Scott. Mr. Young speaks highly of this young dog and I have hopes that we will hear from him later on.

"In reference to the obtaining of a good trainer for this locality, we are still in the same position as when I wrote you last—nothing decided upon. \* \* \* I have not much hesitation in saying that if a good, honest trainer came here there would not be the slightest difficulty in his getting at least fifteen dogs in a short time. The prices which have been paid here in the past are about \$50 each dog.

"By the way, I might say to you that I had a letter from Mr. White, of Florence, Col., asking if I could get a good trainer here for his dogs, and that if we could do so, he would enter them in our trials. I do not know how many he has, but wrote him that we were endeavoring to get a good man specially for field trial work. I asked him what number he wished to send, everything being satisfactory.

"Don't you think that if you writers were to point out the advantages to the Eastern trainers of training out here on the prairies, that some of the owners would send their dogs West to run in our trials and work their way East to the other trials later on?"

Many of the field trial trainers and others know the advantages of the chicken country, but few of them know the magnitude and value of the canine interests in Manitoba and adjacent provinces. These interests are destined to be much greater in a few years. It is a great and growing country with business interests of great value.

## Dog Training.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, of Thomasville, N. C., writes: "There are not so many birds about here as there should be to insure a good crop." A scarcity of birds entails much greater work on trainers and dogs. Mr. Stoddard further states that he has concluded to continue dog training, and to that end is prepared to negotiate with parties who desire to engage the services of a trainer.

## In the Alligator District.

From a letter received from Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburgh, who is well known to sportsmen, I infer that he had a pleasant trip while sojourning recently in Florida. It will be remembered that Mr. Bell, while judging the Irish setter trials, was suddenly called home from Thomasville, N. C., on account of the severe illness of Mrs. Bell, who was in a critical condition from pneumonia for many days. In his pleasant way, Mr. Bell in a private letter to me writes:

"I have taken Mrs. Bell to Florida, stopping at all principal places and points of interest down the east coast to Palm Beach, on Lake Worth, which is truly the garden spot of the earth. We took in the climate—although expensive, we enjoyed it very much, having indeed a most delightful trip, and best of all, Mrs. Bell has returned in full health, looking ruddy and healthy.

"While I was at Palm Beach I met Mr. Wallace, a judge many times at the Central field trials, and we had a long chat on field trials, etc., which was to the effect that a sportsman's field trial club should be formed with a purpose to cater more to the sportsman or the 'one-dog-man' entry than to the professional handler. They have to come in to advertise and dispose of their produce, and need not be fondled. A club of this kind would prosper and have more support from more people than is engendered by the present mode of conducting trials."

The cumulative appetites, described by Mr. Hough in his charming articles on Dixie Land, which he and Dick Merrill took from the North into the inoffensive State of Texas, supplemented by the appetite which permeated the entire hollow gloom of a dog six feet long, into which they threw vanishing sandwiches, a bag full at a time, to check his appetite, was all right in a way. Still, it was not treating the dog with that consideration which is due man's best friend. It was too much after the manner in which newspaper men eat their lunches in Chicago. This dog, being six feet in length, could stand longer on a point than any other dog in the business, therefore he was, by virtue of his longing, entitled to have his food handed to him with deliberation and attention, instead of throwing it down his neck into the recesses of his inner consciousness. The sandwiches of railroad commerce are made primarily for durability and to resist torsion strains or sudden flexure. They might do to throw at a strange dog, or as a test of the dog's stamina; but with such a scrap-iron diet for a dog of which yeoman service is required, how can he be expected to do good work with a barrel full of disks? I know that Mr. Hough has a novel and, with dogmen in a degree, obsolete theory about setters and pointers. For instance, he unwaveringly maintains that a dog with a long pedigree and fine figure should be able to work, as well as to look pretty; and to be properly up to his standard the dog must not show any annoyance or self-consciousness when run over by a loaded wagon. He must eat like an Indian, jump any fence, or crawl under it if he has to lift the fence to do so, etc. But this is by the way, it is the appetite which caused me to think. At first I thought it might have been a case, not of a new appetite, but an old one under a new environment, a case as it were of unconscious gastric opportunity; but I was in error—I believe it was the climate. Of that trip Mr. Bell writes:

"Tell Mr. Hough that I have waded through 'Dixie Land,' Nos. 1, 2 and 8, and have laughed, cried and been thrilled by his experiences. By way of sympathy, let me state that Mrs. Bell's appetite was something alarming while down in Dixie.

It was beneficial, however. I assure Mr. Hough, if he lives in Chicago with his increased appetite, it will be more expensive than in Dixie's Land, as I found in Chicago it took more cash to the square inch to supply the demand than any other place I've been."

There is no one whose opinion I esteem more than I do Mr. Bell's, but in the case of Chicago he seems to have formed an erroneous but popular opinion. That Chicago is peculiar I will admit. Only that and nothing more. If a visitor comes here with an intention to be a citizen, or an alderman, or a newspaper man, etc., he is welcome. Chicago will give such a dimpled smile of welcome. But if he comes here with an appetite—well, he is a transgressor, and the way of the transgressor is not easy.

B. WATERS.

## Specialty Club Dog Show.

FROM numerous letters which have been received by Mr. Mortimer, the superintendent, it seems there is an impression prevailing that the coming show of St. Bernards, collies, spaniels, fox-terriers and bulldogs given under the auspices of the specialty clubs devoted to these breeds, is open only to dogs owned by members of these clubs. This is entirely wrong. The show is open to all exhibitors and owners of dogs of the above breeds irrespective of membership. At this show the prizes given by the different clubs are more than ordinarily valuable, and are sure to bring together some of the best dogs in the country. While, as stated above, the competition in the regular classes will be open to all, there is, or should be, an *esprit de corps* that will result in the different specialty club members showing their best and vying with each other for the prizes and specials so generously offered.

In St. Bernards the winning kennel will capture \$25 from the W. K. C., and the best St. Bernard will also win \$25. Silver cups for best dog and best bitch are also given. Then there are the St. Bernard Club medals, and such works of art are well worth winning. Spratts Patent's 50lbs. can of



MR. J. H. WINSLOW.  
President Philadelphia Kennel Club, 1894.

pepsinated meal is a particularly happy and useful contribution. A glance through the collie special list makes one's eyes fairly bulge at the array of cash specials, and we are pleased to see that a good deal of the money will go for American bred stock. The W. K. C. again gives \$25 for best kennel, and the best collie gets another \$25; these are open to any one. Open to members of the Collie Club are the Collie Club trophy, value \$300, for best American bred, and the president's cup, value \$500, for best in show. The best stud dog with two of his get will win \$20 and a silver medal; the best brood bitch will take \$20 and a medal under the same conditions. Another interesting competition, for which \$20 is given, will be the exhibit of the best four American bred collies. Then \$20 each are given for best American bred dog, best bitch and also best pair in open classes, of the same breeding, owned by one exhibitor. The best dog and best bitch in novice classes get \$20 each and bronze medals. The bobbails are not forgotten; the best will win \$10, so will the best smooth. Such specials help to pay expenses.

The owner of a good fox-terrier kennel can start a new banking account. If he has the best four and the best brace he will win \$25 in each competition. The American Fox-Terrier Club has come to the front in a very open-handed way. There is the Grand Challenge cup, value \$300, for the best in the show. The Apollo Challenge and stakes for 1894 will be worth winning, too. Then there is a \$5 sweepstake for the best stud dog shown with four of his get; and the same conditions apply to the Matron Stake. The old "boys" are not forgotten, for those over seven years old can "chip in" for a \$5 sweep, or rather their sponsors can for them. Specials of \$25 each are given for best dog and best bitch, both wire and smooth, in the show. The best in open classes and the best under two years of age in either sex can also win \$25. The four best American-bred will also get \$25; so will the best dog and bitch puppy and the best brace under fourteen months. This is probably the most valuable list of cash specials yet offered and should provoke keen competition.

Spaniels are also very well looked after and an encouraging fact in this connection, showing the broad principles of this club, is that with three exceptions, these being the club trophies—the Cocker Cup, Dr. Smith's silver trophy and the oil paintings presented by Mr. Bell, the competitions are open to all, irrespective of membership. The best kennel of particular colored cockers gets \$25. Then \$5 is given for best brace of each breed the club fosters. The best five red cockers will win \$25 and the W. K. C. also gives \$25 for the best five over 25lbs. weight. Dr. Smith, to equalize matters, offers \$25 for the most even kennel of four cockers. The best brace of puppies, any breed, gets \$10 from Mr. H. Brooks, and Mr. Oldham provokes an interesting competition by offering \$10 for best stud dog, any sporting spaniel, with three of his get; \$5 each for best black cocker dog and bitch in open classes

owned in N. Y. State, and \$5 for best any other color, same conditions, comes from Mr. Fiske.

The owner of the best brace of field spaniels has a chance at a case of champagne, and Spratts Co. wishes to encourage the breed by putting up another 50lbs. case of Pepsinated Food for best puppy any breed. Cameras are also given for field spaniels and Clumbers.

There is little doubt that the Bulldog Club will not allow their breed to fall behind either in enthusiasm or the value of specials donated, but particulars of the latter we have not yet received. It is reported that the Rev. W. H. Wallbridge, owner of the Cointooock Kennels, will, in the event of Mr. Sidney W. Smith's not officiating, take the difficult task of St. Bernard judge. This will be the well-known breeder's debut in this rôle and he should be well supported. Entries close April 20, with Mr. James Mortimer, 44 Broadway, New York, and the fee is \$5.

## Cocker Truths.

## Editor Forest and Stream:

A big little dog is a good dog to look at, but a larger one or one in proportion for the work he is required to do, is better. Big bone in a little dog is rot, and a big head on a little dog is worse. A cocker never had a big head or big bone out of proportion to size until he was crossed with the field spaniel, that cross gave him a long body, crooked legs and a big head. They have bred out the long body, have raised him up a trifle, but the bad legs and big head remain. Every one who knows a cocker admits that they are a general purpose dog or the dog for all kinds of work; an all day and every day in the season dog. In a day's work he may be called upon to retrieve a duck, flush grouse and woodcock, run a rabbit, tree a squirrel, scatter a covey of quail, sample a tramp's trousers, etc., etc. Can a 20lb. dog with a big head and crooked legs do all the above? I have fourteen dollars all saved up in copper that I'll bet he can't do one-quarter of it, and that he will have to be carried after working five hours in this county, even if he lasts so long.

Men and women who get their ideas about a cocker from seeing him on the bench; those that never bred one or even saw one at work; men that know as much about a gun as a cow does about a telescope, are those who do the most harm to the breed. They think because they have seen pictures of big-headed, crooked-legged dogs that were champions in England, that they are the kind of dogs that the sportsmen of America want, but surely men who shoot only over cockers should know the kind of dog best suited for their work. Of course I know the old cry "if we can't beat you on the bench we can in the field," but it does not apply to me, for I always bred for work and guarantee every dog I sell to be a natural hunter and retriever. When the craze for the "long and low" set in, I just quit exhibiting. I fought that worst of all fads alone and killed it as dead as Caesar's grandmother. A 20lb. dog may do for England if he has a small head, good legs and feet, but nothing under 24lbs. will do for the Alleghany hills of Steuben Co., because the work, the game and the men are different. I was very sorry to see the attacks on Mr. Wilmerding because no man has done as much as he has for the Spaniel Club. At New York he only aimed at correcting great abuses that have crept into cockers in the last few years, the toddling infants with legs going like a boy's drumsticks were rank libels on any sporting dog, and the man who undertakes with determination to stamp out this evil, will certainly raise a storm of adverse criticism. Such a reformer cannot possibly "stick to type," as "type" sticks to monstrosities closer than mutton gravy to the roof of your mouth. Emphatic condemnation, turning down type for decent physical ability, and making it stand out in the most glaring light that ability to do his work is the main thing in a sporting dog, with type a secondary consideration, is the only way the effect can be produced.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., March 31.

## Antidote to Strychnine.

## Editor Forest and Stream:

"Dog Berry's" allusion to the strychnine poisoning in Feb. 10 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, recalls my experience with a pointer of mine. "Dog Berry" calls dog poisoners the meanest of men. We who love dogs think he has told "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." And there are the meanest of women, for one threatened, in my hearing, to poison my dog, and he was poisoned. It was with strychnine, for I had before observed its effect upon dogs.

Noticing one day that my dog Mack acted strangely, I observed to my son that I feared he was poisoned. I tapped him on the back to ascertain the fact, but there was no nervous excitement as the result. My son then went downstairs, Mack standing at the top, looking down. I thought I would watch him, for if it was strychnine poisoning an attempt to go downstairs would induce a fit. I guessed rightly, for on taking the first step he straightened out in an instant and plunged to the bottom of the stairs with violence enough, it seemed, to break every bone in his body. I told my son to stay with him while I went to the doctor's office. "Give laudanum and tannin." I didn't stop to pay him, neither did I pay the druggist (at that time), for my dog's life precluded all thoughts of promptness in anything else. When I returned Mack was on his feet. I poured a teaspoonful of laudanum and about as much tannin down him, followed by a little water to take the bad taste out of his mouth. He had two fits after this—it may be more, but I went to bed hardly expecting to see him alive in the morning; but he survived, although he was a rather sorry-looking dog that day. He got along well, but some months after that as he lay in his box I saw that he had a fit. I knew, however, that it was not like that caused by strychnine. These fits he would have two or three times a year. On this account I sold him, informing the purchaser, however, that he was subject to the malady. The dog slept in my house a good deal, and I suggested that if he was kept more in the open air he might not have any more attacks. He was then four years old. The man has had him six years, and I think the dog is in good health. I have never heard him say the dog had a return of the fits.

N. D. ELTING.

## The Amateur Trainer.

A NEW work on dog training has recently been presented to the public by Mr. Ed. F. Haberlein, of McPherson, Kan. The special claims of the author for the system is that it teaches the "force system without the whip," and defining it more fully in the text as "Force system, omitting saunas and the whip, applying the force collar to effect attention and obedience, words of praise and caresses to encourage and reward." The author claims that the treatise is a plain, concise, yet thorough guidance in the art of training, handling, and in correcting the faults of the bird dog in his work to the gun. While much of the matter in it is not new, there are all the training subjects treated in a brief yet pertinent manner, the whole giving the beginner a succinct course of instruction in his art of training. There is some doubt as to the wisdom of basing a system on the use of the spike collar, since that useful article should be used as little as possible, and not at all as a corrective instrument. For instance, it is useful in forcing a dog to retrieve, an act he dislikes to perform; but, if he commits a fault, it is not a proper instrument to use for the sole purpose of punishment. At the best, the less it can be used consistently with perfecting a few accomplishments, the better for all concerned. Many good ideas can be gotten from the work, however. It is bound in paper and contains 73 pages of reading matter. Price \$1. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



## DOG CHAT.

All spaniel men will regret to hear that Mr. Geo. Douglas, who has been exhibiting quite actively this spring, had the misfortune to lose his black cocker Black Duke, Jr., on the way home from Chicago show. His dogs were compelled to lie over Sunday at Detroit and the exposure induced pneumonia, from which this promising young dog died. The express agent there had orders to release the dogs, but failed to do so.

The new agreement between the express companies and the railroads regarding the transportation of dogs to shows has already led to much loss and no end of annoyance to the dog owners, as the cases of sickness and poor condition of the dogs, owing to the neglect of the express officials during transit, have never before been so numerous as during the past circuit. We have heard nothing about the petition so numerous signed at New York show, but something should be done before the fall season comes around or the shows will surely suffer. Unless some guarantee is given, owners of valuable dogs will not intrust them to the careless care of the express companies.

We understand that Ed Warner, who had charge of Mr. T. G. Davey's dogs at the shows out West this spring, has accepted a position as kennel manager to Mr. George J. Gould, who owns Forest Rex, the English setter, and several Russian wolfhounds.

Squire Naton Walters, Winimac, Ind., has the reputation of being one of the oldest hunters throughout this part of the country, and was always accompanied by his dog Pink Mink. Along in the latter part of the winter of 1893 he started out one early morning to hunt in the marshes that adjoin his farm upon the sand hills. The Squire had a splendid streak of luck, and his game bag was soon filled with game that fell under his steady aim, with the assistance of his dog. As the sun slowly disappeared in the west the Squire started home, but his dog was missing. The Squire now tells the story of how he found his dog. He says: "A few days ago I was down on that patch of grubs figuring if it would pay to clean them out. I found his skeleton standing with his right forefoot in the air, tail straight out, and his nose on a point on the skeletons of six prairie chickens that were hid in the wire grass." And that is how the Pink Mink Marsh derived its name. IVANHOE.

[FOREST AND STREAM will offer a substantial reward for an authentic specimen of one of these skeletons.]

There seems to be a good deal of "inside" feeling in kennel circles on the Pacific Coast just at present, and the San Francisco press is showing some jealousy over the Los Angeles show, directing their attention more especially to one of the judges chosen—Mr. A. R. Crowell. We should think that Mr. Crowell was quite capable of judging at such a show. He officiated acceptably twice at Taunton, Mass., and Lewiston, Me., shows, and followed our principal shows for some years, besides having, while in England, exceptional opportunities of seeing the very best in every breed. In this respect we should think he is better equipped than any one we know of on the coast, and especially so in St. Bernards and spaniels.

We notice that the Mere Kennels have placed their new purchase, the smooth fox-terrier Ripon Stormer, at stud in our business columns. This dog has had a successful career since he came to this country, and has done well as a stock-getter. Bred to light bitches wanting in bone and coat properties he should produce good results. They also offer a choice of other well bred terriers.

A little bird whispers that Mr. Mortimer did not keep Olivia, the Russian wolfhound that bowled the champions over at Philadelphia, very long. Olivia will now grace Mr. Hanks's team and will probably try again at Boston under her breeder's judicial eye.

We have received a number of inquiries lately regarding toy spaniels for sale and especially King Charles spaniels. One received this week comes from an American now in England. We feel certain if the breeders of these dogs will advertise their stock in our business columns it would result in considerable benefit.

We hear of a crack Irish terrier pup to come out at Boston. It has, or is said to have, no faults. Eureka!

We have received from Mr. Frank Pidgeon a rejoinder to the note from Mr. Frank W. Thomas in our issue of last week, emphatically denying "generally and specifically his allegations so far as my knowledge goes." As by this time most folks have forgotten what it is all about we must consider the "incident closed."

The San Franciscans do not intend to be done out of their show altogether, but will look to Oakland for a venue. A show will be held under the auspices of the Alameda County Sportsmen's Association. The association intends to apply for membership in the A. K. C., to be passed upon at the May meeting, and the show held as soon after as practicable. A dog show committee has been elected, and it is expected that the show will be held in the Tabernacle, which is said to be well adapted for the purpose. A good deal of ill-feeling has been occasioned by the appointment of other judges by the Los Angeles show people, than those advertised in the premium list, and to say the least, it does not seem to have been a very wise move. It is not always well to bow too much to the disgruntled.

We are particularly pleased to publish a portrait of one of the most popular fanciers in the country, Mr. J. H. Winslow, president of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Mr. Winslow has been identified with dog shows as an exhibitor and judge for many years. In fact, there are few men in the country who talk so far back knowingly and personally as our Philadelphia friend. In 1873, if we heard rightly, he led the bull-terrier Tarquin into the ring at Birmingham. The first time we remember seeing Mr. Winslow judge was at the "cattle shed" show held by the P. K. C. in connection with the agricultural fair out at Germantown Junction, Pa., in 1885, when he judged spaniels. Since then he has donned the ermine several times, but to officiate in another breed-pointers. Owing to business engagements he has refused a number of invitations to judge, but where he has officiated he has invariably given satisfaction. As a *bon camarade* the "only Bert" is unsurpassed and he is one of the few of whom one can say, he has not an enemy in the fancy.

## Louisville Dog Show.

At the last moment we receive the premium list of the Louisville dog show. We cannot give it more than cursory notice this week. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, pointers and setters get \$15 in challenge classes and \$15 and \$5 and diploma in open classes; novice and puppy classes are given with \$7, \$3 and \$5 and diploma, respectively. Other important breeds get \$10 in challenge and \$10, \$5 and diploma in open classes; puppy and novice prizes the same as above where provided. Terriers, except fox and bull, get from \$8 and \$4 to \$5 and \$3, the latter also for toy spaniels and Italian greyhounds. Kennel prizes of \$15 are given in many breeds

and a large number of cash and other specials are offered. Handlers' prizes of \$50, \$40 and \$30 are given for having the largest number of dogs. The judges are: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, Newfoundlanders, collies, poodles, dachshunds, bulldogs, all terriers (except fox-terriers, smooth and wire-haired), pugs, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous. Mr. James Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I.; great Danes and all spaniels, Mr. George Bell, Toronto, Can.; pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, American and English foxhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs and beagles, Major J. M. Taylor, New York city; Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds and whippets, Mr. Roger Williams, Lexington, Ky.; fox-terriers, smooth and wire-haired, not decided. We heard that probably Mr. Fred Hovey would take these if he could get away from business. Entries close April 23 with Mr. St. Marc M. Mundy, Louisville Legion Armory, Louisville Ky., and the fee is \$3.

Breeders are making room for spring pups, and what more natural than they should advertise their stock in the best medium. Here are a few of the new ones: Undershot Kennels offer a well-bred bull pup, by King Lud; C. T. Brownell, Gordon setter pups; Donald Munro, very well-bred collies, house broken, etc.; A. E. Seidel, pointers and setters, etc.; W. Strawbridge, young Irish setter dog; A. W. Page, setter bitch pups; Becker Bros., beagle pups; H. Abegg, three mastiff dogs; Geo. Douglas, dispersal of noted cockers; W. B. Stafford, two broken pointer bitches; Fox and Coon Hunter, fox and coon dogs; H. D. Ogden, well-bred English setters; Neill Apps, England, Bleenheim and King Charles spaniels. Trainers: "Trainer" wants position; J. T. Mayfield, dogs for field trials; W. B. Stafford, dogs on chickens and quail. These three men are well-known handlers and reliable.

## Boston Dog Show.

This should be a banner year for the N. E. K. C. It is many years since they scored such an entry as they have done this year. Somehow, Boston is always a popular show, and in spite of rather economic arrangements in past years never ran much below 700 entries. This year there are 902 entries and \$84 to be benched, divided as follows:

	'93	'94		'93	'94
Mastiffs.....	59	16	Basset hounds.....	2	2
St. Bernards.....	55	9	Collies.....	46	21
Great Danes.....	10	4	Poodles.....	18	41
Bloodhounds.....	4	7	Bulldogs.....	13	23
Foxhounds.....	16	51	Fox-terriers.....	61	58
Deerhounds.....	11	8	Bull-terriers.....	27	19
Greyhounds.....	14	22	Dandie Dinmonts.....	6	4
Russian wolfhounds.....	7	15	Bedingtons.....	0	3
Newfoundlands.....	2	4	Scottish terriers.....	15	39
Chesapeake Bays.....	2	11	Irish terriers.....	29	6
Pointers.....	84	75	Black and tans.....	6	8
English setters.....	73	72	Skye terriers.....	4	4
Irish setters.....	41	29	Yorkshires.....	3	5
Gordon setters.....	20	30	Toy terriers.....	7	7
Spaniels.....	47	68	Schipperkes.....	1	3
Pugs.....	60	60	Pugs.....	7	13
Dalmatians.....	0	1	Toy spaniels.....	11	16
Boxers.....	56	50	Italian greyhounds.....	0	5
Dachshunds.....	12	13	Miscellaneous.....	7	10

Last year's entry was 808. This year foxhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, spaniels, bulldogs, Scottish terriers and poodles show a decided increase over last year's figures. There is a falling-off in the sporting classes, pointers and setters, with the exception of Gordons, of which there were 20 last year. The large entry of foxhounds must be attributed to the efforts of the Brunswick Fur Club. Altogether the show promises to be a success if favored with decent weather.

We are told that Mr. John Read, who has been so long and favorably identified with our shows, has been chosen superintendent of the new arrangements for taking charge of the stray dogs in New York under the auspices of the S. P. C. A. This should be a happy selection as it is always well to have a man in such a position who knows a dog from a log of wood.

A regular meeting of the Pet Dog Club will be held at 105 East Fifty-seventh street, New York, Wednesday, April 11, at 3 P. M.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska has decided that dogs are property and their value can be recovered if made away with. To entitle the owner to this protection he must see that his dog wears a collar with his name and address on.

We are sorry to learn that since Detroit show, two of Dr. Hoyt's Italian greyhounds, Roma and Ingersoll, have died. The former was first at Detroit and the latter second. Knowing as we do now near to the doctor all his dainty pets are, we sympathize with him in his loss. His little bitch Irene has also been very sick.

The noted Dandie Dinmont Etrick King must be over by this time, but we do not know what kennel he will represent. Perhaps Mr. Brooks can tell us, if he would.

Maybrook Kennels have sold Roche Tacit, the noted wire-haired terrier, to Mr. Fred Kirby, of Philadelphia; and they have just bought the wire-haired dog Halifax Revival, winner of 13 firsts and specials at seven shows in England. He is an all white dog, by champion Jack Frost out of Nettle, by champion Carlisle Tack. He will be shown at the Specialty show.

*Sporting Mirror* wonders if Dr. Lougest keeps his dogs "in such hog-fat condition as we were used to see his exhibits on this side." A fat dog generally means a kind master, but the Doctor has evidently experienced a change of heart since his residence in the Bay State and now tempers his kindness with mercy, for we have never noticed any undue degeneration in that respect, the dogs having been almost invariably well shown. The above journal quotes *FOREST AND STREAM's* remarks on the New York show. The *Stock-Keeper* also finds our table of entries at W. K. C. shows of sufficient interest for extended notice and comparison with English entries in many of the breeds.

We have heard something like this before, but a good joke we find in the Toronto *Empire* will bear repetition:

A country vicar once went to fill the pulpit of a colleague who was temporarily absent from home. After the service he thought he would gauge the effect of his discourse by the opinion of that very fair index of public feeling, the parish clerk.

"Well Rogers," he said, "did you like my sermon?" "I did," was the reply. "I hope I wasn't too long?" he anxiously inquired. "No, you wasn't too long about it," rejoined Rogers. "Well, then," said the vicar, "I hope I wasn't too short." "No," answered Rogers, "nor yet too short neither. You were just about right."

The vicar felt relieved, and said, "I'm glad of that, because, to tell you the truth, while I was writing that sermon my little dog got hold of four of the folios and destroyed them, and I was afraid it would be too short."

Rogers looked very thoughtful for a moment, and very confidentially remarked: "Lor' now, did he? I suppose you wouldn't mind lettin' our vicar 'ome 'ere 'ave a pup o' your dog."

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

## One-Man Judge.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I ask the favor of a little space in your valuable paper to air what I think is a grievance that should be remedied, and that is the system of the one-man judge.

I would like to say at once that I am not a disappointed exhibitor, but a dissatisfied one. Following the ideas of one of the oldest and most successful breeders of my particular fancy, I have tried for certain results as being the most important and have obtained them beyond all dispute. Apparently they are not the vital points, and if I am on the wrong track I want to know it, but I do want more than one opinion on it.

There are but few shows after all that a breeder residing in the vicinity of New York can conveniently send his dogs to, and when these same few employ the same gentleman for the same classes time after time, there is no chance of taking an appeal as it were.

Judges of dogs are no more infallible than judges of law but if you don't like the decision of the latter you can try somebody else, whereas in the other one has either to enter his dogs under the inevitable Mr. — or keep them at home, and so remain uncertain whether the ideal you have adopted is undeniably the wrong one or not. Should such things be?

PERPLEXED.

## KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

## BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Peckham Lass—Pathfinder.* C. P. Lawshe's (Trenton, N. J.) bull bitch Peckham Lass (Sir Garnet Wolsely—Kit) to E. K. Austin's Pathfinder (Nap—Mercedes II.), March 19.

*The Chimney—Fritz of Rockland.* M. L. Schneider's (New York) beagle bitch Theo Chimney to Turtle Bay Kennels' Fritz of Rockland, March 24.

*Mollie—Duke Dashaway.* W. C. Patterson's (Lookport, N. Y.) pointer bitch Mollie (Staunch Bob—Flash) to P. L. Nicholls's Duke Dashaway (Duke of Dexter—Dashaway), March 20.

*Pravie Belle—Rip Rap, Jr.* Jas. McAleer's (Emsworth, Pa.) pointer bitch Pravie Belle to his Rip Rap, Jr. (champion Rip Rap—Lonnie Bijou), April 4.

*Lucy Blade—Sig. Gladstone.* Jas. Aleer's (Emsworth, Pa.) English setter bitch Lucy Blade (Toledo Blade—Rod's Bessie) to Dr. J. A. Hartman's Sig. Gladstone (Gladstone Boy—Demon), March 18.

## WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Countess Addie.* A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter Countess Addie (Count Noble's Boy—Clip Roderigo), March 26.

*Eight (five dogs), by A. B. Davis's Kent III. (Kent II.—Miss La Salle).*

*Nan—Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' (Chicago Lawn, Ill.) Gordon setter bitch Nan (champion Argus—Laura), April 4, eleven (six dogs), by their Reginald H. (Leatherstocking—Smith's Rhoda).*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

C. W. W., Center Pt., W. Va.—Champion Gladstone was by Llewellyn's Dan out of Petrel, Dan by Duke out of Rhoebe; Petrel by Prince out of Lill II.

E. F. G., Nashua, N. H.—Beagle Minnie (A. K. R. 5,717), whelped Nov. 7, 1883, by Marc Anthony out of Sand, by Punch; Marc Anthony by imported Major out of Diana, by Gay out of Old Lucy. This is as far as we can trace her pedigree, but you might write to her breeder, Gibson, Apollo, Armstrong Co., Pa.

F. H. H., Washington, D. C.—Gun was by Gladstone (113 Vol. I.) out of May B., by Rake (212 Vol. I.) out of Fanny (359 Vol. I.), Victoria Laverack by Tempest (1799 Vol. II.) out of Lily (2070 Vol. II.).

T. B. D., Kezar Falls, Me.—Cocker spaniels are not required to be trained in the manner set forth in the book named. You will find all information on the subject in "The Spaniel and its Training," for sale at this office, price \$1. A picture of a cocker spaniel will shortly appear in *FOREST AND STREAM*. A description of them will be found in the book mentioned above.

J. W. B., Danvers, Mass.—Dash III. was owned by A. M. Tucker, Boston, Mass. Whelped 1870, by Blue Prince out of Armstrong's Old Kate, by Old Blue Dash out of E. Armstrong's Kate; Blue Prince by Pride of the Border out of Lowlylly's Nellie. The only Rex we can trace is Rex (A. K. C. S. B. 3506) by Gladstone (113 Vol. I.) out of Donna J. (1954 Vol. II.). We are afraid these are not the dogs you mean, but they are the only ones registered under those names.

## Hunting and Coursing.

## FIXTURES.

April 17.—South Dakota Coursing Club's inaugural meeting, at Mitchell, S. D. Entries close April 16. S. S. Bailey, Sec'y; Fox Kenney, Judge; Joseph Dodd, Slipper.

## Beagle Challenges.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Not long since, I noticed a challenge in your valued paper directed at Mr. Dorsey by Mr. Wixom. The object of this challenge seemed to be to settle a claim as to who had the best kennel of stud beagles in the country, Mr. Wixom evidently being of the opinion that the point in question could be decided at a bench show. On this point Mr. Dorsey rightly takes exception, but makes a similar error in thinking the mooted question can be settled at a field trial.

As I understand it a stud dog, to be of any value as such, must show his ability as a sire, and the first question asked by the experienced breeder when contemplating the use of any animal is what has he sired? Even as the tree is known by its fruit, so is the stud animal of any kind known by his get, therefore it matters not so much that the animal in question be a champion on the bench or even a winner in the field. The point at issue is, what shall I be likely to get if I use this dog? What has he ever sired that have shown quality? I claim that on these lines and these only can a correct decision be reached and on these lines I claim that I myself have the best kennel of stud dogs, the same consisting of the two champions, Bannerman and Fitzhugh Lee. Each of these dogs has sired a long list of bench winners, and what is of far more importance, each has sired several field trial winners as well. If any one is inclined to dispute the fact of my dogs' superiority, I am willing to publicly compare records, and I now affirm that to the best of my knowledge and belief no other breeder in this country has any two dogs in his kennel whose progeny have equalled the field records of the progeny of Bannerman and Fitzhugh Lee. If any one has two or more such dogs let us hear from him.

F. W. CHAPMAN.

MALDEN, MASS.

English coursing men are much put out over the fact that Texture, the winner of this year's Waterloo cup, is to leave the country. *Land and Water* says: "Texture, Taste and another of Count Stroganoff's English team left this country for St. Petersburg, with the object of being bred from. The Russian rules having been recently altered, only greyhounds bred in the country can now compete in the principal events. In Count Stroganoff's Russian kennels are the English-bred greyhounds Troughend, Simonian and Monowana, and one of the first-named pair will no doubt be selected as Texture's mate. Taste will probably be mated with Monowana."



## The Foxhound Standard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to your letter asking me for my opinion on the Brunswick Fur Club standard I may say that at the first meeting of the American Foxhound Club, held at Saratoga, Jan. 19, it was unanimously agreed that each member draw up what seemed to his individual mind the proper standard from which an American hound should be judged, and present his views in writing to the secretary of the club, and the following is my letter on the subject:

Perhaps there is no breed of dog upon which opinion is so widely at variance as the foxhound. This fact will in a great measure account for the diversity in type, which as I understand the object of our club, is to attempt to overcome.

I think most of the members will agree with me when I affirm that the head is by far the most characteristic part of all animals—man not excluded. If I should ask your opinion of a certain man's nationality you would not look to see how he was bent in stifles or what sort of feet and legs he had. You would most likely look at his head and infer from that alone, for that only can tell the story. Therefore, I would particularly urge upon the members of the club that whatever we may decide to adopt as our standard for an American hound, let the head be so distinctly American in all that the word implies that even the most casual observer could not fail to recognize it as such. Now, inasmuch as the head is the most distinguishing feature, I would recommend that the head and throat be regarded 15 points in value in judging from a 50 point standard. My reasons for advocating the above would be to prohibit dogs with the English type of head from winning on the bench in a class for American dogs, no matter how good they might be at other points.

In presenting my own views of an ideal American hound, I must first say that I do not approve of a large dog. Experience has taught me that a small well-built hound has many advantages over a large and heavy one, among which may be mentioned running on crust and ice with less liability to footsoreness. We must bear in mind that something more than a set of long legs is required to run well. A dog must have plenty of bone and muscle, together with a fine large sound pair of lungs (facts which the advocates of the giraffe type are very apt to overlook). You may naturally ask the question, how is a dog of say 19 or 20 inches to compare in speed with the larger ones? To this let me reply, he does it in the same manner and from the same identical reasons that the fox does. He is much lighter and consequently more agile, takes better advantage of the ground over which he runs, and his muscle, wind and feet being equal in proportion to the larger one, we are very apt to find the little hound well in the lead, particularly if the race be a long one.

As the standard advocated and published by the Brunswick Fur Club, I am very well suited, perhaps with the exception of size and type of head. The fact is quite obvious to my mind that this so-called standard was made more to suit a certain strain of dogs owned by certain men, than for the advancement and welfare of the American foxhound.

Just imagine a nice, well-built dog with nothing discriminative in a head, which may be either domed or rounded, and with short ears—a head which might be taken by anybody for a cur's. Why not have the ears cut (à la bull-terrier)? At all events, the thing is just laughably absurd. There appears to be a sort of speed mania among the fox hunters of to-day, together with a theory that practical fox catchers can be bred, and in riding their hobbies the hound is entirely lost sight of. There we have a standard advocated describing a fine, speedy dog, with nothing particularly characteristic in head to indicate whether he is a foxhound or fox-terrier. The B. F. C. wisely reduce the valuation of this typical head from 15 to 10 points in 100. They might go still further and dispense with it entirely without doing American foxhounds the slightest injustice.

The following 50-point standard will express my own ideas of a model foxhound:

**Head and Neck (15 points).**—Head should be moderately long and narrow, slightly domed, with prominent occipital bone and entirely free from wrinkle. Eye, dark brown, full and expressive. Muzzle, moderately long, well developed and clean cut, without any marked or defined stop. Flews, shallow and receding from nose. Nose, black in color, with open nostrils. Ear, set well back on head and of good thickness; their length from tip to tip should correspond with the dog's height at shoulder. Neck, clean, muscular and tapering from head to shoulders.

**Body and Loin (10 points).**—Chest, deep and capacious, with close, well-rounded ribs, and back ribs well defined. Hindquarters and back strong and muscular. Thighs, well spread. Shoulders, firm, upright, strong and clean cut.

**Legs and Feet (10 points).**—Forelegs, straight, with plenty of bone and muscle. There should be a slight enlargement of bone at the pastern joint to give strength. Elbows should be let down well to give freedom of motion. Hindlegs, should spread sufficiently to clear front legs in running; hams should be straight behind. Feet should be round and compact, well cushioned and haired between toes, with high, prominent knuckles.

**Tail (5 points).**—Tail should be set on moderately high; large at base and tapering gradually to a point, and showing a decided brush.

**Coat (5 points).**—Coat should be long, dense, rather harsh to touch, perfectly flat and of a wet resisting nature.

**General Appearance (5 points).**—Dogs should stand 19 to 21 in. at shoulder and bitches 18 to 20 in. They should present in appearance a very compact, cobby little dog, symmetrical in shape, with the very best of legs and feet, and showing plenty of hound character.

**Color.**—This is a matter of taste, although I try in breeding to avoid any except black, white and tan.

## SCALE OF POINTS.

Head and neck	15
Legs and feet	10
Body and loin	10
Coat	5
Brush	5
General appearance	5
Total	50

DR. H. T. THURBER.

## HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The San Francisco Coursing Club will close the season with a club stake for members only, on April 15. The club will add \$150 to the purses.

Several of the hunt clubs around West Chester, Pa., are losing a number of valuable foxhounds through distemper. Already eleven hounds have succumbed and others are badly affected.

Mr. J. F. Bartels, of Denver, Col., writes us that on March 23 some scamp out of his barn door and stole his well-known black and white greyhound dog Borderluffian. He thinks the dog may have been shipped out of the city and wishes to warn fellow coursing men to be on the lookout for him.

Mr. Winchell has forwarded the following letter to the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, and as the inquiry unwittingly opens up a new line for beagles, we publish the letter: "Dear Sir—Have you in stock the man-hunting beagle bound pups of pure blood? If so please send me a description of them,

stating price, age, size when matured and disposition. I am looking for dogs to use in detective work. If you haven't, etc." There is no reason why the beagle should not make as good a man trailer as any other hound. He has all the qualifications of perseverance, intelligence, nose and voice to fit him for the work.

Mr. Fred F. Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wis., is evidently getting together a pack of good working beagles, for we learn that he has just purchased from that rare good fancier and sportsman, "Johnny Dugan" Zimmer, as his chicken friends affectionately term him, the noted beagle stud dog Stormy, winner of third, and special for best voice at N. B. C. field trials of 1891. Says Mr. Zimmer, "When hunting qualities are desired I do not believe the dog lives that is more valuable as a sire, as I never knew of a single pup sired by him while I owned him but was a good hunter, and that he sired hunters previous to the time he came to my kennels you have the living proof in his daughter Snow. This bitch is also now, we believe, in Mr. Merrill's kennels. Mr. Zimmer reports his dogs as all in prime condition—fit to kill, we suppose—and trade was never better despite the "hard times." This is encouraging news.

## Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

APRIL.	
15. Savin Hill, Open, 15ft. class, Dorchester Bay.	
MAY.	
1. New Jersey, Open, N. Y. Bay.	26. Portland, Cruise.
24. St. Lawrence, Squad, Cruise.	30. So. Boston, Open, City Point.
JUNE.	
2. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, first series.	16. American, Ann., L. I. Sound.
4. Brooklyn, Ann., New York.	16. St. Lawrence, A., 30, 25, 21ft.
5. Atlantic, Ann., New York.	Classes, second series.
7. New York, Ann., New York.	18. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.
9. Larchmont, Spring, L. I. Sound.	18. Massachusetts, Open, Nahant.
9. St. Lawrence, A., 30, 25, 21ft.	23. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, third series.
Classes, first series.	23. Sea. Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.
9. American, Special Class, Newburyport.	23. Yonkers Cor., Ann., Hudson River.
12. Schoodic, Special Race, Club.	23. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
12. New Jersey, Ann., N. Y. Bay.	30. St. Lawrence, A., 30, 25, 21ft.
13. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, second series.	Classes, third series.
15. Portland, Annual.	
JULY.	
2. A. M. St. Lawrence, A., 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, challenge cup; P. M. steam yacht race, 18ft. fourth series.	14. St. Lawrence, A., 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fifth series.
3. Sea. Cor., Race, Oyster Bay to Larchmont.	14-21. Larchmont, Cruise, Long Island Sound.
4. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.	17-18-19. Interlake Y. A., 1st Meet, Lake Erie.
4. Larchmont, Ann., L. I. Sound.	21. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.
4. City of Boston, Open, Boston Harbor.	21. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
7. Dorchester Bay Clubs, Union Race, Dorchester Bay.	28. Squantum, Flint Cups, cabin cats, Squantum, Mass.
7. St. Lawrence, A., 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fourth series.	28. Indian Harbor, Ann., Long Island Sound.
12. Schoodic, 1st Cup Race, Club.	30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.
AUGUST.	
— New York, Annual Cruise.	18. American, Seaver Cup Newburyport.
4. Squantum, Ladies' Day, Squantum, Mass.	25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay.
13. Schoodic, Open, St. Andrews.	25. Squantum, Club Squantum, Mass.
16-17-18. Corinthian, Midsummer Series, Marblehead.	27. Schoodic, 3d Cup, St. Andrews.
SEPTEMBER.	
1. Larchmont, Fall, L. I. Sound.	15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup Long Island Sound.
1. Squantum, Club Run, Squantum, Mass.	22. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.
1. Hull Cor., Open, Hull.	22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
3. So. Boston, Open, City Point.	
3. New York Y. R. A., Ann., N.Y.	
0. Schoodic, Sail-off for Cup.	

The English papers are now bragging over the exploits of two new Yarrow torpedo boats, Havock and Hornet, the latter having made a speed of 28.33 nautical miles. Measured mile and even sea trials may be all very well for effete Europeans, but if the builders of these boats want a "World's Record" which will stand, with unlimited free advertising thrown in, they must come to New York and race against the Monmouth and Sandy Hook over the shoals in the Lower Bay.

Since the latter part of last week the yachting world has been on the *qui vive* over a report which is alternately made and denied on unimpeachable authorities that Mr. James Gordon Bennett has purchased Vigilant from the Morgan-Iselin syndicate, and will race her abroad this season. Now that all hope is over of racing on this side the next best thing will be the sending across of the recognized representative of the Cup Defending class. While American yachtsmen have always been prompt and liberal in the matter of defending the Cup, they have for many years shown little disposition to assume the offensive rather than the defensive in international yachting, the venture of Mr. Carroll last season being the first serious attempt in many years. There is something bold and chivalrous in an expedition of this kind which places it on a far higher plane than any measure of mere defense, however well it may be carried out; and it will be a matter of general congratulation if the report prove correct, and Vigilant carries the flag of the New York Y. C. into British waters.

If such a venture is to be made, it could be in no better hands than the owner of Henrietta and Dauntless, one of the oldtime racing yachtsmen, a sportsman and athlete from his boyhood. Mr. Bennett is but one of many famous yachtsmen who have long since abandoned sail for steam, or yachting for other sports, and whose names are fast becoming only pleasant memories to sailors. The return of one such to active racing is a substantial gain to the sport, much needed in these days of syndicates.

Three times in the steam yacht races in the Mediterranean are slow, a matter of less than fourteen knots. However much American designers and steam yachtsmen may be disposed to scoff at such speeds, they may well make a note of the fact that two *bona fide* races between steam yachts have actually taken place in European waters, while the many alleged attempts at racing between thirty-one-knot flyers about New York have one and all resulted in discreditable failures.

It is the Commercial Advertiser of New York which is responsible for the report that Vigilant was "built without stanchions," and much work will therefore have to be done on her before she can cross the Atlantic. Such slipshod methods of construction are much to be repented, and it was really very wrong in the Herreshoffs to build her in this way.

The Toledo Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., E. D. Potter, Jr.; Vice-Com., William Gates; Fleet Capt., H. S. Bissell; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. M. H. Parmelee; Sec'y and Treas., George P. Brayley; Meas., J. W. Hepburn; Directors: E. D. Potter, Jr., L. C. Van Vleet, William Gates, T. W. Childs, George P. Brayley, Ed Mitchell, J. W. Hepburn, L. Mathias, A. P. Crane.

## Capt. Bayly's Yachts.

We have several times had the pleasure of publishing the designs of Capt. Henry E. Bayly, of Exmouth, Eng., a veteran yachtsman and amateur designer. In connection with his latest design, for a bulb-fin cruiser of 1 rating, the *Weld* gives the following interesting particulars of his work as designer:

Of the many amateur designers Capt. H. E. Bayly, of Exmouth, has perhaps won most distinction, and has practiced the craft now nearly 40 years. He began with the 15-tonner *Ethel* in 1856, which had a lead keel of 1½ tons—a really wonderful thing in those days—and since then has turned out 32 designs. In these he has, of course, suited all the moods of fashion that could be traced from the beamy craft of 1856, to the plank on edge of 1880, and the broad, shallow, low-bowed bulb-keeler of 1894. Noted among the racers which he designed and built was the famous 15-tonner *Buccaneer* of 1865; the successful *Buccaneer* (19 tons) of 1879; the extreme 3-tonner *Spankallid* of 1882; and then after 1887, such well-known names in the racing classes of 2.5 and under as *Searamouth*, *Jack o' Lantern*, *Picarron*, *Thelma*, and *Soprano*, besides many cruisers, from the 50-ton *Wing* to the 30-ton *Murre*. His latest contribution to specimens of marine architecture is the 1-rater *Scourge*, which has been designed for cruising and handicapped racing. The rig is main and mizzenal of the fashionable leg of mutton lug type; the yard points in a line with the mast, and its heel is "jawed" to the mast; the boom is goose-necked to the mast. The leach of the mainsail has a round of about 1ft., which is steadied by battens. The mizzen is a simple "Mudian." The lead keel is "bulbed," and weighs about 14cwt.; through the bulb a good-sized center-plate is fitted, and there will be a small center-plate under the forefoot about 1.5sq. ft. The boat is being built by Mr. Hodge, of Dartmouth, and will be quite a stylish-looking craft; this feature, however, is common to all Capt. Bayly's craft.

## DIMENSIONS.—SCOURGE.

Length over all	25ft.
Length on l.w.l.	20ft.
Breadth	7ft.
Draught of water	2ft. 6in.
Displacement	1.9 tons.
Center of buoyancy aft center of length of l.w.l.	0.55 t.
Center lateral resistance ditto	1.4ft.
Center lateral resistance, including center plate	1.1ft.
Center of effort of sails about C.L.B., plate down	0.15ft.
Center of effort of sails (mizzen excluded) about ditto	1.8ft.
Weight of lead keel	13½cwt.
Sail area—total	296 sq. ft.

## Waterproofing.

Of late we have received numerous inquiries for receipts for waterproofing of all kinds, for clothing, tents and canoes; an evidence that our readers are preparing for a new season afloat or under canvas. Many of these have been published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* at various times in the past, but for the convenience of new inquirers we reproduce some of the best receipts. The following directions for finishing a canvas canoe were furnished by an amateur who has had an extensive experience and now turns out a boat that is probably as durable and serviceable as can be had in canvas, and that is saying a great deal.

The frame is first well oiled with boiled linseed oil, then, after the canvas is all on, I give it a good coat of boiled linseed oil, mixed with turpentine and dryer, and coat a wingless full of each to a gallon of oil. Some authorities recommend first wetting the canvas, as it then takes less oil. I do not do this, as the oil will not fill the grain so well, and it is cheap. The oiled canvas should lie for a couple of weeks to allow time for the oil to harden thoroughly, and once a day the canoe should be turned over and left for the next twenty-four hours with the other side up, as while the oil is fresh it has a strong tendency to run or "seep" down to the lowest part of the boat, where it collects in a thick, gummy mass that will not dry. When the oil is dry and hard, I mark off a line parallel with the deck and some 5 in. below it, where a bilge keel is placed later on; and the bottom below this line is then painted with black asphaltum varnish, thinned with a little turpentine. The bilge keel and the bottom line, as well as the decks and sides, are painted with linseed oil paint, in any desired color, and left to dry for ten days or two weeks, until perfectly hard, when another coat is put on. Even after this the canoe is left for a further time to dry before putting it in the water, by which time the canvas becomes a hard, tough, leathery skin that will stand unlimited scraping and knocking about; and that will be almost as good as new in its second season with use.

The oiled clothing, yellow and black, is made by patented processes known only to the makers, and the best is apt to be sticky on slight provocation. The materials used are linseed oil and dryers. A mixture of linseed oil and turpentine will make cloth waterproof without impairing its flexibility. A full account of the sugar of lead process was given in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 10, 1890. If any of our readers have had success with home-made oil clothing we shall be glad to hear from them.

## Mosquito Boats and Mosquito Fleets.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The origin of the word "Corinthian" as applied to various sports, including yachting, seems to be pretty generally understood now by all interested in the subject. But the use of the word "mosquito" in relation to yachting does not appear to be as clearly understood.

A friend recently wrote me: "You are out of your reckoning on the mosquito question. The application of that 'insectism' (if I may use the term) to yachts or boats was first made by an association on Barnegat Bay. It has not as yet been adopted in England and is one of those crazy Americanisms that are permitted because we love really to waste time."

Now the gentleman is entirely at error, not only as to the origin, but as to national precedence.

The term "mosquito" I hardly need inform you, Mr. Editor, has long been in use in English waters, and one of their early famous flyers bore the name "Mosquito."

A glance at the etymology of the word will readily explain its application to the subject. But the use of the word "mosquito" in organizations which use the term. The Latin for fly is "musca" and the Spanish "mosca"; furthermore, the latter language, rich in diminutives, tacks on to "mosca" "quito," the diminutive for little, and gives us "mosquito," or "little fly."

By a very slight stretch of the imagination a mosquito fleet is an organization of little flyers, or single-handed boats.

There are as many ways of spelling mosquito as there are degrees in Masonry—thirty-three, I believe. So when we read of a yacht club calling itself the "Corinthian Mosquito Fleet" we realize at once, with a knowledge of these two terms, its perfect adaptability for the object in view.

F. S. GRANT, M.D.

Ex-Com. Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.

## Knockabout Boats in Boston.

Said George Lawley yesterday: "We are at work on thirteen knockabouts of our own design, besides a few others from local designers. Orders for this type of boat are coming in now quite frequently, and it looks as if there would be a big fleet out the coming season. The boats are fairly fast, are uncapizable, and, to my opinion, will make better and more comfortable cruising boats than the catboats. The yachtsmen ordering them will not be limited as to dimensions, but desire boats such as will be the best for cruising. Owners prefer to build these boats for their own comfort, rather than build a boat restricted in dimensions."

The average cost of a knockabout, with from 1,500 to 2,000 lbs. of lead on the keel, is about \$800. The cuddy, which is forward, is of good size, with transoms wide enough for berths. The sail plans are moderate, and can be carried comfortably in most of our summer breezes. The lug sail boat on Clyde is similar to the present knockabout, and this type is used a great deal in British waters, and is very suitable.

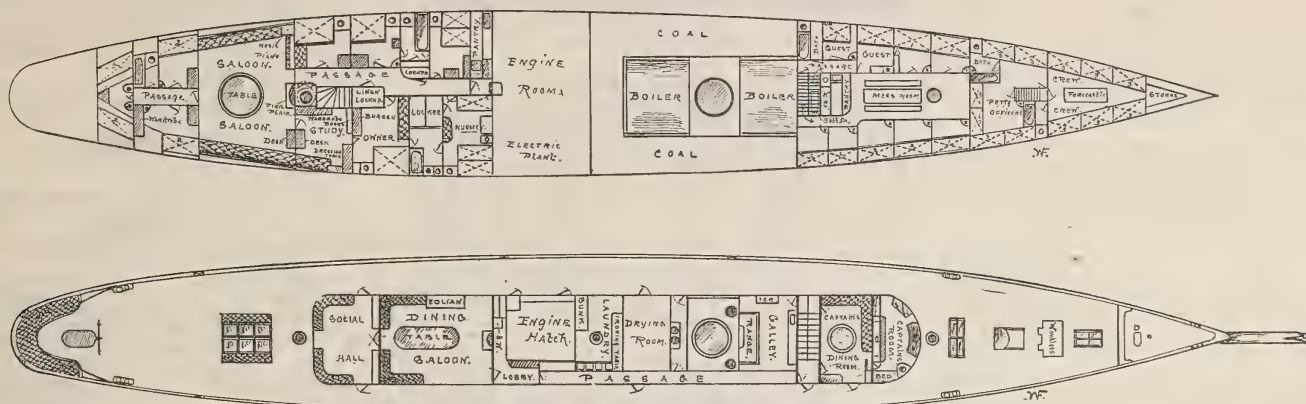
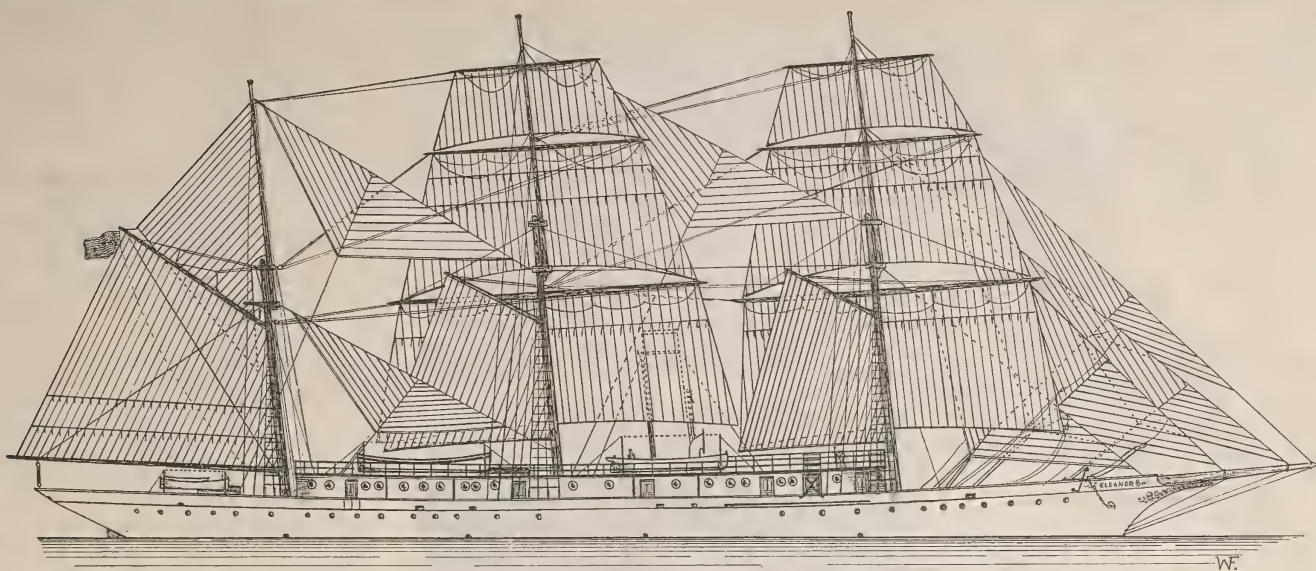
For letting purposes the knockabout will prove a safe boat, and with its growth the number of drowning accidents will be greatly lessened. Sailing parties can come and go in any weather, and under short sail they are absolutely safe. The boats now building by Lawley are very substantial, and put together, and for style and looks quite an improvement on the catboats.

The knockabouts are especially adapted to Buzzard's Bay, where the wind is strong and puffy. The knockabout is a fine boat for the young beginner.—*Boston Herald.*

O. Oliver Iselin, the chief owner of Cup winner Vigilant, is gradually recovering from his recent illness, but is not yet in a humor to make any plans for the coming season of yachting. Mr. Iselin recently told a friend that it was doubtful whether Vigilant would be put into commission this season. Had Lord Dunraven shown any disposition to race the English cutter Valkyrie against Vigilant, Mr. Iselin would have consented to put Vigilant in commission. At the present time there does not appear to be a sloop in her class to give her a race, and the bronze sloop may not be seen under sail this year.—*New York Advertiser*, April 4.

Com. Forbes has finally decided to fit out Volunteer, under the single-stick rig shipped late last fall in part that of Pilgrim. The yacht will take part in the New York Y. C. cruise, and the fact of one of the class being in commission may stimulate others.





STEAM YACHT "ELEANOR"—DESIGNED BY CHARLES R. HANSCOM FOR WM. A. SLATER.

### The New Steam Yacht Eleanor.

The Bath Iron Works of Bath, Me., have now under construction a large and magnificent steam yacht to be named *Eleanor*, and building to the order of William A. Slater, Esq., of Norwich, Conn., a member of the New York and Eastern Y. C.

The *Eleanor* has been especially designed to meet Mr. Slater's requirements, by Naval Architect Charles Ridgley Hanscom, a gentleman whose talents as a designer of all classes of vessels are well known throughout the country. The principal ends sought in the vessel are seaworthiness and strength, with large sail area and superbly finished interior.

It is Mr. Slater's intention to take a two years' cruise round the world, and it is with this object in view that Mr. Hanscom decided to build a yacht of large sail area, so that if at any time the engines or coal should give out, her commander would find himself with an A1 full rigged barque under his command, perfectly competent to withstand any weather, and also to show her heels to the majority of sailing craft.

The principal dimensions of the *Eleanor* are:

Length over all.....	231ft.
Length l.w.l.....	208ft.
Length keel.....	185ft.
Beam, extreme.....	32ft.
Depth of hold.....	17ft. 5in.
Mean draft.....	13ft. 4in.
Displacement.....	1,136 tons.

She is constructed of steel throughout, with water ballast tanks forming a double bottom forward and aft of the machinery spaces. The hull is minutely subdivided by transverse and longitudinal bulkheads into a large number of watertight compartments, and no doors are out in the bulkheads below the waterline unless they are absolutely necessary. The general arrangements of the vessel are shown in the accompanying engravings.

The cabin arrangements are ample and luxurious. The owner's stateroom and study are fitted up in the most modern and artistic style, with bed, wardrobe, writing desk, etc. of carved mahogany. The bathroom is fitted strictly from a sanitary standpoint and finished in polished hardwood and marble. Adjoining the owner's room is the nursery, complete in all its appointments. On the opposite side of the passage there is another suite of rooms, consisting of two staterooms, nursery and bath, which are equally well fitted and finely finished. These rooms, in connection with the linen closets and pantry, occupy the space forward of the main saloon.

The main saloon is finished in paneled mahogany, with polished floor; luxurious couches are arranged on either side, while an open fireplace lends its homelike glow to the surroundings. The saloon is to contain an elegant upright piano, cabinet, etc.; and oil paintings to the value of about \$60,000 will be added to please the eye. Aft of the saloon are staterooms and bath for governess, nurse and female servants.

The house on main deck is of steel, finished in paneled mahogany outside with brass rails and stanchions around top. Within the deck house is located the dining room, social hall, pantry, laundry, drying room, galley, captain's dining room and captain's stateroom.

The dining room is finished in mahogany and furnished similar to the saloon with open fireplace, sofas, an electric piano, etc. Aft of the dining room is the social hall, finished in harmony with the dining room. A stairway of elaborate design leads to the saloon below from this room.

On the starboard side there is a passage from the dining room forward, leading through pantry, galley, etc., thus maintaining communication between the after and forward part of the yacht without exposure to the weather. Between the boiler and engine hatches is located the laundry and drying room fitted with the necessary tubs, racks, steam pipes, etc. Forward of the boiler hatch is the galley, finished with white glazed tiles on the sides, and provided with range, ice chests, dressers, sinks, and all necessary dish-racks, etc. The captain's dining room and state room is tastefully finished in white mahogany.

On the forward berth deck immediately forward of the boiler room bulkhead, is the officers' mess-room and staterooms, two guests' staterooms and bath-rooms finished in ash, with front of berths, bureaus, etc., of mahogany and fitted with marble wash-stands. Forward of the officers' accommodation are the quarters for the petty officers, and the forecabin for the crew. The ventilating and plumbing systems are most complete in all details.

The propelling power consists of a vertical inverted direct acting triple expansion engine with cylinders 18, 28 and 45in. diameter by 30in. stroke. Steam will be supplied by two steel Scotch boilers, each 12' 6 1/2' long and 12' 5' diameter. The total grate surface 120sq. ft., and the working pressure 155lbs. The propeller is four-bladed 10' 4 1/2' diameter

and 11' 6" to 12' pitch. The yacht is also provided with a Hyde patent steam windlass, a Williamson steam steerer, and a distiller and ice machine. She is fitted with a complete electric plant including a powerful search light, and besides the ordinary signal and other lights, the deck will be illuminated and everything done to give comfort to the guests, officers and crew.

The vessel is bark-rigged, the area of her principal sails being 10,935sq. ft. The following are the dimensions of her spars:

Length of mainmast, deck to hounds.....	43ft. 6in.
mainmast, deck to hounds.....	51ft.
foremast, deck to hounds.....	49ft.
mizzen topmast including top gallant.....	40ft. 6in.
mainmast, including top gallant.....	53ft. 4in.
foremast, including top gallant.....	53ft. 4in.
spanker boom.....	56ft.
spanker gaff boom.....	34ft. 6in.
main gaff.....	18ft.
fore gaff.....	18ft.
bowsprit.....	47ft. 6in.
bowsprit outboard.....	64ft. 6in.
foreyard.....	64ft.
mainyard.....	64ft.
foretop gallant yard.....	43ft.
mainmast sail yard.....	48ft.
foretop gallant yard.....	33ft.
mainmast sail yard.....	33ft.

The *Eleanor* will carry seven boats, as follows: One steam launch 28ft. long, one naphtha launch 25ft. long, two 29ft. lifeboats with a capacity of twenty-eight persons each, one six-oared gig 28ft. long, one dinghy 20ft. long, and the catboat Willie, 19ft. 11in. in length, the latter being built for racing and pleasure sailing. The complement of the vessel will be as follows: Captain, first and second officers, physician, three engineers, carpenter, four quartermasters, four apprentice boys, boatswain, fifteen seamen, four firemen, two messmen, three oilers, six stewards, four cooks, barber, two Chinese laundrymen and two deck boys.

The vessel will be under the command of Capt. C. W. Scott, formerly of the *Sagamore*.

The workmanship and finish of the boat is of the highest order in every department, and reflects great credit on both the designer and builders, and without doubt will prove one of the finest pleasure yachts in the country.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Yachtsmen will find plenty of entertaining reading in the last story of the America's Cup and the racing which has resulted from it recently published by the Outing Company, New York. The author, Capt. A. S. Kenely, is an old sailor man and with a long experience as a writer, his work on the *Herald* and various other New York papers being well known to yachtsmen. Old as the story is, his version of "Yacht Races for the America's Cup" is bright, fresh and interesting, including much in the way of anecdote and description to enliven the plain narrative of challenges and races. The development of yacht racing and construction in the last half century is incidentally described in connection with the various races, and of itself makes an interesting story; and the two chapters on the English cutter and the American sloop are worth special mention. The descriptions of the many Cup races are graphic and accurate, but in the portions relating to the challenges and negotiations which have accompanied each race, it is to be regretted that the writer has not made a personal study of the official views of the New York Yacht Club, and to waive all individual judgment. The "New Deed" in particular is handled tenderly and considerably, and the interesting history of its inception and execution is entirely omitted. Beginning with Maria and coming down to the end of last season, by Navaho's races included, and enlivened by many illustrations, the book is likely to find favor with yachtsmen, and the author's treatment is in most cases so fair and impartial that the omission we have noted is all the more unfortunate as leading to erroneous opinions in a very important piece of history.

A new club, by the name of the Forest City Y. C. has been organized in Cleveland with the following officers: Com., P. J. Martin; Vice-Com., J. Humphrey; Sec'y, Arthur Bryant; Treas., Anthony Cline.

We have received from the Millbay Engineering Co. of Plymouth, Eng., their catalogue of marine machinery. The company supplies engines and boilers alone, ready to be placed in vessels, and also builds launches, steam yachts, tugs and steam craft generally.

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., have recently completed or under way, the following orders: A 30ft. x 38ft. launch with 35in. Tregurtha boiler and 5x7 engine for W. L. Wood, Pawtucket, R. I.;

a 32in. Tregurtha boiler for S. E. Eldredge, York Harbor, Me.; a complete outfit for a 36ft. launch, comprising a 35in. Tregurtha boiler, 4 1/2 and 9x5 compound engine, steam pump, shaft, wheel, condenser, etc., for C. V. Sanders, Taunton, Mass.; a 10 horse power tandem compound engine for H. F. Castion, Newark, N. J.; a 4 1/2 and 9x5 compound engine for Giles Avery, Groton, Conn.; a 32in. Tregurtha boiler for Eugene Cowin, Medford, Mass., and a 10 horse power compound engine for Vice-Com. W. H. Russell of the Lynn Yacht Club, which will be placed in his launch Vanita, built by them last year.

The annual meeting of the Owasco Lake Y. C., of Auburn, N. Y., was held on March 30, the following officers being elected: Com., F. I. Allen; Vice-Com., G. C. Smith; Sec.-Treas., C. I. Avery; Meas., Douglas Beardsley. The Commodore appointed as members of the regatta committee W. E. Case, C. E. Thorne, Douglas Beardsley, N. B. Burr. The club resolved to hold three regattas during the season of 1894 upon dates to be decided by the committee. Among the additions to the club fleet are the two fin-keels El Chico, recently purchased by W. E. Case, and Nemadaj, C. E. Thorne.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will give a musical entertainment at the town house, 7 East Thirty-second street, New York, on April 14, at 8:45 P. M.

LAKEVIEW, Mass. April 4.—The annual meeting of the Lakeview Club was held April 2 and the following officers were elected: President, C. M. Williams; Vice-President, C. A. Hanson; Secretary-Treasurer, H. E. Long; Directors—O. P. Dodge, G. S. Davis, E. T. Kirschbaum, C. E. Fay. The treasurer's report showed the receipts to be \$436.88; expenses, \$412.46; cash in treasury, \$24.42; increase in valuation, \$164.38; number of members, 46. A number of new sailing dories will be added to the club fleet the coming season.

The new Yale Cor. Y. C. has challenged the Harvard Y. C. to a race off New London during the week of the rowing race.

Fanchon, sloop, has been sold for \$35 and converted into a steam launch. A few years back she was one of the champions on Lake Erie.

The Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has extended the privileges of the Oyster Bay house and anchorage to the New York, Atlantic, Eastern, Larchmont, Corinthian of New York, American, New Bedford, Marine and Field, Massachusetts, Riverside, New Rochelle, Corinthian of Philadelphia, and Baltimore Y. C., and the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. The club will give a musical entertainment on April 14, at 8:45 P. M.

A new edition, revised and extended, of W. H. White's "Manual of Naval Architecture," is announced by John Murray, London.

Ambassadors, schr., is announced for sale, after a short service in the fishing trade.

Waterhouse & Chesebrough have designed a fin-keel racer for Mr. Lynch, owner of the 25ft. Garlon. The yacht will be built by McIntyre and will be used about Greenport.

The Haverhill Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Augustus Kilby; Vice-Pres., H. A. Littlefield; Fleet Capt., George Ellis; Sec'y, Ralph O. Shapleigh, 44 Washington street, Haverhill, Mass.; Treas., A. I. Jackson; Meas., John Goodell. Trustees—John Goodell, Augustus Kilby, George Graham. Regatta Committee—Augustus Kilby, George Tuxbury, Wilfrid L. Houle.

Emerald, schr., J. R. Maxwell, is now at Tebo's.

Wacondah, sloop, Henry Doscher, is the first yacht in commission this season about New York, being launched on March 20. On March 31, when lying off New Rochelle, she was entered and robbed of a yacht cannon and other articles valued at \$500. Detectives have found part of the goods at Glen Cove, where they were hidden by Reuben Titus, of New Rochelle, who has been arrested.

The New Rochelle Y. C. at a meeting on April 3 adopted the Seawanhaka rule with the Larchmont table of allowances. The season will open on May 19 with a catboat race. Eleven members were elected.

Glendover will be the name of the schooner yacht designed by H. J. Gielow and building by A. C. Brown, Tottenville, Staten Island, for O. K. Dimock. She will be 70ft. over all, 53ft. l.w.l., 17ft. 6in. beam and 7ft. draft.

The South Amboy (N. J.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Leonard Furman; Vice-Com., Daniel C. Chase; Sec'y, Orlando Perrine, Jr.; Treas., Joseph A. Sexton; Meas., Thomas Baker; Regatta Committee: F. E. De Graw, Wilfred Smith, F. M. Parker, Joseph Smith and M. N. Roll. House Committee: C. B. Munday, Capt. J. D. Worth and C. J. Voorhees.

On March 23 the sloop Orion left Wallin & Gorman's yard, Bay Ridge, for Nyack, with her owner, Mr. Footman, and her skipper, Capt. James Fergusson, on board. When off Piermont a squall



struck the yacht, and she jibed, the boom striking Capt. Furgueson and knocking him overboard. He sank and did not rise, and the body has not yet been found. He hailed from Bath, Me., and was unmarried.

The steam yacht race for the Bennett prize of 5,000 francs, begun on March 29, was finished by a second race over the 52 mile course on April 4, Roxana winning, with Eros second, Poros third, while Marchessa withdrew. Mr. Bennett has offered three prizes of \$1,000 for 1895.

Thetis, sloop, has been sold by P. V. Stevenson to Edwin P. Baugh, Jr., of Philadelphia, through Waterhouse & Chesbrough. Capt. Perry, who has sailed her for some years, will retain command.

The new Allan 10ater has been tried under sail at Bristol and will soon be shipped to Glasgow. There is little doing at the Herreshoff shops and most of the men have been laid off.

Helen, 40ft. cutter, has been sold to P. C. Smith of Harvard.

Sultana, steam yacht, has been chartered by T. L. Park to John R. Drexel.

The frame of the 30ft. racing cutter for George Gooderham has arrived at Touhou and the yacht will be completed by a local builder. Mr. Watson made the design and had the frame got out and set up under his direction.

On Tuesday last Valkyrie was launched from Tebo's new floating dock, where she has laid during the winter. Her copper has been removed entirely except from the lead keel, and the bottom has been painted a dark lead color. On her arrival in the Clyde she will be newly coppered and the cabins will be upholstered. The dock gates were opened at about 9:30, the dock settling slowly for the first twenty minutes. When the floor was once under water the dock sank more rapidly and the keel soon disappeared, and after the water was some 8ft. deep over the floor a very few minutes served to set the yacht afloat. Capt. Cranfield and his crew were expected on Wednesday.

### Cruising in the Cy-Pres-1893.

(Continued from Page 302.)

Saturday, July 15.—As it was low water at half past six, and we could not get out of the harbor till nine, or ten, we did not hurry things any, but washed and stowed away all our breakfast dishes and made a trip ashore for water and bread. Just as we returned to the boat we met the "mossers" coming back from their morning work, and as the wind was fresh from the southwest we asked one of them if there was much wind outside. He said, "Yes, it blows hard and it is going to blow harder." We thought it would too, so tied down two reefs in our mainsail before hoisting it. We intended to cast her head to starboard, as the deepest water was on that side, and we could jibe round as we followed the channel out; but the tide was running swiftly, setting us well on our anchor, and while I was taking the stars off the foresail a puff struck us and we paid off on port tack, dragging our anchor out. We let the main sheet run clear out and set the foresail, sheeting it flat, hoping she would swing off in deeper water, but the anchor dragging over her bow prevented this and before I could get it up on deck we grounded in the mud. We lowered all sail at once and waited for a little further rise of tide.

In about half an hour we had enough water under us to float us, and hoisted the foresail, which was sufficient to drive her along slowly and carry us over into the channel. When fairly under way, we got the mainsail up and sailed out of the little harbor under double-reefed mainsail and foresail. We found the wind very fresh from S. W. and puffy, and were very glad that we had reduced our canvas before starting as the wind had increased to half a gale by noon and the sea rose very fast. We could not point as close as usual owing to our reefed mainsail and found that the best course that we could make would carry us five miles out from the Gurnet Lights. As this would take us clear of the Bartlett Rocks and Howland Ledge, it just suited us, and keeping a good full on her we plowed along till we could make out the Gurnet Lights, the westward of which the Steamer's getting heavy. We went here west by north. We were out about two and one-half miles from the nearest shore and the wind had a sweep of fully eight miles, blowing right out of Plymouth, or, more strictly speaking, out of Warren's Cove.

Standish Monument is the most conspicuous landmark on the coast after leaving Scituate. It is a tall, black looking shaft, and for a long time we took it for the chimney of a factory. As the Steamer's getting heavy every minute and the wind increasing, we thought we would find smoother water nearer shore, so went about on port tack and stood in, pointing our bowsprit right for the monument, and held on this course till we could fetch the Gurnet Lights easily, then we went about on starboard tack. We were flying through the water, pointing straight for the lighthouse, when we caught sight of a buoy, our port bow, a hasty glance at the chart convinced us that we were inside of High Pine Ledge. This is a large shallow spot almost due north of the Gurnet, and part of it has but 2ft. of water at low tide. We concluded that we had better keep outside of it, so slackened off our sheets and bore away, passing the buoy on our starboard hand. We hauled sharp round the buoy, and flattened down our sheets hard, as we had lost time by the unexpected change of course. By pinching a little we could just make the whistle off the Gurnet and passed it on port hand, but so close that our boom barely cleared it. As the wind had increased to a gale and had a long sweep here, we found a very sharp jump of a sea running past the Whistler, and watched anxiously for a smooth to put about in. When we got one we swung her around quickly and started up the channel on port tack. This was the roughest piece of water we had ever been in, but the Cy-pres behaved so nobly that we enjoyed the excitement hugely.

We had been told that the channel up to Plymouth was a "yeasty place," and we found it all we expected and more. The wind howled through the rigging and carried the spray over us in sheets, so that we had to wear waterproofs. Everything was wet the minute it was brought on deck. Our glasses, a new pair, were so sticky from the salt water that we could not focus them, and we had to get along without them for the rest of the day. We were able, by sailing close, to just clear the small lighthouse on Duxbury Pier, and as we passed it we eased off sheets and ran up the Cow Yard, dropping our anchor in 4½ fathoms, midway between the black and red buoys that mark this channel. We had made the run from Scituate, a distance of 19 miles, but by our course over 24 miles, thrashing dead to windward in a gale sea and half a mile of wind, in a little over three hours; and we felt proud of the little Cy-pres' seagoing qualities. She went dancing over the waves, and the bigger they grew the better she liked it. Until we reached the chop in Plymouth Channel we had not taken a drop of water on board, and we drove her all the time as hard as we could, as our quick passage shows.

Soon after leaving Scituate we saw a fishing sloop outside of us, with two men on board. They stood in for the smooth water near shore, passing near us, but astern, luffing to every puff and evidently carrying more sail than they could stand. Soon after passing them we saw them heave-to and take a reef in their mainsail. They followed after us, but we left them very fast, running out of sight of them by the time we reached the Gurnet Light. We were well pleased with the Cy-pres' performance under sail, but not at all pleased with her performance at anchor. We lay right in the middle of the channel and the tide was running out at a terrible rate directly in the teeth of the gale, which had a long sweep of over two miles. The seas were short and deep, their tops white with foam, and they flew past us with a hissing, rushing sound. The powerful tide caught our deep keel and swung us round irresistibly, stern to the wind. The gale drove us ahead so that our anchor was under us, and we heaved about, first one side and then the other. The seas at times striking us broadside on and rolling us down rail under, would break clear over us, then they would hit us under the counter with a hammer-like shock that made her tremble from truck to keelson. When she would take one up in the cabin, then she would take another, hear distinctly the chain dragging over the pebbly bottom, and when we hauled it up next morning it was for several feet polished as bright and smooth as though done with file and emery paper.

During all this time the dinghy was a constant source of care and even danger, the wind would drive it down upon us every few seconds and each shift of the yacht's position would bring it up in us in a new place, so that one of us had to watch continually and be prepared to fend off every instant. Once or twice a sea caught it broadside on, and we thought surely it would turn over; but fortunately it did not. Fearing that this might happen we got it alongside and removed the oars, baller, sponge and oarlocks. Later in the day we went on to the painter about 75ft. of good, stout line and paid it all out, so that the boat rode 50ft. ahead of us, and we had no more trouble from that source, the long rope acting as the water acted as a spring on her, and she was less violent in her motions.

At the turn of the tide the waves quickly subsided, and as both current and wind were from the same direction we lay quietly at our anchor, though straining the cable very hard. We took advantage of this change in the situation to get our supper and a little sleep, lying down with our clothes on, prepared to jump up at a moment's notice should our anchor drag or chain part. Just before sunset our cutter about 40 or 45ft. long came in under reefed mainsail and jib and anchored about a quarter of a mile to the westward of us, near a coasting schooner that lay there when we came in. We saw the schooner at anchor as we rounded the Duxbury Beacon but thought she was over in the channel that runs up Kingston Bay, or we should have followed her example and anchored near her. The party on the cutter seemed to know just where they wanted to go, steering in without any apparent hesitation, as if they had been there before.

As they went over what we supposed was shallow water, we got out

our chart to see why these two vessels should anchor outside the channel. We found they were inside a kind of basin or pocket, where they had from 13 to 24ft. under them, and with shallow water all around, and were not affected by the tide so much as we were. We considered the advisability of following them, but finally concluded that as our anchor had held us so well we would not break it out until we were obliged to, and hoped the gale would let up before another change in the tide.

Everything remained comparatively quiet until about 1 o'clock at night, when we were aroused by the violent pitching of the boat. On getting on deck we saw that the tide had turned and the wind if anything was blowing harder than before. The yacht was at her old tricks again, shooting across the channel, first one side, then the other, sometimes riding up over the anchor till the chain was slack, and then suddenly turning and shooting off at a tangent until she brought up with a jerk. We knew nothing short of a miracle could keep us from having a foul anchor, yet as near as we could tell, it seemed to be holding us securely. The night was dark as pitch, and we could not see a thing except the lights on the vessels near us, a light on Clark's Island about two miles north of us and of course the light on Duxbury Beacon. We thought the last two were in about the same relative positions as when we last looked at them and concluded that our anchor was still hanging on nobly. As our anchor light had gone out we re-lighted it, and as an additional precaution set another lantern on the cockpit seat, then went below again to get out of the chilly wind and flying spray.

Sleep was wholly out of the question, for we were tossing and pitching about in a very uncomfortable manner, and every little while would look out to see if our light was burning, or if we had changed



SCITTATE—LANDING PIER.

our position relatively to the beacon. After several hours of watchful anxiety we became hardened to our surroundings and would doze off into little cat naps, only to wake up with a start as a bigger wave than usual would give us a heavy roll, or some loose rope would slap against the mast with a crack like the report of a rifle.

At last, after what seemed to us the longest night we had ever known, the dawn began to appear and we strained our eyes to make out the two buoys between which we had anchored on the previous afternoon. I first discovered what I took to be the black buoy on the west side of the channel, but much to my surprise I could not find the red one which should be close by and to the eastward of us. I immediately began to think that our worst fears had been realized, that in the darkness and storm we had dragged our anchor, no one knew how far or whither, but the Duxbury Beacon was not far off and it still bore about the same position from Clark Island, so we could not be very far from our old berth. I called F.'s attention to these points and he suggested half jocosely and half in earnest that the red buoy must have been carried away during the height of the gale, and that we would find that we were all right as soon as the day was fairly begun.

I volunteered to stay on deck and keep a lookout while he went below and lighted the stove and put on dry underclothes. It was not long before I made out the exact situation in which we were, the buoy that I took for the black was actually the red, and we had dragged our anchor about an eighth of a mile or a little more, nearly due east, and were then in very shallow water, and just over the sand bar that extends from Clark's Island to the Duxbury Beacon, which is on its southernmost extremity. I called to F. to come on deck immediately, that I knew where we were, and that we must get under way at once. After getting our anchor we hoisted our double-reefed mainsail and



CY-PRES—AFTER THE STORM.

foresail and stood over by the two vessels, which were still at anchor where we had seen them the evening before. When our anchor came up we were not at all surprised to find the chain wound twice around one of the flukes. We were pleased to see how much more quietly we lay in our new berth than we did in the channel; the tide did not affect us very much, and the yacht lay head to wind as she should. We had learned a lesson that we would not soon forget, and determined in future not to anchor in narrow, deep channels when there was any other place available.

Soon after breakfast the white cutter went out of the harbor under double-reefed mainsail and jib, carrying two boats on her davits. We laid at our anchorage until about half-past 10, when, if being about half flood tide, we weighed anchor and sailed up to the town. The harbor is full of shallow places and we touched bottom twice before getting up to the docks, but, as the tide was rising, we were not delayed more than a few minutes each time. The channel lies very close to Long Beach for about a mile, and then turns at right angles toward the docks, meeting midway between the docks and the beach a narrow dredged channel. The proper place to turn is directly in front of a frame hotel, called the Columbian Pavilion, which is on Long Beach facing the harbor. In front of this hotel is a pier used by a ferryboat which plies back and forth carrying excursionists and picnic parties over to the beach, which is a famous place for clams. When going in keep close to Long Beach, following the curve of the shore till you are just past the pier in front of the Pavilion Hotel, and then turn sharp to the right, running straight for the docks at Plymouth, as the dredged channel is in a straight line with them. We were under double reefed mainsail and foresail as the wind still held fresh, and were delighted to find how easily the Cy-pres worked in the short tacks which we were obliged to take while beating across from Long Beach to Plymouth. We ran under the lee of the land as we approached the town, and found the water very still. Dropping our anchor in a pool as quiet as a mill pond, we could scarcely believe that we had for the past twenty-four hours been battling with such a vexatious sea out in the Cow Yard. The sun was shining bright and we got our blankets, cushions, etc., out on deck to dry, the whole boat being covered with them. As it was Sunday we did not go on shore but lay quietly at anchor and basked in the quiet, warm sun all the rest of the day.

Late in the afternoon the 30ft. centerboard sloop Zingara came in and anchored near us. She had on board a professional sailmaker and a crew of four young Corinthians. The captain told us that they started from Marblehead on Saturday for Plymouth and got as far as Cohasset when they were forced by the fierce wind and heavy seas to turn back and put into Hull, where they lay till Sunday morning. He said they were very anxious to make Plymouth, but their boat would dive into the heavy seas, stopping stock still nearly every time she struck a sea, and they made no headway for hours, but kept sagging off to leeward all the time. We felt quite proud when we heard this, for two of us had come along easily in the little 22-footer Cy-pres, under the same conditions that had forced the well-manned 30-footer back.

We lay side by side in a small basin at the end of the docks. Right in front of us, at the head of the slip, was Plymouth Rock, covered by a stone arch and surrounded by a high iron fence to protect it from curiosity seekers, who would soon carry it all away if left to themselves. The harbor is full of catboats ranging from 15 to 18 or 20ft. long. They are of the wide shallow type and well suited to the shallow water. The favorite sail is a lug and they seem to be too large for the boats, as the masts are very high, but they were out all day Sunday in the strong wind and are evidently able to carry them. One thing that struck us as peculiar was the fact that the barometer did not fall any during Friday or Friday night nor on Sunday till about 3 P. M. When we left Scituate it registered 30.04, just about the same as it had been all the previous day. The sky was clear and bright and there was no indication of the strong wind that we had on Saturday, or the gale of the afternoon and evening. On Sunday as the wind began to moderate the barometer began to go down and reached the lowest point, 29.68, at 2:30 P. M., at which time it was quite calm. This is the first time in our experience when the drop of the barometer followed the high wind instead of preceding it.

Monday, July 17, was a beautiful day, and we lay at anchor resting our tired bodies and thoroughly drying everything on board. We made a short excursion into the town, visiting old Burial Hill, Pilgrim Hall and other places of interest, buying among other provisions on our way back to the boat a huge watermelon. We found that water could be had at a fish house on the dock close to the landing float. In the afternoon about high tide we were hailed by some one on the dock to "get out of there," as a tug was coming in with a coal barge. There seemed to be plenty of room for anything to get by, but not wishing to have any row about it we took the kedge out about 100ft. further from the wharf, and paying out chain on our anchor, warped ourselves out of the way. When the barge (the Cohocent) was past, we hauled the kedge up and drifted back into our old position. The greater part of Plymouth Harbor is dry at low tide, and all the boats lie on the mud several hours each day, but we lay in a pool. Monday evening just at sunset we were somewhat startled by the *honk, honk, honk!* of a flock of geese that were flying low, just skimming along the surface of the water. We supposed they were wild birds at first, but after circling around the harbor once or twice, they settled down at the rear of one of the little houses on the shore, where we saw another lot just like them. They were not the ordinary white variety, but resembled very closely the wild fowl.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## Canoeing.

### AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE: IRVING V. DORLAND, Arlington, N. J.  
SECRETARY-TREASURER: G. B. ELLARD, Newark, N. J. (136 Liberty st., N. Y.)  
LIBRARIAN: W. P. STEPHENS, Bayonne, N. J.

#### ATLANTIC DIVISION.

##### Officers:

VICE-COM: C. V. Schuyler, New York.  
REAR-COM: B. B. Adams, Newark.  
PURSER: F. L. Duncall, B'klyn, N. Y.  
EX-COM: J. R. Lake, F. W. Royes, J. K. Hand.

#### CENTRAL DIVISION.

##### Officers:

VICE-COM: W. G. Withersbee, Pt. Henry.  
REAR-COM: G. B. Holman, Anderson.  
PURSER: C. C. Cragg, Port Henry.  
EX-COM: C. V. Wilmie, W. R. Hunt-ington.

#### EASTERN DIVISION.

##### Officers:

VICE-COM: E. H. Barney, Springfield.  
REAR-COM: C. F. Schuster, Jr., Holyoke.  
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield.  
EX-COM: G. L. Parmele, Paul Butler, R. Apollonio.

#### NORTHERN DIVISION.

##### Officers:

VICE-COM: H. M. Moisson, Montreal.  
REAR-COM: Geo. Schofield, Peterboro.  
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: J. H. Fleishman, R. Tilly, Toronto.  
EX-COM: W. H. Macnee, C. E. Arch-bald, W. L. Scott.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp must pay \$1.00 camp expense. A Saturday session to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

### WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.  
VICE-COMMODORE—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.  
REAR-COMMODORE—L. K. Lyggett, Detroit, Mich.  
SECRETARY-TREASURER—James Gardner, Cleveland, O.  
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; G. B. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; S. B. Mettler, Jackson, Mich.  
Applications for membership should be made to the Secy-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2.00 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

### FIXTURES.

#### SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass.

WHETHER as a matter of merit or merely because they are new and fashionable, the two designs, "La Gloria" and "Scarecrow," published in the FOREST AND STREAM, have proved wonderfully popular, and a very large number of boats have been built from them. This year a number of new ones are under way in various places, and it is likely that the class will be well represented at the coming meet at Croton Point. An excellent opportunity will be presented for a test of these larger boats against the 16x30 canoes, and also for exciting and interesting races among themselves.

The accessibility of the camp by water alone should result in a large attendance of canoe yaws, Scarecrows, and all types of small craft and the racing of these boats may be made one of the attractive features of the meet. Of course, the canoe racing proper must claim first place, but no one will be better pleased than the canoeists at a chance to test the speed of the larger boats. Much has been said at times about the superior speed of the St. Lawrence skiffs and similar craft over the 16x30 canoe, but thus far the canoe has come out ahead in all trials that have been made at the meets. None of these, however, in the past have been thoroughly satisfactory; and the question of the speed of the canoe compared with skiffs and other wider craft is yet unsettled; but the meet of this year should place the matter beyond doubt.

### Red Dragon C. C.

On Saturday evening, March 31, the Red Dragon C. C. gave a smoker to its members and their friends, and after a pleasant evening all voted it one of the successes of the club.

One of the interesting features of the evening was a lantern slide exhibit, the slides appearing in principal order to come from the number were some taken from photographs of the club's meet at Delanco in 1899. Com. McCormick's explanatory description of the views was highly commendable. The music—and there was lots of it—was furnished by the R. D. C. C. Mandolin and Banjo Club.

The original poem by Dr. McFetridge upon the R. D. C. C. foot ball team, of which our Wilt was captain, was received with deafening applause. The "Goodbye Song" by H. Fleishman, in the chorus of which all present joined, added greatly to the merriment.

Although disappointed in the non-appearance of our wrestlers and some of the sparring talent, we fortunately had a few "clever ones" among our members to produce interesting events.

Amid the fumes of tobacco and the aroma of food for the inner man, impromptu speeches were made and songs sang till close to the advent of the first day, when the majority returned to the city with pleasant remembrances of another successful smoker. F. O. G.

### A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Dr. W. J. McFetridge, Philadelphia, Pa.; Reinhold Kulep, Newark, N. J.; Horatio S. Byrne, Inwood, New York city; E. C. Pressprich, New York city; Louis W. Wiese, Bordertown, N. J.



targets and not at "birds" as stated in the programme. Why people will persist in dubbing a piece of clay as a "bird" is beyond our comprehension,



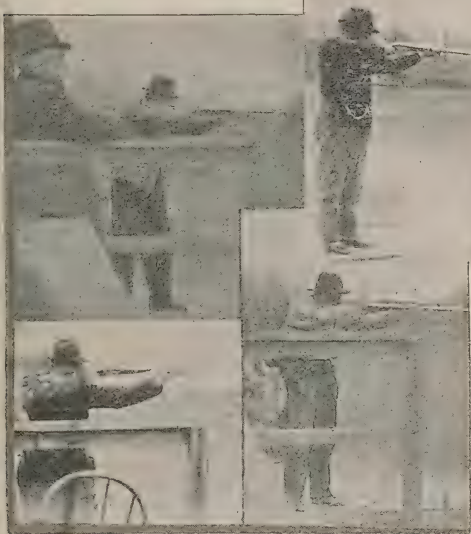




The wind, as stated above, was brisk in the early morning and by the time a start was made in American handicap it was blowing about twenty miles an hour. On these grounds the traps face the northeast so that the wind was in favor of the birds, blowing directly from the shooter toward the traps.

It was about 10 A. M., when Referee Jacob Pentz called the first shooter to the score for the big handicap. Chas. A. Dellar of Brooklyn was the official scorer. Fred Hoy, who recently killed 97 out of 100 ducks, was the first to shoot. He was a very good marksman and possessed of skill equal to the best. Capt. A. W. Money, with the big goggles and usual gental smile; Noel G. Money, not as old in years as his father, but nearly as good a shooter; Fred G. Moore and Louis G. Moore, "the boys," these were the occupants of the big tents; and inside the big tents, as whole companies of ducks and strange (O) to some people intended to be in for first money.

When the great event of the shooting year, the grand American handicap, began it had an entry list of fifty-four, comprising the



### POSITIONS CAUGHT BY "FOREST AND STREAM'S" CAMERA.

*crème de la crème* of the shooting world. One man only, Charles Macalester of Riverton, N. J., failed to appear, this leaving fifty-three to shoot and making the moneys \$667.50 for first; \$400.50 for second and \$267 for third, this to be worn by the guns.

The sport opens with Dick Phister at the 88-yard mark and he made a fine kill of a right-quartering incoherer, using both barrels; Upson, Class, Morfey and Durvey killed down, and the first lost bird was scored to "Dutchy" Smith, this being a right-quartering driver that knew how to twist and made use of its knowledge. Kleinz, Spicer, Work, "Mack," Brewer and Simpson killed, and then came J. L. Smith, who lost a terribly fast right-quartering driver. Hoffman killed, as did Thompson, Dickey and Elliott, Timmons following with a w. s. N. D. Walford and Macbeth killed, Charley Young lost; N. G. Money followed with a loss, a hard driver; E. D. Miller killed, as did A. S. King, Meyer, A. W. Money, Ireland, Jones and Moore, when came along M. F. Lindsley, who made an excusable miss of a fast and tricky right-quartering driver, being followed by Neaf Apgar with the loss of a tricky bird taking the same direction as above. A. H. King then scored a kill and up stepped the intrepid young amateur Fred Hoey, on whom all eyes were centered; Hoey got a fast bird going straight away, but a little halt in his work caused him to lose it. Fenrose, Irvin, Wills, Helkes, Walters, Wolstencroft, and Penny killed, Connor lost but he was a hard driver; Drennon, and Cooper, Peacock and Weld killed, Little, Ross, Grand, Stewart and Helgasns killed; Edgerton lust and Besemer killed, this ending the first round.

The birds were a good lot of flyers, some being rattling fast and others fair to good. The wind being in their favor caused a majority of them to trend to the right and front and assisted them greatly in their flight. The light was erratic to an extreme and changed with a sort of monotonous regularity that aggravated the shooters.

On the second round Simpson, Dickey, Timmons, Miller, Lindsley, Willey and Canon lost. On the third round Lindsley and Canon again lost, this shuffling them out, as under the conditions three misses were out provided there was a straight score. The fourth round saw the elimination of Canon and Miller. On the fifth round Timmons shot himself out of the race, being followed on the same round by Hoey, who lost a twisting driver. The sixth round sent Ireland to the rear; the eighth round retired Heikes; on the ninth round Young was eliminated. On the tenth round the manager, Mr. Penrose, was making an excusable miss and W. S. King and Penrose stopped on the eleventh. The twelfth round was the last of the day, the manager having reserved the privilege of calling the shoot off for the day whenever in his judgment the light began to fail. In this instance his judgment was correct, for the sun was obscured by a heavy overcast whose growing years cause them to prefer daylight to twilight.

As stated in the report on the first day's shooting, the first 9 birds shot at in the handicap by those men who were in the 15-bird sweep started on Wednesday counted as the finish of the latter sweep. The 15-bird sweep was made up of 10 birds from the 10-bird sweep divided by Denny, Hyde, Upson, Kelsey and Wolstencroft on clean scores. For second money there were 11 ties; for third there were 16, and for fourth there were 11. The day's shooting was very interesting, and the men were very careful upon one another's traps, and were extremely careful, and resulted in a fine average for the shoot. After shooting in the handicap had been suspended for the day there came a

Below will be found detailed scores of the 15-bird event and of the \$5 miss and out, the score of the big handicap to be shown when completed:

No. 8, 15 live bus, entrance \$15.	four money;
Fulford (35).....0222-2222-2022-22-11	Young (31).....3222-2020-222220-11
Elliott (33).....001212121212-12-12	Kelsey (30).....2122-2221 12 22-15
Penrose (39).....20211212100122-12-12	Lake (28).....21002211
U Smith (30).....22212022122211-12	Hobart (38).....12112112112002-11
Denny (26).....11222222222222-12-11	Hedgerton (28).....01101021102112-11
Wright (29).....22222222222211-12	Mason (30).....221122-22101222-11
Jones (27).....22222222222222-12-14	Kleinz (31).....220212222020-212-13
Helkes (23).....11231122202202-12	Timmons (26).....001002020201
Remsen (27).....12022220222222-13	Meyer (28).....222222211221-12
Hyde (27).....11222222211222-15	Phister (28).....32112222102102-18
J M B (27).....12211201121121-13	Linsley (23).....2222220000
Besselme (38).....2222222222-12-12	Baker (35).....222222222202-12
Wright (fr. 25).....222111101222-12	Spigar (30).....222222222222-12-14
Van Dyke (30).....02201102121000	Morfee (25).....21221121222222-14
Dickey (20).....11101021220221-12	Bowker (25).....32121110110201-12
Dr Weld (29).....12222212220202-12	Simpson (29).....22222220112222-14
W S King (27).....20112022110222-12	F Class (32).....222222222222-14
M Whorner (27).....22212212120222-14	Dr Little Id (25).....12210111111113
McGowan (26).....222222222222-12	
Upton (30).....12112212212211-15	gerke (20).....2121122212122-14
Edgerton (28).....200122000	Hoffman (38).....0211212122122-14
Arnold (26).....12101111122221-14	Knowlton (27).....212222222020-12
Greene (26).....11111112212001-13	Helgaus (30).....222221222222-15
Pickles (26).....22222222222220-13	Wolst'ner fr (39).....2222222222-13
Arn (30).....0100111	Bennett (25).....112222222222-10
Starck (26).....222222121211011-13	Herrington (28).....02122222201100
Starck (26).....22222212122222-14	

Stewart (28),	22221212	12		
Extra, \$5 miss and out.				
McWhorter.....	222220	5	Edgerton, Jr.	0
Elliott.....	0	0	Tampa	322220-6
Lindsley.....	0	0	Knowlton.	222220-6
Class.....	212222	7	Ivins.	212221-7
A W Money.....	1110	8	J L Smith	1221121-7
Meyer.....	22110	4	Hoffman	222222-7
Upson.....	21110	4	Hughes.	0

Below will be found a table showing the rise, residence, gun and powder used by the principal contestants during the week:

Name.	Distance.	Residence.	Gun.	Powder.
R. Phister.....	34yds.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Parker.	Schultze.
A. D. Upson.....	34yds.	Cleveland, O.	Greener.	Schultze.
F. Frank.....	34yds.	Morristown, N. J.	Francotte.	Schultze.
T. W. Morfee.....	32yds.	Paterson, N. J.	Greener.	E. C.

Name.	Distance.	Residence.	Gun.	Powder.
L. T. Duryea	30yds.	Glen Cove, L. I.	Francotte	E. C.
Chas. Smith	30yds.	Plainfield, N. J.	Smith	Am. Wood
J. Frank Kleinz	31yds.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Greener	Schultze.
W. Spicer	28yds.	Danville, Pa.	Daly.	Am. Wood
Geo. Work	21yds.	New York	Purdy	E. C.
E. H. McWhorter	27yds.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Parker	Walsrode.
L. J. Brewer	33yds.	Bridgeport, N. J.	W. Richards.	Schultze.
W. J. Simpson	30yds.	California	Greener	E. C.
J. J. Smith	28yds.	Easton, N. J.	Smith	Am. Wood
J. W. Hoffman	28yds.	German Valley, N. J.	Parker	E. C.
W. H. Thompson	27yds.	New York	Purdy	E. C.
O. R. Dicke	29yds.	Boston, Mass.	Parker	Schultze.
J. A. R. Elliott	33yds.	Kansas City, Mo.	Greener	E. C.
Jas. Timmons	26yds.	Morristown, N. J.	Scott	Am. Wood
E. D. Fulford	33yds.	Utica, N. Y.	Greener	Schultze.
E. A. Young	31yds.	Springfield, O.	Young	E. C.
N. E. Money	32yds.	Oakland, N. J.	Greener	E. C.
E. D. Miller	30yds.	Springfield, N. J.	Parker	Am. Wood
W. S. King	27yds.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	W. Richards	Walsrode
E. C. Meyer	28yds.	Rochester, N. Y.	Smith	Schultze.
Capt. Money	30yds.	Oakland, N. J.	Greener	E. C.
W. M. C. Jones	27yds.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Greener	Walsrode
Fred. G. Moore	29yds.	New York	Purdy	E. C.
M. F. McCreary	32yds.	Holmden, N. J.	Smith	Am. Wood
Near Appar	30yds.	Yonon, N. J.	Greener	Walsrode
A. H. King	29yds.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Scott	Walsrode
Fred Hoey	32yds.	Long Branch, N. J.	Purdy	E. C.
A. H. Penrose	29yds.	New Loudon, Conn.	Greener	S. S.
A. L. Ivins	31yds.	Ked Bank, N. J.	Parker	Walsrode
A. Willey	28yds.	Hartford, Conn.	Greener	Am. Wood
R. W. Heikes	32yds.	Dayton, O.	Winchester	Am. Wood
W. J. G. Smith	30yds.	Dayton, N. J.	Greener	Leonard.
W. Wolstencroft	29yds.	Frankford, Pa.	Francotte	E. C.
J. O' H. Denny	26yds.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Francotte	E. C.
W. S. Cannon	26yds.	Newark, N. J.	Francotte	E. C.
E. L. Post	28yds.	New York	Purdy	E. C.
W. N. Drake	28yds.	South Orange, N. J.	Smith	E. C.
J. von Lengerke	33yds.	Orange, N. J.	Francotte	Schultze.
W. W. Crocker	29yds.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. Richards.	Schultze.
Dr. Little	33yds.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Greener	Schultze.
J. D. Arnold	26yds.	Washington, D. C.	Greener	E. C.
H. W. Stewart	28 yds.	Rochester, N. Y.	Lefever	Schultze.
Besemer	28yds.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Lefever	E. C.
F. D. Kelsey	30yds.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Smith	Schultze.
M. Herrington	29yds.	New York	Parker	Leonard.
C. L. Edgerton	28yds.	Williamatic, Conn.	Am. A. Co.	E. C.
W. H. Barrett	28yds.	New York	Smith	E. C.
J. M. Green	27yds.	Washington, D. C.	Purdy	E. C.
F. Van Dyke	30yds.	Newark, N. J.	Smith	Am. Wood
H. Vandergrift	27yds.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	W. Richards.	Walsrode
Jos. Baker	28yds.	Edgewood, N. J.	Lefever	Walsrode

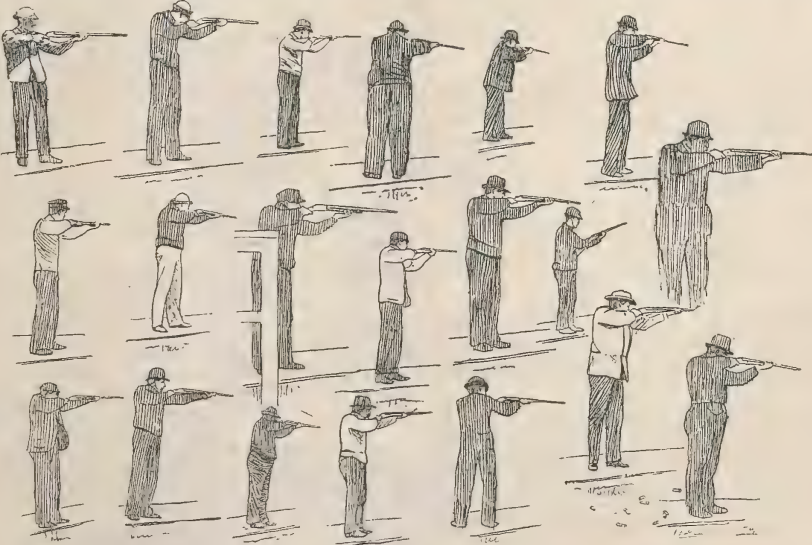
*Friday, the Third Day.*

At six o'clock on Friday morning when we peeped through the blinds to catch an idea of the weather prospects, the outlook was anything but encouraging. The sun was shining it is true, but there was a portentous haze in the air that boded ill for a clear day. Along with the sun, the "hot" prospects were accompanied by a heavy shower of rain. At seven o'clock it had clouded over and for a few moments the rain fell, then out again came the sun. The air was cold and raw, making heavy clothing a necessity and keeping in a shiver those who ventured out. At eight o'clock the sun had again disappeared and the clouds began to gather, the news of the good shooting to be seen having been scattered broadcast by the score of newspaper men who were present the day before. The shooters too were early on hand sizing up the weather.

prospect. The Thursday night when the handicap was stopped, there were ten winners with clean scores of 12 kills each; twenty-one who had missed one each, and eleven who had missed two each, the other eleven having been shot out with three misses each. Each of the professionals had one or two misses to their credit, and were practically out of the race so far as first and second money were concerned. Denny seemed to be the choice of quite a number in the selection of a probable winner, and he was named their faith and their money, their money, their money. Morfev, Capt. Money also had a considerable backing, as did Von Lengerke, Wolstencroft and Drake. The odds, however, were extremely light in all cases.

The number of spectators kept increasing steadily until at 10:30. When shooting was started there were fully 400 on the grounds and during the afternoon this number was nearly doubled. Nearly all the sport lovers of New York and New Jersey were there, as were a number from Pennsylvania.

At the above hour Referee Pentz called time and Frank Class went to the score, promptly making a quick second-barrel kill of a fast bird. Morfev, D. Smith, Kleinz, Spicer, Work, Mack, Brewer, Slup-  
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POSITIONS CAUGHT BY "FOREST AND STREAMS" CAMERA.

in a dozen directions to each yard. Weld, Arnold, Stewart, Edgerton and Bessemer killed and the round was ended. Allen Willey and Dr. Little who had scored two misses each on the previous day failed to appear when their names were called and they were scratched. During this round the shooting was good, the birds being several yards better than on the previous afternoon and having a strong, fluky wind

to assist them. On the twentieth round Upon lost a right-quarterer; Spicer lost a twister to the right and front, this making him a non-competitor, being his third miss; Mack lost a rather slow incomer; Hoffman lost a right-quarterer; and Stewart, who scored a miss, charged his miss on a right-quartering incomer that towered out of the charge, this threw him out of the race; Meyer lost a fast one that went to the front and then dodged to the left evading both barrels; Wolstencroft and Denny got each a fast right-quartering driver and scored a miss each; Stewart scored his second miss while Edgerton scored his third miss and dropped out. On the fifteenth round those to go out were Philster, Upon, Mack (lost one of the fastest birds of the day), Noel Meyer, Miller and Bessmer. On the twentieth round there were twenty-six in the race, Brewer and Welch having gone out on the seventeenth round; and Spicer and Stewart on the eighteenth and Meyer on the twentieth. At this point those who had clean scores were Morley and Capt. Money, all the others having scored one or more misses, although when the shooting began there were twelve with clean runs. Those with one miss each were Klein, Work, Simpson, J. L. Smith, Elliott, Fulford, Jones, Moore, A. H. King and Walters. At this stage the chances were that nothing short of 24 would get a place, and so it resulted, Morley and Capt. Money killing out straight, this leaving

third money for the 24, who were Kleinz, Fulford, Simpson, J. L. Smith, Jones, Moore and Walters.

still birds, more and more waters. The birds were driven on the first day, and were still better by the stiff breeze blowing directly from the shore toward No. 4 trap. Some few failed to get off quickly when the trap was sprung, but as a rule the pause was but momentary and once they caught their wings they were as good as any. Good as they were, however, they should as a whole have been much better considering the price paid for them by the shooters, who were obliged to pay 35 cents per bird. The standard price per bird at all pigeon matches, club shoots and tournaments is 25 cents each, and no higher price is paid for any bird unless it has been given a special prize. In this case, however, neither by word nor sign were the shooters given to understand that an advanced price would be charged. Nearly every shooter protested at the charge, but the protest availed them naught. Elmer Shauer said the management paid Louis Miller 32½ cents each for the birds, Mr. Miller getting the dead birds. This was a very neat arrangement for Mr. Miller, who gets from \$1.50 to \$1.80 a dozen for the dead birds, gets his profit out of 32½ cents and beside reaps all the benefit of a fat trade for four days. Even granting that the association paid 32½ cents for the birds, the price is still not justified. The charging the shooters 35 cents, as this object is not to make money for itself, but rather to spend money to advertise the wares of its subscribers.

As in the "luck of the birds," so-called," there was not a real deal of difference, the chances being nearly even. The really fine shots made on extra good birds by one or another of the 53 shooters were so many that to record them would fill a page. Each and every man did the best he knew how to kill every time he went to the score, although it must be conceded that some were playing in harder luck than others. The first bird shot by the first and second shooters, and Stewart of Rochester, killed every bird they shot at, and yet each of them were shot out because for each of them 3 birds crossed the boundary to die. Irvin of Red Bank, Von Lengerke of New York, Wolstencroft of Philadelphia, Drake of South Orange, McWhorter ("Mack") of Pittsburg, Noel Money of Oakland, and Miller of Springfield, each lost 2 dead out of bounds. Money's last bird was a awfully hard one, he was high in the air, and he shot at him, and he missed over the wire. Brewer of a screamer in his final round, hitting it hard both times, but it was tough enough to go over. Elliott's last bird fell less than a yard beyond the wire. Upson's last was a hummingbird driver, fell stone dead just past the wire. Noel Money and Miller got right-quartering drivers, both of which fell just a few yards too far out to score. Aggar stopped shooting when he had a twister in a couple of yards out. Drake's first fell 20, grass at 20 yards out; Edgerton's last was a swift and a low driver, dead 3yds. past the wire.

Below will be found detailed scores of the big shoot, the conditions being 25 live birds per man, \$25 entry, 25 to 33yds. inclusive, 3 moneys, high guns to win, \$1,000 guaranteed by the association. Referees, Jacob Pentz and John J. Hoey; scorer, C. A. Dellar:

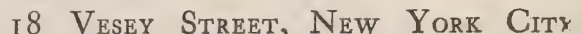
Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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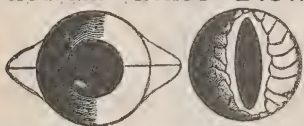
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1894.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

If he is a friend of yours; if he is interested in the gun or the rod; if he is not a reader of FOREST AND STREAM; if you would like to have him see it for three weeks; and if you will give us his name, we will supply him with one of the

FOREST AND STREAM'S SILVER BULLSEYE Cards, which will make it easy for him to send for the paper. . . . .

A STEP FORWARD.

At last Congress has taken action. On Tuesday of last week a bill, introduced by Mr. John F. Lacey to protect the birds and animals in the Yellowstone National Park, and to punish crimes in said Park, and for other purposes, passed the House of Representatives. Before the Senate there is a bill introduced by Mr. Carey, of Wyoming, which has the same purpose, and which will probably pass without opposition at an early day. These two bills will no doubt be considered in a conference committee of the Senate and House, and such committee should have no difficulty in agreeing upon a substitute embodying the best provisions of both.

Mr. Lacey's bill is printed in another column. The measure is a long step in the right direction, yet it does not specify all offenses which are likely to be committed by visitors to the Park, nor do its provisions apply to the forest reservation as they ought to.

Mr. Carey's bill is more full than Mr. Lacey's, and besides, covers some points which the House bill omits, by providing that any person violating any rule or regulation promulgated by the Secretary of the Interior for the preservation "of timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonderful objects within the said Park," or for the protection of birds or animals or fish, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. But here the penalties provided are too small, being only a fine of not more than \$100, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both, with the costs of the proceeding. Such penalties, while appropriate enough to certain offenses, are by no means heavy enough for some others. To kill one of the few remaining buffalo of America or to fire the forests of the National Park is a much more serious offense than to knock away a piece of rock from a hot spring formation, and while a fine of \$100 would be an ample penalty for the last offense, it would be absurdly inadequate for the first-named. There is, however, material in these two bills for a very satisfactory government and police law to protect the natural objects within the Yellowstone Park,

provided certain necessary amendments shall be made to their provisions.

It is very important that the provisions of any bill for the protection of the Park should be made to apply to the forest reservation on the south and east as well as to the Park itself; for this forest reserve, as we have often said, is practically, though not in name, a part of the Yellowstone Park.

However much opinions may vary on other points in connection with this great reservation, there can be but little difference of sentiment about the necessity of protecting it from injury. All can unite on a protective measure, and every vote in both Houses should be recorded in its favor. It is to be expected that the Senators from those States adjacent to the Park, who must feel an especial pride in it, will give their strongest support to such a measure, and a like enthusiasm for it may be looked for it in the Western members of the House.

The effort to protect the Park originated in the Senate. Senator Vest, of Missouri, was the first one to take up arms in defense of this reservation. He first entered on the struggle many years ago and carried it on long and successfully, and he may justly be regarded as the father of legislation for the Park. In his efforts he was ably seconded by Mr. Manderson, of Nebraska. For his promptness in drafting and putting through the House the first bill for protection, Mr. Lacey deserves generous credit, and Mr. Carey's bill, as we have said, is a wise one, provided certain strengthening amendments shall be incorporated in it.

The news printed in FOREST AND STREAM last week shows how rapidly the natural objects in the National Park are disappearing, and how vital to their preservation is the passage of a protective bill. A good beginning has been made, but it is of great importance that there shall be no slackening of effort in this matter. The Senate bill should be passed without delay, and as soon as possible thereafter a substitute which will afford adequate protection should be agreed on in conference. There can be no doubt that the measure, when passed, will receive executive approval.

FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCES.—XIV.

WHEN the returned crows have become such familiar objects in the forlorn unclad landscape of early spring that they have worn out their first welcome, and the earliest songbirds have come to stay in spite of inhospitable weather that seems for days to set the calendar back a month, the woods invite you more than the fields. There nature is least under man's restraint and gives the first signs of her re-awakening. In windless nooks the sun shines warmest between the meshes of the slowly drifting net of shadows.

There are patches of moss on gray rocks, and tree trunks and fairy islands of it, that will not be greener when they are wet with summer showers, arise among the brown expanse of dead leaves. The gray mist of branches and undergrowth is enlivened with a tinge of purple. Here and there the tawny mat beneath is uplifted by the struggling plant life below it or pierced through by an underthrust of a sprouting seed. There is a promise of bloom in blushing arbutus buds, a promise even now fulfilled by the first squirrel-cups just out of their furry bracts and already calling the bees abroad. Flies are buzzing to and fro in busy idleness, and a cricket stirs the leaves with a sudden spasm of movement. The first of the seventeen butterflies that shall give boys the freedom of bare feet goes wavering past like a drifting blossom.

A cradle knoll invites you to a seat on the soft, warm cushion of dead leaves and living moss and purple sprigs of wintergreen with their blobs of scarlet berries that have grown redder and plumper under every snow of all the winter. This smoothly rounded mound and the hollow scooped beside it, brimful now of amber, sun-warmed water, mark the ancient place of a great tree that was dead and buried and all identity of its kind moldered away and obliterated before you were born.

The incessant crackling purr of the wood frogs is interrupted at your approach and they disappear till the wrinkled surface of the oblong pool grows smooth again, and you perceive them sprawled along the bottom on the leaf paving of their own color. As you cast a casual glance on your prospective seat, carelessly noting the mingling of many hues, the brightness of the berries seems most conspicuous till a moving curved and recurved gleam of gold on black and a flickering flash of red,

catch your eye and startle you with an involuntary revulsion.

With charmed eyes held by this new object, you grope blindly for a stick or stone. But if you find either, forbear to strike. Do not blot out one token of spring's awakening nor destroy one life that rejoices in it, even though it be so humble an one as that of a poor garter snake. He is so harmless to man, that were it not for the old, unreasoning antipathy, our hands would not be raised against him; and if he were not a snake, we would call him beautiful in his stripes of black and gold, and of graceful motion—a motion that charms us in the undulation of waves, in their flickering reflections of sunlight on rushy margins and wooded shores, in the winding of a brook through a meadow, in the flutter of a pennant and the flaunting of a banner, the ripple of wind-swept meadow and grain field and the sway of leafy boughs. His colors are fresh and bright as ever you will see them, though he has but to-day awakened from a long sleep in continual darkness.

He is simply enjoying the free air and warm sunshine without a thought of food for all his months of fasting. Perhaps he has forgotten that miserable necessity of existence. When at last he remembers that he has an appetite, you can scarcely imagine that he can have any pleasure in satisfying it with one huge mouthful of twice or thrice the ordinary diameter of his gullet. If you chance to witness his slow and painful gorging of a frog, you hear a cry of distress that might be uttered with equal cause by victim or devourer, for, as the Irishman said, "They both has rayson to squeal." When he has fully entered upon the business of reawakened life, many a young field mouse and noxious insect will go into his maw to his own and your benefit. If there go also some eggs and callow young of ground-nesting birds, why should you question his right, you, who defer slaughter out of pure selfishness, that a little later you may make havoc among the broods of woodcock and grouse?

Of all living things, only man disturbs the nicely adjusted balance of nature. The more civilized he becomes the more mischievous he is. The better he calls himself, the worse he is. For uncounted centuries the bison and the Indian shared a continent, but in two hundred years or so the white man has destroyed the one and spoiled the other.

Surely there is little harm in this lowly bearer of a name honored in knighthood, and the motto of the noble order might be the legend written on his gilded mail, "Evil to him who evil thinks."

If this sunny patch of earth is not wide enough for you to share with him, leave it to him and choose another for yourself. The world is wide enough for both to enjoy this season of its promise.

Some weeks ago we noted the prosecution of a member of the Governor's Staff for unlawful shooting, as a gratifying evidence that the game laws are intended to apply to all men irrespective of the handles affixed to their names. Another case in point, and teaching the same great truth, is that of the Chief of Police of Poughkeepsie, who was brought up with a round turn last week by Deputy Game and Fish Protector Mase, of that city, and fined for netting fish in a near-by lake. Every successful action brought against individuals, who because of office or position in the social scale may assume immunity from the protective statutes, affords an instructive object lesson, and commands respect for the principle of game and fish conservation.

The suggestions of Mr. Hallock and of Mr. La Roche respecting the relations of sportsmen and land owners are worthy of more than passing consideration. In a word, the plea is for square dealing. It is a plea which cannot be spoken too often or insisted upon with too great emphasis. Read the two letters and tell us what you think of them.

The Fish Protective Association of Monmouth County, N. J., has caused to be introduced at Trenton a bill to regulate the employment of pound nets. The text of the measure is printed in our fishing columns.

We publish to-day the programme of the recently organized National Shooting Association for its initial shooting festival in 1895. The formation of the Schuetzen Bund points to a growing interest in rifle shooting; and in 1895 we may expect to witness something like the fervor of the tournaments of Creedmoor days.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### ARKANSAS FRUIT, FISH AND GAME.

I would like to sing a little about Arkansas, if you please, particularly about that portion of the State that lies directly beneath the shadow of the line separating it from Missouri, so close in fact, that five minutes' walk will put me where I can stand with one foot in each State. Mammoth Spring is the name of the town and Fulton the county, lying among the foothills or rather footsteps of the Ozarks, for this range of so-called mountains is only an upheaval of big hills, stretching across southern Missouri and northern Arkansas, at least that is the impression one gets in riding through it, the greatest elevation between Springfield and Memphis being about 1,700ft., from which point the eye sees no peaks, only a vast billowy wooded panorama—I say "the eye," but perhaps I should say my eye, for it may be that other persons can see, or have seen peaks "in the mind's eye, Horatio" if nowhere else. When the foliage is on the trees the view must be a beautiful one, but now the tints are sombre and the leafless branches of the oak which everywhere covers the hills and valleys, give little promise as yet of umbrageous drapery. This whole region is underlaid with minerals of almost every description, lead and zinc predominating, but it has been prospected only in spots, and it is the mineral that makes this country so exceptionally valuable for fruit growing. It is attracting the attention of fruit growers far and wide, and hundreds, yea thousands from the Northern and Western States have come down into the two lower tiers of Missouri counties, and the two upper tiers of Arkansas, within the past few years, and are still coming, clearing the forests and setting out orchards, largely of apple and peach, for it is proven that this is to be the orchard of America. The thrifty growth of trees, and flavor, size and beauty of fruit, are phenomenal. The big apples and peaches which carried off the blue ribbon at the Columbian Exposition, came from this vicinity. A prominent fruit grower told me a day or two ago, that he had any number of peaches last year that when measured were as large around as his neck, and then I walked around said neck, and as I couldn't see that his neck had gone down any, concluded that the fruit must have been about 5in. through. What he said was, that the gauge of those big peaches was the same as his neck, as shown by the calipers. When apples are big they weigh from 18 to 24oz., and are as crisp and delicious as they are big. I have seen plenty of peach trees here, three years old from the planting of the pit, that were over 2in. through at the butt and 8 to 10ft. high, and in bearing. Maybe budded trees bear as soon as they are set out. I shouldn't be surprised. Apples bloom regularly the third year from setting out, and frequently the second. All fruits flourish like the proverbial green bay tree. I suppose maybe I ought to except the cocoanut, orange and bread fruit, but I'm talking of fruits of the temperate zone now. The hills and valleys of this country are for the most part just covered with stone, a white-gray conglomerate of flint and limestone in chunks up to the size of a half bushel, and the strangest part of it is the fact that they are all on the surface, loose, none in the soil beneath. These rocks are plainly igneous, or largely so, and continually disintegrating, furnishing plant food *ad lib.* Of course I'm no rock sharp, and so geologists needn't feel obliged to accept my opinion, but how these stones came to be spread all over the face of south Missouri and northern Arkansas, a vast rocky coverlet, with the foot or two of rich soil beneath resting on ten or more feet of strong red clay loam, is a nut that the sharpest of geologists can pound on to their heart's content. I'm glad the correct solution of the question don't devolve on me. But here are the rocks, and if you should tell a Northern fruit grower that these forbidding, white, stony hillsides grow the best fruit in the country, probably you'd have to flee his presence and he'd flee the country. Now don't understand that every square rod of land is so covered. Oh, no. Sometimes it is only every other rod. The fact is that there is a considerable area, scattered around, where the stone is so small that it does not interfere at all with cultivation, and other areas where only here and there the stone is so large that picking it off is necessary. Some tracts have none to mention, but taking the country over the majority of the land is stony. Clear the surface and the labor is done forever, as far as stone is concerned, and being so rich in mineral elements the soil produces amazingly, and the fertility would seem to be permanent. So much for soil. There isn't much in this letter so far relating to sport, but it's just possible that one of your readers somewhere will be interested in something besides sport.

The town of Mammoth Spring is so named because of the existence of a spring here that is a veritable Jumbo. It boils out of the ground at the rate of 50,000 cubic feet a moment and makes a river from the word go—a river of beautiful greenish blue water clear as crystal that ripples and rushes down grade 28ft. to the mile (first mile anyway) over a gravelly bed, among rocks and under steep bluffs in a wholly captivating manner. Half or three-quarters of a mile below the spring the river (Spring River) is over a hundred yards wide. A dam of solid masonry has been built just below the spring, affording power for a cotton mill of 3,000 spindles, and a flouring mill with capacity of 300 to 500 barrels a day, both mills in constant operation, the latter day and night. The water above the dam covers an area of twenty-nine acres. The spring at its boil is 70ft. deep. It is said to be the largest spring in the world. In the river are fish of many kinds, mud cat, blue cat, goggle-eyes, "sun perch," bass, jack salmon (pike), suckers and eels, and the man that isn't satisfied with that list wants to have his pole and line taken away from him. Near the dam is situated a fish farm, a hatchery with a capacity of a million and over, and ponds and tanks proportionate. They hatched about a third of a million eggs this season. I went down a morning or two since and saw the man in charge feed the trout, which are largely rainbow, only a few speckled. In the stock pond, 600×200ft., there are 800 breeders, and about 100 more in the spawning race, 200×30ft., which have not been returned to the big pond. In the yearling pond, 200×100ft., there are 6,000 trout, and there are eight rearing tanks 4×30ft. with dirt bottom. The oldest fish are five years old, remainder one to three. Largest trout about 2ft. long. Besides these, there are 1,100 carp, scale and mirror, in a long pond, largest 20 to 25lbs., three

years old. This seems large to me, but I give the statement of the colored man in charge. I saw several large fish, but they were evidently several pounds less than twenty. The man said that the carp would weigh 4 to 6lbs. at one year old. In addition to the trout and carp, there are gold fish, some 800 yearlings, which sell for fifty cents apiece.

The trout bring 40 cents, the carp 10 cents per pound, and the demand cannot be supplied. The facilities are excellent, an unlimited supply of the purest water at a temperature of 60°, and I judge in the hands of a practical fishculturer there is a bonanza in it. The present owner is a lady living in Little Rock, who of course cannot give it that supervision which is imperative. I hear the plant is for sale. I walked to the edge of the different ponds and saw the fish churn the water to foam as the attendant threw the feed (cooked flour and chopped liver mixed) in, and it was a sight to make the blood leap to see thousands of trout rushing back and forth, leaping from the water a seething mass of whirling beauty; but when the big fellows in the stock pond got started and the piscine acrobatics was at its height, the bottom fell out of the language tank, and speechless admiration and tingling nerves held sway. I want to remark that it was a great sight.

Some years since a big freshet came sweeping down the valley, and, owing to inadequate waterway, backed up into the hatchery and washed a hundred thousand fry or so out into the river, where for some years they were occasionally caught, and even now I understand one is now and then caught; but it is thought they are gradually disappearing. There are some huge beauties in the dam, however, that refuse to be taken out.

For game hereabout there are some fox and gray squirrels on the hills, more in the bottoms, hares, numberless quail all through the woods, a good many turkeys back a little from the settlements, and in the sparsely inhabited sections many deer. I saw a young fox squirrel yesterday which a hunter had killed, that was nearly as large as a gray squirrel, and this is April 8. Walking through a large fruit orchard the other day with the owner, I saw just ahead of us on either side the peach rows twenty or thirty quail trotting along at a moderate gait, seemingly little alarmed. The proprietor said he never shot them nor allowed any shooting on the place, and that there were hundreds of birds probably scattered over the farm. It was a very pretty sight, and I wished I owned the quail—wouldn't object to the farm.

For birds there are the bluejay, and pewit, and tom-tit, and robin, redbird, great crested woodpecker (ivory billed?) and two or three other varieties, and the "mockingbird makes music all the day," especially in the evening.

I am surprised to find no grouse in these hills. It would seem that this would be the very country for them, but though I have inquired diligently I am unable to learn of any. It would be a good plan to try stocking the Ozarks, the only drawback I see is that the thickets are rather scarce, at least in this vicinity, and that leads me to remark that there is no very old timber in this region, nor ever has been, at all events there are no old stumps, and the oldest settlers say that when they first came to this country there was no good-sized timber and much of the land that is now covered with oaks 6 to 10in. through was perfectly bare of trees, and tall grass covered the land. I think I am safe in saying that nine-tenths of the timber is from 6 to 12in. in diameter.

This is a queer country, long neglected, there being twelve counties in northern Arkansas without a railroad, but with fresh blood and capital it will yet blossom as the rose, for it is budding even now. The natural advantages in various lines are here, and people who have struggled in Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas with grasshoppers, droughts, blighting winds, snow, ice and misery, are coming down into this land of short winters and fruit by the thousands.

O. O. S.

MAMMOTH SPRING, Ark., April, 1894.

### REVERIES OF A DISMAL MAN.

AS I HAVE been a Dismal Man for many years, it is but natural that the cheerful, gushing and effervescent style generally adopted in shooting sketches should be distasteful to one of my nature. As a rule a shooting trip is a serious affair and a great strain upon one's nerves and digestion, and therefore should not be treated in a light and vivacious vein.

Sportsmen's reveries are described generally as taking place in a cosy "den." The sportsman sits before a blazing open fire, tilted back comfortably, with feet high above the head. The old and trusty pointer dozes upon the hearth. Outside the storm roars and the wind beats fitfully upon the casement. The smoke from the sportsman's Havanna (never domestic) curls lazily upward in fantastic shapes, etc., etc., etc.

Now, I haven't a den. I don't keep a pointer, for they come high and are expensive to keep, to say nothing of the constant worryment of mind over their evil doings. I do not smoke, for it makes me sick. I dare not extend my pedal extremities in the comfortable manner of the musing sportsman above, for at my time of life I find it extremely difficult to unhinge them after remaining long in that position. Outside, the storm is bad enough for all practical purposes, and I am reminded that my mackintosh is a delusion and a snare, though purchased in good faith from a seemingly honest house. I have no open fire to sit before, simply a radiator in my office. But I can "revere" just the same, for there is no business to attend to. My thoughts run riot; and again I am visiting the scenes of many a southern shooting trip.

December. Blowing, freezing, and anything but the ideal sunny South. A long, tedious sail down Currutuck Sound, and I arrive at my destination and spend the rest of the day and evening before a pine wood fire. At times roaring hot, then dying down till cold chills race up and down the spine. Then Jim "totes" in more wood, at the same time leaving the door open, letting in blasts of cold air. I bake one side, while the blood congeals in the other, and thus alternate until I retire. I sink into a feather bed and keep on sinking until my backbone rests upon the bed cords beneath. I arrange the few feathers in the tick on each side, and make a mental resolve to suggest to my host that he use larger bed cords, as they cut into the flesh less. An ancient and musty smell prevails. Why shouldn't it? Have not the feathers been imprisoned in the tick since time primeval?

After a few hours of fitful slumber I am aroused, and

don several layers of heavy clothing, and descend at an unearthly hour to breakfast. To be sure, the coffee is boiled, and the chicken dough called hockcake would be better if done more. Less grease would be more pleasing. I long ago learned that it is useless to try to reform such customs, so I partake of that which is set before me, endeavoring to feel thankful that it is no worse.

The skiff is ready. The cold sweet potato lunch is aboard. At the risk of bursting blood vessels the heavy boxes containing the live geese decoys are hoisted in, and we are off. Down the creek we pole. Darkness and silence reign and nature still sleeps. Brightly shines the morning star. The blind is soon reached, and as the water is too deep for the live decoys a clod from the marsh is cut for each goose and placed in the water, and ere long our birds are staked out. After a good bath each goose mounts his clod and converses with his neighbor. We get into the blinds and thrust feet and legs into the half barrel sunk in the marsh and until daylight I am employed in efforts to shrink myself into the smallest possible compass. The guide possesses this art to perfection, and at will can collapse into the half barrel. This I am unable to do, owing to length of limbs, and therefore "loom up" much too conspicuously. Lord! how cold it is. Is there a bleaker spot on earth than this hole in the marsh with but a few short reeds and water bushes to break the chilling blasts? How warm and comfortable that almost featherless bed was after all.

At last the eastern sky grows pink. Old Sol soon peeps up from behind the sand hills and begins his daily journey. Large flocks of ducks, and gangs of geese and swans rise from their feeding grounds to seek new quarters for the day. The boom, boom, boom, of heavy guns comes from every point, and at times one might imagine a heavy battle going on. Suddenly the guide whispers, "Ducks coming. Lie low. I will tell you when to shoot." I squeeze every possible portion of my anatomy into the barrel and await orders. The guide nudged me. "Here they are; jump up and let them have it." I now find that I am cast in my barrel; but finally, after a terrific struggle, get on my feet and manage to pour the contents of both shells after a fleeing bunch of redheads entirely out of range.

The flight now keeps up in good earnest and I blaze away at the birds instead of ahead of them. Result, only now and then a bird killed by me, though Jim repeatedly wipes my eye and cuts them down at long range after escaping my fire untouched. This state of affairs is anything but soothing to one's nerves and after each shot I make a mental resolve to hold well ahead, but make but little progress in that direction, the excitement proving too much for me, to say nothing of the disturbing influences caused by my frantic efforts to unlimber from my cramped position.

The weather, which early in the morning promised to be fine, changed, and a beastly drizzle and sleet set in, and for the rest of the day I sat hunched up and miserable while the rain slowly percolated the seams of my sham of a mackintosh; and I can think of no greater punishment for the wretch who sold it to me than to wish he were in my position.

Just before leaving the blind a gang of geese came over us. They evidently were suspicious and would not light, but with loud honking sailed overhead some fifty yards or more high. Slipping in a B.B. shell I for once held well ahead of a large gander and let drive, and have the satisfaction of seeing him wince, make a few frantic attempts to keep his wings going and fall, striking the marsh with a terrific crash, killed dead by the little 12-gauge. It is surprising what a change comes over one after making a good and successful shot.

For the rest of the day I heeded not the wretched rain. When, as I helped take up the decoys, I stepped over the top of my wading boot and let a pint of water down, I neglected to pour forth the usual volley bewailing my luck, though I knew it would take a week to dry that boot. In quite a cheerful mood I sat in a pool of water while Jim paddled home, and after eating a large and indigestible supper I sit by the fire and toast my shins, close my eyes and see that goose come down again, and for the nonce forget I am

A DISMAL MAN.

### WILD GEESSE IN THE FOG.

BOSTON, April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One year ago the 1st day of this month, I was nearer to a bunch of wild geese than I ever expect to be again.

Arthur Cahill and I were exploring for trout, and being unsuccessful were resting a while. Presently my ears were greeted by the calling or honking of the geese, who were bewildered by the dense fog. Gradually they drew towards us until they were directly overhead and not more than 25 or 30ft. above us.

To say that I was thrilled would be talking mildly. The only chance in my life and not a gun at hand. On opening day this year Mr. Cahill and I took a trip to one of the noted brooks in the vicinity of Sharon. We were unable to discern anything that resembled a trout, although we were assured by some of the knowing ones that they were waiting to be caught. Later we hoped for more success.

Mr. G. J. Brann and I have been enjoying ourselves very pleasantly during the past winter with the whistlers and old squaws. And right here on Revere marsh, too. No need of going off to the great Horicon marsh Mr. Hough tells about, to have a little fun, though I know that Mr. Hough would not consider our shooting as worthy of his consideration. When he can take Roll Organ's gun and knock down a pair of big fat redheads out of a bunch of 19, of course no common old squaws would have any charms for him.

Black duck (so-called) have been fairly plentiful this spring. We averaged about two dozen each during the first two weeks of the arrival. They are very wary fellows and do not seem to decoy readily. During the day they spend their hours on the flats off Nahant, feeding, etc.

At dusk they wend their way into the many small streams that abound through the marshes, and if allowed will remain till morning. But they do not obtain much rest, as they are kept on the go all the time by rapacious man. They are very poor in flesh and hardly worth the getting. Our fish dealers had some very faded looking trout on last Monday morning, April 2, evidently not more than three or four days out of water.

JOHN P. WALLACE.



## Natural History.

### THE WOLVERINE AT HOME.

ALTHOUGH most of the better known quadrupeds and birds of this country are frequently discoursed upon, and many curious and interesting accounts of adventure with them are related, there is one animal of which we rarely see mention made in print. This is the wolverine or North American glutton.

During several years' wanderings in some of the wildest sections of the Northwest, I have been brought in contact with various individuals of this most interesting species. Hunting the wolverine has, at different times, afforded me some of the keenest pleasure, besides supplying matter for both surprise and reflection, for there is no member of the Carnivora inhabiting the continent that is of more absorbing interest. Most works on natural history give the inquiring mind but scant information regarding it, stating merely that it is known in Europe as the glutton, belongs to the *Mustelidae* or weasel family, and is a great nuisance to the fur hunters of the far West, owing to its annoying way of robbing their traps. From this source one gains little insight into the true nature of the wolverine, but in the course of a winter passed in the Cascade Mountains I received considerable enlightenment on the subject, and these experiences may perhaps be worth relating.

Although several thousand wolverine skins are annually disposed of at the London fur sales, none but the hunters themselves can conceive the wonderful cunning and matchless audacity displayed by these animals in their natural home. In appearance a wolverine strongly resembles a small short-legged brown bear, with which species it is frequently supposed to be connected. This is erroneous inasmuch as the animal is the largest member of the weasel tribe, a good specimen measuring 4½ ft. from tip to tip. It is compactly and powerfully built and possesses amazing strength, while for courage and bulldog tenacity of purpose, it has no equal. It will fight, when cornered, to its very last breath; and no other animal approaching its size will attack it. Although a slow runner the wolverine is very agile and an excellent tree climber, and it is partly on this account that credence has been given to many wonderful stories of its habit of lying in wait for its prey. It has even been asserted that the elk and moose were dropped upon from above and thus attacked and overcome, but these "yarns" have been exaggerated. The truth is, animals of that size are far beyond the wolverine's strength, as it is exceptional for one to reach the weight of 60 lbs.

In the fall of 1891 I found myself at Lake Chelan in the new State of Washington. The extreme beauty of the place, its fine climate, and the excellence of the hunting said to be obtained there, all proved strongly attractive to me, and I decided to spend the winter at a spot some fifty miles up the lake, in company with a hunter and mountain man of life-long experience. The location selected was on a flat bar of 150 acres or so, which had formed at the mouth of a deep cañon that extended about twenty miles back into the great Cascade Mountain range, and down this gorge coursed the foaming torrent of a stream fed by the glaciers and snow banks on the mountain summits which here mingled with the deep clear waters of Chelan. To the left of the bar, when looking up the cañon, stood a solitary mountain some 2,000 ft. high and removed a mile or more from the main range, and in this space was a small lake about two miles in length and possibly half a mile wide. It was at an altitude of nearly a thousand feet above its larger neighbor. The shores were thickly timbered to the water's edge, and the surrounding mountain slopes were covered with a heavy growth of fir and pine, and a dense forest of cedar stood at the upper end of the lake. My friend Shannon and I had determined to try fur hunting, and as this seemed a promising bit of country from a trapper's point of view, I resolved to string my line of traps through it, while my companion handled the wooded slopes on the other side of the cañon.

We built our cabin down on the bar, and by the first of October it was completed, and a supply of provisions consisting of flour, groceries and vegetables, laid in. For fresh meat we were to depend upon our rifles, and we calculated on having a sufficiency of everything for the entire winter, and nothing now remained but to spend a few days in hunting deer, as we needed meat for ourselves and bait for our traps, and venison would supply both.

We soon discovered that, as a hunting country, our new location was greatly over-rated. In fact, deer were very scarce and they stayed so high up on the mountains that we hunted for two days with but little success, except for some blue grouse, which seemed quite plentiful. "Heads or nothing," was the word then, and heads generally went, for when shot in the body by one of our rifles most of the bird disappeared into space, leaving little but a bunch of feathers with a hole in it. Late on the afternoon of the third day, however, I saw a young buck on a little bench in some heavy timber. He was looking directly at me and was not more than 70 yds. away, and at the sharp clear crack of my rifle he gave a couple of wild plunges down hill and fell dead. The bullet had passed nearly through him endways, and we were no

longer troubled about the question of fresh meat. Now came the most important part of our work, that upon which depended the question of success or failure, *i. e.*, the putting out and baiting of our traps. We each possessed considerable knowledge of our work and thought that we had little to learn about the trapping of the fur-bearing animals of the Washington forest, but this confidence in our powers was somewhat misplaced, as we were destined to find out in a most convincing manner.

The day after the killing of the deer we took with us an axe, hatchet and a load of traps and bait, and, climbing the steep trail that led up to the little lake, we made our first attempt just beyond the ridge. Collecting a number of light poles 8 or 9 ft. long, we built up an open pen shaped like the letter V, and about 2 ft. high at the angle. This was roofed over with small fir boughs for 3 ft. or so from the angle, and under this covering was a stake, placed as far back in the pen as possible. On the stake was impaled a piece of venison, and about 6 in. in front of this bait we set the trap, which had been previously attached by its chain to a heavy drag pole, usually a 4 ft. piece of green fir. Then the trap was carefully covered with light moss or dead grass cut up short, and everything was ready for the expected visitors.

My line led down into the dense brush at the head of the little lake where we placed another one; we had also to clear a trail here in order to travel. Then through some little openings in the forest and on to a long grassy open slough or hay meadow, along which my trail went, and this brought us to the heavy belt of cedar through which a small stream meandered. Beyond the cedar swamp was the wooded base of the main mountain,

last one on the line was untouched. It was also clear to me that not one, but two or three of these gentry had come in company, and the question now was, how to be ready for them in the future, for I was confident they would repeat their visit. Fortunately the last pen contained a large-sized bait, so I divided it up into smaller ones and re-set my traps, and in order to prevent a repetition of the burrowing process, I cut thick stakes with my hatchet and drove them deep into the ground along the outside of the poles and returned home with but one marten for my day's work and with a vague presentiment that my new friends would cause trouble in some manner or other before long.

Next day I took a fresh supply of bait and attended to the other three traps besides making the pens narrower, and over our pipes that evening the subject was discussed. Shannon had heard something of these tricks, he said, but had caught wolverines in Idaho and had no great bother with them, although he admitted that he might have something to learn yet, in which I fully agreed with him. He also expressed a wish to see some of their work, as we decided that should any more such thefts occur he should accompany me one day and investigate matters.

Several heavy snowstorms now came, keeping us within doors for nearly a week, and then the weather cleared; but 2 ft. of new snow made walking extremely hard, as we had no snowshoes. Taking a shovel with me I managed to clear eight of my traps and get them in order again, for the entrance to the pens was sometimes drifted full of snow, notwithstanding the shelter afforded by the overhanging branches of the trees, under which we always placed them. At dusk I reached the cabin resolved to go again next day and attend to the remainder. That night was clear, and the stars and a young moon shone out brightly—a good night for fur to run, we thought—and next morning found us both on the warpath again, each on his own line. I got a fine large marten at my first trap down on the bar, which seemed to be doing very well, as I had caught four there so far, but the next five traps were untouched save for a squirrel, which was utilized as bait, but on approaching the last one reached the day before, a great shambling track was seen close by and a few scattered blue feathers and a missing bait showed that chance had foiled me this time. A thieving jay had been caught and served to sharpen the appetite of a hungry wolverine, and not content with that morsel the brute had also devoured the bait. However, anticipating this, I had brought some more in my knapsack, and after replacing it with a fresh piece I proceeded on my way, taking the shovel with me. The trees were heavily laden with snow, presenting a most beautiful appearance, and now and then some over-taxed limb would release its burden and a dense feathery mass would descend in a momentary storm from which I occasionally received the benefit. But my attention was fully occupied with the signs on the white carpet underfoot, for night prowlers had evidently been out in force, and a little band of wolverines had been traveling in every direction. To the uninitiated it would seem as if there had been a dozen of them, but I knew that only three or four had made the tracks, and their object had been the same as before, *i. e.*, to rob my traps, and in this they had succeeded

most admirably, as everything was in their favor. A marten lay dead in one, killed by a bite across the shoulders but not eaten, as its flesh is not liked by them and is rarely touched. Another trap contained the paw of a fisher, being all that was left. This was going to extremes, as fisher skins were valuable and very scarce hereabouts, and this act made me more anxious than ever to catch the perpetrator, and I also found that another pen had been entered from the side—there being a wider space than usual between the poles—and of course despoiled in the usual way, so I once more went to work to make things secure. Every open space was stopped by driving in stout fir stakes, and all weak looking places were reinforced in the same manner, and it really looked to me as if no animal could possibly reach the bait in the last six pens without going in at the front. The other traps nearer home were not molested, as the marauders confined their attentions to those in the cedars and along the foot of the mountain, and then retreated to their haunts in the almost inaccessible recesses of the rocks and dense brush and timber away back up the cañon, emerging at intervals of a week or so to feast at my expense, it seemed. This was getting exasperating, as we were doing quite well otherwise, and it made us all the more anxious to add a wolverine skin or two to our collection if only for the sake of variety.

Another heavy snowstorm now came and for several days neither of us went away from the house. Then we started in company one fine morning for the cedar swamp, clearing the pens of snow as we proceeded, and by noon we reached the scene of operations. A glance told us there had been trouble in one bait house anyway. The roof was partly torn off and a hole appeared in the side of the pen, and the trap, a single spring No. 1½, was dragged through as far as the chain would allow, but it was empty. The heavy weight of snow held the drag pole firmly down and the wolverine's great strength had enabled him to pull his foot out and escape, which it could never have done had the clog been loose. However, this was encouraging, so we proceeded on our way, seeing no tracks, as this had occurred before the last snow fell, but a sur-



A MAINE WHITE DEER.

Killed at Lobster Lake, Maine, October, 1893.

broken into numerous ravines and ridges and thickly strewn with fallen timber to the very edge of the river cañon. Here we set the last trap, having placed my line of fourteen at intervals of a quarter of a mile or so, besides putting one down on the bar where the cabin stood, and, after setting out Shannon's line of sixteen in the same manner, we were ready for business.

It shortly became manifest that, although deer were scarce, other animals of more importance to us were fairly plentiful, the beautiful little pine marten predominating, and soon everything was working nicely. The heavy snows back in the mountains commenced to drive the deer down and Shannon killed two fine bucks on his line, while I floored another on the further end of mine, and by the end of November our string of furs began to assume a very handsome appearance. Several bunches of marten furs, four fine fisher skins, two foxes and a lynx were hanging in the cabin. We also saved our deer hides and tacked them on the walls in company with those of a black bear and two white goats, and the interior of our log house became quite attractive. The snow gradually got deeper, and by December it was three feet in depth around the little lake, but we kept our trails open by continual traveling until they were beaten hard and firm.

We usually visited our traps twice or thrice a week, and one day after a light fall of snow I noticed the track of a large animal. It crossed my trail just beyond the cedar swamp, and after making a short detour, re-entered and followed it, soon coming to a pen. But however efficacious this proved in catching other fur-bearing animals, it was plainly evident that it would not work with this fellow, for a mound of dirty snow, round behind, told its own tale. The visitor had burrowed beneath the poles, abstracted the bait and made off with it, and a smooth hollow in the snow a short distance away with blood stains and a few fragments of bone explained the rest, for there he had made his meal.

It was a wolverine, of course. Both the tracks and the work told me that, and the next three traps had fared no better, for two were snapped and the third held the remains of a mouse and all the baits were gone, but the



prise awaited us at the next place. Pen there was none; a mound of closely packed dirty snow had replaced it. Bits of wood pitted with teeth marks were strewn around. Poles three inches thick were gnawed in two and the ends here and there protruded from the smooth beaten snow together with some of the fir branches that composed the roof, and there was not even the semblance of a trap pen left. Closer examination showed the broken end of a chain at the top of the pile of snow, and the author of all this had escaped with a double spring No. 2 trap on his foot by way of a memento. As before, the clog was held fast by the snow and the wolverine, after destroying everything within his reach, had broken the chain and made off, trap and all.

It took us twenty minutes to straighten up things here and cut new poles, and then we had no trap to set, but we had a spare one at home and resolved to utilize it on my next visit, and at the very next pen we found a most convincing example of the wonderful cunning possessed by these animals—a cunning amounting almost to powers of reason it seemed, for this was surely more than mere instinct. The pen happened to be one I had strengthened and was, as I thought, unassailable, but after fruitless efforts to enter from behind, the wolverine had attacked the roof, dug through 2 ft. of crusted snow, eaten a hole through the fir boughs and secured the coveted morsel. Shannon was fairly astounded at the wonderful sagacity and boldness displayed, while I, too, was learning an interesting lesson, but we at once went to work to frustrate such dodges in future. Every bait was thoroughly protected by more poles driven in, and, as it were, forming a pen within a pen, with but a narrow opening in front where the trap was, and when we returned that night we felt sure that our efforts would now prove successful, as it was evident that our only hope lay in causing these gluttonous brutes to forget their cunning in their extreme greed, and to this end all our efforts were directed. Hanging a bait over the trap I had found by trial to be worse than useless, so we stayed by the pen system as being suitable for everything that might come along.

For a week or so nothing was caught except camp robbers (a mischievous, meat-eating bird common in the



A FAMILY OF WOLVERINES.

North), bluejays and one or two pine martens, when the weather, which had held very fine, changed again. Two inches of snow fell, which was just what we wanted, and then, warned by previous experiences, I looked out for a visit, knowing that everything was in order, and better prepared than ever before, and one morning early in January I started once more on my usual trip.

Long before reaching the mountain base beyond the cedars I became aware by numerous tracks in the new snow that the previous night had been a favorable one for the denizens of the forest, and after despoiling two nice martens of their rich brown skins I approached my ninth trap with feelings of keen anticipation, but, save for the legs of a bird, there was nothing, although my friends had been there, eaten both bird and bait, as usual, and then gone toward the next pen. This was where the chain had broken before, and they had carefully avoided a too near approach to this spot, but the pair, for there were two of them, kept on to the next inclosure which contained a heavy trap, one of our largest and strongest, and the first glimpse told me of success. The trap and drag pole had gone, and a broad trail leading down into a dark hollow in the heavy timber adjacent told me in which direction, and I immediately followed it. For a hundred yards or so it was easily traced, and the clog had occasionally caught in a small bush which was promptly mowed down by the powerful jaws of the animal, which again struggled onward with its incumbrance, only to be stopped every few feet in the same manner, and presently I saw him. The drag was entangled in a clump of willows, and a big wolverine, held fast by the forepaw, was fiercely attacking them. On seeing me he ceased his exertions a moment, growled at me, and then made desperate efforts to escape, but all to no purpose, and a little bullet from a Stevens pistol dropped my snarling enemy dead.

At last! A feeling of extreme satisfaction came over me as I gazed on the dark, thick, glossy skin of the wolverine, and when I examined the muscular limbs and compactly built form, I no longer wondered at its strength. This was a fine specimen too for this section, although those from the far north are finer still. Moreover, if one could be caught, others could too, and after taking off the hide, which was fully prime, I reset the trap and looked at the remaining three, all of which had been visited and one of them snapped. A marten carcass was untouched, but the venison bait had disappeared, and that night as we dressed and stretched our furs we agreed that, as the winter progressed, some more of that little band would share their companion's fate.

Nor were we disappointed. The cold of January and the pangs of hunger overcame the caution habitual to them, and when hard pressed they went for the meat more boldly. Shannon, too, caught three without having any

of the trouble I had experienced, and, although I lost two more by reason of my traps being too small for this kind of game, we were proud of the seven fine hides we secured, and our handsome pile of furs was much admired when we took them down the lake in the spring, although it was a difficult matter to convince people of the wonderful boldness and cunning shown by a wolverine when at home in the forests of the North. The foregoing narration of simple facts will suffice to show that it is not always the largest and noblest specimens of our North American fauna that command the greatest wonder and admiration on our part. Some of the smaller members are equally worthy of attention, and prominent among them—in the front rank indeed—stands the wolverine, for in cuteness, sagacity and courage it is simply unrivaled.

CHARLES GREENWOOD.

#### Freaks in the Hen.

CERTAINLY the thoughtful, philosophical farmer must often be interested in the peculiarities—may I call it idiosyncracies?—of fowls. Rev. R. F. Patterson of Barbourville, W. Va., had a hen that, instead of laying her eggs in a nest, dropped them from the roost regularly every day. The roost was about 4 ft. from the ground. The eggs, however, were not broken, as the ground was soft and yielding. After the usual time she began to cluck and would sit on the roost as persistently as other hens do in the period of incubation. The freak is strange indeed, but nevertheless a fact.

Some months ago I gave an account of a hen I had that would come off the nest daily for weeks, cackle, but lay no eggs. We killed the hen, which was fat and healthy. We found a sac about as big as a man's fist composed of successive layers of a skin-like substance, and within it two full-sized eggs of a yellowish color without a shell covering. The eggs were smooth and about as hard as hard-boiled eggs. There was another sac about half as large containing only a fluid. There was no unusual odor about them. The other eggs were in the normal natural stage of progress. It is probable that the hen would have sickened and died had she not been killed.

N. D. ELTING.

#### The Saucy Weasel.

THE weasel is a robber, but a cute little fellow for all that. One day my mother heard one of our hens, which was tied some distance from the house, making a great outcry. She guessed some "varmint" was on a raid, and so it proved. A weasel had caught a chicken and was running into a stone wall with it. She put in her hand and drew the chicken from the weasel's grasp. But the little rascal was not so ready to give up his victim. He came out after it, but dodged back with every attempt to hit him. Mother then resorted to stratagem. She held a stone just above the hole and enticed him with the dead chicken, and pinned him the next time he put out his head.

Notwithstanding the weasel's reputation for bloodthirstiness, I would rather have half a dozen of them around than one positive chicken-killing rat. The former comes boldly out, but the latter sneaks through the grass and drags the chicken to its den without awakening a shadow of suspicion. I once saw a rat seizing a chicken half as big as a bantam hen and trying to force it into a stone wall. Doubtless he would have succeeded if I had not gone to the chicken's rescue.

N. D. ELTING.

#### An Albino Deer From Maine.

BANGOR, ME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a photograph of an albino deer, which I received for mounting last fall. Having often seen inquiries about albino deer in your columns, I think it will prove of interest to you. We have had no less than five deer this season that showed more or less albinistic forms. The one I photographed was the most perfect I ever saw. The deer was killed at Lobster Lake Oct. 21, 1893, by Mr. C. P. H. Corbin, of London, Eng. It was a spike-buck, and is shown as mounted by S. L. Crosby & Co. I believe in your platform. Stop the sale of fish and game; that will shut off the poachers more effectually than any other law can do.

S. L. CROSBY.

[Mr. Crosby also sends us a photograph of a handsomely mounted moose head, from which we have made the engraving on page 335. The moose was killed in Maine, in October of 1893.]

#### What Are These?

WILLINGTON, Conn., April 2.—I have often seen the red-winged blackbird here and have seen the bird mentioned by John W. Sage, of Portland. Every year in May there come for a day or two a few small, pure white birds with red wings. The loveliest little creatures! quite tame. They always come to the black ash tree very near to the house. Can you tell me what they are? Thanks to Lloyd J. Smith for his bat experience. I have never been over-fond of bats. Shall now regard them more kindly.

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

#### Buffalo Galloway Cross.

MT. C. W. PUFFER, superintendent of Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant's Tranquillity Park, at Allamuchy, N. J., writes us:

"I believe I told you last winter about our crossing a buffalo with Galloway cows. We have one heifer calf from the only cow with calf by the buffalo. We shall try a number this spring, and another year I am in hopes to give you a better report. The calf is a beauty, and I believe the only one ever born in New Jersey. Game in Mr. Stuyvesant's park has wintered well and we have had no losses."

#### The Last Chapter of "Danvis Folks."

WITH sincere regret I have just read the last chapter of "Danvis Folks." All earthly things end sooner or later, and likewise the story of our Danvis friends. To me the whole tale, from the school meeting in Uncle Lisha's shop, to the closing lines where the lights go out "one by one," has been most interesting, perhaps from the fact that the greater part of my life has been spent in one of the back towns of New Hampshire, where there is not a railroad, a lawyer, a doctor nor a poorhouse, and I have personally known some quaint characters who would not have been out of place in the gatherings at Uncle Lisha's shop. While fully appreciating the contents of each number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I always read Mr. Robinson's chapter first.

My dear Mr. Robinson, couldn't you have made the story of "Danvis Folks" a little longer?

C. M. STARR.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

## Camp-Fire Gleanings.

"That reminds me."

### A Memory of the Frontier.

In the year 1871-2 I made a trip to Kansas City to have a hunt. Kansas City was at that time a small town and very dead. Many of the stores were unoccupied and business was at a standstill. I had my camp outfit with me, tents, dogs and guns. On my arrival I made the acquaintance of a man who owned a fine store on Main street that was vacant. He gave me the use of the store free of rent, and I pitched my tent on the floor. The store is occupied now by one of the best tailoring firms in the city, and no doubt pays an enormous rental. I used to shoot quail, sometimes as many as one hundred in a day on the hills, where now is the best and most thickly settled part of the city.

I had been reading for several days in the daily papers an account of a party having been massacred out near Fort Dodge; and being a tenderfoot I had paid considerable attention to it. One morning I read that a party was being made up to go buffalo hunting, and my greatest desire on earth was to see and shoot a buffalo. I hunted up this party, who were old buffalo hunters, and of the wild and woolly character, but as afterward proved to be men of the best of stuff. I told them I was from the East and would awfully like to go with them, assuring them that I would cause them no trouble and pay my way. They seemed to enjoy the idea of my going and said, "Stranger, get your gun and come with us."

When all was ready we started with our outfit, wagons, ponies, etc.; our route was over the famous Santa Fe Trail. We were some time making the trip, and enjoyed much good sport; the country was alive with chickens, antelope and much other game. I got along nicely with my new made friends and finally we came to the point where we were to go into camp and do our buffalo shooting. We saw the spot where the party had been massacred by the Indians, the ashes and remains of their wagons. Of course from what I had read and seen I expected to see Indians, buffalo and antelope jumping up from behind every blade of grass.

We went into camp in the afternoon at a spot most of the party well knew, for they had been here before. While some were pitching tent and others getting stuff for fire, one of the party told me to take a pail and follow the trail over a hilltop about a quarter of a mile, where I would find a nice spring of water and to get some for coffee. I had with me a single-shot rifle, .38cal., which I used for sport. I took the pail; and expecting that I might see something to shoot I took the little rifle with me; but this, it seems, none of the company knew.

I found the spring, saw nothing to shoot at and started toward camp with my pail of water. I had got well over the hill and in sight of camp, when I heard reports of rifles in my rear. I looked back and saw, to my horror, several Indians shooting at me and yelling with all their might. I do not believe that any man was ever more scared than I was. I knew I could not get to camp; and I suppose it was by instinct that I set down my pail and gave them a shot with the little .38cal. I did not think that I took aim at anything, but just fired. My shot, however, did its work, and I had killed a pony from under its rider. Not expecting this turn of affairs, they immediately threw off their blankets and disclosed to me that they were my own party, who had sent me out for the purpose of having a little fun, and as quick as I had gone had mounted their ponies, wrapped blankets around them and ridden around the hill to come in behind me. While I was really so frightened I could hardly hold my gun they never knew it, but thought I was a brave tenderfoot.

I spent six weeks there with them, and never had a better time in my life. There is no life like the hunter's and no place like the frontier. If I could do so I would spend every year of my life from August to January in the West, commencing in Dakota in August on chicken and working south as the winter advances.

A. M. D.

AFTER an unusually successful day with the black bass, while we were packing our fish preparatory to our long ride home, an old man, whose age had had no less effect upon his physical than his mental powers, came up and looked with a good deal of interest upon our catch. After he had satisfied his curiosity he straightened up and with a shrug of his shoulder said, "They are fine ones, but I caught on to one over there by the island that was an old rouser. I was a-fishing for bullheads when this fish bit, and I knowed by the way he took holt he was a big un; so I pulled in my anchor so the skiff could float. Off he started, a-draggin' me and the skiff arter him. As we went along by the shore we sort of sheered in under those maples and I ketched holt on one of the branches. He pulled and I held on till suthin' gave way, and overboard I went. I waded on shore and looked to see which way he had gone, and there lay my pole floating on the water a little way out. I got the skiff and shoved off to get the pole. When I pulled my line in I had the darndest big bass head on my hook you ever saw; and say, Mister, that fish had pulled himself in two a-tryin' to get away. I wish I could have got the rest of him, for his head weighed 7 lbs."

M. D.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### For Value Received.

A dozen of the largest firms of dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised continuously in the *FOREST AND STREAM* through its twenty-one years of publication. They are shrewd and successful business houses, and do not expend money except for value received. Would they go on year after year paying for advertising unless this advertising paid them?

### On the Home Table.

*FOREST AND STREAM* goes into thousands of families, and is read by old and young. No occasion to scrutinize it either. The editors never break faith with their subscribers. Never a copy leaves the press that may not with welcome—as a well spoken guest—enter any home in the land.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Company has just issued a supplement to its catalogue that contains illustrated descriptions and prices of a number of articles of interest to sportsmen. Among these may be mentioned bullet moulds, reloaders, creasers, cleaning sets, etc. A patent pistol clip and a special measure for Wadsro powder are also listed, as well as the new Bridgeport cyclometer.



## Game Bag and Gun.

### THAT VANISHING MOOSE.

I HAVE read with great interest Mr. Madison Grant's article on the moose in the *January Century*, which I would like to supplement with some facts coming under my own observation. A residence of 57 years in the northern wilds of New Brunswick, 30 of them in the lumber woods and 16 in charge of the Restigouche River and its tributaries, to whose head-waters I made periodical visits, gave me exceptional opportunities for observation.

The face of this country, from Gaspé through the peninsula in Quebec, away around the Metis and Rimouski rivers, and around the head-waters of the St. John, Tobique and Miramichi, is all very much alike in contour, the streams all interlocking, passing each other on the divide, all—big and little—having lakes as their sources. All the streams in the northerly portions are banked by hills 400 to 900ft. high, many of them very steep, brooks, ravines and gulches, entering the main streams very frequently. The traveling, therefore, is mostly up one hill and down another. So you can judge of the impracticability of road making in such a country. Notwithstanding the roughness of the country, nearly all the larger streams are navigable by the lumberman, either by towing with horses or toting on the ice the winter supplies.

The original growth of wood on those hillsides was the pine, spruce and cedar, the small level ridges producing birch and maple. Within the last forty years many hundreds of miles of those mountain sides have suffered from the lumberman's fires, in stream-driving time, the smoke often obscuring the sun for days at a time. On those burned hills the new growth soon appears, unless the soil is totally burned to the rock; if it is, the blueberry soon grows up—a pasture for Bruin. If soil is left, the aspen, white birch, moose and white woods come up so thick as to stunt the growth of the individual trees. None of the original wood ever grows again. So every fire brings the lumberman nearer the end, now in sight.

Now, this young wood is the moose's paradise; it is exactly his favorite food. From June to October they keep as near the water as possible, not for feed alone, although the water-lily is a great favorite, but the moose fly pest drives them into the mud and water, along with the caribou. In November and December, with perhaps a portion of January, they range along the brows of the hills and on the hardwood ridges, cropping the branches of the rowan, birch and whitewood, not yet peeling the bark, but continually moving; generally the cow with her two spring calves, perhaps with one or two bulls in company.

Just as soon as the snow gets about two feet deep a move is made for the winter yard. Probably the moose have some knowledge of where they are going, but the place is never near the one where they have been feeding. I have followed their trail for fifteen miles, and during this tramp they will not feed or break a bush. In choosing their yard they pick out a thick growth on the hillside, about half way from the bottom and facing the sun. They need no water, the snow supplying that. The bulls now part company from the cows and young. Often two of them keep together, sometimes three. Why they separate is as yet unknown. Indians say, "Bull kill em calves." This is imagination, as the cow does not drop her young until May. On this sidehill and among the thick growth a small space will suffice for them, and they break up hill, rearing up and trampling down the snow, and peeling the bark from the saplings and every branch an inch and a half in diameter. In spring one of those yards looks like a chopping or clearing. Should the yard be on a level, which sometimes occurs, they commence breaking in a circle, extending it as needed. Some hunters travel round on the ridges, among the early fall nooks, fearing to tackle the snowshoeing on the steep sidehills, thick growth and loose snow. Amateurs after a week or two of tramping get astray and out of provisions, and come home without meat or hide.

There are laws in the Provinces (on paper only) for the protection of moose; officers are appointed who are paid by half the penalties, on conviction of the offender, but should the suit fail, the officer pays the expenses. The officer cannot arrest but he may confiscate if he can; as likely as not he never saw the men personally, is ignorant of their names or perhaps of their residence. As for going to search a lumber camp for moose meat, a game warden knows better than to attempt this; the hides, if any, are put out of the way and are sold when the season is open, and a man who undertakes game wardenship must be prepared to meet obstacles he little dreams of.

But let us go back to our moose yard. In March when the snow is crusted there is no chasing to be done. The moose cannot leave the yard, and cows and yearlings can be knocked on the head. I have seen a bull go for a mile through six feet of snow—without crust on it—but the moment he sighted me he turned on his tracks for battle. I never knew a cow to show fight, even to save her calf.

One peculiarity in both moose and caribou is that they can't believe their eyes. In going up or down our rivers in canoes I have got within 20 or 30ft. of the moose on the bank or in the water. It would stand there, head up and nostrils dilated, but as soon as the scent was caught the first move was a turn, then leap after leap, until he or she was a quickly vanished moose. Of course, should the animal be to leeward of you the vanishing would take place before you came in sight. The caribou, although keen of scent, does not seem to mind the advent of the hunter. Like the moose, they will often run 50 or 100yds. and then stop and look back. They do not fear the lumberman's works, but will poke around the fallen treetops, selecting the moss from the dry branches, of which they are peculiarly fond, having beaten paths through and around. In such places they are often snared by the lumbermen in a running noose.

I well remember the first moose works I ever saw. About 1840 I was hauling provisions from the river to our lumber camp, in early winter. At a turn in the road I saw a small-sized rowan tree heavily laden with its scarlet berries. I noticed that the bark was torn off, and on examination found the tree all torn and furrowed. At that time I had been four years out from Scotland, but had never heard of the moose. As my team was moving along the road I had no time for close examination, but could think of no explanation except that a bear had been trying to reach the berries and owing to the smallness of the

tree could not climb it. On describing what I had seen on my arrival at camp, an Acroostook lumberman told us it must have been a moose, describing the animal and what he lived upon, and saying also that they were plenty in the Maine woods and excellent beef. Of course we did not believe the man, and laughed at what he termed his "Yankee gas." This was the first sign of moose seen on the Restigouche or in northern New Brunswick.

The Indians, however, had a legend among them that one hundred years before moose had been plenty, but that all had been killed. Why they moved and why they returned is a mystery so far unsolved.

It appears that moose are not found east of the Great Saguenay River and it is just possible the forest growth in this very large territory is unsuitable, the growth being nearly all spruce, which I never saw touched by the moose, although when pressed by hunger toward spring they will strip the balsam fir.

The grandest example of the wonderful power and activity of the moose that I ever had was on the Upsilquitch River. I was paddling down it facing a strong east wind when on rounding a turn I saw what I thought was four horses wading up the stream a half mile below us. At first I took them for a lumberman's tow team, but not seeing the barge I could not think where the horses came from. Directly the largest bull I ever saw lowered his head, bringing the huge antlers into view. My man reached over to uncane the repeater, but this I would not permit, as I never killed unless the meat could be utilized.

As we drew close to them they stopped wading, looking at us in wonder, and I actually paddled within ten feet of the large bull and might have struck him with my canoe-pole. In another instant they had the scent; one of them gave a peculiar snort; they seemed to jump into the air with all four feet at once, then sprang for the bank, about 30ft. away, the large bull leading, the two

throwing the whitewoods—strong hardwoods 4 to 6in. in diameter at the butt, 10 to 12ft. high, with numerous branches—to right and left, bearing and breaking them like pipe stems. You could hear the blows given to a stouter bush than common when the antlers struck. His hide was steaming, his eye fairly gleaming, as he lowered his nose every minute, and when he came to the big dry tree he hesitated only for an instant; with a slight backward step he was in the air, over the top of the great dry limbs and again on his course. I now said to my Indian, "That fellow follow cow. Kill her sure when catch her." "Wogh, never catch him; hab him plenty," such was my Indian's reasoning, and I think it correct.

I never had a fight with a bull, although I have killed a good many. I have had them turn on their track when chased, coming back for fight if you choose. In such a case discretion is best, as all you have to do is to move aside behind a tree, killing the bull as he passes. If you have a good dog the moose will soon come to bay, tramping a battle ground under some wide-spreading evergreen where the snow is shoaler. The cow runs until exhausted, never turning. Few dogs will go near the moose when thus prepared. A fine mastiff I once had got a young bull thus cornered, and when I arrived the dog seemed determined to go into close quarters, and would not mind my calls. He circled around the moose and thought by using the tree as a blind he could grab the ham nearest to him. As he sprang from the tree the moose struck with the hindfoot, missed the dog, but struck the tree, peeling off its bark. The dog missed the ham; his spring carried him under the moose, and he tried to get clear by going through between his forefeet. Alas, the moose caught him with both feet and cut him in two.

I never yet met a hunter or Indian who ever saw a pair of bulls fighting. If they strike at a man it is the forefeet they use, although the hindfoot comes handy and it has a long reach. My opinion is, if two large bulls came in



A MAINE MOOSE HEAD. SPREAD OF ANTLERS, 57 INCHES.

young cows and bull following. The ascent began at the water's edge, and the hill was furrowed in places to the bare rock by the snowslides in spring, with patches of trees and bushes scattered over its surface, and was between 400 and 500ft. in height. Up this hill went those four large animals, and for the first 100ft. they jumped straight up its face. The large bull was the first to try quartering, followed by the others, but they all passed him before reaching the top.

Myself and man were poling up one of our small branches late in September. Just as we got in sight of its forks we saw a cow moose deliberately walk over the beach or spit at their junction. On reaching this spit we drew our canoe on the shingle and prepared lunch. We just had the kettle boiling, when on the hill behind us, covered with a dense growth of young wood, we heard what resembled a large boulder tearing the bushes and young trees on its way down the slope. At its foot the wood was not quite so dense, and we saw a great moose emerge from it. At one bound he was on the spit beside us. Pausing for an instant he lowered his head. Never looking at us or our fire he jumped over the canoe, crossed the other branch and vanished. After crossing we could trace his course by the sound of the bushes breaking whenever he lowered his head to follow the scent of the cow.

The following year, in company with an Indian hunter, I was cruising out a lumber berth in September. I had climbed a large spruce to have a look around, and seeing a ridge of pine on the border of a lake I called up the Indian to see if he knew the locality. Just as he got to my side we heard something coming toward us, which turned out to be a cow moose. I thought her actions were erratic, for she was traveling in a zig-zag course. Close to us a large dry spruce had blown down, its great, long, dry limbs extending outward and upward in all directions. She did not care to go round it and it lay well up from the ground, in which an inequality or hollow enabled her, by going on her knees, to go under. I said to my Indian, "Moose crazy?" to which he replied, "May be. See bye and bye."

We had just begun to descend the tree when we heard quite a thrashing, cracking noise drawing rapidly near, and soon a splendid bull was in sight, following as rapidly as possible exactly in the footsteps of the cow,

contact with force they would tear the antlers from the skull, as they are not bedded in the bone as in the domestic bull. I also think they are really more horsey or mule-like in their nature, particularly in the head and quarters. The hoof is small for such an animal, sufficiently sharp and hard to prevent slipping on clear ice. As for the great chisel teeth and powerful jaws, should the moose get a hold with them the piece would be torn out. I therefore think that when fighting occurs it is much more after the horse mode.

Our northern moose do not reach the size of the Maine or Upper Canadian. Few will weigh 700lbs., in fact that is a big moose in northern New Brunswick or Quebec. Moose have now been with us for fifty years, and for all the slaughter done—often 200 in a winter killed for the hide alone, by whites and Indians—they are still here and fairly plenty, and I must say much more meat is now brought to market than ever, and few hotels are without a moose steak for the traveler if he wants it. One thing is certain, if our law-makers would give them even half protection they would not leave us again, and they are much plentier now than they were ten years ago, the lighter snows of late years, together with the thick growths of young wood, saving many of their lives.

JOHN MOWAT.

#### Adirondack Deer.

UTICA, N. Y., April 12.—A. D. Barber, Frank R. Groves, Frank M. Baker and E. A. Klock, of Honnedaga Lake, in the Adirondacks, recently made a long trip into the wilderness, mainly for the purpose of ascertaining how the deer had wintered on the lands of the Adirondack League Club. Starting from Forest Lodge, on Honnedaga Lake, they went to Jones Lake, Indian River, Indian, Squaw and Beaver lakes, and thence to Moose River, returning by the way of Brook Trout Lake, the West Canada Lakes and West Canada Creek. They found plenty of deer signs, but no dead deer. They do not believe any of the animals died of starvation. At one of the lumber camps they saw a man who had been around the woods a great deal during the winter and he had only seen the carcasses of two deer, and those had been killed by dogs. The fish hatchery at Honnedaga Lake is working well and some of the fry have already been distributed.

PORTSA.



## STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am heartily with you in your platform. "The sale of game should be forbidden at all season." My observation has proved to me the necessity of some such legislation. I have seen shipped from a small western Pennsylvania town to the New York market at one time 40 pheasants, 60 quail, 45 gray squirrels and a box full of rabbits. For this amount of game the shipper paid the magnificent sum of \$11 and made a clear profit of \$40 or \$50. We examined the birds pretty carefully and could find no shot marks on many of them. These probably "fell dead from fright." Now, figure on the profit to the rural sportsmen and farmers' boys in that \$11. Would it not have been more profitable for them to protect the game on their farms and then charge for the shooting privilege? I have found farmers usually a very kind and gentlemanly class; having made it a rule to ask permission to shoot over the land I have rarely met with a refusal. There is only one way to do it; ask permission, and if you cannot get it bid Mr. Farmer good morning and seek "green fields and pastures new."

Now, suppose FOREST AND STREAM's plank made into a law, the pot-hunter and the farmer's boy are the two classes who would oppose it. As far as the pot or market-shooter is concerned a word is sufficient; he is in a hopeless minority in any community, let him wail and fine him every time he breaks the law. I have known a good many farmers and farmers' boys, and have shot with them too, and found them good fellows and true lovers of sport for its own sake. The farmer or his boy who sells game usually does so to pay for his ammunition. Now, if those who go on the farmer's land would remember this and so arrange it, with tact and delicacy—for the farmer is very keen to resent any seeming slur on his hospitality—to leave either ammunition or its equivalent in money, the hearty co-operation of the farming class in observing the law will be assured. A dollar for a pot of coffee, a few quarts of milk or a horse feed has often brought a good day's sport on favorable grounds and a very kind invitation to come again. Sportsmen generally would certainly be willing to pay enough for the privilege of shooting in good covers to reimburse the farmer's boy for his loss in the sale of game. I once knew a man who wanted \$5 for the right to fish 500 yds. of trout stream one afternoon, but that is another story.

J. H. LAROCHE.

VICTORIA, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry that H. W. D. L. thinks your correspondents who are in favor of prohibiting the sale of game are at all selfish. I know quite well that if the market-hunter were stopped here there would be more game for every one. There are hundreds of fine blue grouse killed for the market and I think it is a great shame it cannot be stopped.

E. M.

## FIELD PERMITS.

ONCE upon a time, in the indefinite past, the woods and fields were alive with wild game which it was everybody's privilege to shoot. To-day freeholders have only a few partridges, quail and prairie chickens left on their premises, and a sorry chance even for them, for most of this class of farmers have little leisure for sport, and every gunner from town or neighborhood has an envious eye on the birds and covers. Lands are for the most part posted, it is true, though strangers who are gentlemen usually get permission to shoot over them for the asking. Nevertheless, human nature is so perverse that it generally prefers to trespass rather than apply, and disputes are consequently occurring constantly between shooters and land-owners as to their respective equities in creatures which the law adjudges to be *feræ naturæ* upon the public domain, and exclusive property only so long as they remain on grounds in which there is vested fee. To adjust these conflicting claims has been an irritating problem for many years, for which litigants and claimants would gladly accept a solution that would be mutually satisfactory. Perhaps a combination might be effected in a way which involves no humiliating concessions from either party, and it might even aid, Mr. Editor, in your commendable scheme to preserve the game and squelch the market-shooter. Let me submit it dialectically:

When a farmer grants a sportsman the privilege to shoot over his fields, the sportsman bags the game, but what consideration does the farmer get? Often nothing, not even a thank you, for the sportsman usually leaves the premises at a more convenient point than where he entered, so that he does not meet the owner, who occasionally suffers an actual loss in crops and fences by the permitted raid. He does not deem it incumbent or obligatory to make acknowledgment or amends. Now, in the woolly West and bumptious South, where it is customary to farm "on shares," the owner furnishes the land and seed, and the tenant the tools and labor, and the two divide the returns even, or *pro rata*. Just so it should be between sportsman and farmer. As soon as permission is given the former to enter the premises they become partners. The farmer furnishes the land and the birds (which are the seed), and the sportsman the tools and ammunition, and does all the work. Obviously, the farmer is entitled in equity to a division of the game, and so they divide the proceeds, as agreed upon.

This, Mr. Editor, is the mainspring of the movement, and I am persuaded that sportsmen's hotels and railroads would not only countenance and abet the scheme, but become potential factors in inaugurating it. Jealousy between farmers and gunners would cease by removal of its cause. Market-shooters and pot-hunters would be excluded from the fields by the right of land owners to discriminate in granting permits, and the inducement of pecuniary gain to mercenary land owners and market men would be diminished one-half by the regulation requiring division of the spoils. Prosecutions for trespass would cease. Game wardens would be strengthened in the performance of their duty, and hayseed would no more stick to the green cloth. Besides, the radical tergiversation involved by the legal adoption of your "platform plank" would be tempered by letting it into place gradually. *Bona fide* sportsmen who hunted on shares with farmers might be permitted to sell game in restricted quantities, whereby it would be possible for invalids who had no shooting friends to obtain a bird now and then by purchase. The masses of the community ought not to be

disbarred from the luxury of eating game in order that Lucullus may feast.

Whether feasible, sensible or advisable, I believe that my idea is at least novel; and it may serve to start a discussion in your paper, such as is needed periodically to stimulate its circulation.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

## JIM.

WE were camped amid the wilds of the Rockies in Wyoming, and on the banks of a small, noisy mountain stream. H. had gone fishing that morning, but after futile attempts to lure the trout from their cool and sparkling homes, he concluded to go up the mountain to where a bear trap was set. Here he found a brown bear fast in the jaws of steel and two of the cutest little cub bears near her. But, immediately upon his approach these ran nimbly to the very top of a tall tree. A shot quickly settled the mother bear, and then H. did look longingly at those little fellows in the treetop. Camp was five miles away, that tree was high and devoid of limbs to the very top; he could not fell it without an ax, and not knowing the natures of bears, was afraid to leave them for fear they would come down and make off while he was gone.

Suddenly an idea flashed into his mind, and calling to Ranger, a handsome bird dog, he took a fish cord from his pocket and attaching it to Ranger's collar secured him to the tree. He said he left the place as quickly as possible, for Ranger's howls were piteous.

The news excited all at camp, and after a hurried lunch we were soon to the spot. Here a pretty scene presented itself. A dead bear, and up the tall tree, more properly a pole, a little, cunning black head on one side and four paws clasping the tree, and just below the picture repeated, and at the base the wondering Ranger.



HAS A SWEET TOOTH.

To climb the tree was impossible for any one there, and Daddy, our helper, was soon making the chips fly. Down came the tree but no bear, for the top had lodged in another tree and the little fellows were safe in its top. Another pine fell and with it one cub, but the other escaped to another treetop. H. immediately grabbed the one and sent him head foremost into a gunny sack and handed all to me for safe keeping. I secured the sack and put it on the ground some 25 ft. from the carcass of the mother, but the poor little fellow with cries almost human, crawled in the sack to her side.

Meanwhile Daddy was felling another tree, and when this was nearly ready to fall, H. admonished Daddy to fall it easily, so it would not kill this cub. The admonition was of no avail, as the tree crashed into the only clearing around and the poor little brother was kicking his last when H. and my husband reached him. We all felt bad, for it would have been pleasure to have had both.

But soon he and his mother were stripped of their coats and we were at camp again. The cub was immediately christened Jim, and secured by a chain attached by a piece of rope to two buckskin thongs around his neck and back of his legs. He would drink condensed milk eagerly. One tablespoonful in a tin cup of milk-warm water three times a day was his rations and he thrived. He was cunning and amused us very much by his antics. He and Ranger were good friends and a pretty sight it was to see them asleep with the bear's head on the dog's neck.

But alas! for human hopes and ambitions. One afternoon Jim was missed, and upon investigation we found he had severed the rope from the chain and gone with the two thongs of buckskin around him. We searched everywhere but we never found him and H. was obliged to go home without him.

But the story of Jim is not without a sequel. Some two weeks after H.'s departure, an Indian appeared at one of our small stores with a brown cub that had two buckskin strings around him when caught. To inquiries of "How did you catch him?" the Indian said, "Him heap tame, him no fight, no scratch, no run. Me heap catches." It seems that while hunting in the mountains he had come upon him, and Jim having no fear of man was easily made captive again. He was purchased from his second captor and sent to H., and when he and the cub attempted to renew acquaintance Jim bit the ends of his fingers so severely that H. declares they are not on speaking terms now.

The picture appended shows Jim in the act of gratifying his constant desire for sweets by reaching for a stick of candy.

Mrs. D.

## IN DIXIE LAND.—VII.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

## A New Sporting Country.

THE Rockport region is one undoubtedly unfamiliar to many if not most of the FOREST AND STREAM readers, and is worthy of careful description. I shall try to cover in advance some of the questions sure to be asked about it. It is a new sporting country.

The town of Rockport is situated on Aransas Bay. There is little marsh about the region, except at the heads of the bays. The live oak motte country comes down close to the town on the north.

Aransas Bay is one of those long shallow bays which skirt the coast for perhaps hundreds of miles. Its outer boundary is one of the long, low, narrow sand dunes common in the coast contour. The outer island, key, or sand spit, is known as St. Joseph's Island. To the west of this runs the Mustang Island. These outer fringes of land are not much visited. They are covered with sand and scrubby trees in many parts. From Rockport to St. Joseph's Island is only about six or eight miles.

Beyond these narrow outside skirts of land the Gulf of Mexico lies. The points where the Gulf breaks through and connects with the inner bays are called "passes." The "deep water" scheme was to open a ship channel from the passes across the shallow bays and up to the towns on the mainland. Corpus Christi, Aransas City and Rockport all had this dream and the consequent boom. Rockport is thirty years or more old. It is simply a quiet, lazy, sleepy town of perhaps 1,000 inhabitants, with a lovely climate and a large indifference whether school keeps or not. Many winter resorts have been built up with not one-tenth of the attractions naturally possessed by this town. Twenty years ago Rockport was wealthy. Twenty years from now it may be wealthy again.

The average temperature in winter is 57°; in spring months, 77°; in summer months, 86°; in fall 60°. The summer climate is not bad, being tempered by night breezes.

The town is built on a live oak peninsula. Back of this lies the great extent of the Fulton ranch, once the property chiefly of Col. Fulton. Since the recent death of Col. Fulton it has been known as the Col. Fulton estate. This ranch comprises 172,000 acres. I have spoken of visiting the Puerto Bay, then of going west of that 20 miles to the Shellbanks, and then of sailing 20 miles further west to Shamrock Cove. In all this stretch we had hardly sailed the length of the shore line of this one great "pasture."

Part of this "pasture," or what was once the pasture, is that lovely live oak promontory which runs out into the bay at one side of the town site, and which is practically or will be part of the town. This high and breeze-swept peninsula separates Aransas Bay from Copane Bay.

The Aransas Hotel, conducted by Mr. Milton Everett, is the one where the sportsman naturally goes, because of Mr. Everett's sporting tendencies, as well as because the hotel is the best of the town, is at the center of the town, and at the main wharf. Rates here are \$2 and \$2.50 a day, \$15 a week. Mr. Everett knows how and where to go for all the sport of the region.

## Sailing and Boating Waters.

There are no finer sailing and boating waters on any coast than those of Aransas and adjoining bays. The outer bar or island forms a breakwater, so the river bay is not rough like the Gulf. Then there are bays within bays. One may be half a mile from land and not have over 8 ft. of water under him.

There are plenty of sailboats and rowboats, but no steam or naphtha launches. The tarpon fishing is 10 miles or more from the hotel, and when one depends on a sailing craft, he may lose his day, for there are no accommodations of any extent at the Pass. In time there may be better transportation. The present methods are in keeping with the climate and with the whole disposition of the place, and perhaps they are better than more rapid ones for him who is seeking a resting country.

## Varieties of Ducks.

The redheads seem, perhaps, the most numerous ducks, and of these the market-shooters say there are as many as ever. Pintails are also very numerous, and there are some bluebills (*dos-grés*). The marsh ducks in general come on the salt flats to feed, but the pintails more especially. At least this was our experience. We did not see a mallard nor a teal.

Chief of all the fowl is the canvasback. This country is a natural winter home for this bird. We saw great numbers of them. As was stated, they are annually shipped by thousands out of Rockport, which is one of the greatest of the market-shooting headquarters. The annual shipment is 25,000 to 60,000 head of canvasbacks, I was told. The best months are November and December. Ice is obtained readily of the fish and oyster companies. This year the low price of game stopped the shipment.

## No Club Preserves.

Rockport is probably, indeed almost certainly, the best canvasback water now left open to the public in the United States. There are no club preserves. I do not know where to direct any one for better open duck country.

## Character of Shooting.

The shooting is almost all open-water shooting. The shallow bays afford untold miles of feeding ground. The shooters stick down bushes into the mud, making brush blinds, into which they run their boats. For this sort of shooting one needs large fleets of decoys. The local decoys are rude but seem to serve. The sailing boats carry some decoys. There are few houses at which one can stop, and practically one must figure on stopping on board his schooner. Terms for schooner, as mentioned, average \$8 a day.

The shooter should take with him all the ammunition he needs. He can get nothing good but shot at Rockport. The best way is to take in shells loaded with powder and wadded. These can be shot and crimped at Rockport by the shooter, who will find its weight saved in baggage a great consideration.

Take plenty of the best gun oil and rust preventives, and be very careful with your guns, for the sea air and salt water will rust them fearfully. My friend's expen-



sive ejector gun became disabled by the rust, and he had to lay it aside.

Other Game.

Rockport is just below the quail country. One can make short rail or wagon trips and get good quail shooting (at the Bob White). Chiltepin Creek is an old turkey country. Beeville turkey country, much written of, is only a short way above Rockport. By a brief rail trip one can get into the timbered watercourse, where he can get as good turkey shooting as he can anywhere in the country. There is no place where one can get all these sorts of shooting on the same piece of ground, but there is probably no place in the world where one can get them all so close together. The Nueces River bottoms are good for turkey.

Deer abound in this part of Texas. There are numbers on St. Joseph's Island, six miles from the Aransas Hotel. One party brought in two deer one day while we were there. They saw 21 deer that day. If one wants a wider and wilder country, he can go back on the Fulton pasture, or he can go by rail over toward the Nueces country. There are no deer in the dooryards, but the shooter at Rockport is in a deer country, and can get his deer by going after it in hunter fashion.

Jack Snipe and Geese.

In all seasons the jack snipe shooting is fine along the bays. The amount of rain also determines the supply of geese, brant, swan, etc., etc., which often is very large. Doves in the South are held to be game birds. Their strength of wing and wariness entitles them to the claim, though in the North they are protected as song birds. Dove shooting is one of the liveliest sports in Texas. These birds abound along the roads and fields back of Rockport.

Sea Food.

Oysters of great size and fine quality are to be found all through the bays. Most of the edible sea fishes of the latitude come into the market, as do also the green sea turtles. The diamond-back terrapin is still taken in considerable quantities, and there are several terrapin farms. Sea trout (weakfish), redbfish, Spanish mackerel, sheeps-head, etc., etc., are taken with rod and reel. The great jewfish is sometimes captured. One can have very decent fun at the smaller sea fishes if he likes.

Tarpon—Tarpon—Tarpon!

I did not make any attempt to fish for tarpon, but wished keenly that I had been earlier, or later, in the season. There is no doubt whatever that the tarpon fishing here is the finest in the country, though that fact is not known at all outside of a very limited part of the State. The tarpon fishing is really the greatest and most rare and valuable attraction which Rockport has. Is there any other tarpon country which has also so many other sporting attractions?

Mr. Milton Everett writes thus about the tarpon fishing of Rockport.

The home of the tarpon is to be found in Aransas Pass. The Pass is the channel between St. Joseph and Mustang islands, connecting the waters of the Gulf with those of Aransas Bay. It is about a half mile long, 1,600ft. wide and from 30 to 45ft. deep. The tides and winds cause strong inward and outward currents to prevail at all times, and in these seething waters the tarpon makes his home, his feeding and play ground, and is to be found nearly all the year round. Here they spawn early in June, the young fish seeking the shallow grassy flat in the bay, where they remain until of sufficient size to keep out of way of the big fish. In the month of July, while fishing for trout, I have caught them 4 to 6in. long, and again in September I have caught several from 8 to 10in. long.

The action of the young ones when caught is the same as the grown ones, and it is an amusing sight to see them vainly striving to get unhooked. Only within the last three or four years has rod and reel fishing been practiced here.

Aransas Pass is beyond the dream of any tarpon fisherman who has never been there and tested it. The supply of tarpon is practically unlimited. They play and feed by hundreds. I have many times seen a hundred of them out of water at once. This might seem an extravagant statement to some, and to others, who have never fished for them except in Florida, a colossal fish tale, yet it is the whole truth and nothing but the truth. This statement can be verified by Judge W. W. King, district judge; Mr. T. H. Micklejohn, Hon. A. W. Houston, general attorney S. A. & A. P. R. R.; Senator P. J. Lewis, Judge Bryan Callaghan, Capt. Phil Sharden, and others who live in San Antonio, and who form a coterie of sportsmen who first introduced reel fishing here. Gentlemen who have been in the habit of spending their winters in Florida in search of this fish will hardly credit this story, but it can be substantiated by one trial. During the spring months these fish go all over Aransas and adjoining bays and can be seen everywhere. Several have been hooked by parties fishing off the Rockport wharf and at other points along the shore in the town.

All Tell the Same Story.

Of course, there will be surprise at statements like the above, but pleasant surprises like these occasionally await the readers of a reliable sportsmen's paper. I have no wish nor intention of lowering the character of FOREST AND STREAM for reliability, and do not believe I am doing so in publishing the above, though, of course, it is in one sense hearsay evidence only. It was impossible to verify everything on one short trip, yet I consider the tarpon statements the best substantiated of any we heard as to the sport of the locality—in no respect of which were we in the least disappointed. All agreed as to the excellence of the tarpon fishing. The San Antonio gentlemen above mentioned bear authority with them. Another piece of testimony to which I attach great value is that of Johnnie Blutdworn, whose fair and quiet conversation we had every reason to admire.

"I could guarantee a man a tarpon a day in the best season," said Johnnie. "You've no idea how many there are over there at the Pass. I've stood on the jetty and seen them swimming under me in the channel by dozens and dozens, and sometimes I have harpooned them there. On the whole I think September is the best month for the tarpon fishing. I have often caught two or three a day, and, of course, you get a great many strikes you never land. The best way to fish for them is to troll for them with mullet bait. January and February are the poorest months for them. In March they will begin to come in. If we had a stretch of warm weather we might get one even in January, though we don't often catch any then. They bite all summer long and all through the fall. If a fellow wants a tarpon he wouldn't have much trouble getting one here."

What Rockport Needs.

What Rockport needs is a good hotel—not at Rockport, but at San Antonio. A really good hotel at San Antonio would help Rockport more than if it were at Rockport. A really good hotel at San Antonio would help the State

of Texas, and I don't see why the San Antonio people don't realize this. The winter tourist who stops at San Antonio will drop down to the coast to shoot a bit and kill a tarpon, and once there, he is apt to stay a month or so. The winter tourist, more especially those of the more rugged sportsmanlike type, is to be a factor yet in this odd old sunny corner of the world.

And so we must dismiss Rockport, which I believe to be the most interesting and valuable sporting discovery I ever fell upon.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A Texas Ducking Score.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From the attached clipping I see that Mr. O. C. Guessaz is your representative at this point. I inclose you herewith a copy of the Corpus Christi *Caller* with this marked item. It speaks for itself:

DUCKS BY THE HUNDREDS.—On Saturday night Messrs. A. B. Critzer and O. C. Guessaz came down from San Antonio to indulge in a little sport of shooting ducks. Sunday morning bright and early, in company with Messrs. Max Luther and J. T. Conforth, they drove down to the Oso and put in the day shooting ducks. The hunters returned to town about supper-time and brought back with them 410 ducks. Monday the same party went to the Oso again and returned in the evening with 392 ducks, making 802 in all, the result of two days' shooting. This is the best record made this season in the way of shooting ducks, and the San Antonio gentlemen returned home Tuesday, completely carried away with their success.

I understand that Mr. Guessaz is also one of the vice-presidents of the National Game Protective Association.



A ROCKPORT TARPON.

I understand that your valuable paper is in favor of game preservation and not extermination, and trust that this matter is of enough importance to take up. If this story is false—though it has been bragged about by the parties openly—Mr. Guessaz should have a chance to refute it. I am one of a large body of sportsmen who are trying to preserve and protect game. We have a hard time, and it is uphill work, and if we have not the support of the prominent papers representing our interests we can accomplish but little. A protest through your valuable paper reaches thousands, where we can reach no one by any other means. I am secretary of the San Antonio Gun Club of this city, a club pledged to protect game, and this is my reason for appealing to you.

WILLARD L. SIMPSON.

Frightened to Death by Quail.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

At Wynne, Ark., a few days since a young lady school teacher came upon a bevy of quail while on her way home from school, and was so frightened by the noise of their wings that she died within three hours—frightened to death. I never flush a bevy of quail without becoming startled at their rise, and I know of many sportsmen who are similarly affected; but this is the first instance that has come to my notice where the fright was so severe as to cause death.

WM. E. SPENCER.

CLARENDON, Ark., April 7.

A Bill for Park Protection.

FIFTY-THIRD Congress, second session. H. R. 6442. In the House of Representatives, March 28, 1894. Referred to the Committee on the Public Lands and ordered to be printed. Mr. Lacey introduced the following bill:

A bill to protect the birds and animals in Yellowstone National Park and to punish crimes in said Park, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons, without the written consent and authority of the Secretary of the Interior, to kill, ensnare, trap, catch, or in any manner injure any wild beast, bird, or wild animal of any nature or description within the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park as such boundaries are now or may be hereafter defined.

Sec. 2. That it shall also be unlawful for any person or persons to catch any fish within the said limits of said Park otherwise than as may be authorized and provided by the regulations now or hereafter to be made by the Secretary of the Interior.

Sec. 3. That all guns, traps, teams, horses, or means of transportation of every nature or description used by any person or persons within said Park limits engaged in or guilty of killing, trapping, ensnaring, or capturing such wild beasts, birds, or wild animals shall be forfeited to the United States, and may be seized by the officers in charge of said Park and held during the prosecution of any person or persons arrested under charge of violating the provisions of this act, and upon conviction under this act of such person or persons using said guns, traps, teams, horses, or other means of transportation, said

forfeiture shall be adjudicated and ordered by the court as a penalty in addition to the punishment provided in this act. Such forfeited property shall be disposed of and accounted for by and under the authority of the Secretary of the Interior.

Sec. 4. That any person found guilty of violating any of the provisions of this act shall be punished by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding two years, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 5. That the Yellowstone National Park shall hereafter be under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and that all the laws applicable to places under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States shall be in full force and effect in said Park. If any offense shall be committed in said Yellowstone Park, which offense is not prohibited or the punishment thereof is not specially provided for by any law of the United States, the offender shall be liable to and receive the same punishment as the laws of the State of Wyoming in force at the time of the commission of the offense may provide for a like offense in the said State; and no subsequent repeal of any such law of the State of Wyoming shall affect any prosecution for such offense committed within said Park, and the laws of such State defining such offenses are hereby extended over said Park. All fugitives from justice taking refuge in said Park shall be subjected to the same laws as refugees from justice found in the State of Wyoming; that the said Park, for all the purposes of this act, shall constitute a part of the United States judicial district of Wyoming; and the district and circuit courts of the United States in and for said district shall have jurisdiction of all offenses against the laws of the United States committed within said Park.

Sec. 6. That if any or all rights granted in any contract, lease, agreement, or privilege heretofore made or that may hereafter be made, shall become forfeited by the failure of the lessee to comply with the requirements of the law or the stipulations of the contract or lease, it shall be the duty of the district attorney of the United States for the State of Wyoming to institute proceedings in the district court of the United States for said State to have such contract, lease, agreement or privilege declared forfeited and the possession of the granted premises or privileges restored to the Government of the United States, and the said district court is hereby vested with jurisdiction to hear and determine all such cases.

Sea and River Fishing.

A SPRINGTIME MUSING.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight, the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end."

R. W. Emerson.

"SAW you ever the like of this?" said Stephens, as he came into my room and shook himself vigorously to free his clothing from the clinging snow. I turned from the window where I had been looking out upon a blurred and indistinct scene, caused by the fast falling snow.

"How it does come down," I said, "I cannot see to the Court house."

"Yes, a nice April shower," he replied. "It looks a heap like we'll go a-fishing next week, don't it?" I had to admit that the outlook was not good for wetting a line in the near future in any of the lakes of northern Minnesota.

"And we can't hire a special car and be whirled off southward as some of our pampered sportsmen can either," he said.

"No," I replied, "we haven't even influence enough to get a dog 'franked' through like the brilliant representative of FOREST AND STREAM."

So we talked on for a while until Stephens, looking out of the window, said: "This is just about such a day as the one I recall, when two despondent fellows were sitting in a tent up on Isle Royal and watching the snow come down so fast that they could not see across either Washington or Grace harbors."

"Yes," I replied, "but that snowstorm was in June, and we were four hundred miles from home and had come that distance for trout, and it did seem too bad to be knocked out by a snowstorm so far out of season."

"Well, we had a good time anyway, and I never shall forget how pathetic you looked as you stood on the shore, all dripping, after your unexpected bath."

This unkind remark of Stephens referred to my going after a pail of water, and slipping on the snow-covered rocks, went head first into the clear, cold water of Lake Superior. Stephens heard the splash and he came to the tent door in time to see me crawl out on shore.

He started to laugh, but I stopped any undue show of hilarity by assuring him that if he dared to laugh I'd kill him then and there. He has had many a joke about it since, and has often graphically pictured the scene to the unbounded edification of our friends.

"Are you going to stick to the old bamboo this year?" he asked.

"Of course. How could I go a-fishing with anything else?"

This "old bamboo," as Stephens calls it, has been with me on every fishing trip, and had part in every catch which I have made for the past five years. On inland lake and stream, on "north shore" river and creek, and old Superior's waters, it has filled its place and filled it well. Bass, small-mouth and large, pike and pike-perch, muscallonge, ouananiche, brook trout and "lakers" have tested its suppleness and strength. Never a tip has been broken or a joint cracked, and it lies in its case to-day ready for use, as good seemingly as when Stephens gave it to me, five years ago. At that time I had only a solid wood rod, which I had used for some time—a gift of a friend in St. Louis. The rod was an aggravation to Stephens, and he often said "I'll make way with that rod sometime." The sometime came one fair July day when he and I and a friend went north of town to a little lake famed for bass of the large-mouth variety. When we started I saw an extra rod case among our traps, and upon inquiry was informed that it was a new rod, that one of his friends wished him to take and try the mettle of. We arrived at the lake, put up our tent, for we were to stay all night, ate our dinner, shoved the boat into the water and went to setting up our rods—at least Stephens and our friend did, but I was in a "state of mind," for I could not find my rod. I distinctly recalled taking it from the wagon and placing it with the rest of the tackle, but now it was not to be found. I hunted excitedly everywhere in the vicinity, but no rod or sign of rod could I find. At length Stephens called from the boat:

"Come on, we're all ready; you can use this new rod and when we come back we'll help you find the old rod you're making such a fuss about." After a further unavailing search I went to the boat and there found, all set up, an elegant split-bamboo rod. My reel was already on it, and grumblingly I picked it up. We shoved off and went to fishing. Many times Stephens asked me that afternoon how I liked the rod, and I could soon assure him it was a good one.



When we went to shore with a goodly string of bass, I at once prepared to resume my search for my rod, when Stephens stopped me with, "See here old man, I know where your old stick is, and you'll never see it more. Take this rod and many be the fish you catch therewith." That is how I came in possession of my first and, up to this time, only split-bamboo—all of which has been suggested by the inquiry of Stephens, as to using my old rod the coming season. How our thoughts do rove. From my room with an April snowstorm raging—a storm which lasted twenty-four hours—to a camp on Isle Royal, and a June snowstorm—to a midsummer trip after bass, on a placid, landlocked lake, where

"On sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell.

MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, MICH.

## THE OUANANICHE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of the 7th inst. that Mr. A. N. Cheney quotes a communication received by him from a friend, who takes issue with me in my claims regarding ouananiche, set forth in my article in your issue of March 10.

I have made a conscientious study of the ouananiche in my own experience of six years, and have endeavored to hold to exact facts in all that I have written.

In instituting comparisons between the Canadian and American landlocked salmon, I have been handicapped by the fact that I have never had any experience with the latter personally. Consequently I have been obliged to do the next best thing, depend upon those that have. I have paid no attention to hearsay, nor have I depended upon the experience of any one prejudiced. I have had long talks with a large number of fishermen, well known and otherwise, who have caught landlocked salmon in New England waters, and then have fished in the Lake St. John country. I have gone into, with them, every detail of the American fishing, and having secured a thorough knowledge in regard to it, I write "whereof I know."

I have yet to find a single one who has caught both fish, who does not freely admit the great superiority of the Canadian ouananiche. Not in size, I will admit, but in their superior fighting qualities, than which nothing can be greater, if perchance it can be equalled. I always note too that these same fishermen never return to the Maine fishing, but do to Lake St. John year after year.

I maintain that a fish born and bred in the swiftest running rapids is far stronger and a better fighter than the one found in the deep waters of lakes. For comparison, two young men grow up together, one enters athletics, becomes strong in every muscle, able to cope with an adversary, to withstand any amount of fatigue. He leads a life of activity, his development becomes perfect, he is a perfect man without superfluous flesh. His companion with equal health and physique, chooses easy-going sedentary habits. Without the constant exercise of an athlete he becomes fleshy, and will outweigh his companion. He has only his weight and certain natural strength to aid him in a contest, while his companion has the science of tense, well developed, hardened sinews. Is there any question which is the better man? Is there any question which will transmit to his children the greater amount of vigorous manhood?

From the comparison made in my communication of March 12 there can be no question that the Canadian salmon is a much stronger fish, a much harder fighter than those caught in American waters. I do not mean that a 34-pound fish of Canada will outfight or even equal an American cousin of 25lbs—one that makes "bloodless hands" and "complete nervous demoralization." (These same effects I have seen, by the way, produced also in catching large pickerel and maskinonge.) But, pound for pound, and even with an extra allowance of weight to his competitor, the ouananiche of Canada is the superior.

As previously stated, small ouananiche, in the same manner as small trout, will come to the surface of lakes at evening, and can be taken on the fly, but not the larger ones. The American landlocked salmon do not exist under the same conditions of waters as in the Lake St. John country; no one questions that. As a consequence, they cannot be caught in the same manner in the same kind of pools; and to quote from Mr. Cheney's letter, "environment of course modifies habits and conditions, size and energies." The fish of the States does not possess the environments, hence has the modified habits, size and energies.

As to the idea that "fish that spend their lives fighting a turmoil of waters have no time to grow," that is a witticism, not an argument. The ouananiche of Lake St. John are a species of landlocked salmon peculiar to themselves, and the fact that none larger than 8 or 8½ lbs. have been seen or caught, proves that to be their limit of growth.

I have great respect for a fish of 15, 20 or 25 lbs. weight, whatever may be the kind; but I venerate one that has fighting blood in his veins. If possessing this latter quality you hook him on a 7-ounce or even a 10-ounce rod, no human power can bring it successfully to net under three-quarters of an hour's playing or even a longer time, and preserve the tackle intact. Now, if I can successfully land a fish of his caliber in an hour, and one of only one-quarter the weight or less in from fifteen to twenty-five minutes (not just fifteen minutes, as the misquotation from my letter states), which, I would ask, is the greater fighter in proportion? Has not the smaller fought more in proportion to his weight?

The 7½ lb. ouananiche shown in my book, "The Leaping Ouananiche," just issued, required 55 minutes of hard work to bring successfully to net. How much more in proportion is this to one double or treble the weight that may require one or even one and a half hours to kill?

Give me the "minnow," the "fighting pigmy" of the Grand Discharge, fighting as he does, as he will outfight in proportion on a time allowance his "abnormal," overgrown relative of the deep New England lakes.

I am far from despising this latter, and would gladly seek him did opportunity offer. I do not believe that it has any "lesion of the fighting quality lobes," except to the extent that bringing up in still waters would naturally bring about. I do know that no "lesion" exists in the Canada ouananiche, as its daily life in rough waters prohibits it. As a consequence, I prefer to fish for the latter in the limited fishing time at my command.

Again, I am misquoted in saying that the ouananiche

are "usually washed off the hook when struck in their native element." I have never made this statement, but such a thing is occasionally possible, and has doubtless occurred, particularly if the fish, when hooked, is allowed to run under a fall or across a swift rapid. As soon as hooked in a rapid, I always lead my fish, where possible, and it generally is, to a more quiet eddy at the side, where I master him or he masters me. Therefore, the majority of my fish are played in comparatively quiet waters, and their fighting is neither by or attendant upon rough rapids.

Then, also, after much study given to ouananiche fishing, and trying all ideas that may present themselves, I firmly believe that, owing to the manner in which they hook in the lip, lightly, and their constant and hard fighting, they should be led to net at the earliest moment commensurate with safety. Hence another reason for short playing.

I still maintain as my many informants have all advised me, that the landlocked salmon of New England are more frequently taken on the spoon than on the fly. At only certain seasons there, can they be found in rapids within reach of a fly; first, because it is not the natural abiding place for this fish, and again, such waters do not exist in any similarity or extent with those of Lake St. John. The results of fly-fishing in the States, therefore, are far from satisfying except in a few very favored pools, and the spoon must be called into requisition to insure success.

Finally, I would add that if my critic would try the Canadian variety of landlocked salmon—ouananiche proper, he would have more respect for them. He would find that avoidupois does not alone constitute gameness. If the Maine salmon fought in proportion to his size, with the vim of the Lake St. John fish, I doubt if tackle could be made strong enough to catch it.

Now, as to the idea of applying the name ouananiche to all landlocked salmon as a generic appellation, I certainly can see no objection; but that there is a difference in the species, as I have endeavored to prove, I must maintain. From these differences it will be found that fishermen seeking Canadian waters will hold to the original name, ouananiche, and those seeking New England lakes will still say landlocked salmon.

As to the pronunciation of the word ouananiche, I have made a special effort in the past to get it correctly, both from full-blood and half-breed Montagnais Indians. I find among them but little if any variance of pronouncing the word. The majority pronounce it as if the first syllable were spelled ow, and this is strongly accented. The a in an following is pronounced as in father. The third syllable an, is pronounced as in man, making it *ow-ân-ân-ish*. I have heard it spoken in this way so often that I find I always pronounce it in the same way myself. Be that as it may, the varieties of pronunciation of the name will only be equaled by the varieties of opinion regarding the merits of the two species of the fish.

So it will continue until numberless fishermen will unite without controversy, in one consensus of opinion, namely, that the famous ouananiche of Canada is the gamest fish that swims in fresh water. EUGENE MCCARTHY.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 318.)

The morning broke beautifully over the ringing woods and rippling lake, and the entire camp was astir when the first soft sunbeams made the leaves glisten and the roses smile. It was really a halcyon morn for our tramp, and all were eager for a prompt departure to the far-away home of the lovely trout.

The Indian who was to pilot us was an early visitor, for he doubtless had an eye single to the breakfast in preparation, to which he well knew he would be invited when the half-breeds succeeded us at the table.

I was everything but satisfied with my right knee when I first arose, and the more I walked the more painful it became. Despite this intense pain, I was still in humor for the trip, and hurried myself with the preparations while breakfast was being served.

After we had all partaken of the meal and about ready to start, I found it simply impossible to walk the three or four miles to the pool; for I had now taken on a decided limp, every step sending a thrill of pain through that particular knee that made me writhe in agony.

"I can't go," I said to Ned when he was about to start. "What, not go?"

"Even so," and then I pointed to my knee by way of explanation, and taking a camp chair, seated myself on the shady side of the tent, looking the very embodiment of despair. Ned sympathized deeply with my affliction and proposed to abandon the trip; but I would not tolerate such a sacrifice. At last he reluctantly left with the Indian guide and Kenosh, leaving Peter with me as chief medicine man and custodian of the camp.

I followed them with longing eyes until they disappeared in a grove of cedars near by, and then my mind ran to that magnificent pool, weaving fanciful pictures of piscatorial delights that I well knew they would realize. At that immediate time I would have parted with much wealth to have been with them; but prudence dictated the course I had taken, so I nursed the aching knee instead of playing the rôle of an angler.

Sighing after the unobtainable is folly, and therefore I at once dismissed the idea as if it had never possessed me, and then taking a book was soon absorbed in its fascinating pages, it being a realistic narrative of a coal mine strike, entitled "Nana's Brother," from the wizard pen of the illustrious Zola, who has but recently won great renown in a masterpiece called "The Downfall."

Peter, the half-breed, in the meantime busied himself mending his clothes, and after that was completed came over to my tent and chatted a while, giving me a history as far as he knew of the Indians on the north shore of this great lake. He also trusted me with a very important secret, and that was his betrothal to one of the daughters of the Hudson Bay agent stationed at this place. As the marriage was to be consummated the second day on his return to the "Soo," the veil of secrecy no longer exists.

One of our oars having been broken on our trip up the river, I suggested to him now that he had time to make a new one. He started off, saying he thought he could find one; and sure enough he returned with one which, he stated, belonged to his prospective father-in-law. I demurred to such a piece of piracy, but he laughed at me

and said it was all right, and furthermore stated that the agent had borrowed a pike-pole of him last fall which he had never returned, and that this was simply an offset.

"Don't worry," said he, "I will soon be in the family and it will be all right," and then on his sawing off about 6in. of the blade and whittling down the handle the appropriation was made complete.

I didn't worry about it, but gave him to distinctly understand that it was a highly questionable proceeding and what a pale-face would style pure brigandage.

"He's got my pike pole, I've got his oar; everything is square," again muttered the stolid half-breed, who really could not understand my opposition to his taking the oar. He finally walked away, taking the oar with him and humming a French *chanson* as he went, evidently pleased with his method of balancing accounts.

The day had developed into perfection, spreading far and near a magnificent panorama which only the clear sky and the golden sunshine presents without a blur. Aguawa Harbor, with its glittering breastplate of perpendicular cliffs, was plainly in view; towering mountains with peak after peak, ridge beyond ridge, valley after valley, peaked to the right of the flowing stream, while miles after miles of a beautiful coast range of rocky bulwarks, illustrating every variety of picturesque formation, ran eastward in crescent lines till lost in the glare and glitter of the bright sunlight. By joining somewhat of the poet's contemplation to the artist's study, we may here see glimpses of sylphic shape that o'erlook the silver spray as it strikes the mighty blocks of ragged adamant. As if to give barbaric effect to all this poetic and rugged grandeur, a birch bark canoe, laden with children of the forest, darts out from a cove opposite and glides up the glinting stream with the little paddlers in frolicsome play. A veritable old squaw, with tangled and streaming black hair and repulsive mien, is attracted to the river's bank by the glee of the prankish children, and then there is an unmistakable recall. The canoe turns, reaches the bank again, and without ceremony the youngsters are roughly jerked out, the birch bark raised to the bank, and then the old hag hurriedly takes the tawny brood to her tent, as if fearful, in their sportive capers, the waters would engulf them.

At this juncture Peter called for the time, and as it was near noon I suggested dinner, telling him to prepare what he thought proper in addition to the trout, which we now had in superabundance. While he was attending to the preparation of the *menu*, I bathed my painful knee with some of Pond's Extract, the only remedy I could then think of as available, which, if it did not cure, might act as an emollient until I could secure something more active for reducing the inflammation. I now began to feel that I was truly a cripple, and that wading with me was one of the lost arts.

After dinner, weary of watching the soft white clouds which filled the sky, as well as depressed with the solemn stillness which was broken only by the murmur of the lake and the ceaseless song of the grasshoppers among the weeds, I determined to have Peter take the boat and row me to the first rapids with evident intent of slaughter among the small fry. The half-breed, who had got into a lazy humor, did not relish the idea of being disturbed in his dreamy state; but as he gave no expression to the revolutionary revolt within him, I gave no heed to it, knowing full well that a little activity would soon awaken him into a pleasant frame of mind. I almost regretted going myself, for the sun was blistering hot as we glided along the foliated banks, breast high with tangles of underbrush and beds of water plants. Reaching the rapids I got ashore on what formed a kind of peninsula, and with two small flies, one a pale evening-dun, and the other a yellow-drake, both on a No. 10 Sproat, started in to make sad havoc in the ranks of the little beauties that sport in the rippling shallows. Much to my disgust, there was little toying with the lures, but after an hour's hard work in the broiling sun I secured half a dozen from 8 to 10in. long.

My object in breaking the monotony of camp isolation that day being accomplished I was satisfied to return with my limited string of scarlet babies and patiently await the arrival of the party from the pool.

About 4 o'clock they showed up in single-file order, Ned leading with a heavy string of trout, followed by Kenosh and the guide similarly loaded with the freckled beauties. They had had most excellent sport and were unqualified in their praise of the big pool. Although the fish were not large, running from ½ lb. to 1½ lbs., they made a collection handsome enough in their spangled coats of mottled dyes to win the admiration of any disciple of the gentle art or other who had an eye for graceful symmetry and ravishing colors.

Ned gave me a very graphic description of the woodland trip, the magnificent pool and the sport. The location of the pool, he said, was wild and beautiful beyond power of description. It was hemmed in by dense and unmeasured forests of pine, birch and balsam, matted with ferns and fallen timber and in close companionship with almost impenetrable thickets, which threw their bending branches and grateful shade over the rushing waters that came tumbling in one wide sheet of foam into a picturesque basin below, and then wildly surging and fretting its way through masses of storm-worn granite that were heaped in the wildest confusion in the bed of the racing, roaring river. He was satisfied, he said, that after he had reached its craggy and ragged edges that there were concealed deep down in its rocky rifts, ledges and chasms, trout galore, but he sadly felt the want of a pair of wading boots or pants for the choice spots that were far from the torrent-washed shore. He fished a while from the bank, meeting with reasonably fair success, but he sighed all the time for the little islets of rock, around which the water dashed in bubbles and spray, that he might further advance his fortune with the *fontinalis*.

At last he struck upon a novel idea to reach the coveted place, and that was upon the backs of the half-breed and Indian, for being of portly frame he well knew that no one person could carry him safely over the stony and slippery bottom. "It was a laughable sight, but a far more serious event to me," he continued, "after I was well on the way, than I anticipated. We were all so full of laughter at the novelty of the situation that I was fearful every moment we would all be floundering in the water. Fortunately, I reached the isle of delight and then I made lamentation in the domain of the spangled beauties, for here I found the river a very Pactolus in golden treasures. Kenosh waded into the pool up to his waist and made a capital record. He threw his flies very deftly and generally let



them drop in the foam, for there the trout are always to be found, if anywhere. The most laughable sight, however, was that of the angling of the Indian guide. He used a pole that was almost as thick at one end as at the other and as crooked as a worm fence. To this was attached a common piece of wrapping twine with a good sized eyed hook. This he baited with some salt pork, and then taking position on a declivitous rock, where he could drop his line over a small spring that was bubbling up from the bed of the pool, quietly let his bait sink within an inch or two of the bottom; but he never put it in until he saw some trout that had come to sport in the cold flowing water. When there was a bite there was a sudden jerk, and if he missed the trout his hook would invariably catch in the branches of the tree above him. He as often hooked them foul as fair, and succeeded in catching as many as either of us. His crude angling was really farcical, and frequently I stopped my fishing and sat down and watched him till the tears rolled down my cheeks from excessive laughter. "Look out for the tree," I would cry aloud, when I saw his lips close and his fingers tighten, ready for the culmination of the bite. When he missed, and caught the tree from his violent jerk, I would yell; he would smile and Kenosh chatter a little Chippewa. It was a circus, I assure you, and would have made a donkey smile, if such a thing were possible."

Just before supper, a Mackinac, with two half-breeds and the angler from "Old Kentucky," one whom we had met on the North Shore last year, rounded into the mouth of the Aguawa and landed on the bank opposite to us, where they made camp. We paid him an immediate visit, and learned that he was *en route* for Michipicoton River and was after big trout, which he expected to obtain there. He stated that he had caught three large Mackinac trout on a spoon hook as he came along, and was kind enough to offer us one; but having more fish in camp than we could well dispose of or care for, gratefully declined accepting, and in turn proffered him some of our rose-colored beauties.

After Ned had given him an interesting account of his trip to the big pool, he concluded to remain over one day and give it a trial, if the weather was at all favorable in the morning; if not, he would simply try the small pools near the mouth. I was satisfied that his trip to the Michipicoton River would not result favorably, for the Indians located there are quite numerous, and had doubtless, ere this, cleaned the stream of nearly all fish that could be taken by net or otherwise. His boatman, however, had fully impressed him with the idea of monster trout to be caught there, and he was not to be deterred from his enterprise by our adverse talk. It was a long trip and along a very dangerous coast, and with contrary winds would prove anything but a pleasant voyage.

A signal for our recall to supper being made by our chef, we left for the feast with undue haste, as our appetites were as keen as if we had been chopping wood all day on half rations.

The evening closed in ethereal beauty, the sky being a poem in clouds, the lake in gentle ripples and the sun one burning blaze of golden light with lovely fleeces enriching the western horizon with the soft colors of rosy blush and crimson tint. This gorgeous spectacle continued till the stars came out, crowding the sky with silver points.

"Oh Night, most beautiful and rare!  
Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest line;  
And through the azure fields of air  
Bring'st down the gentle dew."

The morning, much to our surprise, opened rainy and foggy, seriously interfering with our trip to Jackson's Cove. We very sensibly concluded to wait for more propitious weather before breaking camp, as a day or two's delay mattered little to us, as we were not on the trip with a limited railroad schedule.

Time hanging heavily on our hands, we paid our neighboring angler across the river another visit and were delightfully entertained while there in listening to his account of his travels last winter in Japan. He gave us a more impressive and intelligent account of the condition of the country, its people and their habits, than could be garnered from the many books on that subject. Being a professional man, an attorney, he handled the subject with a complete understanding, illustrating it in a very elaborate and earnest manner. As Japan is not my subject proper, I will bid good-bye to the traveler and return to America and the painted beauty of the lake.

Toward the closing hours of the day there was a decided change in the weather. The dense banks of fog that had wrapped the mountains and the coast in a misty veil, began to fade away under the bright rays of a golden sun. The west was soon aglow with radiance—the most beautiful colors momentarily changing in the sky—and the reflection gilding the great lake at our feet, which the wind was gently tossing into little billows of silvery seas. Ned suggested, at this auspicious change, to take boat and ascend the river and toy with the troutlings as a means of diversion. I was in harmony with him, for I was tired of the inactivity which had possessed us during the day, and was therefore ready for any venture that had a scintilla of change in it. The boys were accordingly called from their cozy tent and the boat put in readiness. The half mile was soon made and then the rapids and pools were fished from the banks. Ned stuck to the first rapids, but I limped along to more favorable waters where I knew the dotted darlings were to be found in generous abundance. I waded no more, I assure you, and when I had to cross the stream it was on the back of my faithful half-breed, Kenosh. When I came to a pool where wading was required, I handed the rod to my man Friday and let him have his share of the angle, for he not only delighted in it with the zest of a professional, but cast a fly equally as well.

As we had but a couple of hours in which to fish, the time soon came for us to retrace our steps and renew the fording. The trout were not rising well at all, but we managed to basket a few 8 and 10in. ones, which well repaid us for all the toil. Ned had three to his account, but as usual I found him in the boat drinking in the boundless glories of the sapphire sky—which had so suddenly grown into ethereal splendor—and the wide-reaching landscape, with its miles of towering mountains and hazy valleys.

We lost no time in going to our quarters, for the evening shadows had spanned the lovely stream and were fast creeping up the aspiring heights where the eagle had his eyrie. Of course my crippled knee had suffered from the brief outing, but as I was to have a day of rest in sailing

on the morrow, if the wind were favorable, I felt that it would then take a step or two toward recovery. Consoling myself with this comfort in prospective, I gave the demoralized old limb no further attention and went to the call of supper as if the entire ailment were but a trifle and would soon bid me an adieu.

The bright sun having dried up the moisture from the heavy fog, sank to its resting place as if pleased with its kind mission, while a myriad of ephemera from their cloistered retreats sprang into existence with their pallid wings, as if the night were theirs alone. Cloud upon cloud of them assailed us as never before, until it seemed to take double doses of the repellent to keep them at any distance at all. Ned said it was a grand attack by the entire host, and so direful was their revolutionary ferocity that we at last were compelled to beat a retreat to our tent and take refuge inside the mosquito bar. There we held them safely at bay and let them hum their indignation in choruses *pianissimo* or *fortissimo*, as they might elect. Slumber soon took us in her embrace, and then I went off in one of those remarkable dreams where I saw the blood-thirsty insects expand into such gigantic growth as to perfectly appall me. There they were, with ferocious heads and big bulging eyes, and armed with such horrid implements of torture, that I awoke with a cold shiver to find that I was without cover and nearly frozen. I was soon in my blankets again, and then a gentle warmth possessed me and once more I was in dreamland; but this time it was of an idyllic land, in which were magnificent pools with trout of unexampled beauty and of tarpon-like size, that gracefully sported in the soft sunbeams that fell in rosy flashes o'er the crystal waters. I awoke, just as I was about to try the virtue of a mammoth fly, with a ray of the bright sun streaming through the opening of the tent. Ned, who had already risen, declared the wind in the right quarter, and the morning one of perfect loveliness. The camp at once assumed a busy air for the onward move to the haunts of the iridescent and gameful fish.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Plants for Aquaria.

A CORRESPONDENT asks to be informed "what plants he will need to make an aquarium self-sustaining, and how often it will be necessary to change the water."

I assume it to be a fresh-water aquarium, in which case bladderwort, water-crowfoot and brook starwort (*Callitriche*) will prove to be excellent plants for the purpose, as they have been used successfully, if a moderate number of animals, especially fishes, are included. If the plants and fishes are properly proportioned to the water it will not be necessary to change the water, except to add to it as evaporation takes place, and this must be determined by observation and experience.

Mr. Wm. P. Seal, one of the foremost aquarium experts of the world, says the plants most commonly sold for aquarium purposes are *Myriophyllum*, *Ceratophyllum* and a species of *Cabomba*. That they do the best under all circumstances, and have from choice the largest sale. The correspondent does not say that he wishes to introduce fish into his aquarium, but it is presumed that he does, in which case the plants should be introduced first and the fish a week later. Some aquatic plants root, some do not, and the latter will grow freely, fastening down or floating loose. Bladderwort and *Ceratophyllum* are of the latter sort. Seal says: "The water should not be changed unless the fish show signs of great distress by keeping their mouths out of the water and sucking in air. This denotes the exhaustion of the air or free oxygen in the water. The water may be re-aërated by the use of a syringe or by dipping it out and pouring it back." Seal gives four points demanding consideration to insure success in the management of aquaria. First, absolute purity in the vessel used; second, an abundance of light; third, to avoid overstocking with fish; fourth, great care in introducing food into the aquarium.

### Modern Angling Literature.

A very dear friend of the writer's affects to look upon the information given in the pages of angling periodicals as ephemeral, and to contend that in order to convey a lasting impression upon any given subject one must employ the vehicle of a printed book. There is some force in this argument when applied to a specific object, an atom, as it were, which with other atoms constitute a combination of the entire matter under a general head, as for instance, "A Treatise upon the Five-Spined Stickleback. Its History, Habits and Habitat. Illustrated," might in book form contain more researches and information concerning this valuable game fish than could be found in any single issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and thus condensed, be more indelibly fixed upon the retina of the mind, than if the same information were given in fragments in this journal. But is it not true that the modern technical periodical plays a most important part in gathering together the fragments from every "corner of the earth" (although I never could understand why a round body should have corners), to make the treatise possible? Would the treatise ever see the light of day between book covers if it were not for the modern technical periodical which does this collecting without expense for railway and steamer fares and hotel bills?

Modern angling literature is not confined to the printed pages of books any more than the literature upon any other subject, however much it may be assumed that angling literature is book literature. Literature is not bounded by or bound in books, for it is "the collective body of literary productions, embracing the entire results of knowledge and fancy preserved in writing; also the whole body of literary productions or writings upon a given subject."

Now, I might ask what part does angling literature play in the history of a people, but an unknown Scotch writer has answered the question far better than I can: "It is obvious that this varied, yet simple, kind of literature will last as long as the taste for angling endures; it is part and parcel of the sport, and it is just as clear an indication of a natural characteristic of the time as the old legends of Tyrol which peopled the mountain, lake and dark forest with supernatural beings. It reflects a feature of the age just as much as the drama of the Restoration shows us the coarseness and the demoralization of its social life. Thus, as it has to be regarded as part of the body of modern literature for

its own merits or faults, in days to come it will be perused by the historian of the Society of the Nineteenth Century for indications of some of the noticeable characteristics of the period with which he is occupied. While, therefore, we may in serious mood look upon a great deal of it as trivial, we must not forget its relative character, we must not overlook the absolute and uniform healthiness of the entire body of it, and we must not shut our eyes to those parts which are full of charming description, which touch on enduring human interests, or which accurately portray and analyze the operations of nature."

### All on Account of the Festive Sucker.

"I wish to call attention to a law that outrages every natural right, and tramples down every principle of justice. A law conceived in ignorance and born in selfishness. There could be nothing more directly calculated to induce disregard for, and a violation of, all laws than one that legalizes the seizing of honest, upright citizens and hurrying them before a magistrate, away from their town, there to be charged for the high crime of fishing for suckers with a net, and subjected to fine and imprisonment.

"But such is the law of our land, such is the law we have had imposed upon us by those we have chosen as our law makers. A law, a blot upon our statute book, and a scourge to the people. Although its violation is a legal crime, it is not that of a moral obligation. While we may be bound to regard a bad law in the view of men, it cannot be a sin to disregard it in the sight of God."

This is a protest from Mr. J. V. W. Doty, of Dutchess county, New York, and it could not be more emphatic if double-leaded, not more in earnest if the Constitution and framework of the republic were in danger. It should be read slowly that it may not be mistaken for a call to arms to resist foreign invasion. The bulwark of our liberties as a free people is safe, and incidentally the suckers of Dutchess county are protected by law from the netter. Therefore this wail which rises to the empyrian blue and changes it to a terra cotta red. Mr. Doty should be calm; he need not retire to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions, for there is balm in Gilead. It is true, sadly true, as Mr. Doty more than intimates, that it is illegal to net suckers in Dutchess county, and this law was passed not so much to prevent the extinction of the gamesome sucker by the netter, as it was that the netter of our ponds and streams is proverbially species-blind and when he hauls his net he cannot distinguish suckers from trout, black bass or other fish, and it became necessary in order to protect any fish from capture by devices other than by fair angling, to include the sucker under the mantle of the law.

Mr. Doty should not give way to grief when the hand of the tyrant oppressor smites him and hedges the sucker about with the meshes of the law to the exclusion of the meshes of the netter, he should follow the example of the Puritan and emigrate to a land where the sucker, like necessity, knows no law, where it may be netted, speared and shot at any and all seasons of the year. Come to Warren county (and it is not far from Dutchess), the blooming oasis of netter and spear—"Little Warren," the lair of the poacher, who is under the protection of the same law which has coiled itself about the toothsome and bony sucker in Dutchess county. It is one of the beauties of a republican form of government that suckers are protected in one county and poachers are protected in another, so that a man has only to change his residence to flock with one or herd with the other.

Mr. Doty makes one statement which seems to me, to say the least, misleading, to wit: "The tendency, and it seems the purpose, of these laws (game and fish laws) is not to protect the birds or the fish, but to confine the taking of them to a privileged class."

The foundation of all game laws is protection during the breeding season, to enable fish and game to reproduce and keep up the stock. Regulations as to size and selling are natural sequences. What appears to the complainant to be class legislation is that, while no harm may be done (except to the suckers) if suckers are netted during the season that they are spawning, no guarantee company will give bonds for the sucker netter that he will not net fish at the same time that are not on the free list.

Perhaps with a higher state of civilization sucker nets, and a permit to use them, will be given away with a pound of baking powder.

### To Move a Fishway.

A petition signed by residents of Fort Edward, N. Y., has been sent to the Legislature asking that the location of the fishway in the dam across the Hudson River at Thomson's Mills or Fort Miller, as it is variously called, be changed, because it is alleged, the fishway in its present location is constantly filled with driftwood, so that fish are unable to pass through it.

A letter now before me from the member of Assembly from Washington county informs me that he has forwarded the petition to the Fish Commissioners of the State, with the recommendation that it be promptly considered.

The last letter that I received from the late W. H. Rogers, who built the fishway, was in relation to that structure. He said, in substance, that the fishway in question was located in its present position by an expert of thirty years' experience in such matters, and the location was selected because it was considered the best in the dam for the purposes for which the fishway was built. It was located where it now is for many reasons, any one of which is of vastly greater importance than the question of driftwood, and it was located with a full knowledge of the driftwood difficulty, which can be prevented in an hour's time by any handy man. Furthermore, when the builder left the fishway, the structure was provided with a guard against the driftwood.

At the time of writing me Mr. Rogers hoped to examine the fishways on the Hudson during the coming summer, but soon after I received a letter from Mr. Herber Rogers, a son, announcing his father's death.

It is more than likely that the fault complained of not due to the location of the fishway. A year ago a pair of Thomson & Dix's mill was carried away by the spring freshet, and with it a part of the fishway. Mr. Dix told me that he repaired the fishway when he repaired his mill, and it is quite possible that the floodwood guard were not replaced.

A. N. CHENEY.



## MY FIRST TROUTING EXPERIENCE.

THE hour is 7 in the morning. The sun is struggling mightily to peep out from behind its purple curtain of thick clouds. The stream is babbling and tumbling along, just down there in the woods at the foot of the rugged old hill.

At least, that is probably what I would have written, before the poetry had vanished out of the old hill and dark woods, and cool, inviting stream. But I had never been trout fishing in all my life; much less had I ever caught a trout, so it was only natural that, as I stood upon the summit of the hill and surveyed the scene of the work in hand, I should see nothing but green beauty, and pleasant retreats, and refreshing waters. I should see something different now, after the tragedy, or farce, or what you will, that was there enacted.

Two neophytes and an expert were the *dramatis personæ*; L., the strong, sturdy man, who worked out doors from season to season, and who had agreed to show us the best fishing we had ever seen; H., the bantam weight little bookkeeper, wiry and tough as whip cord, who had beguiled me away from my clients and my books; and I, pale and slender, brimful of conceit in my own powers of endurance, and longing for a breath of spring forest ozone.

After we had descended the hill, the burst of scorn with which H. greeted the dancing little brook was a magnificent masterpiece. "Was that the place," he demanded, "where we were to catch such numbers of trout, of giant size, as we had promised our friends we were to do? Why, the water wasn't a foot deep, etc., etc."

I thought that perhaps we were about to catch some minnows to use as bait for the big fellows; I'd heard of such things, but I did not know that in my creel was a small tin box full of nasty, wriggling worms and grubs. Nor, by the way, did I know how much that creel weighed. I thought at 7 o'clock that 5 lbs. would be a big estimate; at 1 o'clock 25 would have been nearer the mark.

L. only said sententiously, "Rig up." It beats all how decisive old trout fishermen become, in time. They must, somehow, catch the snappy, no-room-for-argument spirit of their favorite quarry.

The splendid luck which I had fondly anticipated attended us from the start. H. carefully laid his tip down upon the moss, and in less than ten seconds I had stepped squarely on the middle of it. Of course I didn't mean to, but that made no difference. It never occurs to a fellow with eyes like telescopes that a near-sighted man cannot see every little thing like a tip, when he has left his spectacles fifty miles behind him. Before H. had fairly got under good scolding headway, however, the damage had been repaired after a fashion, thanks to L.'s handiness with an old bayonet of a thing that he sarcastically called his pocket knife; it looked more like an abbreviated cavalry sabre.

In the meantime, following his instructions, I prepared my own tackle, unearthed the worms from beneath my sandwiches and proclaimed myself ready to catch a fish. Stepping cautiously out upon a bit of stone I tossed my line down stream just in front of an old mossy log. No bite, so I went along a few yards further and did the same thing again. This time a queer little jerk at the end of the line warned me that a fish of some kind had taken the bait. But I didn't jerk back, oh no, I only swished the line swiftly across the stream and said, "Scat, you little fool!"

"Catch that fish!" cried L. softly to me.

"He's too small," I whispered back, "he'll scare the big ones."

"Catch that trout!" again commanded my instructor, and I proceeded to obey. He took the hook the very next time and I dangled him out. L. said he was a "beauty," and he did look rather pretty as he flopped around on the bank, all golden and red, and full six inches long.

"But say, you," exclaimed L., "if you think all you've got to do is to walk down this creek and have 'em jump into your basket from under the bank you want to mend your ways of thinking. That's a trout, that's the way to catch 'em and that's the last time I want to see you scorn Providence when she just flings fortune at your head. Ten to one you won't catch another all day."

I took my reproof meekly, and harmony restored, a-down the winding stream we all three started, L. ahead, H. next and I last. Suddenly the woods rang with a frightful yell, which startled an old crow in the top of a neighboring tree so badly that he nearly fell off his perch and went clamoring away through the air like mad. A scared look in H.'s direction revealed that fisherman cavoring around on the bank like a dorky at a husking bee, and vainly clutching at his first trout swinging gracefully from a dead branch over the water, just out of his reach. How that "beauty" got there I couldn't quite make out; he certainly didn't grow there. Perhaps H. could have told, but he wouldn't; perhaps a tangled fish line, wound dozens and dozens of times around every twig on the branch, had something to do with it. At any rate we rescued the trout, line and all; and after some more mild comments from L. upon the uselessness of yanking a fish into the treetops of the next county, we drifted along.

In five minutes L. was out of sight. He had the most astonishing trick of disappearing from right under our noses, that mortal man ever could acquire. How he would thread his way through a network of brush and limbs that apparently would have stopped a rat-terrier, and that H. and I never attempted to penetrate. It was not a great while after he had vanished before I wanted to borrow that mighty pen-knife. L. said he wanted to use it also, after I had done with it; just as though I would let him have it, there in that vast forest whose solitude was tenfold, now that L. had disappeared from sight! Oh, how endless it seemed, and how somber and wild it suddenly grew! Why, what would I do, in case a bear or a catamount sprang out from behind some fallen tree, to claim a dinner? I wanted that knife very much; and the more I thought about it, the more I wanted it; so taking my line from the water, I started rapidly ahead to find L. Now, the sober truth of the matter is, I did not overtake that man for near an hour. When at last I did come up with him, he was sitting on a mossy log, calmly waiting for us laggards, more than a mile from where he left us; and he had pretty good evidence that he had fished most of the time, too.

We both waited for H., whose speedy arrival told that

he hadn't fished much of the time, and whose first breathless demand, "L., let me take your knife," caused L. to smile. But I had the weapon, and I wasn't done with it either, although it lay stowed away in the right hand pocket of my coat. A few minutes' breathing time were allowed H. and myself, and then we were up and at it again. This time it was for me to make some remarks to L., and I think he must have been impressed with my language, or my manner or something, because he kept to the rear and within easy hail the rest of the morning. But in ten minutes H. and I were whelmed in difficulties. If travel along that infernal stream had heretofore been hard to us, that which we now encountered was simply excruciating. The brook took its course through a tangled growth of hemlock, and sapling and willow; and it wound, and turned and twisted around on itself, and choose the most mucky, oozy portion of what I took to be a young Dismal Swamp in which to make its bed. I punctured a great hole in one of my heavy shoes, by stepping sideways upon a sharp, iron-like stub, and ripped my clothing in more than a dozen places. It would have been a tremendous task for me to have walked through there unencumbered by fish-basket and rod; with that impedimenta I was in a continual drooping despair of ever getting out alive. That fishing-rod seemed to assume the unwieldy proportions of a gigantic pine; and the hook and line developed into a fifteen-fathom cable with an anchor at the end of it. I tried to fish; but, alas! the hook would catch in some old, sunken log. In trying to untangle that the rod would mix itself up with the limbs and branches around and overhead. Many times when I wanted to go to one side of an intervening tree that rod would insist on traveling another way. How it would shoot up through the brush tops; how it would whip itself around some slender tree just when I desired to cast my bait into some quiet, limpid pool, from which L. would subsequently be sure to take a beauty; and how it would hang my line a dozen feet overhead just at the moment I wanted to use it myself. In one of my struggles with rod, line and underbrush, H., who fished pretty close to that pen-knife, somehow got mixed up with his paraphernalia. In the excitement a lithe sapling was bent to the ground by me, and when released it carried skyward with it a good-sized piece of his trousers. How I thanked my stars that those spectacles were not astride my nose, even though I couldn't see ten rods without 'em. I couldn't have kept them there an instant. Once in a while L. would appear serenely to view and exclaim, "Just got a fine one back there by the root of that old stump;" and it was always sure to be the very place where H. and I had vainly tried to cast our lines. However, we two slowly achieved success, at the rate of a trout an hour; but when 1 o'clock came I struck for grub. Out from the mess of fish and worms I rescued a substantial lunch, and quickly put it where it would not make my back ache any more. L. and H. were probably better fishermen than I, but when it came to lunch, I was away ahead. Half an hour for rest, and L. gave the word to start in again. He might as well have told me to fly! I was exhausted, disgusted, humiliated. My legs were stiff from sitting still, and I quietly informed my companions that I was going back to the house. It took L. about ten seconds to comprehend what I meant; then he went all to pieces, and acted like an idiot. Said he, "Well, you are a good one! Why, you haven't seen any trout fishing yet; wait till we get down to the swamp—"

He never finished that sentence, because I promptly injected some vigorous king's English into it. If he wanted me to wait till I got into the swamp, I wanted him to tell me where I had been for the last four hours. Then he changed his tune and sang wonderful songs of great trout which were anxiously awaiting our advent "only about half a mile below here." However, I consulted my lame legs, sore foot and brief but bitter experience, and very shortly ended the argument by unjointing my rod and setting out across lots for home. I was completely done up for the rest of that day, and what galled me most was that H. had outworked me. It seemed funny; I could have put him over my shoulder in a scuffle, but he had bested me then, and badly, too. Three hours after I got home H. and L. arrived. The former had a creel pretty full of trout, but a suspicious emptiness in L.'s basket accounted for that all right. A hearty supper was eaten, plans laid for the next day's sport, and candle-light found me snug in bed.

It seemed to me that I had only just closed my eyes when that owl L. came booming into the room with "Come, get up here, breakfast's ready, so's the horse, and we must get an early start, for a whole crowd are going down to Little River and we must get there first—or-r-buzz-z-z-m-m." Yank! and the bed clothes went flying into the far corner of the room. Why couldn't that devil have let me sleep a few minutes. I soon heard him hammering away at H.'s door, and judging from the racket which immediately issued from the room he was giving that gentleman some assistance in getting up. I arose, tottering across the floor on my lame legs, and after a refreshing scrub, went down to a glorious breakfast of fried trout. How good they did taste; I thought H. would eat till he burst.

"Say, L.," said he suddenly, "where did you get these fish?"

"Oh, you and I caught 'em yesterday."

The look of blank dismay which broke over poor H.'s face was pitiful to behold.

"I intended to take my fish home," he wailed, "and here you've made me eat every cussed one."

Breakfast done, we drove five or six miles across the country and struck the same stream where it had grown into proportions which justified the name of Little River.

"That is the place to catch fish," said I, "this idea of tramping over a whole township to catch a trout is all nonsense. I'm going to stand right here on the bank and fish all day in that deep pool."

"No you ain't either," replied L., crescendo, "you're going to hoof it down the current just three miles, and back again up to that old saw mill about a mile above here, today." I collapsed.

Our horse was duly cared for in a neighboring barn, by a big, blue-eyed farmer whom L. knew, and once more we started in. The stream here issued out of the most dreadful looking swamp I ever saw; the one in which I had yesterday fought, and from which I had ingloriously fled, was respectable farm land compared with it. But for half a mile or more, the river then ran in the clear, open

meadows. And here we saw another exhibition of L.'s great skill as an "across country" fisherman. Before H. and I had reached the first fence, he was over the third, and going in apparent disregard of his errand in that part of the world. It was only apparent, however, as was afterwards proved. Blessings on him! He meant to do the right thing by us, and sincerely undertook to teach us how to do it. As well might the sailing kite have attempted to teach the average rooster how to soar. He probably forgot all about H. and me, ten minutes after he wet his line.

Deserted by L., we two determined upon a course of action for ourselves. H. was to take one side of the stream and I the other; by keeping pretty close together, and giving each other points from our personal experiences, it was H.'s idea that we might "catch on to the hang of the thing, without L."

That gentleman was soon lost in the shadow of the far-away woods, along which, at the foot of a giant hill, the brook skirted for a quarter of a mile, but neither H. nor I was in any hurry to leave that pleasant mead.

"All solid ground to walk on here, and nothing over your head but the sky," was the way he put it.

Pretty blue and white flowers dotted the turf in wonderful profusion, their fragrance lingering with us long after they themselves had been left behind. The air was warm, and balmy, and delicious; bluebirds everywhere were warbling their liquid springtime song; the peeping grass was green and velvety beneath our feet, and from the woods on the distant hillside, dark and solemn, the murmur of the rapid rushing little river was borne back, dreamily and pleasantly, to our ears.

"Verily, this is the poetry of life," thought I; "How I should like to linger here by the hour, solitary and alone—"

An ear-splitting screech from H. set the echoes ringing, and waking once more to the sterner realities of life I discovered that individual making a desperate effort to grant my mental wish, so far, at least, as his presence was concerned. A slight commotion in the grass on the opposite side, followed by a light plunge into the water, needed but the one word wildly yelled by H., "S-n-a-a-k-e!" and I had the explanation of it all. Another nice feature of this delightful recreation. L. had assured us that it was too early for snakes to be out. I succeeded after a time in coaxing H. back to the stream, down which he meandered very gingerly for nearly three miles, finding L. at an old bridge, just below which the water formed a deep black pool thirty feet in circumference. This was the terminus of our excursion in that direction. Into that pool we eagerly cast our lines, L. trying patiently every known art to the fisherman, or at least saying that he did, to entice a trout from its lair. No use, not even a nibble from what looked to me to be the most promising bit of water we had yet seen.

L. claimed to be amazed; he dwelt at length upon the size and numbers of trout which he had taken from that pool in days gone by, until H. said quietly, "Look here, L., we're too frail to stand that all at once." L. quit.

We fished back up stream more rapidly than coming down, and finally arrived at the spot where we began that morning, near the swamp. The brook here cut directly across the end of this swamp, and emerging on the other side for a rod or so, turned around almost upon itself and flowed through the very heart of it. What a place for a tenderfoot to be caught in! At the very worst spot on the creek, I had the good fortune to kill a really fine trout. The water here came tumbling over the exposed root of an old tree, and with many a swirl and foaming eddy, shot swiftly under the green, mossy bank. I cast directly into that miniature maelstrom, the hook went swinging in to the dark cavity, and flash! I had him. I won't repeat the story; you FOREST AND STREAM readers know just what I would like to say, so I won't say it; only, as I lifted the glorious fellow out, and chased him flopping around over half an acre of dense underbrush, I felt something of the triumph of a true trout fisherman in all his glory. He weighed one pound.

That encouraged me to go on. Proceeding a few rods further, we came to a wide tract of cleared lowland. Later in the season it would probably have been a pretty good pasture; now, however, it was a gigantic mud hole concealed beneath a last year's growth of coarse grass. Along the margin of this lowland the creek ran a short distance. A wide and deep ditch, draining the water from the flat here emptied into the stream, its opening being just at a point where the creek itself emerged from under a dreadful mass of underbrush. H. was ahead, I next, and L. somewhere behind, owing to an accident to his rod, which had detained him. We two could have been easily pardoned for the error we made, of taking the wrong watercourse and fishing patiently up the ditch for ten rods. When we discovered our mistake, instead of going directly back, as we should have done, we thought to save time by cutting across the marshy flats and striking it further up. As I said, the stream turned off from the flats almost at a right angle, so of course the further we went, the further out of the way we were. Over an hour did we struggle in that wandering maze, fighting several million varieties of swamp flies meanwhile, until H., up to that time chock full of pluck, cried out, "Enough! Let's quit and go home." We never saw the stream again. I never want to.

A long, weary tramp brought us to the place where our horse was put up, and while resting we were joined by our burly, blue-eyed friend, the good-natured farmer. He seemed to take a real interest in our hardships, looked over our fish, complimented me upon my good fortune, and gave us a lot of advice about trout fishing which I, for one, will never follow. Some time later L. put in his appearance, "wet, and soiled, and wearied." I went for his creel, and the very first fish I brought to light was a "darling," about four inches long. L. blushed deeply, and became very glum indeed, while H. and I were making the neighborhood echo to our howls of laughter. He didn't even smile, but grumbled something about "catching it for luck." Fifteen minutes afterward, when we were well on the road toward home, L. turned savagely upon us with, "You blanked fools, didn't you know that man was the game constable, and the crankiest one in the business?"

How should we?

A faithful summary of my experience as a trout fisherman would read about as follows: Disbursements, six dollars, three days, lots of good energy, my profane vocabulary several times over. Receipts, 500 fly bites, scratches too numerous to mention, a lame foot, violent



shock to my faith in outdoor recreation, and seventeen trout. Balance largely against me. Anathema upon the whole business!

H., who has read this manuscript down to this point, adds: "Bass fishing, with a minnow, out of a boat, is good enough for me."

D. F. HALL.  
OSWEGO, N. Y.

FISHING ON PATRIOTS' DAY.

BOSTON, Mass., April 16.—The trout fishermen have done nothing for a week beyond talking the matter over and getting ready. Such weather in April is almost beyond the record. The storm began early in the week and continued almost to the end of the week. Snow on Sunday in Massachusetts, followed by rain on the coast on Monday and with snow in the interior. A gale with more snow and rain on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the weather not clearing, in fact, till Sunday again. Such a record for the week has been enough to keep anybody at home, to say nothing about following the swollen streams with line and rod. Such a record is good for the trout, and doubtless the fishermen are just as happy, for the trout are left to be taken some other day. Massachusetts has abolished Fast Day, appointed by the Governor, and has made April 19 a holiday for all time—the date of the battle of Lexington. Somehow the name Patriots' Day has become affixed to the holiday, though I believe nothing in the act of appointment makes this name binding. As a holiday it comes at about the right time. The fishermen are planning to improve it. A large number of Boston lovers of the rod and reel have signified their intention of going a-fishing on that day. At the tackle stores there are a good many bundles of new rigging that has been selected and is to be held in readiness. May the day prove to be propitious.

Reports from Maine mention the worst of weather for April. Ice has actually been forming, rather than melting, for a week or more. The date of the departure of the ice from Moosehead and the Rangeleys has been still further put off by the prophets, and the trout season, instead of being early, as indicated during the warm weather in March, may be very late—all depending upon the weather. But the preparations for fishing in Maine were never greater. This assertion is from actual observation, rather than from any desire to boom the business, such as actuates some of the reports in the Maine papers. Nearly every fisherman I have talked with is planning a trip to Maine, instead of the World's Fair, as last year. But there is a feeling of discontent as to the old resorts, and new fields will be sought for. Sportsmen are looking with longing eyes to some of the points that have been opened up by the completion of the Aroostook Railroad last year. They tire of the much advertised resorts where "thousands of trout are to be had for the catching, and big game is only waiting to be killed." Sportsmen have learned that such advertising really means no game and no fish; simply the tracks of the summer tourist.

Trout Opening.

THE trout season in New York State opened last Saturday, April 14. The date named in the law is April 15, but the 15th was Sunday; and the act adopted by the Legislature last month makes the preceding Saturday the opening day in all such cases.

The cold and stormy weather of last week had put the streams out of condition for fishing, and although Saturday was a lovely day, the anglers' rewards were not generous.

In accordance with time-honored custom Mr. Eugene E. Blackford celebrated the occasion with a handsome display of brook trout, the specimens coming from Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and California.

Utica Association.

UTICA, April 12.—At the annual meeting of the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association, held last evening, the following officers were elected: President, Gustavus Dexter; Directors, I. C. McIntosh, W. K. Gilmore, W. E. Wolcott, T. Jay Griffiths, Elton G. Brown, M. M. Colby, A. S. Oatley. The secretary and treasurer will be elected by the board of directors.

PORTSA.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

The Pennsylvania Association.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, held on Saturday evening, April 14, at the rooms 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, was well attended. Additional information upon violations of the fish laws was presented and acted upon.

The executive committee reported satisfactory progress in correcting several violations previously reported. The topic of destructive effects of the use of pound nets along the Atlantic coast line was then introduced and discussed at length, and it was the sense of the Association that the great decrease of fish in the bays and estuaries along the New Jersey coast was due in a large degree to these fish pounds, which should have shorter leaders and a larger mesh than those now in use, and should be placed not before June 15 and removed before Sept. 15. A resolution was therefore adopted earnestly recommending such legislation as will permit the increase of fish along the coast.

A general revision of the constitution was then proceeded with and provision made for the election of a board of trustees to take charge of the permanent fund of the Association.

A special committee was appointed to arrange the necessary preliminaries in conjunction with a similar committee of the Fish Commission for the reception of the American Fisheries Society on the occasion of its annual meeting in Philadelphia, May 16.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

A Bill to Regulate Pound Nets.

The following measure has been introduced as Senate, No. 122, in the New Jersey Legislature, by Mr. Bradley, of Asbury Park:

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey: That hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to put, place, maintain or use in any of the waters within the jurisdiction of this State, including the waters of the Atlantic Ocean within three nautical miles of the coast line of this State, either on his own account and benefit or that of any other person or persons, any pound net, heart net, trap or other fixed or stationary device, for the capture of fish, except upon the following conditions, namely, that such net, trap or device has in all of its parts meshes of not less than four and one-half inches drawn measurement; that such pound net, heart net, trap or device shall not be used in any of the said waters, excepting between the fifteenth day of June and

the fifteenth day of September; that the wings or leaders connecting with any trap (which shall be limited to one compartment) shall not extend further than two hundred feet therefrom; that no such net-trap or device as aforesaid, shall be so placed that the same shall be nearer to each other than two miles, nor shall the same be placed within the distance of one mile of any permanent inlet of the Atlantic Ocean along the coast line of this State.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, that any person or persons who shall offend against either of the provisions contained in this act shall, upon conviction thereof before any justice of the peace, either in the county in which said offense is committed or in which the offender resides or may be found, be punished by imprisonment in the county jail of the county where the conviction is had for the term of ten days, or by a fine of one hundred dollars and costs for each and every offense, one-half of the said fine to be paid by the said justice to the county collector of the county in which such conviction is had, and the other half to the person or persons making the complaint, and when any fine or imprisonment is imposed by virtue of this act the offender or offenders shall stand committed until the fine and costs are paid.

The third section provides for the seizure and forfeit of apparatus.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 17 to 20.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y. Entries close March 31.  
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.  
May 1 to 4.—Special show of St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-Terrier clubs, in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, Madison Square Garden.  
May 9 to 12.—Louisville Kennel Club, at Louisville, Ky. St. Marc M. Munday, Sec'y.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.  
Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

The Specialty Club Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are many matters in relation to the Bulldog Club's Specialty show, which will be held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on May 1 to 4, in connection with the Hempstead Farm "Farm Show," to which I should like to draw special attention. For this reason I beg a corner of your valuable space, as I know of no better way to reach the public.

We hope to make our display on the benches as extensive and as interesting an exhibition of bulldogs as ever seen in America. In addition to the \$140 cash offered in the regular classes, the following specials will be open for competition: The W. K. C. offers \$25 for the best kennel of four bulldogs. The Madison Square Garden Company offers \$25 for the best pair of bulldogs (dog and bitch). The Woodlawn Park Stock Farm, \$10 for the best dog in the open or novice classes. Also \$10 for the best bitch in the open or novice classes, and \$5 for the best puppy. The Bulldog Club of America offers its silver medal for the best American bred dog owned and exhibited by a member; silver medal for the best American bred bitch owned and exhibited by a member. Mr. John H. Matthews, president of the Bulldog Club, offers \$10 for the best American bred puppy owned and exhibited by a member. Mr. Wm. Mariet, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, offers through the Bulldog Club, \$10 for the best dog or bitch owned and exhibited by a non-member. The Club Caps and Bowl were offered at the W. K. C. Show for competition, and as our rules provide for only one offering each year, we cannot again place them upon our list of specials. Our trophies, however, will be on exhibition at the coming show. Unusual efforts are being made to add every feature that may increase public interest in this much abused breed of dog, and we propose to advance our pleas in every legitimate manner, and remove the prejudice and ignorance which now so generally exists regarding his good and bad qualities.

The Bulldog Club will have a competent man constantly in attendance at the show to see that all the dogs (whether the property of club members or not) are properly benched and securely chained; that each animal is provided with clean and comfortable bedding; that the stalls will be frequently renovated, and that their food and water is properly prepared and fed in abundance. In case of illness or injury to any dog, he will report the facts at once to some member of our bench committee, and suitable care and treatment will be given without delay. Any special orders or directions sent by mail to the writer as to the feed or care required for any particular dogs will be faithfully carried out; the exhibitor, however, will be expected to pay any extraordinary expense.

This "superintendent" will be sufficiently posted on all essential matters that he may give proper information to all inquirers that may address him in regard to affairs of our club, etc., and he will also be instructed to allow the public every opportunity of viewing the dogs, removing them from their benches for critical examination when so requested (always at proper times), and in every way to give the visitors an interesting and profitable exhibition. The resident members of the Bulldog Club and such others that may be in attendance will consider themselves members of a self-constituted committee to assist in carrying out our arrangements to perfection.

The exhibits of club members will be specially designated by our usual stall card (which will be nailed in each stall), bearing the dog's name, thus assisting visitors during their inspections, without continual reference to the catalogue. There will be, however, no distinction made as to the care and attention to be devoted to the others; all will share and share alike.

I feel sure that you will pardon this lengthy letter, which will seriously encroach on your limited space, if you but see that our will and objects are to bring our selected breed of dog properly before the public, to demonstrate that the bulldog is a faithful, companionable brute, worthy of affection; and that the Bulldog Club proposes to come boldly forth and proclaim its mission, and will spare no pains to establish its claims as a useful and hard-working institution, that works with a will for a good purpose, and has and will be blessed with good results.

BULLDOG CLUB OF AMERICA,

Per JOHN H. MATTHEWS, Pres.

New York, April 16.

Cocker Truths.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue a letter by our esteemed friend Uncle Dick merits the attention of every spaniel lover. If his theories are right, the views of the writers of several letters which have recently appeared in your paper are most decidedly wrong and *vice versa*. My first impulse on reading his letter was to answer it at once, but the old saying of "Second thoughts are best" prevailed, and I decided to defer my answer until after he has judged the spaniels at Boston, where, if he practices what he preaches, an answer will be necessary, whereas, if he preaches what he does not practice, he will, as heretofore, have set the seal of his strong disapproval on his utterances through the medium of the kennel press. I may possibly at the same time turn the search light of open criticism on some strange decisions at other shows. Watch and wait.

SOLUS.

Philadelphia K. C. Meeting.

THE Philadelphia Kennel Club held an enjoyable meeting last Tuesday week at the Aldine Hotel. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and some new members were initiated into the club's jollity, which this time was enlivened by a string band. The combination with the Eastern Field Trial Club was the principal subject of discussion. They have secured a well stocked preserve of 6,500 acres, at Newton, N. C. The stakes and final conditions of the coming trials are as follows:

Members' Stake.—To be run Friday, Nov. 23; entries close the evening previous, and no dog that has been placed in any open recognized trial to be eligible. Members must handle their own dogs. Eastern Field Trial members to be admitted to the Philadelphia trials, and vice-versa; the entrance fee, \$5.

Derby Stake.—To start Monday, Nov. 26; entrance fee, \$35; first forfeit \$10, payable June 1; second, \$10, payable Sept. 15; additional \$10 to start. Value of stakes, \$600; \$300 to first, \$200 to second and \$100 to third.

All-Aged Stakes.—Open to pointers and setters; to be run on the conclusion of the Derby. Entrance fee \$30; entries close Oct. 15; value of stakes, \$600; \$300 to first, \$200 to second and \$100 to third.

The Selling Stakes.—Originated by the Eastern Field Trials Club. To be run conjointly after the Eastern Club's All-aged stake. To be for dogs that have never been placed at an open recognized field trial. Entries close Oct. 1; entrance fee, \$10. The starting fee to be 5 per cent. of the selling price, payable the evening before the stake is run. The price of entry, which is not to exceed \$300, must be placed upon each dog at time of payment of the starting fee. Winning dogs to be offered at auction by the club at 9 A. M. of the day the awards are made. Any surplus over such price to go to the club. Beaten dogs may be claimed at entered selling price at 10 P. M. In the event of more than one claimant for a dog, the ownership to be determined by auction between such claimants. A certificate signed by judges and presidents and secretaries of the two clubs will be given all dogs showing merit as good shooting dogs. Value of stakes, \$350; \$200 to first, \$100 to second, \$50 to third.

The object of the stake and conditions is to give men interested in dogs a chance to attend the trials and see the dogs run in the field and in competition, and purchase them afterwards at a moderate price. The certificates of merit will show for the dog's working qualities, and as all surplus beyond the fixed price at the sales reverts to the club's treasury, this will prevent members from running high class field trial dogs and bidding them in themselves.

Toronto Local Show.

A VERY successful show was held by the Toronto Kennel Club in the Granite Rink, at Toronto, Ont., April 13 to 14. The attendance was excellent and some of the competition proved very exciting. The indefatigable secretary, Mr. W. P. Fraser, was ably aided in his arduous duties by other officers of the club. Cocker and fox-terriers were the principal breeds, and some very good dogs were shown. The judges did their work well, as judging was almost completed the first day. The judges were: St. Bernards, J. S. Williams, Toronto; mastiffs, great Danes, Newfoundlanders, greyhounds, foxhounds, Irish setters, spaniels, collies, bulldogs, beagles, all terriers, except fox-terriers, pugs, toy spaniels and miscellaneous class, George Bell, Toronto; pointers and setters, English and Gordon, C. A. Stone, Toronto; fox-terriers, smooth and wire-haired, Richard Gibson, Delaware. Airedale terriers made a good showing, and the signs are that this breed will be taken up earnestly in the future.

A. K. C. Meeting.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club will be held on Thursday, May 3, at 3:30 P. M., at the specialty dog show at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Admission tickets will be furnished to delegates upon application to Mr. Thos. H. Terry, 59 Liberty street, New York. A full attendance is respectfully requested.

DOG CHAT.

The W. K. C. have used every possible endeavor and have gone to considerable expense to find the St. Bernard and Irish terrier that were lost at their recent show. When they heard that the Irish terrier Shaggar had been seen running down Broadway, they at once put on detectives who searched every likely place, as far as South Ferry, where the dog would likely be detained. The disappearance of Lord Walbeck is most mysterious. The story of the lost dog from Minneapolis has probably no connection with it, as we hear that this dog was sold by a policeman for \$15, and then shipped 100 miles into Wisconsin. Mr. Miller, his owner, brought suit against the W. K. C. for Lord Walbeck's loss, and if the case should come to court it would have an important bearing on the question whether show committees are responsible for the dogs committed to their care.

It is not generally known among the dogmen exactly what the coming exhibition in connection with the specialty show will consist of. Under the auspices of the Hempstead Farm Co. a farm show on a very ambitious scale will be given. This will consist of horses, cattle, ponies, donkeys, goats, sheep, pigs, fowl and rabbits, etc., in fact everything in connection with live stock farming will be set forth. There will also be a flower market, vegetable exhibition as well as a model dairy, etc. The idea is to give an exhaustive and, at the same time, lucid demonstration of what a model farm should be. This being the case the exhibition should prove most interesting to visiting fanciers, in fact almost more so than the regular New York dog show.

The Maybrook Kennels sold their bitch Roche Tacit to Fred Kirby for Mr. Dallas, of Philadelphia, but they still have two very good pups out of her by Roche Talmu, that were imported *in utero*; they are a wire and a smooth. The wire is especially good.

A Canadian correspondent sends us word that Mr. Bell's black and tan terrier Perfection has gone the way of all good dogs. Great things were expected of this young dog—he won at Philadelphia, and we regret to hear of his death, but black and tans are tender cattle and should be treated as such.

The Maybrook Kennels have brought charges before the A. K. C. against the P. K. C. on account of their withholding from them the special advertised at their late show, in the premium list, as for the best greyhound in the show. This was afterward changed in the catalogue to read, "best owned in Philadelphia," and was thus awarded.

Mr. James Mortimer will judge fox-terriers at the Louisville show. A class has been provided for Schipperkes, with prizes of \$10 and \$5, Mr. Bell to judge.

The Maybrook Kennels have imported the crack greyhound Southern Belle.

Mr. W. H. Nicoll, of New York, received last month a fox-terrier from England by the steamship Tauric.



## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

IT may be possible that the affairs of field trials are a wearisome theme to many readers, the more so since an agreement on anything is seldom reached and discussion seems to multiply differences of opinion. But only by discussion can progress be made, be the same regularly rapid or slow, or only a little at long intervals. In my opinion, the men, whose ability is conceded and whose experience is measured by numerous events in many years, should be conceded a knowledge of the subject in respect to which men of small experience or theories evolved from heresy, have but opinions. Such men always write something sound and comprehensive, and of such is a letter recently received from Capt. C. E. McMurdo, from which I take the liberty of quoting some most pertinent matter on field trial interests. He says: "General interest in field trials is certainly falling off, and one of the chief reasons is no doubt as you say, due to the bringing to the front so often of dogs which were not field dogs except by the grace of an empty name." This will continue so long as judges allow themselves to be misled by flash dogs, ones with great speed and range perhaps, but lacking in bird sense and quality. A really high-class dog is always high-class, and if he fails to show his qualities, it is due to want of opportunity.

"It is very unfortunate that some of our most competent judges have ceased to help us, Mr. A. Merriman in particular. Mr. S. T. Hammond would have made a first-rate judge. I remember years ago he pointed out in his report the difference between a high-class and a common dog, giving as an example the work of two young pointers, both of which were about equal in pace and range. They were put down in a long and rather narrow stubble, with the wind blowing direct in their teeth. The high-class dog took in about half the width of the stubble and the whole length in his first cast of about 600 yds., and on the return cast, coming down wind, wheeled around, making a sort of loop every 50 yds., till he got within some 100 yds. of the starting point. The common dog had struck the scent of the covey soon after the start but had not succeeded in locating it in the time that the high-class one had taken to beat out the whole field.

"We know how some of the flash kind will go at a killing pace with a great show of quality in throwing their heads up, but which never locate their game in good shape, except when the scent reaches them just in the on way that suits their style of hunting. These are the worst kind of frauds, for they so much resemble the really high-class dog that it takes an expert to detect the difference. Palpably low-class dogs occasionally get to the front because they have bird sense, and succeed in doing a good deal of effective work in their own common way. I think that judges should more often avail themselves of the power so wisely given them in the club rules of testing one dog at a time. Of course a handler hates to take up his dog just at the moment when he thinks he would have an opportunity of showing how superior his dog is to that of his competitors, but that should not for a moment deter them from doing so. Every dog should be worked till the judges have satisfied themselves as to his quality, and no longer.

"I believe that the most interesting feature of field trials is the breeding of puppies, and that the Derby ought to be a stake for puppies only, and not for dogs that are old enough to know nearly as much as they ever will, that thorough breaking should not be required, but that steady pointing and backing, together with a reasonable amount of obedience to orders, should be considered enough. This would put amateurs on a more even footing with professionals. It is the breeders who are the greatest supporters of field trials, and they should never be discouraged by seeing their high-class puppies placed behind lower-class ones, simply because the latter may chance to find more birds or behave better.

"In regard to the All-Age Stakes, I think that all dogs in them should be thoroughly broken, and that their handlers should not be allowed to interfere with them in any way when they are making game. Their doing so is liable to hinder the judge from seeing what their natural qualities really are."

Nothing could be more positively expressed in favor of abolishing the time limit than one sentence in the foregoing, namely, "Every dog should be worked till the judges have satisfied themselves as to his quality, and no longer." It is a peculiar phase of a competition where a man is allotted a certain minimum time in which to run his dog, whether the latter has any merit or not. It, too, denotes the absence of that quality of true gameness, moral and physical, when a competitor insists on having to himself something or other outside of the direct line of the competition. It, too, denotes a weakness on the part of clubs in conceding something unnecessary and not competitive in the competition for the sake of an entry fee. The demand for a time limit is confined to a few, and has not a competitive origin. Some trainers do not like to have a worthless dog beaten or ordered up in ten or fifteen minutes, as it brings the dog's inefficiency too distinctly into notice, which is not desirable for business reasons. When a time limit of thirty or forty minutes is enforced, the heats then average a more uniform length one with another, and thus it does not seem that a poor dog is so poor as he really is. The usage furthermore helps such owners as love the sport for the revenue it brings, inasmuch as the judges are tied up in cutting out the dogs on the real merits in respect to time, and thus we have the

peculiar competitor who can say, "You can lick me, but you can't do it real bad, for if I don't get anything else I get thirty minutes for \$30."

The remarks on the age of puppies are worthy of consideration. When late winter trials were established, they gave an additional three or four months to the age of puppies, an age already exceedingly liberal. They now permit an age limit of over two years, an age when a dog is matured physically and quite well mentally. He is not a puppy in any sense at that age. Of course it helps to swell the entries when the age limit is so great, but, in the matter of getting

clous. When an owner enters his bitch in a competition, he does so with a full knowledge of the possibility of his bitch coming in season at the time of competing. So far as rules and usages go, there is no hardship inherent in them. The hardship, if any, comes to the owner from entirely extraneous circumstances, the same as if his dog suddenly became lame, or was injured or sick.

It is further held by some whom it seems should know better, that the modern field trial dog is so keen a hunter that when at work he will take no notice of a bitch in season. He loves work above all things else. He is so bred that he bounds away joyously over hill and dale in an ecstasy of working delight. His neck is clothed with thunder. He skims across the earth's surface with head erect and tail lashing furiously. What, to him, this modern-bred hunter, are porterhouse steaks, warm sunny corners in which to bask, or companionship? He is bred to work, work, work. A great science is this science of breeding high-bred dogs to work.

But there are dogs, possibly of coarse natures, which eat betimes, sleep betimes, work betimes, and in a general way follow out the laws of their being, betimes. The most powerful instinct in dog is sexual. He will battle with the males of his own sex for possession of the female. He will dig under board fences, or gnaw a hole through oak boards with his teeth to effect the same purpose. Defeated in his purpose, he grieves and frets and will not be comforted.

It certainly is a hardship to an owner to be forced to run his dog with a bitch in season, if the dog from the circumstances will not hunt. A much better way would be to leave the matter to the discretion of the judges.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## Field Trials and Our Dogs in America.

THE International Field Trials, held at Chatham, Ont., were originated by Mr. Brailsford, manager of one of, if not the finest kennel of sporting dogs in England, belonging to Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, of Ightfield, Salop, England, and it was by his advice that Mr. W. B. Wells, assisted by a number of other sportsmen from London and elsewhere, have brought these trials to such perfection that they have become both popular and recognized throughout the continent.

In 1890 the Ightfield Kennel dogs swept all before them, but since, so great has been the improvement in our dogs, that those sent out to compete last year, found their match, although Ightfield Musa, Mr. Brailsford says, "is one of the very best pointers I ever walked behind." This speaks volumes, for although the breed of most of our American dogs came originally from the British Isles, it shows that the breeding has been carefully sustained, and with less material to work on, the proficiency in work has in no way deteriorated. Field trials all over the continent of America point clearly to this. Few better dogs could be found anywhere than those owned by Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ontario, and by Mr. I. Kime, of the same place. Also some fine workers are invariably entered from Michigan and Manitoba, whose owners spare neither time nor expense in seeing that they are equally as good in the field as they are in appearance.

The State game laws of the United States and the Provincial game laws of Canada, as they are at present, have been great factors in the increased proficiency in the work of our sporting dogs, as now almost anywhere quail can be found either in greater or smaller numbers, although, of course, it is necessary for the better working of the dogs, and the time being generally limited that the trials be held where the game is most numerous and the country practicable and accessible.

Of late years sporting dogs have been greatly on the increase, and many fine looking animals can be seen in almost any town, but at the same time a great number of these are good to look at and nothing more, in fact they are worse than useless; these belong, as a rule, to persons who know little or nothing about the training and management of dogs, but let them roam about at their own sweet will, annoying every one, and picking up all kinds of bad vices. No thorough sportsman allows his dogs out except under proper control. Where birds are scarce it is reasonable to expect that a dog's work would not be up to the mark, but surely where a well-bred sporting dog is kept, it is worth while to give him some tuition, and were field trials held more

frequently on this continent there would be fewer useless canines roaming at large and the breeds would be greatly improved.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to which breed is best suited for general field purposes in America—pointers or setters. Many say the former, giving as a reason that they can stand the heat better, want less water, burrs do not collect on their coat, and when once well broken do not require much work to keep them proficient. Then others say the latter, as they can stand cold and damp better. But be it as it may, taking the field trials altogether, both breeds are fairly balanced as regards work, so that it would seem that the nature of the country and its climate must decide which is the best breed of dog to shoot over.

Our dog shows in America have certainly done wonders toward improving the breed of our dogs, but it is a pity that in regard to sporting dogs that the number of events won at the different field trials should not be brought to bear toward winning prizes at dog shows, of course according to the age of the animal and the estimation in which the particular



ENGLISH SETTER "FLYING JIB."

Now owned by H. I. Babbage, Newark, N. J. Formerly owned by F. W. Samuels, Indianapolis, Ind.



CRAGSTONE KENNELS TAKE TO WATER.

five dogs which are nearly equal in merit after the first and second prize winners, and to select one from them often required some fine and perhaps trivial reasons. It is now a fairer arrangement of the money. If someone handler comes in and "scoops" the whole purse from first to fifth, I have no doubt but what the club can so arrange the purse and conditions that he cannot do it again.

It seems as if nearly every phase of field trial practice has gone from one extreme to the other in some part of its history. The latest subject to excite interest is in respect to bitches in season. For many years, all rules have a clause as follows: "Dogs afflicted with any contagious diseases, or bitches in season, or unduly attracting the attention of the competing dog, will not be permitted on the grounds." The U. S. F. T. eliminated that part of the clause referring to bitches, on the ground that it was a hardship to an owner to be prevented from running his bitch, since he had paid his entry fee the same as the owner who entered and ran his dog. So, too, did the man whose dog may be suffering from a contagious or infectious disease. The reasoning is falla-



event in the particular field trial is held. The reason of this being, without doubt, that many dogs win prizes at dog shows that are worse than useless, having nothing to recommend them but their appearance, in fact are full of bad vices contracted from never having been trained or kept under proper control. It is a fact almost entirely ignored that these very vices, sheep-killing, poultry-killing, hunting on their own account, egg-sucking, and the fault (hardly a vice) of being gun shy, are passed on from one generation to another. Field trials are therefore beneficial in more ways than one as they are conducive to the better preservation of game and the proficiency in work of dogs in the field, though if dog shows worked more in unison with field trials in regard to our sporting dogs, there would be no need of the saying "Handsome is that handsome does," for both would be as near perfection as possible.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—A curious law is in force here which permits a man to steal a dog and practically go unpunished. If he, however, takes the collar he can be "sent down." The fact is that the dog is not recognized as personal or chattel property and is not recoverable except on a replevin suit, which most times is an utterly useless expense. To have this law changed and rectified a deputation of local breeders lately waited on the Attorney General for Ontario and laid their grievances before him. The deputation consisted of Dr. McCully and Messrs. J. Morgan, W. P. Fraser and David Kennedy, who were introduced by Mr. Joseph Tait, M. P. P. They asked that dogs be declared as chattel property. They are chattels when imported and have to pay customs duty, and are also subject to a municipal tax of from one to five dollars per annum. Sir Oliver Mowat, the Attorney-General, declared this phase of the case was new to him, and there appeared to be sound logic in the arguments adduced; he could, however, give no final decision, but it should receive the best consideration.

It will be in place here to print an extract from a letter from Mr. Frank A. Stanton, manager of the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. He says: "In my own case my Irish terrier bitch Miss Stout, C. 1638, has twice been stolen and is 'out of sight now,' and although I have a fair idea of where she is, I shall have to steal her before I can recover her."

H. B. DONOVAN.

Mr. J. B. Martin's (San Francisco) new purchase, the fox-terrier Blemton Spinaway, from the Blemton Kennels, arrived safely on the Pacific coast. She will be bred to Blemton Reever.

Hunting and Coursing.

The Oaks Coursing Meet.

THE Oaks Coursing Club's inaugural meeting was held April 3 to 5. The first two days of the meeting were marred by bad weather and a start was not made till the afternoon of the 4th. The moisture resulting from the recent snows left the going very heavy. We have seen better coursing grounds than the club had at their disposal, but never have we seen the hares so resolute and as speedy as we found them at Oaks. Only two weak hares were raised and on these a short slip probably aided a quick kill. With but few exceptions the slips were exceedingly long, due to the wildness of the hares. In nearly every instance puss sought safety on plowed ground, thus upsetting all calculations. The stake was for thirty-two all-aged dogs at \$5 each, first dog to receive \$135, second \$65, third and fourth \$32.50 each, and four more \$5 each, if the stake filled, with a proportionate decrease if the stake did not fill. Only sixteen paid entrance money—a fair stake for the first attempt.

The officers of the club are: H. C. McCartney, president; A. P. Slocum, secretary; H. E. Goodrich, treasurer. Executive Committee—H. C. McCartney, H. E. Goodrich and C. M. Good. Field stewards, W. J. Wilson, B. F. Raddle and J. M. Reynolds; judge, E. H. Mulcaster; slipper, Joe Keating. And they did all in their power to make it pleasant for coursers and visitors. Mr. Mulcaster's decisions gave thorough satisfaction. Being an experienced horseman he was always well up with the dogs, but never placing himself in position to be dangerous to their work. It is pleasing to course under a judge who gives his decision on the merits shown and is capable of splitting a pair of close working greyhounds.

At 10 P. M. Monday night the last string of dogs arrived and the club officers immediately proceeded with the draw, which resulted as follows:

H. C. Waterhouse's Slater—W. W. Good's Bess. Columbia Kennels' Laplander—D. C. Luse's Nettlefield. A. P. Slocum's Rachel—Eastern Coursing Kennels' Judge Barnaby.

A. P. Slocum's Roy's Canary—Eastern Coursing Kennels' Royal Crest.

R. Miles's Ansel—Eastern Coursing Kennels' Will-o-the-Wisp.

M. Williams's Guess—Columbus Kennels' No Mercy. A. P. Slocum's Outcast—Columbus Kennels' Ramona. A. P. Slocum's Rendezvous—M. Williams's King.

Nothing could be done Tuesday on account of the weather. Wednesday broke unfavorably but the boys decided to make a start after dinner.

At 1:30 P. M. a long string of carriages and dog wagons started southwest through mud and an occasional flurry of rain. At 2:30 P. M. the first brace was called to slips. A small patch of stubble was crossed before reaching the prairie and after a long tramp of two hours without sighting a hare the crowd was momentarily interested by the gestulations of an approaching horseman. "He has a hare located," came from different individuals in the crowd. But on his arrival we found it was only a red fox. We would have liked the chase but it was not on the programme, so we proceeded on our weary tramp. The grass being damp, it was evident that the hares were not on the prairie. This fact was demonstrated when we reached a small strip of stubble. A hare was raised at 100yds. to the left and 50yds. back of the slipper.

SLATER—BESS.—Getting the dogs fairly well into line, they were delivered in a long run up. Bess secured the first turn by four lengths. Going on she did some good work, brought the hare back within 100yds. of where it was raised, wrenched twice when Slater dashed in for the kill. Bess won a one-sided course.

LAPLANDER AND NETTLEFIELD went next to slips. A short walk to a piece of stubble up one side of which Keating took the dogs. A hare was raised and the pair delivered to a long slip. Before Nettlefield was sighted, Laplander dashed up directly behind his game, while Nettlefield ran to the right some distance before she sighted, thus giving Laplander a tremendous lead. Laplander turned toward Nettlefield and it looked as if she would get in for an exchange, but Laplander went on, driving a stiff hare through a long course alone, Nettlefield never getting up. The hare got away on a piece of plowed ground. No course.

RACHEL—JUDGE BARNABY.—A short walk and a good hare was raised out of the same stubble. A long slip, somewhat in Rachel's favor and Judge Barnaby dashed up on the outside for the first turn. Going right to work he ran up several points, driving his game into a piece of plowed ground which was unsuitable to his style of going. Rachel on the contrary proved to be a wonderful mud lark; going by

Judge she got in and showed some wonderful working qualities, soon wiping out the score and won a hard course. The hare ran away.

ROY'S CANARY—ROYAL CREST.—The crowd shifted around and again worked the stubble. A hare was soon up and Keating (to a very long slip) delivered them fairly well. Crest immediately showed in front. In a long run up (all on stubble), Crest got first turn by any number of lengths. Canary finally got in for a few weak wrenches, but Crest went on after an awfully stiff hare, never allowing the bitch a chance. The hare got away.

LAPLANDER—NETTLEFIELD were then called for the undecided. After a long tramp, working alternately the stubble and prairie, a horseman rode up and directed us to where he had one located. The hare raised as if bewildered with the crowd, refused to run, and after squatting a couple of times to the discomfiture of the slipper, he finally let them go, Laplander immediately showing in front, got the first turn by two lengths; going on he worked his game merrily, never letting Nettlefield to the hare. Puss evidently was in form, for pulling away the pair quick.

This finished the work for the day, leaving the remainder of the card to be run through on the morrow.

THURSDAY.

Second Round.

Morning dawned clear and bright and the start was made at 10 A. M. for grounds some six miles southeast of town.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP—ANSEL were first in slips. A nice piece of prairie was worked, and on nearing some stubble a hare raised in direct line of the slipper, but a long way out. They were delivered, Will-o'-the-Wisp going out unsighted, The hare disappeared over the little hillock. Ansel pulling to the left, the hare came his way, and going in he did some sharp work, driving puss on to stubble. Will-o' the Wisp, sighting, after a long run, got in, worked Ansel away from his game, never allowing him a look in. Will-o'-the-Wisp won.

NO MERCY—GUESS were then called. A hare was soon up. To a good slip No Mercy went up a good length for the turn. Going on for the next, Guess came in for a turn. No Mercy raced by, drove puss through a wire fence, getting a nasty cut on his thigh, but she went on and won a long course alone. The hare got away.

RAMONA—OUTCAST.—The crowd coming around to the left soon raised puss. Ramona, immediately showing up in front, raced two lengths for the turn, going on for the next placed Outcast. Puss doubled right back, jumped clear over Outcast, who was coming fast. She sighted around behind her game, but Ramona raced by and worked puss until it went into a hole.

RENDEZVOUS—KING.—A hare was located and the crowd drew up on a high place in plain sight. Rendezvous drew out four lengths for first turn; keeping well behind his hare, he did good work. King went by and wrenched to Rendezvous, who killed it and won.

Third Round.

LAPLANDER—BESS.—To a stiff hare Laplander went up five lengths for the time, going on working his game placed Bess; she was only able to wrench twice; Laplander went by, drove the hare into some stubble. Bess scored a go by, but never got up to the hare, which ran away.

ROYAL CREST—RACHEL.—Working through a piece of stubble, a hare was soon raised. To a good slip Crest led up two lengths for the turn, held his place for the second, made some strong wrenches, drove his hare into a pasture, where he turned to Rachel, who got quite busy and did some telling work, turned to Crest, went by and was on even terms when the hare stretched away on some heavy going. Crest, not to be denied, raced past, wrenched and drove the hare into a hole, winning a long, well worked course. This finished the day's work.

FRIDAY

Morning clear and bright. By 10 A. M. we were on the way to the grounds in the same locality where we coursed yesterday. It was 11 P. M. when

NO MERCY—WILL-O'-THE-WISP were placed in slips. A half-mile walk brought us to a strip of stubble. A hare was put up, and clearing the stubble they were delivered to a very short slip, just as the hare tripped and turned a double somersault, alighting with face toward the crowd. He shifted about just as Will-o'-the-Wisp dashed up and wrenched to No Mercy, who wrenched back. Will-o'-the-Wisp killing and winning a very unsatisfactory trial.

RAMONA—RENDEZVOUS.—A hare was soon up a long way out and ran across the path of the dogs, and the slipper being unable to get them behind the game, let them go to a side slip. Ramona immediately forged away from Rendezvous, but the hare was lost in some weeds before she could effect a turn. They were ordered back into slips. In the next attempt Keating got the dogs in line with the game and delivered them to a long slip. Ramona immediately drew away, but before she could get up the hare had reached plowed ground. She dashed in, however, turned puss off the plowing, and Rendezvous coming up, immediately necked in and drove the hare along the prairie, leaving Ramona laboring on the plowing, and ere she reached good footing Rendezvous had evened matters. The bitch came again, but Rendezvous seemed always to nick in and keep her at a disadvantage. Ramona finally got in for a few wrenches, but could never rub out the dog's score. Rendezvous went on, but could never get up to his game, the hare escaping to some stubble.

ROYAL CREST—LAPLANDER.—A hare was soon up to the right of the slipper. To a good slip they were away neck and neck for 40yds. when Laplander drew away for the turn, being slightly favored; Crest came in, turned to Laplander, who did some good work, placed Crest, went by and wrenched to Crest, who got in a few wrenches, when the hare broke away up a nice piece of road; Laplander came with a rush, got alongside of Crest and it looked all over for the mighty son of Greentick, when the hare from his own accord shifted into a piece of fall plowing; Crest seeming to realize his opportunity got in and did some good work and had evened matters up when the hare broke away to a piece of spring plowing. Crest went on but could never get up, winning the grandest course of the meeting by an awful near thing. Lunch was then indulged in.

Fourth Round.

RENDEZVOUS—WILL-O'-THE-WISP were placed in slips at 1 P. M. and quite a distance was traveled before we raised puss. To a very short slip Will dashed in for the first turn, wrenched twice and made an unsuccessful attempt to kill; Rendezvous then went in for some very rapid work, killing off his own turn and getting the flag, a near thing. After the customary thirty minutes

Deciding Course.

ROYAL CREST—RENDEZVOUS were placed in slips. A long weary uninteresting tramp followed over prairie, stubble and plowed field without any signs of game. A council was held and it was decided to make a move to the grounds we coursed on the previous day. The dogs were ordered out of slips, and after a half hour's drive a nice piece of prairie was reached. The dogs were again put in slips, and after an unsuccessful attempt to find game on the prairie, a piece of stubble was worked. It being full of Russian thistles and tumbling weeds, Rendezvous refused to go through it; so the dogs were carried to the opposite side and again taken in charge by the slipper. A hare was raised, but it was impossible to deliver them on account of bad going. While crossing a road, Mr. Slocum made a proposition to divide, but Mr. Wilson (who was handling Royal Crest) wisely ordered the

slipper to proceed. Entering another piece of stubble a hare was soon up, and the pair let go to a very long slip. Crest drew away and got first turn by a number of lengths, going on he drove his hare out on a piece of prairie; this suited Rendezvous and he got in some telling work, a fine exchange followed, Rendezvous came again and made it look like bad for Crest. In attempting to kill he was only rewarded with fur, then Crest jumped in for a few quick wrenches and a kill—winning the stake outright.

C. R. H.

Huron Coursing Meet.

THE grounds for the spring meeting of the Huron Coursing Club were in the finest condition, and, with the exception of a high wind, the weather was at its best. The hares were very plentiful and the stakes were finished sooner than expected.

Mr. E. H. Mulcaster's grand horsemanship and his ability to split a brace of close-working greyhounds to the satisfaction of the most experienced coursers, once more leaves convincing evidence of his ability as a judge. I do not give the credit due him when I merely say he gave perfect satisfaction. The confidence in his judgment proves itself when the owners of such greyhounds as Judge Burnaby, Sir Hugo, Nettlefield and the strong puppy Glenkirk, as well as others, send them to be run in the hands of men strange to them.

The officers of the club did their work well. The slipping of Mr. E. B. Dinneen was very good, with the exception of one or two cases, and I presume those were due to the condition of the slips. As we know, this is the most trying position a man can be in, and the slips were not in order after the first or second brace of dogs went from them. Mr. Dinneen's judgment is good and his delivery is better than the average.

A word for the president of the club is not out of place. Mr. Huntley did his work most commendably, and that he will continue faithful to his fellow lovers of the leash seems pretty certain. The other officers of the club did comparatively as well.

April 9 at 9 P. M. the entries closed. In all there were twenty-six entries, ten for the Sapling Stake and sixteen for the All-Age. The favorites in the Sapling Stake were, after the first round, Master Glenkirk, Miss King and Gilkirk. In the All-Age, No Mercy, Sir Hugo and Judge Burnaby were the favorites, but there was very little money at stake on any of them.

TUESDAY.

Sapling Stake—First Round.

Tuesday morning was beautiful and a large crowd started out about 10:30 to witness the sport. The first brace was slipped about 10:30 A. M., and at 3 P. M. we stopped for lunch, after which the first round of the All-Age was run through.

No better bred saplings ever met on American soil than at this meet. The first pair to the slips was

COON—MASTER GLENKIRK.—This was a short course and given to Coon, but I really think Master Glenkirk won this course. He led to the hare, and with a few exchanges the kill was made, both heads together.

LADY DEDLOCK—JESSIE GREEN.—To a good slip, in the first 300yds. Lady Dedlock led Jessie Green by five lengths. Jessie then drew past, and in a long lead to cover, got the verdict.

ROBERT LE DIABLE—MISS KING.—Robert led by a length for first turn; Miss King then getting an opening, and in a long course had it all her own way, the jack going to ground.

THOMAS B. REED—GILKIRK.—Gilkirk led Thomas B. a couple of lengths to the game; went on for a nice sequence. Thomas B. then got in, and in a long trial worked the jack for a long chase.

WM. MCKINLEY—GLENN WOOD.—The jack slightly fooled McKinley, who got up for first turn, and after some nice exchanges Glenn Wood went on and finished the course with credit, showing good speed and excellent staying qualities.

This completed the Sapling Stake and a stop was made for lunch, after which the All-Age Stake was commenced.

All Age Stake—First Round.

The first pair to the slips was

LADY—JACK.—Lady led to the jack by five lengths, and in a long course never let Jack have a chance, Lady making the kill.

GUESS—NO MERCY.—To a poor slip No Mercy led to the jack by two lengths for first turn, placing Guess for next. No Mercy then got in and did some clever work, and never left any room for doubt in the course. She made a kill and had it all her own way.

WILLIS H.—GROVER.—The dogs ran wide, Grover shifting the jack to Willis H., who got first turn. Grover came in for second turn and made a wrench and a kill. This gave the course to Grover.

RACHEL—SIR HUGO.—Sir Hugo ran out for first turn by three lengths, and kept in for some good wrenches, never letting Rachel in until toward the end, when Rachel scored a go-by and got in for a turn. Sir Hugo won easily, the jack getting away.

RAMONA—RENDEZVOUS.—To a poor slip Ramona led to the jack for first turn, keeping her place for next, and in a long and pumping trial had things her own way, puss going in a hole.

LAPLANDER—WILL-O'-THE-WISP.—Laplander led for the first turn by two lengths, coming around nicely for the second. Will-o'-the-Wisp then got in and made a few wrenches. Laplander tripped and fell. Coming to his feet again he raced past and kept his place during the remainder of the course.

CARTER C.—NETTLEFIELD.—Nettlefield led Carter to the jack by three lengths for first turn, Carter coming in for the next. After a few changes Carter C. finished the course alone, making a kill.

FLASH—JUDGE BURNABY.—Judge led Flash full five lengths and kept his place to the end, never letting Flash in. Judge made a strong race and a nice kill.

Thus ended the first round and the day's sport.

WEDNESDAY.

Sapling Stake—Second Round.

Another beautiful day and a larger crowd went out to see the stakes ended. On account of a natural bye and guarding it made one brace and three byes for the second round of the Sapling.

COON—THOS. B. REED.—The former was a little the speedier from the slips, but in a long chase Tom Reed was too strong for her.

JESSIE GREEN (a bye).

MISS KING (a bye).

GLENWOOD (a bye).

All-Age Stake—Second Round.

LADY—NO MERCY.—No Mercy showed the most speed and killed.

GROVER—SIR HUGO.—Hugo led some five or six lengths and did not let Grover in until after a long, hard pull, possibly the longest race of all. No kill.

RAMONA—CARTER C.—The former beat him pointless.

LAPLANDER—JUDGE BURNABY.—The judge led a few lengths to the turn and with a bit of luck won.

Sapling Stake—Third Round.

THOMAS B. REED—JESSIE GREEN.—This was a beautiful course, the former leading a length or two, then they exchanged very evenly until the kill gave the course by a small advantage to Thomas B.

MISS KING—GLENN WOOD.—Miss K. showed the effects of her hard bye-course and was handled quite easily by Glenn Wood, whose work had been light before.



### All-Age Stake—Third Round.

NO MERCY—SIR HUGO.—Hugo led to the hare; they then took turn about, when Hugo tripped and fell; the hare then favoring No Mercy, and she being very clever with her teeth killed and won. This was very close. Hugo was not in as good form as he should be, owing to his previous hard pumping course, but came up to the slips well and game.

RAMONA—JUDGE BURNABY.—Down a road they went from the slip, the Judge in the lead and leaving the bitch further every jump. When he turned puss he was some ten lengths ahead; made another turn, and then let Ramona in for the kill.

### Sapling Stake—Deciding Course.

THOMAS B. REED—GLENWOOD.—Glenwood was too speedy for his brother, and won the Sapling Stake, leaving Thomas B. Reed runner-up.

### All-Age Stake—Deciding Course.

NO MERCY—JUDGE BURNABY.—They both went into the slips with a forefoot injured. No Mercy spraining her ankle in the course before, and the Judge ran the stake through with a sore pad, caused while training. The Judge beat the bitch to the hare, making the turn and placing her, and from then on she gained points on the Judge until the kill.

No Mercy won, Judge Burnaby runner-up, Sir Hugo and Ramona third and fourth. H. G. N.

Mr. J. H. Watson, of Brooklyn, must feel very proud over the success of his greyhound, Royal Crest, and so must Mr. Nelson, who is associated with him in the Eastern Coursing Kennel. The very interesting account of the meeting sent us by Mr. Huntley, president of the Huron Coursing Club, makes us almost feel the stirrup iron round our feet. Mr. Watson has stuck persistently to the game and has had his full share of hard knocks and we are therefore more than ever pleased that the dog which gave him his first sorrows has consistently run a true greyhound until victory came to cheer his owner. A number of the dogs such as Ramona, Laplander, Will o' the Wisp, won in the International Meet at Huron last year, and for Royal Crest to go out there and defeat such dogs on their own heath, is glory indeed to himself and his great sire, as all his courses seem to have been regular.

## Yachting.

### Cruising in the Cy-Pres—1893.

(Concluded from Page 324.)

Tuesday, July 18.—We were up at daybreak, hoping to make Provincetown; the weather was calm and hazy, but we hoped it would clear away as the day advanced. We were ready to start at 6 o'clock, and as there was a light air stirring from the west, we weighed anchor and were off. We were about half-way across the harbor, the dredged channel, when the breeze died out completely, and the ebb tide carried us out of our course, so that there was danger of our sticking in the mud. I jumped into the dinghy and towed back into the channel, when the breeze sprang up again, so that we were able to keep on our course. The fog settled down occasionally, but was not at any time so thick that we could not see Long Beach. We were following the channel as laid down in the chart corrected in 1891, and thought we would be perfectly safe if we stuck to it, so after passing the beacon on the end of Long Beach, we turned eastward, expecting to pass through the channel, where the chart gives from 15 to 25ft. of water at low tide.

The breeze had increased a trifle, and the tide being with it, we were fairly flying along, when suddenly we felt the boat bump gently in the soft sand and then stop dead. We knew at once that we were in for a long siege this time, as the tide was ebbing fast. We stowed all sail and threw a kedge overboard as a safeguard, then got into the dinghy with our leadline and sounded all the way across from where we lay to the beacon on the end of Long Beach. The deepest water we could find was 5ft., and it was not yet low water. We learned from a fisherman who was rowing by that this channel was called the Slit, and that it was constantly shifting and changing, and could not be depended on.

The tide fell very rapidly, and it was not long until there was a crescent-shaped sand bar entirely out of water, stretching from N.W. of us round to N.E. by E. This bar should be left on starboard hand going out, but by consulting to a chart of date we attempted to cross it, with disastrous result. I would advise any one going into this harbor to get the very latest chart obtainable, and even then it would be a good thing to take a pilot.

The tide continued to rush past us till there was less than 18in. of water on an average near us. We could see that the light sand was being carried along in great quantities, and the bottom was rough, looking like a brick road, and that started by a brisk breeze, we stepped overboard, after taking off his shoes and stockings and rolling his trousers up as far as his knees; the water seemed very shallow and the bottom very hard, but he was deceived in both, and at the first step plunged in over his knees, thoroughly soaking his clothes. The water was nice and warm, and he could not resist the temptation to take a bath, so stripped and plunged into a little oval pool near by, where he rolled and splashed about for a few moments very much as one would in a big bathtub.

We lay a little quartering to the direction of the current. It eddied and swirled around us, stirring up the sand, so that the water was turbid and looked as though a very large quantity of ashes had been thrown in. The sand was scooped out on our starboard side till there was a large hole there over 6ft. deep, while it was deposited on the other side, filling up all along the bilge of the boat, so that at slack water we did not heel over any more than we were accustomed to when sailing in a stiff breeze. The rail on the lower side was nearly 6in. out of water when she was over to the furthest point. The rapidity with which the shifting of the sand took place caused us some uneasiness, and we feared if it piled up on the other side in the same way when the flood should set in, that we might have some difficulty in getting off.

Thinking that the incoming tide might swing her head off and twist the keel before it should be deep enough to float her, I took off my trousers and jumped overboard, F. lowered the anchor and I took it in my arms and carried it out about 10 fathoms, straight in a line with the direction of the current. I worked one of the flukes deep down into the sand, and then with the windlass got a good strain on the chain. By this time the fog had cleared off and the sun shone down on us with terrific heat. As the yacht was listed well over, we could not use the awning, so got out one of our blankets and with clothespins fastened one side to the peak halliards and the other we held down outside the cockpit rail by weights. This made a very comfortable "lean-to," and we ate our lunch under its shade, winding up with the big watermelon purchased at Plymouth.

After the yacht began to right we kept her moving all we could to loosen her keel from the sand that was piling up on each side of her. We would both run out on the bowsprit and sway up and down, then we would loosen the main sheet and swing the boom far out, first on one side and then on the other, adding an occasional kick of the fixed sail each time. The sand continued to pile up around us, and we concluded that our lying at an angle to the current helped it to do so, and tried the experiment of slowly paying out the chain, letting her head gradually fall off. We were astonished at the tremendous power of the current, for as the boat got more and more of her broadside to the stream, she strained so on the chain that the bobstay across which it pulled was permanently bent out of shape, although it was a solid bar of 9/16 in. iron set up taut. We worked carefully, one of us slacking out the chain while the other rocked and swayed the boat, and gradually got her round where the current swept more nearly in a fore-and-aft direction, and it was surprising how quickly the pile of sand under our bilge was cut away.

We lay still in the tide for some little time, as we drew most water just under our stern post, but finally we swung off and brought up with a jerk that bid fair to part our chain, but fortunately it held us all right. The breeze sprang up with the turn of the tide, and we immediately made preparations to get under way.

It was too late to think of going to Provincetown, so we decided to put back into Plymouth and try again another day. We had been so busily occupied getting loose from the sand that we had not noticed the change in the weather until we were ready to break out our anchor, when we saw a very heavy thunder storm gathering in the N.W. We hesitated for a moment about starting in the face of such a squall, but, thinking anything was better than a renewal of the experience we had just been through, we made sail.

The wind by this time was sucking strongly toward the approaching storm, and we had to tack against it all the way back to the dock on Long Beach in front of the pavilion. Our experience with the shallow water of the harbor made us very cautious, and one of us stood up

forward watching the color of the water while the other steered. We took very short tacks and managed to keep in the channel this time. The storm seemed to be chasing us and it grew very threatening, the black ragged-looking clouds hung low over the water, and the fog which had continued outside was rolled up by the wind in long cigar shaped clouds, that looked like cotton. The fishermen came flying in from outside, and were evidently in the edge of the squall, as they were running some with lowered peaks and others with double reefs in. The hardest part of the wind and rain passed off to the east of us and we got but a little puff of the one and none of the other.

We ran a little past the end of the dock so as to be out of the way of the ferry boat and other passing craft and anchored in 4½ fathoms of water. Not knowing exactly where the best water was, we got out our lead-line and sounded all around the yacht, finding we had plenty of water to swing in any direction without getting aground. This first thunderstorm was followed by a singular succession of others during the afternoon and evening. We counted five distinct thunder gusts from 1 o'clock until we turned in, each one accompanied by more or less rain. They seemed to gather west of Duxbury, then came up over the Standish monument and passed out to sea beyond us. We felt the strong breeze sucking in toward each storm center, but got only a few drops of rain from the first three. The fourth came more to the southward and while we were in the cabin at supper. It grew quite dark, and the first warning we had was the roaring, rushing sound of the wind, accompanied by the sharp clatter of hailstones and the patter of big drops of rain. We threw on our rubber coats and scrambled out on deck as quickly as possible. The heaviest part of the squall seemed to be right over us. The wind blew with terrific fury, forcing the yacht up against the ebb tide and she darted from one side to the other, tugging at her chain like a live creature determined to get loose. The squall was short and sharp; in half an hour it was perfectly calm, and we cleared away our tea things.

On coming on deck again we saw another black gust forming, more angry looking if possible than the last one, during which we had been in constant danger of bumping into a large boat moored near us. We decided to put down our large spare anchor with its heavy



MAGNOLIA.

manilla line to keep us more nearly in the center of the channel. This anchor was in the lazaret and it was quite a job to get it out, put it together and bend on the line. We were in the midst of this task when this final storm broke on us. The wind was not quite so strong as in the preceding one, but the rain fell in torrents, and it was so dark it "could be felt."

We went on with our work in the drenching downpour with no light except our lanterns and got our second anchor down where we wanted it, then shortened our cables till we had out only enough to ride by at high tide. We felt better after this job was completed, as we felt sure now that there was no danger of the yacht dragging in the night, and either fouling our neighbor or going on the mud. When the rain ceased we found ourselves very wet and uncomfortable. F., especially, who had torn one sleeve out at the shoulder, was drenched to the skin on one side, while both of us were soaked from the knees down. We got off our wet clothes, rubbed down with a crash towel till we were dry and warm, and then turned in. We passed a quiet night, although we got up two or three times and looked around to see how things were going.

Wednesday, July 19.—Having had a long hard day of it on Tuesday we slept till 7 o'clock. The morning was beautifully bright and a delightful sailing breeze was blowing from the northwest. The barometer was high and there was every indication of a fair day. We decided that this was a fair chance for Provincetown, so hurried through our breakfast and got under way at 8 o'clock. We took short tacks in the long narrow channel, avoiding every appearance of shallow water. Giving the cause of our yesterday's experience a wide berth, we turned the black buoy on Brown's Bank in safety and with lifted sheets made a straight course for the whistler off the mouth of the harbor. While beating to windward we had found the breeze all we could well stand, our rail being frequently pressed under, but as soon as we eased the sheets a little and got out into open water where the white caps were running the sailing was delightfully exhilarating. Our course from the Gurnet Light to Wood End Light on Cape Cod was east by south. It was nearly a beam wind for us and we tore along at a great rate, passing the whistler off the Gurnet Light at 9 o'clock and dropping our anchor near the long railroad wharf in Provincetown at 1 o'clock, making the distance of 24½ miles in four hours.

We would have made much better time than this but in our hurry to get an early start we paid no attention to our dinghy, and did not notice until we were well off shore that it was full of water. When we did notice it we were in too much of a sea to make bailing out a comfortable operation, so we were forced to drag it along as it was until we made port. The day was clear and bright and at the end of the first hour's sailing we could just make out the spires of Provincetown. About the time we lost sight of the Gurnet Light we could see the Wood End Light, which made the trip across simpler and easier than we had expected. Manomet Point is the most conspicuous landmark on this part of the coast, and we did not lose sight of it till we rounded Long Point and shut it out behind the land on Wood End. It would be the proper point to steer for if one were going from Provincetown to Plymouth, and did not feel sure of his compass.

We were delighted with Provincetown as a harbor. The bay is large and there is no bar or obstruction of any kind at the broad entrance. Numerous fishing schooners are always lying there and they show where to anchor. We ran through the fleet and beyond them until well inside of two long wharves that make out from the town. The one on our left is the steamboat dock, where the daily steam from Boston lands her passengers. The one on our right, which is the longer, is the railroad dock.

After eating a hasty dinner we went on shore and were much amused with the quaint old town. The principal street runs round close to the water, following the curves of the shore. There is no sidewalk on the side next to the water, in fact there is only room for one, and that a very narrow one, two boards wide. The dwellings and stores are mixed in together in the most singular way, dry goods, ship chandlers, grocers, bakers, shoemakers and liquor sellers side by side, all the way down the long winding street. There are a few dwellings on one or two side streets, but almost the entire town is on the main street. We wandered up to the top of a high sand dune called "Wren Hill." To preserve it for park purposes, grasses are sown there, and the dune has been planted on its steep, sloping sides, to prevent it washing away. It is a very picturesque and charming spot and the view of the bay from the tip is fine, and well worth the climb up there. A very interesting view of the barren sand hills that go to make up this end of Cape Cod can also be had from this place. On our way back we bought some provisions, loaded our dinghy with a little for several days but, thinking it was due to the glare on the water and that it would soon pass off I paid very little attention to them. This morning when I awoke they were very much worse, and I found on examining them with the aid of a hand mirror that an ulcer had formed on the corner of the right eye. Having had a very painful experience the year before with the same thing, I had been treating me a little for several days but, thinking it was due to the glare on the water and that it would soon pass off I paid very little attention to them. This morning when I awoke they were very much worse, and I found on examining them with the aid of a hand mirror that an ulcer had formed on the corner of the right eye.

Thursday, July 20.—A strong N.E. wind sprang up in the night, and hearing it moaning through the rigging we got up and paid out more chain. We lay so close to the shore that there was no sea on, and we slept long and soundly, and did not get up until 7 o'clock. My eyes had been troubling me a little for several days but, thinking it was due to the glare on the water and that it would soon pass off I paid very little attention to them. This morning when I awoke they were very much worse, and I found on examining them with the aid of a hand mirror that an ulcer had formed on the corner of the right eye. Having had a very painful experience the year before with the same thing, I had been treating me a little for several days but, thinking it was due to the glare on the water and that it would soon pass off I paid very little attention to them. This morning when I awoke they were very much worse, and I found on examining them with the aid of a hand mirror that an ulcer had formed on the corner of the right eye. Therefore to sail immediately for Seaside, hoping to go on from there to Boston the next day, where I could find a doctor and where the

yacht could be left in good hands if necessary until such time as should be able to use her again.

As the wind was still fresh from N.E., we started off under single reefed mainsail and foresail at 8 o'clock. Just after rounding Long Island Point we met a steam fishing-vessel coming in. They waved frantically at us to go back, and came near to us and hailed us, saying "Go back! Go back!" We supposed they must have had some warning of an approaching storm or they would not have paid any attention to us, so turned back and followed them in, feeling very much disappointed that our plans had been so quickly upset. After dropping our anchor and furling our sail we jumped into the dinghy and pulled over to the wharf, where they were lying and asked them why they advised us to go back. They replied that there was a very heavy sea outside, far too heavy for a craft of our size to be out in. We regretted very much on hearing this that we had not kept on, for we had the utmost confidence in the sea-going qualities of our little Cy-Pres, and there was not the slightest evidence of a storm.

I felt that I ought not to lose any more time in getting to Boston, so went on shore to see about trains. I found that there was but one train I could go on, and that arrived there about the same time as the steamer, so I concluded to take the latter, preferring to be on the water rather than in the dusty cars. After telegraphing my wife to meet me at Boston with a decent suit of clothes and a "billed" shirt we went back to the yacht and waited quietly for the time for the steamer to sail. It was agreed that I should telegraph F. immediately after consulting the oculist whether I could return and finish the cruise or not. If not he was to engage a sailor in Provincetown to help him bring the boat back to Magnolia. We had a beautiful trip on the steamer, and I could not help thinking all the way over what a lovely sail we would have had if we had kept right on that morning.

It was nearly dark when the steamer reached her dock. I took a herdic up to the hotel, and as I opened the door two or three bellboys sprang forward with their usual celerity to take my "grip," but when they saw my long, lean figure clad in worn-out, salt-stained trousers, flannel shirt, loose jacket and no vest, sneakers on my feet and a faded soft felt hat pulled down over my eyes, they slunk back into their chairs with a "no nickel there" kind of a look on their faces that

was immensely funny. I was ordered by the good doctor to go back to the cottage and stay there a week, and by no means go on to or even near the water, so I telegraphed to F. that the fates were against us, and he engaged Capt. Joshua Cook to sail with him back to Magnolia, where they arrived on Saturday afternoon just before 4 o'clock, having left Provincetown just before 6 in the morning. The trouble with my eyes proved more serious than I at first expected and for five weeks the Cy-Pres lay swinging idly at her moorings, riding safely through the two terrible southeast storms of August when so many yachts were wrecked along our Atlantic coast. CHUISER.

### Yacht Races at Atlantic City.

THE Corinthian Fleet of Atlantic City, N. J., is an active and enterprising organization that is doing much for racing and sailing in general, and is reaping its own direct share of profit thereby. With a view to further stimulating racing about the Delaware River and southern New Jersey, it has this year arranged a series of races to take place in August, and has sent out the following invitation to all such clubs as are likely to be interested:

Secretary — Y. C.:

DEAR SIR—I have been instructed by the Corinthian Fleet, of Atlantic City, to extend a cordial invitation to the Y. C. to attend the series of races to be sailed at Atlantic City on the 10th, 11th and 13th of August next, weather permitting.

Aug. 10, annual race of the Corinthian Fleet, open only to mosquito type 25 entries.

Aug. 11, second annual race for the Muckle cup, under the auspices of the Muckle cup race committee. Open only to mosquito type or boats of similar measurement and sail area; probable entries, 75.

Aug. 13, special ocean race over a course of 10 nautical miles to windward and return, under the auspices of the Corinthian Fleet. Open to sloops and cutters of the second, third and fourth classes. Start and finish to be made outside the sea buoy. Sails limited to cruising rig, clubtopsails barred. Time allowance as per rule of the Philadelphia and Corinthian Yacht Clubs, of Philadelphia. Nine prizes will be offered, three for each class entering five yachts or more. Eighteen yacht clubs will be invited, besides the Y. C., to witness the races of Aug. 10 and 11, as well as to actively participate in the special ocean race of Aug. 13.

Sail limit to be decided by vote of yacht owners at meeting one day prior to race.

Entry blanks for this race will be gladly furnished upon application to the secretary of the Corinthian Fleet, and must be accurately filled out and returned prior to Aug. —. The bar off Atlantic City can be safely crossed by any yacht not drawing over 6ft.

A warm welcome is assured to any yacht or member belonging to your club, and every assistance will be given regarding information as to anchorage, fresh water, ice, provisions, etc.

Earnestly hoping to have the opportunity of welcoming a representative number of yachts from the Y. C., believe me, very truly yours, Wm. H. Edwards, Esq., Secretary.

P. O. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

### Southern Y. C.

THE Southern Y. C. of New Orleans held its annual meeting and election on April 5, the election furnishing one of the liveliest campaigns in the history of the veteran organization. As a consequence of the friendly rivalry between the factions, the yachting spirit has been stimulated and the club itself greatly benefited by being brought prominently forward so early in the season. Twenty-three new members joined, making 305 in all. The administration of boat-owners' tickets was the battle. Com. Thos. Sully, Vice-Com. Alex. Brewster and Rear-Com. L. O'Donnell being re-elected, and J. Walton Glenn, Sec., and H. T. Howard, Treas., all by a handsome majority. The fight was started by the boat owners and ended in a sweeping victory in their favor. Those of the boat owners who bravely stood by Com. Sully were more than rewarded and have seen their course justified by the decided manner in which his popularity in the club was demonstrated. The steam yacht Helen will continue to be the flagship. Ex-Sec. F. F. Hall and ex-Treas. Hugh Brown were honored with a life membership in the club in consideration for long and faithful services.

The full list of officers is as follows: Com., Thos. Sully, steam yacht Helen; Vice-Com., Alex. Brewster, sloop yacht Mephisto; Rear-Com., L. O'Donnell, sloop yacht Florence; Sec., J. Walton Glenn; Treas., H. T. Howard; Meas., A. Forch; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. John E. Elliott; Governing Committee, T. R. Richardson, A. M. Ancoin, J. W. Stone, N. E. Baumgarten, C. L. DeFuentes; House Committee, W. W. Crane, H. T. Catham, W. B. Leonard, J. D. Farrell, Robt. Lynd.

The fine club house at West End has suffered by the severe storms of the past season, but will be placed in thorough repair, and the season of 1894, which opens with the annual regatta on May 13, bids fair to out rival all previous ones. The club has adopted the same uniform as the New York Y. C. The button adopted for the club is a very attractive emblem and represents Vigilant plowing along under a cloud of canvas. The initials S. Y. C. are on the mainsail in gold. Ex-Com. Robt. S. Day has been requested to draw up a deed of gift for the cup donated by Mr. H. M. Little. There will be half a dozen cups sailed for this season. The club book for 1894, in new and handsome form, and containing the new rules, is nearly ready to leave the printer's hands.



## Modern Yachts as Sea Boats.

The question of the sea-going qualities of the modern racing yacht has been generally discussed among yachtsmen for some time, and with no definite conclusion, the opinion of many being that the new type, with forefoot cut away and mast stepped well forward, is much inferior to the older craft built prior to 1870. The *Valkyrie*, in opposing the present racing rule of the Y. R. A., has strongly commended the later yachts, and in particular has criticised the performance of Queen Mab and Valkyrie in their passage across the Atlantic. The following letter to that paper is particularly interesting as coming from an old sailor, Admiral Montague, who presumably shares the prejudices of most deep water sailors in favor of the ideal "ship" as opposed to the racing machine. A long experience in yacht racing, supplemented by an extensive experience in yacht racing, fully qualifies the writer to criticize the qualities of a vessel; and as to the new yachts in particular, Admiral Montague has built in succession the three 40-raters Corsair, Vendetta and the new Carina.

Editor of the Yachtsman:

I see you have another crack at the seaworthiness of the modern racer, for in your last number you state that "even in the height of summer the British cruisers may consider their vessels ill adapted to a short North Sea voyage." This is rather strong. As a matter of fact, the distance is about 700 to 750 miles from the upper Thames to Kiel; from the Skaw down to Kiel it is more or less landlocked, if I recollect my Baltic campaign days rightly, so that open sea without shelter cannot extend more than 350 miles. Did you notice, sir, the weather Britannia encountered down Channel, and afterward in the Chops, when she had to come to anchor for almost speed. Your cruisers you were fond of were built for speed before they became ex-racers. They could not build them faster because they did not know how to do it. I grant that they laid to better in a gale owing to forefoot. What's the good of only being able to lay to in a gale? Queen Mab had atrocious weather and weathered it somehow with an inexperienced skipper and a crew ignorant of Queen Mab's peculiarities. Valkyrie had also a success of bad weather and gales in crossing America. The taste is always the best proof of the pudding, and I have instanced at least three modern racers, all of which have weathered different degrees of bad weather in crossing the perhaps worst stormy parts of the world's seas.

If, sir, your theory is that we are building a bad type of vessel for racing to-day that will make an inefficient cruiser to-morrow, your ship's cook cannot stand up in comfort in his galley owing to want of head room, or the owner cannot store his wife's basket-trunk under hatches, then I am, to a certain extent, with you. But we can never go back to slower vessels for the want of headroom or the stowage of ladies' basket-trunks; nor yet because greater displacement in the bows offers you a better ship to lay to with in your beloved gale, with what are termed good sea-boat qualities. That the modern racer will come to bad fall off and get too much headway I verily believe while laying to; but you will always weather the point, which is far more important. I have sailed and been in very bad weather in many different types of vessels for many years of my life; luck goes a great way, but the helm is everything in 99 cases out of 100. V. MONTAGUE.

## American Model Y. C.

The annual meeting of the American Model Y. C. was held on April 6, the following officers being elected: Com., W. V. Hanson; Vice-Com., C. Van Ness; Treas., G. W. Townley; Sec., Herbert Fisher; Meas., Frank Nichols; Regatta Com., Messrs. Davis and Nichols.

Messrs. Hanson, Grabn and Nichols were selected as a board of experts to decide on the eligibility of models of recent construction under the 9½ rule. Those who are about to build or are building, are required to place in the hands of the board a drawing of midship section, and stating the L.W.L., that they may decide as to whether the boat, if built, will be allowed to compete under the rule in future races, thereby giving the designers an opportunity to alter their plans to fit the requirements of the rule. It is to be regretted that the model yacht Neola will not start in any of the races this season, as her owner, Mr. G. E. Pfeiffer, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted. The 9½ rule is suggested as the cause of his withdrawal from the club, as he will no doubt debar his 3d class model yacht Ampere under the rule. There are a number of other boats that will succumb to the 9½ axe.

The opening races of the club will be sailed on May 30. It has not been decided as to whether they will be sailed on the Prospect Park lake or at Communipaw, the salt-water station of the club.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The new 20-rater, designed by Will Fife, Jr., and building by C. Hansen & Sons, Cowes, for A. Barclay Walker, will be named Thelma. The Watson 20-rater building at the same yard for Prince Henry of Battenberg will be named Asphodel. Another 20 is under way at White's yard, Cowes, designed by C. P. Clayton for a syndicate, including Prince Bathyan, Stratmann, Count Andriewsky and Paul Stiller. She will be named Stephanie. Lord Dunraven's new 20, designed by himself, is building at Summers & Payne's yard, Southampton, and Charles Nicholson, the designer of the unsuccessful Virginia for the Earl of Dudley last year, has a new 20 under way at Camper & Nicholson's yard, Gosport, for the same owner. As already stated, Lord Dunraven, after selling his last year's 20, Deirdre, to the Earl of Londsdale, has purchased the very successful Dragon III, of F. C. Hill, and has had her hauled up at Summers & Payne's yard for alteration by the addition of a centerplate. The 20-raters thus far have been all keel craft and Dragon has been the best of the lot; the experiment of converting a successful keel boat into a centerboard craft is a novel one and the result is likely to be important, as Lord Dunraven is certain to make the trial a thorough one, and with some ten yachts in the class there will be every opportunity for ascertaining the merits of each. The experiments with the centerboard in deep cutters, as made in Irena, Dis and Queen Mab, have been very unsatisfactory so far as yachtsmen in general are concerned, however much the designers may have profited by them. While Dragon is not the type of boat to be improved by a centerboard, and by no means what a designer familiar with centerboard boats would turn out for the 20-rater class, the experiment will not be without value. Deirdre will be raced in the class by her new owner, and nearly as possible in last year's form, serving as a trial horse. Dragon will be sailed by Charles Bevis, of Hamble, formerly skipper for Mrs. Schenley in the smaller rating boat racing by her.

A meeting of the New York Y. R. A. was held on April 13, with Pres. Sutton in the chair. The proposed annual dinner on April 18, was postponed indefinitely. The following resolution, offered by Com. Prime, was adopted: "Resolved, That a committee of five delegates be appointed to revise the constitution, by-laws and sailing rules of the Association, and that they submit to each club of the Association on or before May 15, 1894, such changes as they may deem proper for the club's approval, and request that such clubs pass on the same, and give notice to such clubs that they will present such proposed changes to the Association at a meeting to be held on June 22, 1894, and that such committee report such changes to the Association at a meeting to be held June 22, 1894." President Sutton appointed the following committee: Com. A. J. Prime, Yonkers Corinthian Y. C.; Judge Charles E. Sims, Y. C. of George's Island; George W. Cowan, Y. C. of New York; Norman L. Rowe, Pavonia Y. C., and N. Smith, Canarsie Y. C. The application of the yachting department of the Newark Bay Boat Club for membership was placed on file. A committee was appointed to purchase prizes for the winning yachts in last year's regatta.

The hearty patronage of the German Emperor is having a good effect on yachting in German waters, and the present year promises to be a notable one, the chief event being the racing about the Baltic between June 23 and July 2, of the Kaiserlicher Yacht Club. The fleet of 40-raters will be a strong one, including Irene, built three years since from Watson's design for Prince Henry of Prussia, Lais and Varuna, lately sold to German owners, and a new Watson 40, Kommodore, building by Schichau at Ebing. It is now proposed that the English fleet shall visit the Baltic instead of the usual trip to the Clyde, the German yachts returning with them for Cowes week. Admiral Montague is likely to take his new 40, Carina, to Kiel, and some other British yachts will find their way there in all probability.

The Kill von Kull Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., John Cronk; Vice-Com., H. E. Buel; Rec. Sec., L. H. Delle; Fin. Sec., John Y. Caughey; Treas., Henry S. Vroom; Trustees, for two years, David F. Simonson, Jacob I. Hoeman, W. H. Prall and Abram W. Applegate; Trustees, for one year, Chas. E. Griffith, Frederick Jehan,

Chas. Notz, Geo. H. Dunham and Geo. Rose. At a meeting of the trustees the following committees were appointed: Regatta, George Ross, H. E. Buel, J. S. Donovan, Membership, H. E. Buel, Wm. H. Prall, Chas. E. Griffith, House, A. W. Applegate, Abram Walsh, John J. Caughey, Auditing, Wm. Prall, F. Gehan, Chas. Griffith, Bowling, D. L. Simonson, E. J. Van Pelt, W. M. Lose, Billiards and Pool, John Cronk, Geo. Ochs, Geo. H. Treadwell. The club is now at home in its fine new house at Port Richmond.

The Schoodic Y. C. has been honored beyond any similar organization in this country. Capt. Geo. Goodwin, of the ship Dirigo, a member of the club, having expressed a wish to use the club colors as his private signal, has been presented with a beautiful 20ft. flag made after the design of the club pennant. This beautiful flag will wave over the first iron ship ever built in the United States and will be carried by a member of the Schoodic Y. C. to the most distant parts of the world. The flag was purchased by Commodore Willard Pike and a few of the active members and presented to Capt. Goodwin as a mark of their regard and good wishes, and hope it may be a mascot to himself and his beautiful steel ship Dirigo, as well as a remembrance of his friends on the St. Croix.—Daily St. Croix News.

The yachtsmen west of Ontario have made a new effort for the formation of a permanent organization, and at a meeting on March 21 in Cleveland, the Interlake Yachting Association was organized, with the following officers: Com., the Hon. George W. Gardner, Cleveland Y. C.; Vice-Com., J. E. Guinckel, Ohio Y. C.; Toledo, Rear-Com., H. C. Kendall, Citizens' Y. C., Detroit; Sec'y, Treas., E. W. Radden, Cleveland Y. C.; Meas., W. A. Ladd, Put-in-Bay Y. C.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. E. Claypool, Ohio Y. C., Toledo; Race Committee, C. B. Lockwood, Sandusky Y. C., chairman; Wm. Gates, Toledo Y. C.; C. J. Lichtenberg, Detroit Y. C. A meet will be held at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, with races on July 17-18, and a cruise starting on July 19.

The third annual spring regatta of the Oak Point Y. C. will be sailed on June 17, from off the club house, 149th street, East River, New York. The courses will be: For sloops over 25ft., around Gangway Buoy, 20 miles naut. For all smaller classes, around Stepping Stones Light, 10 miles naut. The start will be made at 11 A. M., with 5 minutes to cross. Two handsome cups, similar to last year's Commodore's cup, will be given for boats over 25ft. The prize for the 20ft. class will be two lamps; for the 20 to 22ft. jib and mainsail class, a set of yacht lights and a gold badge; for the 16 to 18ft. class, a silver-mounted punch bowl. The entries already number 28.

The Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco will open its fifth season with a dinner on April 28 at the club house, Tiburon, with a squadron cruise on the following day. Our list of fixtures shows that the club has planned a busy season, in which short squadron cruises will be the feature. The officers are: Com., T. F. Tracy; Vice-Com., A. T. Lyons; Sec'y, F. E. Baker; Treas., N. F. Dwyer; Meas., F. Stone; Port Capt., J. H. Keefe. Regatta Committee, J. R. Howell, W. H. Crowell, C. A. Graham.

The Bay Shore Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., H. M. Brewster; Vice-Com., J. R. Howell; Rear-Com., Edgar Reybert; Treas., Dr. E. S. Moore; Sec'y, Arthur Dornley; Meas., Josiah Robbins. Regatta Committee—Henry L. Brown, John Daggett, S. C. Hulse. House Committee—Harry S. Raven, Samuel B. Gibson, Ned Dornley. The opening regatta will take place on June 13.

On April 12, Capt. Cranfield and twenty of Valkyrie's crew arrived at New York on the Majestic and were taken on the White Star tug



LAIS.

40-rater, designed by Will Fife, Jr., 1893. From an amateur photo.

Pulver to Tebo's, where they installed themselves aboard the yacht. The work of fitting out is going on, the two new masts will soon be shipped, and the yacht will sail for Glasgow as soon as possible. She will be fitted with a wheel instead of a tiller for the ocean voyage.

The Savannah Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., F. S. Lathrop; Vice-Com., A. S. Bacon; Rear-Com., G. L. Coope; Sec.-Treas., M. A. Cohen; Stewards—H. A. Palmer, M. Y. Henderson, H. M. Comer, Jr., F. F. Jones, W. D. Simkins, I. Beckett, W. W. Starr, H. H. Gilmer, John Severe, Jr., J. A. G. Carson, G. J. Baldwin, J. L. Walworth. The annual regatta will take place about May 15.

The Carolina Y. C., of Charleston, S. C., has elected the following officers: Com., E. A. Simons; Vice-Com., C. E. Prioleau; Sec., E. P. Ravenel; Treas., W. D. Middleton; Meas., M. D. Haig; Fleet Surgeon, E. F. Parker, M.D.; Solicitor, G. M. Trenholm; Executive Committee—James Armstrong, F. Y. Porcher, H. M. Tucker, Jr., M. B. Hamilton, J. S. Harleston, R. B. Leboy, R. Holmes, D. J. Porter.

The Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, Ont., organized last fall, starts its first season with a membership of 68, the officers being: Com., Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe; Capt., T. Stephens; Sec'y, W. Bayley; Treas., W. J. Briggs; Meas., Robt. Hunter; Asst. Meas., W. J. Lewis. The club will make a special effort to promote skiff racing. It has applied to the Lake Y. R. A. for admission.

The Minnetonka Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Wm. Peet, Jr.; Vice-Com., F. J. Hopkins; Sec., Robert G. Gale; Treas., C. S. Langdon; Measurer, B. C. Hurd; Directors, Wm. Peet, F. J. Hopkins, J. B. Janney, C. B. Eustis, W. K. Morison, James Wyman, F. B. Long, C. S. Langdon, W. A. Ramsey; Regatta Committee, F. B. Bailey, C. H. Sweeney, Willis Williams.

The New Haven Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Henry S. Parmelee; Vice-Com., H. S. Holcomb; Rear-Com., F. T. Hammer; Measurer, George W. Hunn; Trustees, Chas. Kimberly, Geo. P. North; Sec., Geo. W. Guion; Treas., Geo. R. Chamberlain; Regatta Committee, Daniel M. Goodridge, Stephen D. Baker, James Gallagher, Jr.

A cablegram from Mr. Lloyd Phoenix to the Secretary of the Navy, states that Intrepid had called at the Cayman Islands and recovered the bell, memorial tablet and logbook of the wrecked Kearsarge from the wreckers who stole them and burned the wreck.

The Carolina Y. C., of Wilmington, N. C., has elected the following officers: Com., Geo. W. Kidder; Fleet Capt., Geo. N. Parsley; Flag Capt., Anderson Lord; Meas., Donald MacRae; Purser, J. McCre Cowan; Marshal, H. McL. Green; Governing Committee, J. H. Walters, Junius Davis, Chas. E. Borden.

The Milwaukee Y. C. has just been organized with the following officers: Com., C. J. Williams; Vice-Com., H. A. Coleman; Rear-Com., John J. J. Jr.; Sec., E. T. Bolcan; Treas., Fredk. Cook. Two previous attempts have been made, in 1870 and 1880, to establish a yacht club in Milwaukee, but each has failed.

The Winchester Arms Co. have just completed two very fine Lavigne yacht guns of large size for the new steam yacht Columbia, J. H. Ladew. They are on high carriages of mahogany, to clear the rail, without portholes. Another fine gun now on exhibition in the Broadway store is for Mrs. Carnegie's new steamer Dungeness.

The recent numbers of *The Yachtsman* have been specially interesting on account of a number of excellent views of Nice, Monaco, Marseilles and other Mediterranean ports now much heard of among yachtsmen. The colored supplements are very fine and many other views have appeared in the letterpress.

Gloriana, cutter, has been sold by W. Barton Hopkins to H. M. Gillig, owner of Ramona, schr. Mr. Gillig will not fit out Ramona this year, but will race Gloriana, his old skipper, Capt. Gibson, going from the larger to the smaller boat.

The rigging and tackle of the schooner Dauntless were sold at New London last week to Mr. Morgan of that place. The sails have also been sold, and the fittings and furniture have been taken to Hartford. The hull will be moored in the Connecticut River.

The Keystone Y. C. of Woodsburg, has elected the following officers: Pres., F. K. Walsh; Vice-Pres., Jos. Rotino; Sec., W. H. Jay; Treas., B. W. Lyon; Governing Committee—G. A. Wilson, E. C. Smith, Jos. Rotius, B. W. Lyon, E. L. Miller, C. A. Frost and F. K. Walsh.

At a meeting of the race committee of the Rhode Island Y. C., the following fixtures were arranged for the season of 1894: June 22, ladies' day and June regatta; July 10, annual cup regatta; Aug. 20, open regatta.

Eidolon, cutter, designed and built by Chas. Olmstead for Vice-Com. Crosby, Riverside Y. C., was launched at Bay Ridge on April 10. Gardian, the 25-footer built last year, was also put over at the same time.

Neckan, steam yacht, lately launched at Bristol, is now in Florida with her owner, H. C. Baxter, of Brunswick, Me., and his family on board. She will start this week for Boston and Portland.

Among the new British yachts' names are Carina, for Admiral Montague's 40-rater, and Romara, Unorna and Armorer for smaller racers. One new boat is to be named Gaiety Girl.

The Lincoln Park Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., W. A. Paulsen; Vice-Com., E. E. Berryman; Rear-Com., A. C. Mather; Sec., C. O. Andrews; Treas., D. D. Dutton.

Nada, steam yacht, Chas. R. Flint, has returned from a cruise to the Southern sounds, and is at Wood & Son's yard, City Island, for repairs.

Shearwater, steam yacht, has been sold by Henry Wolcott to Vice-Com. E. M. Brown, New York Y. C., former owner of Fedalma.

Capt. Hank Haff will speak before the Massachusetts Y. C., at an early date, giving some of his experiences in international races.

Avenel, steam yacht, has been sold by A. J. Drexel, through Waterhouse & Chesbrough to a Boston owner.

The Riverside Y. C. has announced the following fixtures: July 16, annual cruise; April 17, club ball.

Ventura, the 53ft. Pride of the Bronx, has been sold by H. J. Tiffany to Baron Harden Hickey.

Lt. Henn is reported as dangerously ill at his father's home, Paradise Hill, Ennis, county Clare, Ireland.

Polly, sloop, has been sold to C. C. Noyes, who is having her altered at Poillon's.

The Yonkers Y. C. will build a new club house at once.

## Canoeing.

## The A. C. A. and its Critics.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in the various contributions that have appeared in your columns regarding the reformation of the A. C. A., and not a little amused at some of the reformers' attempts to tell how it should be done and also the amount of "undeveloped" wit found in our midst. There is surely one thing that we have learned; that is, where to look for our "board of governors" next summer.

I never see a "scurp" of this kind going on without having a desire to take a hand in it, and had not weightier matters (sending out circulars soliciting advertisements for the year book, as "Pulex" says) kept my hands full I should have spoken my little piece before.

Briefly stated, my ideas of the *casus belli* are as follows: First, Mr. Holden comes out and says, "Knock that chip off my shoulder." Then Mr. Burns jumps on him and *vice versa*. "Flex" next sets him up and knocks him down, and then "Pulex" jumps on the wreck and incidentally nearly every one else (my turn will come next, I suppose). "Lanthé" gets indignant and fires up, and then "Pulex" "laughs," and so it goes. As "Pulex" says, "Now, gentleman, don't get flub-dusticated."

My impression is that if this discussion is carried on in proper lines it will result in possibly new ideas, and at any rate an interchange of thought that should result in good. But just as soon as you begin to throw stones somebody's windows are bound to get broken.

Mr. Burns and "Flex" have the right idea—that it is advancement, and not reform, that the A. C. A. needs. I might say for the enlightenment of many, and which Mr. Holden has already found out if he is a member of the L. A. W., that even with their membership of nearly 50,000 and the immense trade backing that they have they could not successfully publish an *emerald* and send it to every member against the annual dues of \$1, but have this year raised the dues to \$1.50. Moreover, they don't have the expenses, without more than a commensurate gain, of an annual meet that the A. C. A. does.

Now, I have an idea that will give the "funny men" a chance to show what they can do.

I have heard of an old saying that "What is lightly earned is lightly spent," or another applying to a man "That what is lightly gained is lightly held." This refers to membership in our Association.

I do not think the dues are too light, but I do think the initiation fee is. It should at least be \$3, or more properly \$5. Then our membership would not be so lightly gained and would be much more strongly held. Then, to protect our members, the camp dues of non-members should be raised proportionately.

This question of raising down the racing and the racing machine should not be. Rather let us increase it all, and not only this but the cruisers as well, and all other things pertaining to our camps and canoeing. Goodness knows we don't want to go backward, as C. A. B. would have us, to the time when we nearly broke our back legs trying to "hold" the canoe up; whereas now we are comfortable and dry in a sliding seat. Nor do we want to abolish the plate board and go back to the time when we could not make it to every end against the tide or even in a heavy blow; or for that matter to the old open cockpit, when you would get swamped in a sea-way, or in case of a capsize had to wait for some one to rescue you. These things should not be legislated against but rather left to work out their own kill or cure as experience proves them to be good or bad.

I was quite amused last week to have one of my club mates come to me and ask me who "Katrina" was and something about him; so I suppose there will be something in answer to his letter in your columns soon. I, at least, am glad to hear from "Katrina" and know that he is still interested in the old A. C. A. Such letters as his show the feeling that we should have for the association and its meets. Would that he could come to Croton Point this summer and receive the hearty welcome that would await him, for many are the inquiries that have been made both to and by me as to his health and probability of attendance at each camp since we met at Slave Island in '89.

While I am at it, I might as well go through the list. To "A member of six years' standing" regarding his proposition for life membership, without criticising the idea, but merely as he would have it carried out, I would like to ask if he thinks the secretary is looking for a job, or needs some more detail to his work? If he does, I could give him a tip or two. Now, gentleman, is your chance to "jump" but don't jump too hard or you won't get any year book. Geo. F. DOUGLASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think a laugh in print would look about as funny as "Pulex" in a canoe!

No, no, "Pulex," you take the cake for being funny, and you really must not try to evade the issue by asking every one to "smile" with you when you are safe in the oblivion that your *nom de plume* gives you. If you should call at my store, for instance, and ask me to take a "smile" with you, I would quickly grab my hat and go out with you. Please don't be so tantalizing as to do it in print, though.

But to come right down to business. Why, when I mentioned four things that "Lanthé" does, and racing as the last one, did you select only that one to elaborate on about your "conditioning?" That seems to be but a fair sample of the way you meet the question all through.

Also, why did you not deny my allegation that perhaps you "could not show a certificate of membership or any credential that you are even a canoeist?"

Did my inspiration strike nearer the truth than even I had any serious thought of? Now, own up to the truth and don't beat about the bush or even pass it by altogether, but come right out and tell us. Are you a member of the A. C. A. or even an active member of any canoe club?

As a matter of fact, I believe you don't know why or what you are talking about. It's prove my assertion.

Surely you are opposed to so much racing, and yet in your first letter you wrote, to quote your own words, "But eliminate the racing feature and the Association camps would be dull places indeed to spend two weeks. There would probably never be another Association camp. Why is this? Because the average canoeist attending the Association meets does not care enough for cruising and camping."

How do you reconcile these facts, as a first question, to what I state above and secondly, you are deaf, for the records will corroborate me that each year a smaller and smaller percentage of the men attending the meets go in the races, and besides the racing men are but a small percentage of the total attendance of the meets.

I am sure that the cruisers are as anxious as any one to attend the meets, why I even knew of one fellow that called himself a canoeist, and he came from the famed Rutherford, too, who was so anxious to attend one of the meets that he "walked" all the way to Lake Oka to plain to do it, and I doubt if he ever set foot in a racing canoe, either.



I am glad to see such men as "Katrina" take a hand in this argument, for they are well qualified to talk on this subject.

No, "Katrina," you are wrong if you think I would class you as a false pretender. I have too high a respect for the men of your standing in the old days, when as you rightly say, "lanthe" was not in it."

But do not for a moment think I do not know who you are. Even without the points you give as to your identity, have I not heard my fellow club members tell about how you led the fleet in the trophy race in 1889 for three rounds and until your tiller broke?

I regret that I do not know you better than by reputation. I sincerely regret that continued ill-health keeps you from our camps, and in this I know I am echoing the sentiments of many others.

However, I hope that the day will not be far distant when you will have sufficiently recovered to do some more of the oldtime canoeing.

LANTHE.

### The War Canoe Calla Shasta.

WELL! WELL! WELL!!! WELL!!!! HA!!!! HA!!!!!!

AMID a howling snow storm on April 8, the Springfield Canoe Club's war canoe Calla Shasta was christened and launched at the Wish-tonish Canoe Club's house at Northampton by Raymond Apollonio, and the crew, including Apollonio and Cutler of Boston, Blelock (Diacks), Banks, Sergeant, Hodgdon and Knappe, started on their first cruise, with wind and rain beating on their backs, bound for Springfield.

The start was made at 12 M., arriving at the Holyoke Canoe Club's summer resort, Sans Souci, at 1 P. M., where Messrs. Schuster, Metcalf, Brown, Ramage and Cox did themselves proud in serving a wholesome and merrily enjoyed dinner at their club house, after which the different canoes comprising the camp were visited. Leaving Sans Souci at 3 P. M., Holyoke was reached at 3:30, where a carry of two miles around the dam was made, and the crew started, full of life and enjoyment, for Springfield, arriving at 6 P. M., having made a most successful cruise. During the paddle the crew inaugurated their war cry, Messrs. Apollonio and Blelock being the authors.

AGAWAM.

### A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION.—R. H. Hammond, Geo. H. Hill, A. M. Whitcomb, Chas. A. Earle, W. U. Hyde, A. A. Seymour, E. M. Chase, W. Libbey Eaton, Northern Division.—F. A. C. Bickerdike, R. Bickerdike, Jr., Montreal.

### CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Mohican C. C. has always been at a disadvantage in the matter of a club house, the quarters at Piepenbrink's boat house being inconvenient and in a very bad part of the river for canoeing, near the center of the city and close by a sewer. The club is now building a handsome and convenient canoe house on the river bank immediately below its summer house at Staats's, down the river, a stairway up the hill connecting the two.

The Buffalo C. C. has elected the following officers: Com. E. W. Dunston; Vice-Com. H. D. Pulsifer; Sec'y-Treas. F. D. Wood; Trustees, G. L. Kelley, C. P. Forbush, F. R. Rosseel.

The Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association has elected the following officers: Com. Wm. T. Hilton; Purser, Jas. T. Van Dalseu; Treas., Chas. D. Robinson; Chairman of Regatta Committee, Henry J. Jova.

The new Hartford war canoe will compete in the war canoe race at Calla Shasta on May 30; the crew, which is now at work, including Messrs. Reginald Berney, captain; D. S. Morrell, stroke; J. W. Ball, W. R. Sloum, Iva C. Park, F. H. Hills, T. S. Cheney, J. W. Cheney, J. W. Danforth and J. C. Stables.

At a meeting of the Cataragui C. C. on April 12 the following officers were elected: Capt. H. W. Richardson; Mate, R. Easton; Burns, Purser, C. W. Kent; Committee, C. Gay Shannon, I. McD. Mowat. The club will hold races once a month during the season. The club membership is 71 and the A. C. A. membership is 71 also.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Ross vs. Dorrier.

THE 100 shot rifle match for \$100 a side between Fred C. Ross, of Brooklyn, and Michael Dorrier, of Greenville, N. J., which has been the topic of interest to the New York riflemen for weeks past, was shot off at Wiese's Cypress Hills Park on Monday afternoon, and much to the disappointment of the friends of the two shooters the match was declared a tie by the referee, Wm. Hayes.

The day opened fine, a bright and almost cloudless sky, a light breeze, varying from east to northeast, kept the range free from smoke.

The two principals were early on the grounds and devoted considerable time to preliminary practice. The practice of both men was closely watched by all present.

Ross's rifle was the first to sound the tocsin, his first effort was a 21 at 6 o'clock. Dorrier's first shot followed closely after, and resulted in a 24 at 12 o'clock. Ross's second shot was another 21 at 4 o'clock. Dorrier's second and third shots were 24s at 12 o'clock in close proximity to the first. Ross followed with 22 on his third. Dorrier's fourth shot developed another 24 at 6 o'clock, 96 points out of a possible 100 on the first four shots of the match—wonderfully fine work, and the question arose in the minds of many interested watchers: How soon will he break this fine run? A 22 on his fifth shot startled them a little, a 25 on the sixth and a 24 on the seventh shot put every one on the edge of their seats. The eighth shot gave a slight chill to those who had anticipated a record score; his tenth was a 24, giving him a total of 234 for his first ten shots. Ross was for the first two or three scores apparently a little nervous. The total for his first ten shots was 214 against 234 for Dorrier. This was an unexpected event to every one. Dorrier's second score was another surprise, from the brilliant 234 he dropped to 214. Ross's second was 213, adding another point to Dorrier's lead.

Again did Dorrier give another surprise and at the same time brilliant exhibition in bunching a series of shots. The total of his third string was 239, the best recorded 10-shot score ever made in a 100-shot match, and within one point of the best 10-shot (240) record score, made by Wm. Hayes seven years since. Ross, from the commencement of his third score, began to get settled down to steady work. He however got an accidental shot on his 27th, which was a 15; but under the rule as agreed upon previous to the match, that any shot not pulled or if declared accidental by the shooter it should not count, Ross was given an extra shot. He finished his third string with a total of 223. His 4th string was still better, he making a total of 229. From this point on to the 8th string he shot in good form, keeping up an average of 22 and better. The 8th string brought a break in his good work. He fell off to an average of 21 or 210 for the string. His 10th was the best of his 10 strings, being 230. The 10th and last string to wind up his 100 shots showed good steady holding, he getting 228, a grand total of 2,217 for his 100 shots.

After Dorrier's third string he made no more brilliant spurts, 215 each in the 4th and 5th strings, 224 in the 6th, 214 in the 7th, 223, 230 and 220 in the 8th, 9th and 10th gave him a grand total of 2,229 against 2,217 for Ross. But hereby hangs a tale, which when told changes the whole aspect of the final results of the match. When the match was opened Geo. W. Plaisted and Jos. Bonzer were appointed scorers to record the shots as called out by Mr. Hayes, the referee. Barney Zettler and John Wissel went down to the targets to watch the marking by the men at the targets, and at the same time keeping record of the shots from that end of the range as they came into the target.

On Dorrier's 16th shot the markers showed up a 21, which the referee called out and which was recorded as such. This was the beginning of the trouble. This 24 was in reality only a 19. The markers had mistaken a wet patch on the target for a shot. They corrected their error by showing up the figure 19 in place of the 24, but the referee had in the mean time turned away from the target and did not see the correction, so that the 24 continued to stand to Dorrier's credit at the upper end of the range. In the mean time Ross got his accidental 15. The referee decided this no shot. The men at the other end of the range not knowing this marked it up against Ross.

In the meantime one or more errors had been discovered in the showing of the numbers at the targets, and Boston began to circulate that there was a mistake in the recording of the shots either in the target house or in the shooting house, and as nearly every man on the ground had a little cash invested on the match and was keeping score of the shots from whatever point of view he could, the consequence was that as the match drew near the end there was much excitement. Outside of the two scores kept in the house with the referee there were no two kept by the others that agreed.

Ross, in his last two scores, by steady holding and remarkably good nerve, pulled Dorrier's lead down to zero, and in fact his friends claimed that he had won the race by a margin ranging from one to seven points. Dorrier and his friends claimed that the victory rested with Dorrier.

The referee called for each man's target containing the 100 shots of each, and with the two principals and the scorers from both ends of the range repaired to the hotel in the park where, with the aid of a

penknife and the expenditure of much patience the patches upon the targets were removed and an effort made to verify the shots with the scores. Did anybody ever undertake to name the shots in a bullseye that contained from 90 to 100 shots and the most of them inside the 22 ring? Well, this was the job that Referee Hayes, the two principals and the scorers set out to accomplish in order to demonstrate who won the match. This committee started in on this job at 5:15 P. M., just after the match closed. At 8:30 they were still deeply interested in the question as to how many bullets might have passed through some particular hole and what was the value of each. In despair the referee went back to the original scores as kept under his supervision. He deducted 5 points from Dorrier's 16th shot, making it 19, to correspond with the correction made in the target at the time it was shot. Ross was given credit for one more point on his 33rd shot, which was claimed should have been a 24 instead of 23. This correction made Ross's 4th score 230 instead of 229, and Dorrier's 3d score 209 instead of 214, giving each a total of 2,218. The match was then declared a draw and all bets off.

That such a decision was not satisfactory goes without saying. But it was the best that could be done under the circumstances. The betting men broke even. The shooters are yet both champions in the eyes of their followers. Another match made and shot off under Schützen rules as this one should have been, will demonstrate who is the best shot of the two. Why not eliminate this element of gambling from our sports? We'd be the better for it.

Direction:	6	4	11	1	8	10	1	2	2
Fred C. Ross, .....	21	21	23	20	21	24	21	20	21—214
	2	2	3	9	11	6	5	7	9
	19	20	23	19	21	24	22	19	23—213
	6	5	3	4	9	8	10	10	12
	23	22	24	14	24	13	24	21	24—223
	10	10	10	3	7	12	0	6	2
	23	23	24	23	18	23	25	23	23—230
	2	0	1	4	7	11	1	2	0
	22	25	20	21	22	24	23	20	25—224
	11	7	10	10	3	10	3	10	6
	20	20	20	21	21	23	22	24	23—221
	6	8	6	9	4	3	10	0	1
	23	22	23	24	18	24	20	25	23—224
	4	3	11	6	11	6	0	8	1
	18	19	24	22	19	23	25	21	22—217
	0	4	3	8	0	4	3	10	0
	25	23	19	24	25	22	21	23	24—231
	4	8	10	2	7	10	0	2	11
	21	22	22	22	24	24	25	24	21—228—2218

Scorer, Jos. Bonzer.

	Direction:	12	12	12	6	10	11	2	7	2	5
Michael Dorrier	.....	24	24	24	24	22	25	24	23	21	24—234
		2	1	2	10	11	12	10	4	9	11
		21	20	22	16	22	19	21	23	23	22—209
		8	12	9	□	11	12	8	12	9	□
		22	25	24	25	24	24	21	25	24	25—239
		3	12	10	10	12	11	5	7	5	8
		24	21	21	20	23	21	22	24	23	19—218
		6	2	4	7	8	7	6	9	2	4
		25	19	22	21	23	20	24	22	20	22—218
		12	9	11	6	11	4	12	9	3	4
		21	18	25	23	23	24	25	22	23	20—224
		5	7	9	2	4	4	8	2	2	0
		24	22	22	23	23	21	22	20	20	17—214
		8	7	12	2	5	2	10	6	4	3
		21	24	22	20	21	24	23	19	24	22—222
		10	3	6	6	6	□	□	8	9	8
		20	21	21	24	24	25	25	22	20	18—220
		12	8	7	3	3	6	3	12	8	0
		23	17	22	21	22	23	21	23	23	25—220—2218

Scorer, George W. Plaisted.

### National Shooting Association of the United States.

ABOUT one year ago the prominent German-American shooting society located at New York City, the Schuetzen Verein (Schuetzen Bund) for the purpose of holding a grand shooting festival in New York in 1895. Since the formation of the association we have from time to time published reports of the progress that was being made by the board of delegates representing the societies interested in the movement. Since our last report the committee on prize programme, Messrs. Walther, Hayes and Krauss, finished its task, and at the last regular meeting held a few days since, submitted the result of its labors to the full board. That the work was both thorough and complete in all its details is obvious from the fact that the programme as submitted to the full board was adopted with hardly any changes. Through the courtesy of the committee we are permitted to publish a synopsis of the programme in advance of its regular distribution to the public. As yet no board of directors has been decided in which of our local parks the festival will be held. There are, however, strong probabilities that the final adjustment of the matter will result in favor of the Union Hill Park, located at Union Hill, N. J. Its location and adaptability for accommodating a large number of visitors, and its fine shooting range give it the preference in the minds of many of the delegates who have had previous experience in the management of large festivals of the association. We append the board of officers of the association and the programme:

#### OFFICERS.

President, Wm. Weber, captain Independent New York Corps; Vice-Presidents: First, Lorenz Zeller, captain Harlem Independent Corps; second, Henry Olfertman, captain New York Corps; third, A. Richter, captain New York Central Corps; fourth, C. D. Rehm, captain New York City Corps. Recording Secretary, Fred. Baumann, New York Central Corps. Corresponding Secretary, Chas. F. Roedel, New York City Corps. Financial Secretary, Henry J. Behrens, Independent New York Corps. Treasurer, Geo. H. Schenck, New York Corps. Shooting Masters: First, Bernhard Walther, present Zettler Rifle Club; second, Gebhardt Krauss, ex-captain Williamsburgh Shooting Society; third, Wm. Hayes, Newark Shooting Society. Trustees: Fred. Cook, ex-captain New York Corps; Robt. Henke, captain New York Schuetzen Gilder; Fred. Erxmeier, captain Hoboken Independent Corps; F. W. Witte, captain Brooklyn Schuetzen Corps; George H. Friedrichs, captain Hoboken Schuetzen Corps.

#### PROGRAMME.

The following targets will be in use: Association targets—one Union, one Silesian, distance 200 yds. Open only to members of good standing in societies belonging to the association, (public) Prize targets (open to all comers), Ring, Man, Standard American and Point.

Note.—Riflemen not members of some society belonging to the association, in order to shoot upon the public targets will be obliged to purchase a festival ticket costing \$1. Union Target.—Open to members of the Association only: This target is the regular ring target divided into 25 rings 1/2 in. apart. The black (bullseye) 12 in. in diameter containing rings 1/2 to 2 1/2. The balance of target white, containing rings 1 to 17. All prizes given by the different societies connected with the Association and individuals will be placed upon this target. The Association guarantees \$1,000 cash to be divided into three prizes, \$500, \$300, \$200. The other prizes will undoubtedly be numerous and valuable. Tickets for three shots \$7.50, which must be taken in conjunction with the ticket for the Silesian target. The shooter making the highest score shall be entitled to first choice of prizes, etc. In case of ties such ties shall be decided by the last best shot or shots.

Stich Target.—Open to members of the Association only: This target has a black of 12 in. in diameter at the center of which is placed a bullseye, also black, 6 in. in diameter; the balance of target is white. The shooter hitting a bullseye nearest the center shall be entitled to first prize, the shooter hitting the next nearest to the second prize, etc. Tickets for three shots \$7.50, which must be taken in conjunction with the ticket for the Union target. \$1,000 cash will be divided as follows: First prize \$300, second \$200, third \$100, fourth \$50, fifth \$30, sixth \$20, seventh \$10, eighth \$5, ninth \$4, tenth \$3, eleventh \$2, twelfth \$20, five of \$15 each, ten of \$10, twenty of \$5, thirty of \$3, forty of \$2.

Ring Target.—This target is the same as the Union; i. e., the regular 3 1/2 in. division. The shooter making the highest score on any one ticket shall be entitled to first prize, the shooter making the next highest score on any one ticket to second prize, etc. Tickets for three shots \$2. Number of tickets unlimited. In case of ties, the shooter having the next highest score shall be given the preference. Fifteen hundred dollars cash will be divided as follows: First prize \$300, second \$150, third \$100, fourth \$50, fifth \$30, sixth \$20, seventh \$10, eighth \$5, ninth \$5, tenth \$4, eleventh \$4, twelfth \$3, thirteenth \$3, fourteenth \$3, fifteenth \$3, four prizes of \$15 each, five of \$10 each, twenty-one of \$5 each, twenty-five of \$3 each, thirty of \$2 each.

Man Target.—This target represents the upper part of a man's body, the whole figure being black and divided into perpendicular lines 1/2 in. apart, the center line counting 20, the numbers running down on each side to 1. The shooter making the highest score on any one ticket shall be entitled to first prize, etc. Tickets for five shots, \$3. Number of tickets unlimited. In case of ties, the shooter having the next highest score shall be given the preference. Fifteen hundred dollars cash will be divided as follows: First

prize \$300, second \$100, third \$50, fourth \$30, fifth \$20, sixth \$10, seventh \$50, eighth \$45, ninth \$40, tenth \$35, eleventh \$30, twelfth \$25, thirteenth \$20, four prizes of \$15 each, six of \$10 each, twenty-two of \$5 each, twenty-five of \$3 each, thirty of \$2 each.

American Standard Target.—The well-known American standard target, with 10 black, will be used. Open to any rifle, same as other targets. The shooter making the highest score on any one ticket shall be entitled to first prize, etc. Tickets for five shots, \$2. Number of tickets unlimited. Ties to be divided as on ring target. One thousand dollars cash will be divided as follows: First prize \$150, second \$100, third \$50, fourth \$30, fifth \$20, sixth \$10, seventh \$5, eighth \$3, ninth \$3, tenth \$2, eleventh \$2, five prizes of \$15 each, five of \$12 each, seven of \$10 each, ten of \$8 each, twelve of \$5 each, twenty of \$3 each, thirty of \$2 each.

Point Target.—This target has a black of 12 in. diameter, the inner circle, which constitutes the bullseye, being 3 in. diameter counts 3 points. The next circle of 6 in. diameter counts 2 points and the balance of black counts 1 point. Shots out of the black do not count. The shooter hitting the bullseye nearest the center shall be entitled to first prize, etc., same as the Stich target. Tickets for 10 shots \$1; number of tickets unlimited; \$1,300 cash will be divided as follows: First prize \$100, second \$80, third \$70, fourth \$60, fifth \$50, sixth \$45, seventh \$40, eighth \$35, ninth \$30, tenth \$25, eleventh \$20, twelfth \$18 each, four \$15, five \$12, eight \$10, ten \$8, ten \$7, fifteen \$6, fifteen \$5 and twenty \$4.

Each shooter upon making 25 points will be entitled to a "Festival" silver medal; 150 points, a "Festival" gold medal, value \$15; 300 points, a solid silver goblet.

Premiums.—For the first and last (flag) bullseye of the festival \$5. For the first and last (flag) bullseye each morning and afternoon of each day \$2.

King of the Festival.—The shooter making the most points in his first 200 shots shall be declared king of the festival and shall be entitled to the king's medal, value \$100, and \$250 cash.

The shooter making the second most points \$50, third \$40, fourth \$30, fifth \$25, sixth \$20, seventh \$15, eighth \$12, ninth \$10, tenth \$8, eleventh \$7, twelfth \$6, thirteenth \$5, fourteenth \$4, fifteenth \$4, sixteenth \$4, seventeenth \$3, eighteenth \$3, nineteenth \$2, twentieth \$2.

### Rifle at San Antonio.

THE San Antonio riflemen had a jolly meeting on the 8th inst., the regular practice day. The shooting was well up toward the expert mark, with Althaus again breaking the rest record by piling up 109 at 200 yds. Score, 200 yds., muzzle rest, globe and peep sight, 10 shots per score:

E Dorsch.....	10	8	7	10	9	7	8	10	12	9—90
	9	8	11	7	11	9	8	9	9—88	
	11	9	8	10	10	6	8	9	6—86	
	7	7	6	10	11	12	8	10	6—87	
G Altman.....	8	9	9	9	8	9	7	8	9—90	
	11	9	7	9	10	9	9	9	10—92	
	9	9	9	8	9	9	9	12	10—93	
G Giesecke.....	9	7	10	9	10	8	11	9	9—90	
	9	11	12	10	10	8	5	8—94		
	8	10	10	9	12	10	9	10—95		
G Heye.....	8	10	10	7	11	9	11	9	6—89	
	7	6	8	6	7	8	9	7	10—90	
E Seffel.....	9	7	9	9	9	8	7	10—94		
	10	12	9	9	9	8	9	8—91		
	11	12	9	9	10	10	9	11—99		
	8	9	9	9	12	8	8	9—91		
	11	7	12	8	10	12	8	9—95		
A Uhl.....	9	9	11	9	12	10	9	8—95		
	11	9	8	11	9	9	8	9—91		
	10	10	10	9	9	10	12	11—99		
	12	10	12	12	9	10	11	10—12		
	12	9	7	11	9	12	12	10—100		
	10	5	7	8	9	6	6	6—72		
H Dreiss.....	7	6	8	5	6	10	12	7—81		
H Voglander.....	9	7	6	11	6	8	5	6—77		
A Guenther.....	9	11	7	6	8	9	7	8—88		
E Steves.....	11	9	11	11	10	10	7	9—88		
	10	10	10	9	11	11	12	10—90		
Texas Field.....	12	8	9	10	9	10	8	8—91		
A Altmann.....	8	12	8	9	7	10	9	10—94		
	10	8	11	7	6	9	11	8—93		
H Degener.....	8	12	8	9	7	10	9	10—94		











Cramer	111011111	9	111101011	8	101001111	7
Warford	1110111010	7	1111111110	9		
Apgar	1111110111	9	1111101100	7		



## TEXAS STATE SHOOT.

The eighteenth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, advertised for April 4, 5, 6 and 7, at Austin, Tex., is now a thing of the past, and has glided into historic shades as one of the most enjoyable events within the recollection of the oldest trap shot of this State.

The Miller boys, under whose auspices the shoot was given, devoted all their time and energy to catering to the wants of the shooters. The service at the traps was excellent, live pigeons plentiful and of good wing, and altogether a very fair lot—some duffers of course, but it makes it all the more interesting to have a lazy incoming cock and then a screaming tailer. The thanks of the fraternity are due Miles and Wallace Miller, two of the most popular gentlemen of the Association.

The attendance was not large, owing to the hard times generally and the drouth in southern Texas in particular. But the fraternal spirit with which the average Texan breast is laden was doing business at the old stand, and we had a good time.

"Where's the droll and his cannon?" was one of the first questions; and nothing but sympathetic expressions were heard in response to the statement that the absentee's wife was ill unto death.

Mr. C. Tribler, who for years has been known by his *nom de trap* "St. Hubert," and who has not failed to attend the tournament for years, wrote that "hard and dry times prevented my attending what I have always considered my happiest day."

The veteran "Jim" (W. F. Stewart, of Galveston) was also conspicuous by his absence, and a letter of regret was also received from him.

A. Holzapfel, of Cuero, was one of the first on the ground. As will be seen by the scores below, he is now champion of the State by virtue of his having won the individual medal. Brown, of Burton, tied him, but on the second round of the tie-out Brown slipped his trolley a little on a pair of blue pigeons, and the little Dutchman from Cuero came in an easy winner.

One of the most conspicuous characters present was "Red" Register. He is large because he is big, both in heart as of stature, and he contributed, along with "Fritz" to the enjoyment of the shooters. Hempstead's guide, in the person of W. H. Wheeler otherwise known as McGinty, was in hand in all his glory. He killed all his singles in the individual shoot, but slipped up on his doubles. Farmersville was represented by that famous pair of giants, Messrs. Moore and Hope, two men hard to down at any kind of shooting. Mr. A. E. Wilson, of Hearne, dropped in on the third day, interviewed a few friends, dropped into a lucky "hole" by himself, raked in fifty dollars and gracefully bowed himself out. Mr. Ambold, of Waco, was on hand part of the time camping on Forsgard's trail. His big 10-gauge and six drams of black powder made the heavens frown with a damp disapproval. A petition was circulated, signed by all present, asking him to leave his soft coal burner at home the next time he came.

Mr. Sparks, of Giddings, Messrs. Cleveland and Speers, of Georgetown, were under the protecting wing of Ben Rogers, of Brenham, the new president, who knows more about chaperoning shooters than the devil knows of holy water. Ben is a good man and the Association will have a president in him that will do it a great deal of good.

San Antonio of course sent the largest delegation, it always does. She was ably represented by Messrs. H. E. Vernon, A. W. Adams (partly of Chicago), A. B. Fritzger, G. A. Chabot and O. C. Guessaz, otherwise known as "Texas Field."

The meeting of the Association was held at Salge's parlors on the evening of the 5th inst., and the following officers were elected: Pres., Ben Rogers, Brenham; Vice-Pres., A. B. Fritzger, San Antonio; Sec'y-Treas., Adolph Dreiss, San Antonio. San Antonio was chosen as the next place of meeting and that announcement alone is sufficient to secure a large attendance. Scores:

## First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets:					
Miller.....	110111101-9	Brown.....	10111111-9	Register.....	011100001-9
Forsgard.....	11111111-10	Holzapfel.....	11111110-7	Sparks.....	011100001-9
24-gauge.....	11111110-11	Atchison.....	10011111-7	Turner.....	11111110-11
Hope.....	10111110-11	McGinty.....	11111111-9	Moore.....	10111110-11
Fritz.....	11111110-9	Rogers.....	100010001-3	Fritz.....	11111110-9
Greener.....	100101001-4	Sutor.....	101100101-6		

No. 2, 15 single targets:					
McGinty.....	11111110001-9	Greener.....	00000010100001-4	Miller.....	1111111011-14
Miller.....	111111101111-14	Fritz.....	1111111011-14	Sparks.....	011101101001-9
Sparks.....	011101101001-9	Holzapfel.....	101111111111-14	Texas Field.....	101111101011-12
24-gauge.....	101111101010-10	Register.....	100100000101-5	Forsgard.....	101111101010-11
Greener.....	101111101010-11	Atchison.....	111111101110-13		

No. 3, 15 single targets:					
Greener.....	11100010010000-5	McGinty.....	011111101111-13	Holzapfel.....	111111101111-13
Holzapfel.....	111111101111-13	Fritz.....	111111101111-13	Miller.....	111111101111-14
Miller.....	111111101111-14	Register.....	111111101111-13	Moore.....	101011101010-9
Moore.....	101011101010-9	Register.....	11111110100001-8	24-gauge.....	111111101111-11
24-gauge.....	111111101111-11	Sparks.....	011111101110-11	Hope.....	101111101111-9

No. 4, 10 live pigeons:					
Rogers.....	000220102-5	Fritz.....	1001101020-6	McGinty.....	121212121-10
McGinty.....	121212121-10	Holzapfel.....	121212121-10	Register.....	0120101010-6
24-gauge.....	121212121-10	Brown.....	121212121-10	Greener.....	020010112-6
Hope.....	122011111-9	Forsgard.....	121212121-10		

No. 5, 20 targets:					
Holz.....	1111111111000011-16	Miller.....	1111011011011011-15	Sayers.....	0111001111011011-17
Fritz.....	11111111110111-17	Sayers.....	0111001111011011-17	Forsgard.....	0110111111111011-16
Texas Field.....	10110101010111-14	Booth.....	0001000100100101-6	Booth.....	10111011011011-15
Sparks.....	1011000011110111-15	Atchison.....	10111011011011-15	Atchison.....	10111011011011-15
McGinty.....	11111111110111-15	Booth.....	10111011011011-15		

No. 6, 10 targets, unknown angles:					
Fritz.....	011111111-9	Forsgard.....	1111111011-9	Holz.....	1111111011-8
Holz.....	1111111011-8	Miller.....	101101100-6	McGinty.....	1111111011-4
McGinty.....	1111111011-4	Register.....	111111100000-2	Moore.....	010001011-9
Moore.....	010001011-9	Sparks.....	0111111010-11	24-gauge.....	010100110-8
24-gauge.....	010100110-8	Hope.....	0111111010-11		

No. 7, 15 targets:					
McGinty.....	11100000110110-8	Register.....	111011101111-13	Miller.....	111111101111-14
Miller.....	111111101111-14	Brown.....	101111101110-12	24-gauge.....	111111101111-13
24-gauge.....	111111101111-13	Fritz.....	1111111010001-1	Moore.....	010111101111-11
Moore.....	010111101111-11	Holzapfel.....	111111101111-11	Forsgard.....	101101101111-11
Forsgard.....	101101101111-11	Sparks.....	011011101110-13		

No. 8, 7 live pigeons:					
Miller.....	1111111011-6	Hope.....	112121-7	Moore.....	111201-6
Holz.....	121222-6	Brown.....	122220-6	Register.....	000210-6
24-gauge.....	111011-6	Fritz.....	1211-22-7	Texas Field.....	1211-22-7
Register.....	000210-6	Forsgard.....	21111-7-7	McGinty.....	111121-7
Texas Field.....	1211-22-7				

No. 9, 7 live pigeons:					
Miller.....	11111011-6	Hope.....	021212-6	Fritz.....	212122-7
Register.....	11111011-5	Fritz.....	212122-7	Texas Field.....	121212-6
Holz.....	021120-5	Greener.....	100200-5	Greener.....	100200-5
McGinty.....	111121-7	Forsgard.....	100200-5		
24-gauge.....	111121-7				

No. 10, 15 targets:					
Miller.....	011011101111-12	Fritz.....	00110010100101-7	2-gauge.....	111111101111-14
Register.....	111110111010-12	Holz.....	011110111011-12	Greener.....	101110111010-12
Sparks.....	101011101100-10	Lee.....	101110111010-12	Durst.....	111110111010-12
McGinty.....	111110111010-12	Durst.....	111110111010-12	Greener.....	100001010000-3
Greener.....	100001010000-3	Forsgard.....	01010001000101-5		

No. 11, 15 targets:					
Fritz.....	111111101111-13	Register.....	101101111110-12	Brown.....	101111101111-13
Miller.....	111110111111-13	Durst.....	111110000111-10	Durst.....	111110000111-10
Moore.....	111110111111-13	McGinty.....	111110000111-10	Wilson.....	101110111111-13
Wilson.....	101110111111-13	Brown.....	111111111110-14	Register.....	111111111111-15
Brown.....	111111111110-14	Register.....	111111111111-15	Hope.....	01010100110111-9

No. 12, 5 live birds:					
Brown.....	1212-5	Durst.....	01011-2	Fritz.....	10121-4
Fritz.....	10121-4	Moore.....	10121-4	Wilson.....	13201-4
Wilson.....	13201-4	Register.....	10100-2	McGinty.....	01110-3
McGinty.....	01110-3	Hope.....	2101-4	Miller.....	11001-3
Miller.....	11001-3				

Ties on second won by Fritz and Moore. Ties on third won by Miller.

## Second Day.

Ten targets:					
Brown.....	10111111-9	Fritz.....	011100111-7	Hope.....	111011001-6
Hope.....	111011001-6	Moore.....	110110011-7	Register.....	110110011-7
Register.....	110110011-7	Sparks.....	110110011-7	Holzapfel.....	110110111-8
Holzapfel.....	110110111-8	Ambold.....	010111111-8		

McGinty.....	0111010100-5	Forsgard.....	101010110-5	Atchison.....	101011111-8
Miller.....	111111111-10				
Fifteen targets:					
Fritz.....	1011111110111-13	McGinty.....	0111011110101-10	Miller.....	10111110110-12
Holzapfel.....	01111111111-14	Brown.....	1111101000110-10	Sparks.....	100001110100-6
24-gauge.....	111011010101-11	Forsgard.....	0101101101111-11		
Ambold.....	01011000010000-5				
Moore.....	101111101111-11				
Ten live pigeons:					
Miller.....	110200201-5	Ambold.....	022020211-6	Register.....	020101111-7
McGinty.....	1111111112-10	Holzapfel.....	12121211-8	24-gauge.....	12121211-8
Moore.....	1111111001-8	Forsgard.....	010121211-8		
Hope.....	111101010-8				
Fritz.....	1012102210-9				
Brown.....	102112121-9				

Six live pigeons:					
Holz.....	101111-5	Moore.....	221201-5	Register.....	001111-3
Brown.....	121212-6	Hope.....	101211-5	Ambold.....	210231-6
McGinty.....	201101-4				
Fritz.....	212111-6				

Twenty-five targets:					
Holz.....	11010111101111111111-22	Swiveller.....	10001101010001110111-15	24-gauge.....	00001101111111111111-23
Swiveller.....	10001101010001110111-15	Register.....	11111111111111111111-23	McGinty.....	01010101010100011101-15
Register.....	11111111111111111111-23	Fritz.....	11111111111111111111-22	Ambold.....	1011011000101010011110-14
McGinty.....	01010101010100011101-15	Brown.....	11111111111111111111-23	Forsgard.....	101110111101101111101-20
Fritz.....	11111111111111111111-22				

Fifteen targets:					
Moore.....	01111111000011-11	Register.....	1011011110110-11	McGinty.....	1011011001101-10
Holz.....	11111111111110-14	Fritz.....	11111110111111-14	24-gauge.....	10110110111111-12
Miller.....	111111111111-14				
Brown.....	111111111111-15				

Ten targets:					
Miller.....	100011100-5	Clark.....	010101010-5	McGinty.....	0101010101-5
Holzapfel.....	111110111-9	Brown.....	101000011-6	Forsgard.....	0101100001-4
24-gauge.....	110001001-4				
Moore.....	0011000101-4				
Fritz.....	11001111-7				

Ten targets:					
Register.....	010100101-5	24-gauge.....	0101001111-7	Hope.....	1111111011-9
Hope.....	1111111011-9	Sparks.....	001110111-7	Ambold.....	101001110-5
Moore.....	000011011-6	Clark.....	011011011-7	Holzapfel.....	111010111-7
Swiveller.....	1111001011-7	McGinty.....	111010111-7	Miller.....	111010111-7
Ambold.....	101001110-5	Forsgard.....	111010111-7		

Fritz 2, Ambold 2, Sparks 1, Moore 2, Hope 2, 24-gauge. Holz, Brown and Fritz divide.					
Same as above: McGinty 2, Moore 0, Holz 5, Fritz 5, 24-gauge 3, Ambold 3, Miller 0, Brown 4, Sparks 0.					

Ten live pigeons:					
McGinty.....	212121212-10	Holz.....	212121212-10	Miller.....	212020101-6
Moore.....	212222210-9	Fritz.....	212020101-6	Hope.....	201212111-9
Hope.....	201212111-9	Miller.....	101210112-8	Brown.....	0112012121-8
Brown.....	0112012121-8	Ambold.....	102101111-8		

Twenty targets:					
McGinty.....	1011011011111111-14	Miller.....	1011011011111111-17	24-gauge.....	1011100101101110-13
Fritz.....	1111111111111011-15	Forsgard.....	1111011011111111-17	Register.....	1111011011111111-17
Moore.....	0101010111111011-14	Register.....	1111011011111111-17	Miller.....	1111011011111111-17
Holz.....	1111101111111111-19	Forsgard.....	1111011011111111-18	Both.....	11110100010111-9
Ambold.....	101001001111011011-13				

Miss-and-out at pigeons: Moore 1, Register 1, McGinty 1, Fritz 4, Texas Field 7, Sparks 7, Critzer 4, Miller 1.					
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## Third Day.

Fifteen targets:					
Fritz.....	11000110111111-12	Miller.....	11111111111111-14	Moore.....	0001101111101-8
Durst.....	11100111111101-11	Moore.....	0001101111101-8	Brown.....	11011111111111-13
Brown.....	11111111111110-14	Turner.....	11011110111111-13	Nalle.....	0011001000010-7
Lockhart.....	0111110001100-9	Turner.....	110110110011011-10	Adams.....	01110110111110-12
Nalle.....	0011001000010-7	Adams.....	01110110111110-12	Greener.....	010110110111-8
24-gauge.....	11110110111110-12	Both.....	11110100010111-9		



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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

If he is a friend of yours; if he is interested in the gun or the rod; if he is not a reader of FOREST AND STREAM; if you would like to have him see it for three weeks; and if you will give us his name, we will supply him with one of the

FOREST AND STREAM'S SILVER BULLSEYE Cards, which will make it easy for him to send for the paper. . . . .

## ACTION BY THE SENATE.

We announced last week the passage in the House of Representatives of Mr. Lacey's bill providing protection for the Yellowstone National Park. This bill having gone to the Senate was there amended so that, although it is no longer the same bill that the House passed, it will go back to the House as a House bill and will thus have preference over a Senate bill proper, being treated as a House bill with Senate amendments.

As soon as the bill came to the Senate it was referred to the Committee on Territories, and two days later Senator Carey reported it in its changed form. In this form it includes the best portion of the Vest bill, the Carey bill, and the Lacey bill, and while there are some points in which it might be improved, yet it is emphatically a measure that deserves support.

On Monday last Senator Carey called up the bill in the Senate, and after some discussion and some amendments it passed that body.

One of the most important changes in the bill as finally passed is that its provisions apply to the whole Park instead of to "the Yellowstone National Park in the State of Wyoming" as Senator Carey's bill originally read, since, as narrow strips of the Park lie in Montana and in Idaho, a law which limited protection to that part of the Park in Wyoming would merely invite law breakers to settle on such portions as are without the boundaries of that State, and from these strips—where they would be safe from punishment—they could at will raid the treasures of the National Park. Another most useful amendment is that increasing the penalty for receiving for transportation game or dead animals from \$100 to \$300. The inadequacy of the original penalty was obvious.

The bill now goes to a conference committee of members of both houses, and this body should have no difficulty in determining the form which the measure shall finally take. It is essential to the proper protection of

the game and forests of the Yellowstone Park that a section should be added to this bill extending its provisions over the area of the adjacent forest reservation, and pains should be taken to clearly express the evident and proper intent of the bill, that the penalties of this statute and not of the laws of Wyoming, are to be enforced. It is also desirable for many reasons that the Circuit Court should appoint the commissioner and the deputy marshals for whom the act makes provision. These officials should be so appointed that they will not be swayed by local influences.

Senators Vest and Cary have earned the thanks of all friends of the Park by their prompt action, and the interest which Congress at last appears to feel in the matter is a hopeful sign. The interest was long in awakening, but if, as now seems to be the case, Congress is aroused to a realizing sense of the dangers which threatens one of the choicest possessions of our people, it will be an easy matter for the future to prevent the abuses which have prevailed for twenty years; and the destruction of life which has recently taken place will have been a blessing instead of a bane if it shall induce Congress to pass the laws so urgently needed.

On the other hand it must not be imagined that this is a time for any relaxing of effort by those who hope to see the National Park preserved forever as the people's pleasure ground. Good bills for the Park's protection have passed the Senate before, and the matter has ended there. This bill should meet a better fate and should become a law of the land.

## THE GILBERT TROUT BILL.

A SECOND time the Gilbert trout bill in the Massachusetts Legislature, having been passed by both houses, has met a veto. The measure as passed this year provided that trout artificially reared in private ponds and streams might be sold for food during February and March (close months) under such restrictions as might be prescribed by the Fish Commissioners. Franklin, Hampden, Hampshire and Berkshire counties were excepted. The measure met with determined opposition from the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The brief of objections prepared by the Association has been printed in our columns. This opposition was maintained even after the adoption of the measure by both houses, and to the intelligent presentation of the case by the Association to the Governor must be credited the executive action which has come in the very gratifying form of a veto, which reads as follows:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives:

I return herewith without my approval "Senate bill 66," entitled, "An act to permit, during February and March, the sale for food of trout artificially reared in this commonwealth," assigning for such action the following reasons:

First—The words in the act "artificially reared" are not precise and definite, and are liable to various interpretations, meaning, on the one hand, trout reared in hatcheries of elaborate construction, and, on the other hand, trout reared in a greater or less degree on food artificially supplied in ponds and streams or in inclosures of rude construction.

Second—The difficulty of readily distinguishing artificially reared trout from wild trout must make the administration of the proposed law practically ineffective.

Third—The opening of the closed season in the manner proposed, even with restrictions prescribed by the Commissioners, would in effect tend to bring in all kinds of trout, wild or artificially reared, and to annul or impair the policy of preserving and protecting fish and game which has become the established policy of the commonwealth.

Fourth—The discrimination in regard to the counties of Berkshire, Hampden and Hampshire does not appear to be based on constitutional principle or on good and sufficient grounds.

[Signed,]

FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE.

The absolute necessity of prohibiting the sale of fish and game in the close season is the very A B C of protection. Gov. Greenhalge has done well to veto the Gilbert bill. It is a pity that he did not recognize the same reasoning and adopt a similar course of action with respect to the iniquitous measure which has received his approval this month legalizing the sale of game in close time. At this distance from the big dome in Boston, it is difficult to reconcile the approval of the game bill with the veto of the trout bill. The principle of one is identical with that of the other. Moreover, the selling clauses of the game law are inimical to the interests of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and of her sister States as well.

As amended by the present Legislature the game law is altogether in the interest of the Boston markets as a "dumping ground" for game in season and out of season. The law reads, "That any person, firm or corporation

dealing in game or engaged in the cold-storage business may buy, sell or have in possession, and any person may buy from such person, firm or corporation, and have in possession if so bought, quail, from the fifteenth day of October to the first day of May; and any such person, firm or corporation may have in possession on cold storage, quail, and may buy, sell and have in possession pinated grouse, wild pigeons and any of the so-called shore, marsh, or beach birds, or of the so-called duck species, at any season, if said quail, grouse or other birds have not been taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of this act."

In practical working such a law invites the market hunters of the West to ship tons of game to the East, and it invites the game snarers of Massachusetts and neighboring States to kill game in season and out of season. There cannot be protection for game and an open market for game at the same time. This, we repeat, is the A B C of the matter; and everybody knows it. Experience demonstrates it, and the experience of New England and of every other portion of the country has by this time been so ample and so instructive that no legislature can plead ignorance of the facts. The law as adopted this year is a disgrace to Massachusetts.

## SNAP SHOTS.

MR. ARMIN TENNER recently propounded in our Natural History columns a theory to account for the disappearance of the thousands of song birds imported into America by the Cincinnati Acclimatization Society. Mr. Tenner's theory was based upon the observations by Heinrich Gätke, of the migratory flights of the birds of Germany, whence the Cincinnati birds had been brought. In the autumn migration, according to Gätke, the flight is first westward and then south; from northern Germany they fly across the North Sea, bound for England and Ireland, and thence south by way of Gibraltar to Africa. Following this instinct, argued Mr. Tenner, the birds liberated in Ohio would first fly west, and mistaking the Pacific Ocean for the North Sea would try in vain to cross it, and finally fall exhausted into the sea and perish. If this theory is based on facts, it would appear that it must have application no less to the German song birds put out on the Pacific Coast, and that following the migratory instinct guiding them westward these birds too should lose themselves in the Pacific. But the fact is that the introduced song birds are now returning to Oregon in flocks. Mr. Charles F. Pfluger, the secretary of the society which imported the birds, reports that many of the songsters are back from their winter migration, including starlings, goldfinches, skylarks and black thrushes, all of which have become fixtures in the State. This certainly is extremely encouraging, and if the birds can be acclimatized on the Pacific Coast, why may they not be added to the bird contingents of other regions?

Our canoeing columns this week contain the first chapter of a report of an expedition made in the summer of 1893 "Away Up North" in the Laurentian Wilderness of Canada. The report is of decided interest, for it notes new waters to be explored, amid inspiring scenery and in a country which, the canoeist, being the first comer, may have all to himself. What with the enterprise and push of the sportsman tourist of the day, there are not left many districts possessing the novelty and freshness of this one.

Mr. C. F. Amery, so widely known as the secretary of the Audubon Society, now occupies a chair on the editorial staff of the *Literary Digest*, a journal which is winning its way as the busy man's weekly compendium of the literature, science, art, politics and intelligence of the day.

Maryland needs a State sportsmen's association to be constituted of non-partisan elements, irrespective of political affiliations, bent only upon securing measures which will meet the urgent requirements of the hour, if game interests are to be served.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who is fitting out a summer excursion to Greenland, was the ethnologist of the Peary Expedition of 1891-2. He is an enthusiast on the attractions of the North, and the itinerary he has laid out for this summer is an inviting one.



## RAMBLING IN WYOMING.

VISALIA, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On July 2, 1893, Ernest Britten, of Three Rivers, John Broder, W. T. Cooper and myself left here for a pleasure trip through Wyoming and the Yellowstone National Park. We took passage for Casper, Wyoming, the terminus of the Fremont, Elk Horn & Missouri Valley railroad, distant 220 miles from Cheyenne, located upon the south bank of the famous Platte River, and built upon the site of old Fort Casper. Carey Bros., one of whose ranches is near Casper, are among the largest cattle growers in the State. From them we secured nine head of horses at the reasonable figure of \$20 per head. They were the regular Wyoming cow ponies, averaging 900 to 1,000 lbs., and proved most excellent animals for both riding and packing; their endurance was astonishing.

All offers of a guide were rejected, and on the morning of July 10 we left Casper for the southern spur of the Big Horn Mountains, distant 85 miles. The whole of this distance lies across Casper desert, where, save an occasional sage brush, nothing green is seen; it is 20 and 25 miles between watering places, and so strongly is the water impregnated with alkali that one must be very thirsty to drink it. This difficulty was greatly overcome by carrying drinking water in a large keg lashed on a pack-horse, and also in canteens.

The first camp was pitched 25 miles in the desert, where we found some springs of water. Antelope abounded and the camp was well supplied with meat. The sage brush was literally alive with prairie chickens, the young of which, being about two-thirds grown, were delicious eating. Next morning while breakfasting we could see a hundred antelope curiously surveying the camp from the neighboring hills.

Four days' travel brought us to Oakley post office, on Bad Water, and within a few miles of the southern spur of the Big Horns. Bad Water seemed a misnomer, for the water was pure and cold; the Indians so named the stream on account of its rising rapidly after a rain and doing great damage along its course.

On July 14 camp was pitched in the spur of the Big Horns, a series of low, gently rolling hills about 30 miles wide by 100 miles long. This country presented an unbroken carpet of luxuriant green grass; pure water was everywhere abundant, and an occasional copse of pine or spruce timber dotted these beautiful hills, upon whose gentle slopes anywhere a wagon could be driven. Deer, elk, antelope and prairie chickens abounded. The apparent excellence of this country for a stock range was frequently remarked, but only a few bands of sheep were seen and they were there but temporarily, the herders using tented wagons to enable them to move easily from place to place. This beautiful domain is unsurveyed, and why it should remain unsettled can be explained only upon the probability of very severe winters. Seven days' travel brought us to the snow-capped peaks of the famous Big Horns, whose range is 200 miles long by 40 miles wide. Camp was pitched on Little Ten Sleep Creek, a stream veining with any of those on Kern River in the number, beauty and quality of its speckled trout; its waters literally teem with these pretty fish, all eager to see which can get into your frying-pan first. Prior to this, other trout streams were found, but none compared favorably with this. Before the day closed four deer and two elk were slaughtered, Mr. Broder bringing in the finest deer—a four-point buck. Camp was now well supplied with meat, and for a time hunting gave way to fishing. At this point, unfortunately, the ranks of our little party were broken by the departure of Mr. Britten, who accepted the position of packer with a party of soldiers, out on a pleasure trip from Buffalo, Wyoming.

The Big Horn range is heavily timbered with pine and spruce of small diameter; rarely is a tree seen measuring more than 1½ ft. in diameter. In times gone by extensive forest fires have prevailed, killing a great deal of timber; in many places one can walk for miles on fallen dead timber.

Big Ten Sleep Creek, twenty miles further north, proved a most attractive place. Camp was pitched on the lake of same name, a body of water one-fourth mile wide by one mile long, surrounded by snow-capped mountains and beautiful woodlands, its mirror-like surface reflecting a splendid picture of the gorgeous scenery about it. The quiet loveliness of this pretty place stirs the soul and kindles feelings of the keenest pleasure. The fishing here was equal to that of the former camp, and elk and deer abounded.

Were the game laws of Wyoming strictly enforced the non-resident hunter would be shut out entirely. Under the law non-residents are allowed to kill nothing. Hides, horns and meat of wild game are not allowed to be shipped out of the State by any one. But like the game laws of California, they are not strongly enforced, and the non-resident hunter usually finds little difficulty in shipping his hides and horns.

Two days' travel northward brought us to the banks of one of the largest and most interesting streams in the Big Horns—South Paint Rock Creek. Some difficulty was encountered in reaching this camp, we being compelled to cut our way for a distance of five miles through what is termed in Wyoming a "wind fall," or fallen dead timber. Once through this we had plain sailing. Traveling in the Big Horns, even without a trail, is usually good; there is always more or less open country.

The reader may be puzzled to know how we avoided being lost, being in a strange country and having no guide. This was obviated by good maps and compasses. By means of these, and a scale of miles provided with the map, and by keeping a record of the distance traveled daily, our locality could always be determined with tolerable accuracy. Locality was a matter of little concern. If plenty of wood, water, grass and wild game were found, it was a royal residence,

South Paint Rock is a rushing stream similar in size to Little Kern River, and one of the most famous trout streams in Wyoming.

When the excellent fishing and hunting afforded by this locality had been well enjoyed, we determined to turn westward, cross the Big Horn Basin, and explore the Shoshone range of mountains for game and fish. From our camp on Paint Rock there extends toward the basin a gently sloping tableland, through which, for a distance of fifteen miles, the creek had cut its remarkable cañon, 2,000 ft. deep and less than a quarter of a mile wide. Everywhere could be seen the skeletons of numerous elk and mountain sheep that had perished there during severe winters. For miles this cañon presented an unbroken surface of gigantic wall and a magnificent display of colors. In many places the precipices were blood red from summit to base, relieved by horizontal strata of yellow, purple, brown and gray. Red predominated, and hence the name Paint Rock Creek, the beautiful and tumultuous stream that traverses the cañon. To the lover of the beautiful and grand this is a most glorious place.

Big Horn Basin is 150 miles long by 75 miles wide, much lower than the surrounding country, and formed of low hills and tablelands poorly watered. The basin is bounded on the east by the Big Horn Mountains and its southern spur, and on the west by the Shoshone and Owl Creek ranges. The Big Horn River flows a northerly course through the center of the basin and empties into the Yellowstone.

Pickering, catfish and grayling are caught in the waters of Big Horn River, the pickerel and cat frequently weighing 10 to 15 lbs. The borders of the river are well timbered and the adjacent country abounds in wild game—antelope, deer, elk and bear. Little time was spent here after game, our destination being the picturesque Sho-



A STUDY OF ELK.—By J. B. BURNHAM.

shones. For three days the course was up the river, at the end of which time the Owl Creek range was sighted and camp was pitched at the mouth of the creek of the same name, one of the largest tributaries of the Big Horn having its source in the Owl Creek and Shoshone ranges.

Here we left Big Horn River, and for three or four days traveled up Owl Creek, along whose little valley we saw a few ranches, nearly all of which were devoted to alfalfa, cattle and horses. The absence of wheat and barley was remarkable, not a field of these cereals having been seen in the State. During the third day's travel up the creek two of the largest cattle ranches in Wyoming were passed. The first of these was the Keystone, whose herd numbers 20,000 head, and superintended by Mr. McCoy, of Denver, Colorado. A few miles distant was the Embar ranch, their brand being the letter M and a bar beside it, hence the name; their herd numbers 100,000. Embar post office was soon reached, where we waited two days for our mail.

Our first camp in the Shoshones was upon the headwaters of Big and Little Grass creeks, twenty-five miles to the northwest. This proved a fine elk country, every cañon containing a band of them. Not well understanding the habits of the elk and his ability to elude the hunter, several fruitless attempts were made before any were killed; on the third day's hunt a bull elk was killed, dressing 500 lbs. Do not make the mistake most hunters do who are unused to hunting this royal game—that because he is as large as a cow he can be as easily captured. At this season of the year they are to be found in the highest timber at the heads of cañons; rarely does he feed during the day, but ventures forth on moonlight nights. During the dark of the moon he takes his food during the earliest hours of the morning, retreating to heavy timber on the approach of sunrise. They are ever on the alert for their enemies, and their fleetness of foot and keenness of eyesight, hearing and smell, make them among the most difficult game to capture. The elk does not bound like the deer or gallop like the horse, but he is a most excellent trotter; during his flight the nose is elevated and the huge antlers rest on the back; it is truly astonishing what headway they can make through timber. On first seeing a frightened elk speeding over the mountain, it was strongly suggested to the writer that could one be harnessed to a sulky the world's trotting record could be easily lowered and the famous Maud S. would not be in the race at all. The elk of to-day is a much smarter animal than the elk of twenty years ago; he is no longer stupid enough to venture upon the open plain to fall an easy target for the hunter's rifle, but makes his home in dense forests, from which he seldom ventures save for food and water. The deer soon recovers from his fright, and you find him waiting for you in the neighboring gulch; but the elk, once alarmed, does not halt till he is ten or fifteen miles from his pursuer. The experienced hunter chooses his feeding time in which to hunt him, taking great care to keep the wind in his favor and well knowing that to hunt with the wind is the

utmost folly. Unless those vast forests are destroyed and since the Indians are growing less numerous, it is certain that they will gradually increase in numbers. The sleek, plump body, graceful head, large lustrous eyes, gigantic antlers and majestic carriage combine to make the elk the most royal game of the forest.

Fifty miles to the northwest we encountered Wood River and its grand cañon twenty miles long, up which we passed. The beauty and sublimity of this cañon is worthy of remark. Snow-capped summits 4,000 to 5,000 ft. high rise precipitously and almost continuously throughout the length of the cañon. The cañon was headed and the dividing ridge crossed, bringing us to the headwaters of the east fork of Wind River, down which we passed toward the main stream.

The head of Wood River cañon is a noted place for mountain sheep and goats, and a day was spent in search of these wary animals, but a snowstorm cut short what might have been a successful hunt. It was suggested by a member of the party that a pair of wings would prove of great service in the pursuit of mountain sheep. I quite agree.

Three days' travel gained "Two-ow-tee Pass," the dividing ridge between the headwaters of the Wind River and Buffalo fork of Snake River. "Two-ow-tee" is not the famed Two-Ocean Pass, from which the waters upon one side flow into the Atlantic and those upon the other into the Pacific Ocean. How impressive and almost incomprehensible must be the sight of two streams, whose sources are only a few yards apart, but whose destinations are separated by thousands and thousands of miles.

The Pass is about 10,000 ft. high, on reaching the summit of which a grand sight was presented. A few miles to the northeast lay an immense terraced mountain several miles long and around which the Almighty had placed a splendid inclosure. The vertical walls of the principal terrace was a magnificent palisade hundreds of feet high and rivaling the famous palisades along the Hudson River, New York, while sixty miles westward and shooting high into the heavens, were the clear cut spires of the unique and beautiful Teton range. They lie just west of Snake River and along the eastern boundary of Idaho, and are among the most strangely picturesque and beautiful mountains in America. Unlike our Sierra Nevadas, they have no foothills, but resemble a series of cathedral spires rising from a level plain to the sublime height of 14,000 ft. The picture they present amid the glories of a summer sunset, once seen is never forgotten.

Vast numbers of elk, antelope, deer, bear and many moose and caribou are found in the range, but so rugged are they and so dense the timber that the hunter finds pursuit of game almost impossible.

We traveled down Black Rock Creek, one of the tributaries of the Buffalo fork, passing through lovely valleys and much pretty, sparsely-timbered country untenanted by man and untrodden by anything save the deer and the elk. We soon reached Snake River, up which we traveled on the Sheridan trail toward the National Park, the second day's travel bringing us just within its southern confines, and at a point called Snake River Station, where a few soldiers were guarding the Park.

T. J. PATTERSON.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## IN NEZ PERCES TIMES.

DURING the Nez Perces Indian war I drove a small band of horses down in to what is called the Cove, a nice range for horses in between a small hollow that put down from Mount Idaho and the Clearwater. Here I could look after them occasionally and could prevent the Indians from driving them off. One day I went down and as I was not feeling very nervous I took nothing but a Colt's .45 revolver. I had got along down nearly half way from the summit to the river when I saw my band of horses not more than half a mile distant. They were all in a bunch, and from their appearance I knew that they had seen something in a small thicket between me and them which I could overlook. I jumped off from my horse and led him back a little so I could see without being seen, and about the first thing I thought of was Indians. Then I began to wish that I had brought my Remington. I had but a few minutes to complete all my wishes when out from the brush walked a good-sized brown bear. He was going quartering up the mountain. I had quite a rocky place to go down. I started and kept my eyes on the bear, for I did not want him to get alarmed and bolt for the Clearwater Cañon. He soon stopped and so did I, when he started I led on as fast as I could; when he would stop so would I. In this way I reached the bottom, where I had fair going, just as he passed over a small rise into some buck brush.

I soon galloped up on to the rise when I saw him disappear and was looking too far to my right, when my horse threw up his head and looked quartering to my left. I turned my head just in time to see the bear get down from his haunches and start down the ridge through the open timber and buck brush. I gave chase and my horse became excited, and it was hard for me to hold him down to a gait I considered safe. I soon ran up to within 10 yds. of the bear, but he would not take to a tree. He crossed the hollow and started up a very steep bank which was about 50 yds. high. I stopped at the foot of it and took a running shot at him. At the crack of the revolver he rolled back down the bank not 20 ft. from my horse. He struck the bottom at the foot of a big, leaning fir tree, and before I had time to make a good shot he jumped up and started to climb the fir. I shot at the back of his head and he rolled out dead. After he quit kicking, I rode my horse up to him and he did not care at all, but went to nibbling grass unconcerned right by the side of the dead bear.

I went back to Mount Idaho, got a good pack horse, and my brother-in-law and me went back and got the bear, which I think would have weighed 300 lbs. We took him to town, hung him up and skinned him in the main street and told every one to help themselves. Col. Green was there with a company of cavalry. He examined the bear, congratulated me on my luck and said he considered himself well posted on the efficiency of the army revolver, yet he had had no idea that it would make such a wound as was shown in this bear. I got \$4 for the gall; the hide being a summer skin was not good.

LEW WILMOT,

OROVILLE, Wash.



Natural History.

WOODCHUCKS AFIELD.

Soon it will be woodchuck season in New England, and the young rodents will be abroad to forage on the spring grass. The hill country of Massachusetts is a favorite habitat for these creatures, where they are troublesome to farmers on account of their numbers. In some localities they afford almost the sole sport at present for the farmers' boys and their dogs.

Woodchucks hole in together for the winter, sometimes as many as fourteen in a community. When the young ones have grown big enough to hustle for themselves, they are turned out of the domicile, when they betake themselves to stone walls, where the dogs find them and kill many. One collie dog in Cummington, belonging to A. S. Streeter, has a record of seventy-eight woodchucks in one season. The boys often help by pulling away loose stones so that the dogs can get at them. It takes a clever dog to yank a chuck out of a wall without being much bitten. A chuck in a stone wall is almost as good game as a badger, as he sits in the embrasure with only his ivory muzzle presented to the aggressor. Sometimes the boys bury steel traps in the sand and gravel which the animals have thrown out at the entrances when digging their burrows, and frequently they drown them out by deluging the holes with two or three barrels of water, which they spend much energy in filling and hauling to the spot on a wagon after school hours. Occasionally they catch or shoot them afield, for often the woodchucks forage at long distances from their holes. Clover is preferred to other food, though havoc is made with the growing stalks of small grains. Young woodchucks dig new holes or appropriate old ones according to circumstances. Frequently skunks take possession and are caught in the traps, to recover which gives the boys a sweet-scented job. If they happen to have no guns they cut a sapling as long as they can wield with effect, so as to be beyond reach of the varmint's trajectory, and then beat him to death with the end. Generally they are obliged to bury their clothes after the achievement. There are sometimes two entrances to a burrow, which is dug first downward and aslant if in a level field, or straight into a bank, then upward for a foot or two, and then down again at a steep incline to a big round cavity at the terminus, which is used for a nest. Prairie dog burrows are dug in the same fashion, the object being to prevent their being flooded by heavy rains, as well as to resist encroachment of intruders. Holes in banks have an obvious advantage over those in levels, as it is impossible to flood them. Boys, however, locate the nests, and digging down to them pour the water directly in. Many whip lashes used to be made of woodchuck hide in New England forty or fifty years ago, and the flesh was often baked and eaten. A dead woodchuck is a superlative plaything for a young puppy, especially when on chain. It amuses him more than a ball, a rag baby, or an old bonnet; it educates his nose and stimulates his ardor for field work.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

NOTES ON FOXES.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.—I suppose that I really ought to know something about foxes, having caught them in every possible way and manner that I ever heard of their being, except, perhaps, the method which Samson took when he captured those 800. There were some four or five varieties in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, but the red were the most numerous, say about 70 per cent. I estimate, as I found them forty years ago. There were two varieties of the gray fox. The dark gray is a fine specimen, a trifle larger and more heavily built than the red, full furred, and the long hair tipped with black, black legs and furred clean down to the toes, and invariably with a tuft of long white hair on the end of the brush. This fox when running on snow, directly from or toward you, might easily be mistaken for a genuine black fox.

The cross fox is believed by many to be a distinct variety, but I imagine it is only a cross between the dark gray and the red.

The light gray fox is a red-legged chunky little animal, although considerably outweighing the red; his legs are bare of fur and his tracks very much resemble the tracks of a small dog. Under favorable circumstances he gets quite fat. His fur may be reckoned as third rate.

I describe foxes as they are found in early winter; they appear somewhat different in spring and summer. The Samson fox is about the size of the red and covered with a short woolly coat of a dirty pale yellow, destitute of fur and nearly so of hair, having somewhat the appearance of being singed by fire, hence the name of Samson fox. Whether this apparent freak of nature is caused by a disease of the skin, or whether it is a distinct variety as some believe, I am unable to say. This I know, that when stripped of its skin the body shows no signs of disease. The red fox has wonderful running power, and is a shrewd, sharp, cunning hunter with marvelous instinct, reaching far beyond that of ordinary game animals.

ANTLER.

[The dark gray fox mentioned by our correspondent is evidently the gray fox (*Vulpes cinereo-argentatus*), the species which is somewhat notable for its tree climbing habits. The Samson fox is not known. Its peculiar coat may be due to disease or possibly to age.]

LINCOLN, Neb., April 10.—A friend writing from my old hunting ground in Presque Isle county, Mich., states that during a recent stroll through the woods, he came upon and killed a fox or something of that species, and describes it as follows. I cannot tell him anything definite and submit his question to you. Is it a freak or some distinct species?

"It is black from head back to behind shoulders, gray and black back to tail, tail black all but tip end, say 3 in., and this is white as snow. It is a very small fox, no one here ever saw anything like it; may be you could tell me something about the kind of animal it is and what is its value as fur. Wish I had got it mounted."

E. E.

[The animal was probably a gray fox (*Vulpes (urocyon) cinereo-argentatus*), though the tip of tail in this species is usually dark.]

A HOLLOW-HORNED BUCK.

COUTTS, Alberta, Canada, March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not very long ago while hunting with a friend near here we killed an ordinary black-tail (mule deer) buck which had hollow horns. The animal is a common deer with five points and was in very good condition when killed.

The head, which is now stuffed, belongs to a great friend and fellow hunter here. He is also a taxidermist and he values the head very much, so I am unable to send you the horns. The hollow commences in the fork of the top prong and consists of a small hole about the size of a .32cal. rifle. How big the hollow is further down I cannot say, but my friend who stuffed the head says it is a good deal larger. While examining the head I took a small stick and could shove it down through the cavity nearly to the head. This hollow is in the left horn; the right antler has no hole that you can see, but on tapping the horn it sounds hollow, and the owner assures me that it is so. You can notice nothing strange about the animal or antlers different to any other deer.

I think that is all the information I can give you. My friend who owns the head and who has had great experience in all kinds of deer, assures me he has never seen anything like it before, and I can say the same for myself, and I have seen and shot many deer in my time. This is why I informed you of the matter, hoping it would interest the readers of that splendid paper, the FOREST AND STREAM.

W. SHAW LOGGIN.

[We have hanging above our desk in this office a pair of Virginia deer horns, the right antler of which has a hole about an inch long, through the beam from above downward. It is no doubt due to an injury to the antler when it was soft.]

A Twenty-one Point Elk Head.

BOZEMAN, Mont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We send you a photograph of a 21-point elk head. The widest spread of horns is 68 in. We have had it mounted, and it is now at our store, the Montana Armory. This elk was



TWENTY-ONE POINT ELK HEAD.

Property of the Montana Armory.

killed last year in the upper Madison River Basin. It is an exceptionally fine head, and is quite a curiosity, even to the old hunters.

We also have a bison bull head, the horns of which measure 16 in. in circumference at base, 20 1/2 in. each in length; and the spread of the horns is 38 in. The head we consider the largest perfect bison bull head in America.

MONTANA ARMORY.

A Snake in a Fix.

SILVERDALE, Wash.—I was hunting ducks along a marshy draw in Nebraska some months ago, and while walking along a small brook fringed with weeds and tules, I frightened a small garter snake into the water a few feet ahead of me. As I came to the place where I saw him slip down the bank I glanced down in the water; there I stopped, for the snake was acting in a curious way. The head was out of sight under the grass that hung down from the opposite side of the brook, but the rest of his body was twisting and turning in the water until it struck a weed or grass stem; then two or three turns of the tail would wind about the object and a tension of the muscles would "bring it all adrift." I didn't understand that kind of business, so I cut a big sunflower and stuck it down within reach. Pretty soon I "got a bite" and hauled out the snake with a freshwater clam tightly closed on its neck.

I laid the pair in the trail and sat down to see how the snake would get out. Then came the curious part of it. The snake would apparently extend its ribs straight and level from the backbone and try to back out. In doing this he would shorten about one-fourth in length and "widen" to about three or four times his proper gauge; and every time he did this the clam would shut down a little. Then the snake would try his former tactics and try to get a "tail hold" on something. I finally cut the muscles of the clam and released the snake, but had to kill him too, for the shells of the bivalve had broken his back before I got him loose.

While watching this performance I very clearly saw an explanation of how snakes get through seemingly solid stone walls and in other apparently impossible places, through this power of expansion and contraction. This snake was about 14 in. long and probably an inch wide when he flattened, but was only the thickness of his spinal column, perhaps a quarter of an inch, so he could get through a pretty small crack if he traveled "edge-ways."

I had forgotten the circumstance until lately, and then I didn't care much about telling it, for, like the genial O. O. S., I thought maybe the "time wasn't ripe," but this snake dance in FOREST AND STREAM brings all things snaky to the fore,

EL COMANCHO.

An Unique Kingfisher.

A REGISTERED parcel, bearing several kinds of stamps so curious as to attract the attention of the postmaster, arrived at Sandusky yesterday addressed to Prof. Moseley. It contained a specimen which has traveled far enough at one time and another to have gone quite around the world. But its chief interest lies in the fact that no person or institution in the world has another specimen of the same kind. It is a beautiful kingfisher which was shot by Prof. Moseley in the Island of Negros, Philippines, one thousand miles southeast of China. It is not as large as our American kingfisher, but has a greater variety of colors, the breast being buff and white with bars of black, and the back green, blue, buff, black and brown, arranged in such an intricate pattern that a full description would occupy a column. It was shot at dusk from a bamboo on the bank of a little stream about a mile from the ocean. It was alone and none like it was seen during the remainder of the expedition; nor did Bourne and Worcester, who have since spent two years collecting in the islands, obtain a specimen. Prof. Steere, the leader of the first expedition, on arriving in this country and comparing the specimen with other kingfishers from the East Indies and the descriptions in works on ornithology, decided it to be a new species and named it *Halecyon moseleyi*. But Prof. Moseley, not feeling sure that it was really distinct from other species of *Halecyon* already known, took it to the British Museum, which contains the largest collection of birds in the world. The chief ornithologist of this museum, Mr. R. B. Sharpe, has made a special study of the kingfishers and is the author of a book devoted to them, and illustrated with colored plates. Mr. Sharpe pronounced the bird distinct from any previously described and tried to induce Mr. Moseley to let the British Museum have it, offering liberal exchange. Not succeeding in this he obtained consent to keep it long enough to have an engraving made of it. After this it was in some way lost until a few weeks ago one of the ornithologists of the museum in overhauling some cases ran across it and sent it on. It will be kept at the high school building, and Sandusky may well be proud of having a bird which is unique in the true sense of the word.—*Sandusky Register*.

A Tame Snow Goose.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read with no little interest the article by Wm. W. Hart in your issue of 14th inst., "A Bewildered Wild Swan," as I once had an experience nearly the same. Some twelve years ago I came from the West to visit my old home at Glens Falls, N. Y. It was in the woodcock season, and one day my brother-in-law and I went to Lake George, where I have often had a good day's sport. We followed up one of the little streams that come running down the mountain side, and finally concluded to climb the mountain. As we were nearing the top, I was looking up the stream and saw on a sheet of water where the stream widened out so as to form quite a little pond. Something snow-white was floating there. At first I thought it a bunch of foam, but immediately discovered that it was alive. Being so far from any habitation, I concluded that it must be wild, and cocking both barrels of my hammerless, I started to walk directly toward it, expecting to see it rise and fly. It did not do so. I got within 20 ft. of it. I then saw that it was a genuine snow goose. I actually walked up to and picked it up. It seemed to be in perfect health, but very tame. Then of course I thought it was some one's pet. We took it down the mountain into the town of Caldwell and tried to find an owner. But no one knew or had ever heard of it. We put it under our buckboard seat and took it home. My father-in-law, Mr. J. L. Kenworthy, had a nice lawn with a large fountain and basin. He put it in the water, and they kept it there for a year or two. It lived on the lawn and in the fountain, and was a beautiful specimen of the genuine snow goose. The very strange thing about it was its being so very tame and where it could have come from. I have never seen any common goose so tame and such a pet. The only version I could ever have was that it was entirely void of any brain or sense.

A. M. DECKER.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

She was Grateful for the Venison.

LEBANON, N. H.—Last September I was in Errol on one of my yearly fishing and hunting trips, and while there I discovered a new kind of venison which I would like to have some of your learned contributors classify. I was awakened about 3 o'clock one morning by a racket in the office directly under my room. Going down to investigate, I found six sportsmen, who had driven over from Colebrook for a day's hunt. We let them take our guide and they secured another and started for the woods. Along in the afternoon one dog drove a buck in at the head of the pond. There was hurrying to and fro; two boats were manned and then the fun began. One of them was armed with a .45-90 and when the cannon spoke you would think the guns were bombarding old Sumpter. The sportsman in the forward boat shot four times and then the rifle went click; in the hurry he had forgotten to fill his magazine. Well, they shot eight times at the game, and then it swam ashore within 4 rods of them, and, I presume, is still happy in its native wilds. When they got back to the house their blood was up and something must be done, so they sent the guide to me to try and buy the deer that we had killed the day before. (I believe in that platform plank, no game for sale). Being refused that, the guide came back and wanted to buy the hide. I told him that they were welcome to that. The old guide had a farm and on it some very large sheep and lambs. So they gave the old gentleman \$3 to go up and shoot one of his sheep and to take the pelt off, so that there would be no "give-away." Then they started for Colebrook. But the best of the joke was when the genial lady editor of the Colebrook News came out in a card of thanks to the boys for their generous slice of venison.

MASCOMY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



## Game Bag and Gun.

### THE SOUTH JERSEY DEER DRIVE.

A Belated Rejoinder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Returning from a winter's wandering in the West Indies, Mexico, Yucatan and Florida, I find upon my return to my home in South Jersey a bundle of FOREST AND STREAMS, beginning with the issue of Jan. 20. Before leaving home I had induced my friend Col. J. Howard Willets, of my county, to contribute to the journal an account of his most extraordinary deer chase of last autumn, when by superior strategy and management he was enabled to kill a deer by means of his pack of hounds without the use of firearms. In my ignorance, I thought this feat of sportsmanship, taking into consideration the nature of the country and the inexperience of the dogs, unique. I have known the neighboring deer country for more than thirty years, and never before heard of an instance of dogs killing an unwounded, full-grown deer, as this was. This deer was fifty times during the chase within a hundred yards of freedom, for had she recrossed the railroad she would have been free; but the management of the Colonel, who directed the hunt, in each instance headed her off and turned her course back into the river meadows and swamps. If the chase produced no other valuable result, it at least converted a pack of green rabbit and fox-pursuing dogs into experienced deer-hounds.

The mild criticism of O. H. Hampton is that of a gentleman, and is the sole occasion of this notice of the controversy. I induced my friend to furnish the narration, although not at all in sympathy myself with deer hunting. The Colonel was a brave and distinguished soldier in the war, and carries about his person some seven souvenirs of rebel lead. At the same time, all little children love him, and the disinterested dog's tail wags ever a welcome to him. Cruelty is as foreign to his nature as truth and considerate speech is to that of some contributors to respectable journals. He cannot take exception, however, to the comment of O. H. H., with which I sympathize, for personally I do not like killing deer in States like New Jersey at all; they are too pretty and rare to be molested. For the past nine years I have had many opportunities to kill deer in Florida, and have never availed myself of one of them. But I can understand that others enjoy the pursuit by hounds of foxes, jack rabbits or deer, and in amusing themselves in this way, I do not presume to criticise them, even amiably—certainly not with virulence.

It must be borne in mind, too, that still-hunting is impossible in South Jersey, owing to the nature of the country; the only method of killing a deer is by having hounds chase it to the hunter; if the deer passes the stand, it, and the hounds as well, are lost for the day.

The assumption of all the critics, agreeable or otherwise, on this subject, seems to be that a small doe was turned into a barnyard, with a pack of ferocious blood-hounds to pull her down. They are absolutely ignorant of the topography of this region. Dogs, except in this unique instance, never have taken an unwounded deer, and that alone is sufficient *raison d'être* for the contribution.

There is no ground for the assertion that the chase in this instance was "a little deer," for it was distinctly stated that its weight was 90lbs., dressed, which would be that of a full grown buck in Florida, a region with whose deer I am most familiar. Nor is it fair to assert, as did one of the violent critics, that the doe was in an improper condition for slaughter; this was untrue, and would impugn the wisdom of the Legislature of New Jersey, which has prescribed the six weeks' open season in which the chase occurred.

Hasty and inconsiderate attacks like the most which this narrative has elicited, proceed from sportsmen of limited experience who belong to the mugwumps of the guild, a class defined in politics by a prominent politician as those who "never vote for any one, but always against some one." They have the power to wound the sensitive, and in this case, without justification, have, I doubt not, annoyed a gentleman and thorough sportsman.

F. S. J. C.

### DR. COOK'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH

WILLIE and Clara, son and daughter of the frozen North, whose Eskimo names are not so readily pronounceable as the familiar English ones, by which they have become acquainted in Brooklyn, will bid farewell to American friends and American habits next June, and return to their Labrador homes on the ship that carries the summer excursion party to northern Greenland. They do not say very much about their impressions of America, its peoples, its institutions, because they are able to talk only in broken English, but their expressive looks when something new or odd comes within range, denotes the curiosity, pleasure or admiration they feel. The brother and sister have got along amazingly well since landing in New York last autumn, have accustomed themselves to civilized clothes and modes of living, and do not grieve for the snow and ice, the seals and the black bear of their Northern home. But I promised to return them, and they will be restored to their parents' awaiting arms, before the year is much older. Occasionally the boy and girl experience fits of home sickness, but these never continue long enough to be worth considering. Gentle Clara, with her lovable manners, who has learned to follow American ways even more rapidly than her brother, will not return eagerly to the Eskimo attire, however glad she may be to find herself really at home. She is extremely fond of her new style of dress, and when on occasions I have desired her to don the old habit and appear in her skin suit before an audience listening to a lecture, it has been with much reluctance that she consented. She has acquired the art of housekeeping fairly well; and strange to say has made firm resolutions to hereafter wash herself at least once a day, so fortunate indeed will be the Eskimo gallant who wins the accomplished Clara for a wife. Willie, besides finding out how to beat the neighboring boys at their favorite games, has become a useful individual about the house, and in taking care of my pack of Eskimo wolf dogs. A number of the latter have been lost by death, but this was not Willie's fault. The boy, who is yet only sixteen, will take back

to his native heath a fund of juvenile information calculated to astonish the younger element, and the old ones too, of his tribe, and he will have enough tales of wonderful happenings and strange sights to entertain them for at least several of their four months long seasons of constant night. Willie and Clara, Mikok and Kahlahkatak,



MISS KAHLAHKATAK.

as they are known at home, in years to come may cease to think of friends who have gone before, but they are not likely to tire of reverting to their American experiences and the sciences which to them were nothing less than marvellous.

The story of how this interesting couple were "captured," is easily told. I merely "borrowed" them from their parents, and am soon to return them their loan. Both were anxious to come, and I am rather pleased to be able to say they are not so anxious to go back. The girl, who is two years older than her brother, has by her quickness in learning proved herself the brighter of the two, though I have never seen smarter or more active Eskimos in either Labrador or Greenland, than Clara and Willie. During my two previous visits to the far North, I made a special study of these odd people, and I intend this summer to continue the work, which has proved extremely interesting and instructive. I may not have another opportunity to carry off the contents of an isolated Eskimo graveyard to add to my present collection of decaying homes, but there is ample material among the living representatives of a most curious race to occupy the entire attention of a diligent student.

This summer's trip, though, is not to be wholly given up to scientific pursuits. The excursion party to sail from New York late in June for Labrador and northern Greenland, will include a number of men and perhaps a few ladies, who would not join the expedition were it not for the facilities, exceptional facilities too, it will afford for



MIKOK AND THE DOG CHIMO.

hunting and fishing. They are going to enjoy the pleasures that ardent sportsmen can extract from the chase for big game, in which the countries to be visited abound. Superb indeed is the sport to be found among the drifting Arctic ice-floes, and our hunters when they return will have tales of rare adventures to unfold. Ice that moves slowly along the Greenland coast, is the home of the bear and walrus, and I have been an eager participant in a score of hunting excursions after these immense brutes. They are quite easy prey, but there is plenty of fun and excitement for a bear-killing or walrus-spearing party, and those who go North this year, say they intend to secure as much of it as possible. Mr. Walter S. Sinn proposes to decorate his theater office next winter with trophies, and I have no doubt he will be able to satisfy his hopes. The wooded wilderness of Labrador and the snowy wastes of Greenland, are ideal regions for the enthusiastic sportsmen. In the former we find the black

bear, caribou, timber wolf, lynx, the red, blue and gray fox, otter, mink and other fur-bearing animals, the snow-goose, eider duck, guillemot, great northern diver, auk and partridge. In Greenland or on its ice-bound northern coast, besides the polar bear, walrus, whale, narwhal and seal, are found reindeer in great numbers, and many of the varieties of animals and birds with which Labrador abounds. The Labrador streams and Greenland fjords teem with salmon and trout, those to be caught in southern Greenland being of rare size. Northwestern Canada and Alaska are described as possessing strong attractions for the hunters and fishers, but the inducement they hold forth to the sportsmen cannot rival those possessed by Greenland and Labrador.

The excursionists will be away from the United States something less than three months. Starting before the end of June, we go first to Labrador, where a scientific party of ten from the University of Pennsylvania are to be landed. After spending as long a time as is worth while, on this coast, we cross to southern Greenland, and then proceed leisurely northward, making numerous stoppages, until Ingfield Gulf is reached. Some of the party will land at different points, to be picked up on the return trip. These will be provisioned and equipped for hunting, fishing and journeys over land. At Ingfield Gulf, we will meet Peary and his party of observers. Here I will take charge of a sledge trip to the interior, which is intended to occupy two or three days, those who accompany me being given a realistic taste of the experiences of Arctic explorers, in traveling over snow and ice, sleeping in skinbags in the open air and cooking our pemican by the heat of an oil stove, just as the Arctic explorer does it. If possible, we are going a little further north to Verhoeff Glacier, but time or the weather or ice may prevent this.

The plans laid out, and here briefly outlined, are calculated to make the expedition as interesting to the summer tourist as it will be attractive to the knowledge-seeking scientist, or adventurous and exciting to the bloodthirsty huntsmen. The coast and inland scenery is incomparable in its unique beauty, the marvelous glacial phenomena is worth journeying thousands of miles to gaze upon, and the majestic icebergs as they sweep grandly by in the Arctic currents, give us an impressive lesson of the wondrous mysteries of Northern nature. Those who accompany the steamer to the northernmost point, will be within a few hundred miles of the long sought Pole, and almost as close to it as man has ever penetrated. But they will not be as far away from New York as they would be in San Francisco, and the clothing they would wear at home in the months of spring will most times be quite sufficient for comfort within the Arctic circle. For the season of constant day in the North, the time we are to visit it, is a season of warmth and balmy breezes without malaria or mosquitoes. **FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.**

15 HART STREET, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### MOOSE IN NORTHERN MAINE.

EVERY sportsman enjoys a description of a successful hunt, especially if it contains information that will enable him to go to the same locality and have the same success. Sportsmen are the subject of so much slander in respect to their reputation for truth and veracity that amateurs hardly dare to let their friends know they are going on a hunt. If on their return they have been unsuccessful, they are grieved, and life is made a burden. If they bring home big game they are always accused of having bought it or hired some one to shoot it. A truthful story of how two amateurs shot moose, with only such assistance from the guides as any sportsman can accept with honor, may be of interest.

On Dec. 9 last the writer and another amateur, both of Caribou, started out on a hunt for large game. It was moose we wanted, and it was moose we intended to get; and in the face of jeers and derogatory remarks from interested friends we started. Our destination was some point on the headwaters of the Aroostook River. Our first day's journey took us to Oxbow Plantation, which is situated on the Aroostook River, and on the border of the immense wilderness of northern Maine, forty miles from Caribou. Here we engaged Clarence Peavy and Miles Arbo as guides, they having been recommended to us by an old hunter. Just here a little advice to amateur sportsmen about guides. If you are going into a strange country, place yourself unreservedly in the hands of your guides. Tell them what you want and trust them. Some are dishonest and will take advantage of you; but these are the exceptions. A good guide has a reputation to sustain; and if put on his honor will seldom go back on you. Don't blame him for what he cannot help; be considerate, especially when disappointed, and you will get good service, and game, if it is in his power to find it. We told our guides that we wanted moose, and left them to make all arrangements, select the locality to be visited and take us to it. They selected Smith Brook Camp, a small branch of the Mooselick stream, which is a branch of the Aroostook River. It is thirty miles from Oxbow, and we arrived at the camp the second morning from home.

The next morning we started at daylight, taking different directions. The snow was about a foot deep and traveling was tiresome. We gave out before noon and returned to camp, much to the disgust of the guides.

We traveled about eight miles that day, and at no time were we over 3½ miles from camp. We held a consultation in camp that night and decided to send the guides out to find moose signs while we rested. The guides started at daylight the next day, taking different directions. Arbo got back about 3 o'clock. He had found two bull moose, but had frightened them, and it was no use to chase them. Peavy got in about 5 o'clock. He had found three bull moose and had not disturbed them; they were about five miles from camp and were feeding. He had taken a circle of about eighteen miles before he found them.

The next morning we started at daylight all together. The guides broke down the snow, and we followed. On we tramped. We saw deer and caribou on the way. The thermometer marked 10° below zero. The wind blew a gale. It was a perfect day for still-hunting. There was no crust to make a noise, and the cracking of the trees by the wind drowned all noise we made. Suddenly, directly in front of us an enormous cow moose and two calves got up from the snow, not 50 yds. away. "Don't shoot," cried Peavy, "you want horns, don't you?" It was a trying time, to let this enormous animal, weighing at least 1,500 lbs., go away unharmed. This cow was



larger than the bulls we afterward shot. The calves were odd-looking beasts, the most ungainly animals that travel, all head, body and legs. A camel is a beauty compared with them. The cow was not handsome, but she was so large that she looked imposing and respectable. We were impatient that the guides had not allowed us to shoot her, but after they told us that if we shot her we should probably lose the bulls, which were not a mile away, we felt better. "The bulls were in the next valley," said Peavy. "They were feeding down the wind. We will go round this mountain and meet them. It is no use to follow them down the wind. They have the finest scent of any animal living, and will smell us a mile."

So we started round the mountain. We had gone less than three-fourths of a mile from where we saw the cow and calves when suddenly our guides halted. We were on the side of a mountain in an open beech and birch growth. The wind blew a gale right in our faces and the air was thick with snow from the trees. We could not see five rods, but the guides could. "I see them," he said, "they are lying down." His keen eye had seen the head of a moose 300 yds. away. Even after he had pointed it out to us we could not for a long time tell what it was. When at last we had located it we prepared to shoot; off came our gloves, we melted the snow from our eyes and warmed our hands—forgotten were our tired legs and cold fingers.

"If they start, shoot; if not, don't shoot till I give the word," said Peavy. Slowly we moved toward them. Soon we could see two immense heads. Nearer and nearer we came till we were less than 100 yds. from them. We stopped. "Take good aim at the neck, near the top. Can you hit it?" asked the guide. "All right, fire!" The two rifles made but one report. The mark looked as big as the side of a barn; both heads dropped. So sure had been the aim that neither of the moose got up, but from behind a small fir about 10 ft. away an enormous animal sprang to his feet. Crack, crack, and he plunged headlong. Both guides had fired. We rushed forward, and a sight which will rarely be seen greeted us. Three bull moose weighing over 1,000 lbs. each lay dead in a space not 20 ft. square, each with magnificent antlers, all perfect. The smallest set spread 4 ft. lin., and had nine prongs on one side and ten prongs on the other; the largest set spread 4 ft. 6 in. and had ten and twelve prongs.

To get these immense carcasses out of the woods whole was the next question. We were five miles from camp and thirty miles from Oxbow; but our guides were equal to the emergency. Arbo walked to Oxbow the next day, and came back on the following day with a big pair of horses. While he was gone we swamped a road from camp to where the moose lay, and the next day we loaded our moose and started for home at Oxbow. The load was so heavy we were obliged to put on four horses, and we arrived home in just ten days from the time we started, bringing with us the two moose which we had shot, all whole. Although these moose had been exposed to a temperature of over 10° below zero the whole of five days, and part of the time to a temperature of 20° and 25° below, so great was the animal heat in them and so thick the skin and hair, they were not frozen when we got home.

We want sportsmen to know what can be done in northern Maine in the way of large game, and if this account will encourage any one to try his luck we shall be satisfied, for we belong to that great body of sportsmen who are all friends and hail fellows well met everywhere. Let them try northern Maine for big game, and with only reasonable effort they can be assured of success.

CARIBOU, MAINE. C. G. L.

**IN NORTH CAROLINA SWAMPS.**

"SAMMY'S a nice boy." Yes, I quite agree with you Pappy, Sammy is a nice boy; we all like Sammy, yet there were two things I had "agin him," one his mania for quail hunting, the other his capacity for smoking "blow-outs." We cured him of the first, by giving him a deer hunt, but the other we couldn't check. In other respects he was all right. "As trim a little feller as I ever saw, gentlemen," says Pappy. And who is Pappy? Well, Pappy is a bred and born hunter, living in the Dismal Swamps of North Carolina, and with whom we spent the last week in October and the first week in November. He has killed more deer and bear than any man in the State, so he says, but Pim says he don't believe he ever saw a bear outside of a zoölogical garden. Anyway he is a capital hunter; in theory. Pim is an authority on bear hunting, though Sammy says he has but one specialty, and that is skinning deer, he invariably sends head and feet on the hide to have them all tanned together, and has been known to pay as much as \$7.50 for the tanning of one skin. On that one skin hangs a tale, and for the benefit of his feelings I won't make it public.

The ten days we spent with Pappy hunting, were certainly full of excitement, though the weather was really too warm to do much tramping, but as we went for pleasure and health, and not for slaughter, we were well satisfied. We found an abundance of game, and could have killed a dozen deer had we wanted "simply to kill." We were satisfied with one apiece.

I shall never forget our first and only night in camp. We had planned a big time bear hunting by moonlight, and in lieu of this sailed six miles down the river and made camp. We were late starting in the afternoon, consequently it was night when we arrived at the place selected by Pappy for camp. When we landed we found water all over the swamp, so we had to fall to and pitch our shack in the driest wet place we could find. After cutting pine boughs enough for bedding, and using our sail for shelter, we pitched in and got supper. The wind was blowing a gale and kept us moving around the corners, as it were, to avoid the smoke. This was a new experience to Pim and Sammy, and how we enjoyed it. Supper over and pipes finished, we concluded there was too much wind to hunt bear successfully, so we turned in, after fighting for outside places. About 3 A. M. I awoke, and was wedged in so tight between Tommy and Sammy I could scarcely breathe. Sammy was also "breathin' hard" and awake. I don't know whether we had all swollen during the night from being water-logged or from eating the cold wet sweet potatoes they grow there, I only know we had to crawl out and take a breath. We were cold and hungry, so grabbing the coffee pot I made for the water, while Sammy hunted the flask; in a few minutes we had a pot of boiling water and soon a hot punch. The perfume of this aroused Pim, and in an instant he had a nervous chill, but he couldn't work on our sympathy that way.

He begged for "just one drop," finally he said, "Let me smell it." We didn't. He turned over, muttering something about "bumps on a log" and went to sleep. We sat up keeping the fire warm until time for breakfast, and I assure you it was a welcome time. After feeding men and dogs we started on a deer hunt, but there was too much water in the swamps. I got one shot at a fine deer but scored a clean miss, though three weeks after Pappy informed me they had found a nice deer about 300 yds. from where I shot, with a hole through him. I believe he was only trying to make me feel better over my decidedly poor shooting. That night saw us safely back at the house and with good, dry beds.

The next day a little buck ran plump over Pim. He says he aimed at the place the heart should have been, though later on we discovered he had hit it on the foot; that was a pretty good shot, though, for him. The little buck then ran to Sammy, who brought him down. This was Sammy's first deer; it made a convert of him.

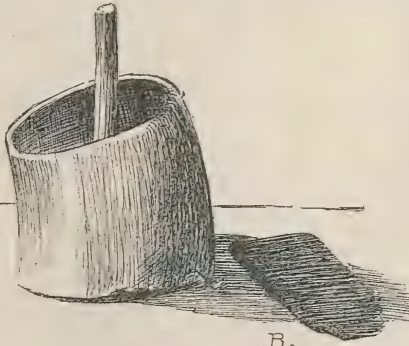
The next day Tommy shot and killed a nice doe. I had almost forgotten to introduce you to Tommy; he is the son of Pappy, and a fine, healthy, strong, honest and industrious young man, with any amount of "go" in him, which is more than I can say for many in that country. He is an excellent hunter also, and one I could recommend a friend to who wanted sport. Never too tired "to tramp up another" if you say so. The next day Pim went to the "stompin' ground" and the dogs ran another fine buck to him, which he got in some way, though Sammy swears he couldn't find where the ball struck him. We came near losing Sammy while on this trip. Pappy's "wife's cousin's daughter was the girl for him." Pim and I thought it was settled. Pappy told him "there was no better stock in the country, and that her father was well off. "Why," said he, "I reckon he's worth as much as \$1,500." He also informed the young lady that "Sammy had a good job, and was makin' nigh on to \$1,000 a year, and his daddy was rich."

The section of country we visited is a paradise of game. Deer, bear, quail, woodcock, duck, geese and swan can be had in quantities in season, and for that matter, they are had out of season, too, as little or no attention is paid to game laws. The people in most parts are very hospitable, at least I have found them so the past two seasons I have hunted there. Should we not make the Northwest next fall we certainly will pull out for North Carolina and Pappy's. In the mean time we shall do our utmost to marry Sammy in order to head Pappy off, for there will be no escape for him another time should he gaze on her with "those nice blue eyes of his'n." May we all be spared health and wealth enough to visit Pappy and his interesting family for many years to come.

J. R. P.  
PHILADELPHIA.

**An Indian Turkey Call.**

OUR contributor "Brian the Still-Hunter" sends us from Michigan the interesting turkey call illustrated. "It was made," he writes, "by an Indian and used by him several years; then he gave it to an old hunter and trapper, who used it as occasion offered for twenty-three years. He in turn gave it to me some seven years ago. In the hands of one who knows how, a splendid call can be given with it



TURKEY CALL.

in several different tones. But one has to use both hands, and in that it is behind the calls now in use."

The call consists of a segment of cow's horn, 2½ in. deep, in the base of which is fitted a thin wooden bottom piece. From the center of the bottom rises a wooden pin 4-10 in. in diameter, with a rounded end. A bit of slate completes the outfit. The call is produced by scraping the face of the slate across the top of the peg, when the sound given out is so marvelously like the note of the turkey, that when it was first made in this office every man-jack within hearing grabbed his gun and lay low for the gobler. The call has a place in the FOREST AND STREAM museum.

**That Connecticut Deer.**

CONNECTICUT has two novelties, an occasional deer and a law on occasion to protect it. Last winter near Darien a deer was come upon, hounded and killed by Ira C. Petty. A recent issue of the Stamford Advocate says: "The first prosecution in this county under the new game law which went into effect the first of last October, was conducted on Saturday before Justice Scheldnecht, of Darien. Game Warden Toomey appeared for the county and charged Ira C. Petty with having willfully and maliciously killed a deer, which was wandering around Darien last winter. The accused was found guilty and fined \$100 and costs. He took an appeal. The law reads: 'Any person who shall hunt, kill, attempt to kill, chase, or take any deer, buck, doe, or fawn in this State, during the ten years succeeding Oct. 1, 1893, shall be fined not less than \$100.' Few people were aware that there were deer in this part of the State. But there appears to be a few in some of the towns."

**Will Give the Game a Rest.**

HAMPTON, Va.—Editor Forest and Stream: Our Legislature has given us a law for Elizabeth City county, which prohibits the killing of partridges, woodcock and rabbits, until November 15, 1895, with a penalty of from \$10 to \$50 for every violation of same. The sportsmen of the county are very much in earnest about the matter and will prosecute offenders to the full extent of the law.

SEGAR WHITING.

**THAT TEXAS DUCKING SCORE.**

SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Editor Forest and Stream: The only truth contained in the clipping sent you from the Corpus Christi Caller about our duck shooting is the fact that Mr. Critzer and myself visited Corpus Christi and shot ducks at that time, but there were no such number of ducks killed—nothing near it. The killing existed only in the diseased imagination of the reporter of the Corpus Christi paper. Of course we know that there was no intention of doing harm as far as the Caller man was concerned. He simply noted that some prominent gentlemen were visiting his town and thought to please them by printing the exaggerated report of the duck killing, which is frequently done in other cases. They like to print these exaggerated killings in the hope that it may induce sportsmen to visit them. That is perfectly natural.

Furthermore, Mr. Critzer had but 210 shells, and shot a 24-gauge gun. We went to Corpus on a telegram which we received from Mr. Max Luther of that place, and had just a half-hour to load shells, etc. Having but a few on hand, Mr. A. W. Adams, who is visiting here from Chicago, volunteered to load 100 shells for me. They were 20-gauge, so we two criminals went on that duck hunt armed with 20 and 24-gauge guns and 200 shells apiece.

That we struck good shooting we don't deny. We also shot our shells away before dinner, when we returned to town. Guns and ammunition were offered us to shoot out the rest of the day; we refused both.

If men are to be condemned from a sportsman's standpoint of having killed too much game by shooting under the above circumstances, and all very stiff wing-shooting at that, to the tune of a bitter northern, then Mr. Critzer and the writer plead guilty. We might have carried some shells back with us, but the ducks flew in our faces, and any man who can keep from shooting a pop-gun under such circumstances, through fear of violating the laws of propriety, I don't think exists in Texas.

Undoubtedly Mr. Simpson is a great game protector—much better than the pair he accuses and criticises; but then he never goes hunting—except in his office with a villainous pencil. If he should go, the game is perfectly safe, for he can't hit anything if he does shoot. Generally when an attack is made on reputable citizens there is a motive. So there is in this case. It is revenge.

In May, 1891, Mr. Simpson was secretary of the local gun club, who "entertained" the State Association on the occasion of the fourteenth annual tournament. Mr. Critzer and the writer were appointed a committee to solicit merchandise and funds to be used as prizes and added moneys in the tournament. The result of a hard two weeks' canvass of the city netted a lot of merchandise prizes and over \$500 in cash, which was clearly understood to go to the shooters.

During the shoot and preceding a certain event the sum of \$100 was announced to be added to that event by an agent of the club. He distinctly said "added." When the shoot came off the management refused to add the money, and virtually kept every cent of that which had been given by the citizens for that purpose. I characterized the action of the management as infamous and indecent. Simpson was not on the side of honesty, and ever since that time he has been attacking me in the press.

I do not desire to extend the blame contained in these lines to the present membership of the San Antonio Gun Club, which has materially changed. In fact the entire personnel of the organization is metamorphosed and I only refer to this fact to show that the attack by Simpson is not made purely for the love of protection, but for the purpose of harassing me and placing me in a false position before my sportsmen brethren.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Simpson is anything but the sportsman's friend. He never at any time took the initiative in prosecuting violators of the game law, or in endeavoring to secure proper legislation for the protection of game. Per contra: I have individually engineered all the prosecutions in cases of game law violations, securing the help of friendly lawyers, spent my own funds in securing witnesses, and generally attending to all matters of that kind. I have written pounds upon pounds of "stuff" for publications of all kinds in the advocacy of game laws and their enforcement.

O. C. GUESSAZ.

**Bullets for the .45cal.**

LAST year after shooting deer for a long time with a .38-40-180 Winchester repeater, I bought a .45-90 single shot. I have had little opportunity to test this gun except at the target. I am a good deal interested in the question of loads and bullets. The African hunter, Mr. Selous, is quoted in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, as saying that for really big game the light hollow pointed ball is not satisfactory. As your readers know that, for the cartridge above mentioned weighs 300 grs., and has a very deep hollow with thin walls around it, can some one who has shot moose, bear, etc., give us some light here? In that most entertaining and instructive article on American bears which you recently published, the writer speaks of using a .45-125, in which this same 300 grs. ball is employed. Does he consider it a sufficiently heavy missile for grizzly bear?

I was surprised when I received my .45-90 at the very slow twist and shallow grooves of the barrel. The question with me is how heavy and long a ball such a barrel will hold end on. The manufacturers make a cartridge for this rifle loaded with 82 grs. of powder and the .45-405 bullet, but I am so far from civilization that I have never had an opportunity of trying it. The point with me is to find out just how I had best load my shells for an interview with the jaguar or Mexican tiger, an occasion to which I am looking forward with much interest. Have any of your readers had experience with a ball such as Mr. Selous describes—"one weighing 360 grs. with a small hollow at the point, thick walls around the hollow part and a heavy solid end?" Is such a bullet on the market? It seems to me that his reasons for recommending it are eminently sound. Meantime here is the Winchester Co., with an advertisement on the cover of the "only" FOREST AND STREAM, telling how with this rifle of theirs (.45-90), a mighty hunter killed rhinoceros, giraffe and other large beasts. Could they enlighten us as to what bullet did all this remarkable work? AZTEC.

[It was probably the metal patched bullet weighin 295 grs.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable



## IN DIXIE LAND.—VIII.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

## Do Bob Whites Pack?

If one should ask 100 experienced sportsmen the question, Do Bob White quail ever band up in numbers larger than bevy numbers, *i. e.*, do several families ever unite and take wing together, after the fashion of the mountain quail or the blue quail, or as the pinnated grouse do in autumn? it is very likely that 99 out of the 100 would say No. Among those who would say "Yes," would be Mr. A. C. Paris, of San Antonio, Mr. R. Merrill of Milwaukee and myself. Mr. O. C. Guessaz of San Antonio, who saw the same instance perhaps less perfectly than we did, would say "No," and would ridicule the idea that it could be possible. Yet Mr. Paris, Mr. Merrill and myself fully believe that we saw one flock, bunch, or aggregation of Bob White quail which numbered between 75 and 100, which all took wing together in one body, and which lit as one body, no more scattered than such a number naturally would be. Mr. Guessaz was a little further back and did not see the birds at the instant they rose to the dogs. He saw them on the wing and thought they were meadow-larks, though he does not claim that he saw the white tail of the larks, and I think only offers the lark theory as the best explanation of the phenomenon. Mr. Paris, Mr. Merrill and myself thought the manner of flight was that of the Bob White. We marked the birds down upon the top of a cottonfield knoll. Some of them, nearly one-third, I saw go into the thicket, which larks would not do and which quail would. Moreover, where we marked the birds down on the cotton, we began to put up quail, and found them scattered and running all over that field all the rest of the evening. Yet we did not put up any larks there. Mr. Guessaz thought the birds were larks, and that they ran off, and that the birds we found were a bevy which had not been started, but which we found right where we marked down the mysterious birds. And there the question rests. I have not yet met a sportsman who would admit that our birds were quail. Yet I am myself altogether satisfied that they were. The impossible thing often happens.

It may seem still stranger to readers how there could be any question about this, since it was simply a matter of eyesight in which all should have agreed, if all were hunters enough to know quail at all when seen. Yet how this could very easily happen will be understood at once by any one who has shot over Texas cotton field country on a very cloudy and rainy day. We were having just such a day, and we found it very hard to distinguish the birds against the reddish brown and gray of the cover over which they flew, and it was hard to mark them down well at any great distance. Often we pulled down on larks that sprang near us, thinking they were quail. The country was full of larks, which were often in great flocks. At 200 yds. it would have been hard to distinguish a lark from a quail at first sight. We were 60 or 75 yds. behind this big flock of birds when the dogs put them up, and we saw them the whole of their flight. I think they were quail. It is possible that several bevies may have been feeding near together, and have gone up together for the once. We saw no more such large bodies of quail, though of distinct bevies we found a remarkable abundance, and they were all very large bevies, some with 25 or 30 birds apparently.

We found that the Texas Bob Whites run a great deal more after they alight than the Northern birds do. Very often the dogs would road hundreds of yards from where the birds were marked before they would get them fairly stopped and pointed, and often it seemed that the birds would rather run than fly. Evil associations corrupt good manners, and I suppose this trait is caught from a too close juxtaposition to the racehorse blue quail of the Southwest.

The Texas Bob White seemed to me smaller than the Northern birds, of an ashier cast of plumage, and of a flight hardly so strong or long. The apparent swiftness of a bird is much diminished when you have it out in the open, and most of our shooting was done in the open fields.

## Details.

But I suppose a great many people will be most anxious to learn how many birds we saw, where they were and how many we killed. To these let me patiently reply that I don't know how many we killed. The rain stopped our shooting, and we were able to keep afield for only a few hours; but I think we had about sixty birds to the four guns. We could have killed a great many more if we had had any pressing necessity to do so. As it was, we found it much drier over at the Mexican house where our team was put up, and much cleaner in the Mexican's dooryard than it was in the cotton fields during the rain. No matter how tumble-down a Mexican's house is, or how poor the owner, you will always find the dooryard swept scrupulously clean for some distance about the house. This is a sort of insect-like habit the Mexican women have.

How many birds we saw in all I could not say, but probably as many as 400, nearly all on a place not much over three-quarters of a mile square. The locality was about twenty miles out from San Antonio. Our friends apologized for not showing us any more birds. No shooter in the North has any idea of the numbers of birds even now in these Southern States. It seemed to me that Dick Merrill and I were singularly fortunate in always landing right where the birds were the thickest. Certainly no one could ask a country any fuller of game than that on which we shot that day in January. The face of the field was continually animated. Doves, larks and quail were flying, one or the other, and the cottontail rabbits were unflagging in their efforts to get shot—in which many of them were successful. Our Texas friends shoot quail so much that this was an old story to them, and they gracefully left most of the shooting to Dick and myself. This deficit of valuable guns was valuable to the quail, but not to the rabbits, for both Mr. Guessaz and Mr. Paris were seeking for cottontails with an unappeasable eagerness. They said they knew a great way of making *Hasenpfeffer* out of these cottontails, the which was a dish a great deal better than broiled quail, baked quail, or any other kind of quail. The cactus thickets and chaparral were full of the cottontails, and every once in a while the crack of a gun would be followed by a wild yell of "*Hasenpfeffer!*"

## The Last Shoot in Texas.

This was our last shoot in Texas, and it was very clever of our friends to give us the benefit of it, when the cir-

cumstances are considered. Both of them had been late with us the evening previous, talking as shooters will over all the themes of interest, and had then found business to keep them up still later. Mr. Guessaz came to our hotel, so that we could all get an early start together, as we had to drive about 20 miles out in the country. Our scheme of all occupying one room, so as to wake up together, resulted in a talking bee, prolonged till past midnight, so that I can vouch for it none of us had slept over an hour when the porter rapped on the door and assured us on his personal honor that it was after 8 o'clock. Then we hustled out, got our team and looked up Mr. Paris, who looked as though he had never been asleep at all, but wanted to be. A late and early café gave us our breakfast, and we were miles on our way before the day broke. Then followed rain squalls all day long, so that at the middle of the afternoon we started back to escape another which was heralded—and escape it we just barely did, for things were freezing when we got to town, and that night the hardest storm of the winter set in, the thermometer going down to 18° above zero. The quality of a norther is such that a man will nearly freeze to death in one when the thermometer registers only 32° above zero.

We were a sleepy but still a merry party that rainy day in Texas, and as I have shown, we had good sport and a pleasant time in spite of the weather. Poor Guessaz went to sleep once while he was driving the team. Once we left Mr. Paris with the team while the rest of us beat out a field by the roadside, and when we came back we found him stretched out on the seat, fast asleep, with one long leg stuck through the front wheel. The team, unhitched, was standing patiently in the middle of the road. "I don't see what you fellows are laughing at," said Mr. Paris: "I put that leg through the wheel on purpose. If the horses had started up, I reckon I'd have known it, wouldn't I?"

Mr. Paris, at present a well-to-do photographer, and a good one, too, was at one stage of his still young life a member of the Texas Rangers, and there acquired a very low opinion of horses in general, hitched or unhitched, "bronco" or not. He came near having a circus with one that same day, however. As we approached our Mexican's house, driving across the fields, we came up to a team of Texas horses which the Mexican, in greaser fashion, had left standing fastened to the plow, out in the middle of the field. As we came up the horses took fright, and one of them, a wild, unbroken thing, started to plunge and run. We looked to see both the creatures cut to pieces by the plowshare, but Paris got to the handles and the lines, and by dint of good horsemanship kept their heels away from the share. Plunging and pitching, both horses started off at a great gait. Paris sunk the share deep into the loose soil, and away they went full tear for the house, with Paris holding on bravely, though hustled hard to keep his furrow straight. After him came the greaser, calmly smoking a cigarette, and seemingly unconscious of the fact that he had nearly lost his team, as he would have done but for the slim ranger, for had the horses ever started running with the plow out of the ground they would have kicked and cut themselves to pieces.

Paris was lightly dressed, and the ground was wet as it could well be, but whenever we stopped for rest he would lie down full length and take his rest that way—enough to horrify a physician and terrify a tenderfoot.

Both our friends were prime field shots, as indeed nearly all the San Antonio shooters are. In so good a game country they have much practice, of course, and that is something. I noticed one little device that Mr. Paris had which I never saw before—a small, pointed ivory sight let into the rib of his shotgun about three-fourths of the way back from the muzzle. He thought this helped him to line up more accurately, and perhaps the eye would learn to catch it swiftly, if one were deliberate, though I am afraid I could never see it or the front sight in quail shooting.

## Plenty of Deer.

The place where we shot quail that day is near the edge of a great wilderness, mostly covered with mesquite and other wood, which stretches away for some thirty miles or more. There are no roads and no houses in these, and one could easily get lost in that monotonous, rolling, closely covered country. In this timber there are many deer and turkey, with wild cats and some *javalinas* (peccaries). We longed to explore this region a little, but had not time.

Of deer there surely must be a great abundance even along the edge of this timber belt, for I am confident I saw the fresh sign of 30 or 40 different deer that day. Most of this was in the fields where they crossed at night. We did not hunt in the thickets.

"I would rather hunt quail than deer," said Mr. Guessaz, who has had a wide experience with all the game of the State. "You see a deer standing off a way in the woods, and you plank him, and there you are. You go hang him up and get all bloody up to your elbows, and have to carry your deer may be a mile, and then your fun is done. One shot ends it. In quail shooting you can walk along and enjoy yourself, be a good deal cleaner and less tired, and don't need feel that you've killed a great big animal you don't want anyhow."

## A Little One For a Cent.

Mr. Paris had along his young setter, a lashing, wide-ranging fellow, and Mr. Guessaz had his famous heavy-weight pointer. This dog weighs, I should think, about 250 lbs., or maybe 350 lbs.; anyhow, he's bigger than a man. He's a good dog, a thoughtful dog at times, but when he goes over a cotton field he leaves dents in it like prehistoric rhinoceros tracks. I wouldn't have that dog step on me again for a thousand dollars. One time we noticed the old fellow stopping and sort of pausing and thinking, and we thought maybe he was going to point a bevy. He wouldn't come away, and at length we went up to him. He was snuffing and digging at a little hole in the ground, and we saw that he was haling from their fur-lined nest a whole hatching of tiny little cottontail rabbits, which he was eating, and apparently enjoying, much as one does Blue Points on the deep shell. He had all the little fellows eaten but one, a blind and fuzzy being about as large as a mouse. This one our slim ranger man rescued and held tenderly in his hands. Finally, not daring to leave it in the nest, he carefully put it in his pocket till we got to the buggy, when he put it in among the dead quail under the buggy seat. The long ride to town was cold for the little fellow, and when Mr. Paris took him out at the hotel he fell over in his hand, apparently at the verge of death. A little warmth revived him,

however, and the next day Mr. Paris was carrying him around town in his coat pocket, and said he had taught the infant to eat milk famously.

## Cactus and the Greasers.

In all this part of Texas there is more or less cactus, and the Northern dog or the Northern shooter is quite apt to grow more or less informally but satisfactorily acquainted with it about a hundred times a day. The cactus is a thriving plant, but I don't like it as well as a watermelon vine. The residents of the country, horses, dogs and all, have a better understanding with the cactus, and never get stuck with it. There is no getting rid of it, so the population is resigned.

The odd ways the greasers have of doing things makes one think they must have a streak of Chinese in them. At El Paso there is a church, where the good father once upon a time wanted to put a bell up in the belfry (They had carried the bell, which weighs a ton or so, from the sea coast on the shoulders of the Christianized Indians.) They didn't have any block and tackle, but they had plenty of time; so they built a sloping mound of dirt as high as the belfry and about a quarter of a mile long, and found no difficulty at all in carrying the bell up along the incline.

Speaking of cactus, you know, if you burn the thorns off the leaves, the cattle will eat the leaves. In fact, a great many cattle had nothing better part of the time this winter, and the thorns weren't all burnt off, either. Well, not long ago the devout greasers of a certain little Mexican town were annoyed, so the story goes, by a lot of cactus, which persisted in growing on top of their church. They thought over it, and even prayed the patron saint to remove it, but it wasn't removed, and they concluded to take desperate measures. They knew that cows would eat singed cactus, so they sent a man up who spent a week and got about all the thorns burnt off. Then they roped a cow and hoisted her up on top of the flat earthen church roof. In about a week the cow had eaten all the cactus. Then they let her down, and gave thanks that they had got rid of the cactus on the church. If a Mexican thinks anything is wrong about his church he gets uneasy and is driven to mental activity.

## The Old Missions.

He who thinks America has no ruins has not studied America, and he who thinks all the Spanish missions and all the mission climate are located in southern California is again evident in his ignorance. No more interesting ruins exist on the earth than those of the old San Antonio missions, and no chain of missions possesses more interest than these, provided one qualifies both the above statements with a reference to the conditions under which the buildings were erected. They were great church builders, those early Spanish fathers. Why did they overrun all the desert country of the dry southwest, spreading all over New Mexico, Arizona, California, even all over the State of Texas? What drove them on, and what magic had they in their tongues, or their arms, to compel the savage natives to do those incredible feats of labor? One must remember that this was a wilderness and that building of any sort must have been accomplished only under difficulties, which we can only imagine. Yet the old fathers, hundreds of years ago ventured out into the wilderness, spied out the little streams of water, compelled their savage subjects to labor as slaves in the unusual task, built great irrigating ditches which compel admiration even to-day with the astonishment they create, and made the land bloom and bear perennially. Not only this, but they, who must have been a mere handful, with the rude assistance of these wild savages—hereabouts some of the most warlike and savage of all the American tribes—built churches, so long ago that their stone walls are crumbling, but so well that even to-day their ornamentation imperishably defies our best skill of to-day. You will travel long before you see cold stone fretted into more lovely detail than you will find in the carvings of one of Huica's windows in the ruined "Second Mission." You stand and look at it, and wonder and dream and sigh over it all—the nobleness of the artistic thought, the energy of the purpose, the carefulness of the executive mind which here wrought so well the work which is at last fading away and gradually being reclaimed by nature. Always man is piercing the ears of nature, to put in jewels. And every century nature looks to it that the conventional wounds shall need reboring.

On our way in from our quail hunt our friends drove us around by two of the old missions. One of these, the Mission of Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion la Purissima de Acuna, usually known as the "Second Mission," is about three or four miles from town. This was once the most beautiful of all the missions, and it is now the most in ruins. It was here we saw the carvings of Huica, the Spanish artist and sculptor, whom the early fathers brought hither from old Spain for the purpose of making beautiful their temple in the wilderness. This mission was a fortress as well as a church, and was well built for the warfare of those days. Half its walls are down, the vaults and subterranean passages lie bare, and in a smoky remnant of the larger wing live in squalor a greaser family who are supposed to be caretakers for the spot. They pray and dream, and though they do not understand the ruins about them, no doubt cross themselves to the same saints worshipped by the men who laid their broad foundations, who had built the great acequias which even yet scar deep the earth, and who laid out fields and gardens which can still be faintly traced. So let the roses take the ruins and kiss them finally to sleep, and well rest the fathers and the artist Huica who wrote so well in stone.

## Sadie, the Chile Queen.

But we are forgetting something which should not be forgotten, an attraction of San Antonio which to some minds would no doubt rival the old missions in interest—Sadie, the present reigning *chile* queen, under whose *régime* Dick ate his first and his last *chile* suppers in San Antonio as well as a great many between.

There are a few who know what a *chile* queen is. As a type she is the one new thing under the sun. No novellist has discovered her (though some day I am going to get Sadie to tell me her story, which will be pretty near a novel) and no newspaper writer has exploited her so far as I know. She remains a type.

The *chile* queen is a result of evolution. Originally all *chile* girls were born free and equal, and engaged in the sale of tortillas and the pursuit of happiness all about alike. They sold their peppery wares at night out of doors because they lived in a summer country and be-



LIST OF GAME KILLED ON THE ELVEDEN ESTATE, SEASON 1893-4.									
Date.		Pheas-Part-		Rab-Wh-cock.		vans.		Total.	
1893.		Guns.	ants. rides.	Hares.	bits	car.	ons.		
Oct. 4	.....	5	37	33	3	5	..	..	218
Oct. 5	.....	6	115	235	7	7	..	..	373
Oct. 6	.....	6	79	380	21	14	..	3	477
Oct. 7	.....	6	5	202	41	15	..	2	365
Oct. 9	.....	6	8	365	10	16	..	11	410
Oct. 10	.....	6	13	297	30	15	..	5	545
Nov. 6	.....	6	311	40	1	19	..	..	99
Nov. 7	.....	6	973	5	40	65	..	..	1038
Nov. 8	.....	6	453	42	80	171	1	1	748
Nov. 9	.....	6	605	18	138	141	3	..	895
Nov. 17	.....	6	541	...	171	269	6	..	977
Nov. 18	.....	6	621	43	41	118	..	..	723
Nov. 20	.....	6	1237	5	103	415	1	1	1762
Nov. 21	.....	6	914	1	28	9	3	1	1144
Nov. 22	.....	6	566	10	85	171	1	2	795
Dec. 10	.....	6	454	10	34	100	1	1	600
Dec. 21	.....	6	388	16	102	105	4	..	595
1894.									
Jan. 11	.....	6	313	34	...	153	3	..	503
Jan. 12	.....	6	293	53	96	10	..	..	532
Jan. 13	.....	6	251	93	5	12	..	..	361
Jan. 15	.....	6	423	106	12	56	..	1	601
Jan. 16	.....	6	383	107	6	2	..	..	498
Odd days, by keepers, etc.	.....	6	875	59	203	458	..	..	1595
Total for season....		9710	2313	1257	3726	32	40	16,071	
Total of pheasants' eggs sold during season 1893-4.		101,457. Only a few hen pheasants shot. Area of land shot over, 17,000 acres.							

JAMES MAYES



## YELLOWSTONE PARK GAME.

A FEW items of interest about the Yellowstone Park have come to us this week, and are given in advance of the full report which we expect soon to receive from Mr. Hough, of the FOREST AND STREAM Game Expedition. After reaching the Mammoth Hot Springs on its return from the Hayden Valley, the expedition made a trip up the Yellowstone River some distance beyond Yancey's, in order to be able to say whether this winter the game gathered, as it has always done, in the valleys of the Yellowstone, Soda Butte and Lamar rivers. It was found there as usual in great abundance, and thus the statements of those persons who declare that segregation or a railway line would not interfere with a great winter range for game are again proved false. Our correspondent writes: "You may say positively and without reservation that the whole country of the proposed segregation—all the region around Yancey's, the East Fork (Lamar River), Slough Creek, Hell Roaring Creek and all that bare country clear over to Soda Butte—is absolutely full of elk. I saw 500 in one band, 1,500 at one sight, 30 bands in one day's travel and 3,500 total at least count in two days. That section is the very best wintering ground of the whole Park."

It is evident, then, that there has been no change in the situation; that, notwithstanding the statements that have been made, this country maintains to-day what it has always been, a great winter range for large game. This we knew, but in view of the extreme importance to the public of this matter, it seemed to us worth while to expend some time, energy and money to bring forward additional testimony, carried down to date and incontrovertible in its character.

The fiendish malignity of the butcher Howell, who was recently captured in his buffalo shambles, is shown by an examination of such of the animals slain by him as were brought to the fort. Only 9 out of the 11 animals killed at this particular place were saved and transported to the fort, the other hides having spoiled through lack of care. Of these 9 buffalo 7 were cows heavy with calf, while only 2 were bulls, one a yearling and the other an old one. It would almost seem as if Howell's buffalo slaughtering expedition into the Park had been inspired by malice rather than by the hope of gain—as if he had gone there for the sole purpose of doing as much harm as possible. Here he was killing cows about to drop their young, and even young calves, when big bulls, which would be more salable, were readily accessible.

One of Captain Anderson's men named Matthews, who was stationed at Riverside in the Yellowstone Park, left that station March 11 to go for mail to a neighboring station. A sergeant accompanied him for some miles and then turned back, and Matthews has not been seen since. It is thought that, overtaken by a snowstorm, he may have become bewildered, lost his way, wandered off and perished.

## "Benny to May."

[Southern papers please copy.]

## Editor Forest and Stream:

A Dallas City, Ill., duck hunter last week killed a mallard drake in the gizzard of which was found a plain gold ring, evidently solid, and valued at between five and six dollars. On the inside of the ring is engraved the words "Benny to May." The question that is puzzling the people is how the ring came in the duck's gizzard, and where and who are Benny and May? As FOREST AND STREAM circulates all over the whole country, let us see if we can't find out who Benny and May are. Evidently the duck was on its way from the South to the Red River country in the Northwest. May might have lost this ring while fishing in some of the Southern lakes. There may be one chance in a half a million for May to get her ring back again. W. O. B.

## On the Principle of Life Insurance.

WITH the restocking that is now being attended to in some of the States, and if measures are taken to stop the sale of game, shooting will be as good twenty years from now as it has been in the past. Every man should do what little he can to keep the game from becoming scarce if not extinct. A man will have his life insured so as to provide for the comfort of his family after he is gone. Now, why not let him provide for their amusement and recreation, by doing his best in behalf of the preservation of the game, so that they can reap the benefits of the most healthful and invigorating sport God has given us? E. C. K.

## The "First Close Season."

In the *Game Laws in Brief* is given a reproduction of a sixteenth century picture of Noah's Ark, with Noah and the animals coming out upon Mount Ararat. The *Brief* calls this the ending of the first close time on all species of game, and the inquiry was made in these columns, How long was Noah in the Ark? We offered a copy of the *Brief* for the correct answer. Here are some of the replies; are they correct?

In "Hartford's" comments on the *Brief*, and his claiming the reward for errors in the duration of the "first close season" only being forty days, he is mistaken. But the exact days are hard to give, and my figuring would make it about 240 days. If this is correct enough I am open for a copy of the *Brief*. T. J. CUTLER.

According to my reckoning it was one year and ten days before Noah left the Ark. If I am right please send me the *Brief*. SUMNER P. ROSEBROOK.

Noah was in the Ark one year and ten days. J. F. STODDARD.

The "close season" referred to by "Hartford" lasted one year and ten days. For the beginning see Genesis VII., 11-12-13; for the ending see Genesis VIII., 14-15-16. The first reads: "In the 600th year of Noah's life in the second month and seventeenth day of the same month Noah entered the Ark. In the 601st year of Noah's life in the second month and twenty-seventh day Noah went forth out of the Ark." Therefore it lasted one year and ten days. If I am right send me the *Game Laws in Brief*. JAMES N. DUFFY.

[Have these reckonings been by the Gregorian calendar or by the Jewish calendar? and should not the Jewish be employed?]

## A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van F. (and) handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

## Sea and River Fishing.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 339.)

BREAKFAST was prepared and over in a twinkling almost, and then the tents and provisions were as quickly aboard the Mackinac, and with a stroke or two we shot into the broad lake that was tossing in wavelets of silver. The breeze was a mild one, but it filled our sails and sent the boat along with graceful ripples and tinkling sounds. I was in delight with the prospect as we gently moved o'er the waters and studied the high receding shore with admiring eyes. The rocks for some distance ran very confusedly and wildly. Here we saw a huge split in the flinty bulwarks, which formed a lovely cove; then would come great frowning buttresses with their scarred faces, telling of the fury of the elements which had for ages battled fiercely against them; anon, a sloping hill in woodland green would gracefully reveal itself, to be soon retired by some savage cliff, the beauty of which was in its rough sculpturing and its variety of dint and dimple, now enriched with the flashes of the advancing sun.

A range of glittering mountains, chiseled into lines of grim expression, suddenly comes in view as we clear a jutting point. There they stood, looking down upon us with a majestic sublimity, as if they were "the great cathedrals of the earth with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud and choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow and vaults of purple," fit subject for the genius of a Turner. These ran to the perpendicular bulwarks and the adjacent islands of Aguawa harbor, which glistened like emeralds on the green sea. Turning a point at right angles, we slip along the deep channels in this picturesque harbor, doubly fortified by beetling cliffs in aged gray and beautiful beyond expression with their tops draped in delicate mosses, rare lichens and a few wild flowers in blue and gold that had sprung into life from the narrow crevices.

The fierce sun, as we reach these wave-worn shores, is now fast beating the wind into mere whispers, indicative of hard toil for our men. They had been expecting this calm, and when it fully realized, lowered the sails and sprang to their oars with commendable activity, sending the boat along with increased speed o'er the dying ripples and by shores that were fast losing their precipitous grandeur.

Ned said, as we emerged into the more open lake, that we were now reaching fine trolling waters for "shore Mackinacs," and with an eye to greedy sport got out his trolling line and sent the silver spoon spinning on its treacherous pot-hunting mission. I informed him that there were already a dozen trout in the boat and that more would be wanton waste, but he smilingly replied, "We'll make it a baker's dozen, and then wind up."

Many a mile he trolled before he had his first strike, and that he lamentably missed. Just about a mile from our destination he felt another savage snap at the spoon, and this time he had his victim in his toils. I inwardly prayed that the unfortunate fish might escape, in hopes of having a little fun at his expense, but he safely landed it, thus completely turning the tables on me. It was about a four-pounder and in prime condition, and the half-breeds said it would prove almost as rare a tid-bit as the toothsome trout. An accomplished chef, when he serves the latter fish, gives you a dish of "choicest sort and savor." Ned, satisfied with his victory, drew in his trolling line and consigned it to his tackle box with the remark that it is a more deadly lure than the most attractive fly, for an impaled fish has not even the ghost of a chance to flop his tail till he is in the bottom of the boat.

"And yet," said I, "you practice the trick."  
"Only on rare occasions."  
"And why then?"  
"Simply because I am impelled by the demon desire to destroy."

"A frank admission of the savage nature of a barbarian."

"Here, here; call off your satirical bulldogs."  
"Off it is then," and the subject of the questionable was relegated to oblivion.

We were now in sight of Jackson's Cove and the old familiar grounds where we had time and again taken unlimited trout, and it impressively recalled the pleasant memories of that sport.

"Yonder," says Ned, pointing to some ponderous rocks that rose up from the lake with smooth rounded tops, "is where we murdered many a tinted innocent with the illusive fly, and just beyond where the sunbeams are chasing away the dark shadows of the sombrous pines is where you made your notable double catch."

"And don't forget, Ned, that it is the exact locality where the big trout got away with your big fly and caused a lamentation on your part that was perfectly heart-rending."

"Yes, but the loss of such a monster would make any angler weep and wail."

"Here we are at the point where one muggy morning we spoilt a whole day's sport by catching enough in half an hour to last the camp a couple of days or more. Do you remember?"

"Yes, but I'm positive those halcyon days will never recur again."

And so we continued with the delightful reminiscences of other days, so full of subtle pleasure, so fragrant with tender memories, so sweet with the charm of the gentle craft, until we struck the sandy beach at Jackson's Cove and commenced the work of unloading preparatory to the establishment of our quarters. It was a wild and lonely place, grand and picturesque in its rugged mountains and sublimely beautiful in its valleys of pine and hemlock. In our immediate front reposed the Lizard Islands with their unviolated forests; to the east, Sand River, a notable stream that forces its way through walls of solid rock, leaving in its wake pellucid pools, tossing rapids and torrents of foam; to the west, Blind River, a dimpling little wandering ribbon of water, the very ideal of a trout brook, tumbles into the lake with scarcely a ripple; further along, Gravel River, a more pretentious stream, winds its serpentine course through shady dells and over rims of rocks with a delightful gushing sound truly suggestive of fairy haunts. Follow the crescent line of the stern and rugged shore beyond this, and Gargantua with its islands and precipitous cliffs are standing out like giants to sentinel this enchanted land, and then the

ragged coast disappears in a receding angle, leaving nought but the great shimmering sheet stretching into the dim distance like burnished gold. Such was the prospect ever in view from this place, and no grander or more impressive landscape of bold beauty could be found along this great basin.

Here we expected to remain for weeks, if we found the lake at all populous with the fish that radiate in the robes of the three-fold tints. With a view of just feeling the pulse of the waters, I at once put my rod together and after reel and line were in position with my two favorite flies, a silver-doctor and a gray-hackle, dangling from the leader, I started for the outside of the gigantic granite, where there were magnificent ledges of rock and where we never failed to capture a trout at the first or second cast.

"If you hear me yell, you know what it means," I said as I tramped to the outer rim of the massive masonry.

"All right," says Ned, who had concluded not to fish until everything was in complete order around the camp.

As the water rippled but slightly, I carefully approached the spot, and when within about 30ft. of it let my flies sail out and drop with a delightful softness; then a flutter followed by an upward rise of the deceits, and with a curve forward they light again in the desired place. This time there was a gleam of silver, a vigorous snap for the lure, and racing ripples and nothing more. I had missed and keenly felt the disappointment. Once more the flies drop and again the trout springs with tiger-like bound for the feathery deceits, but alas! he tempts his fate once too often, for the angler behind the rod is on the *qui vive* for just such a desperate dash, and sinks the cruel steel into his snapping jaws, and then the fight is on.

Away and away dashes the infuriated and bewildered fish with the rod bending and the bright reel singing until the braided thread is many yards distant. A slight pressure sends him to the top, when upward he vaults and shakes the diamond drops from his scarlet coat. Once more, as he enters his element, he is off, cleaving the silent water and straining the tireless thread as it rolls again from the silver spool under another gentle pressure. This frets him beyond endurance, and then as if gathering his remaining strength for some grand coup, checks his onward speed, hesitates a moment—a fatal error, resulting in the recovery of much line and the further bewilderment of the red-coated captive. I could almost feel his strength waning as he came along to the click of the reel, but he was far from being conquered, for with a sudden and fierce plunge he started once more for deep water, making dashes right and left in his onward move. Satisfied that his strength and savageness were well worn, I test the strength of the little Chubb rod with satisfying results in bringing him to a halt, and then inch by inch I reel him close to the rock, where I have the pleasure of seeing his evanescent tints as they gleam through the translucent waters. I feel that I now have the battle nearly won, and desiring the services of a netter I shout the promised hallo, and then the pattering footsteps of Peter fall pleasantly upon my ears. Reaching my side, I instruct the intrepid half-breed to take position on a flat rock at the water's edge and there await until I had the impaled trout completely killed. A few more feeble dashes, a splash or two, a tremble and a quiver, and then his spangled sides meet my admiring gaze. Carefully and patiently I draw him along and when he is within a few feet of my trusty aid I signal for the sweep of the fatal net, and instantly it drops with an unerring aim and skillfully closes around the enameled beauty of the icy lake. Proud of his skill, the tawny boatman with a triumphant smile springs up the inclined rock and then holds aloft for admiration as lovely a specimen of a jeweled beauty as ever rivaled the colors that outblush the rose or dim the crimson of the clouds.

"Just out of the swirl of the veering stream,  
In niches and caverns 'neath moss-fringed shelves;  
Like gossamer floating in idle dream,  
In wildest haunts hewn by the river elves,  
In castles of crystal whose turrets old  
And battlements rugged like networks rise,  
In vestures of silver and azure and gold,  
The indolent king of the river lies."

"His weight?"

"Three pounds to a dot."

Ned, who had been in at the death of the glittering prize, was so delighted with the prospect of our old time sport that his rejoicing took place in an impromptu warble reciting that:

An angler stood on a moss grown rock,  
And sang till his throat was sore;  
For all day long he sang this song,  
"We'll meet 'em on this lonely shore."

"Shall I arouse another beauty?" said I, after Ned had finished his amusing aria.

"No, no; let the preserve alone for an adverse day." I saw the wisdom of his advice, and then taking up the trophy we all returned over the rounded rocks to our quarters and busied ourselves making the camp complete for our comfort.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, having our quarters in good shape, we took the boat and skirted around the east arm of a small bay, intent only on ascertaining whether the trout had all been gill-netted here the same as below. We were, however, very agreeably surprised at our investigation with the lures, for on the second cast made by Ned, he hung a lovely darling that gave him a world of pleasure in an exciting battle. It was a full two-pounder and as "pretty as a pink" in its bright colors of silver, orange and gold.

Reaching a sloping granite wall a few yards in advance that ran into the lake in ragged seams, and just where a dreamy sunshine was idling with weird shadows, I let my flies, a Henshall and scarlet-ibis, gently drop o'er the fissured lines, and ere I commenced the flutter, a trout with savage fury took in the Henshall, and after a vigorous struggle, with all the accompaniments incidental thereto, I landed him as a companion for Ned's peerless idol. This satisfied us that the ruthless barbarians had left these waters untouched and that we would here have weeks of delightful sport. Coming to the big rocks which had always been a favorite spot with us, we went ashore to fish them from their rounded tops. Ned, as soon as he landed, ran to the upper end, the choice place, where he made a pre-emption claim which ruled me out according to the ethics of the guild, and so having the cream eliminated, I contented myself for a while with "starvation point," the adverse end, though I fully determined when



opportunity offered, to give greedy Ned a "Roland for an Oliver." I smiled, though with a sickly cast pale o'er it, at the cunning tactics that here gave me no chance for the flimsy brood whatever.

There I was, flogging away at the rippling waters without a rise, while Ned hung one at the first cast, which he soon duplicated a moment after. Now, I am not an envious angler at all, but you can wager your wealth that I love to keep my record somewhere near the head of the list, and I knew it could not be done at my end of the rocks, so I concluded to change base and commenced a tramp along the rough and ragged shore in hopes of bettering my fortune, which I soon did in making a double catch from some overhanging rocks about 15ft. above the water. I sang lustily for Peter to bring the landing net when I had the trout in play, and by the time he arrived had the twin so completely exhausted that it required neither skill nor care to land them. This satisfied my angling aspirations for the afternoon, and in a great measure reconciled me to Ned's cunning coup. I, however, kept in view the balancing of the account with him, simply as a remedial, not in revenge; for no better camp companion than dear old Ned ever fluttered a fly in wandering brook or along the rugged shores of the great lake.

On reaching Ned, after arduous climbing over the sharp edged rocks, I suggested a return to camp, as the object of our outing had been satisfactorily accomplished. He acquiesced, and we at once embarked and headed for our quarters with the sun sinking among clouds gleaming in gold and crimson, and amid the infinite freshness of nature in all her grand and impressive beauty. Here

"The trees to every crevice clung,  
And o'er the dell their branches hung;  
And there, all splintered and uneven,  
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven."

We had a royal supper that evening, it being reinforced by a couple of partridges one of the half-breeds had killed while gathering balsam at noon in the forest. I informed the boys that it was a close season for the toothsome birds, but they replied that there was no close season upon the North Shore for the Indians, and that they killed whatever they desired for their own use.

"But you are not Indians, nor are we," I responded to his explanation.

"Half Indian anyhow, and that makes it go," Peter answered.

Ned, who was somewhat of an epicure and had an unbounded stomach, insisted in not splitting hairs on the subject. It was, I thought, a slight encouragement for more of the prohibited game, and so Peter and Kenosh both concluded, for there was an inquiry shortly after from the twin as to the number of cartridges in camp. If this kind of freebooting on the forbidden game was to be done under the rose, a serious question arose within me, viz., whether I was to partake of it if spread before me, or whether I should hand the red-handed violators over to the minions of the law when we returned. I, however, concluded to settle that important question when the law was again fractured, but Ned said it never would be and so I bothered no more about it. One day I did think I was eating something that tickled my palate like unto the toothsome partridge. On inquiry, Ned said it was a jobberwink, a bird I had never heard of before; but then my education in ornithology had been sadly neglected in my early days. I was simply an example of dense ignorance on the subject, I assure you, though I was a dear lover of the jobberwink. While on the subject let me here state that I have never seen them quoted in our market reports of game, and think they must be a *rara avis* indeed, yet the boys declared the woods were full of them.

We arose the next morning with a southwest wind and a sombre sky greeting us. It being exceedingly favorable for trouting, we immediately after breakfast started with the boat along the shore, casting as we went. Ned was rewarded with a noble rise and hung and killed the *fontinalis*. Shortly after, I received a rise from one of the juvenile class that had doubtlessly strayed away from parental eyes and happily missed it. Securing no more responses here we went to the "big rocks," but failed to tempt with our clever deceits after a full half hour's earnest endeavor.

The storm which had been threatening all morning now gave evidence of a sudden and terrible visitation by vivid lightning and loud thunder. It was the signal of a hasty retreat to camp and as there was no standing on the order of going, we hustled into the boat more rapidly than gracefully. The wind, as if it desired to take a prominent part in the elemental outbreak, came bounding o'er the waters in spiteful violence, and in a few minutes had the greatlake in curving clouds of foam. As we had about a mile to go, the boys looked upon the angry sea as a mere *bagatelle*, one of them saying:

"We will make camp all right, and with dry jackets too."

Manfully they pulled the ash-blades, scattering the pearly spray from the bow as if going through a roaring cataract. The half-breeds seemed to enjoy the wildness of the waters and laughed and sang as if on pleasure bent. Around the jutting point we swiftly swept, and then having the wind at our heels went into our snug harbor with the snow-like froth fairly flying from the head of our little craft. Away out by the Lizards we saw the Mackinac of the Kentucky angler pitching and tossing at a great rate and evidently making for Gravel River, the only harbor of retreat this side of Gargantua. We waved our handkerchiefs as a salute and the response duly came with a lively fluttering of the white linen.

We had been in camp but a few minutes when the rain poured down bounteously, but as the surcharged clouds of inky darkness moved to the east of us, we escaped the worst of the storm. The atmosphere was now perceptibly cooled by the shower, but the leaden sky still prevailed, and it looked as if we would have to pass the remainder of the day in camp.

Ned sought enjoyment in overhauling his tackle; his flies, however, being his especial delight, for many of them were pleasant reminders of his outings on the famous Nipigon.

"There," said he, as he held aloft a favorite fly he had taken from his spacious book, "is the most taking lure I ever cast."

It was a gray-hackle on a 1-0 sprot hook and made by Mrs. McBride.

"And here," he continued, "is another, a black-spider; and still another, a red-bis, all made by the same party."

But here is the famous red-wing-coachman with which I caught a 7lb. trout, the largest I ever killed," and then a pleasant smile radiated over his bronzed face, as if the sight of that particular fly refreshed his memory with the exciting events of the grand battle, which gave him the grand prize.

"See what a stout sprot upon which they are mounted. I tell you they are dandies and double discount the pretty playthings they now make."

And so he went on until he had about gone over his entire fly-book, and then he closed it and put it away as carefully as if it were a treasure beyond purchase. The opening of the book had so filled him with the early recollections of the gentle art that he commenced a discourse on the subject, which, if not sustained by authorities, was one that led to a long discussion between us.

Referring to the antiquity of the gentle art, he affirmed that Adam was the first angler and taught the art to his own Seth. Job was also well up in angling, and the prophet Amos alludes to fish hooks. So you see, angling comes with the first creation of man. Even the old serpent was an angler, but he landed his game, to the grievous lament of the human family, with the historic apple. Sir Walton, honored above all, has beautified the art and "sings its beatific praises" in his pastoral production. He has really "made fishing the type of the gentle mind that finds, even in the midst of hot and angry tumults, a refuge for quiet hours, a haunt of peace by happy river sides."

"That is all perfectly delicious of the 'Immortal Master,' Ned, but how would he rank with our accomplished anglers of the present day? Is not his theory of a different fly for each month a fallacy? Take even the authorities of the present day, and see how they antagonize on the subject as to the best-taking flies for our game fish. I



FLORIDA TARPON.

Taken by Miss Bertha Woodward, near Fort Myers, Fla., March 17, 1894. Length, 6ft. 1in. Weight 125lbs. Time 50 minutes.

will give you a few quotations which I have here at hand from well-known professionals on the subject:

"The idea that each month has its own killing flies is sheer nonsense; a fly that is good on a bright day in spring is good on any other bright day."—*Fred Mather.*

"It is well to have in your fly-books a little of everything, but of gray and brown-hackles, coachman and professors an abundance."—*L. B. France.*

"The kind of flies to be used vary with the locality, stream, state and stage of the water, weather, etc. \* \* \* The only way is to keep trying until the one is found that does please."—*Chas. F. Orvis.*

"A brilliantly-colored imitation of a fly will lure them, and herein largely consists the science of a fisherman in judging what style of fly is appropriate to a peculiar state of the atmosphere or locality."—*T. Robinson Warren.*

"The aim of the angler ought to be to have his artificial fly, by its form and colors, to attract the notice of the fish; in which case he has a much greater chance of success than by making the greatest efforts to imitate any particular species of fly."—*Prof. Rennie.*

"I esteem the color of the fly's body of far greater importance than that of the wings."—*Hewitt Wheatley.*

"I would advise all experts to keep a well-filled fly-book."—*George Dawson.*

"My favorites, on the whole, are all the red, brown, orange and yellow hackles, and the blue and yellow duns."—*Frank Forrester.*

"The palmer hackle is never totally out of season."—*Alfred Ronalds.*

"Good flies for black bass trolling are Montreal, scarlet-bis, brown-hackle, Cheney and grizzly-king."—*M. M. Backus.*

"The trout fly is a conventionalized creation, as we say of ornamentation. The theory is that fly-fishing, being a high art, the fly must not be a tame imitation of nature, but an artistic suggestion of it."—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

"To load yourself with swarms of flies is folly. \* \* \* Use a dark fly for dark waters and a bright fly for bright

waters, notwithstanding the most reasonable arguments to be adduced *per contra*."—*F. F. Manley.*

"As a general thing it is a waste of time to be forever changing your flies. If the fish are not rising it is entirely useless to fling an assortment of flies at them."—*T. S. Up de Graff, M. D.*

"Of winged flies I use only the brown-hen and the coachman; of hackles, only a brown, a black and a ginger."—*Thaddeus Norris.*

"The flies used in lake fishing are larger than those for rivers, and I have frequently observed that the winged flies answer better than palmers."—*T. C. Hoftland.*

"Imitate ever so closely the form and general character of the fly at which the fish are rising—if the color be wanting you will have no sport."—*Hewitt Wheatley.*

"The angler, on making a lengthy tour for sport, cannot have too great a number or variety of artificial flies."—*Genio C. Scott.*

"There are times when the sorriest conglomerate tied on a hook in the most barbarous manner, will take trout as fast as presented, and why this is so no one has yet solved; when they will take a "chunk of old horse," or anything else, and that thrown at them with a splash loud enough to wake the dead; and then again, the choicest specimen of the fly-tyer's art, the very darling of his imagination, cast with the practice of years and as light as a thistle-down, will cause *S. fontinalis* to scurry to his friend in the next county and cause all thinking anglers to argue, "why is this thusly."—*D. S. Kimball.*

*Salvelinus fontinalis* is the most "curious cuss" that poor tired humanity has ever been called upon to tackle and he who gets the art of fly-fishing "down fine" deserves to wear a No. 9 hat, have a soft, soft cushion in his every-day chair, be buried beside some babbling brook of his choice and have upon his tombstone, "When this man walked the earth *Salvelinus fontinalis*'s name was Dennis." May he never have wet feet any more; may he always be warm, not too warm, but just warm enough; may he have a little cloud for his very own, and may he "among the angels stand," a creel upon his shoulder and a fly-rod in his hand. *Requiescat in pace.*

And so we might indefinitely continue to the utter confusion of the guild. "Now, your own experience tells you that the varying moods of the trout are a thing 'no feller' can find out, and that if he won't take a fly of one construction, give him another, and so on, till you finally have him down fine."

"Your authorities are worthy of great consideration," replies Ned, "but, at the same time, I beg to have an opinion of my own on the subject, and that is that the cast, the flutter and size of fly are just as important as the construction, combination of feathers, tinsel, etc., and I sometimes think decidedly more important."

"That is all O. K. and I hope you will practice what you preach; drop your fly with airy lightness, and flutter it as if the thing were about to take wing and fly away."

Ned looked up a little surprised at my critical remarks and then quite pertinently said:

"There are some anglers who, in casting, dwell so long between the recovery and the delivery of the fly, that there is apparent danger some day of a trout being taken in the rear and lifted over the shoulders."

"All of which means that I am not on exact time in my return cast."

"Nearly so; quite so, sometimes."

"Thanks for the information, and as I am a candidate for a premium at the World's Fair Casting Tournament, will at once endeavor to make the correct time."

With this the fly talk and good-natured badinage ended, and then on Ned putting away his tackle we strolled out on the gray rocks in our immediate front and made a favorable forecast of the weather. A bright sun was showing up on the rim of the western horizon and a few birds in the thickets along the shore were making the air melodious with their sweet notes, all of which confirmed our diagnosis of the atmospheric elements.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Trouting at Parkside, Pa.

PARKSIDE, Pa., April 16.—Though 13in. of snow had fallen it had almost disappeared by opening day. There was still a little left in the woods, but the trouting was excellent.

At the Park House a number of fishermen from New York and Philadelphia, among whom were Mr. J. Steele, Mr. Wm. H. Ziegler and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reichert, Mr. Geo. E. Fleming, Mr. C. A. Bragg, Mr. A. Marble, Mr. D. A. Keyes, Mr. J. A. Seeley. The day was perfect, and toward evening the fishermen came in. Mr. Keyes and Stimson had thirty-seven nice fish, Mr. Ziegler took twenty-seven. Mr. Bragg and Marble also made good catches.

Of those stopping at other houses, Mr. C. A. Boyan made a splendid catch of half a hundred. He is a crack fly-fisherman. Mr. R. Coleman made a good catch on the second day. He has been fishing the West Broadhead for over thirty years, and knows just how to get them. He uses the fly so cleverly that it is a treat to watch him. There were a number of others who passed who had well-filled baskets.

The flies in use are on Nos. 10 and 12 Sprot hooks, and of dark color; no bright flies are used.

The streams have been clear and the very moderate winter has left them unusually full of trout. Fishermen are passing all the time, and the farmers, who charge a quarter for fishing their part of the streams, must be doing a thriving business.

W. T. MORRISON.

#### A One-Armed Angler in Clover.

MR. SAMUEL COLLYER sends us this note from the Tacoma (Wash.) Union:

"W. S. O'Brien, the well known one-armed enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton, went trouting on Wednesday up Clover Creek and brought home a large basket of fine speckled beauties, the largest of which measured over 14in. in length. Mr. O'Brien says he lost more fish that day than any day in his whole fishing experience. Just as he would get a fish nearly to hand, it would drop back into the water. He will use larger hooks next time. He caught all the fish after 3 o'clock and came in from Brookdale on the 6 o'clock motor. Mr. O'Brien says the best trouting place in the State is Round Top Lake, in Succotash Valley, this side of Mt. Tacoma."



## ANGLING NOTES.

## New Hampshire Hatcheries.

THE Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire have adopted the plans of the New York Fish Commissioners, and placed certain hatcheries belonging to the State in charge of certain commissioners. New Hampshire has nine hatcheries, two more than New York will have when the two under process of construction are completed. The nine hatcheries are divided as follows: Commissioner Shurtleff has charge of those at Meredith, Ashland and Colebrook; Commissioner Griffin those at Manchester, Laconia and Bristol; Commissioner Wentworth those at Keene, Sunapee and Plymouth.

New Hampshire is keenly interested in her wealth of fish and game, for she recognizes its value to the people, but it seems a mistaken policy to erect a swarm of little fish hatcheries all over the State, where a less number of well equipped stations properly located will do the better work at less expense for operating. I mention this, as I understand that appropriations have been made to add to the present number of hatching stations in the State.

## Death of Judge Ferriss.

On Wednesday morning, April 11, at his residence in Glens Falls, N. Y., Judge Orange Ferriss died suddenly. He was nearly 80 years of age and up to the day of his death was as active as a man of half his years. Judge Ferriss, a lineal descendant of John Alden, four times removed, possessed the upright, honest and sturdy characteristics of his Puritan and Quaker ancestors. Much of his life was spent as a public man, as judge of his native county for twelve years, four years in Congress, six years as Commissioner of the Court of Southern Claims, and six years as auditor of the U. S. Treasury. A few years ago Judge Ferriss and I were stormbound for an entire day on an island in Lake George while trolling for trout in May, and he said that during fifty odd years he had spent a part of each season at Lake George, fishing in its waters and shooting on its shores. He recalled that he was once similarly stormbound with my father when they were camping together, probably before I was born.

Judge Ferriss was president of the Glen Club at the time of his death, an organization that has occupied an island in Lake George with permanent cottage for a camp for nearly thirty years, and it is to Judge Ferriss and another member of the club, Mr. Frank Lapham, that we are indebted for the largest small-mouth black bass in the world. In 1886 these two men, as they were breaking camp at Glen Island, caught a number of little black bass from Lake George and put them in a bait bucket and later in the day planted thirteen of the fish that were alive and active, in the inlet to Long Pond, now called Glen Lake. The thirteen little bass stocked the pond and from it have since been taken small-mouthed black bass weighing 10lbs.

To his out of door life as a sportsman Judge Ferriss ascribed his rugged health for four score years. Within ten days of his death he said to a fellow director of the Glens Falls Insurance Company that he had never been sick, and he never would be but once, and then it would be a brief illness; and his life came to a close, full of years and honors, as he had predicted.

## An Angling Sir Bountiful.

In several notes in this column I have mentioned an English gentleman who was in this country for the fishing—Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, of London.

Before he left the other side I told Mr. Harmsworth that the only fishing I could recommend in this country between Jan. 1 and April 1 was in Florida; and to Florida he went, and was from the first so enthusiastic about what he found there in the way of sport that I should not be surprised if the citizens presented him with the freedom of the State in a gold box. After catching a single tarpon, Mr. Harmsworth was suddenly called home, and the London *Times* takes a column and a half to explain why he was called.

Mr. Frederick G. Jackson, an Arctic explorer, was apparently consuming with a desire to have another try at reaching the North Pole, and all that was lacking was a hatful of money to procure a steamer and other things necessary for the expedition. Mr. Harmsworth, quietly fishing for tarpon down in Florida, apparently hears of it, and he reels up his lines, hurries to New York and then across the Atlantic, and as the *Times* says: "Owing to the munificent offer of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth to bear the entire cost of a fully equipped scientific expedition to Franz Josef Land, with a view to advancing as far as possible toward the Pole," the thing is done, the way is prepared, and the expedition will start early in the summer to be gone three years. Altogether, "the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to Franz Josef Land" may be called rapid transit from Florida to the North Pole.

In a personal letter from Mr. Harmsworth, dated at his place in Kent on March 31, he says, with the modesty of an angler of high degree: "I had to come back from Florida more rapidly than I expected, owing to a polar expedition which I am fitting out. My expedition is entertaining the American expedition (Wellman's) tomorrow. Wellman is a particularly fine fellow. \* \* \* I have not had time to tackle the fishing articles yet. I had hoped to have written them on the return voyage, but we had rough weather, and writing was almost impossible. The advice you sent me regarding Florida fishing proved most useful and accurate. It is a pity that there is no reliable book, in fact, no book at all, on Florida fishing. An impartial work, run in the interests of sportsmen and not hotel keepers, would sell, of that I am confident. I estimate that between 5,000 and 10,000 people take rods to Florida every season. This year, although the fishing was very good, the number of people was poor on account of the depression. All those to whom I spoke agreed that there was great need of such a work as I refer to. The hotel advertisements are most misleading, that of — being particularly ridiculous, as there is no fishing there.

"I did not, unfortunately, get another tarpon. Had I stayed a fortnight longer, as I intended, I should probably have landed three or four. I had a big fellow on and am now impatient for 1896 to arrive, when I propose going to Florida again.

"It was rather surprising to me that so few people from the North go to Florida for sport. Most of the Northerners we met there sat in the hotels all day. To go to Florida and not to fish for tarpon is criminal.

"I met some people in New York who had been to Florida

for fishing and came away disappointed. The reason was simple. They had gone to the wrong place and at the wrong time. Except perhaps in the very best salmon rivers in Scotland or some parts of Norway or Lapland, I do not imagine there is such good fishing in the world as can be found in Florida, if one goes to the right place.

"I had my first fishing here to-day. Twenty-three trout in an hour is certainly my record. I never had so many before and do not expect to again in so short a time. They took any kind of fly. By the way, I ought to say that the tackle dealer you sent me to for tarpon tackle, treated me extremely well. His tackle was of the very best and he would not let me take any more than I really wanted.

"I hope to send over crowds of sportsmen for the tarpon fishing presently. A good many go already via Havana, but if the fishing were better known here thousands who spend a great deal more money in going to outlandish places like Lapland (for salmon and trout) and India (for masheer) would run over to Florida, which, after all, is only an easy nine days from London. \* \* \* I am off to London early to-morrow morning to meet your compatriots."

The fishing articles referred to are some that are promised to me about Mr. Harmsworth's experience in Florida the past winter. When he returns to America he will find another fish, the ocananiche, waiting to give him first-class sport, and with which I feel sure he will fall in love.

As Mr. Harmsworth owns a newspaper in London he may have something to say about Florida fishing on his own account, which surely will benefit the country in view of his high opinion of it. A. N. CHENEY.

## FLORIDA TARPON.

WOODWARD, Ala., April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you inclosed a photograph which I thought might interest you. I may say that I was a witness to this catch and that no assistance whatever was rendered in taking the tarpon, except when the fish was drawn up to the boat he was gaffed by the guide, which is the usual way of taking him.

Fort Myers, Fla., afforded excellent tarpon fishing during part of the month of March. I was there with my family for two weeks, and all of us captured six tarpon, three being credited to me, two taken by my son, a 17-year-old boy, and one by my daughter, of which the inclosed is a photograph. J. H. WOODWARD.

PUNTA GORDA, Fla., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think you have had reports from this place as to the tarpon fishing this spring, but I don't recall having seen anything in your paper as to the fishing at Fort Myers. W. R. Washburn has kindly supplied me with a list of those who have caught tarpon and the weight and length of the fish, as hereafter given.

The best two days' fishing so far was on the 8th and 9th inst. (about four miles below Fort Myers), when twenty-six tarpon were caught. Mr. N. M. George on last-named date had ten strikes and landed three fish. Mr. W. Ashley Jones, of Richmond, Va., succeeded in landing a fish which weighed 168 lbs.; and that, too, on a broken rod.

Mr. Wm. W. Jacobus, of East Orange, N. J., who has been stopping at the Tarpon House at Punta Rassa, told me that he had been trolling lately for tarpon in Estero Bay, using a drumfish belly to troll with, and he said that he had twenty-eight strikes and caught four tarpon, all of which averaged over 90lbs each. Here is the record of tarpon so far caught at Fort Myers:

Dec.	Lbs.	Ft. In.	March	Lbs.	Ft. In.
23. A. M. McGregor.....	124	6 3	29. N. M. George.....	62	5
Jan.			29. F. B. Frishmuth.....	130	6 8
5. A. W. Cochran.....	98	5 9	29. F. B. Frishmuth.....	108	6
Feb.			29. H. S. Drinker, Jr.....	150	6 7
1. Alva Finney.....	102	5 9	30. R. J. Holloway.....	130	5 8
2. B. F. Ray.....	124½	6 7	31. A. M. Mitchell.....	106	6 2
24. J. L. Ellwood.....	117	6 2	April		
March			2. F. S. Hodges.....	98	5 11
14. Dr. E. P. George.....	76	4 9	2. F. Borden.....	129	6 1
14. Dr. E. P. George.....	78	5 1	2. David G. Yates.....	124	6 4
15. J. C. Mattison.....	92	6	2. Mrs. G. A. West.....	107	6 2
15. J. C. Mattison.....	93	5	3. Slocum Howland.....	89	
16. F. S. Hodges.....	94	5 11	3. Clarence Howland.....	137	
15. J. Bird Nixon.....	108	6	3. W. Ashley Jones.....	86	5 10
15. F. B. Frishmuth.....	114	5 10	3. A. M. Mitchell.....	163	7
15. F. B. Frishmuth.....	104	4 7	3. W. Ashley Jones.....	103	5 8
15. J. V. O'Donahue.....	109	5 1	4. R. T. Holloway.....	130	6 2
15. A. H. R. Woodward.....	78		4. E. P. Borden.....	103	6 2
15. J. H. Woodward.....	83		4. A. M. Mitchell.....	62	5
16. F. S. Hodges.....	91	5 10	5. J. R. Moore.....	57	5 2
16. F. B. Frishmuth.....	51		5. Dr. E. P. George.....	72	5 2
16. F. B. Frishmuth.....	104		5. Amos R. Little.....	151	6 6
17. L. S. Cole.....	60	5 2	5. Amos R. Little.....	112	6 3
17. F. S. Hodges.....	66	5	5. David G. Yates.....	68	5
17. B. C. Quimby.....	36	4 6	5. W. Beadel.....	117	6 1
17. F. B. Frishmuth.....	87		6. E. Beadel.....	133	6 7
17. F. B. Frishmuth.....	61		6. R. T. Holloway.....	114	6 4
17. Geo. D. Watrous.....	92	5 7	6. N. M. George.....	109	6 2½
17. Geo. D. Watrous.....	82	5 6	6. R. T. Holloway.....	118	6 4
18. J. Boyd Nixon.....	134	6	6. R. T. Holloway.....	64	4 10
18. L. S. Cole.....	88	6	6. R. T. Holloway.....	75	5 5
18. C. J. Hicks.....	142	6 10	6. A. M. Mitchell.....	107	6 1
18. J. W. Comstock.....	54	5 9	6. A. M. Mitchell.....	75	5 3
18. Miss E. Woodward.....	125	6	6. A. M. McGregor.....	57	5 8
18. J. H. Woodward.....	92		6. A. M. McGregor.....	122	6 2
18. F. B. Frishmuth.....	77		6. W. Ashley Jones.....	107	6 7
19. W. J. Comstock.....	71	5	6. David G. Yates.....	107	6 2
19. W. J. Comstock.....	98	5 10	6. Amos R. Little.....	143	6 4
19. John M. Lakin.....	70	5 1	6. David G. Yates.....	106	6 1
19. W. G. DeWitt.....	129	6 4	6. Amos R. Little.....	105	5 10
19. W. G. DeWitt.....	138	6 7	6. Amos R. Little.....	108	6
19. F. B. Frishmuth.....	90		6. F. Frishmuth.....	87	5 8
20. A. H. R. Woodward.....	136	6 6	6. W. Ashley Jones.....	163½	6 11
20. F. S. Hodges.....	126	6	6. Mrs. R. T. Holloway.....	110	5 10
20. E. H. Pardee.....	167	6 11	6. Dr. E. P. George.....	122	6 3
20. Dr. C. S. Baldwin.....	69	5 2	6. Robert Walpole.....	106	5 6
21. J. H. Woodward.....	78	5 1	6. David G. Yates.....	50	
21. F. B. Frishmuth.....	89½		6. F. Borden.....	93	5 9
21. F. B. Frishmuth.....	114		6. Clarence Howland.....	61	5
22. Com. Falls.....	103		6. Slocum Howland.....	111	5 9
22. F. B. Frishmuth.....	103		6. Amos R. Little.....	103	6
22. F. B. Frishmuth.....	104		6. N. M. George.....	100	5 5
23. F. B. Frishmuth.....	73		6. N. M. George.....	138	6 3
23. F. B. Frishmuth.....	114		6. N. M. George.....	110	5 8
24. F. B. Frishmuth.....	110		6. E. L. Toland.....	164	6 3
24. J. H. Hildreth.....	149	6 9	6. F. B. Frishmuth.....	114	6
25. F. B. Frishmuth.....	88		6. S. Low.....	106	6
25. R. R. Rand.....	120	6 4	6. G. A. West.....	25	5 11
25. A. M. McGregor.....	150	6 6	6. G. A. West.....	85	6 9
25. F. B. Frishmuth.....	108	6	6. Prof. C. E. Akley.....	150	6 6
25. M. Toland.....	5	7	6. N. M. George.....	102	5 7
25. S. Low.....	85	5 6	6. R. R. Rand.....	158	6 7
29. Com. H. Belknap.....	85	5 11	6. E. L. Toland.....	106	5 10

## Neversink Trout.

FALLSBURG, N. Y., April 21.—A party of two gentlemen from New York city, stopping at H. W. Dean's Hotel, at Neversink, caught out of the Neversink on April 16 and 17 eighty very fine trout. On April 20 and 21 Col. Niffey and three friends from Goshen caught 293 fine trout from the Neversink. WILLIE DEAN.

## NOTES FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

## The Winter Fishing.

THE winter fishing is over. Take it all in all, the catch has not been remarkable either in point of size or numbers, though several fine togs have been taken in the vicinity of the Deer Island House, which, by the way, is the most convenient place for winter fishing, as well as one of the neatest, quietest, prettiest stretches in the world for the summer angler.

Although large catches have not been made in Moosehead itself, many heavy hauls have been made from small lakes and ponds in the vicinity.

## The Ice Going out Early.

There is now every prospect that the ice will go out much earlier than usual. Recent advices from Willimantic state that the ice will certainly leave Sebec Lake about April 26-28. The spring salmon fishing will of course come on immediately after the going out of the ice. There will probably be a larger number of anglers at the head of Sebec this year than ever before, and there are some reasons for expecting that the fishing too will be better than usual.

The ice usually leaves Moosehead within a week after Sebec is open, so that it may be confidently predicted that Moosehead will be clear about May 5, or possibly a day or two earlier.

## The Salmon Pool.

Fishing began rather brilliantly at the salmon pool at Bangor, but for the past ten days high and roily water have made the fishing a failure. The snow is now nearly gone, however, and it is likely that the water will clear this week.

## Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association.

In a recent letter, Mr. E. C. Farrington, the secretary of the Association, says: "Considering the times, we are getting on finely. One satisfactory feature of membership is the class of men who join. I doubt if there can be found in Maine an association of any kind with men of more note and ability.

"Our work is not for personal benefit. We have no club house. What we put out is for the good of the State. We are constantly pushing and sustaining the State Commissioners, and our programme now is to get up and keep a general public interest in our game and its increase. We shall have the present laws thoroughly revised by a board of good and able men, then brought before the Association, and when we are agreed as to law and appropriations, go before the Legislature and secure it. A wholesome public opinion is what we want.

"I hope that a little later on we may have a reservation and association building, a place where any member can go cheaply and have all needed opportunity for rest."

May Mr. Farrington stand firmly on the FOREST AND STREAM "plank" when he secures the needed legislation. That plank alone would be a good enough law for protecting our fish and game. F. S. BUNKER.

## Ice-Bound Canadian Waters.

QUEBEC, April 19.—The spring weather that was expected so early this year has tarried long in the coming, and as a consequence almost all the lakes in northern Canada are still in the fetters of the ice king and in the Lake St. John country snow still lies deep in the woods. Not until the early days of May is the ice likely to leave Lake Edward and Lake St. John, but there will be excellent trout fishing in Lake Beaufort, Lake St. Charles, Lake St. Joseph and Lake Edward within a couple of days after the disappearance of the ice. The 10th or 12th of May will be none too early for the large *fontinalis* of Lake Edward, and as summer is likely to come in with a rush after such a late spell of cold in the spring as we are now having, the weather in the middle of May will probably be very pleasant for camping out, though the distances are not so great but that anglers may return each night to the hotel at the station.

From American friends who are members of the Metabetchouan and Springfield clubs, I learn that we may expect a number of American anglers up here from the 15th to the 25th of May, most of them bound to the Kiskisink and Lower Metabetchouan waters. For spring fishing in these waters anglers should be well supplied with fairly large-sized flies of the Parmachene-belle, junglecock and professor varieties, with a sprinkling of Jock-Scots or silver-doctors.

Fishermen in the habit of crossing to the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John or to the large tributaries of the inland sea, will be pleased to learn that a new steamboat is rapidly approaching completion at Roberval, which will make the fourth steamer to navigate the waters of the lake. The Canadian Government is also constructing a suitable wharf at Roberval.

I would not recommend crossing to the Grand Discharge for ouananiche fishing before June 10, though May 18, as described in my last letter, will not be too early to take them in the mouths of the Ouiaichouan or Metabetchouan rivers. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

## Point Senasqua Rod and Reel Club.

SING SING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have here the finest striped bass fishing ground on the Hudson River and there are many enthusiastic fishermen. We have an angling club, the Point Senasqua Rod and Reel Association, Senasqua being the Indian name of Croton Point. As an incentive to make the sport interesting, the club has prepared a handsome gold badge which will be awarded the member landing the heaviest fish during the season beginning April 1 and ending Dec. 1. The fish to win the prize must be either a striped bass, weakfish or salmon, and must be caught in the Hudson River between Tarrytown and Verplanck. The club members also have a button badge. W. S. S.

## Chemung County Association.

WELLSBURG, N. Y., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have organized a club of thirty members called the Chemung County Fish and Game Protective Association. The officers are: W. H. Wagnier, President; Aaron Seafuse, Treasurer; Dr. F. G. Dean, Secretary; Willmot E. Knapp, Attorney; Louis Balch and Chas. Wheeler, Wardens. F. G. DEAN, Sec'y.



## READY FOR OPENING DAY.

BOSTON, April 21.—Still the preparations go on for one of the liveliest angling seasons that the trout and salmon waters have ever known. But up to within a few days the weather has been very cold for April and but little real fishing has been done. At the preserves on the Cape and the South Shore owners and invited guests have had some fishing, but it has not been as satisfactory as good April weather would have made. In the tackle stores the report says a good trade is in progress—much better than a year ago. Orders for fishing tackle and repairs are numerous. Trout fishermen mean to be ready for the clearing of the ice from the Maine lakes. Hundreds of rods and reels are in the tackle stores and the repair shops. It is curious to note the interest the genuine trout fishermen takes in being sure that his tackle is ready. But reports from the Maine ice are not encouraging now for a very early season, notwithstanding the very warm weather in March. I have letters from several guides and camp and hotel keepers right in the trout centers, and the entire report summed up makes the date of the Rangeleys clearing of ice about May 15, with Moosehead a day or two earlier. Each one of the reports mention more engagements than usual. Rooms, boats and guides are being engaged in a manner that ought to be pleasing to those reaping the most pecuniary benefit.

The chances of a night train to Farmington, Me., over the Maine Central, for the accommodation of the fishermen who would like to reach the Rangeleys in one night from Boston, are yet uncertain. The railroad companies are slow to wake up to the main chance. There will be a great many fishing parties to the Maine waters this season, but after all a great many changes have taken place. Some of the old parties are entirely broken up, and others nearly so. The Eugene Clapp party is a thing of the past, the members being nearly all dead. Mr. G. W. Wadsworth is left, and he thinks strongly of joining one of the younger clubs. The Hobart and Reed party is broken up. Mr. Reed is ill, and Mr. Hobart is probably going to Grand Lake Stream for landlocked salmon. Doubtless the Magee party will be a full one this season. Mr. Tuttle and his friends will early be at Lake Point Cottage, Rangeley Lake. This is always one of the first parties of the season. Mr. Tuttle rather expected, during the warm weather in March, that he should hardly be on the grounds as soon as the ice was out this year, but later reports indicate good sledding on the ice on the same lake. The Powers party will be one of the foremost of the season. This party has its steamer already engaged. The Inglewood Club members are preparing for a splendid fishing trip this spring, though some of the members will wait till warmer weather and fly-fishing rather than rush off for early trolling. This club has received several valuable accessions to its membership the past year; among the best the entire Harry Moore party. This party, made up of almost the same persons, has visited various fishing resorts year after year, till at last it is anchored with the Inglewood Club. The Megantic Club is starting in for a prosperous season. Its membership has been increased, and the best of management is looked for this season.

A special to the daily papers say that Supt. McGlinn, of the New Hampshire State hatching house, was to ship on Monday, April 26, 75,000 brook trout fry, as the season's allotment of the Fisheries Commission to the Merrimack County Fish and Game League. The fish are to be planted in the waters of that county.

SPECIAL.

## It Did Not Pay.

THREE weeks ago several enthusiastic sportsmen of this city, including Chief of Police McCabe, and officers McDonald and Leroy, went fishing in Morgan Lake. They were not satisfied with the inglorious worm or the frisky fly, but decided to try their luck with nets. This was against the law, but the party included the Chief of Police, and of course if he thought it all right, why the others thought so too. Then the Morgan boys were along, and as the lake is for the most part the property of their aunt, they, too, thought it all right. They fished in broad daylight, using a big river seine, and caught a nice mess, some of the bass being as big as shad. Coming in town, the party felt so generous that they presented a few of the surplus fish to their friends, who pronounced them most excellent eating. The sequel of the story was that Game Protector Kennedy got hold of the matter and placed it in the hands of Game Constable Mase, of Matewan, and on Friday the Chief of Police and his friends settled the matter out of court by paying \$135 in fines and \$7 costs, which made about \$23.66 a piece—rather expensive, even for the splendid haul of fish they made. Others who had the fish in their possession and enjoyed eating them are equally liable before the law, but the game constable decided not to go outside of the circle of sportsmen. The matter is considered a huge joke by the friends of the sportsmen, but they can't see it in that light, in view of the present lightness of their pocket-books.—*Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Eagle.*

## New Hampshire Trout.

LEBANON, N. H., April 8.—The past winter has been favorable for trout, but I think the season will be late. One week from to-day is open season and it has snowed hard about all day. The 15th comes on Sunday, so if the drifts are not too deep I shall try to find some brook early Monday morning. I would like to meet my old friend "Von W." once more before we pass the Grand Divide, and to enjoy another as perfect a day as I did with him three years ago in Acworth. I hope that he will live many years to enjoy nature as she is.

MASCORRY.

## New York Game Legislation.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 24.—Special to *Forest and Stream*: The Committee made its report on game law amendments to-day. By its terms no changes are recommended as to deer or woodcock, except that the season for deer in Sullivan county is made to comprise October only. Mongolian pheasants are protected at all times. The wild fowl season for the Hudson River below Troy and for Long Island waters ends May 1; in the rest of the State ending March 1. Striped bass are protected. Fishing through the ice is allowed in waters not inhabited by trout or by landlocked salmon. The trout season is made to open in the Adirondacks on April 15 and elsewhere on April 1.

The above are recommendations. The bill incorporating them has not yet been adopted.

## The Kennel.

## FIXTURES.

## DOG SHOWS.

May 1 to 4.—Special show of St. Bernard, Collie, Spaniel and Fox-Terrier clubs, in connection with the Hempstead Farm show, Madison Square Garden.

May 9 to 12.—Louisville Kennel Club, at Louisville, Ky. St. Marc M. Munday, Sec'y.

May 30 to June 2.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, at Oakland, California.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

## FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

## BOSTON SHOW.

April 17 to 20. Entries 888, Dogs Benched \$61.

THE tenth annual dog show of the New England Kennel Club, marks an era of good feeling and prosperity for the club that reminds one of its early shows. No club, with the exception of the W. K. C., has held to its purpose with greater tenacity through fair weather and foul than the N. E. K. C., and now with the open handed management at present, in control its future looks bright indeed. The economic policy is past and a feeling of democracy and the greatest good to the greatest number reigns in place of it. The entry accorded the club this year was well in advance of late years, though not up to that of 1888, when the total of 1,053 was reached.

The following table will show each year's entry: 1885, 619; 1886, 622; 1887, 1,039; 1888, 1,053; 1889, 701; 1890, 737; 1891, 627; 1892, 700; 1893, 807; 1894, 888.

This year the coming specialty show had a decided effect upon the entry in several breeds, notably collies, and if, like other large shows, novice classes had been provided, no doubt the thousand mark would have been reached again. Elsewhere will be found items of interest connected with the show, and we turn at once to a criticism of the classes.

## Mastiffs.

James Mortimer, Judge.

The three principal kennels in the East were represented by their best dogs, so that though the entries were not large, quality was well represented. Beaufort's Black Prince and Lady Diana, both well shown, took the challenge prizes without competition. In open dogs (8), Ingleside Minting again proved equal to the occasion and scored well over Emperor William in eye, body and hind legs, his coat might be better. Emperor Maximilian took third, he is much smaller than the others and not so well ribbed. Beaufort's Prince, reserve, is slack in back and only just recovering from eczema, skull too domy. Brutus, c., a light-eyed, sour-faced dog, back on pasterns and light in body, got all the sympathy in such company. Bitches (4), saw Gerda II., that wonderfully good matron, an easy winner over Eider, whose light bone and rather plain flat head and lack of massiveness were offset by good body and hind parts. Nellie, third, was shown much too fat, a light eye detracts from her expression, stands on good legs and has a much better skull than muzzle, the latter not deep nor square enough. Brampton Beauty was absent, being heavy in whelp to Beaufort's Black Prince. The dog puppy Druid was absent and Campana, a lucky one, represented bitch puppies, as at other shows this season.

## St. Bernards.

James Mortimer, Judge.

One cannot extol the quality on the whole, on the contrary, outside of the old winners there was little to commend. A Boston show with no challenge rough dogs is something unusual; in the corresponding bitch class (2), Lady Livingston scored once more, beating Miss Anna in size, bone and general massiveness; in type and quality both are superior specimens. Her Ladyship was not in such good coat as we have seen her. Open dogs proved a large class (22), and the winner, Altoneer, whom we never saw looking better, was well placed ahead of Ardmore, beating him in skull and muzzle, quality and body, which has filled out nicely. The well known Jim Blaine came next, he is a useful sort, well made all round if we except a dip behind the shoulders, he was never shown better. Gov. Russell, vhc., has a very nice typical head, deep and square with excellent markings and stands on good legs, he was rather thin and looked tucked up in body. Prince Hector, hc., carries great bone and is of sufficient stop and a too short face are very much against him, good coat but curly in places. Sir Albert Victor, hc., scarcely deserved his letters; his head is long, narrow and snipy in muzzle, and to this we must add a shelly light body. The commended dogs were distinctly poor specimens comparatively, their heads being principally at fault. Bennington, whose disposition was not of the best, has good legs and coat to commend, he has a half white head. The bitch class was very meagerly supported with but two entries, one of which was our old friend Lady Snerwell, who, however, did not look at her best, her skin seemed out of order and coat was short, she was too fat as well. Second was withheld from Bonny and that is all that need be said. In dog pups (16), Lord Ripon deserved his win for a good head, great bone and the quality he shows. Columbus, second, loses quite considerably to him in head, stop and muzzle especially. Jim Blaine, Jr., I could not find. Madam B., second, again scored in the corresponding class, second being withheld from Junis II.

In smooth challenge dogs, Melrose King, beautifully shown, was alone; but competition was keen in the next class when Empress of Contoocook and Miss Alton came together. The former looked very well and excels in muzzle and carriage of ears, quality and expression, and depth of body. Miss Alton is a cleaner built bitch, but lack of face shadings is a distinct detractor compared with the other; she excels in bone and feet and carriage of stern. Open dogs (4) proved a "snap" for Alton, Jr., who stood head and shoulders above the others in quality and general make up; he was put down in faultless condition and has improved in body; he is a hard one to beat in any company. Rex Bedivere, second, has a well-shaped head, if too much peak he excepted, and stands on good legs. Cato, third, while plain in muzzle, has a very good skull; stop should be more defined, good legs, well-ribbed, white body and shows but moderate quality. Judith, the well-known matron, was placed over Lady Alton in bitches (4). The latter beats in bone but loses in squareness of muzzle and in eye; both are good in body and legs, and Miss Alton scores a little in type and quality. Judith's Ruth, a bitch of nice type and color, shows too much coat; more depth of stop would improve her, and she is a bit straight behind. A noteworthy fact regarding this class is that the three others are daughters of the winner, Judith, who evidently intends to keep her position as the head of the family. Clara Barton was absent. In smooth dog pups (5) first went to Crouch, a nice all-round dog; ears lay back a little, good bone and body for his age, well marked, faulty in carriage of stern. Cyclone, second, is a little long and narrow in head, good bone, a son of Altoneer and Judith. His

brother, Snow King, reserve, is rather plain-faced, good bone and legs. Puppy bitches did not fill.

## Great Danes.

James Mortimer, Judge.

The showing here was a disappointment to lovers of this coming fancy. Entries were poor and quality by no means conspicuous. Challenge dogs did not fill, and Minerva's Pawn was the only entry in the corresponding class, she is now owned by Mr. White, of Worcester; her snipy head is her worst fault and she was shown too fat. Open dogs had but two, Stanley and Molke; the latter is a plain, coarse headed dog with little type, fair body and legs, and Stanley, well known now, had no difficulty in scoring first. Owl's Nest Topsy was the only entry in bitches; she is short headed, good in neck, body and legs, a dark brindle with a light eye.

## Bloodhounds.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Here was quality in abundance and one new face, Belhus took another challenge prize. Alchymist filled his engagement in open dogs (4) for the first time since his importation, and though not in the best of skin condition he scored well; his grand body, legs, earage and wrinkle make one overlook his rather light head; it would be improved with more depth, but shows intense type and quality; he is a distinct acquisition to the breed on this side. Brough, second, is beaten in body, length of leather and quarters, but has a deeper and better head. Berry's Bradshaw is plain beside these two; he is well known. Bruno, reserve, is leggy and rather plain in head compared to winners, good body and condition. In bitches (2) Kaween, repeatedly shown lately, was too fat, but had nothing to beat but the sweet-headed, undeveloped Vigilant, who is improving in condition at every show.

## Foxhounds.

John Davidson, Judge.

At no show held in the North have we seen such a large entry, and nowhere do we remember seeing such a good lot of hounds, taking them all round. At the same time never did it appear more apparent that a standard is necessary for the American hound. Legs and feet were uniformly good, which is something unusual, but heads, ears and bodies were of all shapes and lengths. In English hounds (3) the well known winner Rosemary scored over another bitch, Winsome, a rather plain-headed little bitch with good body and legs, losing to the winner very much in muzzle and thighs. I liked Denmark, third, better for the place.

In American hounds Elite was the only challenge entry present, Commodore not showing up. Elite was shown rather gross. The open dog class (17), White Oak Kennels' four being not for competition, must have been a puzzle for the judge. For the blue he selected Argonaut, the Chicago winner; barring a fineness in muzzle he has a capital head and is well put up all round and looks like going, being a light English type to some extent. Second went to the well known trial winner Logan, a little pinched in muzzle and should be better ribbed up; body a little long. Rock, another good one in the field, came in third; this is a very well built hound all round, well ribbed, short-coupled body, excellent front with just enough bone, head rather on English type with short ears, good neck and shoulders, in fact, considering his condition, style and everything, one need not have looked further for the winner, and should fill the eye as a type for the standard; he is perhaps a trifle leggy, but such a dog should be able to stand any amount of work, rough or smooth. Rover, reserve, is rather heavy in head, especially in skull, excellent legs and body, ears flat. Billy, Ned, Pooler and Brave's Boy were vhc. Billy is faulty in loin, not chest enough, flat-faced, nice legs and leather. Ned I did not see. Pooler is a well-shaped hound with a rather good head, little short in neck. Brave's Boy was in very poor shape, dirty and did not deserve his letters, though a pretty good hound when in shape. Dave Crockett, hc., was hardly treated, for he is a well-made dog, though a little long in loin, and more rib would improve him; good legs and feet, and plenty of substance. Sport is another that might have scored over some of the vhc. dogs, for combined with a nice head and true foxhound expression he is well ribbed and conforms to American requirements; he is a mottle. White Oak Kennels showed a very nice level pack, but did not compete. In bitches (11) another hard lot to judge came forward and the prize again went to Kentucky through the medium of Bow-sprit, another of the same type as Argonaut—same breeder; she might be better in feet, but has good legs, body and a sweet hound head. Judy, second, first last year, is a fair-headed one, and if she had more rib would do. Katie, third, seemed in whelp, is throaty and in spite of her good legs was rather lucky under the circumstances. Aggie, reserve, is another worker in the trials, well-shaped head, her lower eyelid has been torn open and she wore a shield over it, good legs and feet. Norah, vhc., is a well-known winner, with quite a nice head and good legs, but was a bit light in loin. Lilly Dale is another known to fame; her sweet head, combined with good legs and fair body and shoulders, show that she well deserved her letters; she might be shorter coupled if anything. Fancy, hc., is light in muzzle and should be deeper ribbed up; legs and feet will do. The puppy class was divided, five dogs and four bitches, and three from White Oak Kennels N.F.C. Driver won in dogs, a very promising, well-made pup; in fact, most of the pups were well formed. Tam O'Shanter was a good second; there is little between them. Dancer took the blue in bitches, but was removed before I came around, as were most of the youngsters.

## Deerhounds.

J. Otis Fellows, Judge.

Not a very numerous entry, but quality made up for any deficiency in that respect. Alfred Heald, Mr. Thayer's kennel manager, just brought the dogs in as fast as he could and pocketed the ribbons and didn't care what happened, as they all came from the Hillside Kennels. H. Warrior and H. Romola furnished the winner in each challenge class and were shown in good form. In open dogs (3) it was Raven, McGregor, and Argyle. Raven, in excellent coat, beats McGregor in body, loin, bone, length and strength of head and feel of coat. Argyle loses in muzzle and length of head, but beats the second winner in body and coat. Three well known ones came forward in the bitch class. Sylvia scored in head, bone and quarters, but Heather, third, excels Ruth in ribs and thighs, heads about equal. There were no puppies.

## Greyhounds.

J. Otis Fellows, Judge.

There is generally a good lot of this breed shown here, and though a good entry was benched, somehow the cracks failed to show up this year, which left the moderate, short-bodied Imperator a bloodless victory as the only challenge representative. He was well shown. The judge could not go back on his namesake, Uncle Dick, in open dogs (9), so gave him the blue; he is wide in skull, with big, flat, down-hanging ears, heavy shoulders, fair legs and feet and nice swell of ribs. Baltic, second, is a better dog all round, excepting in rib; a deeper and stronger loin would improve him. Dakota, third, is making up nicely, and was looking well. Vigilant, reserve, is a plain sort, flat in loin, snipy headed, but stands on good legs. Lord Torrington, vhc., should have more bone, but his legs are well formed and body well ribbed up, shoulders nicely placed. Duke, hc.,



scarcely deserved his position, heavy shoulders, light ribs, poor feet, short head and big ears are not to be commended or desired; he is good behind, however. Pedro, c., is fat, and heavy in shoulders and not clean enough in neck.

One can scarcely agree with the decision in bitches (6). Hattie, another of the Gem of the Season—Rose breeding, which Joe Lewis has been fortunate enough to produce, is a very promising sort, but not yet furnished. Marguerite is too small, faulty in front, well ribbed; she should not have divided Hattie and the new importation, Southern Belle. The latter, just off the ship, looked sleek and too fat, but still her beautiful outline from head back should please the eye of every greyhound man, well ribbed, strong, deep loin, beautiful quarters and long, broad thighs, strong hocks and good front and neck, sloping shoulders, though at present a little heavy there owing to fatness, makes one pass over a slightly plain head—little round and full in skull, which her peculiar marking does not enhance. She is a bitch that will be hard to beat in any company when in proper fettle. She should have won with Hattie second and Miss Dollar III. reserve, between whom and Marguerite there is little comparison, should have been at least third. It was scarcely fair to score Belle so hard for her sleek appearance. Catchfly II, hc, is weedy and snipy headed compared to the others. Hattie rightly beat Dakota in puppies, betterribbed, and in loin and head. The others were a poor lot.

#### Wolfhounds.

J. Otis Fellows, Judge.

The same old faces again, but the rest since Philadelphia has done them all some good. The owners of the two principal kennels deserve every credit for the way they have supported the shows this season and they should reap a goodly harvest from their efforts to push this handsome breed to the front. Argoss and Leekhol once more faced each other in challenge dogs and both were well shown. Argoss has improved very much since Philadelphia and was again able to hold his position, while Leekhol repeated her former victory over Svodka, who was also well shown. Poor Vinga, with her bent leg, should not have been shown; the fractured part has knit together well but the joint is quite enlarged. In open dogs (4) the order was again Colonel Dietz and Odrooski and Sorvanets, latter better shown than at Philadelphia, not so cloddy-looking, and Leekhol II. reserve. All have been repeatedly commented upon in these columns. In bitches Irmina won, followed by Ymeika, who is a good all round bitch barring her straight hocks, good body, loin and front, feet could be closer, excellent coat and feather. Riga, third, same stamp as the winner, is well known; loses in depth and breadth to Ymeika, also in quarters and thighs. Ylobellis, reserve, was hardly treated, I thought; a nice type of bitch, good loin and body, better ribbed than the winner, excellent front; she only loses in head, and no great mistake would have been made if she had won, that is if the dog class winner's type was followed. Olivia, the Philadelphia winner, could do no better than vhc.; her poor front is against her. Lady Dietz was the only puppy shown.

#### Newfoundlands.

John Davidson, Judge.

A poor lot as usual nowadays. Ponto, the winner in dogs (4) is too long in head and it is not deep enough; light eye, big ear, rather good coat. Cinders has a better shaped head but a lighter eye and is cloddy in body. Jumbo, vhc., is a curly-coated fellow with a lemon eye, fat and snipy head; it is no use giving letters to such dogs; they are not Newfoundlands.

#### Chesapeake Bay Dogs.

John Davidson, Judge.

Dr. Bigelow made a brave showing in this breed, and with one exception retrieved all the ribbons. Mr. E. Brooks's dogs were benched N. F. C. Cleveland and Bigelow's Rose accounted for the challenge classes. In open dogs (2), Rough beat Deacon, though I should think the latter's better head and harder coat should have pulled him through. In bitches, Tivoli, the Saratoga winner, scored over the puppy Tuckerman's Favorite, beating her in closeness of coat and slightly in head, but types are so diversified in this breed at present that it is risky work venturing a decided opinion on any of them, though there is one thing certain, they should have a crisp, vet-resisting coat and jaws long and strong enough to grasp a refractory duck or goose. In puppies, Favorite won over a pretty little one in Otter Girl, that shows much promise.

#### Pointers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

The breed was well represented, and, while quality was a little mixed, it was a representative collection, especially of New England stock. The classes were well handled. Challenge dogs brought out Tempest, Duke of Kent II. and Duke of Dexter; Pontiac N. F. C. Tempest won; a trifle better in head, but loses in front to Duke of Kent. Lady Tammany was alone in her class and was put down in good style. Open dogs (13), heavy weights, brought out several well-known winners. First went to Prince Regent, whose good ribs, neck, shoulders and skull are noticeable; he should be truer in front and not so much cut out before the eye; nice bone. Ridgeview Panic and Hylas of Naso were second and third; these are names familiar to pointer men by this time. Budd D. took the reserve card; he should stand stronger on pasterns, skull be a little finer and body deeper ribbed; muzzle and hindparts good, and was well shown. King of Lynn, vhc., should be longer in head, not so cut out before the eye, which is light and stary; other parts good. Lord Bracket, hc., would do with more rib and should be flatter in skull, good bone, shoulders a trifle heavy. Robert S., hc., has a nice head and body, but is a bit coarse in shoulders. Ponsat, vhc., has a rather coarse head, brow too prominent, well ribbed, but shoulders should be cleaner. Dare Go keeps up well and is an old winner in this part of the world; heavy in shoulders and throws out a little in front now. In bitches (11), Kent's Belle took the blue; she is a nice, well-formed bitch, might be a bit stronger in muzzle, and falls away a bit behind. Kathleen Kent, second, has a clean, well-shaped head, a little more back rib would improve an otherwise good body. Bloome II., well known as a good one, came next, and Tempest Queen, reserve, is faulty in expression and throaty, head fairly well shaped, nice body, feet could be better, and is heavy in shoulders. Emblem, vhc., has a fair head, but ears are not well hung; a rather plain bitch, faulty in front. Belle Vernon, hc., was out when I called.

In lightweight challenge dogs (3), Rush of Lad took the honors from Arthur, who has gone off from his youthful form, though he beats the winner in head considerably, Lad's being flat and plain, and a prominent eye does not improve it, otherwise he is well made. Arthur is getting strong in skull and is not right in front of stop, and pasterns should be stronger. In challenge bitches (2), Wild Lily, a smart stylish bitch, though losing considerable in substance and body to Fan N., was in much better condition, the latter being shown too fat. Open dogs had eleven entries and the winner was not far to seek in Ridgeview Tenny, well known. Ridgeview Donald from the same kennel coming second; faulty in bone and muzzle. Chancellor, third, is rather plain in head, though fairly well shaped, good legs, shoulders and body. Roderick, reserve, is a little flat in face and should be better ribbed up, otherwise he will do. The vhc. dogs were Zack, Prince of Pontiac and Flintlock. Zack has lumps on muzzle near the eye and a rather poor head, good legs, fair body. Prince Pontiac has been described before and deserved his letters. Flintlock not very well shown, throaty and muzzle should be stronger, beyond this, little fault can be found.

Advance I could not find. Bitches had sixteen entries and proved a hard class to judge. The well known winner Springside Nell was again to the front, followed by Devonshire Pearl, a nicely made lemon and white, elbows set a little too close. Westminster Zoe, third, should be better in feet, face a little flat, more stop and more rib would improve her, otherwise well formed. Fan Fan II. is well known and deserved her position. Jingle Belle is too prominent in brow, a nicely fronted bitch with a good body. The hc.'s were Belle and Sarah, the latter is leggy, but they deserved their letters. Two good dog puppies were shown by the Springside Kennels, Faust and Tory, and placed as named; the winner should be deeper in muzzle and a light eye detracts from his appearance, but he beats the other in skull and general formation of body. In bitches (8), Uradia Kent was placed over Daisy; winner is a well ribbed pup with a rather nice head, beating Daisy in these respects. Springside Juno, reserve, is a little one with a poor muzzle and light eye, others not mentioned, not a good class. Tempest beat Duke of Kent II. again in the field trial class.

#### English Setters.

John Davidson, Judge.

These classes were well filled, and here and there a good deal of quality was to be found. This year the N. E. F. T. Club did not make a special display, but most of their dogs were there just the same. Challenge dogs had two entries, Monk of Furness and Kent II., placed as written; Kent has the better head, stop more defined, and was in better coat and condition, but loses behind somewhat. It was close work between Blue Nell and Princess Beatrice in the next class; Nell has the better shaped head, especially muzzle, but loses considerably to Beatrice from loin back; the latter's gross condition probably accounted for her defeat. In open dogs (25) there was lots of work for the judge, first going finally to Cactus, a well-known dog with whom little fault can be found, a strongly built one with a good head. Harry L., second, is another good-headed dog, standing on nice legs, would do with more rib and be stronger in hocks. Dad Monarch, third, was a bit too fat, short neck, good otherwise. Albert's Ranger was shown light in flesh, a well-formed dog if better ribbed up, good shoulders, legs and feet and coat. There were five vhc. dogs; Count Noble's Boy well deserved his letters and so did the well-known Robin Goch. Norma has a fair head, is a bit plain behind and ribs should be better sprung. The Earl is well known. Gasseau Orange Belton should have a deeper stop, was too fat and is faulty in set on of stern, good legs and coat. Albert's Garry, hc., has a rather plain head, feet out a bit, with more rib body would be good, deserved his letters. Berkshire, also hc., is not flat enough in coat, a little strong in skull, but good muzzle, bone and legs and body. Druid Noble I could not find. Critic should certainly have had more than c, as he is nicely put up all round; he is a brother of the winner.

The bitch class (16) was another strong lot and here Countess Zoe was shown a little above herself, but in fairly hard condition; a little more stop would improve an otherwise good head, good body, legs and coat. Albert's Moll, second, has a fairly good head, beaten in coat, body and legs by the winner. Toledo Queen, third, was at Philadelphia. Monk's Mina is filling out nicely and shows lots of quality, muzzle should be stronger. Countess Berkshire, vhc., is faulty in muzzle, but otherwise nicely made. Blue Jenny, vhc., is light in loin, in poor shape, good head. Madge M., in the same lot, should have a better defined stop, plain in muzzle. Among the hc. division I liked Flight of River-view, who was hardly treated with but two letters. The Duchess, hc., is light in body, while Idol is too fat altogether, good head, but throaty. Our Pet shows lots of quality, a little heavy in shoulder, as she was shown too fat; excellent head, legs and coat; deserved another letter. Harry L. won in dog pups (12), with Sir Winford second; fair head and a bit out in front. In bitches (12) Lilly L. scored, a very promising sort when body is filled out, nice head, legs and coat. Reverdy's Leah is another good-headed one and so is Monk's Lill, all the way from Hoboken. In the field trial class Cincinnati and Toledo Blade were absent, and this left Our Pet the ribbon without a run.

#### Irish Setters.

John Davidson, Judge.

The classes were fairly well filled and the quality good. Challenge dogs brought out Kildare, Inchiquin, Duke Elcho, Kildare Glenmore and Seminole—a galaxy of Irish quality. Inchiquin, reserve, was beaten by Kildare in head and front; both were put down in rare fettle, and I never saw Inchiquin looking better. In bitches Edna H. had a walk over, Queen Vic and Norma competing for specials only; they were well shown, as were all of Jos. Lewis's dogs. Open dogs (7) saw Bob J. take the blue, his excellent color, good body and legs scoring palpably, though head should have the occipital bone better developed. Pemberton, second, rather plain in head and feet should be truer, otherwise well built. Principal, third, is too flat-faced and should be better ribbed up. Ruffdan, reserve, is light in loin, Roman nosed, should be deeper in body, more stop, in poor flesh. King Grue, vhc., is coarse-headed, and so is Phormio, hc., and also light in rib. Shandon Belle, the winner last year, repeated her victory in open bitches (6), a most meritorious triumph, as all the others have taken ribbons one time or another. She is of a rich color, feet turn out a bit and neck could be longer to advance; nice head, and was in beautiful condition. Second went to Ruby Glenmore II., repeatedly described, and third to Maid of Borstal, another well-known animal, who loses in head to the others. Alice Kent, reserve, would do better if her head were more typical, a little plain. Rosamond, vhc., I have spoken of before, nicely shown. Jessequin deserved two letters. Puppy dogs had two entries, but Kildare Odin was the only one to catch the judge's eye, and he took first; ears set on high, rather good head, feet not truly set on, a promising sort. Kildare Neville, from the same kennel, took first in bitches, only entry; she is not up to much. Finglas, looking well, took the field trial class prize on a walk over.

#### Gordon Setters.

J. Otis Fellows, Judge.

Quality here was fair and entry good, but surprises were in order all round and the old standbys had few collar decorations of the usual color. To begin with Count Noble, shown in faultless condition, threw down Leo B., who was masquerading under the name of Duke of Wellington. This will be explained elsewhere. The charming Janet scored in the next class (5) beating Fan, her kennel mate, and the old winner, Duchess of Waverley and Lady Gordon. In open dogs (7), the big ones went down again, but a little dog was the order and this was found in Trim B., whose wide, round skull and rather straight stifle are against him, nice body but too small and light. Prince, second, is light in loin, turns his feet out, flat plain head, light in rib, a small dog. Homer S., third, in spite of a rather plain head should have won, as he scores so in bone, body and legs especially; type and general good build must not be sacrificed to size. A Gordon is a heavier built dog than an English setter, and the winners were smaller than is usually met with in the latter breed; there is danger in rushing to either extreme. Heather Dash, reserve, is slack in body, light in tan, fair head. Bitches (9), Fenmont won; is rather markedly on legs, poor in head compared to Lady Maud, second, losing in stop and muzzle. Jessie Noble, third, has little character, is mixed in tan and was shown too fat. Belle C., vhc., body well made though light, fair head, should have more stop, small sized; Pocahontas, vhc., with a little more stop has a good head, rich tan and

good legs and feet, shoulders and body; should have been higher up. Maid of Waverley was left in the cold. Belle of Waverley gets her feet too close and elbows scarcely true, good body and coat, fair tan. Jolly G.'s time will come in the fall. Lady Noble is not very good in front, and tan should be warmer. Bobolink won in dog pups (3). Belle of Waverley rightly won in puppies; the others I did not see—gone home. Mr. Fellows stuck to his little ones all through, and as he remarked in his dry style, "I'm not judging lumber piles this time," he must be praised for consistency at least. Count Noble won in the field trial class. A petition was signed by the New England breeders for Mr. Fellows to judge Gordons.

#### Spaniels.

J. Otis Fellows, Judge.

The entry was a good one, and many familiar faces were to be seen, in fact, we were surprised at their presence, considering the pronounced views of the judge in certain directions. Whatever one may say about the correctness of the awards, one must admit that with few exceptions the judge did his best to get what he wanted. The ball opened with challenge field dogs, Newton Abbott Torso having a walk over, and so did Rosedale Bess in her class. Open dogs had two, Echo and King Cassius, the former winning easily, Cassius high in leg and curly-coated. Maid was the only entry in bitches and took the blue; light in body, nice head, but rather on the leg. In livers first was withheld from Lord Kew, just a common sort. In any other color Romeo could do no better than second, though he had the class to himself. Then came the fun and the long faces. It started when Middy and Jay Kay went down before Othello. This latter is a bigger dog than the others, and though a trifle long, is a well-built one. He is said to be blind in one eye, and the other is none too good. Miss Waggles again beat I Say in their class, the good-headed Black Duchess being left in the cold. Thirteen trooped into the black open dog class and three were absent. They took some sorting, and when the smoke cleared away Adam and Woodland Prince were counted equal for first place. This was wrong. First should have been solely the Prince's property, for in addition to filling the requirements of good length of leg and good body, his head is so far superior to Adam's in type and quality that it more than offsets any little advantage Adam may have in the former respects. Third went to Jumie IV., the very antithesis of the other two, a little long in body and light in flesh, fair head; a candidate for distemper. King Raven, Jr., well known, took reserve. Jersey Nebo, vhc., has a poor front and coarse head, nice, flat coat, a bit faulty behind, droops in quarters. King Nebo, vhc., has a nice front, full in skull, and more rib would even up a slightly long body. King Cole has a crooked front, and is too round in skull. Wyoming Obo is faulty in front and too high in skull, otherwise all right. In bitches (12) the rather long-bodied Fashion won, fair front, but should be more on the leg to get so high up. Lisa, second, I liked better; although scarcely made up, well formed all round, and shown in faultless condition. Cricket, third, has a pretty good front, too prominent in brow, and loses in skull. Flossie Butler I must have missed in the excitement; she won at Providence last December. Topsy S. should have been higher up; she is a well formed bitch, though a trifle shorter body would improve her. Rideau Reine should fill the new conditions if she had a better front; she has the type, too, and can beat the winner. Cleo W., hc., a nice-fronted one, a little full in skull, good body, and should have had at least another letter. Dart, the Chicago winner, in better shape, had to be content with hc. Sunderland Ber, hc., has white on feet and chest. Engenie, hc., seemed in whelp, stands on good legs, nice head, and was well shown. Bin scored nicely in any other color dogs (6), second going to Neda, not flat enough in coat, nice head, feet come together, nice height. Brantford Rufus, which should have been placed here, got third; he has been out all the season. Red Obo, reserve, is a nice little red, a good deal smaller than the winner. Brownie, vhc., was out of his stall. Daisy Atkins, quite a small one, proved the winner in bitches (10), losing in body and front to Hamilton Beauty, a sweet-headed one, a bit faulty in muzzle. Gypsy Queen, third, had been taken away when I came round, in fact all this kennel went home early. Ruin, reserve, stands well in front, and if cobbler and better ribbed and not pinched in muzzle, would be a good one. Red Niobe, vhc., was in Philadelphia, a coarse-headed one, poor in front. In Clumbers, Mr. Little had a glorious time, scoring everything without competition. There were no challenge entries, and the open class introduced us to Friar Boss, a good-headed one if its base were higher, not quite true in front and should be shown deeper in body, all round a good dog. Albert, second, is light in body and muzzle, not deep or square enough, good legs and coat. Prince Karl, reserve, is rather snipy, fairly good on his pins and should be deeper in body. Rover was absent. In bitches (2) Meta scored over Friar White; she is excellent behind the head, which is not strong enough in muzzle and too full and high in skull; was very well shown. Friar White has fair head and front, length of body and good coat; ran the winner close.

Irish water spaniels only numbered three. Musha won over Dan Rice but both had gone away to Canada before I got round. Kitty Cork, reserve, we have seen a good deal of lately. The kennel prize went to the Clumbers, whereat there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. We were glad to see Mr. Little win for it saved a lot of kicking and pleased a good fancier.

#### Beagles.

W. S. Clarke, Judge.

Mr. Clarke must have been pleased with the large entry accorded him on his first public appearance, and on the whole he acquitted himself well. Forest Hunter and Twintwo furnished the only challenge entries; the latter I have not seen looking better for some time. The Philadelphia winner, Bowman, scored again in the large-size dogs (18), and as stated, barring his front—and he seemed better in this respect—he is a hard one to beat, and should do a good deal of good for type crossed with some of those long-headed and bodied ones. Diamond Forest, a large-sized one, is a good sturdy hound, a trifle long, head well shaped, soft coat. Fuzzle, third, was the same last year, looked leggy, good front, should be cobbler in body. Piper has improved a little since Craton show, is still leggy, and should be shorter in body. Spartacus, vhc., is a good fronted one, long in head and body, coarse in skull; flat ear and coarse in texture. Rambler II, hc., is not straight in front. In bitches (10) the winner proved to be Mollie L., a bitch showing lots of quality, nice front and bone, head and body. Dorsey's Wanda, second, has a long, narrow head, and body should be cobbler, nice earage and well ribbed, good shoulders. Gypsy A., third, is well known. Flash, reserve, is a well-made bitch showing quality, trifle long in body. Blossom, vhc., should have more substance and be deeper and shorter in body. Oracle and Lufra have nothing against their names.

Dogs under 13in. saw a well put up little dog in Sport, the winner, good front, nice head, but the same fault as most of them in body. Dorsey's Buck is not a show dog, too long and light in body, muzzle should be squarer and forelegs are not straight, he has a small flat ear and is too fine in coat; he likes rabbit hunting though. Dandie, third, is full in eye, nice skull, but weak muzzle, light in body, good front. Clyde, well known, took reserve, his worst faults are in head, stop too prominent, body and legs good. Joe H. is light in body, too much stop, good front and brush, could be improved in leather. Little Lee, hc., might have been better treated. Though a bit light in loin, he is well ribbed up, fair front and head shows lots of quality. In the bitch



Jass (8) several well known faces appeared; nothing could touch the sweet headed Topsy S., she is nice type throughout and sturdy withal. Maida, second, occupied the same position last year; not quite true at elbows, but a nice all round bitch with a good head. Lady of Denmark, third, is too much out before the eye, nice skull and ear, more rib would improve her body. Diamond Krueger, reserve; her too prominent eye and brow detract from an otherwise good head, well built behind that. Glenrose Topsy was harshly treated; she deserved something. In puppy dogs (6) first went to Zeno, long cast yet, fair head and ear. Silverena, second, and Richard I., reserve, too long in head and body. In bitches (6) Cloister, the winning New York puppy, scored for his owner at last. Speed Forest, an appropriate name to be sure, has little type. Daisy S., reserve, is flat in back, but has plenty of substance, head too long. In the field trial class Lee II., Gypsey and Gypsey Forest was the order.

#### Dachshunds.

John Davidson, Judge.

Don Quixote, well shown, supplied the challenge winner. In open dogs (6) Pretzel, a son of Jay and Sister, scored nicely, though he seemed weak in pasterns and feet, nice clean long head, and fair length of body. Zigzag, second, has good ears and rather good head, though too prominent in eye; loose skin, fair bone and muscle behind. Grief II., vhc., good length, nice chest and crook, elbows throw out a little. Bismarck, hc., has a round full skull, with too pronounced a stop, and not well crooked, chest should be deeper. Polly Finders, scored once more in a hot class, and afterward won the Manice Dachshund cup. Lovely K. must have pressed her close, a sweet-headed bitch, losing a little to the other in length, with good skin, length of ear, body and crook; both were well shown. Jane Shore, reserve, nice che-t and crook, long body and loose skin, head bit plain. Daughter well deserved her vhc. card, as her head is good, shows lots of quality, chest well let down, and good length of body; she must have pressed Jane Shore very closely. Frou, vhc., is not so good, deficient in crook, too pronounced in stop, and muzzle should be longer; hc. in this class would have been enough. Daisy B., hc., is too full in skull and eye.

#### Bassets.

John Davidson, Judge.

Only two were on hand, the winner, Bey, beats the other, Turk, very much in front, depth of chest, and make and shape of head, the winner was shown light in flesh, good earage. Turk is too high and straight on legs.

#### Collies.

Thos. H. Terry, Judge.

But for the Specialty show, no doubt there would have been a much better entry out of compliment to this well known and popular fancier; as it was, quality and numbers were not what they should be. There were no challenge dogs and the bitch contained but one, Highland Floss, who was out of coat. In open dogs, first went to one of Mr. Jarrett's Saratoga purchases, Douglas, a sturdily built active looking dog with good sensible head, ears a bit heavy but well carried, coat dense and nice texture; he had quite a good time among the specials. Trump, second, has a rather long head and thick coat, ears down hung; the others were coarse headed and need no mention. In bitches (7), first went to Gilderoy's Daisy, who has too prominent a stop, but fairly correct expression, head should be longer and ears carried not close to head, but semi erect and outward from the head. Lady Royal, second, has big ears, fair head, was out of coat. The class was poor; Douglas won in dog puppies and Ruby Proctor in the corresponding class; big down carried ears, fair head, dense coat but soft. Maybrook Pansy, second, ears faulty, but better head than the winner and much better coat and bone, a sister of the dog pup winner.

#### Poodles.

James Mortimer, Judge.

One of the largest entries we ever remember seeing, and quality was very strong. Milo beat Diamant in challenge curlies; both were well shown and Chloe won the corresponding prize; shown in excellent curl. Duke, the Philadelphia winner, was the only corded one in the show. In open dogs Sidi won once more, looking none the worse for his travels. Second went to Ibel, a very good curled one, beaten in head by the winner. Girofle, reserve, was looking in better shape. Zola took vhc., faulty in curl and muzzle. In black bitches Bess won again, followed by Snowball and Girofla, who reversed their Philadelphia positions. Both fail to the winner in muzzle and curl, Girofla especially. Cybelle, vhc., is well known and so is the youngest Juno. The Meadowmere Kennels, as usual, made a most creditable display. In any other color curlies Poobah was the winner, beating Hill Hurst Taffy in body and head; should be better in curl. Plon Plon is too long in coat. In bitches (4) Vivette and Bellone were the winners, followed by Hill Hurst Dinah, a daughter of Bellone's, faulty in muzzle and down behind. Zola took the dog puppy prize for blacks and Juno and Triga were the corresponding winners. In any other color Targo won, good curl and nice head, a little faulty behind. Hill Hurst Taffy and Nap have been commented on. Hill Hurst Dinah and Posey won in bitches; both have been spoken of before. Hill Hurst Kennels' display of browns was quite an attraction, as pleasing as it is rare.

#### Bulldogs.

John E. Thayer, Judge.

This popular fancier was well supported on his second appearance, and the Boston terriers claimed no attention from the Bulldog Club this time, and all was serene. In challenge dogs King Lud, Wal Hampton and Leonidas were the entries, and the former won handily. He was put down in good shape. In bitches (3) Saleni had little difficulty in taking the blue from Dolly Tester, scoring considerable in head; both were very fit. In open heavy-weight dogs (3) Rustic Sovereign, who should be better out in front, claimed the blue from Dr. Rush, a rather coarse-headed one, straight in front, great skull and muzzle, but not deep enough in stop. Crown Prince vhc., is down-eared, plain long body, and not out at shoulder, fine head. In the next class Katisha, a bit light in muzzle, good skull and ear, not out enough in shoulder, scored over Lady Nan, plain in head. Nadjy, third, fair muzzle and skull, but not broken up enough, front passable. In light-weight dogs (6) Heathen, a rather coarse dog all through, won from the well-known African Monarch, beating in make and shape of head; the latter is better at shoulder. Heathen II. has a fox-terrier ear, fair head, fairly well out at shoulder, but crooked forelegs. Rustic King II. is making up nicely. Ned, hc., was decidedly lucky, a frog-faced bull-terrier; Jack Horner, is plain in head. In bitches (3) first went to Juno, nicely shown, ears not so good as they were. Cromer's Vic, second, I did not see. Rustic King II. won in puppies (5).

#### Bull-Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

Some of the classes were well filled and there was quite a good deal of quality on hand, but many of the winners do not need comment. In challenge dogs (4) Cordona had an easy win, as just before the judging, owing to carelessness on the part of the attendants, Streatham Monarch and he got together, and Monarch came out with a badly bitten foreleg, so, of course, could do little in the ring. Cordona was in excellent shape; Carney is getting cheeky, nicely shown, and Sir Rudolph is not up to this quality. In bitches

competition was keen, Attraction, Edgewood Fancy, Grove Duchess and Lady Dinah facing the judge. Dinah won, though beaten in eye and body and head by Attraction; she had a suspiciously fine tail and was afterward disqualified on protest—the judge should have detected this. Edgewood Fancy did not show herself; getting thick in neck. In open heavy dogs (3) Topsparkle won nicely from Prince III., a bit fine in muzzle and cheeky, good legs and body. Harborne King, third, is full in eye and flat in loin. In bitches (3) Lady Carrabrook, the winner, looked fat; she was second at New York. Castle's Pride, second, is well known; good ear and too much stop. Marjoram seemed in whelp, is heavy in shoulders, a bit slack in back.

In light-weight dogs (5) Rookery Boy, well known, scored, followed by Billy Plimmer, pinched in muzzle, shown fat, cheeky, good body and legs. Jack of Clubs, third, is a bit out in front. Sir Rudolph was transferred to challenge. Lady Rochester won neatly in bitches from Jeanne D'Arc, commented on before. White Queen, third, is cheeky, round in skull, good body and front. Mermaid is all off now. Jack Frost and young Miss Giddy were the puppy winners; the winner has a coarse head, good legs and feet.

#### Boston Terriers.

John P. Barnard, Judge.

The turnout here in this breed is peculiar and inseparable with Boston now, and we must say that the efforts of the Boston Terrier Club to secure more uniformity of type, is meeting with unqualified success. There was a big difference in this respect since 1892. Heads are getting flatter and muzzles squarer, and there is not so much of the bulldog front as seen then. In dogs over 20lbs. Prince Walnut, the New York winner scored again; somebody remarked with all earnestness, etc., that the sire of this dog was a fox-terrier and his mother a bull bitch. This shows that there is considerable feeling in Boston terrier circles. Jem Mace, second, is a bit bulky in shoulders, good fat skull. Ross, third, has a rather pointed muzzle, good skull and front. Sir William, reserve, has rather a nice head and fair front, well ribbed. The others were just ordinary. In bitches (8), first to Nankin as at N. Y., and second to Diana, fairly good front and head. Peggy, third, is another nice headed one with straight front. Miss Thora, reserve, is heavy in shoulders and not true in front, nice head. Nellie, hc., was too fat. Famous, c., was the winner in 1892, too bulky. In light weight dogs (4), Dandy, the winner, beats Commissioner in flatness of skull. Dixie, third, was at New York. In bitches (10), Evadne scored nicely, though a bit scooped out before the eye, second going to Tansy, who has been described before. Bessie third, is a nice headed one, fair front. Judy, reserve, is a bit too full in skull. Dolly was left this time. Some fair pups were shown.

#### Fox-Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

Quite a good collection, with the Thayer, Rutherford, Smith and Hill Hurst kennels out in force. In smooth challenge dogs Starden's King, looking well, scored without competition, Dusky Trap being absent. In bitches Warren Captious's victorious career was stopped for once by Miss Dollar and Dona, though the latter loses in muzzle to Captious, and also coat; all were in excellent form. In open dogs (13) Warren Safeguard added another win to his score; he keeps in good form. Second went to Beverwyck Royalist, the New York puppy; Warren Tip Top, not so clean in front and skull, coming next. Reserve went to Arrondale Mixture. Kenneyette Punch, vhc., a bit coarse in skull and short in muzzle, good bone. Hillside Domo, vhc., was second at New York. Rochdale Spark's ears should be carried closer, looked heavy in front and fat, nice head. Hillside Royal is too full and high in skull and light in loin; fair bone and front. Seacroft Avenger I did not see. In bitches (5) Warren Beauty won, though the class was poor comparatively. The winner is not good in head, too much stop and weak muzzle, soft coat, nice ears and legs. Seacroft Empress, second, nice ears, well carried, good length of head, good front, eye and shoulders, might have been first. Beverwyck Twilight has been out before, and so has B. Moonbeam. A smart terrier, Warren Tony won in dog pups (7), with the well known puppy Seacroft King second and Tim third. Many of these went home the first night. Hill Hurst Diana, a real smart little one won in bitches (6), good bone and coat. Seacroft Snipe is well named, pinched and fine in muzzle. Hillside Lena third.

A nice lot of the coming fancy—wires—was on hand. Oakleigh Bruiser had a bloodless victory in challenge dogs; he was well put down, and so was the handsome Sister Pattern in her class. Open dogs saw St. Cribbage an easy winner. Brittle, scarcely looking as lusty as at New York, came second, and Brittle next, beating his friend Mister Great Snap in condition and body. In bitches (3) Sister Janet scored easily over Hillhurst Pansy, so much longer and stronger in head; the latter has good ears, fair front, coat and body. Rose, from the same kennel, is big in ear, but has a nice long head; better than second's but is a bit wide in front; fair coat. Brittle Beant and Mister Great Snap were the puppy dog (7) winners, followed by Hillhurst Piper; good legs and bone, but soft in coat and round in skull yet, ears big. A good little sort won in bitch puppies (5); excellent coat, fairly good head, needs time, front will improve probably. Mistress Betsy, second, loses in substance to the others.

Th. Dandie Dinmonts were all from Mr. Ed. Brooks, the president's kennels, but not for competition; he believing, with a good many others, that the principal officers of a club should not exhibit at their own shows.

#### Bedlingtons.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

Mt. Vernon Tibbie won again over Professor, beating in substance, head and coat. Ted, vhc., is not up to form by any means.

#### Scotch Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

Never has there been such a display of Scotch terriers in this country, and it is questionable if a more sorry lot could be shown anywhere than those put down by Messrs. Brooks & Ames. The challenge class saw Kilroy take the blue, his kennel companions Tires, Rhudaman and Culbeane, competing for specials only. They all looked in good fettle. In open dogs (8) Kilcree won, followed by Wankie Tam, both well known. Wankie Caddie is a new home bred one, a little out in front at present, splendid head, ears a trifle large; a very promising sort. Wankie Masher is a little coarse in head, nice otherwise. Wankie Ted is another nice one, hardly so good in head as Caddie. Claverhouse, vhc., is coarse in skull and a little long in body. In bitches (5) Wankie Diana, Vorda and Wankie Freda was the order. Vorda is the dam of the good puppies shown; a little long cast and short of coat, excellent straight front, an exception. Wankie Freda is a nice-headed one, not so strong in muzzle as some. Wankie Daisy is well known. Rosie, also vhc., is snipy in muzzle but excellent coat and fair front. Wankie Tam and Wankie Caddie and Wankie Ted, followed by Wankie Masher and Tedler, was the order in American bred dogs, and made a warm team of youngsters. Gypsey John, also vhc., is short in muzzle, good front. In the corresponding bitch class Wankie Diana and Freda were the winners, followed by Wankie Cambria, whose nice front and good, strong head offset a rather lengthy body. Hazlecroft Norma, first at Providence, 1893, came next, with the rather short-faced Wankie Gorda next, hc. The puppy winners were a repetition of other classes. Newcastle Allen, third in dogs, has a fairly good head, while Woodside Charlie is a bit coarse in

head, though well shaped, and big in ear. The classes were well handled.

#### Irish Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

Boxer IV. and Crib were the challenge dogs; Crib's front knocks him out, he is equal in other parts. In bitches, Candor beat Dunmurray, the former is a little better in stop, but not so good in skull. In open dogs (7), Merle Grady scored again, followed by His Honor, another well known face, both well shown. Jack Desmond has filled out into a fairish dog, good head and ear, a little full in eye and soft in coat. Hanover Boy got only c.; his head is against him, but he should have had more; the others are not deserving of hc. if he is not. Timothy is too heavy in shoulders and has too much stop. Memento is too big, fair head, big ears and soft coat. Blue Ribbon, vhc., was lucky and so was Fritz. In bitches, Crate was closely pressed by Romp, a capital headed one; Crate beating only in body, substance and coat. Hill Top Surprise, well known, was third; Mr. Brooks took two N.F.C. In puppy dogs, Shamus is a promising sort. Romp scored easily from a fair class in bitches; this bitch will make a name for herself if she goes on all right. Hill Top Fly has a capital head and is a good sort all round.

#### Black and Tan Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

Broomfield Sultan won, in Glenwood's absence, without a struggle. He is in better shape now. Meersbrook Maiden succumbed to Gypsey Girl, who is having a lucky time of it this circuit; both were well shown. Rochelle Rush, through Perfection's non-appearance, he having joined other good terriers that have gone before, had a bloodless victory. In bitches (2) the coarse-headed Lady Prudence beat a toyish specimen in Lilla.

#### Skye Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

The entries here—Endcliffe Maggie and Barnaby Rudge in challenge class, and Islay and Prairie Flower in open bitenes, are all well known and recently described.

#### Yorkshire Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

No challenge entries. In open dogs first went to Tatters, mixed in color, and large-sized. Teddy, first last year, was second, and Jocko, the silver, reserve. The bitch entry was absent.

#### Schipperkes.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

Mickie, first, is better in frill than Cople Sophia, a well-known winner. Skipper, third, too smooth around shoulders and neck.

#### Toy Terriers.

T. S. Bellin, Judge.

There was nothing in the dog class here to call for particular mention; the usual goggle-eyed sort. In bitches two smart little bull-terriers were shown.

#### Pugs.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Many of them have been seen this circuit. Bob Ivy scored in Robin Hood's absence, and Haughty Madge took her first challenge prize without turning a hair. In open dogs Drummer, in spite of a bent foreleg, was placed over Finsbury Duke, who excels him in color and front. Pomona Fritz, third, loses in skull and muzzle and curl. Ivy Boy I preferred for place, though a bit leggy. Bob-a-la-Bob, vhc., has nice ears, head and body, but is not good in front. In bitches (5) first went to the smart little bitch Pansy G., Miss Decima coming second, and Otterburn Pearl, light in body, but fairish head, third. Pet, shown too fat, as usual, could not get her ears close enough, nice head and wrinkle. No puppies.

#### Toy Spaniels.

James Mortimer, Judge.

King of the Charlies was absent in challenge dogs. Royal Roy scored decisively in skull and muzzle over Romeo, who was not in the best of shape. Cockney Charlie, with his curly coat, could expect no more than vhc. Bitches had three entries. First to Dora, whose good skull and muzzle and coat could not be denied. Titania, second, excellent ear, coat and in head fair, skull the best part.

In Blenheims the new one Chiselhurst Hero, still gross looking and very curly, was alone in open dogs, while first was withheld from Daisy in the next class; a rather poor headed one, too long faced and stop not deep enough.

A very fair Ruby in Rubin was shown in open dogs, face a little long, good body, legs and coat. In bitches Princess Nevias scores over Rena in muzzle, volume of skull and coat.

The "Jap" Tootsie was absent and Oota represented the breed; he is leggy, but has an excellent skull, muzzle should be shorter, and is light in body.

#### Italian Greyhounds.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Spright and Spring won again in order named, while Brownie took third; I could not find her. Nikoli, vhc., is a well made one, set back on account of color no doubt, blue and white, ears not correctly carried.

Dalmatians, only one and prize withheld from it; spots not clear enough.

#### Miscellaneous.

John Davidson, Judge.

In heavy weights Blue Belle, the smooth collie, scored; then Aleck and Pau, Esquimos, came second and reserve. In the light weights the money was equally divided between Dewr the Welshman and Too Too—a chinese chow-chow.

H. W. Lacy.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Glazier's Ingleside Minting; 2d, 3d and reserve, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William. Emperor Maximilian and Beaufort's Prince. Com., H. W. Castner's Brutus. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Gerda II. and Elder; 3d, M. Holzman's Nellie.—PUPPIES—Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Campana.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston. Reserve, J. J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Miss Anna.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Altoona; 2d, Hall & Burgess's Ardmore; 3d, E. B. Sears's Jim Blaine. Very high com., J. W. Comey's Gov. Russel. High com., A. Jones's Sir Albert Victor, G. M. Harmon's Prince Hector. Com., H. C. Hathaway's Hathaway's Monk, Merry Mount Kennels' Prince Karl, H. Belmeister's Duke B. and J. Donelly's Bennington. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Sneerwell; 2d withheld.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Bayard Kennels' Lord Ripon; 2d, F. Belchard's Columbus. Very high com., J. W. Comey's Jim Blaine, Jr. Com., P. H. Reeder's Woton II. Bitches: 1st, A. Burgess's Madam B.; 2d withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Melrose King. Bitches: 1st, J. Ruppert, Jr.'s Empress of Contocook. Reserve, E. H. Moore's Miss Alton.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Alton; 2d, E. Hamel's Rex Badivere; 3d, J. A. Walsh's Cato. Bitches: 1st and 3d, G. P. Wiggin's Judith and Judith's Ruth; 2d, E. H. Moore's Lady Alton.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, E. A. Perry's Couch; 2d and reserve, G. P. Wiggin's Cyclone and Snow King. Very high com., J. A. Dupuis's Grover Cleveland. High com., H. K. Langdon's Melrose King, Jr.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, C. B. White's Minerva's Fawn.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. Clagstone's Stanley; 2d, Mrs. M. Classen's Molke. Bitches: 1st, R. F. Perkins's Owl's Nest Topsy.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Belhus.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Alchymist and Berry's Bradshaw; 2d, W. L. Winchell's Brough. Reserve, C. H. Innes's Bruno. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Kaveen and Vigilant.

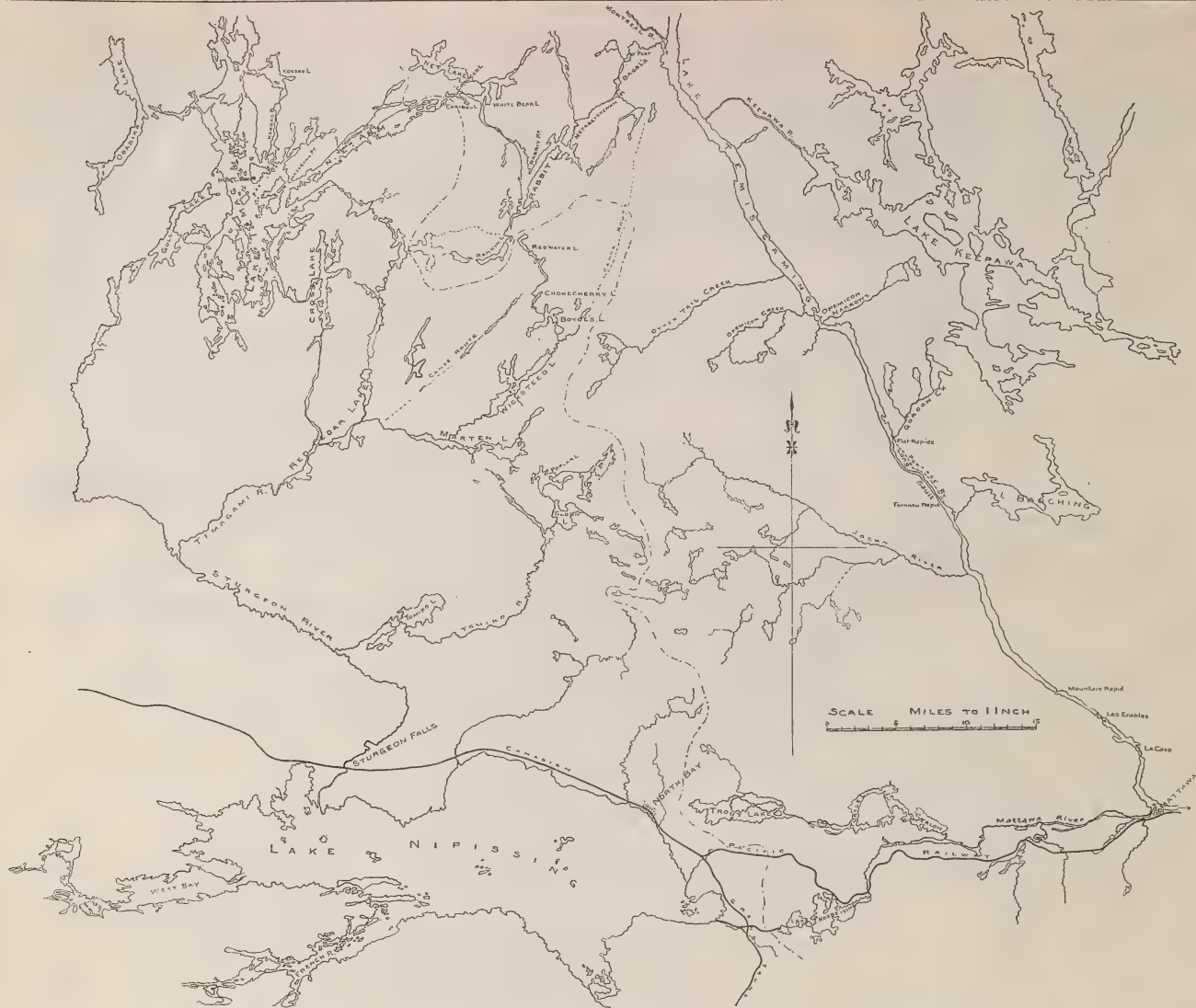


Davidson and C. W. Lougest as judges.









MAP OF THE REGION ABOUT LAKES TEMISCAMING AND TEMAGAMI.—DRAWN BY H. K. WICKSTEED, 1893.

## Canoeing.

### FIXTURES.

#### MAY.

30. Eastern Div. Meet, Calla Shasta, Connecticut River.

#### JUNE.

10. Hartford, Spring Regatta, Connecticut River. 30. Red Dragon, Spring Regatta, Delaware River.  
30. Knickerbocker, Spring Regatta

#### JULY.

7-21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, Lake Mendota, Wis.

#### SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass. 15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

### Away "Up North."

FRINGING the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and the Great Lakes to the north, and extending from Labrador to the Arctic Ocean in a belt from 200 to 500 miles in width, lies the great Laurentian Wilderness, one spur of which, crossing the Ottawa, extends south across the St. Lawrence, appearing above water as the Thousand Islands and thence into the State of New York, where it is known as the Adirondacks. Throughout its whole extent this country is rocky and broken, intersected by innumerable lakes and streams, and nearly everywhere it is covered with a dense forest. Here and there are belts of excellent land, and settlements are springing up in a great number of places; but these areas are always limited in extent, and the everlasting hills and rocks are always in sight.

The greater part of the area must ever remain as it is now—a picturesque wooded wilderness—and serve perhaps the noblest of all uses, that of a breathing ground and park for the great, restless, overworked population of the vast plains to the south and west of it, and a nursery for some of the greatest rivers of the continent. The writer was born in sight of this wilderness at Quebec, and has spent a considerable portion of his life wandering through it, and he never leaves it without a sigh of regret, and never sights it again without keen pleasure.

This past summer of 1893, it fell to his lot to conduct an exploring party through a portion hitherto almost unknown and wonderfully picturesque; and as this particular corner is not difficult of access, nor very remote from railway connection, he thinks that the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* may possibly care for a brief description of the trip, and that perhaps that young man of Erie who was lately looking for a companion, may turn the bow of his canoe in that direction, if he wants pure air and water, cool nights, good fishing, and pretty scenery, with an occasional dash at a rushing rapid and a tussle with a head wind. In short, to accumulate health and strength, nerve and decision, he cannot do much better.

On the morning of July 12 a small party was gathered on the little makeshift dock at Mattawa, bidding adieu to their friends, the Hudson's Bay Co.'s factor and his charming family, departing for the Upper Ottawa. The tug whistles, the last straggler jumps aboard and the nose of the scow swings out into the stream. These are the writer, two assistants, three young gentlemen supernumeraries, five axmen and canoe-men, and last, and most important, the cook, a good-tempered, stout-built, middle-aged French Canadian lumberman, who has settled down with his wife and family as a baker in this frontier village, but who, like many others of us, felt as if things were not quite right with him unless he had a run in the woods now and again.

Of the men, two were young Scotchmen who had been in the lumber woods for some years, and had long since rubbed off all vestiges of the tenderfoot; they were bold, quiet, hard-working and self-respecting young fellows, but rather too independent and impatient of control. Henri and Terrine were pure French Canadians, active, splendid axmen, good canoe-men, civil and obliging. Lastly, Gus Pilon was a French Canadian with a considerable dash of Indian blood, quick as a flash with rifle and paddle, with a great deal of French industry coupled with an Indian taciturnity and sullenness; a useful man but a little difficult to handle.

Of the young gentlemen, Frank was a rolling stone who had wandered across the continent and then to China and back, and who, although young in years and heart, had lived and seen much; he was frank, generous, hard-working and very quick-tempered; a lovable character but a trifle unstable. Allan was a half-breed but of a nobler race than Pilon, being descended from the once warlike Mohawks, now settled peaceably in the Grand River Valley.

The Indian side of his character was the dominant one, and showed itself constantly in his love of wandering, and his rooted dislike to fixed work, and his pertinacity in hunting game of any kind.

For myself, I am simply a weatherbeaten old stager of some forty summers, who has knocked about too much for his own good, and who gets occasionally restive under the constraints and narrowness of modern civilization and longs for the wilderness with an intensity of longing which is almost uncontrollable. I was almost invariably known among the party as the "Chief." This will probably meet the eye of my two assistants, L. and B., so perhaps it will be safer not to describe them too minutely, and to say no more than that they were loyal and trustworthy and well up to their work.

The transport service in the upper Ottawa is a somewhat peculiar one. Portages are close together and are crossed by light tramways,



OUTLET OF RABBIT LAKE.

on which run cars capable of carrying seven or eight tons of stuff. In order to avoid the constant trans-shipment from boat to railway and back again, a wide scow is built and the track laid on her deck, and the car is run on board with its load and off again at each break in the navigation. The scows are towed by small screw tugs or steam launches.

Having waved our adieux, we seated ourselves comfortably in the bow of the scow, and lighting our pipes resigned ourselves to *doce far niente* and the enjoyment of the delightful July morning and the wild scenery. On either side were bold mountains, sometimes descending sheer into the water, sometimes with a fringe of alluvial flat at their bases. Sometimes a tributary stream came in through a gloomy-looking gorge, but more commonly they tumbled tumultuously over the bluff, often forming most beautiful cascades. In front was always the great, strong river; here, though over 800 miles from its mouth, still from a quarter to half a mile in width, and flowing at a rate which sometimes bothered our little tug, albeit she made a good five or six miles an hour to stem. Working the eddies for all they were worth, however, she brought us up the first two-mile reach of the river, and rounding a point, we sighted the tumultuous, seething rapid known as the "Clave"; and, pushing our way through a multitude of tossing sawlogs which had been caught in the eddy at its foot, we reached the landing. The cars were run off, a veteran horse was hitched to them, and in fifteen minutes we were at the upper end of the half-mile portage and soon speeding over another navigable reach.

Another three miles brought us to "Les Arabes," and to dinner in a shanty at its upper end, whence there was a four mile stretch to the Mountain Rapid. The tug had broken down on this reach and was unable to take us; but after some little delay, two large flatbottomed rowboats were procured, and with these and our own canoes we transported ourselves and our two tons of provisions and outfit, together with the other passengers, to the upper end of the smooth reach.

The mountain portage is a short one, about one-quarter of a mile,

and we were soon re-embarked and spinning along over the smooth surface of the Seven League Lake, so called because it is about five leagues long. The sun began to sink in the west and the shadows to lengthen before we came in sight of the Long Sault Rapids. This, as its name implies, is a rapid, or rather a series of rapids, extending for a long distance, some seven miles in all, and is overcome by a tramway as usual, but in this case, a tiny steam locomotive does the work of the ancient horse, and hauls a miniature train over a very rough track and across some very crazy looking trestles at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles per hour.

Just as the sun was setting we were landed at the foot of Lake Temiscaming; and, having made arrangements for a passage next morning on the steamer Meteor, we looked for a resting place for the night. The evening was settling, and the wooden shanty which served as a hotel did not look attractive. So spreading the tents out on the ground alongside the track, four of us laid down on them while the remainder made themselves comfortable on the hurricane deck of the Meteor. The sandflies were somewhat troublesome, but on the whole we passed a comfortable night, and after a hearty breakfast we were quite ready to enjoy the lovely sail of forty miles before us.

The Meteor is a staunch, seaworthy steamer of about 80 tons, with powerful compound engines and a modern equipment. At 7 A. M. sharp she cast off her lines and was soon ploughing through the blue waters of the great Lake Temiscaming. This is an expansion of the Ottawa some 70 miles long by a width gradually increasing from half a mile to 5 miles near its head. Mile after mile we swept along, high mountains to the west, mountains again not quite so high, but extremely precipitous on the east. At the Opemican Narrows the width strictly speaking there are two lakes.

About 20 miles up the Keepawa River enters from the east in a wild seething cascade. It is the outlet of the lake of the same name, an extraordinary labyrinth of bays and points, furnishing many miles of navigation. The Ottawa in this neighborhood is said to be of immense depth and looks it; and with its barren, rocky, precipitous shores and dark water extending miles and miles ahead in an almost unbroken straight line, one is irresistibly reminded of the world-famous Saguenay, which it strongly resembles in every respect.

All too soon, a huge mountain, standing up bold and solitary on the left hand shore to a height of 800 ft., is pointed out to us as overlooking the mouth of the Montreal river; and at 11 A. M. the Meteor's bow grazes the sand and the first stage of our journey is over. We have left steam locomotion behind us, and our progress must henceforth be by dint of our own muscles.

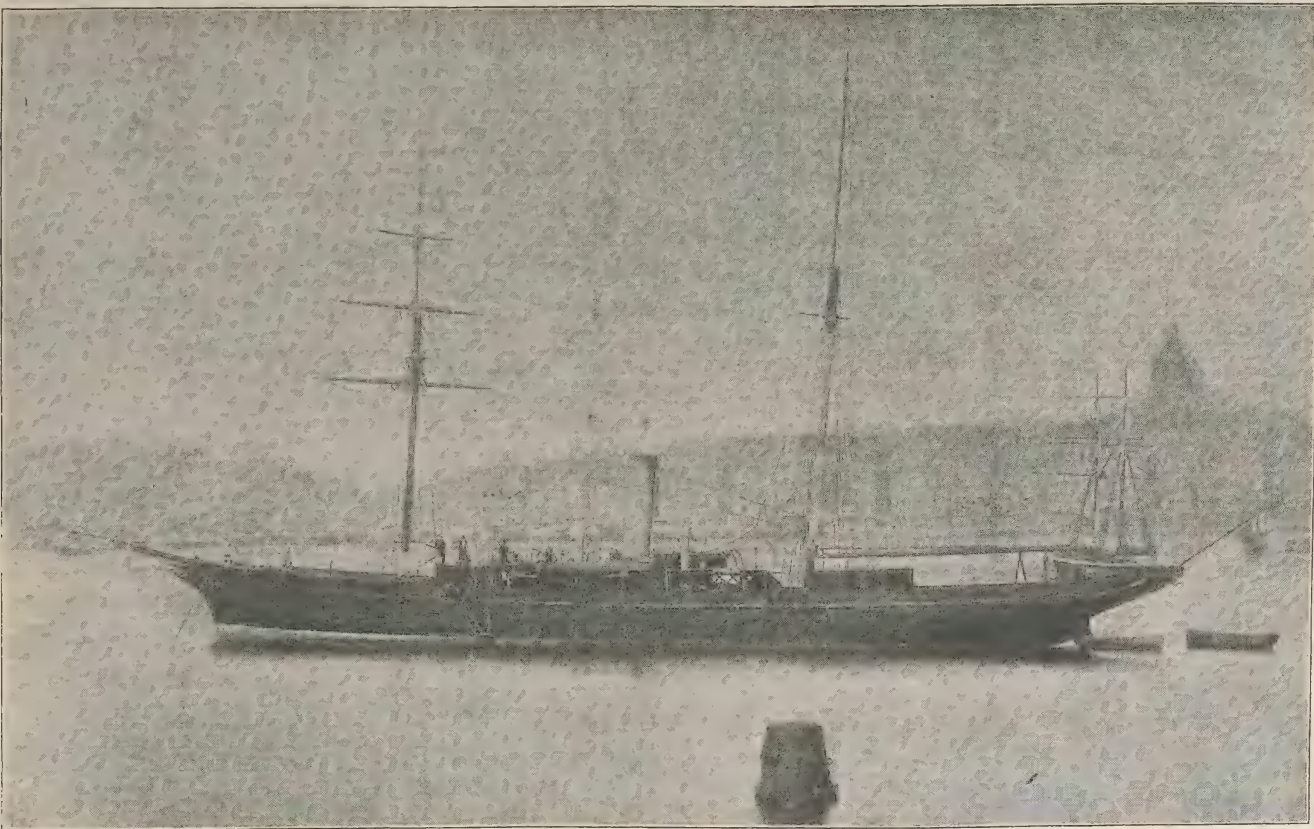
Flour bags, tents, blankets and impedimenta of all kinds are bundled ashore. We shook hands hastily with the captain and in a few minutes the Meteor had backed off again and was ploughing her way on again to the north. While the cook was getting a lunch for us, the canoes were loaded, and after a hasty meal we shoved off, the club's canoe, the Nora, leading the way. Entering the mouth of the Montreal, we crossed it and proceeded to ascend the Metabetchouan, which enters it a few yards up. The Montreal is a strong river, coming from 150 miles or more in the interior; and, like the Keepawa and nearly all the other rivers falling into this lake, it descends very abruptly in the rocks, it comes roaring and tumbling over a boulder bed almost into the lake itself.

Crossing at the foot of these rapids was somewhat nervous work with our overloaded canoes, but was accomplished without accident; and entering the mouth of the Metabetchouan we had practically dead water almost to the first portage, two miles up. Landing the loads on the bank the canoes turned back for a second trip with a crew of two men each, while the remaining four started packing over the portage. This proved a most arduous undertaking, involving an ascent of 300 ft. in about a quarter of a mile; and for the first 100 ft. the slope must have been at least 1 in 2, and clay at that. The afternoon was very warm, and the labor told severely on the boys, none of whom had done any such work for several months. The Chief, thinking to set a good example, swung upon his back a bundle of dunnage, 40 lbs. or so, and got one of the men to throw a side of bacon on top; but after several months of city life he found he was not equal to it, and after a brief struggle was fain to leave the bacon and proceed with the bundle alone.

All the afternoon we tramped backward and forward over that half mile portage, and by 8 P. M. we had everything over except a few odds and ends. Hastily launching the Nora after supper, we put out a troll and within 20 yds. of the shore struck a fine bass. The hook was no sooner out again than we got another and in a few minutes a third, when as it was getting dark, we were fain to come ashore and camp under the stars on the little grassy flat at the end of the portage.

At gray dawn the cook was up and getting breakfast, and a final trip was made over the portage, from the summit of which a magnificent view is to be had, the valley of the Metabetchouan beneath, the





STEAM YACHT "SEMIRAMIS."—OWNED BY MR. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, PHILADELPHIA.

river, hidden by the early morning mists, beyond the broad expanse of Lake Temiscaming, shimmering in the morning dew, and beyond that again, a sea of hills rising one beyond the other into the blue distance. Almost at our feet as it seemed, though really more than a mile away, was the last vestige of civilization which some of the boys saw for some months, a clearing and farmhouse on the tableland above the river, which farmhouse was also the Montreal River Post-office.

The portage cuts directly across a mountain ridge to a lake formed by an expansion of the river which finds its way around the ridge by a somewhat circuitous route in a series of wild rapids and falls, aggregating 250ft. of descent. The lake is one of a chain of four, named the Bass Lakes, extending inland some four miles; between them are small rapids and swift current. No portaging was necessary but some wading and tacking had to be done.

The morning was still young when the little fleet set out, the Nora headed to the gunwales, and her birchen satellites, designated for the sake of alliteration the Dora, Cora and Flora, following in her wake. Shortly after noon each canoe had made her two trips, and the Nora, as the faster, three, and packing began again. For the next five miles, to Rabbit Lake, the river is a series of rapids and falls with short pools between. Some of these had to be carried round, past others we tracked the canoes with a half load, the crews working up to their waists in water. Some of the scenery is grand, and the uppermost fall, at the outlet of Rabbit Lake, is especially beautiful.

On Friday at noon, three days after leaving Montreal River, the last oad was dumped at the upper end of the last portage, with a sigh of relief to think that for a time at any rate the odious pack strap would no more gall our foreheads, and in high spirits the boys set out for Rabbit Point, seven miles up the lake, with the camp impediments, leaving some of the heavier stuff *en cache* on the portage. Just before leaving we met an Indian descending with letters from Temagami Post with a fine bark canoe, and after some parley we persuaded him to exchange it for one of our smaller ones, enabling us to get on much faster.

Three o'clock found us out on the broad lake, breasting a strong head wind which forced us to hug the shore to avoid the heavy sea. Sweeping down the center, in two hours' hard work we were ashore, and soon had a splendid site selected for the camp, which was to be our home for a couple of weeks and a permanent base of supplies. The tents were soon rigged up, and while the cook was getting supper all hands turned into the water and enjoyed a glorious swim.

THE CHIEF.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Bucket Wells in Canoe Yawls.**

ALTHOUGH an American invention, one of the many for which canoeing is indebted to the ingenuity of Mr. Paul Butler, the bucket well has come into more general use in England than in this country; being not only used exclusively to racing canoes, while abroad it is extensively used, in one form or another, in canoe yawls which, though used for racing, also aspire to the possession of cruising qualities. One side of the question is brought out in the following letter to the *Field*:

"I quite agree with your remarks in the last two issues of the *Field*, that the idea that a bucket well, when applied to a shallow and easily capsizable type of canoe-yawl, makes a safe seagoing craft of it is a notion as dangerous as it is unfounded. It is also quite true that any seaworthy type of canoe-yawl, of which all but the 7ft. middle compartment is shut off by watertight bulkheads, requires no such contrivance. But it appears to have been overlooked that there is a third case, apart from either of these, in which the use of a bucket well may be most valuable. I allude to what, in my opinion, is by far the most comfortable and efficient boat for all-round purposes, an otherwise seaworthy canoe-yawl that has no compartments. In this case it is easy to demonstrate that the objections to the bucket well, well founded as they are as applied to other kinds of craft, entirely disappear. Firstly, when the well lining is in use the crew need not sit on deck. The lining may be shaped to the form of the well over the two seats and fitting close to its bottom and sides, the cushions, which, of course, are also life-buoys, being inside the lining, and the seats being as comfortable as ever.

"Secondly, what charts and food are required for a few hours, with glasses, etc., can undoubtedly be conveniently carried in the two waterproof pockets, and as to this arrangement being considered 'a nice jumble for single-handed night work at sea,' I do not know that the position would be materially improved by access to the whole of one's stores, the fact being that the navigator of so small a craft as even the most seaworthy canoe-yawl, who finds himself single-handed at night in so high a sea as to risk filling his well, is in a somewhat false position, whether he relies on bulkheads or canvas.

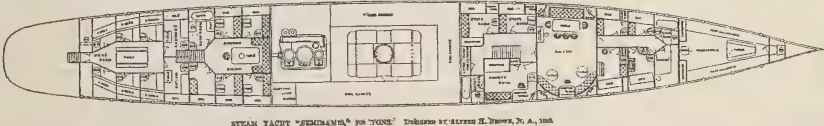
"Thirdly, as to the point not mentioned by Mr. Brand, as to the possibility of getting at oars, anchor, etc., I, at any rate, have never had any difficulty on this head, for the simple reason that I always carry them on deck when at sea or in a midway, whether the canvas lining is in use or not, the oars fitting into chocks along the waterways, where, though perfectly firm, they are immediately available, the cable passing through the fairlead at the bows, and being stopped along the outside of the gunwale, and is coiled and secured on deck aft of the well, the anchor being either secured in the same place or brought down into the well. This, I think, meets all the objections that have been brought against the use of bucket wells at sea, and disposes of the argument that they cannot be called 'sea going' because no yawl requiring one can be itself fit to go to sea, the fact being that every yawl, to be safe at sea, must have either a bucket well or watertight bulkheads, and that the former, properly fitted, is by no means an inefficient substitute for the latter.

"So much for work at sea, but it is when we come to consider the yawl as an inland cruiser, and as a home, that the advantages of having no compartments becomes overwhelming. The capabilities of the

canoe-yawl on these points is the merit and the attraction of the type, apart from which, for sea work alone, it would be easy to design an altogether safer and more commodious kind of craft. It is impossible to overestimate the advantage, for living and sheltering in, of having a craft of which the whole interior is available for all purposes, or to question the superior comfort, say after a wet day and during a rainy and squally night, of being able to sleep under a solid deck or hatch in a spot that has been dry all day, instead of having to lie under the shelter of a tent in a well that has been open to a whole day's rain. And, though I am alluding now to inland work, I can remember at least one occasion when this arrangement has scored even more heavily at sea, both for comfort and safety. A rainy night coming on on a coast where dangers are many and tides strong, where it became necessary to anchor till dawn, is not a position one would willingly choose, and yet I remember that, lying dry under decks, with sails and all gear ready for an immediate start should the wind rise, we slept by turns the sleep of the just and the tolerably secure, and I fancy were far ahead of the man of compartments, who, unless he ventured to hamper himself with a tent—and there was an occasional heavy puff off the land—would have had to spend his night in the open. But, for inland work at least, the advantage of an undivided interior is obvious—we never capsize, remember—and considering how often one profits by the comfort and stowage capacity of one's craft, and how comparatively seldom even the most seagoing of yawls is in danger of filling her well at sea, I think we may fairly claim that a temporary contrivance like the bucket well is more in accordance with the spirit of such an all-round type of craft than are permanent bulkheads. W."

**Mahnabzeze.**  
(THE WHITE SWAN.)

On the Massachusetts holiday, April 19—Patriot's Day—the Puritan C. C.'s new war canoe was christened. The crew leaving Boston at an early hour reached the Robertson factory at Riverside in good season. The canoe was launched on the river without formality, as the Puritans deigned not to christen their canoe in the fresh water of Charles



River. The trip down the Charles was without incident, and the fifteen miles to the harbor was covered in two hours and a half. When the canoe felt the crisp salt water of Boston Harbor all felt at home, and the commodore spilled a bottle of "bock" (which had accidentally broken in his bag) down his throat and gurgled "I dub thee Mahnabzeze, the swan." The commodore having set the pace and a bottle of bock beside each of the crew every one gurgled "Mahnabzeze," and the formality having been finished, the paddles were resumed and the Great White Swan (which is painted green by the way) swept proudly over the wrinkled face of the bay until City Point and the house of the Puritan C. C. was reached. About fifteen men will practice a bit for the final crew, and it is hoped that a fair crew may appear at Springfield on May 30. The canoe is precisely similar to those of the Hartford and Springfield clubs and a pretty race should result.

LEX.

**A. C. A. Membership.**

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Theodore H. Bridgman, Nelson F. Griffin, New York city; Reuben A. Heller, Newark.

**Pachting.**

**FIXTURES.**

MAY.

1. New Jersey, Open, N. Y. Bay.	24. St. Lawrence, Squad. Cruise.
5-6. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.	25. Portland, Cruise.
12. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.	26. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Quarry Cove.
12-13. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.	27. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.
19. Baltimore, Opening, Baltimore.	28. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
19. New Rochelle, Cabin Cats, L. I. Sound.	30. So. Boston, Open, City Point.
19-20. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.	30. Racine, Opening, Racine, Wis.
	30. San Francisco Cor., Annual Cruise, Tiburon.

The past week has produced three or four items of news of more or less interest which tend to shape more definitely the prospects of the approaching racing season. In the first place the negotiations on the part of James Gordon Bennett for the purchase of *Vigilant* are positively at an end, the yacht having been sold on April 18 to George J. and Howard Gould. The price paid was \$25,000.

The reason assigned for the failure of Mr. Bennett to purchase the yacht is that no satisfactory arrangement as to courses could be made with the owner of *Britannia*. This sort of cock and bull story is absurd on its face, while in any club races which she might enter abroad, *Vigilant* would have to take her chances over the regular courses on the Thames, the Solent and the Clyde, there is no reason to believe that she would be limited to the same courses in any special matches with *Britannia*; and in any event she would have the certainty of fair and open courses in the races for the Royal Victoria and Cape May cups.

Another reason given that is much nearer the truth, is that Mr. William B. Douglas, who made the offer of \$30,000 on behalf of Mr. Bennett, had the yacht surveyed and then declined to accept her on account of the condition disclosed by the survey.

The exact intentions of the new owners of *Vigilant* are as yet unknown, but it is certain that the yacht will be fitted out and raced, and there is a possibility that she may be sent abroad.

One important item of news is the positive statement of Gen. Paine that *Jubilee* will not fit out this season, Gen. Paine intending to accompany his family to Europe in June to remain until September. Such a visit would of itself seem to offer a special opportunity for sending the yacht across and taking part in the British races. The deficiency in rig which resulted in her poor performance last year might be remedied in time by a month's racing on this side, with

Capt. Haff and young Mr. Paine to work her up, giving time to reach Cowes in May.

AS MATTERS now stand, there will be three of the large yachts in the racing—*Vigilant*, *Navahoe* and *Volunteer*. The first two will probably start in the spring regattas, but *Volunteer* will not be seen with the fleet until the August cruise.

THE last bit of news is to the effect that Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, owner of *Arrow*, has again offered the Queen's Cup wcn by the yacht in 1893. In view of Mr. Chamberlayne's peculiar action in the same matter in 1887, American yachtsmen are not likely to fit out at once for Cowes in order to race for this cup.

On April 21 the schooner *Lasca*, Mr. John E. Brooks, left New York for Glasgow, her owner and two friends being on board and Capt. Urias Rhodes in command, with Capt. Mackintosh as navigator. The racing gear and other fittings have been already sent by steamer. Just what opportunities for racing may be met with is a matter of doubt, as there are no longer any racing schooners in British waters; but there is no fear that the yacht will not do credit to her designer and owner, whether racing or merely sailing with the fleet.

It is reported that *Decima*, ten-rater, is soon to sail from Southampton for New York; a very risky experiment in view of the fact that the yacht is smaller than any racing craft which has made the Atlantic passage, and that she is of comparatively light construction, intended for home racing, and not, like *Minerva*, *Uvira* and *Jessica*, for the ocean voyage.

**Union des Yachts Francais.**

We have just received a copy of the handsome year book of the Union des Yachts Francais (the Union of French Yachts), containing the rules, list of members and yachts, and other particulars of this flourishing organization. The new rule, recently adopted after much discussion, is as follows:  $T = \frac{(L - \frac{1}{4}P) \times \sqrt{S}}{130}$  T is the measurement, P the perimeter of the hull, measured by running a chain from planksheer to planksheer, wherever the greatest measurement can be found, to which is added the extreme beam wherever found, L representing the load waterline and S the sail area, both being measured as in Y. R. A. rules. The Union now includes 50 clubs.



## Semiramis.

SEMIRAMIS, steam yacht, recently purchased by Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, arrived at Delaware Breakwater on April 18, after a stormy passage of 14 days from Madeira. After telegraphing to Mr. Drexel, the yacht proceeded up the river to Philadelphia, where she was docked the following day at Neale & Levy's yard. She will be overhauled and some alterations will be made to suit her new owner before she goes into commission under his flag.

Semiramis was designed by Mr. Alfred H. Brown, N. A., of London, who has made a specialty of steam yacht designing, among his larger yachts being Eros, of 737 tons, length 219ft., beam 27ft.; Star of the Sea, a composite vessel of 983 tons; Merrie England, also composite, 411 tons; and the present vessel, of 703 tons. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length between perpendiculars.....	206ft. 4in.
Length L.W.L.....	191ft.
Beam extreme.....	27ft. 1in.
Least forebread.....	8ft.
Depth moulded.....	16ft.
Depth hold.....	14ft. 6in.
Draft extreme.....	14ft. 6in.

The yacht is of steel throughout, and was built by Ramage & Ferguson, Ltd., in 1889. She is classed 100 A1 at Lloyds and marked "Lloyds M.C." in red, her machinery having been surveyed by Lloyds while building. Her engines are triple expansion, cylinders 18, 22 and 47in by 39in. stroke, indicating 730 H.P. Her bunker capacity is 150 tons, the consumption at 10 knots being 8 tons; while on 12 knots she has made a steady speed of 13 knots. It was intended that on long cruises she should be able to steam 4,000 miles at 10 knots on her bunker coal. The total space given to the machinery is 47ft. 6in.; engines 15ft., boiler, double ended, of steel, 160lbs. pressure, 27ft., and thwartship bunker 5ft. 6in.

The space below, as shown in the cabin plan, is very large and excellently arranged. The main saloon is 15ft. long and 22ft. wide, finished in fumed mahogany, and is fitted throughout, even to the dining room, with a large table with two smaller ones, a writing desk, corner cupboards, a sofa and a large semicircular divan, two sideboards, a piano and large revolving arm chairs at the table. Aft the saloon is the owner's private room, also finished in fumed mahogany, with large bedstead, writing desk and sofa, a bath and toilet room adjoining. This room, with two smaller rooms for guests, finished in birdseye maple, opens on the main passage at the foot of the companion, there being at the after end a dumb waiter to the deck and hold, and a press and drawers for linen. Forward of the saloon is a second passage, leading to a bath room and pantry, on which open four more staterooms, two of them quite large. These, as well as the five after staterooms, are finished in white enamel, with polished black walnut fronts to sofas, bed berths, etc.

Immediately aft the engines is a smoking saloon, 16x9ft., finished in polished American oak, with large table and sofa. From this room open five staterooms, finished in enamel, as described, and a large bath room. The mess room is 18x9ft., with six staterooms for petty officers, in addition to large rooms for the captain and engineer.

On deck there are two teak deck houses, a bridge and a teak steering house on the latter, not shown in the drawings, as it was subsequently added. The forward house is 19x9ft. 6in. inside, forming the deck saloon. The after house is 3ft. shorter and fitted up as a chart room. The galley is in the fore end of the boiler house, on the main deck. The plumbing of the yacht is very complete, each of the three baths being heated by steam. Electric lights are carried in the mainmast, to the stoke holds, the engine and dynamo being located, as shown, on the starboard side of the main engine room. The steering gear and captain are both operated by steam. The rig is a schooner, with yards on the foremast. The Semiramis was built for Mr. John Lysaght, during whose ownership the yacht did a good deal of cruising, visiting Norway and the Mediterranean.

The accompanying picture is from a photograph taken at Stockholm. The story of the sale of the yacht to Mme. Leboucq, of Paris, and of the projected cruise for the benefit of her son, has been recently told in our columns. After the return of the yacht from the cruise to the East Indies, she was purchased by her new owner. As will be seen from the picture and plan, she is both handsome and commodious, and will prove a fitting companion to May, Conqueror and others of the same class.

## Rochester Y. C.

SCENES of the greatest activity are witnessed daily in and about the Rochester Y. C. house. A wave of enthusiasm has swept over us, inoculating every one with an insatiable desire to open the season as soon as possible. The Electric Light Club has attended a meeting since they joined are coming at every communication, and a season of unalloyed success is assuredly guaranteed.

Commodore Mackie is seeing mature a golden harvest as the fruits of his springtime husbandry in formulating and carrying into successful execution plans for the general improvement and benefit of the club. Never has there been so widespread a popularity been given to yachting as at present, and it is safe to predict that the Rochester Y. C. will be the center of the yachting world for many years to come. Charlotte will be added by white-winged craft never before equalled as to numbers or beauty.

At no very distant day the club will be called upon to attend the raising of its 120-foot flagstaff, with its outspreading crossbeams 60ft. wide, which, when it shall have reared its head heavenward and finally settled itself on its historic base, with Old Glory floating majestically at its peak, will endow itself to the hearts of all and become "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

For this we have to be thankful to the untiring efforts of our indefatigable associate E. J. Burroughs, who secured the gift of the pole from the Telephone Company, and for a foundation the immense base of one of the historic columns from the now rapidly disappearing court house.

If the same young man is as successful in consummating his plans for the purchase of a site on which the club may erect its own house as he has been in all his past projects, we will see a positive reality what to us now appears but as a dreamy vision of the future. The general disposition of the members to appear uniformed on all occasions is a step in the right direction, and the club pennant to the embellishment of the cap has proven very gratifying to all, and on the whole the club uniform appears to be about the neatest ever donned by a fresh-water tar. The regatta committee is hard at work arranging for the sports of the coming season. If there be any truth in the old sayings, "Coming out of the clouds before," or "Straws show which way the wind blows," the Rochester Y. C. may prepare for the liveliest season of its existence.

## Clyde Yacht Building.

A BURST of splendid weather has been hastening on preparations for the Clyde yachting season. Carpenters and crews have their hands full, and in the yachting ports the sound of the scraper is heard on all sides. Such a spell of fitting out weather has not been enjoyed for many years, and the yachting season is rapidly being forgotten. At Gourock, Fairlie, and other Clyde harbors, the prospects of a stirring summer are bright. The interest in the new yachts building centers in the cutters being built in Messrs. Henderson's yard at Meadowside, Glasgow, where the 40-rater for Admiral Victor Montagu, the 60-ton cruiser for Mr. Paget, and the 10-rater for Messrs. Allan, all from the designs of Mr. Watson, are being built. Admiral Montagu's cutter is to be named the Carina, is a keel composite cutter, with no extreme feature about her. As may be guessed, she approaches the Britannia more than any previous design of Mr. Watson, with, possibly, some more beam in proportion, and some more hollow in the floor. She is planked up, has her decks laid, and is being coppered, and has a look of Britannia about both the bow and stern. She will have some sea draught, but might have been expected, and carries her depth a trifle further forward. Mr. Watson's more recent cutters. She will be launched in a few days. Her cabins are being rapidly fitted up in a handsome style, but not with the lumberance of much weight. The cutter, of course, embodies Mr. Watson's most recent experience, and it will be discovered in good time that she may have an early meeting with Laïs. Capt. Sycamore, who has sailed Admiral Montagu's forties, will be in charge of the Carina.

The 60-ton cruiser building alongside the Carina, is for Mr. W. B. Paget, of Loughborough, who previously owned the 60-rater Columbia. The new cutter is built for a fast cruiser, is composite, and is substantially enough built to be classed for 21 years. She is already decked, and will be shortly launched. In look, she will much resemble Britannia's fashionable model. It is intended to race her in the handicap matches, and, with a powerful bow, she will carry her sail in all weathers.

The 10-rater building alongside these two cutters for Messrs. Allan, a keel cutter, and not a centerboarded cutter, is she is altogether built of wood, is well forward, and will be launched in time to have her canvas stretched before the opening cruises. This new cutter will have to meet the new 10-rater building by the Herreshoffs for Mr. Allan, of Glasgow, the new 10-rater building by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson for Mr. Allan, of Glasgow. The Parnam, built by Messrs. Five two seasons since, is the only one of last year's tons—since the Yeuil was sold to France—that will have a look in alongside of these new tons. The Parnam has been in the yard of Mr. Robertson, of Sandbank, Holy Loch, during the winter, and has undergone various alterations. She has had her fin or centerboard removed, and added

tional lead bolted on her keel and her draught increased. This means that she is up to date as far as ballasting is concerned, and with new and larger canvas may be able to hold her place among the novelties. The Parnam will be launched at once, and it will be curious to note how her improvements will place her alongside the centerboarded Dora, which, for a time, threatened to abolish keel cutters.

For Mr. Balfour Neil, Mr. G. L. Watson has designed a 5-rater, also building in Messrs. Henderson's yard, at Meadowside. This racing cutter is built of wood, with a bulb keel, and in model partakes of Mr. Watson's most recent convictions.

But these are, perhaps, most explicitly illustrated in Mr. Watson's design for a new 21ft. racing boat for Mr. George Coats, of Paisley. This rater is building for Mr. Coats by Mr. Robertson, of Sandbank, in Clyde, and some years ago would have created quite a storm of protests among Clyde yachtsmen. She belongs to the same class as the 23ft. Pike, Mr. Coats got built last season, but the new boat is a wide departure. She looks to have more beam than the Pike, carried right aft to the stern-board, which is rather broad. The class is limited to 20ft. waterline, with 20ft. over all, and will have been taken of the measurement to give the counter considerable overhang, and which, from its form, will add to the body of the boat when laid over in a breeze quite 4ft. The bow is drawn to a very fine point, and lifted well out of the water. From the stem head the curve of the bow and the keel is continuous in a flat curve to the stern-post, which has the rake.

But the notable feature of this yacht, is the high bilge and extremely hollow floor she is built with, and which reminds one of the midship section of an American centerboard yacht, without the centerboard. With her deep lead keel she will draw about 7ft. by the heel. The performance of this yacht, which is to be cutter-rigged, will be watched with the keenest interest, and with her success will follow quite a revolution in building the small racing yachts, which, in the wide, beamy shallow bodies will become the fashion, and big displacement deep-bodied vessels be neglected.

Besides these sailing yachts, Mr. Watson's time is occupied with the supervision of several steam yachts, some of which are of long tonnage. For Mr. A. S. Wood, he has designed a steam yacht of 1,000 tons, building in Messrs. Henderson's yard. The owner of this fine vessel is proprietor of the island of Rassy, and she will have her berth in snug anchorage at the southern end of the island. For Lord Algernon Lennox, Mr. Watson has designed a 700 ton steam yacht, which will be built by Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith.—*The Field.*

## South Boston Mosquito Fleet.

OPENING RACE APRIL 19—BOSTON HARBOR.

The South Boston Mosquito Fleet as usual opened the season in the North on the holiday "Patriot's Day" April 19, which this year for the first time takes place of the old New England "Fast Day." The wind was S.W. strong and squally, and before the race Katydid lost her mast, and Transit, after taking off Katydid's crew, capsized. Both also capsized and Cutty Sark lost her centerboard. The start was made at 11 A. M., after Transit had been righted and bailed out. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins.....	14.11	1 12 40	1 12 40
Transit, S. N. Small.....	14.09	1 14 10	1 14 00
Marion, H. Yerra.....	14.11	1 14 11	1 14 11
Leureux, Walsh Bros.....	14.11	1 16 09	1 16 09
Tuxedo, E. B. Greenlaw.....	14.05	1 15 58	1 21 28
Kismet, W. J. Landis.....	14.09	1 20 06	1 28 01

Winning prizes: Tantrum \$10, Transit \$5, Marion \$3.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The new catalogue of the Gas Engine and Power Co. is the finest work of the kind that has come under our notice, and is in every way most creditable to the concern. The cover is of cream cardboard, heavily embossed, the design being very artistic as well as appropriate. The letterpress is in light brown ink, while the illustrations, of which there are many, are printed in a different tint. The book as a whole bears testimony to the artistic instincts and business enterprise of the company. It is a valuable addition to the growing library of the yachtsman, carrying it beyond the field originally intended, of naphtha launch building, and the works are now turning out the highest class of naphtha, steam and electric launches. A look at the frontispiece—a general view of the shops, yards and basin—will show in detail the various operations which produce the completed launch. The many varieties of launches are shown by the illustrations; from the small tender to the large cabin launch with one or two engines, and driven by naphtha, steam or electricity.

At a meeting of the Seward Land and Water Club, held on April 18, Messrs. C. W. Boynton, C. W. Ballard and D. G. Whitlock were appointed as a building committee for the new club house. Mr. L. Bruce Fulton was elected secretary, Mr. F. A. Sollace, treasurer, and Messrs. C. M. Cooper, H. Hartshorn and W. H. H. Smith, committee on measurements and time allowance. The following new members were also elected: Mr. J. V. Landis, Mr. C. W. Connor, Mr. J. V. Whitlock, Charles Badgley, Wm. M. Martin. By-laws were also adopted increasing the dues and initiation fee. Ethilda, cabin naphtha yacht, Wm. M. and C. W. Ballard, has been overhauled for the season and is now in commission as the flagship of the club. Conchita, Naifa, Kiku and Emily will go into commission during the week.

Lovers of yacht sailing will be glad to hear that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, owner of the Namouna, steam yacht, has expressed his intention of competing against Britannia and Valkyrie on the Solent next season. This will be infinitely more in touch with the popular idea of yacht racing than the steam yacht competitions Mr. Gordon Bennett recently promoted in the Mediterranean. His connection with yacht racing has been of the most adventurous character, and he has never ceased his fondness for the sport since he took to yachting in 1860. In 1861-4 he was with the American cruiser in the war of the Americas, and in 1865-6 he was with Henrietta, and in this yacht, in the month of December, 1866, he raced across the Atlantic against the Vesta and Fleetwing, and won. The American yachtsmen, although it was in the depth of a most inclement winter, had a very great reception at Cowes, the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron mustering in great force to welcome the American cruiser. In a very graceful letter, offered the trophy to Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg and Gotha), but His Royal Highness, according to the rule of the constitution, was unable to accept the present. In 1868 Mr. Gordon Bennett purchased the schooner Dauntless, and in 1870 matched her against Mr. James Ashbury's schooner Cambria to race from Queenstown to New York. The Cambria won, but by one hour and three-quarters only. Mr. Gordon Bennett then sailed in America after this, and in 1882 he took to steam yachting and built the schooner Sappho, with Mr. P. Douglas (once owner of the schooner Sappho), built in 1886 the large sloop Priscilla, as an America Cup defender against Genesta, but she was not the vessel selected for the purpose.—*Field.*

The Cape Cod Y. C. has arranged the following fixtures for the coming season: In Cape Cod Bay—June 9, first race, off East Dennis; June 23, second race, off East Dennis; July 7, third race, off Nobscook Point; August 11, fourth race, off East Dennis; August 18, fifth race, second race; August 18, third race. The officers for 1894 are: Com. J. H. Cummings; Vice-Com. H. H. Sears; First Capt. E. Pennell; Sec'y-Treas. D. W. Dean; Meas. A. O. Hind and J. Crowell; Regatta Committee, D. L. Young, H. Osborne, P. Sears and L. Hall.

The Galveston Y. C., which has just dropped the word "Corinthian" from its name, is discussing an interstate yacht race for boats from New Orleans, Mobile and other Gulf and Mississippi ports.

The California Y. C., organized last February, is now erecting a commodious club house on the Alameda shore of Oakland Creek. Com. E. A. von Schultz; Vice-Com. H. C. Duff; Sec'y, J. E. Edwards; Walter; Sec'y, Bruce Palmer; Port Capt. John Sherer. Board of Directors—J. C. Wilson, William Wallace, W. H. Ducombe and Louis McMurry.

The Citizens' Yachting Association, of Detroit, has elected the following officers: Com. John J. Ackerman; Vice-Com. Harry C. Kendall; Rear-Com. William H. Reid; Rec. Sec. John A. McDonald; Fin. Sec. Charles M. Schuren; Treas. Frank Schaldenbrand; Fleet Capt. Dr. W. G. Best; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. Duff; Fleet Purveyor, Regatta Committee, Geo. Newberry, Wm. R. Dobson, Ed. Bidigare, Herman Bowman, Capt. James Skiffington; Board of Directors, Jacob F. Youngblood, Louis Newberry, John F. Stuart, Fred D. Sheil; Historian, Edward Blanchard.

Formosa, steam yacht, built by the Atlantic Works, East Boston, for Geo. P. Fabany, of New York, was launched on April 18, being christened by Miss Polman. The yacht is of steel, 157ft. over all, 132ft. l.wl., 22ft. beam and 11ft. 6in. draft, schooner rigged with 4 bulkheads. Capt. Rich will be in command.

Isolene, steam yacht, Com. J. H. Flagler, American Y. C., has been a most unfortunate vessel, being burned and sunk on the night of April 20, while laid up at moorings in Northport Harbor. She was designed and built by the Herreshoffs in 1880, for T. H. Garrett, of Baltimore, and under the name of Glean attracted much attention to her builder. The yacht came into prominence in steam yacht construction. On June 1, 1888, while bound up the Patuxent River, she was in collision with the steamer Joppa, and was sunk. Mr. Garrett was drowned, though all others on board were saved. Her captain

was deprived of his papers by the U. S. Inspectors, for negligence and disregard of signals. The wreck was raised and sold to J. H. Flagler, who rebuilt her under the new name Isolene. On Nov. 19, 1893, the yacht caught fire in Northport Harbor, from the explosion of two cans of naphtha, and the engineer was badly burned, while the hull was damaged to the extent of \$3,000 to \$3,000.

The last mishap is attributed to lightning in the severe thunder storm of Wednesday night, the yacht being discovered on fire about 3 A. M., but as the tide was out no boats could reach her with the fire apparatus, and in spite of work with buckets she burned until she sank.

Rex, steam yacht, formerly Dandy, has been sold by Boyer Bros. to a Boston yachtman. She made the cruise from New York to Chicago and back last year.

On April 14 an adjourned meeting of the American Y. C. was held at Delmonico's, with Com. J. H. Flagler in the chair; the principal business being the election of a treasurer, the vote at the annual meeting being a tie between two candidates, Geo. W. Hall, who has held the office for some years, and Wm. L. Quintard. On this occasion each received 40 votes, but in the second election Mr. Hall received 62 votes and his opponent but 39.

On April 8 a new yacht was launched by Fourchey & Fourchey, at New Orleans, and christened Meteor. She is 48ft. over all, 36ft. 6in. l.wl., 13ft. 6in. beam and has an iron keel of 3,700lbs., a steel centerboard of 1,000lbs. and 2,300lbs. iron in it.

The purchaser of Avenel, steam yacht, is Frank E. Simpson of Boston, a member of the Eastern Y. C. Capt. Sherlock, late of Pilgrim will probably be in command.

Walter Cary Tuckerman, owner of Liris and rear-commander of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., died at his residence in New York on April 18 after a brief illness, a cold resulting in pneumonia.

Arcthusa, schr., has been sold by F. de Funiaek to Chas. Vanu, of Brooklyn.

Princess, schr., has been rebuilt for Mr. Geo. H. Seely by Jesse Carll at Northport, and rechristened Ivanhoe. She was built in 1876, and was originally named Alice. The expense of rebuilding is stated at \$10,000.

## Naphtha Launch For Sale.

THIRTY-FOOT, Second hand, at Chicago. C. N. FAY, 63 Dearborn street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Rifle at San Antonio.

The regular practice shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Club took place on the 15th. The day was clear and bright, and the breeze from the southeast made the rifleman pay close attention to his wind gauge. Scores, 200yds., muzzle rest, 10 shots per score, range No. 2:

G Giesecke.....	10	9	12	9	10	10	10	10	10	—	99
E Dosch.....	9	9	9	9	11	12	11	8	13	—	98
G Altman.....	9	9	9	9	10	10	8	11	9	—	96
C Pope.....	8	11	6	9	10	11	9	8	10	—	91
E Seffel.....	11	8	9	11	10	11	10	9	10	—	90
A Altman.....	7	7	8	9	11	10	11	8	11	—	94
F Lange.....	7	10	8	12	8	12	9	8	10	—	94
H Degeuer.....	8	8	10	9	11	9	8	9	7	—	88
A Guenther.....	10	8	8	10	8	9	11	9	8	—	89
A Herff.....	9	8	12	9	10	9	8	12	9	—	81
A Herff.....	12	10	11	12	8	10	11	12	11	—	107
R Neumann.....	7	8	9	13	11	9	10	8	8	—	91
G Heye.....	8	10	8	11	8	10	7	9	8	—	85
Vogtlander.....	9	9	7	8	8	8	7	7	9	—	81

Two hundred yards, off-hand strictly, no article of any kind, 10 shots, range No. 1:

A Steves.....	6	8	5	9	5	6	10	7	10	—	70
E Stever.....	10	6	5	8	9	7	10	9	8	—	78
A Guenther.....	7	4	10	6	8	9	8	7	6	—	72
E Seffel.....	10	7	8	7	5	7	5	7	6	—	66
G Giesecke.....	5	7	10	7	6	10	5	6	6	—	65
G Altman.....	5	6	7	6	7	6	7	9	6	—	66
A Herff.....	5	5	3	5	6	10	3	5	3	—	61

## Beideman Rifle Club.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, at their range, Beideman Station, N. J. Conditions, 25yds, possible 200, 1/4in. ring target, 1/4in. bull outside range, strictly off-hand.

Week ending April 6:	35	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	245
Dr Gardiner.....	35	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	245
J S Wood.....	35	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	245
W Gilbert.....	35	25	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	245
Week ending April 14:	35	35	25	25	25	25	25	25	24	24	246
E L Gardiner.....	35	35	25	25	25	25	25	25	24	24	246
J L Wood.....	35	35	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	246
W Gilbert.....	35	35	25	25	25	24	24	24	24	24	246
J Wilson.....	35	25	24	24	23	23	23	23	22	22	232
W Parks.....	35	24	24	23	23	23	23	23	21	20	223

Pistol score, 50yds., Standard American target:

Dr Gardiner.....	10	10	10	9	9	9	8	8	7	—	89
J L Wood.....	10	9	9	8	8	8	7	7	7	—	82

## Chicago Rifle Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

CHICAGO, April 21.—Two new rifle clubs were organized recently in Chicago, the Central Rifle Club and the Columbia Rifle Club. The former has a list of officers and members as follows: Pres., Jos. A. Weber; Vice-Pres., George J. Schmaus; Sec'y, John F. Roeder; Treas., Julius Brieske; Capt., Math Vellman. Members—Robert Brieske, C. T. Croesen, Joseph Ocsulski, Charles H. Weber and Paul Meyer. This club meets every Monday evening corner Southport and George streets. The officers of the Columbia Rifle Club are: Pres., Henry Zom; Vice-Pres., William Nieman; Treas., John Gatz; Sec'y, Otto Meinholz; Capt., William Meinholz. The other members are John Gehrand and John Hohse. This club meets every Friday evening corner Southport and George streets. In the recent tournament of the Central Rifle Club Master Alfred Bisson, whose name figured in a rifle contest recently in these columns, won first prize, a rifle. His score was 49 out of a possible 50, 55ft., open sights. The following named gentlemen won in the order mentioned: J. W. Christman, Peter Patchler, Henry Zom, H. Leitensdorfer, J. Hundriser, William Meinholz, A. Daumitz and Nic Wagner. B. WATERS.

## Zettler Rifle Club.

The Zettler Club held its second practice shoot at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on April 23. The weather conditions in the early part of the day were unfavorable for making fine scores, but notwithstanding the poor conditions there were some fine scores made, Ross, in particular, in a match with Plaisted made the best 50-shot score ever made in this range, a total of 132. With a handicap of 25 points Plaisted made a great effort to dislodge his man, but he was not in it. A 10-shot match with that old veteran Max Engel gave our promoter a little satisfaction. Gus Zimmerman was out for the first time this season, his score of 226 demonstrating the fact that he is at home among the experts. Henry Holges was experimenting with an aperture; he made some good scores, but he says he feels a little odd in Southport. The Kraus score of 221 gave him much satisfaction. Busse, Harman, Schmidt and E. Zettler put up some good scores during the day.

## Wilmerding Rifle Club.

The regular shoot of the Wilmerding (Pa.) Rifle Club, took place on its range, April 6. The following scores were made; conditions 100yds., off-hand, American standard target; scores:

J Dias.....	73	47	62	63	J McWilliams.....	43	36	62	58
J W Harrison.....	55	66	70	52	Jas Barrett.....	80	74	67	25
J Walsh.....	65	53	69	69					



In the 25-bird race for club members the following scores were made at known angles: E. T. Kirschbaum 19, C. M. Williams 23, C. A. Hanson 16, H. B. Long 14, G. S. Davis 14, M. E. Stanton 13, C. E. Fay 9. Several swanslake events followed.



## THE INTERSTATE AT PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's target tournaments for the season of 1894 were formally opened at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 11 and 12, by a tournament given under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Gun Club and the Iroquois Rifle Club. This was the Interstate's second tournament of the season, the first being the grand American handicap at live birds, at Dexter Park, New York. A little history of Pittsburgh will not be amiss:

Columbus discovered America. Washington discovered Pittsburgh. When he stood at the head of the Ohio river in 1753, if Washington could return to earth again, the transformation wrought between the head of the island that was opposite the ground now occupied by the Allegheny Arsenal (where he narrowly escaped drowning), and the old stockade that served as a peg to support the claims two great nations contested and around which the battles were fought that decided the future of the North American continent, is so great that he would probably exclaim, "What geni have accomplished this!"

Pittsburg is a great city; great by virtue of her geographical position, her inexhaustible resources in coal and minerals, her river and rail facilities, her central location and her proverbial industry.

More tonnage—railway and river traffic—originates in Pittsburgh than in any other city on the globe. In all that illustrates substantial growth and stability of Pittsburgh is far ahead of the times. She has distanced the Old World in steel working, glass making and other industries, and has earned the name of being the "Birmingham of America," perhaps better known as the "Smoky City."

Nature has done much for Pittsburgh; the picturesque view presented from Highland Park, embracing the river, the city, and the Allegheny River, is unequalled. Globe girdlers, charmed with the picture embracing cities knit together by bridges, uplands alternating in field and forest, and a noble river, assert that it is not surpassed in the world. Altogether unique are the night views of the twin cities, obtained from half dozen points on the rampart-like hills that environ Pittsburgh and Allegheny. The vast network of Pittsburgh's factories and mills lines her twenty-two miles of water front and extends back to the base of the hills on either side of the Monongahela River.

Exposition Park, where the tournament was held, was formerly known as Smoky Island, although it has long since been filled in and now it is not an island at all. Directly opposite the river from the shooting grounds the old block house, famous in history, was in plain view.

Manager Elmer E. Shaner had everything arranged on time for the opening of the tournament, the tents arranged back of the 18-yard mark in a semi-circle. Messrs. Justus von Lengerke and Noel E. Money, of the Board of Directors of the Interstate Association, were present during the entire tournament. The vast network of Kalamazoo, Mich., introduced his new electric automatic indicating trap-pull, which is a great invention, indeed. By means of one push button Mr. Bush's invention will spring targets under the Novelt rule, five unknown traps, and doubles, and in unknown traps or the novelty rule the puller himself does not know what trap is being pulled and cannot show any favoritism whatever. Mr. Bush has certainly invented a wonderful machine, indeed.

The opening day of the tournament, which was an extra day arranged by the local clubs, was devoted to the shooting of a handicap target race from 100 to 125 targets; that is, the "scratch" men shot at 100 targets each, while the "limit" men shot at 125 each, and the other handicaps ranged from 100 and 125. The handicapping was done by a committee of the from each club, and this race was arranged in the first place to give the local shooters a chance for preliminary practice under the Novelt rule prior to the opening of the Association tournament the following day.

Previous to the issuing of the Pittsburgh programme, the Pittsburgh and Iroquois Gun Clubs requested permission to give this handicap race as an extra day, which permission was granted, the local clubs taking the entire responsibility. The race being given on all resulted in a total of 41 entries, and proved to be one of the main attractions of the tournament; although some of the events had as high as 64 entries. Had as big an entry been anticipated, two sets of traps would have been placed in position in order to give contestants all the shooting they wanted.

Following are the scores:

## The First Day.

Handicap shoot at 100 targets, \$5 entry:	
W J Vance (115).....	95
Kochenderfer (117).....	93
C Hamilton (117).....	97
Nelson (118).....	94
J Skilman (125).....	75
Brown Bill (125).....	74
Greensinger (118).....	73
D Shaner (125).....	73
W M C Jones (100).....	91
A H King (105).....	75
J H Shaffer (118).....	54
Armstrong (125).....	58
Bessmer (107).....	80
L Corman (120).....	78
Sterling (115).....	88
Bluebird (118).....	68
J von Lengerke (110).....	90
Greener (100).....	77
Rummell (110).....	74
F Van Dyke (100).....	82
H B Mohler (118).....	50

## The Second Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, \$1.50:	
Van Dyke.....	13
Heikes.....	11
Skinner.....	14
Edwards.....	14
Young.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Jim Crow.....	11
Red Wing.....	10
Upson.....	12
Von Lengerke.....	12
A H King.....	11
Lemon.....	11
Clarke.....	11
Wright.....	11
Money.....	13
Raymond.....	12
Old Hoss.....	12
North.....	10

No. 2, 15 targets, \$1.50:	
Van Dyke.....	14
Heikes.....	13
Skinner.....	12
Edwards.....	14
Young.....	12
Fieles.....	13
Wolstencroft.....	13
Jim Crow.....	13
Red Wing.....	15
Upson.....	11
Bergue.....	11
Clarke.....	13
Fulford.....	13
A H King.....	13
Lemon.....	12
Wright.....	14
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	11
Old Hoss.....	12
North.....	12
Bartlett.....	18

No. 3, 20 targets, \$2:	
Van Dyke.....	14
Heikes.....	11
Skinner.....	11
Edwards.....	14
Young.....	12
Fieles.....	13
Wolstencroft.....	13
Jim Crow.....	13
Red Wing.....	15
Upson.....	11
Bergue.....	11
Clarke.....	13
Fulford.....	13
A H King.....	13
Lemon.....	12
Wright.....	14
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	11
Old Hoss.....	12
Hoden.....	11
Bartlett.....	18

Thurman.....	11
Robert.....	11
Burt.....	11
Crosby.....	11
Johnston.....	11
Scott.....	11
Fieles.....	11
Wolstencroft.....	11
Jim Crow.....	11
Red Wing.....	11
Upson.....	11
Clarke.....	11
Fulford.....	11
Shaner.....	11
Wright.....	11
Money.....	11
Raymond.....	11

Van Dyke.....	13
Heikes.....	13
Skinner.....	13
Edwards.....	13
Young.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Jim Crow.....	12
Red Wing.....	12
Upson.....	12
Clarke.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Shaner.....	12
Wright.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12

Van Dyke.....	13
Heikes.....	13
Skinner.....	13
Edwards.....	13
Young.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Jim Crow.....	12
Red Wing.....	12
Upson.....	12
Clarke.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Shaner.....	12
Wright.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12

Van Dyke.....	13
Heikes.....	13
Skinner.....	13
Fieles.....	13
Young.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Edwards.....	12
Young.....	12
Jones.....	12
Old Hoss.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12
Bartlett.....	12
Killits.....	12
Hughes.....	12

Van Dyke.....	12
Clarke.....	14
Heikes.....	14
Skinner.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Young.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Edwards.....	12
Young.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12
Bartlett.....	12
Killits.....	12
Hughes.....	12

Van Dyke.....	12
Clarke.....	14
Heikes.....	14
Skinner.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Young.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Edwards.....	12
Young.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12
Bartlett.....	12
Killits.....	12
Hughes.....	12

Van Dyke.....	12
Clarke.....	14
Heikes.....	14
Skinner.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Young.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Edwards.....	12
Young.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12
Bartlett.....	12
Killits.....	12
Hughes.....	12

Van Dyke.....	12
Clarke.....	14
Heikes.....	14
Skinner.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Young.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Edwards.....	12
Young.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12
Bartlett.....	12
Killits.....	12
Hughes.....	12

Van Dyke.....	12
Clarke.....	14
Heikes.....	14
Skinner.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Young.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Edwards.....	12
Young.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12
Bartlett.....	12
Killits.....	12
Hughes.....	12

Van Dyke.....	12
Clarke.....	14
Heikes.....	14
Skinner.....	12
Fieles.....	12
Young.....	12
Fulford.....	12
Wolstencroft.....	12
Edwards.....	12
Young.....	12
Money.....	12
Raymond.....	12
Bartlett.....	12
Killits.....	12
Hughes.....	12

## Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

MAPLE BAY, April 19—Practice shoot:	
A G Courtney.....	11
C Dugard.....	11
G C Luther.....	11
H Jones.....	11
G Mosher.....	11
A G Glaty.....	11
Prof. Gillette.....	11
H Arnold.....	11

The traps worked in perfect order; there are now ten traps (two close together), a bird breaking in one, call pull for the other, causing no delay, throwing the birds as fast as the marksmen may wish.

FALLSTAFF.

## Shooting at Willard's Park.

On April 17 half a dozen members of the Paterson Gun Club met for their monthly medal shoot at 25 Empire targets per man, from five traps. The scores:

Wright.....	11
Lenore.....	11
Morley.....	11
Hopper.....	11
B. Boyle.....	11
Morgan.....	11

About the above club shoot and the scores of Morley and Lenore hangs a tale. Away back in the early part of last November we were requested by these two gentlemen to act as stakeholder in a match at twenty-five targets each for \$10 a side. We were banded the whole amount of the stake and it was arranged that the match should be shot a fortnight later. On the appointed day serious illness in the family of Mr. Lenore caused a postponement, and try as we would we were unable to get the principals to come together and settle the question of superiority. Finally, however, they agreed upon April 17, and allowed the ownership of the stake to be decided by the scores in the club shoot. As these show, Morley was the winner by a score of 24 to Lenore's 20, and right glad were we to turn over the stake to the winner.

April 20.—The grounds were visited by a big crowd of sportsmen from Newark, Hackensack, Rutherford, Passaic and other places to see the match between Morley and J. H. Outwater at 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules, at \$50 a side. T. C. Wright was referee, Wm. Dutcher scorer and Hery Wolfe trap-puller.

The birds were a fairly good lot and both men in average form. At the close of the first half it looked like "anybody's game," each having lost five birds. On the windup, however, the Paterson expert pulled up, and with only one last bird crossed the wire a winner.

Both were credited with good work. Morley made a very long kill on his first round; his 2d was hit hard but got away; 10th, 10th; 11th, fine first barrel kill; 13th, fell a yard too far out to score; 17th, fell dead between fences; 21st, on grounder got another bird; 28th, good kill, fast bird; 34th, extra fast towering driver, pretty stop with second; 40th, long stop; 50th, fast bird, clean miss with both barrels. Kills, 44; dead out of bounds, 2.

Outwater's last twisted and turned its prettiest to get away, but had to come down when second reached it; 4th, fast just over the line; 13th, full of lead, fell dead in grand stand; 15th, fast, got both barrels, but decided not to shoot; 16th, dead on grounder; full of lead; 22d, extra mark, should have been killed; 23d, missed with first, killed on ground with second; 26th, extra fast driver, twisted and towered and got away, was hit hard; 32d went out with good share of lead, a tough one; 36th, mean twist, pretty stop with second; 37th, a game bird, long stop with second; 46th, caught both charges, but went out to 47th, same; 48th fell dead on shooter's platform; 49th got out with full quota of shot. Kills, 40; dead out of bounds, 5.

The detailed scores follow:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.	
5 4 1 4 4 5 4 2 4 3 3 3 2 2 3 3 3 5 3 1 5 4	
8 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	
2 0 2 0 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	
3 4 5 4 5 4 5 1 5 5 2 4 1 4 3 5 5 3 5 4 1 2 5	
4 1 4 2 4 1 4 2 2 5 4 2 5 2 5 2 5 2 5 2 5 2	
1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1	

Outwater.....	21
Morley.....	20

Morley and Jack Ryan, of Hackensack, prepared to shoot off their 15 bird race for \$25 a side, under old Long Island rules, 21yds. rise. Wm. Bunn was trap-puller for Morley, Thos. Rogers performed a like service for Ryan; T. C. Wright was referee; Rodgers trapped for Morley; Boyle trapped for Ryan, and the scorer was Wm. Dutcher.

Only three shots were scored by each man when, our correspondent informs us, that the match was broken up by the crowd. The referee decided "no bird," as he had previously cautioned Ryan three times about holding his gun too high. Morley claimed the stakes, but we were not informed as to whether or not he received them. The score as far as shot follows:

Morley.....	010—1
Ryan.....	000—0

## OPEN SWEEPSTAKE SHOOTING.

filled in the rest of the afternoon, the events being at 5 birds per man, \$5 entry, Hurlingham rules to govern, all ties to be shot off, miss and out:

No. 1.....	Ties.....	No. 2.....	Ties.....
11221—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5
1122—5	1122—5	1122—5	1122—5

## Shooting at Dexter Park.

The following club shoots took place at Louis Miller's Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield streets, last week:

April 16.—Waverly Gun Club, 10 birds per man, for club medal: J. Mohrman 1, G. Belmont 2, G. Grau 3, J. Fehleisen 4, C. Hauthorn 1. Sweep, 6 birds, \$1 entry: C. Hauthorn 3, G. Grau 3, J. Fehleisen 3, J. Mohrman 2, G. Belmont 2.

April 17.—Emerald Gun Club, 10 birds each, A. C. club handicap: E. Doenick 10, G. Nowak 6, E. Woelfel 7, Dr. G. V. Hudson 6, J. Hodge 4, P. Woelfel 5, Dr. Klein 3, J. H. Moore 9, J. Maesel 10, P. Butz 7, N. Maesel 7, J. H. Voss 10, F. W. Place 5, C. Stuetzel 5, H. Thau 8, Short 10, S. P. Pierson 10, R. Regan 10, H. P. Fessenden 9, L. H. Schortemeyer 7, M. Herrington 9, C. W. Floyd 7, F. Russell 8, T. Cody 7, F. Walters 4, C. Bowen 7.

Sweep, 5 birds, \$3.00 money: Russell 4, Regan 4, Hudson 3, Doenick 6, Herrington 5, Fessenden 4, Voss 4, Blake 2, Schortemeyer 4. Match at 15 birds each, \$10: H. P. Fessenden 10, C. W. Floyd 13, L. H. Schortemeyer 14.

April 18.—Down Town Gun Club, 8 live birds: H. Kohla 4, H. Zahn 3, J. Huft 4, W. Benger 5, H. Fajen 4, J. Muhs 5, H. Lang 3, D. Schimge 3, A. Goetz 6, H. Meiler 5, H. Joost 4, A. Wolf 6, J. Doscher 6.

April 19.—New York Gun Club, 10 birds each, for club medals, handicap: J. Steuernaegel 6, H. Noble 6, C. L. Kingsley 7, G. Winter 2, J. Schlicht 7, P. Gams, Sr. 6, G. H. Smith 5, W. Miller 6, D. Schrecke 2, F. Sauter 6, P. Gams, Jr. 6, H. Thormford 3, E. Stradtman 1, M. Borsden 2, J. H. Boesenecker 5, J. Frazer 7, J. Wellbrock 7, F. Huft 7, E. Radie 1, S. Edwards 8, A. Schmitt 4, A. Busch 5, E. Leibinger 7, J. G. J. Jr. 2, J. H. Boesenecker 5, S. Edwards 3, W. Muller 4, A. Schmitt 4, G. Smith 3, J. Steuernaegel 2, J. Frazer 1.

April 20.—Phenix Gun Club, 15 birds: D. Fraught 15, J. Smith 15, A. Bot 12, J. Chasmer 10, M. Chichester 14, R. Routhan 14, W. Hughes 13, J. Akhurst 12, C. Madison 14.

## Hoboken Gun Club.

Shot newly organized Hoboken Gun Club held its inaugural practice shoot at Secaucus on Thursday, April 19. Twelve members and several invited guests left headquarters, "Chris" Weitkamp's, First and Hudson streets, in a big tallyho at 1 P. M. The grounds were reached at 2:15. Shooting commenced immediately after, varying which several good scores were made. A majority of the members were new beginners at this sport. The first event was a sweepstake, 5 live birds a man. The scores were:

Capt Chris Weitkamp.....1001—4 J H Kruse.....1001—2  
Henry Englebrecht.....1101—4 Geo B Bergkamp.....1110—4  
H D Hencken.....1101—4 Ernest Finkelstedt.....0000—0  
L Jansen.....0000—0 Herman Luettich.....0000—0  
Frederick W Sina.....1001—2 Chris Weitkamp.....0001—1

Another sweepstake followed, 3 birds, resulting as follows:  
Capt Intemann.....11—3 Kruse.....001—1  
Englebrecht.....011—2 Bergkamp.....110—2  
Hencken.....000—0 Finkelstedt.....000—0  
Jansen.....101—2 Zoch.....100—2  
Ochs.....000—0 Luettich.....000—0  
Sina.....010—3 Weitkamp.....100—1

On the return of the muskies was met and were taken along. The monotony of the homeward journey was relieved with their melody. The officers of this promising organization are: Captain, Christian Intemann; Vice-President, Hugo Ochs; Secretary, J. H. Kruse, and Treasurer, Christian Weitkamp.

JAY H. KAY.







### Trap-Shooting at Ellicott City.

THE big two-days' tournament of the Baltimore Gun Club drew out a tall attendance of the members of the E. C. G. C., who, while they did not participate in the shooting, got a whole lot of points, and those whose business permitted made the smoke fly Saturday afternoon, April 10. Eight regular events were run off in great shape at 10 targets each, scores as follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	Dr Fort.....	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Jones.....	6 7 8 9 10	Dr Fort.....
Talbot.....	6 7 8 9 10	Dr Fort.....
Kirby.....	6 7 8 9 10	Dr Fort.....

ELlicott City, Md., April 18.—The third contest for the Democrat trophy took place on the grounds of the gun club this afternoon. The contestants were J. O. Jones and S. Hillsinger. These two men have been trying to come together for several days, something always preventing until today. The score was:

J. O. Jones.....	101110111011011001001110—15
S. Hillsinger.....	101110111011011001001110—15
The "Big Four" now took a hand at 25 targets for practice:	
Dr Fort.....	10111111111111111111—23
J. O. Jones.....	1010101010101010101011—16
T. Kirby.....	1010001101110101010110—16
E. A. Talbot.....	1001100010001101010001—13

Somehow the boys could not get on to the targets, and goose eggs were frequent. The next was a short one at 10 targets: Jones 5, Talbot 7, Dr. Fort 8, Hillsinger 6, R. Wilson 8.

The next at 15 targets: Dr. Fort 13, Kirby 10, Jones 9, Wilson 8, Talbot 8.

The next at 15 targets for a fine rosewood cleaning rod, presented by J. Purucker, a prominent gun dealer of Baltimore: Jones 11, Wilson 12, Kirby 10, Harding 10, Talbot 11, Dr. Fort 13, Hillsinger 9.

The wind up was at 20 targets: Dr. Fort 18, Kirby 16, Talbot 16, Jones 15, Hillsinger 11, Harding 12, Wilson 17.

### The Pansy Gun Club.

KINGSTON, N. Y., April 14.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Pansy Gun Club. The weather was all that could be desired, but a strong wind made the shooting somewhat difficult. No. 1, 5 single blue rocks:

Van Anden.....	11110—4	Van Hovenberg.....	11110—4
Schaffer.....	01111—4	Smith.....	11111—5
Hume.....	11111—5	Van Gaasbeek.....	11111—5
Styles.....	10011—3	Kenyon.....	10111—4
Myer.....	11111—5		

No. 2, 25 blue rocks:	
Van Gaasbeek.....	301110111010111011111—18
H Meyer.....	001101111010101011101—18
C Hume.....	1111010101010001010110—16
G Styles.....	10001000000000101011—11
Smith.....	11001111111011111111—22
Van Anden.....	11111111101010101011—21
Schaffer.....	110011010101010010111—16
Kenyon.....	001110101000101011101—16
No. 3, 25 blue rocks:	
T Cahla.....	110101111111111011111—22
R J Carroll.....	11111111101010101011—22
H Meyer.....	11111111101010101011—22
Col C Y Hester.....	01111010110010111111—20
M J Schaffer.....	111010111000101010101—16
F Dewey.....	1110101111000010101110—15
W C Fran Anden.....	001010111010101010101—18
G Cramer.....	111010112111101111101—21
W Van Slyke.....	111010100101010101011—20
J R Kenyon.....	01011111101010101011—20
C Hume.....	011101110101011001011—17
Wm Weston.....	011101110101011001011—17

### Forest Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 17.—Inclosed please find scores of the regular monthly shoot of the Forest Gun Club held on their grounds, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, Saturday afternoon, April 14:

Shot At. Killed.	Shot At. Killed.
Mills.....	54 37
Henry.....	50 37
Erwin.....	51 37
Walters.....	50 39
Ezrah.....	58 35
Morison.....	55 32
Rowcraft.....	52 44
Donnelly.....	50 22
McDaniel.....	60 30

Wm. MORRISON, Sec'y.

### New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

WOODLAWN, L. I., April 21.—Gus E. Greiff vs. G. W. Coulston:

G E Greiff.....	23212212121212121212—17
G W Coulston.....	12302202020202112202—14
Club shoot:	
G W Coulston.....	11221—5
C M Meyer.....	23122—5
W R Smith.....	12000—2
J N Meyer.....	11221—5

J H Dick.....	1010—2
S Lohman.....	1211—5
G E Greiff.....	11201—4

DAN.

### Murphy vs. Miller.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—The long talked of match between Peter Murphy of the Neck and P. Miller of Paschalville, both suburbs of this city, came off to-day on the Gloucester race track at Gloucester City, N. J. For a long time before this match both the contestants were going to kill all their birds, and of course all that would have to be done at the end of the match would be to toss up a penny to see which would win, but what a change was there. Miller started the match with a miss, Murphy his share with a good kill of a straight driver, and it looked as if Murphy intended to make his threat good as he killed his first six in good style while Miller only killed two and then he seemed to lose sight of the birds altogether, missing five straight.

The match was one of the old-fashioned kind and a kind that no sportsman likes to see—Rhode Island rules modified, 28yds. rise, one trap, trap and handle for each other, and of course they were a good lot of birds, being the best each could find for his opponent.

The race was at 25 pigeons each for \$50, a side, and after Miller missed his nineteenth bird he gave up his race and proposed another. The scores of the first race were:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.	
Miller.....	0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—5
Murphy.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1—11

Mr. J. Frank Kleinz, the champion wing shot of Pennsylvania, was referee and gave satisfaction to all parties.

After the first five birds had been shot at of course there was no betting on the race as every one could see that Murphy was in much the best form, but the betting on the birds was very lively and the friends of each contestant did all in their power to get the opposing shooter rattled.

Miller immediately proposed to shoot a race of seven birds for \$10, which was just as promptly accepted by Murphy. This match was to be shot from two traps, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundry, use both barrels, gun to be held as the shooter pleased. Miller pulled himself together and shot a splendid race; in fact they both shot well. Miller killed all his birds; used his second barrel three times, twice for safety. Murphy only used his second barrel once; he missed his sixth bird. The scores were:

Miller.....	121221—7
Murphy.....	121110—5

There were about 300 people on the grounds, and another match was proposed, but it will be a long time before it comes off.

### Rollo Heikes was in Form.

ONE of the greatest exhibitions of target shooting ever witnessed was given on Saturday, April 14, by Rollo O. Heikes at Bushwood Park, the residence of Col. P. G. Sanford, of the Winchester Arms Company, at Saugatuck, Conn. Mr. Heikes went to Bushwood Park on invitation of Mr. Sanford, in order to show to a number of his friends the possibilities of a gun in good hands.

Heikes used a new Winchester repeating shotgun, U. M. C. smokeless shells and 3drs. of American wood powder. His first performance was in shooting at 150 blue rock targets, known angles, of which he broke 146. He then shot at 10 targets, unknown traps, breaking 9; next, under expert rule, he broke 20 straight; shot at 10 pairs and broke them all and ended this phenomenal performance by having three traps sprung simultaneously and breaking the three targets. The total number shot at was 103, of which he broke 198.

Detailed scores of this wonderful work are here given:

Known angles.....	11111111111111111111—49
Unknown traps.....	11111111111111111111—49
Expert rules.....	11111111111111111111—48
10 pairs.....	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—20
Triple rise.....	111—3—108

### Wilmerding Gun Club Monthly.

WILMERDING, Pa., April 13.—Inclosed find scores made at the monthly shoot of the Wilmerding Gun Club to-day. The day was favorable for shooting, and was taken advantage of by a goodly number of shooters. The scores were the best made this season.

Crosby.....	111111111110111111111—24
Scott.....	111111101111011111111—23
Reich.....	111111111111011111010—22
Gilm.....	111111111111011011110—22
John.....	101101101111111111111—21
McEntosh.....	110101110110110110111—19
Dr Fix.....	0111011010101111110010—19
Bishop.....	0011111110110011010111—19
Johnson.....	1111110101010010101010—18
Scharrard.....	0011101101010110101011—17
Hepting.....	011111110010011100011—17
McElhavy.....	011101101111101111010—16
Mackert.....	011111101101001101010—16
Sweepstakes—No. 1, 10 targets; J. Gilm 10, S. S. Bishop 10, Crosby 9, Johnson 9, F. McEntosh 8, W. Scharrard 8, D. Scott 8, O. Reich 7, W. John 7, Henderson 7.	
No. 2, 10 targets: J. Gilm 10, W. John 10, D. Scott 9, W. Scharrard 9, C. Crosby 8, S. Bishop 8, Johnson 7, F. McEntosh 6.	

A. A. MACKERT.

### Spokane Rod and Gun Club.

SPOKANE, Wash., April 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: Following are the scores of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club weekly shoot, held yesterday. The attendance was very small and the scores not very good. Mason won the A medal for the second time and Morgan the B medal for the first time:

Medal shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs:	
Class A.....	
Mason.....	1101011101101110011 11 10 10 11 10—22
T Ware.....	1111111101010010101 11 11 00 10 10—21
Carson.....	011010101011010100101 10 00 01 10 10—16
Class B.....	
Morgan.....	0110101101010000011 01 01 01 11 11—19
Burke.....	0100010000000010010 11 01 01 10 11—12
No. 2, 10 singles: Mason 9, T. Ware 9, Morgan 7, Wilson 5, Duffy 4, Wise 4.	
No. 3, 10 singles: Mason 9, A. Ware 7, Wilson 5, Morgan 5, Duffy 3.	
No. 4, 10 singles: Mason 9, Morgan 7, Carson 6, Burke 4, Wilson 3.	

J. W. WITHERS, Sec'y.

### Aberdeen Rod and Gun Club.

ABERDEEN, Wash., April 11.—A strong breeze was blowing from the coast, making it very unpleasant to shoot, but twice or three the members went to the club ground and held the fifth regular shoot of the Aberdeen Rod and Gun Club for the gold medal. Having just received the new Peoria blackbird, and they flying stronger than the old ones, the score was not up to the average shoots. Chas. Koehler won the medal for the third time, making 16 out of 20 birds, Sherman and Sherwood following with 13 each. Jake Kraber carried off the leather medal, making 20 straight goose eggs. Following is the score for the medal shoot, 20 singles, 3 unknown angles:

Pratsch.....	0011101001000100010—8
Johnson.....	0001010100000100000—5
Kraber.....	0000000000000000000—0
Sherwood.....	000110011111100111—13
C Koehler.....	1111011011101011101—13
Sherman.....	1100110101010101101—13

CHAS. KOEHLER.

### Philmont Rod and Gun Club.

INCLOSED find scores made on April 14 at the monthly shoot of the Philmont Rod and Gun Club, the conditions being 20 Empire targets, from 5 traps, unknown angles:

Ames.....	01110100101001101—11
Baker.....	11110100101001111—14
Vedder.....	0110010001000010000—5
Howland.....	01110101010101111—16
Ferguson.....	001101010111110011—13
I Vanderburgh.....	010101000101010100—10

G. VANDERBURGH, Rec. Sec.

## Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. L. C.—We would be happy to hear something from you or your friends about salt water fishing experiences.

OLD READER.—Will some correspondent give me through these columns information regarding the Rideau Lakes, near Kingston, Canada—quality of fishing, accommodations, etc.?

T. H. Jr., Washington, D. C.—When is the best time of the year to fish for black bass with the fly in the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers? Do black bass rise to the fly in April and May? Ans. We have had reports of good bass fishing in those waters in April and May, both with fly and minnow.

S. T. C., Elmwood, Conn.—Which will thrive in the highest temperature of water, and how high, brook, rainbow or brown trout? Ans. Rainbow trout will endure the highest temperature. They have been kept for a short time in water above 80° Fahrenheit, but they thrive in cooler water, say 60° to 65°. Brown trout prefer clear, cold, rapid streams.

R. S. K.—1. Is a .44-40 Winchester big enough for deer, or what caliber would you advise me to get? 2. Can I use nitro as well as black powder in a Winchester repeating shotgun, model of 1893? Ans. 1. The .44-40 is large enough for short range work. For long range shooting in the open, however, a rifle burning more powder and having a flatter trajectory is necessary. 2. Yes.

F. P. V., Greenwood Lake, Ohio.—Have you any knowledge of some place where I can get the young fry of the ring perch of our reservoirs, say about 2in. long, at any rate, large enough to take care of themselves, by dumping them in the shallow water in the spring among the lilies and weeds. Would this be the best way to get a stock of this kind of fish? Where the black bass exist, if the parent fish were put into the lake they would be liable to be caught out with hook and line before the spawning season or the young large enough to care for themselves, as fishing is let during the entire fishing season. Ans. We cannot refer you to any one to supply the young fish; but if you start a few of the old ones there will be a plentiful stock in a year or two.

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I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

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Brass Click Reels, 40, 60, 80 or 100yds., 28 cts. each; 5 cts. extra for postage.

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Single Gut Leaders, 3ft., 4 cts., 45 cts. per dozen. Double Gut Leaders, 40in., 5 cts. each. Treble Gut Leaders, 32in., 7 cts. each. Four-ply Leaders, 32in., 8 cts.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.  
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

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## OUR PARK GAME EXPLORATION.

WE announced in our issue of April 14 the FOREST AND STREAM's enterprise of sending a staff expedition into the Yellowstone National Park. It was an enterprise with a purpose. This purpose was actual, definite and important, and its occasion pressing. It was nothing less than to make real to the sixty-five million people of this country and to their agents in Congress the Yellowstone Park of to-day; to awaken them to the perils which threaten it; to arouse them to the necessity of immediate action to rescue it from these perils.

This was the undertaking, and it was one which might well challenge the enthusiasm and high endeavor of those to whom it was intrusted. To explore the Park in winter was an achievement of woodcraft; who shall say that it was not also a work of patriotism?

The event has proved that the enterprise was well timed. The course of events has been what we foresaw. The results of the expedition have been secured at a moment when they are certain to be of the highest possible utility.

The first chapter of the report is given to-day. It is a story of big-game destruction, an illicit, selfish, brutal raid on the remnant of a rare species—the very choicest, most highly prized game of the Park. To tell the story, as it is told by FOREST AND STREAM to-day at first hand, is to perform a service which rarely comes within the province of a sportsman's paper. It is an achievement of journalism, and a worthy achievement because done in the public interest.

But this recounting of the work of a buffalo butcher is not the sole end of the Yellowstone Park Game Exploration. To give this dark tale was necessary. But pleasanter relations are to come—the story of the winter enchantments of the wonderland. To demonstrate the danger which imperils the Park, to show the need of immediate action, this is only the one result of the expedition. It yet remains to picture the Park with so graphic a pen that they who read shall be incited to a more jealous regard for these priceless possessions and to providing a more adequate preservation of them.

The account of the capture of Howell, the buffalo butcher, is given in full on another page and proves a story of far more than common interest. In the fullness of its detail, in the faithfulness with which it pictures the wintry solitudes where the butcher was plying his bloody trade, and in the statements made by all who took any part in the capture, the story is complete and will hold the attention of every reader. It is full of interest, but in nothing more so than in the emphasis which it puts on the lack of law in the National Park, and it is this point which is the most remarkable feature of the whole affair.

Congress had enacted that the Secretary of the Interior should make regulations for the protection of the Park, and such regulations had been published; troops had been stationed in the Park to enforce these regulations, and for a time the regulations and the troops acted as a scarecrow and prevented anything like general violation of the rules. Every now and then, however, a man was

caught killing elk or beaver, was taken to the Fort, shut up in the guard house for a few weeks and then set free, his horses, guns and other property being confiscated. There was no punishment for an offender.

Whatever may be said of those who invade the Park—however bad they may be—they are not fools. It took them only a few years to realize that the regulations were a dead letter, that the scarecrow was powerless to harm them, that however earnest and sincere the officers of the Government might be in their efforts to protect the treasures that had been given in charge to them, they could do nothing, for their hands were tied by the inaction of Congress. When these men fairly realized this, it was inevitable that they should do just what Howell did. The great reward which success promised justified them in taking the small risk of capture, to be followed by a short confinement, and in order that, if captured, they might lose little, they took into the Park the lightest outfit possible. Howell boasted that his captured property was worth only \$26.75, while if he succeeded in getting his spoils beyond the reservation lines he stood to make \$2,000. He was perfectly frank about it, and evidently thought it a fair business risk. He knew as well as any one how entirely powerless his captors were to punish him, and talked about the matter with a cynical boldness which showed clearly enough that he was well aware that he had violated no law—that he had merely infringed a regulation, which was only a form of words, useful enough, perhaps, for the purpose of scaring tourists into good behavior, but hopelessly ineffective actually to accomplish anything against a determined man who knows what his rights are.

Howell was taken to the guard house and confined there, to be released at some future day and then no doubt—unless some law shall be enacted for the Park—to recommence his work of slaughter.

The orders from Washington are that offenders shall be held and their arrest reported to the Department of the Interior. But a man in the guard house for a few weeks must eat, and yet there is no fund from which he can be supported. He is not a soldier and cannot be rationed, and so some one must pay his board or he must starve. So it has often happened in the past that the commanding officer has had to pay out of his own private pocket for weeks at a time for the food consumed by the prisoners that he had taken and was holding by the order of the Government. Could anything be more absurd?

Owing to the failure of Congress to enact the necessary laws and to provide the necessary moneys for the administration of the National Park, this great reservation, this unequalled possession of the people, has been managed in a way that is contemptible and disgraceful. With every disposition on the part of the Secretary of the Interior and the Superintendent to guard and cherish it as it should be guarded and cherished, it has been and is still managed in a way that must make each man who knows what it is and what it ought to be, blush for Congress, which in the past has been so careless of the best interests of the public. Happily there is now a prospect that the blunders of the past may be remedied by the bill which is now under consideration. The fate of this measure will depend on the action of a conference committee, whose members it is believed will be Messrs. Vest, Carey and White (of California) from the Senate, and Messrs. Lacey, Hoar and McRae from the House.

## COMMERCIAL FISHERMEN UNITE.

AN outcome of the coast fishery conference held in this city last December is the formation of a Commercial Fisheries Association. The movement has been put through chiefly by the activity of Mr. C. H. Augur, of the American Net and Twine Co. The membership is drawn from the menhaden fishermen, pound fishermen, fish dealers, net manufacturers and other allied interests of the Atlantic coast. The officers are: President, Capt. Joseph W. Collins, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*; Secretary, Stephen A. Coombs, of Brooklyn; Treasurer, A. A. Adams, of the American Net and Twine Co. The objects of the association are declared to be "to collect from all portions of the Atlantic coast complete and reliable statistics, and general information concerning the movements and abundance of the ocean fishes, and to disseminate such information; to defend the commercial fisheries in every proper way against unjust interference by those who erroneously assume that the methods of cap-

ture now employed tend to decrease the fish food supply; and generally to advance the interests of all the commercial fisheries."

## RACING PROSPECTS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THERE are now on the Atlantic three racing yachts, all bound from New York to Glasgow, with a good chance that a fourth will soon follow. On April 19 Dacotah, the new Herreshoff 10-rater, left on board a steamer for the Clyde, where she will meet half a dozen of her class, including several new cracks; on April 21 the 90ft. schooner Lasca sailed, also for Glasgow, for a season in British waters, with some racing, if any be possible, and by the time this is read Valkyrie will be under way in her wake. If all reports be true, Vigilant is likely to follow in a few weeks, or in time, if her new owners desire, to take part in the Clyde regattas early in July.

All of this is very promising for the British season—and correspondingly depressing for the sport at home. On the other side there will be some good racing between Britannia, Valkyrie, Satanita and very probably Vigilant. The 20-rating class will also furnish plenty of sport, with half a dozen new boats. And the effort to beat Dacotah will keep the 10s busy on the Clyde; while a good season in small craft is promised in the south.

On this side of the ocean a very different prospect presents itself; the absence of Lasca will be felt in the schooner class, further weakened by the loss of Volunteer; the 90ft. class is likely to muster only Volunteer and Navahoe, neither Jubilee nor Colonia fitting out; and the smaller classes, 70, 53, 46, 40, 30 and 21, are practically extinct so far as racing goes. There is a chance of a little racing of the 46 or 40-footers, but that is all. Of new boats, or of live racing classes, there is nothing but the new limited class of the Larchmont Y. C., and this, with the racing boats of about 25ft. l.w.l., will have to provide the most of the racing in the Sound.

Such a sequel as this to the activity of last year is anything but gratifying, and forcibly suggests the necessity for determining if possible the cause and cure for a state of depression which is in every way bad for American yachting. The immediate need, in our opinion, is for more racing, no matter in what size or type of yachts or under what conditions, so long as a keen interest in the sport can be maintained at a cost that is not prohibitive. The efforts of the leading clubs have always been directed mainly if not entirely to the maintenance of racing in the larger sizes of yachts, with what results is now evident. From present appearances, if there is to be a steady continuance of yacht racing, with building from year to year, it must be in sizes which have thus far had little aid or encouragement from other than the smaller clubs.

## SNAP SHOTS.

THERE is in this town a man named Byrnes who keeps an oyster saloon and restaurant on Sixth avenue near Forty-sixth street. At this establishment something over a year ago they were in the way of serving woodcock and quail out of season, and they did it so openly and so vociferously that Game Protector Kidd found not the slightest difficulty in catching them at it. The Protector got his evidence and undertook to bring Byrnes to book by instituting suit through the District Attorney's office in this county. More than a year has gone by and the case is yet untried. Dr. Kidd and his witnesses have been made to dance attendance time and again, only to be dismissed by the postponement of the case. Now it is high time that this Byrnes case should be disposed of. District Attorney Fellows has been known to procrastinate, in years gone by, in the prosecution of close-time game dealers, and perhaps it would be asking too much of the New York District Attorney's office to look for dispatch in such affairs. But what does Byrnes expect to gain by the delay? If he has a foolish notion that he can give Dr. Kidd a tired feeling, he would do well to study up the history of the Delmonico case.

The New York Legislature adjourned last week. It did not do all that it might have done toward wrecking the game and fish laws, but it went far enough. It left things in a snarl. The Senate committee has been authorized to make an inquiry as to what fish and game legislation may be required, and to report next February. Now if Gen. Bruce, the president of the State Association, will instruct his committee on legislation to present the facts to the Senate committee, the opportunity may prove a valuable one.



## The Sportsman Conquist.

### WATCHING THE BRANT GROW BIG.

THE raw east wind is shiver-laden. Fine grains of sand skurrying along the beach rattle into the ghastly open mouth and out through the ragged bones of the breeze-dried gurnard. A song sparrow flips for a moment into a thrummed marsh elder and then falls into the salty desiccated grass again and hides himself away from a wind that askews his tail and parts his soft feathers almost to the place where his cheery song is concealed. It is not time for him. He helps make spring time but cannot do it all alone. Wait little one, we give you credit. A herring gull essays to give life to the March morning by hovering in low circles over the ruffling black channel water, and then finds it more in keeping to stop and merge his color into that of a stranded ice floe in the distance. The leaden heaven moves slowly over us, unbroken save for the slanting missiles of sleet that peck against the cabin window and then bound full tilt to their grandmother the good old South Bay. Captain Jack finishing his early cup of hot coffee down below comes up out of the companion way on deck in his woolen shirt, hitches up one suspender, runs his hands through his grizzled unwilling hair, hawks and expectorates over the rail. "Golly! Tide runs like a boss, don't it?" says he, as a tangle of submerged eel grass scratches alongside in the swift ebb, and the bowsprit of the sloop sidling in the inlet current bunts a periwinkle shell out of the hard marsh bank that protected us at anchor during the night. Captain Jack does not produce much effect in the landscape about the marshes, because he looks so much like any natural object—excepting when he comes to town. He has stout muscles and a good heart. 'Tis only his head that fails when he comes in contact with civilization.

The sea air smells. It is growing richer with the exhalations from looming flats as the tide shrinks, and with ozone from the growling, muttering surf on the outer beach. I, eagerly inhaling, find in distending lungfuls of it the peace of the infusoria of the flats and the power of the grand, swinging ocean. Every breath soiled by me is carried onward and away to the westward and replaced by a new one. How long, clean east wind, before I am translucent within? For last night we left the city where men call air the emanations from percolating swill and cast-off things, and where the tarnishing atmosphere, laden with entities of death, reeks in the nostrils and dulls the eyes of that poor mammal whose brain hangs dependent over figures and fads, amid the walls and corridors and walls again, that keep from him the sight of this sweet world. Is any other love like love for nature? Is any joy like the joy of the sportsman? I have seen the mother with eyes suffused with tears of love for the chubby boy in her arms. I have heard the maiden pray for power to love her lover more. But these loves are uncertain. The boy grows wicked and brings gray hairs and tears of sorrow. The lover is better pleased with another. But nature is steadfast. In the city the slinking street cur brings forth her mongrel whelps beneath the wharf, not knowing whence shall come the food to turn to milk, and the pampered pug, bonbon-fed, has not the strength to propagate her kind. But here all life multiplies, and in abundance, and forever.

The bars of sand that divide currents into currents and that direct the apportionment of bay waters, are shining yellow here and there, and the white froth rolls up and blows across them. Hark! From out the west a merry, flying rabble appears, buffeting the winds, caring naught for the cold. A rabble of warm birds that on even line head down the bay with hurrying wings and outstretched necks, chanting as they go, and in good company. Hark to the sound of their voices as they pass. Did ever crowd of students seem more hilarious? Did ever more careless thing play easy with the elements? One sings, and then another. Hear then all throats together. Here a cluck and there a tremolo, then back and forth the slogan goes till the disappearing huddle leaves in its wake vibrations that have softened the winds and set the waves to tune. To-night when all is still in the cabin you may hear those voices of the morning when no birds are near. When you are at home in the city, a strange, weird music will come as you sit before the grate fire in the twilight. The chimney winds have caught the cadence of the voices of the brant, and looking into the gloom of the room you will see again the moving wings that float adown the ceiling. 'Tis the shadow of vibrations that have come from the far off bay. No others can hear the sound or see the motion. 'Tis for you alone, this delight of wandering impression that comes through miles of shadow, to you sympathetic.

Upon a narrow sand bar lapped by the receding waves, Captain Jack and I step out, to be saluted by the jets of forty clams. We will not forget this recognition on their part when it is time to return the boat. In the sand bar there is a sunken box just big enough for me to hide in. Its edges are level with the surface of the sand, excepting where the last high tide wanted out some of the sand to make little wavy ridges with. Captain spades up fresh sand to hide the box with, and while this is being done I walk to a higher part of the bar that has not been under water for three or four tides. The wind has thrown the light sand into waves and ridges just as the water would have done it. So wind and water are good chums off on the Bay. Here is a bunch of old wrack that pulled a scollop shell from its quiet bed, and came to grief on the bar. Here is a dried bit of leathery devil's apron that was torn from an ocean meadow perhaps by some derelict hull roving in the faintly lighted depths without commission. Here is a cork that once was young and tender bark in Spain, growing under the Southern Cross until men bargained for it with money. Then it perhaps saw one carousal after traveling to foreign shores, and it will be buried on this cold bar by shifting sands. Here is a feather that was shaken from the wing of a goose yesterday, when I was not as near as this to the goose. All about in the sand are tracks of plebeian gulls, but here is something better; here is the patrician track made by the pretty black foot of a brant.

I lie down flat upon my back in the box. The brant decoys are standing all about so naturally that only the Captain and I would suspect them to be such false things. I am waiting. The box is cold and wet. The spray flies into my eyes. The surf roars in the distance. One eye

peers over the edge of the box and scans the horizon. What a jingle of wings was that as a beautiful whistler and his homely mate passed overhead. They have finished the preliminary love experience early in the year, and are now constant and true to each other long before the spring zephyrs have felt into love the vagarious fancies of other water fowl. How strange that the male should be the most beautiful among almost all living things excepting the people. And yet the male whistler, superb as he is, had to seek his mate and go through a lot of nonsense just as though she were a beautiful girl.

I did not shoot at that pair of whistlers. They would have made an excellent stew, with pork and potatoes in the same pot; but they were so happy with each other that I allowed them to pass. It makes my mouth water now to think of them for dinner, but the treason is all in my stomach and not a bit of it in my heart. Flocks of brant are moving down the bay in straggling bunches or in even lines. Some oysterman has stirred them up, or perhaps they think that the eel grass is more tender further on, and they will enjoy it until it seems to be not quite so good as the grass that they left. Few people know why the brant move back and forth in this way, but I know just how they feel, because I have many times camped on one end of a pond and always found the fishing best away up at the other end, no matter which end I camped on. Thus the eel grass in the distance is always green for the brant.

Four brant are coming this way. Are they coming this way or will they choose some other bar? They are winnowing along low over the water and apparently looking for companions. I throw up one foot to attract their attention. They see it. They slacken speed and "lift" for a better view. Yes! They see the decoys. Look out now! On they come and bigger they grow. At first they were no larger than pigeons, now they are as big as ducks, and in a moment more they will look as big as rocs, before my very eyes, and right here with me—all of us active—in a few cubic feet of the world. They have ability to be elsewhere, but they won't use their resources in time. They will be right here in the midst of the trouble. They call to the decoys. I answer. How fine and black their shapely heads and necks. What strong brown wings. They are coming. Now they swerve to the northward. There they circle back, showing white flanks as they wheel into line. They are not coming. They are going toward the middle of the bay. See that persistent one. He wants to come to me and the others do not, but that one is so determined that the others weaken in their good judgment and follow him. Now they stop fluttering. One sets his wings, another sets his wings, all four set their wings, and come slanting down an easy incline of air right toward the decoys. Neck and neck, wing and wing, tail and tail, on they come. Up I jump and breed confusion. "Ronk!" says one, and down through the smoke he tumbles with a mighty splash. "Kruk! Kruk!" says another, and then he makes the spray fly ten feet into the air at the edge of the bar, and causes the clams to squirt for rods around. "B-r-a-n-t! B-r-a-n-t! B-r-r-r-a-n-t!" say the other two, swishing themselves right up into high air. Yes, brant they are, and beauties, too.

The March wind is piercing, the box is damp, the flying sleet rattles on my coat. I lie upon my back listening to the lapping of the waves, the crepitation of shifting sand, the rustle of the moving tide and the voices of distant brant and gulls. The cold clouds overhead have no comfort in them. My teeth chatter and a tear runs down my right cheek. Wet sand sticks to the skin between my red fingers. One small mouthful of just the right thing suffices to start in my innermost depths a dull cherry red glow that gradually diffuses itself in grateful warmth to the middle of every bone and to the ends of my wet sandy fingers. Who would object to that, I'd like to know? Now then for another brant. There comes one from away up the bay. Is he going or coming? Coming! No—going! Well, it all depends on which end his head is placed, and I cannot tell from here. He is coming! Bigger he grows and rounder he appears, and being alone will seek company. He sees the decoys and comes straight toward them without regard to the direction of the wind. Now he stops flying and comes tilting along unsteadily on curved set wings, balancing, sidling, balancing, coming, growing bigger and bigger as he skims the foamy, splattering waves without quite touching them. I'll let him alight. There, now! Right on the bar between me and the decoys. How trim his outlines are, and how gracefully he walks for one of the goose family. Why do those bright dark eyes fail to perceive me? He is young, as his wing coverts show by their ash tipped feathers, and knowing that age is to be respected he puts confidence in the old decoys, unwilling to believe that I am terrible. He scoops up a billful of sand here and there where it looks particularly tempting and asks the decoys something in a low voice. Now, I must take him into the box, for other brant will be coming. He jumps almost like a woodcock as I show him a great jack-in-a-box, and—Holloa! Right barrel snapped; left one shot a little under as the wind slanted him to one side. There he goes as fast as ever he can, away, away, away. I never saw that brant before in all my life and never shall see him again.

Out of the west horizon a corps of twenty brant comes marching along through the air, as orderly as soldiers. I throw up a hand to attract their attention. They swerve. They wanted to come to this bar in the first place, but they have somewhere seen some one else thrown up a hand to them, and the old ganders are suspicious. There are too many eyes in that flock. Some of the younger birds start toward the bar again and the wary ones follow. Good judgment don't count among friends. On they come with a great clamor, some rising, some settling, some hoarse, some clear voiced, some curving their wings to sail in, some fluttering and wavering and giving cries of warning. The whole flock huddles and separates, and huddles and rises, and wheels to go away. Then they turn and head for the decoys again, but the old birds have mounted high enough to peer over into my box and they cry "Look! Look!" with such vigor that the whole drove again whirls into a broadside for final departure nearly twenty rods away. The shot slaps and cracks against their feathers, but only one bird shells out of the flock and drops perpendicularly into the water, while the rest choose a horizontal trajectory. Too many eyes. Too far away.

It is almost noon. The tide has fallen so far away that there is no water near the bar, and no more birds will come until another tide has risen. There is plenty of

humble game within reach for the larder, though. Razor clams first! The edges of their shells are just on a level with the soft sand of the flat, but they must be approached gently, for they are sensitive in the company of strangers, and the fingers of a hungry enemy will grasp only a little maelstrom of roily water unless he is careful. I seize one of the razors, but how hard he pulls! Working him back and forth rapidly in his hole causes the water to loosen the sand all about him, and up comes a long, fat fellow, twisting his white foot in efforts to escape. When we work a razor back and forth in his hole the sand around him becomes mushy, according to a definite plan of nature, which turns the chances immediately against the clam in favor of the one who ought to have him. It will not do to be greedy and pull too quickly, for nature has decreed that in such case the bacteria are to have the nice separated foot, while man is to content himself with the pretty shell containing only liver and gills and other organic bric-a-brac. It does not take long to gather a handful of razor clams, but that is not enough, and I cannot lay them down while gathering more because they would walk off and poke themselves endwise into the sand while I was looking the other way. It makes one feel like a cannibal to eat such lively animals, but if men are half as good as razor clams, we must be cautious about criticising the habits of the Sandwich Islanders of the old school. I cannot lay this handful down, so my cap must answer for a basket. A fine panful of razors we finally have on the deck of the sloop. Capt. Jack sets up serried ranks of them in the dripping pan and puts small pieces of bacon in odd nooks and corners. When they are done a delicious steaming morsel lies upon a gaping shell, all ready for a little lump of butter and a plunge for the good of those chosen ones who know how to catch razor clams.

We pull the boat up out of the main channel and spear a few eels. Over miles of this bottom one can strike a spear blindly into the mud with fair probability of hitting an eel that has stored himself up for the winter a few inches below the surface, and in choice spots two eels sometimes come up at once in the tines of the spear. It is taking unfair advantage to spear the half-torpid things, but they are delectable and that makes a difference. Then again we can get revenge on behalf of the crabs, for nothing is more relentless than an eel that has set out to remove one by one the legs of a confused and most uncomfortable soft crab. We can spare the denizens of the bottom many such sights by incarcerating a bucketful of the offenders. When there are eels enough in the pail we push the boat over quahog ground, and no matter how hard it blows or how fiercely the sleet drives a lot of plump quahogs are soon rolling into the scuppers and wedging themselves into the rake just as our fingers get warm and dry. We have to be a little cautious in walking about, because it is a well known fact that the quahog will turn when trodden upon.

Now for the soft-shelled clams that fired a salute when we alighted upon their bar in the morning. The shooting box spade turns them out of their compact moulds in the sand half a dozen at a time. Tender and luscious they are, and so corpulent that they cannot draw their necks into the shell and close the shell at the same time. Just one thing more and the larder is complete for the day. We anchor in deep water between the submerged flats and crack open a quahog, putting a sweet clean piece upon the hook and casting the line astern. In a minute the sinker has a convulsion; I give a quick jerk and then bring up hand over fist a fish as flat as a flounder and weighing about a pound, made of just the right shape to fit the bottom of a frying pan and become nicely browned on both sides when the fins curl up in a crisp. Five or six flappy flounders are pulled up on deck, and away we go again to our safe anchorage. Who would ever go hungry on the Great South Bay? There within a radius of half a mile we have helped ourselves abundantly to brant, razor clams, quahogs, soft clams, eels and flounders, and have had such fun in doing it that we want the man who is prepared for suicide to come down here for one day's sport before he decides that life is really too much of a bother. Our hands are cold, our clothes are wet, especially at vital points. Our noses and ears would do yeoman service in a summer refrigerator. But the cabin stove has a red hot lid, and the change to dry warm woolen clothing with a cup of hot coffee will pay for a month of discomfort. I am sorry for the man who does not know how well off he is with his every-day clothes on.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

### Fox Hunting on First Day.

LINCOLN, Neb.—A daily press dispatch from St. Paul, Neb., in this morning's paper says: "Frank Adams, of the Union Pacific bridge gang, was fishing with dynamite in the river here yesterday when a fuse, which was attached to a piece of dynamite which he held in his hand, burned too quickly and the charge was exploded before he could throw it. He was frightfully mangled, one hand being blown entirely off and the other nearly so, his face being lacerated terribly and his eyesight destroyed. It is thought he will live."

This reminds me of my early boyhood days in Ohio, when my good Quaker parents taught me that if I disobeyed the laws of the land and of God I surely would meet my punishment. But one "First Day" morning when the snow was lying about six inches deep all over the land, the air soft and balmy—just such a day as one in which I would like to give reynard a chase—I was on my way to "First Day" school when I heard the melodious music of Sounder and Cap and a half dozen of the lesser lights of the neighborhood across the woods. I could not stand that so I took the shortest cut for the scene of the chase. To head them off where I knew they would cross I started down a long hill as fast as I could run, and undertook to jump a ravine at the bottom of it. I alighted on my heel on a snag and broke the small bone in my left leg. It was some time before I could find any one to send home for a horse, but finally father came, riding one horse and leading the old bay mare for me to ride. All he said was, "I guess thee won't go fox hunting soon again on 'First Day.'" I didn't, for I hobbled around on crutches for four months. But I am inclined to think that if every one were punished in this State as this man was for disobeying the game and fish laws, hundreds of cripples would be found here.

We endorse FOREST AND STREAM's plank, "Prohibit the sale of game at all seasons," E. E.



# “Forest and Stream’s” Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

## THE ACCOUNT OF HOWELL’S CAPTURE.

### The First News.

CHICAGO, Ills., April 27.—The FOREST AND STREAM Winter Exploration of the National Park, now just concluded, was a venture singularly fortunate in every respect. Not devoid of certain hardships, and not free from possible dangers of more sorts than one, it was nevertheless brought to a close without illness or accident to any of the party other than of the most trifling sort, and from start till close progressed with the smoothness and merriness, if not the ease and indolence, of a summer picnic. Fortune was kind and raised no obstacle too hard to be overcome. Thus the FOREST AND STREAM may truthfully say that it is the first and only paper ever to send a staff man through the Park during the winter time. Schwatka once made 20 miles of this 200 miles winter journey in the interests of the New York World. Overcome by his failing, and perhaps discouraged or disgusted by the amount of unavoidable hard work ahead (for the only possible method of locomotion in those high, rough and snowy regions, is by one’s own snowshoes), he allowed his undertaking to come to failure, and returned to his starting point with no results to show. Since him one or two other men have gone to the gates of the Park, looked at the big snow land, and resolved that it was easier to write about the winter scenery of the Park from imagination than from fact. The only man ever successful enough to go through the Park in winter, and intelligent enough to make a newspaper account of it, was Mr. Elwood Hofer, whose stories of his two trips, simply and clearly written, appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. F. Jay Haynes, the able St. Paul photographer who has done so much to make public the beauties of this wonderful region, went through the Park after the collapse of the Schwatka expedition, but never wrote of it, so far as I know. His party was lost on Mount Washburn for three days, and they all came near perishing.

The effort to learn of the winter life of this tremendous and fateful region had hitherto been, let us then say, severely frowned upon by Fortune. When FOREST AND STREAM, always rather a favorite of the fickle dame, made the attempt, Fortune relented, and all became possible and plain. To this end, FOREST AND STREAM was in the first place highly fortunate in having Mr. Hofer as a member of the party. His guidance, counsel and assistance constituted the difference between success and failure. Without him the trip could not have been what it was, and it is to him, very much more than to its staff representative, that this journal is indebted for the success of the undertaking just completed. What were the obstacles to be overcome before success could be reached, and what were the trials, the pleasures and the incidents of the winter journey through the mountains of the Great Divide, it will be a pleasure to recount later, but the first duty is to tell at first hand, and exclusively, the story of the capture of the man Howell, who was caught in the act of butchering the Park buffalo. This story, taken from FOREST AND STREAM’s first and exclusive report, has appeared in various forms and in some inaccurate shapes, in the press all over the country, and such is the importance of the occurrence that it has driven Congress to an action delayed years too long. This is undoubtedly the most dramatic and sensational, as well as the most notable and important piece of sporting news which has come up in recent years. It is news which will be historic. The

ited means at his disposal, to protect the vast tract of land which lies within the bounds of this peerless reserve of wilderness. How difficult a task this would be with many times the troops and many times the money no one can understand perfectly who does not know the Park, and who does not know what winter in the mountains means. A part of the system of the winter patrol consists of little details, usually a sergeant and two privates, stationed at remote parts of the Park. Thus there is a sub-station of this sort on the east part of the Park, on Soda Butte Creek; one on the west side, known as Riverside Station; one twenty miles from the Post, at Norris Basin; one forty miles from the Post, and near the center of the Park, at the Lower Geyser or Firehole Basin; and one at the extreme south end of the Park, known as Shoshone Station. Communication with these stations can only be made by snowshoe parties. The winter’s supplies are car-



THE BUTCHER’S WORK.

ried into the stations by pack trains early in the fall, before the impassable snows have covered all the trails. Under such conditions news would naturally travel slowly. Yet we knew of Howell’s capture, some seventy miles from the Post, the very day he was caught in the act of his crime, the news coming by telephone from the Lake Hotel. The Park Association keeps attendants at three hotels within the upper Park, not counting the one at the Mammoth Hot Springs (Fort Yellowstone), on the entrance side of the Park. There is one attendant, or winter keeper, at the Cañon Hotel, one at the Lower Basin Hotel, and a man and his wife at the Lake Hotel. All these hotels are connected by telephone with the Post, otherwise the loneliness and danger of the life of the solitary men thus cut off from the world through the long months of an almost Arctic winter would deter even such hardy spirits from undertaking a service worse than that on a lighthouse tower at sea. When the telephone line fails to work, as naturally in such a wintry country of mountain and forest it often does, old Snowshoe Pete, the line-man, is sent over the line to locate and repair the damage. He is the only man allowed to go alone through the Park in winter, and he has had some rough and dangerous experiences. When the soldiers of the out-stations wish to report to the Post they go to the nearest hotel, perhaps fifteen, perhaps forty miles, and telephone in, if the telephone happens to

from the Post, and as I was the guest of Capt. Anderson at the Post, of course I learned the news at once, and at once put it on the wire for FOREST AND STREAM, which had the information within twelve hours of the capture, which later had occurred 2,000 miles away in the roughest part of the Rocky Mountains, and four days’ journey from the nearest telegraph station, by the only possible means of travel. The next day FOREST AND STREAM was represented in Washington. Within thirty days the Lacey bill had passed the House. To FOREST AND STREAM, born under a lucky, as well as an energetic, star, will be due more than to any other one agency the thanks of the public for the ultimate preservation of one of the public’s most valuable heritages. No other paper has made the fight for the Park that this one has, and it deserves the utmost success which now seems certain to attend it. When the people finally come to look upon an undivided National Park, and one tenanted once more with some specimens at least of its grand though vanishing animals, they may thank all the men who nobly and fearlessly worked for that and so carried out the actual will of the people—they may thank all these friends of intelligence and justice and public honor and decency; but they will have only one newspaper on earth to thank, and that one will be FOREST AND STREAM.

### Capt. Anderson’s Story.

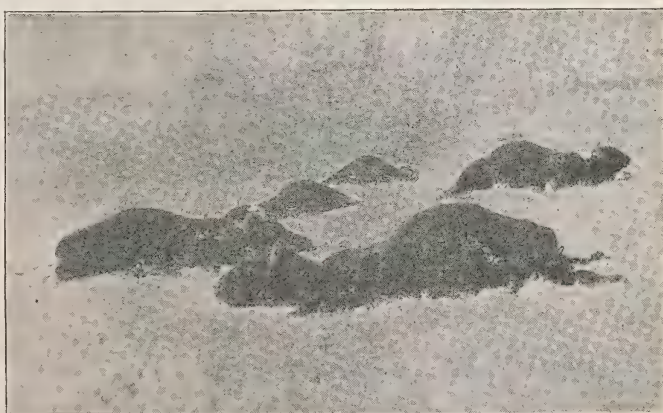
When Capt. Anderson came in after hearing the news of this capture, he was positively jubilant through every inch of his 6ft. 3in. of muscular and military humanity. He couldn’t sit still, he was so glad.

It was some time before I could get from him the story of the plans leading up to the capture.

“I knew that Howell had been in the Park,” said he, “and had an idea that he was over on Pelican Valley somewhere. I sent Burgess in after sign once before this winter, but Burgess broke his axe and had to come back. I told Burgess this time that I wanted him to come back this time with a whole axe and a whole prisoner, if possible. I knew that Howell had come out of the Park for supplies, not long ago. He came out from Cooke City, where he hails from. He brought out his toboggan, and took back a load of supplies with him. I knew he must leave a broad trail, and knew that if Burgess could strike his trail and follow it into the Park, not out of it, he could catch him sure. Burgess has been scouting on Pelican, as directed. He says, by telephone, that he found the trail early in the morning, and followed it till he found a cache of six buffalo heads, hung up in the trees. Then he followed the trail a good distance till he found Howell’s tepee. While he was there he heard shots. Approaching carefully, he saw Howell skinning out the head of one of five buffalo he had just killed. Making a careful run over the 400yds. of open ground between Howell and the timber he got the drop on Howell. Burgess had with him no one whatever but one private, Troike, who was not armed and who stayed back in the timber. Capt. Scott, Lieut. Forsyth and party were at the Lake Hotel not engaged in this scout at all. I must say that Burgess’s action has been in every way highly courageous and commendable, and I shall be glad to commend him publicly. He made his arrest alone and brought his man into the Lake Hotel to report for orders. I have ordered him to bring his prisoner on in to the Post as quickly as he can. To-morrow I start out a party on snowshoes from here to bring in all the heads and hides of the buffalo killed. I have ordered Howell’s tepee and supplies burned. His arms and outfit will be confiscated, and I will sock him just as far and as deep into the guard-house as I know how when I get him, and he won’t get fat there, either. That is all I can do under the regulations. I shall report to the Secretary of the Interior and in due course the Secretary of the Interior will order me to set the prisoner free. There is no law governing this Park except the military regulations. There is no punishment that can be inflicted on this low-



THE BUTCHER’S WORK.



THE BUTCHER’S WORK.

Howell buffalo slaughter marks an epoch, the turning point, let us hope, in the long course of a cruelly wasteful indifference on the part of the United States Government in the matter of one of the most valuable possessions of the American people—a possession growing yearly less and less through this indifference, and which as it has grown less has increased in value, since when once destroyed, it can never by any human power be replaced. Had not FOREST AND STREAM been born under a lucky as well as an energetic star, it could not have enjoyed the journalistic good fortune of having a man right on the spot—and a most remote and improbable spot, too—to obtain exclusively for its service this most important piece of news. Now that we are out of the mountains, the first opportunity offers to give the story in accurate detail.

### The Telephone Carries It.

Capt. Anderson, the best superintendent the Park ever had, and one good enough to be retained there for an indefinite term, is a thoroughly fearless and energetic man, and disposed to do all that lies in his power, with the lim-

be running. Burgess, the only scout whom the munificent U. S. Government provides for the protection of this peerless domain—a domain which any other power on earth would guard jealously as a treasure vault—makes scouts from time to time in all directions through the Park, traveling of course on snowshoes. He may sleep and get supplies at some one of the out-stations, or of one of the three winter keepers of the hotels, or it may be that he will hole up for the night in one of the several shacks built at certain secluded portions of the mountains for this purpose; still again, he may have to lie out in the snow, perhaps without a blanket, perhaps with nothing to eat. This all depends on circumstances. A poacher’s trail has to be followed hard and sharp, with no let-up and no returning. It was fortunate for Burgess that he caught his man within a day’s march of the Lake Hotel. He brought him in to the Lake Hotel that day and at once telephoned to Capt. Anderson, commanding officer at the Post, Mammoth Hot Springs. The message was received at the Post about 9:30 in the evening, Monday, March 12. This was just before Hofer and I started into the Park

down fellow. I only wish I had the making of the law and the devising of the penalty. I’ll bet you this man wouldn’t soon go at large if I did have.”

### Scout Burgess’s Story.

This was Capt. Anderson’s story of the plan that led to the capture, a plan evidently wise and well laid. But how wide a difference there remained between this plan and the actual arrest I never knew until I had seen the Park itself in all its immensity, its impenetrableness, its forbidding and awful regions of forest, precipice and crag, until I had traversed with weary feet some of those endless miles of bottomless snow; until I learned how utterly small, lonely and insignificant a man looks and feels in the midst of solitude so vast, so boundless, so tremendous and so appalling. Then I knew that the man Howell was in his brutal and misguided way a hero in self-reliance, and that Scout Burgess was also in courage and self-reliance a hero, nothing less. Howell, or any like him, I hate instinctively, but I salute him. To Burgess the salute will come more easily from any man who knows



the facts and knows what a winter trail in the Rockies means.

Burgess's story of the capture, as told by himself, simply and modestly, would make it out no great thing. This story I heard from Burgess himself at Norris Station, which point he had reached, coming out with his prisoner at the same time the FOREST AND STREAM party made it, going in. We spent the night there together.

"I expect probably I was pretty lucky," said he. "Everything seemed to work in my favor. I got out early and hit the trail not long after daybreak. After I had found the cache of heads and the tepee, over on Astringent Creek, in the Pelican Valley, I heard the shooting, six shots. The six shots killed five buffalo. Howell made his killing out in a little valley, and when I saw him he was about 400 yds. away from the cover of the timber. I knew I had to cross that open space before I could get him sure. I had no rifle, but only an army revolver, .38 cal., the new model. You know a revolver isn't lawfully able to hold the drop on a man as far as a rifle. I wouldn't have needed to get so close with a rifle before ordering him to throw up his hands. Howell's rifle was leaning against a dead buffalo, about 15 ft. away from him. His hat was sort of flapped down over his eyes, and his head was toward me. He was leaning over, skinning on the head of one of the buffalo. His dog, though I didn't know it at first, was curled up under the hindleg of the dead buffalo. The wind was so the dog didn't smell me, or that would have settled it. That was lucky, wasn't it? Howell was going to kill the dog, after I took him, because the dog didn't bark at me and warn him. I wouldn't let him kill it. That's the dog outside—a bob-tailed, curly, sort of half-shepherd. It can get along on a snowshoe trail the best of any dog I ever saw, and it had followed Howell all through the journey, and was his only companion.

"I thought I could maybe get across without Howell seeing or hearing me, for the wind was blowing very hard. So I started over from cover, going as fast as I could travel. Right square across the way I found a ditch about 10 ft. wide, and you know how hard it is to make a jump with snowshoes on level ground. I had to try it, anyhow, and some way I got over. I ran up to within 15 ft. of Howell, between him and his gun, before I called to him to throw up his hands, and that was the first he knew of any one but him being anywhere in that country. He kind of stopped and stood stupid like, and I told him to drop his knife. He did that and then I called Troike, and we got ready to come on over to the hotel. It was so late by the time I found Howell—you see he was a long way from his cache or his camp—that we didn't stop to open up any of the dead buffalo. We tried to bring in some heads, but we found we couldn't, so we left them.

"Howell had been in camp over there for a long time. I only found 6 heads cached. He wrapped them up in gunny sacks and then hoisted them up in trees so the wolves couldn't get at them. He had a block and tackle, so that he could run a heavy head up into a tree without much trouble. He was fixed for business.

"Howell said to me that if he had seen me first, I 'would never have taken him.' I asked him why, and he said, 'Oh, I'd have got on my shoes and run away, of course.' I don't know what he meant by that, but he'd have been in bad shape if he had, unless he had taken his rifle along, for I had already found his camp."

#### Howell's Story.

Howell was, we found, a most picturesquely ragged, dirty and unkempt looking citizen. His beard had been scissored off. His hair hung low on his neck, curling up like a drake's tail. His eye was blue, his complexion florid. In height he seemed about 5 ft. 10 in. His shoulders were broad, but sloping. His neck stooped forward. His carriage was slouchy, loose-jointed and stooping, but he seemed a powerful fellow. Thick, protruding lips and large teeth completed the unfavorable cast of an exterior by no means prepossessing. He was dressed in outer covering of dirty, greasy overalls and jumper. He had no shoes, and he had only a thin and worthless pair of socks. He wrapped his feet and legs up in gunny sacking, and put his feet when snowshoeing into a pair of meal sacks he had nailed on to the middle of his snowshoes. The whole bundle he tied with thongs. His snowshoes (*skis*) were a curiosity. They were 12 ft. long, narrow, made of pine (or spruce), Howell himself being the builder of them. The front of one had its curve supplemented by a bit of board, wired on. All sorts of curves existed in the bottoms of the shoes. He had them heavily covered with resin to keep the snow from sticking to them. To cap the climax he had broken one shoe while in the Park—a mishap often very serious indeed, as one must have two shoes to walk with, and otherwise cannot walk at all. With the ready resources of a perfect woodsman, Howell took his axe, went to a fir tree, hewed out a three-cornered splice about 5 ft. long, nailed it fast to the bottom of his broken shoe, picked out some pieces of resin, coated the shoe well with it, and went on his way as well as ever. He said he could travel as far in a day on those shoes as any man in the party could with any other pair, and I presume that is true. Moreover, Howell pulled a toboggan behind him all the way from Cooke City with a load of 180 lbs. None of us could pull a toboggan behind *skis*, and we would not wear web shoes. Howell's toboggan was 10 ft. long, and had wide runners, like *skis*. He said a flat-bottomed Canadian model toboggan was no good, as it pulled too heavy.

At the Cañon Hotel Howell ate twenty-four pancakes for breakfast. He seemed to enjoy the square meals of captivity. At Norris he was always last at table. He was very chipper and gay, and willing to talk to the officers, Capt. Scott and Lieut. Forsyth, on about any subject that came up, though the officers mostly looked over his head while he was talking. He was apparently little concerned about his capture, saying, as I have already mentioned, that he stood to make \$2,000, and could only lose \$26.75. He knew he could not be punished, and was only anxious lest he should be detained until after the spring sheep shearing in Arizona. He is an expert sheep shearer, sometimes making \$10 and \$15 a day. He has money always, and was not driven to poaching by want or hunger.

"Yes," Howell said, in reply to our questions, "I'm going to take a little walk up to the Post, but I don't think I'll be there long. About my plans? Well, I haven't arranged any plans yet for the future. I may go back into the Park again, later on, and I may not. No, I

will not say who it was contracted to buy the heads of me. I had been camped over on Pelican since September. It was pretty rough, of course. If you don't think it's a hard trail from Cooke City to Pelican Valley, you just try pulling a toboggan over Specimen Ridge.

"If I'd seen Burgess first, he'd never had arrested me. I'd have got away from him. It was so windy and stormy, I never heard him till he got right up against me and hollered for me to put up my hands. He was sort of blowin', and was nervous like. I see I was subject to the drop, so I let go my knife and came along."

#### Private Larsen's Story.

Larsen, one of the men Capt. Anderson sent in with our party, talked with Howell later in the day, when most of us were away, and Howell was freer with him. Larsen says that Howell told him he had been camped in the Park since September and that at first he had a partner, a man by name of Noble, but that they had a falling out and he run Noble out of the camp. Noble went out at the south end of the Park, not going back to Cooke City. Howell said there was nothing in being arrested, they couldn't do anything to him. Howell also said he "supposed them — fellers would want to get a photograph of him in the morning, but he wasn't going to let them." (Nevertheless, one had already been made of him and in the morning I got a shot at him without his consent, while he was stooping over and fastening his shoes. He tried to spoil the picture by rising and coming toward me. He had told me previously that he would not have any pictures taken and I was sorry to be so impolite about it. Capt. Scott, who had at that time gone on down the trail with Lieut. Forsyth, had said to me that if I preferred it he would give me the privilege of photographing Howell standing on his head. On the whole I believe that would have been nicer, if Howell could have been induced to look pleasant. The negative is not yet developed, but my impression is that he wasn't looking so very pleasant over the surreptitious FOREST AND STREAM shot at him.)

#### The Butcher's Work.

The party sent out by Capt. Anderson to bring in the heads and hides of the slaughtered buffalo consisted of Sergt. Kellner and two privates. They passed the incoming party between Norris and the Cañon, and pushed on down at a hot pace to the remote corner of the Park where the butchery took place. The second day out from Norris found them near the spot, but it was two days later before the animals were found, a fall of snow having covered them up, and Troike, the private who was with Burgess at the capture, having lost his head entirely about the localities. If it was so hard a spot to locate among the interminable mountains, even after a man had been there but a few days before, how much harder must it be to locate a poacher whose whereabouts is not known at all, but who has the whole great winter wilderness of the Park to surround him and his doings? The only wonder is that arrests can be made at all, where the country is so great and so difficult, and the special police of the Park limited to just one scout. The need of more scouts is too apparent to require comment.

When finally the butcher's work had been found again, it was learned that most of the robes and some of the heads were ruined for lack of proper care, Howell having been stopped too early in his work for this. The scene of the butchery was a sad sight enough for any one who has the least thoughtfulness in his make-up. The great animals lay slaughtered in the deep snow in which they had wallowed and plunged in their efforts to escape. To run up to them on the *skis* and to shoot them down one by one—only six shots to kill the five buffalo outright—was the work of the clumsiest butcher. In the snow these animals are absolutely defenseless. Howell could have killed more of the band, if there had been more, and he would not have stopped had there been more to kill. As I shall show later, I think he had killed far more than the eleven head discovered. I think his partner, Noble, left the camp of his own free will, and took out a load of heads at the lower end of the Park. I do not consider it impossible, from news I had after I left the Park, that Howell took out some heads with him when he went out to Cooke City after supplies. As FOREST AND STREAM has said, he was killing cows and calves in this last killing. He had been in camp since September, and he was killing cows and calves. I cannot evade the belief that he would kill any buffalo he could get to. He could prepare and hang up a good many in five months.

The heads and the available robes were brought first into the Lake Hotel. Capt. Anderson sent another party over the long trail from the Post, and the spoils were finally received at the Post the first week of April. The capture of Howell had required two trips by Burgess, aggregating 250 to 300 miles, one trip by the first detail of three men, nearly 150 miles, and a final trip of a little less than the latter distance by the detail who carried in the plunder. The heavy heads and hides all had to be packed in on the backs of the men. Every foot of the way had to be traveled on snowshoes. No men but just these hardy ones could do this work. For a time the Park had more men in it than it ever had in winter time before. The stir was all over this miserable specimen of humanity who was heartless enough to kill all he could of the few remaining buffalo left alive on earth to-day. These bare words convey no idea whatever of the hardships and dangers incurred in the winter patrolling of the Park. To criticize the military, or to say that Capt. Anderson should have caught the fellow sooner, is to display a total ignorance of the conditions, and to be absurdly unjust as well as ignorant. For such ignorance and injustice we must look first in just the quarters where it should not exist. Nowhere can we find an ignorance and indifference on this subject equal to that which has so long existed in the halls of Congress. It is time the change should come.

#### No Penalty.

Let us remember, then, first, that Howell was killing cows and yearlings; second, that the few buffalo left are helpless when pursued in the snow; third, that for a crime of this sort Congress provides no penalty! As this is written the word comes that the Secretary of the Interior has ordered the release of Howell from custody. On this old basis he can now go into the Park again and kill more buffalo, and have another hunt made after him by the U. S. Army. Let us hope that by the time this shall be in print there will have been a new basis established by Congress, so that such villainy as this shall ob-

tain a punishment, prompt, adequate and just. Kill a Government mule and try what the U. S. Government will do to you. Yet a mule can be replaced. A buffalo cannot be replaced. This is the end. But kill a Government buffalo, and what does the U. S. Government do? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! This is the old basis. Let us sincerely hope that the new basis will come soon and that it will be widely different. Gentlemen of Congress can surely only need to have the matter called to their attention, and this has been done in the various measures this year submitted by the members who know the facts.

In a later article I shall advance the facts on which I base the firm belief that half the buffalo of the Park have been killed, and that not over 200 now remain alive. The Howell killing above described has been only a part of the total. Nineteen head were killed by Indians southeast of the Park last fall. Seven heads were offered to a Bozeman taxidermist for sale (not of these 19 heads) from Idaho this winter. We found what we supposed to be 6 or 8 dead buffalo in the Hayden Valley. I have track of several other heads that have this year appeared in Montana towns. No one knows how many heads have been quietly bought by Sheard or another Livingston taxidermist. Certain it is, that the traceable total of buffalo killed this year in the Park is alarmingly, appallingly large. There are not very many more now left to kill.

#### The Snowshoe Trail.

The method of work in scouting for a poacher is simple if arduous. The scout must know the country and the course likely to be taken in the Park. He circles to cut the trail of the man he wants. The snowshoes leave a deep, plain trail on any ordinary snow (except crust), and this will remain for weeks. Even if covered by later snow, the trail will eventually become evident again. The trail packs the snow under the line of the shoes. In the spring when the snow begins to melt, a snowshoe trail will not melt and sink, but will show up in the form of a little ridge above the level of the snow, the other snow melting and sinking below it. The poacher can get in in no possible way but on snowshoes, and he cannot travel without leaving a trail which for the rest of the season will endure, though part of the time it may be invisible under new snow.

#### A Plucky Scout.

I can not leave this description of the Howell capture without mentioning one fact showing the indomitable grit of the scout Burgess who brought Howell in. We were all looking out over the trail when Burgess and his prisoner came in sight. Howell, of course, was ahead, but we noticed that Burgess was limping very badly. How he was able to travel at all was a wonder. When he got in by the fire he said nothing, but took off his heavy socks, showing a foot on which the great toe was inflamed and swollen to four times its natural size. The whole limb above was swollen and sore, with red streaks of inflammation extending up to the thigh. How the man ever walked I can not see. I noticed that Burgess had lost the two toes next to the great toe, and that the scar of the cut ran half way through the great toe. He told me, quietly, that the Crow Indians did that for him. They made him put his foot on a log, and amused themselves by cutting off his toes, taking two off clean and nearly cutting off the great toe. Since then the circulation had been bad in that member, and he had frozen it more than once. It had been frozen again on this trip, and was now in bad shape. Yet in spite of this injury, which would have disabled most men, Burgess passed the evening calmly playing whist, and the following morning again took the trail, making the twenty miles to the Post before evening, and delivering his prisoner safely. The post surgeon, Dr. Gandy, after making examination of Burgess's foot, at once amputated the great toe, thus finishing what the Indians had less skillfully begun some years before.

E. HOUGH.

609 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### RAMBLING IN WYOMING.

[Concluded from page 354.]

WHEN Yellowstone Park was reached all guns were sealed and all fresh uncooked meat was taken from us before we were allowed to proceed. A spool of Uncle Sam's proverbial red tape was produced, several turns of which were passed around the stock and lever of each gun and securely tied, the knot being sealed and stamped. To use the gun without disturbing this seal was impossible. The seals were carefully examined at every military station we passed, and had any been found broken the gun would have been confiscated. The Park is of great interest to every hunter; it is a vast breeding ground for large numbers of deer and elk, and some 600 buffalo; thus the outlying country is continuously stocked and hunting will always be good.

It is entirely mountainous and densely timbered with pine and spruce; its mountains are not rough and precipitous, and but for the timber, traveling in any direction would be easy; so dense are the woodlands and so extensive and impassable are the "windfalls" that one finds it very difficult to travel even on horseback.

The Government has obviated this difficulty by building good roads throughout the Park; they are broad, of easy grade, and well kept. Every point of interest can be reached on these beautiful highways.

Fifteen miles north of Snake River station we reached Lewis Lake, the source of the Lewis Fork of Snake River, where were found a camp of twenty men building a Government road from West Thumb, on Yellowstone Lake, to the Park's southern limits, a distance of twenty-five miles.

Lewis Lake is a splendid body of water, nearly round, covering about four square miles, surrounded by a dense forest growing to its very edge and veing with the famous Blue Lakes of California in the blueness of its waters.

Ten miles northward Yellowstone Lake was sighted, a body of water fifteen by twenty miles, much resembling the human hand in shape, and about 8,000 ft. above the sea level. It is the largest body of water in America at such an altitude.

The point touched was an arm of the lake called "The Thumb." The hotel syndicate had erected here a large tent in which was a restaurant and sleeping apartments for the accommodation of travelers. Here was seen the genuine tourist; it was a common sight to see him with one optic carefully protected by a round glass and carrying a pair of opera glasses and a kodak. On one occasion



the amusing spectacle was presented of the timid tourist viewing at close range a harmless looking hot spring with his carefully-adjusted opera glasses and seeming fearful lest at any moment it might "bust."

The borders of the lake contain numerous hot springs, the temperature of whose waters ranges from 180 to 190°; several of these springs and paint-pots are located at "The Thumb," some have an intermittent overflow, their contents rising and falling like the bosom of a sleeping giant. Many of the springs are in the edge of the lake, the disturbance of the water indicating their presence. Within a few feet of the lake's edge is an immense hot spring 20ft. in diameter; its waters are placid but very hot; and its perpendicular walls are covered with sulphate of copper, giving to its contents a beautiful blue color and yet not marring its crystal clearness. Stepping to its edge and looking down one can see to the appalling depth of 60ft. and yet fail to see the bottom hid in its azure depths.

Four or five hundred feet from the edge of the lake is one of the most famous paint pot basins in the Park; by many it is considered the prettiest to be seen. This paint pot is a flat basin 50ft. in diameter, its edges being slightly raised and containing a seething mass of finely colored clay. Each boiling point is surrounded by a series of zones of many colors from cream white to red; every hue of the rainbow can be seen, the most attractive tints being the pink, red and pale blue.

Yellowstone Lake, as do most of the streams in the Park, contains speckled trout, and the reputation of the Park as a fine fishing ground is world-wide; but he who has not cast a fly in the famous waters of Kern River, California, or stood on the banks of the lovely, peaceful Ten Sleep and the joyous Paint Rock in the Big Horn Mountains, knows little of the pleasures of trout fishing. Fish in the lake are not plentiful and are nearly all diseased; split open the flesh along the spine and you find it infested by myriads of small worms. With the exception of a few of these parasites attached just behind the forward fins the fish appears healthy. The diseased condition of these fish may perhaps be accounted for by the presence in the water of large quantities of alum, lime, sulphur and copper.

Nineteen miles from the Thumb in a westerly direction lies the Upper Geyser Basin, and thither we proceeded, traveling over the beautiful highway recently constructed by the Government. Three miles this side of the Basin is to be seen the prettiest geyser in the Park, the Lone Star. The cone of this geyser is 12ft. across the base, tapering gradually toward the summit, which is 8ft. across. In the center of this cone's summit is the crater, an irregular oblong opening 2 by 3ft., and from which there issues every half hour a column of hot steam and water to a height of 60ft., the eruptions being accompanied by tremendous hissing, thundering sounds, which are heard at a great distance. The beauty of this geyser is in its attractive cone, bearing stripes of brown, yellow, lavender and red, and being thickly covered from summit to base with a variety of beautiful pearl-like beads.

A short distance from this geyser runs the pretty stream called Firehole River. In it Mr. Broder caught a number of the famous Loch Leven trout imported from Scotland. These fish deserve more than a passing mention. Their average length is 6 to 7in. The belly is a light gray, and the sides are dotted by a number of bright carmine spots upon a greenish background, each spot being encircled by a distinct zone of delicate blue, while the back of the fish is marked by a number of dark wavy lines, strongly resembling those seen in a "stub and twist" shotgun barrel. Holding the fish in the hand and occasionally changing its position, a number of rich colors are given; now it appears covered with a sheen of silver, then green; a slight change of position and it is all carmine or blue.

The Upper Geyser Basin has an area of three or four square miles and is drained by Firehole River. A large hotel provides accommodations for tourists. This basin contains twenty-six geysers and about 400 hot springs. Within this narrow domain are the grandest and mightiest geysers in the world.

Here are seen hundreds of pools of scalding water, whose varied tints of color, immense size and appalling depth make them universal wonders.

The Basin is almost devoid of vegetation; clouds of white vapor hang like a canopy above it; upon every hand columns of hissing steam shoot upward; the air is filled with sulphurous fumes; the earth trembles and is filled with weird, awful sounds. It is a realization of Dante's Inferno.

The most popular and one of the most remarkable geysers is Old Faithful. Once every sixty-five minutes, year after year, with unvarying regularity, this remarkable curiosity gives a free exhibition to all who lend their presence. About five minutes preceding an eruption a tremendous rumbling is heard, a quantity of water is thrown out and the geyser shows signs of great agitation; all seems quiet for a time. Suddenly, with the shock of a cannon, a column of water two feet in diameter is thrown to a height of 150ft., where it remains stationary for five minutes. A geyser is due to the presence of a large steam chamber at a considerable distance beneath the surface of the ground, whose outlet passes through a body of water; the steam accumulates in the chamber until its pressure is sufficient to force out the water.

Some other remarkable geysers of the Upper Basin are the Beehive, Giantess and Giant. The Giant plays every six days at intervals of two hours, its eruptions reaching a height of 250ft.

Lower Geyser Basin, eight miles away, was the next point of interest. We passed numerous hot springs and geysers, the most noteworthy being Excelsior. This geyser was discovered in 1871, but it was not until 1881 that it was found to be the powerful geyser that it is. Its crater is 400ft. long by 200ft. wide and filled with water of a deep blue color in a state of great agitation. The eruptions occur once every five to eight years, at intervals of one to two hours, during which water enough is thrown out to raise Firehole River several inches; columns of water are thrown 250ft. high and tons of rock are hurled into the air, some pieces falling 500ft. from the crater. Lower Geyser Basin is a large valley of thirty or forty square miles and containing over six hundred hot springs and seventeen geysers. They do not compare in size and interest to many of those already described.

The Yellowstone Park Association have erected a fine hotel here. Eighteen miles northeast we entered Norris

Geyser Basin, occupying an area of six square miles and containing numerous hot springs and geysers that bear trifling interest to one who has visited the upper basin.

From Norris Basin a side trip of 11 miles almost due east was taken to see the great falls and grand cañon of the Yellowstone, and though the journey was made in a storm of snow, rain and wind, each felt greatly compensated for his trouble. The falls are 18 miles below Yellowstone Lake. Here the Yellowstone, a stream the size of Big Kern River, plunges into a cañon 7 miles long and 1,500 to 2,000ft. deep. The river suddenly contracts from a width of 200ft. to 75ft., and makes an awful leap of 360ft. The solid sheet of water as it pours over the precipice bears a beautiful green color that is soon displaced by one of snowy whiteness as the mass in its descent breaks into fine spray, which, striking upon the boulders beneath, rises in fine mist high against the majestic walls of the cañon, where it condenses and returns in innumerable silvery streams. Beautiful and grand is the cañon below the falls, and upon this occasion it was seen under the most charming conditions. A light snow had just fallen and the highly colored walls were dappled with pure white, while far, far below ran the beautiful Yellowstone, now seeming but a tiny silvery ribbon and not the great river which a moment before rushed so madly over the precipice.

To the Californian the weather was now quite cold, the ground being covered with 4 to 6in. of snow. We began casting about for a more congenial climate; visions of sunny California rose up before us, and we determined to bid adieu to the Park.

A journey of 30 miles brought us to a small town called Cinnabar just outside of the northern boundary of the Park, it being the terminus of the Park branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad. And when near this point we effected a sale of our outfit, save personal effects, at a price slightly above cost, our joy knew no bounds. Four or five days' travel by rail brought us home, having made the entire journey in 90 days, 800 miles of which was accomplished on horseback. T. J. PATTERSON.

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## Natural History.

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### "THE BIRDS OF ONTARIO."

In the recent bibliography of North American ornithology few local lists have more importance or are more frequently quoted than those of Mr. McIlwraith, of Hamilton, whose last contribution, "The Birds of Ontario," has just been published, brought up to date.

It was in 1860 that the author published his list of the birds of Hamilton, which half a dozen years later was printed in the "Bulletin of the Essex Institute," and then included 241 species. The list attracted much attention, and was at once valued at its true worth. As time went on the field of Mr. McIlwraith's observations was broadened, and in 1885 he read before the Hamilton Literary and Scientific Association an extended paper on the birds of Ontario, and this paper was published in book form the following year under the auspices of the Hamilton Association. The original volume was modest enough, but ornithologists were quick to recognize that it was full of valuable information. It has been long out of print, and to those who do not possess a copy is accessible only in libraries.

It is interesting to observe the growth of this list from its first modest beginning, covering the avifauna of a single town, to its present proportions—a book of more than 400 pages, covering the area of a great Province.

The recent announcement that a new edition of this useful work would soon appear was received with satisfaction by all ornithologists and collectors, and it is gratifying now to have the volume before us from the press of Wm. Briggs, of Toronto, Can.

The region where Mr. McIlwraith has conducted his investigations is on many accounts a most interesting one, for here species of the far north sojourn in winter, while many southern birds breed there in summer or occur as stragglers far away from their real homes. It possesses in a peculiar degree advantages for birds of the north and of the south at their proper seasons. We can well understand, therefore, that so keen an observer as Mr. McIlwraith, whose observations have been extended over many years, would give us a most interesting list of birds as well as one much larger than was to be expected. This we find to be the case; no less than 317 species being enumerated in this handsome volume of 426 pages.

Each species mentioned is described briefly but characteristically, its habitat is given, and the position and material of its nest, together with the number of eggs and their color. Then follow the author's notes on the species, sometimes brief, but at others extended through a length of three or four pages.

The classification and nomenclature used are of course the most modern, and correspond with the A. O. U. check list of North American birds. The notes on the different species are, as was to be expected, of very great interest, and will be read by every one who is interested in birds.

Many surprises will await the reader of these pages. Species like Cory's bittern, the black rail, the ruff, Richardson's grouse, rock ptarmigan, Audubon's caracara and the summer tanager seem quite out of place in Ontario, and some of these records greatly extend the limits of particular species. On the authority of a less experienced observer than Mr. McIlwraith we should hardly credit the occurrence of a form of the blue grouse from the neighborhood of the Sault Ste. Marie.

A very important though small fraction of the book is its introduction. The four or five pages which treat of our birds and their habits are very interestingly written and are full of suggestion to the student. The subsequent pages on collecting and preparing specimens and nests and eggs are also extremely interesting and cannot fail to be most useful.

The volume is quite fully illustrated, many of the engravings being drawn by Mr. E. E. Thompson, while some are from ornithological works with which we are all familiar. There is at the end of the volume a glossary of technical terms used in the description, together with a good index.

The volume has distinctly been brought down to date and contains the results of many observations on different species of birds from all parts of the country. Among the works especially to be mentioned are Mr. E. E. Thompson's "Birds of Manitoba," Mr. E. W. Nelson's "Observations on Birds of Alaska," Dr. Fischer's "Hawks and Owls of the

United States in Relation to Agriculture," Capt. Bendire's "Life Histories of North American Birds," Mr. Davies's "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds," and Mr. Chamberlain's "Catalogue of Canadian Birds." All these works are spoken of in his preface by the author. On the whole, it may be said that Mr. McIlwraith has given us a volume of northern birds which is of great value.

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### JAGUARS AND DOGS.

(See "Jaguars in Honduras" in issue of April 7.)

JAGUARS are not really such bad neighbors as they might be; in fact, I am inclined to think that they are generally rather friendly, although one will sometimes act rather unpleasantly. As, for instance, when one lit on the back of one of our Waika lads as he was passing, with head bent low, beneath the branches which overhung the trail of the wares that he was hunting.

Jaguars—tigers they are called in tropical America—have a warm appreciation of the virtues of dogs; and if these had not keen noses, tongues ever ready to loudly voice objections to the near approach of the big felines, and wholesome respect for the sharp claws of their lithe foes, many if not most of the dogs of Central and South America would find snug quarters inside of the spotted skins. The dogs would not be safe even in the towns, for the tigers, like the mountain lions, travel far in a night, and do not greatly fear the near neighborhood of man.

He who was once Governor of a department of Honduras told me this story of an experience a dog of his had with a jaguar, as evidence that a tiger prefers dog to man:

"I left my canoe one day, when making a trip up the Rio Tinto, to cut across a narrow point while the crew paddled around the long bend, for a norther was blowing fresh and sitting in the pitpan was cold work. The trail across the point was pretty good, although it was walled by gamelote and by needle palms and other bushes much of the way."

The needle palms (*Bactris major*) are covered from root to extreme tip of midrib of every leaf by slender black thorns, their points as sharp as any needle. These enter the skin with perfect ease and break off quite as easily, therefore are things to be avoided. And gamelote is a grass which grows to a height of 6 to 8ft., so densely that iguanas often scurry away on the tops of the bending leaves and stalks. No man can make his way through a patch of this grass without cutting a path; but the thick-skinned tapir crushes through to his bath, and peccaries, tigers, pumas and other beasts of the forest follow the way thus opened, until in time it becomes worn into an established road which is only a leafy tunnel.

"A tiger suddenly jumped out of the grass into the trail before me," the Governor continued. "My heart struck the nails in my shoes, for the only deadly weapon nearer than the canoe was the penknife in my pocket."

"It's all up with you this time, my friend," said I to myself. But I needn't have been scared, for when she jumped, as she did before I could say "scat" to her, she merely brushed against my leg hard enough nearly to knock me down, and lit on my dog like a hawk on a June-bug. He gave just one little yelp as she swept on into the grass on the other side of the trail.

"I just tore along that trail back to the canoe—I knew that I would find it where I left it, and that the crew would be smoking, if they were not asleep. You may bet your life that I said things to myself about myself as I went, for being fool enough to go into the bush without gun or pistol, or even a machete to defend myself with."

"I got my revolver and went back with one of my Indians. The Paya stopped before we reached the place where the tiger had jumped the dog."

"Tigre there," said he, pointing to a big ceiba.

"We sneaked through the bushes perhaps thirty feet, then the Paya stopped and pointed ahead. There that tiger was, stretched on the ground, with her forepaws resting on the dog, growling to herself."

"Well, she never knew what hit her. She scarcely kicked once, but the .44 tore the skin on her head pretty badly." E. W. PERRY.

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### The Baby Caribou on the Stage.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last summer the FOREST AND STREAM published an account of the baby caribou which I had found and had taken home and given into the maternal charge of a cow, which had lost her calf. The little fellow sucked for a fortnight, until it got so strong and showed the caribou nature and pawed the cow's bag with his fore feet, that they feared it might get injured when striking so hard, as the cow would look surprised.

He drank the milk of the cow all summer and was as healthy and happy as any of the domestic animals.

In the autumn I started from Maine for Boston with the little caribou. It stood the journey well and met with friends everywhere on the way. I only feared they would kill it with kindness. Children especially were delighted with it.

Mr. Crabtree, of the Park Theater, Boston, had been writing for it to appear on the stage in the play called "Venus." The little fellow went through his part well, and for his reward I gave him an apple. He was not afraid of the music and people, but seemed right at home.

To make a long story short, he is alive and well to-day and has every promise of a long life. He is very quick to learn tricks, and will jump over a pole, when held before him, as many times as you want him. He loves to be petted and fondled, and shows jealousy if I caress another animal before him. Once a little dog strayed into his yard. I petted the dog and gave him milk. The caribou showed temper and struck at me, for the first time, much to the amusement of the men looking on. They asked me to pet the dog again, which I did, when he showed the same disposition. I then petted him; and he ran his head under my coat front and forgot the insult. He is kind and gentle to every one, but has a preference for me; he loves to swim in the Charles River and enjoys a run when taken out. I shall have him in a park this summer, if I do not sell him.

I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Vanderbilt had no success with his caribou. They must have been captured when quite old and pined for their freedom. This one knows nothing about the woods and freedom. He is acclimated here and I feel confident that he would thrive in the Middle States as well as in Massachusetts. He is the cutest pet I ever knew, and can be taught easily. E. L. CHASE.



### Lynx and Wolverine.

LAKE BARROWS, Wyo.—In looking over one of the March issues of FOREST AND STREAM, I notice two short articles in regard to the lynx. One was by "Kelpie" and one by "R. S. B." I was surprised to hear that the Canada lynx was such a dangerous animal. For the last eight years I have captured from twelve to fifteen each year and never had one attack me yet, unless cornered, and there is very little fight even then. And you seldom ever see them, although they may be all around you in the timber. The wildcat (sometimes called bob cat in this country) will show considerable fight if cornered or wounded. They look very much like a lynx, excepting the feet, which are shaped like those of a domestic house cat, while the lynx's foot is large for the size of the animal. It is very well adapted for the deep, soft snow they have to travel in winter and for catching the northern hare, which is their principal food.

And by the way, J. G. Rich, in giving in FOREST AND STREAM a short history of the hare (*Lepus americanus*) claimed that there were none in the Western States. In the Rocky Mountain States, where there is timber, they are very plentiful.

You all can tell about your fighting animals, but I will put a wolverine against the best of them for his size, or twice his size, when it comes down to business. I have one now in confinement, and I had quite a time getting him there.

A year ago last January I was passing along on snowshoes near my camp when I noticed a lone elk lying down in the snow. On my coming near, it attempted to get up, but could not raise its forequarters. I thought I would find out the trouble. The snow near the elk for about an acre of ground was all tracked up by the elk, with a lot of wolverine tracks mixed in. On examining the creature I found a hole dug in the back over the backbone, where I could put my fist in. The cords or sinews along the back were entirely severed. It was plain to see that a wolverine had sprung upon her back, and while tearing round through the snow had clung to her and entirely crippled her, and I have no doubt that it would have killed the elk in a short time but for my coming along, as I saw his tracks where he ran away. It was a full grown cow elk in good flesh. To think of an animal not weighing over 25 lbs. to undertake such a job is wonderful indeed.

I killed the elk to put her out of misery and went and got a steel trap and set it, and got the wolverine the next time I went to the trap. MOUNTAINEER.

[The hare referred to by our correspondent is, we presume, the snowshoe rabbit (*L. americanus bairdi*). The prairie hare of the Western plains is a different species (*L. campestris*). We believe that the crippling of the cow elk by a wolverine is unexampled; certainly nothing like it has ever been recorded.]

### Black-Tail Antlers.

SPOKANE, Wash., April 21.—Editor Forest and Stream: We see in your issue of April 14 a letter from Geo. Soule saying that he has the head of a black-tail buck with antlers that spread 33 in., which he thinks a record-breaker. We have mounted two heads with 33 in. spread, and last December we mounted one for Wm. Timberlake, Lewiston, Idaho, that spread 36 in. We have mounted some hundreds, but never before saw its equal.

He certainly beats us with the mountain sheep; the largest we have handled was 16 in. We have heard hunters say that they have killed them 24 in., but we doubt it.

We also mounted a moose head some years ago which spread 5 ft. 10 in., and had 20 points on one horn and 21 on the other. We should like to hear of better. WITHERS BROS.

### Who Belled the Eagle?

AVOCA, N. C., April 16.—There have been on this plantation for a great number of years bald eagles that have occupied identically the same haunts and lighting places ever since I can remember. Within the past few weeks there has appeared among them one wearing a small bell, that we can hear ring very distinctly as the bird flies about the fields. I suppose it has been released by some one at some distant point. I would be glad to learn some thing of him, and assuming this the best channel to reach his former owner, I have dropped you these lines.

The flock of wild turkeys in front of my house are nesting in a field partially grown up in pine bushes and straw not over three-quarters of a mile from the house. I saw forty-three in one day in three flocks. W. R. C.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

### Wooden Ducks.

A. AND I had made plans for our annual fall shooting and were waiting to hear from old Sile, a veteran duck-hunter. At last we got a letter saying that he would meet us at a station not many miles from camp, with the canoes to transport ourselves and paraphernalia. When we arrived Sile was there and it did not take long to get the things into the canoes and start for the place where we were to camp for the next three weeks. After we had paddled along for some time, Sile brought his canoe alongside of ours and yelled, "What's in them bags you got there?" "Decoys!" "What's them?" "Wooden ducks!" "Jee-rusalem! What are they for?"

I then had to go into a detailed explanation of the use of decoys and after I had explained all about them to his satisfaction, he said, "Let's see one!" I handed him one and after a careful examination of it he said, "Do you suppose that a duck wouldn't know what that was? Why I'd know that thing myself, half a mile away."

By this time we had reached the shanty, and by the time that we had got the canoes empty and everything ship shape it was bed time, so that when we had made a good fire and crawled into our blanket bags, it did not take us long to get to sleep.

A. could not have slept very well, for just at daybreak he woke up Sile and me and told us that there were five or six ducks just over the dike about 25 yds. out. Sile jumped up, grabbed his musket and started off, and I followed with my Parker. When we reached the dike he asked me if I didn't want the shot. I told him that I would rather take them on the rise and for him to fire now if he

would rather have a whack at them sitting. We crawled to the back of the dike, carefully parted the grass, and looked out. There they were—six of them. I saw the long barrel of Sile's musket move slowly forward and then stop. Bang! and I jumped up to see if there were any left. Those ducks had never moved; they were sitting there just as complacently as if there wasn't a gun within several miles. I turned and looked at Sile, and I never saw a more bewildered looking face in my life.

Then we heard A.'s voice from behind us: "Mortally wounded the whole lot of them, didn't you, Sile? Say! I thought you'd know those 'wooden ducks' half a mile away!" The bewilderment cleared away from Sile's face; he didn't say much, but he looked an awful lot and went back to camp to get breakfast ready.

When we got back he had regained his usual good temper, which had been rather upset by A.'s trick. He didn't talk much during breakfast, but after we were through he "lowed that those 'coys of ours might be some good after all."

PROFESSOR FUNDY.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### IN FLORIDA FLAT WOODS.

WE started in the early afternoon with our packs—blankets, ammunition and grub—each man carrying his own, besides gun, going out over the hickory ridge about due west.

Through the scrub it was hard traveling, and with our loads pretty warm work. The dogs, Rowdy, a half-breed pointer, and Fannie, the hound, were ranging free, now and then jumping up a bunch of quail. Soon we noticed Rowdy, just ahead, give one of those peculiar high jumps with a sideways look of quick alarm, which indicates a snake, and cautioning him back we approached carefully a clump of saw palmetto and heard the lively singing of a diamond rattler's warning. Peering in, we saw him coiled up, and a charge of No. 7 shot from my gun cut him in two. He was not large, about 5 ft. long. Keeping on, we crossed the east fork of the St. Sebastian which was nearly dry, and soon after forded the south fork at an old deserted otter camp.

The view across country here was almost tropical. Wide stretches of everglades, or so-called "wet prairie," skirted and dotted here and there with pine and palmetto, in the distance looking like far away oases. Near at hand, in the tall grass bordering the water holes, herons and other semi-tropical birds. A little beyond here we observed many nests of fish-hawks or osprey in the forks of scattered high trees, the parent bird often on the nest and its mate flying about near by. In the deeper hammock, as we forced our way through, we startled small flocks of bright green parakeets which wheeled in a body above the tops of the tallest trees screeching and calling in concert.

At one place, as we filed along, an unusually large water moccasin 10 or 12 in. in circumference barely drew his lazy length to one side as we passed.

Toward sundown, as we were trudging over a rather wide grass prairie, we noticed just this side of the skirt of timber, on the further edge, some dark objects walking along by the slough grass, which the glass disclosed to be wild turkeys—a flock of five. Dropping our packs and holding the dogs back, Forster with his rifle crawled up slowly while they were feeding, apparently unalarmed, and obtained three shots at a long 100 yds., knocking one over, a large handsome hen turkey. Another that he fired at flew, evidently wounded, and the rest ran off through the high grass like race horses, disappearing in the direction of a distant wooded knoll.

Bagging the game and resuming our packs, we made for the nearest timber—a strip of pine and cabbage palmetto with plenty of downy timber (lightwood) at hand, and slough water near—and made camp for the night. A hearty supper of fried wild turkey, a pipe around the blazing camp fire, then Ferguson and I took the bullseye lantern and started out for a couple of hours' fire hunting; did not succeed in "shining" any eyes however.

Returning to camp we all rolled in our blankets, and with a bundle of dry palmetto fans for a pillow, and the beautiful canopy of a subtropical, starry sky overhead, soon fell asleep, lulled by the hoots of answering owls and the song of an occasional mosquito.

It was pretty cool in the night, but by getting up and putting on quantities of lightwood, we kept up a crackling fire and comfortable warmth.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast of turkey breast and coffee with Ferguson, I started westward toward Buck Branch, to see the country and hunt for deer. We were soon in the flat woods and pressed on for several miles, part of the way through a country as level and clean of undergrowth as a city park.

I got a couple of quail with right and left barrel, and blew the head off a horrible cotton-mouth moccasin snake. We saw no more turkeys. There were plenty of fresh deer signs, but came upon no deer until our return in the afternoon, when suddenly a large buck and half grown fawn jumped up from their lair in the saw-palmettoes and went sailing away through the woods and over the tops of the scrub, the buck showing his flag in fine style.

Ferguson tried two shots with his rifle, but evidently missed, and after following the trail a short distance and seeing no blood we soon gave them up and continued on our way toward camp.

Many strange tropical birds, egrets and other plumed birds were seen, but we did not attempt to bag any.

Coming to the Fort Drum wagon road, the old-time military trail of the Seminole war, we were a little in doubt whether our proper crossing was further north or south from the point at which we struck it; but as Ferguson seemed confident we ought to have crossed to the northward, we turned up the trail in that direction—soon, however finding by the unfamiliar appearance of the country about us, we were lost. Toward night we descried a cabin off to one side, and going to it found we were near the east-fork of the Sebastian at a home-stead claim, which we afterward learned had been some years before taken up by a cracker named Futch, and that we had been going in the wrong direction. No one was living there, but fortunately in the old barn we found a sack containing a little shelled corn. Filling our pockets with the corn, with which to keep our stomachs from getting faint and perhaps serve as our only article for supper, and getting a much needed rest

and refreshing drink from a spring near by, we retraced our steps, and after nightfall and a long weary tramp reached camp at last, where we found Forster somewhat anxious about us, keeping up a big fire and smoke to guide us back.

That night in camp it rained and we were quite wet, and as a consequence rather uncomfortable. But toward morning a generous fire soon made us all right.

In the morning Forster was anxious to go to the ground where we had seen the numerous deer tracks the day before, and so we broke camp, and all shouldering our packs, started out, Ferguson and I having pretty well recovered from the excessive fatigue of our tramp the day before.

After a long hot walk we again reached Buck Branch, near our stamping ground of the previous day, and in close view of what we had called the cypress mound.

As we were about to pick a spot for noon camp suddenly Rowdy jumped up a deer, and as he went bounding off we all dropped our packs and fired. But he kept right on with his mad career, apparently untouched.

The dogs and the other two men gave chase, but I stayed back, as my shotgun would stand no chance, and made camp, gathered together the scattered things which had been hastily dropped on sighting the quarry, built a fire for cooking dinner as quietly as I could, and then lay down to await their return with venison. Being very tired and warm, I stretched myself out on the needles under a big pine, and quickly dropped off into a nap. Meantime my companions had followed our deer a mile or so, and seeing no blood, were returning, and had approached me, just near enough, as they afterward said, to discern that my eyes were closed, when Rowdy, from the same spot where he started the other deer, jumped up a second, which had all this time quietly lain there in hiding.

I was aroused from my nap by Ferguson's shout in his West Virginia dialect, "Look yere! Thar's another one!" and sprang on to my feet, gun in hand, just in time to see the deer come out of the scrub bordering the creek. At the same instant Ferguson fired, and dropped him with a bullet through his neck. It was a fine young buck.

Then followed such a dinner as we enjoyed of venison, fried liver served hot, and sandhill crane's breast.

After noon it commenced to rain. Nevertheless, the other two started out for more deer in the direction they had fruitlessly gone at first.

Soon a very heavy shower, or succession of them, came up, and I was forced to build a shelter, a sort of shanty, using my rubber blanket about a frame of poles and palmetto leaves. Nevertheless that evening and night we were all well soaked. Next morning we started for Indian River, with the additional weight of deer meat to pack and the inconvenience of wading most all the way (about ten miles) through water from two inches to knee deep—the night's rainfall having flooded the flat woods, a characteristic feature of this section of Florida.

F. A. A.

### Was it Mr. Luther's Long Bow?

VICTORIA, Texas, April 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Willard L. Simpson, Secretary of San Antonio Gun Club, jumps on to Mr. O. C. Guessaz, the San Antonio representative of FOREST AND STREAM, with both feet for alleged unsportsmanlike slaughter of ducks. Well, on the face of it 802 does look like a lot of ducks, and if the party killed that number it was too many, but there are several things that should be considered before passing judgment on the party. In the first place, there is the probability of inaccuracy in the published account of the trip. In all likelihood the reporter for the Corpus Christi Caller got his information from Max Luther, who was a member of the party, and anyone who knows Max's skill and ability with the long bow would be very likely to give the party credit for a good big discount off the published figures. But suppose they had killed all the 802 ducks as stated, it is but 100 per day to the gun, and there are few good shots who have hunted to any extent in the Texas Coast country, but have at some time equalled or surpassed that score. The writer will not attempt to enter any plea in extenuation for Mr. Guessaz, believing him to be amply able to take care of himself in the premises, but there is another phase of the subject on which I wish to touch. Several years ago there was a State shoot at Antonio, under the auspices of the San Antonio Gun Club. Mr. Guessaz was a member of this club and if I mistake not Mr. Willard L. Simpson was then, as now, its secretary. Some shady work was attempted by some of the officers of the club in the disposition of a large cash prize that had been donated by a business firm. Mr. Guessaz discovered this attempt and denounced it in open and unmeasured terms, with the result that the San Antonio Gun Club was held up to the scorn and contumely of the sportsmen of the State, who manifested their appreciation of Mr. Guessaz's action by electing him president of the State Sportsmen's Association. Since that time Mr. Guessaz and the S. A. Gun Club have not slept in the same bed. The club withdrew from the State association, and Mr. Guessaz left the club. No doubt the reader has ere this discovered the "nigger in the wood pile" of Mr. Simpson's article. Mr. Guessaz has done more for the benefit of sport, sportsmen and preservation in this State, than Mr. Simpson and the entire "large body of sportsmen" of which he claims to be a member. In fact, if the latter have ever done anything at all in that direction the sportsmen of other portions of the State have yet to hear of it. The columns of FOREST AND STREAM are the proper place for showing up alleged sportsmen for violations of the unwritten laws of the fraternity, but communications should be made with only that end in view, and not for the gratification of personal feelings which the writers have toward the subjects thereof. GUADALUPE.

### A Large Flight of Geese.

ORIENT POINT, L. I., April 21.—On Sunday, the 15th, there was the heaviest flight of geese I ever saw. Quite a number of them lit in the bay and a few in the sound. As there are very few Sunday shooters in this section, they were not molested; and Monday morning found them again on their way toward the land of ice and snow. The entire week previous the wind had blown strongly from the northeast, which accounts for the massing together of the flight on the first calm day.

Black ducks have been scarce, but in very fine condition the past winter. The last one I dressed had a number of eggs in her, so I swore off until next fall. The law should protect them sooner than the 1st of May. W. L. T.



ENGLISH PHEASANTS.

THE following communication from Mr. John Brett, manager of Spratts' Kennels, Closter, N. J., will prove interesting and instructive reading to those who are interested in adding to the variety of American game birds. From information received from different sources I believe that there is quite a widespread interest and effort toward increasing the kinds of game birds and protecting what is left of the once abundance of native birds.

B. WATERS.

Mr. Brett writes: "I am very pleased to answer any questions I can regarding the English pheasant and their habits. Of all pheasants the old English black-necked bird is the best and hardest for stocking purposes. They are larger than the Chinese or Japanese, so-called Mongolian, pheasants, and do not stray or ramble half so far away."

"The old English bird will live through the coldest and roughest winter. They will live where quail and partridge starve. They set and raise their young well in the wild state. They do not fight or disturb any other game bird or their nests, but will protect their young like an old barnyard fowl."

"I have known often the English partridge and the red-leg partridge both to lay in a pheasant's nest, and at the finish the red-leg take possession of the nest. They are very fond of young plantations with cultivated fields round about. The cocks will take from three to four hens each in the wild state; about six hens to a cock when confined. They will take possession of a certain place where the hens will lay their eggs and breed, and stay round that section the whole season. Wherever you hear a cock pheasant crowing in the spring of the year, there his hens are and round that section they intend to breed."

"I am certain pheasants would do as well, or better, than quail in the South, if left alone and protected from the pot-hunter and vermin. The hen bird will fight like a demon to protect her young. Even in the wild state I have often lifted them off their nests, when they would fight like a tiger and return to the nest. They will always find plenty of food for themselves and young. They will eat almost anything. Acorns they are very fond of in winter; berries and such like they will eat. Nothing comes a miss to a pheasant."

"I should be pleased to see these best of all game birds introduced into this country, for I am sure no game bird would do better. I have bred and handled thousands of all kinds."

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

To the Sportsmen of Pennsylvania:

The officers of the Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association are very desirous of increasing their membership, and earnestly urge every shooting organization in the State to apply for membership at once.

A few of the reasons why every shooting organization in the State of Pennsylvania should become members of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association:

First—The organization is formed for the purpose of combining to secure proper legislation for the propagation and protection of game birds and animals.

Second—The consolidation of the shooters of the State means a power, and through it there is no reason why we should not receive an appropriation annually equal to that received by the State Fishery Commission for stocking our State with game.

Third—It makes every individual member of a club joining the Association a member of the organization, a game warden who will report to the officers of the Association any unlawful hunting or trapping. Thus it will be seen that the State will have thousands of men who will see that game is protected in accordance with the laws of this Commonwealth.

Fourth—It only costs, if you are a club or an association, \$5 to join, and your annual dues thereafter are \$1. If an individual, \$1, and annual dues 50 cents. The expense to a club is but a trifle, and the benefits to every true sportsman are incalculable. Send along the required fee, and let us by union of thought and action make the Association an honor to the State whose name it bears.

The committee on game laws are drafting an entire new set of game laws, and propose to send a copy of same to every club and association in the State, asking for their comments on the same; the matter will then come before the Association at their annual meeting, which will be held on Aug. 22, at Altoona, Pa., and a general discussion will be had on the subject and a regular bill will be adapted and placed before our next Legislature. In this manner it will be possible to draft a set of laws that will subserve the interests of the great majority of our sportsmen. The committee urgently ask the coöperation of every true sportsman in the State.

Application for membership should be made to Edward Banks, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa., or

N. A. HUGHES, Pres. (Williamsport, Pa.).

CARING FOR QUAIL.

MR. N. P. LEACH, of the Committee on Introduction of New Game, has issued to members of the Vermont Fish and Game League, the following instructions for those who propose to put out quail:

"The first thing to be considered is to secure strong, hardy birds from either West Virginia or Eastern Tennessee. Southern birds are smaller and much less hardy. The next to be considered, is your locality adapted for quail? The most desirable localities for quail in Vermont, are the pine plains in the lake towns, where there are thickets of white birch, sweet fern and briar, with low evergreens in the ravines and swamps. When you release your birds, select a warm day in May, and take them to some back road, or where the sand is exposed near a thicket. Take them out of their coops one by one, and thoroughly saturate them in a pail of lukewarm water; this will cause them to run and hide in the thicket, instead of starting for some distant locality. After the last bird has been released, retire with the coops as quickly and quietly as possible, and the birds will soon come out to the sand to dust and dry themselves, and thus become wonted and attached to the spot."

"The next thing is to provide shelter and food for your birds during the coldest stormy days of the coming winter. Get some farmer in the vicinity to put in a patch of buckwheat, and when ripe cut and stack it, with the tops

outward, in the edge of a thicket where the quail frequents. Drive down each side of the stack crotches; lay in poles and cover with brush to keep off the snow. This will furnish them food during the stormy days, when they cannot forage elsewhere. For shelter, they are best made beside a rail or brush fence by laying rails or poles side by side, one end on the ground and the other end raised 2ft. from the ground. Make this lean to 10 or 12ft. wide, put a layer of straw underneath, and cover with straw and brush. Also brush up the sides, excepting a hole about 2ft. square each side near the top end. If not built against a fence, also inclose the raised end with a wall of brush. If not convenient to make a buckwheat stack, feed for the birds should be placed every few days during the winter in the shelter that they most use. This food may consist of screenings, seeds of all kinds, corn, damaged wheat, etc. Their food should be placed in the shelters during the middle of the day so as to not disturb the birds in the morning or evening. With a moderate amount of food and shelter they will stand any amount of cold weather. Trap off all weasels and skunks, and shoot all prowling woods-cats found in the vicinity, and "Bob White" will flourish and be the merriest game bird in the country.

"To this it may be added that the planting of wild sun flower seed, which may be obtained in Colorado, furnishes an excellent food for quail."

Colorado State Association.

SALIDA, Col., April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the convention call sent out by the Salida Gun Club for April 6 to 9 the committee say: "In organizing a State Sportsmen's Association the object in view is to combine to assist in the protection of the game and fish of our State, and also to bring the lovers of rod and gun more closely together for the mutual goodfellowship and enjoyment of its members, both at our streams and in our woods, as well as at the trap and target. This association is not to be a political association in any sense of the word. We will work with our State game wardens to procure an enforcement of our laws and assist him in prosecuting all market, skin and head hunters, who may persist in breaking the laws, regardless of any political party he may hold office under, and we earnestly request a full attendance of all interested at the convention."

To this end a literary programme has been arranged for the three evenings. The papers, addresses and discussions, which will be interlarded with music, are as follows:

Opening address, by President Salida Gun Club, Peter Mulvan. "Fish and Game," by W. R. Callicotte, State Fish Commissioner and Game Warden. Discussion, "The Game of N. W. Colorado," by C. M. White, of Grand Junction. "The Preservation of Our Game," by Wm. Cardnell, of Glenwood Springs. "Brook Trout," by J. M. Schaeffer, of Aspen. "Fish Culture," H. D. Dean, of U. S. Fish Hatchery, Leadville.

Subjects for discussion: Fish Planting in Colorado, The Preservation of Trout, Game Protection, Game Associations, Organization. The secretary is Mr. C. L. Hoagland.

New Jersey Coast Shooting.

TUCKERTON, N. J., April 20.—Samuel A. Jones, of this place, killed on Saturday four sheldrakes. Samuel Smith, of Port Republic, killed twenty-one black ducks and sheldrakes.

J. W. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

HUDSON RIVER SALMON.

Give the Salmon in the Hudson a fair chance.—FOREST AND STREAM, June 10, 1893.

THE Mohican Rod and Gun Club, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has sounded the tocsin and boldly flung its banner from the outer walls, resolved to accomplish a purpose that will add luster to its renown in the years to come, and cause every sportsman in the land to rise up and call the Mohican blessed.

The first note in the campaign was sounded in Glens Falls, on Thursday evening, when Mr. A. N. Cheney, the president of the organization, read a paper before an open meeting of the club in Ordway Hall, to an audience which largely comprised the solid and representative men of the community. The paper was entitled "Salmon in the Upper Hudson," and it was an exhaustive analysis of the material benefits that would accrue to the people of the State from the building of fishways along the river above Mechanicville. Mr. Cheney's wide knowledge of his subject was aptly displayed by the able manner in which he brought out the strong reasons that exist for taking immediate action in the matter, and even the dry statistics of the financial returns to be derived from the presence of salmon in the Hudson were so startling in their nature that they became intensely interesting to the thoughtful people present.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Cheney was heartily congratulated by his townsmen on the brilliant success of his effort. The statement was repeatedly made to him that a knowledge of this matter awakened an immediate interest, and that apathy heretofore was largely due to ignorance as to the benefits to be derived.

To dispel this ignorance and awaken an active interest all over the State is the immediate aim and object of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club. It will use every means in its power to arouse a popular sentiment that shall culminate in the passage of a bill through the next Legislature providing for the building of these fishways, and in the successful furtherance of this object no effort will be spared, and the aid of every friendly influence will be earnestly sought.

With this avowed object in view, the Mohican Club asks the hearty co-operation of every kindred organization in the country. This is a matter, aside from its relation to the food supply and financial return to the State, that is of paramount importance to every sportsman, and it should awaken an enthusiasm that could easily be made productive of great results in the future. All sections of the State are signally interested in the successful fruition of this plan to provide fishways, and our organization feels confident that its efforts to bring it to an issue will meet with the hearty approval and indorsement of every lover of the kingly salmon.

C. H. BAXTER, Sec'y.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE WATERS.

CANADENSIS, Monroe county, Pa., April 25.—Trout are taking the fly at Canadensis and good catches are reported.

J. B. B.

TUCKERTON, N. J., April 20.—Capt. Jos. Shourds, of Tuckerton, caught with hook and line 41lbs. of winter flounders on Tuesday.

J. W. L.

The Mechanicsville, Pa., *Journal* reports of the opening day on trout: "Some of our fishermen started out long before daybreak for the trout streams and commenced fishing by the light of the moon. One lone fisherman started at midnight, and at half past twelve o'clock had caught his first fish, a beauty of 12in., but it likewise proved his only one, and with him the early business was a failure. The great majority of our Waltonians contented themselves with the trout streams in this vicinity, but several, bent on larger game, went to Newville and cast the fly, but only with partial success. It is strange what queer stories the opening of a fishing season will bring to the surface. Yesterday afternoon a fond wife said to her husband: 'Do you remember, dear, how many trout you caught on your fishing trip Monday?' The husband, unsuspecting of danger, replied blandly, 'Just twelve, and all beauties. Why?' 'Oh!' the wife replied, 'the bill only calls for six,' and exhibited to his astonished gaze the fish dealer's bill. This is only one of the stories, but it is sufficient to illustrate the methods adopted to shine as an expert fisherman."

WALTHAM, Mass., April 25.—There is a fish and game warden in this city, if the *Tribune* is correctly informed, and in spite of that fact fishing with a dip net, and in fact a drag net, has been going on near the mouth of the brook which runs down past the Roberts Paper Mill during the past week. A gentleman who was boating on the Charles, Sunday, tells the *Tribune* that he saw parties using nets at that place, and when he came away they had captured more than half a bushel of perch.—*Tribune*.

NORWICH, Conn., April 28.—Some good catches have been made in trout streams in this section of the State.

L. W. B.

BEECH CREEK, Clinton Co., Pa., April 26.—When the trout season came in, the streams in this vicinity were bank full. But at the present writing a good many fish are caught, notwithstanding the weather is very cool. Yesterday the streams were lined with fishermen. This was due to the strike of the coal miners near the streams; many men, being idle, put in their time fishing. The Beech Creek Railroad touches all the runs and tributaries from one end of Beech Creek to the other. The runs are all good trout streams. There is no clear lands within miles of them. Twin Run is about five miles long. A mile beyond is the Monument Run, length about the same as Twin. Three miles further west we find the Big Run, which with main stream and tributaries will measure twenty miles or more. Further west about three miles is Hayes's Run, a splendid stream for trout, is about eight miles. Next comes Panther Run, some seven or eight miles in length. There are several others, all of pure, cold mountain water, without an acre of cleared land on any of them, and all within twenty-five miles of Lock Haven, the county seat of Clinton county. Parties from here caught several nice strings yesterday; one that John Wait brought home had over five dozen, all caught on the Monument Run in less than eight hours. Jos. MILLER.

CANADENSIS, Pa., April 25.—Companion and myself have fished five days at stream on Robert Lomax's place, Mountain Villa House, Canadensis, and caught 150 trout, running from 6 to 10in. long. Find fishing good, and accommodations all that can be expected.

J. E. K.

The Waters of Coos.

LANCASTER, N. H.—Coos county comes as near the sportsman's paradise as any locality east of the Mississippi. A day's ride from New York city will land you where excellent trout fishing can be indulged in. Leaving there in the morning, at 10 o'clock in the evening you take supper at Connecticut Lake, which is stocked with the square tailed brook trout, landlocked salmon, to say nothing about the original occupants—red-meated longe. The first are caught weighing 5lbs., salmon that will tip the scales all the way from 2 to 10lbs., while the longe are taken from 1 to 15lbs., one being caught a number of years ago that weighed 29lbs. Or one can go to the Diamond Ponds, kept fully stocked by the State Fish Commission, or up the Magalloway, where there is fine fishing not only in that river, but in the numerous large brooks that empty into it. June and September are the best months for angling. If one is out for a long outing he can take in the three Connecticut Lakes, then take a guide and follow a spotted path across the northern part of the county to Parmachene Lake in Maine, a distance of fifteen miles, where one will find a lodge. Here is excellent fishing and the finest of sport. Then take the Magalloway River home, the whole length of which is good fishing to Eroll Dam.

The Parmachene Camp will take sportsmen at so much per day. The camp was purchased by a club, but they control no part of the fishing. There is a law in Maine that no fires shall be built by parties fishing and hunting. This law the club enforces.

H. F. WHITCOMB.

Maine Ice Out—Salmon In.

GUILFORD, Me., April 28.—The ice left Sebec Lake Thursday, the 26th, and many large salmon, weighing as high as 7lbs. 7oz. are being caught.

The ice will certainly leave Moosehead within a week, and a heavy wind may take it out any time.

F. S. BUNKER.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., April 28.—Ice left the Restigouche to-day. The bay is also open and clear. This is twelve days earlier than last season; and in all probability the salmon will arrive correspondingly early. No doubt the river will be in good angling trim by June 1, as snow has gone a great deal, and we will be looking for the finny beauties between the 1st and 8th.

JOHN MOWAT.



## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 381.)

AFTER dinner the boys took the gun and went into the deep woods for a hunt. A suspicion dawned on me that Ned wanted a few more jobberwinks, and as I had become quite partial to the juicy and savory bird my mouth also watered for it. We were both doomed to disappointment, for about 4 o'clock they returned, bringing nothing but a single rabbit, that we vetoed as being unfit for the table, and so poor bunny was left hanging on a pliant limb for food for some famished wolf or other forest prowler. We emphatically warned the boys to kill no more rabbits, as it was criminal waste to slaughter them during the summer season.

The weather in the meantime having charmingly cleared, and the lake being in fine condition, we embarked in the boat for a skirmish along the shore with the spotted leopards of the deep. We admirably succeeded in convincing three of them of the folly of dallying too long with the bright tinsel and soft feathers that flutter so life-like upon the silvery ripples. We could doubtless have doubled the number, but our larder was too full of the delicious beauties to think of a further increase.

We made the return under skies gorgeously rich in drifting clouds of ruby and gold that took unto themselves those fanciful forms in which a lively imagination could picture almost any vision. The lake also partook of the delight of the heavens as it rippled in varying hues and murmured softly and sweetly as if it were singing to the sapphire-tinted skies a lullaby of sweet repose.

When the evenings were not too cool, we invariably, after supper, went to the high massive rock in front and there, as the deep purple shadows crept up the aspiring mountains, drank in the beauties of the sunset, the wide-reaching landscape and the over-arching sky. Occasionally we would make a cast in the "preserve," and after having captured one of the scarlet nobility cease the sport. There was one golden patriarch there that had one morning got away with Ned's leader and flies, and which we were very anxious to secure. That evening I prepared especially for him by putting on a single fly, a jungle-cock, with 1-0 sproat. It was glaring and fanciful, but it was highly attractive, for no sooner had it kissed the water than there was a tiger-like leap for it from a savage *fontinalis* of tremendous proportions which I was fortunate enough to hang with the big hook. Stung to desperation by his cruel reception, he made a Nancy Hanks start for the other side of the lake with the rhythm of the reel in his wake, and showing no inclination to slacken in his speed I gently put on the brakes. This checked his onward career, for he at once rose to the surface and

"Then all at once the slackened line  
Stretched outward through the waters deep;  
We saw a flash of silver shine,  
We saw a big trout leap;  
By Hercules! a gallant fly—  
One spring, and like dissolving spray  
The line and leader parted—'swish'—  
Click—broke away."

As I slowly and solemnly reeled in the slack, Ned pointed to where the monster had pirated my gaudy jungle-cock, and in a disappointed and exasperated tone exclaimed, "I'll bet that's the very identical trout that got away with my big fly. He's a gallant fighter, at any rate, and deserved his liberty, but if we leave this camp without his carmine scalp, we deserve to be bastinadoed or expelled from the membership of the craft. I'll now rig especially for this red demon of the deep, and hope to have his scarlet hide ere another sunset enriches the horizon."

"I'm with you heart and hand. You practice your gentle art in the morning and I in the evening, where this monster has his lurking place."

With this agreement for the capture, Ned's fertile imagination was at once drawn on for the design of the new fly that he hoped would prove successful. He was somewhat fastidious in his creations as well as original, and what manner of lure he would construct was not heralded in camp. I offered him the choice of any fly I had, but he would accept none; all he required was a salmon gut leader and that I gave him. The darling of his imagination would probably ripen in the dawn when the violets bathe in the gemmy dew and the sun blushes on the mountain tops. It would be humming and dropping like thistle-down o'er the haunts of the coveted fish long before I was up, for Ned was always the first riser in camp and never called me till the breakfast was about to be served. He doubtless expected to exhibit his wonderful creation to my astonished gaze, while I was yet in blanket, as a sort of a sunburst beauty of rare novelty and impressive magnitude. I hoped his dreams of conquest would be fully realized, for the capture of a remarkably heavy trout was to him a victory ever delightful, the prospects of which he eloquently narrated and melodiously sang till the theme was about threadbare.

The next morning, Ned, as I anticipated, was up with the lark and hard at work upon the ideal vision he had doubtless wrought out in his cunning mind during the quiet hours of the night. His assortment of feathers was from the four quarters of the globe and embraced all colors conceivable. The art was simply in the selection, construction and blending, and if he had any particular style of fly architecture in view it must have come from an unknown age. However, the fly was sure to be original and startling; either a flame of ruby red garnished with a sky-rocket dash, or the polka-dots of a peacock illumined with a sprinkle of golden foil or a strip of silver tinsel, or both, as the fancy struck him. As I looked upon his idol when completed I was overwhelmed with surprise, as it disclosed a form the like of which was never seen on earth, or I might also say, by way of elucidation, in the heavens. It was simply a heterogeneous bundle of feathers and tinsel, coiled around a 1-0 sproat hook, and so *outré* as to attract from its very novelty.

The fly being to his entire satisfaction, he attached it to his leader which was dangling from his line near by, and then, with rod in hand and hope in heart, sallied out like a panoplied knight to do or die.

I refrained from accompanying him, as I desired him to have a fair field for the introduction of his new creation, but simply suggested to him with as grave an aspect as I could assume, to yell when he had the monster well in

hand and we would all rush to assist in landing it. Ned halted a moment, and turning, looked at me seriously to see if I intended the remark in a Pickwickian sense, but as I moved not a facial muscle under his steady gaze, he took the advice literally and replied, "All right," and then marched onward to the ramparts of rock.

He had been gone but a few moments before a shout came from him that caused us all to start and cry out:

"He's got 'im."

On one of the boys snatching up the landing net we all raced over the huge and delictious rocks to be in, as we thought, at the capture of the coveted fish. Arriving there we were very much disappointed in seeing Ned's rod in such gentle play, for the indications were too palpable that it was not with the monster. It being a good occasion for a little pleasantry I excitedly shouted:

"For heaven's sake don't let him escape this time. Give him careful play and let him have plenty of line when he makes for deep water."

"It ain't the big fellow," he replied rather disappointedly and somewhat crestfallen.

"Oh, fiddlesticks; why did you make such an outcry? I really thought you had a whale."

"I only wanted one of the boys to net him, that's all."

"Next time temper your tone and don't shout as if you wanted to fracture the rocks around you when you have nothing but a baby trout to deal with."

Ned took the chaffing in good part, and when Peter had netted the pound trout we all retired, leaving Ned hard at work with his flaming fly.

The breakfast, which had been well under way when we raced over the rocks at Ned's signal, was again taken up and soon ready for serving. At the proper time Ned was summoned by a shout, and as he came slowly along, rod in hand, with bowed head and grave aspect, he looked decidedly demoralized, as the success he had expected from his feathery combination, on which he had spent so much time and talent, had entirely failed him.

Feeling mischievously inclined as he made his sad entrée, and thinking of the old unbalanced account I still held against him, recited in bombastic style:

"And day by day, along the lake he wandered to and fro,  
And day by day, the trout swam securely down below;  
'Til this little story ended as such little stories may,  
With the big trout swimming in the usual way."

Ned was so broken up over the failure of that grand creation of his that he had no heart for the humorous foil, and in silence allowed the versical conceit to pass unnoticed. Had he have captured that savage and gigantic *fontinalis* for which his very soul yearned, he would have come at me "horse, foot and dragoon" and so covered me with satirical wounds that I would have never again dared measure lances with him as *drolle de corps*.

He stated at the table that he had had another rise, a feeble one, while at the rock, and believed that it was from the escaped trout.

"Doubtless it was, Ned, but when he got near enough to fully realize your wonderful composition in feathery art he shied off, thinking it some paddling water fowl of an unknown species."

"Genius, when it soars in untrodden fields, is at first seldom appreciated; but there finally comes a day when it receives merited reward."

"All of which, in analysis, means that the particular fly in question will ere long obtain great and successful celebrity as a killer!"

"Precisely," and then quietly dismissing the annoying subject he took a second small trout on his plate, ran his knife along one of its sides, opened the slit, deftly lifted out the entire back bone and then went into the enjoyment of the now boneless fish as if it were a dish fit for the gods.

After we had satisfied our rapacious maws, it was decided to make a picnic affair at Gravel River, some three or four miles to the west of us. We could fish *en route*, for we would pass over some fine trouting waters which on our trip of last year yielded many a lovely trophy. I was not much in favor of taking the trip, for the morning was close and sultry, and it bade fair to soon give us a looking-glass lake. The half-breeds, however, having everything ready for the advance, and Ned being quite eager for the anticipated sport, I of course went along rather than enter any demur to the proceedings.

We had not gone more than two miles before we winced under the almost tropic sun and the lance-like glimmer from the now quiet lake. So far, we had not had a rise though we flogged the waters with increasing industry and with ardent hope in every cast and flutter. Finally a tiny nursing shot by, and on Peter pointing out two or three good sized trout in statuesque poise on the bottom, we were firmly convinced that no trout would rise to the quiet surface, and at once ordered the boys to head for our harbor with the picnic postponed for a more propitious day. We reached camp in a short time in a decidedly melting condition and with an infinitely deeper hue of brown upon our faces and hands than when we left. The grateful shade of our quarters, which were in a cluster of white cedars, was quite comforting, and there, in limited wardrobe, we remained and solaced ourselves with a few rubbers of "crib," games of solitaire and entertaining books, as well as a little chatter on the gentle art.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a slight breeze sprang up and a few clouds in delicate rose-pink began to appear and circle around the glowing orb, creating a soft and hazy condition of the atmosphere. Ned, at these favorable symptoms, suggested an immediate start for the "big rocks" in the bay. Being eager for breaking the monotony of camp, I immediately enlisted under his piscatorial banner.

The half-breeds were at once called to man the boats, and in a few minutes we were breaking through the little ripples that were momentarily curving higher and higher with little beads of froth dropping in a merry tinkle. It was an ideal condition of the elements, and I was positive the wail of lamentation would be heard among the dandy dotted tribe of the deep ere the twilight departed.

Just before we turned a jutting point into the bay, we reached a gigantic rock o'er which the rays of sunlight danced most delightfully. A shady line, the tell-tale home of some spotted beauty, ran near its bold and ragged face, and here we sent the fluttering flies. Ned lifted his from the water without a response, while a moment after a gleam of silver sprang into sight with arrowy swiftness that beads the water as if a tiny torpedo were speeding through it. My stretcher being the object of this savage plunge, I instantaneously vibrated the rod with

a sudden twitch, and then in turn the gentle cadence of the revolving reel rang out most sweetly. It was a spirited fight of a few minutes with the usual acrobatic exhibition, and at last the frenzied despondency of the victim whose departing vitality ebbed away with his broken heart. He came to the net a despairing dupe of the dropping feathers, with his golden sides rivaling the bright sunshine that fell from above. He was a good two-pounder and a gallant warrior withal. We went over every inch of this cozy cover, but not another of the cherry and orange-clouded princelings rose to the surface.

The blades are again in requisition, but so gently and silently glides the boat that its movement is hardly noticeable. Here and there whizz and hum, drop and flutter, the four flies, until at last we reach Mt. Horeb, as Ned styles the "big rocks," which has a shore line of some 200ft. Alighting, Ned speeds to his favorite spot, the upper end, while I remain and commence casting where I had stepped ashore, working cautiously along, covering every bit of water with exceeding care. Coming to a piece of rugged and shelving rock, which I thought might develop a *fontinalis*, I prudently kept back some 20ft. from the water and then let the flies sail out and drop o'er the dark lines of a deep and narrow channel. Instantly there was a violent splash and spreading circles, but nothing held to either fly. It was an unmistakable and unfortunate miss, but, not the least disconcerted, I again lifted high the flies and let them gently fall upon the disturbed waters.

"Then from the depths a silver gleam  
Quick flashes, like a jewel bright;  
Up through the waters of the stream—  
An instant visible to sight—  
As lightning cleaves the sombre sky,  
The *Salvelinus* rises to the fly."

This time his overweening confidence in his powers to rend and devour met with a sad reverse, for the cruel steel pierced his savage jaws, torturing him into a wild rage and a lightning-like speed that had to be checked ere the braided thread reached its last span on the reel aluminum. It would simply be repetition to describe the struggle; suffice it to say that he fought with a stubborn frenzy, indulging in the usual leaps, plunges, drives, etc., till he yielded to the triumphant victor.

During the battle Ned left his end of the rock and came to the scene of strife as a "mere looker on in Vienna," but, strange to say, no sooner was the prize landed than he at once commenced casting from whence the beauty had been taken. This was a sublimity of cheek I little expected from him, but as he had not scored a fish I entered no gentle protest, but simply smiled at the monumental audacity of the angler. "Singing and swishing" through the air went his flies, and not wishing to drop in the same place, for a while I sat and deeply admired my trophy, which was a four-pounder, and the handsomest trout I had ever deceived. He was simply a poem in the colors that beautify this peerless fish.

There was the flush of gold like sunset glow;  
Marvelous tints from the arched rainbow;  
Dashes of crimson ever bright and grand;  
Waves of silver from the shining sand;  
Spangles and stars from a far away land,  
And shades that Nature alone understand.

Having gratified my vision with the ever beautiful fish, I took up my rod and joining Ned requested him, in a bit of pleasantry, to step aside and let me demonstrate the superior attraction of an artistic fly. He instantly complied, and on the very first cast my stretcher was the objective point of some hungry trout. I missed as he broke the water, and then Ned deliberately marched down with evident intent of attracting the same fish. He sent his flies as near the objective spot as he possibly could, but failed to secure a response. I smiled; in fact, I felt like roaring at his great anxiety to capture the trout I had aroused and his utter disregard of the ethics of angling. Generally Ned was the most fastidious stickler in the observance of all rules that govern the genuine sportsman, but this time he was decidedly off his base; blind, as it were, to the gross infraction, so deeply intent was he to hang an iridescent idol of the "icy lake."

Once more my flies went out and dropped with unerring precision to the desired place, and again the *fontinalis* rose and greedily took my royal-coachman, the stretcher. This time the alluring coachman held him secure, and after he had exhausted his vitality and all the strategic resources of which he was master, reluctantly hauled down his colors with bold defiance still beaming in his shining eyes. He was a pound less in weight than the other, but equally as symmetrical and as rich in gorgeous colors.

Ned at once said his flies were not in favor and would therefore make a change from a catalogue which ran like that of "Ye Sunberye Fysher," who

"— has flies of all feathers

For all sorts of seasons, in all sorts of weathers;  
Flies when ye springtide is blusterie and showerie,  
Flies when ye summer is greenie and bowerie;  
Flies when ye autumn is golden and granie;  
For hot weather, cold weather, mistie or ranie;  
Red spinner, palmer, black peacock and gray;  
Yellow dun, golden dun, March brown and May;  
Sand fly, and stone fly, and alder and gnat,  
Black midge and Marlow bug—all round his hat."

After a thorough overhauling of his fly-book he concluded to discard his own pet creations and carefully selected two of most artistic make, a Lord-Baltimore and a gray-hackle. Having affixed these to his leader he starts for the upper end of the granite mass, his first choice, and begins to skillfully lay them upon the musical ripples. As I had as many trout as I desired without glutting the larder, I reeled up and sat down with the half-breeds upon the rock at a convenient distance from Ned, and watched his earnest work. He was decidedly anxious for a rise, and so very restless that he constantly changed his position from one end of the rock to the other, until finally his tramping became a mirthful theme for the lookers on. As he passed on one of his exciting trots, for he made good time in his changes, I satirically suggested to him that he fish both ends of the titanic range at one and the same time. He smiled at the impracticable suggestion, but replied not, as he was just then too busily engaged to indulge in any sprinkling of the attic salt. At last the persistent angler had a rise, and striking in response, an astonished trout commenced



cleaving the water for his freedom. The angler, however, triumphed, and the gleaming beauty was laid in state with the other "dandies of the gleaming stars."

Encouraged at this, Ned fished more industriously than ever, still keeping up the race between the two ends of the glistening rock. At last another victim fell to his masterly tactics, and then as the sun was fast shading the rugged hills that gave picturesque sternness to the bold shore, he expressed himself satisfied and ready to take boat for camp.

The return gave us a delightful ride o'er waters that sounded the tiny foam bells, and by rugged shores of cliff-like rocks that caught the setting sun as it blazed in golden splendor. It is here in which a Chippewa tradition placed a siren who lured hunters to their destruction by the sweetness of her voice. Our half-breeds fully believed the romance and even listened, we thought, as we glided by, to catch the bewitching tones of her entrancing song. What a superstitious race these tawny barbarians are. Countless are their magic forms and numerous the spells they adhere to. As spiritualists, ghost-seers, table-rappers, etc., they excel even the pale faces. Our boatmen partook of all these, and at many a camp-fire we had listened to their extraordinary stories with great interest. No wonder the "medicine man" is so potent an agent with them. It would take many columns to do the subject justice, and as troutling is our specialty we will again revert to it.

On reaching our quarters I at once proceeded to the bluff in front with my yet unjointed rod, in hopes of getting a rise from the cunning and savage patriarch of the crimson dots that had so far outwitted us. I had on but a single fly, a big jungle-cock, which I had affixed in the boat as we came along for this particular occasion, and which had so greatly excited his curiosity before. With stealthy footsteps I approach the spot, and when near enough, away sailed the alluring fly. It hit the water with anything but downy lightness, and ere the ripples had started from their base a monster pounced upon it with such a leopard-like leap as to almost make me forget my mission. I struck, of course, but as a noted angler once said when in the same lamentable position, had missed by "the ninety-ninth part of a second." It might have been a little less, but when it's a miss a few fractions of a second make but little difference. I must admit that I was deeply chagrined at my utter failure in missing such a wolfish rise, and was unable to account for it unless as stated above. However, I did not then dwell on cause and effect, but instantly put forth my best efforts to once more induce him to tamper with the fanciful jungle-cock, be it ever so lightly. I dropped the fly over every inch of ground and fluttered it in every imaginable way, but the scarlet draped beauty was not to be coaxed to the surface again that evening, no matter how tempting or how subtle the art of the disappointed angler. Satisfied of this, I retraced my steps, deeply pondering on what excuse I should make to Ned for defeat at such a magnificent rise. Now, no angler would falsify on a trifling thing like that, of course not, but as there was a certain pride in the accomplishment of the art, one does not like to come out flat-footed and acknowledge, particularly in a contest like this, to such a dismal failure. I well knew that Ned would roast me severely if I admitted the fact, so I pondered over the situation as I slowly walked along, and finally determined to resort to equivocation if I found him in an inquisitive mood. Boldly I marched in, and when near camp I encountered Ned directly in the pathway. He looked at me with an inquiring gaze, and before I had an opportunity to say a word so as to divert his mind to other matters, eagerly asked:

"Did you have a rise?"

"Did Jonah swallow the whale?" I replied, and then I patiently waited the result of my crafty defense. To my utter astonishment and great relief he was completely deceived by my cunning reply and dropped the subject at once, and immediately began to consider what kind of fly he would use in the morning with which to tempt the object of his desire.

Fearful that he might again revert to the subject, I quietly walked away and busied myself unjointing my rod and in consigning it to its proper receptacle. To use an expressive "Americanism" I had "saved my bacon," but felt that I had somewhat fractured the fact a wee bit, just a wee bit, that's all, as an equivocation is a friendly ally to a fairy tale.

What selection Ned had made that evening from his feathery lures for the enticement of the big trout in the morning I never ascertained, for he had suddenly ceased to be communicative with me on that particular subject ever since I had so severely criticised his last wonderful production, "the water fowl."

The night being exceedingly beautiful we all after supper sought the summit of the gigantic mass of granite in our immediate front and watched the wavering lights and shadows as they fell on the ragged cliffs and the shivered rocks of the mountain tops with their aspect of eternal melancholy calm. So intensely quiet was everything, save the gentle murmur of the lake, and so deep the solitude and breathless stillness of nature that you'd think the whole earth was dead. Overhead the stars twinkled with brilliancy equal to the advancing moonlight, while the great lake catching the sparks of ethereal light danced in shimmering tints of silver. From the valleys densely massed in darkened foliage and still darker in deeper shades came an exhilarating air full of sweet soft scents ravishingly intoxicating, while from every copse and dell the glow-worm blazed and "a sheen of iridescent silver flashed through the grass, right and left at every flicker of the camp-fire, like a flitting phantom of a rainbow." There was a singular fascination in drinking in this wild and silent beauty of an approaching night and a flowing together of impressions that you are unable to put in definite shape.

"In such a night let the abroad remain  
Till morning breaks and all's confused again."

The sun had sunk in a red glare without a cloud dimming its face, and this alone, said Ned, signaled for the morrow a bright day and a calm lake.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

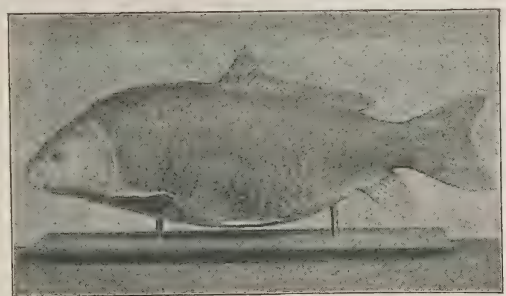
The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

## THE MOUNTED COLLECTION OF FISH

At the U. S. National Museum.

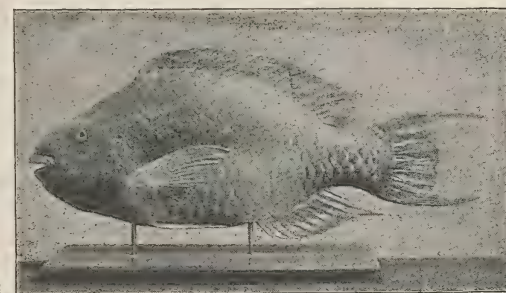
FIRST PAPER.

In a paper I contributed to FOREST AND STREAM last October, on "Taxidermy at the World's Fair," the mounted collection of fishes on exhibition at the U. S. National Museum at Washington was briefly referred to. The specimens, it will be remembered, are plaster-of-paris casts, colored to imitate nature, and one of them, a trigger-fish, was figured in the article. Some of these casts are so perfect, and such good representations of the original fishes, that it occurred to me that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, interested in fish, would like to see a few more of the same collection and hear something about



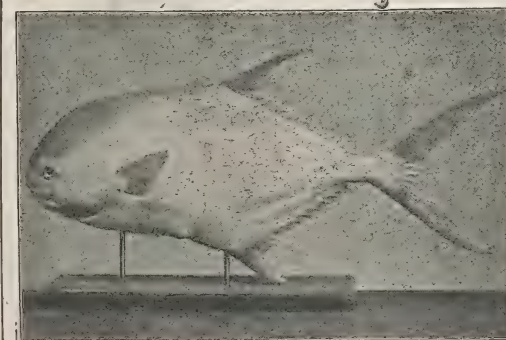
BUFFALO FISH—*Ictiobus urus*.

them. This idea I propose to carry out in a few brief papers, of which the present one is the first of the series. Some very fine photographs have been taken of those casts of fishes for me, and reproductions will illustrate each contribution. These casts have all been prepared with great skill, and upon their being reduced by photography for illustrations, we are sure to obtain figures of the fish which in any case are as true to the forms of the originals as it is possible to be. They are far superior to any drawings made otherwise, with which I am familiar, and as a rule stand a long way ahead of the majority of figures given us in works upon the subject—especially in the matter of accuracy of form. The illustration of the pompano, for example, will not be mistaken for anything



A PARROT FISH—*Scarus* sp?

else by those at all familiar with this interesting species. It is the common one (*Trachynotus carolinus*), and not the round pompano (*T. ovatus*), another type sometimes met with by fishermen at various points upon our Atlantic coast, much less either of our two remaining species—that is, the African pompano, or the banner pompano. It is said that the word pompano is derived from the Spanish, and means a "grape leaf," probably in allusion to the shape of the fish, but possibly to something else. Common pompanos I have caught hundreds of in Key West harbor, Fla., and taken a few of the banner pompano off Pensacola, where the local fishermen call it the "gaftopsail pompano." A few years ago the common species was found to occur also on the Pacific coast,



COMMON POMPANO—*Trachynotus carolinus*.

having been captured in the Gulf of California. In the Havana markets this fish is very highly esteemed, and indeed this is the case almost everywhere where it is known. With us, for the table, it is in its best condition in the autumn, at the time the old ones are leaving the coast. They are then very fat, and far better eating than they are in the spring of the year. They are beautiful objects when caught with hook and line, and I will never forget the first fellow I safely landed over the side of the boat. Sheet silver could not compare in color with his brilliantly-tinted sides, and the effect was much enhanced when he was free to thrash about in the bottom of the boat under the bright rays of a Key West sun at noonday. Another good cast in the collection is that of a buffalo-fish. "The three species known as 'buffalo-fishes' (*Ictiobus bubalus*, *urus* and *cyprinellus*)," says Prof. Jordan, "are found mainly in the river channels of the Mississippi and its tributaries. They are the largest of the suckers, reaching a weight of 15lbs. or more. In the Mississippi

and Ohio valleys they form a large percentage of the food fish consumed. They usually bring a better price than the smaller suckers, excepting the black horse, but at the best they are coarse, poor fishes, the flesh being full of small bones and scarcely worth the trouble of picking. The buffalo-fishes are found by Prof. Forbes to feed on small crustaceans more than do the other suckers and less on mollusks." While living at New Orleans I have frequently seen these great suckers loaded up in wagons by the fishermen and drawn into the city to be exposed in the market-place for sale. They are generally purchased by the poorer classes as food, and are rarely eaten by those who can afford better. I have seen some seined that weighed as much as 20lbs., and one exceptional case where the specimen weighed over 30lbs. With their large scales, bronzed bodies and ponderous forms, it is a fine sight to see a lot of living ones together lying on the river bank just after the nets have dragged them out of their natural element.

Fishes with large scales and other strong external characters make fine casts, and such an one is shown in the figure of a parrot-fish. These peculiar species derive their name from the resemblance of the mouth parts to the mandibles of a parrot, which, it will be seen from the illustration given, is quite striking. R. W. SHUFELDT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Early Trout Fishing.

WHEN the spring opened early in northern New York, so unusually early, judging by the time that the ice went out of the lakes and ponds, that the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of a similar early spring, the brook trout fishermen girded themselves for action and great was the preparation for the first fishing on the 14th of April. Except for wind with, at times, a March flavor, the 14th of April was a bright, sunny day, and perhaps the warmest day of the season up to that time, and great was the joy thereat in the hearts of some scores of fishermen. In a moment of weakness I promised Mr. C. H. Baxter, secretary of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club, that I would go a fishing on the opening day, but that there should be no misunderstanding about the matter later, I told him I believed we would get few if any trout, that they would not rise to the fly with the streams full of snow water, as they were in spite of the warm air, and any trout we might get must be taken from the bottom with the barn-yard hackle, which they would swallow with more deliberation than a sucker, and when caught would be found to be slimy and poor in flesh. He thought I was throwing water on the scheme colder than any we would find in the brooks, but he was game to go. I have not yet confessed to him that when, a few days before the 14th, the Surrogate asked me if I could appear in his court the morning of the 14th without breaking my heart, I whispered in his ear, "Judge, you have saved me, but to make a dead sure thing of it issue a bench warrant for my appearance and give it to Sheriff Reed, for I have promised to go a-fishing on that day."

To my friend Baxter I said: "I must appear before the Surrogate at the proving of a will, and I am extremely sorry that I cannot go out with you and get wet." Mr. Baxter and Mr. John Watson did go and they got home again safe and fairly well. Mr. Alexander Canfield, a veteran trout fisherman, caught one trout, slimy as an eel and very thin in flesh. Hon. A. B. Abbott and sons caught two trout, and about fifty other fishermen that started between 1 o'clock and 5 on the morning of the 14th, and scoured all the brooks within reach, got the same as Mr. Baxter—nothing. The brooks were low, the water cold, and the trout sluggish.

A few days later Mr. G. R. Harris, secretary of the Paper Company, fished what is called an "early brook," and with two companions caught nearly fifty trout, and he told me that at noon they dug a hole in the snow and put their morning's catch in it to await their return at night.

The Washington county streams are considered earlier than those in Warren county, and Mr. Charles H. Wilson has for years made it a point to fish there on opening day. One of his companions who was as regular as he was, formerly a companion of Dr. Bethune in fishing the same streams, Mr. Wilson, writes me: "My trip to Salem for opening day fishing was a very pleasant one, but the fishing was very poor. The streams that usually yield a fair catch were fished with poor success owing to low water and cold weather. Our party of four, Mr. T. A. Wright, of New York city; Mr. J. M. Williams and Charles Whitcomb, of Salem and myself, caught on Saturday in White and Black creeks, fifty-two trout of lawful size. High hook 2lb.

"Monday, the same party took from the headwaters of Black Creek 46 trout of better size, one of 1 1/2 lbs. weight.

"The usual large trout story was sprung on the Salem people by two strangers, who caught 23 trout, weighing 19 1/2 lbs. I saw them. They were in an 8lbs. basket, which was not quite full."

From Rochester Mr. Thomas W. Fraine writes: "My line was wet on the opening day. I caught 5 trout from 6 to 9 in. long. Never saw the streams so low before."

Whether the water is high or low, April 15 is too early to expect good trout fishing in the streams of northern New York. Trout may be caught, it is true, but they afford no sport, as they show no more fight than a piece of dead wood, and when dragged out are slimy and in poor condition. The warm and gentle rain which is falling as I write, and turning the grass green as it falls, and at the same time opening the tender green leaves on the trees and bursting the blossoms of the plum and the cherry, will change all this, for the insect life in the streams will awaken, and the trout will come out from the deep holes, and on the gravel of the rapids will be washed clean with burnished sides, and take on flesh and become vigorous and alert for flies, natural and counterfeit, that may fall on the water of the murmuring stream. Then there will be some fishing worthy of the name.

As to lake fishing, Fish Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, reports that at Newfound Lake a salmon (ouananiche) was caught the morning of the 16th and two the morning of the 17th. On that date the ice was still in the lake, except at the head of it, where there was open water and where the fishing was done.

Mr. Alonzo J. Cheney writes from Sunapee Lake, N. H., under date of April 16, that he thinks the ice will be out of that lake during the week ending the 21st and that



the smelts were running up Pike Brook from the lake in small numbers. He adds that on the opening day of the trout fishing season in New Hampshire, from a small pond near Sunapee Lake, a man caught a number of speckled trout weighing from one to four pounds each. They must have been caught through the ice.

Perhaps, the most novel report, in view of the belief that in order to catch trout one must now go to some place remote from the towns, comes to me from Mr. H. S. Bull, of Albany, who writes: "Went for trout Wednesday, the 18th. Left my house at 2:30 P. M., was back at 5:40 P. M. Never went beyond the city limits and brought home four trout of above legal size."

#### A Rainbow Trout.

Saturday evening, April 21, there was a ring at my door, and Mr. P. T. Ross, of Gansevoort, and a member of the Gansevoort Fish and Game Club, came in with a rainbow trout which he had caught in Saratoga county, and had driven eight miles to show to me. The trout weighed 2lbs. 9oz., and was caught on the 19th. It was 18in. long and 4in. deep, and was one of a lot of rainbow trout planted by the Gansevoort Club in 1891. Mr. Ross was naturally proud of his catch, as he had taken personal charge of the planting of the fry. The same species of trout have been planted in other streams in Saratoga county than the one selected by Mr. Ross, and have in nearly every instance disappeared after the second year, as they have from so many other streams in other portions of the State.

Mr. Ross tells me that knowing of the peculiarity of the rainbow trout in this respect, he selected Deleagar Brook, in the town of Wilton, in which to make his plant, as the brook flows into Chase Pond, from which the fish cannot escape down stream. Last year he caught from the stream rainbows weighing 12 and 14oz. each, showing that there was an abundance of food. He says that the trout have spawned in the brook and are undoubtedly there to stay.

The Gansevoort Club caught some men netting one of the trout streams this spring before the fishing season commenced, and had them arrested and fined. The netter is the curse of the country trout streams, and next to him comes the baby trout fisherman.

#### A Reminiscence.

How the scenes of past trout fishing come back to us at this season of the year!

I was talking with a friend in my own house one evening lately after a game of whist, and he described a stretch of brook that had impressed him while wheeling in the country that day. Instantly there came to my mind a bend in Minerva Creek, in Essex county, N. Y., several miles above the village of Olmsteadville. The stream used to be flooded every spring to drive out the saw logs cut at its headwaters, and at one bend there was a deep hole under a high bank, making the stream unapproachable from the bank side. The opposite side was low, with a shelving, gravelly approach to the pool. The deep hole had gathered drift of all sorts, but chiefly stumps of trees with a mass of roots. Fishing down stream I cast my flies on the water at the upper end of the pool, and with a rush a trout came from the stumps and roots and took the stretch fly. It seemed to be about 1½ lbs. in weight and for a few moments fought a fair fight in the clear part of the pool. Suddenly it turned to find shelter and safety among the roots, and I checked the rush when the fish had almost gained the haven. There was nothing to do but pit the rod and leader against the fish and the current and the issue was fairly fought, as I held the rod back and the butt forward. An extra spring of the rod during a desperate struggle on the part of the trout would carry it so near the roots that its tail seemed almost to touch them. At first I expected the leader would part or the hook give way, but as the seconds went on I gained confidence in the tackle; and then all in a moment the trout came to the top of the water on its side, and drawing it toward the shelving bank the net did for him.

Now, as I think of it with every detail as fresh as though the fight occurred yesterday, I wish almost that I had put the trout back in the water to live and perhaps fight again. When this came back to me, like a flash, the other evening, I could see it and feel it all, and when I went to sleep I was fighting the fight over again, and it was the best fighting I have had this year.

#### Earl of Aberdeen on the Restigouche.

Back in 1878 Mr. John Mowat, then a fishery officer of Canada, received directions to take charge of a party of royal fishermen and women on the Restigouche in New Brunswick. H. R. H. Princess Louise, Lord Lorne, the Governor-General, Duke of Argyll and daughters, and Lady MacNamara were of the party. Messrs. Fleming and Brydges had given up the river for the season to the royal party, and Mr. Mowat fitted up Mr. Brydges's famous barge Great Caesar's Ghost for the occasion. It was during this trip that the Prince's Pool was named. Mr. Mowat has told me how some of the party had descended the stream, leaving Her Royal Highness, Lady MacNamara and attendants with crew of the barge and two Indian canoemen behind for the last fishing. Mr. Mowat put one of the Indians out and took his place, hoping to give the Princess the best fishing the river afforded. The fishing was in the present Princess Pool, then unnamed. The veteran fisherman, after looking over the fly-book of his royal mistress, put on her leader one of his own flies, and she hooked and killed a 24lbs. fish in eleven and a half minutes. The next was foul-hooked and required twenty-two minutes and weighed 22lbs. The next was a fish of 26lbs., and the fourth and last a 27-pounder, which Mr. Mowat gaffed from the canoe. He then asked permission of Her Royal Highness to name the pool in her honor, and as she consented he named it Princess Louise Pool.

The Restigouche Salmon Club has now asked his Excellency the Governor-General, to be the guest of the club for the salmon fishing in June, and Mr. Mowat has been invited to take charge of the Earl of Aberdeen and his party and show them where the big salmon lie, as he did for the Governor-General sixteen years ago.

#### Bait in a Vial.

It strikes me that at some time I have heard or read that a very few of the fishermen of the cave dwelling period, or it may have been a few hundred years later, carried their bait in a bottle or jug. No doubt fishermen generally of this day credited such allusions to the para-

grapher in the fanny papers, but truth is more real than fiction, and at this moment there is on my desk a vial in which not only to carry bait, but in which the bait is offered to fish. I have seen alleged bait bottles and pigs portrayed in the comic papers, but they were several sizes larger than the vial, which is wired to the shank of a hook with silver wire, and in it an angle-worm is supposed to be placed, then stoppered in with a cork and the whole outfit offered to an unsuspecting fish. If the inventor would supply eye glasses for the fish it is possible that the fish might discover what the vial contained, otherwise they are quite likely to take the vial and contents for a long .22 cartridge.

#### "Not All of Fishing to Fish."

The Fly-Fishers' Club, London, has just issued its Annual, after its tenth year of existence, and on its cover is shown, for the first time, the book plate for the club's library, specially designed by Mr. Batchelor. The design is very attractive as well as appropriate, displaying as it does a fish-basket, or creel, of the stereotyped form as made of French willow, with cover raised to show that it is filled with books instead of trout.

The shoulder strap is wound around the front of the creel and bears the legend, "Fly Fishers' Club Library." Under the figure of the creel is the Latin motto, *Piscator non solum piscatur*. Curved gracefully around the creel are two great leaders, or casting lines, each terminating in an up-winged fly, making the whole design in the form of a shield.

Now, I have nothing but unqualified praise for this design, for it is well drawn and so "fetching," that it will make a book-loving angler's eyes glisten as he looks upon it; but on one of the pages of the Annual I read: "The book plate for the library and its Latin inscription will be found to embody the maxim of that celebrated American angler, Thaddeus Norris, that 'it is not all of fishing to fish.'"

I would be the last man to rob "Uncle Thad." of anything due to him or his memory, but I believe that the Fly-Fishers' Club has credited the maxim to the wrong man. Thad. Norris may have used the expression, that it is "not all of fishing to fish," but his name has never been associated with it over here, and I have just made an

FORM 2 A.

The Sheriff has no control over the Jury Lists, and cannot excuse any person from Jury Duty.

SIR:

You have been drawn to serve as a TRIAL JUROR, and are required to attend at the CITY COURT OF NEW YORK [Part 1st], to be held in Room 20, OLD CITY HALL, in the City of New York, on MONDAY, the 7<sup>th</sup> day of May 1894 at 10 o'clock A. M., and there await the further order of the Court.

Sheriff.

CHAINED TO BUSINESS.

HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING FISHING NEXT MONDAY, BUT—

examination of his books to see if I could find reference to it, and find nothing to indicate that he ever heard of it.

The late George Dawson, editor of the Albany Evening Journal, is the one to whom the maxim should be credited, and it may be in order for me to explain how I once came to use it myself. When Mr. Dawson's "The Pleasures of Angling" was published in 1876, I read in it, "They are greatly in error who suppose that all there is of fishing is to fish," and the expression took root within me, and I came to say on all proper occasions, "It's not all of fishing to fish." When "Fishing with the Fly" was published, I used for a title to one of the chapters, "Not All of Fishing to Fish," and did so without the least thought that I was robbing Mr. Dawson of something which belonged to him. Some time later I was told that Mr. Dawson himself in a little book, "Angling Talks," written for and published by FOREST AND STREAM, had used for a title to one of the chapters, "Not All of Fishing to Fish," and then I began to have grave doubts about the propriety of my action in using the expression without indicating by quotation marks that it was borrowed, although to this day I have not seen a copy of "Angling Talks," nor do I know the date of its publication in relation to the date of publication of "Fishing With the Fly," nor does it make any particular difference at this late day, for I absorbed the expression from Mr. Dawson's book, and to him is due the credit for it. "Fishing with the Fly" contains the last paper upon fishing, "Fly-Casting for Salmon," that came from Mr. Dawson's pen, as he died quite suddenly very soon after writing the chapter, the manuscript of which I retain, with the date on which it was written, in the author's hand. The committee of the Fly-Fishers' Club may like to know that Mr. Dawson, whose words are quoted on their book plate, was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1818.

#### In Justice to Mr. Dawson's Memory.

Soon after Mr. Dawson's death in 1883 I received from his son a copy of a memoir of the dead journalist and angler, beautifully printed and containing a fine steel engraved portrait of the subject of the memoir. One sentence in it struck me as unjust to Mr. Dawson as an angler and I wrote on the margin, "Correct this." Up to the present time I have not done so, but tardy justice is better than none.

One beautiful tribute, written as I have always believed by Mr. St. Clair McKelway, mentioned Mr. Dawson's closing days, and among other things said: "There was nothing to fight for or against. He ached for the time when he could whip salmon and snare trout." The italics are mine.

It is quite evident that the writer had not the least

idea of even suggesting that Mr. Dawson was aching for the time when he could take trout unlawfully, or in an unsportsmanlike manner, for he knew him well and knew that he was not a law-breaker; but it is also evident that the writer was not an angler and was unfamiliar with angling terms, and in testifying to his lore of angling used the wrong word. But there it stands to this day, in the sense in which it is used, almost like a confession on the part of Mr. Dawson himself. Here is Mr. Dawson's own testimony: "The greatest enthusiast soon wearies of bait and troll as lures for pike and pickerel, or sunfish and perch. As coarse food palls on the palate so the love of angling soon dies out unless it reaches up to the higher plane of trout and salmon, lured by the tiny fly, kept in check by the gossamer-like leader and conquered by the skillful manipulation of the slender rod, which curves to the pressure as gracefully as the tall pine to the blast of the tempest. It is only in this higher department of the art that the angler finds the witchery of his vocation." A. N. CHENEY.

#### OUANANICHE AND TROUT.

TO COMMENCE with, I would strongly urge all who desire a literary acquaintance with the game qualities of the ouananiche and the manner of taking him to procure a copy of Mr. Eugene McCarthy's "Leaping Ouananiche," so fully reviewed in your last number. My friend McCarthy's views on the natural history of the fish differ from mine in some details, but that is naturally no proof that he is wrong. But his exceedingly interesting, correct and vivid description of angling for ouananiche in the summer and autumn—the seasons in which the enthusiastic and popular Syracuse angler and author has for so many years matched his strength and cunning against the *finesse* of his finny prey, cannot but prove helpful to those who may contemplate their first trip to "the land of the ouananiche" during the coming summer. It is a mistake, however, to assert that "before June 1 it is too early and cold" for ouananiche fishing. One of the best day's sport that I ever had with the fish was upon May 23 or 24, 1892, when in the course of a very few hours some dozen or so of 3 and 4lbs. fish fell to my rod in the pool at the mouth of the Ouatchouan, and excellent sport was had on the same occasion by my angling companions, R. M. Stocking of Quebec, Mr. Chase, president of the Waterbury Watch Company, and Mr. John Wallace of Ansonia, Conn. There are no flies to bother one in Canada in May, and though the comforts of the Hotel Roberval may be lacking, for it seldom opens before June 1, country board

may be had in the village of Roberval, and for a small party, at Ouellet's, within a stone's throw of the pool, and near the famous falls of the same name. I would not advise a visit to the Ouatchouan, nor yet to the mouth of the Metabetchouan, where the spring fishing is about the same, before about May 18 or 20, though this year the season promises to be somewhat earlier than usual, and to friends that talk of reaching Quebec a week or so sooner, I say that were I in their place I would stop over at Lake Edward, half-way to Lake St. John, and enjoy a few days' sport with the large and lusty *fontinalis*. Successful fishing for these may be had from the time the ice leaves the lake. All necessary supplies can be had at Lake Edward, including guides, but Roberval has a Maine prohibitory law, except in so far as the hotel is concerned, which, as already mentioned, is not open in May. Large flies, almost salmon size, are used for ouananiche in early spring fishing at Lake St. John. The Jock-Scott, silver-doctor and professor are nearly always successful.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

#### Baits for Whitefish.

Owosso, Mich.—Please inform me what kind of bait will attract whitefish. A lake near here was stocked with them several years ago, but none were seen until last year, when a party of fishermen from this city surprised some vags, who were using dynamite in the above lake, and picked up several fine ones on the surface of the water. The lake referred to is about 60ft. in depth. J. S. C.

Various baits have been used successfully. Seth Green recommended small minnows about 1in. in length and red angle worms for Otsego Lake. Chas. Carpenter caught a few at Kelley's Island, Ohio, with cockroaches drawn rapidly through the water. Dr. Theodatus Garlick fished in 25ft. of water at Copper Harbor, Lake Superior, and caught several large whitefish at night, baiting with small pieces of fresh beef. He took a few also with rod and fly at the Sault St. Marie in the rapid water, at and about the canal company's locks. Hon. Emory D. Potter saw a great many whitefish taken at Sault St. Marie with a hook baited with the June or soldier-fly, the bait resting on the bottom of a deep, still pool, adjacent to the rapids, Boys and half-breeds are said to catch a great many in that way in 20 to 30ft. of water.

Elihu Phinney has described the capture of whitefish at Cooperstown, N. Y., as follows: "The fishing for Otsego bass [a name for the whitefish] in our lake has all been done within a quarter of a mile of the village in water from 10 to 40ft. deep. The fishermen's huts, some fifteen or twenty in all, and about 6ft. square, are dark-



ened so as to enable the occupants to see more clearly into the water below.

"The tackle is extremely light, the hooks, which are quite small, and two or three in number, being attached about a foot apart to the main line with a bit of ordinary gut. The baits in vogue are of many sorts—bread crumbs, bits of beef or angle worm, the common house fly, small cockroaches or other bugs, and pellets of wheat flour mixed with cotton or flax, but chiefly, most successfully and most unaccountably, a tiny bright shiner, either living or dead, or a small portion of it.

"Two lines are generally used, one with the bait lying on the bottom and the other with the baits kept moving in plain sight near the surface, where the fish are distinctly seen. And, singularly enough, it is in this last way that probably nine-tenths of all the catches have been made."

Mr. Phinney stated that the fish bite equally well by day or night, and that tiny rock bass were once found in the stomach. Inspector F. C. Gilchrist reported the discovery of a young burbot in a whitefish stomach. J. R. B. Van Cleave, the well known Chicago angler, has never seen the Miltona Lake whitefish caught with a hook, but perhaps no one has tried in that lake the plan above set forth.

### Conewango Creek Cripples.

FOR several years I have noticed numbers of dead and crippled fish in Conewango Creek, Pa. Some seemed to be partly paralyzed, swimming around close to shore on one side, others stone blind, the eyes being literally eaten out of the sockets. This I believe is caused by the poisonous acids cast into the waters by the oil refineries and chemical works. The fish principally affected seem to be soft fish, such as suckers, mullet and shiners, though rock bass and an occasional black bass are found. The acid or whatever it is seems to have the effect of turning them white, or part white, giving them a queer appearance. Anybody crossing any of the bridges over the Allegheny or Conewango and seeing the quantity of oil on the water would naturally wonder how fish can live in it. They do, but it must certainly be at a cost to their numbers.

W. G. S. O.

### Success in Stocking with Bass.

I HAVE been looking over a few of the past numbers of FOREST AND STREAM this evening, and in doing so ran across the article relative to transporting fish alive, which appeared in Mr. Cheney's "Angling Notes" several weeks ago. I have always been very much interested in what he has to say and quite frequently experiences of my own are brought to mind. The article referred to is a case in point. While my experience in transporting fish has been somewhat limited, I think that I have learned something, and perhaps what I have to say may be of interest to others.

Last July a few of us thought that the fishing in some of the ponds in this vicinity could be improved by stocking them with black bass. The fishing is heavy in all the ponds around Worcester, and as they are not protected, the native fish have to a very considerable degree been caught out. From our experience with bass we are convinced that once introduced into a lake it is practically impossible to entirely destroy the fishing, if legitimate methods are employed. So we decided to try the experiment. The first question that confronted us was how to transport the fish from one pond to another. And after many ways had been considered and set aside, we finally hit upon a plan which proved to be entirely successful. We procured a sugar barrel that was watertight and filled it about one-third full of water, to prevent the water from slopping over the top, and also to prevent too much agitation. We took the head of the barrel, fastened the thin pieces of which it was made together with cleats and allowed it to float on top of the water in the barrel. In this way we transported 200 bass, about 20 at a time, and lost only one, which was injured when caught. They were carted about three miles over a rough road.

My experience has been that great care must be used in transporting fish not to change the water too often, as a slight change in temperature will sometimes kill many if not all of them. I remember going on a fishing trip to New Hampshire several years ago with a party of friends. We took along with us about 300 shiners for bait. The fish were in the baggage car and were doing well, but we thought that perhaps the water ought to be changed occasionally; so at one of the stations we refilled the can with water from the water tank, and in less than an hour nearly half the fish were dead. The water from the tank was probably several degrees colder than the water in which we were transporting the fish, and it killed them.

My experience in stocking streams with trout and salmon fry has not been encouraging. I presume I have planted one hundred thousand trout fry in the streams in this vicinity in the last few years, and as yet have seen no good come of it. Ten years ago several of the fishermen in this vicinity placed 60,000 landlocked salmon fry in two of the lakes near here, where the chances for their doing well were apparently good. But we have yet to hear of the capture of the first salmon. I believe that the only proper way to stock streams or lakes is to place in them fish at least a year old, and I think this is the opinion of most of the anglers in this section of Massachusetts at least. If any of your readers can throw more light upon this subject I wish they would do so, as I think we have much to learn yet as to the proper methods to be employed in stocking our lakes and streams.

GRAY HACKLE.

WORCESTER, MASS.

### New York Game Laws.

The omnibus bill sent to the Governor by the New York Legislature, which adjourned last week, prescribes the following close seasons: Deer in Sullivan county, Nov. 1-Oct. 1. Black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits, Jan. 1-Sept. 1, except in Cattaraugus county; and Aug. 15-March 15 in St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, Clinton, Lewis, Warren, Hamilton, Herkimer, Jefferson, Monroe, Chemung, Richmond, Fulton, Seneca, Ontario, Wayne and Oneida counties; and in Onondaga and Orange counties. Wildfowl, March 1-Sept. 1. On the Hudson River and tributaries south of the Troy dam May 1-Sept. 1. Mongolian pheasants protected for three years. Trout, Sept. 1-April 1, in Lake George and in Lewis, St. Lawrence, Franklin, Fulton, Clinton, Essex, Warren, Hamilton, Herkimer and Saratoga counties, Sept. 1-April 15. Black bass, Jan. 1-May 31. Pickering, wall-eyed pike, in St. Lawrence River, Jan. 1-May 30. Up to the time of our going to press (May 1) the bill had not been signed.

### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$2).

### PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Mr. WALTER WELLMAN, who is organizing a North Pole expedition, writes to Spratts Patent, from Liege, Belgium, as follows: "On inquiry here we find that your Patent Meat Fibrine Vegetable Dog Cakes and Cod Liver Oil Dog Cakes are superior to anything we can get for the large pack of Belgium draft dogs which we are taking on to the Arctic."

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Company issue an attractive little circular "Where to Find Game," which gives information compiled from reports of B. & O. agents as to the kinds of fish and game to be found at different points along the road, the character of the country, names of streams, hotel rates, livery and guides' charges, etc. It may be had for the asking.

The illustrated circular of the Natchaug Silk Company giving the award of prizes for last year and particulars for the '94 competition for \$225 in gold will interest all fishermen. It is worth noting that among the letters from last year's prize winners and competitors, which are here published, FOREST AND STREAM is mentioned many times, while no other journal is named even once. As the competition was advertised generally and extensively this fact is of telling significance and offers one more proof of FOREST AND STREAM's value as an advertising medium.

The Syracuse Arms Company have put upon the market a hammerless gun which possesses a number of new features, and which, when it becomes better known, will no doubt prove very popular with sportsmen. Its simplicity of construction and the fact that all its parts are interchangeable, are strong points in its favor. The gun can be taken apart and assembled without the use of any other tool than a screw driver. The entire locking mechanism is hung on two pins, and the hammer and the cocking device are all one piece. Mr. E. Hollenbeck, the inventor, claims that he is the first to successfully apply the system of interchangeability of parts to the manufacture of high-grade shotguns.

Messrs. C. C. Abel & Co., of New York, who are sole agents in the United States for C. G. Van Tubergen, Jr., of Haarlem, Holland, send price lists of flower rods on application.

Mr. Thos. Hunter, the big and popular president of the Hunter Arms Co., made a flying trip far South as Baltimore recently, and received a number of orders for the L. C. Smith gun. He reports that dealers are not stocking up to any great extent as yet, but that individual sportsmen are buying.

Vol. I., No. 1 of the *Baker Gun Quarterly* has come to hand. It is an admirably written and arranged little paper, and full of meat regarding the Baker gun. The publishers state as their object in issuing the paper as follows: To collect and publish experiences of practical gun men. To carefully note all questions that arise affecting the making and selling of guns. To do what we can toward educating people in an intelligent use of guns and toward strengthening the interests of legitimate sport generally.

The Wm. Malcolm Telescope Company, of Syracuse, have sent rifle telescopes for hunting and target work all over the known world.

The Burgess Gun Company have centrally located offices in the Erie County Savings Bank Building. The factory is in the north end of the city and is best reached by trains of the Belt Line Railroad which leave from the New York Central Station and which are operated by the Central Railroad Company. This Belt Line railroad beats the New York elevated roads for cheapness, carrying passengers entirely around the city, a distance of fifteen miles, for a single five cent fare. Its trains land passengers directly in front of the Burgess Gun Company's factory, giving them en route a view of Lake Erie and the upper Niagara. The factory is a three story and basement brick building, well supplied with the best modern machinery for turning out a perfectly finished gun. Last week a representative of FOREST AND STREAM was shown over the building by Mr. C. A. Damon, and also had the pleasure of firing one of the repeating shotguns, which worked like a charm. The Burgess Gun Company make a specialty of turning out special guns with one or more barrels to suit the needs of individual sportsmen. They have turned out guns bored for ball or buckshot, and are constantly experimenting for special charges. Their expert is at present perfecting a new device for ejecting in the possible contingency of misfire. The device now in use seems to answer the purpose admirably, and may be retained after the other device has been given a trial. The Burgess Gun has won many friends and has a bright future in store.

I asked Dan Cupid to other day  
What made him so surprising fair.  
"My Ma-Mam Venus," he replied,  
"Keeps Packer's Tar Soap at her side,  
And scrubs me everywhere." —*Adv.*

The Hazard Powder Company has moved from its old office at 63 Pine street, to new and more commodious quarters in the Continental Life Insurance Building, 44, 46 and 48 Cedar street.

### Two Spring Tours to Washington, D. C.

On Thursday, May 3, and Thursday, May 24, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run two delightful spring tours to the National Capital. These are what are called three-day trips, and embody all the advantages of an inexpensive trip, as well as an excellent opportunity for seeing the beautiful city of Washington under the most favorable circumstances. The rate from New York \$18, and from Philadelphia and Wilmington, \$11, carries with it transportation in a special train of Pennsylvania Railroad standard coaches, accompanied by experienced tourist agent and chaperon, who aid the tourist very materially in their journeying in and about the city of Washington, and the advantages of an inexpensive trip, as well as an excellent opportunity for seeing the beautiful city of Washington under the most favorable circumstances. 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## LOS ANGELES DOG SHOW.

(Special Report.)

THE sixth annual bench show of the Southern California Kennel Club, held at Los Angeles, April 18 to 21, must go on record as another success. The entry, though not a large one—170—was made up of representative classes. The pointer classes held their own. The St. Bernards, English setters, fox-terriers, pugs and cockerspaniels have improved wonderfully in the last two years. The hall is very centrally located, cool and well lighted. The attendance has been very good and I imagine that the club will come out ahead. I heard but very few complaints, and the majority of those were without cause. The judges gave very good satisfaction; I find cause to differ from them in a few instances only, and in those it is merely a difference of opinion as to type.

Mr. G. L. Waring, of Riverside, judged fox-terriers and bull-terriers; Mr. A. C. Waddell, of Coffeyville, Kansas, all other classes. As is often the case, the preparations for the show fell almost entirely upon one man. Mr. C. A. Sumner, the secretary, has had almost entire charge of affairs and to him must be given the credit for the success of the show. Mr. Ingalls, the elected superintendent, was unable to attend and a son of Mr. Sumner's officiated in that capacity. He performed his duties well and gave very general satisfaction. The dogs were well fed and well cared for.

## Mastiffs.

This class as a whole were a poor lot in comparison with Eastern dogs. Bishop, the winner, was the best in skull, bone, back and action. Phillip, second, has the best front, but is too high behind, light in eye and deficient in head. Phelps's Bishop is too leggy, weak behind and in pasterns, but has the most character, best mask and eye. In bitches Fanny II. won, a second would have been more than she is worth, small, weedy and snipy. Lomita Rex was alone in puppy class and well deserved the blue. He is well proportioned, sound and in prime condition, but, for a son of Ingleside Crown Prince he should show more skull.

## St. Bernards.

A big improvement over former years. California Bernardo, the winner in dogs, is the best in expression, character, coat and limbs. Reglov, given third, is much taller and larger in every way, equal in skull, but longer in muzzle; he is straight in stifles. Both of these dogs are dark in head markings. Leaving out the eyes, Reglov was a very easy second. He is blind in one eye, however, and on this account Mr. Waddell put Monk over him. Monk is a good type of dog, a little chap, but with a good head of the Swiss type, blocky but expressive, small ears, no blaze, good bone, bad coat. I preferred Reglov for the position. In open bitch class Tabitha was alone; she is a smooth-coat, or at best a broken coat; very nicely marked, but small and weedy. A finely-marked lot of puppies faced the judge. I never saw more perfect markings and shadings, but the entire lot were weedy.

## Great Danes.

Titan and Marjel, last year's winners, were the only entries. They are of the proper type, but rather small. In puppies, Marjel's show more quality than Titan's.

## Foxhounds

Brought out but two entries. Both are fair specimens of the American hound.

## Deerhounds

Only mustered two entries, Cervus and Flora. Both are good.

## Greyhounds.

The classes were small but very good. Skyrocket, the winner of many a hard fought battle in the coursing field, was again a victor. He is a very nice built dog all round. Falcon, his closest competitor, beats him in front and front feet, is equally good in shoulder and hindquarters, has the best skull, but loses to him in jaw, back, loin and neck. Donard M., third, has a nice skull but is short and weak in muzzle; lacks power; he is lower in front and better in hocks than Wallace, but is shorter and carries a poor tail. Wallace Go, reserve, is another good one, but is loaded in shoulders and short in neck. The positions of these two might well be reversed, but both are faulty. In open bitch class the competition was again close. Pronto, the winner, took the fancy of the judge; she has a nice head, good neck, front, depth of chest, the best arched back in the class, but is light in second thighs. Lady H. Glendynne, last year's winner, was shown a little too fat and soft; she excelled in hindlegs and back, has good head, shoulders and feet. Juno, third, has the most powerful muzzle of the lot and is well arched but is too long cast and straight in stifles. The puppies were very good and promising, well deserving the ribbons.

A so-called Russian wolfhound was given a second prize, said to be bred by Lord Tennyson. If I mistake not it is a cross between a greyhound and a wolfhound. It certainly has no resemblance to any of the barzois that I have seen in either England or America.

## Chesapeake Bay Dogs.

A good specimen of a Chesapeake Bay dog won; Prout, the well known winner. He is a bit wide in front and in poor coat, otherwise good.

## Pointers.

In challenge classes Sally Brass II. won in the over 50lbs. class, Kankoo in the light-weight dog class and Amariyllis in light-weight bitches. Sally Brass was shown in the best condition that she ever was since reaching this coast. She shows her age but little; Kankoo is a bit heavy in skull, but his good square muzzle and well put up body will carry him through a lot of trouble. Amariyllis has won now under four different judges; her only competitor was Patti Croxteth. Amariyllis won with much to spare; she has one of the best pointer heads that I ever saw, good clean neck and shoulders, good body, legs and feet, though she might be improved in stifles, and has an excellent stern. Patti Croxteth is like the most of the Croxteth stock, very wide in skull, loaded in shoulders and too "chunky" in build, not rangy like Amariyllis and all other dogs that possess speed and endurance. She has excellent feet and was shown in prime condition. Amariyllis afterward beat Sally Brass for the special. In open dogs, heavy-weight, Jap, the winner, excels in head, neck and pointer character. Bob, second, is a trifle light in muzzle and thick in skull and short in couplings, but has excellent front feet and stern. Rush, third, is throaty, a bit wide in skull and light in eye. Ben, reserve, is too wide in skull and cheeky. In open heavy-weight bitches Little Nell won; she is a Duke of Vernon—Sally Brass pup, full of quality and pointer character, nice head and neck and the best of feet; a little light for a heavy-weight. Hornell Bess, second, was shown in fine condition, though perhaps a little too fat. She is a good-headed bitch, might carry her ears a little better, has good shoulders and good body, but stands too wide behind. Flossy, third, has a good square, deep muzzle, but was shown in whelp and consequently not in condition. Open light-weight dog class brought out five entries. J. H. Keifer's Baldy won, a son of Idstone Bang. He has a square muzzle, but is too short and wide in skull, otherwise he is a capitally put up dog. Benkoo, second, I preferred for first place. He is better in neck and head, is more of the rangy order and to my notion a more typical pointer, with no great faults. Glenbeigh, third, was shown in fine fettle, but will never make a bench winner. He is too wide in front, too straight in stifles and short in head. Open bitches under 50lbs. brought out five; Kito won; she is wide in front, turns her elbows in too much and was shown too fat. Tippetta, second, has not

improved with age. She has grown a little cheeky and her feet might be better. Nancy S., third, is only a puppy and will improve. She has a nice type of head, a wee bit light in muzzle, good neck and shoulders, but weak in pasterns and has poor front feet. Belle, reserve, is slack in loin, ragged in hips and was shown much too thin; her head, neck and shoulders are excellent. Pointer bitch puppy class was won by Lulu King Don. Arabella, second, was too young for the class—a very promising puppy.

## English Setters.

Not a good class. Prince Charles, the winner, has the best type of head, but is coarse all through, ears too spaniel like. Mercury, second, a son of Dick Bondhu, is too short in head, is well ribbed up and has good legs and feet. Stamboul, third, I would like better were it not for his flat ribs. Cayador, reserve, is much too wide in skull, has bad expression and stern; his ribs are well sprung, and legs and feet good. Kash, vhc., who won under Messrs. Mortimer and Kaper, was overlooked; he lacks setter character and is very deficient in coat; had the judge handled him he would have unquestionably put him higher, as he has very few faults. In open bitches Countess Noble won with something to spare; while she might be lighter in skull and longer in muzzle, taken all in all there is not a bitch in California that can beat her. Diana, second, has the best head in the class, barring the lack of stop, and has the best feet, but stands poorly behind. Estrella, third, is of good type, but very small and not right in head. The puppies were good and somewhat resemble their dam, Countess Noble.

## Irish Setters.

Dick Swiveler was alone in challenge dogs; his head was never right and age has not improved it, lacks stop and is too full below the eye, one of his pasterns shows weakness, otherwise he holds his age well and was shown in prime condition. I used to think him small when he was going the rounds of the Eastern shows, but he seems to have filled out and thickened with age. Lady Elcho was alone in challenge bitches; I much prefer her head to that of Dick's, as it is, to my notion, much nearer the proper type, but she loses to him in body, back and loin, coat and color. Nemo II., first in open dogs, is not so good in head as Sultan, second, but beats him in body, is more developed, but in legs and feet and coat they are about equal. Prince Douglas, third, is very coarse and very large, but has a fair head and good coat and color. Reporter of Glenmore, reserve, is not a bad sort, good coat, body and legs, but deficient in muzzle. In open bitches Queen of Kildare won; she is a catchy little bitch with nice expression, too short in head, but of good type, coat rich in color, but deficient in quantity, well ribbed, and with good legs and feet; lithe as a cat and a good mover. Lightning, second, is best in coat and condition, good length of muzzle, but not square cut, full in brow and narrow at base, giving her an idiotic expression; she is a bit away-backed from maternal cares, otherwise very good. Nellie is short in skull, too much on the English setter order and has too much white on her. Glenmore Clipper was alone in the dog puppy class; he is a very promising youngster.

## Gordon Setters.

In dogs, no entries. Gyp won first in bitches; she is too light in build for a Gordon, has not sufficient depth of muzzle, coat flat and of good texture, tan of the proper shade. Lady Clara Jane, second, is a good bitch in very poor condition, out of coat at present, but in condition an easy winner. Roxie won first in bitch puppies; she is quite promising.

## Irish Water Spaniels.

Barney L. first in dogs and Nellie first in bitches; both good ones but shown too fat.

## Spaniels.

In field spaniels Little Nell took a first and Miss Bertie a second, but neither should have had anything; Nell is the best, but she is not a field spaniel. The same may be said of the dog puppy Fred.

The cocker classes were the best ever shown in Los Angeles. Woodland Duke won rightly enough, but King Douglas, second, pushed him hard; King has the best coat and is the more cobby, nearer the proper type of body, but Duke beats him in head; King is also short in ear and was shown much too fat. Dan Slater, third, is a big liver and white of fair quality but not up to those placed above him. In bitches Gypsy Jane won, she is a nice black, full of cocker character, perfectly flat coat, very good skull and ear, but a bit snipy. Sprite, second, is full of cocker character, but shown in whelp. Woodland Red Queen, third, should have changed places with Sprite, and Jessie V., reserve, should have been second; she is a liver and white ticked bitch that is, in my estimation, barring color, one of the best cockers on the coast to-day; barring a growing tendency to snipiness in muzzle, I do not see a fault in the bitch. Red Queen is very long and very snipy in muzzle and much too small and toyish. Diana won in bitch puppies; she is a black bitch with considerable character, too long and snipy in muzzle and too long in body, otherwise good. Woodland Red Queen took second in this class. Nina, third, has a fine coat but is badly faced, toy spaniel type.

In challenge Clumbers Buster won; he might be larger and is too short in skull and muzzle. Lady Florence, first in bitches, is much too small and too much of a cocker type on head, otherwise excellent.

The one dachshund was a very good one; long, low, well crooked and active, muzzle might be more powerful.

## Collies.

Fordhook Bravo won in open dog class; he is quite typical, has a fair outer and under coat, good muzzle, skull a bit thick, expression good. Aunt Dinah, first in bitches, is a very nice one, beautiful head and expression, but nursing a litter of puppies and was out of coat.

## Bulldogs.

A little French toy faced the judge, excellent in skull, body, legs and stern, but not broken up enough in face.

## Pugs.

Here we must beg to differ from the judge entirely. Balmaceda, first, should never have won the position, he is to begin with far too big, has a good pug skull, but has not a sign of wrinkle; his ears are good, but muzzle is too long, too nails pure white and feet poor. Royal Dusky, second, is a nice size, full of character, nice coat, good skull and muzzle, splendid wrinkle and expression, nice ear, beautifully curled tail, toes as black as ink, perfectly straight and sound and an easy winner, or should have been. Whitten Punch, third, has an excellent wrinkle, but is not wide enough at base of skull and is too long in body. In bitch puppies the very promising Victorina won first.

One fairish Japanese spaniel won first without competition, and a nice little Mexican hairless won in its class also alone.

I append Mr. Waring's report of fox-terriers and bull-terriers. He has neglected to speak of the Boston terriers, and I am glad he has, as I wish to say that the specimens of dogs that he gave the blue ribbon to are no nearer a Boston terrier than a mastiff. They were pit bulls of pronounced type, weighing probably 40 to 50lbs. each.

The most pronounced victory in the specials was the winning of S. M. Tonner's Amariyllis in pointer class. She very rightly defeated Sally Brass II., Patti Croxteth, Kankoo, Baldy and Kito for best light-weight pointer, and the above named bitches for best light-weight pointer bitch.

NAMQUOT.

## Fox-Terriers.

Judge's Report.

The fox-terrier classes were exceptionally strong, and certainly comprised the best lot of dogs that have ever appeared at Los Angeles. In the open dog class the duty of awarding prizes was a difficult one, as several entries were very close together, and the types rather divergent. Raby Rasper won with a very small margin over Ford Veni. The former is rather coarse, too thick in the neck, a little wide in front (though on occasions this is not apparent). He has a good coat—a trifle too abundant—excellent bone and good straight legs, and capital feet. His head is good, though it might be improved, being a trifle pinched below the eyes. His ears are good and well carried; he stands beautifully, and has an excellent outline, plenty of muscle, and particularly good hindquarters and hindlegs. His eyes are good, but expression rather soft. Good depth of chest and well-placed shoulders. He is a dog that must command attention, as he stands so well and shows himself. Ford Veni has a better head and ears than Raby Rasper; in fact, they are particularly good. He, however, was very deficient in coat, stands rather out at the elbows, and his hindlegs are too much bent and carried too much under him. In all other respects he is very good, and if he had a better coat the positions might have been reversed. The third prize dog, Lomita Patch, is a remarkably good shower, apparently very game, well-muscled, compact, has a good head, ears and bone, and straight legs and good feet. He is too wide in front, and is altogether rather too round in the muscles—slightly on the bull-terrier order. He wants more coat. Hampden Tip, reserve, showed badly and was in poor condition. He is a good dog, might be deeper in the chest, has a good head, with ears too large and too widely set, and light eyes; but altogether a taking dog. Blenton Reeper, vhc., was in very poor condition and looked a different dog to what he did last year. The loss of part of one ear is sufficient to put him out of court in the show ring—not as a disqualification, but because it so spoils his appearance. He is a good-bodied dog, with a nice outline, has capital coat, good legs and feet, is rather bitch-headed, and a little high on the leg. His intact ear is badly carried. That he is a good stock dog seems to be apparent, as no better fox-terriers were shown than Golden Gem and De Oro, two of his daughters. Golden Gem, the winner in the open bitch class, is a particularly good one, but she refused to show herself to advantage in the ring. Even this handicap was insufficient to prevent any mistake being made as to her superiority over the others. She is good everywhere and in describing her I found my statements on an inspection that I made of her after the judging was over. Had she shown herself in the ring as she did afterwards, I would have awarded her the prize for the best fox-terrier in the show. Her head is very good, her small ears hang beautifully and not leathery, though they might be set a little closer together. She has a good neck, sloping shoulders, good legs and feet, the right width and depth of chest and height of leg, a good outline to stern, capital coat, but might be a little heavier and deeper at loin with advantage. Altogether the best bitch I have seen in California. Lomita Winifreda, the second prize winner, is a different type; she is large and exceedingly game looking; she has an immense advantage in the manner in which she shows, has a remarkably good head and nice neck, well set on; might be deeper in the chest and less round; has not the best of legs and feet and a very bad tail carried over her back; also a bad coat. Sacerott Myrtle, third, has a nice head and well carried ears, a good body (perhaps a trifle long), a disproportionately coarse tail, only a fair coat and pretty good legs and feet. If she had an inch out off her tail it would improve her. Lomita Nettle, reserve, is large, too high on the leg, not very good in the body, but has a capital head and is game looking. Mission Belle, though pretty, is too light. Gussie would probably have been in the money if she had not shown so badly and thrown her ears back all the time she was in the ring. Her head and ears and body are good and her coat is right; she is deficient in bone but her forelegs are straight; a nice little bitch that spoiled her chances by her behavior. Bonnie Biddie, a good bitch, refused to show herself. Nellie, first at San Francisco 1891-92, was passed over on account of her brindled markings; apart from this she is a fair average bitch, good in the loin and body with very good ears; too thick in the head and too wide in the chest. The novice dogs were not a gaudy lot. The first novice bitch carried her ears badly but was otherwise fair. Bonnie Brush, first in dog puppies, is a nicely-made little dog with good coat, legs and feet and a nice outline; carries her ears too high, and is weak in jaw. It was a close thing between him and Don Juan, who is a neat little dog, fairly good everywhere except that he is wide in front and his coat is not good. Lomita Spratt is too large. The winner in the bitch puppy class, De Oro, is a good specimen. She possesses a very good head, ears the right size and shape and well carried, a very good loin and is a good depth all through, nice neck and good coat, tail and legs right but the feet are not round enough. She ought to be heard of again. Lomita Nettle was second and Bonnie Blot, third, carried her ears badly. Sunset Vixen, reserve, is too much of a toy.

## Bull-Terriers.

Judge's Report.

Chief, the winning dog, is fairly good; his ears are badly cropped, coming together at the tips; were they wider apart, as they originally were, his appearance would be immensely improved. Jumbo beat him in everything but head. Little Starlight is a well-turned, good-headed bitch, is rather wide in front and a little short in the leg. She beat the dog for the special.

G. L. WARING.

## LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, M. S. Severance's Bishop; 2d, G. J. Griffith's Philip; 3d, Mark Phelps's Phelps's Bishop. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Goytino's Fanny II. Puppies: 1st, Lomita Kennel's Lomita Rex.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Barker's California Bernardo; 2d, F. McCallister's Monk; 3d, Dr. A. T. Regensburg's Reglov. Bitches: 1st, Goucher & Alkman's Tabitha.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. F. A. Last's Pontiff; 2d, Goucher & Alkman's Puchi; 3d, Capt. F. E. Colver's Prince. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Sheldrick's Lady Thornton; 2d, Goucher & Alkman's Judy.—SMOOTH—1st, G. W. Lynch's Rover; 2d, M. E. Frazer's California Wonder.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Borglum's Titan, Bitches: 1st, J. G. Borglum's Marjel.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. H. E. Small's Figaro; 2d, Col. J. G. Otis's Toro; 3d, F. R. Miner's Faust. Bitches: 1st, J. H. Outhwaite's Minjion.

FOXHOUNDS.—AMERICAN—Dogs: 1st, T. Lowe's Dixie. Puppies: 1st, K. C. Klokke's Figueroa.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Hoy's Cervus. Bitches: 1st, J. E. Hoy's Flora.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, P. Curtis's Skyrocket; 2d, S. Tyler's Falcon; 3d, H. McCracken's Donard M. Reserve, A. Barrell's Wallace Go. Bitches: 1st, S. Tyler's Pronto; 2d, H. McCracken's Lady H. Glendynne; 3d, T. Lowe's Juno.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, S. Tyler's Oak Glen actor; 2d, H. McCracken's Midnight II. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. S. Tyler's Oak Glen Victress.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND.—2d, E. P. Boden's Cossack.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, T. Higgin's Trout.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 50lbs.): 1st, E. K. Benchley's Kankoo. Bitches (over 50lbs.): 1st, H. Vernon's Sally Brass II. (Under 50lbs.): 1st, Mrs. H. M. Tonner's 2d, Amariyllis 2d, A. B. Truman's Patti Croxteth T.—OPEN—Dogs (over 50lbs.): 1st, A. P. Kerckhoff's Jap; 2d, A. E. Messerley's Bob; 3d, H. E. Green's Rush. Reserve, J. A. Silvers's Bob. Bitches (over 50lbs.): 1st, Presidio Kennels' Little Nell; 2d, J. H. Sammi's Hornell Bess; 3d, L. Simonson's Flossy. Dogs (under 50lbs.): 1st, J. H. Kiefer's Baldy; 2d, J. E. Walker's Ben; 3d, Howard Vernon's Glenbeigh. Reserve, George A. Ralph's Grover. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, E. K. Benchley's Kito; 2d, H. Y. Evans, Jr.'s Tippetta; 3d, J. H. Sammi's Nancy S. Reserve, B. C. Hinman's Belle.—NOVICE—Dogs (any weight): 2d, E. E. Sallady's Nig.



—PUPPIES—*Bitches*: 1st, H. D. Dunton's Lulu King Don; 2d, Howard Vernon's Arabella.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Godfrey Fritz's Prince Charles; 2d, A. P. Kerckhoff's Mercury; 3d, Jos. Singer's Stamboul, Reserve; 4th, Winder's Gazd; 5th, Very high com. G. A. Van Derbeck's Kash. *Bitches*: 1st, H. T. Payne's Countess Noble; 2d, W. Garms's Diana G.; 3d, H. M. Towner's Estrella.—*Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. E. Lester's Don Juan. *Bitches*: 1st, Samuel P. Hughes's Silverplate.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, A. B. Truman's Dick Swiveler. *Bitches*: 1st, A. B. Truman's Lady Elcho T.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, A. B. Truman's Nemo II.; 2d, Glenmore Kennels' Sultan; 3d, A. I. Dilley's Prince Douglass. Reserve, Dr. E. N. Lowery's Reporter of Glenmore. Very high com., M. Splittsoesser's Martin. Com., Mrs. C. M. Shays's Sport. *Bitches*: 1st, J. W. Keen's Queen of Elmont; 2d, A. B. Truman's Lightning; 3d, J. G. Thurston's Nellie. Reserve, Mark G. Jones's Reddy.—*Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st, Glenmore Kennels' Glenmore Clipper.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Open*—*Bitches*: 1st, G. P. Loos's Gyp; 2d, J. W. Edwards's Lady Clara Jane. *Puppies*: 1st, J. W. Edwards's Roxie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs*: 1st, A. Lorschach's Barney L. *Bitches*: 1st, J. H. Sammi's Nellie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Open*—*Bitches* (over 28lbs.): 1st, J. B. Arnold's Little Nell; 2d, M. Lowry's Nellie Bly; 3d, H. Finley's Miss Bertie.—*Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st, M. H. Sinclair's Fred.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs* (under 28lbs.): 1st, F. E. Miller's Woodland Duke; 2d, Mrs. E. Kadish's King Douglas; 3d, Mrs. E. S. Slater's Dan Slater. *Bitches*: 1st, E. S. Slater's Gypsy Jane; 2d, Mrs. W. S. Taylor's Sprite; 3d, Mrs. E. Kadish's Woodland Red Queen. Reserve, H. Varley's Jessie V.—*Puppies*—*Bitches*: 1st, W. L. Prather, Jr.'s Diana E.; 2d, Mrs. Kadish's Woodland Red Queen; 3d, W. E. Murphy's Nina.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, Ivanhoe Kennels' Buster.—*Open*—*Bitches*: 1st, Ivanhoe Kennels' Lady Florence.

DOGS.—*Bitches*: 1st, Dr. J. R. Davidson's Fannie.

COLLIES.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. B. Banning's Fordhook Bravo. *Bitches*: 1st, J. B. Banning's Aunt Dianah.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs*: 1st, L. A. Vay's Tramp.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, W. H. Collins's Chief; 2d, C. M. Merry's Jumbo. *Bitches*: 1st, W. H. Collins's Little Starlight; 2d, C. E. Botsch's Queen.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. E. Hoy's Tiger. *Bitches*: 1st, J. E. Hoy's Gretie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs* (smooth): 1st, E. Cawston's Raby Rasper; 2d, and 3d, Lomita Kennels' Fordham and Lomita Patch. Reserve, F. Stokes's Hampden Tip. Very high com., J. McLatchie's Elmont Reeler. *Bitches*: 1st, J. A. Sargent's Golden Gem; 2d, and reserve, Lomita Kennels' Lomita Winifreda and Lomita Nettle; 3d, F. E. Holden's Seacroft Myrtle. Very high com., J. McLatchie's Elmont Belle, W. G. Brittan's Bonnie Biddy, R. Liadel's Nellie and C. Thomquest's Gussie.—*Novice*—*Dogs*: 1st, H. H. Shorting's Fly; 2d, Miss A. M. Brooks's Ned. *Bitches*: 1st, C. A. Sumner's Bonnie Blot.—*Puppies*—*Dogs*: 1st, C. A. Sumner's Bonnie Brush; 2d, W. W. Howard's Don Juan. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Heffernan's De Oro; 2d, Lomita Kennels' Lomita Nettle; 3d, C. A. Sumner's Bonnie Blot. Reserve, T. S. Casey's Sunset Vixen.

PUGS.—*Dogs*: 1st, H. L. Park's Balmaceda; 2d, Mrs. W. G. Brittan's Royal Dusky; 3d, Mrs. S. C. Goucher's Whitten Punch. *Bitches*: 1st, S. Gerson's Tricksey; 2d, Mrs. W. G. Brittan's Maud.—*Puppies*—1st, Miss Sumner's Victoria.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—*Bitches*: 1st, Gerson's Dot.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs*: 1st (Mexican Hairless), A. B. Bates's Gyp.

The specials other than those named above followed in almost every instance the awards in the regular classes, and every breed was provided for.

Best kennels—Greyhounds, S. Tyler; pointers, Howard Vernon; Irish setters, A. B. of mat. Clumber spaniels, Ivanhoe Kennels; fox terriers, Lomita Kennels; St. Bernards, Goucher and Ackerman.

DOG CHAT.

The New York Specialty Show.

The largest specialty show ever held in America opened to-day (Tuesday) under most favorable auspices, brilliant weather, good judges and the cream of the fancy in the different breeds—St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers, spaniels and bulldogs. The only drawback is the fact that the dogs are benched in the basement of the Madison Square Garden, and although Spratts Co. have arranged the benching as well as possible under the circumstances, the *tout ensemble* suffers by comparison with a show benched on the main floor. The very interesting farm exhibits take up all the space on this floor, so there is no alternative. A number of the prominent kennels benched their dogs last night. The Swiss Mountain Kennels have 18 dogs, including the best that they can show in St. Bernards and spaniels. Andrew Laidlaw, C. M. Nelles, Geo. Bell and Geo. Douglas will surely score high honors for the Dominion, especially in spaniels. A number of fox-terriers and collies from the Hempstead Farm were already benched, as well as their auxiliary exhibit of pointers, retrievers, Irish terriers, beagles, etc., that are of course not for competition. The Woodlawn Park Kennels also benched a satisfactory collection of bulldogs, collies and fox-terriers. Blanton Kennels have some of their cracks there, too, and are confident of winning a fair share of the ribbons. Messrs. Rutherford of course cannot let such an occasion pass, and have brought Warren Safeguard and Warren Captions, who will make the competition interesting in the challenge classes, together with several others.

The exhibitors, Messrs. Hunnewell and Smith, are there in strong force, and Oakleigh Bruiser, Cribbage and Janet will no doubt add further laurels to their wreaths. In wire puppies ten are shown and all, with the exception of Mr. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap, are from Hempstead and Hillhurst Kennels. J. Pierpont Morgan has his collies Sefton Hero, Charlton Phyllis, Roslyn Wilkes and others, and the two former will do battle for the first time in the challenge classes when they will meet the old heroes from the Chestnut Hill Kennels, Wellesbourne Charlie and Luella. The open collie classes will charm the collie enthusiasts when the well known Christopher Woodmansterne Trefoil, Conrad II., Hempstead Trefoil, Prince Wilkes, Hempstead Rex, Ormskirk Dollie and the uneaten sensational puppy Hempstead Dorothy come together, to say nothing of several lesser lights which have been decorated before. The St. Bernard classes are sure to please the lovers of the Holy breed, for the collection benched, though not as large as might have been expected, is representative of the best we have in the East, while the West is supported by two such celebrities as Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty, whose plucky owner considers distance no object when dog shows are considered. The bitch challenge roughs will provoke keen rivalry when Miss Anna, Rustic Beauty, Lady Livingstone, and Sunray troop into the ring, and the winner may well be hailed as Queen of the May. In Bedivere, Otos, Kingston Regent and Altoner form no mean puzzle for the judges after the blue ribbon is given out. The open classes are also very strong and the judge, Mr. Sidney Smith, will be able to form some idea of the kind of St. Bernards we are producing, especially when he sees Mr. Moore's strong term of Altons in the smooth classes.

A review of the spaniel classes is quickly made—the very best of the year are entered and almost every name has become a familiar one in the past season's prize list at one show or another. With the Woodlawn Park Kennels, John H. Matthews, John H. Congdon, J. R. Gilmore, E. K. Austin, W. K. Travers, R. D. Winthrop and A. B. Graves out with their choicest it is scarcely necessary to say that the judge will be pleased to return to his comparatively easy duties, as manager of the whole show, after his puzzling work. King Lud, His Lordship, White Venn, Saleni, Found It, Bathos, Wal Hampton, Rustic King II., Leonidas, etc., are dogs that any country, even Old England, may be proud to acknowledge. The judging is done on the main floor in the ring set apart for the equine performances. Judging commenced in good time but will not be finished the first day as the specials

form no small portion of the programme. As we go to press soon after the judging commences we are unable to give the awards, but a full report will appear next week. In all there are 464 entries, a number of which are special exhibits from Mr. Trevor's and the Hempstead Farm and Mr. Senn's toy spaniel kennels.

Mr. H. G. Trevor, who may, with Mr. Hunnewell, be termed the poodle missionary, has sold out several of his dogs to Mr. Weldy of Tamaqua, Pa., who intends to show extensively. The list contains such well known curlies as Sidi, Girofla, Cigarette, Zola, etc. Mr. Weldy will show at Louisville next week and Mr. Trevor will also take a brace of his best down to the Kentucky event.

We have received an excellently arranged catalogue of the Wankie Kennels' Scotch terriers. Half-tones of Kilroy, Tirie, Kilree and Culbrian are given together with much useful information as to their breeding, as well as the lesser lights in the kennel.

Miss Bibby, an English lady, is evidently a suffragist, for she entered a brace of English setters, Sam Cross and Milly Cross, in the recent field trials in England.

The fifteen-year-old fox-terrier Belgrave Tony was recently killed in a fracas with a kennel mate. He was game to the last.

We have received the following from the Columbus Fanciers' Club: "Whereas, certain rumors having been put in circulation concerning Mr. T. A. Howard, to wit: That he had attempted to bribe a judge at the recent Columbus dog show; Resolved, That after a careful examination of all the evidence we find that Mr. Howard has been guilty of indirect letter writing and that we censure him severely for the same."—BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE COLUMBUS FANCIERS' CLUB CO."

The show at Oakland Cal., will take place May 30 to June 2. Mr. K. E. Hopf has been invited to judge mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes and Newfoundlands. They will also try to get a judge from the East for the other classes.

The Mount Sion Kennels, of Albany, N. Y., have just imported from Mr. Wm. Marshall, of Scotland, the smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Scottish Ruby. This bitch is litter sister to champion Scottish Leader and has won a number of firsts and specials for Mr. Marshall on the other side. These kennels have also purchased from W. C. Reick the well-known champion Kingston Regent, also the rough-coated bitch Miss Jerome and a smooth by Refuge II. out of champion Cleopatra. Kingston Regent has improved wonderfully during the short time he has been at these kennels, and will soon be placed in the stud, as will a son of champion Beauchamp, Sir Marmaduke. Miss Jerome was bred to Regent three weeks since.

Mr. John H. Matthews, the owner of the dachshund Polly Finders, is very proud of his bitch's success in scoring twice for the Manice dachshund cup for the best American-bred at New York and Boston shows. She has beaten the best, and this is as much as any one can expect. Mr. Matthews has another good one in Pretzel, but he says his good fortune, however, does not turn his heart from his first love, the "bulls." Mr. Manice has done good service to the breed by putting up such a handsome and valuable trophy.

There is a little inside history connected with the awarding of the wolfhound special cup for best kennel at Boston that is interesting. The Seacroft Kennel counted on winning it with nine dogs. The N. E. K. C. special was given according to the judge's book, without having the dogs in the ring, and it went to the Marlborough Kennels, the judge claiming that sortiness and levelness do not count when dogs are shown in five classes. The Seacroft kennelman kicked vigorously at this and protested. The committee allowed the protest, and the judge was told to have the dogs all in and score them. He made a score of 10 for first, 5 for second, 3 for third, 2 for reserve, 1 for vhc. This was agreed to by all parties concerned, and Mr. Brooks kept the score as the dogs were brought forward and the judge called the prizes. The result was Marlborough Kennels 38, and Seacroft Kennels 36. A novel mode of settling the question, to say the least. The awarding of these wolfhound specials seems to have stirred up a good deal of feeling, but the Seacroft Kennel representative should curb his temper and accept defeat and victory with the same equanimity, as becomes a man of supposed experience in dog showing.

Ben Lewis will take about sixty dogs down to Louisville show, including many of the best dogs around Philadelphia, from Seminole, Dr. Dixon's and other kennels. By the way, we have seen a letter from Mr. John Read, in which he states that Ben Lewis did see him on the Monday previous to the Boston show, when the Leo B.—Duke of Wellington affair was fully explained to him, and he in turn saw Mr. Loveland, so it is evident that the management was early in possession of the facts in the case, and with this explanation due to Mr. Lewis this little sensation may be allowed to simmer down.

Dr. T. G. Sherwood, finding his veterinary practice increasing, is compelled to move to larger quarters at 107 West Thirty-seventh street, New York, where he will have better facilities for treating his numerous patients.

The Los Angeles show, while not a great money maker, left the management on the right side of the ledger. The club deserves every praise for their pluck in holding a show alone. The club, however, will, we are afraid, find it a difficult matter to fill the secretaryship, which Mr. C. A. Sumner has so ably conducted for years past. As most of the duties connected with the show fell upon his shoulders, the time this consumed interfered with his business interests, and this is the reason he urges for retirement. Mr. Sumner sends a picture of himself, taken by himself and also of his fox-terriers, Bonnie Brush and Bonnie Blot, both winners at the late show, and seem very promising youngsters.

We have had numerous inquiries lately for great Dane puppies. If the breeders considered their interests they would not hide their kennels but advertise them in our business columns.

Notices on the English Kennel Club show and the field trials are unavoidably left over this week as well as several letters.

The *British Fancier* scored in enterprise on the occasion of the recent Kennel Club show. Although the paper is printed 200 miles from London they succeeded in setting down at that show a full report of all the classes and the prize list within twenty-four hours of the judging. The issue was handsomely gotten up in a special cover. This journal seems to be in anything but a moribund state as some of our friends would have us believe.

FOREST AND STREAM last week published the earliest complete report and prize list of the Boston show. *Verb sap.*

The recent transaction whereby the English fancier Mr. Tom Ashton became the purchaser of the noted Irish terrier Crow Gill Sportsman, brings to light an important phase of dog-buying ethics. Mr. Ashton, it seems, wired Mr. Jowett

for the price of the terrier and the answer was \$250. Mr. Ashton wired "I'll have him," to which Mr. Jowett replied, "Meet me at the show" (Liverpool). The latter then offered a sum of money to relinquish the bargain; this was refused and the upshot was that Mr. Jowett finally refused to let the dog go. This resulted in a letter from Mr. Ashton's lawyer demanding the dog and depositing the money, \$250. Thus brought to terms Mr. Jowett let the dog go. The outcome of this transaction has an important bearing as showing that the price on a dog once set and accepted by the party of the second part, the bargain is binding on the seller at least, and should be made so on the buyer's part. In passing we may say that this terrier won three firsts at the Liverpool show, and gave the great Breda Mixer the closest rub he has yet had for the special.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Manitoba Field Trial Matters.

MR. R. J. GALLAUGHER, Secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, writes me as follows concerning the club's programme for its forthcoming trials:

"The directors meeting was held on Saturday evening, April 23, in the office of Mr. Rose, Winnipeg, and all the resident members were present. Mr. Simpson, the president, was in the chair. A great deal of discussion took place in regard to the amount to be offered in prizes. It was finally agreed upon that \$500 was all that the club could guarantee, \$250 for the Derby and \$250 for the All-Aged Stake. Entries for the Derby close on July 1; no extension. Five dollars to enter and \$10 to start. All-Aged entries close Aug. 15 and are open to all dogs which have never won first in any recognized field trials. Five dollars to enter and \$10 additional to start. Entry forms can be had on application to the secretary.

"An Amateur Stake will also be run, governed by the same rules as that of last year. The prizes of this stake will be announced later; \$5 to enter and \$2 to start.

"The selection of a judge was not made. Several names being submitted to the committee, the sec-treas. was instructed to correspond with them in order to find out the possibility of obtaining any of them. Another meeting will be held on May 5, when this and other matters of interest pertaining to the club will be dealt with.

"At present, appearances would indicate that we will have a larger entry, especially from the United States, and if I succeed in getting special arrangements made with the Northern Pacific Railway people for the free transportation of dogs to our trials, as I hope to, then I am sure we will obtain larger patronage from our friends in your country."

The club, in my opinion, did wisely in cutting down its prize list to limits which it reasonably could afford to assume. It is decidedly better to hold any field trial on a sound financial basis than to hold a big trial with a deficit. If the latter results there necessarily is an assessment. That is something to avoid. No sportsman, be his enthusiasm ever so great, likes to pay money out, as a club member, for a deficit in a sport which brings him so little direct return. It is a great misfortune in the long run for the competitors at a field trial to win large stakes which subsequently have to be made good on the part of the club members by an assessment. Interest is killed by it, members withdraw and as a consequence the club either quietly drops out of existence or ceases to give field trials thereafter.

A club with a sound financial policy might give field trials successfully year after year for an indefinite term. On the other hand, if the expenditure exceeds the receipts it is a certainty that the members will lose interest, and if the loss is repeated once or a few times the club will cease to exist.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. D., Baltimore, Md.—Rock is not registered in the A. K. C. Stud Book. Rye (imported) A.K.C.S.B. 7,773. Breeder and pedigree unknown.

S. J., New Orleans, La.—Monk's Mark (A.K.C.S.B. 22,790) is Monk of Furness (21,178) out of Nellie Grey (8,356, Vol. V.).

R. O. De W. W., Albany, N. Y.—It would be invidious on our part to recommend any kennel; look in our business columns, or a Kennel Special will bring you what you want.

FOXPOUND, Chicopee Falls, Mass.—Feed three times a day with soup mixed with boiled rice, oatmeal or dry bread, alternately. A couple of dog biscuits in the morning, soaked or dry, will be beneficial. Give him shin bones to gnaw on and also raw meat chopped up three times a day.

W. J. N., St. Louis, Mo.—You should get an experienced man to crop your terrier's ears. Friar's balsam is a good thing. There is no book on the subject.

IGNORANT, Philadelphia.—Treat for worms. Any of the advertised remedies will do.

ENTHUSIASTIC READER, Fort Sill, O. T.—The dog biscuit advertised in our business columns are good. About four biscuits a day would be sufficient for your dog; feed one in the morning and three at night. They are fed either dry or soaked, with hot water or a light soup.

P. A. H., West Bedford, Mass.; H. S. W., New York; C. F. M., Langsborough, N. Y.; W. E. S., Port Angeles, Wash., and J. H., Salt Lake City, will be answered by mail.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

A Kentucky Camp Hunt.

As a guest of Mr. Francis J. Hagan and Mr. Howard Tracey, I spent the week of March 19 at Mr. Hagan's lodge at the Gap in the Knobs, 25 miles south of Louisville, on the L. & N. Railroad, on a week's camp hunt after reynard.

As hosts the above gentlemen are *par excellence*. Those participating were the most noted fox hunters of Kentucky, not only as private breeders for their own amusement, but to excel their neighbors in game, true dogs. Their success has been such that their breeding has achieved renown not only in Kentucky, but wherever a lover of the chase resides. Mr. Hagan's lodge is admirably situated on a hill, with surroundings of thickets and dense cover, with long stretches of blue grass pastures, just the place not only to show speed, but the intricacies of a winding trail. Most of the gentlemen participating are known through the sporting press in a general way, but it's a pleasure to know them personally and to associate with them, note their peculiarities and benefit by their long experience.

Mr. Hagan is a young man of fine attainments, a lawyer by profession and a fox hunter through love of the sport, ambitious and a royal good host, who inherits the chivalry and hospitality of a true Kentuckian. Mr. Howard Tracey, like the true gentleman, quiet and polite, is instructive in his conversation at all times, and polished to a fault. Messrs. Trigg and Herr are retired gentlemen that have passed the half mile post in life, and who have been known for the past forty years as the pioneers in fox hunting, and have bred some of the most noted dogs in Kentucky. Mr. Trigg, at the present time, has two couples of the original Birdsong blood, without any outcrosses. By his inbreeding these bogs have lost in size, but still retain their wonderful fox dense and gameness; they are solid red in color.



Capt. Davis is a new hand at the sport. Who has not heard of Roger Williams? he, like Mr. Tracey is the acme of politeness, a true lover of sport, a fine horseman with an unlimited knowledge of hounds and horses.

Mr. Walker, with whose name is coupled a breed of dogs that have no peers and are known in every locality for their excellent qualities, combining speed, endurance, hunting qualities and fox sense, and who brought dogs with him that upheld the reputation of their breeders. Mr. Walker is probably forty-nine years old, 6ft. 4in. tall and weighs 225lbs., but so evenly distributed that he does not seem to carry an ounce of superfluous flesh. He is a man with a face of the strongest character, one that you would be willing, at first sight, to put your life in his hands and know that you would receive justice; his opinions are always respected.

Mr. Goodman, the breeder of the Goodman strain, whose dogs are always in the front or very nearly so, is of uncertain age, I guess it fifty years, a gentleman probably 5ft. 9in., weighs close to 180lbs., with the appearance of a man that enjoys life. He is a wit and the greatest talker I ever heard, but there is one beauty about his conversation, he is instructive, witty and entertaining and knows what he is talking about, and is rarely contradicted. When it comes to pedigree, with Mr. Walker, every dog of any note can be traced back, off-hand, for thirty or more years. In repartee he is a success, and would make his mark as an end man in a minstrel show.

Taken as a whole, the above gentlemen made camp life a pleasure. Mr. Hagan had taken the precaution to have no feminine about camp, the cooking, waiting on table, and help generally, were done by colored men. Breakfast was announced at 6 A. M., and lasted until 6 the following morning; with hard galloping and bracing air appetites were wonderful.

This was my first trip to Kentucky. When I left the depot a colored boy, wishing to carry my grip, called me Captain, and before I had reached a carriage I had graduated up to a General. The people at large throughout the country have formed a wrong impression of Kentucky from reading the accounts of killings and moonshine whisky. When I bid my family good-bye, my wife asked me if my life insurance policies were all paid, while my daughter said, "Papa, be careful in your talk, don't let them bluff you, keep your pistol handy." This impression is wrong, and while in some parts of Kentucky life is cheap, it is only so in the mountains, where they must have something to gossip about.

In Indiana we ride to the meeting point in a buggy and in Kentucky you go on horseback, and the faster that horse can run and the higher he can jump the better, as it is the idea to keep as close to the hounds as possible by cutting the corners. Not being an adept at steeple-chasing I looked upon my mount in alarm; he was a bang-tail, with all the symptoms of a flyer, going under the name of Crab Cider. I got the name mixed up with a noted steeple-chaser and stampered, and tried to exchange with several, but they all said mine was the best horse on the grounds and their refusal to trade increased my fright, but I finally mustered up courage to mount. Everything went lovely until we put up a fox and everybody started pell mell after the dogs. I then knew I was lost unless I could hold on; dropping the reins I secured a neck and nail hold, and gave him the steel and told him to go, and then shut my eyes for the shock. As I didn't fall off I opened my peepers and came to the conclusion that I had missed my calling years ago, grabbed the reins and started after Messrs. Hagan, Tracey and Williams, who were leading me about three hundred yards. I jumped logs, ditches and low fences, dodged low-hanging limbs and finally came to a halt at a ten-rail fence that Mr. Williams had endeavored to jump and had succeeded in getting over, but his horse had hit the top rail and there was a queer combination of Williams, horse and rails for a moment. I discreetly lowered the fence and jumped at in true Indiana style. I got to the regular dare devil rider on the first day, but on the second day, not being used to the pounding, I was in a pretty bad condition. Taking Cider out in the woods I practiced for a half hour endeavoring to get a motion so that I could keep from hitting the saddle so hard. I tried English, Kentucky, Indiana and several other modes, but none gave satisfaction. I finally adopted a combination peculiarly my own which led me out of the wilderness, and I am thankful I am able to write about it.

Mr. Walker brought 4 dogs, Mr. Trigg 8, Capt. Davis 4, Mr. Herr 6, Messrs. Hagan and Tracey 20, while Messrs. Goodman, Williams and myself were afraid and did not bring a dog. Quite a number of gentlemen living in the vicinity attended the hunt, and there were probably 75 dogs present. With the exception of two chases, the dogs were either too fast for the fox or the dogs scattered so that whichever way the fox would turn he would meet an enemy, and for policy's sake take to earth. An effort was made several days for each owner to enter 2 dogs, making a pack of 12, but outside dogs would come in and there would be such a scattering that the fox would soon go to ground. Very few of the runs lasted over half an hour.

The first run we had lasted two hours and a half. Mr. Hagan's Judge Lynch did most of the leading, with the pack badly scattered. The last run of the hunt lasted four hours and was the only race that really showed the high qualities of a foxhound. The fox, after making a circle, started for the Knobs, with Mr. Walker's Brag in the lead and the rest badly scattered. They were out of hearing for three hours, and on the return Brag was still in the lead and running very fast, and he retained his lead until holted.

Like fishing, fox-hunting yarns are whoppers. Mr. Hagan said he once owned a dog that was so game that when they attempted to pull him out of a hole where he had holted a fox, the skin broke near the back of his head and slipped off his frame; just about that time the fox broke cover and the dog caught the fox six hours later, fifteen miles from where he lost his coat.

Mr. Goodman said that he once had a bitch due to whelp on a certain day. That day she escaped and got in with the pack and ran the race through, having given birth to the pups during the race. He then took the mother and a basket, and going over the territory gathered up ten pups.

Mr. Walker said he had a bitch due to whelp, who got in with the pack after a fox that passed his stable on his circles, and that on his circle this bitch led the pack carrying a pup in her mouth that she had whelped, and after depositing the pup in her kennel would take out after the pack. He incidentally remarked: "But this bitch was an unusually fine bitch."

In riding around among the Knobs I looked carefully for an illicit still, as I saw numerous sparkling rivulets, with which Kentucky whisky is associated.

I had one or two rivals with the gloves in our gymnasium, and was anxious to see if my experience in dodging limbs while tearing through the woods on Cider had been beneficial. The first pass my opponent made, I bumped my head on the floor.

When breaking camp the help, with the assistance of a guitar and banjo, bade us farewell, singing "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," and other melodies.

May my life be prolonged to meet with these spirits once more. F. W. SAMUELS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 24.

Mr. Huntley writes us that the Huron Club will make an effort to get the American Coursing Club to locate their meetings at Huron, S. D., permanently, and if they are successful they feel positive the American Club will be pleased with its location.

## Yachting.

### FIXTURES.

MAY.

- |                                                     |                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| 5-6. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.        | 24. St. Lawrence, Squad. Cruise.                    |
| 12. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race.                | 26. Portland, Cruise.                               |
| 12-13. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City. | 26. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Quarry Cove.        |
| 19. Baltimore, Opening, Baltimore Sound.            | 27. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.               |
| 19. New Rochelle, Cabin Cats, L. I. Sound.          | 28. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City. |
| 19-20. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.         | 30. So. Boston, Open, City Point.                   |
|                                                     | 30. Racing, Opening, Racine, Wis.                   |
|                                                     | 30. San Francisco Cor., Annual Cruise, Tiburon.     |

### English Yachting Exhibitions.

The yachting exhibition is an institution which, though unknown in this country, is apparently popular and profitable in England, two being held last year, while two more have been held during the past two months. One of those of 1893 was held during August, on board a vessel specially fitted up for that purpose, which visited the various yachting ports, the venture being purely a commercial one. The other was held in London, at the Royal Aquarium, a general exhibition of models, pictures, yachting appliances and relics. This experiment was sufficiently successful to induce the organizer and originator, Mr. E. du Plat, to repeat it, this year, during the ensuing month of February, the result being to gather together a most instructive and interesting collection of yachting paraphernalia.

We are indebted to some unknown correspondent for a copy of the catalogue, compiled by Mr. du Plat, which is specially interesting from the amount of historical matter relating to the early days of British yachting. The exhibits, which have already been described in part in the *Forest and Stream*, include models, both half block and full-rigged, of all classes of vessels, though chiefly of yachts; paintings and photos of famous yachtsmen and yachts, old flags, books, etc., etc. The "Trade Section" includes exhibits of builders and dealers. A very important part of the exhibition is the collection loaned by Mr. Dixon Kemp, of lines, pictures, books and models collected during his long experience as editor of the *Field*.

In the latter part of March, the Norwich Yachting and Fishing Exhibition was opened at Norwich, on the East Coast. This enterprise, first suggested by the Yare Sailing Club, is for the benefit of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The exhibits are very interesting, and are specially complete in the many types of local craft peculiar to the East Coast, the Norfolk wherry, the old lateen-rigged cutters or sloops and the Yarmouth beach yawls. A valuable feature of this exhibition is the offering of prizes for designs and models as follows: Class I. Model and design of 2-rater, suitable for any waters; prizes \$5 5s., \$2 2s. Class II. Model and design of a 1-rater, suitable for sheltered waters, prizes \$5 5s., \$2 2s. Class III. Complete sail or sails, with attachable gear, mast and spars, set as for sailing, suitable for 1-rater not exceeding 18ft. l.w.l.; prize \$3 3s. Class IV. Dinghy complete, suitable for the 1-rater, prizes \$1 1s., \$1 1s. Class V. Dinghy, price to be stated; prizes \$5 5s., \$3 3s., if 6 enter. Class VI. Model of body and model or design of internal arrangements for a 10 ton cruiser not exceeding 4ft. draft, suitable for the Broads; prize \$3 3s. Class VII. Model of any craft, not exceeding 5 rating, not exhibited in any of the above classes; prize \$5 5s. Class VIII. Model of a drift-net fishing vessel; prize \$3 3s. Class IX. Model of a North Sea trawler (sailing); prize \$3 3s. The classes for model yachts were: Class A. For the best model yacht not exceeding 12 tons M. Y. measurement, suitable for sailing ponds; prizes \$1 1s., 10s. 6d. Class B. Model for a beach yawl, not exceeding 50in. in length, suitable for sailing on ponds; \$1 1s., 10s. 6d. Although the prizes are small in amount, nearly all of the classes had good entries. The value of such exhibitions and the interest in yachting and water sports needs no demonstration, there is ample material, both modern and historical, for a good yachting exhibition in New York or Boston, and we hope to see the experiment inaugurated sooner or later.

### Racing Rules and the New York Y. R. A.

The New York Yacht Racing Association, as the result of the recent attempt to enforce its rule on the associated clubs to the exclusion of all others, is now working through a committee over the matter of amending all of its laws, including the measurement rule. This conclusion, though unlooked for at the outset of the difficulty, has been rendered necessary by the enactment and rescinding of various contradictory amendments proposed by one or other of the contesting parties. While certain principles of government are also involved, the entire dispute mainly hinges on the measurement rule; and the present revision of the rules is a direct result of the Association to start anew with a rule or rules which shall be really up to the times.

Complicated as the measurement question is, there are several important truths which lie on the surface, and which, if regarded, will tend to simplify the more extricate issues over which the best authorities are at present at issue. The prime objects of a measurement rule are, first, to unite existing boats on a given course, and second, for purposes of racing; and second, as every rule must exert a powerful influence on the design of new craft, that influence must be such as to further the development of a desirable type or types; and to offer every opportunity and all encouragement to the designer, owner and builder. A third fact that may be set down as an axiom, is that the rule must be such as to give no advantage to any one, but alone by the specific formula or by arbitrary restrictions which may vary considerably in different places.

In the case of the New York Y. R. A., it is generally admitted that under the circumstances attending its formation, the first requirement was the uniting of a number of independent clubs, all of which practically were interested in the peculiar type of small yacht which has grown up about New York under the influence of various local rules. Under these circumstances, there was no alternative from a dispute over measurement which would in all probability have disrupted the projected union before it was fairly formed, save to avoid all argument by adopting a rule that was familiar to all and favored by the majority. This was the reason advanced at the time for the rule, and, but satisfactory, this reason existed and justified, if it did not give rise to the adoption of the "mean length rule."

At the same time, however, there was another and very important side to the matter which the organizers of the Association declined to recognize; though it was plainly apparent to those who gave serious thought to the matter. Another association of very similar lines in the East had just succumbed after some years' existence, the time having expired, but satisfactory, this reason existed and justified, if it did not give rise to the adoption of the "mean length rule."

Side to the matter which the organizers of the Association declined to recognize; though it was plainly apparent to those who gave serious thought to the matter. Another association of very similar lines in the East had just succumbed after some years' existence, the time having expired, but satisfactory, this reason existed and justified, if it did not give rise to the adoption of the "mean length rule."

Unfortunately, as it has since proved, the Association took its stand by a length rule alone; and, as a matter of necessity, it has since been in a position of opposition to all other yachting bodies. The lack of any great amount of racing about New York, and of the general participation of a number of association yachts in all open regattas, has prevented any serious clash between the two systems; and as the direct efforts of the Association have been limited to one season, the effects of the rule have been less noticeable than under other conditions. Had the racing been as frequent and general as in Boston, for instance; and had the Association yachts participated in the races of the larger clubs, there would have arisen a conflict between the two rules which could not have terminated in one way.

That the Association has been successful in its present position, it has done much that has been unsuccessfully attempted by previous unions of the clubs, and it has welded into one large body a number of smaller ones; with all the strength and mutual gain which comes from such a union. Recent events, however, indicate that the full measure of success possible under the present policy has been obtained, and if the Association is to prosper in the future, it can no longer go its own way, but must adopt a course that is liberal, progressive and in harmony with the ideas and principles of other American clubs.

Had the recent attempt to mend the constitution been successful, and had the growth of racing within the Association continued with

such success as to call for the building of new boats, an end that every yachting body should work for; the only result would have been the creation of a fleet of yachts which would be debared from all races outside of the Association, and which could not have been sold into one of the many clubs outside it. Such a success as this would be the worst possible failure, and the Association has had a narrow escape.

At best the question of measurement, including classification, is in an unsettled state, in America and abroad; and it is impossible to forestall the improvements in design or construction, or the changes in the social and other conditions of yacht racing which may call for a new rule, but for all the purposes of the New York Y. R. A., the length and sail area rule which has been in use now for ten years, is likely to answer satisfactorily for an indefinite time. The Association is specially fortunate in that it is not compelled to legislate for a purely racing fleet, but deals with yachts which are built for cruising and general use, rather than for racing alone; yachts which race regularly for a series of years under one owner instead of being outclassed and sold after the first season. While having due regard for the existing fleet, composed largely of yachts of the older model, and protecting them if necessary by the retention of the present rule for such yachts as elect to be classed under it, the Association should at the same time take up the measurement question with a view to adopting a rule which will exert a positive influence in encouraging such a craft as will suit the needs of its members; of reasonable proportions, durable construction, moderate cost and possessing good all-round qualities as well as speed. It is quite unlikely that a perfect rule will be found, or even that any rule, however good, will at once produce a new fleet of yachts, but the Association has made a noble effort to advance the interests of yachting, and to do at least as much as other organizations will undoubtedly bring to the aid of the Association a moral influence both from within and without its membership that must be in the highest degree beneficial.

### Midget Yacht Club, Marblehead, Mass.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the spring of 1893, a number of boys of this town owned miniature yachts of the fin-keel model and a number of prominent citizens offered a cup for the boys to race for. As most of the yachts were about 30in. long, the limit was placed at 33in. The races began Decoration Day and were continued every Saturday and every holiday through September, three races being sailed each day. There were about thirty boats entered, the winning boat "Pep mint," being owned by F. B. Smethurst, now Vice-Commodore. On the Saturday following the last racing day, all those who raced gathered at Red's Pond, on which the races were sailed, and a chowder was served by some of their lady friends. Two gentlemen who were interested in the races proposed that the boys should get together and have a fair for the purpose of raising funds for prizes for the coming season. Twenty-five of the boys came together on Dec. 15, 1893, and formed a club and elected the following officers: Com. Thos. T. Faine, Vice-Com. Fred B. Smethurst, Sec'y, John H. Goodwin, Treas., W. Oliver Doherty, the Measurer. W. O. Doherty, being elected later. It was decided that the fair should be held Feb. 22, 1894, afternoon and evening, and although there were two entertainments that evening the fair was a grand success, \$145 being realized.

Three cups were purchased, one for the first class conundrum model (pickle stern), one for the first class ordinary fin-keel model, and one for the young ladies to race for; each young lady sailing a boy's yacht. The ladies race the last Saturday of each month and every holiday. The cups are on exhibition in the window of Goodwin's drug store, Marblehead. There are twenty-five members in the club at present, and each member has a yachting cap, the commodore has an anchor with a star on each side worked in gold, the vice-commodore has the same figure worked in silver, the rest have M. Y. C. worked in gold. As soon as the ice was out of the pond, the boys began to sail their yachts in order to make all the improvements they could before the races. The sides of the pond are lined with spectators every race day and great interest is taken by the old people as well as the young. JOHN H. GOODWIN, Sec'y M. Y. C.

### The Queen's Cup of 1852.

The letter of Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, to which we alluded last week, appears in the issue of the *Field* just to hand, as follows:

Editor of the *Field*:

The America Cup, at present on the other side of the Atlantic, has been the means of inducing several English yachtsmen to cross over and make an attempt to bring it back to England, it being held by the New York Yacht Club, and offered as an international challenge cup. I am the owner of the cup given by her Majesty the Queen to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in 1852, and won from the America by my cutter yacht Arrow, then the property of my late father, I should point out that at that time the Arrow was, perhaps, the fastest English yacht afloat, and that she was never beaten by the America. In the previous year the America won the cup given by the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the Arrow was in that race, but she ran on the rocks near St. Catherine's, and had to give up. How the race would have ended had Arrow then the property of my late father, I cannot say, but the Arrow was the 45-ton cutter Aurora, a vessel the Arrow had beaten over the same course by more than an hour. In the following year the Arrow met the America again, and defeated her, as I have already stated, in the race for the Queen's Cup. The two cups have, therefore, a similar history, the difference being that one was given by the Queen.

Now, with a view to tempt American yachtsmen to visit us, I am prepared to offer this cup as a challenge cup to be competed for only by American and English cutters under certain conditions, with all of which I need not trouble you now. I should ask the committee of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club to allow the races in this country to be sailed under their auspices.

I am doubtful whether I ought not to exclude all British yachts now afloat, but I am not sure, because, perhaps, the fastest cutter has been recently beaten by the American yacht Vigilant, and all interest would be taken away if the result were a foregone conclusion. But I must first endeavor to ascertain how far the Valkyrie, for instance, is capable of improvement. If you will kindly allow this letter to appear in your columns it may attract the notice of American yachtsmen, and possibly induce someone in this country to build a vessel to defend the America (Queen's) Cup. TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAYNE. HOUSE OF COMMONS, April 17.

### A New Watson Centerboard Yacht.

The most remarkable yacht building on the Clyde is a 20 centerboard rater by Adam, Gourcock, from the design of Mr. G. L. Watson. This cutter is for a German nobleman, whose intention is evidently to be champion of the class. This cutter is 46ft. on the load waterline, but her overhangs fore and aft are so extreme that the over-all measurement will be 71ft., with a beam of 14ft., and a draft without centerboard of 6ft. She is built of wood, with oak keel, stem and sternpost, and with oak deck, and has a very large and enormous keel, which is brought up oak keel in a way which suggests the enormous strain exerted. The stem, also, extends in strength, runs into the keel in a very flat curve occasioned by the shallow draft, and the frames already in place on the stem suggest a full bow above water, with just enough of displacement to carry the keel, canvas and other dead weight. Should this cutter prove as successful as expected, her success will mean a further revolution in yacht building and yacht designing. Although Mr. Watson has had either the merit or blame of shoving forward the centerboard build, he is not converted to it, but in the German owner who has commissioned this cutter he has found a patron with a practical intelligence, who desires to lead the way for the sport in Germany untrammelled by prejudice. The slot in the lead keel for the centerboard is of course formed, but the precautions taken to insure strength and prevent twisting suggest that on account of the cost the progress of building centerboards will be slow. The centerboard is not weighted, but is built of English elm, which insures no warping or twisting. American elm, maples and other foreign timber have been so much in fashion in connection with yacht building that the fitness of British timber has been overlooked. Fortunately, English or British elm has at least been found to be stronger than oak, and with its knotty grain, more artistic than walnut, and, as a consequence, it is being adopted for stern boards in the smaller class of yachts building on the Clyde. In due time English elm will displace walnut, maple, oak and Hungarian ash from the cabin, and the owners of heavy elms will find their timber quite valuable. —Field.

### Fast Time in a Small Boat.

The mosquito boat Valkyrie, of the Atlantic City Y. C., was designed in 1892, by Dr. W. W. Hollingsworth, under the club rules, and is 15ft. over all, 12ft. 6in. l.w.l., 5ft. 2in. beam. On April 8 she sailed down the river with a party of 15, her crew, her owner, J. H. Johnson, measurer of the Philadelphia Y. C., Mr. Orlando Johnson, and Geo. T. Williams, secretary of the Philadelphia Y. C. The boat was carrying but 60 sq. ft. of sail and the tide was running a strong flood 3 to 3½ miles; and in the teeth of a strong N. E. to N. W. wind, a very ugly chop sea was kicked up. The distance sailed, all down wind, was 14 statute miles, by accurate surveys, the river being very well charted, and the tide was 15 minutes. A speed of 15.5 miles per hour. The figures are vouched for by the three gentlemen named. This is a remarkable record for so small a boat, and speaks well both for the model and handling.



many braces on each side cut up the space. There are two iron hammock cots forward, and a light transom seat on each side amidships with no other fore-and-aft deck seats. The deck is smooth and finished with a fine mahogany finish. The hull is finished with a large oval coaming inclosing part of the deck. There is a small hatch which permits the helmsman to stand partly inside the boat while at the tiller. The fore overhang is moderate, the stern is cut off square, and the chines are straight and pointed. The hull is finished with mahogany planks, and the workmanship is excellent throughout. The sails have been made by Lapborne & Ratsey, and are awaiting the boat on the other side. With a crew of 35 she will be allowed 1,715 sq. ft. of sail. The R. M. S. *Drusilla* was built at a cost of £10,000, and has been reduced to 1,690. *Drusilla* carried 1,632 by the Seawanaba rule.

### Action of the Y. R. A. Rules on Length and Sail Area.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I thank you for kindly sending me a copy of your paper of March 31 and am glad that it interested you. The paragraph you disagreed with was, perhaps, stated too concisely in my analysis and I think if you allow me space to explain it more fully you will be brought round to agree with me.

Yacht racing in British waters is now almost confined to class racing, and for this racing yachts are, in ninety-nine out of a hundred, built to fit the top of the classes. The only important exception is the "over-rating" class, which contains yachts such as the *Starling*, *Sandwich*, *Wendy*, *Wendy*, etc. In this class there is no top limit of rating, and consequently the classification is faulty and the results are often misleading. In all the other classes, however, the competitors practically start at the same rating, the top limit, and you will therefore observe that the "successful use of lighter materials in the construction of hulls, or of lighter cotton or silk in the sails, or lighter spars and rigging," could not be usefully adopted, "without such advantage being covered by means of an increase of ballast!" as you suggest—for the simple reason that it would put the boat over her class limit of rating.

A designer therefore who finds that he can decrease displacement by some, or all, of the above mentioned means is faced by the question whether he had better carry more sail on a shorter length or less sail on a longer length; and the reply in these waters has been an increase of length, as the power to produce a lighter hull has been developed.

In other words, the development in these waters under the existing Y. R. A. rule of rating (which we employ not only for time allowance, but also for classification) has been to produce a large number of boats in the top class. But here again we have an important exception which I pointed out in the concluding paragraph of my analysis, viz., the big class, the reason being that this class has no top limit of rating and consequently that the yachts in this class are precisely able to do that very thing which I suggest. It is impossible to do this in the other classes which have a top limit of rating.

It is possible therefore that my curve (continuous line), being as it is an attempt to show the evolution under the Y. R. A. rule with class limits of rating, should have stopped at the 40-raters (our class of 60 rating being defunct), and if this had been done the curve would have been still lower and, perhaps, would not have intersected the 1730 curve (dotted line) at all.

THALASSA.

Vigilant and Valkyrie.

The plans of Vigilant's new owners, as announced in print from day to day, would keep busy the whole fleet of ship defenders for several weeks. The fleet would have to be ready, as Mr. Gould announced their intentions, but it is quite possible that they may take the yacht to England, using the large steam yacht *Atlantia* as a convoy and racing tender. Capt. Fish of Hildegarde, Mr. George Gould's schooner, will take Vigilant from Port Jefferson shortly, and she will probably go to Bristol for an overhaul. The command of the yacht has been offered to Capt. Terry of Grayling, but he has declined, partly on account of ill health, and is quite put out of the question. The only other person to accept the position, being now a member of the crew, is Mr. George Gould's friend, Mr. John Paine.

Capt. Cranfield has Valkyrie in fine shape for her return voyage and she will sail on May 3 for Glasgow. A new mainmast and a small mizzenmast have been shipped at the Erie Basin Drydocks, and the yacht has been out for some repairs to her rudder. A small jib-headed mizzen will be carried, and a wheel has been fitted in place of the tiller.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Boston Y. C. will be started on May 30, starting at 10 A. M., and will be open to yachts of not over 35ft. and not under 12ft. sailing length (l.w.l. plus one-fifth overhang). There will be five classes, keels and centerboards sailing together. First class, yachts 20 and not over 35ft.

sailing length, first prize \$20, second \$10. Second class, yachts 24 and less than 29ft., first prize \$20, second \$15, third \$10. Third class, yachts 20 and less than 24ft., first prize \$20, second \$10, third \$5, fourth \$3. Fourth class, yachts 15 and less than 20ft., first prize \$15, second \$10, third \$5, fourth \$3. Fifth class, yachts 12 and less than 15ft., first prize \$10, second \$5, third \$3, fourth \$2. Sixth class, yachts 10 and less than 12ft., first prize \$5, second \$3, third \$2, fourth \$1. Seventh class, yachts 8 and less than 10ft., first prize \$3, second \$2, third \$1, fourth \$1. Eighth class, yachts 6 and less than 8ft., first prize \$2, second \$1, third \$1, fourth \$1. Ninth class, yachts 4 and less than 6ft., first prize \$1, second \$1, third \$1, fourth \$1. Tenth class, yachts 2 and less than 4ft., first prize \$1, second \$1, third \$1, fourth \$1. Eleventh class, yachts 1 and less than 2ft., first prize \$1, second \$1, third \$1, fourth \$1. Twelfth class, yachts 0 and less than 1ft., first prize \$1, second \$1, third \$1, fourth \$1.

\$3. Fourth class, yachts 15 and less than 20ft., first prize \$10, second \$10, third \$5. Fifth class, yachts 13 and less than 15ft., first prize \$8, second \$5, third \$3. One-half of first prize will be awarded for a walk-over. No second prize will be awarded unless three or more yachts

compete, no third unless four or more and no fourth unless five or more yachts compete. Entries must be made in writing, giving name of yacht and owner, waterline and over all length must be sent to G. F. Clark 43 Milk street, Boston, where the numbers authorized by the

congress of regatta committees for the season of 1894 may be obtained before 12 M., Tuesday, May 29. The preparatory gun will be fired at 10 A. M. The first class will start at 10:15 and the other classes at five-minute intervals. There will be no restrictions on sail and no shifting.

minute intervals. There will be no restrictions on sail and no sailing of ballast. Yachts will be allowed one man for every four feet of sailing length or fraction thereof.

One of the neatest-looking and fancy-looking small boats water writer has seen this season is the 13ft. centerboard building at Lawley's for C. F. Lyman, owner of the Fancy, from designs by Stewart & Binney. The new boat is intended for afternoon sailing, single-

handed or with possibly one companion, and has a hinged arrangement for lowering her mast so that she may be towed behind the larger boat. Her dimensions are 19ft. 5in. over all, 13ft. waterline, 5ft. 6in. beam and 10in. draft. She is very lightly yet strongly built, with

oak frames, 3-16in, cedar planking, 1/2in, pine deck planking and oak cockpit coaming. The centerboard trunk rises to the deck and the cockpit is a small one and watertight. The lines of the boat are very fine and her form easy. She will carry a Tobin bronze board and 275ft.

The new finkeel built for his own use by N. G. Herreshoff is named *Albatross*. Her dimensions are reported as 45ft. over all, 32ft. l.w.l.

A meeting of the special committee of the New York Y. R. A. was held at O'Neil's on April 25 for the amendment of the rules, but no action was taken. The committee will meet again on May 2.

At a meeting in Toronto on April 21 of the executive committee of the C. I. O., the location of the next meeting was not decided.

the Lake Yacht Racing Association the location of the meet was decided on after a lengthy discussion, Sodus Bay, between Charlotte and Oswego, being selected. The lake fleet will rendezvous there on July 3 and races will be sailed on July 4, 5, 6 and 7, the annual circuit

The Sandusky Y. C. has been organized and will apply for membership in the Interstate Yachting Association. The following officers

have been elected: Com., L. D. Anthony, vice-Com., J. S. Gm., Rear-Com., F. A. Hubbard; Sec'y and Treas., Lane Lockwood; Surgeon, Dr. Wm. Gaylord; Surveyor, J. J. Cleary; Measurers, Harry Molyneux and A. B. Davis; Regatta Committee, Geo. P. Barker, C. R.

On April 18 the steam yacht Arthur Mallon, owned by George W. Kugler & Sons, of Philadelphia, was wrecked off Back River. The yacht was completely in two, and she sank in 20 ft. of water.

heavy seas broke her completely in two, and she sank in 12 ft. of water. Capt. Heathcote and Engineer C. M. Derrick were rescued from their small boat and were brought to Cape Charles by the fish steamer Luce Brothers.

The Racine Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Wallace Easson; Vice-Com., Ed. Millstead; Captain of the Fleet, Mike Mickelson; Lieut. of Fleet, Gus Sonnenman; Sec'y, A. C. Mickelson; Treas., [illegible]. The first regatta will be held on [illegible].

The last issue of *The Yachtsmen* to hand, of April 19, contains two supplements, the regular one, showing the house of the Bombay Y.

C., being supplemented by a special one, an excellent photo of the Prince of Wales, taken on board of Britannia while at Cannes.

Mr. John Clark, owner of Mohican, steam yacht, one of the leading Scotch yachtsmen, died at his home at Paisley on April 11.

The Minneapolis *Journal* of April 7 contains a very good article on model yacht designing by John Hadden.

Eleanor, steam yacht, will be launched at Bath, Me., on May 8.



## "The Yachts and Yachtsmen of America."

UNDER the leadership of Dr. Henry A. Mott, to whom is due the inception as well as the carrying out of the work, the International Yacht Publishing Co., of New York, has labored for two years in the production of the largest and most comprehensive work on yachting that has yet been attempted. The first of the two volumes, just issued, is of itself a convincing evidence of the extent of yachting in America, as this great book, larger than the standard unabridged dictionaries, covers but a part of the subject.

The scheme of the work is an extensive one, and the arrangement of details is systematic and logical, beginning with the evolution of the yacht from the first primitive forms of log, raft and dugout, through the various craft of all periods and peoples, to the comparatively recent time when the pleasure yacht obtained recognition as a distinct type. The second chapter deals more specifically with the history of yachting, following which are chapters on yachting in the United States; the cost of yachting; types of yacht; the centerboard; rig of yachts; speed records and yachting trophies.

Our space is too limited to review these various chapters in detail, and we can only say that every part of the subject has been dealt with most carefully, thoroughly and intelligently, and that the immense collection of material facts, both historical and technical, has been ably handled. The chapter on the centerboard, in particular, is very complete, and much of it will be new, even to experienced yachtsmen. Nearly 500 pages are devoted to the history and records of the various clubs throughout the United States and Canada, in which are included records of races, descriptions of yachts, and notices of members.

The illustrations number in all nearly a thousand, the descriptive portion of the text being fully illustrated by pictures and diagrams. Added to which are 240 portraits of American yachtsmen and 100 full page photo-graves of yachts and club houses, many of them most artistic, the negatives having been made specially for this work. The volume is 11x14x4in., and is handsomely printed and bound. The second volume, of the same size, will deal in detail with steam craft; and will also include the history of the America's Cup, and the conclusion of the club histories. The work is published only by subscription. We trust that the labor and money expended in the preparation of such a tribute to American yachting will meet with a fitting return on the part of clubs and yachtsmen.

## Canoeing.

### FIXTURES.

- MAY.  
30 Eastern Div. Meet, Calla Shasta, Connecticut River.
- JUNE.  
10. Hartford, Spring Regatta, Con- 30. Red Dragon, Spring Regatta, Delaware River.  
30. Knickerbocker, Spring Regatta
- JULY.  
[7-21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, Lake Mendota, Wis.
- SEPTEMBER.  
3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass. 15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

### Away "Up North."

(Continued from page 369)

SATURDAY was spent by the Chief in exploring, and by the rest of the party in building a cache, grinding axes, rigging up camp and other easy work, a much needed relaxation after the four days of arduous toil on the Metabetchouan. The bottom of the Nora shows signs of the rough work in the rapids of the Metabetchouan. Sunday passed as Sundays generally do in the woods; a swim in the morning, a good deal of eating and sleeping, some reading and some fishing and exploring, and on Monday we commenced the serious business of the survey. This was routine work, one day very much like another, scrambling over bluffs and through thickets, and then, after a chopping and leveling day after day. The country was extremely rough, the flies outrageously bad, and the brush, owing to frequent rain and showers, nearly always wet, consequently the work was anything but pleasant, and there was a headlong rush for the canoe as soon as the signal to knock off was given each evening.

Then a race for camp and a picnic on the lake, then supper, smoke, and yams around the campfire. The cook himself was hospitably inclined and always accorded us a hearty welcome to his premises, and he was an adept at story-telling and an inveterate talker; being left alone in camp all day it was only natural that he should be eager to exercise his powers of speech at night.

The second Sunday in camp, just as we were finishing a tardy breakfast, there appeared off our landing a large canoe bound west, evidently for Temagami Post. The crew were about ten in all, and included a young Indian and his wife, who had just been down to Temiscaming to get married. They were invited ashore and feasted with the best the camp could afford.

On the following Saturday night volunteers for a trip to the Hudson Bay Co.'s post at Temagami were insufficient. Our fleet was insufficient in tonnage for the work before it, and Temagami is the great entrepot of canoe manufacture of the district. Tired as the men were, one-half of them responded, and the Nora and Dora set off at 7 P. M. for the 25-mile voyage. Carrying over a quarter-mile portage at Rabbit Lake, we entered White Bear Lake. Three miles of navigation and a 200yds. portage brought us to Crooked Lake, two miles long. Another short portage over the height of land took us into Caribou Lake, a mere pond, and a fourth portage, about 300yds., brought us at dusk to the great Lake Temagami.

This is the largest sheet of water in the district, and acknowledged to be the most picturesque. It lies high, nearly 1,000ft. above the sea, and is a bewitching maze of islands and points, over 3,000 of the latter having been actually counted and laid down on the map by the Geological Survey. The water is deep and beautifully clear, in fact, Temagami means, in the native Algonquin, "the deep sheet of water," and, as may be imagined, it swarms with fish, and has long been the source of supply of this article of food for the plants of the Hudson Bay Company. In general the scenery resembles that of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, but the timber is larger and finer, the straight, clean shafts of the Norway pines being predominant near the water, and the more remote slopes being wooded with the lordly white pine. The lumberman's ax has never swung in this region, and the murderous bush fire has done little damage.

Pushing off from the portage in the dusk, the two canoes headed west, the crews ply their paddles with a steady swing. Emerging from the narrow channels among the islands into a wider expanse, the moon began to rise and soon flooded the lake with silvery light. The lake was smooth as a mirror, and the canoes swept on and on, hour after hour, the crews breaking out into snatches of song, until, at 2 A. M. we rounded the point of Bear Island, and the houses of the post were made out close alongside. A ringing chorus as we swung up to the landing brought the trader in charge out to the door, and he hospitably invited us to spread our blankets on his living room floor, and in a few moments all were sound asleep.

We spent next morning looking around the post and inspecting canoes, of which there was a large stock on hand. A pleasant acquaintance was made with M. Paradis, a Roman Catholic priest, also a guest at the post, and of the modern representatives of the long line of missionary explorers who, since the days of Champlain, have been ever in the front in the march of civilization. Toward noon the two brigades started out, Pere Paradis going north to his station on Sandy Bay and we east to our camp on Rabbit Lake.

There was a fresh breeze from the southwest after we got out three or four miles; and extemporizing sails out of blankets the three canoes swung gaily along, the crews fanning themselves with a stream of tobacco smoke arising from each. At 7 P. M., exactly twenty-four hours from our start, we swung into the landing at the camp, having covered fifty miles without any undue fatigue.

A few days later we ran our survey out to its northern end and turned our canoes' bows southward. So far we had been on the high road of communication between Temagami and the outside world. We were now to enter a *terra incognita* to the south of Rabbit Lake. Tents were struck and duffle stowed, we ran down the outlet of White Bear Lake, and after a hard tussle with wind and wave, reached the south end of Rabbit Lake about noon, eighty miles. A large stream enters here, which we rightly guessed was being the most likely road to the south. Signs of an old trail were found, and opening this up we found a reach of nearly dead water. Canoes were portaged over, reloaded and we set off again.

The creek was filled with snags and sandbars, but with caution and occasional wading and lifting, a mile or two of advance was made, when the creek turned abruptly to the north and west, barring further progress. Camp was pitched in the only available place which could be found, a smooth sloping rock, and the Nora started out to explore.

Eventually a small stream was found coming from the southeast and draining Rankin Lake and Three Portage Lake, a portage of a quarter of a mile was cut out to the latter, and thence three-quarters of a mile to Redwater Lake, a long, narrow river-like stretch of water extending some five miles on to one side or the other. From Redwater we descended to Chokecherry and from Chokecherry into Boyce's, a beautiful sheet of water.

The Nora in her wanderings often ran upon deer feeding; one or two bears were sighted, but scuttled off too fast for a shot; moose were seen several times and the signs of all these animals were everywhere abundant. Partridge began to be very thick toward the middle of August, and every lake was full of bass and pickerel. The flies disappeared almost altogether as the creeks fell, and the swamps dried up, and life on the line became pleasant.

Summer melted into fall, the days grew shorter and the nights chillier, and still the call in the morning was "All aboard for the line," and three canoe loads of men would go shooting through the morning mists, bound for the end of the "line." Marten Lake was still some distance away, and there were no signs of any one but ourselves in these wilds, with the exception of a detachment of the Geological Survey, who were working in the same region, and an occasional visit from whom was among our pleasant experiences.

Provisions began to get short, and especially those staples of Canadian backwoods life, tea and tobacco. The Chief being the only one of the party who had no regular everyday duties to perform, he elected to proceed to the nearest post; and, picking the strongest packer and paddler of the party for his bowman, Nora's bow was again turned toward Lake Temiscaming. John Wabi was a half-



THE WEDDING PARTY.

breed of the Algonquin race, born in this region—a stout, thick-set young man with a very ugly, but decidedly good-humored face. He was enormously powerful and carried the Nora and a moderate sized pack on his shoulders, and a rifle or gun in his hand, over the most execrably rough ground with the greatest apparent ease. He swung the heaviest axe in camp all day without apparent fatigue, and when the other men were inclined to grumble and fret, John had usually a good humored word and a smile. He was easily the best man in the party, and hence his being chosen for the present arduous expedition. Urged by strong, steady strokes, Nora sped away northward, threading her way between the beautiful pine-clad islands of Boyce's Lake, up the tortuous reedy course of Chokecherry Creek, over a half dozen of portages on John's back, and then out over the more open expanse of Redwater Lake.

A few minutes' halt at the north end of this last was sufficient to fry a few slices of bacon and make a cup of tea, and again Nora lay bottom up over John's head, and we tramped gaily over the dreaded Purgatory portage, sped across Three-Portage Lake, and over Hell portage, and by 2 P. M. were afloat on Rabbit Lake again. The day had grown overcast and threatened rain, which meant camping early in order to provide a snug camp and lots of dry wood, so we hastened to make what progress we could, and steadily dip, dip went the paddles without intermission.

Two hours later we crossed the first portage on the Metabetchouan, and the rain still holding off, we ran merrily down the smooth reaches



HUDSON'S BAY CO.'S POST LAKE TEMAGAMI—THE AGENT'S HOUSE.

and stepped briskly over the portages, until an hour later we found ourselves on the first of the Bass Lakes and began to look about for a camping place under some overhanging rock or spreading spruce tree; when, lo! the clouds broke in the west and a flood of golden light came pouring in upon the sombre forest, and presto! the gloomy ravine became a smiling valley, and the inky water began to sparkle and gleam in the rays of the setting sun. With rising spirits John and the Chief plied their paddles with renewed vigor; the shores sped by, and just at sundown we stepped out of the forest on to the bare rock on the summit of Jordan portage, and paused a moment to take in the grand panoramas of mountain and valley, gloomy forest and slumbering lake spread at our feet. Only for a moment, however; down the steep hill we went, carefully picking our footsteps; down the babbling purling rapids of the lower Metabetchouan, and, just as twilight gave way to night, we reached the mouth of the river.

While John got a cup of tea ready, the Chief mounted to the plateau above and brought from the post office a tremendous accumulation of mail matter. A farmhouse clerk supplied the unaccustomed luxury of milk. Snapper was rapidly dispatched by the light of the fire.

"Tired, John?" asked the Chief. He had come some thirty-five miles in twelve hours, and had carried across nineteen portages varying from a few yards to over half a mile in length. So the question was opportune.

"No," said John, laconically. "What do you say to going on to the fort, it's going to be a fine, bright night?"

"I guess that better way," says John. Maybe blow hard to-morrow.

Without more parley the traps were stowed aboard again; and just as the moon rose over the hills on the opposite shore, Nora shot out of the river on to the broad bosom of Temiscaming.

Steadily dip-dip, pit-pat, went the paddles, heeling cliffs, sandy coves, mysterious-looking, gloomy valleys, went by in endless procession. A sharp turn to the left around a low point, another to the right round a sandy island, and there in front, two miles away, gleam white and ghostly in the moonlight the whitewashed buildings of a bay was a few years ago one of the most important of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. A breeze springs up behind us and raises quite a sea, on top of which Nora reels and swings along at a great pace, through the narrows and again on the still greater expanse of the upper lake; and rounding a rocky point on the eastern shore, we sight the lights of the settlement of Baie des Peres, and flitting past the familiar shape of the Meteor lying at her wharf, in a few seconds Nora's bow grates upon the gravel in a quiet little cove and our desti-

nation is reached. Fifty miles of steady paddling and portaging; not a bad day's work, even in the territory of the H. B. Co.

A good night's rest, albeit with a rather smothery sensation on account of the unaccustomed wooden roof and walls, and Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny. We overhauled the H. B. Co. store, bought our supplies, chatted with the company's employees, and with our old friend, Capt. Percy, of the Meteor, and with the ladies of the hotel. John, I believe, went to church at the Meteor. After another night's rest we were off again on the Meteor for Montreal River. We called for a few minutes at Fort Temiscaming, and found little difficulty in realizing its glory and importance in bygone days. We pictured the scarlet ensign floating from the lofty flagpole, a brigade of high-prowed North canoes sweeping into the lake, fifty paddles dipping in unison to the strains of "Edouard la moutte" or "La claque fontaine," the chief factor, followed by his clerks, coming down to receive them, and the ladies waiting on the veranda, while a crowd of swarthy, black-haired, bead-ornamented Indians and squaws looked on quietly and attentively, but incuriously, from a respectful distance.

Bah! the Meteor's brazen whistle toots a summons and the romantic pageant of other days fades away, and in its place is the reality of sweeping sandy beach, tumble-down buildings and smoking steamboat, with a few dusky children in front of a log house and the ladies on the veranda, the wife and sister of two of the Geological Survey staff, the only living realities.

But if the Meteor has no romance or nonsense about her she is at any rate strong and speedy, and with a favoring wind she runs down to the Montreal River in a remarkably short time, and the Nora, John and I are unceremoniously "dumped" on to the heaving billows off its mouth. Cautiously keeping her bows to it we drop ashore and without a moment's delay commence the toilsome ascent of the river.

The supplies aggregate a considerable weight now; John slings a pack of sundries over his forehead, turns the Nora over on top, takes up the ax in his hand and intimates that the remainder of the load, consisting of blankets, tobacco, 30lbs. of sugar, 10lbs. of tea and sundry other matters, will be about right for me—and this at the foot of a hill 300ft. high. With a sinking heart I prop this tremendous-looking pack upon a log, put the broad strap over my forehead, swing myself round so that the weight comes into the small of my back and then straighten myself up. John starts off up the precipitous ascent with a satisfied grunt and I follow, and, rather to my surprise, in fifteen minutes we have gained the summit and in five more are wiping the perspiration from our foreheads at the end of the portage.

Seven times is the operation repeated during the afternoon, and at dark we scud in before a howling north wind to a sheltered sandy cove near the south end of Rabbit Lake, and spread our blankets under a noble Norway pine on some willow brush hastily cut by the light of a fire of pine bark. Oh, the luxury of a pipe and a hot cup of tea before the cheery blaze, with the scud flying overhead and the bitter cold blast shrieking through the pine tops. Little recked we of the weather, it could hardly rain with such a wind, and if it did, had we not the Nora ready to turn over our heads, and oh, the soundness of our sleep after two nights in a stuffy bed room in a very dirty little hotel.

We awoke giants refreshed, and threaded the windings of Rabbit Creek, Purgatory Portage, Redwater, all the familiar scenes, and early in the afternoon reached our camp on Boyce's Lake. The party had moved on in the meantime, as we had intended, and we pushed on for the outlet. A mile of bouldery channel, two portages of fair length, and we entered a large stream coming from the northeast.

Another little life line, some rapids, and the creek became wide, deep and winding, with low, earthy banks of alluvial soil on either hand covered with a profuse growth of blue ash and other hardwood trees. Around bend after bend, and through reach after reach, we swept, until it seemed as if the river is interminable, but at last the heavy bush begins to give way to willow scrub, and at about 4 P. M. we are in the reedy expanse of Wicksteed Lake. A way in the southwest, three or four miles, we fancy we detect smoke, and cheerily now the paddles are plied for the last stretch of our 100 and odd miles of voyaging. A couple of miles further on, shouts on the bank are heard and a couple of the survey party appear on the shore, and tell us of the whereabouts of the camp, and in another half hour we detect the sheen of the white tents among the Cedar Land balsams, and in a few minutes we are greeted by the cook and welcomed "home" again.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### British Racing Canoes.

In view of the fact that an American canoeist will visit England this year to compete for the R. C. C. Challenge cup, the following, from the *Field*, is of special interest:

With the advance of the season, canoe men are becoming aware that so far as the metropolis district is concerned, no canoes are being built, notwithstanding the free hand in designing which has been given by the new classification rule. It may, of course, be possible that new vessels are being built for members of the Royal C. C. in secluded places, but the two members who were early in the season mentioned as about to build have turned over to the canoe-yawl club. Unless there are such dark horses ready to build, then, the club stands in real danger of seeing, for the first time, its £300 challenge cup competed for by visitors, and carried away for a year without any real attempt at defense by the club.

Under the new rule of classification it would be next to absurd to maintain that the present holder of the cup, the Stella, could, except by fluke, beat canoes specially built and fitted for racing; or even hold her own against some of the old canoes if they are refitted with bulb fin-keel and una or sloop rig.

"The alteration of some of the late first-class canoes to bring them up to date would not involve very heavy expense, and the large numbers of races to be given on the Thames would seem to justify the failure to any but half-hearted racers. A lifting fin and bulb keel can be fitted to most canoes, and the existing center-plate cases at a cost of about £4. The shifting of mast cases, addition of a sliding smoke-plate, possibly the cutting up of ends to shorten the rating waterline, are not really heavy expenses. Whereas, stripping the side-planking and rebuilding out to the extra fin of beam now permitted, would, in addition to new work at forefoot and after heel to shorten the i.w.l., prove a somewhat heavy item; but even then the expense would not be over half the cost of a new boat, as all the expensive items of keel, chocks, centerplate case, keel, rudder and deck, and the masts and rigging all come in, and the boat thus renovated would be more saleable and saleable."

### CANOE NEWS NOTES

The Spring Lake Clinker Boat Co., of Spring Lake, Mich., has issued a handsome catalogue of boats for rowing, sailing, fishing and hunting. The company has lately abandoned the construction of steam launches, canoes, etc., in order to devote its energies to the improvement and perfection of the class of boats through which, in particular, its high reputation has been established.

### A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.—Amund G. Heller, Newark, N. J.; Fordham Briggs, Herman R. Klotz, August Schroter, New York city.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

### Rifle at San Antonio.

The first thing a member of the San Antonio Rifle Club does as he enters the precincts of the range is to look at the topmost end of the flagpole to see if Old Glory is on hand. The next thing he takes is a meander through the forest of newly-planted trees to see if his tree is growing; then he spits on his hands, borrows two buckets from Clancy, goes to the ditch and gives the tree a drink; then he comes in the shooting hall, takes a drink himself, unbuckles his gun case, wipes the oil off his gun and the perspiration off his brow, and devotes the rest of the day to the rip-roaring, steam-splitting-up-the-back meet-race of the greatest aggregation of good fellows in this country. Scores at 200yds., muzzle rest, globe and peep sights, American Standard target:

Giesecke.....	10	12	9	8	9	11	11	11	9-101
Texas Field.....	10	9	9	8	11	10	9	7	9-92
E Domsch.....	12	11	11	9	9	11	12	12	9-105
Ad Altmann.....	9	12	10	8	10	10	11	12	7-99
G Almann.....	10	9	9	8	10	10	12	11	9-99
A Guenther.....	12	8	10	12	8	9	8	10	9-96
A Uhl.....	10	11	11	9	9	12	8	11	11-104
E Seffel.....	11	10	9	9	11	12	12	9	10-104
C Hummel.....	11	10	8	9	11	10	12	9	9-101
J Legler.....	9	9	7	8	9	9	6	9	11-86
J Stuess.....	8	10	8	10	7	9	9	8	9-86
Vogtlander.....	8	10	9	9	10	11	11	8	9-94
A Herff.....	9	7	8	10	10	9	9	7	11-85
H Degner.....	10	9	8	7	9	11	12	9	9-92
Herpel.....	5	9	7	6	7	8	8	5	7-71
Two hundred yards, off-hand:									
Texas Field.....	5	9	9	7	7	7	9	7	6-75
A Uhl.....	7	5	8	8	10	8	6	10	8-74
A Guenther.....	6	5	9	8	5	8	10	6	9-74
G Altmann.....	7	5	9	4	4	6	7	7	5-82
G Giesecke.....	9	5	4	4	9	6	5	7	7-64

O. C. G.



### Zettler Winter Gallery Shoot.

The Zettler Club finished its winter shoot in the gallery for the season 1893-4, on Tuesday night of last week.

At the opening of the shoot last fall the club put up a liberal programme of fifteen cash prizes, the five highest prizes for the members making the best 50 scores; the next five prizes for the best 35 scores; and the last five prizes for the best 25 scores. In addition to the cash prizes the club hung up the champion gallery medal which has been up for competition for the past ten years.

Heretofore the medal has been held by the winner making the highest score on the first entry at each weekly shoot, the member winning it the most times during the season to hold it until the opening of the next season. But this year the rule was changed and the medal was subject to competition on the bullseye, each member allowed one shot each practice night, and the member having the best center shot at the end of the season, to become the owner of the medal.

At the close of the shoot on Tuesday night the bullseye box was opened and the cartons measured. Many of the members had shots that seemed to be almost perfect centers, but after the cartons had gone through the measuring machine Barney Zettler was found to have the winning shot, it measuring only 11". Henry Holges was second, his carton measuring 11 1/2".

In addition to the club prizes the Zettler Bros. gave an extra medal to go to the member making the highest number of points during the twenty-six weekly competitions. The competition for this medal developed a close race between Ross and Holges. Ross won this medal on a total of 3181 points in 130 shots, beating Holges by 20 points.

The attendance during the winter has been light, only sixteen members filling out their scores as called for in the programme. The scores of the winners, with their averages, will be found appended:

Most points, one prize (Zettler medal):

F C Ross, 130 scores (1,300 shots).....31,810      Average for 10 shots 244.6  
H Holges, 130 scores (1,300 shots).....31,734      Average for 10 shots 244.1

Best 50 Scores.      Best 35 Scores.

F C Ross      Gus Nowak  
6 scores of 249.....1494      1 score of 247.....247  
13 scores of 248.....3224      2 scores of 246.....492  
19 scores of 247.....4692      3 scores of 245.....735  
12 scores of 246.....2952-12362      3 scores of 244.....732  
Average.....247.2      6 scores of 243.....1458  
8 scores of 242.....1896  
4 scores of 241.....984  
8 scores of 240.....1920-8484  
Average.....242.4

Henry Holges      Gus Zimmerman  
1 score of 240.....250      4 scores of 247.....988  
7 scores of 248.....1743      3 scores of 246.....738  
6 scores of 248.....1488      2 scores of 245.....485  
13 scores of 247.....3211      2 scores of 244.....732  
9 scores of 246.....2214      3 scores of 243.....726  
14 scores of 245.....3430-12336      5 scores of 241.....1205  
Average.....246.7      1 score of 240.....240-6092  
Average.....243.6

Louis Flach      Philip F Schmitt  
1 score of 240.....249      1 score of 246.....246  
2 scores of 248.....406      4 scores of 245.....980  
8 scores of 247.....1976      5 scores of 244.....1220  
9 scores of 246.....2214      1 score of 243.....243  
12 scores of 245.....3940      4 scores of 242.....963  
7 scores of 244.....1768      5 scores of 241.....1205  
14 scores of 243.....3402-12345      3 scores of 240.....720  
Average.....241.9      8 scores of 239.....478-6060  
Average.....242.4

R Busse      John H Brown  
1 score of 249.....249      3 scores of 245.....735  
3 scores of 248.....744      2 scores of 244.....488  
4 scores of 247.....988      11 scores of 243.....3678  
9 scores of 246.....2214      3 scores of 241.....723  
12 scores of 245.....3940      4 scores of 240.....980  
7 scores of 244.....1768      2 scores of 239.....478-6057  
14 scores of 243.....3402-12345      Average.....242.3

MB Engel      Henry Strate  
1 score of 248.....248      1 score of 244.....244  
5 scores of 247.....1235      2 scores of 243.....486  
3 scores of 246.....738      4 scores of 242.....968  
7 scores of 245.....1715      3 scores of 241.....723  
12 scores of 244.....3928      5 scores of 240.....1200  
21 scores of 243.....5103      4 scores of 239.....956  
1 score of 242.....242-12309      4 scores of 238.....952  
Average.....244.1      2 scores of 237.....474-6003  
Average.....240.1

B Walther      Geb Krauss  
1 score of 248.....248      2 scores of 242.....484  
2 scores of 247.....494      1 score of 240.....240  
3 scores of 246.....738      1 score of 239.....239  
12 scores of 245.....3940      3 scores of 238.....714  
9 scores of 244.....2196      2 scores of 237.....474  
8 scores of 243.....1944-8560      5 scores of 236.....1180  
Average.....244.5      4 scores of 235.....1410  
Average.....244.3

B Zettler      R Harman  
2 scores of 248.....496      1 score of 242.....242  
1 score of 247.....247      1 score of 241.....241  
4 scores of 246.....984      2 scores of 240.....480  
4 scores of 245.....980      4 scores of 239.....952  
10 scores of 244.....2440      3 scores of 238.....711  
14 scores of 238.....3402-8549      5 scores of 236.....1180  
Average.....244.3      4 scores of 235.....1410  
Average.....243.2

C G Zettler      F C Ross  
1 score of 247.....247      11 3 12 9 5 12 c 5 12  
1 score of 246.....246      F C Ross.....21 23 17 25 24 24 25 20 24-225  
4 scores of 245.....960      5 7 8 7 11 12 7 1 1 2  
10 scores of 244.....2440      22 22 23 22 23 22 22 18 24-220  
12 scores of 243.....2916      6 11 6 2 12 5 12 c 12  
7 scores of 242.....1693-8523      21 20 24 24 20 19 21 24 25 23-221  
Average.....243.5      12 11 6 1 12 5 11 11 1 1  
H D Miller      20 24 23 20 19 21 21 23 22-215  
1 score of 245.....245      6 13 c 7 6 8 5 12 12 12  
2 scores of 244.....488      21 21 25 22 22 21 20 22 20 22-216  
5 scores of 243.....1215      6 12 11 12 2 9 5 11 6  
5 scores of 242.....1210      24 24 22 25 22 20 24 24 23 20-228  
9 scores of 241.....2169      6 5 1 5 11 11 12 9 7 4  
6 scores of 240.....1680      22 22 23 23 24 20 25 22 21-225  
6 scores of 239.....1434-8441      6 11 6 1 7 2 3 7 3 3  
Average.....241.1      20 24 21 24 23 24 23 21 20-222  
6 4 6 10 6 9 6 11 10 7  
21 24 23 19 23 20 24 19 19-220  
12 3 10 12 9 9 9 5 12 3  
25 21 24 23 22 19 20 24 22 23-2215

### Cincinnati Rifles.

UNIONNATI, O., April 22.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day, and made the scores appended. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand at the standard target. Our captain (Mat. Gindele), made another of his 90's to-day, scoring 92 points and a clean score too:

Gindele.....10 9 10 10 8 10 8 8 9 10-92  
8 10 8 10 8 8 9 8 7 9-83  
8 8 6 8 9 10 9 7 9 9-83  
7 9 8 9 10 10 10 10 9 6-88  
7 6 8 8 7 9 8 7 7 10-78  
10 6 6 7 7 6 5 7 6-67  
9 6 8 7 6 7 6 7 7 7-72  
8 8 7 4 6 9 5 5 8 9-69  
8 9 6 8 8 6 10 8 7 8-78  
8 9 7 7 7 8 8 7 7 10-79  
10 7 10 6 8 9 8 10 8 9-85  
7 6 7 8 8 8 8 8 8 6-76  
10 10 7 7 7 9 9 10 5 5-79  
6 10 8 6 9 9 10 10 8 10-80  
6 7 7 7 7 10 9 10 7-75  
5 7 7 8 9 9 5 9 8 4-71  
8 5 3 5 9 7 7 8 7 6-65  
5 7 7 5 4 6 8 7 7-64  
6 10 7 7 8 8 8 7 10-73  
9 10 9 4 6 8 4 9 9 7-75

### West Newburgh.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., April 21.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association:

Harrison.....6 6 5 7 7 6 4 6 5 5-57  
Sneed, Sr.....4 7 7 5 6 8 6 10 6-63  
H C Higginson.....8 6 5 5 6 8 8 9 8-69  
Brown.....2 2 3 2 3 6 3 3 0-24  
Sneed, Jr.....8 5 7 10 7 6 6 5 4 5-64  
Mitchell.....8 5 6 5 6 5 7 4 5 1-32  
Smith.....0 1 8 5 4 3 6 4 1 4-31  
Kissam.....8 5 4 5 6 6 7 4 4 8-58

### Schlicht Rifle Club.

At the weekly shoot of the Schlicht Club, April 23, nineteen members entered the competition for the class medals. Capt. Brellenthine won the champion medal, Wm. Schlicht the first class, Aug. Meyer the second class and Ch. Meyer the third class. The scores are appended:

G. Schlicht 240, A. Meyer 238, E. O. Brellenthine 233, W. Schlicht 232, C. Meyer 231, G. Dorr 229, J. Diehl 228, P. Mau 226, F. Lambrix 225, M. Daus 225, E. Mehr 224, Capt. Krobatsch 223, C. Steur 221, J. Schlicht 210, J. Dedrick 219, G. Lauterberger 218, A. Deubline 217, C. Schlicht 216, G. Richter 215

### Ross vs. Dorrier.

TWO rifle experts, Fred. C. Ross and Michael Dorrier, came together again on Saturday of last week in the Greenville Schuetzen Park to shoot off the first match in the new series of two out of three, 100 shots per man each match and \$25 a side. The unsatisfactory ending of the previous match shot at Wissel's Park on April 16 created so much interest in the minds of the local riflemen as to the merits of the two men that it was expected that there would be a large gathering of lovers of rifle shooting to witness the second contest, but such was not the case. Outside of a few friends of Ross's from Williamsburgh, there were but few people present to take in the sport. The weather on Saturday morning opened fair, with a moderate southeast wind. The two contestants were on the grounds in the early forenoon, and went into preliminary practice.

Ross was apparently in good form. Dorrier, who never looks healthy, looked decidedly off in form, and eventually, as the match progressed, his shooting showed that the old veteran was not in condition for brilliant work. In settling the preliminaries previous to the opening of the contest, Geo. Krauss was made referee. Collie Boag was present to look after the interests of Dorrier in the shooting house.

At the target house was stationed Geo. Klingelhoefer for Ross and Geo. Purkess for Dorrier, who acted as judges and supervisors of the markers. With the finish of every 10-shot score of each contestant the judges sent up to the shooting house the results, where they were compared with the scores kept by the score keepers at that point and verified. Thus all possibilities for errors were reduced to a minimum. Dorrier was to declare his readiness to begin the contest. A few more shots on the part of Ross, and he was ready. By a preconcerted signal the old targets were run down and new, clean targets put up in their place. At this point, about 11 A. M., the referee declared the match open. Dorrier was the first to lead off, scoring a 20. Ross followed with 21. Dorrier's second shot was 19 and Ross's 23. Dorrier's third shot was a 15, and when 10 shots had been fired the child at the target house was again present; but a moment later Ross, who seemed to have been struck with the same fit of unsteadiness, scored a 17. This seemed to have the effect of relieving the demoralization in the Dorrier camp for the time being. It was only temporary, however, for Dorrier scored a 19 on his fourth shot, while Ross followed with a flag (25). From this point to the end of string (10 shots) Dorrier could not seem to budge his shots in the middle of the eye, his total for the 10 shots being 190, while Ross, who seemed to gain confidence, settled down to his work and succeeded in putting up the good score of 235, leaving Dorrier 22 points behind—altogether too much of a lead for two men evenly matched. Dorrier's second string, 215, was a little improvement, but Ross finished his second string with a total of 220, adding 5 points more to his lead. With the beginning of the third string Dorrier seemed to get down to his old form, and finished his score with a total of 224 against Ross's 235. The fourth score opened with each man apparently settled down to do his best. Dorrier finished his score with a total of 224, against 215 for Ross. Dorrier in the last two scores had reduced Ross's lead of 27 points down to 9, and it looked as though the old veteran would yet crawl out of his dilemma. The fifth string resulted in a total of 217 for Dorrier against 216 for Ross, reducing the lead of the latter to 8 points. At this point the two contestants laid aside their rifles for a short rest and to await the passing of a shower of rain which had been gathering during the forenoon.

With the passing away of the storm came the resumption of the match. Dorrier's sixth string was a decided disappointment to his followers; he finished it with a total of 207 points against 223 for Ross. The result of this score raised Ross's lead to 23 points. The seventh string added 11 points more to Ross's lead, leaving Dorrier 214 against 225 for Ross. In the eighth string Dorrier reduced the lead 8 points, making 223 against 223 for Ross. On the ninth string Dorrier gained 1 point, making 224 against 223 for Ross. The tenth and last string of the match resulted in a tie, each man making 223, and giving Ross the match by a margin of 31 points on a total of 2,215 against 2,184 for Dorrier.

There was during the match no incident of an unfavorable character to mar the spirit of good fellowship between the two contestants or their followers. There was a decided absence of the betting element and in the interest of the shoot we are pleased that such was the case. The return match will be shot at Cypress Hills, the date of which is yet undecided. Scores:

Direction, o'clock.....10 1 3 4 2 1 2 10 10  
M Dorrier.....30 19 15 10 23 20 21 20 24-203  
5 1 7 2 5 9 10 2 1  
24 23 21 24 20 22 20 20 21-215  
4 1 4 7 3 12 12 1 11 11  
24 24 22 22 21 25 22 23 23-230  
10 5 6 12 12 5 5 7 6  
21 22 23 23 25 24 20 19 23 24-224  
5 6 9 6 6 6 2 5 7  
20 23 21 23 24 18 24 21 21-217  
2 3 7 8 11 5 4 5  
23 22 24 20 20 23 19 18 19-207  
5 7 11 11 10 6 8 11 10 8  
19 22 23 20 21 21 23 23 19-214  
3 10 10 11 12 9 1 9  
24 25 24 24 22 25 20 21 22 21-228  
12 8 13 12 10 0 3 4  
23 24 22 23 22 21 22 22 22-223  
10 c 10 5 10 5 11 4 7  
25 23 25 24 20 20 22 20 22-223-2184

Direction, o'clock.....11 3 12 9 5 12 c 5 12  
F C Ross.....21 23 17 25 24 24 25 20 24-225  
5 7 8 7 11 12 7 1 1 2  
22 22 23 22 23 22 22 18 24-220  
6 11 6 2 12 5 12 c 12  
21 20 24 24 20 19 21 24 25 23-221  
12 11 6 1 12 5 11 11 1 1  
20 24 23 20 19 21 21 23 22-215  
6 13 c 7 6 8 5 12 12 12  
21 21 25 22 22 21 20 22 20 22-216  
6 12 11 12 2 9 5 11 6  
24 24 22 25 22 20 24 24 23 20-228  
6 5 1 5 11 11 12 9 7 4  
22 22 23 23 24 20 25 22 21-225  
6 11 6 1 7 2 3 7 3 3  
20 24 21 24 23 24 23 21 20-222  
6 4 6 10 6 9 6 11 10 7  
21 24 23 19 23 20 24 19 19-220  
12 3 10 12 9 9 9 5 12 3  
25 21 24 23 22 19 20 24 22 23-2215

### Springfield Scores.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 21.—The Smith & Wesson Pistol Club made the following scores at their range, on Wilbraham Road, last night. Twenty yards:

Z O Axtelle.....10 8 10 9 10 10 9 10-84  
CS Axtelle.....10 9 10 10 10 10 10 8-84  
F G Hodskins.....9 10 10 8 10 8 9 9-101  
W Goodrich.....8 9 7 8 8 10 9 10-108  
O E Hodskins.....9 10 10 8 10 9 8 6-97  
T D Clark.....8 9 6 7 10 8 10 9-95  
W O Whiting.....8 7 9 6 10 10 7 9-95  
C Clark.....9 8 9 7 9 10 9 7-84  
Fifty yards:  
F G Hodskins.....10 7 8 7 10 10 7 10 10-88  
C Clark.....10 8 7 7 10 8 7 9 9-86  
W O Whiting.....9 10 9 6 10 8 10 7 8-85  
CS Axtelle.....7 10 9 8 9 7 9 8-84  
Z O Talbot.....10 6 9 10 9 10 8 8-84  
W Goodrich.....9 8 10 7 9 8 10 8-83  
O E Hodskins.....7 10 6 10 7 5 9 6 10-79  
J. R. BUCHANAN, Sec'y.

### Greenville Rifle Club.

THE Greenville Rifle Club started its new series of gallery handicap shooting on Friday of last week. The scores are appended:

First Class—Dorrier 237, Purkess 239, Robidoux 231, C. Boag 239, Collins 238, Schelme 232, J. Boag 230. Boag first, Purkess second.

Second Class—Dodds 232, Agneau 232, Gotthardt 217, Fagen 236, Chavant 236, Spahn 233, Charlock 229. Agneau first, Charlock second.

Third Class—Hill 226, Barr 226, Lembeck 218, Holzapel 234, Daniels 210, E. Wuestner 204, F. Wuestner 226, Zeiger 210. F. Wuestner first, Hill and Barr second.

### Palisade Rifle Club.

NINE members of the Palisade Rifle Club were present at Schlicht's gallery, April 22, to participate in the contest for the class medals. Fred Esperer won the first class; Geo. Dorr the second; Fred Krobatsch the third. Scores: Fred Esperer 235, Geo. Dorr 235, Fred Krobatsch 231, Ch. Hemberger 239, Henry Rose 235, R. Glaser 222, O. L. Aufderheide 218, Aug. Ahles 214, Fred Ward 211.

### Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE third monthly shoot of the Independent New York Corps. Cap. Wm. V. Weber, for the present season, took place in Washington Park of last week. While the weather was all that could be desired for outdoor sport, there was only a moderate attendance of the members. The usual quota of the experts of the Corps were on hand prepared to compete for the honors for high scores on the various targets. To one who enjoys the sport of rifle shooting the afternoon was replete with interesting incidents.

Among the many good marksmen present were to be seen Wm. Hayes, Gus Zimmerman, B. Walther, Geb. Krauss, Ignatz Marten, Geo. E. Jantzer, Alex. Stein, Ernest Fisher, Herman Weber, J. Bittschier, Aug. Schmitt, and others. Captain Weber was on hand looking after the details of the shoot. On the ring target there were some fine scores made, 5 shots constituted a score, possible 125. Wm. Hayes led his competitors with a score of 117, Geo. Krauss was second with 116, Geo. E. Jantzer third with 115, and Gus Zimmerman fourth with 114.

On the man target B. Walther divided the honors with Gus Zimmerman, each having 58 out of a possible 60. Wm. Hayes was second with 57, Alex. Stein third with 55, Geb. Krauss and J. G. Bauer fourth with 54 each.

On the point target was made some of the finest shooting of the day. The bullseye was divided into two parts, the center (4in.) counting 4, and the balance of the disk 3, 5 shots constituted a ticket, possible 20. Gus Zimmerman made the possible 20 points, 5 4in. centers. He made one run of 9 consecutive flags, and in a series of 100 shots he made 42 flags; this was remarkably fine shooting, and earned for Mr. Zimmerman many congratulations by the other marksmen who were present and witnessed his shooting. The scores of the successful marksmen on the several targets will be found appended:

Ring target, 5 shots, possible 125: Wm. Hayes 117, Geb. Krauss 116, Geo. Jantzer 115, Gus Zimmerman 114, Wm. Soll 111, Ignatz Marten 107, E. Fisher 109, Bittschier 95, Greiner 99, Frank 84, Dr. Paucritius 65, Schneider 82, Haist 66, Halbe 47, Herhman 45.

Man target: B. Walther 58, Gus Zimmerman 58, Wm. Hayes 57, Alex. Stein 55, G. Krauss 54, E. Fisher 53, J. G. Bauer 54, Grauer 51, Bittschier 51, L. Marten 51, Wm. Soll 30. Zimmerman made 42 flags in 100 shots.

Point target, 5 shots, possible 20: Gus Zimmerman 20, E. Fisher 18, Geo. E. Jantzer 17, Wm. Hayes 18, Geb. Krauss 17, L. A. Hoffman 17, Baab 16, Ignatz Marten 16, Greiner 14, Frank 14, Wm. Soll 14, Sternkopf 13, Dr. Paucritius 13, J. Bittschier 12, R. Schneider 12, F. C. Halse 10, A. Hostman 7, Hoist 6.

### Chicago Rifles.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 28.—A good deal of interest centers in the telegraph match between the Pastime Rifle Club, of Chicago, and the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club, which takes place Tuesday evening, May 1, between 8 and 12 P. M., each club shooting in its own city. A close competition is anticipated, as there are excellent shots in each team of ten men.

In a letter to Mr. E. Hough concerning this shoot, Mr. Sam G. Dorman, St. Louis, adds some interesting matter pertaining to the rifle. He says: "Rifle shooting in this city has been practically dead since the close of the tournaments last fall, but the prospect is encouraging for the coming season. A new 200yds. range is being built by the Central Sharpshooters, near the southern limits of the city, which will be probably the finest range in the western country. The target house has been completed and the shooting house is nearly so. The announcement of their opening shoot may be looked for next month. The members of other clubs in this city have commenced practice, and a few more days will bring the boys all together once more. But if rifle shooting is to be encouraged, we want no more repetition of the last Cypress Hills affair. Like the rest of the cranks I had the shoot all figured out, and so far as the principals are concerned I have no fault to find. But when I received the official report in FORREST AND STREAM I found I had in my figuring overlooked the most important factor, I had figured on only two men being in the race." B. WATERS.

### Beideman Rifle Club.

PHILADELPHIA, April 25.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, at their range, Beideman Station, N. J., for week ending April 21. Conditions, 25yds, possible 250, 14in. ring target, 14in. bull outside range, strictly off-hand:

Drardier.....25 25 25 25 25 24 24 23 23-244  
W Wurfleld.....25 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 23-240  
J S Wood.....25 25 25 25 24 24 24 23 23-240  
A C McGowan.....25 25 25 24 24 24 24 23 23-237  
W Gilbert.....25 25 25 25 24 24 23 23 23-236  
G Taylor.....25 25 24 24 23 23 20 19 19-232  
Pistol score, 50yds., Standard American target:  
Dr Gardiner.....10 10 10 10 10 9 9 8 8-94  
WALT GILBERT, Sec'y.

### Susquehanna County Rifle Association.

THE twenty-third meeting of the association will be held at Foster, Pa., on May 24 and 25. All interested in rifle shooting are cordially invited. Any one can become a member by paying entrance fee to matches.

Fifteen pounds standard weight of barrel. All over must give 1-16in. per pound, and all under will receive 1-16in. per pound on each string. String measure, globe sights, muzzle rest, butt of gun held against shoulder, distance 20 rods. Shooting commenced at 10 A. M.

For silver medal and three money prizes. Two strings, 10 shots each string. At 2 P. M. County match for silver medal and three money prizes. Two strings, 10 shots each string. May 25.—At 9 A. M., Scranton match for silver medal and three money prizes. Three strings, 10 shots each string. DUNMORE, Pa. H. M. SPENCER, Sec'y.

### Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., April 25.—A special meeting of the Miller Rifle Club, Capt. R. W. Dewey, was held this evening at their headquarters, 423 Washington street. There was quite an attendance, many out of town faces were seen. The members are predicting grand things for their eighth annual shoot at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, Monday, May 7, and are working hard to make this shoot the best one they have had. Several of the prominent shooters from other clubs have signified their intentions of being with them on that day, and it is expected it will be an enjoyable and profitable affair for visitors and the club. After the meeting the following scores were made: Schmidt 244, Miller 243, Meyers 241, Schmitt 235, Zoch 232, Dewey 232, Vanderheyden 230, Rogers 225, Scott 224. The medal winners were: Schmidt 244, Zoch 232, Vanderheyden 232. W. H. ROGERS, Sec'y.

### The Tobin Trophy.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17.—The Tobin trophy is shot for annually by the various companies of the N. G. C. The contest was held on Sunday at Shell Mound Range and was won by the redoubtable Co. C, 1st Regiment with the fine score of 865 points, 20 men, to shoot each, 200yds., regulation rules. This is the highest score ever made on the coast by 20 men in a regular match. The Carson City guards of Nevada had the record previous to Sunday, viz., 852 points. ROEEL.

### Heidenreich Rifle Club.

SCORES shot at our 100ft. range April 22. Horn 240, Hicks 239, Steel 239, Goodman 226, Kellner 219, Busch 215, Bogner 216, Heidenreich 212, May 215, Kaufman 228.

April 22—Score shot at our 100ft. range: Val Horn 239, Wm. Steel 232, A. Busch 229, Kook 228, F. Goodman 221, Kellner 219, Bogner 216, Wm. May 215, Kaufman 227. Wm. MAY, Sec'y.

### RIFLE NOTES.

During the time that Ross and Dorrier were shooting their match some of the members of the Greenville and Excelsior Clubs were present and indulged in practice. Among those present we noticed L. H. Hansen of the Excelsior Club, who is developing good shooting form, in a series of 50 shots he made a total of 1090.

Teams from the New York Schuetzen Corps, New York Central Corps, New York City Corps and the Harem Independent Corps, will meet in a contest for the Corps some time next month.

The members of the Zettler Club will meet in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, to-morrow May 6. This is the regular bi-monthly practice for club prizes in the season shoot. Visiting riflemen will receive a cordial welcome to participate.

The Williamsburgh Shooting Society, Capt. Geo. Schmidt, will hold its annual festival in the Cypress Hills Park, on May 13-14. The prize programme is liberal and should receive a hearty report from our local riflemen. On the ring target are 20 prizes ranging from \$40 down to \$2. On the bullseye target there are 18 prizes ranging from \$40 down to \$1. There are six premiums for the most flags ranging from \$10 to \$1.

Don't forget the Miller shoot which takes place in Union H. Schuetzen Park, next Monday, May 7.

The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, will hold its second practice shoot at Union Hill, on Friday of next week.















Manson's First Annual.

MANSON, Ia., April 18.—The first annual tournament of the Manson Gun Club ended to day. The attendance was fair and the shooting quite good. The weather was up to noon of the first day; it then commenced raining and a high wind made the shooting quite difficult during the rest of the tournament.

C. W. BUDD.

No. 1, 10 single targets, entry \$1.50:	
Hughes.....0011111110-7	Johnson.....1101101100-6
Gilbert.....1101110111-8	Julius.....1100010011-5
Trotter.....1101111111-9	Kelly.....0001010001-6
Slocum.....1101101011-7	Christianson.....1110011111-8
Christianson.....0111011111-9	Clark.....1111011111-9
DeKay.....1001100011-5	Wood.....1101101011-7
Blythe.....0100101000-3	Georgeson.....1111111111-10
Strauther.....0010001000-2	Power.....1001010111-6
Clark.....1011010101-6	T W Strauther.....0101000000-3

No. 2, 15 single targets, entry \$2:	
Trotter.....011111111111-14	Strauther.....0110001010101-8
Wood.....111111111111-15	Blythe.....011010100001000-6
Gildroy.....0100010111111-9	Kelly.....0001010001010-6
Christianson.....11111010111110-12	Johnson.....10000101111111-10
Christianson.....11111010111110-13	Carman.....10001010111111-10
Georgeson.....11111101101110-13	G Clark.....001010011101001-7
Gilbert.....01010111001111-11	Strauther.....10100101100100-7
Hughes.....11010101010110-10	Foley.....101000100010101-9
Clark.....10111101011111-12	Julius.....1010101010101-9
Robinson.....1010001010101-7	Kline.....01001011111111-11

No. 3, 20 single targets, entrance \$3:	
Christianson.....0101101101010101-13	Wood.....11011111011101110-16
Hughes.....1101110100111111-14	Gilbert.....10111111110110111-17
D R Clark.....1111111111111111-20	Blythe.....1101001010000100010-7
Trotter.....001010101010110-10	Adams.....10100001100101010-9
Georgeson.....1111010111111111-18	D Carman.....01001110001110101-13
Slocum.....1101110101010111-16	Juline.....111100110111001011-13
Johnson.....11011100010110111-15	Clark.....111011010011011-8

No. 4, 15 single targets, entrance \$2:	
Christianson.....11111111111111-14	Gilbert.....111011010011011-8
Julius.....00111111111111-13	Gill.....010101101001101-9
Johnson.....11100010010101-6	Trotter.....1011101000101-9
Slocum.....11101010101011-7	Christianson.....1010110111011-11
Strauther.....01111101111111-13	Hughes.....10101111011111-13
Adams.....11111000110111-11	Georgeson.....0111111111011-12
Gilbert.....11111111111111-15	Wright.....0111100110111-11
Wood.....11110111011111-13	Christianson.....10111101101101-12
Kelly.....1110110110101010-10	Robinson.....01101111111111-13

No. 5, 20 single targets, entrance \$3:	
Johnson.....1000011001100101-6	Christianson.....1111110111011111-13
Wood.....1111110110111111-15	Geo Clark.....01010101010101-15
Peck.....1111 1001101010001-19	Hughes.....1111111010101111-18
Gilbert.....11101111011111110-18	D R Clark.....1011111111111101-18
Georgeson.....11111111111110110-18	Chubster.....11101111111110101-17
Hughes.....11110101111110111-17	Chingren.....11111111101011111-18

No. 6, 7 live birds, entry \$3.50:	
Kline.....0210212-5	Gilbert.....1121202-6
Chingren.....0210212-5	Slocum.....1111010-5

Johnson.....1120102-5	Tratter.....1121122-7
T W Strauther.....0102001-3	Foley.....1200222-5
Georgeson.....2001210-4	Strauther.....2100020-3
Christianson.....2201012-5	Cannon.....0010101-3
Gill.....220112-6	Blythe.....1110101-5
Wood.....2201121-5	Julius.....2100220-4
Maher.....10 singles and 5 pairs, entry \$2:	
Julius.....101111101 00 10 10 10 10-12	
Kelly.....111011110 10 00 00 00 10-10	
Cannon.....111111111 11 11 10 10 10-17	
Chingren.....111111111 10 10 10 10 01-10	
Christianson.....111111111 11 11 10 01 00-16	
Hughes.....111111111 10 11 11 11 10-18	
Georgeson.....101101110 10 10 11 11 10-17	
Clark.....101111100 11 11 10 11 10-14	
Slocum.....111111111 11 10 10 10 10-16	
Gilbert.....111111101 10 11 10 11 10-16	
Geo Clark.....011111101 11 10 10 10 10-14	
Tratter.....111111111 10 11 10 11 11-18	
Wood.....110101111 01 11 00 11 10-14	

No. 8, 15 single targets, entry \$2:	
Trotter.....10110010010000-8	Power.....110101001111101-10
Julius.....00101100000101-5	Kline.....11110110111111-13
B R Clark.....11111110111111-14	Christianson.....11111111111111-15
Gilbert.....11111111111111-15	Chingren.....11111111011111-14
Adams.....00111111111111-13	Johnson.....11111011111010-12
Cannon.....11111110111110-11	Georgeson.....101111100111-12
Hughes.....1111111101101-13	Slocum.....10111101111110-11
G Dero.....11010100010101-10	Wood.....11111011111111-14
J T Kelly.....10101110101010-10	Trotter.....11111011001111-12

April 18.—No. 9, 10 pair targets, entrance \$3:	
Hughes.....10 10 10 11 11 10 10 11 11-14	
Christianson.....11 10 01 11 11 10 11 11 10-15	
D R Clark.....11 11 01 11 10 11 11 10 10-16	
Chingren.....11 10 01 11 10 11 10 11 10-13	
Georgeson.....01 11 10 10 11 10 11 10 01-15	
Gilbert.....10 10 00 10 11 10 00 01 10-10	
Trotter.....10 11 10 11 10 10 00 01 10-11	
Wood.....10 11 10 10 10 01 10 01 10-11	

No. 10, 15 single targets, entrance \$3:	
Gilbert.....1111111111011-14	Christianson.....11111101101110-13
Slocum.....11111111111110-13	Geo Clark.....01010101010101-15
Hughes.....10010001011111-11	Trotter.....11111111111111-15
Chingren.....11111111111111-12	Georgeson.....10001111111111-12
D R Clark.....0111111111011-13	Guthrie.....00000000000000-0

No. 11, 20 single targets, entrance \$3:	
Gilbert.....0110111111011111-17	Trotter.....0111111111111111-19
Slocum.....1010011011111110-16	Geo Clark.....101111111100101101-15
Julius.....000100101100010010-8	Hughes.....1111111010101111-18
Kline.....011001111110001111-14	D R Clark.....1011111111111101-18
Georgeson.....1111111110010101-15	Chubster.....11101111111110101-17
Maher.....000011111101001111-14	Chingren.....11111111101011111-18

No. 12, 10 single and 5 pair targets, entrance \$3:	
Trotter.....01110110111 11 10 10 10 11-15	
Gilbert.....101110111 11 10 00 10 10-13	
Georgeson.....111111110 11 11 10 11 11-18	
Maher.....110111010 10 10 00 11 10-12	

Hughes.....1111111111 11 11 10 11 11-19	
D R Clark.....1111011001 11 10 00 01 10-12	
Christenson.....1111111101 10 10 11 11 11-17	
Chingren.....1111111111 11 01 10 11 10-17	

No. 13, 15 single and 3 pair targets, entrance \$3:  
Maher.....10111011100000 11 10 10-12  
Georgeson.....11111011101011 01 10 10-15  
Slocum.....111110111100011 00 11 10-14  
Christiansen.....11111111111111 11 10 11-19  
Hughes.....111111111101110 10 01 00-15  
D R Clark.....001100111101011 11 11 11-15  
Chingren.....111111111010001 11 11 01-17  
Gilbert.....11111101011111 11 10 10-17  
Special No 6, 25 live birds, between H. C. Kline and John Georgeson, for a purse of \$50:  
Kline.....0110110111101001100111-17  
Georgeson.....11010110101011111101101-17  
Tie score: Kline 0111, Georgeson 0111. Birds exhausted.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., April 22.—The weekly shooting contest of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club occurred this afternoon; attendance light, shooting only fair, weather favorable, except that a breeze was blowing in the teeth of the shooters, which made the shooting difficult. Lieut. Devol, of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., took the lead with a score of 13. The shoot was at 15 singles, known angles:  
A Harberty.....11110101011111-12 W H Mace.....111101010101110-10  
R Rogers.....01110101011111-12 Lieut Devol.....11110101111111-13  
T S Jones.....0111011110101-11 H A Stephens.....10111111011110-12  
J P Menard.....11011011011111-12 F H Woody.....011100000001001-5  
J T Sawhill.....101100010010111-8 F P Kern.....00000110110100-6  
After the regular event an interesting team shoot took place, two teams of six, one headed by H. A. Stephens and the other by T. S. Jones, at 10 birds each man, unknown angles. Scores: Jones's team 37, Stephens's 32. Repeating the scores were: Jones's team 38, Stephens's team 39. Then shooting 5 down to decide the best two out of three they scored: Jones's team 20, Stephens's 24. This made Stephens's team the winners, but the teams tied on the total number of birds broken. WILL CAVE, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

GEOMBECK, Arkadelphia, Ark.—The notion that hares change their sex in winter is of a piece with the old time "vulgar error," that in the winter the cuckoo turned into a hawk.

W. E., New York.—You will find lines of a good boat in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 21, 1887. "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs" contains very plain and complete directions for building boats. We have published no lines of model yachts. "Model Yachts," by Grosvenor, contains instructions for building and sailing.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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FOREST AND STREAM'S SILVER BULLSEYE Cards, which will make it easy for him to send for the paper. . . . .

## PROTECTION FOR THE PARK.

THE bill for the protection of the Yellowstone Park, which for some time had been before Congress, was favorably reported last week from the Conference Committee, passed both Houses, and received the signature of President Cleveland last Monday.

The enactment of this law will be hailed with sincere satisfaction by all good citizens and especially by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, to whom the past unfortunate condition of things in the Park has long been known. While the bill is not all that could be desired, it is fairly satisfactory, and properly enforced will effectively protect the forests, the game and the natural wonders of the Park.

It is not too much to say that the passage of this bill is due directly to the agitation of the subject by the FOREST AND STREAM, which for many years has regarded the Yellowstone National Park as its special charge. The long delayed action of Congress might have been still further postponed had it not been for the boldness of the poachers, whose recent wholesale raids upon the buffalo startled Congress from its lethargy. The FOREST AND STREAM was the first newspaper to urge protection for the National Park, the first to announce last winter's bloody work, and to point out the inevitable consequences unless Congress took immediate action; and it looks with satisfaction on its record in this matter, for it has become known far and wide as the champion of the Park.

Nothing could have been done in Congress without the active aid of interested members in both houses, and fortunately the Park has a number of warm friends, both in the Senate and in the House. First among those who deserve special credit for long continued labors in the cause of protection for the Park, is Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, whose active interest in the reservation dates back a dozen years. In his public services in this matter Mr. Vest has always been ably seconded by Senator Manderson. It was Mr. Vest who drew the bill which we believe six times passed the Senate and once the House, and many of the provisions of his bill are found in the measure which has just been enacted. Of Senator Carey's

valuable services in connection with the present bill, and of those of Mr. Lacey in the House of Representatives, mention has already been made. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, Hon. Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, Hon. John E. Rayburn, of Pennsylvania and Mr. McRae, of Arkansas by their active sympathy contributed much toward the speedy passage of the bill.

For many years Superintendents of the Park and Secretaries of the Interior have kept up the unequal fight against lawlessness within its borders, and have striven to amend the condition of things there. In the list of these workers there are a number of honorable names, but never since the Park was established have there been officers of the Government more deeply interested in its protection than Hon. Hoke Smith, the present Secretary of the Interior, and Capt. George S. Anderson, the present Superintendent. They have worked together assiduously and unselfishly, and have done the best that was possible considering the fact that their action was always hampered by the absence of any law permitting the punishment of offenders. Capt. Anderson, who has resided in the Park, has done the actual hard work and faced all the annoyances inevitably connected with such duty; but Mr. Smith has given him constant help, encouragement and support in his difficult task. It is certainly an especially happy circumstance that the protective measure has become a law under their administration.

There is in Washington another person—a private citizen—who for many years has labored heart and soul for the best interests of the National Park. He has traveled backward and forward over it, has reported on it to the Secretary of the Interior, has watched legislation which threatened to affect it, and has contributed his legal knowledge to every movement for its preservation. It is not too much to say that he has done more than any one else has done, and perhaps more than any one else could have done, toward bringing about the happy result that we announce to-day. This person desires to remain unknown; yet the few individuals who are acquainted with the facts and who know how great is the debt of gratitude owed him by the public, feel a sincere regret that they are not at liberty to make some public acknowledgment of his services to the Park and to his countrymen.

SNAP SHOTS.

In these days of going fishing and of planning for summer campaigns with the rod, substantial assistance may be found in the weekly fund of information given in our Sea and River Fishing pages. Not a week goes by that there are not accounts of successful excursions to waters abounding in bass or trout or other fish; and the FOREST AND STREAM is thus a veritable anglers' directory. To make this feature more valuable is our constant desire. Its accomplishment rests almost entirely with the angling reader. While no one is called upon to abandon to the public his jealously guarded secret of good fishing in waters likely to suffer from publicity, every member of the fraternity owes it to the craft to tell of lakes and streams and bays where the fishing may be of scope and quality so generous as not to suffer even if others do know of it. Send in your contribution to the common fund. No one has a right to keep a good thing to himself when it may be shared with others. If this is not true doctrine for a true fisherman where is the fallacy?

Ring-necked pheasants have been introduced into Nova Scotia with most gratifying success, by the enterprise of the Game and Inland Fishery Protective Society; and the result demonstrates that the species is well adapted to the climate of the Northeast. In October, 1892, some young pheasants were put out by a resident of Kentville, N. S.; and lived through the severe winter without being fed or given shelter. Encouraged by this result, the society imported from England in May, 1893, eighteen birds, of which fifteen were hens; and they were put out in the same month, and were left to shift for themselves. They bred, hens being seen with sixteen, ten, seven and four chicks respectively. The winter of 1893-4 was one of the severest ever known in Nova Scotia; for three months the snow lay three feet deep, and the season was one to test most effectively the hardiness of the new game. The pheasants came out in the spring in fine order, and the society now looks for a large increase in this, the second year. The experiment has demonstrated the ability of

the pheasants to take care of themselves, with no artificial feeding whatever; and as they are protected by law, there appears to be ample reason for regarding them as an established game species. The Game and Inland Fishery Protective Society will undoubtedly strengthen itself with the public by this public-spirited service to the Province. It is much the same in Canada as in this country, that the actual and efficient work of game protection must be undertaken by individuals or voluntary associations of private citizens, and the Nova Scotia society has made an excellent record by many years of untiring service in the cause of protection. One abuse the society's wardens have constantly to combat is the snaring of moose. The snarers, or "rope men," as they are called, are among the most persistent of law-breakers, and it is exceedingly difficult to detect them.

We print "Coahoma's" reflections on the "Right and Wrong of It," because we consider their author to be entitled to a hearing, and not because we consider the legitimacy of the pursuit of game, for sport, is properly a subject of debate in this journal. There are people who, lacking a taste for field sports, hold with perfect sincerity a prejudice against such pursuits, as being cruel, or as involving an unnecessary taking of life. But the FOREST AND STREAM is published in the interest of a class which believes in the use of the gun, and for that class, and in such a journal, the question of the propriety of field sports is not debatable. Nevertheless, some good must come from the recent discussion begun by "Coahoma" in his letter concerning the killing of a snake, participated in by others, and now closed by him. More rational, less wanton, more manly and thoughtful and less cruel, must be the attitude toward animate nature, for the reading of such a discussion and the reflections prompted by it.

Now that an effort is making to restock the Catskills with deer, it seems a pity that the game should not have every protection the law may afford. The deer will naturally stray into Sullivan county, and they should be exempt from pursuit there for five years at least. The game bill which the New York Legislature sent to the Governor this year contains a section which provides that no one shall kill deer in Sullivan county "save only from the first day of October to the first day of November." This, however, does not expressly repeal the law now in force which forbids killing deer in Sullivan county prior to 1897; and it is to be hoped that the game protectors will insist upon the observance of the old law.

In our last issue we alluded to the Byrnes case, a suit brought by Protector Kidd to recover penalties for quail unlawfully served in March of last year. The defendant is playing the customary game of delay so familiar to every one who has ever attempted to put through game law prosecutions in this county; and he secured another adjournment last Tuesday. Mr. Byrnes is simply putting off the evil day. His counsel may adjourn as persistently as did the Delmonico people, but there is only one certain ending—he must pay up; and we are going to record his doing so.

The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society in Philadelphia next week promises to be an interesting one. The society will be entertained by the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, and the programme calls for a planked shad dinner, and apropos of this will be a paper prepared by Mr. Charles Hallock telling of a time "When Shad were a Penny Apiece" in the Connecticut Valley. Among other papers to be read will be a series prepared by members of the United States Fish Commission.

The report of a buffalo herd discovered in Texas is important, if confirmation may be had; and we shall endeavor to determine the truth of the story. A correspondent, under whose notice had come the press dispatch, suggests that while the report may be the signal for an army bent on the capture of the game, it ought to arouse every man in Texas to defend the herd.

Never leave a gun loaded in the house. Never carry a loaded gun into a house.



## In the Wilds of the Borderland.

A Woman's Hunting Trip into the Wilds of the Borderland Between Maine and Canada.

OFF at last! It was a bright, beautiful autumnal morning of last year on which we began our journey, and we even looked to the long day's ride with pleasure, for we were going into what was to us *terra incognita*. After distributing our belongings and becoming comfortably settled in our chairs we leaned back in the full enjoyment of our surroundings, and of having nothing to do but anticipate, all cares having been left behind as we boarded the train, unless Jerry be excepted, of whom more anon.

The year before I had taken my wife for her first real camping trip. We spent two weeks among the 27,000 islands of Georgian Bay, Ontario, and although the black bass fishing was grand all else was disappointing. It was hot and rainy, the wind was never right, either too much or none at all. The islands were masses of rocks, for the most part without trees, and we found nothing but frogs on which to try the new Marlin. These, however, were good for practice and also for eating, our French boatman and cook presenting them to us as perfectly cooked as though done by a "blue ribbon." The climate, snakes and spiders were tropical; thunderstorms such as we had never experienced about New York were frequent, and we returned much disappointed.

But during the long winter following our trip in retrospect appeared to have been more and more enjoyable, for the disagreeable incidents were gradually forgotten and only the pleasures recalled. The greatest pleasure was then the presence of a little all black cocker Jerry, who had been loaned us at the village from which we started, and who proved such a sociable companion during the trip that our longing for him after our return home persuaded us to send for him. He arrived during the coldest weather of last winter and ever since has been our companion, joy and comfort, and no doubt was one of the primary causes of our second trip. As the spring

going east. A little after 5 in the morning we arrived at Jackman an hour late, and a long, mostly pleasant, railroad journey was ended.

We arrived at Jackman cold to the bone and in a pretty state of mind. But a good fire, hot breakfast and cordial greetings from everybody at the Colby House, restored us to warmth and equanimity. A little shopping for things forgotten and at about 8 o'clock we started for a 25 miles drive, Jim\* and I and Jerry in a buggy, and Llewellyn Rainey with a two-horse buckboard and our trunks.

Fifteen miles from Jackman through a beautiful rolling country, and part of the time through dense woods, always rising, brought us to the top of the Boundary Mountains, 3,000ft. above the sea. A short halt to water



"WHEN THE SUN GOT LOW."

the horses and then a gradual descent, mostly on a trot over better roads for ten miles, brought us to hospitable Mrs. Rainey's.

Our journey had been long and wearisome, and after a refreshing bath and a hot dinner, we went to bed and were asleep at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, not waking until sunrise next morning.

Our trunks were searched for our regimentals, and city clothes knew us no more for three weeks. Jim appeared in her short-skirted corduroy hunting suit that had proved so serviceable last year, while I made my debut in knickerbockers, and so comfortable I found them that I shall always wear them upon like excursions hereafter.

The air was crisp that morning and we needed our sweaters during the first hours, for we already felt the effect of the change, and were hungry long before being called to the generous hot breakfast prepared for us. Afterward we met our guides. Robert Elliott, head guide, was a strong, wiry man of 45, active, full of business and exceedingly good-natured and anxious to please. We found him always polite, very even-tempered and a hard worker. Nothing was too much trouble for him if he could add to our comfort or pleasure, and wet to the skin, cold and tired, his heart was as warm and his eyes as twinkling with fun as though he was as comfortable as he had made us. Disagreeable weather and reverses seemed only to bring out good characteristics. He had trapped and hunted winters for twenty-five years and had driven logs in the springs. He was a thorough woodsman and trapper.

Albert Cathcart, the second guide, was a man of 30.



"WE WATCHED THE PREPARATIONS FOR BREAKFAST."

He was leaving his two weeks' old son and heir to go with us. He proved strong as an ox, and as kindly, considerate and obligingly good-natured as it is proverbial for strong gentle men ever to be.

Mrs. Rainey and her son, Llewellyn, deserve more than a word. They were the kindest people we met on our trip. Llewellyn drove us in and out of the woods, and we still here his cheery voice encouraging the horses at a particularly bad spot, while Mrs. Rainey sent delicacies to us on every occasion, and spent many anxious hours worrying about "that poor little woman off in the woods."

The morning was spent in making the acquaintance of the guides, the family, and the neighbors who came to

\*At the very outset I will take my readers into my confidence and say that in the seclusion of the home or camp my better half is known to me by the sobriquet of "Jim," and for the sake of brevity and convenience, she shall be known as "Jim" throughout this camp chronicle. My readers must therefore be prepared for any seeming inconsistencies of gender that may grate upon ears grammatical.

see the city lady who was to go where no white woman had ever been, and carry her own rifle, and shoot it, too. In the afternoon we went out to try our rifles. They were satisfactory except that I could not make mine shoot as straight as Jim's; she beat me, as usual, and rose correspondingly in the estimation of Bob, and from then on I played second fiddle. During our tramp we came to a broad, shallow brook, with pools at intervals. Bob's hat band furnished a 3ft. leader and a fly, and the woods a stick. With this outfit we were soon at work. Bob caught the first trout to show us how, and fishing alternately we soon landed fifteen or twenty trout, averaging about a quarter of a pound. We were both new to trout fishing, and enjoyed it greatly. The fly would no sooner touch the water than a swirl would be a signal for a strike. Several of the larger fish were saved for supper, the others thrown back.

The next morning was cloudy, but we decided to make a start, and with our "duffle" packed compactly on two strongly made sledges, each horse drawing about 250lbs., with Jim riding "Sandwich Island style" on a tall horse led by an officer in one of Her Majesty's cavalry regiments at Quebec, who was a volunteer in our party, we filed out back of Mrs. Rainey's house, across a cleared piece, over a ditch, through a pair of bars, into the woods. When not a hundred yards from the house a fine misty rain began to drizzle down, but there was no turning back, and for the first hour or two after entering the woods it was not especially disagreeable, as the trees were so thick the rain did not reach us. Bob had started that morning at daylight with his ax to clear away the wind-falls, and we soon came on a specimen of his work—a huge tree cut in two places, the center piece drawn to one side for our passage.

After going about four miles a man appeared coming toward us. It was the U. S. Mail named Armstrong, physically strong-armed. He had made fourteen miles that morning, carrying a mail bag containing a dozen letters, a Winchester and a haversack containing half a deer and a partridge shot on the way. A few words of greeting, some local news exchanged, and we passed on.

Our first halt was six miles off and we were nearly five hours in reaching it, the rain becoming heavier, also the walking. There had been a heavy storm a few days be-



WILSON POND CAMP.



THE CAMP AT FROST POND.

approached and brought thoughts of outings, and when Jerry would trot out of doors, turn to the north, raise his nose and draw in long breaths, we would say, "He is trying to smell Penetang, poor fellow," and it would also set us longing for Penetang, or, at least, for woods and lakes.

One Thursday in April, when perhaps the longing was something intense, my *FOREST AND STREAM* contained a letter from Mr. Fred Talcott, of Providence, R. I. He offered to correspond with any reputable person desiring to know of the whereabouts of a "sportsman's paradise." We were the particular ones meant, although unconscious of it at the time. I wrote him and his answer came promptly. I wish I could give it here. His "paradise" was situated on the Maine-Canadian boundary, and was to be entered by leaving the railroad at Jackman, Me. He promised everything—a perfect country; perfect guides; trout faster than one could land them; deer, moose and caribou, ducks, partridge; and last but not least, moderate prices for everything. I wrote again and again. His replies read like news from a long lost rich uncle. They were awaited with impatience and read with avidity. The correspondence lasted all summer; indeed it has not yet ceased.

I wrote the guide and waited a month for my first answer, and received but little satisfaction beyond his prices. His later letters, however, were more satisfactory, and although he would promise but little, we concluded he was trustworthy; and on the knowledge obtained from Mr. Talcott, we decided to enter his "paradise" and engage his guides.

Then came a busy six weeks of preparation. Bacon and court plaster, flour and bandages, guns and scalpels, fishing tackle and baking powder, 350 assorted cartridges, rifles, shotguns, rods, dozens of flies, ditto hooks, etc., constituted but a fraction of our outfit. Of what we did not already possess we bought enough for half a dozen, and what a pleasure it was with always one more special journey down town to add another leader, more hooks or cartridges for fear we should run short.

Then came the selection of the route with careful consultation of time tables and maps. At last we were ready, our belongings in two strong trunks and a handbag, a package of mackintoshes and wraps, another of guns and rods, and—Jerry.

We left New York about 9 A. M. on the "White Mountain Flyer" of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., our route taking us along the Sound, the Connecticut River, through the Berkshires, and along the edge of the White Mountains, arriving at Wells River about 5 o'clock. A tramp through that pretty little village, supper, and the north bound train at 7 o'clock brought us to Lennoxville at 11:30 P. M., with an hour to wait for the Canadian Pacific train

fore our arrival, and mud, water and windfalls were plentiful. I had been over tote roads in the Adirondacks and had read of Mud Pond Carry, but had never imagined that such a collection of stumps and sloughs of despond could be gathered into such a small space as a clearing 12ft. wide and ten miles long, and every one seemed placed where it would most help the others to obstruct our passage. Twenty times one or the other of the sledges would bring up against a stump too large to get over, or one runner, passing over a boulder, the other would find itself in a mudhole a little deeper than the driver had anticipated, and over it would go. Under the expert care of the cavalryman, Jim alternately walking and riding, proceeded along beautifully and arrived at our lunching place but little fatigued. Jerry had disappeared after the first mile or two, but caused us little anxiety, for his tracks were plainly visible, and we found him on our arrival with Bob, each looking wetter than the other. For the last half hour it had been pouring, and it continued for the rest of the day.

Arriving at the little brook that marked the ending of the first stage, Jim was placed under cover of an uprooted tree, a roaring fire was started and a shelter of rubber blankets was quickly raised. The kettle soon boiled and in spite of the rain we had a jolly cold luncheon with hot tea, the whole party seeming to think it a regular picnic, and most of all Bob, whom the rain seemed particularly to exhilarate. Perhaps an hour and a half was allowed to bait the horses and we were again on the way. We were now deeper in the woods, on higher ground, and found the roads better and the four miles were soon covered. Then a sudden turn off from the main road, over a little brook, up a short rise, and Wilson Pond Camp was in view. It was a long, low, log camp, built like a double lean-to with no roof over the center, and through the opening the smoke curled, making a welcome sight.

Bob had again preceded us and a roaring fire had already dried the camp a great deal. Many hands made light work, the horses were soon unharnessed, the baggage unloaded and carried under cover and in the experienced hands of the guides; in an hour we were quite at home. Jim and I on one side of the fire sat on our bed made on the ground, in dry clothing, and Bob, Mr. Perkins and Llewellyn were on the opposite side, standing and sitting, turning first one side and then the other to the fire, drying their only clothes. Albert, the nonchalant, wet, but still happy, was busy getting supper. Bob was overhauling the things, estimating the damage, which was trifling, and storing the minor articles among the shingles of the roof. Comfortable, warm, happy and at rest we had nothing to wish for except supper, which came quickly and disappeared with equal rapidity. With pipes and cigarettes, funny stories and the relation of individual ex-



periences of the trip, darkness came all too early, the wet clothing furnished a screen and soon we were comfortably in between the blankets. Jim feared neither spiders nor snakes, lulled into fancied security by Bob's assurance that they did not grow in that part of the country. Neither did she fear bears, wolves nor Indians, for were there not on the opposite side of the great fire in close call and in full view, four stalwart men to defend her. The horses stamped and the rain pattered on the roof, but within the fire crackled and the blaze cheered and soothed us and we slept as though on a bed of down until daylight.

Oh! what a change. The brightest, crispest, sunshiniest morning ever seen! We were soon up. How glorious was the water dipped with a tin basin from the brook! Breakfast was quickly over, and Llewellyn and Mr. Perkins speeded on their return journey. Everything was soon out of camp to dry more thoroughly in the open air. About 10 o'clock, taking our rifles, with Bob leading, we went up to Wilson Pond, half a mile distant, to see it and shoot what we might. Approaching very carefully, hoping for a buck, we came to the edge of a pretty little pond, perhaps a quarter of a mile in circumference, a marsh at one end, another at the opposite, and woods on all sides. We sat down on a fallen log just within cover, keeping very quiet, and in a few moments on the opposite marsh appeared a doe and fawn—the first wild deer Jim had ever seen. A few moments later another doe appeared and they fed slowly along the margin of the pond in full view. With our field glasses we could see them very distinctly, and watched them for half an hour until they finally vanished into the forest. It was a beautiful sight, and we felt amply repaid for all our hardships. We became quite familiar with this sight, for during our week at Wilson Pond we rarely visited it without seeing from one to three deer feeding, always does or fawns, never a buck. The latter were on the ridges at this time, and finding plenty of water, rarely came to the ponds.

On returning to camp about 12 o'clock for dinner, we found Walter Armstrong, the mail man, bound on his journey into the lumber camps. The round trip is made three times a week by him and his brother alternately, 23 miles each way, and for this the United States pays them \$300 per year, less than \$1 a day.

He stayed for dinner, and when he left us we, thinking of our ten miles of the day before, were rather inclined to pity him with thirteen to fourteen more before him; but from the cheerful manner in which he slung his mail bag on and picked up his rifle and started off, he seemed not to mind it. A short nap over, we started back to the pond with rifles and rods. We had a fair shot at a doe, but as we wanted horns as well as meat we refrained, and went to casting from the shore. We soon landed a dozen trout weighing from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 lb., then crawling into the bushes we watched for our buck till sundown, but he did not come. There was no wind, the lake was like a sheet of glass, and the only sounds heard were the occasional cry of an angry kingfisher, the chattering of ground squirrels, and once in a while the low, booming, penetrating drumming of a partridge.

Our fish were served for breakfast, and from that time we were seldom without trout in the larder. Our morning was spent about camp, while Bob and Albert went to the pond and built a raft from which to fish. The afternoon went quickly on the pond, catching trout about as fast as Bob could take care of them. When the sun sank low in the heavens we stopped, tired of catching fish, and pulling to shore watched for deer.

And thus a happy week passed away all too soon. It rained sometimes, perhaps a good deal, but we did not mind it. We tramped the woods for birds and deer or fished the lake to our heart's content. The extra trout were sent out to Mrs. Rainey by the obliging "U. S. Mail," and also a letter home, written on birch bark, enveloped in the same and sealed with pine pitch. Several times we would know that the "mail" had passed by finding one or two partridges hanging on a tree at camp. We shot no deer, but saw numbers, and had one exciting still-hunt for a yearling buck, but frightened him. We had seen fresh caribou tracks several times, but his majesty did not show himself to us. One evening while poling the raft in I shot at a passing duck. Immediately we heard a heavy crash near the foot of the pond. Upon reconnoitering we found our caribou had been down to drink and my shot had sent him off; his tracks were large and deep and the water in them very muddy. Mr. Talcott shot this fellow about three weeks later, and he proved to be a royal animal of twenty-three points.

One morning, on going to the pond to watch for deer, we found a loon in possession, and not a particle of wind. We went back in the afternoon for fishing, carrying plenty of cartridges. The loon was still there and we had some fun with him. Jim's .38 and my .45 rang out alternately and our bullets chased him all over the pond. He did not get one full breath for half an hour; at times he was awfully rattled and once he rattled us. We ex-

pected him to rise at a certain point some distance off, but he bobbed up within 10 ft. of the raft. It would be hard to say which was the more surprised. We shot and seemed to hit him, but didn't. When we left him his wild cry of triumph and derision followed us half way to camp. Bob declared the loon would get out that night, "if it had to climb a tree." The next morning it was gone.

During the week we grew strong and well. We took longer and longer tramps with less fatigue; we slept like babes and ate like backwoodsmen, always hungry, with what anxiety we watched the preparation for breakfast, dinner and supper, lest there should not be sufficient food cooked, but the chef gauged our appetites well and there was always enough left for Jerry.

We made one little side trip, taking tent and provisions and staying over night at a small pond about three miles from the Wilson camp. The shore of the pond was literally embroidered with deer tracks. We watched that night and the next morning, but saw nothing but a little fawn. Albert was with me at one point, Bob and Jim at another, and we were completely hidden by undergrowth. It was about sunset and there was not a sound to disturb the stillness. Suddenly Jim heard a slight crackle as of a twig snapping behind her, and turning found a baby deer staring at her over a fallen log, only 5 or 6 ft. away. In a second it turned, showing Bob the tip of its tail as it bounded into the undergrowth. At this little camp we had as visitors a number of jays (moose or meat birds as they are called locally), and we were much interested in them and their peculiar ways, their familiarity on short acquaintance causing much surprise and wonderment.

At length we felt that we should move along, and so one morning Bob and Albert started with packs as heavy as I could lift to their shoulders and carried six miles to

weeks and disappeared from camp, to be found scattered along the road toward Jackman, working or beating their way back to railroads and whisky. The rule prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquor is necessarily very strict. Once in a while a bottle would be smuggled into camp and some of the men get fighting drunk. They would be assisted to their bunks, willy nilly, and the next morning if an old hand and the first offense, he would be forgiven, but if a new hand, he took the road to Jackman. The cook in a lumber camp is next in authority to the foreman of a crew; he has charge of all supplies, domestic arrangements and the discipline. He is assisted by a "cookee," who is the drawer of water and the hewer of wood, and who also peels the potatoes. Logs for firewood are brought in at night by returning teams. The food is coarse but wholesome and well cooked, and the men may eat as much as they desire.

Early Monday morning we packed up and were soon under way for Long Pond. Two trips with the canoe carried us and ours across Dole Pond and a two miles' carry brought us to Long Pond. This was the prettiest body of water we had yet seen. It was a lake three miles long by a quarter to three-quarters of a mile wide, surrounded to the water's edge with woods. The water was very high and we knew our chances for deer would be fair. The carry road had brought us to the outlet of the pond, for we were beginning to swing back around the circle, and were again ascending. Long Pond empties its waters into Dole Pond and is another of the sources of the Penobscot. We paddled up the lake for a mile and a half, and on high ground, a stone's throw from the lake we found a deserted lumber camp which, after some vigorous house cleaning, we made our own; at least that portion of it that had been the kitchen and dining room.

We found the cabin, after a few repairs, dry and tight, and a stove left behind by the lumbermen served us well for cooking and heating purposes. In one corner was the cook's bunk, and this, with some dry boughs, made a comfortable bed for us. A long shed ran out from the entrance and made us a place to store our supply of dry wood, while opposite the entrance was a large, massive, log-built stable.

The weather was now getting cool, with heavy frost, and we found ice in the basin every morning. We spent pleasantly two or three days here, roaming the woods and looking for a lost pond known only to Bob and one or two others, and at which place Mr. Talcott had shot a caribou the year before. Our next move was to Portage Lake via Penobscot Lake. Bob and Albert carried part of the camp equipage over the four miles to Penobscot Lake the day before and we were able to take everything else on one trip, Bob carrying



A CARIBOU OF THE BORDERLAND.

Frost Pond. We went with the second load and half a load more for each completed the move, the latter part of which was made in the rain. Our camp at Frost Pond was prettily situated just off the road and within 100 yds. of the lake. At one side a picturesque brook flowed, coming from Twin Ponds four miles away to empty into Frost Pond. We were now back in the United States, having crossed the boundary two miles before reaching Frost Pond; there had been a steady rise to that point and from it the descent began. On the one side all waters flowed to the St. Lawrence River, while on the other they went to form the Penobscot and thence to the Atlantic Ocean. We noticed on crossing the line that it was easier walking and not so muddy. A short stop of a day or two and we journeyed on. Bob had brought his canoe up from Dole Pond and was able to take all the luggage down by water. Albert, Jim and I went overland, which included a six-mile carry, during which Jerry had a chance to show his untrained skill. We had fair shooting at partridges at our first camp, usually at single birds, but we here struck a covey which Jerry treed very nicely for us and we bagged five out of the lot, Jim shooting three straight. I missed one, Jerry found and brought them to us, and we felt that he had earned the bones which he eventually received.

We landed at Dole Pond camp in the rain (we had begun by this time to look for rain whenever we moved), but our tent was rapidly pitched and we were soon under cover. The next day was Sunday and rainy. In the afternoon we had an agreeable call from Mr. Edgerly, manager of a large lumber plant. He was busy establishing new camps and getting ready for the winter's work. He expected to run four camps with crews of forty men each. We found him very entertaining, and on his invitation visited the home camp and took some photographs, including one of the crew, most of whom turned out of bed to have their pictures taken. One man was sharply sent back to put on his trousers, as a lady was present. They were a rough-looking lot, only about half of them being respectable woodsmen, which gave Mr. Edgerly the balance of power, but he needed all his mental and physical strength and all his courage, to manage the rest who came from parts unknown, stayed a few days or

the canoe. Penobscot Lake is the most beautiful of all and is the largest of the sources of the Penobscot River. The surroundings were primeval—the lumberman had not yet desecrated God's handiwork and we were with nature—pure, grand and beautiful. The trout in this lake are large, plentiful and gamy, but we could not stop to have a try at them. We paddled to the opposite side and after a hasty dinner in the rain, we started over the half-mile carry to Portage Lake, and it was here we found our caribou. We were in usual marching order, Bob first, Jim next, I third and Albert bringing up the rear. It was raining heavily, which may have drowned the noise of our walking somewhat. We had reached a piece of woods more open than usual, when suddenly Bob stepped aside and backward, which brought him to Jim's shoulder, and there appeared before us in the path a magnificent bull caribou. It was a sight worth traveling a thousand miles to see, and sufficiently thrilling to give any one a severe attack of "buck fever." He stood with full face toward us, head elevated and thrown back in proud defiance. Jim had received her instructions, and at a touch from Bob, she raised her rifle, and as she did so the caribou leaped and lightning was not quicker than his movements. A couple of jumps at right angles in our path, into the woods, and he stopped, broadside to, with head again elevated and looked curiously at us. It was fatal to him. The rifle rang out; he plunged forward, partly rose—Bob said "Hit him again," Jim obeyed, another plunge and he was down, never to rise again. We rushed to where he lay and found him dead. Jim burst into tears and the strain and excitement were over. As Jim fired the second shot I brought my .45 into play, and broke his back, but my shot was unnecessary, for Jim had placed both of hers back of the shoulder.

He was a noble animal, and we could not repress a pang at having killed him, but the guides had no such sentimentality, and were soon at work dissecting the juiciest steaks.

The afternoon was half gone and there was much to be done, but we all worked industriously, and the carry was short. While we lugged the duffle over, Bob crossed the lake in the canoe with a load, and brought back from his camp a large row boat that carried all else remaining,



and skirting the shores of Portage Lake for three miles, it was a happy party, though cold and wet, that landed about dusk at Bob's home camp. A good fire soon warmed and dried us and the camp, and caribou steaks were quickly in the pan. After supper we retired, but not before we had "talked it all over again."

The next morning the bright sun showed us the beauties of Portage Lake, the largest of that region. Well wooded, irregular shores, its surface studded with several islands, it is indeed beautiful. Opinions differ as to which is the more beautiful, Portage or Penobscot. They are fortunately close together, and a camp on one or the other is almost equally convenient, with perhaps the odds in favor of Portage.

We spent several days at Portage eating our caribou, visiting the lakes and ponds in the vicinity, and fishing, which we found superb. We seldom went without bringing in enough for camp use, and had we been more enthusiastic and diligent could have supplied Fulton Market.

There are thirteen lakes and ponds within a small radius of Portage, and nearly all contain trout of good size and game qualities. Some of these lakes are unknown except to Bob and at all of them one may be sure of the very best sport, as up to the present time they have been but little fished. Bob says in June and July he can fill a canoe in short order. He says that sometimes during the summer, when not in the woods, he gets fish hungry, and leaving Mrs. Rainey's in the early morning he goes to Portage and is back the same night with as many as he can carry.

At last we had to leave, and so Albert was sent out to see his baby and get Llewellyn and the team. They came the next evening and the following morning we started with our belongings on a buckboard with two horses attached, and made the nine miles to Mrs. Rainey's in about five hours. Dinner, a civilized wash and, city clothes were resumed. The settling up was rapidly and agreeably accomplished, and by 4 o'clock we were en route for Jackman with sincere regrets that we must ever leave the country and the people. Staying all night at Jackman, the early morning train carried us to Lennoxville and thence home by sleeper, and thus ended the most glorious and satisfactory trip I have ever taken.

In conclusion I would like to say: The trip from New York, compared with that, to say, the Adirondacks, is long and expensive, but the gain more than compensates. The scenery is beautiful. It is as yet a region but little traversed. One can go assured of getting his full share of fish and game. Robert Elliott and the men he employs are truthful, honest, temperate and obliging. They are engaged at Mrs. Rainey's and paid from that time, saving the two or three days' extra pay for guides brought from a distance and the transportation for them and their belongings. They are thoroughly familiar with the country and are first-class woodsmen and hunters. We made a detour of about forty-five miles, as our wish was as much to see the country as to shoot and fish. One can spend the time at his disposal with perfect satisfaction in one camp, and I would recommend that at Portage Lake as preferable, all things considered. If one wishes to travel and explore, there are miles of wilderness to the eastward but little known to sportsmen and full of fish and game.

Every one you meet is anxious that you shall have a good time and will take any amount of trouble to facilitate it. The charges are extremely moderate, and we can pronounce no better recommendation than to declare with enthusiasm that we hope to go there again next year. Mr. Talcott had not employed the language of hyperbole—it is indeed a "Sportsman's Paradise." F. W. G.

## Natural History.

### Quail Packs in Texas.

OSHKOSH, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your staff correspondent speaks of quail "packing" in Texas as though he expected to be "called down." Four years ago this winter I saw at least seventy-five quail in one pack on the Nueces River in Texas. They rose out of the thick weed on a flat side of the river. We were not 20 yds. from them when they rose. They flew about 150 yds. and alighted in a pack, but scattered the next time they were put up. Mr. N. T. Wilson and I had rifles, while ex-Gov. Baxter, who was with us, had a shotgun. He followed the quail up and down that field of weeds two hours, and by the poorest shooting I ever saw killed six brace in about fifty shots.

I reported the size of this flock in print, and some correspondent told me I had seen nothing marvelous, as he had seen a thousand quail in a flock. I subsided. These were Bob White quail. As to the size of Texas quail, I have weighed a good many and they average about three to the pound. I don't know how that compares with Northern quail, as I never had the good fortune to see a covey since I was big enough to shoot a gun. When the cover is good I think Texas quail run very little, except toward spring, when they begin to pair off. The Mexican blue quail of Texas run like turkeys, and disgust a dog as well as the shooter. AGAMAK.

### Who Introduced the English Sparrows?

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

*Nil mortuis nisi bonum.* Is it known or remembered that the Rev. Dr. Okeson, who lies buried in St. Paul's churchyard at Norfolk, Va., introduced the pesky English sparrows into America? Evidently the birds have not forgotten him, for they flock all about his grave and swarm in the ivy which mantles the old church walls. They could not have been more attentive to the historical babes in the woods. C. HALLOCK.

### North Carolina 'Gators.

NEWBURN, May 2.—Mr. George H. Moulton, taxidermist, has just finished mounting an 11-foot alligator which was shot last week in Onslow county by a son of President McIntyre, of the Wilmington & Newbern Railroad. This is a large saurian for this section, which is near the northern boundary of its habitat. 'Gators are not uncommon in Trent and Neuse rivers above Newbern, and are numerous in localities not thirty miles distant. C. HALLOCK.

### A Buffalo Herd Reported in Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., April 29.—C. H. Moran, a sheep man of Valverde county, is in the city and brings news of the discovery of a herd of about forty wild buffalo in the remote mountains of that county, near the Rio Grande border. It has been rumored for years that a herd of buffalo existed in that section of the border, but these rumors were never verified.—*Press dispatch.*

### First Otter in Forty Years.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 28.—A live otter was caught April 26 in the town of Enfield, in this county. When caught he was in an open field at least half a mile from any creek or body of water. This is the first otter that has been caught in this county in over forty years. The Cornell University now have it in their possession. W. H. W.

### Linnæan Society.

AT a regular meeting of the Linnæan Society, to be held at the American Museum of Natural History on May 22, Mr. Frank M. Chapman will read a paper entitled, "Notes on a Second Visit to the Island of Trinidad."

## Game Bag and Gun.

### THE HIGH ART OF STILL-HUNTING.

SILVERDALE, Wash.—In your issue of April 14 I see "Ransacker" comes back at me on the dog question and declares for the dog. His "definition of a dog" is a good one—for those who admire these animals.

I also know Indians who have dogs; indeed, the Indian who does not is an exception; but the hunters among them—that is, the ones who do nothing much but hunt—do not as a rule use a dog. They prefer to match their own skill against the instinct of the game, and they are the successful hunters among a tribe of people who were in early days forced to hunt or starve. Sioux or Siwash, it is all the same, the best of them don't use a dog.

"Ransacker" says he takes a dog along more for company than for use. I may say to him as I said to "B.," he must "learn to study little things" and he won't miss the "company" very much.

There may be a difference in the definitions of still-hunting, which accounts for the difference in opinion on the dog question. In my school, still-hunting meant not only absolute silence, watchfulness and an accurate knowledge of the habits of my game, but the ability to put this and that trivial circumstance together and deduct a correct opinion. It is a study of cause and effect coupled with a faculty of reading "sign" at a glance. For instance, start two hunters into the woods for squirrels, one a still-hunter, the other a man who hunts with a dog. Let a crow see a squirrel and commence his racket, cawing and scolding as they always do—then which man notes the disturbance the most quickly and forms his opinion the more nearly correct? The still-hunter, because he has trained himself to investigate anything and everything he sees or hears on the trail. The other man will likely note the actions of the crow just as quickly, but only as a passing incident, one of the private affairs of the bird, and none of his business. The same principle holds good whether it be crows or deer. A deer may pass to leeward of your dog, unknown; but if in passing it startles a jay or magpie to noisy remonstrance the still-hunter knows something has passed within the bird's range of vision and an investigation is in order. Another advantage the still-hunter has is his training as a trailer. A bent blade of grass, a bit of overturned bark or gravel, a faint hoof mark amid the fallen leaves are but a few of the many signs which the still-hunter reads at a glance, and which serve to guide and govern his future actions. In short, everything must be perfectly natural, both in appearance and sound, or the still-hunter is alert in a moment, for he has studied nature and is familiar with all the trivial details which others pass unnoticed, but which he is forced to know from his very method of hunting. The man who hunts with a dog is like the man who handles dynamite, "apt to get mighty careless," and to be a loser in the end.

As to shooting, "Ransacker" says that a "snapshot often results in a wounded deer." Here again I beg to differ, provided the hunter is a snap shot. To be a good snap shot a man must use the same gun, and shoot enough to be able to throw his gun to his shoulder in exactly the same way every time, with the sights in line with his eye. He must practice until he is an expert. I know cowboys who lash the trigger of their six-shooter back against the guard or take it out altogether and work the hammer with the thumb. This requires whirling the gun around the forefinger, which is inserted in the trigger guard, and as the gun barrel whirls forward and downward the thumb catches the hammer only to release it again when the position of the barrel brings the weight to bear at a certain point. There can be but one result when this is practiced until a man becomes an expert—that is, accuracy. When a man handles a six-shooter this way he can put the whole six bullets in almost the same spot; but in doing so never uses the sights, it is merely a mechanical action, and practice makes perfect.

So it is with a rifle. Try it yourself by taking your empty gun and "covering" a target as fast as you can. Don't pay any attention to the sights, but throw your gun to your shoulder and lower it again for several times in rapid succession. You will see that it "jumps" to almost the same level—that is, your line of vision—every time, provided you only watch your target and pay no attention to the gun. Practice will enable you to cover a given spot and shoot almost in an instant. Then you have learned snap shooting in a manner that will be of practical value when a deer is in sight.

I sketch a great deal, and derive as much enjoyment from that as from hunting, and it serves to bring details to my notice which perhaps otherwise I would overlook. This I find of great value in studying game, too; and it may in a measure account for my preference for still-hunting, for half learning will not serve for sketching. Your knowledge must be complete, comprehensive and accurate lest you get into "deep water" and paint your smoke against the wind.

Again, my hunting has been mostly in open country, where game could be seen further than it can west of the Cascades, and a lost deer from escaping wounded is an

unknown chapter in my book so far because I learned to trail among men who wore moccasins and no hat.

"Ransacker" will probably use his dog and continue to kill his dog, for it would be useless to try to convince him otherwise on paper, but should our trails cross I have an idea that I could show him a whole lot of sport, an endless array of company and a few snap-shot deer with a hole square through the shoulder, all on a still-hunt, "Injun fashion." This dog business is only a matter of taste, anyhow, unless the dog is used to run deer into runways or a lake, where they can be butchered in a cold-blooded way that raises my ire. Then, you hear me, if I'm in that neighborhood, my gun will crack and somebody will have a chance to bury a dead dog.

EL COMANCHO.

### THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF IT.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

When I launched my small pebble on the subject of the wanton killing of snakes, et cetera, I did not expect to set rolling so many stones as your columns of late give evidence of. It is gratifying, however, to note that the suggestion of extending more considerate treatment to the dumb creation appears to have excited a sympathetic chord in the minds of so many of our worthy brotherhood of sportsmen. I think the exasperation exhibited by our friend Mr. Kephart, in his last article, while quite natural, was based upon a misconception of the animus of the discussion, as the fate of his particular blacksnake, and his own attitude in that encounter, were lost sight of in the larger subject of the general treatment to be accorded to the creatures of the woods and fields.

I have read with much interest all the contributions on the subject, and will crave the forbearance of yourself and readers while I offer some reflections on the various expressions therein noted.

The article of Mr. S. H. Greene, in a recent number, opens up a wide field for discussion. An adequate reply to his question "where are we at," in relation to the ethics of the subject, if all the lines of thought suggested by him were fully considered, must be not only comprehensive enough to cover all the questions that have been raised, but would doubtless fill a good sized volume.

I will, therefore, endeavor to simplify my treatment of the case by assuming a general concurrence in the proposition that man is truly the "lord of creation," in so far as this little world of ours is concerned. I think it may be assumed as accepted by philosophers of all creeds, in a practical way at least, that all mundane creatures exist only with reference to man's welfare and happiness, having no rights except those which he chooses to accord to them. This is practically true, and in the nature of things must be so, whatever theories may obtain on the subject. Under this view man has a right to destroy all creatures whose existence is inimical to himself, to restrain the growth of those whose increasing numbers threaten his safety or welfare, and to cultivate such as are conducive to his comfort. This involves the right to slay creatures for food, regardless of the pain inflicted, and even to find enjoyment in their persecution, if he can do so. Viewing the matter then from a strictly selfish standpoint, let us consider what is man's logical attitude toward the multitude of living creatures that nature has placed under his dominion, always assuming that his conduct toward them is to be regulated solely with a view to his gratification, and with no reference to the good of the creatures themselves except in relation to his interest or pleasure.

All animated creatures appear to be divided into three great classes. The carnivorous on the one hand, the herbivorous on the other, and the omnivorous between the other two. In the order of nature the function of the herbivorous creatures is to supply food for the carnivorous and omnivorous; the function of the carnivorous is to prevent a too great multiplication of the other two, and the omnivorous acts as a balance between the two former; all with reference to the well-being of their master, man. In man's savage state his chief concern was to supply his stomach with food and his back with raiment. These he procured from the birds and beasts, fishes and reptiles, probably from insects also. As he developed a faculty for amusement and exultation over his enemies, the sufferings of his victims were a sweet savor to his soul. This most degrading characteristic of barbarous man still clings to him even down to the present day. The evidences of this spirit in all its original barbarity, in untutored boys, and men of a low degree of refinement, are too palpable and common to need enumerating. As men grow more refined in their sensibilities, the sufferings of the creatures they pursue for food or sport cease to afford them enjoyment. In the evolution of this sentiment the second stage is to be merely apathetic concerning them; after this the consciousness of pain inflicted becomes a disagreeable incident of the chase, which is smothered or tolerated from habit or as being subordinate in importance to his supreme right of enjoyment. But as he comes to more fully realize the vast extent and degree of suffering imposed by him on the lower creatures, when his own sustenance has ceased to be an object, and sport alone is the incentive of the chase, then it may be that the mental discomfort which he thus inflicts upon himself will come to outweigh the sense of pleasure derived from such pursuits.

It is possible that a few individuals among robust manhood have already arrived at that sublimated condition of intellectual apprehension, but it must be confessed that the great mass of us who flatter ourselves with the conceit that we are in the forefront of highly civilized development, are at best only in the tertiary stage, and habitually smother the "still, small voice" in order to the enjoyment of what we call sport.

But what is the nature of the enjoyment we thus derive? When we kill domestic animals for food we do not subject them to unnecessary physical pain, and the absence of apprehension of danger, which constitutes man's greatest misery, relieves them of all pain whatsoever. The death of unconscious brutes without physical pain, is not a hardship. We do cut off such measure of enjoyment as their life may afford them, but others take their places, so that the sum total of such enjoyment is not diminished. Now, what is the element in what we call field sports that affords us enjoyment? We take no pleasure in killing bees and hogs. It is no sport to shoot into a covey of partridges (or bery of quail, if you prefer those terms), when huddled together on the ground; or to shoot a buck when tied to a tree. It may



be said that the enjoyment afforded is derived from the skill required to compass the destruction of the victim, and the uncertainty which attaches to our efforts, and that the suffering entailed is a mere incident, disagreeable, it is true, but unavoidable. This is doubtless true with the more sensitive and more highly developed sportsman, and that is why, as we grow older and more reflective, we have an oppressive consciousness and a haunting sense of remorse when we consider the vast number of poor deer, for example, that flee madly away from vengeful enemies, carrying death wounds to some sequestered brake, where, frightened and exhausted, they lie down to die in lingering agony, without sympathy, companionship or any remedial agents which serve to ameliorate the sufferings of human beings when in like extremity. All of which produces great discomfort of mind, viewed solely from a selfish standpoint.

But what are we to say of the hearty zest with which we pursue the unfortunate fox, with a pack of hounds in full cry behind him, for hours, and sometimes days, in a single chase, he suffering a mortal terror in momentary apprehension of being torn in pieces by his pursuers? Or the lively interest we take in routing out the raccoon from his fancied safety in some tall tree, to be thrown among a lot of fierce and eager dogs to fight out his life in a hopeless combat? Are not these exultations over the misfortunes of our fellow creatures an inheritance from our barbarous forefathers? If we could kill with certainty and promptness, through the exercise of a high degree of skill, each bird, duck, deer or what not aimed at, the sport would doubtless be satisfactory in the absence of the element of uncertainty, and freedom from the consciousness of suffering inflicted would be a great relief to sensitive sportsmen; but if we should contrive such destructive agents that no skill would be required, then the element of sport would at once vanish. I maintain that the consideration we accord to helpless creatures which fall into our power is at bottom based upon selfish motives, though we are unconscious, perhaps, of the fact. If a dog comes within convenient reach of your buggy whip, you do not give him a cut, as a man of coarser texture would be tempted to do. Why? Not because of the dog's pain, but because the consciousness of it would occasion you discomfort of mind. We are not as much concerned for the sufferings of a human friend at a distance as for those of a faithful dog or horse immediately before our eyes. This theory may be unpalatable, but I believe is true nevertheless.

That which constitutes human enjoyment is in itself only a question of taste. As we become more highly developed, intellectually and morally, our tastes are more refined. What gives pleasure to the savage may be repulsive to the civilized man, and conversely, we derive enjoyment from contemplations to which the savage is indifferent or oblivious.

The vast domain of living creatures which furnish neither food nor sport we may presume excited little or no interest in our savage ancestors, and indeed very little in the uneducated of the present day. But as we become more cultivated we discover an illimitable field of pleasure in the study of their structure and habits, in the songs of birds, and in the contemplation of the very enjoyment of birds and beasts when undisturbed amid their natural surroundings; even the apparently insignificant insects become subjects of deep interest and absorbing study. This leads directly to the question, is it not wise and logical that we should preserve, instead of destroying, all those creatures whose existence is not offensive to man? The suggestion also arises, when we invade nature's domain and assume to destroy one class in order to protect another (leaving domestic creatures out of consideration as being removed from nature's control), are we not proceeding blindly, with no knowledge of the consequences of our acts, which may be far-reaching for evil? Let us cite the blacksnake for example, which has excited so much animosity in the minds of some sportsmen because of his depredations upon the small birds' nests, is it not a fair presumption that he is performing a wise function in nature's economic plan? Reasoning by analogy I think it is, for nature does not often, if ever, make mistakes. It may well be that without the intervention of the snakes and other predatory birds, animals, etc., the small birds would become too numerous. At all events, we know that these processes have been going on from the far indefinite past, and without any serious interference by man we have still left a great abundance of small birds.

I send these rather disjointed remarks, Mr. Editor, in the hope that Mr. Greene, to whose accomplishments I desire to pay tribute, or other of your many able contributors, will pursue the discussion with more ability than I have been able to show. Permit me here to send a greeting to Brother "Kelpie" for his kindly expressions toward me, and to express the hope that his vivacious pen may never lack of ink to afford entertainment to myself and the numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the future as in the past. COAROMA.

### CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

#### The Flight.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 28.—The geese have passed north of Dakota. The flight was unusually abundant. The heavy storm which drove the ducks back late in March was fatal to thousands. In Iowa at least 100,000 were killed in four days. A few ducks are still staying in Dakota, mostly breeders. There was phenomenal shooting on ducks and snipe all through Missouri and Arkansas. The increase of game in '93-4 is phenomenal and hard to explain. Let us hope the coming fall will show good numbers. Dakota is full of water this year, and the shooting should be better for fowl than for years.

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I respectfully ask of any friends who shoot in the spring: Do you really think it is the right thing to do?

#### Elk Perishing.

A despatch from Lander, Wyo., this morning, says that hundreds of elk have been found dead in that locality. The snows drove them out of the Park. There is more snow in the Park this winter than was ever known.

#### Plenty of Elk.

The Rocky Mountain guide, S. N. Leck, who is thoroughly familiar with all the Jackson's Hole country, south of the Park, writes me: "Marysvale, Wyo., Feb. 5.—So

far we are having a light, pleasant winter in Jackson's Hole. Game of all kinds is doing well. A heavy storm early in the winter drove the game down from the mountains in unusual numbers. Not for four years has there been near as many elk or deer in the valley. It must be that a great many were driven out of the Park that usually winter there. Coyotes are thicker this winter than I ever saw them in here; they are doing some damage to the deer. The only way to reach us now is with snowshoes, yet FOREST AND STREAM comes regularly every week, a welcome visitor."

That is a good letter from a far-away land. Mr. Sargent, of the late Hamilton Sargent ranch, south of the Park, told Sergt. Van Buskirk of the Shoshone sub-station that the elk were all over that country this winter, and had eaten up most of the Mormons' hay. He said that no elk were being killed for the skins, though some were killed for meat.

#### A Texas Scheme.

Mr. A. J. Bryant, of Cincinnati, O., writes me and incloses the following clipping from the *Enquirer* of that city:

A.—WANTED—Man of good address to sell Texas and Mexican deer and antelope horns for decorating saloons, club rooms, sporting halls, offices, private parlors, etc.; can furnish beautiful specimens by the thousand pair; demand phenomenal; business new, novel; no competition; will be bonanza to party engaged; letters answered if self-addressed stamped envelope is inclosed. Address COL. VAN RAUB, Van Raub, Bexar county, Tex.

Mr. Bryant says: "Don't you think it would be a good idea to have this matter looked into and to discover, if possible, where and at what seasons of the year these thousands of horns are secured? I respectfully suggest that you forward clipping to the State Game Warden of Texas, with request that he look into the matter in the interest of all sportsmen in general and of Texas in particular."

#### Costly Quail Out of Season.

On April 24 Mr. Matthew A. Hogan, who keeps a restaurant on State street, Chicago, was prosecuted by Game Warden Mr. Blow and Mr. M. R. Bortree, president of the N. G. B. and F. P. A., for breaking the game laws, the offense consisting in having in possession and serving three prairie chickens and a quail in his restaurant on March 27. He was fined \$20 and costs. The suit against Mr. H. V. Bemis, proprietor of the Richelieu, for a similar violation of the law, was won by the prosecutors, the defendant paying a fine of \$50.

Mr. H. A. Loughran of Pittsburgh writes: "In regard to Mr. Jos. Irwin's inquiry as to how to carry live minnows, my way is to have a syringe or pump, made of a joint of cane rod. Push this down to bottom of bait can and pump full of fresh air. I transport minnows in a milk can."

On the same subject Mr. J. W. Gray of Westboro, Wis., says:

"Allow me to make a suggestion which will cost little to carry into practice. Make a hoop of tin or wood out of a strip about 2in. wide and just large enough to fit within the pail or other receptacle in which the bait fish are carried. Fasten within the hoop strips, same width as hoop, about 2in. apart and parallel to each other. Fasten the hoop in the fish pail so that it will just touch the surface of the water, and place the pail in the wagon in such a position that the strips within the hoop will be parallel to the line of travel. The jolting of the wagon will cause the water to splash about and the water will be kept aerated. The cover of the pail should be sufficiently perforated to allow a free circulation of air, and the pail should not be more than three-fourths full of water. I hope this device will prove in practice what it seems to be in theory."

#### The N. G. B. and F. P. A.

Life being short, let it go at that. The executive committee met April 25, Messrs. Bortree, Hertz, Hicks and Pond being present. A favorable report was made on the badge design, that of a star, the central design being that of a pair of quails with brood, surmounting a trout single, the initials of the association to be placed on the points of the star, only one initial to each point. The material will be of gold and the design will be copyrighted. The association will publish a handbook for distribution, giving a list of members and officers, and having constitution, etc., a synopsis of game laws and a list of State wardens. To avoid the charge of flippancy, I will write out the name of the association. It is the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association. I hope they will never get caught out in a storm with all that name. Why not shorten it, calling it, say, the Sportsmen's National League? It's an awful thing to meet such an array of consonants when you are just going about your business peacefully.

E. HUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### Brant at Monomoy.

BOSTON.—Mr. Walter S. Hill came back from brant shooting at Monomoy the other day. He, with Mr. O. W. Whittemore, of Arlington, Mr. Henry Eager the champion wing shot, Mr. Harris, treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad, and Mr. Stickney, of Charlestown, were the guests of Mr. Warren Hapgood, the senior promoter of the Monomoy Brant Club. They had most glorious sport, and have really carried off the championship this spring for brant shooting at that point. Their number was over sixty—as Mr. Hill remembers it, some sixty-eight. The result of one morning's shoot was enough to enthrone any lover of the gun in the world.

#### Breeding Live Goose Decoys.

THE Narrows Island Club of North Carolina has a fine stand of a couple of dozen wild geese, which each year prove themselves very useful during the shooting season. Until recently they have been confined in a pen 25×100ft., and, though so well cared for that they are always in a good condition, they have never shown any disposition to mate.

This spring the executive committee of the Narrows Island Club determined to give them an opportunity to breed and moved the goose pen, enlarging it so that its area is about 100ft. square. The result of this has been very satisfactory. Five pairs of geese have mated, and there is a prospect that some of them may rear young. A recent letter received by the secretary of the club from Ashley Corbell, the superintendent, says: "There are four

pairs of geese mated now. There were five pairs, but one of the females was so beaten by a gander that she died. There were two eggs from the dead goose, which I set under a hen. There are two more geese laying." The results of this experiment will be looked for with a good deal of interest, and if it should prove successful under present conditions, there seems no reason why all clubs which have stands of live wild geese might not be able to increase their stock of decoys indefinitely.

### National Park Protective Act.

#### AN ACT

To protect the birds and animals in Yellowstone National Park, and to punish crimes in said Park, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the National Park, as now defined, or hereinafter may be hereinafter defined or extended, shall be under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States; and that all the laws applicable to places under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States shall have force and effect in said Park: Provided, however, That nothing in this Act shall be construed as to forbid the service in the Park of any civil or criminal process of any court having jurisdiction in the States of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. All fugitives from justice taking refuge in said Park shall be subject to the same laws as refugees from justice found in the State of Wyoming.

Sec. 2. That said Park, for all the purposes of this Act, shall constitute a part of the United States judicial district of Wyoming, and the district and circuit courts of the United States in and for said district shall have jurisdiction of all offenses committed within said Park.

Sec. 3. That if any offense shall be committed in said Yellowstone National Park, which offense is not prohibited by the United States or by any regulation of the Secretary of the Interior, the offender shall be subject to the same punishment as the laws of the State of Wyoming in force at the time of the commission of the offense may provide for a like offense in the said State; and no subsequent repeal of any such law or the State of Wyoming shall affect any prosecution for said offense committed within said Park.

Sec. 4. That all hunting or killing, wounding or capturing of any animal or bird or wild animal, except dangerous animals, when it is necessary to prevent them from destroying human life or inflicting an injury, is prohibited within the limits of said Park; nor shall any fish be taken out of the waters of the Park by means of seines, nets, traps, or by the use of drugs or any explosive substances or compounds, or by the use of hook and line, and then only at such seasons, and in any other time and manner as may be directed by the Secretary of the Interior. That the Secretary of the Interior shall make and publish such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary and proper for the management and care of the Park and for the protection of the property therein, especially for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonderful objects of the Park; and for the protection of the animals and birds in the Park from capture or destruction, or to prevent animals being frightened or driven from the Park; and he shall make rules and regulations governing the taking of fish from the streams or lakes in the Park. Possession within the said Park of the dead bodies, or any part thereof, of any wild bird or animal shall be *prima facie* evidence that the person or persons having the same are guilty of violating this Act. Any person or persons, or stage, express, company or railway company, receiving for transportation any of the said animals, birds, or fishes killed, taken or caught shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined for every such offense not exceeding three hundred dollars. Any person found guilty of violating any of the provisions of this Act or any rule or regulation that may be promulgated by the Secretary of the Interior with reference to the management or care of the Park, or for the protection of the property therein, for the preservation from injury or spoliation of timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonderful objects within said Park, or for the protection of the animals, birds and fish in the said Park, such person shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be subjected to a fine of not more than one thousand dollars or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both, and be adjudged to pay all costs of the proceedings.

That all guns, traps, teams, horses, or means of transportation of every nature or description used by any person or persons within said Park limits when engaged in killing, trapping, ensnaring or capturing such wild beasts, birds or wild animals shall be forfeited to the United States, and may be seized by the officers in said Park and held pending the prosecution of any person or persons arrested under charge of violating the provisions of this Act, and upon conviction under this act of such person or persons using said guns, traps, teams, horses, or other means of transportation, such forfeiture shall be adjudicated as a penalty in addition to the other punishment provided in this Act. Such forfeited property shall be disposed of and accounted for by and under the authority of the Secretary of the Interior.

Sec. 5. That the United States Circuit Court in said district shall appoint a commissioner, who shall reside in the Park, who shall have jurisdiction to hear and act upon all complaints made, of any and all violations of the law, or of the rules and regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior for the government of the Park, and for the protection of the animals, birds and fish and objects of interest therein, and for other purposes authorized by this Act. Such commissioner shall have power, upon sworn information, to issue process in the name of the United States for the arrest of any person charged with the commission of any misdemeanor, or charged with the violation of the rules and regulations, or with the violation of any provision of this act prescribed for the government of said Park, and for the protection of the animals, birds and fish in the said Park, and to try the person charged, and, if found guilty, to impose the punishment and adjudge the forfeiture prescribed in the said act. An appeal from an appeal shall lie from the judgment of said commissioner to the United States District Court for the district of Wyoming, said appeal to be governed by the laws of the State of Wyoming providing for appeals in cases of misdemeanor from justices of the peace to the District Court of said State; but the United States Circuit Court in said district may prescribe rules of procedure and practice for said commissioner in the trial of cases and for appeal to said United States District Court. Said commissioner shall also have power to issue process as hereinbefore provided for the arrest of any person charged with the commission of any felony within the Park, and summarily to hear the evidence introduced, and, if he shall determine that probable cause is shown for holding the person so charged for trial, shall cause such person to be safely conveyed to a secure place of confinement, within the jurisdiction of the United States District Court in said State of Wyoming and shall certify a transcript of the record of his proceedings and a transcript of the testimony in the case to the said court, which court shall have jurisdiction of the case. Provided, That the said commissioner shall grant bail in all cases bailable under the laws of the United States and said district. All process issued by the commissioner shall be directed to the marshal of the United States for the district of Wyoming; but nothing herein contained shall be construed as preventing the arrest by any officer of the Government or employee of the United States in the Park without process of any person taken in the act of violating the law or any regulation of the Secretary of the Interior. Provided, that the said commissioner will only exercise such authority and powers as are conferred by this Act.

Sec. 6. That the marshal of the United States for the State of Wyoming may appoint, with the approval of the judge of the District Court of the United States for the said State, one or more deputy marshals for said Park, who shall reside in said Park, and the said United States District and Circuit courts shall hold one session of said courts annually at the town of Sheridan in the State of Wyoming and may also hold sessions at any other place in said State of Wyoming or in said National Park at such dates as the said courts may order.

Sec. 7. That the commissioner provided for in this act shall in addition to the fees allowed by law to the commissioners of the Circuit Court of the United States be paid annually a salary of \$1,000 to be paid quarterly, and the marshal of the United States and his deputies and the attorney of the United States and his assistants in said State, shall be paid the same compensation and fees as are now provided by law for like services in said District.

Sec. 8. That all costs and expenses arising in cases under this act, and properly chargeable to the United States, shall be certified, approved and paid as like costs and expenses in the courts of the United States are certified, approved and paid under the laws of the United States.

Sec. 9. That the Secretary of the Interior shall cause to be erected in the Park a suitable building to be used as a jail, said building not to exceed five thousand dollars, to be paid out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated upon the certificate of the Secretary as a voucher therefor.

Sec. 10. That this act shall not be construed to repeal existing laws conferring upon the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of War certain powers with reference to the protection, improvement and control of the said Yellowstone National Park.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable



## Sea and River Fishing.

### ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 393.)

THE morning opened with the sun red as a rose, a cloudless dome and a lake smooth as velvet. With this condition of things elemental, fishing was not to be thought of, and so we remained in camp. Ned, however, took his turn for the big trout, but returned in less than an hour without a single scale. I smiled as I questioned him about having a rise, wondering if a miss demoralized him to the same extent it did me. He had no rise, he stated, but Peter, who had been wandering around where he was casting, looked quite surprised when Ned answered in the negative. That look satisfied me that Ned and I were both playing at the same game of deceit and defense, so intent were each of us to have the glory of capturing that particular trout. It was an endeavor to create the impression that the desired trout had vacated his quarters. Rather foxy, but we both remained on the scent all the same.

It was not long before we became restless, and as the sun-tipped pinnacles of the mountains confronting us looked as if they were in regions delightfully cool, we concluded to make their ascent. Alpenstocks being requisite, they were soon crudely made and then off we started like explorers bold in the hot blazing sun as if for the Matterhorn. We had hardly gone but a few hundred yards before we were repenting of the hasty enterprise, for it was along a tortuous path winding through thickets, over fallen timber and by huge broken ledges and masses of rock. Many of these detached blocks were riven and split in all manner of forms and looked so gray and storm-beaten as if they had lain here for untold ages. It was over such disorganized masses we had to pick our way, and so flint-like and sharp-edged we found them that considerable care had to be exercised to prevent accident.

Our ascent was necessarily slow and laborious, as we frequently had to stop and rest in the grateful shade of some towering pile or under the spreading branches of some friendly tree. Unlimited numbers of the aged rocks were delicately threaded and seamed by rich bands, while others were deeply creviced from the interstices of which sombre pines grow and bushes innumerable flourish. In the dark shades, ferns, flowers and mosses abound together with trees of every variety, while down the hill-sides and over the rocks you occasionally see some ribbon-like brook purling along, seeking lake or river with which to mingle.

Ned, being of portly form, blowed like a porpoise and perspired like a fountain as he clambered over these confused heaps that looked as if they had been "split to fragments in the mill of the centuries."

After toiling until we were about breathless, we at last reached the top, and then the grandeur, picturesqueness and beauty of the scene burst upon us with impressive vividness. The lake so serenely quiet lay at our feet like a vast and solid sea of quicksilver with the distant islands in our immediate front gleaming akin to sapphire gems. Here where the breeze is pure and fresh enough to have come from the courts of Paradise, sunshine and shadow are ever changing place and reveal each instant along the mountain sides new wonders of soaring ridges, jutting crags and rounded slopes, declining to pale depths of winding ravines down whose shadowed sides crinkle the narrow silvery hues like faint lightning on sombre clouds. Turn to the ragged shore line that curves around the mountains' base, and there confront you grim and tempest-worn cliffs that swim in a wonderful sea of color as the sun and clouds play their frolicsome game of hide and seek. Sweeping around, we face pinnacles of sullen rock dim with ages of sun and storm, and then receding valleys and defiles are revealed in gorgeous splendor, and here you see line upon line of misty-like bands that seem to enrich some far away fairy land. Again let the vision trace the wooded heights to the right and you realize the sinuous course of Gravel River, and if your eyes are sharp they will catch a glimpse of another silver-like rivulet that is wandering through lovely groves to drop at last with rippling lullaby into the bosom of the great lake. Gaze where you will, nature is ever presenting some fresh picture of indescribable beauty that for witchery of color and mystery of shadow exist nowhere but in the mountain region.

I feel with Ruskin, that "mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers, and woods and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory or reading a pleasant book."

After a long rest, which the toilsome trip demanded, Ned discarded the poetic and turned to the practical by making a raid on some blueberry bushes which are quite numerous here. After having gratified his appetite with the succulent berries, and again drank in the wild and solemn beauty of the mountains, expressed himself ready for the alpine descent which would be accomplished in less time than the ascent and with less expenditure of vitality. Without a moment's delay we started with a rush down the sloping terraces, then along a narrow ledge and anon sliding over some smooth faced rocks to meet and breast our way through tangled thickets, where unceremoniously we affrighted some lovely woodland warblers and sent a red squirrel scurrying as if his very life depended on his swiftness. The rocky impediments which were the very ideal of nature's savagery required more care and exertion to surmount, but when once over them it was again onward with a rapid pace. One moment we were hanging by tough-rooted bushes and then again swinging arounds some saplings over a ragged ledge, and as if to add variety, creeping or crawling over, as occasion demanded, some fallen pine, or coasting on the smooth surface of a rocky decline.

Ned declared that my rheumatic knee must have been restored to its normal condition, for I was dashing along like a trained athlete. After numerous slips, a few bruises and a serious tearing of garments, we reached our quarters quite heated and well spent, and just as the boys were ready to serve our dinner.

Our mountain trip had given us an excellent appetite, and when we were through with the meal the table looked as if a terrific cyclone had struck it. It was

simply a case like unto that of Esau, who at that moment would have sold his birthright for a beefsteak.

About six o'clock, the weather showing a radical change, we took to boat with evident intent of slaughter in the house of *S. fontinalis*. We succeeded in the murder of one of the royal scions of that famous house and then beat a hasty retreat to camp to avoid a threatened rainstorm which showed signs of immediate realization. Our intrepid oarsmen, however, landed us safe in harbor, barely escaping a hurricane blast at our heels.

So hot and breathless had been the day that I was satisfied we were to have a first-class storm without any of the incidentals being omitted; one in which "the heaven is all spray, and the sea all cloud, and that you can see no further in any direction than you can see through a cataract."

Hardly had supper been disposed of before the advancing hosts of Jove were heard. They came with low mutterings and direful moans. The sky responded with a scowl and its silver-edged fleeces took fright and raced to unknown regions. The sea also answered, for its white teeth glittered in an unmistakable language. Lightning, sharp and vivid, painted itself upon the murky clouds and then the deep toned thunder rumbled across the darkened sky. The fierce and appalling battalions were all abroad and all bent upon dire destruction. Like the notes of a chromatic scale that run upward the storm king was advancing his entire army. The heavens hearing the summons took on a more sombre shade, the wind perceptibly increased, the lightning flashed more rapidly and brilliantly, and the thunder,

"Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth."

The battle is fiercely on, the whirlwinds gather additional force, the woods are torn, the sea leaps in fury and bathes the rugged cliffs in white foam; lightning and thunder are incessant, one glaring in lance-like flames, the other growling like a horde of savage and enraged beasts. It is appalling in its intensity, making all cower before it, and realize that

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm."

Our half-breeds now rush out from their tent, and as they pass our quarters ask for aid in securing the boat which is being battered by violent waves in such a destructive manner as to soon reduce it to splinters. We spring to the rescue and drag the boat high and dry.

"This is one of 'em," said Ned, as we retreated to the tent.

"Ay, a dozen in one."  
The storm was now raging in boundless fury, the heavens being one sombre curtain aflame with sheeted lightning; the sea one mass of creaming foam "which hangs in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave" while as it beat against the flinty shore vied with the detonations of thunder for supremacy. The forests swayed and groaned and twisted, and trees fell with a crash as if the work of a sulphurous bolt. Up among the loose disjointed cliffs where "the thunder winged with red lightning and impetuous rage" the storm was infinitely appalling. Night coming on apace, the dark drapery fell and the storm increased in intensity, until finally nothing was heard but the warring elements, and nothing seen but the lightning's vivid glare. It was a fearful sight of storm, grand and sublime beyond expression. To complete the elemental battle, gushing torrents fell as if with deluge intent, and long into the midnight hours Jove held possession, affrighting all. Sleep came not during the terrible uproar, for the very vibrations of the awful thunder were felt in the earth's pulsations, and the lightning was so magnetically sharp as to be seen with closed eyes. As I heard the angry waters storming the massive intrenchments around our quarters, the wonder that the stanchest boats are wrecked on this turbulent lake ceases to exist. Ah, how often since have I thought of that ill-fated steamer, the Western Reserve, the stormy night she left the "Soo" and went down with the loss of all aboard, save one, who alone was left to tell the sad tale of disaster. Evidently nothing can long resist these terrible tempests and if a harbor is far distant to reach it is a contest for life. Many a time in our little coaster have we earnestly struggled for our haven from the gales which came racing after us with such power and velocity as to send the waters whirling and "flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave." I shudder to think of it.

The storm finally abating we dropped asleep, but when dawn opened our eyes, the tempest of the night was our only theme and it was an absorbing one. Ned and the half-breeds were positive that the lightning had struck near by during the night, for the very earth, they said, trembled as if from an earthquake. I was also deeply inclined to the belief, for I never in all my experience on the lake, encountered such a tempest of fire as prevailed till the midnight hour.

As a consequence of the heavy rain and a change in the temperature, there was a dense fog over land and lake, and to add to the unpropitiousness of the situation a southeast wind was blowing in no gentle manner. I was positive I would tempt no trout that morning, with such adverse weather.

Ned, thinking of making a victim of that particular trout that had his home under the ledges of the outer intrenchments of our quarters, sailed out for a trial of his skill. He returned, however, in a short time, with his hopes blasted and the statement of "nary a rise."

After breakfast, despite the heavy fog, we tried the little bay again, in expectation of capturing a few "beauties of the gleaming stars," but we returned in a couple of hours with the undesirable record of a mere cipher; a "goose egg" as the knights of the diamond have it.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

#### A SATIETY OF BASS.

LUCIUS and I started one morning the latter part of July with State Line, Wis., for our destination, and Lake Vieux Desert, five miles distant to the east from the station, our point of location.

On this lake Levi Thomas had lived for forty years, having carved his way into the wilderness when a young trapper, subsequently marrying a squaw, by which act he became a fixture in the country, the tribal laws binding him to it, as is the case with all squawmen. A low order of morals led and he abandoned civilization to cast his lot with the Indians, who at that time were the only inhabitants of this region. As the years rolled by a group of young half-breeds began to grow up around him. He erected quite a pretentious log cabin on the shores of Vieux Desert, cleared off and fenced in two or three acres of land for a garden, and settled down to a life of indolent ease varied only by the pursuits of his calling, which he continued until the fur animals became so scarce as to make it unprofitable as a business enterprise. About this time adventurous sportsmen, loggers and cruisers, began to go into the wilderness, lured by the prospect of sport and wealth, as well as by the wonderful attractiveness of the countless lakes that dot this region. With an eye for the "almighty dollar" he erected another commodious log cabin a short distance from his home for the use of those whom business or pleasure called his way. To this spot we were induced to wend our way, as it appeared from all the information we could gain to be the only gateway to the enchanting chain of lakes that extend west and south, west of State Line Station for a distance of seventy-five or a hundred miles, and it was this chain of lakes, or a portion of them at least, that we wished to visit.

Arriving at State Line we were met by Clark, a son of Thomas, about seventeen years old, who was destined to play a prominent part in the drama to be enacted during the next week or ten days. He bundled us and our traps into a big broad-wheeled lumber wagon drawn by a team of Canadian ponies and we started on our five miles ride through the woods to Vieux Desert. The experience was a very novel one to us, for, spurred on by the lash which was used unsparingly, the tough little ponies went helter skelter over the roughest road I was ever on. We bounced over fallen logs, into water holes, up hill and down hill through the open woods, until I felt sore all over. We arrived at our destination without broken bones, but with badly demoralized anatomies. The surroundings were very rough and unlike any previous experience I had ever known, but we were well cared for and found our host's family very desirous of making our stay with them pleasant. We had two sleeping rooms off a large living room, each with a comfortable bed protected from mosquitoes by canopies. With good beds, good food and plenty of room to move about in what more could we who were out on a roughing trip want?

The Wisconsin River rises in Lake Vieux Desert and it is said to be the home of large muskallonge, but during our visit the latter had closed up their house and gone to a summer resort, at least, we could not find them at home after repeated efforts to gain admittance to their sanctum. Vieux Desert is quite a large body of water, nearly round, with an occasional deep bay or inlet, and from six to eight miles in diameter, but it is very shallow and filled with weeds. These grow to within a few inches of the surface, rarely appearing above it, and form a mass of vegetable growth beneath, making it almost impossible to pull a spoon through it.

Thursday, the 28th, I started out alone to try the muskallonge. After working faithfully for several hours I found myself at the most distant part of the lake from the cabin, when I was startled by a violent clap of thunder, and in a few minutes a torrent of rain was descending upon me. Before I could reach shelter my clothing was saturated and I was compelled to row seven miles through the downpour to the cabin. Clark started a roaring fire in the big stove, and I spent the afternoon drying out.

Friday we started on a hunting and fishing trip, embarking in a boat. Clark rowed us across Vieux Desert to its furthest extremity. Here we found a blind trail leading through the woods; which we followed for about a mile, when we came to a beautiful little body of water called Bass Lake. It is about two and a half or three miles long and from three-quarters to a mile wide, nestled in the heart of the dense pine woods. Clark went to a clump of bushes near the trail, where he had another boat concealed; dragging it out, we entered and were soon on our way to the head of the lake, where Clark said the best fishing was to be had. As it was yet early in the day we anticipated sport, and our expectations were fully realized, for business began at once. Within an hour Lucius and I had taken 25 beauties, weighing from 2½ to 3½ lbs., and then we ceased for the morning and explored the lake until lunch time. Oh! but this is a wild spot round this lake. There is no indication that the foot of man ever rested upon its beautiful forest-bound shores, and Clark tells me that but one angler previous to our visit had ever cast line in its waters to his knowledge. During the afternoon we killed 42 bass, making 69 for the day, and, becoming weary of the sport about 4 o'clock, started for home, which we reached in time for supper. I was so charmed with this lake that I decided to visit it again, so on the way home I arranged with Clark for a tent and provisions for two days, with the determination to return the next day.

We spent two more days here and had rare sport with the bass. We caught them as fast as we could land and return them to the water, for on this trip we kept only what we could eat. It was impossible to keep supplied with minnows in this kind of fishing, so we resorted to the use of small spoons, which answered the purpose of bait just as well, and were far more convenient. We caught no small bass; they would run from 2½ to 3½ lbs.; would average about 3 lbs. We caught a great many more on Saturday than we did the day before, but kept no account of the number. I do not think the bass of these northern lakes are as gamy as those taken in New York State or the lakes of Maine; but they give the angler all the sport he can reasonably ask for, and as for numbers, the Eastern waters are not "in it." A very natural desire to rush them when they strike, so that he may get numbers, takes possession of the angler; so they do not have the chance for their lives they otherwise would.

I found Clark a very capable guide despite his age, and after further talk with him and consultation with his father, decided to take the trip of our outing, to the chain



of lakes west of State Line, under his guidance. The wagon, driven by a younger brother of Clark, was to leave us at the first lake and return for us in ten days. We reached Anderson's Lake about 6 o'clock in the evening after a terrific jolting over the worst road I ever saw. But this kind of experience was what we expected, and we got it with a vengeance. Anderson's Lake is quite a small but a beautiful little gem, dropped down in the heart of the forest. We found a desirable camping spot, and while engaged in putting up our tent a flock of loons came flying over the place and settled on the water within an easy rifle range. Lucius and Clark grasped their rifles, and stepping to the edge of the water opened fire upon them. Having witnessed so often their unsuccessful attempts to bag these birds, I was not sufficiently interested to even watch their fusillade; but a moment later a sharp cry from Lucius, "Oh, papa, come here, quick!" brought me to his side with a bound. I found him standing with open mouth staring into the water. Seeing at once that he was not injured by an accident, as I feared from his cry, but that he was looking at some object in the water that created great surprise and riveted his attention, I also was attracted, and met a sight that was enough to make an angler almost wild with excitement. At the report of the guns there came up out of the deepest water a dark mass like a black shadow, that evolved itself into a dense body of black bass that had been attracted by the noise. There they were, all along the shore as far as we could see on either side; great big fellows, crowding each other out of place, and rolling their big eyes at us.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that we hurried our preparations for supper, after which we pushed our boat into the water, and for the next two hours, or until after dark, were taking bass as fast as we could handle them. We kept three for breakfast and returned all the others to the lake. After this evening's record I was prepared to believe any kind of a story anybody might tell about catching bass in these lakes. I was simply tired of catching them; and after this performance, with the exception of an occasional fish for food, did not try the bass again while in Wisconsin. I have not the slightest doubt that I can go to the several lakes we visited and kill from 200 to 300 lbs. of bass a day and not count any that would weigh less than 2½ lbs. Indeed we caught no small bass. I don't believe I hooked a bass that weighed less than 2 lbs., neither did I catch any that were larger than 4 lbs.

As indicated above, this was my last assault on the bass during my trip, the sport had become tame and I looked in other directions for entertainment. The fact is, bass fishing in Wisconsin is too easy for sport. Of course the angler does not have to take any more than he desires; but in the midst of the excitement the insane propensity to kill will take possession of him, and he goes on killing until weary. As I reflect over the events of our outing I find one source of satisfaction, viz., I did not kill one bass more than we had use for as food.

We spent the night in camp at Anderson's, and at sunrise on Tuesday morning started on our trip through the lakes. How can I adequately describe this journey? A man and two boys, alone with nature, in a wilderness not one foot of which had ever been seen by any member of the party, for even Clark had never been here. However, guided by his native instinct he proved a valuable guide, never wavering for a moment in directing our course, and was an intelligent, companionable fellow.

Nature is very prodigal here in two respects, viz, woods and water. The woods have not as yet been subjected to the encroachments of commerce, but stand as they came from the hands of the Creator in all their primeval grandeur. The latter, beautiful in tranquillity, are like diamonds set in a field of verdure. Imagine us then in an unknown country, threading our way through the maze of these innumerable lakes, each turn in our course revealing to us new beauties and disclosing the locked up mysteries of nature. From Anderson's Lake a short carry through the woods landed us in Spring Lake, a pretty body of water, but the least beautiful of all we saw. Leaving Spring Lake by a thoroughfare of three miles in length, which winds a sinuous course through the forest, Lake Mamie bursts upon our view, a crystal gem. Then Zephyr Lake, with its irregular outlines, presents its mirror-like bosom for our inspection. We loiter on our way through these lakes, for the scenery is fine and we wish to feast our eyes upon its loveliness. At the head of Zephyr we find another thoroughfare of about a mile, through which we pass to Big Lake. From Big Lake a short passage leads us into First Lake, thence into Deer Lake. From Deer we enter into Thousand Island Lake by quite a stream of clear, running water perhaps a mile and a half or two miles long. These waters were all lovely and worthy of notice. In Thousand Island Lake we pass inland after island as we traverse its length, all heavily covered with timber. The water is deep and clear and this is said to be the home of lake trout. As I viewed the environments of this lovely body of water, I could not dispute the fact that deep down in those mighty channels mighty specimens of lake trout were sporting themselves. Here I called a halt and decided to remain until we should retrace our steps toward civilization.

Selecting a beautiful site we established our camp upon an island, prepared our supper and then started out on a tour of inspection of our temporary home. In the quiet of a beautiful evening we floated on the surface of this the most enchanting lake I ever saw.

After breakfast Wednesday morning I concluded to try the trout; but having failed to add trout spoons to my collection of fishing tackle, I was compelled to use a large spinner which did not work well, and I found myself in the same relative condition that Lucius was in when he needed a rifle and a shotgun. I had all the other necessary tackles for deep water trolling and I cannot understand how I came to overlook the spoons; but I did, nevertheless, and had occasion bitterly to regret it, for I had repeated heavy strikes but was unable to hook a single trout; they invariably hung on for a second and then disengaged themselves. This kind of work was very discouraging and I gave it up. The day was perfect for enjoyment and we spent the remainder of it exploring the lake. There was such a labyrinth of channels, bays and open spaces between the islands that Lucius and I were both bewildered, and had we been alone would no doubt have been lost; but the little Indian had no trouble in bringing us back to our camp at supper time. I should have enjoyed taking some of the big trout that I know inhabit this lake, but we had a very interesting time nevertheless.

On our return we passed over the same course taken in

going in until we reached Spring Lake. Here we camped Thursday afternoon by the side of a delicious spring, from which the lake takes its name, and remained until Friday morning. At this spot an event occurred which is worth mentioning. After pitching the tent Lucius and Clark went in to the woods with their rifles to hunt game. The tent was pitched on a knoll about 100 ft. from the water and there was a trail running past it down to the lake. I started down the trail to go to the lake, I saw an animal about the size of a cub bear, which it resembled very much, cross the trail and run into the bushes. I thought it was a cub and instantly made up my mind that the mother was near at hand and that I had my foot in it, so to speak. The boys had the two rifles, but had left me the shotgun, which stood leaning against an adjacent tree. I did not know how it was charged, but I hastily got possession of it and stood with bated breath and shaking knees waiting for the onslaught of the old gal. After a few seconds of suspense, hearing no disturbance, I concluded to investigate the intruder. Proceeding down the trail ready for battle at close quarters, my heart thumping like a trip hammer and my knees quaking, I detected a movement in the bushes and halted to take observations. I saw my visitor at the foot of a big pine tree, and more than ever impressed with the idea that it was a cub, I began to think discretion might be the better part of valor and a retreat the best thing I could do. By this time I was wrought to a state of extreme excitement, and utterly regardless of consequences blazed away at the creature and had the satisfaction of seeing it roll over, make several spasmodic kicks and remain motionless. I must be strictly truthful in narrating this event, and say that after I saw my victim apparently dead, I did not have sufficient courage to approach it, for I still feared the old one was in the vicinity, and if she saw me bending over her dead offspring I might never see my friends again. So I went back to the tent, recharged my gun with buckshot and awaited events. In a few moments Lucius and Clark, having heard the report of my gun, came running to the camp fearing I was in trouble. I told Clark I had shot a bear, but was afraid to go near it. He ran at once to the spot. I would like to draw the curtain here and not tell the rest of the story, but that would not be fair. As Clark saw the game he made the woods ring with laughter, for he had the joke on me in great shape. I had shot a measly porcupine, an inoffensive creature that the children in the region kill with clubs.

I did not sleep well this night, notwithstanding Clark had made me an extra thick bed of balsam boughs. We were booked to remain nearly a week longer in the woods, as the team, by arrangement before starting, would not come for us until the following Wednesday. Here was a dilemma. I woke up Friday morning quite feverish and feeling badly, with a desire to get out of the woods greatly increased, but how to do so was the problem that confronted me. On our way into the wilderness the team passed along the shore of Black Oak Lake. It occurred to me that if we could get from Spring Lake into Black Oak we could by our boat lessen the distance to the railroad station by six miles, and being that much nearer something might turn up to help us out. But this carry of half a mile was the stumbling block. As good luck would have it, while we were preparing breakfast we heard approaching footsteps and saw a man coming along the trail. Where the human face is so seldom seen, as is the case in this wilderness, there exists a bond of human fellowship among all who meet, except Indians. Our visitor proved to be a squatter living somewhere away over in the woods. He appeared to be a very decent sort of a fellow. I told him of my desire to get into Black Oak Lake and that as I was not feeling very well I did not like to undertake the labor of moving our traps with only the two boys for assistants. "Well," he said, "if that is what you want you shall get into Black Oak Lake almost before you know it. Now, you just sit down on that log, and when your guide and I have packed up your traps we will carry them over to the lake, and all you need to do is to carry yourself over there." I was very glad to accept his friendly aid I can assure you. Clark and Bane, for that was the man's name, hustled our things over to Anderson's, where we embarked and rowed across, and then they repeated the performance into Black Oak. Our quondam friend here bade us goodbye, refusing to accept any remuneration for his services. We proceeded along Black Oak Lake, arriving at the foot about noon, where we again pitched our tent.

If Thousand Island Lake is beautiful, Black Oak Lake is grand and imposing. I could not help thinking that it was a great pity that such a grand body of water should be so far removed from civilization. As we traversed it on our way to its foot the water was like a mirror, deep green in color, showing great depth. It is said to be full of lake trout, but I did not try them, remembering my failure in Thousand Island Lake. While making our camp a stiff breeze sprang up from the northwest, and the waves began to roll up on the sandy beach in front of the tent. We were camped in a very beautiful spot just back of the beach, which was composed of clear white sand such as I have seen only at the ocean. The waves as they came rolling in formed a surf which was so inviting that Lucius and I could not resist the temptation to take a bath in them. It was the most delightful swim I think I ever enjoyed. After dinner, refreshed by the bath, we rowed to the end of a deep bay that looked very inviting, on a tour of exploration. Here we found a trail leading into the woods which we followed a short distance, where it terminated at another lovely little lake. This we could not explore, as I did not care to drag the boat to it, but there were evidences of its being a fine fishing water, as we found an old raft with fishing-poles and fish-boxes on it, all going to decay, showing that at some remote time some one had been in the habit of coming here to fish. We afterward found the frame of a shanty near the locality on a branch trail, that Clark said had been occupied by fishermen. I thought it might have been a lumberman's shanty, but Clark said it was too small for a lumberman's camp. He was certain that the place had been the shelter of fishermen who have spent their vacation on Black Oak and other lakes in the vicinity. Rambling around in these out-of-the-way places is full of interest to the novice in the wilderness. And in this way we spent the afternoon.

Returning to camp we had our supper, after which we started out to visit other portions of the lake. The intense solitude of these sequestered spots, especially as evening begins to draw the curtains of night about one, is almost

awe-inspiring; and I expect one must live a long time under such environments before he can shake off the feeling of oppression that takes possession of him. The wind subsided as the sun went down, and again the surface of the lake was like a mirror. Under the shadow of rocky bluffs we pursued our way, marveling at the handiwork of nature that had carved into fantastic shapes the huge boulders that lined the shores and in other places had laid up a wall of rock as though set in masonry, so smooth and symmetrical was it.

Here occurred an incident that I shall always remember, as its weird effects are ineradicable. We noticed that our ordinary tone of voice in conversation was taken up by the echo over the nearest shore and increased in volume, was thrown across the lake, and from that point carried to the other portions of the lake, or other lakes perhaps, for it would continue to roll on and on until distance alone prevented our catching the sound. If an ordinary tone could have such an effect, I wondered what would be the result produced by the discharge of a gun. Acting upon the suggestion Lucius fired his shotgun and for fully five minutes the sound rolled from one shore to another and from one lake to another until it seemed as though a fierce battle of musketry was going on for miles and miles around us. We remained on this lake until a late hour awakening the echo with voice and guns, and then to bed.

On our way into the wilderness on the preceding Monday we had passed near a large lumber mill about three miles from where we were then camped, and Saturday morning I sent Clark there to see if he could hire a team and wagon to take us to State Line. He returned very soon with the conveyance and we reached State Line just in time to take the noon train home. Thus we left the wilderness five days sooner than we had expected to do, and it was none too soon either, for I was quite upset with the rough experience I had, and was very glad to get back to my comfortable bed and regular rations. To thoroughly enjoy a sojourn in what I consider this wilderness to be, a paradise for the anglers, it would be folly to go as I did. The companionship of a boy is very delightful under some circumstances; but in such a place as this one wants congenial associates. This given, all the rest of one's pleasure can be plucked hand by hand as you gather the rich fruit from your vines. With a select party of kindred spirits one would find every placid lake a storehouse of pleasure, the balsam laden atmosphere would be more exhilarating, the grand exhibition of the works of Nature more imposing, and the camp-fire more entertaining. Man was not made to enjoy these things alone.

It was our aim to follow the chain of lakes through to Mamatoish on the other line, but as we could not secure guides to take us through we had to abandon the project. This is the trip to take, for I am told we did not see the most beautiful portion of the country or the prettiest lakes. Were I to undertake this trip again I should want a jolly party of fellows, say three or four, three guides capable of doing all the heavy work, and to go through the thirty or forty lakes in the chain mentioned above. A rapid journey can be completed in five days, but two weeks spent *en route* would be none too long for such a party to enjoy every minute of it. A wall tent 12x14 ft. for the party, a smaller tent for the guides, a strong flat-bottom boat for camp equipment and supplies and two birch bark canoes would constitute about all the necessary appliances for the journey. *En route* the party would probably like to camp for a day or two each on such lakes Black Oak, Thousand Island, Palmer, Whitcomb, Aurea, Flora, Crab and Manetowish; and it would be the event of a life in outdoor sports. With such guides as Louie and Oliver Thomas, and John Draper, all of whom know the country thoroughly, the trip could be made in comfort and every minute enjoyed. If you should ever desire to catch fish until weary of the sport, join such a party and visit the lakes of Oneida county, Wis. I will guarantee that you will not have to work hard to find where the bass are located, and the result of a day's fishing will be a revelation to you. All the bass have to do in these lakes is to multiply, for not enough of them are taken out to make a mark. There are plenty of lakes where a line has never been cast and they are alive with bass.

FRANK.

#### The Mastigouche Waters.

We have had from time to time enticing reports of the trout fishing enjoyed by the Mastigouche Fishing Club in their waters some eighty miles from Quebec, and an impression has been given that the Mastigouche was not open to outsiders. This is a mistake. Some of the waters are reserved, but there is an abundance of territory free to all; and from what a Montreal correspondent tells us, the Mastigouche region offers decided attractions to trout fishermen. He says: "The Mastigouche House opens about May 20, the ice usually going out of the lakes from the 18th to the 20th, according as the season is early or late. Fly-fishing begins as soon as the snow broths run off, and is very good the last week of May and first week in June; in fact it is good all through June, but the black flies and mosquitoes begin to get in their work in great shape early in that month, and keep it up until about August 1. A person can have a good comfortable time with good fishing, and stay at the main camp; but if one wants to rough it, he can take tent, guide and canoe and go to some of the lakes a few miles distant. Any of the trout flies used in the Adirondacks are suitable for our waters. A person wishing to go to these lakes had better go to the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. here, and ask for return ticket to the Mastigouche House, fare \$6.70 for the round trip, including buckboard from St. Gabriel, the railroad station, to club house and return to St. Gabriel. On arrival at the latter place by rail about 9 P. M., the driver of the buckboard, who meets the train, will take the checks and baggage to the hotel and be ready next morning to start for the house at any time passengers may desire. The scenery is fine, perhaps not so grand as some parts of the Adirondacks, but it has a peculiar charm of its own that is very delightful. We do not catch any of those big 8 and 10-pounders that the Rangeley sportsmen tell about, but an occasional 3 or 4 lb. trout is not altogether a rarity in our waters."

Mr. E. M. Copeland is in charge of the club house and hotel; the post office address is St. Gabriel de Brandon, Que.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



## ANGLING NOTES.

## The Thomson Mills Fishway.

I HAVE received the following letter from Mr. W. Hubert Rogers, inventor and builder of two of the Hudson River fishways:

"I was very glad to read your defense of the present location of the fishway at Thomson's Mills, in FOREST AND STREAM of this week. You have taken the right ground in the matter.

"I was with my father when the location was made, and also superintended the construction of the fishway. The driftwood problem was thoroughly considered, and with ordinary care it seemed all trouble of this kind would be averted.

"I incline to your opinion, that the fault lies in the rebuilding of the upper end destroyed by the washing away of the bulkhead or feeder wall of the mill.

"At a small expense this trouble can be remedied without moving the fishway; while to move it would entail a considerable expenditure of money and ruin its usefulness. There is no place on the dam so favorable to all the conditions of a successful fishway as the present location, and I earnestly hope that before the question of moving it is seriously considered, an effort, at least, may be made to keep the mill refuse from about the entrance, and that otherwise due care may be given it. If that be done the people above will have no cause to complain.

"It has occurred to me that possibly in rebuilding the wrecked portion of the mill, changes may have been made whereby the refuse may be dumped or fall directly at the head of the fishway. It seems not improbable to me, knowing the place as I do. Even so, to move the structure would be a mistake when the remedy is so easy."

## Ouananiche in the Hudson.

Last week I read a paper in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, where the Mohican Rod and Gun Club had been invited, upon the necessity of building fishways in the Upper Hudson before the river could become a self-sustaining salmon stream, and in the paper described the salmon, its habits, appearance, etc. The next day a gentleman, Mr. John Sherman, called upon me and said that after listening to my paper he was convinced that I had solved the identity of two strange fish caught in the "Big Bay" of the Hudson, a few miles above Glens Falls. He related the circumstances of the capture thus: Two young men who have always lived on the river and are perfectly familiar with the fish native to it, were fishing in Big Bay some days before the date of his visit to me and caught two fish such as they had never before seen. They weighed when dressed  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. respectively, and undoubtedly belonged to the salmon family; and from my description he would pronounce them sea salmon, except that he could not reconcile the size of the captured fish with my statement that as smolts the young salmon go to sea weighing 2 or 3 oz., after which the fish could not return to Big Bay because of the obstructions in the stream. I told him that I could clear up the mystery for him without assuming, as he did, that two sea-going salmon had for some unknown reason remained in fresh water until they reached the weights given of the captured fish. Clendon Brook, a trout stream in which sea salmon fry had been planted since 1884, flows into the Hudson at the head of Big Bay, and the salmon fry have done remarkably well in it for ten years. In 1887 I planted in this brook 20,000 landlocked salmon by direction of Prof. Baird, who thought as the sea salmon did so well there the fresh-water salmon might do as well. I never had any faith in the ultimate success of the plant, for the river does not furnish food or temperature of water for the fresh-water salmon when they have outgrown the brook. The fish Mr. Sherman reported to me may have been grown from the plant of landlocked salmon made in 1887; if so, it is the only result obtained from the plant as far as I have been able to learn.

## Salmon Planting in the Hudson.

Four years ago, by direction of the U. S. Fish Commissioner, I examined and mapped the trout streams in Saratoga county flowing into the Hudson River, preparatory to the receipt of 20,000 yearling salmon, which were to be sent to me for planting. As the yearlings began to die, some of them, between Bucksport and Boston, the car came only to Troy, where the survivors were put into the river. I was so impressed with the fitness of Saratoga county streams for salmon fry, that I suggested them to Supt. Mather as the place for planting fry this year. All the streams I examined are trout streams, and all come together in a fair sized brook which flows into the Snook-Kill, and which in turn emptied into the Hudson below Fort Edward, so the salmon find no obstructions between the place of planting and the sea, except such as are covered with fishways. Accordingly the entire plant this year, a small one as compared with other years, of 55,000 fry and 180 yearlings, was made in the Saratoga county streams. During the eleven years that I have assisted in planting salmon fry in the Hudson I have not seen a better, stronger lot than those of this year. The fry were twenty-two hours on the road between the hatchery of Cold Spring Harbor and the place of planting, and when I took the temperature of the water I found it 51 degrees in the can and 50 degrees in the brook.

## Transplanting Pike-Perch.

In 1880, Mr. Myron O. Brown, proprietor of the Sagamore Hotel, at Bolton, Lake George, procured at his own expense from Lake Champlain, ninety pike-perch, weighing from one-half to 2 lbs. each, and planted them in Lake George. Not long after a dead fish of this plant, probably, was found floating on the water. With this exception nothing was seen of the fish until last year one was reported to have been caught near Green Island. Mr. Brown has long considered his pike-perch planting a failure, but I have maintained that they have remained in the lake, for they have water, food, spawning grounds, everything to their liking; but they never have been fished for systematically in waters where they would be likely to be found. Few, comparatively, know of the plant, but with so many people fishing for black bass in the lake each season, it is strange that not a pike-perch has been caught, so far as known.

Now Mr. Brown tells me that during the last days of April pike-perch were seen by scores, if not by hundreds, spawning around the shores of Green Island. First, the captain of his steam yacht saw the dorsal fin of a fish

sticking out of water near the shore, and supposed it to be a pike, *Esox lucius*, commonly called a pickerel, but a closer examination developed a fish with two dorsal fins. Alec Taylor, one of the best fishermen on the lake, then made an examination and found pike-perch in pairs and groups of four, five and six, all along the shore, some of these fish estimated to weigh 10 and 12 lbs. each. So far the shores of Green Island only have been examined, but it shows conclusively that another excellent game and food fish has been added to the list of fishes inhabiting the waters of Lake George. From the number of spawning fish seen about Green Island one must admit that this lake is well stocked with pike-perch, and probably efforts will be made to catch them this season, and their haunts will be located.

This reminds me that except in the Susquehanna River there is no close season provided by the general game law for pike-perch in the State of New York.

## Ouananiche and Saibling at Sunapee.

The ice went out of Sunapee Lake, N. H., on April 20, and Commissioner Wentworth writes that on the next day the fish, salmon, trout and saibling, were breaking water in every direction. On the 23d 17 salmon and saibling were taken at one point. Commissioner Wentworth and Mr. Alonzo Cheney, who is in charge of the Sunapee hatchery, agree in saying the fishing is far better this year than in many years before. Saibling of 4 and 5 lbs. have been taken, and Mr. Cheney caught one salmon of only 2½ lbs., which is a rarity, as they are not generally caught under about 5 lbs. Up to the 29th it is claimed, so Commissioner Wentworth writes, that more salmon trout and saibling were caught on our noted fishing ground than were caught altogether last season on the same ground. The one objection to Sunapee Lake as a fishing resort in former years has been the lack of comfortable quarters, boats and guides. As will be seen in an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM, this has been remedied, and Soo-nipi Lodge offers every convenience for the angler and his family.

## Lake Trout Are Up.

After four weeks of speculation as to whether the lake trout would be at the surface of the water or the bottom of the lake when it became legal to fish for them, on May 1 fishermen who have been complaining because the ice went out of Lake George a month earlier than usual and a month before the close season for lake trout fishing expired, have had an opportunity to set all doubt at rest on this subject and have discovered that all the kicking against circumstances has been wasted energy.

Tuesday, May 1, was a perfect day for fishing, and fishermen and lake trout met on the surface at Lake George, and when the sun went down there was a tale to tell, worth the telling where big scores are in order. Here are some of the catches: Justice C. S. Enches and Deputy Sheriff Earl B. Smith, of Glens Falls, fished near the Sagamore, at Bolton, and caught fifteen trout weighing 92 lbs. They fished only the first day of the season, returning home at night. Mr. Smith told me that from the Sagamore dock he counted thirty rowboats and three steam launches in sight at one time, the occupants all trolling for trout. The most of this catch was taken at the surface without any sinker on the lines. The boats from Bolton caught over 500 lbs. of trout the first day.

I trolled for lake trout at the surface for more than twenty years before I saw one jump above the surface, and put it on record over and over that they did not jump, although they come up and make a "boil" at the surface that is unmistakable. One May morning I saw two big trout jump, fair and square, above the surface within an hour. Mr. Smith says that on May 1 of this year trout were frequently seen jumping above the surface. A New York angler was out early at Caldwell, the head of the lake, where little fishing is done at this season, but he caught six trout, one of 10 lbs., and went south on the 11 A. M. train.

Mr. George N. Finch, Sheriff of Washington county; Supervisor N. E. Baker, of Salem, and Deputy Sheriff Morrison, of Sandy Hill, fished on Tuesday and part of Wednesday with the result that they caught 27 trout, the largest 14½ lbs. They were caught south and east of Dome Island. Mr. Finch told me that every trout but one was taken at the surface with unleaded lines.

Hon. D. P. McQueen and Hon. A. J. Quackenbush, of Schoenectady; J. H. Madden, E. F. Dean and J. G. McKee, of Glens Falls, fishing the same length of time as the Finch party and in the same portion of the lake, caught 124 lbs. of trout. The largest one dressed 10½ lbs., and there were 24 fish in the string, and all were caught at the surface. From this it may be inferred that the lake trout are "up" and it is a good time to go a-fishing with reasonable certainty of success.

## After the Rain.

In notes last week I said that it was raining at the time I was writing, a rain that promised to improve the stream fishing in northern New York. Well, we have not yet had rain enough nor has it been warm enough to thoroughly thaw the trout out. I went out May 2 just to see if trout would rise to the fly. At the head of a little stream there was once a pond and a pool still remains, and in it an 8 in. trout rose to a Marston's-fancy, then two more scarcely 6 in. long rose to the same fly. I went down the little stream and by borrowing a worm from my companion, Mr. W. E. Baldwin, of the Mohican Club, I caught a 12 in. trout. It should have weighed a pound but I do not think it weighed ten ounces. Lean and lank, it was in no condition to be eaten; nor was it active. Of twenty odd trout hooked only one was in good condition, and except the three that rose to the fly the trout were in the deep holes—not one on the rapids. For two weeks the brooks have been fished daily for these half-fed trout that have not recovered from the semi-torpor of winter. The streams are low, no food has washed into them, and the insect food is not yet hatched out in the water, although the insects of the air are on the wing occasionally.

I am more than ever convinced that trout fishing in the streams of northern New York should not open legally before the middle of May. I would not give a brass farthing for such fishing as I had, and yet I had a good time. The meadows were covered with violets, and on low ground I picked cowslips and stuck them in my hat and in the button hole of my fishing coat. I sat under a leafless tree in the sun and smoked more than one cigar, and finally stretched myself on the scant turf and felt

creeping things trying to crawl down my neck and up my sleeves. I got my feet wet and my legs too, and I came home tired and hungry, with a burned face, and although I did not have a blessed trout, I knew I had been a-fishing, and that night I slept as well as though I had caught 10 lbs., and far better than I would had I killed one 5 in. trout.

A. N. CHENEY.

## FISHING COMMENCED IN CANADA.

## Editor Forest and Stream:

As foretold in these columns a week or two ago, the angling season in Canada has commenced unusually early this year, more than a fortnight, in fact, earlier than usual. For the first time in many years the ice had altogether left Lake Beaufort prior to May 1, and a number of fine trout have already fallen victims to the angler's delusions in this gem of Canadian waters.

The ice left Lake St. John yesterday (Wednesday) morning, some sixteen days earlier than usual. The water is exceedingly high, having risen some 23 ft. within the last fifteen or twenty days. The bait-fishing for ouananiche must now be good at Pointe Bleue and along the Roberval shore of Lake St. John, and the "little salmon" of the Montagnais Indians always rises readily to the fly from about the second day after the disappearance of the ice both in the mouths of the Ouiaichouan and Metabetchouan rivers. A number of Quebec anglers are leaving for these fishing grounds in the early part of next week and no doubt some heavy catches will be reported by the time that these lines appear in print. The end of next week and the whole of the week following ought to see about the best of the spring fishing for ouananiche in the westerly and southerly portions of Lake St. John. Within less than a week of the time that ouananiche fishing usually commences in the Ouiaichouan and Metabetchouan it ought this year to be at an end. It usually lasts about three weeks, but much depends upon the condition of the lake, for the fish leave it and the mouths of its tributaries, or at all events cease to rise in them when the water perceptibly lowers. This is usually some twenty days after the departure of the rise, after which the fish are found in great numbers in the rapid waters of the Grand Discharge. This year, therefore, the ouananiche fishing at the Grand Discharge, which usually commences about June 12 to 15, ought to be very good by the end of the present month.

The hotels at Roberval and the Grand Discharge will only open on June 1, but country board can be had at Roberval at all times. Among other fishermen who write me that they are coming up this way for ouananiche this spring are Mr. Geo. Hart, superintendent of the Waterbury Watch Company and party, and Mr. R. Plumb of Detroit and a number of friends. Plenty of good sound leaders and a fair supply of large trout flies and of salmon flies tied on number 3 and number 4 hooks will be found useful in ouananiche waters here, both throughout this month and in the early part of June. Later on, the size of the flies used must be reduced.

A day or two ago I received a message, through a mutual friend, from Mr. A. P. Low, the Canadian government explorer, who was the first to thoroughly survey Lake Mistassini, and who has now succeeded in doing something else that was never accomplished before, that is, to conduct an expedition through the interior of Labrador from Lake St. John to Ungava. The letter, which is full of interesting details of the perilous journey and of the magnificent canyons of the Ungava River, etc., left Hamilton Inlet, where the expedition wintered, on December 5, and so occupied within a day or two of five months in reaching Quebec. The explorers were to have started last month on a new attempt to traverse the Labrador peninsula, this time from east to west, or from the Atlantic to Hudson Bay—a journey through a practically unknown territory, and necessitating the crossing of more than 20 degrees of longitude. E. T. D. CHAMBERS, QUEBEC, May 3.

## A TEN-POUND WEAKFISH.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. William Cook, for several seasons a sojourner at Atlantic City, N. J., in his own house, purposely erected by him very close to the fishing waters of the place, is credibly reported to have offered a premium of \$10 for a 10 lbs. weakfish (squeteague) within the two seasons last past. Mr. Cook died. I then took up and continued his offer of a \$10 premium for a 10 lbs. weakfish.

To-day I am in receipt of a remarkably fine specimen of this fish sent by Mr. George Washington Watson (known locally as "Wash" Watson, with whom I have fished for a number of years at Atlantic City), which weighed, on receipt, 9 lbs. 7 oz. and measured 2 ft. 7 in. from muzzle to tail end, and was 6 in. deep and 8 in. thick and 17 in. in extreme girth. What it weighed when taken from the water I do not yet know, but I have no doubt that it turned the scale at more than 10 lbs.

I have caught many of these fish, some of them weighing 8 to 9½ lbs., on a very thin sea grass line and a box rod, but I have never seen one so large as this, and I have never known of one of the same kind taken at this season of the year.

However, there are some things I do know. One of these is, that the capture of this fish with light tackle affords sport in autumn that but few anglers appreciate; another is, that Capt. Watson, of the Chester Brown, knows as much, if not more, than any other man on Absecon Beach about the habits of this fish and how to catch him.

I expect to lose the sight of a ten-dollar bill through the landing of this big weakfish! If I do, I shall count the cost as cheap for the sight of such a beauty.

I cannot close this without a reference to the statement made at the Fisheries Conference, held last December in your city, to the effect that weakfish do not bite on the hook. As I have caught some thousands of them with bait on hook, I feel that I must enter my humble protest against such an assertion as one devoid of foundation in fact and as utterly devoid of any foundation whatever. It is well known—and it is thoroughly well known—that weakfish take the bait; and when they take it, the angler had better look out for his light tackle. If his terrific darts and desperate pulls do not give the fellow at the other end all he wants to do for some minutes, then he is a different kind of a foe from that which I have tackled off Absecon Beach for more than twenty years past.

ALFRED HAND.



MAINE WATERS.

The ice is out of all the Maine trout lakes, and much earlier than usual. Moosehead cleared on the afternoon of April 30, twenty days earlier than in 1893. It is always expected that the Rangeleys will clear within a couple of days after Moosehead, and this year the usual conditions were carried out. Word came from Richardson Lake on the morning of May 2 that the ice was out, and in the afternoon the telegraph announced that Mooselucmagantic and Rangeley were clear; eighteen days earlier than last year. But after all this clearing of the ice from the celebrated trout lakes of Maine is not the earliest on record, though earlier than the average for the past fourteen or fifteen years. In 1882, as may be seen by the files of the FOREST AND STREAM, the Rangeley Lakes cleared of ice on May 12; in 1833, May 14; 1884, May 13; 1885, May 15; 1886, May 8; 1887, May 16; 1888, May 21; 1889, April 30; 1890, May 9; 1891, May 10; 1892, May 4; 1893, May 20; 1894, May 2.

This early clearing of the ice has taken the trout fishermen who annually visit the Maine lakes, by surprise, and not the usual number are "on the wing" for their favorite trout waters. Hundreds of them will go a-fishing, but they will not be on the ground directly after the ice is out as is usually the case. The Produce party, some twenty-five in number, will be ready to start in a few days. They have their steamer on Moosehead already engaged. Mr. O. A. Dennen will have the annex to the Kineo House open and ready for them. The Lake House at Greenville, at the foot of the lake, is also open. Other parties to Moosehead will follow, and one or two sportsmen have already gone, in fact. The Tuttle party will early leave for the Rangeleys. Mr. Tuttle has annually visited his handsome camps at the foot of Rangeley Lake for many years. Mr. S. C. Dizer, with Mrs. Dizer, will start for the Birches, Mooselucmagantic Lake, on Monday of this week. It is rather earlier than he expected to go, but the ice is out and he is an enthusiast as to the Maine lakes and his rifle is fast becoming so. Hence they have concluded to be off. They will doubtless visit Kennebag for a day or two before their return. Mr. Dizer thinks Kennebag is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman arranged for the taking and transportation of about 2,000,000 smelt eggs for the Megantic waters from Lake Auburn. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has arranged for the taking of the eggs. The Megantic waters are to have food for the landlocked salmon. It is understood that on the bottom of the breeding streams running into Lake Auburn the smelt eggs, at this time of the year, are to be found to the depth of nearly an inch, in some locations. The Megantic Club's new fish hatchery is completed and will be put in use this fall. It has a capacity of 800,000 trout or salmon fry. Mr. Chapman hopes to be there at the time of taking the fish and the eggs.

Mr. Henry E. Cobb, with Mr. March, will go to the Inglewood Club waters on the 17th of May for landlocked salmon and trout fishing. The ice is out of those waters, and the gentlemen will doubtless be accompanied by other members of the club.

Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, of Byfield, with his friend C. O. Bailey has made another trip to the trout brooks. The gentlemen suggested to "The Col." that he go with them. Now the Col. has been a great fisherman in his day, and you only have to mention the trout streams to start him off. Tarbox and Bailey suggested that he meet them at a certain turn in the road at 5 o'clock A. M. He would be there. They warned him that his age was telling on him, and that if he was not on hand he would be left. At five in the morning he was not there, and they started without him. A few minutes later he appeared, and they took him in. They reached the stream. Both the other men caught trout till eighteen or nineteen swelled their creels, but not a trout could the Col. get. He allowed that it was his hook, since he had strike after strike; and Mr. Tarbox opened his fly-book to the Col.'s service. But the results were no better. He could not catch a fish. The other men finally allowed that it was his advancing years telling on him—he is only about 50. He could not get started in the morning, and he had failed to catch fish. He will try the boys again.

Reports of good fishing begin to come in. From Lake Auburn in Maine some good trout have been taken. These trout are described as very handsome and gamy. They resemble the famous Swan Lake trout, from the lake of that name in Belfast. From Moosehead there are also reports of good fishing. Mr. O. S. Ham, of Lewiston, Me., writes his friend, Mr. Harry B. Moore, of J. E. Soper & Co., Boston Chamber of Commerce, that he went to Moosehead May 2, the day the ice was fairly cleared. With his guide he went to a camp up the lake about five miles above Kineo. He fished there one day, with the result of 23 square-tailed trout, the number weighing a trifle over 42lbs. He was satisfied with this string, and immediately wrote his friend to come on. But Mr. Moore will hardly take in Moosehead this spring. He hopes to make a trip to the Inglewood preserve a little later in the season.

There is another proof positive that the trout is on, though it is very early. A 14-pound laker, or togue, was shown in Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's window on Saturday. This big trout was 30in. in length. It was taken from Newfound Lake, in New Hampshire, a day or two before, by Mr. Samuel Wax, the Temple place confectioner. The card on the trout stated that it was taken on one of the Never-break rods of that firm.

Mr. Leroy S. Brown has a letter from the Inglewood Club preserve, stating that the ice left the lake on May 3, exactly the same date as a year ago. A large party of the Club members is fitting out to start on the 17th. A list of names will be appended later. Another party will follow a week or two later.

"Away Up North."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I was up after ouananiche as soon as the railroad was opened, in fact I went part of the way on the construction car. I think there is no game fish in the country equal to it, taking all things into consideration. I am much pleased with the papers "Away Up North," having been over most of the ground mentioned. Oh! that climb up from the Montreal River. But it pays. The writer mentions a guide from Mattawan, named Gus Pillou. I know of no better man in Mattawan for the purpose, only keep away from him the curse of the Red Man. He is a most thorough woodsman and strong wital, both in the canoe and on the portage.

[MEDICUS.

NEWS FROM FISHING WATERS.

CANADENSIS, Pa., April 30.—The fishing in the Broadhead and other streams in the immediate vicinity of Canadensis is better this spring than usual, which is probably due to the stocking done each year recently to a limited extent, coupled with the favorable natural conditions prevailing there. Messrs. Price Brothers, at their Spruce Cabin Inn extend a cordial welcome to fishermen and furnish comfortable accommodations, with livery if desired. Mr. Milton Price one afternoon last week caught 16 trout weighing 7lbs. But the large catches are not by any means confined to the natives, as a guest this week in a day and a half's fishing hooked 68 fish, of which he retained 40 of fair size, ranging from 6 to 11in., using the fly wholly. Canadensis is reached via Cresco, 106 miles from New York, on D., L. & W. Railroad. G.

ABBOT VILLAGE, Me., May 2.—The ice went out of Moosehead Lake Tuesday, May 1. F. S. BUNKER.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., May 1.—Two guests of the High Falls Hotel, Mr. Stebb and Mr. McCabe, of New York, fished Dingman Creek to-day from Adams's saw mill to Fulmer Landing, taking 40 and 30 fine trout, beauties, all nice size. Herman Lange took 17 handsome trout, also from Dingman Creek. The prospect is for good fishing. PHILIP F. FULMER.

P. S.—Two more of our guests have just come in, having fished over three miles—about four hours—and have brought in 12lbs.—40 fish. P. F. F.

FLAGSTAFF, Me., May 1.—In Kibby Valley the ice is out of all the small ponds, and by the third of this month will be out of Spring Lake. Being the largest lake in the Dead River region it is the last to open up. We are already taking trout from the small ponds on a fly. Last night the fish rose very readily to the red-ibis, and 9 were taken in one hour's fishing. A. B. DOUGLASS.

SUNAPEE LAKE.—The early fishermen at Sunapee Lake in New Hampshire were unusually successful. The ice, I am told, went out about April 18. A few days after there were caught at Blodgett's Landing, in three days' fishing, 42 landlocked salmon and trout weighing from 3 to 10lbs. each. Most of these fish were taken from the wharf, with live smelt for bait. I drove up to the lake and spent a day and a half, but it was very cold and rough, and I did not get a fish. A few fish were taken while I was there, as follows: One salmon of 8lbs., one of 7lbs., two of 6lbs. and a native trout of a little over 2lbs. Smelt seemed to be the only bait the trout or salmon would take. Several parties tried trolling, but only one fish, a trout of 4lbs., was taken. C. M. STARR.

WOODBORNE, N. Y., May 14.—Fishing is getting good, the stream has been high until now, the catches this past week are improving each day, trout begin to rise to flies. Eli Garrett has made the best catch, the trout averaging 4lb., filling a 12lb. basket. L. L. WALDORF.

NEVERSINK, N. Y., May 5.—George Sarvens and friend, stopping at the Neversink Valley House, caught on May 2 and 3 231 fine trout, and 56 good size, larger than have been caught for years past. James Dart and Stephen Harten from Brooklyn caught on Friday, May 4, 13lbs. of fine trout out of the Neversink River. GEO. SARVENS.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., May 5.—Mr. W. J. Stibbs, of New York city, fished May 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, every day with splendid success—a basket full of handsome trout. Fished Dingman Creek and Indian Ladder Creek. All our guests are well pleased with the fishing. Streams all in fine condition for fishing. PHILIP F. FULMER.

Shad Take Worms, Flies and Grasshoppers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2.—On Saturday last, while fishing with angle worm for white perch, about two miles above this city, in the Potomac River, we caught two large roe shad. My little daughter Mabel caught one which weighed 3½lbs.; the one I caught weighed over 4½lbs. They were caught fairly in the mouth as though they had taken the bait.

I have fished on this river for twenty years or more, and never before had a like experience, nor can I find any one who has had. I have always understood that shad could not take a bait of any kind, and when they come up stream to spawn they do not feed, as their stomachs are always found empty.

I will appreciate any opinion, or explanation you give me of this most curious act on the part of shad.

C. CORSON.

[Shad do not come into rivers to feed, hence they seldom notice any kind of bait; but in a few localities, notably Washington, D. C., and Holyoke, Mass., they have been captured with small and light-colored flies, like white-miller or white and ibis, dressed on hooks corresponding in size with No. 6 or 7 Sproat. In his report on the fishes of Lake Ontario, Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of the U. S. Fish Commission, notes the taking of shad with grasshopper bait in the St. Lawrence. The fish were supposed to have come from a planting of shad in Lake Ontario waters. He says: "In August, 1881, Mr. H. L. Matheson, of Oswego, New York, was fishing at that place for black bass. As an experiment he baited his hook with a grasshopper and cast his line from the shore of the island into the current, made somewhat muddy by a strong westerly wind. The bait was promptly taken, and to his great surprise a 3lbs. shad was landed. More grasshoppers were secured, and fifteen shad, weighing from 2½ to 3lbs. were taken in a few hours. On succeeding days, six, three and two fish respectively, were caught. Several other parties took one or two fish each in the same way." Mr. J. V. Sharp reported in these columns that he had seen shad take the fly in the James River, Va., the fly of medium size and bright color; on one occasion five roe shad were taken in an hour.]

Central New York Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y., May 4.—Overflowing creels of brook trout are now reported from many parts of this and adjoining counties. These reports, however, are of only recent origin, the beginning of the season and the first ten days following having been marked by light catches.

Old fishermen declare the prospects for a satisfactory angling season on Cayuga Lake to be of the right sort, notwithstanding the notorious resistance to the enforce-

ment of the provisions of the law governing the hauling of seines, manifested by a certain contingent of citizens.

W. H. Miller, of this city, recently landed a 7½lbs. mas-calonge on an 8oz. rod, a feat not always easily accomplished, when the fighting qualities of Cayuga Lake mas-calonge are taken into account. M. CHILL.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

No. 1,020 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia, May 2.—The American Fisheries Society will, by invitation, hold its next annual meeting in this city, at the rooms, No. 1020 Arch street, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 16 and 17.

There will be morning and afternoon sessions, at which papers will be read and discussions had on subjects of interest to our members, all of whom are invited to be present.

In honor of the American Fisheries Society a planked shad dinner will be served at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 16th inst., at Reisser's, Fifth and Minor streets, for which tickets—not transferable—will be issued free to members by the committee, at the Rooms on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 10, 11 and 12, between the hours of 4 and 6 P. M., and members so desiring can be accompanied by friends on payment of the cost per capita for the dinner.

Committee: Wm. H. Burkhardt, chairman, Henry C. Ford, Wm. P. Thompson, John Gay, Jas. H. Miller, H. C. Demuth, Edward Hagert.

American Fisheries Society.

THE annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held at Philadelphia, at the rooms of the Society for the Protection of Fish and Game, 1,020 Arch street, on Wednesday, May 16. E. P. DOYLE, Sec'y.

Not Much Poetry, But Truth, Perhaps.

When the winter has departed and the river's free from ice,  
The angler gets his fish-pole and starts out to entice  
Some member of the finny tribe with enthusiasm great,  
Enough to be deluded into nibbling at his bait.

He gets him to some favorite spot, and then proceeds to plank  
Himself with circumspection upon the river's bank,  
And there he waits with patience from early morn till night,  
Never doubting if he perseveres that he will get a bite.

With drowsy expectation he sets and sets and sets,  
While the great world all around him with action fumes and frets.  
From a generous twist of pigtail a goodly hunk he gnaws,  
And dreamily inspects his bob and chaws and chaws and chaws.

What though empires disappear and vanish at a look,  
They're less to him than one good tug upon the cruel hook  
That into the wriggling worm he skillfully inserts,  
And heaves it back while placidly he squirts and squirts and squirts.

Far out into the turbid stream and seeks once more to rest,  
And not a wave of trouble rolls across his peaceful breast.  
And he seeks to lure the finny tribe with every known device,  
When the winter has departed and the river's free from ice.  
—Upton Department of the Otsego Journal.

TRAIN RACE FROM FLORIDA.

Fast Trip Over the Richmond & Danville from Jacksonville.

The keen rivalry between The Florida Central & Peninsular and Richmond & Danville, "The Florida Short Line," which now has the government contract for carrying the Southern Mails, and The Atlantic Coast Line, which formerly enjoyed that privilege, culminated in an exciting race between two special trains over those roads from Jacksonville to New York, yesterday. The Florida Short Line train winning by an hour and twenty-four minutes, despite a handicap of thirty-five minutes at the start. Both trains carried a large excursion party of Florida people. The Atlantic Coast Line train of 5 cars was scheduled to leave Jacksonville at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, and The Florida Short Line train of 7 cars pulled out at 10:35. The latter train reached Washington at 6:05 yesterday morning, and its rival at 7:20. The victorious train then sped to this city, and in making the time in less than twenty-four hours, broke the record between Jacksonville and New York.—New York Times, April 28, 1894.—Ado.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 9 to 12.—Louisville Kennel Club, at Louisville, Ky. St. Marc M. Munday, Sec'y.  
May 30 to June 2.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, at Oakland, California.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto, O. C. Stoddard, Sec'y.  
Sept. 13 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaug her, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Newton, N. C. Dr. G. D. B. Darby, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

St. Bernard Club Meeting.

A SPECIAL meeting of the St. Bernard Club of America, was held at Madison Square Garden, New York, May 1. The following members were present. W. H. Woodin, J. S. Hoyt, J. Keavan, W. C. Reick, T. M. Burke, J. N. Churchill, C. A. Pratt, B. P. Johnson, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson, Mrs. A. M. Hughes, G. P. Wiggins, S. W. Smith, Daniel Mann, H. B. Turner, William H. Joeckel, Jr., Jas. A. C. Johnson. Meeting called to order at 8:20 by the President, Mr. Joeckel.

A proposition of Mr. Terry (of the Hempstead Farm Co.) to hold a show annually in connection with the Farm Co. and the other specialty clubs was submitted by Mr. Reick, and after being informally discussed was approved by the meeting and referred to the board of governors.

Communication from Mr. H. D. Johnson, of the South Bend Kennels, in regard to the special prize offered by the club at the Mascoutah Kennel Club, was read and referred to the board of governors.

The question of establishing futurity stakes to be decided at the next dog show of the St. Bernard Club, was taken up and discussed and the plan was approved and referred to board of governors for action.

In response to an invitation to address the meeting, Mr. Sydney W. Smith said he did not approve of writing down the dogs as had been done, but at the same time he would confess that he was a bit disappointed in some of the dogs. He advised sticking to a certain line of bitches and breeding from them as practiced in his kennels at home, the result of which was illustrated in Rustic Beauty. He cautioned intending purchasers not to place too much reliance on press notices, but rather see the dogs or have some one in whom they had confidence see them.

A vote of thanks was given Mr. Smith for crossing the ocean to judge for the club. Meeting adjourned.

JAS. A. C. JOHNSON, Sec'y pro tem.



## THE SPECIALTY SHOW.

May 1 to 4. Entries 390; Dogs Benched 333.

The members of the five specialty clubs under whose auspices the dog show in Madison Square Garden which closed last Friday night was held must feel proud of the result of their efforts. Probably never have the breeds benched been represented in this country by a better class of dogs. The management of the farm show was extremely liberal in the matter of prize money, the prizes being identical with those given by the W. K. C. Then the different clubs devoted to the breeds represented showed their *esprit de corps* with such an array of specials that it must have been a very unlucky specimen, indeed, that did not secure a piece of the spoils. Further than this the members entered their very best dogs, so that all that was requisite to chronicle a complete success was crowded aisles, which means a good gate. This part of the show, however, was somewhat of a disappointment, though it was quite noticeable that when the dog show commenced the building took on a more lively appearance than when the farm exhibits were the only attraction. The Farm show was something of an innovation and the New York public, being a peculiar people, wait for the bell-wether—society—to lead them. Once they hear the tinkle of social success the masses flock and make the occasion an excuse to see and be seen. Such was the experience of the horse shows and the W. K. C. dog shows, both of which have now secured the necessary popularity. The poultry show is in the transition state and the Farm show, the youngest venture, has just experienced the chilly reception that the others did at first.

The date selected was not the most propitious, for this is the ragged edge of the season, society is feeling *blasé* and sighing for the country and Europe, to which many of them have flown, and others are busy in preparation. Still, a goodly number of well known people dropped in from time to time, and the management, far from being disheartened at the prospect of a financial deficit, pluckily announce that both the farm and the dog shows will be repeated next year, and dates to this end have already been chosen.

There is little more to be said about the dog show than was told in last week's issue. The dogs seemed comfortable enough in the basement, and perhaps they were better off there during the extreme heat of the first two days than if they had been benched on the main floor. Still, the basement is a stuffy place at best, and with little air circulating, or ventilating conveniences, there was in some places a conglomeration of smells that was anything but agreeable at times. The first day a leakage of gas seemed to have a drowsy effect on some of the dogs, but this being early remedied and "Sanitas" being freely used, the dogs did not suffer. Spratts Co. did their utmost to hide the bare walls with their large enameled signs, and with electric lights at every turn the scene at times was quite a lively one, and the attendance during the last two days of the show was fairly good. Dr. Glover, as veterinarian, had little to do, as most of the dogs were in charge of their respective owners and kennel men, but as usual he was attentive to his duties, for he is one of the very few "vets" who have a just appreciation of their position and its responsibilities. Mr. Mortimer, as manager of the whole show, was a busy man throughout the week, and had his mind fully occupied with his executive duties, the conduct of which was very commendable. He instituted Mr. A. M. Hughes as superintendent of the dog show department, a position which the latter filled very acceptably, and with a little more experience he will no doubt be found an acceptable substitute for Mr. Read, if he cares to take it up. The judging was, with the exception of a couple of minor specials, completed the first day, and taken altogether there have been few shows where less fault was found with the judges' decisions. Some mistakes were made, of course, for no judge is infallible, and if the exhibitor would now and then review the situation calmly and "put yourself in his place," many an unkind thought would be left unsaid.

A number of prominent fanciers were present during the show, in fact nearly all whose names are to be found in the list of awards as well as a fair sprinkling of New Yorkers and others whose fancy turns to pointers and setters such as John S. Wise, A. C. Pickhardt, F. S. Webster, G. Musser, Arnolt, W. Tallman, John O. Sharp, Edward Brooks, of Boston; Warham Whitney, of Rochester, and F. C. Wheeler. Spratts Co. deserve credit for the way in which they benched the show, for in benching the St. Bernards they had to circle one end of the basement, no very easy matter; their feeding was as usual, good. The aisles were kept clean and the dogs well bedded with clean straw, and two rings were provided on the same floor for exercising purposes. Upstairs on the main floor five rings were set apart for the judging, that for the St. Bernards being the performing ring, where there was plenty of room to show them off. Spaniels and collies were a little cramped for room. Before concluding this part of our report a word is due to that good fancier Mr. Thos. H. Terry, who assumed so much responsibility in the affair. He was constantly in attendance and having fully recovered from his painful illness, he was able to enter into the enjoyment of the occasion with zest and courteousness undiminished by the halting public, and that his efforts will meet with better appreciation next year is, we are sure, the wish of all of us.

## St. Bernards.

Sidney W. Smith, Judge.

Although there were only 81 entries altogether in this breed, Mr. Smith, who came across the sea to judge, must feel pleased to know that he had the best we have this side of the Alleghenies pass before him. The occasion must have been a pleasant one for him in that he met, once more, several four-footed friends whom he knew so well when on the other side—such as Rustic Beauty, whose curls he seemed to wonder at, though Arthur Trickett had her looking better than ever before; Scottish Leader, Eboracum, Florette, Sunray and Sir Bedivere, whom he never expected to see looking so well and hearty—nor did any one else for that matter. In challenge rough dogs four trooped into the

ring, but there was nothing to touch Sir Bedivere for first, for he looked as well as we ever saw him, in fact, livelier and more active than when he was first shown here, and the question was which should come second. This honor fell to that genuine dog Kingston Regent, who was looking really well, Albany already having had a beneficial effect. This is, we believe, Mrs. Nicholson, his owners's nearest approach to challenge honors, and she felt correspondingly proud of her new purchase. Oros took reserve over Altoneer, though the latter lost no friends by the decision, the latter scores very much in head and quality and type, and is a good all round dog, losing only to Oros in size and coat. In bitches (4) Rustic Beauty won over Lady Livingston, beating her in head and forelegs, though losing in color and flatness of coat. Between Sunray, reserve, and Miss Anna it must have been close work, the latter's sweet quality offsetting to some extent Sunray's better bone and size, but the latter as she gets older improves in expression and head. Miss Anna never looked better.

Rough open dogs (23), two of which, Lord Dante and Grand Master, were absent, saw Eboracum the winner, followed by Demetrius, who has a good type of head; might be better in forelegs; good body, though not yet furnished; better behind than his sire, Kingston Regent, but was not in proper show condition, being short of coat. Ardmore, third, might well have taken his place; he has a better head, better bone, excellent coat, and was well shown. Roland, Jr., our opinion of whom is well known, was correctly placed; he lacks the type and quality of the others. Imperator, reserve, runs him close, a handsome dog, who with less stop and more depth of muzzle, a little more rib and truer hocks would be a good dog, as he was in the pink of condition. Wach Erdman, vhc., was third at New York and Newark; he is houndy-headed and light in rib, not much type. Ashland Jumbo, also vhc., should be deeper and squarer in muzzle, but has a very fair head, excellent skull, shows lots of type, but has not filled out much in body since the fall; another year will improve him. Vindex, hc., good-headed

flatter, nice quality. Princess Enlalie, the W. K. C. puppy winner, third; nice body, coat and legs, head small, but fairly well shaped, nicely marked if it had a better defined blaze. Kingstonian Gloria, reserve, was too high and big, muzzle not square enough, shows some quality.

The struggle between Sir Bedivere and Alton, Jr., provoked some interest, but the decision went to the rough dog, body and hindlegs being better, though the smooth has the advantage in skull and depth and squareness of muzzle.

Mr. Smith judged with consistency all through, and his decisions were well received; the results differing little with the placings made by some of the home judges.

## Collies.

R. McEwen, Judge.

This was Mr. McEwen's first appearance in the ring in this capacity and that he acquitted himself well, on the whole, was, we believe, the unanimous verdict. The quality of the dogs shown could not be excelled in this country, and as many of the winners have so recently appeared at the several shows it is not necessary to go into any lengthy criticisms. Sefton Hero, Wellesbourne Charlie and Roslyn Wilkes was the order in the challenge dog class, Hero scoring his first challenge ribbon; he was looking well, beating Charlie in cleanness of head and coat. In bitches Charlton Phyllis won right, getting it in size, coat, length, cleanness of head, her ears might be better shown—she pricks them at times. Jakyr Dean, second, loses to Luella in expression and somewhat in shape of head, but is better in ears, the latter's being a trifle heavy, and she is short of coat.

In open dogs (14) Christopher, Gold Dust, Woodmansterne Trefoil and Conrad II. was the money order. Christopher was well shown and Gold Dust also looked better than before, with a good mane and frill; his head is improving with age and will do to thicken a little more in skull. Trefoil was looking in great shape, his coat is of excellent texture, and taking him all round there are few to beat him, and no mistake would have been made if he had been second, considering Gold Dust's faulty hind parts and loin, and in his present condition he gives Christopher a close rub. Conrad II. made a good fourth; he strikes me as getting a little strong in head now; he was in fair coat. Hempstead Rex, reserve, was at Philadelphia. Prince Wilkes, vhc., deserved his letters; he is too strong in head and heavy in ear to cope with the winners. Fifeshire Mark, vhc., has a fairish head, but is flat in ribs and short of underear. Old Bendigo was looking well but is showing his age. Blizzard and Rhoderick Dhot are well known. Hempstead Trefoil was absent.

In bitches (17) the quality dropped a little, first going to that sweet bitch Hempstead Dorothy, that swept all before her at the W. K. C. show; she, however, was not looking as well as when shown then; she is a well made bitch, and if she holds her present head will do lots of winning. Lady Fidget came next, with Glen third; she carries her ears well and has a fairly good head. Flora May was fourth, she is a little sharp faced, coat soft and short. Lillikulani, reserve, I did not see. Ormskirk Dollie, vhc., is a sweet headed one, does not stand true in front. Lassie was at Detroit, and Hempstead Bess and Ormskirk Julia were at

Philadelphia. Minnie Sefton, hc., is a pretty headed bitch, full of quality with well carried ears, small and light of bone. Princess Wilkes, like her mother, is heavy in ears, also light body, fair otherwise. In dog pups (10), four absent, first went to Hempstead Rex, pressed close by Cragston Discretion, the rather coarse headed Boston winner Douglas getting third; he excels both in denseness of coat, but the others beat him in cleanness of head. Seminole Amazement, reserve, is faulty in hocks, strong in skull, fair coat and condition. Hempstead Con I could not find. Richmond Scott is heavy in ears and poorly carried, too full in brow and skull. Hempstead Dorothy, Lassie and Hempstead Bess were the winners in bitches. In novice dogs (6), the judge made a slip in putting Hempstead Rex first and Conrad II. third; their open class positions being reversed, though in this class Cragston Discretion separated them. In bitches, Lady Fidget, Gem and Flora May was the order and most of the others have been commented upon. In smooths first went to Bluebelle, who beats Hempstead Maid in condition, head, ear and body. Blue Light, third, is wide in skull and cheeky, and faulty in ears. The bobsails were Herdman II. and Lord Mayor, both out before.

## Fox-Terriers.

R. F. Mayhew, Judge.

The different classes could not have been filled with better quality, as all the well known animals were there, and the judge had no easy task, and although he let one or two pass him his work was, on the whole, well done. The principal kennels took most of the spoils. In challenge dogs Blemton Victor II., Starden's King, Warren Safeguard and Ripon Stormer was the order, with Dusky Trap bringing up the rear. They were all put down in excellent shape, especially the three winners. In bitches Miss Dollar added another to her score, but Warren Captious must have run Dona very close for second money.

In open dogs (12) the winners are well known. Blemton Rasper, an all white dog, is soft in coat, a bit faulty in stop and brow and a little more rib would improve him; a nice terrier, though, all round. Beverwyck Royalist I think has the better head, but needs time yet to come to his feet. Arrandale Mixture, third, has been repeatedly written up; he was well shown. Blemton Stickler is another well known face; he should be flatter in skull. Reserve went to Warren Layman and vhc. to Warren Tip Top, a bit heavy in front. The others deserved their letters, though Warren Daysman, c., should certainly have had more; his good front offsets a rather long body; his skull should be flatter.

In bitches Dusky II., Blemton Vigil, weak before the eye; Warren Duty, who take her all round, beats the latter especially in body and expression, and Blemton Vindex were the money winners, and have faced the judge before. Beverwyck Twilight, reserve, was at Boston; she is young yet, and her skull has not shaped down. Verdict, hc., is an old time winner. In dog pups there must have been some change after the awards and ribbons were given out. Hillside Domino



C. A. PRATT'S SIR BEDIVERE. (LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.)

dog that he is, loses so much in hind parts and coat. Pontiff II. shows a good deep head, which more stop would improve; a little light in pasterns and faulty behind; good body, color, markings and leg bone; should have had another letter at least. In bitches Swiss Mountain Kennels were again victorious with the typical Florette, who was well shown. Royal Duchess, second, is a nice sort, beaten in coat and pasterns by the other, coat should be flatter. Mascot Bernie runs up close; she shows lots of quality; a little straight-faced, but good otherwise; she is well known. Countess Madge, sterling good bitch as she is, must always lose on account of her too white face; she is the best in shape of head in the class; she showed a lameness in the ring. Miss Amanda, vhc., has beautiful markings, a nice quality bitch, well deserving of her card. Alberta, hc., deserves her letters, though plain-faced, and as to Princess Wang, hc., more stop, flatter coat, more size and smaller ears would improve an otherwise fair bitch. In dog pups Lord Ripon, first at Boston, won. The other prizes were withheld. In bitches the well-known Madame B was alone.

Smooth challenge dogs saw Melrose King the winner, for his only opponent, Scottish Leader, was lame, having been injured in transit; he was also looking a little light in body, this will be reversed probably when they meet again, as Leader gets it in bone, legs, size and depth of head and true coat. Empress of Contocook and Miss Alton fought it out again and the Boston decision was upheld; both were well shown. In open dogs (9) of course Alton Jr. had things his own way. Plinlimmon V. coming second, some distance behind, rather plain faced, lacks shadings, fair bone, good body, faulty tail, but a true smooth; Patrol, well known, runs him close. Romeo II., fourth, has a rather long, homely head, but deep, square muzzle, broad blaze and almost white body, good bone. Victoria Collin, vhc., gets his tail up and is a bit straight behind, rather bitch-headed, but nice quality. In bitches (8) Lady Alton won this time, second going to the equally well known Sunol, who was well shown. Pandora, third, a very nice bodied bitch, good legs, head like her mother's, Cleopatra, long, homely and narrow, but deep and otherwise well shaped. Bellegarde, fourth, was rightly placed. Neither of these bitches has the right type of head, Bellegarde being too much on the bloodhound order; she is well known; Miss Olive, hc., deserved her letters, and Donna Marie might have been mentioned, for, barring head, which is homely, she is nicely shaped, and shows quality. Scottish Ruby and Lady Judith were absent. In dog pups (4), Emperor of Contocook won, the others not being deemed worthy of recognition. In bitches (3), Minka, second at the W. K. C. show, won over Virgie of Contocook. Both had gone when I came to their stalls. Third was withheld. In novice dogs (12) the winners have all been commented on. Among the mentioned ones, Nero D. is faulty in ear and hindlegs. Percival is also faulty in the latter respect; Duke Barry II. has not the best of dispositions and I could not handle him. In bitches (6), three absent, Pandora was first. Princess Hepsey, second, coat should be



**BULLDOGS.**—Best kennel, Woodlawn Park Kennels. Best Pair, His Lordship and White Venn. Best dog in open or novice class, His Lordship. Best bitch ditto, White Venn. Best puppy, Rustic King II. Reserve, Juno. Bulldog Club Medals—Best American bred dog, Handsome Dan. Best bitch ditto, Juno. Best American bred puppy, Rustic King II. Best dog or bitch owned by a non-member, Romany.



## AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

The regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at Madison Square Garden, May 3, Vice-President Thos. H. Terry in the chair. Present: Associate members, Thos. H. Terry, Dr. H. J. Foote, Col. J. D. Shotwell; Mascoutah Kennel Club, C. F. H. Drake; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhaus; New England Kennel Club, Edward Brooks; New Jersey Kennel League, Edwin H. Morris; Pacific Kennel Club, James Mortimer; Rochester Kennel Club, Warham Whitney; Southern California Kennel Club, James Watson; St. Louis Kennel Club, J. M. Taylor, Washington City Kennel Club, F. S. Webster; Westminster Kennel Club, H. E. Cromwell.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and on motion approved. The following credentials were read and on motion accepted: Rhode Island Poultry Association, H. S. Babcock; Washington City Kennel Club, J. Henry Gullick; Brunswick Fur Club, N. Q. Pope.

The secretary read his report, as follows: GENTLEMEN—We have had the following applications for admission to membership filed since the regular meeting in February last: March 17, 1894, Louisville Kennel Club, of Louisville, Ky.; April 20, 1894, Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, of Oakland, Cal. These clubs have complied with all of our requirements and are eligible to membership, and your secretary would respectfully recommend their admission.

The following resignations have been received and are herewith submitted: March 6, 1894, Burlington County Agricultural Society, Mt. Holly, N. Y.; March 27, 1894, Central City Kennel Club, Jackson, Mich. Neither of these clubs are in good standing, both being in arrears for the annual dues, which were payable on or before Jan. 1, 1894. I would, therefore, recommend that they be dropped from the list of membership for non-payment of dues.

Credentials have been filed by the Rhode Island Poultry Association, naming Mr. H. S. Babcock as its delegate; the Brunswick Fur Club, naming Mr. N. Q. Pope as its delegate.

The Des Moines Poultry and Pet Stock Association respectfully requests this club to consent to its change of title to that of the Des Moines Kennel Club, and asks that the change be made upon the records of this club accordingly. I would recommend that the request be granted and the records amended.

Agreeable to the resolution adopted at the last meeting of this club in reference to the admission of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, I have to report that the secretary of said club forwarded a letter to the effect that the late resignation was due to a misunderstanding and confesses their error in the action they then took. They express their best wishes to the American Kennel Club and are glad to be once more included in the list of members. This communication was forwarded to the vice-president, Mr. Terry (President Belmont being absent in Europe), and the same was officially accepted by him as being in full accord with the spirit of the resolution adopted by this body at the February meeting.

Charges have been referred by George R. Preston against Edwin H. Morris. Mr. Preston has complied with the rules and I would recommend referring same to the advisory committee, as is the usual course.

A communication from the Pacific Kennel Club has been received informing us of the expulsion by it of E. P. Schell, who was found guilty upon his own confession of dishonorable conduct in the sale of a dog and giving a fraudulent pedigree of said dog. They ask of this club to take such action in the premises as it may deem proper. Mr. W. L. Washington has lodged a complaint against the Akron Poultry and Kennel Club for the non-payment of prizes at its late show in December, 1893.

The following prefixes have been applied for: Richard W. Wainwright, for the prefix "Pine Crest," R. P. Sherman for the prefix "Crest," A. Alton Smith for the prefix "Al De Ber," Wm. T. Ford for the prefix "Wilford," Wm. R. King for the prefix "Waterloo," George Wm. Lang for the prefix "Woodlawn."

We have a communication from A. C. Bradley referring to special prizes offered at shows; as it is not an official appeal it cannot be specially reported upon by me, but the same can be called for at this meeting if thought best, so that a ruling may be made to cover future cases of a similar nature.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

The treasurer read his report, which is as follows: GENTLEMEN—I herewith beg to submit my quarterly report of all moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1894:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1894.....\$4,815.82

Receipts from all sources to date.....3,007.75

Disbursements for same period.....\$5,883.57

Balance on hand.....\$2,932.58

The following clubs are still in arrears for 1894 dues, final notice giving thirty days for the payment of same having been duly sent as directed at the February meeting: Municipal Kennel Club, Illinois; Central City Kennel Club, Michigan; Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, Burlington County Agricultural Society, Elmira Kennel Club, Seattle Kennel Club, German Mastiff Club, Central City Kennel Club, Androskoggin Kennel Club. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

The report of the stud book committee was also read, as follows: GENTLEMEN—The business transacted by the stud book committee since the annual meeting has been almost entirely confined to routine work, calling for no special decisions.

The committee has at present a great deal of correspondence regarding pedigrees of dogs owned and bred by certain San Francisco breeders. The matter is, we understand, liable to come up in another shape before the club, and it has been thought well for the stud book committee to make the report. So many contradictory statements appear in the correspondence that it looks very much as if all parties were equally blamable for deception and fraud, the fact of there being fraud not being contradicted.

JAMES WATSON, Chairman Stud Book Committee.

The same was accepted and placed on file. The report of the advisory committee was read, accepted and placed on file. It is as follows: Meeting of advisory committee held May 3, at Madison Square Garden at 2:30 P. M.—Present: Messrs. Terry, Cromwell, Taylor and Brooks.

J. B. Martin vs. George Bell, re misconduct in connection with dogs.—Ordered that George Bell be and is hereby disqualified for the term of one year from this date, the committee having found him guilty of misconduct.

H. W. Huntington vs. N. Y. and N. E. Kennel Club, re failure to pay prizes.—Ordered that the officers and members of the dog show committee be and are hereby granted thirty days within which to disprove the charge or pay such prizes, in default of which they shall stand disqualified until such prizes shall be paid.

New Jersey Kennel League vs. Dr. L. W. Sattler, re misconduct in connection with dogs at the N. J. Kennel League show.—Ordered that Dr. L. W. Sattler be and is hereby disqualified.

Edwin H. Morris vs. Danbury Agricultural Society, re violation of dog show rules.—Ordered in consideration of resolution adopted at meeting of Oct. 27, 1893, the above charges are dismissed, and the forfeit deposited by Morris be returned.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

The applications of the following named clubs for membership were read, and on motion duly accepted: The Louisville Kennel Club, of Louisville, Kentucky; the Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, of Oakland, California. The resignations of the Burlington County Agricultural Society and the Central City Kennel Club were read. It appearing that these clubs are not in good standing by reason of arrears in payment of dues it was voted that said clubs be dropped from the roll for non-payment of dues.

The request of the Des Moines Poultry and Pet Stock Association for a change of title to that of the "Des Moines Kennel Club," and that said change be made upon the records of the club, was on motion granted.

The following letter received from the Philadelphia Kennel Club was read:

A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary American Kennel Club: Yours of the 26th inst. received. We are pleased to be again enrolled as members of the A. K. C., as we are now fully aware that we resigned under a misunderstanding and frankly confess our error. As to the letter written by Mr. Brown while president of the club, we know nothing. The only letter we know anything about is the one by Mr. Brown which appeared in the sporting papers and bore his own signature. Mr. Brown as an individual had a right to write anything he saw fit, and of course the club is not and was not responsible for said letter. Mr. Brown is no longer a member of the club, and the officers are entirely different. We have only the best wishes for the A. K. C., and are extremely sorry to hear that there should have been any misunderstanding. Trusting that this explanation will be satisfactory to the officers of the A. K. C., I am yours very truly, Geo. D. B. Taylor, Sec'y.

Mr. Brooks—I move that the letter be accepted and that the Philadelphia club be admitted to membership. Carried.

THE SECRETARY—The next business in order is the charges preferred by George R. Preston against Edwin H. Morris. Charges of this kind are usually referred to the advisory committee for consideration and action.

Mr. MORRIS—I object very strongly to the matter being referred to the advisory committee. It is a trumped-up charge and can be disposed of in a very short time.

Mr. SCHELLHAUS—So long as Mr. Morris is not penalized in any way pending the investigation of the charges by the advisory committee, I move that it take the usual course and be referred to the advisory committee. Motion seconded.

Mr. WATSON—Could not the advisory committee grant Mr. Morris's

request and decide the matter right here, say after the adjournment of this meeting? I move as an amendment to the motion that the matter be referred to the advisory committee for immediate action.

The matter of the communication from the Pacific Kennel Club concerning the expulsion by it of E. P. Schell for dishonorable conduct in the sale of a dog, being next in order, Dr. Foote moved that the action of the Pacific Kennel Club be endorsed by the American Kennel Club. Motion seconded.

Mr. SCHELLHAUS—I move that Mr. E. P. Schell be suspended, and that the secretary be directed to notify him that unless he puts in a defense within thirty days said suspension will merge into a disqualification. Motion carried.

Mr. VREDENBURGH—As a member of the committee on rules, I must differ somewhat with Mr. Watson, who is also a member of that committee, and I desire to ask for an interpretation of that rule. I should like to have it interpreted at this meeting. I am quite clear in my own mind that the word "expulsion," as used, means expulsion from a club. I know it was my idea, because we had before us another case where a man had been expelled from a club, and it never reached us officially. If a man is guilty of misconduct to such an extent that his own club expels him, it ought not to rest right there, because that would amount to nothing. The Brooklyn Kennel Club might expel a man for dishonorable conduct. That same man who was not good enough for the Brooklyn Club to associate with can come right over here and show his dog in the Westminster Kennel Club show. If a man is to be disciplined by his own club, that club ought to protect its sister clubs from this man, and I am very clear that that is the reason this went into these rules.

Mr. BROOKS—Why does not Rule 9 cover the whole question? An expulsion by that club is a disqualification under the American Kennel Club rules. It comes under the special rules for holding shows.

Mr. WATSON—I have always been opposed to that rule. I don't think we ever had a discussion about it, and while the secretary may have had it in his mind, I do not think it was the intention. Some time ago I was a candidate for membership in the Philadelphia Kennel Club. They wanted to expel me. I had never qualified as a member, but I was to be expelled because of my effort to have the National Breeders' show. I was to be disqualified by that club. Under the rules there was a squabble between myself and the club, and I thought it was going a great deal too far. These rules are to a great extent doubtful. There was only one thing intended to be put in them in the premium list. The other part was entirely for club information. The object of our putting this rule in was to simplify things. Rule 24 says: "No person under sentence of suspension or sentence of disqualification can exhibit or take a prize." That is a dog show rule. I am rather sure that I incorporated the word "expulsion" in the rule thoughtlessly.

MAJOR TAYLOR—Do you mean to say that if one club suspends a member that man can show in any other club? If he has done anything dishonorable in connection with dogs, then we can disqualify him; but if he has simply done something that is objectionable to the club, that is another thing.

Mr. BROOKS—I move that Rule 9, under the regulations governing clubs holding shows under the American Kennel Club, be interpreted to mean that a person expelled from a club a member of the American Kennel Club can be employed in any official capacity, or exhibit or take a prize, or act as an agent for an exhibitor, pending an appeal to the American Kennel Club.

Mr. WATSON—If a man has done anything outside of his own club, then he can be suspended; but because there is a row in his own club and he is expelled, and it has nothing whatever to do with dogs, I don't see how he can be expelled.

Mr. VREDENBURGH—I think it would be well for the chair to make a ruling on this point and let the delegates appeal from it or ratify it.

THE CHAIRMAN—The chair rules that under American Kennel Club rules expulsion by clubs, as stated in Rule 9, shall mean under suspension, pending appeal.

Mr. WATSON—I appeal from that, because that is simply a rule governing the club. It is a duplicate rule placed in the dog show rules for the benefit of all exhibitors. Those dog show rules were all that were intended to be put in the premium list. It was duplicated again in the rules governing clubs holding dog shows, in order that the clubs might understand and have it for their own guidance. In the rule governing shows there is no reference to the word "expulsion."

Mr. VREDENBURGH—On appeal the vote means to sustain the chair, and I resist this against the roll. The roll resulted in the following vote: Messrs. Stevenson, Oldham, Foote, Shotwell, Drake, Brooks, Morris, Whitney, Major Taylor, Mr. Cromwell, yes. Mr. Watson, no. The decision of the chair was sustained by 10 in favor of 1 against.

Dr. FOOTE—Cannot that be introduced as an addenda under Rule 9? Mr. WATSON—I would like to see the chairman for further information as to the interpretation of Rule 9 goes?

THE CHAIR—He is not disqualified. He is under suspension pending appeal. A man under suspension cannot show a dog.

Concerning the complaint filed by W. L. Washington against the Akron Poultry and Kennel Club for non-payment of prizes at its December show, the secretary stated: The rule gives me the right to suspend that club, but then it is reported at the next meeting, and if the prizes have not been paid, the club can be disqualified. I have not taken advantage of the authority the rule gives me. I desire to bring the matter to a club before taking any action.

Mr. CROMWELL—I move that unless these prizes are paid within thirty days, the club be disqualified. Carried. The following prefixes were granted: Richard W. Wainwright, the prefix "Pine Crest," R. P. Sherman, the prefix "Crest," A. Alton Smith, the prefix "Al De Ber," William T. Ford, the prefix "Wilford," William R. King, the prefix "Waterloo."

On motion the prefix applied for of "Woodlawn" by Mr. George William Lang was not allowed because that prefix is already in use.

THE SECRETARY—I have a communication referring to special prizes offered by the Philadelphia Club. It is not before the club unless the club desires to reconsider.

Mr. SHOTWELL—I move that the matter be not considered at this meeting. Carried.

THE SECRETARY—I have a set of rules that are submitted which are to govern the stud book registration. Mr. Watson, chairman of the stud book committee, in connection with the acting secretary of the club, held a meeting last week, and the question was very thoroughly considered, and these proposed rules are the result. They are as follows:

Rules proposed to govern stud book registration: 1. A dog is eligible for registration in the A. K. C. stud book under either of the following conditions, (a) if it has a full pedigree for three generations, or traces to a registered dog when the pedigree is not so extended; (b) if it has won two first prizes in open classes at a recognized show.

2. No change in a dog's name shall be permitted after it has been published in the annual volume of the stud book.

3. In the event of change of ownership a dog may be entered in a subsequent volume of the stud book, but a new number shall be assigned to it, reference being made to the old number and volume in which the dog was registered.

4. No list of awards shall be given in connection with a registration, except in the case of a dog only eligible under condition 2 of rule 1, in which case reference shall be made to that fact and the dog's wins necessary to entitle him to registration shall be quoted.

5. No kennel name shall be given as owner or breeder of a dog unless such name has been registered with the American Kennel Club. The right to be considered the breeder of a dog remains always with the indenture or partnership owning the dam at the time of her being bred.

Mr. CROMWELL—I move that the secretary be instructed to have these proposed rules printed and sent to the delegates for consideration, and for action at the next meeting.

Mr. MORRIS—I have a communication from the committee of transportation. I beg to hand in petitions which I have had signed at different shows, and I think it is now in order for the secretary of the club to send them to the Trunk Line Associations. I think, if Mr. August Belmont is a member of that Association, it would be desirable to let him take it or ask him to support it before the Association. In the event of this not being successful, I have another course to suggest.

Mr. MORRIS—I have a communication from the chairman, Benjamin Lewis of misconduct in connection with dogs. This refers to the Duke of Wellington and Leo B. substitution case at Boston show. On motion the same was referred to the advisory committee.

On motion the clubs stated to be in arrears of dues for 1894, Minneapolis Kennel Club, the Illinois Kennel Club, Ohio Field Trial Club, Akron Poultry and Kennel Club, Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, Burlington County Agricultural Society, Elmira Kennel Club, German Mastiff Club, Central City Kennel Club and Androskoggin Kennel Club, were dropped from the roll. Meeting adjourned.

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, the popular president of the Spaniel Club, intends visiting England, sailing on June 6. While there he will contrive to meet the leading spaniel men, and we bespeak for him a cordial welcome from his fancier cousins on the other side.

Mr. A. M. Hughes was presented with a purse by the exhibitors at the Specialty Dog Show. Mr. Wilmerding made the presentation speech and Mr. Hughes was too astonished to say more than thank you.

## Judges' Troubles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a reporter of a Western paper has seen fit to condemn many of my decisions given at dog shows lately, and set himself up as an oracle, let us see how far he is qualified for the position. This is the party who was down as judge of English setters at the late New York dog show, and who handed out the ribbons in such a mysterious manner. Of the many reasons assigned by the spectators for the ribbons going where they did, none, in my hearing, attributed the reason as being owing to the merits of the dogs for the positions. Where exhibitors have a standard to go by, the animal filling the standard, most closely ought to be entitled to first position, and the one filling it next best to the second place, and so on, as they approach that standard of excellence—or otherwise, it being the duty of a judge to place them so. Were they so placed at New York, or what resemblance did the four prize winners bear to each other? None, any further than that of being dogs. Had he paid as much attention to legs in New York as he did to forearms at Boston his report of the New York show would have been more lengthy. In the bitch and puppy classes the winners were equally as unlike as in the dog class, no two winners being of one formation or type. He must have judged them by his own preferences, or by some field trial type, of which no two are of one size or formation, no more than field trial handlers or judges of field trials are. Unfortunately this method of judging often leaves some of the best specimens in the class entirely out of the money, as was the case at New York.

My next meeting with him was at Detroit, where he sat so constantly and watched so minutely at a table in my ring during the entire time of judging, giving earnest attention as if he were trying to learn something. I thought he had succeeded in just picking up a little knowledge, as at Chicago the following week, in what he claimed to be by far the best class of English setters shown this season, he placed the reserve bitch first in challenge class, the winning bitch at Detroit not being shown there although in the building on the way to another show. The dog which was first at Detroit won also first at Chicago, the third at Detroit being second, and the second at Detroit and third at New York being reserve at Chicago.

In the bitch class the second prize winner at Detroit was winner at Chicago, the Detroit winner being absent, and the winner of third at Detroit also held the same position there. The winners in Detroit, where I acted as judge, did remarkably well under him, and the following week in what he declared was "much the best show of English setters of the season," but what I considered, with a few exceptions, the most ordinary and ragged lot of dogs I ever saw shown in an English setter class of equal numbers, for sharp-nosed, yellow-eyed, prick-eared, curly-coated, sickle-tailed specimens were numerous enough.

I next met him at Boston, where he again took his seat by my table—no other place in the show had any attractions for him. Quietly and attentively he sat as any diligent student would, and after the judging of foxhounds had been completed, merely remarked that they were correctly judged. I said I thought they were, without asking who told him, and he had attended to his duties so closely and earnestly, I thought to encourage him as any attentive student ought to be encouraged. Through the excellent services of a most efficient steward I was enabled to finish my classes, specials included, before the evening, a thing he seems to have forgotten, and as his report of my classes has appeared, it may not be out of place for me to say a little also.

In English foxhounds I did not jump from one type to another as he asserts, both Rosemary and Winsome are typical English hounds—he fails to mention anything about the condition of Denmark. Any person who can fly from Antonia to the Earl, and from the Earl to Netherwood Nymrod, is scarcely competent to mention the word type, as they bear no resemblance to each other in any particular. The American foxhounds were an excellent lot, mostly strong and hardy looking and the winners bore strong resemblance to each other, a great improvement over former shows.

In English setters, which he describes as not of the best, several of which, although owned in or near New York, and which had not been shown there, could scarcely, in his opinion, be of the best. In my opinion I never saw as many typical English setters shown in any class of that breed heretofore—it was a treat to the lover of an English setter to look at the similarity of the four prize winners in the open dog class.

With the material shown at Boston, no fears need be apprehended of the decay of the English setter. More than a dozen good dogs were in the open class alone, and the bitch class was also quite equal to the dogs. But how it came to be badly handled, as he asserts, his criticisms, foolish as they are, fail to show. How does he know the award went to Blue Nell wrongfully over Beatrice? Any one claiming to be an authority on setters surely ought to have some record as an owner or breeder to show for his knowledge or how it was gained. Good loin, forearm, legs and feet can be easily found on a mule, but the head, eye, neck, general quality and outline of a Blue Nell never. If Countess Zoe was clearly the best bitch in the class, certainly the one most resembling her ought to be second, and that Albert's Moll was so cannot be denied, in my opinion.

His criticism of Monk's Nun is amusing, if she is not cow-hocked she is close to it. Blue Jenny is only fair on forelegs, and in the next sentence is good in legs and feet; such criticisms must be full of interest to intelligent readers on sporting dogs. But with all his adverse criticisms of the English setters at Boston he fails to show wherein they were not of the best quality; the absence of the brass-eyed, curly-coated, foxy-faced, sickle-tailed animals probably surprised him, who is so accustomed to looking at that kind and not being accustomed to seeing typical English setters often. Before again accusing any one of wrongfully giving prizes to dogs would it not be well for Major Taylor to glance over some of his own decisions and consider.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Mich.

## Red Cocker.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to differ with your correspondent "Red Cocker" in FOREST AND STREAM of April 7, regarding red cockers being "almost invariably higher on the legs and much straighter than the black ones." There are certain spaniels now being exhibited as cockers, but in reality cross-bred fields and cocker spaniels; with crooked legs, low at that, long bodies and some of them with large heads, red and black in color. We saw in this city a red dog sire, by champion Red Jacket out of Brantford Bonita, but his legs are far from straight and he is very low. I am a great admirer myself of red dogs, but I think we have too many useless cockers at the present day.

Isn't this what "Uncle Dick," Dr. Niven and others have done so much writing about? I have a black dog by Victor out of May Brant with as straight a leg as any red dog or bitch "Red Cocker" can produce; and I think he is mistaken about red dogs being "almost invariably higher on the legs and much straighter than the black ones."

BLACK COCKER.

OMAHA, Neb., April 16.

There were few sales made at the show. C. M. Nelles sold his well-known red cocker bitch Golden Rod to Mr. Hector de Castro, of New York, for \$75, and took several orders. Andrew Laidlaw also sold several puppies for future delivery. Mr. Frank F. Dole bought the bulldog Clinker, reserve in novice class, from Mr. Sackett.



DOG CHAT.

Louisville Dog Show.

The entries for the Louisville Kennel Club dog show, received too late for our last issue, number 546, as follows: Beagles 16, black and tan terriers 5, Boston terriers 2, bulldogs 9, bull-terriers 19, Chesapeake Bay dogs 2, cocker spaniels 17, collies 27, dachshunds 4, deerhounds 2, English setters 60, field spaniels 2, foxhounds 37, fox-terriers 69, great Danes 6, greyhounds 17, Gordon setters 9, Irish setters 24, Irish terriers 7, Irish water spaniels 2, Italian greyhounds 9, King Charles spaniels 2, mastiffs 14, miscellaneous 8, Newfoundlanders 8, pointers 50, poodles 14, pugs 29, Russian wolfhounds 17, St. Bernards 43, Scotch terriers 3, Skye terriers 5, toy terriers 1, Yorkshire terriers 7, whippets 1; total, 546. Considering the time of year and the distance from the head centers of dogdom, the above entry is exceedingly good, and the club must be congratulated upon their good fortune. At the same time there is a good deal of dissatisfaction among exhibitors in the East, as they made entries under the impression for which the club is responsible, that some special arrangements would be made regarding their own and their dogs' transportation to the show. From what we can learn little has been done in this respect, and several entries will remain at home. Still, the entry is sufficiently large and of such quality as to promise the best show ever held in the South, if we except Richmond in 1888.

We have received the second volume of Rawdon Lee's work on "Modern Dogs." This is devoted to the non-sporting division, with the exception of terriers, which will be treated in another volume. The work is profusely illustrated with excellent wash drawings of dogs denoting the different breeds, by R. H. Moore and Arthur Wardle. The early history of the different breeds will prove very interesting both to the veteran fancier and the novice, and shows careful research. The chapters on collies, poodles, bulldogs, St. Bernards and mastiffs, are particularly instructive. Each breed is thoroughly treated, the facts of their origin, or as much of them as are known are given, together with names of the principal dogs and exhibitors from the earliest shows down to the present date. As a *fin de siècle* book on dogs it should meet with ready sale among lovers of the dog, as it covers the ground so thoroughly and at the same time succinctly that the reader who is interested in dogs will scarcely find a dull page in the whole book. The up to date standard of each breed is also given. The book is for sale at this office, price \$6.

There was quite a good deal of interest shown round the St. Bernard ring at the Specialty Show. Miss Whitney had come down to see how she stood in regard to past judging. She did not complain. Mr. Reick dropped in for an hour, and in attending the St. Bernard Club meeting and other ways showed that he has not lost interest in the breed. Col. Ruppert, Jr., forebore watching the grand performance of his two year old race horse Court Tenor in order to see the judging. Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Hughes, the Manns, John Brett, Messrs. Christopher and Link, of Newark; Fred Schmidt, Mrs. Smith and C. A. Pratt, who had come on from Little Rock, Arkansas, were also interested in the results. Around the spaniels were C. M. Nelles, A. C. Wilmarding, Geo. Bell, A. Laidlaw, Mrs. Meacham and Mrs. Gilligan, N. T. Payne, from Kingston, Pa., but who left Donovan at home; James E. Green, who came from Boston, all on account of Lisa; Geo. Thomas, who had quite a field day with his new dog. He should become a member of the Spaniel Club now. A. Beecher was also leaning over the fence.

Around the collies there were few others than those directly exhibiting. Henry "Nonchalant" Jarrett won a yacht with his Christopher, but expecting it would cost too much to keep in commission, he sold it to Mr. C. T. Sackett, who no doubt will bend its sails on the broad bosom of Lake Ontario. The yacht was quite three feet long. With such enthusiasts in the ring as Winthrop Rutherford, who has returned looking well and bronzed from his trip in the Valiant; August Belmont, who dropped in for a while; Clarence Rathbone, who pulled off another lucrative sweep with his Royalist—the puppy of the year; Harry W. Smith, with his wiry winners, the fox-terrier ring had quite a New York appearance. Messrs. Thayer and Hunnewell were, however, missed. Dr. Foote and Mr. Ritchie were on hand, but they missed a great snap this time. Mr. Matthews looked after the welfare of the bulldog interests, but there were few of the cognoscenti present if we except P. S. Hoyt, "Jim" Robinson and Frank Dole. Bob Armstrong and his brother must have been satisfied with their efforts on behalf of the Cragston Kennels.

We regret to hear that the well-known St. Bernard bitch Ellen Terry is dead. She died two weeks since of puerperal fever four days after whelping to Eboracum. Ellen Terry had proved herself a good matron in her early days, and the loss to her late owners, Messrs. Woodin & Hoyt, is a rather severe one.

Another nice St. Bernard bitch, Rosabel, who belonged to the Swiss Mountain Kennels, has also passed away, owing to maternal duties. She died during parturition the week after Philadelphia. We believe that we have already stated that Castor of Coutocock, that Mrs. Smyth sold at Philadelphia show, died of distemper a few days after that event.

Andrew Laidlaw, of Galt, Ont., sold during the show the two winning red cocker pups, Mr. and Mrs. Bow Wow, to Mr. C. T. Sackett, of Cape Vincent, N. Y.

We understand that Mr. Christopher, of Newark, N. J., who is quietly getting together a small kennel of Russian wolfhounds, is importing a dog from Europe.

Mr. H. G. Trevor, who has done so much for poodledom in this country, made a splendid display of about thirty dogs from his kennels. The stalls were tastefully arranged. He was successful in disposing of several youngsters, among them two at \$125 each, one to Mr. Bayard Cutting and the other to Mr. R. L. Ogden, both New York society men. Mr. Trevor has spent money lavishly on his kennels, the buildings alone costing something like \$5,000. He is getting some of it back now, for during the past six weeks he has sold upward of \$2,000 worth of puppies and other stock. Of course his advertisement is in FOREST AND STREAM.

We were pleased to see Mr. George Jarvis around again. The owner of the crack pointer Lad of Kent has had pneumonia and hardly looks in such good show condition as usual, but is now on the road to recovery.

The debate on the interpretation of the A. K. C. Rule IX, during the last meeting of the club and the action taken thereon will affect the interests of several prominent exhibitors and judges who have been expelled from the specialty clubs, members of the A. K. C. There seems to be no room for debate in the matter; the wording is plain enough.

As we write this Mr. James Robinson, manager of the Woodlawn Park Kennels, is on his way to Louisville show with 13 entries, and where he expects to scoop up the collie and bulldog prizes at least. Five more bull pups lately born in the kennels, are doing well, and bid fair to be as good as the last litter.

The different specialty clubs, the Bulldog, Fox-Terrier and Collie, had their trophies displayed in glasses in the sections devoted to their breeds, and these lent additional interest to the scene.

The season closes with a rather more than usual amount of gossip regarding passing events. The disqualification of Geo. Bell is the result of a *laissez faire* policy on his part that is past explanation. The circumstances of the case are briefly: That Mr. Bell bought a consignment of dogs from Mr. Granger's kennels when the latter gave up breeding. Among them were Rejoice and Blemton Consequence, an old winner. Mr. Martin, of San Francisco, negotiated for the sale of Consequence, as he supposed, heavy in whelp to Dusky Trap. Mr. Bell thinks Consequence is Rejoice and *vice versa*, and the result is Rejoice is shipped to San Francisco within a few days of whelping, slips and probably eats her puppies on the way, and Mr. Martin brings charges against Bell for selling a bitch purporting to be in whelp when she was not so. Meanwhile at Toronto show Mr. Bell showed Consequence as Rejoice, supposing she was that bitch. Along comes Mr. Hopkins and saw the bitch, recognizes her as old Consequence, and so informed Mr. Bell of the discovery. The case was afterward brought to the Kennel Club's and Mr. Martin's notice. His first charge fell through, as it was proved the bitch was in whelp; but as Mr. Bell took no steps afterward to rectify the mistake he had made about the two bitches, though given ample time and opportunity to do so, the club thought a little discipline was necessary, and Mr. Bell will retire for one year.

Mr. Morris is in trouble, too, but his case is now with the advisory committee and consequently *sub judice*, so we can say little further about this than that Mr. Morris contracted to import a field spaniel dog for Mr. Preston, which was to come over for the New York show. In the meanwhile Mr. Morris imports a bitch, and the dog not being forthcoming a proposition was made to Mr. Preston that if the dog did not arrive he should have the bitch. To this Mr. Preston agreed, the bitch came over, but Mr. Morris would not let her go, and hence the charge to the A. K. C. preferred by Mr. Preston and also court proceedings, whereby the bitch was seized by the deputy sheriff at the show on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Morris will now have to sue for its recovery. The advisory committee held long meetings on the case Thursday and Friday, and finally decided in view of the case coming to court to allow it to be settled there first and then they would deal with the matter accordingly. There is no proof that the dog has even been bought yet.

Mr. Thomas Shillecock, of Birmingham, England, has sold the noted Princess Florence, in whelp to Young Bute, to Mr. J. Storey.

Mr. Geo. A. Fletcher, of Boston, Mass., is importing a collie bitch from Mr. Tom Stretch's kennel, in whelp to Rufford Ormonde.

A correspondent in an English paper in speaking of comminuted fractures in dogs' legs and the idea that they are practically incurable, remarks that while this is true in cases where the soft parts surrounding the bone have been badly injured, a great deal depends upon keeping the limbs motionless and also upon the state of the dog's health. A dog in hard condition, the result of proper food and exercise, would have a good chance to recover from a comminuted fracture to which a pampered animal would succumb. He then relates that he once assisted in setting the thigh of a smooth-haired terrier, which had been smashed so badly, close above the hock-joint, that the bone, for about an inch in length, felt as if broken into at least five or six pieces. Evidently there was no chance of these uniting unless the foot could be kept off the ground, and all movements of the limb, from the stifle downwards, prevented. Two strips of gutta percha were kept in hot water until quite soft, then quickly dried with a cloth. One, a rather broad piece, was moulded so as to form a sling, which held the back of the hock and leg below it, at right angles to the thigh; the ends reaching, one inside and the other outside, as far up as the stifle. The other strip was wound round this from the hock upwards, and held until both pieces had become stiff. A cotton bandage was applied over them, and the dog was placed in a covered basket, broad enough to allow her to lie flat on her side, but not high enough to permit of her standing up. She was a sensible, docile patient, and remained very quiet, except when taken out of the basket for a few minutes night and morning. The piece of bone united so perfectly that she ultimately recovered without having the slightest trace of lameness.

About eighteen months ago we published the fact that Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, so well known in the cocker fancy, had removed from Woodstock to Galt, Ont., where he started a weekly paper called *The Weekly Reformer*. His many friends in the spaniel fancy will, we are sure, be pleased to hear that he has made such a success of his venture that on April 6 the paper began its career as a daily. A copy of the paper which we have received shows that, as in his cocker breeding, he keeps his paper well up with the times.

Imagination.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A case of imagination in my Chesapeake Bay bitch Mary F. has just occurred that I think may interest your readers. On Jan. 24 I bred her to a very fine dog belonging to a neighbor; stunted to the same dog once before, she brought forth thirteen puppies. This time for some reason she failed to conceive, but on April 2 she made her bed in her kennel, and for four days has gone through all the motions of a bitch with a litter of puppies. I have five other dogs; these she will not allow to come near her box, driving them off and acting just as she would if puppies were in the box; when off on a walk with the other dogs she is as good-natured as she has always been, but on coming home it is a case of "stand off" if they go near her box. I searched her kennel, thinking it possible she might have had one dead puppy, which she had buried under the straw, but found nothing.

Her action at first worried me a good deal, as a sudden change of disposition from good nature to crossness is a precursor of hydrophobia, of which I have had two cases when residing in Pennsylvania, but which disease I am disposed to think does not exist on the eastern shore of Maryland, and is rare even here, except in the imagination of many people.

I think the above case extremely interesting, and would like to know if any dog owners have ever had a similar experience. Mary's actions are hard to describe, but any one who has owned an intelligent dog under like circumstances, seeing Mary's behavior, would, if here, want to "look at the litter of puppies" that they would naturally think from her actions were in her kennel. SINKBOAT.

EASTON, Md., April 6.

Field Trials Grounds.

THE matter of good grounds is always important to a club, since they are very essential to the success of a field trial. In a letter under date of April 3, Mr. W. W. Titus, of Waverly, Miss., wrote me as follows in respect to the grounds at West Point, Miss., once the scene of the American Field Trial Club in 1883:

"I think that the United States Field Trial Club and the prospective new one at Louisville, could not do better than to take the West Point, Miss., grounds. They can get them

gratis, and will only have to be out the hire of a man to watch them during the open season, from Nov. 15 to Feb. 1. There are there two as good hotels as there are in the State. One will be equipped with hot baths, etc., by fall, and will give rates at \$1.25 or a little higher, per day. Saddle horses not over \$1.50, and I think at \$1.25. The town has a good opera house, and evening entertainments will probably be going on. The grounds, the most important part, are the best that I have ever seen for field trial purposes. Birds are sufficiently numerous to insure plenty for the trials without stocking. All in all, I am confident that such grounds cannot be duplicated. And when the railroad facilities, the good accommodations, etc., are taken into consideration, I think any club cannot do better than to take them."

B. WATERS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Laddie Krueger and Graceful. By E. L. Stine for beagle dog and bitch, by Laddie out of Moss.

Yorkview Kennels. By E. L. Stine for his kennel of beagles.

Speedway Kennels. By E. J. Hearle, New York city, for his kennel of St. Bernards.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Virginia—Patsy Bolivar. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Virginia (Spokane—East Lake Virgie) to their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart—Flossie—Flossie II.), April 6.

Queen Zip—Monghlow. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) French curly poodle bitch Queen Zip to their Monghlow, April 4.

Lady Cleopatra—Jasper. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Cleopatra (Obo C.—Black Cherry) to his Jasper (Red Roland—Floss), April 14.

Lady Bug—Othello. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Bug (Rollo—Brown Gyp) to C. T. Sackett's Othello, April 6.

My Lady Jane—Commodore. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch My Lady Jane (champion Doe—Lady Betty) to A. Laidlaw's Commodore, Feb. 23.

Broomfield Madge—Broomfield Sultan. Dr. H. W. Lincoln's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Broomfield Madge (Jackson's Patrick—Jackson's Queen) to Dr. H. T. Bled (Bleaton Victor II.—Beverwyck Rita), champion Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle), March 8.

Bleaton Tille—Woodale Driver. W. F. Porter's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Bleaton Tille (Bleaton Victor II.—Tiana) to his Woodale Driver, April 12.

Glenaug Kate—Jack. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) Irish setter bitch Glenaug Kate (Commissariate—Nettle) to R. Northcote's Jack (Doctor II.—Peppy), April 4.

Florence Gladstone—Antonio. Poston & Co.'s (Columbus, O.) English setter bitch Florence Gladstone (Gladstone—Florence) to Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio (Rodrigo—Bo-Peep), March 19.

Speckle Gown—Gladstone's Boy. Poston & Co.'s (Columbus, O.) English setter bitch Speckle Gown (Count Noble—Nannie Gladstone) to J. S. Hudson's Gladstone's Boy (Gladstone—Sue), March 17.

Latonia—Gladstone's Boy. Poston & Co.'s (Columbus, O.) English setter bitch Latonia (Count Noble—champion Dido II.) to J. S. Hudson's Gladstone's Boy (Gladstone—champion Sue), March 8.

Nimble—Banter. E. L. Stine's beagle bitch Nimble to H. Twardell's Banter, March 2.

Clara Belle—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Clara Belle to their Happy Toby, April 24.

Gulnara—Gladstone's Boy. J. T. Simpson's (Cincinnati, O.) mastiff bitch Gulnara to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Tiger, April 19.

Fannie—Tiger. W. T. Simpson's (Cincinnati, O.) mastiff bitch Fannie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Tiger.

Bessie Kakas—Duke of Kent II. Glen Rock Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Bessie Kakas to their champion Duke of Kent II., Jan. 3.

Ridgeview Patch—Duke of Kent II. Glen Rock Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Ridgeview Patch to their champion Duke of Kent II., Feb. 15.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Alma. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Alma (Eberhart's Cashier—Mabel E.), Feb. 6, six (three dogs), by their Happy Toby (Spokane—Nelly T.).

Tube Rose. R. Merrill's (Milwaukee, Wis.) English setter bitch Tube Rose (Count Noble—Lib), April 17, seven (two dogs), by his Paul Bo (champion Paul Gladstone—champion Bohemian Girl).

Chingupin Chink. J. Hargreaves's (Stottville, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Chingupin Chink (Regent Tippler—Mona), March 30, four, by Dr. H. W. Lincoln's John Bird (Bleaton Victor II.—Beverwyck Rita).

Chatham Kit. S. Penfield's (West Haven, Conn.) bull terrier bitch Chatham Kit (champion Jubilee—champion My Queen), March 1, five (three dogs), by F. F. Dole's Gully the Great (Gladstone—Florence).

Edgewood Matchless. S. Penfield's (West Haven, Conn.) bull terrier bitch Edgewood Matchless (Gully the Great—Starlight), March 21, four (two dogs), by F. F. Dole's Ted Pritchard.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Daisy. Black and white fox-terrier bitch, whelped Feb. 10, 1894, by Dock out of Daisy, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Lewis Finch, same place.

John Bull. Imported fawn pug dog, by champion Loris out of May Queen, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Lieut. E. S. Avis, New Fort Bliss, Texas.

Midget Nellie. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped June 20, 1889, by Lord Clover out of Sietar, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to A. E. Dwelle, McPherson, Kan.

Boston—Weazel whelp. Smut beagle bitch, whelped March 5, 1891, by E. L. Stine to C. S. Wixon, Covert, N. Y.

Graceful. Beagle bitch, whelped July 19, 1893, by Laddie out of Moss, by E. L. Stine to F. Lynde, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.

Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Sec'y. Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

The American Foxhound Standard.

THE American foxhound while differing in many respects from the English, should be judged upon the same value of points.

The American hound should be smaller and lighter in muscle and bone. Dogs should not be under 21 nor over 23½ in., nor weigh more than 57lbs. Bitches should not be under 20 nor over 23½ in., nor weigh more than 50lbs.

Head (value 15) should be of medium size with muzzle in harmonious proportions. The skull should be rounded crosswise with a slight peak—line of profile nearly straight—with sufficient stop to give symmetry to head. Ears should reach to within 1 in. of end of muzzle and should be thin, soft in coat, low set and closely pendant. Eyes soft, medium size and varying shades of brown. Nostrils slightly expanded. The head as a whole should denote hound "character."

Neck (value 5) must be clean and of good length, slightly arched, strong where it springs from shoulder and gradually tapering to head, without trace of throatiness.

Shoulders (value 10) should be of sufficient length to give leverage and power—well sloped, muscular, but with clean run and not too broad.

Chest and Back Ribs (value 10). The chest should be deep for lung space, narrower in proportion to depth than the English hound—28 in. in a 25½ in. hound being good. Well sprung ribs—back ribs should extend well back—a 8 in. flank allowing springiness.

Back and Loins (value 10) should be broad, short and strong, slightly arched.



*Hindquarters and Lower Thighs* (value 10) must be well muscled and very strong. The stifles should be low set, not too much bent nor yet too straight—a happy medium.

*Elbows* (value 5) should be set straight, neither in nor out. *Legs and Feet* (value 20) are of great importance. Legs should be straight and placed squarely under shoulder, having plenty of bone without clumsiness, strong pasterns well stood upon. Feet round, cat-like, not too large, toes well knuckled, close and compact, strong nails, pad thick, tough and indurated by use.

*Color and Coat* (value 5). Black, white and tan are preferable, though the solids and various ples are permissible. Coat should be rough and coarse without being wiry or shaggy.

*Symmetry* (value 5). The form of the hound should be harmonious throughout. He should show his blood-quality and hound character in every aspect and movement. If he scores high in other properties symmetry is bound to follow.

*Stern* (value 5) must be strong in line with spine, and of medium length, carried like a sabre on line with spine, and must have good brush. A docked stern shall not disqualify but simply handicap according to extent of docking.

## SUMMARY.

Head.....	15
Neck.....	5
Shoulders.....	10
Chest and back ribs.....	10
Back and loin.....	10
Hindquarters and lower thighs.....	10
Elbows.....	5
Legs and feet.....	20
Color and coat.....	5
Symmetry.....	5
Stern.....	5

Total.....100

This standard was formulated by Dr. Heffenger and Messrs. W. S. Walker, W. C. Goodman, W. Wade, H. C. Trigg, F. G. Hagan and Roger D. Williams. This committee is thoroughly representative and the standard was unanimously adopted by the Brunswick Fur Club.

## HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The Georgia Foxhunter's Club is evidently an enterprising association of sportsmen. According to the *Southern Sportsman*, whose editor, H. C. Brown of Atlanta, Ga., is the secretary, the club intends to inaugurate foxhound field trials, and trials for pointers and setters are also thought of. The club has instituted a book of registrations in which all hounds showing a pedigree of five generations are expected to be registered.

Dr. A. C. Heffenger's foxhound Tam O'Shanter, winner of second in the puppy class at the recent Boston show, broke a leg while hunting last week. He has had the best care but the fracture is not healing well and his recovery is doubtful. Tam was presented to Dr. Heffenger by Dr. J. W. Norris of Palmyra, Mo., and is the only representative of the Norris strain in New England.

## Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

MAY.

12. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.	26. Portland, Cruise.
12-13. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.	27. San Francisco Cor., Sail Out.
19. Baltimore, Opening, Baltimore.	28. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
19. New Rochelle, Cabin Cats, L. I. Sound.	30. So. Boston, Open, City Point.
19-20. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.	30. Racine, Opening, Racine, Wis.
24. St. Lawrence, Squad, Cruise.	30. San Francisco Cor., Annual Cruise, Tiburon.
26. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Quarry Cove.	30. Fall River, Open Regatta.
	30. So. Boston, Open, Boston Har.
	30. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.

The past week has settled some of the rumors which have been afloat since the Nice regatta, and in a very satisfactory manner. Vigilant will race in foreign waters, and James Gordon Bennett will return to yacht racing in an American craft, though he did not purchase the last Cup Defender. Vigilant's new owners, Messrs. George and Howard Gould, are fitting the yacht out as rapidly as possible, she will be rigged as a yawl and will sail for England in a few weeks, and they have secured Capt. Hoff to sail her in the racing there, her racing spars and gear of course going over by steamer. Just what races she may sail in is as yet undecided. It is possible that both Mr. Iselin and Mr. N. G. Herreshoff may be with her on the other side. The yacht was launched early this week at Port Jefferson, and will fit out at New York.

Mr. BENNETT's yacht will be built by the Herreshoffs at once, and will be of the same length as Valkyrie and Vigilant. Her name will be Prunelle, but little else is known, though she will presumably be built entirely of Tobin bronze.

Two rumors of little account have been in circulation with the reports of Mr. Bennett's new yacht, one to the effect that she will be manned by a crew of American amateurs in her European races. The other rumor is to the effect that "Capt. Harry MacCalmont" will build a Tobin bronze yacht, to be named Tobin, in which he will challenge for the America's Cup next year. Mr. MacCalmont is the owner of the steam yacht Giralda, formerly Fiat Geraldine, but is not a sailing man and thus far has shown little interest in racing.

The committee of the N. Y. Yacht Racing Association at a meeting last week decided to recommend two rules for adoption, the present mean length rule for open boats and the Seawanhaka rule for the larger yachts. Another meeting will be held this week, as the details are not completed, but some such plan as this is likely to be adopted by the Association.

## Length in Measurement.

WHILE it is very improbable that length will ever be restored to its old position as the sole basis of yacht measurement, it is almost as unlikely that it will disappear entirely as a factor in some new system of measurement, or even that it will soon be deposed from the very important position which it now holds in the two rules which are most generally recognized, the Seawanhaka rule in this country and the Y. R. A. abroad. In every one of the frequent measurement agitations which add zest to yachting in the dull season, length figures in the foremost place; but as a rule the several subdivisions of the subject are jumbled together in a way which can only result in a waste of time and a failure to reach any satisfactory conclusions. In order to turn these discussions to more practical account, it is well to consider the various points which are met with in using length in measurement.

The length question naturally divides itself into two distinct heads, though the distinction is most generally overlooked. The first, and in one way the more important as involving a principle, is the value to be assigned to length in a measurement rule; whether, as has so often been done, to take it alone, ignoring all other factors, or if not, with what to combine it, and in what relative proportion to the other factors, such as sail area. This is a most important question, and not until it is finally settled is it necessary to consider the second part of the subject, the measurement of the length.

At the present time there seems little necessity for a discussion of the first question, the value of length as a factor. The accepted value

in America and Great Britain, which places length about on an equality with the square root of the sail area, is probably as nearly correct as is at present possible, and gives fairly satisfactory results when used for both measurement and classification. None of the opponents of the present length and sail area rules has been able to produce proof that existing evils are due to the rule and not to outside conditions, or that they could be cured by the adoption of any other specified rule or formula.

The question of where and how the length shall be measured is a far more real and practical one on which opinion is even more divided than on the first point. Omitting the ancient and obsolete measurements of length on keel, on deck to sternpost, and between perpendiculars, all of which were more or less imaginary and useless, there still remain four different measurements of length which may be taken.

The first of these is the length of load waterline as the yacht lies afloat in smooth water in racing trim, but "with the crew, if aboard, stationed amidships." Up to the last two or three years yachtsmen in this country have not availed themselves of the privileges which this wording allows, of having their yachts measured and rated without the crew, at least in the larger decked craft, and though they have not scrupled to get their men as far forward as the measurer would permit, even to the bowsprit and if possible, those who happened to be on board when the measurer boarded the yacht were not sent ashore. The rule allowed a wide scope for evasion which has been utilized in England in the small classes to a very serious extent, some of the half-raters of the flat sharpie type measuring 120 or 125 feet, while the actual length of the hull proper was only 100 or 110 feet. The most striking case on this side of "unearned increment" of valuable length was that of Vigilant last year, her actual length in sailing trim with crew aboard being over the agreed limit of 86.70ft., while when duly stripped for measurement this figure was cut down to 86.19ft.

This measurement is still in use by all American clubs, though the question of a change is now under consideration by the Y. R. A. Y. C. At the 1892 British Yacht Racing Association amended its rules so as to measure the actual load waterline in still water with the racing crew "on board at and about the mid over all length," which rule removes the inducement to build a yacht of such shape that she will shorten her waterline rapidly as she becomes immersed through the removal of her crew.

The measurement without crew is a high one, and should no longer be recognized, though its obliteration involves some serious difficulties, such as the limiting of the crew in number, and possibly a restriction in small craft on the shipping of a very light crew for measurement and a much heavier crew for match sailing.

Proceeding upward, the next possible length is that of the load waterline with racing crew on board and the yacht in racing trim, but at rest in still water. This is itself a very good measurement, and the preceding, and cannot be juggled with if the details are properly arranged; in the case of the larger yachts, the average weight of crew is certain to be fair; and, if necessary, in applying the rule to small boats sailed with a crew of two or three, a minimum weight may be prescribed to prevent the shipping of a crew of boys for measurement and the replacing of the waterline with heavy men. This measurement is a fair one, the best yet suggested, and the difficulties in the way of obtaining it are no greater than with other less satisfactory ones. The one serious objection made to it is that it is not the length on which the yacht actually sails, which she assumes when heeled and pressed by sail, nor does it bear a fixed relation to this latter length in all models.

This brings us to the third length, the actual length of waterline when the yacht is under way at average racing speed. It is quite clear that this length cannot be measured, and must either be approximated in some way or it must be assumed that it bears practically a fixed relation to the load waterline when at rest in still water.

Since the advent of Gloriana and the rage for long ends, forward and aft, most yachtsmen have set a very high value on this increase of length which under way over the measurement when at rest; in our opinion much more than the facts warrant. That there is a material gain in a seaway is undisputed, but this condition is the exception rather than the rule in match sailing, and it is hardly necessary, in American waters at least, to consider any other than smooth water. The gain in length forward must be comparatively slight, unless due to boring, by which the stern is elevated and the waterline rapidly shortened aft. Even in such an extreme case as Gloriana, the effect on gain in length at the fore end is much less than popularly supposed, and is due mainly to the slight actual increase of displacement through the vertical component of the wind force, immersing the boat bodily.

At the after end there is a decided gain of length through a long counter at a small angle to the waterline, but it must be remembered that though the water may be carried to the extreme end of such a stern it does not all represent useful length, and it is quite as likely as not to be accompanied by a certain amount of drag or eddy-making at the end. Then, too, there is nothing new about an overhang aft; the older yachts all had them, and in spite of a mean length rule they had very efficient ones, too, short and ugly to the eye, but with a low horizontal and fine curved line from the fore end to the stern, the run of the yacht. These short sterns, abruptly chopped off by an arbitrary rule, were lacking in two points—they had none of the beauty of the modern cutter overhang, and they failed to give additional deck room and support for the main sheet; but so far as the model of the yacht was concerned, every inch of the overhang was turned to good purpose for such a distance as it could be effectively immersed, and what was cut off would have been more in the air than in the water in any case.

It is our opinion that, save in the case where yachts of the old type may call for an exception, the waterline when at rest with crew aboard is quite sufficient for all purposes of measurement, and that there is no necessity for considering the lengthening of this line as the yacht attains her racing speed. The possibilities of advantage through this lengthening are open to all designers alike, no one having any monopoly, so that the rule which is now in use, and dealing with the increase of length, is not contemplated when it was framed, but merely the utilization of a certain opportunity enjoyed by all in common. We are, too, of the opinion that the gain in this direction is frequently so overestimated as to result in a positive injury to speed in the effort to utilize too much of this unmeasured length, either through excessive weight well above the water and in the ends, or excessive windage.

The general opinion among yachtsmen, however, is hostile to an extreme length of overhangs, and has found expression in various proposals either to measure the supposed advantage or to tax it so heavily that it shall disappear. The basis of these objections is by no means clear or logical, and one is often in doubt as to the exact end in view, as indicated by the proposed means. The oldest as well as the crudest and least rational method of dealing with the increase of length, is to tax it at a fixed rate, and to add the tax to the overhang, which is combined in certain different ratios—one-half, one-third or one-fifth—with the waterline, the result being known as "mean length." The immediate effect of a mean length rule is to prohibit overhangs at either end and to produce approximately a plumb ended yacht, as many sad examples show.

It has never yet been really better with square ends than with such overhangs as are now common. The modern overhang gives grace and beauty, a much larger deck for working, a form of hull that is far better adapted to rough water, and encourages a disposition of the displacement that is in every way beneficial, both in speed and general good performance; the extreme shoulders and hollows of the old models having a decided disadvantage. The construction of the hull would be an odd looking craft, inferior in all ways to the present shapely models, an exchange which no one would welcome, and with absolutely nothing to recommend it.

Unless such a change is desired, and we believe that no one wants it, there can be no justification for the employment of over all length; such a measurement cannot reach the proposed end, of fairly gauging the waterline length when under way, as distinguished from the waterline length when at rest, but can only affect that part of the yacht which sails in the air and not in the water. Under a measurement of over-all length alone, without the waterline, there could be only plumb-ended yachts, but with any practicable proportion of overhang taxed even up to 36, the designer will simply chop off the ends at the desired point, and the hull will be as far as possible immersed over the water, for the purpose of immersing the extra length when under way. Over-all measurement has fortunately had its day; it never could and never did accomplish what it was nominally intended for, and it has done untold injury in producing a poor type of vessel.

If it be deemed really necessary to measure the increase in length when under way, there is a method which is at least as good and reasonable, and sufficiently correct. This plan was introduced by the Atlantic Y. C. about ten years since, and was used by that club for some years, as well as by the Larchmont Y. C.; but it was finally abandoned in favor of the actual waterline when at rest; being diffi-

cult to measure, and in practice proving no better than the simpler method. In this case the measured length was taken parallel to the water and at a certain distance, two per cent. of the actual waterline, above it. The waterline was first measured, and supposing it to be 50ft., points were located on the stem and counter just 1ft. above the water, and the length taken on the line thus marked. This measurement took account of the increase of length where it was most effective, and measured the overhang at each end within a reasonable distance of the water; leaving untouched those portions of the hull which added to the beauty, the deck room, or the support of the spars. The measurement was a difficult one to take, and this practical objection aided the effort to replace it with the plain waterline.

In spite of all that has been said here and abroad about measuring, taxing or prohibiting overhangs, it is not likely that an effort in this direction will be made by any of the larger clubs, but should such an end be desired it must be reached by some measurement taken close down to the water, and not by a restriction on the deck length, in any form. One plan suggested is to place a limit on the angle between the edge of stem or horn timber and the water. We look upon all such schemes, however, as uncalled for, and we should advocate the use of but one length measurement, that should take account of the deepest possible loading when at rest in still water, and should be capable of being easily taken and quickly and positively verified. Whatever advantage may be possible in the direction of increased effective length when under way we would give to the designers, allowing each to make the most for himself of the same opportunities for advantage.

There is, however, one case in which it may be necessary, in fairness to all, to take positive cognizance of the increase of efficient length through overhangs; in the case, alluded to above, of the older boats that are still racing and must meet the new models. Such cases are too few to call for any action in the classes over 30ft., but there are a few of the older boats in the smaller classes, which are still in active racing, but which would have no chance on a waterline length measurement against new boats built this year or last. Where such cases are found, some concessions must be made; but such concessions should not take the form of a prohibitive tax or penalty on the new boats. Any such course can only be detrimental to the club adopting it; means which the latest fashion in racing would not allow of, and which they cannot race their boats in one club, they will go to another with more liberal ideas.

The problem of protecting the rights of vested interests in the older types without at the same time hindering the course of designing or stopping the building of new craft, is quite a difficult one; and no practicable solution has yet suggested itself. One plan that may be feasible, though we have not yet looked into figures and details, would be to arrange an arbitrary allowance depending on the shape of the ends, from the new craft to those of the old type with plumb stem and short counter. While such a plan might not be free from objection, it would offer a means for the permanent adoption of such a rule as seems necessary for the production of the best possible craft according to modern standards; and at the same time it would give a continued racing life to the many existing boats, and in the smaller classes, the existing boats would drop out year by year, as they are certain to do in time through age or through superiority of the newer class in lighter construction and better ballasting; and in a few years the necessity for such arbitrary allowance would cease.

One important point on which we have not touched at all is the actual locating, marking and measuring of the waterline in such places as the rule may require. The present method of doing this is unsatisfactory, but before any change can be made it is first necessary that the clubs shall decide finally where the length shall be taken.

## Yachting at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The great race between the schooner Whim and the yawl Flying Cloud, of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., of which you recently published a description, has been the chief topic of conversation here lately. All agree that if two or three descriptions of such dauntless open sea sailing as that by the Southern Y. C. could be published every season it would greatly benefit the club, as well as the sport generally in Southern waters. The race had an added interest here as the Whim came near being a S. Y. C. boat several years ago. She was purchased by Mr. W. A. Gordon, of the schooner Adrienne, but her timbers were found upon examination to be defective, so the sale fell through and the new boat was designed by Stewart & Binney. Whim was afterward rebuilt. She is now a racing boat, and is probably as good an all round cruiser of her size as can be found. She has been up and down the coast several times, and her trips from Key West to New York in eleven days in bad weather is on record.

The *Times-Democrat* of this city reprinted the account of the above mentioned race and suggested that, as the Southern Y. C. has some good seagoing yachts, a State race should be held. The race was won by the Whim, and with Annie S. of Pensacola, Annie and Zephira of Mobile and the Biscayne Bay, Florida, and the Southern Y. C. boats sailed off the Alabama or Florida coast, would mark an era in southern yachting. The schooner Adrienne, W. A. Gordon, the Burgess sloop Nepenthe, C. P. Richardson, and the New York sloop Montauk, Peter Labouisse, are all available by the Southern Y. C. for an inter-club race. If an inter-club race cannot be made for one, these three yachts may go themselves to see which is the best sea boat. It is a toss up who wins in that event, as they are all first-class. Adrienne made the voyage to Havana in the dead of winter, and the other two only lack the opportunity for as good a record.

The Southern Y. C. annual regatta will be sailed Saturday, May 26. The sloops Lufki Humma, Agnes and Caprice have been overhauled this spring; the latter was a deep keel. The Lufki Humma was sailed last season, an up to date 25ft. sloop built by home talent and very fast. Her owners, J. Wand and E. J. Glenn, not satisfied with her superiority of last season, are now fitting her with a fin.

The yawl Presto, that cruised down from New York, was sold here and is now enrolled in the club. The club has a genuine curiosity in the 22ft. yawl Tormentor that made the voyage from New York to Africa, and to the South American coast, and was made for one, these three yachts may go themselves to see which is the best sea boat. It is a toss up who wins in that event, as they are all first-class. Adrienne made the voyage to Havana in the dead of winter, and the other two only lack the opportunity for as good a record.

## The Sailing of Valkyrie.

The work of fitting Valkyrie for sea has progressed rapidly under the direction of Captain Cranfield, his crew of twenty men working with a will. When launched, prior to his arrival, the yacht's bottom was rough below the waterline, as it was left when the copper was stripped last fall, the topsides had been painted, and the entire interior had been fitted with permanent joinerwork in place of the light panelling which was removed on her arrival here. The hull was fitted with a new set of spars and rigging, and the rigging was made for one, these three yachts may go themselves to see which is the best sea boat. It is a toss up who wins in that event, as they are all first-class. Adrienne made the voyage to Havana in the dead of winter, and the other two only lack the opportunity for as good a record.

The two masts were stepped and the old short bowsprit shipped, with a stump topmast. The cruising mainboom was cut so as to just clear the mizen, and a new mizen boom was shipped. The main boom was securely fitted in a crutch, and will only be used when free, the mainsail being entirely loose on foot and clew, and sheeting aback the mizen mast. The mizen is a triangular sail, about 30ft. on the foot and 40ft. hoist. The steel tiller was replaced by a short one, only 4ft. long, and just over the end of this an ash frame was built on deck, carrying an ordinary ship's cap and wooden barrel. The tiller was rigged with tackles, the falls being led to the barrel, as in a coasting schooner, thus giving a better control of the rudder in a sea than with the long racing tiller. The whole arrangement was very compact and simple, and involved no cutting of the wooden rudder stock.

The yacht was docked in the Erie Basin and the bottom painted red, at the same time some small repairs being made to the rudderpost; and she was floated the first of last week. On Thursday, May 3, she was taken in tow by the White Star tug Pulver, her tender in the races, and towed to the Sandy Hook Lightship, where her lines were cast off and she headed on her course under full sail, mainsail, mizen, jib and foresails, gafftopsail and jibtopsail, the wind being light S.E. Mr. H. Matland McGraw went down on the yacht and returned on the tug. Capt. G. McGraw, of Gloucester, was anavigator; and she was decided to sail the coast course. The yacht carried two Yankee dories in addition to her two boats. It is expected that she will reach Glasgow in about three weeks. Under the new rig she is far better fitted for sea work than when she crossed last year, rigged as a cutter. On her arrival at Glasgow she will be fitted out for racing and will join the racing fleet.

Lakshmi, catboat, has been rebuilt by J. M. Bayles & Son, at Port Jefferson, and is now a sloop, with a new and very long after overhang.

Argo, yawl, has been sold by the estate of her late owner, David Hall Rice, to Dr. Delans Fitzgerald of Philadelphia.

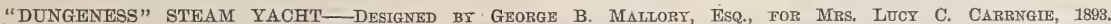
Sakonniet, steam yacht, has been chartered by Fred. Sheldon to Walter Langdon, with privilege of purchase.



## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

There are nevertheless yachtsmen who, by the exercise of cunning and duplicity, manage to cruise in comparative comfort. For

Puritan is offered for sale by Com. Forbes, who has owned her since 1886. She is still in the same trim and under the same rig as in her first season, no material change having been made in her. She may be offered at auction this month if not disposed of by private sale. A few days after the last Cup race of 1885, Puritan was sold at auction in New York, being purchased by Gen. Paine for \$13,500; the bidding being very slow, in spite of her record. When Gen. Paine decided to



The Conqueror case is still in the courts, having been taken before the Supreme Court of the United States by the defendant, ex-collector Sloat Fassett.

Corsair, steam yacht, J. Pierpont Morgan, was damaged by fire on the night of May 1, while lying at Tebo's. The damage amounts to less than \$1,000.



## Restricted Classes.

Among the orders already placed for the new Larchmont 21-footers is one by W. Butler Dunbar, for a fin-keel, with the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. one by Rear-Com. Wm. Osborn, Indian Harbor Y. C. for a design by Gardner, and one by Herman B. Duryea, for a boat to be designed and built by Riddle, of Oceansport, on the Shrewsbury. It is more than likely that other clubs about New York and elsewhere will adopt the Larchmont rules for the class and that quite a number will be built. These boats will undoubtedly make some very good racing, and in this respect are better for most localities and needs than the Boston knockabouts, the latter being really cruising craft, and for rough water such as Massachusetts Bay. At the same time they will be raced about Boston, and probably a couple of dozen new craft, either keel or centerboard, are now on the stocks or overboard.

There is now a good opportunity for the New York clubs, especially the smaller ones, to build up a smaller class than the 21-footers that will provide good sport, at a still smaller expense. The number of Scarecrows is increasing very rapidly, and there will be quite a fleet on the Upper and Lower Bay, many of them spending a part of the summer on the Sound. The boats are nearly all of one model, though differing in ballasting and rig; and there is just now a very strong rivalry among the various owners; and all are ready to race on small provocation.

It is quite possible that one small class such as the 21-footers may fill the bill about New York; but as the other is already in existence, and the owners keen for racing, it may be worth the while of the clubs to at least offer some definite racing, in hopes that the result may justify the very small expenditure necessary. There is one thing about this smaller size, that it will include a boat that may be carried on a yacht's davits and quickly rigged for sailing. As yet no club has set any definite limits for the class, but this might easily be done by taking the limits selected in practice by the majority of owners. The cost of an 18ft. Scarecrow fitted for racing need not exceed \$450, or just about half of a 21-footer of the same general type. An offer of prizes for the class by any of the clubs would probably meet with a hearty response.

## Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

- MAY.  
30. Eastern Div. Meet, Culla Shasta, Connecticut River.
- JUNE.  
10. Hartford, Spring Regatta, Con- 30. Red Dragon, Spring Regatta, Delaware River.  
30. Knickerbocker, Spring Regatta.
- JULY.  
[7-21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, Lake Mendota, Wis.
- SEPTEMBER.  
3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass. 15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

## Away "Up North."

(Continued from page 330.)

And how pleasant a home it is, with the cook's fire blazing and crackling, the shed tent with its tins and pans and piles of fresh bread and good things, a couple of great bass suspended from the poles, suggesting a delicious breakfast, and the kettles over the fire bubbling and foaming over with the soup and tea for the coming supper. Thirty feet away is the staff tent, with its door standing invitingly open, and the blankets rolled up at the head of a luxurious bed of balsam; dry sacks and clean towels are hanging from the ridge pole, and a goodly pile of wood is ready for the evening fire. Truly our lives have fallen in pleasant places, but there is little time to admire or reflect, for here, across the lake, are the canoes with the boys coming in for their supper, racing and chasing one another across the placid surface; and in another minute the camp is a babel of voices, laughing and chaffing and talking over the events of the day, while socks are changed, ablutions gone through, and then for a while there is quiet as the cook brings in the evening meal, broken only for a few minutes by the rattle of fireware and of knives and forks and the frequent demand for soup, tea or bacon. One by one the boys desist, the cook removes the ruins, pipes are drawn out, filled and lit. A chat by the fire, an inspection of the day's work in level and transit book, and then sleep, deep and profound, until daylight on the morrow.

Wicksteed Lake is a very large and beautiful lake, some seven or eight miles in length. Following in a swampy, winding stream entering on the east shore for about a mile, and then turning through the woods for another mile, we come out upon the reedy shores of a shallow bay of a large lake, which proved to be Marten Lake—our objective point.

On Sept. 2 we turned westward again, working more precisely over the same ground. The boys were homesick and anxious to get back to civilization, and worked hard to get through. The fine weather broke up and rain and windstorms were frequent and severe. One thunderstorm at night on Redwater Lake was something appalling in its severity, the lightning flashing and the thunder roaring and crashing incessantly for over an hour. But we pushed steadily along in the intervals, and on Oct. 13 we emerged from the woods on the shores of "Mamagami Lake." Next day a furious storm of wind and rain confined us to camp. The rain was incessant for 24 hours, but during the night wheeled round to the north, blowing harder than ever, but without rain, and fair for our homeward journey.

The three bark canoes started early, while the Nora and her crew remained to finish up some odds and ends of work, following about noon. The wind was bitterly cold, and occasional snow squalls swept shrieking through the forest, and the boys were forced to take a short haul behind her, Nora carried little for the storm, and tore down across Crooked Lake, down White Bear, and through the river out on to Rabbit at a furious pace. Doubling Rabbit Point we had a weather shore for three or four miles, then another wild rush through the open and we shot into the narrow opening, through which the river makes its exit, and about dusk we approached the first falls and concluded to camp for the night.

A dry red pine was felled and cut up into huge logs a foot in diameter and 8ft. long, and there piled up into a tremendous fire. Three or four poles served to make a lean-to, over which our tarpaulin was stretched, and a foot of moss covered by an equal thickness of balsam brush, made a most luxurious bed. The first streaks of daylight in the east found us afloat, and the first rays of the sun fell down across the patient lot to ascend, and by 9 o'clock we came out on to the summit of the great ridge overlooking Temiscaming Lake. The heavy rains had not yet dried off, and the clay hill was wet and slippery, and, after two or three narrow escapes from a bad fall, the Chief deliberately took the Nora, and his shoulders, laid her right side up on the path, and, hanging on to the stern, they were sliding down the incline together at the rate of 10 miles an hour, and arrived quite uninjured at the water's edge.

A half-hour's paddle brought us to the mouth of the Montreal, where we found the other canoes arrived an hour or two ahead of us, and by the time we had compared notes the Meteor was in sight, bound south. In answer to a signal she stood in to pick us up, and blankets, tents, instruments and canoe being hastily tumbled on board, our ragged and weather-beaten, but hale and healthy gang, swarmed over her bulwarks, as she turned her head south again for the Long Sault and civilization.

The same evening we crossed the long railway portage, and, taking to the canoes again, arrived at Mattawa about 3 P. M. next day. To our horror we found the chief factor of the P. M. next day. To our young ladies waiting to receive us at the landing, and many were the smiles which some of the costumes provoked. The Chief especially, with a red woolen tunic, a very dirty shirt, woolen belt and a pair of duck trousers which had once been white, but were now of no particular color, attracted a considerable share of attention, and was glad to sink off to a hotel and change into the more civilized apparel.

As this is intended for the canoe columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, a word about the Nora, which has figured so largely in the narrative, may not be amiss. She is an open 16ft. x 30in. Peterboro, built by the late Wm. English, of basswood. Being somewhat old and water-soaked she was a little heavy for the work, and quite a load for one man on a rough portage, but in every other way she was immeasurably more serviceable than the much vaunted bark canoes. She had many more than all the hard work of the survey and traveled probably 1,500 or 2,000 miles during the summer, but was only once broken and that through pure carelessness. The lid of a biscuit box, some stout nails and canoe gum, with four or five hours' work with an ax, hammer, awl and jack-knife, rendered her as serviceable as ever.

As for the crew, I need not inform them that a 18x30 canoe is about right for one man, or at most, two, let me inform them that the Nora's ordinary load, in addition to her crew of two, was 400lbs. of flour and bacon and any quantity of sundries, and that on one occasion she ferried seven ordinary men across a small lake without being overloaded. Bulk of cedar, with some modification of lines, there can be no craft better adapted to the many varying requirements of continuous inland traveling. I bought her for \$20 and after three months' use was

offered \$15. She was finally given as a reward to one of the men who had been especially faithful and useful, for \$10, and will probably end her career on Lake Temiscaming.

This rather crude sketch represents the manner in which loads are carried in the North woods; and which, I believe, has never been sur-



passed as far as the possibilities in the way of immense weights are concerned. A slight, consumptive looking Indian or half-breed brought up to the work, will trot gaily off with 300lbs. or more, and there are well authenticated instances of 500 to 600lbs. being carried without injury to the carrier. Several of the "boys" who went in to the woods "green," were able to carry easily on the return trip 150 to 200lbs. over a short portage; and with one another as to which could carry most. The rigging is merely a long leather thong with a broad piece in the center to distribute the weight on the forehead. The long ends are tied to the "pack," and the latter is "made up" in a variety of ways, the most popular of which is shown in the sketch.

The Indians of the country, if not a noble race, are at least interesting. They are usually characterized as lazy and shiftless, and certainly, from a white man's point of view, they are liable to appear so. The latter is likely to be true around the posts and settlements in the summer time, when life is easy and fish plentiful. The Indian has plenty to eat and drink, and a little money from his last hunt; and he does not see why he should work and save when there is no necessity for it.

But take him on his winter hunt, or traveling, and he is a different being. He is alert and quick, no sign of the wilderness escape his observation, and he will travel for hours or even days, on his line of traps without food and with very scant clothing. When overtaken by night or storm, he will make himself tolerably comfortable with the help only of his axe and blanket, and come scathless and uncomplaining through hardships which would either kill the ordinary white man or what is perhaps worse, would give him material for stories of hair-breadth "escapes" and dangers to inflict on his suffering friends for the remainder of his days.

The Indian of the North is honest, too. Provisions, canoes, axes and other wealth may be left for days and months in this wilderness



OUTLET TO RABBIT LAKE.

so long as the owner will take care to leave them stowed or piled in such a manner as will make it apparent that they are not forgotten or lost and that he intends to return for them. To his lights, a good husband and father. Angry passages and squabbles are rare, and infidelity almost unknown among them. The squaw does all the hard work merely because it is the tradition of the race that it is part of her mission on earth to do it, not because her lord and master is brutal or unkind. The Indian is seldom bold and never reckless, but he is rarely a coward, and when brought face to face with danger can usually be relied on to do the right thing, and do it promptly and with nerve and decision. He is improvident and lives for the present only, caring nothing for what the morrow may bring forth; hence his laziness and contempt for the ceaseless every-day labor of the white man. He will work for a time and be foremost with the ax and pack-strap and be always quite civil and contented. Then when he has earned a few dollars to buy the new gun or blanket he needs he will ask him to "come and I will show you how to work and obey orders when I can be free and my own master, and a promise of three-fold pay will not keep him more than a day or two longer.

The Indian is little of a poet, but a great deal of a philosopher, and he is almost invariably an artist. All his work—canoe, snowshoes, moccasins—is not only neat and perfectly adapted to his needs, but it is often richly decorated in the most exquisite taste with porcupine quills, moosehair silk or colored beads.

The Indian's worst vice, in my opinion, is his ingratitude. Make a bargain with him to perform a certain service for a certain sum, and in nine cases out of ten he will perform it; but feed him and his family when starving, or give him a plug of tobacco in his need without asking for a return, and he exhibits no sense of obligation whatever; he merely assumes that the white man has more food and tobacco than he needs, otherwise he would not give them away.

Of course there are Indians and Indians, but the average Indian differs from the average white in character as the child differs from the man—he is less developed. Intellectually he is far ahead of the tolling and molling lower orders of the whites; he has time to think and study, and numerous are the examples he has given of the acuteness of his intellect and the accuracy of his judgments.

THE CHIEF.

## The Future of Canoe Sailing.

The present condition and future prospects of canoe sailing and racing in this country are by no means satisfactory; the decline of the racing fleet of the A. C. A. from its highest point, in 1890, still continues; not only are no new racing canoes built and no new recruits made, but the small band of racing men is lessened each year. It is probable that, with a meet that is specially convenient for the great body of sailing men, the racing this year will show up quite as well, or even better than that of 1893; but last year was a very poor one, for several causes, and a little improvement this year will not indicate any permanent revival of designing, building and racing. Added to the gradual lessening of the racing both at home and at the meets, the past year or so has witnessed the introduction of a class of larger boats which decidedly are not canoes, but which answer much better than the standard 16x30 canoe the wants of those of the older canoe sailors who are located within reach of fairly open water.

The influence of La Gloria and Scarecrow within the New York C. C. is perhaps the most striking instance, but the same ideas are working in other places. It is not due to any lack of merit in the canoe, or to the special good qualities of the larger boats, that the latter are replacing the former, but rather to the condition of canoe sailing at large years, the craft having reached such a degree of perfection as a racing machine that its successful use involved a constant labor in keeping the canoe up to the latest form, and in keeping oneself in condition for the keen hard work of match sailing. This state of affairs had already operated to lessen the ardor of many old sailors, who found that even the newest and fastest canoes that could

be built or bought demanded the expenditure of unlimited time and labor in order to win at the meets.

Even before the new craft were planned, the racing canoes were lifted less frequently from the racks of a Saturday, and fewer were taken to the meets; and the decline of canoe sailing cannot fairly be laid to the positive influence of the newer and larger craft, though it must undoubtedly be hastened by them.

It is with deep regret that we contemplate the threatened disappearance of the sailing canoe, even in part, from the place which it had so deservedly held for a quarter of a century. Our first ventures afloat were in craft of this sort, and our warmest friendships have been made on short State or open cruises, in the social life of a canoe club house, a winter camp-fire and in summer camps; the canoe, and largely the sailing canoe, being the great bond of sympathy that has been the first cause of many warm and intimate friendships.

There is nothing that has worked more harm to canoeing in all forms than the specialization and over-development of the sailing canoe which has so materially increased its speed but diminished its numbers. The cause is plain enough to any one who reads the racing of Notus, Vesper, Snake, Lassie, Thetis, Pecowic and Eclipse and compares them with the successful canoe of the present day. It would be a hard matter even now, however, to say how this improvement could have been prevented; it is inevitable in all racing craft, large or small, though in the case of the sailing canoe it has been specially rapid and destructive.

It is impossible now to go back to any previous stage of development in which canoes were slower and racing more general; and on the other hand, there is little progress to be looked for in the line of the present canoe and possible improvements in design. While canoe racing is not likely to disappear entirely in this country, it has passed its most successful period, and there is little hope of any marked growth in the future. There are still many localities where the sailing canoe is superior to all other pleasure craft, and in all localities there is a charm about canoeing as distinguished from other forms of sailing which is sure to attract a certain number; but the recruits from the great body of young boating men are likely to be proportionately smaller in the future than in the past.

One reason for the great success of canoe sailing at the start is that there were then no suitable sailing craft to be had for a service or man of moderate means. In this country he was limited to just two types, the sandbag catboat, of varying degrees of badness for his use, and the small rowboat fitted with a sprit or other simple sail. The canoe, trim, shipshape, handsome in lines and finish, rigged as perfectly as a yacht, and offering a number of qualities which specially fitted it for its intimate ownership and use, was a revelation, and opened an easy and inviting way to the pleasures of sailing where none at all had previously existed.

This superiority the canoe maintained for many years, being relatively better in design, construction and equipment than the small rival craft which sprung up by degrees; but of late the superiority in these points has ceased to exist. Side by side with the canoe in excellence of design and perfection of workmanship are canoe yaws, raters and other craft by the score, of varying sizes and proportions, with keel, fin-keel or centerboard, fitted for all localities and all varieties of sailing. It is not surprising that, in competition with this large fleet, differing in size but not in quality, the smallest one of them all, the sailing canoe proper, finds fewer adherents than of old.

In America at least, the canoe is still protected by rules, and the type is likely to continue indefinitely, even though it be less generally used than in the past. Abroad, however, the conditions are such that it is quite probable that the true sailing canoe may disappear entirely, giving place to some sort of miniature yacht. The rules of the Royal C. C. now admit of fin-keels, overhangs and the features of the modern yacht, and are likely to result in the extinction of those characteristic features which have for thirty years separated the sailing canoe from other craft. The following extract from the *Times* makes a condition of the sport in England which canoeists will recognize as maintaining here as well:

"When the early type of sailing canoe was started, and rapidly brought up to a state of comparative perfection as a sailing and cruising craft, few, if any, boats equivalent to the small raters of the present time existed. The open centerboard gig; was then about the only craft, between a small yacht and a pading, which was practically useable for cruises of inland waters, or on longer cruises which embraced both river, estuary and sea work; and naturally the all-round good qualities of the decked sailing canoe rapidly found favor with the large body of men who were in want of a craft which could continue to work where the yacht, from her size and draught, had to stop, or, if persevered, when the paddling canoe dare not venture. But in these modern times small raters furnish such fine sailing that for sailing sport alone men are drawn that way; and others who seek all-round work of sailing and cruising, combined with a reasonable amount of comfort, are persuaded into the canoe-yawl fleet; while the paddlers and river cruisers remain where they were, their craft being of perfect type for the work required of the canoe."

"It is at the present time obvious that the sailing canoe is at a standstill, that the men who sailed, designed and constantly improved the canoes during the past twenty years have gone off into canoe yaws, and no new blood has come in to replace them. Partly was this caused by the late petty rules of limitations in the class which befriended, to the exclusion of useful and comfortable craft, a whitened down model—perfect, no doubt, for its work, but of no use in confined smooth water, but dangerous or useless in all real or rough water; indeed, when it was proposed at the Royal Canoe Club meeting to sail the challenge cup race this season at Erith, on the tidal part of the Thames, such a course was generally objected to on the ground that it would not be safe, and the canoes could not live in such waters if there was any strength of wind, and such statement was not even challenged. A further fact is that under the recent conditions, canoe design has been for a long time at a standstill, and no real or practical improvement either in model or fitment has been produced. We can only hope that the new rule, which practically under its rating is without limits, will be at once taken in hand to produce, as it certainly can do, an able and useful little craft."

"Six months ago, when the Royal C. C. remodeled its classification rules, and adopted practically simple Y. R. A. rating rules in place of the late microscopic canoe rules, the Royal C. C. was very generally accused of being led by yachting men rather than by canoe men, and of being in a fair way to become a boat sailing club instead of a canoe club. To some extent this was true, in that the men who really led the club are inclined to go on as the past favorite canoe. But we will such criticism now say of the Mersey C. C. the next oldest canoe club to the R. C. C. This club has just remodeled its rules of classification, and has, among other reforms, gone far away ahead of the R. C. C. in regard to canoe-yaws."

"The Mersey club has adopted 1-rating, Y. R. A., for canoe-yaws, as against 0.5-rating, the limit in the R. C. C. This is indeed a step well in the direction of improvement, and it is possible to design a 1-rater which shall be in all essential points fairly a canoe in nature or type, it is highly probable that, where racing is the intent of the design, the craft will be simply neither more nor less than a full-winged racing Y. R. A. rater. The rule does, it is true, retain the R. C. C. conditions, that the craft shall be sharp at each end, and that the rudder shall hang about the stern; but with suitable appliances the rudder can be so built as to allow the canoe to be sailed on a 0.5 or 1-rater."

"We publish the text of the new Mersey rules; and it will be seen that the club has practically adopted the R. C. C. rules; this makes, therefore, the fourth club in union, except as to the matter of 1-rating canoe-yaws, and that will not necessarily adversely affect 0.5-raters entering for Mersey Club's matches. Other canoe clubs will, no doubt, now follow in adopting rules and rating similar to the R. C. C., and finally the Canoe Racing Association, which is to be officially inaugurated this summer, will have a pretty clear course to steer in formulating rules universally acceptable to the clubs."

"But the question naturally arises as to where canoe definitions ought to make a stand in regard to size or rating? The old-time idea that nothing was a canoe if over 30in. in beam has vanished like a sea fog before a rising breeze. The ancient canoe mariner, whose expert sailing of a knowledge beyond that of a paddling canoe, and whose apron buttoned up to his chin, is confined to a pencil sketch of a comfortable 'well coming,' will find that the Canadian type, fitted up to date, has cut him out, and that the sailing canoe and canoe-yawl are floating masses of tree, to him unintelligible, and that old-time canoeing is as nearly dead as he is."

## A. C. A. Membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION: Frederick Vroom, New York; W. B. Sackett, Rochester.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Williamsburgh Shooting Association.

THE Williamsburgh Corps, Capt. G. A. Schmitt, opened its summer practice shooting in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, May 6. Owing to the rain and fog only a few members put in an appearance. The scores are appended:

G. W. Horn	194	199	208	205	174
W. H. Horn	179	186	201	183	206
F. O. Ross	232	218			
R. Meninger	181	188	168		



### Zettler Rifle Club.

The Zettler Rifle Club held its third practice shoot for the season in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on May 6. Fifteen members were present, twelve of whom participated in the competition for the club prizes. The weather conditions were decidedly bad. Rain and fog prevailed a greater part of the time during the shoot, and at times the bullseye was hard to locate.

The scores as a whole were good. Henry Holges was in fine form, and made the highest score of the day. Plaisted and Ross tied again in a 50 shot handicap match, Ross granting his opponent 25 points. Plaisted won by a margin of 7 points.

On the main target Zimmerman and Ross tied for first prize, each with a score of 58 out of a possible 60. Scores:

Handicap match, Plaisted vs. Ross, 50 shots:

Plaisted.....	206	220	219	221	219+25=1110
Ross.....	222	218	223	217	2173=1103

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60, 5 prizes: Gus Zimmerman 58, Henry Holges 58, G. W. Plaisted 57, C. G. Zettler 56, M. B. Engel 56.

Henry Holges.....23 24 22 21 23 23 23 23 23-238

21 20 23 23 24 24 22 25 20 21-21-675

F C Ross.....25 20 23 21 21 25 23 23 20 19-222

23 18 24 20 24 24 23 21 24-223

22 23 21 23 24 24 23 24 20-223-668

G W Plaisted.....24 23 21 21 23 19 23 23 23-219

21 23 23 20 23 23 24 21 23-219

20 21 25 24 23 23 20 19 24-221-660

B Walther.....25 21 19 23 23 17 21 21 23-214

22 23 23 23 21 21 21 21 21-224

25 24 21 19 20 22 20 24 21-216-656

M B Engel.....24 20 24 23 21 22 18 25 24-222

24 23 21 23 24 24 23 24 20-223

24 23 21 21 23 18 20 21 23-218-653

R Busse.....21 20 23 24 21 23 23 21 21-211

23 20 21 22 23 17 25 23 20-25-119

22 21 23 21 24 20 21 25 23-221-651

Gus Zimmerman.....20 23 18 19 24 24 23 18 23-221

21 21 22 20 18 22 22 20 23-21-209

New Braunfels on May 5 and 6. Following are the scores, 200yds.

C G Zettler.....10 11 20 20 20 21 18 21 23-207

24 13 23 21 21 23 20 18 23-214-636

P F Schmidt.....17 20 21 21 21 23 20 18 21-205

23 20 23 21 21 25 19 25 20-211

21 18 21 15 19 21 18 20 21-207-623

B Zettler.....19 23 24 17 18 23 24 16-200

24 15 24 19 23 21 23 21-200

17 23 14 23 20 20 19 22 23-202-614

R Homann.....24 21 18 21 18 21 19 21 23-208

22 17 21 18 23 24 18 21 20-206

23 20 24 17 18 18 21 21 20-197-611

Joe Gunther.....24 20 14 18 20 19 21 23 21-208

### Rifle at San Antonio.

A more enthusiastic aggregation of riflemen were hard to find than that which met on April 29 at the San Antonio range. The practice was hot and the day cool, and each man put in his best efforts in order to qualify himself for the great State contest which will come off at New Braunfels on May 5 and 6. Following are the scores, 200yds., muzzle rest, globe and peep, or any other sights desired, 10 shots:

H Degener.....12 10 11 9 11 10 11 11 8-11-104

E Dorsch.....8 8 11 7 10 12 12 12 9-9-98

G Altmann.....8 11 12 10 11 12 10 8 9-8-99

Texas Field.....12 11 10 9 9 8 9 12 11 9-100

A Giescke.....12 9 12 9 12 9 12 10 8 9-97

A Quentner.....11 11 11 8 11 9 9 7 7 9-91

A Stevens.....11 9 11 8 12 9 11 10 12-102

E Teich.....9 9 10 8 9 12 7 8 8 9-89

E Seffel.....9 10 12 10 12 9 11 10 10-105

A Uhl.....9 11 11 10 10 12 9 11 11 9-103

A Altmann.....9 7 11 7 7 12 12 8 8-96

Vogtlander.....8 11 9 9 9 8 8 12 10 10-91

G Heye.....8 12 11 8 11 9 11 11 11 9-101

A Herff.....9 7 10 9 8 6 9 7 7 9-80

Herpel.....9 7 10 9 8 6 9 7 7 9-80

Stuve.....9 9 11 11 7 7 6 8 6 8-81

Two hundred yards, off-hand, 10 shots:

Texas Field.....10 8 5 10 6 7 8 8 0 5-7-67

A Guenther.....10 9 5 10 6 7 8 8 0 5-7-67

G Altmann.....9 5 10 6 7 8 8 0 5-7-67

G Altmann.....7 4 6 7 6 7 9 10 6 10-6-76

A Uhl.....9 6 7 6 7 9 10 6 10-6-76

### Wilmerding Rifle Club.

The Wilmerding Rifle Club held its regular practice shoot on its range April 21, when the following scores were made, 100yds., off-hand, American standard target:

J Dias.....8 8 8 7 6 10 9 7 7 6-76

10 10 8 8 5 10 8 6 5-73

J Harrison.....10 10 8 7 6 9 7 6 5 6-73

10 7 6 6 4 8 8 7 7 5-68

J Barrett.....9 9 6 5 5 10 8 8 7 5-68

10 9 8 8 5 6 6 6 6 4-68

9 7 7 6 6 5 10 9 8 6-68

April 23:

J W Harrison.....9 6 6 4 5 10 9 8 5 5-73

10 6 6 4 4 8 8 7 7 6-73

J Barrett.....10 7 6 4 4 10 9 7 5 5-67

10 8 7 7 7 8 7 6 5 5-70

8 8 8 6 8 8 6 5 4 6-68

10 8 8 8 8 8 7 6 6 5-74

J Dias.....8 8 7 7 4 7 7 6 5 4-64

10 8 7 6 6 7 6 5 4-64

10 10 7 6 6 8 8 7 7 5-75

J. W. HARRISON, Sec'y.

### Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 22.—The semi-monthly all comers' match of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club was held at Shell Mound Park to-day. But little rifle shooting was done. Any rifle, 200yds., standard target: J. Utshig 84, Dr. Rodgers 84, A. H. Pope 81, H. Heeth 80, L. Barrere 78. Rest shooting: Dr. Rodgers 103, H. Heeth 95.

Unusual emulation was displayed among the pistol contestants for the all-comers' gold medal with cash prizes. Usual conditions—50yds., standard American target, re-entry, 5-pound pull of trigger. Scores:

S Carr.....9 10 9 9 10 10 9 10 10-91

9 10 9 9 10 9 10 10-93

C M Daiss.....9 9 10 9 10 9 10 9 10-89

F O Young.....10 10 10 9 9 9 10 8 9-93

10 9 9 10 9 10 8 9 9-92

Dr Rodgers.....8 10 7 10 10 9 10 10-91

8 9 9 8 10 9 10 9 9-87

E Hovey.....7 10 8 10 10 9 10 9 9-91

10 9 9 10 9 9 9 10-90

A H Pope.....8 10 9 10 8 9 9 10 7-89

S Edwards.....7 9 10 6 10 10 9 7 9-86

ROEHL.

### Paterson Rifle Association.

THE Paterson Rifle Association held its weekly practice shoot on the Bunker Hill Range, on April 29, twelve members participating. Distance 100yds., 20-ring target:

B Maskele.....17 16 13 18 15 16 15 18 16 17-161

20 17 16 19 20 17 13 18 19 17-175

A Newby.....18 16 10 15 18 16 15 17 19 19-173

17 13 16 13 16 16 20 18 16 18-165

W Dutcher.....14 15 14 16 17 17 17 18 16 16-160

18 15 20 18 18 19 18 18 16-170

J Johnson.....19 18 19 18 14 19 20 17 19 18-181

Tom Kelley.....19 19 17 18 18 18 14 16 15 18-180

Gus Dietrich.....18 13 17 10 18 16 17 17 17-161

18 17 19 16 17 20 18 15 18 18-176

Foster.....11 14 17 12 14 13 17 13 18 18-142

15 20 15 17 18 20 18 18 18 17-177

Capt John Ranson.....14 16 16 14 15 14 16 14 15-160

Wm Newby.....17 18 18 16 20 17 15 18 18-170

16 17 18 17 17 17 14 16 20 18-170

Con Pyle.....14 18 17 16 15 15 14 17 16-165

Abe Newby.....19 16 19 18 20 14 17 15 18 19-170

### Schlicht Rifle Club.

THE Schlicht Rifle Club held its regular practice shoot for class medals on May 1. Geo. Dorr won the champion medal, Wm. Schlicht the first class, M. Daus the second class, Ch. Meyer the third class. Scores:

Geo. Schlicht 245, M. Daus 226, Wm. Schlicht 223, J. Diehl 220, Capt. Breitenhine 230, A. Meyer 229, Geo. Richter 225, L. Dorr 225, C. Schlicht 220, P. Maw 221, A. Tribout 220, C. Stein 218, J. Bonders 218, C. Seibel 227, A. Deubine 210, F. Lambrix 220.

### The Chicago-St. Louis Telegraph Match.

The series of telegraph matches between the Pastime Club of Chicago and the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club of St. Louis, had an auspicious beginning. When the team of the first mentioned club gathered at the gallery of L. G. Ingersoll & Sons in Chicago on Tuesday evening, May 1, there were two men less than the required ten. Four of the best shots were absent, namely, Messrs Long of Lafayette, Ind., Wills and Lake of Alton, Ill., and Hunkle of Chicago. Two of these were absent on account of business and two from illness.

It is useless to go into any extended particulars of the match, since the conditions were so violated at the Chicago end that it could not be considered a contest. Loose management prevailed throughout in the working of the Chicago team. It must in justice be said of the members of that team that individually they shot with the utmost fairness and I believe desired to scrupulously observe all the conditions of the contest. They shot well and proved themselves excellent material in a contest as well as most companionable gentlemen. The fault was in the management.

Mr. L. G. Ingersoll captained the team. He objected to the shooters standing at 43ft., since it would put him to some inconvenience, as his shortest range was 50ft.

Mr. Freeman, a Chicago journalist, was engaged to referee the match. He was in a body objected to accepting the scores credited to Messrs. Long and Tracy, and as I could find nothing in the rules permitting composite scores, and did know of rules which prohibited competitors from shooting under any but their own names, which rule was certainly violated by every contestant according to your last message, I had no other alternative but to give way to the challenge of the club. The only basis which the St. Louis Club seemed disposed to settle on is, as I wired last evening, to take the eight highest on each side, which I will, I believe, give Capt. Schaaf and his men a victory by four points.

The St. Louis Club had good grounds for their objections. The match as shot was inconclusive. There were in Chicago negligence and disregard of the conditions of the match, which saved more of expeditiously getting revenue from the shooting gallery than conducting a contest for honor and goodfellowship. B. WATERS.

### Revolver Shooting in England.

THE usual weekly revolver competition of the North London Rifle Club took place on April 18. The wind was rather troublesome, the range was 20yds. Below are the details:

Walter Winans.....77775-37 Carter.....45677-36

May Monday.....77775-37 J W Shaw.....54755-33

Capt Cowan.....77775-38 J W Shaw.....54755-33

Lieut Varley.....77775-38 Howe.....47575-33

C F Lowe.....57756-37 Maj Palmer.....66765-33

 Rand.....77567-37 Capt Jones.....27566-32 Skilton.....57775-36 |

Owing to a mistake in making a 6in. instead of a 4in. bullseye at 50yds., the scores made up to now this year have 6 in. instead of 4 in. bullseyes. The scores for the revolver championship therefore now stand:

	Long range.	Short range.	Total
Walter Winans.....	41 41 40 40	29 29	220
Carter.....	36 36 35 34	24 24	165
May Monday.....	36 36 34 33	22 22	164
Capt Cowan.....	37 37 33 33	23 23	164
Capt Coway.....	38 37 36	27 24	162
Skilton.....	40 35	27 25	128
Capt Jones.....	33 32 32	32 32	119

At the South London Rifle Club on April 17 the weather was so threatening that few shooters went down in the afternoon, though as it turned out the weather cleared up. Result at 30yds.:

Capt T W Heath.....66577-37 Howard.....66645-33

C F Lowe.....77477-37 Clement-Smith.....35567-33

Howard.....66766-36 Clement-Smith.....35567-33

Scores for revolver championship of club now stand:

Walter Winans.....39 38-77 Kemp.....36 33-68

Capt Heath.....38 37-75 Howard.....34 33-67

C F Lowe.....37 35-72

The weekly shoot of the North London Rifle Club took place on April 25 in very rough, stormy weather, which kept some away and prevented high scoring in the revolver competition, which was at 20yds. The scores for the revolver championship of the club now stand to date as below:

	Short range.	Long range.	Total
Walter Winans.....	41 41 40 40	29 29	220
C F Lowe.....	35 35 35 37	29 29	194
Carter.....	32 34 35 35	26 24	197
Capt Cowan.....	34 36 37 38	27 24	196
Major Monday.....	32 33 34 35	29 22	194
Capt Richardson.....	35 34 34 35	25 24	188
Rand.....	35 36 36 37	25 25	169
Skilton.....	40 38 36	27 25	166
Capt Jones.....	29 32 32 33	22 22	148
Luff.....	28 34	26 78	78
Howe.....	39 33	65	65
Clement-Smith.....	38 29	64	64

### Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 23.—Inclosed please find scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club at its regular bi-monthly shoot, April 23, standard American target, 200yds., off-hand.

Ham Match (Single Entry).

H M Pope.....6 8 6 6 8 6 10 7 10 7-82

J M Foote, Jr.....8 10 10 9 7 5 9 9 8-81

R D Garden.....8 8 9 7 6 7 5 7 10 8-80

W K Rand.....6 8 8 7 10 6 7 8 9 9-73

F J Dunbar.....5 9 10 7 8 8 8 6 9 7-69

S Edwards.....7 6 5 7 7 6 9 7 7 8-68

Re-entry Match.

Pope.....9 8 9 10 6 7 5 10 8 10-82

8 9 10 7 10 9 8 7 10 8-86

6 7 6 9 9 10 10 8 8 8-81

6 8 7 10 5 9 10 7 9 8-79

9 8 9 10 6 7 9 10 7 10-82

9 8 9 10 6 7 9 8 8-81

9 7 8 7 10 9 10 8 9-80

Dunbar.....9 4 8 7 6 10 8 8 9-77

Edwards.....10 5 5 8 6 7 10 10 10-77

Rand.....5 5 5 7 8 10 10 8 10-74

Garden.....8 6 8 10 6 8 8 7 7-74

9 7 5 5 8 7 8 9 4-69

9 9 8 10 9 8 8 6 5-67

Fox.....5 10 6 9 7 9 5 7 8-72

10 6 5 4 7 10 6 8 4 6-66

H. M. POPE, Sec'y.

### Palisade Rifle Club.

THE members of the Palisade Rifle Club were present on May 1 to participate in the weekly gallery competition for club medals. The scores are appended: Geo. Dorr 243, Fred Krobatsch 233, Fred Esperer 231, Wm. Ahles 226, R. Glaser 223, Max Zeller 217, Aug. Ahles 215, L. Dumont 210, Ad. Ahles 203, C. Hemberger 207.

### Greenville Rifle Club.

THE Greenville Rifle Club entered upon its second week in the new series of gallery handicap shooting on Friday night of last week. James and Collin Boag got the first and second prizes in the first class, Agneau and Lutz the first and second in the second class and Zeiger and Borr the first and second in the third class. Scores:

First Class.—J. Boag 243, first prize; C. Boag 242, second prize; Robidoux 241, Purkiss 241, Collins 239, Scheele 224.

Second Class.—Agneau 239+2=241, first; Lutz 240, second; Dodds 255, Chavant 236, Spahn 230, Charlock 231.

Third Class.—R. Zeiger 222, first; Barr 228, second; Hill 211, Graef 252, Huelsen 210, Daniels 215, E. Wuestner, Jr., 212, F. Wuestner 202, E. Wuestner, Sr., 185.

### RIFLE NOTES.

Teams from the four prominent German-American shooting societies, viz., New York Corps, New York Central Corps, New York City Corps and the Harlem Ind. Corps will meet in Washington Park, May 22. Each team will consist of ten men, ten shots per man. The team making the lowest score will have to pay the "piper," and entertain the other teams after the contest is decided. It is reported that a match between teams representing the New York and the New York Central Corps will be arranged to be shot off in the latter part of this summer.

There is considerable interest centered in the coming match between Ross and Dorrier, which takes place in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park. The date of the match has not been decided upon as yet.

The Knickerbocker Rifle Club, of Brooklyn, Capt. Wm. L. Keppler, will hold its third annual prize shoot in C. Lederer's gallery on May 19 and 20. A prize programme consisting of ten prizes, ranging from \$10 to \$1, will be offered for our gallery experts to compete for.

The Brooklyn Schutzen Corps held its monthly practice shoot in Deckerleman's Park, Glendale, L. I., on Wednesday of this week. The scores will appear in next week's issue.

The New York Central Corps held its monthly shoot in Washington Park on Thursday of this week. Look for the scores next week.

The New York Corps held its monthly shoot on Friday of this week. FOREST AND STREAM will tell you all about it in next issue.

Don't forget the festival and prize shoot of the Williamsburgh Corps, which comes off in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, May 13 and 14. There are \$500 in cash prizes for the winners.

### Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 15.—Second annual tournament of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association, at Lynn, Mass. W. F. Brown, Sec'y.

May 15-16.—Pekin (Ill.) Gun Club tournament.

May 15-17.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's eighteenth annual tournament, under auspices of Columbus Gun Club, at Columbus, Neb.; \$300 added money.

May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 17-19.—The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fourth tournament, under the auspices of the Prairie Gun Club, at Garfield Park race track, Chicago, Ill. The Prairie Gun Club adds \$500 to the purses.

May 19.—Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, 25 bird handicap, \$15 entry, 30 per cent. to be paid on or before May 16. For amateurs only, at Rutherford, N. J. Address W. H. Huck, Sec'y, Rutherford, N. J.

May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first day, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club's fifteenth annual tournament.

May 23-26.—Weimer Cartridge Co's tournament, at St. Louis.

May 23-26.—Massachusetts State Shooting Association's tournament, under auspices of Hingham Gun Club, at Hingham.

May 29-30.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, at Sheldon, Iowa.

May 29-30.—Janesville (Wis.) Shooting Club, third annual tournament; targets and live birds.

May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weiss, Sec'y.

May 30.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, third tournament, at Utica.

May 30.—Nitro Gun Club's second annual tournament, at West Pittston, Pa.

May 30-31.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Rochester.

May 30-June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fifth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club, Mason. \$300 added money.

June 4-9.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Independence, Iowa.

June 5-7.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

June 7-9.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, under auspices of Willamette Gun Club, at Portland, Oregon.

June 8-9.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club, first annual tournament.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12-14.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14-16.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest's tenth annual tournament, under auspices of Tacoma Rifle Rod and Gun Club, at Tacoma, Wash.; \$1,500 added money; open to the world. E. E. Ellis, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.

June 27-28.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's sixth tournament, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind. Elwood Gun Club will add \$300.

### DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any new notes they may care to have printed.

With a combination formed of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League and the Valley City Gun Club the fifth Interstate tournament, to be held at Grand Rapids, Mich., on May 30 and 31 and June 1, is bound to be a grand success. The Valley City Gun Club will provide the grounds and \$200 to the purses. The events of the first day are one at 10 targets, novelty rule, \$1.50 entry; two at 15 targets, novelty rule, \$2; three at 15 targets, unknown angles, \$3; one at 20 targets, novelty, \$2.50; one at 20 targets, unknown angles, \$2.50; two at 6 pairs, \$3. There will be \$10 added to each of the six events. Second day, same as above, except that in place of the 20 targets at unknown angles there will be shot a 25-target event for the individual State championship, open only to members of the Michigan League. Third day—three 15-target event, novelty rule, \$2; three 15-target events, unknown angles, \$2; one 20-target event, novelty rule, \$3.50; one event at 6 pairs, \$1.50; one 20-target event, \$2.50. The Morton House will be the headquarters for all the sportsmen. The Valley City Gun Club will hold a banquet at the above house on the evening of May 31 at 8:30 o'clock.

About thirty sportsmen went to Al. Heritage's Marion grounds on Saturday, May 5, with the expectation of seeing a 50-bird exhibition shoot between Brewer and Morfe, announced to take place at 2 P. M. They were doomed to disappointment, however, as neither of the principals materialized, nor did they condescend to send any reason for their non-appearance. After considerable and justifiable grumbling had been indulged in the shooters present decided to shoot off the birds provided for the exhibition. The first event was at 5 birds, \$3 entry, two moneys; the second at 7 birds, \$5 entry, two moneys; and the third a \$2 miss and out. The results were:

	No. 1.	Ties.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Ryan.....	22123-5	1214	1210301-5	121210
P Jay.....	11121-5	20	121121-6	1112122
Green.....	10203-3	.....	2021232-6	0
Terry.....	11101-4	.....	.....	.....
Agar.....	11211-5	1111	1112002-5	11111222
Van Dyke.....	22111-5	120	211210-6	1110
Scott.....	.....	.....	0221020-4	.....







SPRINGFIELD INTERSTATE.

SPRINGFIELD, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Springfield tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, held May 2, 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club, must be classed as one of the successes of 1894, although the attendance the second day was not fully equal to the anticipation of the members of the Springfield Gun Club as several promised delegations failed to materialize. The weather was all the most exacting could have asked the first two days, there not being so much as an indication of possible rain, and the absence of strong wind added much to the advantage under which the shooters contested. The third day opened dark and cloudy with a slight rain in the morning, but this did not deter the shooters from being on hand at the grounds promptly. The grounds of the Springfield Gun Club are admirably located, situate on the Landsdowne Park Electric line south of the city of Springfield. Standing upon the club porch and looking due south one may see Landsdowne Park, its pretty fields fringed with timber. Due east lies the beautiful woods of Lefel, while to the north lies the city of Springfield. All this attractive scenery adds to the location of the gun club grounds.

The club house is a building of about 12x20 ft., and the location of the traps for the best possible results in shooting has been carefully attended to. The house and platform front due south, and shooting can be carried on rain or shine, as a large canvas fly is stretched, completely covering the score, and thus protecting the shooter from the sun or rain.

The club has occupied these beautiful grounds for the past three seasons and have lately received a valuable addition to the grounds in the form of a large tract of land recently sold off for building purposes; so in all probability this will be the last shot on these grounds.

Manager Elmer E. Shauer had everything arranged and in order for the opening of the tournament promptly at the advertised hour. The tents of the subscribers to the Association were pitched to the right of the club house in the following order: American E. C. Powder Co., U. M. C., J. B. Sharkey & Son, Standard Standard Keystone Co., T. H. & S. Bros., LeRoy Shot and Lead Works, Smokeless S. S. Powder Co., and FOREST AND STREAM.

The handsome display of the U. M. C. Co. was the attraction for all shooters, and Mr. W. M. Thomas was kept busy explaining the many good qualities of their goods.

The first two days of the tournament were devoted to target shooting exclusively, while the third day was live bird day, and a team race of 20 men a side between the Springfield and Dayton gun clubs. Springfield proved too much for Dayton and came out victorious by 8 targets in a total of 500 a side. The conditions of the team race were 20 men per team, 25 targets a man and for a purse of \$80. The live birds were a mixed lot, there being some extra flyers among them which required good judgment on the part of the shooter to bring them to ground.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's rules governed all contests. Following are the scores:

First Day, May 2.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-13
Upson.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-12
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-12
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-12
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-13
Upson.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-12
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-12
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-12
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 3, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Young.....	1111111111111111-16
Upson.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-15
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-15
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-15
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-13
Upson.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-12
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-12
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-12
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Young.....	1111111111111111-16
Upson.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-15
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-15
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-15
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 6, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Young.....	1111111111111111-16
Upson.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-15
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-15
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-15
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 7, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-13
Upson.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-12
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-12
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-12
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-13
Upson.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-12
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-12
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-12
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 9, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Young.....	1111111111111111-16
Upson.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-15
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-15
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-15
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 10, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-13
Upson.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-12
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-12
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-12
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

No. 11, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-13
Upson.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-12
Shorty.....	1010000111111111-8
White.....	1011011111111111-12
Heikes.....	1000111111111111-12
Packer.....	1010101010101010-8
See.....	0010101010101010-8
North.....	1011011111111111-10

Edwards.....	1010111111111111-13
White.....	1111111111111111-12
Easton.....	1110111111111111-13

Second Day, May 3.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1110111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1011111111111111-12
Young.....	1110111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-13
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1110111111111111-11
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-12
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-13

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111011111111111-11
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-12
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-13

No. 3, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-15
Young.....	1111011111111111-14
Upson.....	1111111111111111-15
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-14
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-15
Young.....	1111111111111111-15
Upson.....	1011011111111111-15
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-14
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-15
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-16

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-12
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-13

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-15
Young.....	1111011111111111-14
Upson.....	1111111111111111-15
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-14
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-15
Young.....	1111111111111111-15
Upson.....	1011011111111111-15
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-14
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-15
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-16

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-12
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-13

No. 7, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-12
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-13

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-12
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-13

No. 9, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111111111111111-15
Young.....	1111011111111111-14
Upson.....	1111111111111111-15
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-14
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-15
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-15
Young.....	1111111111111111-15
Upson.....	1011011111111111-15
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-14
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-15
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-16

No. 10, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:	
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Skinner.....	1111111111111111-12
Heikes.....	1111011111111111-12
Young.....	1111111111111111-12
Upson.....	1011011111111111-12
Fulford.....	1111011111111111-13
Edwards.....	00111001100010-8
Hughes.....	01101110001010-8
Fisher.....	0111111111111111-12
North.....	1111111111111111-14
Packer.....	1111011111111111-12
Thomas.....	1111111111111111-13







The Central New York League.

UTICA, N. Y., April 26.—Inclosed find scores of the second tournament of the Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, held here April 24 and 25. It was at first intended to hold the shoot May 1 and 2, but owing to the enforced absence of many out-of-town shooters, the dates were changed. Rochester again proved an easy winner, and it looks as though they have a "lead pipe clench" on the trophy. E. D. Fulford, of this city, again carried off the honors for individual shooting, and won honor as well as cash by his fine work. He shoots now exclusively U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition and E. C. powder. The shooting was very hard, owing to a high wind and targets being thrown exceptionally hard. Appended are scores:

Tuesday, April 24.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance \$1.20:		
Mosher.....	011110110-7	Courtney.....011111110-8
Whitney.....	111111111-10	Fix.....000111111-7
Corning.....	011110110-7	Mayhew.....010111110-7
Bridgen.....	111100110-7	Glover.....111010101-7
Carr.....	111111011-9	
No. 2, same:		
Wagner.....	111111111-10	Courtney.....110111111-9
Whitney.....	111111110-8	Glover.....011110111-8
Bridgen.....	111110101-8	Mayhew.....111011110-8
Carr.....	101101010-6	E D Fulford.....101111111-9
Mosher.....	111111111-9	
No. 3, same:		
Whitney.....	110101111-8	Courtney.....101101101-7
Wagner.....	010100101-9	Fulford.....011110111-9
Fix.....	011111110-9	Bridgen.....101100111-7
Glover.....	111111110-9	Wheeler.....111001110-7
Carr.....	111111111-10	Mayhew.....110101010-6
Mosher.....	100110001-5	
No. 4, same:		
Corning.....	111100110-7	Fix.....111101111-9
Wagner.....	011100101-5	E D Fulford.....011101011-8
Bingham.....	000000000-0	Wagner.....111101110-8
Corr.....	111111111-10	Mosher.....001100011-6
Whitney.....	100110101-5	Scott.....000100100-8
Courtney.....	101011011-7	Mayhew.....1100000110-4
Glover.....	001111111-8	
No. 5, same:		
Courtney.....	100011101-6	Corr.....110111110-8
Byer.....	011111111-9	Wagner.....111101111-9
Fulford.....	111111111-10	Scott.....111101111-9
Bridgen.....	111011101-8	Fix.....101101111-9
Whitney.....	111001111-8	Glover.....100110111-7
A M S.....	101111101-8	Corning.....101101111-7
Mayhew.....	010101111-7	
No. 6, 25 singles, \$5:		
Corning.....	10111011100101001100110-15	
Fulford.....	010111111111110001101100-18	
Glover.....	111111111111111111111111-25	
Richardson.....	110001111000101011111110-17	
Carr.....	011111111111111111111111-24	
Wagner.....	111100110111111111111101-21	
Bridgen.....	01111011111111111111010-20	
Scott.....	11101100111111110001010-18	
Fix.....	1110110101111100010111110-18	
Mayhew.....	01110000111101010100101-15	
Whitney.....	01011111011001011101111-18	
A M S.....	1011111111111111011011111-21	
No. 7, 15 birds, \$1.70:		
Fulford.....	111111110110111-13	Scott.....1101101110111-12
Richardson.....	101111001100011-9	Wagner.....11111011111-9
Glover.....	1110111111111-13	Byer.....1111011101110-12
Corr.....	10110010111111-11	Courtney.....010011110111-11
Mayhew.....	1000011011101-9	Corning.....0110101010111-11
Bridgen.....	111111111101010-13	Whitney.....1111011111111-14
Fix.....	11111111101011-13	A M S.....10111101111110-12
No. 8, 20 singles, \$2.40:		
Fulford.....	20	Wagner.....17
Lansing.....	11	Bridgen.....15
Byer.....	18	Glover.....16
Whitney.....	12	Byer.....11
Corning.....	14	Richardson.....15
A M S.....	18	
No. 9, 15 singles, \$1.50:		
Carr.....	12	Lansing.....12
Byer.....	12	Courtney.....13
Glover.....	12	Whitney.....12
Wagner.....	13	E D Fulford.....13
No. 10, 10 singles and 5 pairs, \$2.40:		
Fulford.....	17	A M S.....15
Byer.....	14	Whitney.....15
		Wagner.....16

Carr.....	14	Corning.....	14	Kilbourn.....	16
Lansing.....	13	Courtney.....	11	Richardson.....	16
Wednesday, April 25.					
No. 1, 15 singles, \$1.80:					
Henry.....	13	Meyer.....	13	Stewart.....	13
Wagner.....	13	Whyte.....	8	Fulford.....	13
Mann.....	13	Ayling.....	14	Byer.....	14
Norton.....	15	Luther.....	13	Carr.....	12
Glover.....	10	Courtney.....	13	Corning.....	12
Betsen.....	8	Holloway.....	13	Bridgen.....	11
Mosher.....	12	Dugard.....	12	Cruttenden.....	11
Fix.....	10				
No. 2, 15 singles, McMurry system, \$1.80:					
Meyer.....	13	Lansing.....	12	Cruttenden.....	11
Mosher.....	8	Stewart.....	12	Glover.....	10
Mann.....	12	Holloway.....	12	Courtney.....	13
Henry.....	12	Fulford.....	15	Luther.....	11
Wagner.....	13	A M S.....	12	Carr.....	11
Whyte.....	8	Kilbourn.....	12	Norton.....	13
Ayling.....	13	Whitney.....	9	Dugard.....	13
No. 3, 20 singles, team championship and optional sweep, \$3.40:					
Onondaga Co. Sportsmen's Association—C. Ayling 17, Wagner 18, Courtney 16, Mann 18, Holloway 18, total, 87.					
Auburn Gun Club—Carr 20, Bridgen 18, Corning 20, Whyte 17, Whitney 14, total, 89.					
Rochester Rod and Gun Club—Stewart 17, Byer 20, Glover 18, Meyer 19, Norton 18, total, 92.					
No. 4, 20 singles, \$2.40:					
Mann.....	16	Byer.....	15	Mosher.....	17
Ayling.....	17	Holloway.....	14	Whitney.....	16
Wagner.....	13	Richardson.....	15	Mowry.....	19
Glover.....	14	Mayhew.....	15	Lansing.....	18
Carr.....	17	Brainerd.....	10	Dugard.....	18
Meyer.....	15	Fix.....	14	Cruttenden.....	17
Courtney.....	18	Luther.....	16	Stewart.....	17
Corning.....	16	A M S.....	19	Fulford.....	20
Norton.....	15				
No. 5, 25 singles, individual championship and optional sweep, \$2.75:					
Mowry.....	22	Lansing.....	17	Whyte.....	15
Corning.....	22	Bridgen.....	20	Norton.....	15
Whitney.....	22	Courtney.....	20	Fix.....	15
Henry.....	17	Glover.....	20	Luther.....	18
Dugard.....	17	Mosher.....	19	Meyer.....	23
Holloway.....	21	Richardson.....	21	Byer.....	20
Carr.....	23	Wagner.....	21	Mayhew.....	19
Stewart.....	21	Ayling.....	23	Courtney.....	23
A M S.....	19	Mann.....	19		
No. 6, 15 singles, McMurry's system, \$2.30:					
Fulford.....	14	Steel.....	12	Glover.....	12
Carr.....	14	Swipes.....	6	Whyte.....	11
Kilbourn.....	10	Dugard.....	6	Betsen.....	9
Scott.....	10			Henry.....	14
A M S.....	9	Meyer.....	11	Norton.....	11
Lansing.....	10	Mowry.....	14	Brainerd.....	12
Mayhew.....	12	Holloway.....	13	Richardson.....	13
Nipe.....	6	Courtney.....	13		
No. 7, 15 singles, \$2.30:					
Henry.....	11	Whitney.....	13	Kilbourn.....	10
Courtney.....	14	Carr.....	12	Scott.....	9
Mowry.....	13	Lansing.....	10	Burlingham.....	9
Holloway.....	12	Glover.....	12	Brainerd.....	12
Richardson.....	11	Mayhew.....	14	Fulford.....	14
Stewart.....	12	Whyte.....	13	Norton.....	9
Meyer.....	11				
No. 8, 15 singles, \$1.30:					
Henry.....	13	Mayhew.....	9	Courtney.....	14
Betsen.....	11	Brainerd.....	9	Burlingham.....	7
Whyte.....	12	Mowry.....	14	Fulford.....	13
Carr.....	13	Holloway.....	12	Richardson.....	11
Extra No. 9, 20 singles, \$3.40:					
Whyte.....	16	Carr.....	12	Mayhew.....	16
Fulford.....	19	Kilbourn.....	13	Mowry.....	9
Henry.....	16				
Ties on 16 won by Henry.					
Extra No. 10, 10 singles, \$1:					
Courtney.....	7	Henry.....	9	Byer.....	10
Meyer.....	8	Norton.....	8	Stewart.....	9
Wagner.....	6	Fix.....	7	Glover.....	9
Whyte.....	8				

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. B.—In Minnesota you will find good bass fishing in Aitkin county, in the waters reached from Aitkin on the N. P. R. R. Also in Lake Sally, and others reached from Detroit City.

H. G. N., Long Island City.—Will you please inform me through your columns the make of a rifle that Mr. Alfred Bisson uses as illustrated in the issue of Feb. 10, 1894. Ans. A Winchester repeater, 22cal., model 1890.

SPORTSMAN, Quebec.—I have been recommended by different sportsmen to oil my shot. Others laugh at the idea. Please let me know if there is anything in it, and the reason and benefit of it. Ans. We do not know of any possible advantage that could arise from oiling the shot.

Dr. JES. Douglas, Wyo.—Is there any satisfactory method of measuring one's self for a proper stock for a shotgun? Ans. Stand in front of a mirror placed flat against a wall. Throw the gun into position to aim. It is a fit if the gun always comes into position so that you can see your eye just above the rib, and also the upper surface of the rib.

A. B. C., Chicago.—1. Is there any hunting rifle manufactured in this country using the new .30, same as adopted in Mannlicher or Jorgesson rifle? 2. If not how soon will such be on the market? 3. What can Mannlicher carbine be bought for? 4. And where? 5. What State will be the best to settle in to live the life of a hunter for a number of years? Ans. 1 and 2. Yes, the Winchester Company lists in their new catalogue a single shot rifle for the U. S. Army .30 cartridge. 3. We cannot say. 4. Berlin, Germany. 5. Probably some of the north-western States.

IRONTON, O.—In reading over the rifle matches in your paper I wish to ask you: 1. What caliber is the standard use? 2. What is the regulation distance? 3. Size of the targets? Answer in your query column in your next number. Ans. 1. Various calibers are used, the .38-55 and .32-50 being most often seen. 2. 200yds. is the distance at which most non-military, outdoor, shooting takes place. 3. Various targets are used. The ring target, in vogue with German shooters, has a black measuring 12in. (for 200yds.) and the entire target is divided into circles 3/4in. apart, counting from 25 down. The standard American target, which is more widely used, has an 8in. black and counts from 10 down.

C. F. W., New York.—Kindly tell me in the correspondents' column of your valuable paper: 1. What is the flight of a duck, how far per minute? 2. What kind of duck is the speediest, and (3) if there is any other bird which can fly long distances in less time than a duck. 4. What is the greatest distance known to be covered by a duck in a night. Ans. 1. Practically nothing is known about the speed at which birds fly. The average flight of wild ducks has been guessed as 90 miles per hour. Mr. Cross in his book gave the speed of certain species as from 60 to 80 miles. 2. No one knows. The blackhead is a very swift flyer. 3. The passenger pigeon has been said to fly at the rate from 70 to 100 miles. They have been killed in the Middle States with their crops full of undigested rice, which must have been gathered in Georgia. 4. We cannot answer, just think for yourself what it means.

W. E. Newark, N. J.—1. I would like some information in regard to the fishing and shooting at or in the country surrounding Long Lake, Hamilton county, N. Y.? What kinds of fish are caught there and are they very plentiful; also the kind of game? How does it compare in the amount of game to be found with the best game country in New York State? Is there any duck shooting to be had on or near Long Lake? 2. Are there any restrictions placed on the number of deer one person may shoot in a season, and if so does it apply to a resident as well as a non-resident of the county? Ans. 1. In the immediate neighborhood of Long Lake is to be found some of the best fishing and shooting in the Adirondacks. Long Lake affords bass and pickerel, while brook trout are found in near-by waters. Ducks are fairly abundant in season, and deer and small game are plentiful. 2. No one is allowed to kill more than two deer during the season.

H. D. C. Brompton Falls, Can.—Would you please give directions in your paper for making (1) standard American, and (2) German ring targets for 100 and 200yds. off-hand? An answer would oblige many persons, as there are a number of rifle cranks in this vicinity. Ans. 1. The standard American target for 200yds., off-hand shooting, is 4x6ft. in size; with a black 8in. in diameter, within which are included the 8, 9 and 10 circles. The diameter of the circles is as follows:  
10 circle..... 3.6in. 5 circle..... 19.68in.  
9 "..... 3.54in. 4 "..... 26in.  
8 "..... 3in. 3 "..... 34.22in.  
7 "..... 2.11in. 2 "..... 46in.  
6 "..... 1.48in. 1 "..... Balance of target.  
2. The German ring target has a bullseye 12in. in diameter, and the whole target, including the bullseye, is divided into circles 3/4in. apart (the center circle being 1 1/2in. in diameter), counting from 25 down. For 100yds. reduce the measurements given one-half.

**YALE MIXTURE**

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

WE COULD NOT IMPROVE THE QUALITY if paid double the price. It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that experience can produce or that money can buy.

MARBURG BROS., BALTIMORE, MD.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## "GENERAL" COXEY AND PRESIDENT HYDE.

If there were any one thing in this merry month of May that could afford us more genuine satisfaction than the actual fishing of a well stocked trout stream, it would be to pause at the noonday interval, with half-filled creel, and to lie in the shade and play eavesdropper, while Mr. Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, discussed political economy with a disciple of "General" Coxe.

At first blush—if, indeed, we can conceive of the eminent New York financier as reasoning with the tramp—at first blush, it would appear that Mr. Hyde would find it a simple task to demonstrate to his misguided friend the fallacies of Coxeism.

But what if the Coxe Army man were posted? What if he had heard a thing or two?

Suppose, for instance, that he knew these facts: That after the fashion of New Yorkers of abundant means, Mr. Hyde maintains a town house and a country house. That among the attractions of Mr. Hyde's summer home on Long Island, there are some well filled trout ponds. That to stock these ponds Mr. Hyde does not buy trout from private breeders, but applies to the State hatcheries for them, and receives them free of charge. That while they cost Mr. Hyde nothing, the people of the State of New York provide them out of funds raised by taxation. Suppose that being posted up to date, the Coxe Army man knew that Mr. Hyde had asked for trout this year, and that the State had given him 10,000. Suppose that being particularly well informed the tramp should know whether to believe the whispered reports, which say that when Mr. Hyde has been given all the trout assigned to his private ponds on his own application, he gets still more fish on applications signed by other people. Suppose, in short, that the peripatetic philosopher had at command all the ins and outs of this established system of lading public fry into private waters, this bestowing of public funds for private benefit; and that knowing all this he should resort to the *argumentum ad hominem*—the personal application—what would the life assurance society president have to say for himself? Would it not require all the wisdom of even so profound a master of political economy and all the wit of so keen a dialectician as Mr. Henry B. Hyde, to convince the tramp that what was sound doctrine for the Islip clamorer for free fish was not sound doctrine for the Coxeite clamorer for free money? If the eavesdropper were to linger until the tramp should be convinced, would he not lie there till dewy eve, and until after dark, and contract perhaps a stitch in the side or a crick in the back? For tramps are such perverse, cantankerous and obstinate creatures, scorning logic and making light of reason.

And yet Mr. Hyde might be right; there may be some

fine distinction between the principle of free bonds and that of free fish, between Coxeism and the Hyde system. For while the Coxey's fail to receive their bonds, the Hydes do get their trout. Will not some one who is versed in political economy explain the distinction in simple terms, so that we may all understand it?

It would be unreasonable to blame the President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society for so successfully putting into practice for his individual profit the doctrines of Coxeism. As a thrifty citizen Mr. Hyde is to be commended for seizing the main chance, getting all he can and asking for more. He would be justified as well could he ask and receive from establishments maintained by the State treasury funds Jersey heifers and high-steppers. But the serious question which the public is beginning to ask itself is this: Why should the President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, or any president of any society, or any other man anywhere, be supplied by the State with cans of trout, while the "General" of the Coxe Army is hustled from the steps of the Capitol?

The last Legislature of this State passed a bill providing that private ponds or streams stocked wholly or in part from State waters or from State hatcheries should be exempt from the provisions of the trespass law. Gov. Flower vetoed the bill on the ground that it would be an unwarranted interference with private property; and he was quite right in doing so. The introduction of the measure, however, was significant of the fact that the taxpayers of this State are beginning to tire of providing funds for the maintenance of a Fish Commission and trout hatcheries and hatchery superintendents, to supply fish for the private ponds of citizens who are as abundantly able to buy their trout as they are to buy their groceries and their collars.

## SNAP SHOTS.

On Tuesday of last week, May 8, a Canadian revenue cutter seized two American vessels, off Pelee Island, in Canadian waters of Lake Erie. On board the vessels were forty bass fishermen from Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield and Decatur. The vessels, the Visitor and the Leroy Brooks, were towed into a Canadian port; and the fishermen were afterward released. The press dispatches state that the arrests were made because the Americans were fishing in Provincial waters without a permit. But the existing law of Ontario does not require non-residents to take out a license for bass fishing with rod and line; nor was this fishing in the close season; the Ontario close season for black bass now runs from May 10 to June 30; and the seizure was made on May 8. Formerly the close season began on April 15 and ran to June 15. The collector of customs on Pelee Island, Dr. F. B. McCormick, has for a number of years kept a fisherman's home at the south end of Pelee, where the Dayton Club have been quartered each spring, while the house of the famous Pelee Club is located at the extreme north end of the island. Dr. McCormick has always been largely instrumental in obtaining from the Canadian Minister of Fisheries the annual special permit which has heretofore permitted the opening of the rod fishing for Pelee bass on May 15, instead of June 15, as provided by the general law, and the Dayton and Pelee clubs have always been careful to observe the Canadian regulations, never making any attempt at fishing till the morning of the 15th.

The new system of licensing dogs and taking up stray animals is attended with admirable results in this city under the control of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The ruffianly dog-catchers have been abolished and the pound is a thing of the past. The Society has established a shelter for lost, strayed and homeless animals, to which place stray animals are taken and held forty-eight hours, to allow owners to redeem them. Lost dogs bearing the license tag of the Society, found by its men, are taken to the shelter, the owners are immediately notified, and upon proving ownership may resume possession of their dogs without charge for redemption. The Society offers a reward of twenty-five dollars for the arrest and conviction of any person found stealing dogs bearing license tags, which reward is also a protection to the owners. The men employed by the Society to remove from the streets un-

licensed dogs, and cats without collars, have a distinctive uniform of brown Bedford-cord and a badge bearing the familiar initials of the Society, "S. P. C. A.," the number of the wearer and the words "Shelter for Animals." This is a vast improvement over the old system; and to President Haines are due unstinted credit and warm appreciation for his public service in having secured legislative action to establish the new system, and for the efficiency and satisfaction with which he is administering the work.

It is probable that before very long some steps will be taken to inclose a large pasture in the Yellowstone Park, where some specimens of the wild animals of the Park may be kept to be seen by the hurrying tourist. This action was recommended by the superintendent of the Park in his last annual report, and the wisdom of the recommendation is obvious enough. However tame elk, deer and buffalo may become under the protection which the new law will give them, they will never change their habits so far as to leave the cool shades which they affect in summer, and come down and camp by the side of a hot and dusty road merely in order to expose themselves to the inspection of the tourist. It is well known that most of the large herbivorous animals of the mountains are easily kept under fence and the only expense attending such a project would be the erection of the inclosure and the providing them with food in winter. The average tourist who passes through the Park on a limited ticket has little opportunity to see anything of the interesting and varied fauna which inhabits this beautiful region, and there are few things which interest people more than wild animals. It is extremely desirable that all practicable means should be employed to make the Park attractive to visitors, for the reservation needs all the friends that can be made for it.

Now that the yarn about Mr. O. C. Guessaz and his companions having killed 800 and odd ducks in two days on a Texas lake has been shown to have come from the lively imagination of Mr. Max J. Luther, of Corpus Christi, it is sad to reflect upon the flood of virtuous indignation which has been lavished upon the case. The one who has come out of the affair with the most credit is Mr. Guessaz himself; and every fair-minded person would feel genuine regret if the vindication of our San Antonio correspondent were not as widely published as was the original charge. As for Mr. Luther, we advise him to bask while he may in the sunshine of his fame as a teller of tales that are tall. His hour is short; for the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. happens to have in press for early publication a volume recording the experiences of "A Man from Corpus Christi," whose shooting stories are so much more ingenuous, expansive and spell-binding than Mr. Luther's best efforts that they will positively make that gentleman jealous and weary.

Mr. J. B. Battelle sends us a copy of a bill which was adopted by the Ohio Legislature last week, forbidding the killing of quail at any time for exportation from the State or for sale within the State. "Plain, practical legislation in the line of FOREST AND STREAM's platform," writes Mr. Battelle. The fact is that many people think our platform plank regarding the sale of game to be more advanced than it is. For as a matter of fact the sale of game is prohibited in a number of States; and legislation is tending in that direction. Public sentiment is shown by the letters we have published from week to week, in support of the plank. Such indorsements are given to-day from Nebraska, Ohio, Maryland, Indian Territory, New York, California, New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Tennessee and Nova Scotia. The two papers that gave rise to this discussion have been reprinted as a tract, and will be sent to any address.

Change the subject. Leave off the chit-chat. Break the chain. Get out from the humdrum. Go fishing. There are waters persuasively purling for you. There are violets blowing for you in the meadows, and anemones and star-flowers glowing for you in the shade of the hemlocks. There are fish gleaming for you in the streams. Go fishing.

The American Fisheries Society met in Philadelphia on Wednesday of this week. A report of the meeting will be given in our next issue.



## "Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 2.

### ACTUAL INTERVIEWS ON SEGREGATION.

#### All About Calmness.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 5.—In many past issues of *FOREST AND STREAM* there have appeared editorial articles handling the question of the proposed division of the Park by a railroad from Cinnabar to Cooke City. *FOREST AND STREAM* has opposed that railroad and all other railroads through the Park, and has made the one consistent and unfaltering newspaper fight to keep the Park as it is—unhurt, untouched, as the people of America have by their representatives declared it should be kept. In doing this *FOREST AND STREAM* has acted in the name of honor, of sportsmanship and of public decency. It has kept faith with its constituency and its principles. In doing this it must needs have given the subject of the proposed segregation the most thorough and careful attention, and have acquired a most intimate knowledge of the matter in all its bearings, not only from extended readings, but from a various familiarity with the entire region in question.

I recall that a Chicago paper, which claims to be published in the interest of sportsmanship but is really open to the use of any man or men with an axe or axes to grind, once published an article by W. S. Brackett, who held forth that the occupant of a "far-off Eastern sanctum" could not possibly be so well posted on Park matters as those living near the Park. This is a trifle amusing, when one comes to it. "Col." Brackett has lately bought a little ranch on the Yellowstone, between Livingston and Cinnabar, where he and his family pass a part of the summer. I don't know where he spends the rest of the year, but it is my opinion that he is not very closely identified with property interests about the Park. (If he is, then he is taking an unfair advantage of the so-called Sportsman's Journal and Miner's Friend which he favors with his stories on segregation.) Yet I happen to know—what no one else would ever know through the editorial page of *FOREST AND STREAM*—that the gentleman who has written the *FOREST AND STREAM* editorials is a ranchman owning property in Wyoming, who is in cattle and horses for revenue and not for summer resort purposes; that he has spent years in all the phases of Western life, and that he knows not only all of the Park and its environs but most of the Montana mountains as well, no doubt a good deal better, if I could commit the impoliteness of so direct a comparison, than Mr. Brackett or many of his neighbors do. I do not doubt that Mr. Brackett feels himself a Montana citizen when he is in Montana, and that he says he has "come to stay," and that moreover he catches a warm flush of generous sympathy from the talk of the interested men about him; but he is unjust to himself when in ignorance he accuses a courteous opponent of an ignorance that does not exist. One must not accuse Mr. Brackett of demagoguery in this, but only of bad generalship in not learning the enemy's forces. This lack of forethought leaves *FOREST AND STREAM* quite in position to say, suavely and calmly—if it ever could be so impolite as to do such a thing—that probably it is Mr. Brackett who doesn't know such a frightful lot more about this subject than he ought to, himself.

It all comes of not being calm. With calmness, I should think Mr. Brackett would make a very good advocate of just the doctrine *FOREST AND STREAM* maintains, and not the fire and sword tenets under which the local Cooke City and Livingston contingent propose to wipe the Park and the military off from the face of the earth, to mutilate Capt. Anderson and even burn up the geysers, the falls and the Yellowstone Lake. I wish Mr. Brackett would be calm, because I saw him on the Cinnabar train one day, going up to visit his ranch (he didn't know any *FOREST AND STREAM* man was there) and he is a mighty nice looking man and appeared intelligent looking, too. I should think a great deal could be made out of him with care. If he will only be calm and think this thing over as a man and as a sportsman he will come out of this epoch of fire and blood pretty near to the *FOREST AND STREAM* position in belief. He will be welcome. *FOREST AND STREAM* will be in just about the same position, or maybe a little further ahead. It is a great deal nicer to be on the side of good judgment, good sportsmanship and good citizenship than to be a left-handed Marco Bozzaris or Toussaint L'Ouverture, or One-eyed Riley, or any of those martyr fellows. I wouldn't be any martyr if I were Mr. Brackett, I wouldn't burn up the geysers or disfigure Capt. Anderson if I were Mr. Brackett, as in his article he suggests will be done. I wouldn't do that. I would be calm.

*FOREST AND STREAM* being therefore in full possession of the facts in this case, as it is in most cases which it undertakes to handle, it would ill become me to attempt to add any weight to what has already been better said, and I should not touch on this matter at all did I not hope that some of the actual little interviews I had with segregationists and others might prove at least amusing if not instructive.

J. G. Sax, of Livingston.

Mr. Sax keeps a fruit store and newstand. He does not keep *FOREST AND STREAM* for sale. I asked him why not. "I've got no use for that paper," he said. "Why not?" said I. "It's all the time fighting us," he replied. "If it hadn't been for that dash-bing paper we'd have had a railroad to Cooke before this through the Park. The fellows here are all down on *FOREST AND STREAM*, and won't have it. I see you are at it again this fall." "How do they know we are fighting you if they don't read the paper?" I asked him. "I carry what there is a demand for," said Mr. Sax, stiffly, ignoring the conundrum.

W. F. Sheard, of Livingston.

Mr. Sheard is a taxidermist, and no doubt buys more furs and trophies at all sorts of seasons than any other man in that part of the country. He is the man who wrote to one of the winter keepers in the Park, asking him

to poison animals in the Park and send out the small skins by mail to him. This letter, which was written on Mr. Sheard's own letterhead, was, I believe, published by *FOREST AND STREAM*, which has often spoken very frankly and understandingly about Mr. Sheard and his practices. Of course, I was innocent and ignorant of all that when I called on Mr. Sheard, and Mr. Sheard, thinking, no doubt, that I had never been west of the River before, gradually thawed out and after a while became positively entertaining. He introduced me to several friends, showed me around, and took me through his really magnificent collection of furs and trophies. He showed me a little bit of timber up on the mountain side above town, and said he never had to go further than that to kill deer. "I killed six up there one day," said he, "I got the whole band." (I think he said he killed them all at oneshot, but a little thing like that should not matter.)

Mr. Sheard disclaimed that he had ever bought a Park buffalo head. He thought, perhaps, some of the other taxidermists had done such a thing. They were wicked men. He wouldn't buy such a head. Dear me, no.

Mr. Sheard told me confidentially that "the military up at the Park was all a fake—didn't amount to anything; that it didn't protect the Park and was no good; that the Park would have to be opened some day." Mr. Sheard also assured me that the road to Cooke City should be built through the Park; that all it could cut off would be a little bit of rocky hills of no value whatever and a region where the game never came at all. He said that if this road were built Livingston would blossom like the rose and every citizen would have a smelter running on the Cooke City ores. I told him I thought it more likely that Livingston would get up in the night and go to Cooke, or that the smelters would go up near Cinnabar, or at Horr, where plenty of coal was at hand. Mr. Sheard couldn't think so. He pictured to me the wrong done by Congress to the Cooke City mine owners, who had waited twenty years without having the way to fortune opened to them by act of Congress. I told him that I had been waiting twenty years to get rich too, but Congress hadn't done anything for me and I didn't believe it was going to. Mr. Sheard couldn't see the parallel. No man in Livingston or Cooke City can see the parallel. Yet it is a perfectly just and fair one. The disappointed Cooke City men are just the same as those disappointed in any other line of life and the world is open for them to go into something else if they are not satisfied where they are.

Mr. Sheard took me to a map, and explained to me that only by one route under the shining canopy of heaven could a road be built to Cooke City, and that was through the Park. "But all we want," said he, drawing a nice mark with his pencil, "is to go into the Park for about a half mile south of the Yellowstone, for just a little way, then right out along the hills just above the north line. There is no game in there, not a geyser and not a single object of natural interest." Yet later I found that even this statement would cut off forever the entire band of antelope in the Park, which has only a little winter range right along the Yellowstone Valley. I knew the statement was inaccurate by about fifty miles in length and by some thousands of feet of rocky, vertical walls in height, and later I learned by my own eyes that there are more elk in winter time in just the part of the Park proposed to be cut off than in any one section of it whatever.

I don't remember any specific statement to that effect by Mr. Sheard, but I gathered the impression that he was going to burn the Park up next week, and I presume that he has done it. I don't see why he did it, because the Park must have been a source of revenue to him especially.

The Press of Livingston.

I met the editors of the leading Livingston paper, a prominent and radical advocate of segregation and the Cooke City road, and as members of the "perfesh" we had a pleasant talk. Mr. Wright unrolled a map, and I must say that I listened to a very fair statement of the local side of the case. I am able to see how personal interest can blind a man to national interests, though unconsciously, and I told my newspaper friends that had my lot fallen in Livingston, and had I never known the doctrines of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I would no doubt have done as they did. On the other hand, I asked them to be equally fair, and to realize the folly of *FOREST AND STREAM*, by profession devoted to the preservation of the forests and the game, leaving its own field to go into a field of an absolutely foreign interest. I told them that *FOREST AND STREAM* did not claim to be a mining journal, but a sportsman's journal, and that as such the only course was to do what it thought was right, and so try to preserve the Park and the Park game. Mr. Wright thought perhaps *FOREST AND STREAM* did not know all the facts—that it did not know how little the Park would be damaged, etc., and that really there was little game in the country proposed to be cut off. In this I personally learned later that Mr. Wright was misinformed, and that Capt. Anderson's report (which the *Livingston Herald* ridiculed), was correct when it stated that large herds of game wintered in that very part of the Park. Nevertheless, I am obliged to my friends of the Livingston newspaper fraternity for a statement of the case, which I think was meant to be fair, and we are all obliged for the later editorial in the *Enterprise*, on the poacher, Howell, in which it was said that "Howell's act will find few apologists in this section."

Mr. Wittich, of Livingston.

The Wittichs are taxidermists, two sons and their father. Only one of the sons was in the business when I was there, and I think the firm was Wittich & Son. Here I received very nice attention. Young Wittich has Cooke City property, and is a very ardent segregationist. He has often had occasion to go through the Park on the trail to Cooke City, and rebelled against the regulations. He told me how he compelled Capt. Anderson and the Secretary of the Interior to yield to his imperious demands for the privilege of bearing arms in the Park and going where he pleased. (Capt. Anderson's account of this is a shade different. I haven't heard from the Secretary of the Interior.) Young Wittich was hotter-headed than his father, who held the same beliefs, but was temperate in them. Young Wittich said the soldiers ought to be abolished and was of the belief that the Cooke City road must be built through the Park peacefully if it could, by force if it must. He pitied the poor Cooke City miners, who had been developing their propositions for twenty years and were still broke because they couldn't get their ore

out of the camp. He couldn't see the sense of my renewed remark to the effect that I also was mostly broke in Chicago, and that Congress wasn't going to build any railroad for me.

"The men of this country will burn the whole Park up, if something isn't done," said young Mr. Wittich, impressively.

"Oh, no they won't," I said, "you don't really mean that, now do you?"

"Well," said he, cooling down a trifle, "it ought to be burned."

Old Mr. Wittich was not so radical. We all three chatted pleasantly for a while, and the old gentleman invited me to go fishing with him when I came out from the Park. I am sorry time was too short for me to do so, for I know we should have had a good time.

Young Mr. Wittich said that everybody knew that heads of Park buffalo, thirty or forty of them, had been offered at the taxidermist shops around the Park, at Livingston and elsewhere, "within the last two or three years." Other taxidermists of Livingston had maybe taken some of these heads. He wouldn't dream of doing such a thing.

F. B. Tolhurst, of Livingston.

Mr. Tolhurst is another Livingston taxidermist, and is an honest workman in my belief. Mr. Tolhurst was busy and I could not talk with him much. Mr. Tolhurst thought maybe the other Livingston taxidermists might buy a Park buffalo head once in a while, but as for him, he wouldn't dream of it.

Matt. Black, of Bozeman.

Mr. Black is a newsdealer at Bozeman. He doesn't handle *FOREST AND STREAM*. Says he hasn't any use for it. (The other Bozeman dealer doesn't have any Cooke City mining property, so he handles *FOREST AND STREAM*.) Mr. Black was the most rabid segregationist I met in my entire trip, and was more violent in his expressions of hatred for *FOREST AND STREAM* than any one I talked with. He allowed the *FOREST AND STREAM* man was a tenderfoot. We will let it go at that. Evidently I got myself disliked by Mr. Black by venturing to work for a paper which doesn't run a mining department or a free-for-all editorial page. "It's a blanked noble mission *FOREST AND STREAM* has in life, ain't it?" said Mr. Black, "trying to stop the development of the resources of this country! Here's men who have been holding valuable claims over at Cooke for 20 years, before the Park was ever heard of, and you fellows want them to waste their entire lives!"

"No, we don't," I ventured to say, "but if they don't like it at Cooke, why didn't they go somewhere else?"

This made Mr. Black jump up and down, and this was where he allowed I was a tenderfoot. (I lived in a mining camp before I ever saw a copy of *FOREST AND STREAM* and we wanted a railroad in our camp and never got it. Congress never did anything for me.)

"There'll be some killing done up around that Park some day," said Mr. Black with an awful impressive air, which should probably have curdled my blood, "and if it happens, *FOREST AND STREAM* can just blame itself for it. What business is it of yours, meddling in the affairs of this country and trying to stop the growth of one of the richest camps on the range?"

(This, however, *FOREST AND STREAM* has not done, but has editorially shown that a road could much better be built in from the east. I cited the letter of Mr. P. M. Gallaheer.)

"There's only one way to get into Cooke," said Mr. Black, in a tone as of one who intended to settle the question forever, "and that's through the Park. That's the only route we can raise capital for. We could once have got capital for that, but I don't believe we could get capital to build the road now if we had the right of way. You fellows in the East are a blanked nice set of men, ain't you. You've raised such a hurrah over this that I don't believe we'll ever be able to do anything now."

In this latter statement I believe Mr. Black is practically correct, but I can not avoid the belief that the now dead segregation scheme had no enemies more deadly than its own friends, who too often have indulged in just such wild talk as the above. Such talk displeases the American people, which after all is practical and fair.

Mr. Black claimed that the poacher Howell did not belong at Cooke City. He disapproved of Howell's action in killing the Park buffalo, and said Howell ought to be hung, and that he would like to help hang him, as he had injured the spotless record of Cooke City. I recommend this to Mr. Howell's attention.

They Should All Be Careful.

They should all be more careful how they talk, all these rabid segregationists who have been making utterances like the above. I have quoted them all fairly and without garbling, to the best of my knowledge and belief, and have given the statements because I believe the cause of segregation is most hurt by telling the truth about it, and by making public the ill-tempered and unreasonable methods by which these men seek to gain their purely personal ends.

There is no call for a road through the Park to Cooke City but a personal call. There is no public demand for it. There is on the contrary a public demand for this great national preserve, a heritage to be kept unchanged and inalienable. The Government can not give each child what it wants, but it can give all its children a great gift that will be good for all of them.

By no means should it be understood that the above utterances represent the feeling of the great State of Montana. On the other hand, they come from but a very small section and from only a few men in that section. To build this road through the Park would be the death blow to Livingston. It would benefit Cooke City alone. It would be also a death blow to the Park. Is the benefit to the few greater than the benefit to the many? Therefore, is the position of *FOREST AND STREAM* on this matter selfish, illiberal or unfair? Who is there who can think so?

It will be a great pleasure in a later article to give the reverse of this sordid and distempered view, and to show the other side of the picture, and I shall then quote engineers and railroad men of authority in support of the *FOREST AND STREAM* belief that the Cooke City men are subserving their own best interests in insisting on this road through the Park. If *FOREST AND STREAM* held it in its hand to forever seal the fate of a prosperous community, to kill its future, to prevent the happiness and suc-



cess of many families, I do not think it would do so. But it is not determined that the matter amounts to this. If FOREST AND STREAM can keep the Park intact, and yet by calm and temperate counsel show to these few inconsiderate and hard-talking men that Cooke City can still be opened to the world, it has done a wise and good work. This latter it has already shown, more ably than can be done here, although further interviews may be interesting as additional proof and will therefore be submitted.

Additional News of the Park Buffalo.

Later.—Since the above was written I have received a letter from Mr. E. Hofer, at Gardiner, Mont., dated April 30, which is given below. The additional news that Howell admits having been in the Park on the Pelican Valley for three winters, and that he says there are only a few buffalo there, can only point to one conclusion, namely, that the total number left alive in the Park are even less than the FOREST AND STREAM expedition of this winter would make out. Capt. Anderson has always thought it likely that a good number of buffalo had moved over to winter in the Pelican hot country, but no report has been made of buffalo in that little-visited portion of the Park, and no expedition has gone in there to investigate. Howell has been investigating for three years in a locality where it was next to impossible to find him, and his statements made to Mr. Hofer, no doubt, made in candor, constitute the best available report of facts as to the buffalo supply in the Pelican country. Outside of this there remains practically only the Hayden Valley herd, the largest count of which is 103 head. Congress has done well to act speedily in passing the protection act. It was time if any of the buffalo are to be left. These facts, and the facts which I picked up after I left the Park lead to only one possible belief—the Park buffalo can not be counted for even 200 head this winter. There may not be 150, perhaps not 125. This is not mere alarmist talk. We may hope and may even believe that there are 250 buffalo somewhere in the Park, but how shall we prove it? The Park has been better scouted this winter than it ever was before, but by whose report shall we place the number of buffalo actually seen at more than 125?

On the heels of this sickening conclusion note the statement that Howell is again at large, free to go in again and complete a fourth year in the Park, free to kill the remainder of the herd now left so sadly out down in numbers, free to finish up the rest of the great animals which we found panic-stricken, timorous, running till exhausted in the deep snow, in terror for their lives.

Mr. Hofer's letter follows:  
"Howell is out of the guard house as per order from Washington. Capt. Anderson was away when the order came. Howell was held about two weeks longer.

"Howell called at my cabin to see me and the papers that had an account of his arrest. He is pleased to know he made such a stir. He says they can thank him if they get laws passed to protect the game and the Park. He says, too, that he had seven buffalo, not five, killed when they found him, one was over a ridge, the boys did not see or find it at all.

"Howell has been in there three winters, and knows all about the buffalo on the east side of the river, says there are only a few there. I suppose you know the reason. He spoke about the picture you made, and said he supposed he ought to have let you take it, but you was so fresh he did not like to. [Thanks, but the picture I got anyhow will do very well.]

"The snow is getting off the first hills and higher tablelands, one can see a bit of green here and there. The antelope are scattered over more ground now. They can go to the top of the hills and get grass, until they get on the eastern side of the hills, where they find snow. I have been out and had another whirl at the antelope with the camera."

Mr. Hofer's letter is the last word obtainable on the grave question of the numbers of the Park buffalo. FOREST AND STREAM can well claim the credit of an exclusive presentation of these important facts, unwelcome as they are to the people of the United States and their representatives in Congress.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

A WEEK WITH THE BIRDS.

FRIDAY, March 31, was a very warm, spring-like day. About half-past two I went to the Fresh Pond grove with a friend. At the foot of Gurney's Hill a purple grackle swung, now and then uttering his strident note. The robins strutted about on the leaves as naturally as they did last summer. We soon reached the cedar-lined avenue that runs to the hill overlooking Fresh Pond. Looking in through the cedars we saw about twenty robins bathing in the gentle sunshine, now and then regaling themselves with an angle worm. Further on we saw song sparrows singing their customary *cher-wit, witter, witter, witter!* At the foot of another line of cedars I noticed a great mass of feathers. Looking more closely, I distinguished them as those of a crow. Some half-dozen sparrows flew among the pines, and apparently frightened at sight of us, hid in a pile of brush where we had seen some song sparrows.

While lying on our backs we saw three birds anywhere from 16 to 20 in, long fly hurriedly away. They circled far above us, showing some of their characteristics very plainly. They flew with great ease and strength. The wind now grew stronger and they drifted sidewise. Underneath they were of a uniform white, with perhaps a tinge or shade of light gold, which may have been only reflected light. For an instant one turned his back; I thought it was a very light chestnut. The bill and neck were very long, while the tail and legs were comparatively short. The latter were stretched out in a straight line as the birds flew.

We walked a little further when we saw a flock of about a dozen juncos flitting about showing their conspicuous white tail feathers. A little further on about the same number of bluebirds twittered and swung in the highest twigs of an old apple tree. We turned home after looking around to see if the unknown birds had returned. At Gurney's Hill we saw three purple grackles, one red-winged blackbird and a flicker. Lastly, in the Botanical

Garden I saw some half-dozen chickadees. During the afternoon's walk I had seen eleven kinds of birds.

The first of April opened with clouds, but at 7 o'clock the sun drove them away when I went over to the Observatory grounds. Robins filled the air with their varied and interesting songs. In each of the two large elms on Linnean street a flicker was alternately "drilling" and "wicking." Two purple grackles flew noiselessly over the Botanical Gardens; soon three crows flew silently away to the north. Several chickadees were feeding in the beach hedge.

Easter Sunday opened very sunny, but with a stiff northeast wind which blew more or less all day. The air throughout the day was extremely clear. About 10 o'clock I set off to seek an interview with the birds in the Fresh Pond Grove, now identified as night herons. Last winter about Jan. 4 I saw four fly from their supposed temporary abode. From the top of the reservoir several grackles wound their spiral course in the air. A few juncos flitted cheerily about. Song sparrows were heard in all directions. I had scarcely entered the grove when one night heron flew away uttering his peculiar note. I scared up three more later. They flew in the same direction as those of last winter did. My attention was now drawn by a herring gull which sailed far above me. In a row of pines skirting the grove I saw several beautiful fox sparrows. On turning my back a red squirrel betrayed the locality of her nest in a small elm.

Monday was warm, but for the most part cloudy. The sun, however, burst out occasionally through the day. The only birds seen were a few sparrows and robins.

Tuesday, the 4th, was a warm rainy day, an excellent one for robin music, for the birds do not seem to dislike a warm rain. All day long the pair of robins in my back yard, which I suspect is the pair that nested here last year, sang almost without cessation the whole day through. For a few minutes in the late afternoon a flicker announced the appearance of the sun for a short time by "wicking" vigorously.

Wednesday's weather formed a great contrast to that of Tuesday. The sun and wind disputed for the mastery. The sun, however, conquered, and the afternoon was as still as a July day. As the weather was so agreeable I took a train for Concord in company with two friends, determined to procure a large list of birds. Near Hastings three crows flew heavily across a neighboring hill, and at Baker's Bridge we saw several grackles. After leaving the train we soon came to the High School building, where we saw a pair of bluejays. Song sparrows filled the air with their twitterings. Soon after dinner we went along Thoreau street to "Fairlyland," near Walden. Purple grackles, song and fox sparrows, robins, chickadees and thirteen crows constituted the list for two of the party. The third, however, left us for a time, and at last met us with the news that he had started a great horned owl out of its roosting place and flushed a grouse. On our way back to the village we saw a beautiful sunset.

Thursday morning a little before half past four we went out in a driving snowstorm after birds. We were rather disappointed to see over an inch of snow. The birds, however, were out, robins, song and fox sparrows, red-wing and crow blackbirds sang merrily. We hastened to Nashantuck Hill and took shelter from the icy wind and sudding snow on the piazza of the only house on the hill. A few chickadees walked along the stone underpinning of the house which the snow had not yet reached. A flock of juncos flew hurriedly past us. We now were warm enough to ascend still further. At the tip-top a northeast view showed us that the water produced by the melting of the late snows had overflowed Great Meadows until they looked like an inland sea. Nearer by, the natural bed of the river could be distinguished from the overflowed region adjoining by an occasional bordering tree or by low shrubs, growing on the latter. We now went down the hill and crossed the bridge near F. B. Sanborn's ancient-looking house. Here we met several fox sparrows. Bluebirds flew around us and a few crows attracted our attention by loudly cawing. Soon a bluejay sounded his shrill scream. Juncos had made themselves very conspicuous all the morning. Now it stopped snowing, and as the sun came out we saw several snipe on the wing. Just before 9:30 we took a boat to go up the river. A flock of about thirty black ducks flew into some neighboring pines. A little way above the railroad bridge a muskrat was espied swimming rapidly down the river. After meeting the muskrat we ran around on a submerged cranberry meadow.

The innumerable submerged cranberries looked like jewels. We managed at length to push the boat into deeper water, but the channel was hard to find. Soon we found that there lay a sand bar between us and the main river, but we rowed vigorously and were soon on the right course. While looking up into the sky we saw a red-tailed (?) hawk sailing gracefully along. Soon we espied a great horned owl in a birch about half a mile away. Crows, sparrows and juncos were angrily flying around it. A white-bellied swallow skimmed over the river above our heads. Phoebees were occasionally heard. Having come to another shallow I jumped out of the boat and walked about; here I saw the first turtle I had seen this year swimming lazily along. Taking to the boat again we saw a red-shouldered (?) hawk a little down stream from where we had seen the first one. We frequently heard that note of the crow which so much resembles the "gobble" of a wild turkey. After dinner we walked to a point near the river beyond the Battle Ground. Along the sunny side of a stone wall some bay-winged buntings flew up, and I thought I distinguished a peabody bird and a chipping sparrow. While we were looking at these sparrows I saw the shadow on the ground of some bird in the air. Hastily looking up I saw a pigeon (?) hawk sail into a grove of young white pines. The juncos, sparrows and robins made as much commotion as at sight of the great horned owl.

After tea we took a walk up to Battle Lawn to see a friend interested in birds. About half way up Lowell street the sound of snipe came to us from far up in the air. We had heard meadow starlings all day at intervals.

On Friday morning the sun struggled to shine out, but the utmost he could do was to reddens the clouds in the east for an hour or so. At 5 A. M. we found our way to Nashantuck Hill and from there to the Lowell track. Grackles, robins, white-bellied nuthatches, meadow larks, song and fox sparrows sang on all sides. We thought we saw a cowbird. The redwings distinctly repeated their *oklee-e-e*, or *kugree-e-e*, as it may sometimes be translated.

At 9 A. M. we started for home by way of the picturesque Concord turnpike. A little way toward Cambridge from Emerson's house a pair of jays flew near us, one alighting in an apple tree on one side of the road and the other in one opposite. During our homeward walk we encountered perhaps a score of these brilliant birds, and often heard their shrill scream, of which Thoreau says, "It is as if it blew on the edge of an October leaf." In three places along the turnpike flocks of robins varying from twenty to fifty were seen. By the way, our list for this common thrush for the day was 174. About two miles from Concord we struck what seemed to be a bird caravansary, or, more scientifically, a regular point of migration for sparrows, snowbirds and robins. Here I saw a flock of about a hundred juncos, who were warbling and trilling by turns. The trees around us were packed close with fox, song and bay-winged sparrows. There were doubtless other species that I did not notice. A meadow starling or two were heard here also. We estimated that the number of supposed migrants was not far from 300. About four miles further two birds flew past that were ducks, probably black. We got to Belmont just in time to escape a driving snowstorm which had threatened us all day. My list for the trip was twenty-seven different species of birds, one muskrat and a turtle.

THOMAS D. BERGEN.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BUFFALO IN TEXAS.

ABOUT four years ago Mr. H. S. Canfield, formerly managing editor of the San Antonio *Daily Express*, painted a vivid account of the killing of a buffalo on Devil's River in west Texas, at the hands of Geo. W. Fulton, a wealthy ranch man of San Patricio county.

Mr. Fulton is perhaps one of the best known sportsmen of Texas and his ranch is at all times open to legitimate sportsmen who hunt and fish purely for pleasure. Any one who has ever been fortunate to come within the radius of Mr. Fulton's warm-hearted hospitality, will readily testify to the truth of these lines. He is so popular with people of all classes, however, that his name has been prominently mentioned in connection with the gubernatorial chair of this State, and as far as the writer is concerned, no better man could be chosen by the people of Texas.

But as to the buffalo. Mr. Fulton did kill a buffalo in Devil's River about four years ago out of a herd of about 40, but the statement of the killing was generally discredited.

On April 27, Mr. C. H. Moreau, a sheep man of Val Verde county, brought news of the discovery of a herd of about forty wild buffalo in the remote mountainous region of that county near the Rio Grande border.

Upon being interviewed by a representative of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Moreau stated that he received the information from his foreman, a Mexican by the name of, Leal Martinez, who returned a few days ago from a trip across the country from Mexico, where he had visited his parents.

"Martinez told me," said Mr. Moreau, "that he found the herd in a small valley between two ranges of big hills, many miles from any settler. That part of Val Verde county is very remote and it is possible that the herd has been there for several years without being seen by anybody. Martinez stated that he counted the herd and that there were between forty and fifty buffalo in it. He is a truthful man and I believe his statement is correct. It has been rumored for several years that a herd of buffalo existed in that section of the border, but these rumors were never verified to my knowledge. About four years ago a wild buffalo was killed on the Devil's River, where the recently discovered herd is said to exist."

The buffalo that was killed by Mr. Fulton must have been the one spoken of above by Mr. Moreau, and that undoubtedly was out of the same band seen by the Mexican, Martinez.

The publication of the above in a San Antonio paper has called forth the following letter from Dr. J. B. Taylor, of San Angelo, Tex., who writes as follows:

Perhaps you will remember that some four years ago Geo. W. Fulton, of Rockport, killed a buffalo on my ranch on Devil's River, and that quite a long account of it appeared in the *Express* subsequently. I know that Fulton never told of this to any one, as he is far too modest to brag, and although I have the head of the buffalo now in pickle and can show the place where the buffalo ranged, I am satisfied that many who read the statement doubted its truth.

As George is now our candidate for Governor, I, as one of his many friends, am anxious to see this calumny from which he may have suffered all these years set at rest forever. I find in an article in the San Antonio *Express* of the 28th inst., which I indorse, a complete verification of the original statement made by the *Express* at that time. We supposed that there were about thirty buffalo in the herd in which Fulton did the killing, and I expected to hold them in the pasture, but by some means they all escaped. Twice since I have located them. I shall take steps at once to bring them back to the pasture, and I hope you will do all in your power to vindicate the character of our friend as a hunter of large game.

The publication of the above has served as a vindication to Hon. G. W. Fulton, who undoubtedly saw the same herd four years ago. Dr. Taylor was the first of Mr. Fulton's friends to extend an apology for having harbored any doubts as to the genuineness of Mr. Fulton's claim that he had actually killed a buffalo, and his letter has called forth the following feeling effusion from the facile pen of Mr. Fulton:

GREGORY, Tex., May 3.—*My Dear Doctor:* Truly, modesty, as well as virtue, is its own reward. For four long years I have waited patiently for the removal of the doubts that have been cast upon my title to the well-earned cognomen of "Buffalo George."

And it has come at last! Many sleepless nights have I spent in wonder that my best friend, with indubitable proofs of my prowess with bow and spear in his possession, should have stood mute while a doubting world cast sidelong glances at his friend who, for so many years, had enjoyed a State-wide reputation for the fleet foot, the stealthy tread, and, above all, the unerring aim that go to constitute the truly great hunter of the monarchs of forest and plain.

If I rejoice for myself at this somewhat tardy vindication, what shall I say for my veracious chronicler, our beloved Canfield? Truly, my heart rejoices and is glad at the thought that the only suspicion that ever rested upon him as a builder of sensations has been fully and finally removed.

Not the least of my joys in this connection springs from the fact that, through my humble instrumentality, the testimony of Mr. Moreau and Sr. Don Leal Martinez has been corroborated to a degree of certainty which leaves nothing to



hang a doubt upon, and it can no longer be questioned that the shaggy King of the Plains still roams at will over a portion of our great State.

But alas! There is ever something to dampen the ardor of our keenest joys! I have a most lively recollection of numerous libations that were poured upon the devoted head of the buffalo—at my expense. These be hard times!

Alcohol enjoys the reputation of being a great preservative. If this be so, I am quite certain that the head of the buffalo in question is in a fine state of preservation. Faithfully yours,  
G. W. FULTON.  
Dr. J. B. Taylor, San Antonio, Tex.

The fact stands that reputable witnesses have established the existence of a herd of about forty buffalo in the mountainous regions between Devil's River and the Rio Grande. The country is very rough and the mountains and hills of that region are alternated by cañons and valleys rich in luxuriant grasses and limpid springs.

O. C. G.

#### Zoological Society of Philadelphia.

THE twenty-second annual report of the board of Directors of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia was read at the annual meeting of the members and loan holders of the society, April 26. From a financial standpoint the report is not so encouraging as in previous years, since the hard times have affected its attendance and so its receipts. The total attendance for the year ending Feb. 28 was 215,549, as against 234,311 for the previous year, a decrease of 18,762. The decrease in receipts for admissions for year is \$873. As usual, the greatest number of visitors were present at the garden on Sundays, and the next greatest on Saturday, Friday being the lightest day of the week.

It would have been impossible for the society to have met the financial strain of the past year if it had not been for the liberal action of the commission of the Fairmount Park, who requested the City Council to appropriate the sum of \$10,000 for the purpose of maintenance of the collection. This is in addition to the sum of \$5,000 which for several years has been appropriated to the improving of that portion of the Park.

The report of Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, the superintendent, is interesting. From it we learn that the accessions to the collections during the year were 83 mammals, 135 birds, 410 reptiles and 12 amphibians, a total of 639. Among the interesting species now exhibited for the first time are a pair of black partridges from India, a pair of Chapman's zebras, a giant tree frog from South America, an example of the rare Guayaquil parakeet and some other birds and reptiles. A pair of ring-tailed bassaris, an interesting Japanese dog, some South American mammals and a fine male orang are among the other additions. During the year there were born in the garden a bactrian camel, Virginia deer, fallow and axis deer, elk, bison, llamas, two red-headed ducks and a number of pheasants of various species.

#### A Flock of Wild Pigeons.

WHITEWATER, Wis., May 7.—A flock of about 150 wild pigeons flew over this city last Friday, the largest we have seen in ten years, and this used to be their best country. If the shooting of them, and the molestation of them in their meeting places could be absolutely forbidden for ten years all through the country, is it not possible that the scattered remnants of this most attractive of the bird races in our old American forests might be reproduce something like their old numbers? Is it not a worthy subject for the National Legislature to consider? G. D. C.

### Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Witch Ducks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would be glad to learn whether any shooter can be found who ever saw such an object as a witch duck. Objects have frequently been seen in the headwaters of the Chesapeake Bay by gentlemen whose truthfulness can not be doubted.

I made it my business to call on Mr. William H. Dobson, who lives in Havre de Grace, and by the way is considered the best duck shot in Maryland, who was kind enough to give me his experience with three of those remarkably strange fowl. Mr. Dobson relates that one beautiful morning in the gunning season he and a gentleman of the name of John Brown double-stooled together. This means that two sinkboxes and two sets of decoys were joined, making about 500 decoys, which make a big show and draw the ducks from a long way off. After they had killed about fifty canvasbacks, and as they were talking about the prospects of a good day's shoot, Mr. Brown called Mr. Dobson's attention to three female canvasbacks sitting among their decoys only a short distance from them. Dobson says, "Hold on, Brown, and see me kill all three of those ducks with one barrel." Dobson says that he took deliberate aim and fired, and when the smoke blew off to his great surprise the ducks still sat there undisturbed. He and Brown shot eight barrels at them, and while they were getting ready to shoot again they disappeared. Very shortly there came a flock of canvasbacks and they killed seven of them. After they had loaded up their guns and were making fun at each about not killing those three ducks, Dobson looked among the decoys and to his great surprise he saw those same three female canvasbacks. "Brown, there is something wrong. Look, there are those same three ducks." "Don't shoot at them any more," said Brown, "let's see if we can't scare them away." So they both stood up in their boxes and hollered *shu shu*; but the birds still sat there just the same. When they both commenced to shoot at them again they disappeared and that was the last they saw of them.

E. B. GALLUP.

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$8).

### Game Bag and Gun.

#### IN CAMP ON WILSON'S POND.

WE were camping on Wilson's Pond.

Our guide had been engaged by letter, but disappointed us, and we of necessity engaged an eighteen-year-old boy, who knew nothing of the woods, but could be made available as a "hever of wood" and "toter of bread."

On the second morning the Parson and I took a canoe and paddling to the north shore proceeded to hunt the hard wood ridges.

It had been very dry for several days, and the leaves were so noisy that although signs were plentiful, it was about 2 P. M. before we caught sight of a deer. Then a good-sized buck jumped from behind a huge rock, about 150 yds. to the left. He seemed in a tremendous hurry, and so was I, for I shot four times as he dodged among the trees. Suffice it to say we never recovered any of these bullets.

We now worked back to an old lumber road leading down to the lake, and as the day was warm the Parson hung his coat and vest here, and we separated, agreeing to meet in the same spot about sundown to watch at a deer path. Arriving at the appointed time, I heard a shot and shout away off to the north. I tried to answer, but owing to a strong north wind did not succeed in making myself heard. I tried to go to him, but he traveled so fast that try as I might I could not get near him. At last, hearing nothing more, I returned to the lake and back to camp, which I reached about 10 o'clock.

The poor Parson held a novel "watch meeting" that night. About dusk he brought up on the shore of a lake which proved to be Prong Pond, but as this was our first trip to Maine, he failed to recognize anything more than that it was not Wilson's.

Preparing to camp we stripped a piece of birch bark and gathered an armful of dry branches, when feeling for matches he realized for the first that he had to find his vest or go without a fire. The mist arising from the lake chilled him to the marrow. A loon laughed mockingly out in the darkness, the weird sound echoing from hilltop to hilltop, till each point seemed occupied by a special "hobgoblin" sent to taunt him. Half clothed, without food or fire, he stamped and tramped, beat his arms and danced unclerical jigs to keep warm.

"Whiles glow'ring round wif' prudent cares  
Lest bogles catch him unawares,"

and constantly murmuring "You old fool, why didn't you stay in Jersey?"

Next morning I started at daybreak, and at sunrise the Dominie got his bearings, and traveling south we met near the lake and hurried to camp for breakfast, where the boys full of congratulations and curiosity "killed the fatted calf." We found them entertaining Louis Annance, an old Passamaquoddy Indian. Opening the way to good fellowship by swapping knives, where I got considerably the worst of the bargain, I inquired the best place to find deer. Pointing to the east he said, "Right over there; kind o' bog hole. Best place I know." He also made the remarkable statement that he was seventy years old, and would have been eighty, but "tree fall on um an' ketch um." Evidently some one had told him the accident would shorten his life ten years. He also said "Moose fraid man. Caribou fraid like the devil railroad train. Deer, him ain't fraid anything."

The Dominie not feeling in trim for a long tramp, we paddled down to the portage and crossed over to Upper Wilson's Pond, skirting the shore till we found an old lumber landing in the south cove, where we pulled out the canoe. What was once a log road leads up the mountainside from here; now overgrown with brush and briars and obstructed by windfalls, it is not over inviting. However, after shooting the heads off a couple of partridges, we followed the road about two miles, and suddenly came to a beautiful little lake nestled in a depression at the mountain top. To grace the scene two fawns stood on a flat rock about 50 yds. away. One looking over the neck of the other; a well directed bullet would have killed both. Startled by our appearance they gazed for fully a minute, then wheeled and whisked into the bushes. A black duck swimming lazily along the opposite shore turned his head and eyed us curiously. The margin of the lake was so trampled by the feet of deer that had come to drink that we concluded we must have stumbled on Sam's "big hole," though a less romantic appellation for so beautiful a spot would be difficult to find.

The sun shone red through the treetops, and having come provided with an axe and coffee pot, we retired half a mile and felling a hemlock soon had a comfortable brush house erected and firewood collected. Before sundown we posted ourselves, the Parson at the outlet and I at the broad end of the lake. Soon I heard a stick snap, then saw the head and neck of a small buck directly across the pond. He acted suspicious and disappeared for a few moments, then walked boldly out and began to drink. While I hesitated about risking a shot—I judged the distance to be 300 yds.—bang! bang! came from the outlet. My buck imagined he was the target, and jumped into cover, where he stopped to snort. Down the lake three white plumes waved adieu! adieu! adieu! as their bearers jumped high over the bushes and disappeared in the woods. I hurried down to the Parson and found him "beside himself" with vexation. He said, "I knelt behind this little cedar. A doe and two fawns came out. The doe walked into the water a few steps and lowered her head to drink. I pushed my rifle through the tree, and resting it on a limb pulled for the shoulder. She threw up her head, but stood perfectly still, and I knew I had not touched her. Taking plenty of time, I worked the lever and shot again. Then she jumped away unharmed." And turning, he shouted, "How did I miss?" I assured him that I was ignorant of the reason. We paced the distance—35 yds.; and this from a man who has killed lots of running antelope at 200 yds. and over.

We built a rousing fire at the bough house and running green sticks through the partridge roasted them over the coals. This is the only camp I ever occupied where the deer were numerous enough to come up and snort at the fire. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that during the evening a dozen deer came within a short distance; on all sides we could hear them, from the hoarse bark-like snort of an old buck to the shrill, short snort of a young

doe. I do not know whether they were following their usual runway, or were attracted by the light of the fire.

We spent two weeks in Maine, thirteen nights I shivered in a tent, while the night spent in the bough house we were comfortable without bedding or blankets; at least I was, but I think the Parson was troubled in spirit, for periodically would come the refrain, "You old fool, why didn't you stay in Jersey?"

Next morning we killed a yearling as he came to drink at the wide end of the lake about 200 yds. away. We had venison enough and returned to the tent to feast our friends and tell our story. Last night the Parson called at my office and pointing to a head over the mantle said: "Doctor, if I had missed a fellow like that I would feel bad! but I am thankful every day that I did not kill that doe and deprive those poor little things of a mother."

HAMILTON VREELAND.

#### THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

OF our small game, the gray squirrel ranks with the foremost of our sport-giving denizens of the woods. Early in the fall of the year, when the nuts are freed from their husks by the sharp morning frost, and the leaves of the chestnut and hickory blend with the color of the earth, the inquisitive "gray-back" may be seen running along the branches of the trees, prying into every nook and corner, and feeding on the sweet kernels of the hickory and other nuts, which fill out his sleek sides, and gives his delicate flesh a fine flavor.

As an angler has said, "It is not all of fishing to fish," it may be equally true to say "It is not all of shooting to shoot," for an early morning spent in the woods, sitting on a log and waiting for the furry little rodent to appear, as he is sure to do when the sun first shows his face over the surrounding hills, is full of enjoyable thought, and if a person is lucky enough to bag only one squirrel, he will not be disappointed in his morning's work, if he be a reasonable man and finds enjoyment in observing nature.

Well, I remember the early morning outings spent in the woods of the picturesque Catskill Mountains! Arising from sleep at 4 o'clock in the morning, I would fill my pockets with some light food, and donning my sweater shoulder my little 18 gauge gun, and commence my pleasant tramp over the hills to a favorite "stamping ground" of the squirrels. The keen mountain air being delightfully evident at that early hour, made brisk walking a necessity, and the contents of my pockets were greatly relished as I trudged along.

Arriving at the destination, it was my custom to find a fallen tree in the midst of a clump of chestnuts, lay the gun across my knees, and drink in the beauties of the surrounding landscape, withal, keeping my weather-eye open on the lookout for squirrel.

Now the sun has showed his warm, genial face between the hills, and as his beams glint on the trees, there begins a chattering chorus of the voices of the busy folk of the wood, as they arise and commence their foraging for breakfast. Sh! there on the limb of that chestnut right in front, is a fat "gray-back," how pretty he looks as his sharp eyes glance restlessly around, to see if there are any interlopers! Now is my time. As I rise to shoot, he sees me, and with a "chir-r-r!" of fear, he darts off towards a thick bunch of hemlock tops, to find shelter in their thickly covered branches, but I am too quick for him; as the sharp voice of my gun speaks out, he tumbles down from the lofty limbs, catching in vain at the branches in his way, and lands at my feet—a prize which amply repays me for my early rising.

After admiring his glossy form, I changed my location and secured two more squirrels, but with decidedly more ammunition and some tall chasing to retrieve them. By this time, my "inner man" proclaims the breakfast hour, and so, shouldering my gun, I trudge home, not overladen with game; but with a clear, contented mind and a healthy appetite, which does full justice to the ample country meal, which I find awaiting me at the old farmhouse.

WM. G. CHAPMAN, JR.

#### A VIRGINIA BUCK.

AMENIA, N. D., April 21.—It was a beautiful day along in the frost of November, and as I had unfortunately shot away all of my shells for my .44 (used in preference to any of the later sized calibers), I found myself up in the Massanutten Mountains, in Shenandoah county, Va., about twenty miles from Harrisburg, on a deer stand using an old-fashioned squirrel rifle (about 130 bullets to the pound) with one bullet in my gun and one in the bullet pouch. It was cold and frosty and I had built a small fire of dry drift wood to warm my aching toes. Then a long time of waiting took place, first fixing my fire, then relighting my pipe, as one always succeeded the other, until at last I heard that music never forgotten by the true sportsman or the man who can't even shoot a gun—the hounds in chase of a deer. At once that queer sensation commenced to run up and down my back bone (no one unless he has been in the same place can realize how it feels), and I excitedly cocked my old-fashioned rifle and every nerve became as intense as a fiddle string.

The glorious music drew nearer and nearer and my respiration grew longer and longer and seemed almost to stop, when at once there came a crash and something that looked bigger than Barnum's Jumbo sprang lightly down the bank and waded into the shallow water of the river; while I, I—with my mouth open, my gun cocked, stood like a last year's hornet's nest, apparently dead, but needed only a good shaking to arouse to life. When the deer suddenly caught sight of me, he gave a snarl and commenced to stamp his feet and retreat for the other shore, did my scattered senses return to me and I raised my rifle and sent the tiny ball on its deadly mission. At the crack of the gun I saw him spring or rather the spot where the bullet struck him contract as if you had hit him with a rock; but it did not stop him. He cleared a high clump of laurel at one jump and disappeared. I slowly and sadly reloaded my rifle and wondered what Uncle Bill and Jim Payne would say when they came in and found that I had lost my deer, and without even a drop of blood to show that I had hit him, when suddenly the old spotted hound broke through the brush, making a desperate effort to keep ahead of her year-old son, came tearing towards me. I hastily ran across the river and called them down to where the deer had left the water and put them on the trail. They ran about 20 rods and then stopped, and I hurried down and cut the throat of the first deer—a spiked horn buck—that I had killed in "Old Virginia."

We found very good hunting in the valley and in



Franklin county, W. Va., many deer, but very hard to get, as the settlers will let the deer go and shoot the dogs, especially if they belonged to a stranger, while they are running their own dogs directly against the laws of West Virginia. But such is life. We fared sumptuously and our thanks are always in order to Uncle Bill Minnick, New Market, Va., for his kindness to us in our six weeks' hunt. FLICKERTAIL.

IN SUPPORT OF THE "PLANK."

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I believe the position that you have taken, that the sale of game should be prohibited during all seasons of the year, is correct. My observation has satisfied me, that so far at least as the game birds of this State are concerned, the market-hunter is responsible for their destruction. He hunts for profit, and if you can destroy his market he will be compelled to turn his attention to some other pursuit. The greater portion of the game killed goes to the large cities, and is there distributed to other points. Nearly all the game killed in this State by market-hunters, goes to Chicago, and it would seem that if the law prevented the handling of game in Chicago, St. Louis, New York and a few other of the large centers of population, that the matter of game protection could be brought to a successful issue.

Of one thing I am certain; and that is, we need a more general reading of the FOREST AND STREAM. The man who can read this paper for any length of time and see the efforts being made by the better class of men throughout the country to propagate and protect the game, and then wantonly destroy it himself, is, to say the least, a very peculiar animal.

In northwestern Nebraska, on the line of the C. B. & Q. from Lincoln, Neb., to Deadwood, S. D., is a strip of country extending from a point 25 miles west from Broken Bow, westward to Alliance, about 150 miles long by 75 wide, embracing four or five counties, that is composed almost entirely of what is called sand hill country. This country is the home of what are commonly called prairie chickens, and they breed here by thousands. This country is the heaven of market-hunters. At every station along the railroad and they are about ten miles apart, we find from two to five men who do absolutely nothing the year around but hunt. These men start hunting early in July, when the birds are not larger than quail, and hunt several days in the week until midwinter, when what few birds are left have become so wild that they cannot be successfully hunted. They then loaf until the hunting season commences again. All these men use the repeating shot-guns, commonly called "pump guns," and become so expert in their use that they will sometimes kill seven birds at one rise. When they commence hunting the birds are such weak flyers that they almost invariably get every bird in the flock before they hunt for another. Early in the season they will average 75 birds per day to the gun, and they frequently make \$100 a month per man, above expenses.

I talked with one of these hunters last fall, who, by the way, is only a boy of 18 years, and was told by him that he had not hunted much, as he was obliged to clerk in his father's store most of the time; but that he had killed 2,800 during the season. He also bought and shipped birds at the station where he lived, and said he had paid out over \$4,000 for birds during the season. I am personally acquainted with many of these men and know just what they are doing. The birds are put in small barrels; a layer of ice is put in, then a layer of birds, and so on until the barrel is filled; then it is headed up and shipped to some commission house in Chicago, billed "Country Produce."

It is of no use to try to prosecute these men under the State law, as there is scarcely a person in these counties not interested in this illegal slaughter of game. Unless there is some way to prevent dealers in Chicago from handling this game, there is no remedy. These men will not work and so long as they can find a ready market for their game they will do nothing but hunt, until the game, in what is one of the best natural preserves, is exterminated.

Yours for preventing the sale of game during all seasons of the year. K.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am much interested in the articles from FOREST AND STREAM inclosed in your letter. The matter has been in my own mind for some time, and I believe that to put a stop to the sale of game as an article of commerce is largely to solve the great question whether game is to remain on this continent or not. C. S. HARRINGTON.

BALTIMORE, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am greatly in favor of your "Platform Plank," as I think the sale of game should and must be prohibited if we wish to save what game is left throughout the country from the murderous hand of the market-hunters. I am sure this class of men are mostly responsible for the rapid decrease of our game. I have noticed the great amount of game that is shipped to this city and I presume the greater amount of it is killed by market-hunters. I think your paper will do a great deal in bringing about a change in favor of the new platform plank, and I wish it much success. M. P.

CLEVELAND, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For some weeks I have been wishing to add my word in favor of the "Platform Plank." I am delighted with the stand FOREST AND STREAM has taken in regard to the sale of game.

The game is the property of all the people, and should no more be reduced to possession in large quantities and made an article of merchandise than air or sunlight. Prohibiting its sale would work inconvenience or injury to but three small classes of citizens—the rich who buy game for their tables, the dealer, and the market-hunter. None of these classes has shown itself so heartily on the side of game protection and preservation that its convenience should for a moment be considered, particularly to the detriment of the rights of the whole body of citizens.

It will be universally conceded, I imagine, that the wild game of a State rightly subserves two purposes; that is, it supplies food to those in newly-settled districts, while its pursuit furnishes recreation and health to all citizens who care to hunt and fish. Neither of these functions

will be impaired by the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of game, but both will certainly be extended.

The city which furnishes its citizens with a public park where they may enjoy fresh air and sunshine, and the State which provides a forest preserve, offering the same blessings on a larger scale, are but doing their duty by the community. So, too, a State which, by proper laws, makes it possible for its citizens to pleasantly take a reasonable amount of game for their own use, is but protecting the large majority of its members from the greed and rapacity of a few.

By all means let us have a law which shall prohibit the sale of game and its possession in large quantities. F. M. C.

EUFAULA, Indian Territory, April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By all means let the sale of game be stopped in every State and Territory. And while we are working against the market-hunter let us not forget to rebuke some of our own members who profess to be true sportsmen, yet kill inordinately. On Sept. 1 last, when the season opened, 1,000 ducks were killed on Horicon Marsh in one day, 75 by one man. See FOREST AND STREAM report. I should not want such sportsmen to visit my section of the country, and I should never let them shoot over my land. Such wholesale slaughter of ducks has thinned them out until we have almost none in this country where they once were plentiful. The whole number killed by me from Nov. 1 to March 1 was 25. How does that look beside 802?

Gentlemen, it is time that you were being a little more moderate in your shooting, and when you have killed a dozen ducks or two dozen quails in one day you should be satisfied and go home. Do not try to kill everything you see just because you can kill it, and manage in some way to dispose of what does not spoil. There is little game here in spite of reports to the contrary. G. R. R.

ARDONIA, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am with you in your efforts to stop the sale of game. If there is not something of the kind done soon we will have no game to protect. Yes, stop the sale of and limit the quantity of game any one person may take in a season. And as to the farmer's boy being so destructive to game, I think he is not half so bad as the boy of the small town who has nothing to do and can run with a pot-metal gun in season and out. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to add my vote in favor of the universal adoption of your Platform Plank, regarding the sale of game. A few relatively worthless fellows may be thrown out of their usual occupation, and hence be compelled to follow some more prosaic calling for a living. A gourmet here and there may be compelled to content himself with just the common domestic fowl and lamb instead of wild duck and venison; but the rights of these and similar classes, when placed over against the enjoyment, the welfare and the incentive to healthful exercise on the part of the great mass of men are not for a moment to be considered.

The prolonging of the existence of game in our country is a matter to be considered now. Inevitably in the course of years the hunting of game will be confined largely to the wealthier class of every community, for only they will be able to afford the means of feeding and breeding wild game. There is, happily, in my own State yet abundance of game in its natural state, and with our present population, with short open seasons, and with total suppression of the sale of game and of the skins thereof there will be good shooting here for generations to come for both rich and poor.

I have hunted the black-tail in central and northern California more or less for twenty-seven years, and can say that this deer is still quite abundant in its favorite haunts, notwithstanding the vast numbers that have been slaughtered annually by professional skin hunters previous to the last two or three years.

We are happy to announce to co-workers in the common cause that the sale of venison and deer skins is now prohibited by law in this State at all times. As a consequence deer are increasing in numbers every year.

In anticipation of the meeting of the State Legislature this winter a large number of representative sportsmen from throughout the State were called together last week in this city for the purpose of discussing and recommending certain more rigid laws for the protection of game. There proved to be a strong sentiment existing in favor of the suppression of the sale of game; but of course it was deemed unwise to attempt too much at one time. The work of the convention, however, was on the right lines, and if its recommendations become laws, California sportsmen are to be congratulated.

I wish to advert to one specious, but fallacious argument used by our opponents, which is unfortunately assented to by too many right-minded sportsmen. That argument which I would like to see "scotched" is that the so-called "game hog" is worse than the professional hunter. Now, I venture to say that a score of the latter gentry will, in any given year, destroy more game than all the so-called "game hogs" in the entire country. Again, the amateur, even though he be habitually greedy for a big bag, will be found advocating short open seasons, and other measures for the perpetuation of his favorite game, he stands ready with both head and purse to further these ends—something the stolid professional never troubles himself about. ROEEL.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Let me claim the privilege of the old proverb, "Better late than never," to drive a spike in the "No Sale of Game" plank in your sportsmen's platform.

It is the sale of game, for the purpose of replenishing the pockets of those who are too lazy to work for an honest living, which is robbing our forests and streams of their great attractions. Nor is the much pitied and sympathized with "farmer's boy" to be excluded from the list, for he is usually the "chief of sinners."

Living out on the hills, near the brooks, he usually spends his Sundays on them, catching anything that will bite, as long as the season or the trout last, and driving in to the village tavern in the evening to sell those which are above the legal size, and, I suppose, eating the little ones at home as they do the small potatoes! Nor do they confine themselves to their fathers' farms, for I have met them miles away from home, on a wet day, when they could not plow or hoe, stripping all the brooks within walking distance. The ruffed grouse suffer too from their

snares, and I find delight in occasionally destroying one or two of the latter in my woodland rambles.

I know of no way to prevent the utter destruction of our game, except to prohibit its sale as an article of merchandise. VON W.

MADISON, Wisconsin.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very much pleased at the stand FOREST AND STREAM has taken in regard to the sale of game. I have long believed it to be the only solution of the problem, and sincerely hope the step will be a successful one.

The other day while walking through the markets of one of the neighboring cities, I saw many hundred ducks, most of which were redhead and bluebill with a sprinkling of canvasbacks among the lot, for sale at the different stalls. The greater part of these ducks had been shipped to the proprietors of the stalls for sale on commission and were the result of a three days' trip by three local market-hunters. The birds were in such poor condition that they could hardly be disposed of at any price. When one sees canvasbacks and redheads offered at 50 cents a pair and finding but few takers because of their poor condition, I think it's about time to call a halt, and I say most earnestly "Stop the Sale of Game." G. K. T.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—I am most heartily with FOREST AND STREAM in the effort to protect the game of this country, and believe that nothing short of such a drastic measure as the absolute prohibition of the game traffic will accomplish the desired result. A. A. W.

RIFLES FOR SMALL GAME.

*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is to be regretted that the .25cal. shell suggested by your correspondent, W. L. Carpenter, in FOREST AND STREAM of March 10 and May 18, '93, does not seem to be appreciated by the manufacturing companies in the States.

A straight shell is certainly superior to one of bottle shape for general purposes. It is less liable to stick in the chamber, it does not require swedging even after long use, and it can easily be loaded with reduced charges when less power is required than that given by the full measure of powder. The sole advantages of the bottle-shaped shell are its comparative shortness and its capacity for retaining a certain amount of fouling which might otherwise be deposited inside the barrel.

That the straight shell proposed by Mr. Carpenter would be extremely useful for small game shooting there can, I think, be no doubt, judging by the success of a cartridge of very similar pattern brought out in England at the latter end of 1892 by a Mr. Leeson, a gunmaker at Ashford in Kent. Many American sportsmen are probably aware that the favorite small game rifle in this country has, for some years past, been one of .30cal. taking a straight shell which will hold 12grs. of powder, with a wad and a bullet weighing 82grs. (or 72grs. when hollow-pointed), seated over the cannellures. This is, on the whole, a very satisfactory weapon for all animals on the British Islands that can fairly be classed as small game. It can also be used with much success for killing seals and roe deer, but for such purposes, and for stalking game like bustard, wild geese, etc., in other countries, it is defective through having too high a trajectory. Mr. Leeson has therefore had a .30cal. shell manufactured, perfectly straight like the old pattern, and taking the same bullet, but long enough to hold 24grs. of black, or the equivalent of smokeless, powder. It can also be loaded with reduced charges which make accurate shooting up to 75yds.

The rifle is chiefly made for foreign sport. It weighs 6lbs., has a detachable barrel with side lever action and is often fitted with the Lyman sights. I may here remark that for game rifles of this description it is difficult to find a nearer approach to perfection than Lyman's ivory-head fore sight and his smallest sized folding rear aperture sight.

(Composite guns are likewise made which form splendid collecting weapons for naturalists. They weigh 5½lbs., have one barrel chambered for the same cartridge as the rifle and the other for the .41cal. brass shot shell, which is loaded with 28grs. of black, or 14 of smokeless powder, and ¾oz. of shot.)

The editor of the London Field, after superintending a trial, reported that this small charge gave a pattern and penetration sufficiently good to kill rabbits with certainty at more than 30yds. His trial of the rifle showed that it would put seven successive shots at 150yds. into a ring 6 or 7in. in diameter.

Here I think an improvement in accuracy might be obtained by a somewhat diminished powder charge both in the English .30 cartridge and in the .25 described by Mr. Carpenter. However valuable a flat trajectory may be, it does not pay, especially in small game shooting, to gain this at a sacrifice of minute accuracy. If the express principle be carried to excess, not only will small animals be often missed but, what is far worse, will often escape with broken limbs or wounds not immediately fatal, or else will be so badly mangled as to be unfit for the table. Some American sportsmen complain even now of the .25-20-77 cartridge tearing game too much.

Numerous experiments at targets have proved clearly that with the projectiles at present in use there is a marked diminution in regular accuracy when the powder charge exceeds about one-fourth the weight of the bullet. This proportion of the black rifle powder as made in England gives 1,600ft. a second initial velocity and a trajectory curve 2in. high in the 100yds. flight. With some of the milder brands of powder made in America, a little more may perhaps be used, but the velocity above mentioned seems to give the best combination of accuracy and trajectory for game shooting.

Practical sportsmen will, I am sure, admit that three-fourths of the small game actually bagged is killed within 50yds., and most of the remaining fourth within 80yds. It is evident therefore that a rifle with a trajectory of 2in. can be sighted so that no allowance need be made for the distances at which it is advisable, with rare exceptions, to fire at small animals, and it is not worth while to sacrifice even a slight amount of accuracy for the sake of making the bullets curve a little flatter. These very small bore rifles are more liable than the larger gauges to have their shooting spoiled by a trifling increase in the amount of powder, and I doubt whether the 86grs. bullet will do its best if the charge exceed 20grs. J. J. MEYRICK,

SOUTH DEVON, England.



## WYOMING BIG GAME.

LAKE BARROWS, Wyoming.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wrote some game notes for FOREST AND STREAM last year from this same locality (headwaters of Green River, Wyo.), referring to the big game as passing through the winter in good condition. The weather outlook was rather discouraging at the beginning of this winter, but proved to be very favorable. Not so many elk stopped here as the winter before, but there were more mule deer (or black-tail as they are called here). The elk were driven down early in the season by the first storms on to the Colorado desert. The mountain sheep are doing well. I killed one in February that was in fine condition.

The big game is holding its own quite well now, excepting the antelope, and if we could be fortunate enough to keep the Indian hide hunter out of the country we could save them. There has been very little hide hunting for the last three or four years by any of the whites, and we hope it may continue so. As far as sportsmen coming into this country to enjoy themselves and killing game to a reasonable extent, there should not be any objections; but at the same time I think they can go to extremes. A friend of mine passing through the Jackson's Hole country south of the Yellowstone National Park, went into a camp of a hunting party of sportsmen that had twenty-two elk heads and horns in camp. He took a snap shot at the whole outfit with his camera. Now, we all know that it does not decrease the game so much by killing the males as the females; but it seems to me that this was more than one party of hunters (who call themselves sportsmen) should be allowed to kill at one time. Nearly all the Eastern sportsmen hunting in northwestern Wyoming come by the way of Montana, engaging their guides and outfits up there. The game is getting nearly all killed off up there, and some of those guides coming down here with such parties help destroy it. This very same party referred to above paid their guide \$10 royalty for every head they got, besides his wages, which would encourage him to hunt up all the game he could for them. Some of the residents here are trying to preserve the game here; and if there is any benefit to be derived from sportsmen coming in here they ought to get it.

Big game is not all we have in this country for a sportsman to enjoy himself with; we have quite an abundance of small game, and better waters for mountain trout I think one cannot find anywhere. And if anybody can live on mountain scenery they ought to do it here, as we have it in perfection and in all styles. MOUNTAINEER.

## Proposed Pennsylvania Law.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION, Altoona, Pa., May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me through the columns of your paper to call the attention of the sportsmen of the State of Pennsylvania to the fact that the State Sportsmen's Association will, at its annual meeting, to be held at Wopsononock, Blair county, Pa., on Aug. 21 of this year, consider and adopt, if possible, a bill for the better protection of the game of this State with a view to urging its passage at the next session of the State Legislature. At the last session a bill was reported to the House of Representatives by the committee on fish and game, which in an amended form passed the House, but was, perhaps luckily, pigeonholed in the Senate.

Taking this bill as a basis to act upon, the Association has had a limited number of copies of the same printed. Copies will be furnished to all organizations which are members of the State Association, for consideration by them. All suggestions, etc., will be carefully scanned by the members of the legislative committee of the Association, for the purpose of framing a bill that will meet as nearly as possible the views of the majority of sportsmen in this Commonwealth, the said bill being presented at the Association's meeting to be held as above.

If the secretaries of any clubs which are not members of the State Association, will write me, I will gladly furnish them with copies of the bill for the consideration of the same by their respective organizations in order that as wide an expression of opinion as possible may be obtained.

EDWARD BANKS, Sec'y.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Welch & Graves, Natural Bridge, N. Y., have a new artificial bait. The Wyandotte Boat Company, of Detroit, have purchased the plant and good will of the late Davis Boat and Oar Company, and will carry on the business on the same lines as heretofore.

Buffalo Bill with his peerless aggregation of rough riders is once more with us. The Wild West gives two exhibitions daily at Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn, which is easily accessible from New York.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company are prepared to supply revolver shooters with .38 S. & W. smokeless cartridges. This new ammunition will prove a boon to gallery and other shooters who are bothered with smoke.

The Richmond & Danville R. R. Company have removed their general Eastern passenger office from 229 Broadway, New York, to the corner of Broadway and Chambers street. The new location is central and directly opposite the recently opened office of the Grand Trunk Railway.

We have received from the author, Mark Samuel, an attractive little manual on the care of fish and aquaria. "The Amateur Aquarist" gives simply expressed instructions to equip and maintain a self-sustaining aquarium and also particulars for obtaining and selecting the best fresh water fishes and plants, and how to keep them in health. It is instructively illustrated, and is a thoroughly practical and valuable book.

The Ideal Hand Book No. 5, which supersedes all previous lists, is at hand. This little manual is steadily growing in size, and the present number contains 80 pages of useful information for shooters.

A new tool which will appeal to sportsmen generally is the Universal powder measure. This machine can be set instantly to measure any charge of black or nitro powder for pistol, rifle or shotgun. It is graduated for grains and drams, and is guaranteed to be accurate.

## New England and the West.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—I lived in Vermont about ten years and can assure you that "Danvis Folks" brings the Green Mountains nearer to Michigan than they appear on the maps. And "Von W." if he could be a few miles north of here May 1 could get something larger than "fingerling trout," but he would soon get homesick for the beautiful scenery around "Number 4," and vote the fishing better there than here.

DEL.

## As Dear to the Heart as Ever.

FOREST AND STREAM, as dear to the hearts of the sportsmen of this city and State as ever, is growing better, if anything. It is especially devoted to topics that are dear to the heart of the angler and sailor, and the hunter of large game, and the fowler is by no means forgotten. Its illustrations are a special feature, and there are none better, or as good, in any journal of its class.—*Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.*

## Only One Missing in Sixteen Years.

FREMONT, Ind.—FOREST AND STREAM No. 12 (Vol. XLII.) has some friends failed to arrive. This is the only number that has failed in sixteen years. Please send it. I am anxious to have my FOREST AND STREAM all filed in regular order. They are treasures.

W. N. McKENNA.

## Sea and River Fishing.

## SOME CARP LAKE NOTES.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As the Kentucky contingent of the "Kingfishers" entered the Little Miami depot at Cincinnati in the summer of 1892, equipped for the annual outing to Michigan waters, their glances sought in vain for "Old Kingfisher" himself, who was to meet us there. Only his shadow lay before us at the baggage end of the depot in a big truckload of bags and boxes—camp equipage—the boxes glistening in a new coat of green paint. How familiar they seemed—the old frog box with its wire netting, the tool chest, the canvas bags of tents and tent pins, the torpedo-shaped minnow bucket, and the boxes of groceries of varied sizes.

Strolling to the sidewalk fronting the main entrance, we almost instantly caught sight of the belated head of the gang, making tracks for the depot with that same automatic motion of his lower limbs that used to bring moisture to our brow to keep them in sight during a long Michigan tramp.

"Got them worms, Charley?" said he, in his idiomatic style, as soon as he got in talking distance.

"Of course," replied Charley. "What do you take us for?"

"Shake!" said he; and we shook.

"Shake again," said he; and we shook again. The hand clasps were hearty and genuine.

"Kingfisher" had written us to bring along some Kentucky worms—barnyard-hackle, as he called them—with which to beguile the unsuspecting trout from hidden places and to keep up the minnow supply; provided that Culbertson, the disciple of Cuvier, didn't purloin them to feed the bluegills, for which he had a tender attachment. And indeed when grasshoppers were scarce, clam bait infrequent and the overhanging bushes prevented the use of the fly, "worms wuz worms" for the agile trout, especially a good, flat, luscious Kentucky worm.

That afternoon we erected the "den" of Culbertson—the Cuvier magnate (another of the Kingfishers that was to join our procession), and later had the pleasure of taking tea with "Kit," one of the two charming heroines of a camp out in Michigan, as related in former numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

That night we took sleepers for Walton Junction on the G. R. & I. Railroad, headed for the deeply fascinating waters of Green Lake, fourteen miles south of Traverse City. Next day, reaching Walton Junction, Hickman ("Kingfisher") was seized with sudden fear that the Traverse City train would fail of connection with the next Michigan train, that left about 1 o'clock P. M. for Interlachen, a small station near Green Lake.

"I'll fix it," said he—"Clay, got any cigars?" and receiving a handful from Culbertson, he sauntered in his guileless way toward the engineer of the Traverse City train—somewhat as a spider approaches a fly, with side steps. Getting close enough, he offered the engineer a cigar, which was accepted. "Take 'em all," said Hickman, and the cigars were transferred to the pockets of the engineer, with thanks. The cigars were "ten-centers."

"Can't you speed her up a little, so we can catch the south bound train at Traverse City?" inquired Kingfisher, in his gentlest and most persuasive tones.

"Oh yes," replied the engineer, "we'll get there in time to catch the 6 P. M. train, but will miss the 1 P. M. train about twenty minutes." He was right, we missed it. The smile and confident expression that lit up "Kingfisher's" face as he started for the engineer, wasn't there as he returned to our party, but, instead, a sort of hopeless look, somewhat like the boy whose captured rabbit had suddenly left his hands. He stood our jokes upon his persuasive powers with commendable patience—explaining that Culbertson had given him some of the "give way" cigars and not the genuine "ten-centers."

At Traverse City our party, consisting of Hickman, Culbertson and Mack Barney, the cook from Cincinnati, and Furr and the writer from Frankfort, Ky., were joined by Foulds and Gooder from Cincinnati, and Thurston (Kelpie) from Central Lake, Mich.

The hours of waiting were spent by us in taking in the town or sauntering along the wharves, watching a three-master unload coal by horse power with block and tackle, or following the movements of the ring perch and suckers that loafed around the grimy edges of the dock. A ragged lad with five-pronged spear with long handle was watching his chance to assassinate the suckers.

About 6 P. M., as predicted, ourselves and baggage were stored aboard the south-bound train, and shortly landed at Interlachen in the midst of a driving rain. This necessitated a conference on the subject of going out to Green Lake and making camp in the wet. There was such a deep and powerful attraction about its waters, that Hickman and Furr could not resist the temptation to get there as quickly as possible, and piling the tent baggage and some groceries on the only wagon at hand, they mounted on the top and drove off to make camp, leaving the rest of us to follow in a wagon that had been sent for.

Gooder and Foulds warmed themselves by paying the railroad agent \$4 extra charges on a boat they had prepaid 80 cents for as transportation charges from Traverse City, fourteen miles. The agent was guileless and bland, but he got the money. It was simply a case of "hold-up."

The wagon arriving, we got aboard and drove the short distance to Interlachen and up to the door of the principal (and only) hotel, a two-story wooden structure. The rain was falling in torrents. Gooder and Thurston concluded to stop. Foulds, Culbertson and the writer felt it incumbent to go on in search of camp, which we were told was near the "bowery." Our driver was an amiably wicked chap of conversational, liquor tendencies. He knew the woods like a book, knew all the roads, knew where the "bowery" was, knew everybody, including "the resorters" that lived in ten miles round, but especially did he know, as we subsequently found out, that his "dad" kept the only, and, of course, the principal hotel at Interlachen.

Under the clouds and in the falling rain, the night was dark as pitch, the bushes dripping with water overhung the doubtful road, and logs, sinks and side hills were no obstacle to our experienced driver. The only case of actual stoppage was when the horse leaped a 3 ft. fallen tree and attempted to take the wagon along with him. Culbertson was on the front seat, with umbrella, and when the collision occurred he sailed off with it, full

spread, evidently trying to show how, in times of danger, it could be used as a parachute. No doubt it would have been a successful effort and landed him easy, but the amount of avoidupois overcame the cubic contents of inflation, and he came down straddle of the tree, and rather hard.

Mending the harness, and after divers adventures, we reached the "bowery." All was dark and silent. No camp in sight. We yelled and shouted. No answer. After twenty minutes of vain search, in discussing our drowning situation, some one casually remarked that our camp was to be close to the edge of Green Lake.

"Green Lake," ejaculated our driver, "why, this ain't Green Lake! This is Duck Lake. They told me the camp was to be at the 'bowery,' and there ain't no 'bowery' on Green Lake." The "bowery" was a wooden pavilion, or dance shed, erected in the woods on the edge of Duck Lake.

The discovery of our mistake filled us with emotions too varied to be explained. There was only one thing to do—retrace our steps to the "principal" hotel. The driver, mindful of his daddy's ownership, and the advantages of patronage, had suddenly lost some of that vast knowledge of the roads he had earlier professed, and vehemently denied all knowledge of the road to Green Lake. Next day we found the road there so broad and plain that a blind man could have felt the way. Back to the hotel we went, but Culbertson was so much chagrined, and so disliked the idea of leaving Hickman and Furr to make camp by themselves, that he offered a Swede, who knew the place, \$3 to show him the way afoot. As it proved but little over a mile out, the offer was tempting enough, but fear of the landlord evidently prompted the Swede's refusal to accept.

We passed the night as comfortably as the circumstances would admit. Retiring, Culbertson, in no pleased mood, threw himself down on the bed. The slats broke and he struck the floor. The bed was in V-shape, the broken slats holding up the sides, himself in the hollow; but accepting the situation he lay there till morning. The only trouble, he said, was in turning over for a change.

Next day we went out to camp and found Hickman, Furr and Barney, the cook, with two tents up and getting camp in order. From a pile of straw, ordered beforehand, they got enough that was dry to make a comfortable bed, and passed a good night under the first tent up.

Of the glories and magnificent fishing qualities of Green Lake, "Kingfisher," in his own inimitable style, has furnished a description for previous pages of FOREST AND STREAM. We don't care to attempt to add anything to his vigorous painting; if we did we would paint the whole thing "red," or a shade of "invisible green." We hunted bass for three days—diligently, earnestly, hopefully, tried all kinds of bait and only caught a glimpse of one solitary three-pounder (we guess he was a three-pounder). I hooked him, he flopped around a stake and departed. We caught a few bluegills. Kelpie tried his hand on them but wasn't a success. When I explained to him that it was easy enough—by a simple twist of the wrist—he said that was sufficient, he would know how forever afterward.

Concluding to emigrate to Carp Lake, we struck tents and departed. At Traverse City Foulds and Gooder left us for Omena on Grand Traverse Bay. Coming up the day before they had engaged wagons for us, which we found waiting at the depot, ready for the ten-mile trip to Carp Lake. Stopping a bit at the "Last Chance" on the edge of Traverse City, then taking lunch at the bridge on the bay, passing Cedar Lake and sundry so-called trout streams, we reached Carp Lake at "Robin Nest Camp," one mile above Bingham, and three and a half miles from Nolans, our old camp ground of the year before, on the other side of the lake.

OLD SAM.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## A DAY OF SOLID COMFORT.

THIS was the angler's ideal morning, warm and misty after a night's gentle rain. Every blade of the emerald-hued grass was tipped with the pendant rain drops, glistening like a carpet of diamonds in the warm rays of the morning sun, which ever and anon gleamed through the drifting banks of mist. As we walked along the green carpeted lanes we passed between long rows of blossom-laden apple trees and inhaled their fragrance which lay heavy on the cool fresh air. It was a morning to inspire those joyous feelings which thrill the lover of nature.

"Well, old comrade, once more we have a day of pleasure before us, and if we go home with empty creels we may as well give up angling forever," said Freezy, this ideal May morning, as we jointed the rods on the bank of as pleasant a stream as ever God created. "Certainly we have an ideal day and somehow I feel confident we shall beat the record," I made reply.

Chum shortly checked our conversation for making the initial cast, and he was soon engaged with a lively half-pound trout, which he landed, and I was lucky enough to follow suit with one of the same pattern.

We were at the edge of an open maple wood, where the stream flowed with rapid current between banks of clayey soil thickly set with the odious skunk cabbage. So erratic here is the stream's course that the uninitiated angler while traversing the banks is liable to an involuntary bath in the icy water, which gurgles over sandy shallows and then dashes into one of the countless elbows scooping a deep hole beneath the root-bound banks. And there are good trout in these eddies, as Chum and I well know. I well remember my exciting interview that day with an educated trout at one of the eddies. Knowing from bygone events that the gentleman chose this as his private residence, and the omens being good I determined to try him anyhow. Standing in a shallow just above the pool, I made the cast and the current soon carried the bait down into the circling foam, where with a whirl it disappeared under the bank. In a moment I knew that old Speckled Sides was at home, for the fact was well proven by sundry lively demonstrations at the end of the line. The antics of this old settler were in direct opposition to the well known tactics of trout in general. Instead of the usual long runs and wild leaps he just hung in under the bank, sulked and yanked at the line savagely. Knowing that he was a "whopper," Freezy danced around on the bank and offered the advice customary on these occasions. At last, becoming reckless of consequences, I headed him my way, stepped out on the bank, and trusting to my tackle gave a heavy surge, intending to bring him ashore, willing or not, but alas for human



calculations and to perdition with poor tackle. The hook and gut parted company; the straining line came back with a twang and I sat down in the moist earth. But never mind. It was only one more case of "the biggest one got away." I recovered in time to catch these words of sympathy from Chum: "Served you right; ought to have shown more sense," and other consoling remarks. We reached the meadow with a gooey lot of trout in our creels.

There is one object to be found along the stream deserving the pity of all who lay claim to manhood. Picture the drunken angler lurching along the mossy banks, where song of birds and fragrance of flowers are mingled with the glint of sunshine through the whispering leaves. Is not this sacrilege on these chosen spots? Hearing loud voices from a clump of alders as we entered the meadow, we drew nigh; and closer investigation discovered two pilgrims, whose rods, reels and general make-up marked them as (Heaven save the mark) members of the fraternity—both loaded. Aside from the aversion naturally arising from such a condition, their antics were comical in the extreme. There was soon a tacit understanding between Freezy and me to dispense with this charming company at the earliest opportunity; but this we found no easy matter, for ever and anon, as we followed the stream's winding course, we were confronted by this precious pair, who, forgetful of all previous greetings, would meet us with a howl of recognition and a pressing invitation to "take suthin." All this was annoying enough and coupled with the uproar, made angling a fruitless occupation; but at last the climax was reached when we came suddenly upon one of them sitting in the overflow of the stream, in water waist deep, industriously fishing underneath an old log without a vestige of bait on his hook. This was a little too much even for his friend, whose disgust found expression in the suggestion, "Come, you old fool, let's go home." Pulling the old man from the water we started them off to the nearest road, and away they went.

The pleasures of the next hour effectually soothed our ruffled feelings. The alder-arched stream wound across a charming meadow, its many abrupt turns causing numerous little eddies flecked with patches of whirling foam. Numerous openings in the brush gave ample opportunity to make the cast and nearly every cast was productive of a trout, not large but high colored, plump and gamy fighters.

While we were eating lunch, a long mooted question once more came under discussion, and we determined to fish a choice bit of water just below. Freezy slid over the wall, and as he let his line drop down between the alders into a shady pool, I saw by the quick firm grasp of the rod and the expectant look in Chums eye that he had on hand a battle with a gamey trout. I watched the contest with bated breath. The fish made the reel fairly smoke as he started off at a Nancy Hanks gait, but when he had run the proper distance a strong pressure of the drag stopped his little game. Finding himself thus balked, he made a rush and shot into the air a foot above the surface. But it gained him nothing, for Freezy quickly pulled him over into the stream and started him shoreward. Several times he made a break but a reminder from the drag brought him back, and as he came skating in Chum lifted him out of the wet.

Next we entered Palmer's big woods, and here I had the laugh on Freezy. In the woods is a charming pool, overshadowed by a venerable leaning maple, beneath whose gnarled roots under the overhanging banks lived a wary old trout, the hero of many an engagement with the tempting fly or plebeian worm. Now, Chum had come especially "well heeled" to try conclusions with this cunning old veteran; he had secured a choice tidbit, which surely must fetch him—a young wood mouse, which "Seneca" says is a killing bait for large trout. All day had Chum carefully guarded the little rodent, which lay in a bed of cotton incased in a perforated box. Stretched at ease on the ferns, I watched the contest. Freezy tempted the trout with a variety of flies, bugs and worms; but no; he would have none of them. "Well," said he, "by Jove! I have something that will do it," and proudly drew forth the box. Lifting the cover, he peered in with a blank look. Mousey was dead and cold, from fright no doubt. Well, Chum's sunny disposition soon overcame his disappointment; and he left the pool with a vow that he would have its occupant if he had to start a mouse farm to accomplish it.

The remainder of the afternoon was a pleasant ramble. We followed the stream with thoughts wholly abandoned to the surroundings, now stopping to examine a meadow flower of unusual beauty, or to listen to the clear notes of some wood warbler, or pausing at some well-known eddy to draw forth a mottled dweller of the stream. Ah! these are days worth living, days of pleasure on which the thoughts linger lovingly, which bring rest to the tired brain. At last the lengthening shadows now warned us that the day was nearly done, and we plodded home in the twilight, the weight of our creels giving ample proof that my predictions of the morning were fulfilled.

E. M. B.

PRESTON, Conn.

#### New Hampshire Trout.

CHARLESTON, N. H., May 10.—I am glad to see the letters of my old friend, "Mascomy," and wish to tell him that a young friend of mine went to that Acworth brook last week, and returned with one trout! I have not been out myself yet. The weather is very bright and clear, and the brooks very low, and we are in need of a good, long, warm rain before the water will be in proper condition for fishing.

We need a change in our game laws. The trout season should be restored to May 1 or even May 15, instead of April 15, as it now stands, which is too early for any region north of Pennsylvania or southern New York, unless it be on Long Island and the seacoast of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

All northern New York, north of N. Y. C. R. R. should adopt the same date. The letters in FOREST AND STREAM of May 5 clearly prove this.

I cannot close this without a word to express my delight in my good friend, R. E. Robinson's "Danvis Folks," and my hope that for years to come he may continue his graphic descriptions of the simple, honest folk and the quiet, happy life of "New England in the olden time."

VEN W.

The pickerel has a large mouth, but not large enough to swallow some of the stories that are told about him.—Ex.

## THE MOUNTED COLLECTION OF FISH

At the U. S. National Museum.

SECOND PAPER.

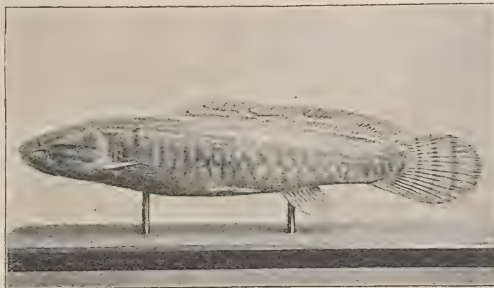
ONE of the most interesting fresh-water fishes in this country is the bowfin (*Amia calva*), and the Museum has in the collection a very beautiful cast of one, which has been faithfully colored to imitate the natural specimen.

Science thus far has knowledge of but one species of bowfin in the fresh waters of the United States, it being the "dogfish" or "sawyer" of the Great Lakes; the "mud-fish" of certain parts of New England; while where it occurs in the South it is known as the "Johnny Grindle" or "bowfin."

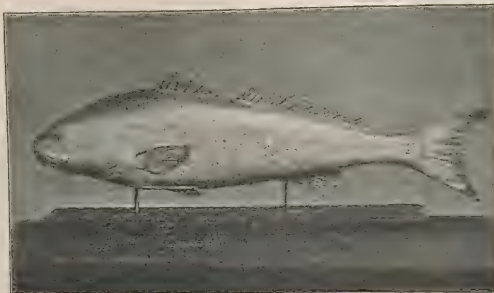
In 1883 I saw negroes capture this fish, with hook and line, in the bayous south of New Orleans city. They used

SKATE (*Raia erinacea*).

small frogs and minnows for bait, and the fish took them most voraciously. Negroes in the South are very fond of the bowfin, but beyond them they are not otherwise held in any esteem. They are a beautiful fish when caught, especially those that possess the large black and orange eye-spot at the base of the tail above. I have seen them caught over 2ft. long, and weighing as much as 12 or 15lbs. Sportsmen troll for the bowfin, and many consider him a gamy fish, well worthy of their skill. The young make capital bait for pickerel. Bowfins are voracious fishes, exceedingly tenacious of life, and the very small ones are great favorites in aquaria. But they will

BOWFIN (*Amia calva*).

not tolerate other species in the tank with them for an instant, as the savage fry, with their sharp teeth, will make away with anything, save a snail, in very short order. It has been observed that the young bowfins must arise to the surface every once in a while to breathe. Dr. Estes has said, "While the parent still remains with the young, if the family become suddenly alarmed, the capacious mouth of the old fish will open, and in rushes the entire host of little ones; the ugly maw is at once closed, and off she rushes to a place of security, when again the little captives are set at liberty." ("Sportsman's Gazetteer," 1877, pp. 324-326.) Nothing of this kind has

LARGE RED DRUM (*Sciaenops ocellatus*).

ever been observed by the present writer, though no doubt other fishermen than Dr. Estes have both seen and described the habit.

[The drumfish in the collection are represented by a fine cast of the large red drum (*Sciaenops ocellatus*). As in the case of several of its congeners, the red drum may be distinguished by its short, though spiny, dorsal fin, which is followed behind by an unusually long and soft-rayed one, which is carried down to near the base of the tail. This species also has the power of giving vent to loud drumlike noises, which is accomplished by a peculiarity in the structure of the air bladder. On our coast the species is found from Chesapeake Bay to Galveston, being abundant in many localities, especially on the coast of Texas. More properly this fish should be called the redfish, as suggested by Goode, while in many parts of the South it is known as "bass," or bass with various prefixes attached

to it. It may attain a length of 5ft. and weigh over 40lbs. The Washington Market specimens I have examined are usually not nearly as large as this. Professor Goode has said, "The food is similar to that of the striped bass, which it seems to resemble in habits. It preys upon small fish and the crustaceans with which Southern waters are filled. They swim in scattered schools at times, probably in the spawning season, and may be heard spring above the surface while feeding. At this time the fish are taken in large gill-nets, which are set around them by the fishermen. This species undoubtedly gathers much food from the bottom, although it cannot be so much of a grubber as many other members of the same family, better provided for this kind of foraging by the tactile organs under the chin, and a set of grinding teeth with which to liberate the shells of mussels and barnacles. An accurate observer describes them as swimming along close to the bottom, with head down and body obliquely upward, wriggling through the water, rooting up the weeds and grass, among which it finds quantities of shrimps and crabs. Their enemies are sharks, porpoises and sawfish. The power of uttering sounds is also shared by this fish, but probably not to any very great degree. No one has reported observations upon this point." With regard to this last statement, it may be added that practically we know little or nothing as yet of the migrations and breeding habits of this interesting species, and ichthyologists will be very grateful for any that may be forthcoming. As long ago as 1864 the present writer recollects the catching of this fish by the fishermen inhabiting some of the cays of the Bahama Banks, and I have a drawing of one of the specimens which I made there during the latter part of that year.

One of the most satisfactory casts in the entire collection is that of a skate, and this specimen has been beautifully reproduced. Rays and skates and their kin are invariably regarded with abject horror by every taxidermist who has ever made the attempt to preserve them by the ordinary methods of skinning and stuffing.

During the drying process the specimen warps all out of shape; the incision made by the taxidermist for the purpose of removing the body, gaps wide open in a most hopeless manner; and the entire specimen in a few weeks comes to be fit only for a bonfire in the rear of the naturalist's quarters. This being painfully true, it is all the more fortunate that we possess the means of preserving the forms of these otherwise intractable specimens, which we do by the methods of casting in plaster of paris, or the still more elegant one, in gelatine.

The skates and rays belong to a very interesting group of fishes, more or less nearly related to the sharks. It contains such remarkable forms as the electric ray or torpedo fish, and the sting rays and whip rays, the eagle rays and sea devils. Speaking of sea devils, or the devilfish as it is better known (*Manta birostris*), I will not soon forget the one I once saw in Key West Harbor, Florida. I was aboard a man-of-war anchored some distance off old Fort Taylor. Near us there lay at anchor a small Government gunboat, she being about three times the size of an ordinary steam tug. She was so close that everything going on on board of her could easily be seen. While looking out from where I stood on the deck over the stretch of water that separated the two vessels I presently saw a great fish slowly come to the surface and head over toward the gunboat. It took but a glance to recognize the fact that it was an enormous specimen of the far-famed devilfish, and the marine on guard on the gunboat saw it nearly as soon as myself. As it was swimming quite rapidly, in a few moments it was close to and resting itself on her starboard cable, which was down with her anchor. By a wave of his hand I saw the officer of the deck give the sentry permission to shoot at that ponderous fish, though I wager he had no idea of the kind of a row he was to raise thereby. After receiving the shot, the devilfish for a second or two was not seen to move, but immediately after broke out in all his fury, and lashed the sea about the prow of that gunboat into one seething mass of bloody foam. It by no means improved matters when two of the seamen pinned him with two large whaling harpoons. This simply infuriated the brute still more. He became tangled up in the cable just as the entire marine guard gave him a volley from the fore-castle. This was more than any fish could be called upon to stand, and plunging forward and apparently dragging the vessel from her moorings he put both cable and harpoon lines on the stretch. At this point, when the very safety of the vessel seemed to be endangered, he received a second volley from the marines, and then the lines parted, one after the other, like two pistol shots, and the huge creature tore over the surface of water seaward, to soon disappear.

I shall always believe that that devilfish was 40ft. from tip to tip and weighed at least a half a dozen tons.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

#### NEWS FROM FISHING WATERS.

THREE LAKES, Wis., May 7.—The lakes have been open for some time. Muskallonge, pike and bass fishing will be good by May 15. Deer, partridge and rabbits are very plentiful; they wintered well. J. R. FRENCH.

SPRING LAKE, Flagstaff, Me., May 5.—Douglass & Savage shot a large bear here Saturday, the 4th, after a smart brush. The bear had got free from the clog that had been attached to the trap, giving him considerable liberty as well as temper. Fishing promises well. A. B. DOUGLASS.

POTSDAM, N. Y., May 9.—Chas. F. Heaton returned one day last week from Kildare Pond, his father's preserve, with about 50lbs. of as fine trout as has been brought into town in a long time. The catch represented one day's fishing.

#### Fishing in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 10.—The fishing season has opened for all fish in our waters except black bass, which our law protects until May 15. One of the pretty catches made last Sunday at Lookout was 11 redfish, 8 sheephead, 1 croaker, 2 speckled trout, caught by Mr. P. Mallard, of the Marshall Club. Mr. Mallard also caught 28 black bass, which he threw back into the water in accordance with the law.

Mr. T. Lyons, of Lookout (Club, with Mr. Pinkard as invited guest, also spent a very pleasant day and both made a good haul. ANODRAC,



## MAINE FISHING WATERS.

BOSTON, May 11.—The trout fishing season is on in good earnest, and Boston fishermen are having some good luck in the Maine waters. Thus far the water in the Maine trout lakes is most remarkably low, especially in those lakes where there is a flowage for the purpose of running the mills below. The water was drawn off last winter as usual, and the snow melted away without filling the lakes. Since then the weather has been unusually dry, and the result is very little water in the lakes. Moosehead is reported very low. Some good catches of trout are being made there. At the Rangeleys the fishing is reported to be excellent; the result of the remarkably low water. Mr. J. R. Marble, of the Rangeley Lake House, writes the following account of the catches of his guests for a couple of days: May 5, Dr. E. M. Whitney, of New Bedford, Mass., with Rufus Crosby as guide, took a trout weighing 3 lbs.; 7 trout of 1½ to 2½ lbs., and 2 trout of 1 lb. each. Willard Nye, of the same town, with Geo. D. Hutton as guide, took a trout of 2 lbs. weight and 6 trout of from 1 lb. to 1½ lbs. A. E. Mann and Gilbert Tolman, of Boston, with Dan Haines as guide, took 2 trout of 2½ lbs. and 9 trout averaging over 1½ lbs. May 7, the same gentleman took a trout of 4½ lbs. and 9 averaging 1½ lbs. The same day, J. M. Tompkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., made a score of 2 trout of 3 lbs. weight, 1 of 2½ lbs. and 1 of 2 lbs., besides 7 trout of about 1½ lbs. each. A large number of trout have also been taken of smaller size and returned to the water. S. H. Jones, of Lowell, Mass., caught the first 2 trout of the season at the South Arm; 1 weighing 7 lbs. and the other of 7½ lbs. This he thinks is a good beginning. The water in Richardson Lake was unaccountably low at that time, and has continued so up to the time of this writing.

The beautiful camps of the Oquossoc Angling Association at Indian Rock, head of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, are to be better occupied this year than last, when the World's Fair drew many of the association members away. A happy fishing party is to start for that location on Tuesday, May 15. The party is made up of C. S. Roberts and wife, E. S. Pickard and daughter, H. B. Sprague and wife of Lynn, Mass., J. W. Daniels and wife of Providence, Mrs. H. H. Roelofs of Philadelphia and Jas. B. Field of Boston. Mr. Pickard is one of the older members of the Oquossoc Angling Association, and has done much to keep up the interest in the association. He is a great lover of fishing, and thoroughly in love with the country. On Monday, May 21, the above party is to be followed by another of the association's members and friends. This second party is to be made up of Mr. H. H. Roelofs of Philadelphia, James A. Williamson of Wyoming, N. J., Dr. Appleton of Philadelphia and four friends.

The Stevens party started for Camp Five Vale, Narrows of Richardson Lake, on Saturday. The party is not a large one this year, being composed only of Mr. C. P. Stevens and his nephew Frank H. Stevens. Mr. E. J. Shattuck, who has generally been a member of this party, will make his fishing trip this season to a new location on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. Mr. Stevens has been putting his camp in fine shape the past season. He has built a brick fireplace among other improvements, with a new guide-house, besides as fine a landing as there is on the lake. A noted party left Boston for the Upper Dam on Friday. It may be termed the insurance party from the fact that some of the leaders are prominent in that business. Mr. B. G. Akerman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., with Mrs. Akerman, head the list. They have visited the same location, usually the Upper Dam, for a number of years. This year they take their son Charlie with them. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hayes, of Boston, with Carl Hayes, their son, are also of the insurance party. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, of New York, are in the party, as they have been for several years. Mr. George L. Wakefield, of Wakefield, Mass., is also of the party this year; he is a young man and will thoroughly enjoy the trip and the fishing with the other boys of the party. All the ladies of this party are experts with the trout rod and the FOREST AND STREAM may hope for a good record of their catches hereafter. Mr. Partridge, of Boston, also well known in the insurance business, will follow the party later.

Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, is not expected at his camps on Mooselucmaguntic this season till the tariff debate and adjustment in Congress is completed. Doubtless it will be hard for his Honor to be thus confined to legislation, and possibly he may yet "steal silently away." Gen. F. D. Sewall, of Bath, and chief of one of the divisions of the revenue department at Washington, will doubtless be at the Senator's camps in season. Mr. Samuel Hano, of Newton, Mass., has gone, with his wife, to his new camps at Quimby Pond, in Rangeley. Mr. Harry Dutton, of Boston, has started for his splendid camps at Pleasant Island, Cupsuptic Lake.

Fish Commissioner Brackett, of Winchester, Mass., has just shipped 30,000 young brook trout to Sutton. The Winchester hatcheries have recently placed a large number of young trout in Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester. Hereafter a large number of eggs will be taken to Winchester for propagation, and the brooks and ponds in the northern part of the State will be drawn upon for these eggs. The defeat of the Gilbert trout bill has given the propagators of trout extra courage. The last heard of that measure was the prompt refusal of the Senate to pass it over the Governor's veto.

Ex-Governor Russell and party is expected to leave for Birch Lodge, head of Richardson Lake, soon. The party will also doubtless visit the splendid fishing lodge at B Pond, built a year or two ago by the Hon. John E. Thayer, who was a member of the ex-Governor's staff during a couple of his terms of office. Both the Governor and Mr. Thayer are real sportsmen and fond of the woods and waters. Mr. Bayard Thayer, the owner of Birch Lodge, has been in Japan for a year, but report says that he will be back in season for a stay at Birch Lodge, this year.

The Maine people are growing to love the sport on their own lakes and streams more and more. More prominent Maine citizens go fishing every year. A recent letter from Farmington says that a party of legal notables left that town for Rangeley on the 11th. In the party were Senator J. C. Holman, Clerk of Courts E. E. Richards, ex-Sheriff Alonzo Sylvester, ex-Deputy Sheriff Nelson Gould, Editor J. M. S. Hunter of the *Chronicle*, President G. W. Wheeler, Dr. E. C. Merrill and Frank E. McLeary. Senator Holman's camps will be their objective point, and they are to stay for eight or ten days' fishing.

Brook fishing in Maine is reported very poor indeed. The brooks are most remarkably low for the time of the year. There has been very little rain in May, thus far, and April was an extremely dry one. A rise of water is needed to make brook fishing worth anything. The lakes also continue remarkably low. So dry is the weather, prominent lumber-land owners greatly fear forest fires; and campers and fishermen should use the greatest caution. A fisherman to whose carelessness could be traced the destruction of a tract of beautiful Maine forests, would have something to be sorry for the rest of his days.

SPECIAL.

## ANGLING NOTES.

## Live Fish in Sealed Jars.

MR. C. A. OVERMAN, of Salisbury, N. C., writes: "I have heard that putting minnows in a jug hermetically sealed will preserve them alive on a trip of three days to a week, and when taken out they will be lively for bait. Will you kindly inform me if this is so, and the process for packing them in jars, and if any chemicals are put into the jars."

Fishermen in this country and in England have recorded that bait fish have been carried by them in the manner indicated in the query, in bottles and jugs three-fourths filled with water and then sealed. No chemicals are used in the water. In FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 2, 1893, page 476, under heading, "Transporting Fish Fry in Hermetically Sealed Bottles," I quoted from an official report of the New South Wales Commissioners to the World's Fair, describing how trout fry, and brook and brown trout 4 in. long, perch and carp, have been transported in sealed bottles or jars by the authorities in that country. I would refer Mr. Overman to this article, as it bears the official stamp of the Commissioners to verify a method of transporting fish that has been questioned. This method of transporting fish fry in sealed bottles proved so successful that it superseded the old method of transportation in open cans. It is related that fish have been carried in that manner a distance requiring more than three days to cover. It is obvious that the temperature of the water in the bottles must not be allowed to go above the point that would kill the fish in open cans.

## Bright Rod Mountings. Fine Gut.

MR. H. B., of Worcester, England, writing from New York City, asks: "Can you kindly inform me of any means to dull the excessive brilliancy of nickel-plated goods? I have a rod the fittings of which are nickel-plated, also a reel, fully plated; both of these on a sunny day throw several flashes of light at a time, which frighten the fish considerably. I should also like to know why it is that in this country, where they excel in the making of rods, reels and lines, it is almost impossible to obtain fine (i. e., thin) gut? In England we have to be content with a Castle Connell 17s. 6d. rod, or a £1 1s. Ogden, or others of like price, and a reel costing about 5s., but our tackle must be of the best quality, and fine. Our casts are made of fine drawn gut. The undrawn gut is stronger, but is very difficult to procure in good long lengths, and round, which is most essential. These casts are sufficiently strong to land a 3 lbs. trout. Most of our flies are tied on eyed hooks, the best hooks being 'Pennell's' turned down eye upturned shank,' which are attached to the cast by what is known as the 'jam knot.' With the flies tied on gut, all fishermen knot the end fly to the cast; this necessitates breaking the gut to change the fly, but this can be done two or three times before the gut becomes as short as that on the average fly over here, after which it can be looped and used as a drop fly. 'Fine and far off is our maxim.'"

In the first place we are not so particular over here about flashing rod mountings as the fishermen are in England, and so use bright reels, ferules, etc.; and really I think fish are not, as a rule, in a position to know the difference. That reflections from the bright metal of rods and reels frighten fish, I put down in the same class as that antiquated idea that one must lower the tip of the rod when a hooked fish jumps at the end of a long line, and still we stick to it, some of us, as if it were the gospel of the Christian religion. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand a jumping fish has slack line when it jumps (by slack line I mean that the strain is not directly on the rod; either the current makes a sag in the line or the fish rushing from deep water produces the same result), and if he has not, the slack given by the lowered tip could not be transmitted to the fish before the fish has made the jump and is back in the water. I know that this will be received as rank heresy, but so far as I have been able to test it I have found it true.

As to flashing rods and rod mountings, there are various reasons why I believe fish are not affected by them, and the chief of them is that the fish do not see the reflections on the water. In fly-fishing few anglers think of casting a fly under a glaring sun when the surface of the water is like a mirror, unruined, and our streams are not like the clear, placid, unsheltered chalk streams of England. In fly-fishing and in bait-fishing, in stream fishing and lake fishing, we think we must have a ripple on the surface of the water, and that late afternoon and evening are the best parts of the day to fish. In fly-fishing the fly is cast, under these conditions, sufficiently far away and in a direction not to alarm the fish by any movement of the angler. Instinctively an angler avoids casting a shadow on the surface of a shallow stream, and doubtless this caution operates against flashes of light from the rod metal, for light and shadow are caused by the same agent.

In bait-fishing the same conditions, distance and agitated water, obtain to the same end.

Admitting that our unsophisticated trout will shy at a shadow and buck-jump at a flash from a reel, anglers have been taught from the time they were suckling babes that fish must not have cause to do either, and they conduct themselves accordingly from habit, but I am being led away from a direct answer to the question.

The very best way of treating reels and bright rod mountings to dim their lustre, so that no flashes of light will come from them, for I assume that the desire is to do it well while about it, is that which is fully described by Mr. Henry P. Wells in "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle." First, get a glass jar with a wide mouth and a glass stopper, and the mouth must be wide enough to admit of reel-plate, and the jar deep enough to take a rod ferrule, and in it put a pound of commercial nitric acid; into this put a ten cent silver piece and leave the jar in a warm place with the stopper loose until the silver is dissolved. Then add a

piece of copper wire the size of an ordinary knitting needle and four inches long, and when it is dissolved the solution is ready for use.

Clean all oil from the metal with ammonia or soap strong with lye; rinse and dry. Fasten the metal to be colored to a piece of copper wire and the wire to a poker and dip the metal below the surface of the solution; withdraw it at once and heat in the flame of an alcohol lamp. Watch the piece carefully. It will first turn green, then a black speck or two will appear on the surface and this will quickly spread until the whole surface is a dull, dead black, when the piece should be removed from the heat. The change takes place at the temperature at which tinman's solder melts, and hotter than this no soldered ferrule should be heated, lest it anneal and lose its stiffness.

It may be cooled at once in water or allowed to cool naturally. In the first case scrub with a brush while the metal is wet and in the second scrub with a brush with the metal dry, which gives the best results. After being scrubbed and rubbed with a dry cloth to remove any remaining crock the metal will be a beautiful soft dead black. The expense will not be more than fifty cents.

This is the finish that I have seen on rods made by Forrest & Son, of Kelso, Scotland, and by Malloch of Perth. I now have one of Malloch's rods and the mountings are as black as when I got it, five or six years ago.

Why English anglers have to be content with the rods mentioned by the correspondent is not clear. Ogden makes wood rods up to £2 and £3 each. Foster, Hardy and Little and others make split-bamboo rods from £4 to £5, and even more, and Leonard and other American split-bamboo rods are sold on the other side.

There are several reasons why we in this country do not get any considerable quantity of fine undrawn gut in long lengths. One is that the English dealers, as a rule, have the first whack at it and buy up the most of it. It can be procured in this country if one goes to the right place for it. I now have some leaders of this kind of gut as fine and as perfect in every way (made in this country), and equal to the fine undrawn gut leaders tied by Mrs. Bulmer in London, who, I think, cannot be excelled in this respect by any one in the world. Another reason is that for the average fishing in this country such leaders are not required any more than we require the fine drawn gut leaders so much used in England. The character of our streams is different from those in England. There they have grass and weeds to contend with, here we have in our wilder streams roots, snags and debris that would smash the finer gut. Of course in the limits of this note I cannot go into the differences in detail, but for a final reason I quote from one of the last English exchanges in regard to this very kind of gut: "This year, in addition to the gossamer drawn casts we have extra fine whole gut tapered gut casts. A few years ago it was almost impossible to get such casts at any price."

Eyed hooks are slowly coming into use in this country. Hall's turn-up eyed hook, and Cholmondeley-Pennell's turn-down eyed hook, both find favor, although I think the latter, in Pennell-Limerick, the better shape. When Mr. Pennell first designed the improvement on his old square bend, straight-point hook, he sent me samples, and I wrote an article about them, illustrating the hook and the jam knot. What the correspondent means by "upturned shank" for Pennell-Limerick, I fail to comprehend, unless it is the "loop-eye" in which the wire is returned up the shank after forming the eye, which renders fraying of the gut impossible. These hooks, however, are made only in salmon and grilse sizes. I believe that the Pennell-Limerick is the best fly-hook made, but for bait-fishing, or flies smaller than No. 5, new scale, or No. 10, Redditch scale, the points should be kerb'd instead of straight. What is better still for bait-fishing is the Pennell-Sneck hook, and this also is made with kerb'd or straight point.

I think the methods of England and this country are as much alike as conditions and circumstances will permit, and we fish "fine and far off" when such fishing is necessary, at other times just fish to get them.

## From the Adirondacks.

I have a tender place in my memory for the "Seven Chain Lakes," partly in Essex county and partly in Hamilton county, New York, for my earliest Adirondack fishing was done in these lakes in 1859, when it was more of a task to get there than it is in these days of steam cars and mail coaches. When my friend, Mr. Charles H. Wilson, came to see me just before starting for Harvey Bonney's, on the third lake of the chain, I asked him to write me about the fishing, and this is his letter:

"BONNEY'S, May 6.—I write you as per promise of the doings of our party since coming here. So far we have found plenty of trout, and with but two exceptions of the speckled variety. The weather has been delightful, and the leaves, prompted by an occasional shower, are making their appearance. The ice went out of the lakes the 19th of April, as against May 10 last year. Our success may be shown by the following statement: May 2—21 trout, 13 lbs. (largest 1½ lbs. May 3—10 trout, 6 lbs. May 4—29 trout, 16 lbs. May 5—41 trout, 28 lbs. (largest 1½ lbs.).

"On the 4th and 5th the fly-fishing was satisfactory, notwithstanding the largest trout caught was taken on a minnow. I had the pleasure of killing one on a black-gnat that weighed 1 lb. 6 oz. Yesterday Messrs. Wright and Viles had the good fortune to see a water spout crossing the Seventh Lake. They describe it as being about 10 ft. high, and at the base about the size of an ordinary water pail, increasing in size as it went up until about as large as its height, and then dissolving into spray, very much like the single pipe fountain in Union Square.

"I took a little trip down Chain Lake stream, and in nearly all the set backs I saw an immense number of small trout about 1 in. in length. This stream is the spawning ground of a great number of trout from the First Lake, as you are well aware.

"I think we have struck this place at its best, or nearly so at least, and while I am not getting as many trout as the rest of the party, I am getting what I am really here for—health and rest."

To reach Chain Lakes, go up the Adirondacks R. R. from Saratoga Springs, to North Creek, then take stage to Indian River and walk in to Bonney's nine miles, with a horse to pack in the duffie.

—A. N. CHENEY.

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## OUR SUMMER OUTING.

ADRIAN, Mich.—We had talked and planned all winter where we would spend the summer, whether to take a trip away or spend a month or two at one of the many lakes near home, and finally we had decided to go several miles further and take a cottage for the month of August at one of the lakes in Jackson county.

There were four of us, my husband and myself, our boy Wilfred and his friend and playmate Charlie. With us were our two faithful dogs, Little Budge and old Dick. We had written to ask about the fishing and game. The reply came, "Bushels of fish being caught every day, and plenty of woodcock." That had caused us to make our decision, for we all wanted to fish, while the men wanted to hunt the woodcock after Aug. 15.

We found our cottage ready for us; it consisted of dining-room, kitchen and three bedrooms, with a broad stoop running across the front and facing the lake. When I first saw it I called it beautiful, but now I can think of no name more appropriate than Snake Hollow.

Now, while I have no fear for rats and mice, and being my husband's fishing companion, have witnessed a great many sights that would naturally make one timid. And having been on the lake with him in the worst of rain and wind storms, when we expected every moment our boat would capsize, while others were upset and one drowned, yet snakes are my one great horror, whether they be poisonous or harmless. What was my surprise, on going around the cottage, to see one or two stretched out in the sun. I knew then that my fate was settled, and that I should confine myself mostly to household duties.

Next morning we were up with the sun, and all started out for a fish. And how we did fish! The lake was long and deep. But if there were any fish there they evidently were not for us, for day after day we fished from sunrise till sunset, with the same success; and as the visions of fish gradually faded, the snakes began to appear. Never in my life had I seen so many. They lay at the back of the cottage, and in front, and under the stoop, and in the paths, and there was no place that we started to go to and did not see one or two crawling out of the way.

But we had all agreed when we went not to be put out at anything, for we were all usually good-natured, and it helped to make it interesting.

Our supplies of meat were beginning to get low, for we had caught no fish, when we were all startled by two men landing with two large pickerel, each weighing from 6 to 8 lbs. I need not say that the sight of those fish caused the greatest excitement. Every one ran for their trolling lines and hooks, and in a short time there were from ten to fifteen boats all trolling for pickerel.

Just as our party were ready to start in our boat the boys came running in with the information that there was a big blacksnake in the boat. With this news, it did not take me long to make up my mind to remain in the cottage and prepare some kind of dessert for dinner. I now think that this was a scheme planned to make me stay at home, as there were four others to go in the boat. One went to row, one to troll, while the other two went to see the large pickerel and bass pulled in. But if it was a scheme it worked well. Nor was I sorry, when just as I had my dinner ready, they tramped back up the hill from the dock, kicking at one or two luckless snakes that happened to be crawling about, and carrying between them a small perch that weighed in the neighborhood of 30z.

That night, and almost every night while we were there, the proprietors and the "old sports" about the place would gather on our stoop and talk about the large catches made just before we arrived there of 4 and 5-pound bass. These stories would increase our ardor and raise new hopes; and we would try it again. We fished with worms, frogs, flies, minnows and every kind of bait we could suggest to one another; but all with the same success. The lake had just been fished, and not replanted, until there were none left.

The next morning there was another startling occurrence. Screams were heard from the dock. This brought the people out from all the cottages to see what it meant. A little boy had been out fishing the night before until dusk, and his hook and line having fallen over and become entangled in the weeds and rushes, had been left until morning; when on his going down in the morning he had pulled it up, he found a large bullhead on the hook. Every one was greatly excited at the sight of a fish. And that night as darkness came on, our cottage being nearest the dock, we could distinctly see dusky figures moving down to the boats and carelessly dropping in poles and lines. But there were no more bullheads caught, and all agreed that that was the only one, and that its being caught was purely accidental.

It was nearing Aug. 15, and for this date my husband and Mr. G. were waiting patiently to go woodcock hunting. Signs being up in all the woods and grounds around forbidding trespassing, they were in a state of perplexity as to what they would do for grounds. We had been buying our milk and eggs and potatoes of a milkman near by who had splendid grounds for hunting. They decided to make the acquaintance of the milkman's son and invite him to go out hunting with them. The next morning when he brought the milk they went out and made his acquaintance, ordering more potatoes and asking him if he did not want to go hunting with them the next day, as they had a dog that worked splendidly on woodcock. The fellow was delighted, and it was all settled that they should go the next day.

All that day my husband and his friend spent in rubbing up their guns and loading extra shells for fear of running out and getting ready for the great day. That evening the milkman's son came over to see if they were all ready and to bring the potatoes, which he said had risen a dollar a bushel. It did not matter if they had risen to five; the men would have paid it gladly, so anxious were they to start for game on the milkman's land.

The next morning they set out. The milkman's son had resurrected an old army musket from somewhere, that had not been cleaned for years. He would also insist in walking on ahead with the muzzle pointed directly in their faces, so anxious was he to see a bird. The first thing they had to do was to caution him and to show him how to carry his gun. This he took all good-naturedly, hollering in his delight at having a chance to use it. "I see one," he shouted, and taking not very good aim he blazed away at the only good cock ever seen in that part of the country. As he fired the gun kicked and he would

have fallen backward had not Mr. Tucker, who grabbed him by the collar, pulled him on his feet again. Miles and miles they tramped that day without seeing a thing but snakes. Of these there were plenty—black snakes, striped snakes and blue racers. Some of these they shot, some they stamped on. One blue racer, after his head was shot off, measured 6 ft. Tired and hungry they started back, walking some seven or eight miles to reach the cottage, their appetites sharpened by the imaginary odor of broiled woodcock.

That night we were to take our last fish. So we all went out in the old scow used to carry the baggage over to the hotel. Now there was an old man called Uncle Sampson, whom the boys were having a good deal of sport with in a harmless way. He kept a little store just across from our cottage where he sold ginger ale, root beer, peanuts and also worms for bait. When we first went there it was understood that we were not to dig anywhere on the grounds for worms; and Uncle Sampson said he sent off and got his worms. So there was nothing else to do but to buy a dime's worth of worms when we wanted them. But the boys had watched him take a shovel and pan and start early every morning for a fresh supply; they had threatened Uncle Sampson that if he did not tell them where the good fishing beds were they would dig their own bait. So that night after we had anchored in deep water, and each one of us in the old scow had thrown out a rod and line, Uncle Sampson came across to open his store after supper. "Say, Uncle Sampson," the boys hollered, "Tell us where the good fishing is." "All right, I will. Go on. Keep going. That's right. A little farther. There. Now anchor. Throw out your anchor, I tell you. Quick. You're drifting. There, you got past the spot." These and sundry other exclamations came from Uncle Sampson, who was drifting himself while we sat perfectly still, almost bursting with the laughter we were trying to suppress.

"Why didn't you anchor where I told you to?" he said that night, when we went in after our usual success. "If you had you would have got something." "Yes, got left," the boys mumbled, saying out loud, "Uncle Sampson, can you remember the time when there were any fish caught here?"

That night the boys went down to the boats after dark and fastened a large stone to Uncle Sampson's boat, and then waited for him to get in. They kept hold of the rope for a while after he was in pulling him back when he had got nicely started and causing him, I am afraid, to think some pretty bad words. Finally they let go and he started, saying, "My, what hard pulling it is to-night." But after he got across we heard a splash and loud laughing, and the next day Uncle Sampson would not treat the boys to musty peanuts.

Our month was nearly up, and there had been no fish, no woodcock, but with plenty of snakes to make camp life interesting. And had we had a good time? We all agreed that we never had had a better one. We had all had the good rest we went for, and although there had been no fishing nor game, we had seen the comical side of everything, and we all felt well paid for our trouble, voting then to all go again the next summer if we could; and I think that Mr. Tucker, now away off in his California home, where quail and all game are plenty, would be glad to join us for the sport we all had. Mrs. H.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 102.)

WE remained in camp until after dinner, which interval gave Ned an opportunity to overhaul his tackle with a view to repairs, if needed, and probably the building of a new fly for the especial trout we so dearly longed for. As he went over fly after fly, he finally selected two which he thought very attractive, and these he attached to his leader without delay. I had an idea that he intended to go again for the trout in front, as soon as dinner was over, for nothing had been said about alternate angling at the noon hour. I concluded, however, to take the initial for that work, and if the question should then arise about precedence, to let the toss of a nickel decide it. We each seemed so eager for that particular trout, that the courtesies of the craft were in great danger of infraction. The most self-sacrificing principles generally governed us in all other relations, but for this special trout such earliest rivalry had developed, that there was eminent danger of resorting to tactics not in the angling code. I was not sure but what Ned might covertly drop the trout a bait, and he might have the same suspicion of me. At any rate, I determined to make the first advance on the rock.

At dinner I noticed that Ned fairly bolted his food, while I was a good second in the race. This satisfied me that there was to be a contest for the rock, so long before my appetite was appeased I abruptly left the table with the remark:

"I believe I'll try for that trout."

"That's my lay exactly," said Ned, and suiting action to word, he was alongside of me with his rod, and both trotted under the wire neck and neck, and both our flies fell within a few inches of each other. At this juncture we burst into hearty laughter, so truly comical the situation.

"Ah, Ned, you cunning old fox; I divined your crafty intentions."

"Well, I guess I was on to your sly raid."

"It's an even bout," I concluded, and then my fly dropped for the second time and no sooner had it rippled the surface than a gleam like a starlight shaft shot through the water, instantaneously followed by a terrible splash around my lure. I struck and missed, and as I lifted my fly—having on but a single one—Ned sent his into the exact spot where the monster had appeared, but without responsive result. Once more my lure drops, and this time another savage disturbance of the water takes place, followed with the quick and gentle twitch, and then I had an impaled monster cleaving the water like a rocket, direct for the islands opposite.

"You've got him this time," cried Ned, and being no longer a rival stopped his casting and gave me a fair field, and sincerely hoped that I would kill the gallant trout that he would have given a crown to have caught. He was his whole-souled self again, an angler true, now that the little face had every appearance of being concluded in my favor.

After I had arrested the first dash of my lovely victim he came with a sudden movement to the surface and then vaulted high in the air, showing his lordly proportions to

fine advantage. Again when he reached his element the hum of the line and the buzz of the wheel were heard, for he still panted for liberty and felt that he had the vigor to obtain it in the race he was now making. But a moment, however, sufficed to convince him that he was not yet master in his domain, for there came a steady strain on the line that made him pause and reflect and then it was that he felt he was in the toils of some mysterious being in another world who was leading him he knew not where. It maddened him into a perfect frenzy and then he started into a furious lunge and finally brought up at the surface, and for the second time leaped up into the bright sunshine, which had now dissolved the fog, and shook the pearly drops in a generous shower from his lovely contour.

"He's a fighter," says Ned.

Ah! he now attempts one of his old tricks by "doubling," but the slack is taken in as fast as it is made, and then the battle rages near the ragged rocks with desperate fierceness and with the odds in favor of the patient angler. The little bamboo, true as steel, bends to every movement of the impaled trout, and at no time did he have an opportunity to strike the leader with his muscular tail, a trick they cleverly accomplish when opportunity offers. His dashes and plunges, which he so frantically repeated in a very despairing manner, avail him not, and he is now doubtless thinking of the lovely life he once led in crystal streams of azure depths where the soft air drifts through solemn pines, and yearning again for those lovely lurking places gathers a superhuman vigor and rushes onward to the dim distant, intent only on ridding himself of the fatal lure that clings so tenaciously to his reddened jaws. Gallant warrior, you are again cleverly foiled; for no sooner does he pause after his wild break for freedom than he feels that he is once more being drawn to his wily adversary above him. Bewildered with the perilous situation, his strength slowly ebbs and his tactics uncertain and without motive, and full well he knows that destruction surely awaits him unless he severs the tiny thread that holds him such a close prisoner. With this depressing thought he once more draws upon his vital forces and with a bound like a panther darts away with the music of the reel as an accompaniment. It was his last break from his cruel foe, and was as grand a failure as it was a noble effort, for his speed soon slackened and then he was carefully brought to the rocky intrincements significant of his sad farewell to his charming trysting place where amid the sweetest flowers that in the forest grow it

"Lies, a deep and darkened pool,  
Whose waters are crystal, clear and cool."

The flush of proud success is unmistakably with his relentless foe, for he assuredly knows the battle is about over, and as the skillful netter is poised at the water's edge, the rodster, ever on the alert, draws his trophy quietly along as if he were of priceless value, and when at the feet of the trusty half-breed the direful signal is given and the fatal sweep of the woven twine is made. Over the flinty rocks bounds the delighted netter with the glistening prize and a triumphant smile upon his broad and bronzed features. He was a 4-pounder, and as he was placed on the gray rock with his rainbow dyes flashing in the bright sunlight was incomparably the perfection of symmetry and one of the most delicately tinted beauties that ever swam the icy waters or sprang for fly artistic.

Ned declared he was a shield of pearly silver and crinkling crimson, the radiance of which should be sung in mellifluous verse. I suggested further casting, and in pleasant vein said, "It is the perfect fly and the skillful fluter that attract."

He looked askance at me as if there were a subtle meaning in the remark, and then without reply went steadily to flogging the waters, while I stood quietly by, desirous of giving him a chance for an inning. When he began to waver in his faith and enthusiasm I stepped forward and smilingly said, "Ned, there is at certain times as much luck as skill in the angle. Let me demonstrate," and then my single fly, the attractive jungle-cock, again lightly kissed the swelling waters. A snap, a miss and a disappointment were the result. Once more the dandy jungle-cock reaches out for game, and this time the persistent trout called with dire results on Mr. Jungle-cock, for he was immediately taken in charge and soon joined the beautiful 4-pounder who was in deep repose on a flinty couch.

Ned, at this second success of mine, scratched his head out of sheer perplexity, and then duly acknowledged there was something in the particular fly after all. I insisted on his going over my book and selecting some that would approach in color and make-up my jungle-cock, it being the only one I had. He looked in vain, for he found nothing that at all approached anything like it. He finally concluded to resort to some of his old Nipigon flies, which were really excellent, though I advised him to examine thoroughly the gut at the shank of the hook where rust is liable to weaken it. If ever I make another trip to this lake a full dozen of these gorgeous flies, the jungle-cock, will go into my portfolio.

I am not allied to any favorite fly, but the vagaries of trout in rising to a certain fly at one time and then at another under the same existing circumstances, are to me an unsolvable enigma. I believe it best, however, always to change the flies when the trout are not rising well till you finally fall upon one that has the seductive qualities. Two years ago, when fishing on this shore at "Split Rock," I had a satisfactory experience of this kind. Having been left by my companions on a lovely islet where I had always found the trout in great abundance, I climbed to the apex of a towering rock that had an elevation of about fifteen feet, and commenced casting, having as lures a silver-doctor and royal-coachman. To my first cast and flutter a half dozen magnificent trout came lazily from their retreats and about as lazily followed the flies—which were drawn over a mirrored surface—till they had come within about a foot of them, and then deliberately wheeled around and returned from whence they came. I made a second cast, resulting in only two reappearing and repeating the same tactics. A third and a fourth were complete failures, as not a fin came to the surface. I then made a change of lures, putting on a black-hackle for my stretcher and a Montreal for my dropper. On the very first cast I had a fine strike at the black-hackle and secured a 3 pound trout. The second cast brought another victim to the same fly, while the subsequent casts failed to meet with a single response. This is only one of similar changes that I have successfully made.



Mr. D. S. Kimball, a noted angler, in a very creditable and interesting article on fly-fishing published in one of our magazines some time ago, gives the following example in the same line. He says:

"I remember one August day in '84, when I had taken my guide, Wm. Smith, and gone below the dam to fish as far down as the falls, and, in my haste, had carelessly put the wrong flies in my pocket, so that when I had reached the first pool where flies could be used, found I had a lot of dark and refuse ones. The only thing I could do was to make the best of a bad job, and tried my stock faithfully, and with not a single rise. As a last resort I put on, as a stretch-fly, a dilapidated yellow Sally which had seen very much better days—wings eaten off to a stump, legs gone and body moth eaten—and yet the trout rose to it at almost every cast, until I was "broke," and lost poor Sally. At any rate, I got quite a few trout, and this on a hot morning, with a bright sun, and the water clear and without a ripple. In July, '90, I had somewhat the same experience with bright flies on the same river, at the head of the meadow just below the Alders, where, on a hot, a very hot day, and the water as smooth as glass, my scarlet-ibis, red-backle and yellow-dollie were risen to continually, and I have found that a white-miller or a coach-is as useful, when the fish are on, throughout the day as they are at other waters morning or evening."

My advice to all anglers is to have their fly-books well filled with a choice and varied assortment. My bill for flies last season—and this was only for re-stocking—amounted to over \$50, and though I used but few I found it a great satisfaction to know that I could offer Mr. S. *fontinalis* a bill of fare out of which he could assuredly find something to suit either his greedy or fastidious palate, be it on a bright or dark day, in storm or calm, and furthermore, in such mouthfuls as he desired, for the size of the tempting lures ran from the minimum to the maximum, from a No. 12 to a 2-0 spout. Stint yourself in anything else but your tackle, and let that not only be ample but of the very best, "and don't you forget it."

After the capture of the last trout we returned to camp, Ned declining any further attempt to lure. He was satisfied I had caught the one that had broken away with our flies, and therefore his interest in the contest had entirely ceased. There are few better or more unselfish anglers than Ned, and if he would only drop his idiosyncrasies relative to flaming and bushy flies, would make an incomparable record, but as he delights in his own handiwork, as did Tubal Cain who, it is said, fashioned the first fish hook, we will leave him to his feathery idols with our best wishes in his attempted rivalry of the artistic fly-makers.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### The Channel Catfish in Texas.

WACO, Texas, April 28.—This is one of our gamiest fishes. It is in all our waters southwest of the Red River of Texas. It is equal in fighting qualities to the black bass. It is with us much superior to the bass in edible qualities. Many do not know of the characteristic difference between the channel cat and the blue catfish. The channel cat has a distinct lateral line, above which the color is light blue. The fins are nearly white. The sides are light bluish. The abdomen is of a satiny white. The head is narrow for a catfish. Mouth one-half as large as of an ordinary catfish. The eyes are not elevated above the orbital bone. The contour of the body is more delicate or slender than that of an ordinary catfish. Tail very forked. There are small black spots both above and below lateral line all along the body of an inky color, about one or two lines in width. When you capture it, it utters several croaky grunts. On skinning it there is revealed a salmon color layer of flesh on each side of spinal column, which is characteristic. It never in our waters weighs over 6 lbs.

It feeds mostly on the bottom, and will take either worms or minnows or grasshoppers. At the head of swift-running, narrow pools is the best place for its capture. It does not rise in its play above the water as does the bass. But in staying fighting qualities it is equal to the bass. It never stays in lakes or lagoons, but is found always in running water. If you will compare the fish with our blue cat the difference is at once apparent. The blue cat does not grunt or croak on capture, runs in weight up to 20 lbs., has a deeper blue color, with lateral line less distinct, the eyes are larger and are elevated above the orbit bone, head is broader and mouth twice as large and has not that delicate or feminine appearance of the channel cat. Its tail is less acutely forked. There is no golden color to the layer of flesh along the spine, and the flavor is rather rancid, somewhat similar to rancid butter.

I have never known the channel cat to take the fly, but it will often strike the spinner.

To call more attention to this much neglected because unknown fish is the object of these few lines.

J. WALTER COCK, M.D.

#### California Fly-Casting Tournament.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 4.—The Midwinter and Exposition fly-casting tournament was held to-day under very successful weather conditions on Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park. Many spectators were present; indeed, the public interest shown was such as deserved a more numerous attendance of competitors. Col. George C. Edwards managed the affair, assisted by Messrs. W. J. Golcher and E. T. Allen. Judge Hunt was referee. The records are as follows:

Single-handed fly-casting for distance.—Hooks not larger than No. 5, single gut leader, 5 to 9 ft., rod not exceeding 11 ft.: Harry Babcock, 74 ft.; R. R. Flint, 81 ft.; H. Skinner, 75 ft.; H. Batter, 70 ft.; Geo. C. Edwards, 70 ft.; George Cumming, 74 ft. Tie: Babcock, 70 ft.; Cumming, 64 ft.

Distance and accuracy.—Rods 11 ft. and under 8 oz. Scores: Skinner, 73½; Flint, 71½; Babcock, 67½; Edwards, 64; Cummings, 45.

Distance, accuracy and delicacy.—Rods 10 ft. and not to exceed 6 oz.: A. Cumming, 68½; Edwards, 63½; Skinner, 49½; Batter, 48½.

Salmon-casting for distance.—J. S. Benn, 105 ft.; Edwards, 75 ft.; A. Cumming, 91 ft.

Line-casting for distance and accuracy.—A. D. Ayres, longest cast, 120 ft., average 65 ft.; G. W. Strell, longest cast 51 ft. 8 in., average 41 ft. 2 in.

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## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### Protection for the Mississippi River.

DUBUQUE, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An association has lately been incorporated in this city under the name of the Mississippi Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, of which I have the honor of being president.

Knowing, as all of us do who live on the banks of the great river, the reckless, wanton and utterly useless destruction of food fishes by every cunning and murderous device, both ancient and modern, in and out of season, that goes on every day, we believe that public sentiment has at last been educated up to a point where it would favor the enactment of restrictive legislation and the due and proper enforcement of law to prevent the use of seines and other murderous devices for the capture of fish.

It has been a popular but erroneous belief that the Mississippi and Missouri rivers were under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government for all purposes, and under this impression the game and fish laws of several States appear to have been enacted. This is especially true as to Iowa, for I find that a section of the fish law reads: "Nothing herein contained shall be held to apply to fishing in the Mississippi, the Missouri or the Big Sioux rivers nor so much of the Des Moines that forms the boundary between the States of Missouri and Iowa."

This extraordinary exclusion leaves about 400 miles of the Mississippi River extending along the east coast of Iowa without any law or protection whatever, so far as the laws of Iowa are concerned, and permits outrages of every kind to be carried on with impunity; and to such an extent is seining and pound netting carried on, that the so-called professional fishermen have arrived at the same termination as the old woman who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

To settle the question of jurisdiction and bring the boundary rivers within the purview of the Iowa laws, this Association procured the introduction into the Iowa Legislature of two bills, one for the repeal of Section 11, above referred to, and another prohibiting the use of seines, nets, explosives, and all other devices except the hook and line in Iowa waters, boundary rivers included. These bills failed of passage.

The following correspondence explains itself, and is of such general interest to sportsmen and others that you may deem it of sufficient importance to give it the benefit of your large circulation:

#### Jurisdiction Over Inland Waters.

U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 16, 1894.—Hon. D. B. Henderson, House of Representatives, U. S.: Dear Colonel—I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 14th inst. with inclosures indicating the activity of the sentiment in Iowa in favor of the protection of fisheries. My judgment is that the practical way to secure proper protective measures for the Mississippi River is by co-operative laws between the States lying along the east and west banks of the river. Up to this time no attempt to exercise control over or regulation of the fisheries of our interior waters has been made by the general Government. In the case of the Great Lakes, the States bordering on them exercise jurisdiction and enforce State laws up to the State boundary line. A year or more ago the question of joint regulation by this Government and that of Canada over contiguous and international waters came up in reference to the fisheries of the Lake of the Woods, a proposition having been made to the Canadian Government looking to the concurrent regulation of the fisheries in this body of water. The conclusion acquiesced in by the State Department was that the Lake of the Woods, so far as it lay within the boundaries of the United States was within the territorial limits of the State of Minnesota, and that it was the province of the State to regulate its fisheries. Very truly yours,

M. McDONALD, Commissioner.

I have only to add that large sums are appropriated by the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa for the maintenance of fish hatcheries, stocking streams, etc., within their borders. Large numbers of fry and small fishes are placed in the rivers of those States by the various fish commissioners, the large majority of which ultimately find their way into the waters of the Mississippi River, where they fall an easy prey to the professional pirate, who for every marketable fish he catches, beyond question destroys 100 small ones, and such fish so captured are not of the game variety, and not so readily salable, he leaves upon the bank to rot and pollute the air.

Twenty years ago the Mississippi River, from St. Paul to Davenport, at any rate, and I don't know how much lower down, abounded with black bass, silver bass, wall-eyed pike, sunfish, and in fact almost every variety of food fish, game and otherwise, and an angler could always count upon a royal day's sport. Now they are all but exterminated, and your angler can scarcely get a nibble, even if he have all the modern improvements in the way of tackle.

The remedy for all this is the total exclusion of all kinds of seines, nets, etc. Could this be accomplished the Mississippi would soon be restored to its former attractive condition, and would afford sufficient sport and pleasure to thousands residing on its banks to whom such boon would be a luxury and a blessing beyond compare, and go far to make pleasure resorts, and infuse new life into the towns and villages along its banks, which at the present time seem to be almost beyond hope of resuscitation. It seems to me that if these towns would turn their attention to protecting the fishes and birds, providing sportsmen and pleasure seekers with fair accommodations at reasonable prices, it would go far to restore in some measure their vanished prosperity.

ALFRED HOBBS.

#### The Defeat of the Gilbert Bill.

BOSTON, May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Gilbert bill has again been defeated. In addition to his usual following Mr. Gilbert had a special advocate this winter in the House and in the Senate.

The Committee on Fisheries and Game has always been made up in the interest of his pet scheme in part, and in part in favor of various other interests. Never in the last four years has there been a committee ready to give an impartial and candid consideration to the arguments that have been presented every year by the representatives of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

In one of our dailies, Senator Atwood is reported as saying, "The Governor has listened to the alluring strains of the sirens and been led astray. He was caught by the aristocratic amateur sportsmen who set their net, and the Governor was secured in the meshes. The bill, however, will not down. The members of the Massachusetts Game Association are responsible for the Governor's veto."

The Association, I think, is not disposed to deny the soft impeachment.

Your readers may be interested to know the relative strength of the opposing interests. The bill was fought in the House with a good deal of effect, but the opponents of the bill, who were chiefly members from the western portion of the State, accepted an amendment by which the four western counties were to be exempted from the application of the bill. The adoption of this amendment practically put an end to opposition in the House.

In the Senate, the amendment offered by a member of our Association, Senator Gray of Walpole, received eleven votes in favor to eleven against, and President Butler decided it lost. When the bill came up for enactment Senator Gray

moved to strike out the enacting clause. The vote on this proposition stood eleven to sixteen. Three senators who voted against the bill last year voted against striking out the enacting clause this year. One of these is thought to have been influenced in favor of the bill by the support given the measure by our newly-appointed commissioner, Mr. Buffington of Worcester. Another represents a district in one of the counties excepted by the House amendment. Had the three members alluded to voted as they did last year the bill could not have been enacted.

Too much praise cannot be given to Governor Greenhalge for the noble stand he has taken. Our Association and all friends of game and game fish are justly proud of the triumvirate of governors of the old Commonwealth who have conspicuously served the interests of all true sportsmen in sustaining the principle of protection—Governor Robinson, who secured for us the iron-clad statute for protecting trout in 1876; Governor Russell, who in 1892 vetoed the Gilbert bill; and last, but not least, Governor Greenhalge, who has so grandly recognized the stability of the principles we advocate, and the soundness of the arguments put forward by our Association.

Permit me to ask your readers to recognize in the result of this contest the necessity for organization, and to urge upon them, if they have not done so already, to ally themselves with some sportsmen's organization.

Individual effort is good so far as it goes, but in these days, when organization and combination and pooling interests is the rule in all enterprises, whether of business, social, or moral movements, or what not, the individual should associate and ally himself with those holding the same views and purposes if he wishes to carry out his cherished aims in any direction. Let every sportsman, then, become a member of some association, if there is one in his neighborhood, if not, let him start one, even if he can not get more than a dozen members.

One of the most encouraging signs for us is the constantly increasing number of such organizations. Let the good work go on.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.  
Mass. Fish and Game Prot. Ass'n.

#### Minnesota Fishing Interests.

DULUTH, Minnesota.—State Game and Fish Warden W. P. Andrews, of Minneapolis, was in this city recently from a trip of inspection in the northern part of the State and said that the strictness with which the fish laws have been enforced during the past year has had salutary effects, and that in the northern part of the State where fishing had begun it is reported better than before. At the trout hatchery in St. Paul a new battery has been added and now 50,000,000 eggs can be hatched. There are about 44,000,000 now hatching. The bass hatchery at Brainerd is proving a success and the commission expects in the course of the next two years to be able to stock all the lakes in the State which have been depleted.

The Duluth hatchery is beginning to ship fry. Four million whitefish were shipped last week—1,000,000 to Iron River, 1,000,000 to Flag River, and 2,000,000 to Raspberry Bay, all on the south shore. The balance of the 10,000,000 hatch will be divided between Bayfield, Isle Royale and Willy's Island, all on Lake Superior. About 30,000,000 pike-perch spawn were brought down from Tower, Minn., by Supt. Wire's assistants.

Since the mistake of the last Legislature, which practically permits duck shooting at any season, the sentiment against spring shooting of any kind, with the exception of snipe, has grown so strong that Mr. Andrews expects it to be entirely shut off at the next session.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

May 30 to June 2.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, at Oakland, California.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Newton, N. C. Dr. G. D. B. Darby, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

## LOUISVILLE DOG SHOW.

May 9 to 12. Entries 548, Dogs Benched 511.

If the Louisville Kennel Club never does another thing for dogs, it has conclusively shown that the month of May is too late to hold a dog show so far below the Mason and Dixon line. Another year the same date may be a cool one, but it is a mistake to invite exhibitors to run such a risk again. The first show held by the recently organized Louisville Kennel Club must be chronicled as a success. From the time the show opened, May 9, till a late hour Saturday night the people of Louisville showed their appreciation for a good dog. The first night an excellent representative crowd of Louisville's best society people filled the Armory building. Handsome women predominated, and dressed in their best bib and tucker the scene was a brilliant one. On Thursday night there was a thunder storm and the audience was restricted almost entirely to men, but on Friday evening the crush almost beggars description; it reminded one of the New York show on Washington's Birthday, and many who managed to squeeze in scarcely got a glimpse of the dogs. The management did not care but simply hugged themselves and Mr. Mundy wore a smile as large as himself. Mr. Mundy is the secretary, and to his untiring exertions from the time the show was first thought of until it closed, its success is due in no small measure, for he has worked hard in its behalf. He assumed too much or found that he had to, for he received little help the first two days, excepting from Messrs. D. P. Ritchey and Norvin T. Harris. The heat was very trying the first two days, and Mr. Mundy remarked that he must have lost 40 lbs. in weight, and as he only weighed about 47 anyhow, he looked on things from a serious point of view.

The local entry was a heavy one, and in many classes more than held its own with the visiting teams. A glance at the prize list will show that the quality in many breeds was excellent.

The Armory building was small for such a large number of dogs, but the benching was well arranged, though many of the smaller breeds were benched along a gallery. One ring was pitched in the center of the hall, and in this Major Taylor judged his classes. From a side door one entered a large inclosed lot, and here Mr. Mortimer did his work in the open. Mr. Williams also availing himself of the unusual opportunity. The rings, especially Mr. Mortimer's, were not



well served. There seemed to be attendants enough, but they were kept at Major Taylor's ring most of the time, and the secretary had to run after the dogs himself for the non-sporting ring. The attendants took on quite a military aspect, as most of them were men connected with the Legion and wore their undress uniforms. Mr. Geo. Hill was superintendent, and if he had been allowed to post the entries he would as usual have had everything ship-shape. Owing to the great heat the dogs were kept constantly well supplied with water, and the "slopping" over made it next to impossible in many cases to keep straw and flooring dry. There was some grumbling at first at the want of clean straw, but this was remedied, and the dogs were comfortable enough.

Austin & Graves dog biscuits were used, and under the manipulation of John D. Walker the food was well and appetizingly served. Austin & Graves had a small stand where a dog biscuit in a neat case was given to almost every visitor. The dogs, even the dainty ones, ate this food with a relish.

The catalogue was neatly and plainly printed, and considering it was a first attempt, there were few errors. The great Danes got a little mixed with the mastiffs, but that was the only serious mishap. Mr. Hill was attentive to his duties as superintendent and as obliging and courteous as ever.

Judging was completed about noon on Thursday. The officers of the club devoted much time to the show. Dr. Yandell and Mr. Davis Bryson, D. P. Ritchey, H. L. Means, M. J. O'Bryan and A. F. German were constantly on hand, while Mr. J. Clarke, Jr., busied himself with swinging the gate. There may have been a veterinarian, but we did not see him. The club will come out whole there is little doubt, and dates following Chicago will be claimed for next year. "Sanitas" was freely used as a disinfectant, but owing to the heat and low roof, it was a difficult matter to keep offensive odors down.

There was quite a gathering of field trial men, Mr. D. Bryson, J. L. Adams, N. T. Harris, Dr. Alexander, J. Taylor Williams, D. E. Rose, who should have had the Blue Ridge Kennels dogs, but they were absent; P. T. Madison, "Dick" Merrill, J. B. Castleman, etc. Among other well-known exhibitors were Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Meacham, James Robinson, E. B. Elliott, Ben Lewis, Geo. Thomas, Al. G. Eberhart, Arthur Trickett, John Stokes, etc. Mr. Geo. Bell should have judged great Danes and spaniels, but the action taken by the A. K. C. last week of course prevented him. Mr. Smith, disappointed in not winning, rushed his great Danes from the show in spite of the management, and will be disciplined and forfeit his third prize. There were several disgruntled local exhibitors who forcibly stated their views and opinions of the judges, but this must be expected from those who know no better. One man kicked like a native mule because the judge did not attach sufficient importance in his opinion to the fineness of his smooth fox-terrier's coat; and things looked pretty rough for a time.

**Mastiffs.**

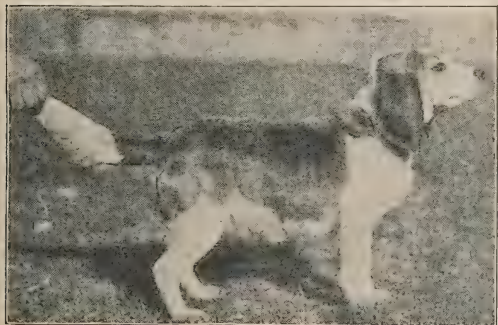
James Mortimer, Judge.

When it is almost impossible to get a decent entry in the Northern shows it did not seem likely that here we should find anything better. When it is known that Tiger, that black faced characterless mastiff that was at Chicago was the principal winner here, the quality of the others may be imagined. Ethel was absent. In open dogs Tiger won, he has few redeeming features, but showed more type than the other two of which Tiger, second, is a light boned leggy specimen with ears thrown back and flat feet. Duke, third, has a long flat face, fair sort of body but little bone to support it. A snipy weak-faced one in Jewel was given third in open bitches; she was the only entry. The Louisville Tiger won in novices over a brindle, light all through. In fact there was nothing worth criticising.

**St. Bernards.**

James Mortimer, Judge.

The classes while not very strong contained here and there some animals of exceptional merit. For instance, Sir Bedivere appeared once more in the challenge class and really looked better than ever this season, in spite of the extreme heat which seemed to tell upon his more excitable kennel mate Rustic Beauty. Aristocrat was wise and stayed at home. In bitches, with Sunray absent, Rustic Beauty had no competitor; she has fallen off just a little in coat and flesh, the former is shedding freely. Open dogs (5) proved a good thing for the typical Grandmaster, who was shown in summer condition and looked well. Fernwood Arden, second, has not a true expression, a blaze would improve his head, stands on good legs but his owner should know that it does not enhance A. St. Bernard's appearance to part its coat carefully down the back. Carlo, third, is a short bodied orange



H. L. KREUDER'S BEAGLE LONELY.

brindle dog, weak in muzzle, faulty ears but plenty of coat. Chauncey M., reserve, boasts a fair body and good bone and legs, but head shows little quality or type. Grover Cleveland, vhc., while standing on fine legs, is a little light in bone, should be deeper in muzzle and coat is rather wooly. Lee, hc., is a tall yellow red dog with no white and less character, looked tucked up and flatribbed. The catalogue was a little mixed here owing to the wrong placing of the heading. Warda took first in a class of seven; Keystone Beauty and Florette were absent. Outside of the winners, they were a poor lot. Uarda was a trifle thin, but excelled the others completely in character. Chesterford Lady, second, is shedding her coat, has a fair shaped head if deeper and good body and legs, loses to winner principally in head properties; Nelly G. is curly, flat and narrow in face, so cannot be a good one. The others really do not merit comment; light, snipy heads predominated.

Scottish Leader was absent in challenge smooths. Open dogs saw some better quality, as the smooths generally show us wherever we go. The typical little dog Lawrence Garza won again over the Arkansas traveler, Argyle Alpha, who loses to the winner in head and body. Lord Keeper, third, is an average dog whose otherwise fair head a blaze would improve; excellent front and fair body; muzzle should be deeper. In open bitches a pretty competition was brought out by the meeting of Sunol and Lady Judith, their fair "controllers" showing their points off to the best advantage in the bright sunlight. Sunol won, being better in condition, coat and action but losing in stop and slightly in squareness of muzzle and volume of skull. Judelle, third, an ordinary

sort, standing on weak pasterns, was not in the ring at the time but was brought in afterward and given third. The novice class (5) provoked the keenest competition so far. A nice smooth in Cathedral, from Mrs. Lee's kennel, that would not show itself, scored over Empire State, better type of head, deeper and better body and shows more character. Empire State is well known; an active dog whom more white would improve. Lord Keeper was third and Lord Richmond vhc.; his head is long and narrow and stop should be better defined. In puppies Nicode, a big, lumbering pup by Altoneer out of Judith, bids fair to make up into a noticeable dog if his ears were not so bloodhoundy; he is all in embryo yet. Grover Cleveland was second. The Swiss Mountain Kennels had Eboracum and others entered but dreaded trusting the dogs by express in the prevailing heat. Argyle Kennels won most of the specials, of which cases of whisky formed no inconsiderable share.

**Great Danes.**

James Mortimer, Judge.

With the exception of the challenge winner, Stanley, the whole lot were not worth their collars and chains from a standard point of view. In open dogs (5) a bright red and St. Bernard-marked dog, white blaze and collar, won; it has a weak, snipy head and little character, a stop over one inch deep, and light, shelly body; the white alone should throw him out. A fat harlequin was considered next best but



SOUTH BEND KENNELS' GREAT DANE MAJOR MCKINLEY.  
First, Challenge Class, New York Show, 1894.

showed more quality and proper shape than the others, but is wide as a church in front. The rest were a coarse-headed, butcher-looking, down-eared lot which Mr. Bell should feel pleased he had not to judge after all. Lady was the only bitch; shown fat, has a fairly typical head, but weak in muzzle for her strong skull. Novice prizes were withheld, and so were those for the puppies, from a very "tacky" lot.

**Newfoundlands.**

James Mortimer, Judge.

These were of course poorly represented, the usual number of black nondescripts coming forward. None of them had much pretension to type. The winner, Ringer, was the best. If there was one; he is small, snipy-headed, fair coat and body. Nell and Ponto were second and third.

**Russian Wolfhounds.**

Roger D. Williams, Judge.

Almost the same faces again, and no dog show committee need grumble this season at the support these classes have received from the big kennels. Poor Leekhoi tried to face his old conqueror once more, but the heat proved too much for this grand dog, who, in the minds of many, filled the eye with what they believe is the true type of these hounds. That he was an aristocrat and a handsome fellow, there is no gainsaying, and the fancy will sympathize with his owner in this severe loss. Argoss, looking lusty, had no competition, as Col. Dietz was absent, and Vinga's absence also let Zerry in for another walkover. Open dogs proved more exciting, and the black young dog Odrooskie succeeded in beating the new dog Optimist from the same kennels, which he does in forelegs and feet, and hind parts. When in condition Optimist will give a better account of himself, as he is a well put up wolfhound of the Leekhoi type. Sorvanets, still cloddy-looking, came third. A surprise awaited us when Olivia once more downed the cracks. She certainly showed better in front, but there is no denying her crookedness; behind this she is a good one. Riga and Irma followed in order, with Zmeika, faulty behind, reserve, and Krimeana, vhc., faulty in front, but showing lots of quality. The two types were plainly shown in this class. In puppies, Lady Dietz, narrow as she is herself, has more substance than Suddarka, for whom treatment for worms would appear to be needful. Mr. Hanks was crippled by the death of Leekhoi, and the team prize fell easily to the Marlborough Kennels.

**Deerhounds.**

Roger D. Williams, Judge.

Only two, and these not such as would interest a good judge more than passingly. Hillside Rinaldo beats her competitor Claymore in coat, rib, better knuckled feet and a body of better symmetry and proportion, Claymore's being long cast.

**Greyhounds.**

Roger D. Williams, Judge.

These classes were much better, some of the old champions showing up, such as Gem of the Season and Wild Rose the challengers; neither are looking so well as I have seen them. Open dogs had ten entries, seven of which were absent, Cheeky Charlie among them. First went to Rome Marble, a splendidly formed dog behind the shoulders, which are a little bossy and placed scarcely oblique enough, feet could be improved, a little pinched before the eye, but has a good head. This dog won a 10-dog stake at Brentwood Park, St. Louis, last week. Jack of Clubs has not the quality of the winner, although a well put up animal whom a little more rib would improve. Prince Delmar is no doubt some one's pet, but is plain and faulty in front and ribs. In bitches in the absence of Little Climber and Mine-ha-ha, competition dwindled down to two entries, of which Maud Marion, gon of a little in front, but in splendid condition, and who from shoulders back is very hard to beat, easily defeated Beauty, who was simply "out of sight" but whose merits the judge felt compelled to recognize. Little Climber was the only entry for the coursing record prize, but failed to appear.

**American Foxhounds.**

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

There was some little disappointment at the comparatively few entries in this section, as one had been led to believe

over a hundred hounds would be put down. The exhibit, however, if not large, was choice, with few exceptions, and showed that the exhibitions already held at Lexington have done some good as "weeders." The hunt for prizes opened with Commodore striking a challenge gait alone. A scratch pack of six couple was rounded up in the open, two of which, Dickens and Gallant, were lagbards and did not follow. After a long run, in which the judge came very close to the ground several times, Argonaut was found to be in the lead, and picking up the trail of a blue ribbon was never headed. Miller II. and Roxie are two hounds the antithesis to the winner, who is a smart, well put up hound with just enough bone and a typical head, whereas the others are very large, gaunt, characterless headed hounds, neither one thing or the other, and not well made in body or legs and almost as heavy boned as English hounds, long in the back and altogether of different type. Judges should be more consistent if any progress is to be made in sortness and uniformity of type. Lee, reserve, a very nice headed hound with good bone, but a little leggy and scarcely so well ribbed up as the winner, should have been second, while Deacon, another of the same stamp, should have been third, and Ramsey, vhc., reserve; he is a little plainer in head, especially muzzle, and not quite so good in front; but here would have been four hounds of the same type, sorry, and approaching the standard just evolved. Clipper, hc., is too long cast and not ribbed up enough; he is of the style so generally met with in American hounds, and which the new standard seeks to improve; no doubt a good hunter, but a "scratch" dog nevertheless. King Lee has a long, weak head. Hindoo is the best-headed one in this pack, the Iroquois; he might have taken Clipper's letters. Four couple turned out in bitches, and the Boston winner, Bowsprit, finished in the lead; second to Swift, another of the Miller-Roxie type; then the Major harked back to the Williams type, and to Flossie, a sweet, hound-headed bitch, a little down in stern, but well-made all round. Joya, reserve, I liked almost better, barring head, for her body is of a truer hound shape, with excellent legs and feet, and good straight back and loin. Fanchon vhc., is light in muzzle, but other parts good. Lillian Russell, hc., is a very promising little bitch, nicely made, and of better type than others in Mr. Means's pack; ears are thrown too wide and flat from the head; they should fold to the cheek. In novices Miller and Roxie were winners, with Clipper third. Swift carried off the honors in the corresponding bitch class, with Fanchon and Lillian Russell in order named. Taking type, I liked Fanchon, Lillian Russell and Cora, and then Swift. Mr. Roger Williams has certainly the most sorry pack of American foxhounds I have yet come across. They show quality, are clean run, and there is really little to choose between any of them. I wish they could be often seen on the bench. Individually, I know of one or two better specimens, such as Rock, but take them as a pack they are hard to beat. If Mr. Williams has done this why cannot other foxhound breeders do the same, and in five years from now we could hold our own anywhere on bench or field. They took the pack prize.

**Chesapeake Bay Dogs.**

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

The two entries, Cleveland and Rough, are too well known to need comment.

**Pointers.**

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

A rather mixed lot. In challenge dogs Duke of Kent II. won, but in view of the way he stood out at elbows and his crooked front he should have given way to Ridgeview Tenny; Ben Lewis had them both in excellent trim. Tribulation was absent. In open hoavy dogs (7) Stanley, the winner, should be better bent in hocks, head well shaped, but trifle heavy and expression might be pleasanter, a well ribbed, stylish dog, with good back and loin, fairly good in front. Gamester came second, loses in quarters to the other, shows plenty of quality. Franklin's (third) field qualities are better than his bench merits, his head is nearly flat, scarcely any stop, but otherwise he is fairly well built, coarse stern. Ightfield Upton is leggy and flat-ribbed and broad in skull. Glen Wildwood, vhc., has a wide, round skull and is cheeky, good muzzle, plain long body, which would do with more rib. Don Ritchey, who beat Strideaway in the field last fall, is faulty in front, should be deeper ribbed, deeper in chest and muzzle, is a bit leggy, otherwise he is a nice smart looking pointer. In the bitch class four came up and a Louis-



"ADMIRING HIS BULL PUPS."

ville entry, Mag, took the ribbon, her muzzle is plain, but she has a nice head on the whole, one foot and pastern turn out. Emblem, described before, came next, more stop would improve her, nice body well ribbed. Telie Kent was fat, is a bit wide in skull and carriage of ears, but has a good body well ribbed up. Light-weight dogs had nine in the class, two being absent. The well known field dog Lad of Rush won, but is beaten in head and expression by Twinkler, second, who is also better in legs and body. Kent's Prian has a short, coarse head and neck. Ridgeview Cavalier, reserve, I did not see. Chance, hc., is faulty in front among other things, flat head and with little character.

This seems to be always the way when field dogs try for bench show honors. While their owners affect to despise bench shows they enter into the competition with zest when occasion offers. There is no reason why good-looking, typical dogs should not be good field dogs but somehow very few of the noted field dogs are good bench dogs, and the placing of such ahead in the prize list because they are good in the field is an anomaly that should not be fostered. This more particularly applies to the English setters at this show. A more weedy, snipy, slab-sided lot than many of these fielders, and especially young stock, I never saw; still they are from working stock, and as such must be respected, I suppose, irrespective of any standard there may be for the breed. At a bench show the standard should be the criterion, not field merit or promise.

In bitches (8) Ightfield Blithe won; she shows quality if expression were better, has a good head, stands on good running gear and body is well furnished; a good bitch. Fanny



Kirk I could not find. Fan Fan II. is an old face. Tula, reserve, loses in head and front to a good one. Trickett's Nell seemed heavy in whelp, ears broad and out, nice front. The puppies were not very promising, weak muzzles and faulty fronts being noticeable, excepting the winner, Gilt Edge II., who has a fair head and is promising.

Duke of Kent II. won the field trial class ribbon with Lad of Rush next, Ighfield Blithe third, who can beat Lad, and Don Ritchey reserve. C. G. Stoddard took the kennel prize.

#### English Setters.

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

The exhibit here was essentially a field trial gathering for bench honors, and plainly demonstrated the fact that the standard for English setters is being completely lost sight of in the race for nose and pace for field trials and field work. Typical-headed dogs were few and far between, and dogs were prized and commended that had no more type than a broom handle and with just about the same substance. If more care is not exercised we shall have the majority of English setters of so many types, sizes and assortments of weediness as the American foxhounds that have been allowed to run to nose and speed. Monk of Furness, a little lighter in flesh than at Boston, won in challenge dogs. In the open class for dogs seventeen came forward, and a really good dog in any company, Paul Bo, rightly won; he is one of the few exceptions that have made a reputation in both spheres. Jack Berwin, second, is a nicely made dog that should have a deeper muzzle. Noble Lit, third, well shown, has a fairly good head, is a little drooping in stern, body well ribbed. Paul Hill, from the same kennels, shows his breeding, but is a bit straight-faced. Roddies, vhc., is faulty in front, flat feet, not in shape and decidedly lucky. Chesterford Surprise has a rather well-shaped head; at any rate he has some type about him. Jim Lay is fat and leggy. Livingston, is not quite straight in forelegs, ribs should be more sprung. Dan Roderigo, also he, has little shape or character of head, but probably got his card for running gear. Several well known bitches were found well up with the ribbons in the bitch open class. Belle of Riverview proved the winner; her muzzle should be squarer, otherwise she is a nicely made little bitch. Flight of Riverview is well known. Then came Toledo Queen, third, who could to advantage be better ribbed up, is back on pasterns and head should have a deeper stop. Daisy of Riverview, reserve, is a nice little bitch all round, in whom no prominent fault could be found. Bessie Hill of Riverview, vhc., is rather plain in head and feet are not true. Fire Fly is houndly headed. Mary W., vhc., has a rather nice head, more typical than any other in this kennel. Lizzie B. is fat and a bit plain headed. Cincinnati's Pride is a promising pup with good type of head. Bay B. is another nice headed one if a little squarer in muzzle, good body and legs. The rest were poor and did not deserve their cards. In the field trial class Paul Bo rightly won with Fingal second, and Glean's Pink third—anything but a "fancy" dog. J. Taylor Williams got the kennel prize with a nice even lot.

#### Irish Setters.

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

Pride of Patsey and Finglas were placed as named. This is Finglas' first challenge appearance I believe. The other beats him in type of head, Finglas's being too heavy for an Irish setter and he is none too good behind. Laura B. had no difficulty in scoring over Bessie Femore, losing in head and front; Laura never looked better in late years. In open dogs (9) Young Tim rightly won, followed by Kildare Duquesne who should be better ribbed and finer in skull. Red Chief, third, is a big, heavy-headed dog, good color. Satan, reserve, has a rather coarse head and is white chested. Ship, vhc., is another plain headed one, but has good legs and that goes all the time. In bitches (5) first went to Ruby Glenmore II., whose condition should have acted against her. Delphine came second, repeatedly described. Jennie, third, is a nice headed one, though a little lumpy in skull, good body, legs and color and might have beaten Delphine. Queen Madge deserved her cards. In puppies Kildare Neville proved the most promising. Finglas took the field trial class specials and Seminole Kennels the kennel prize.

#### Gordon Setters.

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

After the little Boston flurry we are down to the old style again, for Leo B. and Duchess of Waverly farmed the prizes. In open dogs (2) Homer S., in spite of an indifferent head beats Highland Kent and better in body and bone and front. Bitches had a larger entry (4), and Thelma won, nice tan markings, fairly well ribbed and shows lots of quality. Belle of Waverly is beaten in head and condition. Belle of Waverly, h.c., hocks turn in, and is short of coat; nice head and markings, might be truer in front. One puppy was shown, Reginald's Girl, but I could not find it. Dr. Dixon took the kennel prize.

#### Spaniels.

James Mortimer, Judge.

These classes were assigned to Mr. Bell, but in his absence Mr. Mortimer passed judgment upon them. The entries were not large but the quality was excellent. Most of those shown have been commented upon recently. Irish water spaniels had two entries, Kitty of Cork and Trouble, and Kitty in better coat had no difficulty in winning. Field spaniel challenge dogs had one entry, the well known Newton Abbott Torso. The specialty show sensation Staley Baron, was the only open class representative, and seemed to have put on flesh since last week. In cocker challenge dogs, Jay Kay was absent and thus left Middy a bloodless victory and Miss Wagglies experienced the same easy win in her class; I say not putting in an appearance. With one exception the open black dogs are well known, King Raven, Jr. and The Fashion were divided by the much abused Donovan. The Fashion is small but more typical than Donovan, who is coarse headed. Raidy, h.c., loses in front and muzzle and length of body. King Cole and Wildfire were absent. In bitches (3), Kathleen beat Phonise II. in bone, head and cobbiness, is also straighter and flatter in coat. Miss Chloe and Fashion did not turn up. Cherry Punch, although coarse in head, won from Hamilton Beauty, being shorter in body, better bone and truer in front. Beauty's feet turning out; her frail muzzle spoils an otherwise good head and expression. Red Justice was absent. The Swiss Mountain Kennels won all the specials, and their dogs were well shown, especially considering the extensive traveling they have done this season. They have now earned a merited rest.

#### Collies.

James Mortimer, Judge.

These classes were fairly well filled, and there was some quality. Our old friend, Charleroi II., came on from St. Louis and took the challenge prize on a walkover. He was looking fairly well, but has grown wide and coarse in front and head. In open dogs it was keen work between Chesterfield Hero and Toronto Wonder; the little dog was shedding, but beats Wonder in head and front, but Wonder was in better coat and is stronger in hindparts. Robbin, third, is a light, weedy little thing, with a nice long head, heavy ears, good straight coat, dense and long. Pete is coarse-headed. There was plenty of quality in bitches. The two winners, Glen and Flora May, were at the Specialty show. Glen beats in head, carriage of ears, style and action. Sparkle, third, was out of coat, fair head. Duchess of Fife, reserve, has gone coarse, and Maud Marion might have come in there; Maud heavy in ear, short-headed and with little coat, won he. Topsy C. is a plain-headed one, and has not the quality of former entries from this kennel. Robbin and Pete divided

novice dog honors, and in bitches Glen and Flora May and Chesterford Lilly, the well-known white-bodied bitch, took the corresponding ribbons in the bitch class. Woodlawn Belle scored easily over Maud in head, ears and coat in the puppy class, with Pete vhc. Woodlawn Park Kennels took the specials.

#### Poodles.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Quite a big entry for a show like this and some good ones were on hand. Milo and Miss Chloe did not turn up for the challenge prizes. In open class cards, Black Jack, in spite of his long body, was in so much better shape than Bismarck, that he deserved his first. Bismarck was looking brown and matted in cords, but is truer formed than the other. Curlies had an entry of seven with two absentees. Sidi, Snowball and Girofa were the money winners for their new owner, who starts well. The winner is not in such good curl as I have seen him. I preferred Girofa for second, stronger in loin and better in front and hind action than Snowball. Ithel, reserve, is a smart, long headed one. Queen Zip, vhc., was at Chicago and Stella, h.c., is a little slack in back. Monghlow has not the head quality of the others, being coarse, and light eyed, good curl and bone.

#### Bulldogs.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Walhampton again beat Romance in challenge dogs and the Graven Image was the only one in the corresponding class. Found it had little difficulty in scoring over Rustic Sovereign, who is plain headed and loses so much at shoulder to the other. Rustic King II. was absent. The puppy Juno had matters to herself in the bitch class and had a similar victory in puppy bitches. Found it took the special for best easily enough, and Woodlawn Park Kennels the kennel prize.

#### Bull-Terriers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Like all shows in new countries, these classes were a little mixed and the colored dogs were in evidence. Champion Crisp, fairly well shown, and Attraction, who never looked better, won in their respective challenge classes without effort. Open dogs had eight entries, with one absentee. Principio, in much better shape than at Chicago, scored pretty easily from Top Sparkle, who loses in front and cleanliness of head to the older dog. Prince Gully, getting cheeky and a bit wide in front, came in for third, while Jim Corbett, with a dash of tan on ear and side of head, was given vhc.; his head is short and thick. The others were of the business order. Jeanne D'Arc and Lansdowne Thelma, two well-known bitches, scooped up the money in this class; neither one very good, and Thelma looked a bit thin and leggy; Jeanne beats her in body and forelegs. Miladi, third, should be closer in toes, muzzle plain, body well formed. She afterward won in puppies, followed by a nice-fronted one in Wild Rose.

The Boston terriers did not show up.

#### Dachshunds.

James Mortimer, Judge.

The challenge winner, Fritz K., is getting coarse in head. In open dogs two black and tans, Moritz and Max, came forward and were placed as named; neither are up to date and are more on the terrier order; the winner is out at elbow and short-bodied. Max is light in chest, not let down enough, and is too broad in skull and of the short-eared type. Maus, first in bitches, was alone; her muzzle is weak and skull too broad; fair length, but not enough crook nor depth of chest.

#### Beagles.

Major J. M. Taylor, Judge.

Several well known winners took the long trip from the North and profited by it at the expense of comfort. Forest Hunter won in challenge dogs, Adam being absent. In bitches, Twintwo, looking heavy in whelp, scored, alone. Nippo II., a local dog, proved the winner in open dogs (3) but I thought Bowman more entitled to the position, though a bit wide in front and "toed" in; the other is no better in front, being faulty in other points, while Bowman scores in expression, shape of head and body and carriage and true type. Grover, third, has a poor front and is a sort of mouse-color with light tan marks. In bitches the Boston winner Molly L. won again, followed by Vic R., well known. Fanny, third, is plain in head and long cast, fair front. The others had little true type. In novice Ring and Dolly Varden were the winners as named; neither are typical; Dolly's head is the best but she loses in front to the other and in body. Vic R. won in the field class, nothing being against him. Forest Beagle Kennels took the kennel prize.

#### Fox-Terriers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

There were some good ones on hand and others that were far from correct. In challenge class Grouse II. won again. Open dogs (4) saw a rather mixed lot, but the winners are well known. Arrondale Mixture scored well in head from Lansdowne Triton, with the well-known Poverino third, second was beaten in head, coat and rib. The winner looked in fine shape. Reserve went to Boaster, rather coarse in skull and too domy. Hillside Royal has a rather nice head, ears too high, light bone, fair front. Van K. Parr is coarse in head. Smartly, Forest, c., is domy in skull. In bitches a very smart, nicely made one, in Chicago was placed over eighteen others, Lansdowne Trin, came next, big in ear, fairly in feet, weak face, nice body. Ripon Regina, third, was rather lucky, as she is coarse in skull and has too much stop. Bonaly Belle has a rather coarse and short head, good ears and body and coat. I forgot to mention that Richmond Jessamine, well known, was reserve, and might well have scored over Regina, nice long head, but skin condition probably put her back. Lansdowne Dimity, vhc., we have heard of before, a most terrier-like bitch. Swan Parr is cheeky, ears carried wide and is a little out at elbow, otherwise she is good. In novices (15) a rather motley crowd came into the ring, short, thick heads predominating. First went to Raby Nettle, a smart sort, head could be a bit longer to advantage and more coat would improve her. Ripon Regina, second, and Kate Parr third. Raby Jim, vhc., too much stop, faulty in front, a little more rib wanting, and fine in coat. In puppies (11) Driftwood Rambler was lucky, as his front is very poor, out at elbows and bowed, and ribs are flat. Maple Leaf, second, has a nice ear, good bone and front, but is not clean enough in neck and top. Green's Trimmer is a terrier all over; beats the winner in front, character and has a longer and better shaped head. Green's Pearl gets her feet out a bit, ears rather large, nicely formed in other points. Flip Parr is too prominent in brow yet, but has length enough to improve.

In wire dogs Undercliffe Coronet, a little coarse, won over Hillhurst Piper. The winner's hocks turn in, good coat, ears well carried and plenty of bone. Piper is weak in muzzle, but has a longer, narrower, cleaner skull than winner. Jess Frost won in bitches with Hillhurst Rose, second, head should be longer and stronger in muzzle; other parts good. My Own, third, is coarse-headed, but good in forelegs and coat. Dixie, Jr., is a pretty little thing, but weedy. Leinster Kennels took the kennel prize.

#### Irish Terriers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Jack Briggs had a walkover in Jackanapes's absence for challenge honors. Brick Bat, Jr., won easily over Bruce, who is coarse in head and his front is not above suspicion—a little bowed. In bitches (2) Judy won; she is out of coat now. Chancery Lass, second, is better in front, but is not

clean enough in head, too much hair on skull and sharp in muzzle, also has a cloddy sort of body.

#### Scotch Terriers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

The winners are all well-known. Scotch Hot beats The Colored Preacher in head and front. Merry Call was the only bitch shown and won.

In Sir Thomas's absence the Skye terriers were poor and the prizes were withheld from the four local entries in open class.

#### Yorkshire Terriers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Not a good one among them, all being too light and smutty in tan, and light in body color, with heads as big as black and tans nearly.

#### Black and Tan Terriers.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Rochelle Oolah was fortunate in finding Sultan and Prince Regent on the absent list; he now scores at a 500 dog show for the champion title. Gypsy Girl, as usual in the pink of condition, was also alone in her class. In open dogs Chesterford Victor was the only entry; his good front and body and fairly good markings entitled him to his blue ribbon; he gets his tail up and is slightly breeched, and has a little too much stop. Chesterford Park Kennels took the kennel prize.

#### Pugs.

James Mortimer, Judge.

An excellent entry, but quality, on the whole, was not very good. Bob Joy scored nicely over Drummer for the challenge prize. In open dogs (3) the well known Al Von beat Patsy Boliver, who has the best head but does not carry his ears so well and is dark-faced. Ivy, third, has also been out before; he has the best front of the lot.

In bitches (6) first went to the well known Philadelphia winner Pansy G., over Miss Decima, between whom there is little to choose. Pansy beats Decima in skull, carriage of ears, better front and toenails and condition. Queen Zitka is making up into a nice little sort. Hooker, reserve, was at Chicago, and so was Lady Verne, longer in muzzle than she should be. In novice dogs Young Penrice beats Leo in head and body and curl. La Belle Sonora, good nails and trace, won in novice bitches (4). Hooker second and Satine II. vhc. She carries her ears back, is light in eye but fairish in head; light body. Jersey is h.c.; her ears almost prick. Puppy prizes in dogs were withheld and in bitches Zola P. won, too narrow and long in face. Mildred, second, has big ears and a long muzzle.

#### King Charles Spaniels.

James Mortimer, Judge.

Only two rather nice specimens were shown; first to Dominion Prince and second to Rose, both from the same kennels in Canada.

#### Italian Greyhounds.

James Mortimer, Judge.

A nice lot. Sprite was the challenge winner. In dogs, Adonis a fair headed one, took first over Tip Top; good long head, ears fairly, but an active, smart little thing, that seemed to be at home wherever he went. Taglioni, third; has been seen before. Snowball is a white one. In bitches a nice little one in Dainty Lass scored over Dolly and Nellie; faulty in ear, carriage and skull. Perfection was the only whippet and was awarded the blue.

#### Miscellaneous.

James Mortimer, Judge.

In dogs (4) first went to a fluffy, small Pomeranian, and second to another one, Barneth, with a better and longer head. Devr (the Welshman) claimed third; traveling seems to agree with him. In bitches (2) a Chihuahua and small Mexican hairless took the money in the order named and this ended the judging at Louisville's first bench show under A. K. C. rules.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Eberhart & Heywood's Tiger; 2d, Wesley Williams's Tiger; 3d, S. M. Lemont's Duke. Bitches: 1st, D. White's Jewel.—NOVICE.—1st, Wesley Williams's Tiger; 2d, Bessie G. Griffith's Alfred V. Oldham.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Sir Bedivere. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Rustic Beauty.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Alta Kennels' Grand Master; 2d, J. G. Reess's Fernwood Arden; 3d, Mrs. John L. Deppen's Carlo. Reserve, J. W. Fry's Chaucer II. Very high com., Mrs. J. M. Vaughan's Grover Cleveland. High com., T. M. Averitt's General Lee. Com., F. G. Holtheide's Romey. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Warda; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Lady; 3d, P. Glenn's Nellie G. Reserve, Mrs. J. G. Reess's Lady Theano. Very high com., J. E. Goren's Donna. High com., Mrs. John C. Sherley's Mene. J. Cassin's Flora.—SMOOTH.—Dogs: 1st, John W. Fornor's Lawrence Garza; 2d, C. A. Pratt's Argyle Alpha; 3d, Andrew Van Diber's Lord Regard. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunol; 2d, Alta Kennels' Lady Judith; 3d, Mrs. Wm. Marshall's Judelle.—NOVICE.—1st, Alta Kennels' Cathedral; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Empire State; 3d, A. Van Hibber's Lord Keeper. Very high com., Miss Lizzie Newhaus's Lord Richmond. High com., Mrs. H. Temple's Fleet.—PUPPIES.—1st, Alta Kennels' Nicodem; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Vaughan's Grover Cleveland. Very high com., Robert L. Utterback's Prince.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Paul Clagstone's Stanley.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, M. J. Mehan's Saucio; 2d, J. G. Carter's Tirus; 3d, W. Smith's Colonel L. Very high com., E. C. Franke's Norman. High com., F. C. Dixon's Rudolph. Bitches: 1st, D. Oswald's Lady.—NOVICE.—Prize withheld.—PUPPIES.—Prizes withheld.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—OPEN.—1st, Mrs. Ernest Siefried's Ringer; 2d, F. K. Harvey's Nelly; 3d, L. B. Zimmerman's Ponto.

RUSSIAN WOLFDogs.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Huntington's Argoss. Bitches: 1st, R. W. Huntington's Zerry.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's Odrooski and Optimist; 3d, Chas. Stedman Hank's Soranet. Bitches: 1st and reserve, Chas. Stedman Hank's Olivia and Zmeika; 2d and 3d, H. W. Huntington's Riga and Irma. Very high com., Terra Cotta Kennels' Krinena. Puppies: 1st, Chas. Stedman Hank's Lady Dietz; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Suddarka.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, C. B. Robinson's Hillside Rinaldo; 2d, Col. Wm. B. Smith's Claymore.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. Bitches: 1st, Joe Lewis's Wild Rose.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Robinson's Rome Marble; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Jack of Clubs; 3d, Mrs. J. J. Morrison's Prince Delmar. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Robinson's Maid Marion; 2d, Miss Lillie M. Duff's Beauty.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Roger D. Williams's Commodore.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, reserve and very high com. (2), Roger D. Williams's Argonaut, Lee, Ramsey and Deacon; 2d and 3d, Jas. F. Winn's Miller II. and Roxie. High com. and com. (2), Iroquois Kennels' Clipper, Hindoo and King Lee. Bitches: 1st, 3d, reserve and very high com., Roger D. Williams's Bowsprit, Flossie, La Joya, Hour and Fanchon; 2d, James F. Winn's Swift. High com. and com., Iroquois Kennels' Lillian Russell and Cora.—NOVICE.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, James F. Winn's Miller II. and Roxie; 2d and com., Iroquois Kennels' Clipper and Hindoo. Bitches: 1st, James F. Winn's Swift; 2d, Roger D. Williams's Fanchon; 3d and com., Iroquois Kennels' Lillian Russell and Cora.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, B. Alton Smith's Cleveland.—OPEN.—1st, B. Alton Smith's Rough.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Duke of Kent II. Reserve, Netherwood Kennels' Ridgeview Tenny.—OPEN.—Dogs: 55lbs. and over: 1st, W. H. Clark's Stanley; 2d, F. L. Flier's Gamester; 3d, A. E. Houston's Franklin. Reserve, C. G. Stoddard's Ighfield Upton. V. Neigh Boy. D. Bitches: (under 55lbs.): 1st and very high com., C. G. Stoddard's Ighfield Blithe and Trickett's Nell; 2d, Dr. J. G. F. Holston's Fanny Kirk; 3d, C. E. Cornell's Fan Fan II. Reserve, W. S. Davis's Tula. Com., T. H. Gibbs's Maud and J. H. Seng's Stelle. Puppies: 1st, J. L. Adams's Gilt Edge II.; 2d, J. S. Doane's



Lad's Nelly. Reserve, F. J. Eisenman's Spare Rib.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS (for dogs and bitches which have been placed at any recognized public field trial).—1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Duke of Kent II.; 2d, J. L. Adams's Lad of Rush; 3d, G. G. Stoddard's Ighfield Blithe. Reserve, D. P. Ritchey's Don Ritchey.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Dager's Monk of Furness.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, R. Merrill's Paul Bo; 2d and high com., J. A. Shriver's Jack Berwin and Livingston; 3d and reserve, J. Taylor's Noble Lit and Paul Hill. Very high com., A. L. Semple's Fingal, P. T. Madison's Roddies and Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Surprise. High com., J. Barrett's Jim Lay and N. T. Harris's Don Rodrigo. Coir., G. W. Sudduth's Czar, C. L. Troxell's Don and C. L. Niman's Iste. Bitches: 1st, 2d, reserve and very high com., J. T. Williams's Belle of Riverview, Flight of Riverview, Daisy of Riverview and Bessie Hill of Riverview; 3d, C. A. Rathbone's Toledo Queen. Very high com., T. J. Landrum's Fire Fly, G. S. Bowman's Kate and Manchester Kennel Company's Mary W. High com., E. A. Bowman's Lizzie B. and W. P. Biddle's Lady Hur. Com., J. N. Barker's Bel McLean. Puppies: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Cincinnati's Pride; 2d, W. L. Blankenbaker's Bay E. Reserve, J. E. Watson's Nancy Petticoat. Very high com., Manchester Kennel Company's Leonidas. High com., L. W. Blankenbaker's Antoinette Gladstone and Manchester Kennel Company's Gladstone Sue. Com., S. S. Bush, Jr.'s Ginger and Manchester Kennel Company's Belle of Paris.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS (for dogs and bitches that have ever been placed at any recognized public field trial).—1st, R. Merrill's Paul Bo; 2d, A. L. Semple's Fingal; 3d, Manchester Kennel Company's Glean's Pink.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patay. Reserve, W. L. Washington's Finglas. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Laura B. Reserve, W. H. Eakin's Bessie Fenmore.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Young Tim; 2d, W. L. Washington's Kildare Duquesne; 3d, R. P. Thompson's Red Chief. Reserve and very high com., J. Clark, Jr.'s Satan and Ship. Com., J. McNab's Roy. Bitches: 1st, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II.; 2d and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Delphine and Queen Mado; 3d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Jennie. High com., J. Hart's Music. Puppies: 1st, W. L. Washington's Kildare Neville; 2d, D. E. Pierson's Daphragh Bragh.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any recognized public field trial).—1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, W. O. Lindley's Honer S.; 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Kent. Bitches: 1st, R. B. Parks's Thelma; 2d and high com., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Maid of Waverly and Bell of Waverly. Puppies: 1st, Highland Kennels' Reginald's Girl.

IRISH WYVER SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork; 2d, Mrs. E. G. Flak's Trouble.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, H. L. Jones's Newton Abbot. Torso.—OPEN.—BLACK.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Staley Barrow.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—25LBS. AND UNDER.—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggles.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Raven, Jr. and The Fashion; 2d, W. C. Payne's Donovan. High com., Mrs. J. C. Davis's Raidy. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Kathleen; 2d, W. T. Payne's Phonsie II.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—1st and 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cherry Punch and Hamilton Beauty.

COOLIES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Long's Charlierio II.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Hero; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Toronto Wonder; 3d, R. E. Roberts's Robin. High com., T. H. Sherry's Peter. Bitches: 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Glen, Flora May and Duchess of Bife; 3d and very high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Sparkle and Maud Marion. High com., E. Huidekoper's Maud and Topsy.—NOVICE.—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Roberts's Robin; 2d, T. H. Sherry's Pete. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Glen and Flora May; 3d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Lily. High com., and com., E. Huidekoper's Maud and Topsy. Puppies: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodlawn Belle; 2d, E. Huidekoper's Maud. Very high com., T. H. Sherry's Pete.

POODLES.—CORDED.—1st, Mrs. R. J. Carter's Black Jack; 2d, Dr. Duer's Bismarck.—CURLY.—1st, 2d and 3d, Jallapa Kennels' Sid, Snowball and Girdola. Reserve and high com., J. E. Ellison's Tied and Stella. Very high com., and com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Queen Zip and Moughlow.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Wainhampton. Reserve, Toon & Thomas's Romance. Bitches: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Graven Image.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Miss Byrne's Found It; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Rustic Sovereign. Bitches: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Juno.—PUPPIES.—Bitches: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Juno.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Luzboro Kennels' Champion Crisp.—Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Wentworth Kennels' Principio; 2d, F. F. Dole's Top Sparky; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Prince Gully. Very high com., N. T. Harris's Jim Corbett.—Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's Jeanne D'Arc; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Thelma; 3d, J. M. McCormick's Miladi. High com., E. W. Linderman's Grace.—PUPPIES: 1st, J. M. McCormick's—FIELD TRIAL CLASS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's placed at any recognized public field trial; 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Vic R.

FOX TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, C. S. Hanks's Grouse II.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, H. Le Roy Jones's Arradale Mixture; 2d and 3d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Triton and Lansdowne Poverina. Reserve, W. S. Applegate's Boaster. Very high com., J. F. Bell's Hillside Royal. High com., E. Parr & Son's Van K. Parr. Com., N. T. Harris's Hurstbourne Boy. Bitches: 1st, Leinster Kennels' Chicago; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Trim; 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Ripon Regina. Reserve, Mr. Walker's Richmond Jessamine. Very high com., Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Dainty and Hamon Fox-Terrier Kennels' Bonaly Belle. High com., E. Parr & Son's Swan Parr. Com., Hamilton Fox-Terrier Kennels' Maple Leaf.—NOVICE.—1st, Leinster Kennels' Ruby Nettle; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Ripon Regina, 3d, E. Parr & Son's Kate Parr. Very high com., W. C. Rambler; 2d, Hamilton Fox-Terrier Kennels' Driftwood and very high com., W. C. D. Green's Greasy's Tipple. Reserve, E. Parr & Son's Flip Parr. Com., J. F. Bell's Columbia and N. T. Harris's Hurstbourne Sam.—WIRE-HAIRED.—Dogs: 1st, Hamilton Fox-Terrier Kennels' Undercliff Corine; 2d, Hillhurst Kennels' Hillhurst Piper. Bitches: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jess R. D. Green's Greasy's Tipple; 2d, Hamilton Fox-Terrier Kennels' My Own. Very high com., W. W. Webb's Dixie, Jr.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Jack Briggs.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Brick Bat, Jr.; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Bruce. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Judy; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Chancery Lass.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Scotch Hot; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Merry Coll.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. G. Ormsby's Josh; 2d, J. Foster's Actor; 3d, S. Newman, Jr.'s Tody, Jr. Very high com., Miss L. Dersch's Rags Ormsby. Bitches: 1st, J. A. Zimmerman's Flo II.; 2d, O. Stewart's Cain's Ethel; 3d, W. Lindsey's Flo.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Oolah. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Gipsy Girl.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Victor.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Dr. F. Rele's Petite.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Reserve, German-Howard Pug Kennels'—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, German-Howard Pug Kennels' Al Von; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bell; 3d, Miss E. Cryer's Ivy. Bitches: 1st, Miss E. Cryer's Pansy G.; 2d and reserve, German-Howard Pug Kennels' Miss Decima and Hooker; 3d and very high com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Queen Zitzka and Lady Verne. High com., Mrs. J. Losey's Jersey.—NOVICE.—Dogs: 1st, German-Howard Pug Kennels' Young Fenrice; 2d, Mrs. E. M. Marsh's Leo. Bitches: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' La Be Sonora; 2d and very high com., German-Howard Pug Kennels' Hooker and Satine II. High com., Mrs. J. Losey's Jersey.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: Prizes withheld. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. F. W. Furdere's Zola P.; 2d, German-Howard Pug Kennels' Mildred.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Ben Davis's Rose and Dominion Prince.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Joe Lewis's Sprite.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. W. G. Benham's Adonis; 2d, Mrs. H. B. Dunbar's Tip Top; 3d, H. E. Keough's Taghioni. Very high com., J. Moerlin's Snowball. Bitches: 1st, Ben Davis's Dainty Lass; 2d, Mrs. J. D. Sharp's Dolly; 3d, K. Taylor's Nellie.

WHIPPETS.—Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Perfection.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Dogs: 1st, W. S. Pate's Snow (Spitz); 2d, Miss Annie Varalle's Barneth (Pomeranian); 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Dewr (Welsh terrier). Very high com., G. Keil's Werra (Russian wolf spitz); J. Moerlin's Swan's Down. Bitches: 1st, H. B. Dunbar's Nita (Chihuahua); 2d, Miss Minnie Sherley's Topsy (Mexican hairless).

#### SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS.—Best in show (2), Tiger.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best in the show, Sir Bedivere. Best smooth dog under 18 months, Argyle Alpha. Best kennel (2), Argyle Kennels. Best bitch in the show, Rustic Beauty. Best pair, Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty. Best puppy, Nicola.

RUSSIAN WOLFDOGS.—Best kennel, H. W. Huntington. Rest in the show, Argoss. Best pair, Argoss and Zerry.

DEERHOUNDS.—Best in the show, Hillside Rinaldo.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best brace in open classes, Rome Marble and Maud Marion. Best in the show, Gem of the season.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Best bitch in the show, Bowsprit. Best couple, Arrowhead and Bowsprit. Best pack, Roger D. Williams's.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Best kennel, B. Alton Smith's.

POINTERS.—Best dog with a field trial record and his record and dog show qualities to be each considered, Duke of Kent II. Best in open classes with a field trial record, Lad of Rush. Best bitch in the show, Ighfield Blythe. Best pointer or setter in show, Duke of Kent II. Best bitch under two years old, solid color, black, white or liver, Mrs. Bos's La Belle Kate. Best kennel, C. G. Stoddard.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best brace, Noble Lit and Belle of Riverview. Best dog in open class with field trial record, Paul Bo, also best in those classes. Best kennel, J. Taylor Williams's.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best that has been placed at any public field trial in America or Europe, Finglas. Best dog, same conditions, Finglas. Best brace, Pride of Patsey. Best in open class, Ruby Glenmore II.

COOLIES.—Best in open classes, bred or owned by member of Collie Club, Chesterford Park Kennels' Glen. Best brace, Glen and Flora May. Best kennel, Woodlawn Park Kennels.

POODLES.—Best in the show, Black Jack.

BULLDOGS.—Best in the show, Found It. Best kennel, Woodlawn Park Kennels.

BULL TERRIERS.—Best in show, Attraction. Best under 30lbs., Principio. Best kennel, F. F. Dole.

DACHSHUNDS.—Best pair, D. J. R. Eller.

BEAGLES.—Best brace, Nipps II. and Fanny. Best pack, Forest Beagle Kennels.

FOX TERRIERS (Smooth).—Best bitch entered in open or novice classes, Ruby Nettle. Best pair entered in open classes, Lansdowne Triton and Lansdowne Trim. Best Kentucky bred dog or bitch in the show, Hurstbourne Boy. Best in open or novice classes, Arradale Mixture. Best kennel, Leinster Kennels.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Best kennel, E. B. Elliott.

PUGS.—Best get of Drummer, Zola P. Best entered and owned by a lady, Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Best kennel, German Howard Kennels.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Best brace, Dominion Prince and Rose.

ITALIAN GREYHOUND.—Best, Sprite.

#### POINTS AND FLUSHES

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

##### Field Trial Dogs vs. Shooting Dogs.

THERE seems to be a general belief that the new stake instituted by the Eastern Field Trials Club is for "shooting dogs" in contradistinction to field trial dogs. It is unfortunate that any act should be interpreted as a formal distinct classification of the dog for field work and the dog for field trial competition, one a racing machine, the other for utility. There is no sound reason why such a distinction should be made by clubs. Even from a commercial standpoint, no such distinction can be justly claimed.

The field trial dog should be the most perfect dog for field work. If he can do good work to the gun in actual field shooting he deserves better than to be classed as a "plug shooting dog." If the "high-class" field trial dog can not do the work of the "plug shooting dog," wherein then lies his excellence?

Too much money in times past in the way of prizes, in trial after trial in the circuit, specialized the sport into a business. It gave a handler an opportunity to win \$8,000 or \$4,000 in one circuit, which was out of all ratio as between the value of the business and the value of the winning. The feature of sport was gradually eliminated. Clubs vied with each other in giving the biggest purses for competition. With what result? Nearly every club which retired gave more in prizes than it could afford. Then came that unpleasant result, a deficit. That was followed by the needed assessments, after which came the inevitable resignations, loss of interest and dissolution.

The aggregate value of the prizes was so great in the circuit that, instead of improving the dog in general, it narrowed the improvement down to very narrow lines. The same strings of dogs would appear in one trial after another, and many of the dogs would appear in the trials year after year. There being no handicap of any kind, it became what is colloquially known as a cinch for two or three handlers who could control a select string of dogs. It became a fixed business.

Gradually, under the management of several clubs, field trial practice drifted away from that of field work. Great speed was rated as paramount in importance, and disobedience and a disregard of the gun were condoned on the assumption that the dog was not fully broken. When such an ill-broken dog won, he was copied as a model till at last a well-broken dog at a field trial was the exception. Indeed, a well-broken dog then was seriously handicapped. Judges have given more attention to breaking and better field work, in their judgments in the past two or three years, and there is a consequent improvement. Still, there is room for a great deal more. But all the departure from the true standard of work was an injury to the cause. It is wise and proper to return to the standard which is good both in the field and the field trial. Make the field trial dog the ideal shooting dog, one which can be handled without the handler running, whistling and shouting simultaneously, which have sometimes been a feature of field trials.

On the subject of "shooting dogs" and the new stake, Mr. Thomas Johnson writes me: "Will you tell me what a shooting dog is? Is not the best dog for a man to shoot over, the best dog for a field trial? Are they intending to have a trial for 'dog and man' combined, or will the prize go to the fellow who has the most 'bird sense' and finds for his dog the most beavies? If shooting dogs can beat field trial dogs, as I understand them, in any kind of competition, viz., bird finding, working to the gun, style, pace and nose, and all the concomitants of a pleasant shooting dog, that has all the essentials which make the poetry of shooting to dogs, if such is not a shooting dog and a field trial dog as well, then I want to see a plug shooting dog. But the kind of dog I trial dog is not a gentleman's shooting dog, and if a field trial dog is not a gentleman's shooting dog, then I have wasted quite a little time in breeding without getting a full measure of the pleasurable effects which shooting to dogs affords. It will be a farce, or else there is a kind of dogs I have never seen."

While chatting with Mr. Thomas a few days since, he mentioned that his orange and white setter dog Ned was stolen again. Ned is seven years old, weight about 70lbs., dewclaws on hindlegs, one eye a bit affected, and nose rough. Any information of this dog will be gratefully received by Mr. E. Thomas, 195 East Randolph street, Chicago.

Mr. Thomas also told me of the tragic end of another setter which he prized much. He has two fox-terriers which were apparently on friendly terms with the setters, and all were

kennelled together. One direful night the setter had an unpleasantness with the fox-terriers, or vice versa. The casual bell will never be known. The dead body of the setter was found in the morning with such marks of violence on the body as denoted a violent death. The fox-terriers were as calm and matter-of-fact as if a violent death was a mere incident of every night. They have now exclusive night time quarters of their own.

##### Bicknell Glimtings.

From a correspondent at Bicknell, Ind., I received a letter in which he says:

"I think more satisfaction will be derived from the United States field trials at West Point, Miss., than if they were held at Grand Junction, Tenn.

"Birds are pairing off. Golden plover have been here by the thousand. They were never known to be in this part of the State before.

"Mr. A. J. Gleason will be over here this week. He and Mr. George Gray start for Minnesota on May 1."

##### On Breeding.

Mr. A. J. Gleason, of Alma, Kansas, gives the following interesting remarks on breeding, etc.:

"In reference to the bull in the demand for newspaper dogs, I am not at all surprised. It always appeared to me as unaccountable that men possessing ordinary horse sense in an ordinary transaction could be so easily hoodwinked into the belief that the progeny of certain dogs, bred by certain individuals, apparently having a 'pull' with those vested with prestige through the sporting press were superior to thousands of other dogs identical in blood and likely superior in individual merit.

"I am glad to know that gentlemen with money to gratify their desires are awakening to a realizing sense of the situation. It looks as though honest breeders and trainers would eventually reach a parity with the fraternity who look upon the dog merely as a medium of exchange, a sort of bait to catch suckers with, and with the aid of gushers and paid assistants, they surely have reaped a great harvest and I don't wonder at the scarcity of victims.

"If you will guarantee me \$5 each for puppies at the weaning age, I will supply a stockyard full annually from any blood you can mention, and accumulate a fortune on the short-order plan.

"Any breed of puppies can be shelled out like corn off the cob. All that is necessary to success is to find purchasers with more money than brains to pay for the output when ready for delivery."

Mr. Edward Odell, at one time an owner of the best kennels of setters and pointers in the South for field work or field trials, among which was old champion Bow, has decided to make his home permanently at Philadelphia and devote his attention to his large stable of fine horses.

##### The International Derby.

The entries of the Derby of the International Field Trials Club's field trials close on June 1. The trials will commence on Nov. 5, and as heretofore will be held at Chatham, Ont. Forfeit \$2.50, second forfeit \$2.50, payable Sept. 1; \$5 additional to start. First, 40 per cent. of entrance; second, 20 per cent.; third, 15 per cent.; fourth, 10 per cent. Forfeit and breeding certificate should accompany each entry. Address the secretary, W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

##### Type and Field Trial Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When so lucid, experienced and courteous a writer as Mr. W. W. Titus says anything, you may feel assured it is based on knowledge and solid sense; yet I must disagree with his conclusions and definition of "type" as applied to dogs. Type, as I understand it, is identical with "standard," and if breeders do not adhere to some recognized type or standard, our beautifully-formed setters and pointers will assuredly lose the characteristics which have made them so much admired. The plan of making a standard to fit certain monstrosities which are very feeble apologies of the breeds they were named after, has proved a lamentable failure. Mr. Titus says that good dogs, like good horses, come in all sorts of forms. This may be true in a few cases, but let Mr. Titus recall the best dogs and horses that the world has produced, and I think he will admit that a large majority were typical specimens of their breeds. My contention, therefore, is that breeders must have a "standard" or "type" to breed to, or we may as well do away with names of breeds and just call them dogs. I not only disagree with Mr. Titus in his opinion on type, but on his ideas of what constitutes a field dog. He says he intends running some "shooting dogs" at the Eastern trials.

Will some one tell me the difference between a "shooting" dog and a field trial dog. My own idea has always been, and is, that the best field trial dog is the most perfect dog to shoot over. Assuming which I infer that the dogs Mr. Titus intends running, in this particular stake, are dogs not quite good enough to win an open all-aged stake. Are there any rules to prevent any other handler from entering any dog he pleases? How will the judges draw the line between the shooting dog and the A1 field trial dog? Mr. Handler No. 2 may enter and further will enter, and I would wager long odds that Mr. Shooting dog of No. 2 quality gets left.

But whisper, is not this stake inaugurated by the Eastern Field Trials Club because they have come to recognize that the bolter and self-hunter, which they so much encouraged a few years ago, are neither shooting dogs nor field trial dogs? A personal experience at their trials proved that I was all astray as to what I had in my simplicity imagined should constitute an A1 field trial dog, viz., a fast, snappy, brainy, industrious, well broken bird finder, that worked to the gun. The dog to win, and which did win, was the one that kept the judges busy hunting the dog; but the most farcical portion of the trials was that after reading the rules "to give greater credit to the dog that works promptly without noise," etc., and, immediately the dogs are cast off, the handlers reminded me of boys who give a tin whistle imitation of how an Orange life and drum band start on the 12th of July.

I said to one of my conferees: "For goodness sake, do not permit that perpetual toot, toot!"

"Why, yes," he said, "that's the way the dogs are trained 'to keep out at their work.'"

I suggested that the handlers should hang a few cow bells to their belts, which would not probably make as much noise, but would save considerable wind. But, pshaw! no one knows better than Mr. Titus that the dog that should win a field trial is the *best ideal* perfect shooting dog.

Mr. P. H. Bryson says that breeders of high class English setters are much agitated to know how certain named sires are to be replaced. With a majority of American breeders that is no doubt correct, but the question that does not receive its meed of thought, but which to my mind is of paramount importance, is, Are we not paying too much thought to over-studded sires at the expense of good dams? I frankly admit that the sires he mentions have reproduced themselves in numbers of instances. Yet I venture the assertion that much of the credit given the sire was due to the dam, who is rarely given her share of credit. There are few sires that have stamped all their progeny with their own excellence. Yet I could enumerate numbers of dams that are so entitled, whose names are lost in obscurity.

To mention dogs in which my own kennel is closely identified would leave me open to the charge, which is only too







The sea terms in use during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have in some instances descended to us unchanged, others are so altered as to be scarcely recognizable, while many have become altogether obsolete. It is obvious that words transmitted from mouth to mouth, will in course of exchange become distorted; the longer they remain unwritten the more extensive will the changes be. In the passage of the sea-terms from the verbal to the written form they undoubtedly suffered radical alteration. Dropped from uneducated lips they fell to the task, ears of the learners who dimly felt themselves by harmonious combinations of sounds; the latter, unhappily ignorant of the profession that employed them, were incapable of conceiving their perfect import, and introduced them into their chronicles in a garbled or inexpressive form. It is not strange that the ignorant, writing at the dictation of the ignorant, should mar and misrepresent things; this accounts in a measure for the gross errors we find in old books of sea adventure and discovery. As vivid and correct narrators, the scribe drew from a pen that is servant to a mind thoroughly master of its subject.

It was the poet Falconer who first endeavored to unravel the tangled skein and lay the threads of nautical nomenclature side by side in their proper places. In 1769 this gifted and unfortunate man published his *Universal Nautical Dictionary*. Enriched and amplified by the task, he was able to give an intimate knowledge of the profession whose terms he so skillfully defined and so elaborately collated. But even in Falconer's time a large number of the terms used by seamen of the days of Hawkins and Drake had become obsolete. The rig of the vessels had changed, the form of their hulls, the matter of their armaments had all been altered. The sharp commands that rang so unpleasantly on the ears of the Spaniards, were now softened by the gentle and mighty Armada, and the change with his diminutive ships, was not the language of Vernon at Porto Bello or of Hawke in his glorious action off Toulon. The cool orders which Sir Humphrey Gilbert issued to his terror-stricken crew when ice and gale threatened death upon Newfoundland's fog-taunted banks, would have fallen like a strange tongue upon the ears of the men who weathered the stormy Horn with the invincible Anson or circled the globe under the pennant of the sea-master of the Commodore.

And despite these changes, Falconer's work was invaluable to the seaman; for the first time his language found harbor. No longer the victim of every careless tongue and erring pen; no longer to drift like loose weed upon the stream of time, the sport of ignorance, the plaything of scholastic affectation, it was anchored safely in that great port to which all who would traffic in the priceless merchandise of knowledge must resort.

Since Falconer's day, many glossaries have invaded the market with their wares. The older books are mere copies of his publication, varied by the whims of the compilers; the newer are modernized versions of the same, or else very indifferent original compilations. There is not to-day an accurate or all comprehensive nautical glossary. Russell, who probably knows as much about sea methods and sea manners as any living man, has given to the world a work, in its jacket of which, I suspect, he is by this time heartily ashamed. It bears every mark of being made to order at short notice.

Some day a man filled with that deep love of the sea which makes all that relates to it, all that belongs to it, a joy to the heart and an inspiration to the mind, will sit down, and heedless of time and gain, give his life to the task. Then, and then only, will we receive a work worthy of the subject. For be it remembered that the words of the sailor's tongue are not the language of a sea-going nation, but the language of a sea-going world.

Born of Teutonic parents, it was cradled in mediæval French, received adornment from the lips of the soft-voiced Latins, but its commanding strength, its striking brevity, its wild and enchanting beauty it owes to no nation, it has derived from no human tongue. From that element whose unknown expanse its first speakers traversed, whose calmness and perils it has known, it has derived its powers, its conciseness and its grace. As the restless ocean has, in its wild play, from the debris of continents built up those isles whose white beaches flash, and whose verdant slopes hang on the misty borders of its most desolate stretches, so from the materials derived from many tongues has the language of the sea been wrought out and shaped to its present beauty and purpose by the old English seaman whose tongue was the heart and the hand of the sea.

On commenting on a letter in a recent issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the *Field* says: "Dr. Grant correctly points out that the term has been used in this country, and traces the origin of the word to *musca*, fly and *mosquito*, and that the word has been in use for many years on the Devonshire coast, the great port for them being Dartmouth; and we can remember witnessing a match between the trim little yacht like barks at least thirty years ago. We have now before us the regatta programme of the Royal Western Yacht Club for 1886, and the third event is scheduled as follows: 'Prize of £6 for the mosquito fleet of pleasure boats.' There were no entries and Mr. R. Martin's Swallow was the winner, with Mr. Lander's Bantam second, Mr. Hudson's Butterfly third and Mr. C. Hamilton's Boomerang fourth. We do not know when the term mosquito fleet first came into use in this country, but in 1859 'Vanderdecken,' in an article published in *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* said, 'The mosquito fleet may be justly esteemed the nursery of our yachtsmen; the little yacht leads on to the handy 25, the latter which is the sturdy son of 300 tons.'"

Mr. Dixon Kemp has also sent us an old programme of the Royal Western Y. C. and Port of Plymouth Royal Regatta of 1866, in which "A prize of £6 for the mosquito fleet of pleasure boats," is offered, with nine entries. Mr. Kemp alludes to these boats as cutter rigged, and of about 20ft. l.w.l.

### New York Yacht Racing Association.

The special committee of the New York Y. R. A. has prepared the following report:

New York May 19, 1894.—To the Clubs Composing the New York Yacht Racing Association: At the last meeting of the N. Y. Y. R. A., a committee of five was appointed to revise the constitution, by-laws and sailing rules of the Association, and report any changes which would, in the opinion of the committee, benefit the Association. This committee has held several meetings and has carefully considered the matters referred to it, and after a full discussion of the matter, makes the following report:

The principal object for which the Association was organized was for the purpose of the adoption of a uniform set of rules to be used in all races in which two or more clubs of the Association participated, and the committee find that the recent amendment to Sec. 2 of the constitution permitting open races to be given under other rules than those adopted by the Association, provided notice is given that such race will be under other rules, is in direct conflict with the object of the Association and will in future lead to confusion and the same troubles which existed prior to the organization of the Association, and they therefore recommend that Article 2 of the constitution be amended so as to read as it was adopted when the Association organized, viz.: The objects of the Association shall be, to encourage yacht building and yacht racing; to establish and enforce uniform rules for the government of all clubs in which two or more clubs, members of the Association, compete.

The success of the Association depends largely on the interest taken by the delegates sent by the clubs to represent them in the meetings and deliberations of the Association, and it is important to the successful administration of the Association that every club should be represented at all meetings held by the Association, but the committee find that some of the clubs are seldom represented, although they believe that it is the intention and expectation of the clubs that their delegates should be present; but at present no provision is made for giving notice to clubs of a failure of their delegates to perform the duties expected of them. A due for failure of clubs to be represented at meetings has been proposed, but the committee feel that this would not be approved of and should not be necessary. But if the attention of the clubs is called to failure of its delegates to attend the meetings of the Association, such club will take such action as is necessary to cause a better representation in the Association, and therefore the committee recommend that Article VII. of the constitution be amended by adding at the end thereof the following words, viz.: "And the secretary of the Association shall notify any club failing to be represented at any meeting of the Association of the failure of its delegates to attend such meeting."

In past years there have been occasions on which clubs belonging to the Association have given open races and regattas in violation of the principles and sailing rules of the Association, and the Association has found itself without power to take any action against such club; and while the committee feel that all clubs belonging to the Association should uphold and abide by its principles and rules, yet the committee believe that it is the intention and expectation of the clubs that their delegates should be present; but at present no provision is made for giving notice to clubs of a failure of their delegates to perform the duties expected of them. A due for failure of clubs to be represented at meetings has been proposed, but the committee feel that this would not be approved of and should not be necessary. But if the attention of the clubs is called to failure of its delegates to attend the meetings of the Association, such club will take such action as is necessary to cause a better representation in the Association, and therefore the committee recommend that Article VII. of the constitution be amended by adding at the end thereof the following words, viz.: "And the secretary of the Association shall notify any club failing to be represented at any meeting of the Association of the failure of its delegates to attend such meeting."

As to the sailing rules of the Association as printed and distributed by the Association, the committee can offer or suggest little improvement. They are practically the same as used by all clubs. But objection has been raised, both within the membership of the Association and by outsiders, to the rule of measurement for time allowance which the Association has adopted and used since its organization. This is a subject that has been discussed and agitated as long as the memory of yachtsmen can carry them back, and no measure satisfactory to all yachtsmen has yet been arrived at and probably never will be. The committee feel that the rule of measurement for the Association should be one that is satisfactory to the largest number of clubs in the Association, and by examining the roll of membership in the Association the committee feel that should the Association be at this time disbanded the majority of the clubs now belonging to the Association would continue to use this same rule of measurement, and should this rule be at this time radically changed it would not meet the approval of the majority of the clubs, and would seriously interfere with the frequency and popularity of open regattas among the clubs. At the same time the committee are met with the argument that if the rule was changed other clubs would seek the benefits of membership in the Association and its membership would be extended. But our answer is that the Association is for the benefit of the present members, and to change the rule for the benefit of prospective members would cause many present members to give up their membership. We recognize that all clubs in the Association wish to see the Association increase its membership, for thereby the benefits to each club are increased, therefore this committee, after a careful consideration of the question, have decided to recommend that no change in the rule of measurement be made, but that the Association be allowed to adopt two different committees believe it will be practicable to adopt two rules of measurement for time allowance, one to be the rule now used in the Association and the other to be what is now known as the "length and sail area rule," and thereby give the clubs in the Association the choice of the two rules in giving their open regattas, and thus the value of each may be demonstrated. At the same time the matter must be so arranged that in all races a distinct understanding must be had of which rule is to be used in a race, and due notice given of it by the club giving an open regatta, and by the choice between these two rules it will soon be demonstrated which is the most acceptable to the clubs belonging to the Association, by the success of the open regattas given, and at the same time this will remove what is claimed to be the obstacle which stands in the way of a number of clubs joining the Association, who it is claimed, under the present rules, the measurement rule is changed. The committee believe that after a careful consideration of this proposed addition to this rule by the several clubs of this Association, that this proposed change will not be in conflict with the expressed objects of the Association, but is a step forward toward the solution of that very vexed and yet unsolved problem of proper measurement for time allowance, as it will enable yacht to meet on equal terms and thus demonstrate the actual difference in the result from the use of either.

In deciding the question of what should compose the elements from which the sail area measurement should be arrived at the committee have examined the rules used by various other clubs and have chosen that which is thought to be most fair for the class of boats owned by members of the clubs forming the Association, and they therefore recommend that Rule 1 of the Association be amended so as to read as follows:

SECTION 1. All races or regattas given by any club a member of the Association or by the Association open to one or more clubs members of the Association shall be sailed under the rules of the Association, and the measurement for allowance for time shall be given by one of the following rules, to be chosen by the club respectively, viz: "the 'hull measurement' and 'length and sail area measurement,'" which are as follows:

**HULL MEASUREMENT.**  
The length on deck, measured from the forward part of the stem to the extreme stern over all; to this add the length of the load waterline measured when in sailing trim and divide the total by two, and the result thus obtained shall be the sailing length.

**LENGTH AND SAIL AREA MEASUREMENT.**  
Yachts shall be rated for time allowance according to the following measurement:

To the load waterline length add the square root of the sail area, and divide the sum by two.  
The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim, with all persons on board when the measurement is taken amidships. The measurer, at the time of taking his measurements, shall affix a distinctive mark at each point.

The sail area shall be ascertained by taking a perpendicular along the after side of the mainmast, from the under side of the gaff to the boom or to the lowest part of the upper side of boom, when resting on the saddle, or on the lowest part of gooseneck, the distance of which point from the main deck or house deck shall be recorded by the measurer, together with the other points used in measurement.

In all yachts the forward point of measurement of the base-line shall be midway between the intersection of the bowsprit and jibpost sail stay, and the center of the tack cringle, the club giving jib shall add the length of the bowsprit to the length of the spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of the forward point of measurement, such excess shall be added to the base line. The length to be measured for spinnaker boom shall be the extreme distance, when in use, of its outer end from the center of the foreside of the mast on which it is carried.

The after point of measurement shall be the end of the mainboom in masted yachts, cutters and sloops, and of the mizenboom in yawls. In all schooners, cutters and sloops the mainmast shall be measured from the bounds of the lower mast to the lower side of the top-sail halyard block or sheave, and 80 per cent. of this length shall be taken from the extreme length of the main gaff measured from the inside of the jaws to the after end, the remainder being added to the base line, as measured above.

The area of the sail shall be obtained by multiplying the corrected base by the perpendicular and dividing by two.  
To be square root of the area, as ascertained, add the length, as ascertained, and divide the product by two; the result is the measurement for time allowance.

In boats which carry no headsail, the forward point of measurement for the base line shall be the after side of the mast, or of the foremast if there be two masts.

In vessels which carry no topmast, the upper point of measurement for the perpendicular shall be the center of the eye in the upper peak halyard band. In such vessels, for the purpose of measuring the base line, the distance between the center of the eye in the throat halyard band and that of the upper peak halyard band shall be used in the same way as is the length of the topmast where one is carried.  
In all yachts the forward point of measurement of the base-line shall be midway between the intersection of the bowsprit and jibpost sail stay, and the center of the tack cringle, the club giving jib shall add the length of the bowsprit to the length of the spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of the forward point of measurement, such excess shall be added to the base line. The length to be measured for spinnaker boom shall be the extreme distance, when in use, of its outer end from the center of the foreside of the mast on which it is carried.

Sec. 4. Allowance for time shall be figured according to the table of N. G. Herreshoff

In the regattas given by the Association and by clubs of the Association it often occurs that there may be only one yacht entered in a class, and thereby the yacht so entered, although prepared for the race, is prevented from competing in the race. This seems to the committee to be an injustice, and many clubs have objected to this by allowing such yacht to compete in a larger class, and so that this may be done the committee recommend that such a provision be made in the sailing rules by adding the following words at the end of Rule 5: "In any race or regatta in which only one yacht shall be entered in a class, such yacht may race with yachts of the next higher class to which she belongs by assuming the minimum measurement of such higher class; provided notice of intention of racing in such higher class be given to the regatta committee having charge of such race before 10 A. M. of the day of such race."

In adopting the length and sail area measurement, the committee would recommend the following classification by load waterline length:

**SCHOONERS.**  
Class 1—70ft. and over waterline.  
Class 2—50ft. and under 70ft. waterline.  
Class 3—Under 50ft. waterline.

**SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.**  
Class 4—70ft. and over waterline.  
Class 5—61ft. and under 70ft. waterline.  
Class 6—53ft. and under 61ft. waterline.  
Class 7—46ft. and under 53ft. waterline.  
Class 8—40ft. and under 46ft. waterline.  
Class 9—35ft. and under 40ft. waterline.  
Class 10—30ft. and under 35ft. waterline.  
Class 11—25ft. and under 30ft. waterline.  
Class 12—20ft. and under 25ft. waterline.  
Class 13—Under 20ft. waterline.

The committee have spent much time in considering the matters re-

ferred to it, and have sought to recommend such changes as will benefit the clubs of the Association, and they now submit the result of their labors. It is the wish and intention of the Association that each club at its meeting during the next month, or at a meeting specially called for that purpose, shall carefully consider the suggestions made by this committee and express their approval or disapproval of the different amendments submitted; and the committee trust that all clubs in the Association will direct their respective delegates to report to the Association the action taken by their clubs on this report.

The next meeting of the Association will be held on June 15, when this report will be submitted and the proposed amendments acted upon.  
A. J. PRIZE, Chairman of Committee.

### Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

A regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on May 8, with Com. Hill presiding. The following amendment to the racing rules was adopted, the new wording being merely to make the intent of the rule more plain, without changing the existing method of measurement:

"The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim, with all persons on board when the measurement is taken amidships. The measurer, at the time of taking his measurements, shall affix a distinctive mark at each point."

On motion, the regatta committee was requested to consider the propriety of offering the Roosevelt memorial cup in the 21ft. class, as being the principal class of the year in the Sound. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, On April 15, death took away from us Mr. Walter Cary Tuckerman, one of our oldest and most valued members; and

Whereas, By reason of his death the club has lost a life member, who ever had at heart its best interests and always loyally and efficiently sought to promote its advancement, and who, as its rear commodore, gave us abundant evidence of the value of his services and the wisdom of his counsel; now therefore be it

Resolved, That as a mark of its affectionate respect for his memory and its appreciation of its loss, the club requests its trustees to make no nomination to fill the office of rear commodore, but that the same be left vacant until the close of the current year.

Whereas, It appears that during a recent cruise in the West Indies, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, a member of this club tendered his auxiliary steam yacht Intrepid to the Government of the United States for the purpose of recovering certain relics of the U. S. S. Kearsarge, recently wrecked on Roncador Cay in the Caribbean Sea, and

Whereas, By reason of the prompt and generous action of Mr. Phoenix, the log book and bell, together with the plate recording the engagement between the Kearsarge and the Alabama, were recovered for the benefit of the nation;

Resolved, That the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. make a formal record of its satisfaction and gratification upon learning of the patriotic and graceful action of Mr. Phoenix, and congratulate him upon the success which attended his self imposed mission.

The club house at Oyster Bay will be opened on May 30. Com. Hill has appointed ex-Sec'y Leon F. d'Oreumieux as fleet captain for the year. Mrs. G. B. Thompson, sch'r. Lenore, has been tendered by the trustees the privilege of honorary membership for the year.

### The Mediterranean Races of 1895.

THERE is every promise of some real racing in the Mediterranean next spring, in contrast to the meagre sport of this year, in which Britannia had to fight her own way to the top of the list of other yachts of her class. It is quite likely that a really good turnout of yachts, both American and British, may be seen at Nice, including such craft as Britannia, Valkyrie, Vigilant and some new ones of like size. The conditions as announced by Capt. Pryce Hamilton, secretary of the Mediterranean International Yacht Races, are as follows:

First Race—For sailing yachts of over twenty tons belonging to any recognized club, to be sailed under Y. R. A. Rules, with time allowance and over the usual course. Entrance fee, 100 francs. First prize, a cup of the value of £500, plus 500 sovereigns, offered by James Gordon Bennett; second prize, a cup of the value of £300, offered by Baron Arthur de Rothschild.

Second Race—For steam yachts of over 100 tons belonging to any recognized club; to be contested over a triangular course, twice around, making a total of fifty-three miles; no handicap; entrance prizes offered by James Gordon Bennett and Baron Arthur de Rothschild.

Third Race—A handicap for steam yachts of over 100 tons belonging to any recognized club; no vessel to enter unless it runs in the second race. Prizes the same as in the second race.

The winning yacht is to hold the cup as a challenge cup, which is to become the property of the owner of the winner of two successive contests; the race to be held either at Nice in April, at Cowes during the regatta week, at New York a week before or after the June regatta, or when the America's Cup is contested for at Newport in August during the squadron cruise of the New York Yacht Club, as may be decided by the yacht first holding it. The cup may be challenged for in the next year after it has been won by giving six months' notice.

The sailing committee includes the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Duke George of Leuchtenburg, Baron Arthur de Rothschild, James Gordon Bennett and Capt. Pryce Hamilton.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The judge, Mr. Dixon Kemp, has awarded the prizes and etc., in the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* competition as follows: First prize Kathleen, Mr. Geo. S. Armstrong, 37 Warwick street, Heaton (a fashionable yacht type with deep lead keel, in sheer draught like Britannia), second prize Blue Flag, White St. Andrew's Cross, Mr. Harley Mead, Hale, Cornwall (in sheer draught not quite so fashionable as the preceding, but quite up to date in body form, 24.4lb. weight); third prize Marchessa, Mr. Allan Clark, 75 Armadale street, Dennistown, Glasgow (bulb keel suspended on two fins, weight of model, 19lb.); fourth prize Gem, John R. Philips, Kensington House, Acacia Grove, Coombe Malden, Surrey (conventional type; weight of model, 21.3lb.); fifth prize Blue Nera, Mr. H. Nutter, 37 Wittington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester (fin and bulb; weight of model, 17.9lb.). Highly commended: Rosebud, Mr. James Stow, Shoreham (bulb keel, long bow and good buttock lines; weight of model, 23.6lb.); Nora Creina, J. G. Kelly, 9 George's place, Kingstown; Pocahontas, Thos. Wilkinson, 8 Rochdale street, Walsend-on-Tyne. All these drawings were well executed—some, indeed, highly finished—and most accurately were they made by a naval architect's point of view. There were 21 designs in all.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was held last week, at which the following fixtures were decided on: May 15.—Opening of the club house, Echo Bay. June 15.—Ladies' Day regatta. July 14.—Special race for new 21-footers and cabin catboats under 25ft. waterline. August 25.—Regular annual regatta. Com. Pryer has offered a handsome silver cup to be raced for by the 21-footers, under the rules as adopted by the Larchmont Y. C. All clubs wishing to be open to various races entered in the following regattas: Seawanhaka, Larchmont, Riverside, Knickerbocker, New Rochelle, Atlantic, Corinthian of Staten Island, New York Athletic Club, Indian Harbor and American. The regatta committee includes E. H. Sturgis, chairman; H. G. O. Dunham and T. T. Richards. The club has sixty-six yachts enrolled, with a membership of seventy-five.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, reached New York on May 8 from Hampton Roads, after a cruise of nearly three months. After leaving New York on Feb. 17 she stopped at Bermuda, St. Kitts, Guadalupe, Martinique, St. Vincent, St. Thomas, St. John's, Antigua and Nassau. The yacht brought with her the logbook, bell and part of the memoria l tablet of the wrecked Kearsarge, which were shipped from Fortress Monroe to Washington. She will at once refit for the summer, and Mr. Phoenix will use her herself, the rumor that he had chartered her being without foundation.

Lasca, sch'r., John E. Brooks, arrived at Gourock, Scotland, on May 9 at 12:15 A. M., her time being from Sandy Hook to Fastnet Light, 15 days 12 hours and to Gourock 17 days 6 hours. Mr. Brooks made the passage in the yacht.

Puritan, sloop, will be offered at auction at 4 P. M. on Monday next at Lawler's yard, South Boston. The old cut defender has been well kept up by Com. Forbes, and is now in excellent condition.

Hope Leslie, sch'r., has been chartered through Waterhouse and Cheesbrough to Jas. A. Garland, of New York.

Eleanor, steam yacht, was launched at Bath, Me., on May 8, in the presence of her owner and a party of friends.

Glendora, sch'r., designed by H. J. Gielow for A. K. Dimock, was launched at Brown's yard, Tottenville, on May 12.

Phantom, sch'r., built in 1855, will be broken up by order of her owner, Com. Paine, of the New Haven Y. C.

Sycamore, steam yacht, Edgar L. Scott, was at Rangoon on April 2, bound for Penang, Singapore and Hong Kong.

Banshee, sloop, has been sold by Arthur Scribner to Mr. Doscher, owner of Wacoandah.

Penguin, cutter, has been sold by Q. M. Conolly, to John M. Clark, of Marlon, Mass.



Vigilant.

THE work of preparing Vigilant for her ocean voyage is now going on at the Erie Basin dry docks and the yacht will be ready to sail early in June. After sandpapering the bottom last week an attempt was made to launch her from the railway at Mather & Woods yard, Port Jefferson, on May 10, but the tide was too low, and after an attempt to tow her from the ways failed she was left until next day, when she floated on the morning tide at 5 A. M. After her spars and sails were taken on board at Darling's wharf she was towed to the Erie Basin dry docks, at South Brooklyn, where the hull will be strengthened under the direction of N. G. Herreshoff and her sea-going rig will be shipped. Mr. Herreshoff visited the yacht on Monday, and decided to strengthen her by bilge stringers, from which braces will be run to the deck beams, as was done in Dacotha. Messrs. Wilson & Silsby are making the new sails and altering old ones, the dimensions being: Topmast 48ft., mizenmast 30ft., bowsprit 18ft., main boom 60ft., main gaff 42ft., mizen boom 30ft., hoist of mainsail 56ft. 6in. The mizen will be a jib-headed sail, as in the case of Valkyrie.

Vigilant will be sailed across by Capt. Leander Jeffrey, of the schooner Columbia, and Capt. Hall will cross in the steam yacht Atalanta, joining the yacht on the other side. Mr. George Gould will go with his family by steamer on May 16. Atalanta will carry the racing spars and gear, and Howard Gould will go in her.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

30. Eastern Div. Meet, Calla Shasta, Connecticut River.

JUNE.

10. Hartford, Spring Regatta, Con- 30. Red Dragon, Spring Regatta, necticut River. Delaware River.

30. Knickerbocker, Spring Regatta

JULY.

17-21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, Lake Mendota, Wis.

SEPTEMBER.

8. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass. 15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

The Canadian Canoe.

THE Canadian canoe is now known throughout the United States and also abroad, great numbers being exported, to England in particular. The purpose for which they are most used is well indicated by the nickname given them some years since of "girling canoe," many being used by ladies, and even when manned solely by the sterner sex they are used mainly for easy paddling, light cruising and canoeing of the dilettante sort.

Excellent as they are for such service it is not the work for which they were originally designed in Canada; in part for hunting and fishing but largely for such useful service as is so graphically described in the story of "Away Up North," concluded last week. This plain, practical narrative of work done in canoes shows the essential qualities, some of which are missing in even the best of the Peterborough craft, the typical "Canadian canoe."

The author of the article in question, Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, is known to our readers as a skillful amateur designer, and he has also had a long and thorough experience in canoeing, both in the wilderness and in civilized waters, and in all varieties of canoe, from the Indian birch to the lightest and most elaborate of the Peterborough craft. The accompanying design is one of several made by him for service canoes of various sizes within the past four or five years, this particular design being for his personal use in the event of another expedition like that to Lake Temagami. Two canoes of this type were built about five years ago for an exploring expedition, being 18' long, 3' 6" beam, and 1' 6" depth, with a camber of 4" in 12', the weight being but 90lbs. The canoes were very successful, being superior to any of the ordinary craft. Two similar ones are now building, one a lapstrake, by Knapp, of Kingston, and one a smooth-skin, by Dey, of Ottawa. In describing them Mr. Wicksteed says:

"The philosophy of the design is that the requisites are, in order of importance: First, lightness; second, carrying capacity; third, structural strength to resist the strains due to unequal loading; fourth, handiness and seagoing qualities, and lastly speed. Having a given volume of displacement to provide for, of course the least weight is to be obtained by adding to the depth as much as is consistent with moderate draft, and next to the beam as far as may be without getting too much to squeeze between rocks in narrow channels and between trees on portages.

"An Indian canoe is seldom more than 3ft. wide and the more unfrequented portages are cut to very little more. So that 3' 6" is about the limit in this direction.

"The Peterboro canoes are decidedly too straight on the keel and too hard to turn quickly, a most important requisite, so I have given considerable camber to the backbone. Being built for shooting and extreme light draft, they are also very flat in the floor—causing them to drag in shallow water and making them very weak in the bottoms. In my experience neither extreme light draft nor initial stability are very important requisites in a cruiser, so I have introduced a little deadrise and a comparatively easy bilge. It will be noticed that the waterlines are very fine fore and aft, judged by modern standards; this is not done so much to secure easy diagonals as to give needed strength to the knuckle of the stem, which is to receive very severe blows; and secondly to give plenty of place and lifting power above water.

"I have suppressed the customary little deck fore and aft because it is useless unless cambered like that of a lifeboat to throw off a sea, and it adds very much to the weight. I expect the 18ft. canoe to weigh from 75 to 85lbs.—an easy load for one man.

"The 16ft. boat will not weigh more than 40 or 45lbs., but these canoes, it must be remembered, are intended to be handled like bark canoes, with the most elaborate caution and care, and not to be knocked about as some of the A. C. A. boats are. They are always to be lifted in and out of the water, not 'drawn' upon the beach; and as soon as the bottom is taken in a shallow rapid every mother's son of the crew goes overboard in the twinkling of an eye. Further, every chance abrasion is smoothed over at once with canoe gum or some kindred material."

Apart from the gain in quick turning over the long straight keel, the rocker and rounding up of the ends serve another important purpose; rapids are almost invariably shallow on the crest of the fall, and the bow and midship of a canoe may pass safely, but when the bow strikes the surge at the bottom it rises quickly and the stern dropping strikes the rocks. The rounding up prevents this and allows the canoe to pass easily in places where it would otherwise stick, or at least strike hard. In this connection the form of the bow should tend to freeboard rather than flare, keeping out the water without lifting too quickly in the wave at the bottom of the rapid. The stern, on the contrary, may well be flared out considerably with much less freeboard. The only limitations on this form are the necessity for using a steering paddle well aft, which is interfered with by the wide stern and the desirability at times of using either end first, according to circumstances. A 16ft. canoe, from the design, will weigh but not over 45lbs. and will carry two or three single paddles. The design is admirably adapted for a decked canoe of the river cruising type of either wood or canvas construction.

A. C. A. Membership.

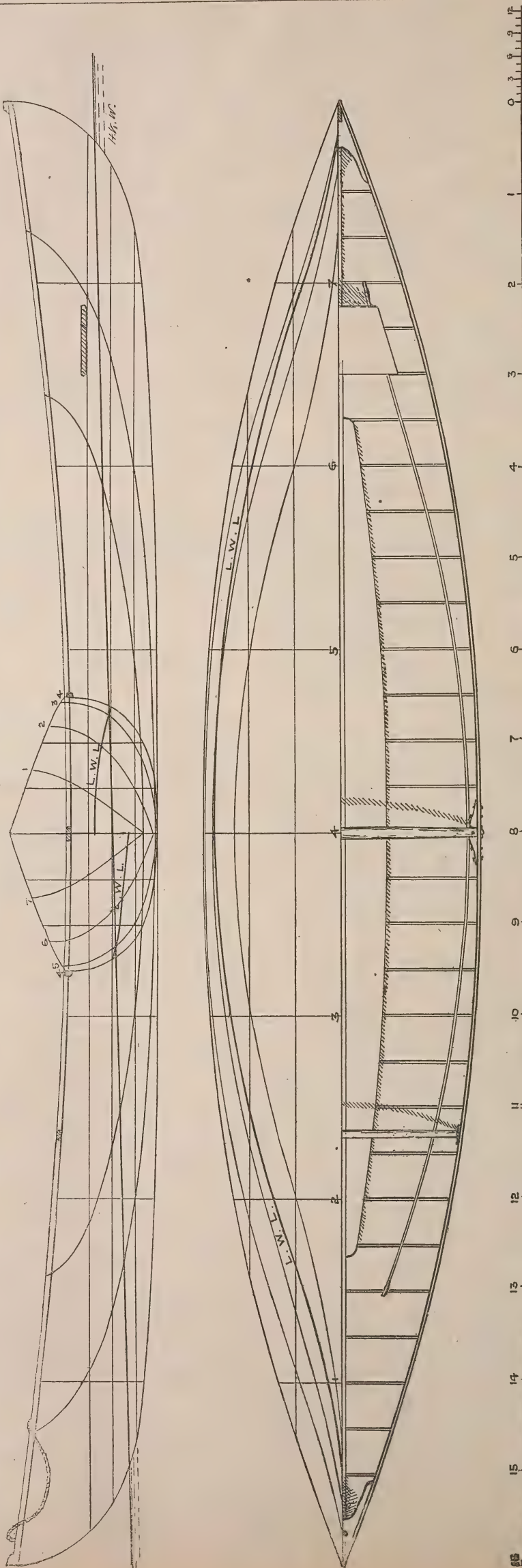
EASTERN DIVISION: Percival S. Hatch, J. W. Ball, Ralph E. Mathewson, Orel E. Davies, Joseph Lawson Clapp, Eugene Nicolai.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Beideman Rifle Club.

PHILADELPHIA.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, at their range, Beideman Station, N. J., for week ending May 5. Conditions—25yds., possible 250, 10 shots on 1/4in. ring targets, 1/4in. bull outside range, strictly off-hand:

W Wurfflein	21	23	23	24	24	24	24	25	25	25	238
A McGowan	23	24	24	24	24	24	24	25	25	25	249
J L Wood	23	24	24	24	24	24	25	25	25	25	243
Dr E L Gardiner	25	24	23	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	247
Pistol, 50yds., S. A. target:											
Dr E L Gardiner	6	7	7	8	8	8	8	9	9	10	80
	7	7	8	8	9	10	10	10	10	10	81
	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	99
	8	8	8	8	9	10	10	10	10	10	90



TRAVELING CANOE—DESIGNED BY H. K. WICKSTEED, 1894.



### The Sport of Rifle Shooting.

When I call on the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* he shows me much attention, asks me what I know, and being acquainted with my localities weakness, lets me no most of the talking. This is flattering, but it is not for the reason that I have asked him to make the *FOREST AND STREAM* more popular by writing something for it. "Thank you," has been my answer, but now I will be more obliging. Writing, however, is more trouble than talking, and although you feel that posterity will be benefited by your efforts, you do not feel repaid unless the ancestors of posterity appreciate you also. I hope this may be the case.

If I were good at fiction, I might start off with a story about quail in Connecticut, or our trout-burdened streams, but I will write in a serious and instructive mood, on a matter that needs mending, i. e. the sport of rifle shooting. My definition of this sport is using a rifle in a general way; shooting at various objects, stationary, moving, animate and inanimate; shooting with deliberate aim or with a rest or at long range being the exception.

There is a very common notion that rifle shooting is mostly a gift, and that few can excel in this art. Also that it requires considerable strength, and perfect vision.

There never was a greater mistake than this idea, for there is hardly any kind of skill acquired more easily than this, if it is learned in the right way. Any one who has the strength and nerve to hold an umbrella, or eyesight good enough to see the object that needs hitting, can become a good shot in a very short time. A few hours' practice each week will make a good marksman in one season. If the person is young, and has not picked up awkward habits already, or if a few weeks' practice will do wonders. The trouble with the sport is that there are few instructors to teach it properly, and as people take it up without instruction, they waste a great deal of time before they become skillful, if they ever are.

When we excel in any sport, the interest continues, but if we do not get on well we are apt to give it up. So it is with many shooters, they do not succeed very well and finally tire of it. It is no wonder that they tire, for they are not shooting in the right way. They are not using the right rifle, or they are not using the right ammunition, and perhaps they are not using the right method. Although they carry their rifle about a great deal, they do very little shooting, and that is done in a careless manner. Any sport needs practice, and is learned much quicker by proper coaching. This is especially the case with rifle shooting.

As I am not writing a book I can do no more here than give a few hints and suggest that it may be of what course to pursue to be a good shot and enjoy the sport.

Use only such rifles as are, to your mind, fairly accurate, for few shooters can hold a rifle well if they have no confidence in it. The position should be the same as in shooting a shotgun. Keep your attention on the object you wish to hit, and while bringing up your rifle decide where you wish the front sight to be in relation to it and shoot quickly. If the object is stationary at ordinary distances the sight should be in the center of the target, and if the object is moving, if the object is moving, the sight should be ahead of it. When shooting, never flinch, for this is fatal to good work. Do not take your eyes off the object until the shot is fired. Pull the trigger so that the rifle is fired when the sight reaches the right place, for it will never do to hesitate and try for a second aim. Very soon the eye and hand will work instinctively together, so that the shooter will not be troubled by any flinching or thought about using his shoulder, which will become automatic like walking. Thus before he is aware of it, he finds himself to be a reliable shooting machine. The deliberate hold, such as most shooters do at the 200yds. range, can be easily learnt afterward if the shooter desires to do so. It is a disadvantage to commence with this kind of practice.

Use a repeating rifle, because time is one of the most important elements in shooting, and with a repeating rifle the shooter is not limited to time in aiming. It is most sufficient to be able to make a good score at the target, but it should also be done rapidly.

The matter of ammunition is of the utmost importance, and this is where shooters make great mistakes. The most accurate ammunition are those cartridges which have moderate charges of powder. Although the trajectory of such cartridges is not very flat, they can be depended upon to shoot with great regularity. For short distances the trajectory need not be considered in any case.

Another essential advantage in this ammunition is that quite a number of shots can be fired without leading the barrel, consequently little cleaning is necessary.

When shooting use a wet cloth wiper on a wooden cleaning rod after twenty-five or fifty shots. When through shooting, clean first with water, then with a dry cloth, and lastly with an oily cloth. The use of using any lubricant or thought about using the shoulder as much force to the ammunition. The moral effect on the shooter if he thinks his ammunition is good is in favor of his doing his best holding.

Do not economize in ammunition until you have learned the art of shooting. Fortunately the kind of ammunition best adapted for this purpose is some of the cheapest. In any event buy it by the case, and then mind to the necessity of using a considerable amount before you can be an expert.

The .22cal. short cartridge is the best for a beginner, and will always be needed for a great deal of practice. The usual distance for this cartridge is 25yds. or less, though it can be used up to 50 yds.

After considerable use of this cartridge, take up the .32 W. C. F. The .32 W. C. F. is the best of the .32 W. C. F. and proportioned cartridges in use for general shooting, and is very accurate, even up to 200yds. If the weather conditions are good. It is better to do most of your target practice at 50yds. Use moving targets, so, if possible. Some of your best practice will be that of the range, at several targets placed at different distances, from 25 to 100yds. Shooting objects thrown in the air, and other fancy work, can be indulged in afterwards with the .22 short cartridge, which, on account of its short range, is safer for this practice.

The best "all round" cartridge for a hunting rifle is the .44 W. C. F. Though if the hunter is not doing anything as large as deer, the .32 W. C. F. is rather better. If the hunter is only after large game, or the distance is considerable, the .45-70 with the 350 or 330 bullet is a better cartridge.

It is unnecessary to say that the repeater for hunting has a great advantage. The single shot rifle is one of the worst parts of the World people use slowly, and are not yet alive to its usefulness. Repeating rifles were spoken of in a London shooting paper not long ago in a very amusing way. It is so very English, that I copy it:

"This being so, if a man is out with a double-barreled rook rifle, and cripples a bunny with his first shot, he has a fine opportunity of putting in his second bullet without such a loss of time as would be caused by reloading his rifle. In fact, when the possibilities of the rifle are understood, the great variety of attractive shooting that can be done with it will always give it the advantage over the shotgun."

To Americans, the repeating rifle for sporting is not "a novelty," and we can only be sorry for so many of our English neighbors who deprive themselves of the pleasure of using them through ignorance of their merits.

In conclusion, I must criticize our rifle clubs of the present day. Why is there so little interest in these clubs? It is because we have no adequate practice at our rifle ranges. The main thing that is learnt there, is steady holding for deliberate shooting. The practice is essentially the same as in the days of the muzzleloader.

Repeating rifles and even for single shot muzzleloaders, such practice is to be limited. It is better for military men than for sportsmen.

The great trouble with our target shooting, is that the time element is left out. We should introduce repeating rifles at the range and use them as repeaters, making our rules so that the rapidity of fire shall be as important a factor as accuracy. Some shooters have contended that the single shot rifle is more accurate than the repeater. There was some truth in this in the early days of the repeater, but it cannot be said of our best modern repeating rifles. My own experience with the Winchester repeaters is that they are as accurate as any single shot rifles. Target practice should be to the hunter with the rifle, what trap-shooting is to the field shooter with the shotgun. Then we can look forward to the time when the number of shooters at the range will be as many as at the traps. In fact, when the possibilities of the rifle are understood, the great variety of attractive shooting that can be done with it will always give it the advantage over the shotgun.

WILLIAM LYMAN.

### New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

The New York Central Corps, Capt. D. Meers, held its third monthly practice shoot of the season in Washington Park on May 13. The weather was clear and the atmosphere tempered just right for outdoor sport. There was a good attendance of the shooting element of the corps, and as a consequence some good scores were made. Henry D. Muller made the most flags in the champion class; John Eisenhardt in the first class; Jos. Jordan in the second class, H. A. Ficke in the third class, and J. N. Tonjes in the fourth class. On the main target John Eisenhardt was first with 59. H. D. Muller and Fred Schmidt tied for second place with 55 each. The medal winners on the

ring target were as follows: Henry D. Muller, champion class; C. Pletz, first, first class; Emil Berckman, second class; Marten Ficken, third class; Fred. Jutgens, fourth class. Scores, ring target, 3 shots per score, 2 to count, possible 125:

Champion Class.		
H. D. Muller.....	64	F. Schroder.....64 54
F. Schmidt.....	63	D. Meersse.....55 63
F. Schell.....	59	G. Reilwiesner.....52 56

First Class.		
C. Pletz.....	63	A. Rohde.....60 57
J. Seppendorf.....	60	J. Eisenhardt.....60 55

Second Class.		
H. Berkman.....	58	J. Jordan.....53 63
F. Bauman.....	60	W. Feuchtmacher.....59 56
W. Koch.....	63	W. Fajen.....57 52
C. F. Genneker.....	60	H. Granemann.....49 53

Third Class.		
M. Ficken.....	55	J. Foersch.....56 49
N. A. Ficke.....	57	J. W. Schneewein.....43 40

Fourth Class.		
F. Jutgens.....	59	J. N. Tonjes.....57 33
Man target, 3 shots, possible 60:	J. Eisenhardt.....57	F. Schmidt.....56
H. D. Muller.....	55	F. Bauman.....55
C. F. Genneker.....	53	E. Berckman.....55

### Texas State Rifle Association.

A HUNDRED riflemen, a fragrant ozone bounding from the billowy green of a field of waving corn, three illegitimate targets (125, 175 and 225yds.), a thousand of the prettiest girls in Texas—these were the conditions at the fifth annual meeting of the Texas Association of Riflemen which took place at the beautiful city of New Braunfels on the 5th day of May.

Any man who can hit a well regulated bullseye under the circumstances stated above three times in succession without having a rabbit's foot in each pocket is a great shot. The writer tried it, first at the 125yds. range. Two 9s same easy. Then came the 175yds. butts. The rifle was pointed for a 7 low left as it cracked out a 30grs. bullet and out came the flag. The next shot was still further in the target frame, when came the long range. It was a real test, for the target was rather hard to find. Men who had made good scores at everything else, were horrified at the antics of the pointer's stick. The shooter (falls a 12 and with breathless anxiety is mortified into a statue to see the stick point to a 6 high. Another rifle sang out and the handler thereof yelled that he had "pulled off," when out came the flag.

At any rate it is hard shooting to shoot matches of two shots each at 125, 175 and 225yds. There is really no reason for it, as there seems to be plenty of room for 200yds. range. Ordinarily, when one who has enough room for a 250yd. range there is room enough for one of 200yds.

Mr. Ernest Gruene, of New Braunfels, was on hand. He is tall, powerful and the best single handed "arguist" in this section of the country. There was a vexed question concerning certain restrictions in sight to be used in the New Braunfels club prize shoot which some of the riflemen did not like. Judge Gruene, of course, sided with his club and in a masterly manner disposed of the matter. But then the judge is a good shot withal, and your correspondent slept on a bed of roses and was fed at a most sumptuous table for two days, for all of which the said correspondent desires *FOREST AND STREAM* to raise its hat in thanks.

There were about fifteen clubs represented by about 400 shooters. The accommodations were good, the service excellent and the weather all that could be desired. The contest for the individual championship of the State was won by A. Altmann, a very modest young gentleman of San Antonio, who makes no extended speeches about his performance, but who always has been a dangerous man to meet in rifle competition. When he points the business end of a rifle at a bullseye, you see it wink, but only once, for it is soon knocked out by the unerring bullet. This contest consisted of 5 shots each at 125 and 175yds. off-hand and 5 shots each at 175 and 225yds. with muzzle rest, 20 shots in all. Score:

Off-hand Rest. Total.				Off-hand Rest. Total.			
E Steves.....	73	85	158	G Altmann.....	80	95	175
G Giesecke.....	72	90	162	O Koehler.....	65	65	130
A Steves.....	62	88	150	E Gruene.....	56	82	138
A Guenther.....	79	95	174	F Wenzel.....	61	77	138
N Herff.....	63	88	151	J Coweth.....	46	75	121
E Dosch.....	62	88	150	W Knepper.....	73	80	153
J Seidler.....	73	85	158	H Vogel.....	45	77	122
J Leiger.....	71	78	149	H Weidner.....	57	80	137
A Uhl.....	73	100	173	H Syring.....	68	93	161
G Reiningher.....	69	84	153	E Mittendorf.....	71	90	161
A Altmann.....	29	95	124	C Dittmar.....	61	75	136
O Voges.....	61	84	145	O Heilig.....	41	91	131
E M Seffel.....	71	87	158	H Feuffer.....	74	89	163
G Hays.....	76	86	162	F Scholl.....	55	84	139
E Orells.....	56	66	122	H Dittmar.....	49	85	134

Rest.			Dr. Tobermann.....			85
F. Markwardt.....	82	A. Hartmann.....	78	O. Bracht.....	79	79
F. Steves.....	86	J. Schnabel.....	81	P. Nuhn.....	87	87
A. Reiningher.....	87	Wm. Tags.....	79	Wm. Brummer.....	76	76
W. Fey.....	77					
Wm. Herpel.....	73					

Two prize shoots were included in the above, one being the rest and the other the off-hand prize shoot. As will be seen, Mr. Arthur Guenther, of San Antonio, was a close second to Mr. Altmann. He had shot his score out with a splendid total of 174, and Altmann had only 95 in his rest score, and had to make 80 points on two ranges in order to win, which he did in the most approved style. Following are the winners in the rest prize shoot:

Rest prize shoot, 5 shots each, at 175 and 225yds.: A. Uhl 100, A. Altmann 95, A. Guenther 95, G. Altmann 95, F. Scholl 94, Wm. Herpel 93, H. Syring 93, O. Heilig 90, G. Giesecke 90, E. Mittendorf 90, S. V. Pfeuffer 89, Dr. Herff 88, A. Steves 88, E. Dosch 88, E. Seffel 87, A. Reiningher 87, P. Mehn 87, E. Steves 86, S. V. Steuve 86.

Off-hand prize shoot, 5 shots each, at 175 and 225yds.: G. Altmann 80, A. Guenther 70, G. Hays 70, S. V. Pfeuffer 74, Texas Field 73, Wm. Knepper 73, A. Uhl 73, E. Steves 72, G. Giesecke 72, J. Leyler 71, E. Mittendorf 71.

Team shoot, 5 men to each team, muzzle rest, any sights desired, two shots each at 125, 175 and 225yds.:

New Braunfels		New Braunfels		San Antonio		San Antonio	
No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 2.
E. Gruene.....	51	P. Mehn.....	45	A. Herff.....	55	G. Altmann.....	58
S. V. Pfeuffer.....	51	J. Corett.....	34	A. Uhl.....	53	E. Steves.....	47
L. Simon.....	52	J. Schnabel.....	39	E. Seffel.....	53	A. Steves.....	46
E. Mittendorf.....	49	W. Brummer.....	49	A. Altmann.....	56	A. Guenther.....	56
O. Heilig.....	44	W. Fays.....	49	G. Giesecke.....	49	Texas Field.....	56

198	187	266	263
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Team shoot, 5 men to each team, off-hand, two shots at 125, 175 and 225yds.:

San Antonio No. 1.		San Antonio No. 1.		New Braunfels.	
E. Seffel.....	55	A. Altmann.....	51	E. Gruene.....	26
A. Uhl.....	42	G. Altmann.....	46	S. V. Pfeuffer.....	42
Texas Field.....	40	A. Steves.....	45	L. Simon.....	40
A. Guenther.....	41	E. Dreiss.....	38	E. Mittendorf.....	51
E. Steves.....	48	G. Giesecke.....	35	J. Corett.....	27

Sweepstake No. 1, 2 shots each at 125, 175 and 225yds., any sights desired, muzzle rest: Texas Field 57, E. M. Seffel 50, S. V. Pfeuffer 56, J. Sigler 56, G. Altmann 55, F. Marquart 54, Dr. Herff 54, O. Heilig 54, A. Altmann 54, J. Schabel 52.

Sweepstake No. 2, same as above: A. Uhl 61, S. V. Pfeuffer 58, O. Heilig 57, A. Guenther 57, Dr. Herff 56, G. Reiningher 56, F. Marquart 55.

Sweepstake No. 3, off-hand, 2 shots at 125, 175 and 225yds.: E. Dreiss 48, A. Guenther 45, Texas Field 40, A. Uhl 39.

Sweepstake No. 4, rest, 2 shots at 125, 175 and 225yds.: W. Conrads 60, E. Gruene 60, S. V. Pfeuffer 60, H. Weidner 57.

Sweepstake No. 5, same as above: J. Fey 62, O. Voges 60.

Only the winners are given as the itemized scores would make the report too voluminous. One winner to every five men is the proportion.

Prize shoot, 4 shots each, at 125, 175 and 225yds., open sights: J. Schnabel 115, H. Weidner 114, G. Reiningher 114, W. Knepper 112, E. Mittendorf 110, Jos. Fey 107, S. V. Pfeuffer 107, Aug. Reiningher 107, Wm. Conrads 105, F. Scholl 105, A. Hartmann 104, O. Voges 104, Wm. Kellermann 103, E. Gruene 102, L. Simon 102.

As will be seen by the above score, the San Antonio contingent was conspicuous by its absence. They refused to shoot open sights, as they thought the restriction was a violation of the State Association law, and—they didn't shoot, that's all.

At the meeting of the association, held on the evening of the 5th at Heilig's Hall, Capt. Ernst August Dosch, of San Antonio, was elected president; Mr. O. Voges, of Vogel's Valley, was chosen vice-president, and F. W. Steuve, of the above place, was returned as secretary.

The next meeting of the association will take place next year at Vogel's Valley, where all riflemen who will attend will be given a good time. Thus closed one of the most pleasing events of the kind that ever took place in this State. The riflemen were all happy and contented, and the State Association received a favorable boost that will push its existence away into the future.

O. C. G.

### How Do They Do It?

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: We have noticed lately in the rifle columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* certain scores made at 200yds., and of such excellence, it has raised a desire on our part to know certain particulars in regard to the same, especially in regard to the rifle that would perhaps be overlooked by the beginner, but carefully noted by the expert marksman and treasured up for his own future use and comfort.

I refer to the 100-shot scores of Messrs. Dorrier and Ross. It is my opinion that the majority of the rifles in the hands of the marksmen of New York city and vicinity (I wish to be understood as including each and every rifle that would be found at a big shoot at Union Hill or Cypress Hills Park), if used as the marksmen owning them usually use them during their shooting, and placed on a machine rest, are incapable of making such fine scores as referred to. Then how is it the two shooters can do so finely, and shooting off-hand, too. Their rifles must be perfect and their manner of manipulation must be uniform. Do they clean their shot? Do they use paper patched bullets? Do they weigh their powder? Is the bullet seated in the chamber or in the barrel? What make and grain of powder does each one use, etc. These are points of interest to the hundreds of your readers would be glad to know. Will your "Rifle Notes" editor tell us all the particulars? W. MILTON FARROW.

### How They Do It.

In another column in this week's issue will be found a communication from an old time acquaintance and expert rifleman, W. Milton Farrow, a man who a few years ago, if not at the present time, stood at the head of the rifle fraternity in America. This old veteran and champion in many individual and team contests with the musket and target rifle in the years now gone, and whose record is now a part of the history of the best records made by our American riflemen heretofore, in order to keep in touch with the new developments of the sport, he has retained his affinity for the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and through a perusal of its columns he finds some matters recorded there in reference to high scores that are past his belief. He refers to the fine work which has lately been done by Messrs. Dorrier and Ross in their practice, and expresses his personal opinion that the rifles used by a majority of our New York riflemen could not be made to record such totals if the same rifles were shot from the machine rest of experts, and queries how can these two shooters do such fine work in off-hand shooting? He combines the entire group of riflemen and their rifles in his doubt, and then singles out the two men who are the most expert of the whole group, and envelops them in his mantle of personal doubt.

Of the men mentioned by Mr. Farrow, one of them, Mr. Dorrier, is well known to Mr. Farrow, for he has met Dorrier in many a match before the latter, and he should know the caliber of the latter as a marksman at the 200yds. range. He is now shooting in more perfect form than ever. His rifle (Ballard action) with a specially made Remington barrel (.35-55), 32in. long, is probably as near perfect in its shooting qualities as any breech-loader that has ever been turned out by any factory up to date. He uses a patched bullet made and patched by himself, the bullet weighing slightly over 55grs. His rifle is .32cal., chambered for the Ideal Co.'s powder; he uses no oil upon his cleaning cloths, but leaves his barrel perfectly clean and dry inside. Mr. Dorrier claims that his rifle when properly field will (barring wind) place 100 shots within a 4in. circle at 200yds. As regards Mr. Ross, he is one of the younger group of experts who have come to the front within the past five years. He is a disciple of the late Geo. Shalk system (a breech-loader with the bullet seated from the muzzle), his rifle is .32cal., chambered for the 32-40 shell, using a bullet (grooved) weighing about 160grs.; his powder charge is 35grs. FG Hazard, loaded from the new Ideal measure. With this rifle Mr. Ross has made many fine scores, both from the machine and in off-hand shooting. In a match with Geo. Schlicht, at Union Hill Park, some three years ago, he made a total of 2,312 in his 100 shots, every one being within the 13in. bullseye. It is claimed for this rifle that under favorable weather conditions it will shoot as close as the best breech-loader with a patched bullet.

Among the other members of the Zettler Club nearly all use the lubricated bullet in their rifles, each one has his own mode of loading and manipulating the rifle, and there is hardly one that won't guarantee to group a series of shots inside of a 5in. circle.

In *FOREST AND STREAM* issue of Dec. 7, 1893, can be seen a group of 50 shots fired consecutively from the machine rest without cleaning and without manipulating the rest.

I have before me a target containing a group of 25 shots from the machine out of R. Busse's rifle and shot by Barney Zettler, lubricated bullets seated from the muzzle. Taking the center of the group from the extreme shots and dividing the target into rings as per the German ring target, the shots score ten 25s, eleven 24s, three 23s and one 22, the latter shot only the 1-32in. from the finely drawn 31-line, an average of 24.2 for each shot.

I have also before me another target containing a group of 25 shots made with the same rifle that the target referred to in issue of Dec. 16 was made with. The latter target was shot without cleaning, using 55grs. FG Hazard FG powder, lubricated bullet (ideal mould) weighing 294grs. The entire group is enclosed within a rectangle 4 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. the last 10 shots of the group was caught upon a separate card and is enclosed within a rectangle 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. Measuring string measure 5 3/4 in.

The above scores and targets are all the data that I have before me at this moment, and trust that these few explanations will, in a measure, clear away the doubt that befalls the belief of friend Farrow; if not, then let him do as another worthy shooter from the Far West did once upon a time: Should his rifle and kit and come down to New York and be convinced.

PLAISTED.

### Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI, O., May 6.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended, at 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target; light was poor to-day and a fluctuating wind coupled with a storm made the shooting irregular and unsatisfactory:

Guindele.....	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	8	7	—91	
	10	8	7	7	9	10	8	8	8	—85	
	10	8	8	10	7	7	6	8	6	—79	
	8	8	8	7	7	10	9	9	7	—90	
Louis.....	7	4	8	4	9	8	6	8	8	—91	
	7	5	7	7	6	8	7	7	5	—87	
	8	6	4	9	7	6	10	6	7	—70	
	7	5	4	5	5	5	9	10	7	—66	
Payne.....	7	9	9	10	9	5	9	8	7	—80	
	6	5	7	10	7	9	9	8	6	—84	
	7	9	9	9	5	5	7	8	9	—64	
	6	6	8	7	10	9	5	5	10	—84	
Wellinger.....	6	9	9	10	9	8	7	7	9	10	—84
	9	6	9	6	5	8	10	10	8	5	—76
	9	8	7	6	8	8	8	7	5	8	—74
	8	6	10	10	10	4	8	5	5	8	—72
Schmidlin.....	10	6	3	4	10	1	4	3	9	1	—51
	0	5	9	7	7	4	4	4	0	5	—37
	0	5	0	2	4	0	7	9	0	0	—36
	5	4	0	4	2	2	3	0	6	5	—31
Roberts.....	7	8	8	7	5	8	7	5	10	10	—75
	9	9	7	4	6	8	10	5	6	10	—75
	8	10	8	9	5	4	8	5	10	7	—75
	8	6	6	7	5	8	8	8	8	8	—72
Drube.....	8	5	8	8	8	8	8	8	6	9	—75
	7	18	9	7	6	9	6	6	6	9	—78
	7	5	9	7	5	9	8	9	10	74	—
	8	8	7	7	6	9	7	7	7	6	—72



tain, Arthur C, Paris. O. C. G.







## Big Shooting on the Climax Grounds.

The Climax Gun Club scored a big success on Wednesday, May 9, when it engineered an all-day tournament in connection with the monthly prize contest of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League. The shoot was held on the club grounds at Panwood, adjoining Benner's Road House. The grounds were in the pink of condition. The five "amateur" traps, the latest output of the Empire Target and Trap Company, were placed in such a position that at no time during the day were the shooters annoyed by having the sun in their eyes. The background, however, comprised of a heavy woodland, is rather inclined to make the shooting rather monotonous when the targets were thrown toward the side of the hill. The woods, however, is to be cleared off in the near future and then the Climax will be able to claim a sky background. The members of the club claim at present that the man who can hold up a good average on their grounds is competent to shoot in any company.

The weather was all that could be desired and the attendance of both spectators and contestants was large. "Jack" Benner, the genial host of the road house, had provided benches and chairs in such quantities as to enable everybody to take matters cozy. A good lunch was at hand, but everybody missed the hot coffee which is one of the indispensable at a trap shoot. The force of hunters was rather shorter than usual, "Dutchy" Smith being confined to his bed with an attack of inflammation of the lungs and Neaf Ager being laid up with a severe attack of malaria. This threw the work on the shoulders of "Tee Kay" Keller, but the aforesaid shoulders being fairly broad he did not stagger under the burden. Valuable assistance was rendered him by Dan Terry and Tom Brantingham. The work in the cashier's office was done by Sam Wilbur, who is a veteran at the business, having presided over the cash box during all the big tournaments of the (defunct) Middlesex Gun Club held at Dunsellen. Wilbur is one of the few men who can run a cashier's office, take entries, figure percentages, pay out money and at the same time answer any and all questions leveled at him without becoming rattled. Enoch D. Miller, the league manager, was in charge of the league team shoot which was run off quick. League secretary and treasurer Hobart was at the Ohio State shoot, this being the first New Jersey league shoot he has ever missed. There was no fault to be found with the management, as everything ran along as smoothly as could be.

Despite the fact of these not being high score grounds the shooting during the day was of a high order, and the man who struck anything below an 85 per cent. gall stood little if any chance of coming out safe. Empire targets were favorably commented on by all who watched the steady, graceful flight of the targets. If the work done by these new targets at this shoot is any criterion to judge by they should become popular.

The Maplewood team, who it will be remembered, recently raised the League team record from 117 to 118 breaks out, possibly 125, duplicated their previous performance to day, and but for the fact that J. Warren Smith was compelled to shoot a strange gun, they would have made another new record. Four of the team who shot in one squad gave such an exhibition as is seldom seen, breaking 98 out of their possible 100 targets, Yeomans, Sickley and Drake making clean scores of 25 each, and Van Dyke scoring 23.

Another surprise of the day was the fine aggregate of 114 breaks, giving them second place. This club is rapidly coming to the front as a body of hard shooters, and with continued practice will hustle some of the older clubs. They shoot on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds, usually with a full turn out. There were three full scores made, these being credited to Drake, Sickley and Yeomans; Hoffman, Brantingham and McPeck got 24 each, while 23 were rolled up by Van Dyke, Collins, Creveling, Quimby, Booraen and Miller.

In the sweepstakes shooting during the day Van Dyke distinguished himself by breaking 110 out of 115 targets shot at, an average of 95.65%. He says the new Winchester ammunition was responsible.

Below will be found the scores of the day:

South Side G. C.	
Brentnall.....	11101111111111111111-22
Hedden.....	01011111111111111111-20
Geoffroy.....	11111100101111111111-21
Thomas.....	11111101111111111111-21
Hoffman.....	11111101111111111111-24-106
Maplewood G. C.	
W. Smith.....	11011011111111111111-20
Yeomans.....	11111111111111111111-25
Sickley.....	11111111111111111111-25
Van Dyke.....	11111101111111111111-23
Drake.....	11111111111111111111-25-118
Myrtle Park G. C.	
F. Compton.....	01101111111111111111-19
Cummins.....	11111111111111111111-28
McCollum.....	01011011111111111111-13
R. Smith.....	01110111111111111111-1
English.....	10011011111111111111-13-88
Climax G. C.	
Keller.....	11011111111111111111-22
Brantingham.....	11111111111111111111-24
Trust.....	11111111111111111111-18
Campbell.....	11111111111111111111-20-106
Terry.....	11111111111111111111-20-106
Endeavor G. C.	
Collins.....	11101111111111111111-23
Creveling.....	11111111111111111111-23
Quimby.....	11111111111111111111-23
Lindsey.....	11111111111111111111-24-114
McPeck.....	11111111111111111111-24-114
Brunswick G. C.	
Gummere.....	01101111111111111111-19
Voorhees.....	11111111111111111111-18
Booraen.....	01111111111111111111-23
Tredwell.....	01100011111111111111-15
Fisher.....	10101111111111111111-21-96
Union G. C.	
P. Jay.....	11111111111111111111-19
Smith.....	11111111111111111111-20
Parry.....	11111111111111111111-19
Sigler.....	11111111111111111111-21
Miller.....	11111111111111111111-23-102

## STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	T'l.		Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	T'l.
Maplewood	118	118	101	118	459	Edd-avor...	86	102	92	114	399
South Side	104	112	116	106	438	Brunswick	85	98	85	96	364
Union .....	109	111	111	102	433	Myrtle Park	82	81	101	88	352
Climax.....	107	107	109	106	429						

## LEADERS FOR INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.

	Geoffroy	24	25	23	21	33	Brantingham	23	23	25	24	85
	Sickley	24	24	19	25	92	ham	23	23	25	24	85
	Van Dyke	24	24	23	23	93	Thomas	23	23	25	21	88
	Miller	24	23	23	23	94	Angar	23	23	25	21	88
	Yeomans	23	24	25	25	92	J. L. Smith	21	24	21	20	86
	Drake	23	23	23	25	94	Sigler	23	23	25	21	89

## Extra No. 1, 10 Empire targets, rapid-firing:

Brentnall.....	10	Van Dyke.....	10	Collins.....	10
W. Smith.....	10	J. Smith.....	6	Jackson.....	5
Miller.....	10	Hedden.....	9	McCollum.....	9
Drake.....	9	Compton.....	9	Lindsey.....	9
Brantingham.....	7	Geoffroy.....	9	Keller.....	10

## No. 1, 10 targets, rapid-firing:

Van Dyke.....	10	Geoffroy.....	10	Lindsey.....	9
Drake.....	10	Brantingham.....	10	Hoffman.....	8
Thomas.....	9	E. Collins.....	8	Jackson.....	5
Booraen.....	7	Miller.....	8	McCollum.....	9
Hedden.....	7	Brentnall.....	8	D. Terry.....	7
W. Smith.....	10	J. L. Smith.....	5		

## No. 2, 10 targets, rapid-firing:

Van Dyke.....	10	Compton.....	10	Brentnall.....	9
Thomas.....	10	Jackson.....	8	Geoffroy.....	10
Hoffman.....	9	E. Collins.....	8	Drake.....	10
Booraen.....	9	Parry.....	10	Miller.....	10
Hedden.....	7	J. L. Smith.....	8	Brantingham.....	7
W. Smith.....	10				

## No. 3, 15 targets:

Van Dyke.....	11101111111111111111-13
W. Smith.....	11101111111111111111-13
Thomas.....	01111111111111111111-10
Hedden.....	01011111111111111111-10
Brantingham.....	11101111111111111111-14
Lindsey.....	11111111111111111111-15
Addison.....	11111111111111111111-15
Keller.....	11011111111111111111-14
Compton.....	11100011111111111111-11

## No. 4, 15 targets:

Jackson.....	11101111111111111111-14
Drake.....	11111111111111111111-14
Geoffroy.....	01111111111111111111-13
Booraen.....	11100111111111111111-10
Addison.....	11100111111111111111-10
H. Campbell.....	01111111111111111111-13
Miller.....	01111111111111111111-13
Keller.....	11111111111111111111-14
Manning.....	11111111111111111111-12

## No. 5, 15 targets:

Van Dyke.....	11101111111111111111-14
Drake.....	11111111111111111111-14
Geoffroy.....	01111111111111111111-13
Booraen.....	11100111111111111111-10
Addison.....	11100111111111111111-10
H. Campbell.....	01111111111111111111-13
Miller.....	01111111111111111111-13
Keller.....	11111111111111111111-14
Manning.....	11111111111111111111-12

Yeomans.....	10111111111111111111-14
Hedden.....	10100111111111111111-10
J. L. Smith.....	11111111111111111111-14
No. 5, 10 targets, S. I.	
Addison.....	11101111111111111111-8
Jersey.....	11101111111111111111-8
Creveling.....	11101111111111111111-9
Cummings.....	10100101011111111111-5
H. Campbell.....	11101111111111111111-9
Lindsey.....	11101111111111111111-9
W. Smith.....	11111111111111111111-11
McCollum.....	11111111111111111111-10
Ligler.....	11111111111111111111-6
English.....	11101001011111111111-6
Hedden.....	11101111111111111111-9
Miller.....	10111111111111111111-8
Brantingham.....	11111111111111111111-10
Van Dyke.....	00111111111111111111-7
Geoffroy.....	11101111111111111111-8

## No. 6, 15 targets:

Jackson.....	11111111111111111111-8
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111111111-15
Cummings.....	10100001111111111111-10
Geoffroy.....	11111111111111111111-14
Brantingham.....	11111111111111111111-14
Brentnall.....	11111111111111111111-15
J. L. Smith.....	11111111111111111111-13
Lindsey.....	11111111111111111111-14
Quimby.....	00111111111111111111-12
Hoffman.....	11111111111111111111-15

## No. 7, 15 targets, S. I.

W. Smith.....	11101111111111111111-13
Drake.....	11101111111111111111-13
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111111111-15
J. L. Smith.....	11101111111111111111-14
Addison.....	01111111111111111111-13
Geoffroy.....	11111111111111111111-15
Gummere.....	11101111111111111111-10
Quimby.....	00101000111111111111-7
Lindsey.....	11111111111111111111-15
Brentnall.....	11111111111111111111-14
Jackson.....	01111111111111111111-10
Voorhees.....	01111111111111111111-12

## No. 8, 10 targets:

Cleaveland.....	4	Gummere.....	9	P. Jay.....	8
Hoffman.....	4	Lindsey.....	9	S. Terry.....	8
Geoffroy.....	9	Manning.....	10	Pierson.....	8
Van Dyke.....	9	Keller.....	8	Trust.....	8
J. L. Smith.....	6	Brantingham.....	8	J. Ziegler.....	8
Sigler.....	10	Collins.....	10	D. Darby.....	9

## No. 9, 15 targets, S. I.

Van Dyke.....	11101111111111111111-15
Gummere.....	11100111111111111111-12
Sigler.....	11111111111111111111-14
Brantingham.....	10111111111111111111-10
Manning.....	11111111111111111111-14
Geoffroy.....	11111111111111111111-14

## No. 10, 10 targets, expert:

Van Dyke.....	9	Keller.....	6	Scott.....	5
Collins.....	7	Gummere.....	8	D. Darby.....	6
J. L. Smith.....	8	P. Jay.....	7	S. Wade.....	8
Geoffroy.....	8	Brantingham.....	9	C. H. Townsend.....	8

## California Tournament.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1.—The Mid-Winter Exposition tournament at bluebirds held on the Exposition grounds April 28 and 29, was a pronounced success. Sportsmen were in attendance from all parts of the State. Bluebirds were used. The medal shoot was won by C. Cate, of the Lincoln Gun Club, with Wm. Carnduff, of the Redwood City Gun Club, second. The team match resulted in these scores:

Lincoln Gun Club No. 1.		Lincoln Gun Club No. 2.	
C. Cate.....	01111111111111111111-15	P. Vernon.....	00011111111111111111-8
T. Barnes.....	11111111111111111111-16	R. Wenzel.....	01001111111111111111-13
D. Daniels.....	11111111111111111111-19	G. Franzen.....	10101111111111111111-15
J. Burns.....	10101111111111111111-17	A. Allen.....	11101111111111111111-14
J. Kearney.....	11111111111111111111-19	E. Forster.....	01111111111111111111-16

## Dinuba Gun Club.

J. W. Shiell.....	01111111111111111111-18
Giddings.....	11101111111111111111-15
Fox.....	11101111111111111111-19
Williams.....	01111111111111111111-14
R. Cadwell.....	00011111111111111111-11

## Alameda Co. Sportsman's Ass'n.

F. Heffling.....	00110000101010101010
C. Burgess.....	10010111111111111111
Deitz.....	10000100001010101010
McLean.....	10000000000000000000
J. E. Donaldson.....	01111111111111111111
J. E. Donaldson.....	01111111111111111111

## Bedford City Gun Club.

W. J. Carnduff.....	01100011111111111111
W. J. Plump.....	11100111111111111111
P. McEvoy.....	10000010000010101010
J. McEvoy.....	01100011111111111111
Elkerenkotter.....	10100111111111111111

## Independent, No. 1.

H. Golcher.....	10100011111111111111
C. J. Haas.....	01010111111111111111
P. Bekeart.....	10001111111111111111
O. A. Merrill.....	11101111111111111111
O. M. Allison.....	10011001111111111111

## Petaluma Trap and Gun Club.

A. Hall.....	10100111111111111111
Drees.....	10100111111111111111
C. E. Reed.....	11100111111111111111

The prize shoot was contested by 101 entries, and consumed an entire day. The scores were:

Webb.....	11111111111111111111-20	Levi.....	00110011111111111111-19
Allison.....	11111111111111111111-19	Carnduff.....	001111111111100001101-19
Fox.....	11101111111111111111-19	Eikerenkot101100111100011101-19	
E Forster.....	11111111111111111111-19	Reed.....	11001100011010111101-19
Hall.....	11111111111111111111-19	Crowell.....	10001101011000111111-19
Karney.....	11111111111111111111-19	Zeiner.....	01111011100111101000-19
Shiell.....	11111111111111111111-19	E Fouadner10101011010111100101-19	







# Standard Works for the Sportsman's Library.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.  
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### "FOREST AND STREAM" CONTRIBUTORS.

#### II.—"KELPIE."

WHEN one is found doing business under an assumed name, there is not of necessity anything suspicious about it, for the man may have reasons which involve nothing questionable. In Central Lake, Michigan, lives a merchant known to his townspeople and business associates as F. H. Thurston, whose real name is "Kelpie." We could prove this by a roll call of witnesses from those who have been well acquainted with him for years. A few hundred at the most could be produced to testify that they knew him to be F. H. Thurston, while we could bring thousands to prove that he was known all over this wide land as "Kelpie." These hosts of witnesses would be found among FOREST AND STREAM's readers, for as "Kelpie" he has long been known as one of the favorite contributors to this journal. Why he should choose to do business under another name we need not inquire. Possibly it is because he thinks that he can protect "Thurston," while it is well known that a year or two ago some pretender in Mississippi or Tennessee attempted to steal the name and fame of "Kelpie."

The writings from his pen appearing in these pages have shown their author to be a sportsman naturalist, possessed of culture, refinement, vigor of thought, and those traits of character which are esteemed both at home and in camp. Whatever the contention as to his true name—Thurston or Kelpie—among those who have known him as one or the other, there would be none as to these qualities of the man.

We are happy in having an excellent portrait of "Kelpie" to go with the pleasant words written of him by a comrade in the "Camps of the Kingfishers." There is no more searching test of one's disposition than the intercourse of camp life. It proves him for what he is. To record, as "Old Sam" does of "Kelpie," that he comes out of such a test stronger in the affectionate esteem of his fellows, and closer in companionship with them, is to say about as much of one while living as a modest man like "Kelpie" would care to hear of himself; and not much more could be said of one even in an obituary.

As for our portrait, we assert and declare it to be a true likeness of "Kelpie," however much it may differ from the thousand and one mental portraits pictured of him by his friends who have never seen him face to face. When "Von W." happened in here the other day and saw the photograph, he declared that it answered his notion of "Kelpie" completely. Others seeing it have averred that it altogether upset their mental photograph. But however this may be, the mere fact that a man does not look as others who have never seen him imagine that he does, is not his fault, and should not be made the occasion of harboring a grudge against him.

On account of Decoration Day the FOREST AND STREAM will go to press on Monday of next week, instead of on Tuesday as usual.

### SNAP SHOTS.

• EIGHT years have elapsed since we recorded in these columns the successful results of the planting of salmon in the Hudson River. It was in June of 1886 that the first comers from the sea made their appearance, and since then the fish have returned in due season, and have sought passage to the upper waters for the purpose of spawning. They have come back in such numbers as abundantly to demonstrate the adaptability of the river as a salmon stream. Provided the spawning fish could reach the headwaters, the stock would presumably in time maintain itself. But when the fish attempt to go up the stream they encounter insurmountable dams, and are balked of their purpose. The river can never be stocked permanently until means shall have been provided for the passage of the dams.

There will not be salmon in the Hudson until there shall be fishways in the dams.

There will not be fishways in the dams until public sentiment shall demand them.

Public sentiment will not demand fishways until public education shall awaken that sentiment.

Public education on this topic will not be accomplished until a systematic, persistent and intelligent presentation shall be made of the facts.

It is precisely to such a campaign of education that the Mohican Rod and Gun Club, of Glens Falls, has addressed itself. The club has set out "to secure fishways in the upper Hudson in order that salmon may have an open passage to and from the sea." The first move was to hold a public meeting at which were present the representative business men of Glens Falls, when a paper was read by the president, Mr. A. N. Cheney, giving a clear and forcible presentation of the subject. The next step was to print this admirable address in the local paper; and then to reprint it in circular form for distribution broadcast. The facts and figures and sentiment and logic of the campaign document are certain to do good work; and if the Mohicans shall follow up the work as vigorously as it has begun, the Hudson River fishways may be regarded as accomplished facts. Copies of the address may be had on application to Secretary C. H. Baxter, Glens Falls. The club invites and should receive the active co-operation of intelligent citizens everywhere. The stocking of the Hudson with salmon is an enterprise which concerns the entire State; and public-spirited men everywhere should work for it.

The question of commercial fishing methods as affecting the fish food supply came up for discussion again in the meeting of the American Fisheries Society last week. The subject is one of vast importance, and also of complexity and magnitude. To discuss it to advantage demands not only large information, but a certain unbiassed and judicial spirit, which has not been characteristic of its debate in the Society. Persuasion of either side to accept the views of the other is less likely than the stirring up of bad blood and heated tempers. Under these circumstances it may appear to be the part of wisdom for the Society to confine itself to other branches of the fishery interests, which while of prime importance are less likely to excite dissensions. There are some things which a voluntary association may accomplish, and others which would better be left to government commissions. If ever we have an adequate investigation into the subject of commercial fishing methods and the fish supply, it will be the work of a capable commission assigned to the work by State or National authority.

Last week we recorded the adoption of a new law in Ohio prohibiting the killing of quail for exportation or sale, a piece of legislation directly in line with FOREST AND STREAM's platform plank, that the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons. Chief Game and Fish Warden A. D. Stewart, of Ontario, sends a new law of that Province which is likewise in line with the platform plank. It is an iron-clad prohibition of traffic in snipe, woodcock, partridge, quail and wild turkey prior to the autumn of 1897.

The widespread storm which during the past week has raged over the whole country east of the Mississippi caused enormous damage to industries of every description. Floods and winds have devastated shipping and farms; railroads have been washed out, mines flooded,

towns submerged, and factories stopped. Seldom has there been a storm extending over so large a territory and causing such heavy loss. Amid the damage done must be reckoned that to our game birds, some of which have already begun the work of reproduction. The nests of the ruffed and of the pinnated grouse are already full of eggs, and many of these have been chilled by the cold rains or washed away by the risen streams. On the coast the east winds have pushed up unusually high tides, the salt meadows have all been flooded, and the rails and marsh hens have been driven from their reedy retreats while their nests and eggs have been destroyed, and the poor birds are seen disconsolately wandering on the higher meadows or in the edges of the woods waiting for the waters to subside. It is better that this destruction should happen now than a few weeks later. In most cases the birds will breed again, and will successfully rear their second broods.

The New York (City) Association for the Protection of Fish and Game celebrated its semi-centennial last Monday evening with a banquet. The society was one of the pioneer organizations in this country to take up the work of game protection. The cause was one which depended then, as it does now, and as it will fifty years from now, upon the active individual and associated efforts of the comparatively small proportion of the community recognizing its importance. As a leader in the field the New York Association accomplished results the good influence of which has lasted to this day; and although its activity as a game protective force is now largely reminiscent, the Association deserves high honor and unstinted credit for its leadership and well-doing when it contended for an unpopular cause. Among the members in the past was Henry William Herbert, "Frank Forester."

Nothing definite has been learned of the case of the two American steamers, the Brooks and the Visitor, which were seized for bass fishing in the Canadian waters of Lake Erie. A report from Amherstburg, Ont., where the vessels were taken, indicates that one of them may be held on the charge of fishing in the close season of 1893. There is some ground for suspecting that, what ever may be the merits of the case, the seizure was the outgrowth of bad feeling between the local residents and the American anglers.

The organization of the Colorado State Sportsmen's Association has come at a time when its field of usefulness is extensive and well marked. The Salida sportsmen who have begun the work are in earnest; and we hope to record a generous support and co-operation on the part of the entire State. Colorado has a game warden system; that is half the battle. This new Association can work no more effectively than by holding the wardens to doing their duty and supporting them in it.

We print to-day the third paper in the report of the FOREST AND STREAM's Yellowstone Park Game Exploration. It has to do with the proposition to put a railroad through the Park, or to cut off a portion of the Park that a railroad to Cooke City may have way. It gives expression to the public sentiment in Montana opposed to the scheme, as in last week's issue was given the sentiment in favor of it. Both sides have now been represented. We invite careful reading of them both, in conjunction with one another.

Dr. Charles W. Dulles of Philadelphia read before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society last week a report on "Hydrophobia," in which he declared that only thirteen cases of the disease per annum occur in this country, or one case to 4,500,000 people. The truth appears to be that most cases thought to be of hydrophobia are of something else.

Never in Season—"His Mooseship," "His Bearship," "His Grouseship," "His Snakeship," "His Sharkship," "His Bassship," et id genus omne, which being translated means the whole tribe of beasts and birds and fishes and reptiles with maritime attachments or navicular appendages.

The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association recently ordered from Sweden twelve capercaillie and twelve black game. Of these five of the capercaillie and six of the black game were received alive.



## DEER, DUCKS AND CRANE IN MEXICO.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico. — Nobody in Mexico is expected to work during the *semana santa*. But it is all right to amuse yourself. I am not quite sure why it is considered so much more irreligious to work than to play. But it is characteristic of the country. Easter comes rather late in the season for hunting, but from President Diaz down about every man in this land who loves a gun takes advantage of the last days of Lent for a little outing. Not to be out of fashion I went myself.

Eleven o'clock A. M., and the sun coming down straight and hot, found three of us at the little station of Las Tablas. The country around the lonesome station house is an alkaline flat, apparently once the bottom of a lake. It is covered with coarse marsh grass and the salt water goes wandering mysteriously about through it, now above ground forming a neat little pond and now disappearing with a gurgle to come to light a hundred yards away a limpid stream. It looks good, but it tastes "pizen." The burros and other natives drink it freely, but it doesn't combine with the interior economy of a civilized man. A big cedar brake fringes the open plain and straggles along the borders of the ponds. A mile back of the station a long rocky ridge springs from the flat some 300ft. in height and several miles in length. There are usually deer to be found on this ridge, and though rough it is open and a fairly good place to hunt them. In front of the station (north) lie the ponds, of all shapes and sizes, and scattered over hundreds of acres.

The sun was pouring down a dazzling white flood. The open spots recently covered with water were now incrustated with crystal salt-peter, white as snow. The heat was intense and quivering, but of all the cranks the hunter is the crankiest. We jointed our guns, filled our shell pockets and started after ducks. And we got 'em. A good many had left for the icy comfort of the North, but the ponds were still covered with them. They were all rolling in fat, preparatory to their long migration. The battle was hot, in more senses than one, for a little while, as they lazily flew back and forth between the ponds where we were stationed. But they gradually drifted away, under the lead of long-necked sprig-tails, to more distant waters, and we had time to compare notes and eat lunch.

My two companions decided to stay with the ducks during the afternoon. I took the string of dead ones with me to send home and went back to the station. There I rested till the up train came by at 4 P. M. and the Gulf breeze began to blow cool and sweet. The conductor took charge of the game and a note for the "wimmen folks," and I shouldered the old .45-90 cannon and started after deer. The end of March is no time for deer hunting, I know, but what would you? I had spent the winter in a benighted part of Tennessee where there are no deer, and this was my first chance.

I went down the track about a mile and started over a sort of gap in the ridge. A man's muscles get "vealy" if he stays out of the mountains too long. I had to stop often. Behind me spread the plain, mostly open, for ten miles or more. Between thin groves of mesquite and the denser copes of cedar stretched the long reaches of grass and alkali barrens. In time of heavy rains the whole plain is often under water. It has very little slope, and most of this water remains till evaporated. Occasionally I could hear the boom of my companions' guns, more than a mile away. Little groups of donkeys were scattered about, and every minute or so a long-drawn "ge-honk" from some of them would be the opening note in a general chorus, which rolled against the hillside and was taken up faint and more faintly in the misty distance. The burro's vocal apparatus would be a treasure to the railroads if steam could be applied to it. Its performance is as much out of proportion to the size of the animal as a flea's jump.

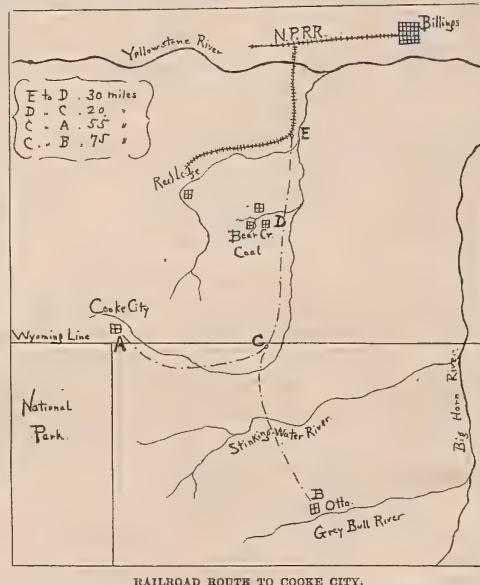
Just before turning the crest I took a final breathing spell. It was 5 o'clock, and I thought I might find something astir. Peeping cautiously over I saw that a steep gulch led down the opposite side, just in front of me. As I examined the shoulders of the ridge on either side I saw a deer wheel at sight of me and start to trot away, about 125 yds. off to my right. There was no time for nonsense, as he had only a few feet to go before disappearing. I brought the old gun around with a sweep, and caught a quick glimpse of the bulk through the Lyman sights. I never could have done it with any others. All was quiet as the smoke cleared away, and I slipped in another cartridge. Then out he came, bawling and thrashing the brush and rolling down the hill in a most disconcerted way. I couldn't get a bead on him to save me. When he got to the bottom of the gulch he stopped. My man ran along one hillside and I the other, and we headed him off and caught him. Both hindlegs were broken low down. (The shot was low, as I afterward found, because my sight had been tampered with.) I took out my knife and went to work in orthodox style. Bah! I'll never do it again. I felt like a cold-blooded murderer. As long as the game is up and alert and ready to escape at a breath, the excitement of getting possession sustains me. But once it is reduced to helplessness my heart fails. If ever I have to kill another wounded deer it shall be with the quick and merciful bullet.

My quarry was a four-point buck in fair flesh. Strange to say he still carried his horns, and though small they were in perfect condition. Can any one suggest a reason why the breeding season of deer in this country is a month or more later than in the United States? My man took him on his back and trotted off around the point of the hill. I went lounging back over the top. I didn't care to hunt any more. Going toward the station the wind was behind me and blowing hard. About half way down the hill I crossed the trail of two small deer going my way. I began to follow, but my heavy shoes crunched among the stones and the wind roared in a gale from me to them. They kept stopping just ahead of me, as I could see from the tracks, and once I caught a glimpse of one as he hopped across an opening. They were a precious pair of donkeys, and had it not been that everything was against me I should have got another scalp.

The other fellows brought in more ducks, and that night the wind blew quite cool, putting our game, which was hung up to air, in fine condition. Once game is thoroughly chilled it will keep for several days in spite of heat. Next morning we all took a round over the mountain, but no deer were seen. After following the ridge for two or three miles we came down into the valley, found a fine grove of mesquites shading a carpet of

marsh grass and had our lunch. Over a little fire we warmed the tortillas, beans, eggs, and coffee with piloncillo, which we had got from a good Mexican woman near by, and supplemented with them the canned meats and other contents of our bag. It is amazing what a vast capacity for destroying rations a single day's hunt will develop. We ate till everything had disappeared except a piece of raw bacon and some potatoes fried in a hair-lifting *chile* compound that vanquished even the cosmopolitan Spanish tooth carpenter, who was of the party.

Near by was a spring of alleged fresh water whence the railway people pump supplies for their engines. The genial pump man told us of a laguna near by where there were ducks galore and where the cranes still watered—such of them as had not departed for Canada. We found a flock of them resting on the shore when we reached it, but they promptly took their leave. The waters had dried up and left a wide stretch of bare margin all around. The ducks were plentiful but cover was not to be had. However, we surrounded the laguna, which was about half a mile long. I found a sharp point which had on it a few tufts of dried grass. At the first gun the ducks began to fly up and down and the fun commenced. Singles, double and in flocks, sprig-tails, widgeons, shovelers, baldpates, teal, they were everywhere and going in every direction. By the time they had begun to thin out a little I had quite a collection around me. I picked up the ones that had fallen on land and took them back to the shade where I had tied my dog. I intended to loose him to get such as were in the water. But while I was in the bush I heard the trumpet of a crane, and looking out saw a long double line coming across the water right toward me. They were prospecting, as they always do, to see if the coast was clear before lighting. I clawed the No. 6 loads out of my gun and reached for some No. 2s which I had in my pocket. It seemed to me that I never would get them into the chambers. As the gun closed with a



RAILROAD ROUTE TO COOKE CITY.

snap the big birds were passing right alongside about 60ft. high. I just stepped clear out into the open and put in a right and left as fast as my finger would work. The double thump on the marsh grass which followed made me grow about a foot. Uhm-m! but doesn't that kind of a shot put a good taste in your mouth!

I gathered up my slain, which made a brave show, as the ducks were getting on their spring clothes, and went back to my grass blind (?). Here I had a shot from time to time at passing ducks. I missed a good many of them. I suppose everybody does. They were at all heights and flying with greatly varying velocities, and this, in addition to their being of all sorts and sizes, made heavy demands on the shooter's experience and judgment. Occasionally I would make a shot that would cause me to hug both myself and gun in congratulation. After a good while I saw more cranes coming straight for me. It was too late to get back to the brush. I stuck my head in the grass and flattened out like a scared toad. Two loads of heavy shot that I had lying handy were slipped in, and as they came by at rather long range, I gave them a broadside. One old fellow dropped out, making a tremendous splash in the water. I heard the shot rattle on the other's feathers, but he went on. I was probably deceived by the distance and shot too straight at him. That is a fault that is hard to avoid with such large birds. But they really fly quite rapidly. The flock went on, and as they reached the upper end of the pond I saw one waver and drop out of line before the sound of Dr. E.'s quick double reached me.

That night we had a load. Four sandhill cranes and twenty odd ducks weigh a good deal when hung on a stick. And it was the fag end of a hard day's tramping and shooting. At the pump house we got help, and when the track was reached the boss of the section gang got out his little push car with true Mexican politeness and sent us all in.

Next day was Saturday, and our last. We got up early. I decided to try the deer again, and my companions to go to the cedar brake after turkeys. The hunt was a failure, though both deer and turkey are doubtless fairly plentiful. That afternoon the train was five hours behind time, and after it began to grow cool and we had rested from the morning round, we took our guns again and paid the ducks a call, P. P. C. It was a lovely little shoot. We added about a dozen to our collection, and came back to find an empty commissariat staring us in the face. There was a famine thereabouts. We had even drank up all the fresh water. The agent of the railroad had a barrel which was filled for him from the engines. It was empty, and not to be filled till next day. We had to drink pond water, with dead minnows, dirt and an original and only genuine smell for trimmings. But we survived, and the train did come at last. Moreover, the train men treated us "white" in the matter of carrying game and traps, and—and we would do it again.

## "Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 3.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 12.—Last week I gave some expressions of opinion heard among the friends of the Cooke City Railroad through the Park, commonly known as the "segregation road" or the "segregation scheme." The latter is the better term. The project was never at any stage more than a scheme, and is now a good scheme because it is a dead scheme, thanks much to FOREST AND STREAM's repeated expositions of the facts. Facts are the deadliest medicine on earth for schemes. In the candid belief of many of the best Montana merchants and business men in general, there never was at any time any money behind the Cooke City Railway scheme except the fund raised by its adherents for the purpose of enlarging the disgraceful record of American lobbying. Actual capital to build the road is not now in evidence. Friends of the scheme say it once "could have been raised." Opponents to the scheme allege the opposite, and declare that all the pushers of the Cooke City scheme expected or wanted was to get the right of way. The right of way would of course be valuable even for the purpose of locating mineral claims, and as a salable franchise of course it would have a certain speculative value. The arguments used to back it were very plausible, very specious, very well-appearing, and especially strong in the two points most brought into play—sympathy for the industrious miners and the practical industrial development of a valuable portion of a great State. There are many Montana men who believe that behind these two masks of apparent sincerity there hides actually the visage of a selfishness and unscrupulousness which is either narrow or absolutely insincere.

It would be arrogating a very swift quality of wisdom to myself to claim that I knew all, or even much, about either side of this question, in regard to which there is so wide a local divergence of opinion, and I do not so claim. But I do claim that FOREST AND STREAM knows more about, and has gone to the bottom of it more fully, and has set forth the exact truths in regard to it more fairly and justly, than any other journal on earth, of any class whatever, and whether of Montana or elsewhere. To accuse FOREST AND STREAM of an Eastern prejudice when it is working for a Western benefit is unjust enough, but to accuse it of ignorance of the theme in hand is to show a local folly and ignorance hardly worth a good healthy contempt. It is my privilege and duty to add to the FOREST AND STREAM fund of information by telling, fairly and fully, what the men in Montana say about this segregation scheme. Last week I told what the friends of the scheme say. This time I want to quote a few men who do not believe in segregation. I think both the one and the other are going to be a little rough on the scheme itself, which is doubtless blessed by friends whose hot-headedness leads them to wild and injurious statements. Such intemperance of statement, I am bound in justice to add, I did not find among the opponents of this scheme, although I do not doubt they are just as much in earnest and just as apt to be in the fight at the end of the issue—if, indeed, the end is not already reached to-day.

## Capt. Anderson, Superintendent of the Park.

The representative of FOREST AND STREAM was entertained by Capt. Anderson at Fort Yellowstone, and one could hardly quote the unreserved statements of a host. This, however, is not necessary, for the position Capt. Anderson has always maintained as to the integrity of the Park is something too well known throughout Montana to require reiteration. The organs of the Cooke City faction have abused him continuously in the hot-headed, ill-advised fashion to which I have called attention, but in this abuse he takes a placid pride and satisfaction, regarding it as the highest possible tribute to his efforts at keeping the Park as it is, the property of the whole people and not of a few of the people. "The more they hate me, the better I shall like it," said he, "but just abusing the Park superintendent isn't going to scare the U. S. Army, and it isn't going to throw open this Park to poachers and land-grabbers. As to this road proposed, you just go over the route yourself and you will see the reasons why I or any other thinking man must oppose the idea. In the first place, any road in means all roads can come; in the second place, this road would ruin the Park and leave it without a boundary on the north, where now it has a very practical boundary; in the next place, this road is impracticable even if it were right to undertake it; and in the last place, and especially, to have that road built would be to kill all the antelope, and to practically cut off forever the thousands of elk which winter in the northeastern part of the Park. Moreover, and besides all that, this Park is too grand an affair to be touched. It is here, and let us keep it as it is. For my part, I love it, and I hope never to see it spoiled."

I suppose now I should add that I did go over the route of the proposed segregation railway, but the fact is, I didn't. Nobody ever has or ever will, in all probability. But our party kept away to the right of the white mountains that line the deep-sunken Yellowstone, along which the Cooke City road must go if it goes through the Park. We climbed the Gardiner Hill, about four miles straight up in the air, crossed the succession of hills and streams which cover that upper region, and ten miles further on ran down five miles more, steep as a house roof, into the valley at Yancey's. When it came to going back, some one jokingly proposed we return down the Yellowstone cañons, along the "railway" route. "My boy," said Uncle John Yancey, "you couldn't get down there in ten years." From this I infer that a railroad couldn't get up in ten years, also that it will not, even in a thousand years. If it ever does, it will have a good solid roadbed, sure, and plenty of snowsheds. As to the game which winters in the valleys making down the big river, I have already hinted and shall speak fully later. Capt. Anderson's reasons against the Yellowstone Valley road are patent to any one who knows that country as it actually is. Years of residence at the Park, and continuous exploration of it, would seem to give that knowledge to the superintendent of the Park.

Mr. J. D. Losekamp, of Billings.

Mr. Losekamp is a typical Western business man,

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shrewd, practical and quiet. To him more than to almost any other one man in his State belongs the credit of the exposure of the Cooke City Park railroad scheme. Contrary to local sentiment and local timidity, Mr. Losekamp stood out first alone and uttered the first word against the scheme to open the Park to the railroads. He wrote the first newspaper article against the Cooke City road that was ever written, and has since then seen local sentiment change and local papers adopt the side of reason all over the State. He has always been foremost in the fight against the Cooke City project in all its phases, and he has put out more information in regard to the true inwardness of the proposed deal than any other ten men together. It was he who obtained for FOREST AND STREAM the valuable letter from Civil Engineer P. M. Gallaher, published last fall, which showed the practicability of a road into Cooke City from the east, along the Clark's Fork.

"I notice that railroads are not doing things for fun," said Mr. Losekamp, "and they don't do things backward, either. Now, if there is mineral or coal to be had in that New World district, the bulk of it will have to go east for its main market. Does a railroad want to pull that stuff west over the divide through the Park, around by Cinnabar and Livingston, and then east again over the same mountains to get back toward the market it wants to reach? I don't think so. Mr. Oakes, of the Northern Pacific, didn't think so, either. He was over that western line, and saw Cooke City, and he reported that the Northern Pacific didn't want any of it. I can't see why a railroad should want to spend two or three million dollars making a road across a landscape, just for the sake of pulling its freight three times as far over grades three times as hard. Maybe they will, but I doubt it.

"On the other hand, we have the B. & M. assured for Billings. [A telegram announcing this was received by Mr. Losekamp during my stay at Billings.] This road, if once built into Cooke City, would be as good as any for that town, if it was only after an outlet, as it claims. But do they want any outlet from the west? Oh, no. Nothing but the Park route will do them. Why? Well, you just let the segregation scheme go through and you'll see why. Cooke City 'll have something to sell then, and it won't be ore, either. There isn't a dollar actually put up to build that road, though I don't doubt that the majority of the boys who have claims there are sincere in their belief that the road would be built if the bill once passed Congress. They are simply ignorant, though sincere. If the bill did pass, there would be a lot of money made before a shovel ever hit the dirt. Besides, long before that road was begun, the best of the Park would be handed out to other parties by way of other franchises. I can see no use for this. It's hard to get any road up to Cooke, and any engineer knows this, but the route from the east, up the Clark's Fork, has had the survey of a good engineer, and it can be built. No one claims so much for the Park route. If the Cooke City men have nothing up their sleeve, and are only anxious for an outlet, why should they oppose a cheaper and more practical route from the east side?

"Another thing is, strange as you may think it, after all you have heard of Chinooks, and that is, there is four times as much snow on the west side of the mountains around Cooke City as on the east side. I will leave that to your own observation. You see, the country the Cooke City road would have to cross is not west of the Continental Divide, but east, just as this is." [It was two weeks later than my Yancey's trip that I was at Billings, but the truth of Mr. Losekamp's remark was no less obvious than surprising. The snow was not there and it never is there in such quantity as in the Park. We drove far up the gentle Stillwater Valley and away up the Rosebud, but the ground was dry. On the opposite side of the range the snow was 8ft. on an average, in drifts 40ft. or more on the Blotail, when we left. It never averages so deep on the east slope at the same altitudes.]

P. M. Gallaher, C. E., Billings.

Mr. Gallaher has already favored FOREST AND STREAM with the most conclusive document ever published on this subject, and it is needless to repeat his statement as to the feasibility of the Clark's Fork route to Cooke City. Mr. Gallaher is the best known engineer in Montana. He had charge of the survey that ran the lines of the Timber Reserve of the Park for the Government, and has been all over that entire region, as probably no other one man has been except the old-time trappers and hunters. Mr. Gallaher I knew in this country twelve years ago, before he went to Montana, and even then he had a reputation. I can find no reason extant to-day for believing him anything but a conservative and accurate man, with the pride in his profession which is so singularly deep among civil engineers as a class. Mr. Gallaher said:

"So far as I know, no actual survey has ever been run over the Park route to Cooke City, nor do I think it will ever come to that, as any engineer can see the difficulties of the route proposed. Of course, you could build a road there, and you could build one anywhere, but it would cost more money than any road could pay interest on. The grades would be very severe, and the tremendous snows of that region would tie the road up half the year unless it were under shed. There must be a great incentive before such a vast outlay of money is begun, and the only incentive alleged is the mining camp of Cooke City. Certainly it has good mineral, but is that enough to show a corporation asked to put a road through such a country?

"On the other hand, on the Clark's Fork route you have distance in which to climb. Of course you know what that means. You can go any height, if you only have room to do it in. Now, you have been up the Stillwater and Rosebud valleys, and know the long grades of the streams coming down this side of the slope. The Clark's Fork is even more gentle, because it is much longer. You see the long horseshoe it makes. That gives us distance for our climb. Instead of heavy rock work all the way, we have a water grade for the greater part of the way. At the cañon of our stream we have unquestionably got a lot of expensive rock work to do; but we've saved enough money to have some left to do it with, and after you get over the cañon, you are in easier sailing again.

"Now, I'll draw you a little map. You know, there's a road already built up to Red Lodge. Suppose we call the point where this road makes its bend to the west of the Clark's Fork 'point E.' Now we will call the Bear Creek coal fields D. From E to D is 30 miles. Call the box cañon of the Fork C, and from D to C is 20 miles more. From C to A, which latter we will call Cooke

City, is 55 miles further. As I have said, there would be plenty of rock work on a limited part of this line, but it could be built—and most of it could be built on a water grade—below the heavy cuttings of the cañon. This is the natural route out from Cooke City, and the natural way for a railroad to haul out mineral—down hill, not up over the same hill a couple of times.

"A very hard part of this road would be the getting to Cooke over the last three or four miles, but while I presume this could be accomplished, the problem of an outlet is practically solved if you get steam in so near as that.

"You will observe that the road from the east slope has a double purpose to urge it to build. It has the Bear Creek coal fields—almost as useful and valuable as gold, for you must have good fuel at a practical distance in mining or railroading, or in any branch of commercial activity. You have on the east Cooke City plus the coal, plus the natural grade; on the west you have only Cooke City and an unnatural railroad proposition.

"But I have not yet spoken of the very greatest inducement for a road to go up at Clark's Fork, and this is something which the Cooke City people do not seem to think. They are sure of the wealth of their mines, but the whole world, especially the railroad world, is not sure of that. I do not say it is not true, doubtless it is true, but railroads take no chances. They must see a certain field, a country to be developed, lasting industries to be created, before they spend millions of dollars building roads across mountain ranges.

"Nothing appeals to railroad companies like an agricultural proposition. There is their certain and big money.

"Now, if you will look at this part of the country south and east of the Park and west of the Big Horn Mountains—all this section lying along the Stinking Water, Grey Bull and Big Horn rivers and their tributaries, you will be seeing what is known as the Big Horn Basin. There are millions of acres of land there lying untouched, and you can get water all over the whole of it. There is no better watered part of the West than this basin. The first railroad in there has an empire for itself. This is the largest and best body of land owned by the United States left undeveloped by the railroads, and it is the greatest railroad proposition now left open, unless we later find something to do in Alaska. All this region can be put under ditch at unusually low expense, on account of the many strong watercourses which cover it. The railroad which goes in here, builds ditches and so makes possible the settlement of this big district by an agricultural population, is going to have the best opening now left. Capital has no such chance left in America. I am not saying this from hearsay or from personal reasons, for I know that district thoroughly, although I own nothing there. There is nothing worth owning until a railroad is built.

"Now, let us call this point on the Grey Bull River, say at Otto, B, and you know we called the cañon of the Clark's Fork C. From C to B is only 75 miles. That is, the road which goes up the Clark's Fork has the Bear Creek coal and the Cooke City mineral, and for 75 miles more of road built to the south, it has also this Big Horn basin for territory, worth unspeakably more than all the rest. Perhaps this road will not be built, but it seems to me more likely than that a road will ever be put through over the rocky range from the west, with not one-twentieth the railroad reasons for existence, with ten times the railroad difficulties to overcome, and against the wish of the people of the United States, who have said they wanted the wonders of the Park preserved, and who always will want them to stay preserved as they are, so long as they have a fair and truthful showing of the actual facts put before them. Such a statement of facts these Cooke City men have not offered. In their selfishness they have been willing to offer anything, to promise anything, to do anything, to threaten anything, in order to attain their own ends. The general sentiment of Montana is that that isn't right. The case should have a just and fair and truthful showing to the public. Certainly FOREST AND STREAM deserves the utmost credit, for it is the only paper on earth that has been accurate, just and painstaking in getting all the facts on this question, and broad-minded enough to hear both sides of the case calmly and impartially."

I shall make no comment on Mr. Gallaher's clear statement of the above interesting facts. They do not need comment.

Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A. of the Northern Pacific.

Mr. Chas. S. Fee is the general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific road, and no man in the world is better posted on the Park situation in every respect. To him things must have a practical and not a theoretical value or excellence. Mr. Fee's remarks had the brevity and clearness usual with men of his calling, and their meaning was unmistakable.

"The Northern Pacific road does not want to build into Cooke City," said he, "and the Northern Pacific road and all its men emphatically do not want to see the Park divided or touched in any respect. We make our money by carrying people out to see the wonders of the greatest wonderland on the face of the earth. Throw that wonderland open to the rapacity of the few or of the many, and you have no wonders left to see. The Park would then be no better than any beaten road. I hear there is a proposition made to Congress to grant a right of way to a road down Soda Butte Creek, in the northeast corner of the Park, and to run along a part of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, thence across to the Firehole Basin. I am a railroad man, but the thought of a thing like that fills me with shame. A railroad in the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone! The idea is monstrous! No, sir, if you ask whether we want to go through the Park or any corner of it, for any purpose, my reply is, 'No, emphatically no, not for any purpose whatever.' That Park belongs just as it is, unchanged forever.

"The Northern Pacific Railway," continued Mr. Fee, "has done more for the National Park than the nation itself ever did. If we did not stand behind the hotels and the transportation, these services to the public would no longer exist. This railway has shown a spirit which the United States Congress never has. We have always stood for the integrity of the Park, and have helped protect its lines and to promote its attractiveness. What has the Government ever done? It won't pay even the cost of one additional special officer to protect the game. It shows no interest in the Park, apparently knows and cares nothing about it, while all the time people come from all over the earth to look at this most wonderful

part of the earth. It takes people from Europe to go into ecstasies over the Park. If this Park were in Europe I rather think it would be protected! The way Congress has treated the Park is an outrage and a shame. To run this road to Cooke through the Park may or may not be possible. I am told by an engineer that it would be a very difficult problem to build to Cooke from the east. But be that as it may, this road doesn't want to go through any portion of the Park, and doesn't want any other road to do so. The Park is the Park, and belongs as it is."

The above hearty doctrine may be unpleasant to some of the friends of the Cooke City scheme.

E. Hofer, Park Guide, Gardiner.

Lastly, I shall quote "Billy" Hofer, the Park guide, who was my companion in the FOREST AND STREAM winter expedition. This I do because he knows personally more about the game supply of the Park, where the game is to be found, where it is at certain seasons, and how to get to it, than does any other living man. In our trip over the Yancey trail, Billy pointed out to me the line of the proposed segregation road, as nearly as we could get to it. We did not go over it, because that cannot very well be done without a balloon, and we had no balloon. When I saw a band of elk, I would ask Billy, "Are they across the segregation line?" and he only too often replied that they were. We probably saw 3,000 to 4,000 elk on country which would be cut off if the road were built. We could not claim that we saw all there were, for our search could not be thorough on so great and wild a region; but we saw these and perhaps 1,000 more, for all I can say, the latter south of the proposed line. They all might as well be called outside of the line, for a road along the valley of the East Fork, where we saw so many bands of elk, would mean no boundary at all, and the killing would go on on both sides the same as if it all were open, because that is a region far from any patrol, and could only be patrolled by the use of a large body of men. The north line of the Park, nearest the settlements, now patrols itself, because it crosses a range too hard to get into, so rough, indeed, that no railroad could be built over it by any means on earth.

"You can see," said Billy, "just what this road would mean for the game. The antelope would all be killed or driven from the Gardiner Flats back into the higher mountains, where they could not live in winter, because they can't paw snow to any depth. The elk that now winter in the rough country along the Yellowstone, on Hell Roaring or Slough creeks, and along the East Fork and the streams coming in on the northeast, would all be killed or run out. The elk have to come in here to winter, because the country is bare. It is not 'hot country' to any extent, but it is struck by the wind along the ridges, and so has bare places where the elk can get to the feed. There is a good deal of snow on it, but the snow doesn't lie all over like a deep blanket, the way it does in the upper Park. As it is the elk are dying all through the mountains in hundreds this winter. If you drove all these elk out of this country where they are wintering, they would have to go out of the Park or out of the game, for if they had to go back into the big snow country, they would starve to death.

"They can say all they please about the Cooke City road not hurting the game of the Park, and that there is nothing in that part of the Park, but that is all nonsense to anyone who knows anything about the facts. There is no one thing that could be done to hurt the antelope and elk of the Park so much as to build that road. The worst of it is, too, that the slice taken off would be practically twice or three times as big as it measured, for there would practically be no north line any more."

Are More Facts Needed?

If the above facts, as stated in offset to the intemperate utterances of the Cooke City factionists quoted last week, are not enough to convince any one of the inadvisability and the uselessness, if not the impracticability of the proposed segregation road, then FOREST AND STREAM will give more facts and more reasons. FOREST AND STREAM will not "change its policy" on this matter, and it never will quit the fight until it has won an unquestioned victory there as it has in its other measures for the betterment or the preservation of the National Park for the people of the world. In this fight it has been alone in the newspaper world. It has spent money and taken chances to get at its facts, but it got them and has them, and can use them and will use them. The Park police bill just signed by the President of the United States and so made a law is, as one must verily believe, the result of no one cause so much as the unfaltering work of this one newspaper. The segregation scheme is the next thing. It is probably dead to-day. If it isn't will it kindly wiggle its head?

E. HOUGH,  
909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Dead Buffalo Find.

Later.—Under date of May 8 Capt. Anderson writes: "Burgess very carefully investigated your eight dead buffalo in Hayden Valley, and found four of them were really carcasses, while the other four were pieces of the former that had been dragged off to some distance by wild animals."

This is twice as good as we feared. We had no means of digging down to the carcasses. The strangest part of it, however, is brought up by Billy Hofer's letter to me of May 9, in which he writes: "Burgess says none of the scalps or hides had been taken, and thinks the buffalo died there, but that's too thin, for four buffalo would not have died a natural death at that time of the year and all so close together and at the same time."

Either the poacher was scared away too soon or else the buffalo were killed in wantonness. The new Park police bill will prove useful.

E. H.

Our Yellowstone Park Work Appreciated.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: The FOREST AND STREAM certainly deserves great credit for its successful, systematic efforts and enterprise in presenting to the public the true showing up of the needs of the Yellowstone Park. Your report is unapproachable—emphatically so. Certainly the FOREST AND STREAM (which has no rivals) furnishes a never-failing fountain of interest relating to sportsmen and the Yellowstone Park. This journal has certainly surpassed all other papers in presenting to its many readers a substantial and meritorious account of Howell's butchery in the Park. Much good must come from your up-to-date, wide-awake enterprise.

A. C. COLLINS.



## Natural History.

### Beaver in Strange Places.

PHILADELPHIA, N. Y., May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed article was taken from a Water-town daily, and may be of interest, especially if those in the locality mentioned would only verify the statement made concerning the presence of beaver in the Adirondacks on the outlet of Lake Meacham, and, the report being true, prompt and proper should the action be toward their preservation from those vagabond villains who respect neither law nor right, but go roaming through the woods with no other purpose than the gratification of selfish desires and barbarous instincts.

It has been supposed that beaver were long ago extinct in the Adirondacks, but fresh work by them has been found on the outlet of Lake Meacham, twenty-five miles south of Malone. This discovery has attracted a good deal of attention from the guides and hunters. Beaver feed on the bark of the birch, willow, alder and poplar, and it is their habit to lay by stores of food in the summer. Guides who were fishing on Meacham outlet found last week sticks of poplar of varying length and diameter, from half an inch to an inch, cut almost as neatly at each end as the work could have been done with a knife. It was unmistakably the work of beavers. It would add largely to the charm of the Adirondacks if beavers were again to establish themselves there and erect their strange habitations. The game laws now forbid the trapping or killing of these animals at any time of the year.

As for the fishing about Philadelphia, it is somewhat good—bass, pickerel, perch, bullheads and nearby trout, both speckled and salmon. But not many of the former. Near Redroad there are numerous lakes where the fish leap and grasp the fisherman's hook fit to make him dance. The real point is the beaver. Are they there or are they the idea of some newspaper man? RAYMOND S. SEARS.

The Washington *Star* of May 10 reported: "A live beaver was found on the farm of Mr. G. D. Gilbert yesterday, near Four-Mile Run, in Virginia, which makes the fact all the more remarkable. Where it came from or how it got there nobody knows, but it made its first appearance walking contentedly along on its hindlegs, taking in the sights and enjoying the landscape. Its first appearance was also its last farewell, for the hired man, who was spreading manure with a pitchfork near by, didn't wait for the beaver to present its card or credentials. He struck it with his fork in the head, killing it. Mr. Gilbert was at the house at the time, but is bemoaning his fate in that he was not there to catch it alive. He brought the beaver into the city with him this morning and took it over to the Smithsonian to be stuffed and kept as a specimen there. The animal was full grown and heavy, and would unquestionably been valuable if it had been taken alive."

### Another Albino Deer.

CHICAGO, May 9.—I read your note on the albino deer killed in Maine in a recent issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. I noticed the other day in the Chicago *Tribune* the inclosed:

John M. Brett, Columbus Memorial Building, has a genuine white deer, which he has secured to go with his collection of animals, birds and butterflies. The deer was killed near Cable, Wis., after it had badly frightened two young men. The deer is without a single mark upon its body. Its eyes were pink like those of an albino, and in the mounting the color of the eyes was reproduced. It is 3 ft. 5 in. in height and 4 ft. 6 in. to the tip of its horns. Its age was three years. Two young men were hunting near Cable four months ago and they returned greatly excited, and reported seeing an animal in the woods which was perfectly white and of the size of an elephant. Many thought it was a ghost and a party of fifteen was made up to capture it. After two days' hunting the white deer was killed. Mr. Brett heard of it from a friend who saw the deer an hour after it had been killed. He made an offer for it which was accepted and it was mounted in Washburn, Wis. There is no doubt of the genuineness of its color.

To-day I went and saw the specimen. It is a pretty thing, though there is room for improvement had it fallen into the hands of a better taxidermist. R. D.

## Camp-Fire Slickerings.

"That reminds me."

"Ain't Them Ducks?"

THE letter entitled "Wooden Ducks," in your issue of May 5, reminds me of a parallel circumstance that happened to me in 1887. A professional call necessitated a trip to the northern limits of Illinois in October, and having learned that there were "a few ducks around," I took along my gun and a dozen of Danz's folding decoys. A pond of about ten acres area, and situated upon a peninsula between two lakes, was a favorite feeding ground, night and morning, for the few resident ducks. Here I selected a cape-like point and put out my decoys in a little bay—repairing thither early and staying late. During a week I bagged about two dozen birds. The pond was surrounded by marsh, and was immediately lined by a thick growth of very high grass, so that the approach to the water's edge was difficult and tedious, and shelter was too profuse.

One clear, breathless morning found me, as usual, at my stand before sunrise, and I waited until old Sol was marching in plain view, but never a bird came my way. When happily musing on the quiet scene, in an atmosphere of health and free from care, and contentedly watching, I espied a man's head in the high grass across the pond. My decoys rested life-like upon the placid water in front of me. The man looked toward me and then up and down the pond, and disappeared. He again appeared at the end of the pond nearest to me. I now became interested, for I knew that he was coming my way. He again passed from view, and in order to easily reach my stand from his last seen place, he would have to travel the higher ground at the edge of the marsh. This he did, and he soon appeared in view, and when opposite me he entered the pathway that I had made by successively traveling it for several days.

He had a gun with him, and on he came, and as he approached the higher grass fringe of the pond, he insensibly stooped his shoulders, and with bowed head made a bee-line for me. I heard his hammers click, and when he had crept to about half a dozen yards from me I suddenly stood up. He was surprised, halted, and with chagrin deeply depicted upon his countenance, exclaimed, "Ain't them ducks?"

A stranger to me, he said, a lady, had recently arrived at his house and had stated that she liked the flavor of wild duck, and he had started out that morning to "the

pond" to get her one. I afterward learned that he was one of the crack shots of the neighborhood and an inveterate market-hunter. When I related the experience to my host he regarded the circumstance as a great joke on an old hunter.

I have recently become a reader of your newswy and interesting journal, and I regret greatly that I have missed years of satisfaction in thus sharing quietly the pleasures of your numerous and facile correspondents—both staff and promiscuous. I wish I could personally know them. I look for the paper now, and amid its peaceful scenes I find rest from the fatigue of professional fire, and, lost for the time, I live over again with the narrators the joys of the chase, the fishing-rod and the camp-fire.

ALFRED HINDE.

CHICAGO, Ill.

### The String goes with the Gun.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Some time ago while fishing in the wilds of Wisconsin, my attention was attracted by the loud barking of a dog in the woods near by, and thinking something unusual was going on, I started in the direction of the racket and soon came to two men and a dog with a bear up a tree. There was no gun in the party and how to get bruin down was the question of the hour, as he was high up in the tree.

One of the men said he thought he could "borrer" a rifle of a neighbor several miles away, so he started leaving us "to watch the bar."

After a tedious wait of nearly two hours he returned with a long, heavy old-fashioned rifle and a bundle of string. The inquiry "What in the world are you going to do with that string?" was answered by saying, "The string goes with the gun," and he proceeded to explain. "Now," he says, after tying the string to the hammer and getting a good rest over a limb of a tree, "one er yur fellers pull and tuther cut the string when I say cut, so get yur knife ready." Everything being in readiness the above programme was carried out, and after a deafening report and clearing of the smoke, the bear could be plainly seen although in a somewhat altered position, having settled down into the crotch of the tree. Fourteen times the rifle was fired at the bear this way with apparently no result, when our champion of the rifle declared if "he couldn't shoot that thar bar he'd climb the tree and drive him down," which he proceeded to do. It was quite an effort, however, as the tree was bare of limbs for some distance up, but he finally reached the vicinity of the bear which he approached with caution, but the bear didn't move. Nearer and nearer. The excitement was intense, we on the ground momentarily expecting a demonstration of some kind. All at once the excitement was ended by a remark from our hero, "Say boys, the bar's dead." Nearly every bullet had hit him, and one through the brain explained the fact that the first shot had killed him. And famous to this day in all that country is the old rifle with the string attachment. H. B. J.

WABASHA, MINN., May 15.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### PARK POACHERS AND THEIR WAYS.

MONTANA, May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was during January, 1893, that I became acquainted with Howell, the Yellowstone Park poacher of whom we have recently heard so much. He is a man of a little more than ordinary intelligence, has a fair education, is stoutly built, with dark hair, bluish gray eyes and a heavy blond mustache. His business has been prospecting and hunting for a living among the Rockies in Montana, and he has all the rugged strength and endurance that Rocky Mountain hunters and prospectors possess.

From conversations had with Howell in 1893, I learned that there were a number of hunters besides himself in the vicinity of the National Park and Cooke City, who gained a livelihood by poaching in the Park and selling elk heads to the taxidermists residing along the railroad. One man had sold 60 scalps from elk heads that were not worth the trouble of mounting at \$5 each, besides quite a number of complete heads at from \$8 to \$20 each.

I asked Howell how this could be done with Capt. Anderson and two companies of soldiers guarding the Park and the game. He said "It is the simplest thing in the world. When the snow begins to fall in September and October, we wait until a nice snowstorm has set in, and then taking a saddle horse and two or more pack horses, we start for the Park and travel fast. After reaching the ground we have previously selected to hunt over, we make a long detour and cross our tracks perhaps ten miles from camp so as to ascertain whether the soldiers are following our trail or not. If no other tracks are seen we go back to camp feeling safe, for we know that the new snow will obliterate all tracks before dawn. We then secure enough elk to load our pack horses and are soon on our way out of the Park and to the railroad. The railroad companies are glad to haul freight and we have no trouble there in getting our spoils to market."

The above is what was gleaned in 1893, and here is the substance of a conversation in 1894 since Howell became known to Capt. Anderson and others. "On the 19th of September last, I took my camp outfit and grub for the winter, and loaded it on to a toboggan and started for the Park. From that time until Feb. 10, I saw no human being. The snow was very deep and my method of camping was to build a fire at night on the snow, and after cooking, to pile logs on to the fire and let it burn. By morning a hole would be melted in the snow so deep that when I stood up by the fire I could barely see out, and if any one had chanced to be looking for me they would not be likely to see me. I had very little trouble in marketing heads. I have known eleven buffalo to be hauled in one day through the Park, and one taxidermist in Livingston has bought twenty-two heads this winter at from \$40 to \$125 each, and I know of one head being sent to New York that sold for \$275 green. There are trappers in the Park all the time during the fur season. I occasionally saw men fishing, and one of them I knew was trapping and used the fish line as a blind. The soldiers did not see through his device, for it takes a mountaineer to see all the signs. I have concluded to try other ways of gaining a livelihood, and I will let the Park alone if the soldiers will let me alone from this time on."

From what has been said and from other facts that have come to my knowledge, I conclude that a considerable number of the inhabitants of Cooke City are making a living from the sale of game from our only National Game Preserve, and that not only people from Cooke City, but others, are spending the best part of the game season dodging what Uncle Sam thinks is a sufficient force of soldiers to guard his game.

I would rather have three good intelligent, honorable men, inured to the life of a prospector and hunter in these mountains, to watch that Park, than all the soldiers now there, and I am personally acquainted with men who are educated, intelligent and honorable who will not kill a doe nor even a mother grouse, for meat when they are hungry, who have spent this whole winter alone in cabins miles away in the mountains, content to live on bacon, coffee, flour and sugar, with just a frying-pan and a tin can for their cooking utensils. Men of such a stamp are the ones that Uncle Sam should hire to look after the Park, and a good plan to hire them on is to give them a liberal salary, the privilege of shooting the first hunter they see within the Park, if he will not give himself up, and to pay a reward in hard cash for ever poacher captured.

I believe that the true way to preserve our stock of buffalo in the Park is to start a hay ranch there and build an inclosure, into which the buffalo should be put in the fall. Two good men should watch them as carefully as they would Nancy Hanks if they had her to care for, for we all know that the buffalo is little nearer extinction than it should be.

If Howell, by his desire for buffalo scalps, has aroused Uncle Sam so as to cause him to care for his game as he should, I am ready to give three cheers for Howell, and three hisses for the taxidermists that buy his game and aid him, and men like him, to evade justice. J.

HELENA, MONTANA.

[The letter which we print is from an old correspondent, a man not very long in the West, yet long enough to have learned something of life there. Much of what Howell says is no doubt true, but it is pretty badly mixed up with what is not true; for example, it would take a considerable force of men to haul eleven buffalo, or even eleven buffalo heads, and they would make a broad trail that would last all winter. We question Howell's statement that from Sept. 19 to Feb. 10 he saw no human being. He had a partner when he went into the Park, though just what became of this man is not known. We entirely agree with our correspondent as to the importance of additional mountaineers to patrol the Park. They can do work that a soldier cannot, and instead of a single scout in the Park there should be at least half a dozen. The project of rounding up the National Park buffalo and driving them into an inclosure is of course entirely impracticable, but a considerable number of calves and young might be captured and kept in confinement, and it is not unlikely that this may be done at no very distant day. The enactment of a law for the punishment of crimes in the Yellowstone Park will no doubt have the effect of largely reducing the poaching on its borders, and after one poacher shall have been sent to prison for this offense, infractions of the regulations will almost wholly cease.]

### CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

#### Lead-Poisoned Ducks and that Rice Farm.

My old-time market-shooting friend Billy Griggs wrote me soon after he returned from his winter's work at Galveston as follows:

"I am safe at home and was gratified to find the 'old reliable' awaiting me.

"A word as to Mr. Guessaz's discovering lead poisoning in ducks. The facts as to this strange condition of the canvassack you have stated correctly, but this condition has been noted for years and was called cholera. An increase in the number of stricken birds led to an investigation as to the probable cause and the result was the discovery of lead in the gizzard. This later and correct diagnosis took place during my first winter on Lake Surprise, four years ago. As to their shipment, it is a physical impossibility, for if packed on ice immediately after killing, in twelve hours they are green in every tissue. Long experience has taught us to recognize the symptoms, and such birds as possess them are never killed under any circumstances. As to how, when and where they contract disease is a mooted question.

"Now, as to our bribing the chief magistrate of the biggest of all States with twenty ducks per week. The genial Governor did spend a few days, all too short, at Lake Surprise and was the recipient of the same courtesy that all gentlemen receive—neither more nor less—five pairs of canvassacks graced the official bag; and if any else adorn the gubernatorial mahogany he pays for them with the current coin of the realm.

"A recent publication says Lake Surprise contains 7 ft. of water. There is as much water in it now as at any time since the storm of '75; from 24 to 30 in. is a fair estimate, but beneath the water is ooze unfathomable!

"Not being a lawyer I know nothing of the validity of Col. Moody's patent to Lake Surprise, but if his title is not clear it is passing strange that some fine-haired nirod doesn't attack it in the courts and secure for himself the 'best canvassack preserve in America.'"

The latter suggestion is a good one that would be best for both sides and, indeed, the only practical thing to do, as mere discussion is valueless.

#### Spring Shooting in Manitoba.

Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "Some of my oldtime shooting companions have had their spring 'wavey' shoot. 'Waveys,' as we term them here, are the snow geese. They make Manitoba their resting and feeding-up point, previous to their great flight to their breeding grounds in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay. Before the advancement of civilization and cultivation the 'waveys' had a well-defined spring flight, in fact, you would rarely see them outside of a territory of five miles wide, and in some portions in less yards than that. The wavey has, like almost every other water fowl, diminished in numbers. Yet last spring there were thousands. They strike Manitoba from March 7 (the earliest I ever knew them) to middle of April and stay with us until about May 24. They are very easily 'decayed' and can be also 'called.' As you know, I never even shoot waveys in spring, yet I'll admit I don't think it any very great sin for a Mani-



toban to do so, as this is the only time of the year he sees them. Their return ticket does not read via Manitoba."

This letter is just exactly the argument used by the spring shooters of this section in regard to ducks and snipe, and it is just exactly wrong. The only right way to look at spring shooting is on the basis that a bird not killed is a bird saved, saved for itself and not for the gun. In the past local selfishness has always meant local jealousy, which has meant, and always will mean so long as it exists, local shooting. Yet all shooting must be only local. The American sportsman will never learn till the game is gone, that a bird killed in Manitoba or Dakota is as dead as the same bird killed in Texas. That problem remains ever too deep, and it is understood about alike, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf.

The Wood Buffalo.

Mr. Johnson sends a clipping from the Edmonton Bulletin: "At the last session of the Northwest Assembly a resolution was passed calling the attention of the Ottawa authorities to the advisability and necessity of adopting some measures for the preservation from extinction of the wood buffalo still remaining in the region between the Peace and Liard rivers, and between the Mackenzie River and the Rocky Mountains. The Assembly did not ask for legislation to protect the buffalo or any other animals in the region referred to. Its references were confined strictly to the buffalo, and pains were taken to show at some length that legislation could not possibly meet the case, as the nature of the country and surrounding circumstances generally would prevent any possible legislation from having effect. The resolution stated that the buffalo could only be preserved from extinction by capturing enough of the animals for breeding purposes and keeping them in captivity. If the importance of the preservation of the species is not sufficient to warrant the expense of this method of procedure, it will be far better to say so at the start and let the animals be destroyed without interference of legislation, which can only be vexatious to hunters and traders, and cannot in the nature of things be effective in the preservation of the buffalo."

Advice to Young Men.

Mr. Wm. T. Huxter, of Newark, N. J., writes me as below, in a way which disposes me to be fatherly: "Reading 'Dixie Land' in FOREST AND STREAM, it set me thinking that you are the man who could give me a little information in regard to hunting and fishing. Myself and companion, both young men in the twenties, having saved about \$200, want to take a hunt for about two or three years steady, somewhere in the Southwest; and have hunted and fished all around here within 100 miles of New York city. We think we could do it with that amount of money if we got the proper pointer from some one who knows. At first we thought of taking a small houseboat and floating down the Mississippi River, and trust to luck to find some place where we could get a few ducks and a little game; but reading of your trip to San Antonio, it struck me a little better. You would favor us by giving your opinion of such a trip with only \$200 and necessary guns, rods and rifle. We are satisfied to live on duck thirty days in the month, or fish, and even crow if necessary in hard luck. We are tough, and not being able to stand the strain until we could scare up more money, we have concluded to go next September."

My opinion on the above is that young men in the twenties who have only \$200 ahead in the world have no business on earth to start out on a two or three years' hunting trip. That is to abandon a proper ambition in life, to take to practical vagabondage or to market-hunting and fishing. In these three callings there are plenty ahead of these young men now, and FOREST AND STREAM does not exist for the purpose of increasing either of these three classes. It exists for the purpose of showing young men how they can take \$200, go off, have a few weeks or even months of sport with it, and then go back to useful work the better for the trip. The houseboat idea is not bad for a trip of the sort, though there are better streams than the Mississippi. The Rio Grande, the Sabine, the Brazos, the Nueces, are all wilder and rougher streams, and in a better game country. I don't know whether they could be run by houseboat or not, but they could be by some boat, and the fun would be in finding out. As to a place where a man can make an easy, long living out of fishing and shooting, I wouldn't tell anybody of it if I knew. Most of the old-time trappers, hunters and market-shooters are out of a calling to-day. To work hard in the busy life of the world, to be ambitious and industrious and frugal, and then when the time comes to take a good rest and enjoy it thoroughly—that in my belief is a better ambition for our young friends than to take three years of play which is not sport. For a long camp hunt or cruise for sport, I could direct them to many places.

Quail Do Pack.

Still another reader has observed the packing of Bob White quail. Now I feel quite positive as to the packing of this bird which we thought we could say we saw in Texas. Mr. H. L. Burdick of Orange, N. J., writes me: "In your article of last week's FOREST AND STREAM there was a paragraph headed 'Do Quail Pack?' I lived in western Texas for five and one-half years, on a ranch situated in Concho county. Opposite the main ranch house, on Kickapoo, was a half section of land, which was kept under cultivation, generally sown with small grains; around this farm Bob White soon made his home."

"In the fall of 1887, I went out to kill some quail for dinner, and succeeded in finding what might be called a pack of quail within 250 yds. of the house. I killed eighteen of these birds, and having enough, desisted. Going back to the house and putting up my gun and leaving my birds, I walked back to the spot where I had been shooting. The quail did not get together until at least an hour after I had stopped shooting, and then I succeeded in counting forty-three in the 'pack' still. I killed several quail afterward from this same aggregation, but left most of these birds for seed, and hunted further from home as a rule that fall. This is the only instance that I can remember, of seeing a 'pack' of Bob White. Thinking that you might like to know of my experience, I venture to write you."

Newspaper Idiocy.

There are some good men in the newspaper business, who ought to have been presidents, and there are also some idiots, who ought to have been inmates. Some of these idiots are malevolent and hurtful idiots. The editor

of the Steubenville, Ohio, Gazette is one of these. Mr. E. B. Bishop, writing from Titusville, Fla., calls my attention to the following clippings from that journal with the comment, "It seems incredible in this age of enlightenment, and such vicious ignorance is a national calamity." The Gazette in its ignorance is trying to befriend the oppressed lawbreaker, and says:

"On excellent legal authority we advise all who are arrested for violation of the infamous fish and game laws, which disgrace the statute book of Ohio, to plead not guilty and demand the inalienable right of an American citizen, trial by jury. A man who did this last year defeated the game of the paid spotters and informers, and notwithstanding the law is especially made to convict, others can do the same. Don't yield your rights without a struggle."

"The Gazette will agree to subscribe \$10 to a fund of \$100 to be used to defeat the villainous fish law in any case brought hereafter wherein the defendant violated the law through necessity in securing fish for his own use, and is unable to furnish means for legal defense."

Now is the time to subscribe to the Gazette.

The Iowa Law.

On the other hand, the sportsmen have got too good a law out in Iowa, and a local paper says: "The sportsmen of the State are trying to have a reconsideration of the very drastic hunters' bill which recently passed both houses, or finally they will make an attempt to have the Governor veto it, but in the latter effort they will hardly succeed, writes a correspondent, for the Governor is not very much in the mood of putting his individual judgment against the judgment of the Legislature. The sportsmen say that the Iowa bill is one of the most drastic ever enacted in any country. They say that all Europe can hardly afford a parallel. It absolutely forbids a man, accompanied with a gun and a dog, to cross the lands of a farmer. He must keep in the middle of the road and can not climb over a fence to pick up a bird he has shot on the wing and which has fallen inside the fence. Of course, he can by permission of a farmer, but otherwise the rule is absolute."

Stick to your law, you Iowa men. Get a better law when you can, but stick to this and set a good example till you do. It's saving the game, or should do so, and that should be a cheerful feature of it.

Stone Dogs.

Mr. Wilbur Dubois of Cincinnati is nervous over an interview which the enterprising and alert reporter got out of him. It reads:

"To a dog fancier," said Secretary Wilbur Dubois of the post-office, "no sight is prettier than to see a pointer re-enforce. A pointer, you know, will stand with one foot held up and look at a bevy of quail. Now when there are two or more dogs on the same trail one will, of course, see the birds first. The moment one points the others, if well trained, will come to a stand and remain immovable like so many statues. There is a legend of the Miami Valley wherein a chief is stricken to stone and all who see him are likewise stricken. One by one as his followers come into his presence they are transfixed to the ground and all stand there till a white man enters and breaks the charm. I have seen a string of half a dozen pointers come suddenly to a stand as if shocked by electricity. One in particular, I remember. Two dogs were after a covey of birds and one saw them and pointed just as the other was about to leap from the top of a creek bank. This second dog saw the point and became rigid with half his body in the air and with barely enough on the ground to enable him to hold his position, and there he stood till the hunters came up and relieved him."

Mr. Dubois says he never said no such a say, but explains:

"I was explaining to the reporter of a local afternoon paper some time ago how one dog backs another. A week or so afterward he made an heroic effort to recall the conversation, with the above beautiful result. His first sentence is a jewel too rare to be lost. I suppose that at some period in his life he had had a shirt made with a double back, or re-enforced, and from that circumstance had conceived the idea that "back" and "re-enforce" were synonymous."

"Please note further, in the reporter's essay, that a dog always holds one foot up, and always sees the bevy of birds when he points; and, moreover, that it is a common occurrence for me to see a string of half a dozen pointers re-enforcing each other."

"The legend of the petrified chief is a new one to me. Is it a composite story, made up of equal parts of Lot's wife, Perseus and Medusa's head?"

"The poor dog in the last sentence, suspended between heaven and earth, is a barrowing picture. I hope we got up in time to rescue him. In fact, the reporter says we did; and if he says so, I know it's true."

The Daily Reporter in Chicago.

I think Mr. Dubois's reporter has moved to Chicago. It was probably he who allowed the exuberant press agent of the Prairie Gun Club to fill him up with the foolish story that a flock of 1,500 wild pigeons had been discovered in Indiana, and that the club had enterprisingly caught the entire flock and would shoot them at its tournament, soon to come—as unsportsmanlike a thing to do to-day as any that could be ascribed to any club, though there was no foundation for the story or for the ascription.

Diana Club.

The Diana Shooting Club at its annual meeting at Milwaukee, May 8, at the Plankinton club rooms, elected the following officers: President, George F. Peabody, of Appleton; Vice-President, U. A. Van Brunt, of Horicon; Treasurer, H. D. Smith, of Appleton; Secretary, P. F. Stone, of Chicago. The directors are the officers and J. M. Yorgey, of Appleton. The club has engaged Gen. Winkler to take charge of the various poaching suits. Having plenty of ducks, it must also have plenty of litigation, but the leases on the marsh remain a bulwark against the poacher.

Gone from Dixie Land.

In the first of my late articles I described the pleasant days we had in Arkansas, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Calvin Pemberton, on whose plantation near Little Rock we had so happy a time. Now comes the word that Calvin Pemberton has gone from Dixie Land. He died in March. His State lost a gentleman and sportsman whom I remember as the most perfect host at house or in field I ever met. He was a big-hearted man. The papers say of him: "He was one of the biggest-hearted men in Arkansas, and though never accounted wealthy, gave liberally to every one in need, his friends say, too much for his own good. He truly loved his neighbor as himself." You cannot say much more of a man than that, and you cannot be much more of a man than he was.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

Sea and River Fishing.

SOME CARP LAKE NOTES.

(Concluded from page 124.)

OF the beauties and attractive features of Robin Nest Camp, and of the days of happiness we spent there, "Kingfisher" has so delightfully written for FOREST AND STREAM, accompanied with illustration from photograph of the camp itself, that we only add some things that doubtless escaped his memory, including a proper and truthful account of that big trout matter, and of his "bull episode," which I perceive he was inclined in some of his personal parts to gloss over.

And just here it may not be amiss to draw a brief sketch of my three camp comrades of the Kingfisher tribe, jolly good fellows, whose virtues grew brighter the more they were tried in the anglers' crucible of constant association in the woods and on the waters, on the journey and around the camp-fire. J. M. Hickman—or "Jeems Mackerel," as we familiarly called him—has been long known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, under the nom de plume of "Kingfisher." His writings speak for themselves, entertaining in their quaint and graphic Anglo-Saxon—the home language of the woods and waters—hosts of readers, and bringing back to memory reminiscences sweet and treasured to those who love the free air and pathless woods, the lullaby of the brooks and broad vistas of the lakes. Sturdily and squarely built—tough as a pine knot—with an honest face and frank manners, plain and unvarnished, of modest mien and genial fellowship, and a friendship that stands the test of time and circumstance as well, he belongs to the race of anglers of whom "Nessmuk" was a type. Ever ready to lend a helping hand, an apt eye for the adaptation of camp life, a skillful hand at the oars, a fearless woodsman, with a grit and endurance that would make the best "tired," unselfish in act, he added to it all a skill as an angler that seldom found an equal. In emergencies he was prompt, and what he didn't know or find out about the country and inhabitants contiguous to camp, in plain words, wasn't worth knowing. Where he gleaned, even Ruth of old would scarcely find a straw. *Au fait* on neighborhood matters, he swapped experience with the fathers, "fish lies" with the sons, jokes with the girls, drank milk and talked gossip with the mothers, and bought raspberries, huckleberries and frogs from the youngsters. When he left the neighborhood there was mourning in the log cabins and shanties of the first settlers, and the youngsters dreamed of the time when "that good fisherman" would come back again. "Kingfisher" had only one prevailing vice—he drank too much—drank water only (ale of God's brewing) in reckless quantities. Some of us, who felt the weakness of the flesh came over us at times, often remonstrated with him about his perverted taste, but it did no good. He was joined to his idol.

Clay Culbertson was both angler and hunter. President of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, he also gave attention to the study of what the boys were wont to call "his stuffed birds and animals." Fond of outdoor sports, he ran the rapids and fished the pools of the Nepigon, skimmed the cream of Point au Pelee island when it swarmed with bass of fatherly size and athletic strength, navigated the inland waters of Florida and hunted its wilds where seldom the silence was broken by human voice. One time following the antlered monarch of the woods, he varied the sport by angling for the denizens of the Gulf, from hard-toothed sheephead to mighty tarpons and jewfish. Much of his time was given to collecting specimens for the Cuvier Club, from plumaged ibis to the tiny waders that ravaged in the spent surf. Tiring of the larger sport, in camp his hobby was to locate a spot and angle for bluegills. One of the first to rise in the morning, he was usually the last to rake the coals of the camp-fire together before retiring at night. While the jokes and fish stories were going round, his long stick kept the fire in proper burning order. Vigorous in expression, forcible in judgment and opinion, generous in impulse, and with memory stored with reminiscences of former adventures, he was a welcome companion in all the social features of camp life; or, in fact, in any other place, in the city or in the woods.

Charley Furr was a genuine fisherman of the old school—hearty and active, staunch and reliable. Fond of rod and gun—as most Kentucky sportsmen are—he had imbibed a love of field, forest and stream from earliest boyhood. An excellent shot, he had pocketed many a Bob White in his tramp over hill and valley. Having a keen relish for camp life he gave to its necessities an added experience gained in his marches under Sherman and Thomas, following the old flag through Tennessee to Chattanooga, then to Atlanta and later on in the march to the sea. He possessed a marked store of patience and perseverance, and threading the woods' mid tangled brush and fallen trees, only "Kingfisher" could keep pace with his tireless steps. He had a natural instinct for finding the spots where the bass lurked most, and he handled the rod with a skill and precision that seldom failed of success. In making a camp bed he exhibited an artistic taste that found reward in downy ease and sound slumbers. A student of music and possessed of good voice, the camp was often brightened with his lively songs, from "I'm climbing up Zion's hill; I'm climbing—yining—yining" to "Old Kentucky Home" and the "Frog went a-Fishing." He loved a good story, enjoyed a good joke, but woe to the fellow who perpetrated a "chestnut"—his memory was unfailing.

And Thurston, or "Kelpie"—the naturalist—the lover of nature in her purest and best phases. Long acquainted with the solemnity and silence of the deep, unbroken woods and the mysteries and woods of both hidden and revealed waters, he drank in deep draughts the truths they disclosed, and drew lessons to weave in the warp and woof of life. A patient watcher for the developments of scientific problems, he seldom drew too hasty conclusions from insufficient premises. But, convinced, he accepted the result with philosophic faith, whether it accorded with his pre-existing views or not. He greatly enjoyed camp-life, often "going it alone," and while more disposed to be a listener to the talk of others, he was not averse to entering the conversation, and when he did, he usually said something worth remembering. He was indefatigable in his search for something new in the line of his favorite pursuits, and would take up the cudgel of scientific discussion at any time, at any place and with



any body who knew anything about the subject. He was fond of a good joke and was capable of telling one with a detail that covered the whole ground.

Such were the four comrades who gave to Robin Nest Camp its days and nights of unalloyed pleasure, and today invests it with the sweetest of memories.

Afterward we were joined by Mr. Sheidemantle and his son Johnnie, from Cincinnati, who contributed much to our camp enjoyments.

Our dining tent was spread under the shade of thick-foliaged trees. Everybody was free to join the varied discussions that attended the consumption of viands. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" could have learned lessons by hanging himself on the back of a chair. True, the talk was mixed, involving the wisdom of the ancients—Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Diogenes, Virgil, Horace—with the classics—botany, zoology, hygiene, fishing, philosophy, history, snakes, adventure, butter and eggs, mosquitoes, wisdom and wit, good, bad and indifferent. Nobody asserted anything dogmatically, for fear some reckless galoot would deny his statement and call on the other listeners to prove its falsity. If the dogmatist persisted, he would be so attacked that at length he was willing to escape with his life.

There was an ancient feud existing between Sheidemantle, or "Shidecker," as we called him for short, and Culbertson—not mortal but persistent, so that the air was forever full of darts flying from one to 'tother, and now and then was heard the popping of small arms or the boom of artillery in the wordy warfare. In the wear and tear of fish life, the rear of Shidecker's trousers had grown seedy and been reduplicated with a patch taken from a rubber horse blanket. To attack this armor-clad portion of the anatomy with a convenient board, when words failed of effect, was Culbertson's final *coup de main*. "A fellow who parts his hair in the middle is a dude," said he, "and a dude has no rights anybody is bound to respect." Shidecker explained that the hair grew that way ever since he was a boy, and he must respect nature; and as to the gum patch, that was placed in position to keep him from taking cold when sitting down on a pickered slyly placed under him by his enemy. Culbertson said "he could not bear to have a D.D. (Shidecker was professor in the public schools) poking around camp, hunting the best places in the shade to read Capt. Kidd's adventures, or standing around the kitchen talking French to the cook."

Shidecker replied—"those insinuations were bare-faced fish lies;" that "Clay had jaundice of the stomach," was barely able to get to his meals, but once there, danger lurked in the atmosphere.

The disposition of Shidecker to deal in puns was something horrible. When one more than usually hideous was let go without wings, even Kelpie groaned in spirit, and rising to his feet, in a voice full of calm resignation, would remark, "Isn't it about time for some of us to go a-fishing?" You could see the danger line was near by Kelpie's raising his head, the yawp of his mottled straw hat, and his vacant look into the sky above.

But if there was any one thing that could restore Kelpie's equanimity, bring a smile to his face and a rosy hue to his cheek, it was "raspberries." He always looked at them with a comfortin' glance of sweet satisfaction, and his speedy method of concealing them, from pulpy skin to inner seeds, was Herrmannian in skill. Returning to camp after luckless trips for trout or bass, weary and dispirited, no sooner did his eyes rest on a fresh bucket of raspberries than a beatific expression as of hope realized stole over his face.

Culbertson's strong point was pork and potatoes—a Chicagoist pride with an Irish instinct. He could tell the difference between an "alf and alf" side meat from a Bingham woodsrainger and the thick, juicy "all in all" of a Chicago fat porker, the moment his fork broke the outer rind. Shidecker's delight was flap-jacks flanked with treacle, while Furr and "Kingfisher" yearned for everything and anything that "went to the place" and pacified the pangs of hunger.

Queer fellows, those Kingfishers, full of fun and frolic, one moment annihilating each other with withering sarcasms and slashing smiles; the next uniting to crush some offending member as a crowd of girls would pounce on a diminutive snake. But let some incautious outsider send a shaft within their ranks, and every soul was on his feet to resent the assault, until oftentimes the intruder was ready to wish he had never been born.

After some days of camping and fishing our frog supply began to be invaded by death. Hunger was suspected as the moving cause, though food was kept in their cage. A council of war was held, to devise ways and means to preserve their lives. Culbertson suggested they be fed on red flannel; Furr wanted to have doughnuts baked for them; "Kingfisher" proposed fly tarts; Kelpie thought grasshopper pudding more to their liking, when Shidecker invaded the friendly conference by suggesting they be fed on some of Culbertson's jokes, maliciously adding, "but they won't live till morning." Here the irrepressible Johnnie interposed, "No, no; let pa dose 'em on the seat of his pants. They could chaw and chaw on the gum patch and fill up as it swelled—sorter come and go like." "Johnnie!" said Shidecker, in his sternest way, "don't you remember Peck had a bad boy?" This knocked Johnnie out, for he had a horror of being considered bad, and his pa knew this weakness and invariably took advantage of it, regardless of the difference in ages.

The council of war broke up without relief to the frogs, owing, no doubt to the side issues injected into the conference.

The best bass fishing ground was near camp, toward Bingham, and marked by two crossed pine trees on shore. It was here that "Kingfisher," one day, struck and fastened to what he asserted was a 5lb. bass. He was fishing alone. On his return to camp he described the struggle, the moments of anxiety and hope, how the line had burned his fingers as it ran from the reel, and how at last the fish had broken away, leaving him dejected. Culbertson was incredulous about the size of the fish, saying, in an undertone, "Oh, yes, big ones always get away," and after that he rigidly held to the doctrine that no fish could be a 5-pounder unless the line burned the fingers. I shall not soon forget, days afterward, when "Kingfisher" returned from a two-days' trip to the Fountain House, at the narrows of the lake, and was reciting how he had again struck a big bass, a 5-pounder at least—the look of unspeakable indignation he gave Culbertson when the latter propounded the question—"did the line burn your fingers?"

During a trip round Alexander's Point, on another oc-

casional, "Kingfisher" located another big fish—an 18in. speckled or brook trout. He and the writer had agreed to investigate a small stream that put into the lake from the woods, and from which, a year or two before, we had taken a few trout. To avoid a swamp ground near the lake, and guard against a fire that was burning the woods, we made a short detour, after landing, and reached the brook near a small road-bridge. Baiting our hooks with worms, the first cast secured each a small trout of lawful length. Several smaller ones were taken and thrown back. Moving higher up, "Kingfisher" dropped his line over a grassy bank and in less than two minutes had three or four trout of 10in. and less flopping on the grass. Changing his position and screening himself behind some bushes, he allowed his bait to float toward a dark hole under the bank. There was a jerk, a splash in the water, and an empty hook came back.

"Great airth and seas!" he exclaimed. "Did you see him, Sammy? Oh, he was a whopper; not an inch less than 18in.," and he proceeded to measure on his arm the requisite length, and to detail how the trout had deftly stole toward the bait as it floated his way, nosed it cautiously, turned back, came up again, hesitated as if suspecting treachery, then gently took the Kentucky hackle in his mouth and moved toward his nest.

"I jerked a second too soon," said "Kingfisher," "he was too sharp, one of those old mossbacks that suspect danger in every blade of grass, and was just holding the worm between his lips to see what would happen. It did happen, but not to that old cuss; but I'll get him yet," and he explained how he would get a good fat minnow, an inch or so long, and let him swallow and keep it till it was ready to digest and then snatch him bald-headed. For the present he would give him a rest.

When we returned to camp, as usual, Culbertson was sarcastic in doubts as to the reputed length of the big trout, and "Kingfisher" as earnest in sticking to the 18in., but in his anxiety to show a full measure he pointed on his arm a length of at least 2ft., causing a laugh to go



"KELPIE."

round the circle of listeners. Two subsequent trips were necessary before "Kingfisher" captured his prey. As he beached his boat, the day of his success, and announced the capture of the big trout, there was a hollowness in his voice that did not indicate an adequate amount of exaltation. Bringing the trout before the group under the shade of the trees, the tape line was laid alongside and the measure showed just 18in. "Golly a' mighty, how that fish am shrunk," we remarked, quoting the remark of the old Kentucky negro whose big catfish had been swapped for a small one while he lay sleeping in the sun. It was a singular fact that during the remainder of camp "Kingfisher" never struck, saw, nor would talk about any big fish—that is, when more than one person was present. How many of us honestly over-estimate fish that have never been out of the water? And it is no sin to do it, either, for a "fish lie," properly stuck to, without change of countenance or quiver of the lips, is more meritorious and commands more respect and commands more respect than the pitiful statement of the inexperienced Izaak Walton, who underestimates his catch. One can be and is forgiven—even before its perpetration—while for the other there is no salvation in any well ordered fish camp.

The day "Kingfisher" caught his 18in. trout, Furr and I went on a tour along the north shore of the lake, in search of small-mouth black bass. Our supply of minnows we caught among the rushes off Alexander's Point. Coasting along the shore, which was low and marshy, we fished off Catfish Point, throwing in toward the land. In a short time we hooked and landed several good-sized rock bass, a fish for which we had no hankering, especially since we had been shown previously a small grub that in summer infests its back. Black bass not showing up, we recrossed to the south side and followed in the track of Kelpie and "Kingfisher," who were going a-trouting. Here Furr had a run, and the bend of his split-bamboo when he struck indicated sport ahead. Playing his fish warily and giving no slack line, it was soon exhausted and brought to net—a 2lb. large-mouthed black bass. A shade of disappointment hovered over Furr's face as he saw it was a small-mouth, although its poor fight had somewhat toned down his expectations. Four or five other big-mouths of nearly the same size were caught in a short time, when we rowed off for better game. A quarter of a mile further down I had a bite that betokened business. After taking the bait, the fish moved round in a circle, giving me trouble to keep the line taut without prematurely alarming it before striking. Time enough elapsing, I lowered the point of the rod, tightened the line, and with a sharp stroke sent the barbed hook home. Then there was fun. The small-mouth bass, as it proved to be, made at once for some moss beds that lay under water 60ft. away. It was necessary to stop him, and his mad rush was quickly set against the resisting power of the elastic steel rod. Curved into almost a circle and nodding to each repeated dash of the bass, while I gave him a slight increase of line with thumb

acting as rubber at each frantic forward movement, the rod finally proved victor, and the bass changed direction and darted toward the middle of the lake. Singular enough he had not yet showed up above water, nor did he at any time make his appearance till exhausted and ready for the net. Headed in every dash by the pliant tension of the rod and in his attempt to go under the boat, he finally yielded and we netted a three-pounder.

At this time our attention was attracted by a forest fire in the woods on shore. The smoke rolled upward in dense volumes and the roaring and crackling of the flames were ominous of destruction. A carpet of leaves on the ground furnished a basis for the spread of the flames, aided by the thick underbrush, and they steadily crept from tree to tree, scorching and devouring with their fiery breath. At intervals, a tree rich in green foliage overtopped its fellows along the line of devastation. The destruction of these we watched, as we lay on our oars. As the hot breath of the flames would near them, the leaves would begin to curl and crisp, and suddenly a red tongue would shoot up among them, and in an instant the entire tree was an immense column of fire. I had always supposed a forest fire moved with rapid steps, but in this case the progress was slow, steady and in irregular line. The air along the lake had been for some time a dead calm, when suddenly a diminutive cyclone, caused by the fire, came sweeping down on us, tossing the boat wildly about and giving us trouble to control its movements. The flurry of wind ceased as quickly as it came.

Having added two more small-mouth bass to our score, we returned to camp, gathering some beautiful white and yellow water lilies *en route*, with a lot of bulbs not yet opened. These last, "Kingfisher" said would open if placed in a bowl of water. We did so, and set them on the dining table; but alas, for human credulity, they obstinately refused to show their pretty faces. It was only another "fish-lie."

Our camp comrades expressing a desire for a mess of trout, "Kingfisher" and I boarded the "iron-clad," as we termed the low sided black-hulled canvas boat, and started for a stream back of Alexander's Point. I had never doted on canvas boats; and the low sneaking movement of the "iron-clad" as it went snaking over the waves made my flesh crawl. I had a belief that the black water-proofing that gave it so deadly a color rotted the canvas, yet "Kingfisher" swore by its safe sea-qualities, and I believe if he had been asked by the Osgood makers he would have given them a blue-ribbon letter of credit. In fact, when I was in the quarters where these boats were shown at the World's Fair, I suspected by the stealthy way one of the Osgood representatives held his hand behind his back, when I "commended" the "iron-clad," that it clapsed a characteristic and gushing missive from "Kingfisher."

As if to indorse my views, when we approached the shore near our trout stream with snail-like movement for fear of a snag, the water began to rush in through the bottom, disclosing a vent several inches long. We would doubtless have had to swim ashore or drown but for the fortunate fact that the water there was only three inches deep. A small projecting point of bark had gently gone through the bottom without due notice to us, and for all the purposes of our return to camp we were in a condition of shipwreck. Yet "Kingfisher," with a courage that was undaunted, insisted the same thing would have happened to any canvas boat, even if its bottom was triple-plated and secret-nailed. I reserved further comments till our return to camp, where I would have proper support.

Caching our provisions in some bushes, we followed the trout stream through several open lots, and in half an hour had put in our basket nearly a dozen nice trout. With his usual agility, "Kingfisher" had forged ahead, and I was trying to decoy a trout that I had seen dart under some roots, when I was startled by loud talking, and glancing up saw "Kingfisher" engaged in a conversation with a ferocious-looking bull. They stood about twenty paces apart, and my comrade was saying something to the bull to which he evidently didn't agree, for he would lower and shake his head and paw the earth, as if to emphasize his dissent. I suspected "Kingfisher" was trying to stuff him with one of his biggest "fish lies." Finding his statements were having no effect on the bull, he changed his tactics, and began an oration full of loud declamation and gestures, accentuated by the flourish of his fish rod. I judged this was a ruse to gain time, as now and then he glanced appealingly toward the fence about 40yds. away. The bull was evidently getting tired of the poor stuff to which he was listening, and began to bellow and flourish his tail. The interview was so comical, I abandoned my trout and lay down on the ground to watch its developments and where I could laugh easier.

In a moment "Kingfisher" attempted an insidious movement to the rear, toward the fence, but so slight it seemed but a feature of his oratorical gestures. "No, you don't!" exclaimed the bull in pantomime as he gave another head shake, and stepped forward double the distance covered by the orator. His eyes assumed a fiery hue, and again pawing the earth he gave vent to a ferocious bellow that shook the ground. "Kingfisher" redoubled his efforts till his hat fell off, his hair became electrified, and his utterance would have shamed a Communist speaker on celebration day. The crisis was deepening.

"Time's up!" pantomimed the bull, and with a roar he started. To say that "Kingfisher" bravely met the foe would be deceptive. He had courage, but he was not rash. He wasn't ready to die. When the bull started, he started—the other way. I had supposed that he would have used his fish-rod as the matador his lance and stabbed the bull to the heart, and got his name in the papers. His flight was inglorious. Between him and safety lay the brook, several piles of brush and a worm fence. I have but a faint memory of that flight. There was something whizzing through the air, a coat-tail horizontal, a sheen of legs like the maze of spokes from Zimmerman's bicycle when winning a race. At intervals the incongruous form would bound high in the air as it encountered the brook and brush. How it got over the fence I don't know, only I am sure it didn't touch the top rail.

The bull was a good second. But just as "Kingfisher" landed over the fence the bull attempted to make a running pick-up on his horn of some sod—probably to throw at the escaped orator. His horn ran under a root, and so great was his impetus he turned a complete summersault,



As he rose, somewhat subdued, there stood "Kingfisher" over the fence, shaking his fist at him and calling him all the bad and uncommon names his imagination could recall or invent. Meanwhile, I was rolling over the ground and holding my sides, that ached with the laughter the scene provoked.

"Your turn next!" viciously shouted "Kingfisher." The warning startled me. Sure enough I was on the same side with the bull and further from the fence than "Kingfisher" when he began his interview. Taking a more circuitous route, and never once attempting to argue the matter with so stubborn an animal, as my friend had done, I finally climbed the fence and rejoined him, with scarcely so much as a side glance thrown my way. I never believed in attempting to show a bull the error of his ways, and in trying to induce him to repent, and I don't believe "Kingfisher" will repeat the experiment.

Further up the brook, under the roots of a big tree on the edge of the woods, we added more trout to our basket, and going to Alexander's, near by, we borrowed a boat, and stowing the "iron-clad" on board in dismantled condition, returned to camp. I repeated the bull episode to the boys, but, vary as I would, could never give a version that was satisfactory to "Kingfisher." His recital of it in *FOREST AND STREAM* has some faint resemblance to the facts, but very faint.

There was one phase of "Kingfisher's" traits that was ever constant—he was perpetually hungry. Whether born so, we cannot say, but added to that other prominent trait of adductedness to cold water, the combination proved a source of frequent comment in camp. When we returned from trouting a pang of hunger suddenly seized him when Furr casually remarked "the camp that day had feasted on richest viands—four or five courses." He began a search of the larder, demolished a pudding and was proceeding to make other things scarce, when he was vigorously informed he must curtail his lunch or hang. He said he preferred to hang.

The incidents of Robin Nest Camp were many—most of them aptly detailed by "Kingfisher's" pen—but the time came when Furr and I were due for the homeward journey, and as we left camp on the mail-wagon for Traverse City the boys gave us "three cheers and a tiger."

Joyous days have been those spent in the camps of the Kingfishers. Around them memory loves to linger as the bright spots of life—the places where all unwelcome thoughts were put aside. Some of the faces that were frequent around the camp-fires are no longer there—old Danny Sloan, Lou Snider and Billy Whetzel have crossed the dark river, and Windeler, Schroll and others have dropped into other paths. It is not likely the writer will be able to join the round-up this summer, nor perhaps for some years to come; yet as the day approaches for each Northern outing, the spirit will chafe to be free with the gang again.

OLD SAM.

#### BOSTON MEN OFF FOR MAINE.

THERE is very little brook fishing in Maine this spring. Many of the trout brooks are as dry as August. This dry weather is also hurting the lake and pond fishing. Fires are raging in the Moosehead region. So dense has been the smoke coming from the shores of Moosehead Lake, in some sections, that the fishermen have been troubled a good deal. Fires are also burning in some parts of the Rangeley region, in the Coplin Township and in the Eustis region. There are also extensive forest fires in the eastern part of the State. Rain is the only salvation for miles of forest lands; and it is to be hoped that the welcome rain will have come before these lines are read. One wholesome lesson is to be received by the sportsmen from these fires, and that is the greatest care in regard to camp and cooking fires. Such are the reports as a rule, but Mr. B. J. Akerman of Brooklyn, N. Y., telegraphs his friend Mr. Patridge, in Boston, that fishing has begun to be good at the Upper Dam. Late reports from Moosehead mention heavy gales from the northwest, as well as the forest fires, with poor fishing.

One of the best fishing parties to annually go from Boston started Thursday evening. The party is made up of L. E. Pierce, Stearns R. Ellis, Geo. A. Fales, James H. Davis, F. H. Bowles, M. J. Conant, Edward Shumway, F. W. Morrill, W. F. Robinson and Dr. Foss. This party is the same as has been engineered by Mr. Pierce for several seasons, and is justly termed the produce party, since its members are largely engaged in the Produce trade. The party is to be quartered generally at Kineo, going out in the morning on fishing excursions and returning in the evening, by steamer. The spokesman of the party, Mr. L. E. Pierce, informs me that fish stories may be expected.

The fishermen of Lake Auburn, in Maine, are delighted. Their biggest story teller has been vindicated. A big fish—long supposed to exist there—has been taken. Mr. Warren Frost, of Auburn, has established the reputation of Lake Auburn forever, besides winning for himself the championship. He has landed a landlocked salmon from that lake weighing 13½ lbs. Lake Auburn is proud, and Mr. Frost is proud, and well he may be. Here is also a vindication of the rapid growth of the salmon family, where food is plenty, for landlocked salmon have been in Auburn but a few years. Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley will doubtless inform the *FOREST AND STREAM* as to how long that lake has been stocked.

Mr. Charles Z. Basset, of Appleton & Basset, with his friend Mr. G. N. Smalley, will leave Boston this week for their annual fishing trip. They go to Billy Soule's, Cup-suptic Lake, as usual. They are joined this year by Mr. R. L. Everett. Good trout are likely to be taken by this party. Some of the fishermen will remember the 4 and 5 lb. trout they took on the fly there only a season or two ago. Mr. John J. Pew, of Gloucester, started on the 17th for Billy Soule's. Mr. E. S. Boss and Eugene Atwood, of Stonington, Conn., and Q. A. Atwood, have gone to the camps at the lower end of Kennebec Lake for a week or more of fishing. Mr. Herbert Dumarsq and C. B. Gookin are now at their camp at Duck Lake, in Maine. What is known as the Tuttle Party left for Mr. Tuttle's beautiful camps, Lake Point Cottage, at the lower end of Rangeley Lake the other day. In the party were Mr. R. A. Tuttle, Mr. C. A. Hutchins, and Mr. G. H. Sampson. Col. Harmon, of Connecticut, was not of the party this year. Mr. E. C. Fitch starts this week for his salmon river, the Romaine, on the north shore of the Bay of the St. Lawrence.

The first fishing party of the Megantic Club left on Friday. Among the number were Dr. Heber Bishop, Ralph Peacock, A. C. Risteen, L. Dana Chapman, M. N. Smith, Chas. A. Read, Edward S. Beach, Geo. H. Burt,

R. M. Seymes, G. P. Way, C. J. Woodbury, A. W. Sanborn, M. L. Wetherbee, F. L. Came, L. C. Hacall. It is expected that another party, mainly of New York members of the club, will leave for the spring fishing early this week. Some good catches are expected, and two or three weeks of good sport is assured there, since the waters are not being fished except by members and invited guests. Promiscuous fishing and crowds are the bane of the public Maine trout waters at the present time.

The first fishing party for the Inglewood Club waters, in New Brunswick, left Thursday. In the party were Mr. Andrew S. March, president of the club; Henry E. Cobb, Col. C. A. Hopkins, G. C. Crocker, Jacob P. Bates, the Rev. M. Slack, and others, making nine or ten in all. This may be considered a group of Boston representative men, and the Inglewood may justly be proud of it. But the large party of the season for the same preserve is not to leave till June 1.

Mr. Chas. S. Robertson with his friend John B. Viall, are to start early this week for their annual fishing trip. They go to Brockway, in New Brunswick. It is in the vicinity of McAdam Junction, and not far from Maine. They are to join Mr. Elijah Clark there and Mr. Hayden Sargent. Mr. Clark is well acquainted in the section he is to visit with his friends. Mr. Robertson and Mr. Viall have found excellent fishing there before. Their advices report that the season is unusually early, otherwise they would not be off till the first of June, since it is fly-fishing they desire. Mr. Robertson is a great lover of rod and line, and his annual trouting trips are always successful.

Some of the very latest reports from the Maine waters indicate unusually early fly-fishing. But these reports must be taken with a degree of caution. Trout are being caught on the fly. Oh, yes! But how is it? Do the trout rise to the fly? It is a cheap trick, and one that no honest angler would stoop to. But it is being practiced this season by green fishermen who desire trashy newspaper notoriety. The papers must say that the trout was "caught on the fly." One's friends must be advised that the trout was "caught on the fly." The fly is tied on to the trolling leader just above the minnow or worm bait. Bahl Give us the plain truth! Let us talk about fishing with just as much reason and truthfulness as we do about other matters of life.

SPECIAL.

#### CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Salmon fishermen are completing their arrangements for going down to their favorite waters. Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen are expected early next month from Scotland and will fish the Metis River, as usual. The Governor-General and party are to whip the Restigouche and Mr. John Mowat has lately visited Ottawa to make all necessary arrangements for their summer outing. They will be towed up the river in a floating palace fitted up like a palace car. Lord and Lady Aberdeen will not likely visit Lake St. John for ouananiche fishing before the end of August or commencement of September.

Messrs. Frank Holloway, James L. Bell and other Quebecers have had splendid sport already on the Stadacona lakes up the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R., a number of 2½ and 2½-pound trout having been killed by them. From Lake Edward, as usual in the spring of the year, come stories of *fontinalis* safely creoled up to and even exceeding 5 lbs. in weight.

American anglers bound for the Lake St. John district are arriving here in large numbers, the first parties having come up nearly a fortnight earlier than last year. Yesterday a party of nine, mostly belonging to Meriden, Conn., passed through by private car. They are all members or guests of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, and have gone to their club house at Kiskisink Station. Here they have been advised that the trout are now rising freely upon the inlet to the lake and the adjacent rapids. Some of them are millionaires bound on having a good time, and will remain at Kiskisink until the end of next week. The members of the party are Messrs. John Flagg, Samuel Dodd, John W. Coe, George A. Fay and Frank S. Fay, Wm. B. Ives, C. P. Bradley, George H. Wilcox, all of Meriden, Conn., and William P. Morgan, of San Francisco.

Mr. Frank Ross, president of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, has just returned from a day's fishing at the Ouitchouan, with fourteen ouananiche weighing in all close upon 60 lbs. The fishing here is likely to remain good up to the end of the month. After June 1 I would urge anglers in search of the best ouananiche fishing to cross to the Grand Discharge. A large party of New England anglers leave here tomorrow for the Ouitchouan.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 18.

#### NOTES FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

##### The Spring Fishing.

The spring fishing came on immediately after the ice went out, and has thus far been remarkably good. There have been several unusually calm, warm days; the water in the lake is very low for the time of year; the amount of fishing done last year was comparatively small, and accordingly larger catches are being made this year. One boat took 100 lbs. of speckled trout in less than a day's fishing.

##### At Sebec Lake.

The landlocked salmon fishing at Sebec Lake was all that was anticipated, and all that could have been wished for, so far as number and size were concerned, but the fish did not run up into the quiet water so much as usual, owing no doubt to the large quantities of sawdust and refuse which come down from the mills above. This difficulty will, however, be removed within a short time, if there is any God in Israel.

There has been a progressive increase in the size of the salmon caught at the head of Sebec Lake from year to year, owing probably to the introduction some years ago of stock from Sebago Lake. Salmon of 7 and 7½ lbs. were common this year, and two 8 lb. fish were taken, one by G. A. Bradman, of Abbott Village, the other by a Frenchman whose name was not ascertained. There was not as large a number of anglers at the lake as one would naturally expect, only a few from out of the State putting in an appearance.

Among those present were: E. H. Clark, Hartford, Conn.; Q. A. Atwood, Boston; Gen. L. Barbour, Hartford, Conn.; E. S. Burr, Williamantic; F. H. Drummond, Abel

Hunt and Dr. Hayward Stetson, Bangor; P. O. Vickery, Augusta; Hon. Wm. T. Haines, Waterville; Dr. Hill and Mr. Blake (president Kennebec Fish and Game Association), Augusta; Dr. H. C. Vaughn, besides many others from Dover, Foxcroft and the neighboring towns.

Both Capt. Crockett's Hotel and Frank Jordan's Camp were well patronized; both afford fair board at the same price—\$1 a day—both have small steamers which they let to fishing parties for \$5 a day, in fact there is little to choose between the two stopping places. One can be perfectly comfortable at either place, but of course you can't expect the earth for a dollar a day.

##### Early Fly-Fishing.

If the warm weather continues it is almost certain that the spring fly-fishing will come on at least ten days and perhaps two weeks earlier than usual, and those who intend to time their fishing trip so as to get fly-fishing should govern themselves accordingly. There are within my knowledge two ponds not far from here, accessible only by a five mile tramp, where I have, and believe others can catch trout without stint, until you are tired of it. As these are both small ponds I do not think it worth while to advertise them, but will gladly give particulars to any *FOREST AND STREAM* man, if he will write to me for them.

F. S. BUNKER.

#### CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

##### The Mississippi River.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 11.—Mr. Alfred Hobbs writes me from Dubuque, May 2:

"The Iowa Legislature adjourned without enacting any laws for the protection of fish in the Mississippi and Missouri, so that so far as those rivers are concerned, there is no law of Iowa to prevent any depredation by use of seine, nets, dynamite or any device whatever. However, thank heaven there are good laws in Wisconsin and Illinois, and we will do what we can under them to prevent the wholesale destruction that has been going on for the past 10 or 20 years."

The Mississippi Valley Association is doing good work, and other States than Iowa should be prominent in the work. It asks the aid and support of all States along the great river against the wanton and reckless destruction of fish life.

The Illinois State game warden, Chas. H. Blow, of Chicago, is doing a lot of good work. He has proved efficient and energetic and has a long string of scalps already. Witness the following, from the Dubuque *Herald* of April 20:

"State Game Warden C. H. Blow, of Illinois, and his deputy James First on Saturday captured three Muscatine men seining for fish in the bayou opposite that town. They were brought to Rock Island, and Magistrate Schroeder fined Dan Hoffman, William Wahl and George Hatton \$25 and costs each. On Monday the two wardens caught August Miller and Andy Hoffman, two Davenporters, catching fish by unlawful means, and Magistrate Schroeder assessed \$25 on each of them. State's Attorney Searle represented the State in each of the cases."

##### Kalamazoo Small-Mouths.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., report says:

"The bait-casters are having great luck with small-mouth bass in the Kalamazoo River. Monday, Al Rosenberg, of Kalamazoo, a fisherman known far and wide, caught forty-six of the black fellows."

##### The Fox Lake Chain.

The big-mouths have begun biting in the Fox Lake chain of lakes, and many parties have been successful.

##### "Landlocked Salmon."

The "landlocked salmon" (Mackinaw trout) of the larger upper Wisconsin lakes should begin to rise within the next ten days, if the ice is not already out. Several parties are going up for this and the early muscallonge fishing.

##### Senachwine Lake.

Bass are now rising well at Senachwine Lake, on the Illinois River, and parties should not overlook this water, which has not been so much patronized by the bait casters as it should be, for some very large bass are to be taken there. This locality is reached by the Rock Island road, to Bureau Junction and Henry.

##### Minnesota Waters.

Mr. J. I. Bamhurst writes from New York:

"Where can I find, in Minnesota, a place where I can take my sisters and spend a couple of months next summer and get some fair trout or bass fishing, or both?"

The Detroit chain of lakes still has good enough fishing for anybody. Mr. C. E. Robbins, of Fargo, N. D., will tell about accommodations there, cottages, etc. The White Bear Chain, nearer Minneapolis, offers plenty of cottages, very rural appointments, and a good many bass. Rev. Myron Cooley, Detroit, Minn., will no doubt tell about the trout and bass combination for which one must go north, probably camping. All Minnesota is full of lakes, and many of the lakes are full of bass.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

##### "Rodster."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I read Brother Starbuck's letters with a great deal of interest. He is the equal of Holmes and the peer of many I could name in the way of poetic imagery; but, "rodster," don't you all think that is a bad term? Rod-man or rod-woman would be more easily understood, and while it might lose somewhat in poetry would convey the notion (that is Yankee) that a man or a woman was handling the rod. But "rodster"—who ever heard of such a term, and where was it born into our vocabulary of fishing? The term is not poetic, as is usually all of our brother's words, employed to express his feelings, and when I come to "rodster" the word takes all the vim out of me. But I can well forgive Brother Starbuck because of his very interesting letters.

E. S. YOUNG.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable



## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 428.)

AFTER dinner had been served we sent the boys to the mountains to gather some huckleberries, and during the interim indulged in some light and pleasant reading. "In and Out of Three Normandy Inns," by Mrs. Anna Bowman Dood, interested me for quite a while, it being a picture of the country and its people. The authoress had a clever appreciation of the French character and temperament and a broad, tolerant view of the social and moral questions of the period. In one place she speaks of a young factory girl who "had been singing songs of questionable taste in a voice of such contralto sweetness as to have touched the heart of a Bishop." On the whole, the book is a vivacious and thoroughly charming volume of travels. Its individuality and freshness were deliciously delightful.

Ned's mind being of a somewhat practical turn, and doubtless looking for some new ideas in the contemplative man's recreation, took to Kit Clarke's last work, "The Practical Angler." He soon came to the conclusion that the author knew a thing or two about the gentle art. After he had gleaned the information that big trout could be taken by hooking a field mouse through the ear or tail and then letting it swim around where the "big fellows" lie, he was soon on the lookout for the little rodent, but his search that time completely failed him. I was positive he would now order out the entire camp for a grand hunt for the mischievous little pests, but other important matters crowding on his mind it was forgotten, and the boys thereby saved from the troublous scouring of grass-grown fields.

About 5 o'clock the half-breeds returned with a bucket of blueberries and then a proposition was made for an hour or two's trouting over the same grounds we had visited in the morning. The boat being put in readiness without delay we all boarded her and went along the picturesque shore with the mountains wrapped in violet haze and the savage cliffs burning in regal splendor, while the rosy light shooting through the branches of the green foliage fell upon the gray rocks that lined the shore with a strange golden glory. It was a condition that we were sure would find the carmine beauties in sportive play and eager to pounce upon what fell within their range. As I have said before, the cover here for trout in shelving ledges, deep chasms, huge rocks and the like, was unsurpassed. Ned, eager for the quarry, was soon at work, while I chose to await arrival at the "big rocks."

Coming to an abrupt crag that was in alternate lines of sunshine and shade, Ned made his first cast and quiver, but no red-coated or freckle-sided *Salvelinus* sprang upon either of the deities. Again they were elevated and again fell and fluttered with the same result. This delightful and hopeful work he kept up till he was satisfied that the place was either untenanted or that the tinted Illebs were not to be coaxed to the surface. The boat is ordered onward to another tempting spot where the shore

"—bristling fierce with towers,  
Turrets and battlements of warlike powers—  
Jagged and priestly pinnacles and spires—  
And crowned with domes, that glitter in the fires  
Of the slant sun, like smithied silver bright."

Here, amid all the grandeur of cliff and mountain beauty, flushed with every tint and hue imaginable, must dwell the courtly beauty of the ruby's gleam and the pearl's pale shade.

Ned was positive of arousing some of the dwellers in this castellated retreat, and so he sent his *avant courriers*, the scarlet-ibis and the yellow-belle, on the mission. They went time and again, and finally reported the place deserted. He wanted a victim badly and was sorely disappointed at the failure. On the warpath he went once more, and this time he stopped in front of a savage ravine radiant with the glowing light pouring through it, and grimly fortified at the top with a forest of black pines that stood like dark sentinels against a crimsoned sky. Here, after divers efforts at recognition, he secured a victim superlatively beautiful in charming tints of violet, orange and gold. Satisfied with the trophy he had snatched from the chasm at this wild spot, we hasten along until we reach a great, sloping plain, ridged and seamed, that ran in strange confusion to the lake, and then dropped perpendicularly with a ragged face to the waters below, disclosing ledge upon ledge that years of grinding ice and battling waves had formed. Here was a haunt fit for the home of a Naiad or a trout, and as the latter was our special admiration and object, the illusive flies danced gracefully over the caverned retreats. At last Ned's cunning efforts were rewarded, but it was in such an infinitesimal manner that he declined the reward, indignantly tossing back the little nursing that it perchance might be returned to him or some other fortunate angler in the future, in pounds instead of ounces. This prompted him to move without further halt to the "big rocks." Reaching this place, we promptly stepped ashore, Ned rapidly making for the upper end of the flinty islet, for such it really was, while I remained at the lower and put my little Chubb rod into immediate service.

On the second cast, my stretch, a red hackle, was gobbled, and then after a vigorous fight, a lovely darling of the *Salvelinus* family that was a trifle over 3lbs., was repenting his fatal curiosity in a deep depression on the gleaming rock. It was really a treat to see how that little 7oz. rod with cork handle worked. Its bend was the very perfection of grace, while its recovery was immediate without halt or drag. And then so wonderfully balanced and vigorous its strength, that I would have trusted it to hang and kill a muskallonge of 20 or 30lbs. With perfect confidence in this rod you can give "the butt" in turning a fish from tangled drifts or sharp-edged rocks, for it is as tough as hickory and as true as steel. I never knew what comfort and ease in casting were till I began to use the Chubb split-bamboo with cork grip and aluminum reel. To use a hackneyed phrase, "it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and therefore a delight to me to make note of a rod that reflects so much credit upon its artistic maker. I have three of these rods and they all show perfection in workmanship.

Ned, who had been persistently flogging the waters around his end of the rock without further success, joined me and expressed a desire to return to camp. Being in full accord with his wishes we called our half-breeds, who were after berries among the bushes near by, and then boarding the Mackinac were soon off and driving along with little rolls of snow-white foam dropping from the bow

and flashing like blinding stars as they mellowed to the surface in our wake. There was just force enough in the air to sway the branches of the dark pines and sunshine enough to paint their tops in golden hues, while the aroma from the balsamic groves rivaled the odors of "Araby the blest." Ned, whose eyes sparkled as if he had added new lustre to them, was in great good humor, and chatted as we progressed with a heart fairly overflowing. Song after song and jest after jest were constantly rolling from his lively tongue, until finally taking to the sentimental, which occasionally strikes him, gave poem after poem of his favorite Bobby Burns. The half-breeds always enjoyed such occasions and listened with wondering eyes and gaping mouths. Kenosh, who was carried away this time, said to Peter in low tones: "Great man; know heap; sing big."

"Yes," said I, moved with the spirit of fun; "he's a great man, know heap, sing big, but he can't tie a fly a little bit."

This created an outburst with the half-breeds, somewhat to Ned's astonishment, who at once dropped his Bobby Burns and asked:

"What's that about flies?"

"I said there were no flies on you."

"Oh," he replied, and went on again with his favorite poet as if he had received adulation, while the boys roared louder than ever at my equivocation.

Ned got somewhat confused again about the matter and could not comprehend why the laughter still prevailed. The sweet pathos of the Scottish bard should bring tears rather than laughter, he thought, and so he withdrew his author, but the smiles of his auditors broadened and broadened till the boat struck the sandy beach at our quarters, and then the tawny Kenosh, as he stepped out, with the humorous spirit of the occasion still within him, said, "No flies on him," and at this the laugh became louder than ever; but poor Ned was sorely puzzled over it and I presume he is to this day.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NEWS FROM FISHING WATERS.

WARREN, Pa., May 15.—Trout fishing here is about up to the standard this spring. Some of the best catches I have heard of are as follows: Mr. John Shultz 90; Mr. Acy Phillips 83; Mr. J. H. Zittle 50; Mr. Geo. Hedges 36; Mr. Isaac Hare 68; and many other large catches were made in a day's fishing.

The trout run small, generally averaging about 7in. in length. The best creels were secured the first two weeks of the open season. At the present time it is hard to secure a good number of trout without going 17 or 18 miles from town, as all the nearby streams have been fished about out. Good fishing is to be had by going to Sheffield, a small town about 16 miles south of here, and fishing in any of the small streams which flow into the head of Tionesta Creek near that place.

W.

FALLSBURG, N. Y., May 18.—The best catch of the season was made this week by Jas. P. Hall, of Jersey City, 300 in number, on the Neversink River; second best catch by Frank Freer, of Neversink, 225 in number, average size from 4lb. to 1lb. The biggest trout was caught this week by O. Barber, Woodbourne, weight 24lb. brook trout.

L. L. WALDORF.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 18.—This week has witnessed the first of bass fishing in this locality; fish have been taken in Manasquan Inlet, 3½, 4 and 12lbs. respectively. Excellent white perch fishing is to be had in the same river about two miles from the mouth. They are running unusually large this season, 1½lbs. specimens being frequent. A quarter mile walk from Allenwood Station, P. R. R., lands one directly at the point. Taken with lightest of tackle these fish afford A1 sport, as they are as full of game as black bass of equal weight. Taken with trout tackle a 1½lbs. fish will keep the angler and his rod both busy, if they want to stand at the head of the class when the lesson is over.

Yesterday morning I succeeded in landing a heavy-weight from our fishing pier. After two hours of patient waiting I was rewarded with a vigorous strike, instantly followed by a lightning-like rush of about 200ft. seaward. Realizing that the quarry was well hooked I gave him good, free play with moderately taut line and about twenty minutes after he made first show at the surface, lashing the water into foam. He immediately made another dive and rush but with much less vigor. Feeling that my time had now come I snubbed him hard and had the satisfaction of seeing him break clear of the water; but instead of the anticipated bass I had a 4ft. shark. I have never caught muskallonge nor tarpon, but if either of them, weight considered, can beat this shark at swift rushes, headlong plunges and cunning resistance in general, I would like to try conclusions with him.

LEONARD HULIT.

ADIRONDACK PRESERVE ASSOCIATION, Essex County, N. Y., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season in this section has opened very pleasantly. The weather has been bright and clear, but a trifle too blustery for continual fly-fishing, although we have had a sufficient number of still days to have good fishing. Trout seemed to have wintered well, and their excellent flavor this season is a cause of remark by all of our members who have partaken of them. The fishing generally has been good, some of our members having several times been obliged to take rods apart and leave our lakes on account of reaching the number of trout named in our rules. The large number of small trout seen in our lakes is marvelous, and not only encouraging for future sport but for a continuation of our rules, which seem to preserve and increase the number yearly.

Deer are more plentiful than ever, and are getting so numerous that they are almost daily seen from our club house windows.

Partridge have not shown up in any numbers as yet, but as the winter was a fairly mild one, they will probably be seen in greater numbers later on.

E. W. A.

REYNOLDS, VIA WOODRUFF, Wis., May 15.—Mr. G. Henry High of Chicago caught in Trout Lake, May 14, 12 landlocked salmon, averaging 3 to 6lbs. May 15, caught 5 muskallonge weighing from 5 to 20lbs. May 16.—Mr. J. Frank Lawrence of Chicago caught to-day 8 muskallonge and a 9lbs. bass; muskallonge weighed from 5 to 12lbs. Mr. Robinson of Savanna, Ill., caught to-day 24 muskal-

longe weighing from 4 to 12lbs. Mr. Joseph Downey of Chicago caught to-day 24 salmon trout, one weighing 16lbs.

JOHN B. MANN.

Mr. Wallace Durand, of Newark, N. J., the enthusiastic and successful angler, left New York on Thursday for Canada on his annual fishing and hunting trip. He will go to his club, 160 miles north of Quebec and in the heart of the wilderness, where in company with a party of friends he expects to fish for the salmon of the Lac Bouchette region.

NEWPORT, Vt., May 19.—One of our local anglers is just in from a two days' fishing trip down the lake. He brought in eleven lake trout weighing from 6 to 14lbs. each. He calls the 6 and 8lb. ones "little ones." Rob.

THREE LAKES, Wis., May 14.—Joe Swedesky and the writer caught last week 426 pike, largest 9½lbs.; 29 bass, one 4½lbs.; 57 pickerel, one 14lbs.; 2 muskallonge, one 24½lbs. The prospects look good, the water is low, and the season is much earlier than usual.

F. R. FRENCH.

## MEMPHREMAGOG LAKE TROUT.

NEWPORT, Vt., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are doubtless many of your readers who at some time have visited Newport and Lake Memphremagog, have taken a trip down the lake forty miles and return, enjoyed the beautiful scenery of wooded hills and shores, the lake itself with its many islands scattered here and there, and grand old "Owl's Head" standing sentinel over the neighboring mountains of lesser heights, and may be their minds had been so engrossed by all these attractions that they had forgotten to inquire what were the possibilities in the way of attractions for the angler; for, be it known, there is to be had some really good fishing in Lake Memphremagog and the streams emptying into it. Of course, we do not boast of large catches of speckled trout, land-locked salmon and such, though of the former there are some fine catches brought in here from near-by waters every season. The fishing I most wish to speak of at this time is for the lake trout which at this time and from now until mid-summer is really fine. The fish run larger in size than in any other waters in New England, with possibly one or two exceptions; but few are taken of less than 3lbs., and I think the average weight may be safely set at from 5 to 8lbs. each. The same methods are employed here for their capture that are in "common use" elsewhere, *i. e.*, trolling, early in the season, and the use of live bait later on when the water begins to get warm. Already several good catches have been brought in by our local anglers, the largest three thus far reported to me were 12, 12½ and 14lbs., respectively.

This is not all the fishing to be had in the lake, however, for after the season opens, June 15, we can offer to the bass fisherman as good black bass fishing as there is in the State, and lots of it too.

I do not write this as anything in the way of a new and important discovery, neither do I expect a great rush of anglers in this direction, but simply because I have often wondered why, among so many summer visitors who annually come here, there were not more fishermen, for I know positively of many who go to other places for fishing where they cannot get half the sport that is to be had here, and simply because the other place is advertised as a "fishing resort."

I hope, with the permission of the editor, to report occasionally some of the catches some of our local anglers bring in this season, and if any of your readers chance to come this way this summer, and enjoy fishing (as of course they do if they read *FOREST AND STREAM*), don't let them forget to take along their "tackle," for they may strike better fishing in Lake Memphremagog than they have found in other and more noted fishing grounds.

Rob.

## Salt Water Fishing at Morehead City.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., May 17.—There has been an extraordinary run of Spanish mackerel off Bogue Inlet for two weeks past, and trollers have had great sport. Besides Spanish mackerel there are bluefish and cero outside, and hogfish, spots, croakers, sea mullets and trout or weakfish inside the bar. Sheephead will soon be due. The Atlantic Hotel at Morehead has been opened since May 7, and parties run down from Newbern by railroad for two nights and a day and enjoy a famous outing. There is no such fishing, boating and bathing elsewhere on the Atlantic coast, and rates for sailboat and skipper are only \$3 a trip.

Beaufort and Morehead are headquarters for extensive fish and oyster interests. Quantities of packages are shipped to New York every day on ice. At low tide thousands of acres of oysters are uncovered, and millions of fiddler crabs run over the sand. A wagon driving over the beach will crush scores of them. Seines are so generally in vogue that bait is little used. Expert handliners who will come down here and try among the wrecks and reefs will have rare sport. Hotel accommodations are complete and fully up with the times. Those who want a quiet place, run over to the Davis House at Beaufort. The Atlantic, at Morehead, has 300 rooms and is lively—filled all summer long with excursion parties, military encampments, church picnics, teachers' associations and the like. This week there were three events. At the annual teachers' assembly in June nearly a thousand persons came together. Rates are \$35 to \$40 per month each person. It is a pity that such an incomparable resort were not better known outside the State. For salt water fishing there is none like it, and it costs only about \$12 to get down here from New York by steamer.

President Cleveland was out trolling on Thursday, the 17th, with Capt. R. D. Evans, in the Violet. It was almost too rough for sport.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

## Needham Rod and Gun Club.

NEEDHAM, Mass., May 14.—At a meeting of gentlemen interested in shooting and fishing, an association was formed, to be known as the Needham Rod and Gun Club, with the following officers: Pres., Dr. F. P. Hudnut; Vice-Pres., W. H. Cook; Treas., Geo. H. Hassam; Sec'y, C. W. Hedenberg; Directors, J. N. Bethel, J. W. Jones. The club starts with sixteen members.

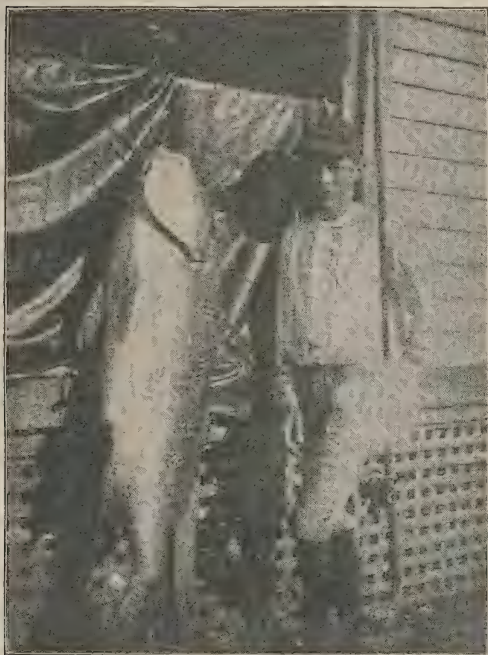
C. W. HEDENBERG, Sec'y.



## SURF FISHING ON THE JERSEY COAST

## And Other Things.

FOUR years have passed since "Big Reel" published his notable article on "Surf Fishing for Striped Bass on the Jersey Coast," in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of April 3, 1890. I am one of the many who owe him a debt of gratitude for that article. I have just re-read it, and with the experience of four years surf fishing with a big reel, I find it as interesting and instructive as I did when it first reached me. Prior to the publication of that article a number of fishermen in the neighborhood of Belmar and Asbury Park, New Jersey, had done good work with rod and reel in the surf, and it is possible that Harry Quick, Cy, Detre and their friends at Asbury Park could even in 1890 have exchanged points on even ground with "Big Reel" at Belmar; but we dwellers south of Barnegat Inlet knew little of the art of surf fishing, and "Big Reel's" article, perfect in its concise summary of all



BLACK DRUM, WEIGHT 80 LBS.

points, was a revelation to us; it stands as a fishing classic, a summary as complete as any article from Frank Forrester in his best days. On reading it, I immediately sought out "Big Reel" in the spring of 1890, and found him the genial companion and good fisherman that his article bespoke him. Thanks to his instructions, I was soon provided with an outfit, and in the four summers of fishing since then I have cottoned more and more firmly to his theory that for our latitude the 5in. big reel, of the best workmanship, is the best and only reel to use for all



HARRY'S TARPON.

Length of fish, 6ft. 3 1/2 in. Length of boy, 5ft. 2 in. Weight of fish, 140 lbs. Weight of boy, 85 lbs. Time, 2 hours and 25 minutes.

around fishing in the surf, or from surf boat or yacht in the ocean. In the bays undoubtedly smaller reels and lighter lines meet the situation better.

My fishing has been done at Anglesea, New Jersey, in the spring, and at Beach Haven, New Jersey, in the summer. At Beach Haven, I am satisfied that the conditions are so far different from those prevailing on the beach further north that surf fishing for striped bass is not a profitable amusement. I tried for them faithfully, under all conditions of weather and tide, and with all obtainable kinds of bait through the summers of 1890, 1891 and 1892, without success; but on the other hand, I

have had such pleasure and such good results from casting in the surf for blue-fish with this rig, that my two oldest boys and I look forward to it annually as our chief summer pleasure.

My oldest son (etate 13 1/2 years) and I both use No. 5 Vom Hofe reels, the younger boy (etate 11 1/2 years) a No. 2. Up to this spring, we have used steadily the Belmar line mentioned by "Big Reel" in his article. While, however, this is unquestionably the strongest line for its weight, and amply strong for drumfish and striped bass—I incline a little since my recent Florida experience to Hall's No. 15 for squid-casting, as less liable to snap in the inevitable over-runs that are certain from time to time to occur with the most careful fisherman, in the hurry incident to rapid casting as a school of bluefish pass along the shore.

As to drumfish, though a somewhat logy fish, it is great fun in May or even in the latter part of April, to go down to Mrs. Blakemore's cottage at Anglesea (no more comfortable fishing rendezvous was ever found), and spend a couple of days with Capt. C. Ludlam fishing in the surf with rod and reel alongside of the native fishermen with their heavy hand-lines. The light line and rod and reel generally make the best record. The fish run from 10 to 40 lbs.—sometimes up to 60. They are caught on clam or razor bait, and give good fun and healthful exercise.

In the spring of 1890 I remember taking at Anglesea a 3 1/2-pound striped bass on a second hook, baited with shedder ocean crab, that I fastened on just to see what it would bring out.

For the information of fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM I would say that Anglesea is about ten miles north of Cape May on the West Jersey Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, easily accessible from either New York or Philadelphia, and it is probably the best all-round fishing resort on the Jersey coast. I have had the pleasure of meeting "Big Reel" there, and fishing that is game for him is good enough for me.

I have had great pleasure in reading from time to time letters and articles during the last few years in FOREST AND STREAM anent the development of sporting instinct and training in our children. My boys and I have put this into practice. My oldest boy has had a Greener No. 16 since his ninth birthday, and in the four years since then he has managed with his greater opportunities for practice to become a great deal better shot than his father. Both boys are good surf fishermen and the elder took a tarpon in Florida last March of which he has cause to be proud.

This fish was taken off Nigger Head on the Caloosahatchee River, below Fort Myers; and, by the way, our experience in a short tarpon trip in that country accorded so closely as to localities with the suggestions given by "F. S. J. C." in your columns some time ago, that I would like to make my bow to "C." in passing and thank him. May I say to him, however, that my son and I take issue decidedly with him in his preference for a smaller reel. Let "C." fish a season for any large fish with a No. 5 Vom Hofe reel and he will want no other—certainly none under No. 4. As to line, I see he recommends Hall's 18. I know that Mr. C. A. Dean, of Boston, one of the most experienced tarpon fishermen, favors the same number; yet I am emboldened by my recent experience to advocate the lighter No. 15 for tarpon. As to snells, they use nothing at Fort Myers now but the rawhide snell, which you can get from the local dealer, Mr. W. R. Washburn, and with which you will be well satisfied. You cannot give away any other kind, and the rawhide undoubtedly is the best. I went down equipped with three dozen of the strong cotton snells with a wire wrap, so much used last year, and discarded them.

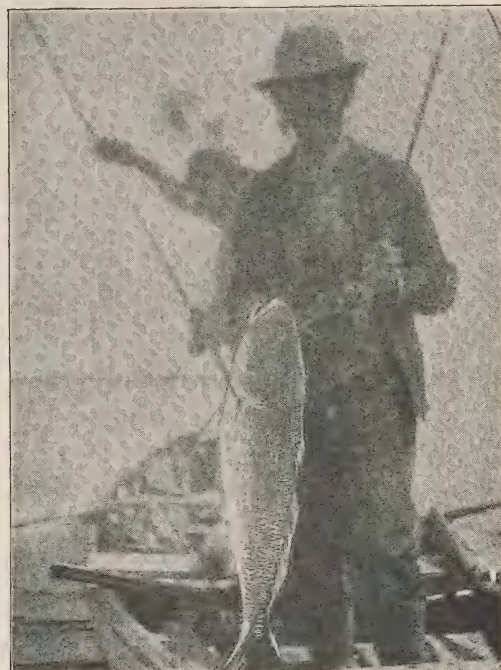
What do you think of this Kodak? I took it myself, of my boy, his fish and his guide, and I don't know whether boy, guide or father was proudest of that fish. Mind, this was an honestly caught fish, no guide work. The boy played and saved it himself, but he never could have done it but for his experience in surf fishing during the last few years on the Jersey coast.

And apropos of that let me tell you of an interesting experience the boys and I had last summer on the New Jersey coast. When the weather is fair and the wind west so you can go outside, the chances are good, that in the last part of August, or any time in September, you will get big fish of some kind at Beach Haven if you sail down to the Inlet and cruise out to sea for a day. And yet many a day have I done this with no result in the way of fish, but with ample reward in fresh air, sunny sky and dancing waves. Well, one day the boys and I thought we would try outside for big weakfish, and as a measure of precaution we took along our big reels and surf rods. After getting outside we cruised about for several hours trying for bluefish with squids and anon for weakfish with bait, with no result, until suddenly Capt. Abe Price, our faithful companion of many a fishing and hunting bout, sighted a yellow streak in the water about a half a mile off—"Them's fish!" And we went for them then and there. Another boat containing native fishermen got to the school first, but could do nothing with their hand-lines. As we approached they shouted to us to come on, knowing we had rods and reels. To our astonishment the school consisted of several acres of large (black) drumfish (not the red drum) swimming steadily in a southerly direction and keeping at the surface. The fish were all large, running apparently from 4 to 5 ft. long. They moved slowly and apparently did not take fright at the approach of our yacht, which was a cat-rigged boat, 22 ft. long. I baited with clam but they would not bite. I then tried drawing the hook through the school, and could feel the sinker strike the fish, and the hook catch and then slip. I succeeded in hooking one on the outside of his head, near the eye. I played that fish for one hour and ten minutes. At first he kept steadily after the school and fortunately the wind was so that we could follow him. In time I tired him so that he lagged behind and then took to the bottom in about 20 ft. of water and sulked. He was so big and so heavy I had to wait on him, but after many runs, at last I got him within 10 ft. of the boat, when he made the one roll that he apparently had reserved until that time, the proper one to disengage the hook (which you remember was not in his mouth) and off he went. My boys were with me, and I don't approve of strong language anyway—so I simply sat down and rested, after my seventy minutes' work.

Then it was Harry's turn. We sailed after the school and caught up with them within a mile or so, as they were swimming very slowly. Harry cast into the school and speedily hooked another, and a lively time he had of

it. The wind had come up fresher; we were about two miles from land, and the sea was getting up. That blessed fish wouldn't keep on one side of the boat, but revolved continually. Harry had to dodge back and forth, around the mast, under the boom, pass his rod under the sheet, and keep awake generally. After a long fight the end came, happily, and more successfully than in my case. We resolved when the fish was brought near the boat after fifty-five minutes' play, to take no chances, so Capt. Abe took Harry's gun loaded with small shot, and firing down at the fish when it was near the surface, so stunned it that we were able to get it on board with a weak little gaff we had. Not expecting any such experience, we had no suitable gaff with us.

That fish was hooked through the dorsal fin! If any of you know what it is to hook a small black bass through the back or tail, you can judge what it means to hook a fish weighing 80 lbs. (for that was his weight) in the back. It gave him absolute freedom of motion, and the contest



RED DRUM (CHANNEL BASS).

resolved itself into a question of endurance as between boy and fish. However, the boy came out ahead, and that drum now hangs in our hall beautifully mounted on an oak board by John Krider. The illustration shows the fish. Contrast the heavy build of the drum with the clipper lines of the tarpon above.

Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes—talking of our recent tarpon trip to Florida. The above drumfish incident was by the way—as indicating that if fathers and



JAMIE'S STRING OF FISH.

Ladyfish, snapper, cavalli, sea trout and Spanish mackerel.

mothers encourage small boys to fish for big tarpon in Florida, we mustn't send them out on such quests without preliminary training on large fish in our own latitudes.

By the way, I note that "F. S. J. C." says in his above article, "I assume the fisherman wishes to give four weeks to tarpon." A safe assumption, friend C., but how many of us can do it? My boys and I had just three days on the Caloosahatchee, and only one of them a good day, as we were there in the cold snap in the latter part of March, yet I had two runs, and my boy had a run and then got a fish. I am satisfied that one week's fishing with good tackle at Fort Myers in the last of March or preferably later, is certain of good results, if the trip is carefully



arranged in advance, and the needful precautions taken in securing good guides and tackle.

I telegraphed home the news of our tarpon from Punta Rasa when we reached there in the evening, and after supper took the yacht and sailed over to see Mr. F. Steensgaard, the taxidermist at St. James City, and left the tarpon with him, with some birds we had shot, to be skinned and mounted, and then shipped North to us.

Next day we had some fine small fish fishing in Charlotte Harbor. My younger son took numerous varieties, and I was content with a 14lbs. channel bass, caught with one of Conroy's light three-piece split-bamboo rods and a light silk line. That night we slept on the yacht in the warm southern air, the boys on the lockers and the Doctor and I on the deck, and in the starlight we sailed up through the waters of Matlacha Pass, reaching Punta Gorda at daybreak, in time for a good breakfast at the hotel, and in good time for the train North.

Finally, good friends, if you have little time and want to have fun and tarpon sure, go straight to Fort Myers on the Caloosahatchee, and if you put up as I did with mine host Kantz at the Myers Inn, you will have good clean quarters and good food.

If you have leisure, start fishing at Punta Gorda, enjoy the lovely surroundings there, and wonder at the enterprise that projected and supports the superb hotel. Fish the Peace River for small fish and tarpon; then go south and stop at Punta Rasa long enough to learn what a good hostelry friend Schulze keeps there and how kind he and his hospitable wife can be to wandering fishermen, and then, THEN, THEN, having been gradually prepared for it, go up the Caloosahatchee to Fort Myers and fulfill your destiny and revel in tarpon fishing such as the gods may delight in, but which we poor hard-worked mortals can only sometimes reach, and if you want good guides who never tire, and know it all from the ground floor up, seek the men whom my friend Wickham sent me to—Armeda, Bates and Blöm. May you have as happy a time and as successful a trip with them as my boys and I had, and come home with the pleasant memories of sunny skies and blue waters, waving palms, and mangrove shores that we cherish and love to talk over.

H. S. D.

### ANGLING NOTES.

#### Salmon Rising to the Fly Above Tide.

LAST year about this time, or a little later, I went to Mechanicville with a salmon angler, who is the owner of a portion of a Canadian salmon river, to try the salmon in the Hudson. The salmon did not rise, and in fact, the water was not in good condition, but soon after, this gentleman wrote me from Canada giving the opinion of an old Canadian salmon fisherman that salmon would not rise to the fly above a certain distance from salt water. I quoted this opinion, although it gave salmon angling in the Hudson a very black eye if it should prove that the theory held true in practice. That the theory or opinion, call it what you will, was wrong, was demonstrated soon after, for salmon did rise to the fly in the very place where it was believed they would not. In spite of this demonstration that salmon would rise to the fly at a greater distance from salt water than was predicted they would, I have been haunted by that opinion of the old salmon fisherman quoted, and wondered if it would prove true of any part of the Hudson commonly looked upon as suitable angling waters, once the stream is provided with fishways. Incidentally Mr. John Mowat said to me, that it was once thought in Canada that salmon fishing with the rod was to be had only in the upper reaches or headwaters of the streams, but now as many if not more salmon were taken a few miles above tidewater. Upon this I asked him to write me more at length, which he has done as follows:

"I have observed in sportsmen's papers articles advanced by anglers that salmon will not take the fly forty miles above tidal waters; also that when the temperature of the water rises above 70° it makes poor fishing. If those who put the temperature at 70° had said 60° they would have been nearer the mark. In our northern rivers the water seldom rises to 60°; the nights cool it down more than the mid-day sun heats it. On a cool night in August, in a well-stocked salmon pool, the fish are continuously jumping out of the water, and there can be no doubt the cooler air with its supply of oxygen required by the breeding fish is the cause. As to salmon taking the fly above forty miles in fresh water. In very many of our Northern salmon streams, and in the Labrador rivers there are insurmountable falls from three to thirty miles from their mouths; others have chutes and rapids so dangerous that anglers have come to grief, and they cause hesitation on the part of the angler. The Cascapedia and Nepissiquit both have falls on them some thirty or forty miles up. The Restigouche and its confluent have none, and more or less salmon reach the headwaters, some 110 miles, every season. The angling limit is fixed 70 miles above tidewater, and commences four miles up. Good scores were made last year at 14 miles up, but better were made at 40 miles up, where Messrs. Weeks and Penfold in six days bagged 126 fish. At 70 miles up Messrs. Rogers, Booner and Brooks in a week killed 116 fish. Both myself and Mr. Whitcher have killed salmon with the fly 30 miles above this place (Campbellton), on the Kedgwick River (now closed), and 100 miles above the head of tide. I remember that when I first came to this country the general belief was that all salmon ascended the river as far as possible to an unknown country called the spawning grounds, where they were taken by whites and Indians. In fact, the river was being depleted year after year, and a salmon was not allowed to live in the stream unless he got so far up in the headwaters a canoe could not reach him.

"Twenty years ago this action of taking salmon on the spawning grounds was made illegal by statute and after a hard fight it was enforced. To-day every suitable gravel bed from tidal water to source of stream is more or less a spawning ground, but that is not all, every one of those grounds has its regular quota of breeding fish, to which their progeny return, and remain, when grown to adults, thus giving an equal distribution over the whole stream. Now, dear sir, I may be giving the fish more credit for instinct than they possess, but I don't think I am."

If any one is possessed of doubts concerning future rod-fishing in the upper Hudson, when salmon shall have access to the headwaters, what Mr. Mowat says should dispel them, for I know of no one who can speak with

greater authority on this subject of times and places that salmon will take the fly. Mr. Mowat has spent fifty-five years on Canadian salmon streams as angler, fishcultivist and fisheries officer, and his sons have followed in his footsteps, and what he says is entitled to great weight, as he speaks from hard-earned experience, leaving theories and speculations largely to others.

What he says about salmon returning to the same spawning grounds, and their progeny likewise, reminds me of what a Scotch writer has said on the subject. At this moment I cannot recall the name of the writer or the medium that he used, but the substance of what he said is clearly fixed in my memory.

He had observed spawning salmon and sea trout for a series of years in the same waters, and had satisfied himself that both species not only returned, unerringly, to the stream in which they were born, but the same fish returned again and again to the same spawning ground.

#### Salmon Fishing on the Penobscot.

My friend Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., has just returned from the Penobscot after fishing the Bangor Pool for three weeks. He killed three salmon of 18, 20½ and 23lbs. He says that from fifteen to twenty-five anglers fished the pool daily for three weeks, and during the time twenty salmon were killed. Mr. Mitchell will soon start to fish the water which he owns on the Restigouche, where the rods will not be as thick as at Bangor.

Imagine the Hudson provided with fishways that the salmon may reach the upper waters of the river to spawn, and then imagine the miles of holding pools that the river should afford, and reduce the number of anglers to five for each pool (in free water the number of rods to a pool cannot be limited), instead of fifteen to twenty-five as at Bangor, and one will get something of an idea of the wealth that will be a debt to the State of New York by providing the means to make the Hudson a salmon stream.

#### Lake Trout Still at the Surface.

Lake trout were at the surface so late as May 16 in spite of the early fall because the ice went out of Lake George a month earlier than usual just to spoil the surface trolling. I have been a persistent lake trout troller for twenty-five years and imagined I knew something about the fish and their habits, but now a market-fisherman at Lake George tells me that he believes that the trout do what we have been certain that they did not do, that is, come to the surface very early in the morning all during the summer. Be that as it may, I do know that the conditions have changed in Lake George within a few years to make such a theory possible, but that will be told later. Mrs. Albert C. Johnson caught a trout of 12lbs. in Lake George last week, which is about as large as they run as a rule. The largest of the season thus far was taken on the 16th by J. R. Fish, agent of the D. & H. R. R., with the veteran John Plum for guide. The trout weighed 15½lbs. and was 34in. long. I have seen a lake trout of 19lbs. that was only 30in. long.

A. N. CHENEY.

#### The Mohican Club and Non-Resident Members.

WHEN the Mohican Rod and Gun Club, of Glens Falls, N. Y., was organized the promoters had no thought of enrolling other than resident members, as it was believed that the objects of the club would be of a local character. Almost at once, and, in fact, before the club was fairly on its feet, the governing board of the club determined to begin a campaign which it was hoped would result in building fishways in the upper Hudson River to enable the salmon now in the river to reach suitable spawning grounds in the headwaters, where the salmon fry have been planted for twelve years past. A paper upon the subject was read before the club, and an extract in circular form was then distributed through the State, hoping thereby to interest sportsmen generally in the project. Among the early returns from this circular was an application for membership in the club from one of the best known American salmon fishermen, a man who owns his own salmon fishing, in fee, in Canada, but who wished to take an active interest in the movement to open the Hudson. This application was followed by others, and last evening the constitution of the club was amended so that non-resident members of the club will be received by the payment of an initiation fee of \$2 and annual dues of \$3. All members on the roll on June 1 next will be included in the list of charter members.

MAY 15.

A. N. CHENEY, Pres.

#### Governor Flower's Brown Trout.

AS A guest of Mr. Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, Governor Flower spent an hour on Caledonia Creek, the other day, and caught a 2-pound brown trout, which he averred was the largest trout he had ever taken.

#### The Passing of "Joe Minnie."

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 19.—The old French guide, Elzéar Fortin (better known as "Joe Minnie"), died at his home in Elk Rapids last week, after an illness of several months.

KELPIE.

### PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

"The Headwaters of the Mississippi," by Capt. Willard Glazier, from the press of Rand, McNally & Company, contains an interesting account of how the true source of the great river was ascertained, as well as a very complete history of all explorations from its discovery by De Soto. Captain Glazier claims for the origin of the river a more remote source than Lake Itasca. In 1881 he discovered a body of water lying immediately to the south of the generally accepted source discharging by a perennial stream, the mouth of which was entirely concealed from view by a dense growth of vegetation and fallen trees. This lake has an area of 255 acres, and a circumference of between five and six miles and an average depth of 45ft., and is also above Lake Itasca.

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's amusing "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE American Fisheries Society was in session at Philadelphia on May 16 and 17 in the office of the Fish Protective Association of Pennsylvania. This is also the headquarters of the State Fish Commission, and a very cosy room for those who delight in fishing and the books, pictures and social opportunities connected with the angler's art.

Hon. Henry C. Ford, president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and of the Fisheries Society, presided at the meetings, and Mr. E. P. Doyle performed the duties of secretary. The attendance was small, scarcely reaching thirty, but the proceedings were full of interest. The Society has been rather unfortunate at its last two annual meetings in respect to outside noises, which made difficulty for both speakers and audience.

In the course of his annual address Mr. Ford referred to the beneficial results of fishculture in Lake Erie and in Pennsylvania streams as illustrated especially in the increase of the whitefish, pike-perch, black bass, shad and brook trout. The triumphs of the advocates of protection in passing restrictive laws have continued in spite of determined organized opposition, because public sentiment is enlisted on their side. The State of Pennsylvania, he remarked, has done a great work for its waters in planting 119,000,000 of pike-perch, whitefish and trout in the lakes, rivers and brooks.

Allusion was made to the strong prejudice in certain quarters against the carp, chiefly on account of its rooting propensities and its supposed destructiveness to the eggs and young of other fish. It should be remembered, however, that many of the hard things said about the carp are not proved, and some of them are false. Thousands of people in the Middle and Southern States, the Mississippi Valley and throughout the West, appreciate the fish and ask to be supplied with more of them. The fishermen at Havre de Grace find in New York a ready market for all they can catch and at prices equal to the rates for shad. In Cleveland and Chicago the demand is equally steady. At Quincy and Mendota, Ill., the carp has become a favorite fish and furnishes a vast deal of wholesome food as well as a growing source of revenue. Local prejudice should never be allowed to destroy interests with which it has nothing, and can have nothing, in common. Thousands of people will never have the pleasure of landing a salmon, a trout or a black bass, and who shall blame them if they find enjoyment and profit in rearing the carp?

Mr. Fred Mather read an article on an "Improved Method of Hatching Smelts," in the course of which he described how their adhesive eggs are separated and prevented from adhering in bunches by gently forcing them through wire screens, to remove the foot which causes the adhesion. To kill the fungus which frequently covers the eggs while in process of hatching he uses salt. After separating the eggs Mr. Mather hatched them successfully in jars in the manner followed with shad and whitefish.

A very interesting historical paper by Charles Hallock related to the time "When Shad were a Penny Apiece," the days when the epithet of "shad eater" was a mark of the deepest opprobrium in New England. What a contrast with the banquet enjoyed by the Fisheries Society in Philadelphia on Thursday evening, where planked shad was the chief luxury of the feast.

Dr. Bushrod W. James read an address on "The Value of Bering Sea and Alaskan Food and Fishing Interests." Besides the fur seal, which has produced much revenue and not a little contention, Alaska has wealth in the shape of metals, minerals and timber, but more especially in the fish which swarm in its seas, lakes and streams. The halibut, the cod and the herring abound; the whitefish, the trout, salmon, pike and grayling fill its inland waters. Rosy red rock cod and plain, but gamy, "black bass" eagerly snap at the angler's baited hook. Salmon run into the streams in such countless multitudes as to impede navigation and crowd one another out of water—and this is by no means "a fish story."

The report of Secretary Doyle, read at the forenoon session, carried with it a resolution to appoint a committee on increase of membership. At the opening of the afternoon meeting this resolution was adopted, and a committee consisting of Messrs. E. P. Doyle, Herschel Whitaker and W. L. Powell was appointed. The plan is to invite all fish protective associations in the United States to become members of the Fisheries Society and send delegates to the annual meetings. Other resolutions offered by Mr. Doyle and passed by the Society conveyed thanks to the Fish Protective Association for their hospitality, to Commissioner McDonald for his tender of the Fish Hawk for a trip to the Delaware River shad fisheries, and to the press of Philadelphia for their admirable accounts of the meetings.

U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald read the most important paper of the sessions, to show "The Relation of the Community to the Fisheries." In this article the statistical history of the fisheries was related in condensed but comprehensive form, and the basis of restrictive legislation was clearly set forth. The broad general principle was established that in the case of fishes which run up from the sea to spawn in the fresh waters and those which enter brackish water in narrow bays and sounds for the same purpose cannot maintain their members undiminished, even with recourse to artificial propagation, unless their routes of entrance are kept measurably free from certain fixed apparatus of capture, or, in general, from excessive interference with their movements to the spawning grounds. This article naturally caused free discussion because of its important bearing upon fishery methods. Dr. B. W. James, Mr. Herschel Whitaker, Capt. J. W. Collins, Mr. A. M. Spangler and Dr. T. H. Bean were among those who entered into the discussion.

Mr. Herschel Whitaker gave an account of the artificial fertilization and hatching of eggs of the small-mouth black bass by one of the employees of the Michigan Commission, April 30, 1894. A ripe female from Thorn Apple River furnished 3,000 eggs which were impregnated by milt from a male kept in one of the ponds. The eggs were first placed on trays and afterward in a jar. They began to hatch on the fourth day and were all out on the fifth. The young were so small as to be nearly invisible, but the yolk sac was disproportionately large.

Dr. T. H. Bean read a translation of Dr. Fatio's report on the "Coregonus Imported from America under the Name of Whitefish" into lakes of Switzerland. Dr. Fatio labors under the mistaken notion that the eggs shipped by the U. S. Government were those of Williamson's whitefish or the Menominee whitefish rather than of the large common species of the Great Lakes, but his description of the specimens reared from American eggs in the Aquarium at Geneva shows clearly enough that they belong to the common form. The description fits equally well some examples of the same age reared at Northville, Mich.

By invitation of the Fish Protective Association the Fisheries Society enjoyed a planked shad dinner at Reisser's café on Wednesday evening. After the dinner Mr. H. O. Wilbur made an address of welcome, to which Mr. H. C. Ford responded on behalf of the society. These were followed by an interchange of stories, personal reminiscences, pleas for protection and various other sentiments from the following speakers: Marshall McDonald, W. H. Bowman, Herschel Whitaker, T. H. Bean, H. H. Cary, C. F. Chamberlayne, F. F. Christine, Prof. Dolley, J. W. Collins, W. E. Meehan and A. M. Spangler.



At Thursday's meeting, after the transaction of some preliminary business, Dr. Bean read a highly interesting paper by Livingston Stone, on "The Non-Feeding Habits of the Chenook Salmon in Fresh Water." Mr. Stone examined the stomachs of 66 salmon at Baird, Cal., and found them contracted so that they could not hold a walnut; the throats also were so small that one could not pass a finger through them. The salmon, he states, not only does not eat, but cannot do so if it desired. There are, of course, rare exceptions to this rule. The article was discussed by Col. McDonald, Fred Mather, H. O. Wilbur, Dr. James, Dr. Bean and Mr. Stokes. Mr. Wilbur once knew of a mouse found in a stomach of the Atlantic salmon. Mr. Stokes and Dr. Bean related instances of the capture of other anadromous fish, as the shad, by means of grasshoppers, minnows and artificial flies.

A very lively discussion followed the delivery of Mr. Chas. F. Chamberlayne's address on "A Pressing Need." The essence of Mr. Chamberlayne's advice may be summed up in three propositions: (1) Put down the poacher; (2) antagonize the Commercial Fisheries Association, and (3) organize for protective legislation and for the education of the people in favor of protection. Capt. Collins defended the commercial fishermen, and Mr. Whitaker and others renewed the charges of destruction of the fish food supply and failure to assist in the efforts to restock depleted waters.

The committee on nominations reported the following names of officers for the ensuing year, all of whom were duly elected: President, W. L. May; Vice-President, R. O. Sweeney; Treasurer, Frank J. Amsden; Secretaries, E. P. Doyle and Dr. J. A. Henshall; Executive Committee, H. H. Cary, L. D. Huntington, H. C. Ford, Calvin Spensley, Chas. F. Chamberlayne and Hoyt Post. New York was fixed upon as the place of holding the meeting in 1895.

Following is a complete list of members who registered their attendance: H. C. Ford, E. P. Doyle, L. D. Huntington, W. H. Bowman, Robt. Hamilton, H. H. Cary, Herschel Whitaker, W. L. May, Jas. N. Miller, B. W. James, J. W. Collins, John Gay, Chas. F. Chamberlayne, M. McDonald, T. H. Bean, R. Rathbun, W. L. Powell, E. Hagert, W. H. Benhardt, Fred Mather, B. L. Doudourea, Jacob Dowler, J. R. Sypher, J. E. Ellis, W. E. Meehan, H. O. Wilbur, J. S. Van Cleef, H. H. Van Cleef, M. G. Sellers.

Before adjournment a very important committee on increase of membership was appointed; it includes Messrs. E. P. Doyle, Herschel Whitaker and W. L. Powell. At 2 P. M. on Thursday the Society availed itself of Commissioner McDonald's offer and visited the shad-fishing grounds in the vicinity of Gloucester, N. J., on the steamer Fish Hawk.

#### New York Association.

THE New York (City) Association for the Protection of Game held its semi-centennial jubilee last Monday night at the Gerlach.

Of those present were the president, Robert B. Roosevelt, Judge H. W. Bookstaver, Col. E. A. McAlpin, Austin Corbin, A. Roe, Richard Pancoast, George H. Penniman, Dr. G. S. Winston, Simeon J. Drake, Thomas N. Cuthbert, J. Fred. Pierson, Hart Lyman, Esq., H. A. V. Post, Charles T. Van Sautvoord, H. M. Carey, Edson Bradley, Dr. S. A. Main, E. G. Whitaker, the Hon. B. L. Ludington, Charles F. Imbrie, G. W. Cotterill, John W. Keller, District Attorney John R. Fellows, Wakeman Holberton, G. B. Penniman, Henry Steers, Charles E. Whitehead, Charles R. Miller, Dr. George A. Quinby, William Carpenter, Col. Alfred Wagstaff, Dr. John W. Green, Hugh Auchincloss, Raymond L. Ward, Charles Hallock.

President Roosevelt reviewed the history of the society from the first meeting on May 20, 1844, "to consider the intolerably oppressive nature of the laws regarding dogs, whereby many valuable sporting dogs were lost to their owners." After naming the men of high standing and influence who had been members of the Association, he said:

In continuing your investigations, when you come to consider the work of the Association, you would find it from the commencement the same substantially as we are doing it to-day. On May 31, 1844, a reward was offered for evidence that would lead to conviction for disobedience to the law. At that time the only laws for the protection of game were to be found in the ordinances of the city, which were passed by the Common Council. The Association had these printed, framed and hung up in ferry houses, railroad stations and other public places, and a committee was appointed to visit public refreshment places and get evidence by calling for "owls, alias woodcock," as the resolution quaintly puts it. And owls are still to be had occasionally in the lower class of restaurants to-day—and our committee is still watching for offending vendors. Robbins of Fulton Market was prosecuted to conviction, and paid \$175. In 1847 Delmonico was sued. Within a year his successor, bearing the same name and following the same practices, has met the same fate.

In 1845 \$100 was appropriated for the purchase of live quail and pinnated grouse were let loose on Long Island. Odd as it may seem, too, so soon after the formation of the club as Aug. 26, 1844, a committee was appointed to arrange for an annual supper. Hence it seems that from the very first good digestion waited on the appetites of good sportsmen.

Shortly afterward the members assumed the habit of meeting at one another's houses, and no doubt had many as royal a time as we used to enjoy a few years back before the club became so wealthy that it could afford to pay for its own dinners. The first pigeon match was arranged in the club in 1847, and Mr. Charles H. Haswell represented the club at the first State sportsmen's convention on Nov. 15, 1859, for our club had been most useful as a model for the formation of others of a similar kind.

But the real work of the Association turned out to be just as we have found it during our time of effort; the great endeavor has been to perfect the game laws. At that time there was clashing between the Legislature, the supervisors and the city council. The question of interstate commerce was raised. There were different views held by different sportsmen as to the proper times of shooting and the best means of preserving game. Laws were prepared and perfected only to be emasculated and disjointed in the hands of the law-making powers. Frank Forrester wanted the time for woodcock shooting not to commence till the 1st of September; others were after that *feu follet* of protection, a uniform time for the killing of all game birds.

Such is the early history of our club as I find it recorded in the curious and interesting minutes of its proceedings. I was personally acquainted with most of the men that I have mentioned, and knew some of them intimately, socially and as sportsmen, although I did not become a member till nearly twenty years afterward. Some of them were splendid shots and skillful fishermen, and grand good fellows. They had started their work for the public benefit well and disinterestedly. It would be natural to suppose that those who took delight in the pursuit of game would not be very particular whether they killed it at one season or another, and that they would be humanly selfish enough to want to get it when they could and not wait till when they ought. But on the contrary they gave their untiring efforts to the public for the protection of one of its most important interests.

#### New Jersey Fish Commissioners.

TRENTON, N. J., May 15.—Gov. Werts this afternoon appointed the new State Fish Commissioners, as follows: W. Campbell Clark, Howard Frothingham, Parker Page, and George W. Pfeiffer.

#### Colorado State Association.

SALIDA, Colorado, May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Colorado State Sportsmen's Association was organized in this city last night with a membership nearing fifty, and a constitution and by-laws that are broad in their scope. It is believed on this account that the new organization will grow to immense proportions and spread its influence throughout the State. The officers elected were: Peter Mulvany, Salida, President; Dr. Hall, Telluride, First Vice-President; A. E. McKenzie, Denver, Second Vice-President; Walter Thomas, Leadville, Secretary; Bryant Haywood, Denver, Treasurer. Executive Committee: J. N. Lower, Denver; Dr. Baird, Saguahe; S. Moore, Telluride; T. J. Thompson, Gunnison; C. L. Hoagland, Salida. John Lehrer, Salida, was chosen game warden of the Association, to act as an agent of the Association with the State game warden in the appointment of game wardens, without pay, throughout the State.

In his remarks when taking the chair as president Mr. Mulvany said: "Most of the time during the past twenty-five years I have been a member of some rod and gun club or association of sportsmen who delighted in the health-giving exercise and recreation of hunting and fishing, and in measuring in honorable competition at the traps their ability in shooting. In that time I have seldom met a member of a gun club in any country (and I have been around the world a good deal) who was not a true, liberal-minded, open-hearted, whole-souled, reliable gentleman. You may meet them in the cities, on the trains, on the hunting grounds, at the camp-fires, at the traps, or wherever you will, they are the same, always willing to make you feel perfectly at home with them and have you partake of the very best they possess. I am proud to see in this convention the same class of gentlemen who are actuated with the spirit and enthusiasm of the true sportsman. Many of you have come long distances regardless of cost, time and fatigue to be present at this meeting, which was called by our esteemed and efficient State Game and Fish Warden, W. R. Callicotte, for the purpose of forming a State association for the better protection of our game and fish. This convention will consider this subject thoroughly and act wisely. I am glad to see you here to-night, and on behalf of the sportsmen and citizens of Colorado, of Chaffee county, of Salida, and especially of the Salida Rod and Gun Club, I extend to you a hearty welcome to our city, and I trust you will enjoy the freedom and hospitality that our people will bestow upon you during your stay with us, and when you shall have returned to your homes after this convention adjourns and the tournament is over I hope it will be with a better knowledge of the duties of a true sportsman in the protection of the game and fish of the State. As president of the Salida Rod and Gun Club, and speaking for its members, I desire to say that we have done all in our power under the circumstances to give you a good entertaining time, and although we have not succeeded as well in that respect as we hoped to do we trust that the sportsmen present will leave Salida with good feelings for our club and citizens, and we hope to meet you and every member of clubs in the West in some of our cities or towns in the near future at a larger tournament of the Colorado State Sportsmen's Association."

The applause which followed showed that President Mulvany had struck the right key. Mr. Callicotte's address is sent you in full.

#### The Necessity of Organized Effort.

[A paper read by Fish Commissioner W. R. Callicotte, before the Colorado State Sportsmen's Association, at Salida, May 8.]

It is with great pleasure that I witness the assemblage of so many who are interested in the preservation of our fish and game. The time has come when all lovers of our fish, birds and game animals must concentrate their efforts in better game preservation, or before the close of the century our game will be practically extinct. This convention has been called with that idea. Let us carefully consider matters presented to us on this subject and work together harmoniously for the one end—the better preservation of our game.

The State has done something in this matter, and we hope will do still more in the future. We have three State wardens besides myself. I have the work of State Fish Commissioner in addition, this alone being sufficient to occupy my entire time. We have a fairly good law. It has faults, of course. We find the following difficulties in preserving game and fish: First, a lack of co-operative public sentiment; second, a disposition to kill more than is really necessary for immediate use; third, a rivalry to catch or kill more than another in the same party; fourth, an abnormal desire to kill for fine specimens; fifth, killing among ranchmen for "winter's meat"; sixth, killing on the border for market and hides; seventh, killing by the Indians; eighth, the destruction of fish by irrigating ditches; ninth, the dynamiting of fish; tenth, the catching of small fish; eleventh, the advertisement of game districts by the railroad and others.

We have made more than fifty arrests and convictions, and to a great extent, have stopped the sale and shipment of any part of the animal. The professional pot-hunting has been practically stopped. And yet we are not satisfied with our work. We must have the co-operation of all true sportsmen in order to do our work well. In the first case, we believe such conventions as this will tend to create a better understanding, a better feeling for our work. The enforcement of the law in all cases where intentional violation occurs will greatly assist in creating a better sentiment. To secure this, game associations should be organized in every county, whose object should be to co-operate with the wardens in securing evidence against violators and in the preservation of game. Each of these societies should have one or more Deputy State Wardens with authority to arrest and prosecute. I believe an incorporated State association could do excellent work. The State wardens should be faithful honest men, who are willing to do their duty without fear or favor. In the second case, our guides and others should give our tourists to understand that no over-killing will be permitted at any time, and any one violating the regulation should be sent from the field in dishonor, or arrested and fined.

The ranchmen and stockmen should conform to the law and kill for immediate use only. It has been a difficult task to convince these people that they must not kill their "winter's meat."

No law is effectual without public sentiment is back of it. In several districts arrests and convictions have been made for gross violation of the law where public sentiment was against game laws of any kind. I am pleased to say, however, that the sentiment is changing, and in many cases we now have the co-operation of the majority. Let us endeavor to cultivate this growing disposition to enforce the law. The border hide and pot hunters have been one of the worst enemies. Remaining near the line of an adjoining State or Territory, they can easily escape to foreign territory. We have by co-operation with other officers in the States and Territories, almost stopped this class of marauders. The Indian depredation has been a puzzling problem. The only solution to this difficulty is to get rid of the Southern Ute, and we hope to soon send him over the line, where he may be kept in bounds by the U. S. Army, and not be permitted to enter our State.

The White River Ute has forfeited all treaty rights in Colorado and should not be permitted on our soil. A permanent warden in that locality seems to be the most feasible plan to stop his depredations. An honest Indian agent could greatly assist us. The destruction of fish by irrigating ditches has been a source of annoyance. There is no law against keeping open ditches, hence the native trout are soon destroyed. It has been the policy of this office not to stock streams

largely used for irrigating unless some guarantee is given that ditches will be screened. I am satisfied that a horizontal screen will be eventually used in the fall when trout go down, and with but little care it may be made practicable. Another serious trouble has been the catching of small fish, yearlings and larger. I believe this may be overcome to a great extent by a law preventing a stream from being fished for at least two years after having been planted with trout.

The advertisement of the railways and others has created a draft upon our game and fish that has seriously affected us. I believe the time has come when self-preservation requires a law prohibiting the catching of our fish and the killing of our game except by citizens of our own State.

Forest fires are a great source of destruction to both game and fish. The ashes are deadly poison to trout. A burnt district diminishes the water supply and destroys insect life, the source of food for trout. Each game warden should be a forest commissioner with authority to arrest careless campers and others who may fire or otherwise destroy our beautiful mountain forests. Thousands of acres are burned over every year.

I am thoroughly in earnest in this matter, and am greatly encouraged by the increased interest being taken throughout the State in the subject. The good effect of our prohibitory law in regard to killing mountain sheep has been shown by the great increase in the past years. I think I am safe in saying that we have ten times as many as we had seven years ago. Let us put elk on the list with buffalo and mountain sheep for at least five years. We should unite in one grand effort for the better preservation of our fish, game and birds.

#### When Shad Were a Penny Apiece.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

EVERY schoolboy knows in a general way that shad were once so abundant in the Connecticut River that hired men used to stipulate that they should be served with only a limited quantity per week for food, but I dare say few people, adolescent or adult, are aware that it was considered disreputable a century and a half ago to eat shad, and that the epithet of "shad-eater" was regarded as most obnoxious and opprobrious in New England.

Whether it was because shad were in common use by the vagabond Indians who occupied the valley, or because their very cheapness and abundance made them vulgar, history does not state. But it is of record that shad were overlooked, thrown out, and despised as food by a large proportion of the English occupants of the old towns for a period of one hundred years after their settlement. Only poor people ate shad in those days. Shad eating implied a deficiency of pork, and to be destitute of pork indicated poverty. Even now an apology is sometimes made when a family has no "meat," as pork was always designated. The story is told of a well-to-do family in Hadley, which was always an aristocratic town, who, hearing a knock on the door just as they were about to dine on this tabooed fish, incontinently hid the platter under the bed. Indeed, so ground into popular sensibility was this ancient prejudice, that as recently as forty years ago members of the Connecticut Legislature were sometimes taunted with the epithet of "shad-eaters." The radical change of appreciation which has taken place since can be realized when we find these same people boasting now of the superlative quality of their shad as compared with all others in the markets.

Not until forty years before the Revolution was this economic ban removed and shad became a merchantable commodity. Connecticut shad in barrels were first advertised in Boston in 1736, though they were current in river towns for at least three years previous at one penny apiece. By 1773 prices had advanced to two and three pence, and in 1778 several thousand barrels were put up for the Continental troops. In 1779 the price reached four pence a half penny, and after the dam was placed at South Hadley Falls in 1795 the number of shad in the river perceptibly diminished and the price gradually advanced to six pence, nine pence, one shilling and then higher, until men ceased to buy shad to barrel for family use. Thenceforward they became a fancy fish and a luxury, even replacing the salmon, which had always maintained a high precedence, but had now also disappeared by reason of the dams which obstructed their ascent of the river.

Shad never passed the Bellows Falls, at Walpole, New Hampshire, nor the falls of the Chicopee River, in Massachusetts, though salmon surmounted both.

In 1739, according to Sylvester Judd, the historian, the town of Brookfield petitioned the General Court for leave to make a fishway for shad through the ledges of rocks across the Chicopee at Springfield, so that they might come up the river into the ponds; but Springfield opposed, and permission was not granted. The burghers feel differently now. Until the erection of the dam at Holyoke in 1849 caused an effectual blockade, shad were fairly abundant in the lower reaches of the Connecticut and falls; wherever they occurred were always chosen fishing places for both salmon and shad. Gangs of professional fishermen hired valuable seining privileges, and during the fishing season in April, May and early June rival camps were often the scenes of much horse play and frolic at off hours. History tells how the farmers and netters used to gather from all parts of the adjacent valley, and even from Berkshire, to the number of 1,500 or more at a time, just as they gather now on the tributaries of the Columbia when salmon are running, or on the rivers of Nova Scotia for alewives and gaspereaux.

Since the construction of the Holyoke dam many efforts have been made to restock the Connecticut with salmon and shad, and with partial success as respects the latter. But it is very doubtful if its old prestige ever returns, and certain that shad will never again be sold for a penny apiece.

#### The Pennsylvania Limited

traverses the State of Pennsylvania, with its wealth of mountain scenery. The mountains and valleys are superb in the freshness of early spring.—*Adv.*

### The Kennel.

#### FIXTURES.

##### DOG SHOWS.

May 30 to June 2.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, at Oakland, California.  
Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.  
Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston; R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

##### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallager, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Newton, N. C. Dr. G. D. B. Darby, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.



## POINTS AND FLUSHES

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

## Restricting Starters in Field Trials.

UNDER date of May 7 Mr. J. B. Stoddard, of Thomasville, N. C., writes me that it may be considered settled that he will go to Manitoba and prepare dogs for the trials and handle them therein. It is probable that Mr. Stoddard will start for Manitoba in the near future. Touching on the matter of entries Mr. Stoddard writes: "I think that the Manitoba people should restrict the starters from large kennels on the plan adopted by some of the smaller race meetings, viz., allow as many entries as each kennel or party desires to make, but only allow to such party one starter in each stake. Some plan should be found to keep one man from winning the whole thing, as in time the other members will get tired of putting up with no possible chance to pull anything down. Gameness is a good quality, but it shows a lack of discretion to try to butt an engine off the track."

It is pleasing to note that there is a sentiment among the professional handlers in favor of restricting the powerful business combinations at field trials and thus opening up more opportunities to the amateur or those who have to consider the question of dollars and cents when indulging in their love of sport.

I have received several letters on professionalism at field trials, but as they refer more to an indorsement of my views than to a discussion of the subject in its public bearings it would not help the discussion to publish them. Still a public expression of opinion is desirable. Field trial clubs can not act intelligently in arranging their stakes if they do not know what their patrons want. The amateur can give an opinion which is quite as worthy of consideration as that of a professional. Without the amateur field trials can not prosper.

There is no sport, other than field trials, but what the principle of a handicap is recognized and applied in some form. In trap shooting the expert professional is placed at a longer distance from the traps, or is barred altogether. Field trials must have such necessary arrangements as the exigencies of the times require. The factors which make field trials have changed greatly in the past few years, while field trial managements have followed year after year nearly the same lines.

Professional handlers are necessary in field trials. It is only when it becomes so powerful and overwhelmingly successful that it becomes an evil. The handler who gets a dog or two here, there and everywhere, represents an interest from each man who employs him. Often he has the dogs but one season. Each season finds him with a new lot of dogs, or at most but one or two of the old ones. Such professional is more on even terms with the amateur than he is generally believed to be.

But the professional handler who owns a large kennel and devotes his time entirely to breeding, buying, selling and handling, possessing also ample means to carry out any plan he may have, is too formidable for the man who is strictly a handler or small breeder. The handler and breeder who is a capitalist in a limited way can keep his best dogs year after year to run in the trials. He furthermore can engage dogs of good quality owned by sportsmen, and develop and run them for a share of the winnings. Field trial prizes have been so large and the restrictions so few that taking dogs on hares has proven quite profitable in some instances. Thus the handler who can keep his dogs year after year, and borrow some of the best ones he has sold, and select others of good quality which he can get from their owners for a share of the profits made up from the winnings, has a string of dogs selected which mean everything as a powerful factor in competition, and nothing whatever in sportsmanship. The whole plan is purely mercenary. To the sportsman there is nothing attractive in such competition. The chances are unequal. In fact, the sportsman has so many odds against him that he has but a forlorn hope. His formidable opponent has five or six dogs entered to his one. These dogs have had the most thorough conditioning and professional training with a view to meet all the *finesse* of field trials. They have had abundance of experience in sections where game was abundant. Their handler, from years of study and experience, knows to a nicety the smallest detail of the competition and the rules governing it, and generally manages to invent some new refinement in handling to spring on his competitors each year at each trial. Some judges appear to be non-committal, some managements appear to be timorous where a loss of entries are concerned, the professional who trains dogs for others loses heart in the competition, the sportsmen hold aloof and field trials for the time being have shown signs of decadence. The cases are plain enough, but there does not seem to be everywhere the moral courage sufficient to apply the remedy. Physical courage is abundant, but moral courage is a bit short of the demand.

## Artificial Value of Field Dogs.

It is hardly wise to take the field trials of the past few years as a standard wherewith to measure those of the present. The times have changed and canine interests have changed with them. The breeding of dogs as a business or as a side venture for revenue has steadily increased throughout the country, while the game supply has grown less from the destruction which occurs each year. The number of shooters has steadily multiplied, and improved guns and powders have added to their destructiveness. The local shooters in particular have largely and uniformly increased in numbers throughout the country.

Dog breeding, from a business standpoint, is governed by the law of supply and demand, as is every other business. If there is over-production, cheap prices and slow sales are sure to prevail. If times are hard, the public is forced to dispense with luxuries first and afterward with such things as are least necessary. Both courses affect the interests of canines.

It is but business wisdom for those who breed dogs directly and indirectly for revenue to give the trials just as much support as they did in past years when the purses were larger. For those who are interested from motives of sportsmanship, the question of dollars has no interest, or at best but a remote one. The clubs, one year after another, could not afford the prizes they have been offering, nor did the large prizes received for the winning dogs help field trial interests. Thus there was a double injury to breeding interests, with the collateral injury of making an almost purely professional. The big prizes were more than the clubs could afford to pay, therefore there resulted the harmful deficits. The big prizes demanded and many times secured for the dogs placed the sport beyond the reach of men whose means were short of ample wealth. It gave all dogs, which could show relationship by blood lines to the winner, an artificial value as field performers on the score of such blood relationship. Many of the high-priced dogs, it is true, were bought for their stud service, but the high prices sympathetically affected all dogs which were well bred, or were so called. Prices which are forced to a high point by artificial agencies are certain to ultimately end in injury.

To attempt a thorough analysis of the canine interests would take too much space. Insufficient is written to induce interested parties to think over the situation, the object in writing this will have been attained. Of course, this is in reference to field trial matters, and the purpose is to bring before those concerned the wisdom of supporting field trials quite as liberally now as in the past. It is useless to attempt to coerce clubs into giving larger prizes by the indirect agency of withholding support. They cannot afford to give more. It is folly to ignore the real situation. Breeders will have to return to the prices which can be paid by sportsmen, from \$150 to \$300 or \$400 for dogs which are good workers or of

superior excellence. There are remunerative returns at those prices, and they are better prices in the long run for all concerned. I know the present business depression has its effect on canine interests as well as on all other interests, but it is but temporary. The signs of a return to genuine values in field trial matters and practical field matters have been written on the walls for two or three years past. Without field trials there would be a falling off in interest and values, which would mean an ending of the business of many trainers and breeders. The club members might lose a little yearly diversion if their organizations disbanded, but the trainers and breeders would lose a lot of serious yearly business—therefore it is wise to support the trials. B. WATERS.

## English Setters at Shows.

## Editor Forest and Stream:

As an admirer and breeder of the English setter, it was with no little pleasure that I read the communication from John Davidson re the English setter at Boston, and I fully expected ere this to have seen a reply from Major Taylor defending his own criticisms. Being the owner of some of the dogs criticised by the Major and referred to by Mr. Davidson, I will refrain from saying anything concerning them except in one instance, that of Blue Jennie. In the report of Boston show '93, he (Major Taylor) says "Blue Jennie, third, is a bitch of good form throughout, and would have placed her second, and Maid Marion first, who was second—this year she is only fair in forelegs and round in barrel." Now in '93 she weighed 56 lbs., and was in such a grossly fat condition that she resembled a pig fed for the slaughter, more than an English setter competing on her beauty of form. This year she weighed 49 lbs. (was even then too fat), and was only taken from a litter of pups on Saturday, two days before being sent to Boston, consequently she lacked that beautiful coat she generally has, but which all criticisms on the Boston show failed to note. I have never been a kicker when beaten, when at times I have honestly thought wrongly so, but when I see reports emanating from a man who has the reputation Major Taylor has in some English setter circles, and no one of the many real English setter admirers take notice of it, I cannot help but conclude that they are an apathetic set of fellows, who haven't the courage of their convictions, i. e., that the English setter of "Stonehenge's" standard is the one and only setter that should be classed as an English setter; and until we can breed one to that standard we should refrain from adopting a new one, and to fit every long-haired bird dog who happens to win a field trial. The bench is a place to judge form, not work or past reputations afield; and it behooves the lover of the handsomest of all breeds of setters to come out boldly and insist that bench show committees shall appoint judges capable of judging according to a standard, and with courage to award the prizes irrespective of the ownership of the animal judged. Until such is the case we shall continue to see conflicting reports such as appeared in America's two leading canine journals of May 19, *American Field*, "Setter classes, 60 entries, was excellent," etc. *FOREST AND STREAM*, "A more weedy, snipy, slabsided lot I never saw," etc., etc.

From such a diversity of opinion how shall we know if there was an English setter at Louisville or just a long-haired bird dog. I am a lover of an English setter such as Rockingham, Plantagenet, Cora of Wetherall, Monk of Furness and their like.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.

## New Jersey Kennel League Meeting.

THE annual dinner and meeting of this club was held at the Davis Café, Newark, on the 14th inst. An accident prevented the attendance of the president, Mr. Edward Radel, and although the call was short, most of the more active members were present and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. E. R. Christopher occupied the chair, and Mr. H. W. Huntington and Mr. John Brett were guests. The secretary read a large batch of letters from those who could not attend.

Mr. E. R. Christopher having acted as chairman of the bench show committee, and as that was the chief event of the year, he made a full report, referring to the fact that the show was one of the few given within the past twelve months that ranked as a first-class show; he referred to the very favorable press reports, the good opinion exhibitors generally held of the League, and spoke in flattering terms of the help afforded them by Mr. E. H. Morris.

The treasurer's report showed 78 members in good standing and a balance of less than a dollar, but as nearly \$700 had been made good on the loss sustained in giving the show those present did not inquire on which side of the book the few cents stood, but were unanimous in its acceptance.

The committee on diplomas reported that there had been a delay owing to the first photograph of Queen Vic being a failure, and that another had been taken on the first opportunity and a picture by Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt was submitted. This was accepted and arrangements were made to have the diplomas made and distributed forthwith.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in Mr. Edward H. Radel being chosen President; Messrs. Charles Heath, Miles A. Hanchett and August Hahn, Vice-Presidents; Christopher Nugent, Treasurer, and Mr. Winter, Secretary. The new executive committee elected being Edward R. Christopher, Frank Link, Edwin H. Morris, W. J. Whelan, Walter L. Browe, John Brett, W. J. Davis, Dr. W. F. Seidler; and E. H. Morris was again elected as delegate to the American Kennel Club.

It was decided to leave the matter of another show to the new committee, and as it was understood that Mr. Edward H. Radel, the president, would assume risks, and what he says goes, it is quite likely another show will be given in the fall.

## The Canine Commonweal.

ALL dogs are not born free and equal, nor have they certain inalienable rights; and, among such rights as they have, are not life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the caste lines are as sharply drawn between different classes of dogs and individuals of the same class, who are more fortunate in education and association than their fellows, as they are among men who in convention assembled declare that they are born free and equal, and who as individuals believe and act on the theory that "all men" means each one's own self. The other may be born equal by conventional enactment, but the fellow himself is above his kind by virtue of a conscious knowledge of his own excellence and inheritance, therewithal a self-appointed right to pass absolutely on the status of his brethren. Each one's own self-appreciation naturally resolves itself into self-exaltation or, what is nearly the same thing, a depreciation of the rest of mankind, in either case working to the singular excellence of each individual self.

A little knocking about in the business world, where values are estimated at their true worth, is sure to cast out some large redundancies of self esteem. But this is digressing to a consideration of men, whereas my theme is dogs. Yet, in lights and shades of lesser contrast, the nature of man is reflected in that of the dog.

The dogs, by some means undiscovered up to the present time of writing, became convinced that society as it concerned themselves, was all wrong, or, what was equivalent to the same thing, that they had a grievance against society. By modern usage, strictly speaking, one dog with a dissatisfaction has a grievance, but two or more dogs with that same dissatisfaction have a principle. This is mentioned be-

cause it has no equivalent in nature. Yet, the dogs of the country once upon a time had a grievance, or, to be precise and correct, they had grievances.

First, they had many disagreements among themselves. The city dog affected better manners and a haughtier deportment when in the presence of his country brother. He wore a newer and more fashionable collar, and his coat showed more color and the effects of more careful grooming. The country dog felt that he was just as good as any other dog, and he lessened not his claim thereto whether he reclined about in lazy postures, put his muddy feet on strangers, made malapropos barking, intruded uninvited and undesired, wore his coat dingy and full of rubbish, or conducted himself in his best manner. It is true, he was also wont to carry himself with much swagger, and utter many thousand irrelevant barkings and whinnings. While this country dog had the candor to admit that he had instincts in common with his brother, the city dog, he claimed a great deal of credit to himself on the basis of wearing a rusty coat and possessing the most unconventional manners. The natty coat of his city brother was to him proof positive of efficiency, while his polite bearing was interpreted as a haughty assumption of superiority. They criticised the city dogs' want of skill in chasing rabbits or pointing quail. A pretty collar was accepted as conclusive evidence of personal inefficiency. The country dog, too, by virtue of long and undisputed possession from time immemorial, boldly claimed title to the sunshine, the colors of the landscape, the birds of the air, the rabbits and the fish. Only by taking a glass of lemonade together could the city and country be brought into harmony.

The sectional prejudice was but slight compared to the race prejudice. The St. Bernard thought himself bigger than the others, and of these the great Dane elected himself the highest, while the greyhound considered himself the longest family. The dachshund had a reputation for crookedness. The hounds claim great wisdom because they were foxy, and the collies were certain of their good demeanor because they were sheepish. In short, a bit of difference in coat or barking was considered sufficient for them to differentiate themselves so completely that they were distinct and apart in everything. These differences among themselves, on matters of interest or vanity, were not so great as to blind them to the wisdom of united action in reference to common wrongs or grievances. All dogs, from the time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, had suffered from neglect or tyranny.

As they had a perfect right to exercise their freedom of speech, no one thought for a moment that freedom of speech could be wrong, particularly when the speech was made in mass meeting assembled.

The dogs of the country held such meeting, which was quite representative in character. There were dogs of fine breeding which would eat porterhouse steak or corn bread, and there were curs which would eat the same, as it was offered. There were others which would bark and look ugly when on their own door step, but were abject and servile when among strangers. Others again, which looked wise without thinking or barked a great deal to win general observation, vied with those which tried to please everybody. A few waited patiently for what might develop to their individual gain. After about three days' consideration, the convention passed the following preamble and resolutions:

*Whereas*, From time immemorial the dog has been man's best friend, sticking truly alike to him through adversity or prosperity, intrepidly facing dangers in his defense and acting as a spectator in his rejoicings, and

*Whereas*, The dog has been man's best friend and the man has been the only friend the dog ever had in his effort to attain a higher civilization than that of his progenitor, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the meeting that man, while he loudly vaunts his humanity and love of the dog, too often allows that he has amply provided for our wants by giving us some scanty scraps, the overflow from his table for our daily sustenance, and turning us out of doors at night in lieu of a bed.

*Resolved*, That in return for our unselfish affection, devotion and services, we do not think it just to estimate our value in an equivalent of dollars and cents, the more so after so many centuries of service rendered to man by his best friend. It may be appreciation, but it is not agreeable. It may be pleasant, but it is not filling to the stomach. Neither is it justice. We have our pride, courage, memory, reason, affection and many of the sensibilities of our masters, whose civilization should imply more than refined savagery in dealing with each other and with us.

*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this meeting that the conditions of the times demand that the dogs of this country form themselves into a commonweal to protect themselves from the oppression of those who by their skill and labor have accumulated some goods. We also claim that we should have more social recognition. Our status socially and in domestic life is insecure and indeterminate. To-day we may be a petted companion on whom every luxury is bestowed, to-morrow we may be vagrants. The ballot-box offers us no relief. In our wild state we ran in packs. There was force and success then in numbers. As we approach feral life, we may make a like success in domestic life. Let us be a commonweal. Let it be so written.

B. WATERS.

## United States Field Trials.

## Editor Forest and Stream:

The United States Field Trials Club at its last annual meeting eliminated from its rules that old mossback robber which has for years prohibited bitches in heat from running in field trials. The owners of bitches can now enter them and know that they will not be thrown out, and the owner thus lose his entrance fee. This club is the only one in the country that runs pointer stakes separate from setters. The pointer breeders and owners should not lose sight of this feature and see that the stakes are liberally patronized. The entries to the Bicknell Derbies will positively close June 1. The judges selected are Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Major J. M. Taylor, of New York, and Royal Robinson.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 19.

The fact that another dog show is to take place shortly has served to stir kennel affairs up a little on the Pacific coast. The Oakland show, which takes place May 30, promises to be well supported. The entries close May 23. A good hall has been secured, and as Oakland is not far from San Francisco, most of the latter city's fanciers will avail themselves of an opportunity to exhibit their stock that the half-hearted action of the Pacific Kennel Club deprived them of. At this show the Fox-Terrier Club will donate a "Breeder's Cup," to be presented to the breeder of the best fox-terrier pup. The cup must be won twice before it becomes the property of a member. The entry fee at this show will be \$3 for one entry and \$2.50 for each subsequent one. Mr. Higgs will superintend. There are 223 classes provided.

At the last monthly meeting of the Pacific Fox-Terrier Club the treasurer reported a balance of \$25, besides cups to the value of \$75. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, H. W. Fores; First Vice-President, C. A. Sumner; Second Vice-President, H. H. Carlton; Secretary, J. McLaughlin; Treasurer, G. W. Debenham; Board of Directors, A. S. Gonzales and Robert Siddle of San Francisco; John Hefferman, of Stockton; W. H. McFee, of Alameda, and J. W. Mitchell, of Los Angeles. The next meeting will be held June 11.



DOG CHAT.

Kennel clubs seem to be springing up in every direction in California and neighboring States. The latest is the Stockton Kennel Club, organized May 4. They have applied to the A. K. C. for admission and intend holding their first show Sept. 19 to 22.

The third week in Sept. will be a busy one for dog shows in this country, though neither of the three shows will conflict to any great extent with the other. A show will be held Sept. 18 to 22 at Newburgh by the local fanciers in connection with the Orange County Fair. Judging will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 19. Mr. Geo. C. Norton, 78 Clinton street, Newburg, N. Y., is the secretary.

During the past year or two, since Mr. Sears parted with her, champion Lady Wellington, the rough St. Bernard bitch that was so well known a couple of years back, has been little heard of. She was in her usual health until last Sunday week, when she was taken with gastritis and died on the Wednesday following. She was whelped June 9, 1885, and was by Duke of Wellington out of Henley Juno. Her breeder was P. E. Neighbours of Henley-on-Thames, England. Passing into Mr. S. W. Smith's hands she won a number of prizes and was then imported by Mr. Sears about 1889. Mr. Thiman, who owned her at the time of her death, intended to breed her to his smooth dog Chester.

The prizes for the Derby of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, commencing Sept. 5, are \$100, \$75, \$50 and \$25. Forfeit \$5, \$10 to fill. Entries close July 1. The All-Age Stake prizes are \$125, \$75 and \$50, with same fees; entries close Aug. 15. An Amateur Stake will also be given, the dogs running to be the property of members residing in Manitoba or the N. W. T. Forfeit \$3 and \$2 to fill. The rules are now identical with those of the U. S. F. T. Club. No entry for the Derby will be accepted unless accompanied by a certificate signed by the owner of the sire of the entry, stating the month and the year when the dam was served, or a similar certificate from the owner of the dam, stating the time of her whelping. Mr. R. J. Gallagher is the secretary from, whom running rules, etc., can be obtained.

We acknowledge the receipt of a photograph of the well-known St. Bernard, California Bernardo, by Duke of Wellington ex Tomah. He has won at the Los Angeles and San Francisco shows of 1893 and '94, and is owned by Mr. John G. Barker, of San Francisco. Cal. Bernardo seems to be a well made, handsomely marked dog that would do with a little more depth and squareness of muzzle and heavier pasterns and bone.

The Des Moines Kennel Club, which, as stated last week, intends holding a show in connection with the Iowa State Fair Sept. 4 to 7, is an organization of prominent business men of Des Moines. The club has already provided \$1,800 for premiums, and the special prize list is expected to be a large one. Mr. Bruce, the secretary, in writing to us on the subject remarks: "The daily attendance at our State Fair is on an average of about 40,000 people, and we hope that the dog fanciers of the country will see the advantage of making exhibits at our show." All Iowa railroads will make a rate one fare for the round trip, and the express companies will make the "usual concessions." The show will be held under A. K. C. rules. Such a show should tap a good country, and although it is not likely Eastern dogs will be sent so far during the warm weather we may expect at that period, Chicago and other points in the middle West have a good chance to pick up honors and cash.

The Boston Terrier Club have been tinkering their standard for this homedead breed and now instead of advocating a cropped ear, the rose ear will be the correct "tip." Changes have also been made in color, weight, which now reads, light weights 16 to 25lbs., heavy weights 25 to 40lbs., and the scale of points. By the way, Rawdon B. Lee does not give this sort of terrier a very complimentary notice in his new book on terriers.

Mr. B. Alton Smith, of the Al-De-Ber Kennels, has sold the collie bitch Maritana to a Mr. Hazard of South Carolina.

The New England Kennel Club is thinking of installing a permanent secretary in their club rooms on Tremont street, Boston, whose duties will consist in affording general information regarding dogs, pedigrees, etc., in fact make the office a sort of bureau of information for members and local dog owners. This we should think would be a very good move. Mr. Loveland will probably be the choice, and a meeting is shortly to be held at which the matter will be decided.

Rumor has it that a farm show with kennel show attachments will be held not a thousand miles from Boston during the early fall. Just after the Providence show is thought to be a good time.

Mr. W. Tallman has joined forces with Mr. S. B. Wheeler, of the Netherwood Farm, in starting a large boarding kennel. They have a main kennel building 138ft. in length, and 11 yards 100ft. long adjoining. Another yard is 500x75ft. There are also numerous other buildings which are usually to be found on a well appointed stock farm, such as this is. One thousand acres of excellent ground for quail, woodcock and grouse afford ample opportunity for training dogs, which will be a special feature to which Mr. Tallman will give his personal attention. The grounds are fairly well stocked already, and more birds will be turned down.

We heard of a sister to Rufford Ormonde, the noted collie, having been brought to this country by an English fancier whose name we could not ascertain. Cragston Kennels made an offer of \$750 but failed to secure her. The Englishman took the bitch with him to Pittsburgh.

Mr. P. T. Madison sold, during the Louisville show, to Richard Merrill, one pointer dog pup, born July 11, by Strideaway ex Hops II., for \$100, also the English setter bitch Nelly H's Lady, by Antonio ex Nelly Hope, price private, but a large one.

Another "McLin" Case.

We have received a communication from Messrs. Henry Kerr & Dean, of the King Graphic Kennels, Newcastle, Pa., which shows that the McLin affair is not an isolated case. In November last they sent two English setter bitches and two pointer bitches to C. W. Ellis, of Wabash, Ind., to be trained. Training expenses were paid in advance. This spring they also shipped a Roderigo pup to be trained for the fall trials. The bitches' training was to be completed by April 1, this year; and not receiving any answer to their letters to Ellis, they went to Wabash, and, in company with a deputy marshal, found the dogs in an outhouse at the back of a deserted farmhouse, three miles from town. Three of the dogs were dead, and the two alive were eating the dead ones; they were covered with mange and filth, and the sight was sickening. The Roderigo pup was found to be in the care of Ellis's mother, and was all right. One of the dogs in the kennel belonged to Mr. George Glynn, of Detroit; the other two are Breeze Gladstone bitches whose owner is un-

known. Ellis offered these two to Messrs. Kerr & Dean in place of their two that were dead, but the offer was refused. On consulting an attorney, it was found no satisfaction could be gained. We are told that Ellis gave as his references such well-known names as Dr. Withers and H. L. Goodman, of Chicago, and Dr. Hartman, of Latrobe, Pa. It would be interesting to know if these well-known dogmen stood sponsors for this man.

Dr. Hair, of Bridgeport, Conn., recently removed a uterine tumor from a valuable St. Bernard bitch belonging to Mr. Irving Watkinson, of Colchester, Conn. The operation, which was quite successful, was performed at Jos. Lewis's place, at Moodus, Conn.

Mr. Geo. Bell, in speaking of his recent suspension for one year by the A. K. C., asserts that the action taken was unjust, as he was not advised of the charges on which the suspension was based. On inquiry of Mr. Vredenburg, the A. K. C. secretary, if this was the case, the latter stated that a copy of the charges had been sent to Mr. Bell as long ago as September last, and that they had received his answer during the same month.

There seems to be a more than ever general feeling among dogmen that the "seances" of the Advisory committee should be given more publicity. Delegates at least should be allowed to attend the meetings *ex officio*, so that when the results of the committee's work come up before the executive committee they can vote intelligently in indorsing or not the action taken by the Advisory committee. The proceedings of this committee should also be published, so that those interested in kennel matters may judge for themselves whether the committee render correct decisions in the important cases which they undertake to decide.

Tumor in a Scottish Terrier.

Last Thursday afternoon we held a towel at a very interesting operation performed at Dr. Sherwood's new place. For some time past the Scottish terrier Wankie Ted, owned by the Wankie Kennels, West Medford, Mass., has shown an increasing abdominal girth. Several doctors diagnosed the case as dropsy, but it remained for Dr. Sherwood to properly explain the difficulty. The dog was sent to him some time since and his diagnosis proved to be correct when the animal was opened. Mr. Brooks was informed of the particulars and James E. Green represented him at the operation. The case being a most unusual and important one several doctors were present—Doctors Kakers, French and others. The preparations for such an operation to a lay mind were most bewildering, and the smallest detail of preparation for a similar operation on a human being was not wanting in this case. At our request Dr. Sherwood furnished the following account of the operation, which, though found to be impossible to carry through successfully, will be none the less interesting to our professional and lay readers: "On opening the abdomen a large tumor presented itself and on examining it I found that it was a malignant growth—a cancerous tumor. It grew from the mesentery (butchers call this the apron or caul) and was attached to the whole of one side of the stomach, a portion of the bowels and the spleen being also attached to it. There had also been a little local peritonitis, the neighboring glands and a portion of the intestines were also infected. Realizing that it was utterly impossible to remove the tumor, we decided to continue the chloroform and so destroy the dog. After death I removed the tumor and found that it weighed two pounds and a quarter of an ounce. I may say that the dog's abdomen was noticed to be large about nine months since and had since gradually increased in size. The cause of the growth was an injury. The dog had had a severe fight previous to the time his abdomen was noticed to be getting larger."

The White Star liner *Nomadie*, due in New York to-day (Tuesday), has on board two bob-tailed sheep dogs for Mr. C. F. Watson, Union Club, New York, two bulldogs for Messrs. J. V. Farwell & Co., Chicago, and one dog for Mr. A. C. Bradbury of the Maybrook Kennels. The care bestowed on the animals that come over on these steamers is justified by their popularity among dog owners.

On Friday afternoon, during the Specialty show, Mr. E. M. Oldham, the judge of spaniels, was made the recipient of a handsome silver cake salver and knife. This was tendered as a pledge of his popularity among his fellow members of the Spaniel Club. Dr. Bradbury made the presentation speech, and Mr. Oldham accepted the token with a few appropriate words.

Mr. "I Say" Fiske, the latest star in the spaniel firmament, must think the judging ring an easy game to the political one he is now engaged in in Mount Vernon. He believes he has been elected mayor of that town but the question as to where three votes were really put will make all the difference as to whether we shall call him "His Honor" or plain Mr. E. D. Fiske.

Lionel—"I say, Budge, where do the Skye terriers come from?"  
Budge—"Why from the clouds, when it rains cats and dogs, you know."—*Harper's Young People*.

False Bloodhound Pedigrees.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
In the *American Kennel Gazette* of February, 1894, there appeared in dogs registered under the head of "Bloodhounds" the following:  
"Frula, b., Wm. T. S. Wentz's, by Buster—Geo. Allison's Fulda, Oct. 30, 1892 (32,556)."  
Then following this:  
"Romp, d., Wm. T. S. Wentz's, by Crofton—Geo. Allison's Rags, Oct. 1, 1893 (32,557)."

On seeing this I at once wrote to the *Kennel Gazette* that there was no question but that the pedigrees were manufactured and false ones, and so it proved. To get his Romp, the blank he sent to the Kennel Club, which he certifies to be true, he has taken the name of the well known show dog champion Belhus and made him the grandsire of his Romp by breeding him to his imaginary Chiswick. To get the granddam of his Romp he has bred an imaginary Rigid to Mr. Glazier's dead Benison. Both Belhus and Benison were bred by Mr. Brough. I imported them and they were owned by Dr. Lougest and Mr. Glazier, and while in our possession certainly were never bred to any mongrels or to any dogs with such peculiar names as Romp, Rags, Rigid, Romper, Jeanker, Chiswick, Buster, Rippler, Fulda, Frula, etc. Now, to get the pedigree of the female he goes further back; on paper he breeds my old Rosemary, the dam of champion Victor, to a Stranger, as he calls him, and produces a Rippler; this wonderful Rippler he breeds to Mr. Innes's Dolan, a young bitch that has never raised any pups, but he gets a Fulda. The dam of his Frula, also this wonderful Fulda with such wonderful breeding, proves, in his pedigree, to be the dam three times back.

This Wm. T. S. Wentz, V. S. M. D., is quite an extensive dealer in dogs and a large advertiser. He says he deals in 16 different varieties and always has puppies on hand for sale. I have a letter from A. B. Morris, of Worthington, Ind., who says he sent him \$60 for this pair of pups on January 18, and Mr. Wentz acknowledged the receipt of the money on Feb. 19 and promised to send his puppies the next week, but in the last letter I had from Mr. Morris, which was dated

March 23, he says he has got the registration of the blood hounds, as he calls them, from the American Kennel Club, and their numbers are 32,556 and 32,557, but at the last accounts he had not got his pups. In that at least Mr. Morris is lucky. It shows how little they know about bloodhounds when they attempt to manufacture a bloodhound pedigree, for the strains are so well known that discovery is sure. There have been bloodhound pedigrees manufactured and registered in the Kennel Club, but none so flagrant as these two from the City of Brotherly Love—Philadelphia.

J. L. WINCHELL.

FAIR HAVEN, VT.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Arbutus, Moss Rose, Golden Rod, Rally, Jr. and Rocket.* By Debonair Beagle Kennels, Gloversville, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagles, three bitches and two dogs, whelped April 25, 1894, by King Bannerman (champion Bannerman—Blossom) out of Ray's Rosey (Rally—Cora).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Susie—Paul Bo.* R. B. Cottrill's (Des Moines, Ia.) English setter bitch Susie (Zippo II.—Faydelle) to R. Merrill's Paul Bo (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl), April 27.

*Elora Chimera—Stormy.* B. A. Fox's (Moore's, Pa.) beagle bitch Elora Chimera (Drummer—Beauty) to Debonair Beagle Kennels' Stormy (champion Royal Krueger—Pussie), Jan. 4.

*Pet—Ransack.* O. B. Clark's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Pet (King Bannerman—Fancy) to Debonair Beagle Kennels' Ransack (Drummer—Beauty), Jan. 5.

*Nellie S.—Stormy.* W. Soule's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie S. (Spite—Laurel) to Debonair Beagle Kennels' Stormy, Jan. 13.

*Sweet Briar—Stormy.* E. E. Palmer's (Napoleon, Mich.) beagle bitch Sweet Briar (Rush—Blue Nell) to Debonair Beagle Kennels' Stormy, Jan. 31.

*Ray's Rosey—King Bannerman.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Ray's Rosey (Rally—Cora) to their King Bannerman (champion Bannerman—Blossom), Feb. 18.

*Rhyme—Stormy.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rhyme (Dash—Gipsy) to their Stormy, Feb. 20.

*Jeannette—King Bannerman.* E. L. Bryant's (Johnson Creek, N. Y.) beagle bitch Jeannette (champion Bannerman—) to Debonair Beagle Kennels' King Bannerman, March 7.

*Nellie O.—Stormy.* O. Eastman's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie O. (Ring—Fly II.) to Debonair Beagle Kennels' Stormy, March 10.

*Stick Singer—Chorister.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Stick Singer (King Lead—Stick) to their Chorister (Ransack—Gussie D.), April 23.

*Helen II.—King Bannerman.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Helen R. (Hardy's Little Duke—Flossy) to their King Bannerman, April 13.

*Rill—King Bannerman.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rill (Stormy—Rhyme) to their King Bannerman, May 10.

*Ruth Lee—Ransack.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Ruth Lee (Jubilee—Ripple) to their Ransack, May 2.

*Gussie D.—Ransack.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Gussie D. (Brad's Sport—Fern B.) to their Ransack, May 10.

*Wee Millie—Chorister.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Wee Millie (Blue Cap—Minnehaha) to their Chorister, May 10.

*Lady Maud—Count Noble.* E. O. Tucker's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Maud (Ranger B.—Countess Whip) to S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble, March—.

*Ven—Count Noble.* M. W. Murray's (Milton, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Ven (Dan—Fanny) to S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble, April 30.

*Beauty—Count Noble.* C. B. Rutan's (West Orange, N. J.) Gordon setter bitch Beauty to S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble, Feb. 25.

*Josephine II.—Count Noble.* E. O. Tucker's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Josephine II. (Leatherstocking—Josephine) to S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble, Feb. 2.

*Mame S.—Tribulation.* R. L. Shannon's (La Grange, Ky.) pointer bitch Mame S. to B. M. Stephenson's champion Tribulation, April 26.

*Ruth—Tribulation.* J. C. Neely's (Memphis, Tenn.) pointer bitch Ruth to B. M. Stephenson's champion Tribulation, May 3.

*Jersey Daisy—Albert's Garry.* B. S. Boate's (New York) English setter bitch Jersey Daisy to Warwick Kennels' Albert's Garry.

*Princess Belton—Albert's Garry.* Dr. A. M. Quimby's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Princess Belton to Warwick Kennels' Albert's Garry (Warwick Albert—champion Daisy Foreman).

*Clara Barton—Jim Blaine.* G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Clara Barton (Sir Bedivere—Judith) to E. B. Sears's Jim Blaine (Bryan—Martha Washington), March 23.

*Alta Lomond—Altoner.* G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Alta Lomond (Alton, Jr.—Lady Lomond) to E. H. Moore's Altoner (Alton—Hera), March 26.

*Eulalie II.—Jim Blaine.* G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Eulalie II. (Altoner—Clara Barton) to E. H. Sears's Jim Blaine (Bryan—Martha Washington), April 6.

*Alberta—Lord Wilton.* J. Brest's (Closter, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Alberta to Mrs. A. M. Hughes's Lord Wilton (Marmion—Lady Alice), May 18.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Lady Novice.* A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) beagle bitch Lady Novice (The Rambler—Lady Vic), April 23, seven (three dogs), by B. S. Turpin's Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

*Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice.* A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) beagle bitch Fitzhugh Lee (Lady Novice), April 30, seven (three dogs), by B. S. Turpin's Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

*Brummy.* A. D. Fiske's (Worcester, Mass.) beagle bitch Brummy (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice), May 2, six (five dogs), by B. S. Turpin's Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

*Ray's Rosey.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Ray's Rosey (Rally—Cora), April 25, five (two dogs), by their King Bannerman.

*Rhyme.* Debonair Beagle Kennels' (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rhyme (Dash—Gipsy), April 25, four (one dog), by their Stormy (champion Royal Krueger—Pussie).

*Lady Noble.* Inwood Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Noble (Don—Lady), Feb. 10, nine (five dogs), by S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble.

*Fennont.* Smith Bros. (Deep River, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Fennont (Beaumont—Belle Stephen), Feb. 12, ten (seven dogs), by S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble.

*Lady Dina.* R. Hoffman's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Lady Dina, May 15, eight (five dogs), by Romeo.

*Edgewood Matchless.* H. M. Howes's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Matchless (Gully the Great—Starlight), March 1, four (two dogs), by F. P. Dole's Ted Fritchard.

*Chatham Kit.* H. M. Howes's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Chatham Kit (champion Jubilee—My Queen), March 1, five (three dogs), by F. P. Dole's Gully the Great.

*Flossie II.* W. W. Brown's (Springfield, Vt.) Irish setter bitch Flossie II., May 16, ten, by W. Wenzel's champion Chief.

*Dwight Effie.* J. E. Ought's Gordon setter bitch Dwight Effie, April 15, eight (six dogs), by his Heather Lad.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Flash Noble.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Feb. 10, 1893, by King Noble out of Dolly O., by Miss S. A. Nickerson, Providence, R. I., to Mrs. S. S. Brown, Pawtucket, R. I.

*Dick Noble.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped April 28, 1893, by Count Noble out of Fennont, by Miss S. A. Nickerson, Providence, R. I., to Miss E. A. Wadsworth, same place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

A. I. Tampa, Fla.—There is little likelihood of the mongrel's service having any undesirable effect, therefore do not destroy the litter. The season of oestrus comes on about twice a year.

A. Reader, Olneyville, R. I.—Blister the spine for the chorea. In addition to the present treatment give a dessertspoonful of compound syrup of hypophosphites twice a day and also an equal amount of codliver oil. A seton is a narrow piece of tape carried under the skin



with a large needle. It depends entirely what you bleed for; generally from the jugular; a lancet or phlebotomy.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ill.—Kindly advise treatment for my two pointer bitches, one five the other three years old. Hair has come out all over body but mostly on hindquarters; there seems to be but little if any irritation as they do not scratch much. They are good in flesh. Ans. Feed more meat and change diet oftener. Dress the bare places with castor oil and sperm oil, equal parts of each. Give following tablets twice, each tablet to contain 1 gr. of reduced iron and 1-100 gr. arsenic.

R. A. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.—I have a very fine English setter bitch also a dog pup eight months old from her. I sent the bitch away to be bred to a fine dog a short time ago. When she came back the pup got with her. What had I better do, drown the pups? Ans. It is very probable that the bitch was impregnated before the pup had connection with her, and no harm has been done.

## Hunting and Coursing.

### FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.  
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.  
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

### The Mitchell Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The spring coursing at Mitchell, South Dakota, which was run off April 17 and the following days, was not a satisfactory meeting. The trouble was with the judge and wet weather which prevailed during the week. The officers of the club did all in their power to make a success of the meet. A mistake was made in the selection of a judge, and of course to the nominator this is all. The banquet given by the club was a swell affair, the nominators being the guests.

William Fox Kinney was judge—a man who without doubt has had more experience at coursing than any man in America. And with all this experience, cannot see but one side of a course (at times). Last fall he judged an eight dog stake here and gave the best of satisfaction, and the boys were highly pleased to think that such a man was located in the State; but he had no interest in the outcome of that meeting. Mr. Kinney was asked to vacate the saddle on account of prejudice shown. It seems as though "He cared not for his first love, his last he loved best."

Since the International meeting at Huron last fall, Mr. Kinney has resided with Mr. Marston at Sioux Falls, S. D., taking care of his dogs until a short time before this meeting at Mitchell. Mr. Marston entered three dogs. He won first money with Blue Hat, third money with Miss Fanny and Juanita was put out in her first course. When such dogs as Ramona, Sir Hugo and Laplander are in a stake, it is hard work for a judge to send such a dog as Blue Hat to the top. And when a decision is questioned, he should not give the game away by "flying off the handle," using such language as would cause the prairies to blush with shame, to say nothing of the feelings of the ladies and gentlemen present. Doubtless the result will be that William Fox Kinney will never have an opportunity to judge another meet in this country. Joseph Dodd was slipper and did his work well. He is not a new hand at this business, having had quite an experience on the other side of the Atlantic; he has great control of the dogs while in the slips, and makes his deliveries in grand style. A nominator would not object to his work, but would feel confident that his dogs would leave the slips well sighted.

The Mitchell Stake, for 16 all-age greyhounds at \$5 each, with \$100 added; \$50 and 50 per cent. of entrance money to the winner; \$25 and 25 per cent. of entrance money to the runner-up; \$25 and 25 per cent. of entrance money divided between third and fourth; 14 entries.

R. T. Marston's be. d. Blue Hat, by Scottish Chief—Wasp.	beat	F. T. Williams's bd. w. b. Fanny, pedigree unknown.
Columbus Kennel (ns.) blk. d. Carter O., by Carter H.—Nell.	beat	J. Bateley's f. d. Budwaiser, by Tulo—Vixen.
Columbus Kennel's w. bd. b. Ramona, by Spot—Filly.	beat	L. G. Conant's blk. d. Grover O., by Diamond R.—Fleet.
J. H. Rew's blk. w. d. Sir Hugo, by Lord Neversett—White Lips.	beat	Columbus Kennel's blk. d. Laplander, by Trales—Dick's Darling.
R. T. Marston's blk. w. b. Miss Fanny, by Spot—Filly.	beat	W. Hawn's blk. d. Sport, by Jack—Boss.
J. H. Rew's bd. b. Jessie Green, by Sir Hugo—Fleet.	beat	L. Hooker's bd. d. Ole, by Tulo—Vixen.
Wedehase Bros' r. w. d. Grover, by Tulo—Vixen.	beat	R. T. Marston's be. b. Juanitta, by Wizard—Gypsy.

### Second Course.

Blue Hat beat Carter C. Ramona beat Sir Hugo.

### Third Round.

Blue Hat beat Ramona. Grover beat Miss Fanny.

### Deciding Course.

Mr. R. T. Marston's be. d. Blue Hat, by Scottish Chief—Wasp, beat Messrs. Wedehase Bros' r. w. d. Grover, by Tulo—Vixen, and won.

Blue Hat, the winner, is a large, coarse dog with long hair, and is a half staghound. NOMINATOR.  
[This report was delayed, owing to the sudden illness of our correspondent.]

## HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The following comment in an English contemporary on one of our best coursing judges will prove interesting to coursing men who have met Mr. Mulcaster: "Those who used to attend local steeple chases in Cumberland and the various agricultural shows in the sixties and early seventies, will remember E. H. Mulcaster, the eldest son of the genial Carlisle, trainer, who was frequently seen on the back of a winner, until increasing weight put him out of the running. Something like twenty-five years ago I remember him riding Fanny Drake, a mare with a direct cross of Cleveland Bay blood, who was certainly the biggest jumper I ever saw, and I am not forgetting Old Star. Mr. Mulcaster, Jr., during his showing and racing days made many friends, who will, I know, be glad to hear that he is making for himself a name in the United States. When Mr. Mulcaster first went to America he managed a large stud farm in Nebraska, and on one of his visits I sold him some horses. But a sportsman to the backbone, Mr. Mulcaster could not long keep from 'playing the game' in one form or another, and he is now one of the foremost coursing judges in the land of the Stars and Stripes."

A recent eulogy on his riding and abilities as a coursing judge calls to memory the days when his father won golden opinions as a coursing judge in this country. And now just one word to my coursing friends. Coursing seems as if it had caught strong hold of our American cousins, and that it will maintain its hold seems pretty certain now, when they have secured competent men to judge. I should not be much surprised were there to be a boom in greyhounds before very long."

The boom is already here, for never has there been more interest taken in greyhounds for coursing than at the present date, for with new coursing associations cropping up in every direction west of the Alleghanies lovers of the leash may soon look forward to busy seasons at both ends of each year. The sport is clean and honest when the proper judges are in the saddle, and when such is not the case, as happened

recently, the offender is quickly ousted from the position. The very life of the sport now depends upon only true and tried men being elected to the office of judge, and if coursing clubs consider their best interests no expense should be spared in securing such men to officiate. The same applies with equal force to the slipper, and while we may not hope to see that experienced manipulator of the slips, James Wren, so far East, such men as Messrs. Brett, Cochran and Taylor can always be counted upon to do their honest best.

During Louisville show we saw a rough draft of the running rules of the National Fox Hunters' Association, which seem to cover the ground pretty thoroughly and provide for almost any emergency that may take place. The field stewards will be sworn in as deputy sheriffs, where practicable, so that they will be clothed with necessary power to maintain good order. This is a move that might be successfully copied by the coursing associations. The first field trials of the Association will be held early in October. Mud Lick, about forty miles from Lexington, Ky., is spoken of as the probable venue. This is in the wilds, but is a suitable country for all sorts of foxhounds and it is expected that a summer hotel, which will be empty at that time, will be placed at the service of the Association. The trials promise to be most interesting, as the hounds will be ridden by judges, owners and reporters. Members of the standard committee and others whom we met at Louisville show were much put out at the breach of confidence which allowed the new standard to be published in one paper before it had been ratified, and to the exclusion of other journals that have an equal interest in helping the sport along. This is not sportsmanlike.

Mr. Lyman W. Clute has sold the well-known foxhounds Crook and Drum IV., winners of numerous prizes on the bench. Vermont is their destination, but the purchasers' names we did not hear.

Our "debonair" friend, F. B. Zimmer, of Gloversville, N. Y., has purchased the sweet-headed little beagle bitch Mary Wise from the Hornell-Harmony Kennels. She is by champion Royal Krueger.

## Yachting.

### FIXTURES.

#### MAY.

24. St. Lawrence, Squad. Cruise.	30. San Francisco Cor., Annual Cruise, Tiburon.
26. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Quarry Cove.	30. Fall River, Open Regatta.
26. Portland, Cruise.	30. So. Boston, Open, Boston Har.
27. San Francisco Cor., Sail Out.	30. Rhode Island, Spring Regatta.
26. Winthrop, Pen., Boston Harbor.	30. New Bedford, Club, Buz. Bay.
26. Southern, Ann., Pontchartrain.	30. Hempstead Bay, Opening.
26. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.	30. N. Y. Bay, Op'g, N.Y. Harbor.
30. So. Boston, Open, City Point.	30. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.
30. Racing, Opening, Raccoon, W. Minnetonka.	30. Cleveland, Op'g, Rocky River.
30. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.	30. Staten I. d., Op'g, N.Y. Harbor.
	30. Minnetonka, Opening, Club, Lake Minnetonka.

#### JUNE.

2. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, first series.	10-17. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sacramento River.
2-3. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Petaluma Bridge.	16-18. Winthrop, Club Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Brooklyn, Ann., New York.	17. Manchester, Club Sweeps, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Atlantic, Ann., New York.	17. Oak Point, 3d Ann., L. I. Sound.
7. New York, Ann., New York.	18. Rhode Island, Spring Regatta.
9. Larchmont, Spring, L. I. Sound.	18. Beverly, Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
9. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, first series.	18. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.
9. American, Special Class, Newburyport.	18. Massachusetts, Open, Nahant.
9. San Francisco Cor., Owners' Day.	18. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.
9. Atlantic City Cor., Vansant Cup, Atlantic City.	22. Rhode Island, Spring Regatta, Narragansett Bay.
9. Cape Cod, Club, East Dennis.	22. Cape Cod, Club, East Dennis.
9. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.	23. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, third series.
9. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.	23. Sea, Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.
9. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.	23. Yonkers Cor., Ann., Hudson River.
10. American, Club, Boston Har.	23. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
12. Schoodic, Special Race, Club.	23. Douglaston, An. Open, L. I. Sd.
12. New Jersey, Ann., N. Y. Bay.	23. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
13. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, second series.	23. Winthrop, Open, Boston Har.
13. Bay Shore, Open, Bay Shore.	23. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
15. Portland, Annual.	23-24. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sacramento River Return.
16. American, Club, Boston Har.	27. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
16. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, second series.	30. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, third series.
16. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ladies' Day, New Rochelle.	30-July. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, McNear's.
16. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.	30. Jersey City, Ann., N. Y. Harbor.
16. New Bedford, Club, Buz. B.	
16. Knickerbocker, Open, L. I. S'd.	
16. Minnetonka, Club, L. Minnetonka.	

#### JULY.

2. A. M. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, challenge cup; P. M. steam yacht race, 18ft. fourth series.	14-15. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Galinas Creek.
3. Sea, Cor., Race, Oyster Bay to Larchmont.	14-21. Larchmont, Cruise, Long Island Sound.
3. Southern, Cruise.	16. Rhode Island, Ann. Cup, Narragansett Bay.
3. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.	16-19. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, G't South Bay.
4. Larchmont, Ann., L. I. Sound.	17-18. Interlake Y. A., 1st Meet, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
4. City of Boston, Open, Boston Harbor.	19. Interlake Y. A., Cruise, Lake Erie.
4. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.	19. Fall River, Ladies' Day.
4. Cleveland, Ladies' Day, L. Erie.	20. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.
4. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.	21. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.
4. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.	21. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
4-7. Lake Y. R. A., Race Meet, Soda Bay.	21. Beverly Sweeps, West Falmouth.
7. Dorchester Bay Clubs, Union Race, Dorchester Bay.	21. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
7. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fourth series.	21. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.
7. Riverside, Ann., L. I. Sound.	21. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
7. Cape Cod, Club, Nobscessett Pier.	21. Manchester, Minot's Ledge Cup, Massachusetts.
7. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.	21. Larchmont, Flat Cup, cabin cats, Long Island Sound.
7. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.	23. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
7. Manchester, Open, Mass. Bay.	23. South Boston, Club, Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Schoodic, 1st Cup Race, Club.	23. Squantum, Squantum, Mass.
12. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fifth series.	23. Indian Harbor, Ann., Long Island Sound.
14. Cor. Mus. Fleet, 21ft. and cabin cats, New Rochelle.	23-29. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Goat Island.
14. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.	30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.
14. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.	
14. New Bedford, Club, Sail, Buz. B.	

#### AUGUST.

6. New York, Annual Cruise, Rendezvous Glen Cove.	11. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.	12. Schoodic, Open, St. Andrews.
6. Squantum, Ladies' Day, Squantum, Mass.	16-17. S. Corinthian, Midsummer Series, Marblehead.
6. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.	17. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.
6. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.	18. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
6. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.	18. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.
6. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.	18. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
6. Winthrop, Club, Boston Har.	18. Beverly Sweeps, West Falmouth.
4-5. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sausalito.	20. Rhode Island, Open, Narragansett Bay.
6. New York, Semi-Centennial Race, Glen Cove.	21. Fall River, Open.
6. Manchester, Ch. Pen., Mass. B.	25. Atlantic City Cor., Open, Muckle Cup, Atlantic City.

10-11-13. Atlantic City Cor., Special Midsummer Races, Atlantic City.	25. Quincy, Open, Dorchester Bay.
11. Cape Cod, Club, Orleans.	25. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.
11. Cleveland, Ladies' Day.	25. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ann., New Rochelle.
11. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.	25. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
11. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.	25. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S'd.
11-12. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Petaluma Bridge.	26-26. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, California City.
	27. Schoodic, 3d Cup, St. Andrews.

#### SEPTEMBER.

1. Beverly, Sweeps, Mon. Beach.	15. Larchmont, Larchmont Cup, Long Island Sound.
1. Larchmont, Fall, L. I. Sound.	15. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.
1. Squantum, Club, Rur, Squantum, Mass.	15-16. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Vallejo.
1. Hull Cor., Open, Hull.	20. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.
1. New Bedford, Club, Sail, Buzzard's Bay.	22. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.
3. So. Boston, Open, City Point.	22. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
3. New York Y. R. A., Ann., N.Y.	22. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
3. Fall River, Club.	22. San Francisco Cor., Sail to Sausalito.
3. Cleveland, Ann., Lake Erie.	22. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay.
3. Lynn, Open, Nahant.	22. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, Long Island Sound.
3. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.	23. San Francisco Cor., Sail Outside.
3. New York Bay, Club, N.Y. Bay.	29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to McNear's.
3. Atlantic City Cor., Club Cup, Atlantic City.	
3. San Francisco Cor., Cruise to Pacific Y. C. Regatta.	
12. Schoodic, Sail-off for Cup.	
12. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.	
15. Winthrop, Club, Boston Harbor.	

#### OCTOBER.

13. San Francisco Cor., Final Sail.	
	SOCIAL AND BUSINESS.
May 25.—Riverside, Opening, Cos Cob, Conn.	
May 30.—Seawanhaka Corinthian, Opening, Oyster Bay.	
July 30.—New York, Semi-Centennial Celebration, New York.	
Aug. 17.—Riverside, Ball, Riverside, Conn.	
Aug. 25.—Winthrop, Ladies' Day, Reception, Winthrop, Mass.	

AFTER languishing for some years, the large racing single-sticker is now in fashion, though just why or how is not very clear. The races for the America Cup in 1885-6-7 failed to establish the class in America or England, and at the end of last season there was every prospect that the new boats of 1893 would soon pass away, without any permanent influence in the class to which they belonged. Recent developments, however, promise at least a couple of seasons of building and racing, if not more. In addition to Vigilant, Valkyrie and Britannia, now in commission, there is the new Bennett yacht, to be ready for next season, and now comes a report from Paris of a French 87-footer, to be designed and built in France, for Baron Robert Oppenheim, of the Union des Yachts Français. It is hardly likely that with such a fleet afloat the Emperor of Germany will be content with the old Thistle, and he is likely to come into the class with something a little more meteoric in speed. With Fashion's seal firmly set on it, and with a real price and emperor as patrons, the class is likely to come into favor with wealthy men in America and Europe, a result that yachtsmen will hail with delight. There is no question of the desirability of such a class of large single-stickers, but experience has proved that it is entirely too expensive for such racing yachtsmen as sail for love of the sport. If, however, through the aid of royalty or in any other way, men can be induced to build for it, the yachting world will be the gainer, and we wish it a long life.

THE improvement in interior finishing has by no means kept pace with the advance in designing, construction, machinery, and equipment, and in no part of the modern yacht does the owner get so small a return for so large an outlay as in the arrangement, fitting up, and decoration of the living rooms, in which much of his time aloft must necessarily be spent. The functions of the designer and decorator ashore are generally recognized, and no one would dream of intrusting the finishing of an expensive house to the contractor or carpenter who built it; but in the case of a yacht, where the outlay is five-fold for a given cubic space as compared with work ashore, it is much a matter of chance as to who has the entire charge, the builder, who has a thousand other things to engross his mind, or some boss joiner whose training does not extend beyond the saw and plane. The pressing need in yacht interiors is more brains and trained skill, and less carved and moulded mahogany.

### Stockless vs. Stocked Anchors.

If any one is in doubt about the snugness, neatness and practical sense of using stockless anchors, they should make a comparison between them and the old-fashioned anchor with both wooden and iron stocks, as we did recently on the big handsome ship George Stetson, which lay on the opposite side of an East River pier from the steamship Bayan. The port anchor of the Stetson hung from the cat-head, and from an aesthetic standpoint interfered largely with the beauty of the vessel's bow. On the starboard bow a heavy wooden stocked anchor was "cockbilled" with the big cumbersome stock at the cat-head and the fluke in the "shoe" on the rail. In viewing these two vessels (the Stetson and the Bayan) as their bows presented themselves to the passerby on the street, it only required a glance to see that the stockless anchor is everything that the anchor with the stock attached is not. The stockless anchor was hove up snug in the hawse pipe with only the flukes outside. The forecastle of the Bayan was clear of fish-davits, tackles, cat-heads and other necessary gear, which must be at hand to handle the old style anchor and hoist it on deck, while the ship George Stetson had all these incumbrances on the forecastle or near by, which are not only in the way, but produce a lot of unnecessary expense.

What officer of a vessel is there that cannot bear witness to the trying conditions that are so frequently met with when hauling one ship outside of another, or getting her into a dock berth, when it comes to getting the anchor and the cat-head by another vessel's stern or bow, oftentimes causing hours of vexatious delay and more or less damage?

The stockless anchor overcomes all of these difficulties and is a guarantee of safety where quick letting go of the anchor is necessary. Its value in this respect alone should be sufficient to warrant a reduction of premium on the insurance of vessel and cargo.

It is our opinion that the only reason for the slow adoption of this anchor by the maritime fraternity is that it doesn't look exactly ship shape to the experienced mariner's eye—nothing more nor less than prejudice, such as has existed against many new inventions or new improvements, that have only met with favor eventually through their valuable points having been brought out by practical use. No shipmaster will gaily the great advantage of having an anchor that will "let go" in a position for the voyage to be let go in a moment. This everyone must acknowledge the stockless anchor will do, and it has been proved beyond a doubt that it will hold as well, if not better, than the old style stocked anchor.—Marine Journal.

### Vigilant.

THE work of preparing Vigilant for her ocean voyage is progressing rapidly at Robins' Erie Basin, under the care of captains Haft and Jeffrey. At Mr. N. G. Herreshoff's suggestion the hull has been strengthened by braces similar to those in the Scotch, recently described in the Forest and Stream, an angle iron strainer being run along the flat of the floor, and angle iron braces running from it to the deck on each alternate deck beam. Three water tanks have been added, giving a total capacity of 3,000 gallons. The mizzen mast and other cruising spars are ready, and all of the racing spars, including the hollow boom made at Bristol, but never used, have been very carefully wrapped, and will be shrouded by the stronger to Glasgow.

Atlanta, Mr. George Gould's steam yacht, was in the dock last week at the Erie Basin for scraping, painting and a general overhaul. She will go on the dock again for a new manganese bronze wheel, and will then be ready for sea. Capt. Haft and Mr. Howard Gould will go with her.

Races have been arranged with Lord Dunraven between Vigilant and Valkyrie, for special prizes, over the Royal Victoria Cup course, off the Isle of Wight, and Messrs. Gould will probably challenge for the R. V. Y. C. Cup. Through the efforts of Mr. Kersey, the Royal Dorset Y. C., of Weymouth, will throw open to Vigilant its race for the Queen's Cup of this year.



## Interior Arrangement and Decoration.



has an opportunity to escape the owner's vigilance he will put a drawer or a locker almost everywhere, most of which serve no other purpose than an excuse for the accumulation of dampness and discomfort. An experience of this kind some time ago aided me to fully illustrate this fact. It was a change the owner desired in his state-room; the space was about 6x8 ft., on the starboard side, and in one of our large sloops, and contained, besides the thorough bewilderment of panels, a bed 2 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 6 in., and a mirror, a chest of drawers extending from the face of cabin trunk into the side from floor to deck. The bed in so small a space was naturally a very inconvenient piece of furniture. He seemed to fancy the drawers very much, but upon opening them and putting his hand down to the bottom of one, he pulled out a number of corks and other rubbish which had been lying there no one knows how long. The desired result was now at hand. Their removal was suggested, and in their place a simple function of the waistcoat, which was arranged so as to lower, giving him a folding bed 6 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. 6 in.—more than double the width of his former bed—out of the way, and still leaving ample space for a small washstand at the after end.

At the conclusion of the job, after practical tests of this new arrangement, the owner pronounced it a success, and in more than one way felt that it repaid for the loss of drawers. The cause of this lack of taste aboard ship is mainly that the ship joiner is considered fully competent to take entire care of that end of the business. Give him a pocket full of nails, a sufficient amount of mahogany and a suggestion and he will do the rest in a way of which we have already ample evidence. He should no more be permitted to experiment with this very important subject than our ordinary house carpenter should be allowed to dabble with the decoration and scheme in treating a Louis Seize salon, a Renaissance dining-room or a Moorish den. Heaven save the mark, but we have fortunately advanced sufficiently in house decoration to leave the suggestions and preliminary details to an architect or skilled designer. "This is an age of specialties."

As an example of the proper plan, view the transatlantic liners, especially those of the North German Lloyd Co., the French liners or the English racers. The display of art in their treatment is simply gorgeous. There the interior really kept pace with the exterior, and between the two they have succeeded in producing a triumph of harmony and refinement.

The progress ashore has been far in advance of that afloat. What better accommodations or pleasanter surroundings could one desire than on a train made up of Pullman coaches, parlor, dining room, buffet, sleeping and smoking cars, each one to suit the hour of the day. Even our saloons and cafés are fitted up with some pretense of pleasing the eye and many of them suggest the employment of the best skill at hand. It is all simply the influence of art upon the advance of time.

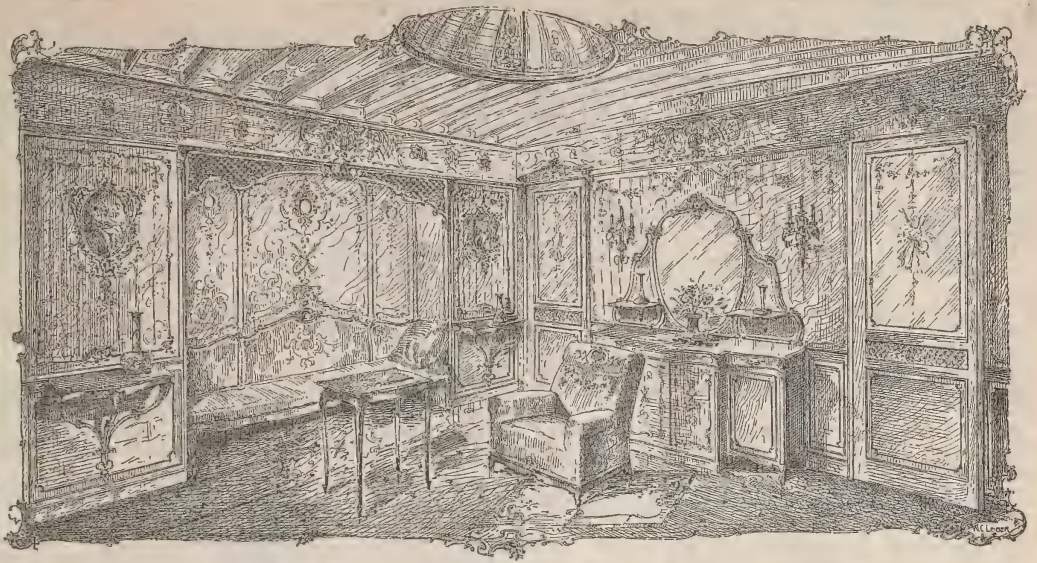
Although the marine architecture of to-day has reached a high state of perfection as to hull and equipment, the interiors' on the contrary, show little improvement on the past.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's new yacht *Valiant* is an excellent example to the contrary, as the Parisian firm intrusted with the decoration of the *Valiant*'s interior have succeeded in bringing out to the best advantage all the beauty and loveliness possible, in wisely using classic styles and treating the ship in general with an effect of taste and refinement seldom seen in any of our large yachts.

The accompanying sketch illustrates a salon in a steam yacht of large tonnage, and gives an idea of what can be done in this way. The style is that of Louis XV., treated very simply in enamel and gold. An alcove, formed by two piers, serves as a locker and bath-room, entered forward and aft of the salon. The relief decoration is papier maché, delicately tinted, and touched here and there with a dash of gold, so as to relieve the cold surrounding ground. The frieze is arranged to embrace a row of electric globes, with ornamentation, there being twenty-four electric globes in all. The remaining wall spaces are covered with tapestry, ornamented with delicate garlands and traceries of flowers interlacing ribbons and musical symbols.

The skylight is in translucent leaded glass, giving an impression of height and repose. By the use of color to attain this effect, it is not necessary to use costly woods; and material of very light weight can be introduced with good results, and weight is very important factor these days; by the liberal use of papier maché, which is very light, durable and strong, and inexpensive wood, the gain is twofold.

So much for the big fellows, but it is not well to forget the little ones—Corinthians and singlehanders. They, too, require some attention, and for them a suggestion is introduced here which may help to serve their purpose. Fig. 3 illustrates the cabin of a boat say from 30 to 36 ft. waterline. The space of course is limited, but by removing the usual locker under the cockpit floor and extending the bunks almost aft



SALON OF LARGE STEAM YACHT—LOUIS XV. STYLE. DESIGNED BY W. C. LEIBER.

to the arch board, one will find how much larger the cabin will be in appearance and actual room. This interior is treated in Romanesque. The wood used in the construction is simply white pine, natural finish, and decorated with silver stenciling. The cushions are covered with a dark green velvet, there is a woven wire rack under the deck for such small things as hats and umbrellas, a little Persian rug on the floor, and the result will be an effect of comfort and cosiness second only to your private den.

What is more pleasant than to lounge amid surroundings treated with a thought to human nature? How often has one gone below to pass the night or seek refuge from a howling gale and rolling sea, with nothing to comfort but a merciless bunk, a tongue and grooved cabin, with a few rags hung over the port lights suggesting curtains, when the employment of cheap and simple materials, arranged with judgment and good taste, would change the whole interior into a pleasant home. W. C. LEIBER.

## The Webb Academy and Home.

The position which the great port of New York now holds in the shipbuilding of the world is so small and insignificant that the younger generation is almost ignorant of the fact that for the first half of the present century this city was well nigh at the head in naval construction; its numerous yards along the East River turning out the very highest class of work in all branches, war ships, clipper, pilot boats, ocean steamers, river and sound steamers and yachts. Not a vestige of these great yards now remains, and of the great builders, Eckford, Bergh, Steers, Lawrence, Bell, Brown, Dimon, Collier, Westervelt and others, who made the fame of New York nearly a century ago and upheld it until the war of the Rebellion, but one is left. Isaac Webb was born in Stamford, Conn., in 1794, the son of a ship carpenter in the yard of Henry Eckford, where the son in time served the long and hard apprenticeship of those days, and finally established a yard of his own, his reputation for good work being only equalled by that for honesty and integrity. William H. Webb was born in 1816, in New York, and entered his apprenticeship in his father's yard when 15 years old. On the death of Isaac Webb, in 1850, W. H. Webb succeeded to the business, and from the construction of the smaller sailing ships, gradually worked upward to ocean steamships and clipper, and then to such famous war ships as the *General*, *Admiral* and *Dunderberg*.

In the thirty years which have passed since the closing of his shipyard, Mr. Webb has resided in New York, engaged in business pursuits and enjoying the fortune acquired in youth and middle age. Though shipbuilding has become a thing of the past, his interest in all that pertains to it has remained keen and fresh, and above all his first thought has been for his fellow-craftsmen, old and young. The last great scheme of his life is in every way worthy of this typical old time mechanic and business man; and must make the most noble and fitting monument of his successful career. The scheme, conceived by him some years since, included the construction and endowment of an institution which should provide a free home for aged shipbuilders and their wives, or for widows of dead builders; and in addition, should provide a school of instruction in practical designing and ship construction and marine engineering, for deserving young men. To this end Mr. Webb has devoted much time, and a sum of nearly half a million dollars.

The home is located in a commanding position on Fordham Heights, just above the Harlem River, a large building of stone and brick fully fitted for the comfortable housing of sixty occupants in the south

end, while in the north end are the quarters for the sixty students, who will be lodged and boarded while at the school. The buildings were practically completed last fall, and there have been a few old shipbuilders and eight students installed for some time; but the formal dedication only took place on May 5. Some 300 visitors were present, including many who are eminent in ship and engine building, and many old mechanics.

The services were conducted by Bishop Henry C. Potter, who invoked a blessing after the Lord's Prayer had been said and the Doxology sung. Mr. Webb then made the presentation address to the trustees, which was responded to by Mr. Stevenson Taylor. Addresses were then made by Bishop Potter, Robert Collyer and Joseph H. Choate. George F. Roesch then presented an American flag made by the daughters of former employees of Mr. Webb; and Wm. H. Helme, an old employee, presented Mr. Webb a series of resolutions in eulogy of his beneficent action.

The officers of the Webb Home are Wm. H. Webb, Pres.; Stevenson Taylor, Vice-Pres.; Thos. B. Rowland, Treas.; Stephen M. Wright, Sec.; Chas. L. Smith, Albert G. Bogert, Fred. R. Hutton, Merrett Trimble, Henry Steers, Andrew Reed, Chas. H. Cramp, Thos. S. Marvel. The home is in charge of Andrew Reed and Mrs. Alice Howard Hilton. Professor Jansen is the instructor in naval architecture, and Thos. Main, M. E., will have charge of the department of marine engineering.

## Minnetonka Y. C.

THERE is every indication now that the Minnetonka Y. C. is to have the busiest and most interesting season in its history. There will be at least 20 new sloops afloat when the flotilla turns out for its annual cruise on Decoration day, and some of these new craft are well worthy, though of local design and construction, to rank with any of the famous products of Eastern yards. Jim Stack is still keeping ominously quiet about the new boat Herreshoff is building for him, and nothing can be discovered about the original plan upon which she is said to have been put up. A local yachtsman of fame, both as an owner and sailor, said yesterday that he had heard the Stack boat was to be a perfection of the Onawa idea. Herreshoff is said to be building this canoe-like craft on an exaggerated Onawa plan, the intention being to outdo anything that floats on western waters. It may be mentioned though, that it was Herreshoff who last season built the *Kite* for the express purpose of lowering Albia's colors, and that the result was unsatisfactory. If this flyer justifies the rumored description of her, there is a probability that Mr. Burton will trot out the white-hulled wraith of Deephaven and give her a run for the honors.

The latest news is that Arthur Dyer is at work on a first class sloop for the Walkers, and that she, like the rest of the boats launched and to be launched this year, will be the long fore and aft overhang type. Dyer admits that he has the order, but is not willing to say just at present what the boat will be like.

Brackett's new sloop, that had such a curious experience on her first cruise, is going to prove a wonderfully fast sailer, judging from the way she went before her ballast sunk her. The boat looks very handsome in the water, and carries her sail well, but she will have to be tried out a few times before smooth running can be expected. Perhaps the prettiest of the new boats is the mahogany-hulled first class sloop built by Peterson for Prof. Cross. She will be about the handsomest craft on the lake, with the possible exception of the *Kite*. Mr. Peet is having the last-named flyer sand-papered and varnished, and she will go afloat in a few days looking as bright as a new dollar. So far as is known now her owners have been unable to decide on any change in the sail plan, though it is recognized that she is a good deal handicapped by the rules.

The new first class sloop being built by Mr. Long is going along nicely, and the outlook is that she will be ready for launching by June 1. Peterson, who has just finished up the Wilson boat, expects to send her out to the lake to-day. This is a second class sloop of very neat lines and the understanding is that Mr. Wilson intends calling her *The Hawk*.

Alpha is getting a new rig preparatory to opening the season under more favorable circumstances than those of last year. The first race of the regular series will be held on or about June 16.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

## Rights of a Racing Yacht.

On last Labor Day the yachts *Violet* and *Exile* came into collision, and the owner of the latter preferred charges against the owner of the former. The respective clubs in which the boats were owned had a series of communications, which resulted in the selection of Mr. Thomas Dean as referee. The choice of this practical yachtsman was a happy one, and both parties to the dispute appeared before him. The charge that the *Violet* intentionally collided was withdrawn, and this was only just to the owner of the *Violet*, who would be the last man to do such a thing.

On the question of collision, Mr. Dean sets up a decision which should last for all time. The *Exile* was in the race, while the *Violet* was sailing off and on about the course. By the rules of the road the *Violet* no doubt had a right to sail in the water, as the *Exile* had then no rights superior to hers. What applies to merchant vessels, so far as racing goes, can hardly apply to yachts, and on the question as to which yacht was right under the circumstances, Mr. Dean took broad ground and decided that where yachts are in the same waters, one racing and the other not, the yacht racing has the right of way, and the other yacht must keep off the course.

This is common sense, and non-racing yachts should keep off the course. Mr. Dean's decision is most satisfactory to all, and a love feast is soon to be held between the owners and crews of the *Violet* and *Exile*.

The owners of non-racing yachts should bear this decision in mind during the opening regatta of the South Boston Y. C. on Decoration Day.

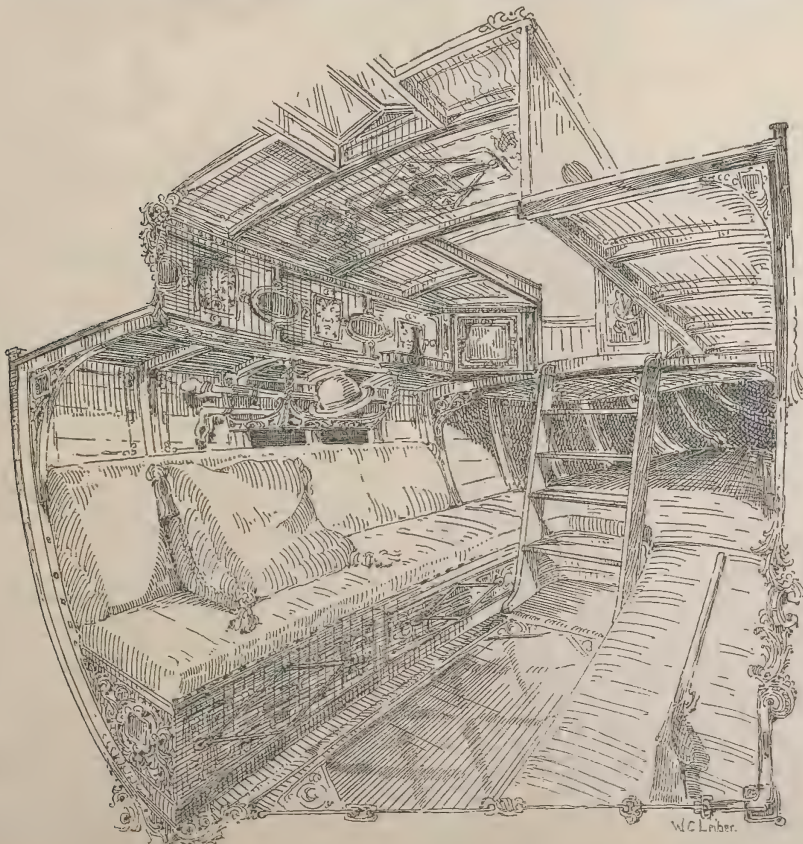
Mr. Thomas Dean has for 27 years been the honored secretary of the Boston Y. C.—*Boston Herald*.

## Brooklyn Y. C.

The annual spring regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. will be held Monday, June 4, over the city courses, starting from Gravesend Bay, at 11:30 A. M. The following clubs have been invited to compete: Atlantic Y. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Columbia Y. C., New York; Canarsie Y. C., Canarsie, L. I.; Corinthian of New York; Gravesend Bay Y. C., Bensonhurst, L. I.; Great South Bay Y. C., Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Conn.; Jamaica Bay Y. C.; Knickerbocker Y. C., College Point, L. I.; Larchmont Y. C., Larchmont; Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach, L. I.; New York Y. C., New York; New Jersey Y. C., Hoboken, N. J.; New Rochelle Y. C., New Rochelle, N. Y.; New Haven Y. C., New Haven, Conn.; Pavia Y. C., Jersey City, N. J.; Riverside Y. C., Riverside, Conn.; Shrewsbury Y. C., Red Bank, N. J.; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay; Yonkers Corinthian Y. C., Yonkers, N. Y.

The iron steamboat *Cygnus* will accompany the yachts over the course, leaving Pier 1, North River, N. Y., 9:15 A. M.; Bridge Dock, Brooklyn, 10 A. M.; "Captains' Pier," Bath Beach, 11 A. M.; returning landing at same places.

Information as to courses, classes, etc., may be had of Louis Wunder, chairman of regatta committee, Box 154, Brooklyn.



INTERIOR OF SMALL CUTTER—IN ROMANESQUE. DESIGNED BY W. C. LEIBER.



## New Rochelle Y. C. Special Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 19.

The New Rochelle Y. C. opened the season on Saturday with a special race of cabin catboats in two classes, the prizes being pennants presented by Com. Andrus. The course was from off the club house, Echo Bay, twice around the buoy off Execution Rocks. The wind was N. by E. The times were:

TWENTY-FOOT CLASS—CABIN CATS.			
Kittoe	Start	Finish	Elapsed.
Kittoe	3:27 02	4:13 35	5:03 35
Caper	3:26 24	4:14 01	5:08 02
TWENTY-SIX FOOT CLASS—CABIN CATS.			
Mary	3:26 36	4:18 44	5:01 45
Almira	3:26 33	4:18 33	5:01 45
Keora	3:26 33	4:18 33	5:01 45
Almira	3:26 33	4:18 33	5:01 45

Admiral broke her rudder. The regatta committee included Fred Adler, John Rough and Wm. Moore.

## Larchmont Y. C. Opening.

The formal opening of the season by the Larchmont Y. C. took place on Saturday, the colors being hoisted in the presence of Com. Husted and a number of the members. One of the guns of the Dauntless was formally presented to the club in a letter from Mrs. Colt, and will find a permanent place on the terrace in front of the club house.

## YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The third general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 17, with Vice-Com. Brown in the chair. The following amendment to the constitution was finally adopted:

"Any woman owning a yacht is eligible for election to the club as a flag member and shall upon election pay annual dues, but no initiation fee.

"Such membership shall continue only during the period of yacht ownership and carries only the following privileges:

"The right to fly the club burgee, to have private signal registered with the secretary, to enter yacht in club races and the use of club stations and floats."

The other amendments proposed at the March meeting were also adopted. After discussion it was decided to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the club by a reception at the club house on July 30 and a special regatta off Glen Cove on Aug. 7, the rendezvous for the annual cruise being at that place on Aug. 6. Mr. Ogden Golet renewed his offer of cups costing \$1,000 and \$500, which will be raced for off Newport. Mr. George Gould requested the permission of the club to challenge its name for the Royal Victoria Y. C. cup, provided the ten months notice be waived by the R. V. Y. C., and after discussion the request was granted. Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie, steam yacht Dungeness, was elected the first flag member of the club, as permitted by the new amendment. The following gentlemen were elected to membership: Lieut. J. A. Bell, U. S. N.; Frederick D. Hilt, Lieut. Albert P. Niblick, U. S. N.; Lieut. John A. Nichols, U. S. N.; John E. Alexander, Girard C. W. Lowrey, Chas. F. Ulrich, George Walbridge Miller, Edmund Randolph, C. C. Noyes, George R. Sheldon, Gardner B. Pennington, R. A. C. Smith, Marion Story, Henry Scott Rokenbaugh, Frank T. Morrill, Lieut. W. H. Schuetze, U. S. N.; R. Floyd Clarke, Paul Alden, E. L. Barlett, Lieut. H. H. Hosley, U. S. N.; Plincy Fisk, James Speyer and Arthur D. Cochran.

The *Lock to Lock Times*, of April 14, in its series of "Outviews and Interviews," has an interesting interview with Mr. Dixon Kemp, at his home in London, with a portrait. Mr. Kemp's connection with yachting journalism began when 19 years old, in 1858, in reporting the yacht races about the Isle of Wight, his native place; and in 1862 began his connection with the *Field*, of which he has been yachting editor since 1863.

The U. S. Hydrographic Office has just issued a pamphlet descriptive of the wrecks and shoals of the North Atlantic from 1887 to 1893 inclusive, with the pilot chart for the month of March, and a wreck chart of the entire North Atlantic.

Nydia, steam yacht, has been sold by Dr. R. V. Pierce to Eugene Tompkins, of Boston.

Aztec, steam yacht, has been sold by D. A. Loring to F. C. Dinning, Jr., of New York.

A decided novelty in knockabouts is the one which Dr. C. G. Weld is having built at Lawley's from his own designs. She will be a little Jubilee so far as the combination of fin and centerboard is concerned, and will also have a small forward centerboard. She is 17ft. water line, 28ft. over all, 7ft. beam and 10ft. in draft of hull. Below this a T-shaped bronze fin drops for a little less than 18 inches, and through it plays a T-shaped bronze centerboard. The forward centerboard is a small plate of T-shaped bronze. The boat has a large open cockpit and is undoubtedly non-capsizeable, but to keep her afloat should she fill she has water and air-tight compartments forward and aft made by white metal bulkheads. She is lightly built and copper-fastened, has clean lines and promises to be a good looking boat. —*Eastern Globe*.

Piscella, sloop, built by Lawley & Son for John M. Richmond, of Providence, R. I., was launched on May 10.

Ustane, the small 21-footer, has been refitted by her new owner, N. F. Fitzgibbon, with new canvas and hollow spars, and will be raced about Boston this season.

Colonia, cutter, has been hauled out on Tebo's new dock to clean and paint, after which she will be tied up until a purchaser is found.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., announce two new volumes of the *Badminton Library*, in *Yachting*: "Vol. 1. 'Cruising, Construction, Racing Rules, Fitting Out,' etc. By Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart, Lord Brassey, K.C.B., C. E. Selby-Smith, C.B., G. L. Watson, R. T. Pritchett, 'Thalassa,' the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, E. F. Knight, the Rev. G. L. Dyer, etc. With 23 plates and 18 illustrations in the text, by R. T. Pritchett, G. L. Watson, J. M. Soper, etc. and from photographs. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d. Vol. II. 'Yacht Clubs, Yachting in America and the Colonies, Racing,' etc. By the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, K.P., G. Christopher Davies, Lewis Herreshoff, the Earl of Onslow, G.C.M.G., H. Horn, Sir George Leach, K.C.B., etc. With 35 plates and 100 illustrations in the text, by R. T. Pritchett, G. L. Watson, J. M. Soper, etc. and from photographs. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d."

The new *Yachting* Year Book is publishing two special supplements per week, one of a yacht and another of her owner. The publication office is 28 Fateroster Row, London.

A detailed report of the total loss of the cutter Valkyrie L, now owned by Count Florio, on the African coast, with the loss of her crew, was published last week, but is denied by her owner.

The issue of *The Yachtsman* of May 3 contains a photo of Rear-Admiral Montague, owner of Corsair, Vendetta and Carina. The regular weekly supplement is a fine picture of a Nile dahabieh, and among the other illustrations are some good views of Trieste and Istria, the home waters of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Yacht Squadron, whose station is at Pola. Some time since a yachtsman offered through *The Yachtsman* prizes for designs for a cruising cutter of 35' L.W.L., and the prize design appears in this number; no less than 48 designs have been sent in. The design shows a conventional cutter of the date of 1875 to '80, practically a modification of the well-known Vanessa. The conditions of the competition virtually prohibited anything of the fin de siècle type, with extravagant ends, but at the same time, even for cruising only, the design is by no means up to modern ideas, and might be much improved upon. *The Yachtsman* is published at 143 Strand, London.

We have received from the author a copy of the "Almanac of Yacht Racing in the Solent Classes," for 1894, compiled by Lt. Col. J. T. Bucknill (Thalassa), late Hon. Secretary of the Castle Y. C. The book contains the full particulars of the racing in the Solent, and the Solent, with courses, dates of races, tide tables, etc., and will be most useful to those who are fortunate enough to be within reach of the racing. This locality is unequalled throughout the world as a sailing center, last year's sport including some 65 races for craft of 1 rating and under.

The M. M. Y. R. A. held a meeting on Monday night at the home of E. F. Knight to make arrangements for the season. Six new members were elected. Tuesday was decided upon for the racing of the special class, the start to be made at 7 o'clock. Fridays for the 25in. class at the same hour and Sundays at 8:30 for the 30 and 35in. class. W. Hale's 25in. cutter was out for a trial spin on Saturday evening. The breeze was light, and the trial showed that the model will need a larger suit of sails for such weather. Later in the evening the breeze lightened and the trial was continued at a fine rate of speed. She holds well to windward, this being her best point of sailing. A. English's sloop for the special class is now completed and ready for her trial trip. She is a keel boat of about four beams to the length, the greatest beam being at the waterline. Her topsides tumble home considerably. She has a very heavy entrance, though the run is not quite so good. She has a great overhang aft, and will increase her waterline considerably when beeled over. Wm. Hyde's boat for the same class shows more beam, with shallower body and deep keel. The overhangs here are long also, but seem more evenly divided fore and aft than in the English model. C. Mellin's boat for the class is of a different type from either, being a fin-keel model of good beam and very shallow body. C. Aldrich is building a model for the class from the same design as Mr. English built from—*Minneapolis Journal*.

## Canoeing.

## AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1893-94.

COMMODORE: IRVING V. DORLAND, Arlington, N. J.  
SECRETARY-TREASURER: G. P. DORLAND, 71 Broad street, Newark, N. J.  
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## ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: C. V. Schuyler, New York.  
REAR-COM: B. C. Proctor, Newark.  
PURSER: E. C. Knapp, Springfield.  
EX. COM: J. R. Lake, F. W. Hayes, J. K. Hand.

## EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: E. H. Barney, Springfield.  
REAR-COM: C. F. Schuster, Jr., Holyoke.  
PURSER: E. C. Knapp, Springfield.  
EX. COM: G. L. Parmele, Paul Butler, R. Apollonio.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp will pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Applications sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by address ing the Purser.

## WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.  
Vice-Commodore—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Rear-Commodore—L. K. Light, Detroit, Mich.  
Secretary-Treasurer—C. W. Cleveland, O.  
Executive Committee—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; G. B. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; S. B. Mettler, Jackson, Mich.  
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2.00 initiation fee and dues for the current year.

## FIXTURES.

MAY.

30. Eastern Div. Meet, Calla Shasta, Connecticut River.

JUNE.

10. Hartford, Spring Regatta, Con- 30. Red Dragon, Spring Regatta, Delaware River.  
30. Knickerbocker, Spring Regatta

JULY.

7-21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, 13-23. A. C. A. Meet, Croton Point.  
Lake Mendota, Wis.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass. 15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Delaware River.

As noted elsewhere, for the first time an American will visit England to compete for the premier British sailing trophy, the R. C. C. challenge cup. Although Mr. Howard is a member of the New York Y. C., and challenges in behalf of that club, but little is known here of the venture; he has been absent from New York all winter, and his new boat has been hastily built since his return, not having been tried afloat. Just what she is in model and dimensions has been as carefully concealed as in the case of larger cup racers, but she is said to be quite unlike Mr. Howard's previous canoes, which were heavy sail carriers and very straight on the keel. The challenger labors under serious disadvantage in that he has had no opportunity to test or work up the new boat, and will have little time to do so after his arrival, having sailed on May 17. The challenge cup race is set for June 19.

The A. C. A. book 1894 was issued last week, uniform in size with those of recent years. Through the personal exertions of Sec'y-Treas. Douglas, sufficient advertisements have been secured to cover the cost of publication. The book contains excellent portraits of Com. Dorland and Mr. Douglas.

## Canoe-Yawls.

The small craft of all types which muster under the general term canoe-yawl are rapidly increasing in numbers and importance in England, and promise to be quite the feature of the season on the Thames, as well as in other localities. As yet these boats are hardly known in the United States, certainly there are not enough of them to make any racing or to call for serious notice; but it is quite likely that in another year or so they will have found their way across, as did the sailing canoe, to meet with a favorable reception, as they are excellent little craft, of various types and sizes, giving a wide range of choice for the special work intended. According to the *Field*, there will be among the Thames clubs no less than twenty-four races for the class, not over 5-rating, with over \$360 in first and \$110 for second prizes; while twelve more races, for craft of not over 1, or not over .9-rating will also be open to the 5-rating class under time allowance.

The canoe-yawl is divided roughly into cruisers, which do no racing, but still with rig and ballast for racing. The cruiser class includes sturdy little craft, both keel and centerboard, mostly intended for rough water work, the only kind of sailing possible in many localities. The racer class are either centerboard or bulb-fin; and in model follow the types, the enlarged canoe form, of elaborate curve build, or the sharp form, with flat bottom and angle or chine between it and the sides.

The *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* of this month, published at No. 161 High street, Hull, Eng., contains the lines and description of a fine cruising canoe of the centerboard type, Cherub, designed by Albert Strange, of Scarborough, an amateur designer and experienced canoe-yawler. Cherub is 30 ft. in length, 17ft. 9in. in beam, 3ft. 10in. in draft of hull and 3ft. 6in. in draft with centerplate lowered; ton 2 cwt. displacement, made up as follows: Hull and spars 8½ cwt., keel 1½ cwt., mast 1½ cwt., outside iron 2½ cwt., centerplate, 3½ in. steel, 1½ cwt., crew and stores about 2½ cwt. A large lifting and sliding hatch forms a tight cabin for sleep and refuge in bad weather, and abaft it is a deep cockpit. The centerplate is hand-operated by a tackle rigged under the cockpit floor to save room, the hauling end coming up at the after end of the trunk. The steel plate is of the cleaver form, very much cut away, so as to call for a low trunk under the cabin floor. The construction is quite elaborate, double skin of ¼ in. mahogany, with cloth and varnish between, no frames, but five longitudinal stringers on each side, the deck is of 1 in. mahogany. The sail area is 210ft., and a practical test under 190ft. in a heavy blow in smooth water has shown her to be non-capsizeable. Such a canoe-yawl would be suitable for many localities in this country.

The *Field* describes three of the racing type as follows:

"At Kingston we found considerable work going forward, but all on the inevitable canoe-yawl. The Nora Creina has been almost rebuilt, and from the deep cargo-carried type has become a racer, one reasonably shallower, and looking quite fit to enter the racing list, especially as she is being fitted with a bulb fin-keel. Her original construction was too extra strong, at least in the amount of wood, apart from the question of size and amount of fastenings; but a great deal of this has been removed, and now all she needs is a suitable sail plan and a brace. The centerplate is hand-operated by a tackle rigged under the cockpit floor to save room, the hauling end coming up at the after end of the trunk. The steel plate is of the cleaver form, very much cut away, so as to call for a low trunk under the cabin floor. The construction is quite elaborate, double skin of ¼ in. mahogany, with cloth and varnish between, no frames, but five longitudinal stringers on each side, the deck is of 1 in. mahogany. The sail area is 210ft., and a practical test under 190ft. in a heavy blow in smooth water has shown her to be non-capsizeable. Such a canoe-yawl would be suitable for many localities in this country."

In the same shop the stocks are being prepared and the keel about to be set up for the new Nautilus, ½-rater. Whether this craft will be a canoe-yawl or not depends much upon individual fancy as to twisting the meaning of technical terms; the twisting only comes in on one point, that is, the question as to whether she has a counter or not. She is sharp at each end, with a hanging stempost and sternpost of identical formation; her hull form is pure canoe, and excepting for the preferable mode of trim for sailing she might have all her overhang given by trim at the bow end. She could not then be said to have a counter, as there would be then no overhang at all aft. On the other hand, she could be trimmed down forward, and have all her overhang aft, but this would not create a counter, as the rudder is for such racing, and the sternpost is a counter, for Y. R. A. ½ rating sailing she has her rudder shipped under her keel or body, and thus has a counter, in the usual acceptance of the word. She is to be built stringer ribbon framed, with three watertight bulkheads, and fitted with a novel construction of combined center-board case

and keelson, acting as an internal girder support to the flat or shallow plank form of keel. This craft is also to be used as a yacht's ½-rater tender for salt water sailing."

## The British Canoeing Season.

The Royal C. C. has just moved into new and greatly improved quarters in a building erected by Turk, the canoe builder, at Teddington, with a camping ground near at hand; and in spite of the increase of canoe-yawl sailing, the club is promised quite an active season in the various classes. The chief event of the year will be the Bourne End week, next month, the following races being scheduled: June 10, sailing canoe-yawl; June 13, sailing, first class canoe; June 18, sailing, canoe-yawl and canoes; June 19, sailing, challenge cup; June 19, paddling, Canadian singles, 1 mile; June 20, sailing, canoe-yawl; June 20, sailing, first class canoes; June 21, sailing, handicap, yawls and canoes; June 21, sailing, first class canoes; June 21, paddling, Rob Roy's, ½ mile; June 22, open race for ½-raters, Y. R. A.

Bourne End is a small place well up the Thames, where the river is narrow, about like the Passaic River off the lanthe C. house. Here the chief event, the R. C. C. challenge cup race, will be sailed, with an American competitor. Mr. William Willard Howard, of the New York C. C., owner of Toltec and Aztec, will be present to compete, having sailed May 17 on purpose for this event. Mr. Howard takes with him a canoe specially built for the purpose by Fox, of Clayton, a 16ft. craft of the usual American type, but designed to carry only the small sail area allowed, 112ft. for 16ft. length of water-line.

We have before discussed the new R. C. C. rule and the probable winner under it, and in the case of the challenge cup in particular there is every necessity for a careful study of the rule before building. We indicate as the most likely proportions a waterline length of not over 14ft., with the added 2ft. overhang in the average between the two ends, and a sail area of about 132sq. ft. The 16ft. canoe, with 112ft. of sail, would have but a small chance against this shorter craft in most cases, and at Bourne End, in narrow waters with many turns, there is an absolute necessity for a short hull with a rockered keel, instead of the long hull with straight keel, as in most American canoes; Mr. Howard's former craft being extra long in this direction.

The *Field* speaks as follows in the matter of type: "We have been asked to advise in the matter of a new canoe, building for racing under R. C. C. rules, as to center-plate versus a bulb on fin-keel. We have no hesitation in saying that, for the R. C. C. races at Bourne End, with the chances of summer weather and the smooth confined water, the light center-plate of good area would, in conjunction with a sliding seat, on the average prove to be the more successful. But if the race were windy and squally the bulb-on plate would drown all the center-plate canoes. Were it a question in regard to canoe-yawls, other considerations would have to be taken into account, but with canoes the matter is simple. Have two plates, one a center-plate quite light, the other a lead bulb on plate; the comparatively light bulb can be lifted over and on the average will be the more successful, so that the plate houses in the center-plate case and through it, and is held up and liftable by a pennant and tackle gear. It is supported or hung when down by two pins inserted through the case and plate, the plate having two vertical slots by which it passes up or down the pins in hoisting or lowering, and is thereby kept steady. Of course, when the plate is up it will project considerably above deck, and the fore boom can be fitted for tricing the fore boom up for running in case of a gybe over."

## Palisade C. C.

The Palisade C. C., of Hoboken, N. J., held the annual opening of the season at the club rooms, foot of Tenth street, on May 19. The war canoe, 25ft. long and 2½ in. wide, with a picked crew, commanded by Robert McKeehie, an all-around canoeist, is expected to do some good racing this season. Master Neil Finn christened the war canoe with the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen—No doubt you all know how much I prevaricate when I tell you what pleasure it gives me to be called upon to officiate on this occasion. As I have short notice I will have a short say. My first duty (according to my instructions) is to christen the war canoe. May you demonstrate that you are the chief over all, and may you carry your warriors always to victory! I wish to warn each lady to have a care of their hearts when bounding over the apples of the eye of the handsome American, and to be low on the right side and left to paddle while the balance take care of their special ladies, and then change about. I will close wishing the P. C. C. the continuance of the success that has always attended it, and may it paddle out of sight from its adversaries!" The following members also had their canoes christened:

Louis Held, canoe christened Adele by Alonzo Letts, the racing canoe-yawl of John E. Davis christened Marion by Miss Mamie Finn. B. Lentz's canoe Victor by Miss M. Letts, Henry Goetz's canoe Restless by Miss Emma Hildebrandt, Messrs Thomas McKeehie and Chas. Spear's canoe Priscilla by Miss L. McKeehie, Messrs. Hall and Mitteldorf's canoe Scorch by Miss Emily Felsing, John Bohrenburg's canoe Dolphin by Master Chas. Baker. The greatest surprise the club received was the presentation of a handsome American flag and Union Jack to the club. The following speech was made by Miss Emma Hildebrandt: "Ladies and Gentlemen—In behalf of the lady friends of the members of the Palisade Canoe Club, I have been requested to offer you a slight token of remembrance, hoping it is received in the feeling in which it is given. We regret that we could not furnish the regular club flag, if could not be completed in time. The ladies were Miss L. McKeehie, Miss K. Farrell, Mrs. McKeehie, Miss Felsing, Mrs. Felsing, Mrs. Spear, Miss Finn, Miss C. Farrell, Miss V. Hall, Miss K. Held, Mrs. Hildebrandt, Miss E. Hildebrandt and Mrs. Moore. The entertainment committee were Messrs Held and Mitteldorf."

## CANOE NEWS NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Wish-ton-wish C. C., on May 15, the following officers were elected: Captain, James R. Giffman; Mate, Robert Weir; Purser, H. C. French; Member of Ex-Com, George H. Sergeant. It was decided to buy two more club canoes, as the election of 10 new members makes the present fleet too small. The club will be well represented at the E. D. Meet at Calla Shasta, May 28-31, although it is not likely that any of the men will race. On the whole, everything looks well for a good season.

We have received from the Wm. English Canoe Co., of Peterborough, a new and well catalogued of canoes, including all sizes and prices of craft, from the light open basswood to the fully rigged sailing canoe. The firm makes a specialty of war canoes.

For hard service and reasonable price the canvas-covered canoes made by Arthur B. Godfrey, of Old Town, Maine, will compare very favorably with the finer class of varnished canoes, and at the same time are shipshape and attractive in appearance.

The Passaic River clubs will hold their annual meet on Sept. 3-5, the regatta of the lanthe C. O. taking place on the later date, Labor Day, with those of the Arlington and Orange clubs on Saturday, Sept. 2.

The May number of the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* contains the opening of a very interesting summary of the literature of canoeing by F. W. Foster.

The annual meet of the Owanux Canoe Association will take place Aug. 4-11 at Woodmont, Conn.

## A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: H. A. Crampton, Thomas B. Latham, New York; John V. Cackroft, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Henry Baynton, New York City; Joseph E. Murray, Philadelphia. F. L. DUNNELL, Pres.

## Indianland and Wonderland.

The passenger department of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has outdone itself and set a standard which it will be hard for other railroads to realize in the publication of its 1894 tourist book entitled "Indianland and Wonderland." This is a medium 8vo. of 110 pages, bound in a handsome, heavy paper cover, and illustrated with numerous colored plates as descriptions of the most prosperous and the most famous hunting grounds which are passed. A large part of the book is on proper, deals with the National Park, and neither the agricultural nor the mining resources of the country passed through are slighted.

But for readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* probably the most interesting part is the notes on hunting and fishing localities. It is safe to say that more sports of American big game are to be found along the route of the Northern Pacific than can be found on any other American railroad. Copies of this book can be obtained from Chas. E. Fee, G. P. A., St. Paul, who will forward it on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.



# Rifle Range and Gallery.

**Rifle at San Antonio.**

THE twenty-first annual rifle tournament and prize shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Club took place on Sunday, May 13. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM can scarcely form an opinion of the interest that is manifested in this section of the country as far as rifle shooting is concerned. There were nearly a hundred riflemen present from all quarters of Bexar county, as fine a lot of fellows as ever pressed a trigger, and this was a particularly gala occasion, as is usual in the Alamo city. The service was perfect in every particular and everyone present praised the efficiency of the committee in charge, admired the beautiful grounds and said ever so many pleasant things about the magnificent ranges—3 at 200 and 1 at 150yds., all equipped with the most modern appliances.

The prizes offered by the local club were very attractive and costly, and altogether this was one of the most pleasant meetings ever held in this section.

Following is the list of the prize winners. Conditions 200yds., rest, 10 shots per man, American Standard rest target:

A Steves.....12 10 8 12 12 6 7 9 11 12—99  
F Renner.....12 8 12 11 8 8 10 10 9 11—99  
A Uhl.....12 12 9 11 8 10 8 10 8 10—99  
C Hummel.....12 8 9 8 11 9 11 8 12 10—98  
Al Altmann.....12 8 10 8 12 9 11 7 11 8—98  
Ad Altmann.....9 12 9 10 9 8 12 11 8—97  
E Steves.....11 12 9 8 10 11 8 8 9—96  
W Conrads.....11 9 12 9 8 8 12 9 8 8—95  
O Forcke.....10 8 9 10 10 11 8 10 12 7—95  
G Giesecke.....10 10 9 10 10 7 12 11 9 7—95  
F Voges.....8 7 8 9 8 11 10 12 10—93  
G Altmann.....8 12 8 10 7 7 11 10 10—93  
J Musshall.....10 12 9 9 7 9 9 6 12 7—93  
C Pape.....8 6 11 10 11 8 7 12 8—91  
E Gruene.....12 8 9 9 8 10 8 10 8—91  
E Seffel.....9 12 9 8 6 9 8 10 12—90  
S V Pfeuffer.....9 8 9 9 9 6 10 10 9 11—90  
E Dosch.....9 11 10 8 8 7 9 9 10—90  
H L Degener.....12 10 7 10 10 7 8 7 11 8—90  
G Groos.....9 10 6 8 6 8 7 10 11 12—87

Sweepstake No. 1, 200yds., rest, 5 shots: E. Seffel 52, A. Uhl 49, F. U. Stuve 49, H. L. Degener 48, C. Pape 47, A. Altmann 47.

Sweepstake No. 2, 200yds., rest, 5 shots: H. Degener first, A. Uhl second, A. Steves third, A. Altmann fourth, E. Leich fifth, E. Dosch sixth.

Sweepstake No. 3, 200yds., rest, 5 shots: Ad. Altmann first, A. Uhl second, C. Pape third, O. C. Guessaz fourth, E. Seffel fifth, L. Dreiss sixth.

Sweepstake No. 4, 200yds., rest, 5 shots: A. Uhl first, E. Gruene second, E. Dosch third, E. Teich fourth, A. Altmann fifth, G. Giesecke sixth.

Sweepstake No. 5, 200yds., rest, 5 shots: E. Dosch first, E. Gruene second, A. Uhl third, Ad. Altmann fourth.

Sweepstake No. 6, same: E. Gruene first, E. Dosch second.

Sweepstake No. 7, 150yds., off-hand: Gus. Altmann first, Ad. Altmann second, A. Uhl third.

Sweepstake No. 8, same: G. Altmann first, A. Uhl second, W. Conrads third.

Sweepstake No. 9, same: W. Conrads first, A. Guenther second.

Sweepstake No. 10, same: W. Conrads first.

Sweepstake No. 11, 200yds., off-hand: A. Guenther first, A. Uhl second.

Sweepstake No. 12, same: Albert Steves first.

Team shoot, 200yds., rest, five men to team, 5 shots per man.

San Antonio, Team No. 1. Ackermann Rifle Club.  
A Uhl.....7 8 12 9 9—45  
H L Degener 9 8 3 7 6—39  
A. Uhl.....8 11 8 8—45  
E Seffel.....8 10 9 12—49  
Ad Altmann 11 10 9 9—50—238

San Antonio, Team No. 2.  
E Steves.....8 8 10 11 9—47  
A Steves.....10 9 8 6 4—42  
Mr. Albert Uhl of San Antonio, won the gold ring medal for the best center shot, the second gold medal and Mr. Ernest Steves won the third silver medal. O. C. G.

**Williamsburgh Shooting Society Prize Shoot.**

THE two days' festival and prize shoot of the Williamsburgh Shooting Society, which was held in Williamsburgh Park on Sunday and Monday of last week, was, despite the prevailing hard times, quite successful.

Nearly all of our local experts were out, prepared to do their best in order to secure the prizes which the society had put up for competition.

Capt. George Schmitt, the popular executive, and Messrs. G. Krauss, C. W. Lenz, Sr., Ignatz Martin, F. C. Ross, Max Weiskers, Albert C. Klingelhoefer and Philip Herschaft, the shooting committee, were present in the shooting house on both days, and gave close attention to all the details of the shoot and to the welfare of the competing marksmen. The weather on both days was fine and the light good. There was hardly any wind to upset the calculations of the cranks, whose expectations are generally based upon the center of the bullseye. The consequence was that at the close of the shoot the best had been some remarkably fine scores made on the ring target.

On the first day of the shoot Henry Holges succeeded in making the fine score of 74 out of a possible 75. This, in conjunction with another score of 71 made earlier in the day, was considered by all of his competitors as giving Holges a pretty good mortgage on the first prize on the list, \$40.

Shortly after Holges had made his score of 74 M. Dorrier started a new entry with a 25 for his first shot; he at once became a center of interest to all present and when on his second shot the flag came up giving him the second 25 everybody began to feel as though something was going to get loose. In fact, the tension upon the nerves of some of the interested onlookers was such as to compel them to step outside and brace up as it were. When Dorrier went into the stand for his third and last shot, the excitement of the spectators present seemed to lose all interest in their own individual efforts for the time being, and by the time the old veteran's rifle was settled at his shoulder all hands were grouped behind him watching for the result.

With the crack of the rifle there came a unanimous query, "Where is he, Michael?" "I can't pull it any better," says the old veteran, and simultaneously with his answer up came the flag of the marker, giving him his third 25 and a full score of 75 points, the second authenticated full score on record.

As soon as the fact that Dorrier's third shot was a 25 and that he had made a full score had become recorded in the minds of the excited onlookers, something did get decidedly loose in that shooting house. For a time pandemonium reigned supreme, cartridges and bullets went rolling over the floor, and it is a wonder that the rifles did not follow, for some of the excited marksmen in their efforts to embrace the victor, or something were inclined to shoulder the loading benches, but as everything human has its end so had the pent up enthusiasm of these excited shooters. A visit to mine host Wissel's corner soon acted as a sedative, and in a little while every shooter was hard at work trying to outdo his neighbor Dorrier, who had previously made a score of 70 and was now a tie with Holges for first prize; and on account of Holges's ammunition having been scattered over the floor during the excitement attending his full score he retired from further competition on the ring target, leaving the matter a tie.

The second day brought new elements into the competition. Among the new comers were Gus Zimmerman, E. Fisher and others. Zimmerman, who is shooting in good form of late, showed up well in his shooting both on the ring and bullseye targets. He made one score of 74 and one of 73, tying Holges and Dorrier for first place on the prize list.

E. Fisher of Hoboken shot in good form, making 73 and 69, taking fourth and fifth place with F. C. Ross, who made 71 and 71.

There was considerable competition on the bullseye target for the best and the most flags. Ross and Flach had a close race for the first premium for the most flags. The honors went to Flach, he made 42 to Ross's 40. Flach also got the honors as well as the cash for the best center shot. Ross, Holges and Zimmerman came next in this order; there was only two degrees difference in their bullseyes.

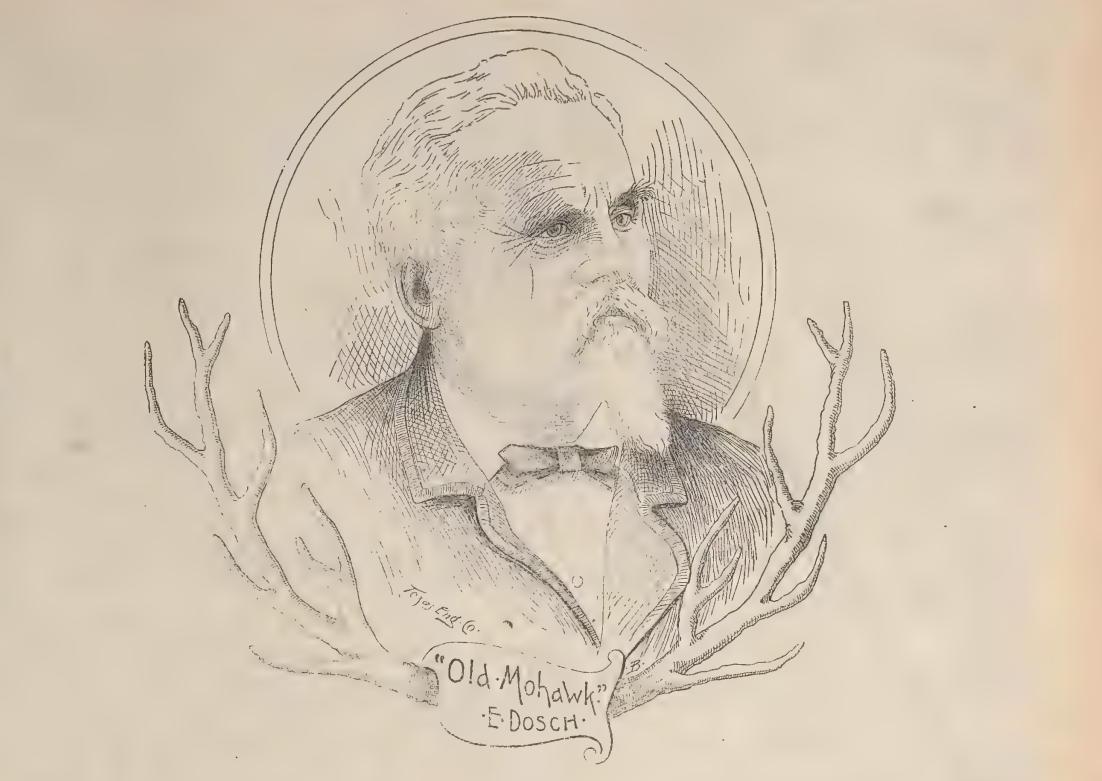
With the going down of the sun on Monday came the close of the shooting, then the cleaning up of the rifles, followed later by an adjournment to the dining hall, where the tables were laden with those good things that help to make the hungry man at peace with himself and his surroundings.

Ex-Capt. Geb Krauss, on behalf of the society, made a neat speech thanking the riflemen present for the liberal support they had given the programme. He was followed by Messrs. Walther, Schmitt and others.

A fitting final to the ending of the two days' festival was a vote of thanks by the assembled sportsmen extended to mine host Wissel and his worthy wife.

The programme was as follows:

Ring target—Three-quarter inch (25) ring target, any rifle, first ticket \$2, each following \$1, tickets unlimited, only one prize obtained



by one shooter, best two tickets to count for the first five prizes. Ties divided, 30 prizes, from \$40 to \$1.

Bullseye target—Ten shots for \$1, the best bullseye to count for measurement, open to all comers, tickets unlimited, 18 prizes, \$20 to \$1; 6 premiums for most bullseyes, \$10 to \$1.

Scores, ring target, 3 shots per ticket, two best to count for first five prizes:

M Dorrier.....75 70 L P Hanson.....69 G Schmitt.....64  
H Holges.....74 71 M B Engel.....68 Jos Günther.....63  
G Zimmerman.....73 72 I Marten.....68 Weiskers.....62  
E Fischer.....73 69 B Walther.....67 Menninger.....59  
H Ross.....71 71 L Busse.....65 A Eppig.....53  
L Flach.....73 G G Zettler.....65 M Braun.....50  
G Krauss.....69 O Horney, Jr.....64

Bullseye target, best center shot (measurement):

Degrees. Degrees. Degrees.  
L Flach.....25 M Dorrier.....52 I P Hansen.....84½  
F C Ross.....35 G Krauss.....55½ O W Horney, Jr.....85  
H Holges.....38½ G W Plaisted.....61½ Wm Vorbach.....101½  
G Zimmerman.....37 A Eppig.....61½ G Worn.....116  
E Fischer.....41 M B Engel.....61½ G Schmitt.....150  
B Walther.....49 I Marten.....61½ L Busse.....157½

Premiums for most bullseyes: First, L. Flach, 42; second, F. C. Ross, 40; third, H. Holges, 37; fourth, G. Krauss, 26; fifth, Gus Zimmerman, 23; sixth, G. W. Plaisted, 21.

**Comparative Sporting Rifle Test.**

Editor Forest and Stream:

A series of experiments were recently carried out by the American Testing Institution with different bullets employed for the Winchester .45-70 rifle, and several nitro powders, which may be of interest to a great many of your readers. Similar tests will be made in the future for the purpose of determining the best adapted make and charge of nitro powder for all kinds of American rifle ammunition.

The question of primer plays a very important part in smokeless rifle ammunition, and this rather perplexing problem seems to be solved at last. The primer used on the occasions is the Union Metallic Company's No. 24, which appears to answer the purpose quite satisfactorily. No tests were made for accuracy, but it can fairly be presumed that in all cases where the velocities show a marked degree of uniformity, the accuracy will be satisfactory also.

Observations: Therm., 56° F.; barom., 29.9; humidity, 40%.

All velocities were taken at the usual distance of 50 meters (165ft.) from muzzle. Fractions of feet are omitted.

Five rounds of shots were fired in each case.

A.—45-70-500 Winchester Government ammunition, loaded by U. M. C. Co.

Velocities—Feet.	Average.	Greatest difference.
1. 1206 2. 1203 3. 1206 4. 1216 5. 1209	1206	13ft.
B.—45-70-404 DuPont's black powder:		
1. 1275 2. 1281 3. 1243 4. 1254 5. 1268	1264	39ft.
C.—45-25-405 Von Foerster's nitro powder:		
1. 1390 2. 1360 3. 1312 4. 1300 5. 1375	1347	90ft.
D.—45-30-405 S. R. smokeless powder:		
1. 1285 2. 1297 3. 1384 4. 1300 5. 1376	1338	99ft.
E.—45-29-405 Walsrode leaf powder, smokeless:		
1. 1340 2. 1325 3. 1321 4. 1351 5. 1327	1333	30ft.
F.—45-70-330 Gould's "Express" bullet:		
1. 1310 2. 1288 3. 1280 4. 1300 5. 1324	1292	30ft.

\*The term "express" does not appear to me as the proper one. *Expressive* bullet would be the word in Europe for such a bullet. An *express* bullet must not necessarily be and mean a hollow bullet.

As will be seen, none of the nitros proved superior throughout to black powder in point of uniformity, and I venture to say that such is not likely ever to be the case. But some of the smokeless powders behaved quite well, and in all instances the latter surpassed the black in regard to high velocity or penetrative force.

The charges were chosen with due regard for pressure or strain in both the chamber and the barrel, but the permissible limit of expansion of the cartridge case has been reached with all the nitro powder charges as employed.

The proportions of the load of the ammunition A does not meet those found to be most advantageous abroad. The bullet is too heavy for the powder charge.

The standard proportions are about 1:5, and the proportion of the ammunition named is 1:7½.

As a natural consequence the recoil is rather heavy and the velocities are below those of ammunition B and F. But the uniformity of the velocities of ammunition A is simply remarkable, and speaks well for the weapon and even more so for the ammunition.

The Gould expansive bullet produced, as might be expected, a high velocity. The proportions between it and the 405 and 500grs. bullets would, of course, be reversed if the terminal velocities were taken at the long range. It can be taken for pretty certain, however, that the killing effect upon a reasonable shooting distance is comparatively high, the recoil is comparatively light, and for the purpose for which it is principally intended it ought to meet all reasonable requirements in point of accuracy.

The ammunition to be tested next will be the Winchester .44, Winchester .38-50 and the .32 Ideal rifle.

Parties desiring to have the best suited charges of nitro powders established for rifles as named can have this work done free of charge, but the expressage must be defrayed both ways by the holder of the rifle.

The tests herein referred to and as contemplated by the institution, are watched with considerable interest in foreign lands. Full particulars of all such trials are solicited by sportsmen as far away as South Africa.

In order to avoid the ordeal of a controversy in the sporting papers, for both the reader and the Testing Institution, the proceedings of the latter will henceforth, as a rule, be submitted to the members only and will not appear in public print.

ARMIN TENNER,  
Superintendent American Testing Institution.

**"Old Mohawk."**

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Among the gentlemen who amuse themselves at the rifle range, and one who covered himself with glory there, is Capt. Ernest August Dosch, the septuagenarian rifleman, sportsman and altogether the keener blade, the bravest heart in southwest Texas. A monument of honesty to which all men and women pay homage, a man who is recognized a prophet in his own country and of whom the country is justly proud. Seventy-two years old on May 3 he still stands erect in the full majesty of his glorious manhood. A man who has fought gallantly for his country, always fallen on the side of the weak, suppressed the tyrant and succored the oppressed. Such is Captain Dosch of San Antonio.

At 200yds., muzzle rest, American standard target, he made the magnificent score of 105 out of a possible 120, with ordinary globe and peep sights. The excellence of his performance will be better understood when it is known that the best score ever made in this club is 109. May the "old man" be spared to us for many years to come is the devout wish of the sportsmen of Texas, and they desire their brethren throughout the width and breadth of the land to echo the sentiment.

O. C. G.

**New York Schuetzen Corps.**

THE second monthly practice shoot of the New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Ofterman, which took place in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park, on May 11, was highly successful. The attendance was large, over seventy members being present and participating in the shoot.

The weather was fine and the light just suited for fine holding. Fred Schmidt put up the best score of the day on the ring target, making 218, B. Walther was second with 210, A. J. Christen third with 205. Scores:

Ring target, 10 shots, possible 250: F. Schmidt 218, B. Walther 210, A. J. Christen 205, Wm. Hahn 202, J. Schmitt 200, F. Facompri 193, B. Zettler 183, H. Hanschew 181, H. Butcher 184, E. Meyer 177, C. Grosch 172, J. C. Brown 172, G. Wehrenberg 171, A. Liss 174, H. B. Michaelson 169, J. D. Wilkens 166, J. G. Thoeke 165, H. A. Sievers 165, H. Krobelt 162, F. Lemmermann 162, F. Alfors 160, H. Oppermann 160, J. H. Klee 159, W. Meyer 170, F. Flapp 155, J. Hainhorst 154, H. Lohden 153, H. Meyer 153, H. Strake 151, J. Mohrmann 150.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: B. Walther 55, F. Facompri 54, F. Schmidt 54, A. J. Christen 52, A. W. Lemcke 50, H. Wehrenberg 48, C. Grosch 46.

Bullseye target: W. Hahn 3, B. Walther 3, J. H. Klee 3, F. Facompri 2, J. D. Wilkins 2, G. David 2, F. Schmidt, J. C. Bonn, D. Eickhoff, C. Grosch, A. Liss, F. B. Michp, W. Meyer, E. Butcher, A. G. Walta, H. Peters, F. Himmel, W. Wessel, J. N. Herrmann, O. T. Martens, F. Lange, H. Meyn, D. Basse and E. Meyn 1 each.

**West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club.**

NEWBURGH, N. Y., May 12.—Prize shoot on the decimal target:

Harrison.....5 9 6 8 9 4 3 9 7 7—67  
Shaw.....5 8 4 5 4 4 7 4 2 4—47  
Haviland.....7 6 9 4 10 8 10 4 10—74  
Stansbrough.....5 7 10 10 10 5 6 5 9—72  
Sneed, Jr.....9 4 4 5 6 6 8 6 5 7—60  
Kidd.....4 6 4 7 5 7 4 9 8—53  
Hawes.....8 6 8 6 8 8 10 8 10 6—78  
Sneed, Sr.....4 7 7 6 4 5 4 4 3 10—54  
Kissam.....1 3 3 3 3 4 5 8 3—43  
Sutton.....3 7 5 3 6 2 3 2 3 4—38  
Higginsob.....0 9 4 7 8 4 4 4 4 4—48  
Taylor.....4 4 4 4 4 5 4 7 6 5 5—48  
Mitchell.....5 4 5 4 5 6 5 7 6 4—51

**Turtle Bay Rifle Club.**

ELEVEN members of the Turtle Bay Club met on the Woodside Range, Long Island, on May 13, for a 50-shot sweepstake match to settle the final distribution of the effects of the club. Messrs. Walter, Ochs and Tamm got the best of their competitors and walked away with the honors and the property. Scores, 50yds., off-hand, .22cal. rifle:

Walter.....310 216 222 214 220—1082 Fuchs.....183 198 202 195 187—905  
J Ochs, Jr.....204 204 315 212 220—1065 Fitzpatrick.....186 185 185 170 208—904  
Tamm.....224 213 212 207 201—1057 Oberle.....170 165 173 169 181—858  
Jantzer.....201 213 214 215 200—1043 Ulandtherm.....163 140 132 150 150—704  
Plate.....211 195 206 202 210—1037 Goerlitz.....106 140 130 120 125—611  
Krampert.....196 214 200 190 205—1005

**Greenville Rifle Club.**

AT the weekly shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, held May 13, the following appended scores were made by the members present:

First Class—J. Boag first, 240—6, Robidoux second, 240—5, Dorrier 241, Purkess 234, Robidoux 240, J. Boag 240, Collins 238, C. Boag 235, Scheeline 229.

Second Class—Chavant first, 237, Charlack second, 228+5=233, Dodds 221; Chavant 227, Chuester 238, Agneau 224, Cagne 226, Fagen 222.

Third Class—E. Wuestner, Jr., first, 223+8=230, John Hill second, 233, Holzapfel 218, Graef 206, Daniels 225, F. Wuestner 210, Zeiger 213.

**Correction.**

In my article, "How they Do It," published in last week's issue, I made the error of crediting the new Fissore cleaner used by Dorrier to the Ideal Co., as manufacturers. The credit belongs to the B. G. I. Co. Also the weight of Dorrier's bullet should read 255grs.

PLAISTED.

**Palisade Rifle Club.**

AT the weekly shoot of the Palisade Club, on May 15, the following appended scores were made: 10 shots, distance 75ft., possible 250. Scores: Fred Esperer 230, R. Glaser 229, Ad. Ahles 228, Geo. Dorr 226, Fred Krobatsch 226, Chas. Hemberger 217, Aug. Ahles 212, Wm. Ahles 210, Henry Zuehl 205.



## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.  
If you want your shoot to be announced here  
send in notice like the following:

May 22-25 — Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tourna-

ment; first days, targets, \$1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Gun Club's fifteenth annual tournament.

May 23-26.—Winner Cartridge Co's tournament, at St. Louis.

May 29.—Massachusetts State Shooting Association's tournament.

- under auspices of Hingham Gun Club, at Hingham.
- May 29-30.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, at Sheldon, Iowa.
- May 29-30.—Janesville (Wis.) Shooting Club, third annual tournament, targets and live birds.
- May 30.—Muncie (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.
- May 30.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Shooting Association tournament.
- May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, third tournament, at Utica.
- May 30.—Niagara Gun Club's second annual tournament, at West Pittston, Pa.
- May 30-31.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Rochester.
- May 30-31.—Mountain Gun Club tournament, at Mahanoy City, Pa.

May 30-June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association first tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Tennis Association, both at the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club, Mason. \$300 added money.

June 4-9.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Independence, Iowa.

June 5-7.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

June 7-9.—Ohio State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, under auspices of Willmette Gun Club, at Portland, Oregon.

June 8-9.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club, first annual tournament.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-six annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12-14.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, at Topeka.

June 12-14—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscorn, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14-16—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest's tenth annual tournament, under auspices of Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, at Tacoma, Wash.; \$1,500 added money; open to the world. E. E. Ellis, Sec'y.

June 19—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.

June 20-21—Belfast (Me.) tournament, under the management of Belfast Gun Club. Chas. R. Coombs, Sec'y.

June 28.—Union Gun Club tournament in conjunction with monthly team shoot of New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, at Springfield, N. J.

June 27-28.—Intersate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's shoot, under auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind. Elwood Gun Club will add \$300.

June 28.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament.

ment, under the auspices of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, at Hartford, Conn.

July 4-6.—Central City Gun Club tournament, at Duluth.

July 10-18.—Standard Gun Club tournament, at Baltimore, Md.; \$150 added.

July 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Associations' seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from \$200 to \$400.

July 19-19.—Dr. Wallade's bluecock target and live bird tournament, at Newport, Mich.

July 20.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League fourth tournament, at Syracuse.

July 26.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Willimantic Rod and Gun Club, at Willimantic, Conn.

Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wagonhook Park, Altoona.

Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association at Lynn, Mass.

Aug. 23.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Sept. 3.—Eudeavor Gun Club's annual shoot, Marion, N. J. E. Hollister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sept. 19-20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, under auspices of Greensboro Gun Club, at Greensboro, N. C. The Greensboro Gun Club adds \$200.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Auburn.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Columbia Gun Club, of Marietta, O., has elected: John A. Davis, President; C. L. Flanders, Vice-President; Walter Kirby, Secretary; E. P. Eddy, Treasurer; F. S. Bibbee, Field Captain; P. Schlicher, Jr., Assistant Field Captain. The third annual tournament will be given June 7 and 8. The secretary writes: "With our complete new outfit, including electric lights, we are assured of a successful season. We will make every effort to make it an enjoyable one also. We trust all our friends will make every effort to be with us. Programmes will be out in a few days."

Enoch Miller, the well-known pigeon shooter of Branch Mills, N. J., has had his right hand amputated. The physicians said that this must be done to save life, as blood poisoning had set in. Miller was cleaning his gun a week ago, and accidentally cut his hand with a knife. The wound was small and was at first neglected. The arm soon began to swell.

The Eastern N. Y. Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club, will be shot at Canajoharie next Wednesday, commencing at 9:30 A. M. sharp. For further particulars, address, Charles Weeks, Secretary.

Mr. C. W. Dimick is preparing for a new revision of the trap-shooting rules of the American Shooting Association, which will cover the case of known traps and unknown angles.

**Kansas State Tournament.**  
The fifth annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Topeka, June 12-14, under the auspices of the West Side Gun Club, J. C. Clark, secretary. American Association

**Meadville Gun Club.**

rules will govern all contests. All purses will be divided 40, 30, 30 and 10 per cent., and will be paid in full. No deductions from purses will be made for any purpose. The graduating handicap will be used in all programmed events. Winners of first and second moneys shoot in the next event in which they enter at known traps but unknown angles. Forty dollars will be donated by the management each day.

For average prizes to be divided into five prizes, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6 and \$4. Shooters tying for a place may withdraw their pro rata. All contests open to all, excepting medal shoot. The National Hotel will be headquarters for shooters. The annual business meeting of the Association will be held in the parlors of the National Hotel, Wednesday evening, June 13. Two sets of five traps will be run, and all shooting

will be rapid firing. Bluerock and Empire targets will be used. Good live birds are guaranteed. A special rate of a fare and one-third has been secured during the tournament on all railroads running into Topeka from all points of Kansas, and from Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo. Write the secretary if any further information is desired.

**Meadville Gun Club.**  
MEADVILLE, Pa., May 16.—To-day's unpromising and at times dam weather had no terrors for the club, and a goodly number of member

was that some of the usually crack shots came in on the tail end of the score. The following were the results of the reggatt, 25 singles known: Hines 22, Kelso 22, E. W. Smith 22, Ehrigott 21, Clark 20, Johnson 20, Dr. Johnson 20, Yates 19, Whittington 19, Bolton 18, Lashell 18, Adams 18, Worst 17, See 17, Neal 17, Baker 17, Stebbins 16, Kellam 16, Hodge 12, Reisinger 12, Hayes 12, Carskadden 10, F. B. Smith 10, McFarland 9, Carpenter 6, Stano 6, Kelpert 2.



### The Eureka Gun Club.

DELIGHTFUL weather and a good attendance favored the club's shoot on Saturday, May 12. The traps worked badly, which somewhat detracted from the pleasure of the event. Some youths were present and exhibited most skillful shooting. Following are the scores:

..... 22

illard	11111111011011111111	-23
Adams	0001011111110011110111	-20
Shingham	11111111111111111111	-20
	0111011111111111110011	-19
Alvord	10000011110110000110111	-14
Brothingham	110111111100111100111111	-20
Puller	11011111111111111111	-22
Goodrich	1101101101101101011010	-16
Goodrich	110111100100101110111	-17
DeWolf	1111111111111111100110	-15
	1111110101001010001000	-10
	11000110101001011010001	-12
Carson	1111101111110010111111	-20
Malby	011001000011110	-7
Patterson	00101011111011	-10
Courtney	11101101111110	-12

No. 2, 25 targets;

Chenard	11101111111111111111	34
Chenham	11101111111111111111	34
Adams	11011111111111111111	33
Brothamham	11111111111111111111	23
Glover	11110111111111111111	23
Ferguson	011010000010011101010011	1
Patterson	11101101111111111111	10
DeWolf	10111101111111111111	19
Hayley	00101111111111111111	22
Waters	11111111111111111111	22
Carson	00011111111111111111	22
Courtney	11111111111111111111	20
Fuller	11010111111111111111	21
Hibbart	11111111111111111111	21
Elliott	011011000011010001111011	14
Veart	0010101011000000010100101	10

Trophy shoot:

Willard.....	111111101110111111111111-23
Bingham.....	111111101101111111111111-23
Adams.....	111111111111111111111110-23
Talbot.....	111111111111111111111111 ad

## Class B

lover.....	111011001011011110111111	-18
Goodrich.....	1011111101110111100111010	-18
Ferguson.....	1001111101101000111111111	-19
Peterson.....	1110111111100010111110111	-19

DeWolf.....	0111101100110110111011010-16
Class C.	
Malby.....	1111000011110000100011110-18

Waters	010111110001001100111111	-16
Carson	010101111110111110010111	-18
Chacker	101010110111011110111111	-19
Veart	000110111000100111110111	-15

Courtney.....	00111111011111111101111-21
Fuller.....	11101111010101011111101-20
Burt.....	101011111111111111010111-22
Gibbard.....	010001000101011111111101

THUR. 24. Nov. Brunswick, Tex.

A STRONG delegation of the Powder Hill and San Antonio gun clubs, of San Antonio, attended a little tournament given at New Braunfels, Tex., Feb. 19. The first prize was the programme and a prize shoot at 25.

On May 13, the first thing on the programme was a prize shoot at 25  
ingles as follows:

McCormack.....	111111010111011110101010	-18
Ritzer.....	110111111111111110111111	-22

Thiele, .....	01011111100111101101011-18
Rothwell .....	0101000011111101101111-15
Samuels, .....	0101111101111001011110010-16
Trieb, .....	011001001100101111111111-17

John .....	011001001100101111111111-17
George .....	11111010010111111000101111-16
France .....	11010110110111111111011001-19
Team .....	1010101111000011011100100-13

Frank	110101010111110101011001	-16
Faurote	0100101101010101111110	-16
Grossmann	000101100011101100111100	-18
Thabot	101011111101111010101010	-17

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Hoeckner .....011111100010110001110111-16
Opp .....111001111101111111110111-21
Silsenbach .....0001111111111101111111001-19
Zeller .....1111011011111111111111111111-11

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Kennziffer	.....111011011011011011011011-29
Dreissig	.....1100110001100101001010001-1
Vagenfuhr	.....011100000111111111011010-16
Miele	.....1110000000000110101000001-8

Philips	110010011011110110111111	18
Paris	0110011110011111011111	19
Wallbrecht	101001010110100010001010	1

Vernor .....1011100100011000100100100-10  
No. 2, 10 singles, 2 pairs, entrance \$1: McCormack 10, Faurote 7,  
Critzler 10, Veith 8, Vernor 8, Flockner 10, George 10, France 7, Thiele

No. 3, 15 singles, \$1.50: Samuels 11, Paris 10, Critzer 10, France 8, McCormack 10, Thiele 11, George 13, Seam 9, Black 12, Mittendorf 7.

No. 4, 10 singles, known angles: Samuels 10, George 6, Black 8, Rothwell 5, Thibault 7, Veith 7, France 8, Crotzer 8, Kelly 5, Chanot 5.

No. 5, 15 singles, \$1.50: Faurote 2, Samuels 10, Critzer 9, McCormick

No. 6, miss and out, 50 cents: Faurote 10, Vernor 11, Critzer 5, Thiele 1, McCormack 1, George 6, Thiele 1, McCormack 0, Critzer 1.

**Binghamton Gun Club.**

MAY 17—Club shoot for medal:

Kendall, .....	101011101111011111001101—18
tone, .....	1010010010011001010100110—11

Kendall	0101011101010101010100	-13
Craver	1010110100010001011011001	-12
Hobbie	111101110110110111011111	-20
Page	0111111101111111001101111	-21

```
Waldron..01111111111111111111111111111111-22
Rose.....10110101111111111111111111111111-18
Harver....00101011111111111111111111111111-12
```

Sweeps at 10 birds each:

Endall.....	6	6	9	7	7	6	8	7	7	9	8
Fobbie.....	7	9	8	8	9	10	7	9	8	7	10
Farver.....	7	7	9	7	8						
Foss.....	7	8	7	7	8	9	8	9	9	8	8

Valdron.....	9	9	7	.	.	.	.	.	.
Rose.....	8	8	7	8	9	7	9	.	.
Brown.....	7	8	8	8	9	.	.	.	.

Philmont Rod and Gun Club:

MAY 19.—Twenty Empire targets, unknown targets:  
Vander- G Vander-  
burgh...0100111100000100001— 7 burgh...111111011111100001—15  
mes.....00110010111101011001—11 Dr Vedder.01101000101000101111—10

ergueson,.00110101100011111111-14 Dingman,.1111111100011000101-13  
aker....0011001111011110110-13 Powell,...110101111111011111-17  
owland,.0000100001010010111-8 Spoor,...0011000000100111110-9

The scores were shot in a gale of wind. We will soon shoot for an

G. VANDERBURGH, Sec'y.

**Forest Gun Club.**  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 14.—Please find scores of the regular matches of the Forest Gun Club, held on their grounds, Tuesday.

Mills (shot at 54).....50    Donnelly (58).....30    Ware (55).....32  
 Ferris (50).....46    Ezra (58).....40    Wissler (55).....28

Horison (52).....	39	Bender (55).....	40	Rowcraft (52).....	41
Ervin (51).....	31	Baum (57).....	18	Dr Hancock (60).....	25
Falters (50).....	41	McDaniel (60).....	39		

Henry by winning this shoot gets the \$25 cash prize.







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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## POLITICS AND GAME PROTECTION.

In his recent address before the American Medical Psychological Association, on the treatment of the insane, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell declared that the management of insane hospitals in this country is clogged and fettered by the intrusion of politics.

When a work of such vast importance as the care of the insane is cursed by politics, it would be asking too much to insist that the relatively unimportant interests of game protection should not suffer in the same way. The fact is notorious that game protection in most of our States which have any would be more efficient if the system could be divorced absolutely from political control.

The Duluth, Minn., *Commonwealth* reports that the vast game preserve, of which Duluth is the center, is at present without a warden, because the man best suited to fill the place, and whose appointment to it had once been approved by the Governor, has had the appointment withheld because of his politics. The selection of a Board of Fish Commissioners for New Jersey, this year, was long delayed because of partisan considerations. In New York, Gov. Flower's recent appointment of a game warden for the Thirteenth District, called out a long article in the *Rochester Post-Express*, headed, "Was it a Dr. Rural Politicians Guessing about O'Lahey's Appointment." This was followed by a statement intended to show that the protector owed his place to pulls and counter pulls of local political factions.

The practical effect of making game protection subordinate to politics is to defeat the purposes of the system by putting heelers into office instead of protectors, to insure inefficiency in the place of ability, to excite disgust instead of respect among the law-abiding, and to give license, comfort and protection to the wolfish poachers who defy the laws with impunity.

What we need in game protection is less politics and more conscience.

## THE LAKE MILTONA WHITEFISH.

THE name whitefish, as used by us, is applied to all the species of the genus *Coregonus*, and fifteen are now recorded in North American waters. In every-day language these are known as the common whitefish, whiting or Musquaw River whitefish, Nelson's whitefish, Rocky Mountain whitefish, Coulter's whitefish, Menominee whitefish, Richardson's whitefish, tullibee, Lauretta's whitefish, blackfin or bluefin, lake mooneye, little whitefish, smelt, longjaw, and lake herring or cisco.

The whitefishes are naturally divided into two principal groups, one having the lower jaw not reaching as far forward as the tip of the snout, and the other with the lower jaw projecting forward beyond the snout. In the first group the mouth is generally small; in the second it is usually large. It might be supposed that the second group, to which belong the lake herring, the Milona whitefish, the longjaw and several others, would take the hook rather than the common whitefish, if any of them could be captured in that way; but, singularly enough, most of the reports of taking whitefish on a hook relate to the small-mouthed form—the common lake whitefish. We published an interesting account of ice fishing in Lake Erie by "Fly-fisher" several years ago, in which was described the capture of lake herring by a pearl button lure; the fish, however, did not bite, but were speared when they came within suitable distance.

Mr. J. R. B. Van Cleave of Chicago has written to *FOREST AND STREAM* about the blackfin or bluefin of Milona Lake, Minn., and our illustration is made from a photograph which he made for the U. S. Fish Commission. Mr. Van Cleave stated that the fish "has been known in lakes Milona, Ida, Mary, L'Homme Dieu and Geneva, and the lakes of Douglas and adjoining counties in Minnesota that empty into the headwaters of the Mississippi River, through what is known as the Long Prairie River, for the last thirty years [written in 1891], and is indigenous to these waters. It is not the kind of fish that would naturally be introduced, inasmuch as it can not be taken with hook and line. It is certainly a native fish."

"A sample of this variety was taken in Lake Geneva, near Alexandria, Minn., last month (November, 1891), that weighed before being dressed 6lbs. \* \* \* The average size of those caught (and they are taken by the wagon load in October and November) is about 2½lbs."

Mr. Van Cleave had the following to say about the relation of the Milona whitefish to the cisco of Lake Geneva, Wis.: "Mr. G. B. Ward, a prominent banker of Alexandria, in the center of this lake park region of Minnesota, advises me that he lived for many years upon Lake Geneva, Wis., and during the time he resided there became very well acquainted with what is known as the Lake Geneva cisco. He says the fish taken from the lakes around Alexandria, and known as the whitefish, are not the cisco, and that as a food fish there is no comparison between them."

"The whitefish of the lake region referred to are taken altogether in nets and run from 1½lbs. to as high as 6lbs. in weight. A wagonload of the fish caught will present the appearance of mackerel, inasmuch as they run so nearly the same size, being about 2½lbs."

In a paper recently published by the U. S. Fish Commission, Dr. Hugh M. Smith has described the longjaw whitefish, until then not known except to fishermen in lakes Ontario, Michigan and Superior in deep water. If this fish could have been taken with hook and line, doubtless it would have been described many years ago, but it is caught only in nets.

## SPORTSMAN AND FARMER. AGAIN.

WE hear and read much about the "true sportsman," why never anything of the "true farmer?" The "true sportsman" is commonly defined as embodying all of the cardinal virtues and a few extra ones peculiar to the class. Would the ideal of the "true farmer" comprise any of the approved attributes of manhood in a less degree? It is very clear that if all gunners and fishermen were "true sportsmen" and all land owners "true farmers," we should have an end of the quarrelings and collisions which every once in a while now fall out between plain every-day sportsmen and farmers. There have been such contentions from the beginning, and they will renew themselves probably to the millennium. This is because as now constituted both sportsman and farmer are intensely human.

The conflict between the two classes has, as a question by itself, no certain right and wrong. In any given case either side may prove to be in the right. The sportsman may be a very decent and well intentioned fellow, and the farmer a brute; or the farmer may be shown to be a long-suffering man of peace, and the sportsman a rowdy. Again, and by no means infrequently, the whole disagreement may be due to a want of tact in one or both. Tact means conciliation. An ounce of conciliation is worth a ton of fight.

As a rule, the sportsman is in the position of asking a favor or a privilege, and the farmer has it to grant or refuse. A recognition of these relative positions is demanded of the sportsman. His own individual interest and his obligations to other sportsmen require him to adopt the policy of conciliation. It is the policy that pays; like honesty it is best.

For as we have said again and again, broadly considered, the real interests of farmers as a class and of sportsmen as a class are identical; and instead of pulling against one another both should be united in one common cause. Take a case, which has just come to our notice, in Columbia county, New York. The Philmont Rod and Gun Club was organized in 1889. Every spring since then it has stocked the streams of the vicinity with brook trout, procuring the fry from the State hatchery, but paying out of the pockets of its own members the expenses of teams and labor of putting out the fish. The trout were planted in streams which were open to the public. But this year, after the waters have become well stocked and ready to yield fair fishing as a result of the enterprise of the Philmont members, the lands bordering some thirty miles of stream have been posted, and the public, including the club men, have been shut out and prohibited from fishing. This has aroused the indignation of the Philmont trout planters; very naturally they resent the injustice and ingratitude involved in the course adopted by the land owners, and they contend with a show of reason that it was the part of double dealing by the owners of the lands to permit them to do the stocking for all these years and then to turn on them in such an ungracious way. They complain of the inequitable application of the trespass law and denounce the law itself.

The farmers' side, as given by the sympathetic local paper, is this: That the State game protector has enforced against them the law forbidding fishing for suckers in trout streams; that "it is the farmers who own and pay taxes upon the land through which these streams run, and these same farmers have been annoyed year after year by the indifferent way in which their crops have been trodden down, and by many other petty annoyances. They have borne it all until the sportsmen compel them to pay a round fine for catching their own fish in their own streams, simply because these self-same fishermen want the streams kept inviolate for their special benefit. Now the farmers assert their rights and the fishermen are out."

What this amounts to is that the fishermen have been trying to supplant suckers with trout, and the farmers prefer the suckers. The farmers hold the fishermen responsible for the enforcement of the law, and have had recourse to the trespass sign, not to protect the trout, but to spite the trout fishermen. There is just enough plausibility in their reasoning to appeal strongly to men who are smarting under the application of the game protector's activity; but to cool-headed and unprejudiced folks at a distance the pleading is illogical and fallacious. If in Columbia county or anywhere else there are farmers controlling waters suited to trout, and fishermen ready to stock these waters with trout, it would be the part of common sense for all hands to unite that the fish might multiply and grow in stature for the common good of all. But the settlement of the difficulty, if it is to be arranged to the satisfaction of those concerned, is not to be secured without the exercise of considerable tact by the club members—tact which brings conciliation.

## SNAP SHOTS.

EXAMPLES of the naturally bloodthirsty and destructive tendencies in civilized man are seen in one or two cases recently noticed in *FOREST AND STREAM*. In one of these a deer appeared near a Connecticut village where none had been seen for many years before, and pretty near the whole populace turned out to destroy it. In another case a beaver was killed by a farm laborer near Washington. When it discovered the man, instead of manifesting fear and trying to escape, the beaver walked up to him and was promptly clubbed to death. And now it appears from Dr. Baker's note published elsewhere that this beaver was probably a tame one which had escaped eight months before from the National Zoological Park at Washington. We constantly meet with occurrences like these which show how thin is the varnish with which a few thousand years of civilization has covered the natural bloodthirsty animal that stands at the head of creation. The process of educating man to consider other living beings will necessarily be slow, but a beginning has been made.

What is the old saying about making the wolf a sheep herder? They have been doing that very thing in Rockland county, New York, where one Emil Klein holds the office of game constable of Clarks town. Last week State Game and Fish Protector Willett Kidd went out there and secured the conviction of Klein and the imposition of a fine of \$175 upon him for his game law violations. Protector Kidd's suit against the restaurant man, Byrnes, of this city, for serving woodcock and quail out of season, has gone over for trial to June 18.

Our correspondent "Culpepper" reports from Los Angeles, Cal., that one dealer in that town claims to have handled 162,000 dozen quail in a season; and "Culpepper" thinks that the sale of game should be forbidden. He is right. Secretary J. C. Clark of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, in his declaration of principles printed in another column, declares that the law forbidding the sale of game in Kansas must be retained. He is right. The sale of game should be prohibited in every State in the Union.

Col. Frederick G. Skinner died at Charlottesville, Va., on Tuesday of last week, aged eighty years. Col. Skinner was at one time field editor of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Because of Decoration Day the *FOREST AND STREAM* of this week was put to press on Monday, May 28.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### MY FIRST TURKEY HUNT.

I HAD come South for recreation; a little boating and a little fishing and shooting would answer my requirements. I chose Biloxi, Miss., as my headquarters, knowing it to be an ideal place for sailing, and, as the back country is thinly populated and intersected by numerous bayous, it seemed reasonable to suppose that game and fish would be found in sufficient quantity to satisfy the requirements of a very reasonable sportsman. And right here let me upon the heads of all falsifiers, prevaricators, loose talkers and bearers of false witness, cry anathema maranatha, the reason of which will appear later on.

After bathing in the delicious sunshine of Biloxi for a day or two and incidentally getting my bearings, I overhauled my fishing tackle and prepared for sport. On inquiring as to the whereabouts of the best fishing spots my head was soon filled with tales of the redfish, speckled (salt water) trout, sheephead, croakers, mullet, green trout (black bass), not to mention enormous jewfish, gars, bullfish and other marine monsters. I began to think fish were too plentiful to afford much sport, but after trying several places indicated without getting a bite, my mind was speedily relieved on that score. I had begun to wonder if all these fairy fish tales were not products of the tropical Southern imagination, when, just about time, I made the acquaintance of a fine, well-informed old gentleman, with whom I had not five minutes' chat before I felt he was the man I wanted to meet.

He was a retired judge, genial, kindly and humorous, and he had learned how to weigh evidence and separate fact from fancy. Said he, "Fishing good? Yes, sometimes, but not now; it's out of season. You might catch a few up Biloxi River, but it's rather doubtful. What about these fish stories you hear on all sides? Well, most of them are true, in a measure, but not in weight," he added, with a smile. "You are acquainted, I suppose, with the singular fact that some fish increase in weight more rapidly after death than when living. Curious fact in ichthyology, isn't it? Well, these fish stories are about that sort of fish. These loose-talking fellows don't lie, as a rule; they merely exaggerate. For instance, a jewfish weighing 250lbs. was caught out there in our channel about three years ago. The loose-talker says to the inquiring stranger, 'Yes, sir, there's prime fishing here; git most any kind you want. Why, one day last fall, I think it was, Hank Smith hauled up a big jewfish right out there in the channel that weighed—lem me see—350lbs., wasn't it Bill?' (to a bystander) and Bill thinks it was about that weight—don't exactly recollect—it was 'thar or tharabouts.' And so the stranger is stuffed; and if he is a loose talker himself, he tells the next newcomer at the hotel that 'there was a jewfish caught right out there last month weighing 500lbs.,' and the next Mr. Loose Talker passes it along as caught last week, 'weight 600lbs., sir.' And so it goes until the poor jewfish wouldn't know himself from a sperm whale.

"Yes, it's curious how little trustworthy information you can get out of the average man, even when he means to be straightforward with you. In the first place, he has not formed the habit of acquiring accurate information, it's too much trouble; besides, it requires a certain amount of mental training. It's easier to get it by hearsay and still easier to color it in telling, for man delights in the marvelous and loves to surprise his fellows with an unusual tale even when he has no motive of self-interest for exaggerating. And, I may add, next to telling a marvelous tale, man delights in listening to one. It is upon this element of our human nature that the newspapers fatten, and they encourage its growth by their garbled and sensational reports, and thus educate and increase the pernicious tribe of loose talkers."

To all of which I say, Amen!

When I came to inquire about the shooting it was just the same, "Plenty of partridge (quail) just across Back Bay." I went—walked ten miles—and dog (plug, borrowed) got up one covey of six. This I reported to a hunter I met. "Yes," he said, "partridge is purty sca'ce, but if ye git back a few miles fuder ye'll find plenty of doves and larks in the plowed fields, and mebbe some early robins and cedar birds." I found later that these are regarded as legitimate game throughout this section. On inquiring about ducks I was told they were pretty scarce, but I could get plenty of gulls and pelicans over on Deer Island. Doves, larks, robins, gulls, pelicans! Now, I am not one of those who go about, gun in hand, seeking to kill or maim everything that flies. I do not make war on song birds or sea gulls, or the great big foolish-looking, harmless pelicans. Those who know me know that I kill nothing but game birds, and mighty few of those, might pertinently be added.

The evening I returned from the "partridge hunt" I met a neighbor who spends his winters here—a Northern man who had told me he was fond of shooting. Learning of my ill success across the bay, he said: "You didn't go to the right place." (I might here remark that the right place is always "a little further on.") "There's plenty of game around here and I know it," he continued. "Why, man, I saw a wild turkey over on Deer Island yesterday afternoon. Saw his tracks, followed them up, and started up a big fellow, a gobbler. Lord! how he did run!" Deer Island is a long, narrow, pine-timbered spit parallel with the shore. It is seven miles long and its western end, on which there are three or four shanties, lies opposite the town, three-quarters of a mile distant. I had hunted over several miles of it and found nothing—but mosquitoes—therefore I facetiously suggested that he had mistaken a pelican for a turkey. "Pelican be hanged," said he contemptuously, "don't you suppose I know a wild turkey when I see it? If I'd had a gun I could have knocked him silly."

A further attempt at humor on my part was not well received. "Look here," said he, excitedly, "I know what I saw, and it was a wild turkey. I don't say there's more than one, though there may be, and this one may be a stray, like the one shot here in town, near the drug store, about six weeks ago. I can show you exactly where I saw him—about a quarter of a mile east of the last house, where the big dead pine stands out," he said, pointing across the bay to the spot.

I sniffed incredulously, and left him glaring at me resentfully. "But," I mused, all the same, on my way homeward, "the man says he's a shooter—he says he saw

it. It's not impossible, and there was a stray killed on the main street a few weeks ago. By Jove! perhaps there is a turkey over there." That night I loaded some shells with BB.

The next morning, an hour before daylight, a skiff sneaked quietly out from the wharf in the darkness, leaving in its wake a quivering, phosphorescent trail of silver. All now was still save the sound of the oars and the rippling of the water against the boat's prow. Here and there gleamed the bright light of an oyster schooner, with its long, trembling penciling of gold upon the dark face of the throbbing tidewater.

The island was soon reached, and I stole quietly through the palmettoes to the center of the grove to wait for daylight. The morning was coolish and the mosquitoes simply ravenous. I turned up my collar and tied a handkerchief about my face, but it was of little avail, and my execrations, if not loud, were deep, while I listened with all my ears to catch the noise a turkey would make in descending from his roost to stretch himself and take his morning feed.

The dawn came rosily, the breeze whispered softly to the pines, the little birds twittered a good morning to the new day, the mosquitoes ravened upon my devoted corpus, but no gobbler made glad the sight. A full half-hour I watched, listened and fought the mosquitoes, when suddenly I heard a subdued *kowk-kowk-kowk*, and hastily slipping behind a pine, my heart was in my throat as I saw the black heads of turkeys in the palmettoes about 150yds. distant. Luckily they had not seen me and were slowly feeding toward my hiding place. One, two, three, four, five—I counted as they came slowly into view—a magnificent gobbler and four hens. The palmettoes were almost knee high and pretty thick, so it was not often I caught sight of more than their heads, and now that my heart had descended from its altitude to its normal position, and reduced its stroke, so to speak, I laid my plans coolly for at least the gobbler's demise, and possibly one of the hens. I felt pretty certain they would continue feeding toward me, for less than an eighth of a mile back of them was a house which they would be apt to give a wide berth. If they veered, to pass to my right or left, they would still be within easy range, as the woods from shore to shore did not exceed 100yds. in width. I resolved to be patient and motionless, biding my time until they reached a space comparatively clear of palmettoes about 40yds. distant.

I carefully got my gun in readiness in order that I need hardly make a movement beyond taking sight when they came into range. I resolved when that time should arrive I would give a low whistle, just sufficient to startle them and cause them to raise their heads, and I would try to do this at a time when two or possibly three of them were in line, but of one thing I felt tolerably certain, whether I got one of the hens or not, that gobbler was my meat. The thought of leisurely rowing over to town and landing at the oyster wharf, amid the throng of boatmen and oyster openers, and then sauntering up the main street on my way homeward, with the gobbler trailing from my shoulders, filled me with most pleasing anticipations. Henceforth I should be an authority on turkey hunting. I had abundant time for reflection of this sort, as a full half hour had elapsed since the game was discovered, and they moved toward me very slowly. I stood like a statue awaiting them and in the meantime the Deer Island mosquitoes were having a banquet. Jerusalem, how they did bite! I knew when I made my plans what I should have to endure from them and had set my teeth, compressed my lips, half closed my eyes and let them eat. They hadn't often a chance at so passive a victim, and they were literally "out for blood." "Let 'em feed," I muttered grimly, "old Mr. Gobbler out there will pay their board." Occasionally I would press the side of my face against the rough bark of the pine and kill a few dozen, but I did it cautiously, I wasn't taking any chances. What did it matter, a few bites, more or less, as long as I bagged Mr. Gobbler.

For nearly an hour I waited thus until the strain became really distressing. I was dead tired of standing in that one rigid attitude, to say nothing of my itchy, prickling, smarting face and hands, but all this time the flock was slowly but surely approaching. I was bound to get my reward.

At one time I had an awful scare when a measly, spotted, razorback hog dashed, with many grunts, into the open space destined for my private slaughter pen. In addition to startling me greatly, I was palsied with fear lest the flock take alarm. Weariness and mosquitoes seemed to vanish for the moment, and it was with a great gasp of relief that I saw the gobbler, after ruffling up with a start at first sight of the hog, calm himself and give a few soft, reassuring gobbles to his female consorts and then quietly resume feeding. The breath I drew at this seemed to come up from my boots. Had they taken the alarm I honestly believe I would, in my rage, have put the two changes of BB straight into that hog's ugly head.

At length, after a seemingly interminable time, the flock drew near the magic circle. My heart beat faster and faster, and my stiffened limbs trembled when the gobbler with a strut stepped out into the open space and peered warily about. I recovered my nerve almost instantly and muttered, "Great Scott! What a shot! He's mine as sure as fate!" I drew a bead on the bronze beauty, my finger was just about to press the trigger, when the thought of my plans recurred to me, and I kept him covered and waited for a hen or two to come into range also, as there were two of them within a yard of him, a little to one side. Fatigue, nervousness, mosquitoes were now all forgotten, and I felt a wave of triumph surge through me as I saw myself landing in town literally covered with pendant turkeys. With a chuckle I said to myself: "This is my busy day—for turkeys," and then as I glancingly took a sight along the barrel: "Great Caesar! Couldn't I just paralyze him? He'd never know what hit him. But, hold on; don't get brash! You might just as well get one or two of those hens," and then as the hens came closer I resolved when the three got in range to give them both barrels and to slip in a couple of fresh shells as I ran out to finish the cripplés, for I knew it would be foolish to expect to kill three turkeys outright at the first discharge. After a minute of breathless watching: "By Jove! there they are in a lump—all three of them. Now for the whistle," and with a thumping heart and nerves steady, but strained to the bursting point, I puckered my parched lips, when—crack! went a branch with a sharp snap right behind me. In

my wrought-up state I could not have been more startled had it been the discharge of a cannon. I cast a rapid look behind, and there, not 10ft. away, leaning on a long staff, stood a tall, slender, sun-bonneted native female. I gazed at her in wild-eyed, helpless amazement. "Mawn'n", suh," said she, "wot yeh aimin' at?"

The Father of Lies helped me to swallow my heart and lungs at a single gulp, and I answered thickly, "Rabbit; behind that log yonder."

"Huh," said she with a grin, "tho't yeh was aimin' at my tukkeys."

"Oh, no," I replied, with an engaging Ananias smile, "I'm not wasting any powder on tame turkeys."

"Wull," she said, "they duz look like they wuz wild ones, to be sho," and then, with a look at my face, added: "Skeeters pow'ful bad round yeah, suh. Mawn'n."

I watched her wade through my flock of turkeys, leaning on her long staff. I had no wish to detain her. I wanted to be alone. \* \* \*

I need not mention the beatific state of mind in which I hastily sought my boat. The shore breeze on the beach relieved me of the swarm of mosquitoes, and while I bathed my smarting face and hands in the brine I held a somewhat sarcastic conversation with myself upon the subject of turkey hunting. Mr. Loose-Talker, who was the cause of my visit to Deer Island, also came in for a few pithy remarks.

It may be well to add that I did not land at the public wharf, but rowed directly home, stopping only to moisten my tingling face and hands.

The thing that stared out at me from the mirror in my room was not the complacent countenance of a successful turkey hunter; it seemed rather to resemble a chunk of rare beef with a central garniture of over-ripe tomato.

The next two days were spent in the house applying lotions to inflamed surfaces, and reading selections from the books of Job and Jeremiah, with occasional intervals of pious meditation. To have ventured upon the street with that visage would have invited a quick trip to the pest house at the Ship Island Quarantine and an immediate rise in the local market for vaccine points.

As for Mr. Loose-Talker, the author of my misfortunes, he will be overtaken by a deep, subtle, humiliating revenge. For him, "the pit is digged!" L. J. M.

### EXPEDITIONS TO THE ARCTIC.

THE interest in Arctic exploration is an intermittent fever which returns in almost epidemic forms, after periods of prolonged repose. The present century has been marked by several epidemics of Arctic fever of this character, and while there have been perhaps few deaths within recent years, as a result of this polar enthusiasm, much—very much, has been added to our knowledge of the unknown polar regions. The success of the Peary North Greenland expedition of 1891 and '92 has stimulated anew the interest in Arctic research. We have now arrived at a period ripe for polar explorations. The time is at hand when important things are to be discovered regarding the top and the bottom of our globe. Not less than a dozen expeditions from all parts of the globe are at present fitting out to attack different parts of the mysterious polar regions. To push back the realm of darkness and ignorance and place upon our charts definite outlines of the present unknown regions surrounding the North and South Poles, three expeditions are in the field pushing on and on, through ice and over snow, mastering and overcoming what but a few years ago seemed insurmountable obstacles, aided by the fortunes and misfortunes of early explorers, and assisted by all that modern invention and improvement can suggest. There are but two distinctively North Polar expeditions in the field. The first is commanded by Dr. Nansen, sent out by the Norwegian Government; the second may be termed an American newspaper expedition; it is under the command of Walter Wellman, Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Herald*. A third polar expedition will be sent out during the summer by the Royal Geographical Society of England, under the command of Frederick Jackson. The fourth and perhaps the most important expedition in the field is that of Lieut. Peary, who is at present north of Greenland. It is not the main object of Lieut. Peary to reach the North Pole. It is Peary's object to complete the survey of Greenland and to study the topography of the land masses north of this frozen continental island. This will, however, take him poleward, and Lieut. Peary is certain to make a bold dash for that point which involves so much glory—the North Pole. Peary will start from the northern coast of Greenland, Nansen from the New Siberian Islands; Wellman will make a bold dash during the summer from Spitzbergen, and Jackson will make a cautious but determined effort from Franz Josef Land.

While these desperate attempts are being made to reach the Pole, several other expeditions are now organizing to attack the little known Arctic lands, study the fauna and flora to examine the geology, to survey in detail some of the unknown coast. Most of these expeditions will combine and go North with me on the steam whaler *Newfoundland*, leaving New York about June 30. Harvard is organizing a party under the direction of Manyard Ladd; Yale is organizing a party of ten under the direction of Prof. W. H. Brewer; the University of Pennsylvania will send a party of ten to the wilds of Labrador; Prof. G. Frederic Wright, the author of the "Ice Age of North America," with a party of five, will go North to study the glacial conditions; Prof. T. C. Chamberlin, of the University of Chicago, will go North with a party of five to study the geology of a part of the Greenland coast. Another and very important party is at present organizing, one which I shall take charge of myself, to engage in hunting and fishing along the Polar shores, shooting polar bears, walrus, seal and narwhale, and other marine animals, as well as reindeer, foxes and Arctic birds. This party will remain with the vessel and go to the far North, skirting the edge of the ice in Melville Bay, Smith Sound and along the shores of Ellesmere Land. While in this region we shall also engage in the search for the lost Swedish explorers, Björning and Kallstenius and their companions. Several expeditions with various objects, who will band together and in some respects pool their interests until we arrive on the scene of action. While Peary, Nansen, Wellman and Jackson, are plodding away in the far North, spending time, money and energy in exploring inaccessible regions, we will devote our time in exploring more accessible regions, and attempt to utilize their resources. Most people think of the Arctic regions



as a place where the weather is cold; there is an idea that Greenland is a dreary land, where there is little amusement except dodging polar bears, where no one enters except persons who desire to reach the North Pole, and where no one lives except Eskimo. Moreover, the prevalent idea is that Greenland is a far way's off, and only those who take one's life in one's own hands can reach the North Pole.

These opinions are altogether wrong. It was my good fortune to be connected with the Peary expedition in 1891 and '92 as surgeon and ethnologist to the party. I studied the resources of the land very carefully, and last summer I again went north in an ordinary schooner yacht, cruising along the coast of Greenland for three months. Our vessel was not fitted for ice work, but we cruised along those icy shores and returned within three months, having had a most delightful trip. The present expedition is the outcome of my experience with the first Peary expedition and the cruise of last summer. I am also organizing an expedition to spend a winter below the Antarctic circle; perhaps we are going to find the South Pole. First, however, I am going to demonstrate to every one what a capital place Greenland and the Arctic shores in general are as a summer resort. Soon after we cross the Arctic circle we will be involved in a period of constant day, where the sun hangs low upon the northern horizon at midnight, and a little higher in the southern skies at midday. I admit that sometimes in the winter, when the sun disappears entirely, that the weather is a trifle chilly and occasionally uncomfortable; but during the summer the air is soft and warm, for there is no night to cool it. Indeed, I know of no region in the world that possesses more actual beauties or contains the elements that are so productive of health, or a climate so wholesome and delightful as that of the Arctic during the summer.

To sportsmen Greenland is a country to rejoice in. If he cares for big game, there are polar bears, reindeer, white whale and walrus. I have never hunted tigers, but I don't believe that any moment in the pursuit of a cat can be more thrilling than the moment when a hundred walrus, barking with rage, each weighing a ton or more, each equipped with big white tusks, are charging all together on the small boat in which you are sitting with your rifle ready to fight them. And for beauty of coloring, Greenland scenery is unsurpassed. Imagine a promontory of rock 3,000 ft. high rising out of the middle of a white glacier. Its facade at the base is mottled with patches of red lichen and green grass and the gray of the stone. Up near the top of the cliff the patches blend. You cannot see their outlines; you catch only an impression of exquisite tints, always changing as the sun moves and casts the shadows differently. There are thousands of such rocks in Greenland.

The indications are that in the near future summer hotels will be built on the Arctic shores, the region which Dr. Hayes described as the "Land of Desolation." The barren Arctic wastes to which Dr. Kane added so much romance and the icy shores where the Franklin expedition perished, and Greely's expedition came to grief, will all be opened to summer tourists and sportsmen, scientists and artists. By the aid of modern improvement in navigation, our past experience, and perfected foods, the imaginary dangers of the Arctic seas must vanish.

FREDERICK A. COOK.

15 HART STREET, Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### A Little Essay on Trees.

We all love trees; they add to the beauty and value of a home, a city and a State. I cannot imagine what my boyhood would have been without them. Many were the battles we waged from cherry trees. The apple and the chestnut filled our pockets and kept us roaming over fields and forests. We prized the horse chestnut because it was so big, and seemed in our bursting pockets like owning so much. What merry days we passed among the sugar maples. It was a pine tree into whose sheltering branches I climbed when pursued by savage bloodhounds, escaped from confinement. The story of Swiss Family Robinson who lived in a tree, became very real to me, as also many other adventures during the ten or twelve hours I was perched up on the old pine tree branches.

I never can forget my visits into Delaware, during the peach season. The exquisite aroma of the plums, peaches and other fruits make those boyhood sunny days seem extra sweet. And the balsam gum—how we hunted it; what quantities we found, and how incessantly we chewed it to a pinky elasticity. Swap gum? Yes, many is the friendship sealed by swapping gum. We peeled the white birch bark and stopped a while our restless feet as we carefully penciled on its smooth surface a love message. I wish I could see those white trees now; I wonder what has become of all the girls whose names and initials we carved deep through the many white layers to the living green. How nicely the hemlock bark peeled off, and what a splendid roof it made on our hut when camping out. Could anything be nicer than the sassafras and slippery elm; we always carried a supply in our pockets with fish hooks, worms, knives, sweet fern and corn silk for smoking, and other necessities. We always had an appetite for the mayapple (tamarind) and wintergreen when we found them; and as for the wild strawberry, long, oval and sweet to taste and smell, we lay on the moss and ate, and ate, and ate. Climbing trees after birds, nests, storming hornets' nests and peering down black trunk hollow for hidden treasures or perchance a squirrel family, were a constant delight.

Tell me you can bring up boys and girls without trees? Impossible. Why, the tree of the field is a boy's life. Give them trees. Let them plant them, climb them, love them. There are tongues in trees, and they will sing you the sweetest song on earth. They will draw out your soul and whisper joy, gladness and purity to you, such that you can feel but not express. They will be true to you, and when your sorrow is beyond their healing sympathy will point you upward to their creator. Don't let the boys and girls grow up without trees. In season urge them to plant trees. Help and urge them on, and when their youth is gone and dull care, sickness, sorrow, avarice for wealth and the world's greedy self have taken away much of the zest and poetry of living, their thoughts will revert to boyhood days, and through the nights a tree-top anthem will be borne to them, carrying sweet melodies of childhood days and memories of long ago.

W. GOODRICH JONES,

Temple, Texas.

#### A COW-PUNCHERS' BALL.

FIFTEEN years ago one of the most uninhabited regions of the United States was along the north side of the North Platte River in western Nebraska and Wyoming to the headwaters in North Park, Col., near the Continental Divide, a distance of over 600 miles.

The Platte will ever be identified with the history and development of the great West, Northwest and Pacific Slope. The old California road runs along its banks for hundreds of miles, by the famous landmarks like Court-house Rock and Chimney Rock, while further up on the Sweetwater are the renowned Independence Rock and Devil's Gate. The earliest settlers traveled by this road, the pioneers of the once Great American Desert, leaving many lonely graves behind them, the result of hardship and Indian fights. The Mormons followed it as their guide to the land of Zion, at last finding peace and plenty by the far away Salt Lake.

In this country the hardy trapper and hunter found game enough to satisfy the wildest imagination; and ran great risks of falling into the hands of the wily Sioux, who were lords and masters, as they thought, of that vast domain. Great herds of buffalo roamed over the vast plains grazing on the luxurious grass by hundreds and thousands. Wild horses ran at will in droves with the freedom of unconquered kings, as they were. Thousands of antelope fed on the rich grass. Deer and elk roamed in the foothills and mountains in great herds. During the spring and fall the river was covered by millions of wild duck, geese, cranes, swan and all kinds of birds of the feathery kingdom. Bear, mountain lion, wolves, coyotes, panthers, wildcats and beaver sported by the banks of the great river. The Sioux and Pawnee fought each other for the supremacy of this land of abundance. The mighty Sioux could lay claim to it only after nearly exterminating the entire Pawnee tribe, and only to find himself facing a new and unconquerable foe—the white man. Soldiers fought hard battles here, and many a boy in blue saw his last sunset over the glorious mountains in the west.

In 1880 the Sioux was gone, and the buffalo, with the exception of here and there a straggler, was exterminated. But in their place roamed thousands of cattle almost as wild as the Indians and buffaloes had been before them. The entire country was a vast continuous pasture, bounded on the west by the Rockies, on the east by the settlements of eastern Nebraska, on the north by the Big Horn Mountains, and on the south we might say by the Union Pacific Railroad and Gulf of Mexico. Cattle strayed for hundreds of miles during the winter, drifting with the storms, to be caught by the cowboy and driven back to the home range in the spring.

The Indian and buffalo were gone; but there remained the same picturesque and sometimes monotonous wildness. There were no farms—nothing but ranches, thirty, fifty, sometimes a hundred, miles apart. Forts Laramie and Fetterman were the only places where any number of people dwelt together; and here they were mostly soldiers and Government employees.

Many immigrants used the road up the Platte to Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. They were mostly from Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Southwestern States. We would often see from one to twenty prairie schooners, with horses, cattle and all the implements to run a farm; some even carried pigs and chickens fastened in coops under the wagon boxes.

We were on our home journey from a round-up below Camp Clarke in Nebraska in August, having been on a calf round-up, when we met a large party of these wandering home seekers, most of the party coming from Kansas and Missouri. They camped that night about a quarter of a mile above us, and two miles east of old Camp Clark and Sidney bridge. It was an exceptionally large train, and some of us rode to their camp to exchange a few words. The party consisted of about sixty men, women and children, eighteen wagons, 300 cattle and nearly 100 horses. They had some blooded stock, buggies and light wagons, which showed that they were well-to-do for people traveling in prairie schooners. After exchanging salutations we were invited to dismount and make ourselves at home.

We did not fail to notice nine or ten pretty young girls, of between 14 and 23. In those days a cow-puncher was a very bashful man in the presence of women, his isolation from civilization being the natural cause; and most of our conversation was with the men, about the country, the roads, camping places and best places to get wood and water. But natural curiosity soon brought us all together. A young farmer produced a fiddle and set to playing the familiar strains of the "Arkansas Traveler," when one of the boys proposed a dance in the evening.

"Where can we dance? Where is the hall?" chimed in one of the girls. He replied that the prairie was very level and square dances could be managed, if not round ones. The moon, stars and camp-fires would answer for lights, the fiddles and mouth harps for music.

At that time a great many of the boys were fine performers with the mouth harp; and often in the evening, while we were sitting around the camp-fire some one would play old familiar airs, and the rest would join in, singing songs of adventure, or of the far away home, sweetheart or mother.

We made the necessary arrangements in a short time; and promising to bring more of the boys with us, rode to our camp to impart the news and to brush up in our best for the occasion. After an early supper, and extending our sympathy to the two men on night guard, we mounted our horses and returned to the other camp, which presented a pretty sight on that bright moonlight August evening. The wagons were drawn in circles; the fires by which the women were preparing supper, while the men and boys were looking after the horses and cattle. Some were carrying water from the river, others were chopping wood and cleaning the harness. The children were playing and watching the flicker of the fires, and a group of girls were singing, while all within reach joined in the chorus. The rushing of the river, the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, with the singing of some near and others far, seemed to give perfect harmony to the peaceful scene and lend a charm to the surroundings.

It is doubtful if ever a lot of young men entered a ball room, with waxed floor, magnificent decorations, and containing beauty, wealth and culture, who anticipated more pleasure than we, as we rode up to this spot which was to be our ball room; with the earth for a floor, the wagons for walls, and the bright starry heavens for ceiling;

and the light summer air, the prairie and the murmuring river for surroundings; two fiddles and mouth harps as our orchestra.

Upon invitation to dismount and consider ourselves one of them, we were not long in getting acquainted with every one, in the easy Western style. Supper soon over, the musicians took their positions on top of the wagon, and the dancing began—such dancing as is seldom done. More healthy enjoyment was never had; and a merrier lot of men and women seldom came together, even the babies and old people danced.

At 10 o'clock the second guard went on, and we danced an hour longer to give the boys who were on first guard a chance. Then came song, conversation and flirtation, for another hour, and after a hearty good bye we returned to our camp.

We had work to do next day, separating the cattle, for some our men were going north, others went to their home ranches. The immigrants decided to rest a day and see how we worked with the cattle. The cutting out and branding is always exciting and interesting to look upon, though hard work. Some of the boys borrowed saddles of those not on duty, and with the gentlest horses invited some of the boys to view an actual round-up, and afterward at our camp they sat down to a dinner that our cook, old Ginger, took particular pains to prepare. Of course we were all sorry to part after such a pleasant time, and I am sure it will remain one of the best remembrances of our lives.

At the time I hardly realized it, but what a picture that dance by the moonlit river must have been!

To-day a great deal of this Platte River country is settled by farmers and small ranches, with the exception of western Wyoming, but the northwestern part will be a sportsman's paradise for years to come, owing to the rough country and the almost impenetrable mountains and forests. Big Horn county, yet unorganized, comprises 12,260 square miles and lies directly east of the Yellowstone Park; the greater part of Fremont county, with almost the same area, and the northern part of Uintah county directly south of the Park comprise nearly 15,000 square miles; and with the Park we have a vast area of nearly 50,000 square miles—a great wild scenic country, beautiful and grand almost beyond comprehension, and almost as it was a hundred years ago. This comprises the Yellowstone, Big Horn, Shoshone, Wind River, Gros Ventre, Teton, Owl Creek, Jackson's Hole, Lake and Basin country. A magnificent mountainous region, whose parks, forests and foothills are full of game, and lakes and streams abounding with the choicest fish, the climate fresh and exhilarating, a perfect health and strength giver. Can a finer field for a summer's outing be found anywhere? JACK WORTH.

KEARNEY, Nebraska.

#### "Danvis Folks."

I TRUST it is not too late to say that I hope we have not heard the last from the "Danvis Folks." I was the more disposed to regret the conclusion of their story, because the most of the types were familiar to me in old Vermont, away back in the fifties, and later in New Hampshire. The conclusion differed from my anticipations, for I kind o' thought that Uncle Lisha was to be the guardian angel; but then of course I did not know that Sam had a mine in his fox pasture. I am glad Sam did not shoot Bascom—he wasn't worth powder.

No sketch can ever be written that shall contain a truer portraiture of the lives and language of the kindly farmers of Vermont of forty years ago, and their descendants owe to Mr. Robinson a debt of gratitude for having thus embalmed those memories of their predecessors which the present generation has been privileged to read. KELPIE.

### Natural History.

#### Albino Birds.

HOLLAND, Mich.—I have a redwing blackbird which is a partial albino. Nearly every feather on the breast and sides has a large spot on the end, some pure white, others more pinkish; on each leg there are several red feathers. In all other respects the plumage is normal.

A few days ago I observed a robin whose secondaries and seemingly the outer webs of part of the primaries of each wing were pure white. I stood within 10 ft. of the bird, which was on the ground; in this position several white lines could be seen on each wing. When he flew, the white on the wings was easily discernible.

Was not the animal mentioned by a correspondent several weeks ago as an albino weasel, an ermine?

A wild pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) was killed near here April 7 and brought to me for mounting.

During the last fall and winter I have received many rather rare birds, most of which I have secured for my own collection. Among them are a pair of double-crested cormorants, two male velvet scoters, a male Acadian owl (*Nyctala acadica*), and a male American long-eared owl. I have also a female opossum, which was shot here last September. A. G. B.

#### It was a Tame Beaver.

NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK, Washington, D. C., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that in *FOREST AND STREAM* of the 26th you have copied an item from the Washington *Star* concerning the finding of a beaver on Four-Mile Run, a small tributary of the Potomac near this city. The animal was undoubtedly one that escaped from the National Zoological Park about eight months previously. He was very tame, and when he came up to the farmer probably expected to get something to eat instead of a stroke on the head with a pitch fork.

FRANK BAKER, Superintendent.

#### A Woodchuck Up a Tree.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt.—While fishing last week I saw a woodchuck 12 ft. from the ground among the branches of an elm tree only about 2 in. in diameter. Have often heard of their climbing large apple trees which slanted sufficiently for them to get a footing, but never knew before of one climbing a perfectly perpendicular tree of so small a diameter. W. W. F.



## GOOD NATURED JAGUARS.

## Some Stories from Honduras.

"If she would, my wife could tell a story about that tiger-skin rug on the floor, and about the skin of its kitten, that covers the back of her chair; but as she will not tell it, I may as well," said our host, as we seated ourselves in the sala, where the never failing breeze from the sparkling Caribbean drew fresh through open doors and windows, and the music of the surf on the sandy shore rose and fell in soft cadences.

"We had tired of the monotony of a diet of cassava and cocos, of beef and bananas, poultry and peccary, of turtle eggs and tarpon, with nothing but oranges and pine-apples, mangoes and marañones for dessert—the things we have to live on here, you know, most of the time. So I asked her to go with me duck hunting, one morning.

"We paddled to where the bayou widened into a little lake, and saw a flock of muscovies feeding among the pond-lilies and water-poppies on the further side. Wife stepped ashore where there was a little clearing and I paddled away to steal near enough for a good shot at the ducks. The sunshine fell on her as I went, and I saw her take the bright red shawl from her shoulders and fold it carefully and hang it over her arm. Then a bunch of fuchsia bushes on the point hid her from me.

"I had put my paddle down and reached for my gun, when I heard Anna scream. Of course I turned and paddled for dear life; and I felt like heaping abuse on the man who invented so clumsy, so loggy a device as a dugout.

"When I rounded the point I saw Anna standing at the edge of the water staring intently at the bushes, while she beckoned me.

"What is it," I shouted, "what is the matter?"

"It's a tiger," she answered, "it is a big tiger."

"That was matter enough, and I dug the paddle down into the water and pulled for the shore. The instant the pitpan grounded on the sand I had my gun in hand and sprang ashore.

"Where is he, where is the brute?" I gasped.

"It was right there where my shawl lies, I scared it away. When it crept up to me I threw my shawl in its face and it ran away."

"I picked up her shawl and took a look at the sign. It was plain enough, for the imprints of claws showed clearly in the sand. We pushed off from shore and paddled for the mouth of the bayou.

"I stood there watching you until the bushes hid you from me," said my wife, "I was wishing that I had asked you to pick a lot of those white pond lilies and water poppies after you had shot the ducks. Then I heard a rustling in the grass behind me and turned around quickly, for I thought there might be a man there or a waree, or something savage behind me; and there was that tiger not four yards from me.

"It was crouching down exactly as a cat does when she's creeping up to catch a poor little bird or a nasty sparrow. Its eyes were green and shining and its tail stuck out behind and waved from side to side a little—not very much. I couldn't help thinking that it acted just as my cat used to at home when she tried to catch birds in the garden. I wonder how poor pussy got along after we were married and I deserted her to come away down here with you. I'm awfully sorry I didn't bring her with us."

"But, for heaven's sake, what did the tiger do?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot the tiger. I just screamed as loud as I could, and threw my shawl into its face. Then it turned away, and I screamed again. It ran into the bushes then; but I was afraid it would come back."

"How inconsiderate women can be," murmured the Captain. "The tiger's nerves must have been unstrung by such treatment."

"Well, her nerves were unstrung before night, anyway," replied Burch, "for when had seen my wife safe in the house, I got the best of our Waika hunters and the best tiger dogs in the village, and went back to the place where it was seen by Anna. The dogs took the trail at once, of course, and in a few hours we had the skins of the old one and of her half-grown kitten. No doubt the big cat would have lit on my wife an instant later if Anna hadn't happened to turn just then and thrown that bright-colored shawl straight into the face of the brute."

"Los tigres negros are bad fellows, sometimes; but some of them are not so bad," said Lanuza, the rubber gatherer.

We swung in our hammocks near the fire which blazed cheerfully on the earthen floor beneath the thatched roof which made his home, fifty miles from his nearest neighbor. If the blackness of the forest night had not walled us in—it was the only wall the hut had—we could have looked down on a shining reach of river that ran straight away to the wall of forest, a mile or more away, that shut off the further view.

Beyond the pool, where flakes of snowy foam danced before the huts, arose a rounded hill where were clusters of cariso bamboos bending low in cover so dense that no bird could have flown through; and thickets of palmettoes covered from root to furthest tip by spines as slender and as sharp as any needle; and smooth gray ceibas of prodigious girth that held, eighty feet or more above the ground, enormous bouquets of roselike bloom; and gigantic cedars and tuberoses, and rubber and other tropic trees grew there; and great lianas ran from one to the other, and tied all together, and afforded bridges by which squirrel, coon and possum, monkey, sloth and cats of various kinds could pass from tree to tree.

A hoarse, long-drawn, roaring *mea-o-u* had come across to us from that hill a moment before Lanuza spoke. He lit a cigarette and drew a whiff or two, while the dozing dogs sprang to their feet at the sound of that cry, whined uneasily, sniffed at their owner, then coiled themselves again in the ashes.

"Do the tigers give you much trouble here?" I asked.

"No; I have no bestias, no cattle, nor mules, nor horses, and my children are big enough to take care of themselves. But the lions are of evil mind. No, the tigers are not so bad. Susana would tell you, if she could speak any other than the tongue of the Sumos."

"Why, what would she tell me?"

"Susana has lived her life in these woods. She is true Sumo, brave as any man, and a good hunter, for a woman. She knows the ways of all the animals, how they live and what each will do. And she saw once that which would have made some mothers have fear, perhaps. It made

both of us uneasy until I killed off a family of lions that lived in the rocks by the falls of the Blanco, where you shot the mountain cow.

"Our Tonio is my bravo. You know."

"Yes, I do know. He's full of mischief."

"So it is. Well, then, Tonio and his sister—she was a little one then—wandered along the sand by the river there, and waded through the shallows where the cuyumel watch for food, and played at hunting until long after the time when they should have brought the appetite of the coyote to the breakfast their mother had made ready.

"The sun was past the middle of the sky when Susana started to find the children. She might have left Tonio to come when he would—he is a boy, and boys must learn to care for themselves; besides, who can tell where a boy will be, at any time. But Juliana is to the heart of my wife as honey is to her tongue, and sweeter."

I might have added that the child was to her father as precious as the blood in his own veins; but he was telling the story.

"Perhaps you know how is, señor; you have read many books written by wise men; but I have lived with Susana and have known these Indians many years, yet have not been able to learn how they know such things, and they will not or cannot tell me—but it is as true as that the sun will shine to-morrow, that they do know exactly when and where and how to go, when they want anything.

"Well, then, Susana knew that it was time for her to find her niña; so she walked fast straight away to the falls of the Blanco. She stopped in the bushes by the sandy slope beside the pool that is below the fall. You would expect any one to stop when they saw before them an open space in the woods, of course, to learn what might be there.

"Juliana lay asleep in the shade of the tops of cariso that almost swept the dry sand. Tonio had left the child there, while he followed a chuchu-de-agua. You know it, the little opossum that lives so much in the water.

"And Susana saw also a yellow head, with pointed ears and shining eyes under the big leaves of a platanio. It was not ten varas from our little one. It crept from its hiding and crouched on the ground. It crawled nearer to our baby, slowly, its white breast almost touching the sand. Then Susana stepped softly and swiftly through the bushes, that she should be close behind when she would jump out, and yell to scare him and awaken the child, and would slash him with her machete. There was time, for my wife knows the lions, and that they look carefully, and make sure before they leap on any sleeping thing. If the child had stirred—ah, who knows.

"But, before she was near enough to the lion, out from the black shadows beneath the cariso a tigre negro shot over the niña. He crouched before the lion, on the sand.

"Susana stood still, and looked. Her baby slept, for neither of the beasts had made a sound. Her mother is Sumo—she knows the ways of the animals. Her child was safe, for the two great cats would not think of her. They were busy. When they would be through fighting they would not think of eating. No. They—one of them—would be thinking of its hurts. The other would be dead.

"They faced each other and growled, not loudly. The lion sprang. When he touched the sand there were gashes in his side, for our tiger was wise in fighting. He had jumped aside, and struck the lion before his feet had touched the ground. Jump and blow were like the flash from the gun, for quickness.

"Then the lion screamed aloud. He was enraged. But the tiger does not cry so readily. He fights. But our spotted friend was brave, and quick, and strong. The lion leaped again, and the tiger met him in the air. Hair flew, and blood. My wife stood like a tree, for stillness, and Juliana scrambled up on the shelving rock beyond the river.

"They fought long; then the lion ran and crawled beneath the big liana that hangs near the ground there. The tiger jumped on the liana, and the lion lay on his back, with his paws up, to ward off blows. The tiger snatched at his enemy, and his claws tore the head of the lion, and blood filled his eyes. The lion cried loudly, for it knew that it was near the end.

"When the tiger heard that scream, he was a devil. He tore at the hinder legs of the lion. He struck at the head, the legs, the sides of his enemy. Then he jumped down, and in a moment the two were held fast together by their forearms, and their hinder claws cut like knives. The lion screamed again, horribly. The fight was done; his bowels were dragged from him.

"The tiger struck the lion three or four times, then slowly walking to the water, turning half around each few steps, to see if any life was in the lion. He lay down close to the water and lapped a few mouthfuls. The spots on him could not be seen; they were red with blood. His ear was torn to shreds, and we know him to-day by that."

"Then he did not die?"

"He lives among the rocks beyond the falls of the Blanco. You have been there many times. Susana would have washed his hurts. He was a tigre negro, but he saved our baby from the lion—so my wife did not try to kill him with her machete when he was weak from the fighting and loss of blood. No, I know him well, and do not shoot at him, no, never."

E. W. PERRY.

## Alaskan Bird Observations under Difficulties.

SITKA, Alaska, May.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After my last letter to you of Jan. 21 and up to the last of March, we had an almost daily fall of snow of from 1 to 6 in. per day; and the oldest inhabitant declared that he has never known such a winter "in this neck of the woods." Under these circumstances any systematic observation of the birds was very difficult, especially so as the fall of snow was generally attended by intense cold and high winds, which prevented entirely, save on very occasional days, any canoe navigation, which is the only means here of going about upon the water.

Early in March, by some kind act of nature, a calm day dawned, and being impatient to take some notes, I engaged two Flitig Indians to take me in a canoe down to the Baranoff Hot Springs, situated on Baranoff Island, about sixteen miles below Sitka. Near these springs are some extensive mud flats, which are laid low by the low tides, and upon them I had hoped to find the first arrivals of our migrants. We reached our destination after an uneventful voyage of about six hours, but upon the day following our arrival the prevailing high winds and intense cold commenced with renewed vigor and continued unabated for ten consecutive days, by which time we availed

ourselves of a calm and were forced to return. So great was the sea and so heavy the wind, that upon one day soon after arrival, when our Indians ventured out during a few moments of calm to endeavor to secure some venison, a squall struck their canoe, which was an unusually large one of the Hydah pattern (which is considered by far the strongest), when they were within 600 yds. of the shore, splitting the strong craft from stem to stern.

It is needless to say I did not find any spring arrivals among the birds seen. The mud flats I found were frozen hard as soon as uncovered by the tide, and were additionally covered by cakes of stranded ice. I found, however, a few specimens well worthy of note. On the trip down I saw a number of the tufted puffin, but none near enough to secure. What is chiefly valued (over any specimen secured thus far is what is evidently the short-winged murrelet of Coues (*Brachyrhamphus brachypterus*, 1, Coues, No. 870). The specimen secured I have mounted and placed in my collection. It differs from any murrelet I have ever seen in the amount of white upon neck and belly, having a long head and a bill about half the length of head. The tarsus is longer than the middle toe. This specimen has almost a collar of white around neck. The head is a coal black. White on belly continues from neck collar to base of tail. Can any one give us any light upon this species? Coues is very meager in his description, which is quoted from Brandt. He gives the habitat as Unalaska, which might be continued to the Sitka district. There were two individuals of this bird together, of which I was able to secure but one.

Since my return from the Springs my Indians have brought me two specimens of the Mongolian plover (*Egialitis mongola*, A. O. U. 279), but they were so badly shot as to be quite useless for preservation. I have secured several fine specimens of the harlequin duck (*Histrionicus minutus*), and have found them fairly abundant. These species winter here. Have also secured with especial pleasure a specimen of the red-throated pipit (*Anthus cervinus*), and while the only specimen secured was badly damaged even by the light charge of No. 10 shot, yet I have seen quite a number since, and have reason to feel confident of securing others. The Wilson snipe (*Gallinago wilsoni*) are quite plentiful during the spring and summer, judging from accounts given by the few enthusiastic sportsmen.

During my many waiting hours between storms I have been much amused and instructed by watching the ravens (*Corvus corax*), which abound here and which reach great size. (I have killed one specimen with bill of a trifle over 3 in. in length, and total length 2 ft. 6 in.) A more pugnacious bird is hard to find. I have seen a single individual chase a bald eagle for a mile or more. Their favorite food seems to be the clam, which they unearth with their stout beak. After unearthing it, they seize the bivalve in their claws and with him fly to a height, and then drop him upon the rocks, breaking his shell, after which they pounce down upon him and devour the dainty morsel with great relish. Should the shell be found not broken by the fall, the clam is again seized and carried to a greater height than before, and then dropped again. Sometimes this is repeated three or four times.

This quaint old Russian town has suffered an irreparable loss through the destruction by fire of the old Baranoff Castle—"America's only castle," as some writer has called it. How the fire started no one knows, but at 2 o'clock in the morning the town was awakened by cries of fire, and in two hours, in spite of every effort, the noble structure was in ashes.

G. M.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

## A Night in the Wilderness.

LANCASTER, N. H.—In the vast unbroken wilderness lying directly south of the Dixville Notch, there are three celebrated trout ponds in the township of Millsfield, and named after that township. Big Millsfield lies about six miles from the road running directly from Colebrook, through the notch to Eroll Dam on the Androscoggin River. Little Millsfield and the third pond lie seven miles further south.

The wilderness lying around these waters is in its primeval state. Here deer, rabbits and partridges, and game of all kinds abounds. And at night the hoot of the owl, the snarl of the bob cat, the yell of the wildcat, the scream of the panther and the whistle of bears keep up a continual concert.

Last fall the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners concluded to stock, partially, the Colebrook hatchery with trout taken from these ponds, and Sam Gerrish, a veteran woodsman and guide, was employed to fish there during the spawning season, or rather after the commencement of the close season.

Sam has spent most of his life in the woods, and camped there for three months, coming out in December. He tells the writer of an adventure he had a few days before his final departure:

"For the last month, I had a number of visitors, including Col. Shurtleff, chairman of the Fish Commissioners. He was the last to leave. When he left an unaccountable sense of loneliness seemed to take possession of me. Why, I cannot tell. I have been in the woods most of the time for twenty years and am seldom ever lonesome. But that day I felt 'down to the heel' as the saying is. The day might have had something to do with it, for it was dark and gloomy, with a light rain.

"After putting the camp in shape, and placing a piece of venison in the pot for supper, I built up a good fire, and taking my Winchester, axe and lunch, sticking my fish lines in the belt around me, I started for Little Millsfield, to take my last trout before going out. The path to it was a mere spotted line, through a dense forest, seven miles.

"It commenced snowing soon after I left camp, which in a little while turned to a light rain. I came to the pond about 11 o'clock, and built up a fire on the margin of the pond, as the weather had begun to grow cold. I cut some holes in the ice, set my lines and ate my lunch. I had good luck catching twenty trout that would weigh 30 lbs.; and at 4 picked up my traps and started for home. It was growing dark and I hurried along, when I came to Big Millsfield, it was blowing a gale, driving the frozen rain into my face.

"By crossing an arm of the pond I could save more than a mile in reaching my camp. Still it was very risky



as the ice was not of sufficient thickness to make it certain. Still I started across.

"When about half way to the shore below where the camp was located, I heard a long continued scream and snarl, I knew then I was followed by a wildcat or panther, or at least one was behind me. This was repeated, only a howl and shriek followed. That I hastened my footsteps is only putting it mildly. Jumping ashore, I hurried along the bank to the camp, the yells continuing. I got inside the camp door when a dog jumped over me as I was setting down my luggage, and a piercing scream followed at the same time, such as I shall never forget. I sprang and shut the door and barred it.

"I was just in time, for the animal at that moment came against the door with a howl of disappointed rage. I loaded my shotgun with double charges and nailed up the windows and other open places in the camp, and then sat down and waited developments. The dog had undoubtedly been chased by the catamount and sought refuge at the camp. All night long he remained around the camp, howling and snarling and jumping against the door and then on to the roof. I sat on guard all night long, and I assure you I was glad when daylight began to appear.

"As the morning advanced he left. All around the camp were tracks sin. long. He must have been a very large animal. The dog proved to be one owned at the nearest settlement, and was very likely in pursuit of a deer when he ran into the catamount. The next day I came out."

H. F. W.

### Uncle Jack's High Jumps.

There is one thing about summer hunting in the South I cannot get used to, and that is snakes. I do not see many, but I know they are about, and also that they are bad snakes, too. Often a lizard scurrying away in the leaves will make cold chills run up and down my spinal column, and taking into consideration that where I hunt there is a dense growth of switch-cane and the ground hard to see, it does not tend to increase my confidence or decrease my expectations of feeling a squirming reptile under my foot every time I put it down.

Speaking of being afraid of snakes puts me in mind of an old gentleman who lived in the neighborhood of where I trained dogs once. His name was Smith. He went by the title of Uncle Jack. The story was related to me by his wife, Aunt Sally, so I guess it is true. I will give it as near as possible in Aunt Sally's own words:

"So you are afraid of snakes, be ye? I low you kain't be more skeerd of them th'n my husband, Uncle Jack Smith, was. Law, he was that skeerd that he was a plum fule about snakes.

"I rec'lec' one spring he was plowing out sum young co'n, about as high as his a'mpits, en I went down to the fence to kerry him sum fr'sh water. Now, he h'd clean'd up a little strip of briars en sweet gum sprouts, be'n where ther plowin' stop'd en ther fence, en ther briars en bushes were lyin' jist as they'd bin out. Uncle Jack was a leetle hard o' heerin', en I hed to holler mighty loud fore he seed me with the water. When he did, he turned his hoss around en stuck his plow in the groun', en started toward ther fence whar I was. I notice he pick'd his way mighty gingerly, first going this way en then that; but I knowed what a fule he was about snakes, so let him cum his own way.

"Fin'ly, he got to whar I was, en got his water en start'd back to his plow ag'in.

"He had on a par o' jean pants; en you know howen'thing that is stuck into them will hold. Well, he poked erlong as keurlful as he did cumin', en was getting erlong all right till a big briar happened to ketch ther bottom of his pants.

"I seed in er minute that he was going to get skeer'd en act ther fule, so befo' he hed a chance to look around en see what it wus, I squalled as loud as I could, 'Hit's a bri-a-r!'

"I never knowed Uncle Jack was that soople, tho' I hed knowed him all my life, for no sooner did I squall that it wus a briar, then he rose in ther air like he wus one of these high-jumpin' chaps in the sarcus; but as high as he jumped that briar stayed right with him. Well, he no sooner lit than I yelled again as loud as I could, 'Hit's a bri-a-r!'. And the moment I hollered he made another jump into the air, like he expected to lite on sumthin' en stay up there. En then I hollered as fast as I could, 'Hit's a bri-a-r! a bri-a-r! a bri-a-r! a bri-a-r!'. And every time I squalled he would jump as high as the top of the co'n, until finally the briar cum loose, and he made a big circle so as to not cum back ther way he went out, en he leaned up ag'in his plow just completely tuckered out. I wus so mad at his actin' sich a fule I wouldn't speak to him. Finally he said:

"'Aunt Sally, I believe a tarnal snake will be the de'th o' me yet.'

"'Hit wusn't no snake, ye old fule,' sed I. 'I kept telling you it wus nothing but a briar. What on earth did yer go skipping off like a kid in a desert land for?'

"'Why,' sed he, weak like, 'I thought you hollered 'jump higher.'"

"'En that old fule went jumping as high as he could, with me hollering hit wus a briar, thinking all the time I sed 'jump higher.'"

"I sed afterward to the old man, 'What do you always want to run for when you see a snake?'

"'En he says right solemn like, 'Aunt Sally, I always runs because I kain't fly.'"

I am a sort of that way about snakes myself. I do not care about them in the open where I can see them, but in a thick place, where the snake has ninety-nine chances to bruise my heel to my one of countering on his head, I am like Uncle Jack—"I run because I can't fly."

W. W. TITUS.

### Another Witch Duck.

Apropos of Mr. Gallup's witch ducks: On one occasion we had our decoys out, about half a mile north of where the steam launch was anchored, in McKee's "pocket," on the Yazoo River. We took them in before dark and proceeded in the skiff toward the launch. During the afternoon several of the decoys had got away and drifted below. When about half-way to the launch one of them was seen near the edge of the water. The skiff was headed that way to pick it up. When about 40yds. from the duck, I, who sat in the bow, distinctly saw it move its head, and promptly raised my gun and fired—without apparent result. We approached and picked it up, when it proved to be a well peppered greenhead wooden decoy.

COAHOMA.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### AFTER ANTELOPE IN THE BAD LANDS.

THERE is a section of high, barren land between the Big Horn Mountains and the Black Hills in Wyoming which is on the regular migration trail of the antelope herds that summer in Montana and Canada and winter in New Mexico and Arizona. Around the heads of the Little Missouri, the Belle Fourche and Little Powder rivers there is a part of this land that furnishes good pasture for both deer and antelope. An occasional sheep, too, crosses the broken ridges which mark the heads of the rivers and their tributaries, but the antelope are now the most plentiful of any of the big game of the region. Antelope summer through this belt of country and are numerous from April to November, and if hunted right are easily killed.

One September day we found our larder empty so far as meat was concerned at the ranch, and that meant to go hunting that day or go meat hungry the next. The light team was hitched up, field glasses and rifles overhauled, and we started for the antelope pastures a short distance to the northwest. The sun was well up before we left but we were in good game country by 10:30 and had rounded up a "mess" of young curlews, which go very well for a change. Driving to the top of a ridge which commanded a view of considerable country, we stopped and carefully scanned the "flats" and pasture lands for the white "flag" of the antelope, which, with a good glass, can be seen for a long distance. A solitary buck was seen away to the east, feeding along a side hill toward a little spring near a cañon head.

Driving as near as the lay of the ground would permit, I jumped out and started after him. By this time he had worked down into the flat, and so far away from any cover that I could not get a shot. I tried to crawl up behind the sage brush, but he saw me and ran over to a high butte where he was joined by a doe and two fawns, one a yearling and the other only a few months old. That spoiled my chances and I watched them scurry away, out of my range, until they were lost to view among the buttes.

There are a great many old lake beds in this particular part of the country which are now dry and grassed over, furnishing the best of feeding grounds for the antelope. These are the "flats" of prairie vernacular.

After these antelope had disappeared I signaled to the team to drive on while I struck across the country, swinging over the rocky, cactus-covered hills at a good pace; and soon got to the wagon again.

Over a ridge to the northeast was another good feeding ground and we struck for that next, bound to have our meat if it took all day to get it. While on top of the ridge, we saw three feeding antelope at the mouth of a small cañon, where the ground was rough enough for good cover. Quickly unhitching, we left the team out of sight among the rocks and started down the cañon after them. We were a little late and they had fed past the cañon when we got to the mouth of it, and "had the wind on us," so we did not dare advance for fear of losing our game again, and we lay still waiting a favorable chance for a flank move. They went slowly down the valley nibbling at bunches of grass and tender shoots until they were joined by seven more which we had not seen before. They now left off feeding and started in a leisurely way for water, always leaving one on top of the hill while they crossed any little low place. This is a most provoking habit, which antelope share with deer and other large game, and if the hunter gets impatient the chances for a shot are pretty slim. We lay behind the lava boulders and sage brush, with a scorching sun burning our backs, watching them travel along, looking back over their trail with that peculiarly watchful, suspicious glance that all wild animals display to a more or less degree. We lay for perhaps twenty minutes before they passed out of sight over a little ridge and gave us a chance to run for the "breaks" on the other side of the cañon.

In about a minute we were out of sight and safe across. Now, unless they had winded us, we stood a very good show to get a shot. Climbing up among the lava rocks we reached the top of the mesa and walked rapidly along in a parallel course with that of the cañon. After carefully scanning the stretch of valley and hillside, we found that they had not taken the alarm and scattered when we crossed the wind and were still in the cañon. There was a spring a little further down, and for this we bent our steps, rightly conjecturing that they were heading for water, for contrary to the habits of most big game, the antelope drink between 11 and 2 o'clock.

Cautiously advancing toward the edge of the cañon we surveyed every inch of the valley below us as it came into view. A few minutes of this kind of work showed us the bunch standing near the spring, and every one faced back the way they had just come from, sniffing the air and stamping suspiciously. The bucks had the hair of the neck all "roached" up the wrong way, and were moving about in a jerky, uneasy fashion, that said plainly enough they had scent'd us when we crossed the cañon, but did not know whether to run or not. They were so intent in watching the cañon that our flank move was a surprise and they knew nothing about our being above them until bang! went my Winchester, and they scattered like a bunch of sheep. I scored a clean miss at 15yds. By the time they bunched and got down to steady running Harry was on hand with his old Springfield, and sent an ounce ball into the middle of the herd, which had the effect of starting them a notch faster. I got to work with the repeater and started ounce balls after the flying bunch as fast as I could work the lever and shoot. About as fast and regularly as a clock can tick, I sent a ball out and the empty shell over my shoulder. The echoes roar and rattle among the rocky nooks of the cañon until the sound is like a volley of musketry. One buck goes down, shot through the back about the point of the hips, and still the Winchester cracks, barks and hisses as it sends its ounce balls chasing each other after the herd. Puffs and patches of dust burst up among the frightened animals as they go racing along down the cañon to windward and running so low they seem to skim the sage tops. As they turn the corner the repeater cracks a last time and a two-year-old buck turns a somersault, landing with the whole top of his head shot off. Ten shots have chased out of the rifle in about as many seconds, and two antelope lie in the valley. Harry goes for the team while I skin the prong-horns and let my rifle cool. The shadow of a buzzard crosses and recrosses the

valley as I work, and he waits, sailing overhead on stiffened pinions for his share when we are gone. The other antelope have gone long ago and the sun has traveled three-quarters of his trip when we load our meat in the wagon and skirt back across the brown grass country for the ranch, crushing the thick prickly pear into a slushy mass under the wheels every few feet. Sage hens rise in a heavy way as we jolt over the sage clumps, and an occasional rattlesnake or horned toad slips away among the cactus pads and boulders. Four more antelope are seen on the way in, but we have meat in plenty; we let them go until some other time; they will keep fresh longer that way than they will dead, and they won't go south yet for a while.

EL COMANCHO.

### IN A VIRGINIA GAME POCKET.

THE long-looked-for 16th of November at last arrived. We pulled in at C. an hour before sunset, and I had the pleasure of beholding the friendly face of Tom, who was in waiting with his buggy to convey me to his hospitable home. I was called early in the morning, and all was in readiness for the deer hunt, and it fell to my lot to occupy the "R" stand on the river. The party was composed of Tom, his father, Embra, Wirt and his nephew, Reginald, and myself. Several other neighbors were to engage also. Wirt was to start five miles west and to hunt toward the "R" stand. Others were also to hunt from other points and converge on the same stand on the Meherin River. I could hear dogs running at different times, but before noon all was quiet, no deer having come my way. In the afternoon I held the same stand, and had not been waiting long when I heard the dog; but it was so indistinct that I could not tell in what direction it was running, but soon found it was coming my way. My eyes were strained to their utmost to see the deer. My nerves tingled, though they were firm. My heart beat a lively tattoo. The dog was nearly in sight on the opposite hill. Just then the deer had doubled and the dog was soon out of hearing. This finished the first day, and I mentally consigned it with many more of the same kind to the past.

I went to bed early that night with the understanding that I would be called at 4 o'clock next morning. The last I remembered was how the wary deer could always have the luck to give me the slip, when I noticed a light, and looking up, there was the genial face of Embra. It was 4 o'clock and time for me to get up for breakfast. In a few minutes I was in the saddle, bound for my stand on the Gullies, southeast of Rocky Level, where W. had been running all of the day before. The deer had been running around and dodging from place to place like a cotton-tail, seeming to notice the dogs but very little, only to keep out of their way, a lot of them always up at the same time.

The big-hearted Tom and I arrived at the Gullies just after sunrise, I on a little knoll and Tom 80yds. to the north, the deer sometimes going to either side. Round about was a thick growth of old-field pines, except where the soil was gone. Barely were we seated and still when I heard the dogs coming; they approached very rapidly, and finally ran within 10ft. of me, I straining my eyes to the utmost. But no deer. After they had passed I looked, and sure enough there was the deer tracks, which had passed before we arrived—another opportunity for the deer to be numbered with the past.

After holding my position for near an hour, carefully looking west, I turned my eyes to the left and saw a doe come loping easily direct to me, about 100yds. off. Fearful that it might turn I did not move, in fact I hardly drew my breath, until the deer was within 20yds. of me, when I threw up my gun. But quick as I was it darted to the left through a clump of thick pines. The third jump left the flank to the fore shoulder exposed. In a space between two pines I pulled the trigger, and it tumbled in its tracks. I turned my gun to the next space for a second shot, but as the smoke cleared away I saw no chance for a second shot. I was a little surprised, for I had been told by Uncle Fuller not to be astonished if I could not hit a flock of barns if I was shut up in one of them. Indeed was it a tame affair.

I called to the genial Tom and told him a rabbit. He started to give me a reprimand, but on raising his head, saw the deer kicking. His face fairly beamed with satisfaction while he congratulated me for my successful shot. Nothing but seeing his kindly face would give an idea of how much satisfaction it gave him to see me bag my first deer. We took it to the branch near by and prepared it for shipment, for it was to be my first trophy ever shipped home. We were hardly seated on our stands again when I heard the dogs strike and come toward us rapidly.

When the dogs got in 400yds. I saw a large buck coming for me. My gun was to my shoulder when I whispered to T., who was sitting to my back, "Let's both fire at once." But this he flatly refused, saying he would not pull a trigger till I was through, and to be sure and kill him. The deer came on with an easy lope, but at 60yds. wheeled to the left. Before he sprung I fired and dropped him, but as he sprung to his feet I fired again, tumbling him once more, but he was quickly on his feet again with a broken leg. I told Tom to shoot and he fired two more shots, hitting him with both, which seemed enough to have killed anything, but he kept going. I had another cartridge in by this time and brought him down again. Both were large and in good condition, and the next express took the only two deer to my county that have been shipped in my time.

This was the little game pocket I had told brother Hough of while I was in the White City, but did not tell the location, as I wanted the pleasure of killing one before saying too much about it, but now if he wishes to enjoy some royal sport, if he will communicate with me I will gladly take him along and we will enjoy it together.

How is it the deer do not seem to be afraid of the dogs? The dogs, mostly hounds, go out in the morning and have a race almost daily, though they rarely run more than an hour or so, or to one of the rivers, where the chase generally ends. Most of the deer I have seen in front of dogs do not seem at all frightened. In one instance a buck made his bed within rifle shot of where I stopped for the night, with a hunter and four hounds.

The deer seem greatly on the increase, as the citizens say there are more there now than have ever been, though the dogs are running them whenever they choose. A number were killed the last season.

W. G. D.

WHITTLE'S DEPOT, VA.



## THE SKIN I DID NOT GET.

NEW YORK, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last autumn my friend Jack, who lives on the west slope of the Rocky Mountains, told me that he expected to kill a mountain lion or two during the winter, and intimated that he would send me a skin. A recent letter from him gives an account of the killing of the lion whose hide should be mine, and explains why I did not get it. When the beast was dead, all the fur had been knocked off the skin.

O. M.

I killed the other day a very fine lion which measures 7½ ft. from tip to tip.

I was out for marten when I came across the track of a mountain lion. It was snowing, and I followed it for some distance before the dog would notice it, but after a while the tracks freshened and the dog commenced to slow trail. At length I saw that we had jumped the game and told him to go on, while I followed along leisurely on the tracks of both.

In about fifteen minutes I heard the dog yip as though running something, and then heard what seemed a sharp growling as though they were fighting. Then the dog commenced to bay, and I knew that lion was my meat.

I ran through the deep snow for about half a mile and then slackened up, so as to get my wind before reaching the dog. When I got to within about forty paces of where he was dancing about in the snow, I looked up and saw the lion above him in a leaning tamarack tree. He was about 30 ft. from the ground and seemed to be amused at the gall of so small a dog. He was looking down, having one foreleg over a small limb. His tail was swaying gently from side to side, and altogether he seemed to be at home.

The lion watching the dog, saw him look on the back trail for me, and following his look saw me. This seemed to greatly astonish him, and he ran up the tree thirty or forty feet to a fork, poked his head out as far as he could and looked me squarely in the eye.

I had been running hard, my eyes were full of sweat and the gun sights clogged with snow, but I cut loose at the beast with my .40-82. There was scrambling among the dry limbs and the lion fell part way down, but caught around the tree and knocked off a lot of small dry branches. I kept pumping the lever and soon knocked him off the tree. As soon as he struck the ground the dog jumped him. There was a scramble, the lion squalled and spit, and I heard the dog howl. Then the lion came out of the scramble and went for another tree about twenty steps off, with the dog in hot pursuit. The lion ran up the tree about twenty feet and the dog stopped at the bottom, and I, running, sweating and yelling "sic," brought up the rear. I commenced to work the lever of the old gun again, and after about three wild shots I again knocked the lion out of the tree.

The dog seemed to get desperate, perhaps on account of such fine shooting, and when I got to him he had the lion by the hind quarters and the cat was making passes at him with the left paw. The right one I had shot off. I blazed away a couple of times more and let the dog shake until he was tired, but still there was a little life and fight in that lion. I now called off the dog and adjourned to a fallen tree, and let Father Time do the rest. For this I had very good reason, as I had used up all my ammunition and my fighting was over. The poor animal soon died, but he was game to the last. He died glaring at me and snapping his teeth. His skin measured 7½ ft. long, but I had knocked about all the fur and hair off of it.

I had shot him in the leg and shot him in the paw and had also cut off a slice of tail. Then there was one shot in the belly and another in the hams and some fur had been knocked off his under jaw. Still he had never squealed nor showed the white feather. He was certainly all wool and a yard wide.

JACK.

## KANSAS GAME INTERESTS.

From a declaration, "Where we Stand," printed in the programme of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association Tournament, to be held at Topeka, June 12-14.

THE Kansas State Sportsmen's Association stands pledged, first of all, to the protection and preservation of game, and while it must be confessed that heretofore its efforts in that direction have not been conspicuous, has at last awakened to a sense of its duty in the matter, and will in future use its best energies and influence for the enactment of a proper game law and for its enforcement afterward, to the end that what remains of our once bountiful game supply may be preserved from entire extinction. The Association neither expects nor desires special or exclusive privileges for any class; on the contrary, it insists that every citizen should be allowed to share in the taking of game, subject always to proper legal restrictions.

The game laws of this State, as they stand upon the statute books to-day, are both unjust and ineffective, and its framers, in their effort to produce an act which would restrict all killing of game to persons who were owners of land, have extended to this privileged class such extensive rights that the game is left without any protection whatever, and is in much greater danger of extermination than it ever was under any previous laws, which have always been confessedly insufficient, even when enforced, as was rarely attempted.

It will hardly be claimed by those who secured the passage of the present law that they were animated solely by a desire to afford increased protection to our game. The law itself gives a flat denial to such an assertion; the proviso in section 1 of the act, that "No provisions of this act shall apply or interfere with persons who may have in their possession or raise for sale any birds as pets, or may at any time catch, kill or entrap any of the birds mentioned in this section on his or her own premises, controlled by such person for his or her own use," contains the animus of the entire act. Only owners of land may take game, but they may do so at any time of year and by whatever means they choose to employ. The man who owns no land may not shoot, even on invitation of the man who does, without violating the law, for this unique specimen of "class legislation" does not even allow a land owner to permit others to shoot upon his property, or rather it prevents a man from availing himself of such a permission. The law is a dead letter, as it ought to be in this regard, besides being void because unconstitutional; but its effects, equally pernicious, whether it be enforced or not, demand that it be replaced by an act which will afford protection to the game and at the same time extend to every citizen the right to take game

at proper seasons, provided he can obtain permission to enter upon private grounds to do so, as is necessary under section 2440, Revised Statutes 1889.

The one commendable feature of the existing law is the section which prevents the sale and shipment of game, and it is the duty of every friend of game protection to do his share toward preventing the repeal of this provision if it is ever attempted. Killing game for the market means the total wiping out of every species of edible game, because it enormously multiplies the number who kill, and invites the most destructive methods. It is impossible that the supply should increase while game has a commercial value, and thousands of persons who otherwise would never go afield at all, are permitted to kill for profit only. This class will not shoot if there is no market for what they kill, and when shooting is restricted to those who hunt for sport and not for the market, and who confine their killing to proper seasons, the question of game preservation will have been solved. The non-sale and non-shipment portion of the law is by far the most important feature in it, and should by all means be preserved.

A bill will be submitted to the Association at its annual meeting, at which time a full discussion will be invited. It would perhaps then be advisable to have a committee appointed to act upon the recommendations of the Association, and prepare and have printed a bill which should be widely circulated throughout the State—copies being placed in the hands of sportsmen in each county, and by them distributed among the people. Then at the next meeting of the Legislature the committee should use every means to have the bill become a law.

All members of the Association are requested to give the matter consideration, and be prepared at the annual meeting to intelligently discuss the entire question in order that any action taken may be well advised and for the best interests of the cause.

A few reasons why every shooter and every shooting organization in the State of Kansas should become members of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

First—Proper legislation for the protection of game can only be secured by thorough organization, and it is only through the combined efforts of the friends of game protection in Kansas, working as a unit through a strong association, that the enactment of efficient game laws can be brought about.

Second—The enforcement of the law is of no less importance than the law itself, and once having secured the right kind of a game law, it becomes the duty of every game protectionist to assist in bringing to punishment every person who wilfully violates it. Our Association can, if its energies are properly directed, make the violation of the game law as odious a crime as hog stealing, and so mould public sentiment that "bootlegger" will be looked upon as a gentleman in comparison with the man who kills game out of season.

Third—To be effective the Association must be strong, and in numbers there is strength. There are enough friends of game protection in the State to make an organization powerful enough to carry out whatever plans it might adopt looking to the protection of game, but they must get together; the next section tells you how it may be done.

Fourth—For a club to join costs \$5 and for annual dues \$1. Every member of the club becomes a member of the State Association. For an individual, \$2.50 to join and annual dues fifty cents. Write for further information to Sec'y J. C. Clark, Topeka, Kan.

## AN ADIRONDACK BEAR CAPTURE.

A PARTY of three young men, well known in the business circles of Gloversville, had come to Lake Pleasant in the North Woods. An uninterrupted year of attention to business had given to each one such an appetite for the good things in store for them, that every opportunity was taken advantage of, and from first to last every pleasure was enjoyed with the keenest relish.

We put up with David Sturges, and George and I were spending the day at Elm Lake with Burr Sturges as guide. The only exciting incident of our fishing for two hours and a half was the taking of two fish at once by George, the largest of which was a 2 lbs. trout of exceptional beauty. About 11 o'clock Burr said he wanted to visit a bear trap he had set about a mile up the inlet, so, taking in our lines we started. At the head of the still water he left the boat, and very soon he called, "Come over here and bring the gun." Taking the rifle, we started through the thicket and soon came to the place where the trap had been set.

The trap was gone, and the bark knocked off a small tamarack showed where the clog had met the first obstruction. Then we lost the trail, but soon found it again; and here was the evidence of a terrible struggle—a little hollow, with an old top across it and a rotten log or two in the space, this hollow for a dozen feet each way literally torn up, the logs pulverized and the small trees chewed to splinters. Sturges said some big words and "guessed" he'd never see his trap again, for there lay all that was left of the clog. This had been a stick of green spruce about 3½ ft. long fastened at the end of the trap chain, but about a foot of the stick had been eaten off and the rest was covered with the prints of teeth and claws. A few rods further and the chain must have stopped the bear again, for here a little tree was entirely gnawed off about 3 ft. from the ground and there stood the splintered stub. Close by on the ground was the body of a dead cub, which had met its death in the frantic efforts of its mother to escape. As we stopped and looked at the havoc the beast had made, I thought of the bedlam of snarls and growls and scratching claws and snapping teeth there must have been when all that work was done. We soon lost the trail again, for with only the trap and chain to carry bruin could get on quite easily, the object of the clog being to catch on to trees and logs, and so prevent too rapid a retreat.

As soon as we lost the trail we separated, and first one and then the other would find marks showing where the animal had gone. So we kept on through brush and mire until the track led over a knoll and into a swamp, thick with alders, where we lost it again, and Sturges told us to wait while he crossed and found where the creature had gone out.

While we stood waiting in the thicket my companion said, "I hear something like the whine of a puppy." I listened but could not catch a sound, except the beating of my heart, which thumped away at a great rate, probably because we had come so fast. Soon Sturges

called and we went over. He had not found the trail, but asked us if we had heard any noise. George repeated what he had said to me, "Which way?" "That way." "That's right," said Sturges, "come on." In less than three minutes we found where she had come out of the swamp. She had been started probably by our voices, and here the track was plain, leading directly over a little hill. Before we reached the summit we all heard the rattle of the chain on the other side. Now the excitement of the chase was intense; it was a new experience to George and myself and we were all the more eager to be in at the death.

As we came to the top of the hill there lay below us a rather open slope of five or six rods, then a level space of as much more. Just at the top George seized Sturges' arm and whispered, "There she is; there she is." Sure enough, at the bottom of the slope was a monstrous bear and two cubs making for the swamp beyond. Down we rushed, like boys after a cat, and as we came near the cubs went up a tree. The bear was now in the edge of the swamp, and as soon as she missed her offspring she faced us and partly rose on her hind legs. Her eyes looked wicked, and she gave a savage growl, as much as to say, "If it wasn't for this trap I'd scatter your party in short order." But Sturges had the rifle at his shoulder; there was a sharp crack, and bruin fell in her tracks. We went over and were looking at her black coat, when suddenly instead of a dead bear we had a live one, and the way George and I got out of reach was very rapid but not surprising under the circumstances. Sturges made some lively motions in getting another cartridge in the gun, and this time a ball under the ear gave her the quietus.

We all took hold together and dragged her out to dry ground and Sturges began the process of skinning, while we lighted our pipes and talked how "Betsey and I killed the bear." In the meantime the cubs were at the top of a not very large hemlock, and I decided that I wanted one of the skins for a relic; so taking the rifle I stepped back a few rods, where I could see the head of one peeping round the trunk. I blazed away, but my nerve was not very steady and the ball did not even make the cub dodge; but the second shot was better and brought down the game fairly hit through the head. This gave George the bear fever, but he wanted his cub alive; so after much urging by Sturges and myself, he decided to climb the tree and try to get his young bear out. Slowly he toiled up, showing considerable agility as a climber, until he came near the cub, when the young bear started for him, and he, not caring for an encounter in the tree, came down much faster than he went up. When he got below the branches the cub came down tail first, and when nearly down George grabbed and held him against the tree, calling to Sturges to help him. By this time the old bear was skinned, so the guide came and took the cub and we soon started back for the boat. Arriving there we found that we could not get the cub home unless one of us held him all the way, so we let him go. He seemed tame enough then, and I stroked him on the back before he disappeared in the bushes.

We floated down to Elm Lake, landed and soon Sturges had a splendid trout dinner cooked. After dinner and a smoke we started down the Comjenuc, fishing by the way, and reached the hotel safely about sunset.

The bear skin, beautifully mounted, now lies in George's parlor; while the cub's skin, mounted on a white goat, is in my possession.

GLOVER.

## IMMODERATENESS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Your desire to protect the game of this country from total extermination is most praiseworthy, and I wish to be one of the thousands to tender my aid and to wish you God speed in your effort. Every true sportsman is with you even though he may not approve of your means of accomplishing the end. "Stop the sale of game" would no doubt alleviate the distressing symptoms, but it would by no means cure the disease.

The measure proposed is extreme and all extremes are dangerous. Are you not afraid that the enactment of such a law (if it could be done) would bring about such a violent reaction as to sweep game and game laws alike from the face of this country? A demand for game exists and the people have a right to a reasonable supply. The market-shooter is a very convenient man on which to wipe our muddy boots, but is he really responsible for the gradual extermination of the game? Now Mr. Editor, think a moment before you say yes. I do not wish to defend the market-shooter, he kills game because that is the easiest way for him to support himself and family. A small percentage of the game shot by these men goes to waste, but a market-shooter never shoots game when he knows that he cannot make use of it. Now, can we say as much for the fraternity collectively classed as sportsmen? Is it not a fact that a goodly percentage of this latter class shoot anything which dares rise in front of them and continue to slaughter just as long as game and ammunition hold out, regardless of what becomes of the game so killed? It is against these pirates of land and sea that war should be declared and systematically prosecuted; their extermination would mean preservation of game, yes, even more, it would rid the fraternity of sportsmen of a decidedly objectionable class. During the last nineteen years I have hunted in a good many places including New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and a majority of the States this side of the Rockies, and have met with the market-shooter and the game hog, and of the two please give me the market-shooter.

Let me mention just a few of the many instances of wanton slaughter of game which have come to my notice. Two years ago two New York sportsmen went to Long Island and returned after one week's stay with enough ducks (spoiled and in good condition), to supply the inhabitants of their ward for a month. Another brother went to the Adirondacks and shot six does, used a small portion of the meat and the hides and left the rest to rot. Fortunately, this hog was caught and paid the usual fine. Spruce partridges are very plentiful in some parts of Nova Scotia, and a certain person from New Glasgow goes there nearly every year for a wagon load full—some keep till he gets home, but more of them spoil. It is the same way in fishing, and I could relate a good many stories to the credit of so-called sportsmen.

Restrict the sale of game to one month or two months of the open season, run down and kill the game hog wherever you find him, and weather permitting, the game of our country will not grow less but will increase from year to year.

G.



STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am thoroughly in accord with those who have declared in favor of stopping the sale of game at all times. The time must come when the supply of game in this country will be entirely exhausted, unless such a law as proposed by FOREST AND STREAM is passed and made effectual. Like "Bushwhacker," I am a poor man, tied down by an occupation that does not let up on me except for a few days each year. In this locality those who shoot for the market are dubbed "pot-hunters;" well, let the name be what it may, the market-shooter is the man we are after. I am surprised that any one should take up the subject in defense of this class of shooters. All "sportsmen" belonging to this species that it has been my misfortune to run across have been heavily loaded with the "instinct" to kill for the price, with an elastic conscience regarding the manner of capture, to say nothing of his faculty for not discerning between open and closed seasons. The people must decide whether they in the future retain the market-shooter and no game, or have a fair amount of the latter and none of the former. Which is best, and will prove the most beneficial to a large majority of the people is a question with but one answer. Without this protection thousands throughout this land see the time rapidly approaching when they will be deprived of that grandest of all recreation, a tramp through forest and field with the gun. We must have that plank! A. M. SOUDDER.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—At a meeting held here in April by the sportsmen of this city and vicinity to elect delegates to the State Sportsmen's convention, held at San Francisco, the delegates were recommended to endeavor to have a law passed prohibiting the shooting of quail for market for the period of two years. So you see we are coming around to it, and let us hope that if such a law is passed, by the end of the two years a law prohibiting the sale of game at all seasons will be passed. But even a two years' respite will do an immense amount of good. A prominent game dealer of this city states that in one season he had handled 162,000 dozen (1,944,000) quail alone, not to mention the ducks, Wilson snipe, etc., and he is only one of many. Such slaughter is an outrage. We would protect our fast-vanishing game much better if we should allow shooting for pleasure alone at all seasons, provided that the ruinous market-shooting be stopped. CULPEPPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have here as fine a ruffed grouse country as in the United States, but the hunting for market has done its work. We have one or more men who hunt in this county from July 4 until Jan. 1; and dozens hunt from Oct. 1 until Jan. 1, all for market. Several thousand were shipped from East Stroudsburg and Analomink, besides deer and other game last season. There are one hundred sportsmen in this county who would hold up both hands for a bill to prohibit the sale of game. We must hammer away at it until we get such a law. Let every sportsman see the representative of his own county in the State, and I think we can accomplish it. RESICA, PA.

A Lost Opportunity.

LATE in the afternoon of a day in last November, while I was walking past a swampy piece of land with a pond in the middle of it, on my way to the village to get the day's mail, I was surprised to see a single large mallard drake swimming on the surface of the water. I turned and made tracks for the house to get my gun and returned to find that the drake had not flown away, but was at the other end of the pond, tranquilly preening his feathers, all unconscious of the trouble in store for him. He was quite a distance off for a shot, but not realizing the toughness of an old mallard drake, I drew a bead on him and fired just as he rose from the water, the shot cutting off some feathers, but apparently not injuring him otherwise. Then I suddenly remembered that the cartridges in the gun were loaded with a light charge of powder and fine bird shot, and I hastily opened the gun and threw out the empty shell, with the intention of substituting one loaded with a heavier charge of powder and larger shot. The loaded shell went in the breech half-way, and then, much to my astonishment, it stuck there! I pushed on it with all my strength, but only succeeded in wedging it in more firmly. The drake was slow in getting "started," being heavy and fat, and I thought that if I could get the defective shell out of the gun and substitute another, I would still have time to shoot him, so I tried my best to pull it out, but it was wedged in so firmly that it would budge neither one way nor the other. What a dilemma I was in! There I stood with my gun in my hands, that splendid mallard offering a tempting shot, and I powerless to even close my gun! Perhaps I was a trifle angry, but I guess you will forgive me that, for what gunner has not been in a predicament similar to this one? The incident taught me a lesson—never to use a poor crimp which mutilates the edge of a shell, and always to have my shell-extractor handy—not in the depths of my trouser's pocket, in company with forty other odds and ends. TYRO.

California Game Seasons.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Editor Forest and Stream: California is too large a State to be governed by one general game law, for a law which would effectually protect the game in the extreme northern districts might compass its entire destruction in the southern counties. For instance: The State Sportsmen's Convention, after a good deal of discussion, finally decided to endeavor to have a general State law passed making the open season on quail and doves from Aug. 1 to Feb. 15. Now the quail in this county are running around in August with pieces of the shell still adhering to their backs, and any law which would allow them to be shot during that month would in a very short time cause their extermination. But perhaps some of the would-be sportsmen could never get any quail, unless they were allowed to shoot at the chicks, and so are in favor of the above law. Even as late as the middle of September the great majority of the quail are far too small to be shot, and what folly it is to make the dove and quail law one and the same, for right now, at this date, the doves have nested

and are hatching their eggs, while the quail have not entirely paired off as yet. The only dove shooting we have here is in July and August, as later in the season the birds flock up and render a fair bag an impossibility. California changes her game laws about once a year on an average, and each succeeding time makes a worse mess of it than before. But, after all, they are a perfect farce, for until recently no one ever thought of enforcing them. I well remember that ten days after the season of 1892-3 closed, I saw several bunches of Wilson snipe hanging up in open market. Fortunately things are changing, for the other day Simon Maier, wholesale and retail butcher, got himself into the toils of the law for having sold and offered for sale Texas deer, in direct disobedience of the law. CULPEPPER.

A New Gun Barrel Material.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Krupp, the German "cannon king", has invented a new process for manufacturing a steel especially suited for gun barrels. Owing to its superior quality this new steel is rapidly finding favor with the German sportsmen, particularly those who employ nitro powders. In order to enable the American shooting fraternity to judge for themselves the merits of this "German special steel," as it is called, I shall simply quote the figures from the official report pertaining to a series of comparative trials carried out with this steel and other gun barrel materials. In the following table the columns show:

A—Ductility limit of load in kilograms (1 K.=2,204.737 lbs.) per square millimeter (or 0.03937 in.).	B—Breaking limit of load, the same.	C—Dilation prior to fracture, in per cent. of original length.	D—Internal pressure in the moment of cracking of barrel, expressed in total atmospheres.	E—Internal pressure for equal thickness of walls in kilograms per square millimeter.	
Belgian Bernard damascus .....	27.3	39.5	1.3	403	35.5
Belgian horseshoe nail .....	35.3	39.8	1.9	378	39.1
English Crollé damascus .....	25.3	28.9	1.7	343	32.1
English Siemens steel .....	41.1	61.6	10.9	584	55.5
English Whitworth steel .....	40.8	61.3	10.1	527	47.0
German special steel .....	72.5	91.3	8.1	1240	87.0

Testing the resistance of the several gun barrel materials to gas pressure: Bernard Damascus bulged with a load of 231.497385grs. of black powder and 1,111.187448grs. of shot; it burst with a load of 231.497385grs. of powder and 1,605.049536grs. of shot. Horseshoe nail Damascus bulged with 231.497385grs. of powder and 987.72316grs. of shot; it burst with 231.497385grs. of powder and 1,419.850628grs. of shot. English Crollé Damascus bulged with 231.497385grs. of powder and 1,296.385356grs. of shot; it burst with 231.497385grs. of powder and 1,605.049536grs. of shot. Siemens steel bulged with 231.497385grs. of powder and 1,419.850628grs. of shot; it burst with 231.497385grs. of powder and 2,407.572804grs. of shot. Whitworth steel bulged with 231.497385grs. of powder and 1,543.315900grs. of shot; it burst with 231.497385grs. of powder and 2,033.476465grs. of shot. German special steel, same thickness of walls as the former, bulged with 293.230021grs. of powder and 7,870.911090grs. of shot; it burst with 432.128452grs. of powder and 12,840.417288grs. of shot. The powder column of the last-named load measured in the gun barrel 4½ in., that of the shot 19 in. in a 16-bore gun. ARMIN TENNER.

Pheasants for Stocking.

AT a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association, of Rochester, N. Y., it was decided to secure some pheasants for introduction in Monroe and Livingston counties. The kind thought to be best adapted for this climate is a cross between the English pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*) and Mongolian ring-necked pheasant (*Phasianus torquatus*). An order has already been placed at the pheasantries for birds and eggs, and as soon as enough enthusiasm has been shown among local sportsmen to pass in contributions, a larger order will be sent; adult birds can be had in July at \$225 per hundred. It is intended to distribute them among farmers who are willing to protect and care for them. They are hardy and prolific, and if given a chance will increase rapidly. Efficient laws will be enacted to protect them for three years at least. This is only a beginning in what the Association proposes if it receives the right kind of encouragement and support. The covers need replenishing and it is thought the pheasant will fill the bill. The John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, Pa., has completed arrangements with Mr. Wells for one thousand young English pheasants with which to stock the woods in this neighborhood.

Dogs and Cougars.

SANTA FE, N. M., May 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: My friend Henry Windsor, a cattleman up on the headwaters of that beautiful trout stream, the Pecos, had quite an experience with mountain lions (cougars), that seems good enough to give to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The lions had been giving the ranchers in that vicinity a great deal of trouble, killing stock, principally colts, which they seem to have a special fondness for. Henry was in town and took a fancy to my hounds, which are a very large strain of foxhounds, full of courage and fight. I donated him a pair of my best old fighters, that had a record of good work on coyotes. He was greatly pleased with them and said he would take them out and show them a lion trail soon. However, the lions did not wait for that but before the dogs had been on the ranch more than two or three days Henry heard a "racket" just dusk in the evening, and looking out in the corral, saw the hounds and a nice frisky lion having a very lively fight. He caught up his Winchester and rushed out, but for several seconds (minutes Henry thought), he was unable to get in a shot on account of lion and dog being so badly mixed up. Finally the lion, which was a medium-sized female, concluded that that was not the game she was looking for, wrenched away from the dogs and bounded back a few feet, and, of course, got a bullet that put the quietus on her. Just as she jumped back her mate, a good-sized old male, jumped over the corral fence, and without any hesitation the dogs flew at him, but before the fight got under good

headway another bullet laid him out. The dogs were rather badly scratched up but not seriously injured in the fight, and the next day Henry took them out, put them on a lion trail where there had been a cow killed, and in less than half an hour they put another large fellow up a tree, to be shot by Henry. I think that is a pretty good record, three lions in two days, and I really consider the work of the hounds in the fight about the best I ever knew of. I was surprised to find in that section, the headwaters of the Pecos, at an altitude of 8,000 to 12,000ft., that there are a great many white-tail deer. I had always considered them more a lowland than mountain animal. There are also a few bighorns in the same locality. [Speaking of "cactus deer," there are some very peculiar freaks killed in that line. I suppose they are a freak as they seem to be a true mule deer except the horns, and some of these are a sight. My friend Judge Sloan has a fine specimen finely mounted, in his office. It was killed several years ago in the southern part of the Territory, and is a good-sized specimen of the mule deer except the antlers, and they are as irregular as a bunch of cactus, and really resemble it very much. H. B. HERSEY.

Game in Colorado.

BERTHOUD, Colo., May 15.—Near my Morgan, Colorado, ranch we still have quite a number of antelope. I saw 40 one day last week. Coyotes, gray wolves and rattlesnakes are entirely too plenty; and there are jack rabbits by the thousand. Up here where I live, near the foothills, geese and ducks were very plentiful the past fall and spring, more so than for several years. Denver sportsmen are leasing the small lakes for the shooting privileges. Black-tail deer are still quite abundant in the foothills; but as the hills are here quite rough and the open season short, very few have been killed for the past two years. Trout fishing is not as good as it was a few years ago; but I expect to try my split-bamboo as usual in July. We can get all we want to eat while in camp, and have a grand good time any way. I expect to take an antelope hunt at my ranch in the fall and will report my luck to FOREST AND STREAM. A. A. K.

Wild Turkeys.

AVOCA, N. C., May 16.—I never saw as many wild turkeys at this season of the year as at present. They are nesting not a mile from my house, and the dry May has been very good for them. The crop of wild strawberries is very abundant, and the young turkeys are living on them; and the old ones are pulling up my corn all around the woods. Tracks all about in the fields. Next spring sport ought to be fine. Birds are having same good luck, great many pair all over the plantation. No young birds yet. W. R. CAPEHART.

The Editor is Grateful.

From the Berthoud (Colo.) Bulletin. When it comes to killing geese, Al Hawkins takes the pastry by a large majority. On Wednesday, in company with Charley and Jim Golden, of Longmont, sixteen geese and nine ducks were bagged, Al killing ten of the geese. This makes a total of thirty-nine geese he has killed since the season begun, besides countless ducks, jack rabbits, etc. The entire Bulletin force and family will regale themselves on roast goose to-day—a result of Al's generosity. Many thanks.

Sea and River Fishing.

MULLET TAKEN WITH BAIT.

VICTORIA, Tex., May 20.—This morning, in looking over an old copy of FOREST AND STREAM dated Nov. 18, 1886, I came across an article by "Nessmuk," of sainted memory, in which occurs the following passage, to which I wish to add my testimony: "I could buy a fat 'buck' mullet for a nickel, and as he was about the best fish on the coast, and would afford two ample meals, it seemed a waste of time and muscle to paddle three or four miles on a hot morning to catch one or two sea trout or channel bass, when the mullet was much the better fish." As I have been a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM for fifteen years, I have no doubt that I read the foregoing at the time it was printed, but if so I had forgotten it when about four years ago I first attempted to eat mullet. My son Jack and I were out for a couple of days' fishing for bass on a fresh water bayou between this place and the Gulf Coast. The bayou contained a great many mullet that had evidently made their way up the Guadalupe River during a heavy rise, and having gotten into this bayou, the receding waters had left them landlocked. Their surroundings had apparently proven congenial, as they had grown very large and fat, and had acquired a new characteristic, that of "biting," a thing they very seldom if ever do in salt water. During the morning, while fly-fishing for bass, the mullet had several times made a game rush at my tail fly, a scarlet-ibis, but as they had never taken hold I thought it was merely bluff, and had no idea that they would bite at any sort of bait. My boy had started out in the morning with a light rod and tackle and worms to fish for "perch," as the different species of fresh-water sunfish are universally called in this State. Later in the day I found him on a bridge over the stream, and just as I came in sight saw him pull some kind of a large fish, struggling and kicking, to the floor of the bridge, and on approaching closer discovered to my surprise that it was a mullet. He had three or four of them, together with half a hundred or more "perch" on the bridge, and according to his own statement, had been having a "hog killin'" time. He inquired if the mullet were good to eat, and was considerably disappointed when I expressed the opinion that they were not. As the bass had quit rising I took the fish back to camp, put them in the icebox, and procuring a light bait-rod repaired to the bridge for the more plebeian bait-fishing for what "Old Knots" would have called "them minners." We caught several more mullet before dinner time and Jack insisted on saving and taking them back to town, arguing that there were plenty of darters that would be glad to get them if we were not. While he was cleaning them I noticed that they were very plump and fat, and that their flesh was beautifully white and firm, and being naturally of an investigating turn of mind, concluded to cook a couple of them as an experiment to see how they would "eat." They were turned out of the frying-pan nicely browned and crisp, together with several sunfish and bass, and established their superiority at once by their appearance, which was confirmed by tasting, they



proving so much better in every way than the other fish that the latter, in the language of the present day, were "not in it" at all.

Since that day I have caught many hundreds of them and they have never failed to sustain the favorable impression then created. In talking on the subject with anglers and others I invariably maintain that the mullet of the Gulf coast, after sojourning for a proper time in fresh water, is superior in edible qualities to any freshwater fish in the State. Some who have had experiences similar to mine agree with me, others who have never tested the truth of the statement usually take on a look of incredulity, much as I imagine I would have done before I had the opportunity of proving it to my own satisfaction.

These fish, so far as my observation goes, do not breed when they become landlocked in fresh water, but grow much more rapidly than in salt water. When first discovered in the bayou referred to in this article they were from 6 to 8 in. in length, and in the course of three or four years they grew to 18 or 20 in. and attained a weight of 3 or 4 lbs. They also lost the dark markings or stripes peculiar to the fish in salt water and became a beautiful silvery white. After they began to take the hook they were all caught out of the bayou in about three seasons, and as there has not been an overflow of the river since there are none there now. GUADALUPE.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 468.)

The next morning was so inopportune, indicating rain, that we concluded to abandon our cruise to Sand River. We remained in camp the entire morning, and during that time made several trips to the rocks in our immediate front, and though Ned and I both worked like galley slaves, only succeeded in capturing one two-pounder, which fell to my jungle-cock.

In the afternoon we took the boat and skirted westward along the shore. The sky was still overcast with leaden clouds, and the lake was somewhat roughened by an easterly wind, though we were in a lee that completely protected us. This place last year gave us ample sport, and if the red-handed pot-hunters had not gill-netted every trout this season I was positive we would secure at least a respectable number.

Ned, who was in the bow this time, drew first blood by the capture of a pound trout, while I soon followed with one a half a pound heavier. Coming to some grand rocks, the base of a towering mountain with its numerous spurs clothed in somber pines and spreading cedars, I was fortunate enough to here secure a coveted prize in a three-pound *Salvelinus*, richly-spangled in mottled dyes, a very dude, doubtless, of which his race so generously abounds. Ned was working hard at both the leeward and windward sides of the boat, as if determined to go over every inch of the ground before I could reach it from the stern. As we alternated in these positions, the bow being considered the most favorable position, it was on a basis of perfect equity, as the accounts balanced in the end. Sometimes the bow was not so desirable, particularly when plunging through heavy seas with the wind in your teeth. Then your flies were oftener at the tip of the oar blades than elsewhere. But no matter what the conditions of the elements we had to take our duly assigned positions as per arrangement.

At last Ned aroused a magnificent trout, but, sad to relate, he squarely missed him. It was a deep dis-appointment and his face clearly expressed it. Again he drops his lures, but he came not. Once more he tries and this time fortune favors him, for he sank the cruel steel well home in the toughened jaw of the wolfish biter.

"Ah, ha, I fooled you that time," came from the exultant angler.

"Be careful you are not fooled in return."

"He is well hooked, I am positive, but I'll watch him all the same."

"All right, now kill him like an angler true."

Ned needed no advice on that subject, for he always handled his fish in a very skillful manner, ever patient and watchful and never hurrying to a final. He was really much more careful than I, for I occasionally loved to force the fighting to a rapid conclusion, getting nettled sometimes at the stubbornness of the victim in hauling down his colors when I thought he was sufficiently defeated. I well knew my fault in this matter, but when I was fast to a prize of unusual weight I endeavored to exercise the utmost patience and vigilance, for I was always deeply chagrined when I lost one of such noble proportions.

After a gallant struggle the lucky angler had the pleasure of seeing his hard-earned trophy reposing in the bottom of the boat. Put to the scales the indicator registered it at 3½ lbs. This caused a sunny radiance to overspread his face, and well it might, for it was a match to the peerless beauty I had caught a few days before and was a prize to be duly proud of.

A short distance ahead, where some tiny rivulet was dropping its beaded waters over the ragged face of a rocky bluff into the lake below, was a charming isolation behind a riven rock, the very place for the lair of a hermit trout. Ned being ahead of me, dropped his flies into this lovely retreat, and was rewarded with a vicious rise. Being a little late with the wizard movement of the wrist he failed to pierce with his needle-like lance of arched steel. Repeated casting from the disappointed angler did no good, for the inquisitive trout had discovered the counterfeit and was not to be coaxed again. He knew every color on the fly, had felt its feathers as it passed between his jaws and had fully ascertained there was no dainty morsel in it for him to masticate.

As my flies were the very opposite of Ned's in color, I felt highly encouraged as I reached the spot, and with cherished hope let my lures drop around the edge of the detached rock, and lo! there was a sudden tumult in the waters as if a skyrocket had there exploded, and then a delicious rhythm from the revolving reel rang out upon the air that was music most entrancing. The savage trout instantly developed as a fierce fighter and gave me a battle that I dearly enjoyed. The cold steel had done its work handsomely and ere long I had the stubborn vitality drawn out of him and then had him on such terms of intimacy as to ascertain his weight to be 2½ lbs., to say nothing of the fractions that made generous gravity.

Ned was a bit surprised at my capture, but it was simply the introduction of other lures that did it, exemplifying

the favoring influence of an occasional change in flies. I tried for another warrior of the aureate hues, but it was futile, for nothing came from the feathery flies.

It was push along once more by rocky ramparts of stern rigidity, which possessed a decidedly singular fascination in their scarred surfaces and their forest-crowned tops. Solitude was here supreme, and so smooth the rocky bottom, that we began to think it also had possession of the waters, for it did not look as if it were tentanted with a single trout, and after we had flogged it till we struck a change in the rocky formation were sure of it.

The grounds now began to look more trouty, for rocks in all manner of strange confusion, with chasms and ledges abounded without end. Ned was the first to boat a pounder, and then I followed with one about the same size in a lovely sheen of scarlet and silver.

It being evident that we had fish enough for the camp, the return was suggested and made without another cast, though we were strangely tempted as we went by favorite grounds to try another beguilement of the graceful innocents of the ravishing tints. Eager for camp and a good square meal, the half-breeds put their strength into the oar blades and sent us along with a delightful swiftness that tumbled the water from the prow into a caress of tinkling joy.

We reached our quarters under a very sullen sky, ominous indeed for the morrow's sport, but as Lake Superior is as capricious in her moods as the lovely trout she harbors in her icy bosom, a forecast is as often a failure as a success. All being ravenously hungry, on landing we gave our *chef a carte blanche* order for the supper, and his response developed the choicest in our larder.

"A table of celestial food divine,  
Ambrosial fruit, fetched from the tree of life;  
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink."

After the repast we sought an open glade and drank in the picturesque beauty of the wild mountain scenery which was spread before us in boundless extent of infinite grandeur.

"An Eden haunt, a charming fairy grot,  
The angler's home in Nature's fairest spot;  
Where peace, like some wing-wearied bird, drops down,  
Folds her white pinions o'er her breast of brown."

"The evening sky is flecked with gold,  
As slow the setting sun declines;  
The western cloud's transparent fold  
With a surpassing radiance shines."

"And as the deepening shadows sweep  
Athwart the glimmering landscape's breast,  
And o'er the purpled mountains creep,  
The soft air, drowsy, sinks to rest."

"How clear this icy lake, in whose depths  
The gold and silver fishes glide!  
So clear, I count the pink-hued shells  
That pave the cool, transparent tide."

Here, where the mountain ranges are older than Thebes or Baalbec and higher than the Pyramids, the goddess of health has her silent home; here her grand palace and her stately throne; here the sweetest dews are distilled, here the pure air is drawn from the realms of ether, here the most wholesome of waters and an atmosphere laden with life-giving properties that impart new luster to the eye, tone to the languid pulse and vigor to the wasted frame. No wonder, then, that the patient angler returns from these exhilarating regions as if he had taken a new lease on life.

Our admiration of the grand, towering scenery, which was in a hush of sweet and silent repose, was disturbed by Ned leaping from his chair, with fiery maledictions upon the entire insectivorous family who feast upon human gore, and making rapid time for the fly repellent. I also felt their warm attachment, and followed in the footsteps of my aggravated and tormented partner. After a copious ablution with the diluted vitriol and other ingredients which composed the fluid, and which the "cussed" tribe so dreaded, we changed our base to the rocks in front, which were entirely free from the blood-sucking marauders.

Here we found our half-breeds comfortably seated with their backs snug against a lofty shaft of granite that sheltered them from the evening breeze. They were quietly smoking and gazing vacantly at the wild expanse of sea which was beating the shore unceasingly and then falling back with clutching snarl o'er the detached masses of rock in ample confusion on all sides. Peter, who had been anxious for a move up the lake to Point Brulee, thought this a favorable opportunity to open the subject, so he descended liberally relative to its not only being a magnificent rendezvous for big trout, but a capital place for camping. He stated that he had been to the point twice with other parties and that they had had very fine sport there, and were especially delighted with the location, which was exceedingly picturesque. I was as anxious as Peter for the change, but Ned, not being tired yet of our present quarters, was not inclined that way. I, however, refrained just then from insisting on the trip, but concluded to gently harp on the subject at the proper time until I had brought him around to favor the move. True, we were having only moderate success here, but we always had trout enough for the table at each meal, and very frequently a surplus; but this was never wasted, for the boys always disposed of it to Indians passing or stopping near by.

I was very much interested while we remained on the rocks with Kenosh's account of a trip that he made to Hudson's Bay last fall with Judge Steere and a Mr. Ferry, of the "Soo." He said it was one of much toil and hardship, and that it was made principally by rivers in canoes, though they had plenty of tiresome tramping and much carrying to do. They had expected to find some fine trouting streams *en route*, but in this were greatly disappointed. Ducks and wild geese in migration were abundant, a few of which, when opportunity offered, they shot. It was really more of a time-table trip than aught else, for it was every day an early breakfast, and then quick time and forward march. Returning, they very often had to break the ice in the rivers with a long pole for passage of their canoes. It was slow and hard work, but it had to be done in order to make any headway at all, as the overland trip was out of the question, and if attempted would have taken twice as long.

The scenery along the route was not of a grand and picturesque character, though occasionally they would have

views of magnificent mountain ranges in which nature had shown a lavish hand. It being the fall of the year everything was shrouded in sombre shadows. Sunshine days were rare indeed, but when they did come were appreciated like smiles from a beauty's lips. I had a long and interesting talk with Judge Steere about the trip after my return to the "Soo," but he exhibited no enthusiasm over the country. It was really a disappointment to them, but profitable in the intelligence they gleaned of the wild and untrodden forests and the far away home of the savage trapper.

After returning to camp we were very forcibly reminded that as the twilight deepened it indicated an ill-boding harbinger for the morrow. Solemn and stately the great hills with their pinnacles shrouded in the lowering clouds inclose us with their aspect of eternal melancholy calm; from the deep ravines a white mist is slowly arising; in the darkened woods a sigh of lament is winding through the bending branches; fireflies in countless numbers usurp the brilliant offices of the obscured stars, while along the ironbound shore the waves are deeply moaning as if in direful warning. I was positive on retiring that we would hear Old Boreas storming our fortifications with a hurricane savageness when we awoke in the morning; but having grown accustomed to his wild vagaries, we little thought of what the dawn would bring, be it storm or calm. ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Fish Reports.

For a few days past I have been so deluged with reports of fish and fishing that it would seem as though a fish epidemic had broken out in this section. The first symptom manifested itself when there was a ring at my door and a boy was shown in to see me, with a paper parcel in his hand containing a trout. The trout was 12½ in. long and the boy was about 3½ ft. high. He was 10 years old and his name was Sylvester Falmer. He was a little disappointed that it was not one of the brown trout which had been planted in the brook where he had fished, but, all the same, he was proud that he had caught a native brook trout weighing nearly a pound. The trout are not yet in good condition, and the boy's trout was quite thin.

Later, the same evening, Mr. A. K. Pike gave me the outline on paper of a yellow perch which he caught the day before, May 11, in Dunham's Bay Creek, Lake George. The fish was 14 in. long and weighed 2½ lbs., making it the largest perch on record from Lake George or its tributaries, and a very large perch for any water in these days. Last year Dr. Edward Eggleston told me that he caught a yellow perch at the mouth of Dunham's Bay Creek which weighed 1½ lbs., and at the time it was considered a most unusual capture.

The next report to come to me was also from Lake George, and it told of the capture of a "lake trout with black spots," and my informant, who got a description of the fish from the captor, was quite sure that it was a landlocked salmon. The fish weighed 7½ lbs., and the fisherman who caught it said it was unlike any fish he had ever seen in the lake. The only salmon planted in Lake George or its tributaries I planted in 1887 and in 1890. Both plants were of fry from the U. S. Fish Commission. Of course I cannot say that the fish was not a landlocked salmon, and much as I wish that it may have been, I have serious doubts about it, for reasons too long to explain here at this time.

The next report filled me with joy. Saturday evening, May 13, a boy exhibited in several stores in Glens Falls a brown trout 18 in. long which he caught in the river above the falls at a "sorting place," *i. e.*, a place where saw logs are sorted to separate those belonging to different owners. One of the rivermen who was on the platform when the boy caught the trout knew of similar fish having been taken in the river on other occasions, and after following several leads this is what I got:

Mr. W. A. Sherman, of the Sherman Line Company, told me that about May 1 a man caught a brown trout in the Hudson near the Sherman Lime Kilns which weighed 2½ lbs., and this caused him to investigate the matter of the appearance of a new trout in the river from which the native trout disappeared long years ago. The brown trout have been taken in the Hudson for two or three years, the greater number having been taken at or near the mouth of Clendon Brook. A few men who discovered that the trout were in the river have fished persistently for them and at the same time have tried to keep the matter a secret. The two-pound trout caught May 1 was caught below the falls at Glens Falls at a point about three miles below the mouth of Clendon Brook. All the trout taken have been of good size, weighing from ½ to about 3 lbs.

Now, as to how the brown trout got in the river. In 1886 Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, then president of the New York Fish Commission, sent me 8,000 brown trout fry from a lot of eggs sent to him by Dr. von Behr, from Germany. I planted them in the Clendon Brook, and from the day they were planted until a few days ago I have heard nothing of them in any way. I have fished the brook and examined and cross-examined every man whom to my knowledge has fished it, and finally came to the conclusion that the plant was a failure. In 1887, at the request of Mr. C. E. Durkee, superintendent of the Adirondack R.R., I procured 5,000 brown trout fry from the U. S. Fish Commission, and they were planted in Wolf Creek, a stream which flows into the Hudson just above Luzerne. Those are the only plants of brown trout fry made in the Hudson, or its tributaries, so far as I know, and if there had been others I think I would have known about it. A sufficient number of brown trout have been taken in the Hudson to demonstrate that the upper portion of the stream may be a suitable habitat for their species, and under the circumstances it is well worth while to continue planting them. That they do not stay in the small trout brooks is quite clear, and in the river it cannot be urged against them that they will eat the native trout of slower growth. It is true that there are still a few of the native brook trout in the river from the Glen northward, but they are becoming more and more scarce every year, and if the brown trout can replace them why not give them the opportunity?

### Hudson River Salmon in Market.

A New York newspaper in announcing the arrival of the first North River salmon in market on April 28, adds that for over fifteen years these fish were unknown in market.



All the Hudson River salmon that have found their way to market have come from fry planted in the river since 1882, unless there were a few taken before that as the result of a small plant of fry (47,500) made in the Battenkill River in Vermont, a tributary of the Hudson, in 1875, a plant of 30,000 made in the Hudson in 1873, or a plant of 20,000 in the Mohawk, at Rome, in 1875. But that is not the point, for the same paper says that last year over 250 Hudson River salmon were sold in market, and a proportional increase (over the fifty sold the year previous) is looked for this year. Pleasant as it may be to record salmon in market from the Hudson, every salmon taken in the Hudson, or from that portion of it controlled by New York, is taken illegally. New Jersey has done nothing toward stocking the river with salmon, and resists all appeals to protect them from the netters until the stream can be made self-supporting.

#### Salmon from Lake Champlain.

In conversation with Mr. E. S. Sweet, I learned that salmon had been taken near Plattsburgh, N. Y. Mr. Sweet was then on his way from New York to Plattsburgh and promised me particulars in regard to the fish, which he furnished soon after. In 1892 two salmon were killed at the mouth of the Saranac River, under the railroad bridge, and at least 10 or 12 other adult salmon were seen in the Saranac River just below a dam, but the people interfered to prevent their being killed. Mr. Sweet tells me that it is believed that the salmon strayed from the St. Lawrence and came up the Richelieu River to the place where they were killed and seen.

This explanation will not hold water, and I have a much better one. In 1886, 50,000 salmon fry were taken from Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, by Mr. Walters, the superintendent of the Adirondack hatchery, and planted, a portion of them, in the headwaters of the Saranac River, and in all probability it was some of these fish, having been to sea, that were seen trying to get back to the place where they spent their infancy. But the plant of 1886 was not the first of salmon fry made in the Saranac. In 1875 Livingston Stone hatched a lot of Penobscot salmon at Charlestown, N. H., and 36,500 of the fry were planted in the Saranac River at West Plattsburgh, and the year before—1874—24,000 were planted on the other side of Lake Champlain near Ferrisburgh, Vermont, the home of "Uncle Lisha." The appearance of salmon in the Saranac River establishes the fact that with fishways that stream may be restocked with salmon, and the streams on the Vermont side of the lake may also be restocked and made to teem with salmon as they once did. A. N. CHENEY.

#### HOW TO CATCH PIKE-PERCH.

SINCE my note about the discovery of the spawning pike-perch in Lake George I have received a number of queries in regard to the habits of the fish and the number of catches there. I think I have already written two pages in FOREST AND STREAM about the habits and manner of fishing for pike-perch, but "Dexter," a well-known Albany angler, and correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, came to the rescue. I think it is just sixteen years ago that I first met "Dexter" in FOREST AND STREAM's columns, and then we were discussing the black bass.

As to the size to which pike-perch grow, it depends upon the water in which they are found. Dr. Estes of Lake City, Minn., caught a pike-perch in Lake Pepin that weighed 40lbs. He had the head of the fish the last that I knew. In the mail with "Dexter's" letter was one from Fish Commissioner Wentworth of New Hampshire telling of a pike-perch of 9lbs. caught in Sunapee Lake, N. H., and yet few people about the lake have seen a pike-perch. A. N. CHENEY.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 14.—I noticed with much interest your communication in FOREST AND STREAM of the successful planting of wall-eyed pike in Lake George, as I consider them one of the most valuable of our fresh-water food fish; besides they afford some attraction to the sportsmen. I think the reason they have not been noticed to any extent heretofore was that what few of them there was went to some less conspicuous spot to spawn. They prefer to run up a running stream very early in spring, usually spawning there, and then returning to the mouth and feeding on worms or such other food as the successive freshets following the spring rains bring to them. If you wish to catch them during hot weather troll with a lake trout rigging on reefs that have a depth of from 15 to 50ft., with very deep water near by, using a No. 3 Buell spoon in place of the gang and minnow. They require water about as cold and pure as do lake trout, and will go to it when possible during the summer months. I think the estimate of their size rather high, as in fourteen years' experience with them on Lake Champlain I never heard of one being caught that weighed when put on the scales over 8½lbs. Of course, larger ones have been hooked and lost.

They are very clannish, and usually when you get one persistence will find the school and insure a good string.

Your speaking of Mr. Bull's experience in catching four trout almost in our city limits reminds me that my son George fished the same brook last Saturday, getting three from 6 to 7½in. and one weighing ½lb. This I think makes him high hook for Sand Creek this year up to date. 'Tis only a small stream running into one of our city reservoirs, but it shows what the trout can do when they have some place of safety for the time being.

DEXTER.

#### Niagara County Anglers' Club.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 25.—Secretary F. K. Sweet is working up the arrangements for the forthcoming tournament, and he is making life very miserable for the can't-get-aways who must stay at home.

#### A Word About "Kelpie."

BALTIMORE, May 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: All health and long life to "Kelpie"—or Thurston or any other name by which he may be known to others. We of the FOREST AND STREAM know him as "Kelpie," and "Kelpie" he must remain to me and, I think, to all readers of our FOREST AND STREAM. We take FOREST AND STREAM into our family circle and read it to our children. It is free from all objectional features and always prompts a desire on the part of the old folks (as well as of the "kids") to join just such campers as "Kelpie." I confess I formed a picture of "Kelpie" in my mind's eye. I was "far out of line," as we say in railroad parlance; but the good face and genial expression of that face carries out my idea of what my "Kelpie" would be.

#### WHITEFISH NOTES.

ALPENA, Mich.—Editor Forest and Stream: The question of bait for whitefish and the taking of them with hook and line which has somewhat interested your readers in recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM and aroused inquiries from an occasional correspondent, does not appear to possess any special interest or value for the angler for several reasons.

The whitefish is not in any sense a game fish, nor found in waters where anglers would be apt to seek him. It is one of the most timid of the finny tribe—a soft, sucker-mouth chap with no spirit or sport in him. Even if he would take a hook with his favorite bait, the first pang from the steel hook would cause him to throw up the sponge and surrender unconditionally. Whitefish have been taken at the Sault Ste. Marie in the rapids with hook and line, as stated in the FOREST AND STREAM, but it is exceedingly doubtful if the fish caught at Owosso, Mich., or in Otsego Lake, N. Y., or in other inland lakes were the true whitefish of the Great Lakes. They were either "long jaws," "black fins," herring or "white suckers," as certain fish in these waters are called, and which in some respects resemble the whitefish. I am inclined to think with Mr. Tulian, superintendent of the U. S. fish hatchery at Alpena, that these fish are a cross between a whitefish and lake herring, as they combine some of the characteristics of each. But they are totally different from the genuine whitefish in both habits and associations.

I have many times made the inquiry both before and since seeing your reply to your Owosso correspondent relative to bait for whitefish, whether this fish is actually taken with hook and line, and to this day I have yet to see the man who has taken one. Within the past three days I heard of one who was said to be successful in taking them in Hubbard Lake, some fifteen or twenty miles from Alpena; but diligent inquiry revealed the fact that there was never a whitefish in Hubbard Lake, and Mr. Tulian confirms this by the statement that no whitefish fry were ever planted in these waters. The fish alluded to were undoubtedly "long jaws," the name given them on account of their peculiar-shaped mouth, which is quite different from that of the whitefish, with which it has



WHITEFISH OF LAKE MILTONA.

been confounded. The resemblance, however, is considerable, and might easily lead to the common mistake; one easily distinguishing feature is the dark fin of the "long jaw." The fish is quite as good on the table, and in all probability there are few who could detect any difference. In the water the "long jaw" is by no means a game fish; but somewhat more satisfactory than the whitefish, because he has a better mouth and more pluck.

It is often regretted by anglers that so beautiful and so delightful a fish as the whitefish should not also possess the qualities that afford him the sport he so keenly enjoys. There is nothing required in praise of the table qualities of a "planked" whitefish to him who has ever tasted one. There may be other things just as good, but it is a question of doubt; but in any way that this fish may be cooked, fried, broiled, baked or "planked," it is a dish fit for a king of gourmets.

The United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries has a hatchery at Alpena in charge of Mr. E. A. Tulian, which has a capacity of about 50,000,000 eggs, but not for more than 30,000,000 fry, and as Mr. Tulian observes, with the present facilities it keeps them hustling to take care of more than the number turned out the past season, which was about 16,000,000 fry. There were also planted some 3,000,000 whitefish eggs and 7,000,000 lake trout eggs. These were disposed of along the spawning grounds as far north as the Sault. Two attempts have been made to propagate black bass at this hatchery and eggs have been carefully gathered and handled, but so far wholly without success. Not a fish has been hatched.

The greatest enemy of the whitefish, in fact, of every other variety of the tribe, is the lake trout, an aggressive, pugnacious and ugly fellow, which regards as legitimate prey all that crosses his path. The whitefish is no fighter, and its extreme swiftness enables it to elude its formidable and voracious adversary, generally with good success.

Much has been said, and well said—none too strongly, of the disastrous inroads upon the supply of whitefish in the Great Lakes by the pound system of fishing. The evil has been a great one.

Though a tremendously prolific breeder, there has been grave danger of the utter depletion of the waters of this superb fish. On Lake Erie especially, he could not swim a half-mile without encountering some kind of deadly trap set for his destruction. This spring, however, he is enjoying a partial immunity from this evil. The very low price in the market has caused hundreds of fishermen to abandon the occupation, and where usually a dozen tugs are employed in the business, there is scarcely one. I find that whitefish are selling in all the Lake ports at the astonishingly low price of 2 to 2½ cents per pound! Think of buying a superb 5lbs. whitefish for a dime! This is, perhaps, pretty rough on the fishermen, but it is giving the fish a chance, which they have not for years enjoyed. The season for brook trout has been thus far very fair, and some very respectable catches have been made. I

have just seen a very pretty one made in a stream near Au Sable. There were about 40lbs. of the beauties, ranging in size from 5oz. to 1½lbs. in weight. The season has been cold; last night, in this vicinity, ice formed in small ponds as thick as a postal card, and, as usual, when we have an early opening of spring we are having a backward May. The foliage hereabout is no further advanced than it was in March in the southern portion of the State. KEUKA.

#### Trout Tickling.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to submit to our bureau of information a description of an odd method of capturing the wily brook trout. I have followed the streams since boyhood, and although I confess to having in several instances heard of this mode of taking trout, I certainly never have seen it in practice, neither have any of my angling associates. Some time ago a correspondent of the Norwich Bulletin expatiated at length upon trout tickling. He gives the testimony of Dennis P. Rich, of Shelton, as one who is an adept at it. Mr. Rich catches a great many trout every season, but admits that most of the big ones are taken by hand. As Mr. Rich strolls along the brook, he discovers in some dusky pool a sage old trout who has grown big and fat. The man lies stealthily down on his stomach, and then as slowly as if he was a black log slipping down the bank, worms himself into the stream; then with caution his long naked arm slides slowly and almost imperceptibly through the sluggish current toward the big fellow's tail. The spotted victim lies perfectly still, the delicate swaying motion of his back fin comes to a rest, and there is not the ghost of a movement in his whole body. Perhaps you may fancy the trout does not see that long slim arm advancing upon him, but the presumption is that he does, for a trout's vision in the water is like a hawk's in the air. But the trout does not know what the singular thing is. At last Rich's fingers touch the big fellow, and that first touch of the electric human hand settles the business and it is all over with the trout; the fingers glide slowly along the quivering body till they encircle him at the gills; then they close with lightning swiftness, there is a sudden flert on the part of the fisherman, and the big trout is tossed

out on the bank palpitating and wondering "how" in the world he got there.

Such is the detailed account of the singular proceeding called trout tickling; and to give color to the above, a German blacksmith, living on the Salem Turnpike, six miles from Norwich, states that in Germany the practice was common. Now the question is, why does the trout with his wild timid nature lie so quietly and succumb so easily to the touch of the human hand, is it an overweening curiosity, a hypnotizing influence exerted by the stronger human mind, or simply the love of being tickled; or is the whole thing the invention of the fertile brain of some literary Ananias? If any of the many contributors to FOREST AND STREAM can give me any information on the subject, I should be glad to hear it. E. M. B.

#### Maine Fishing.

THE fishing at Rangeley was exceptionally good last week. A party of four New York sportsmen, consisting of Messrs. Cleveland D. Fisher, James N. Jarvie, Cyrus K. Small and Frank B. Arnold, have just returned from a ten days' trip well satisfied with their success. They fished Rangeley and Mooselucmaguntic, as well as the mouth of the Kennebec and the pool at the Upper Dam. While larger fish were caught during their stay, theirs averaged among the best taken, and no one of the New Yorkers has reason to be jealous of his companions.

Mr. Arnold took the top fish, which weighed 4½lbs. after having been out of the water all day. Mr. Small's and Mr. Jarvie's fish ran from 4lbs. down to 2½, and Mr. Fisher brought back with him four that a number of hours after catching weighed respectively 3½lbs., 4lbs. and two of 4½lbs. These latter were exhibited in the window of Kolb's restaurant on Pearl street. The party also caught four or five landlocked salmon, and found the fishing steadily improving during their stay. They took their biggest fish out of Rangeley, but caught more in Mooselucmaguntic. Most of them were taken trolling, though some were caught fly-fishing.

They caught so many big, genuine square-tail brook trout that they acquired the habit of not keeping anything that weighed less than 2lbs. Mr. Fisher acknowledges that this had a paralyzing effect on his nerves, and thinks it has unfitted him for any other trout fishing in future. B.

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman'samous "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).



## NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

VANCOUVER, B. C., May 10.—A party of four, consisting of H. Bell-Irving, Dr. Bell-Irving, W. Murray and H. N. Mackay, left here last Saturday to inspect the hop ranches at the Squamish River. As they would have a little time to spare they decided to take their rods and try the fishing. They fished the Chackamus, a tributary of the Squamish, and in six hours the party took 42 trout weighing 160lbs. Of this number Mr. Henry Bell-Irving took 17 out of one pool, the heaviest of which weighed 11½lbs. All the fish were taken on the Devon minnow. So far the fishing in the Province has been poor owing to the backward spring, and above bag is at present the largest of the season. C. E. T.

ITHACA, N. Y., May 25.—Game Protector Carr, of Union Springs, has just put into Cayuga Lake a consignment of 100,000 mascalonge and between 25 and 50,000 perch. At this end of the lake Mr. Carr has had a determined gang of fish law violators to work against, but a second arrest, lately made, of the same party of seine haulers, has apparently developed a more wholesome respect for the law. The bait-casting and trolling fishermen are taking some pretty large pickerel at this end of the lake. Black bass anglers are unlimbering their outfits preparatory to the opening day pilgrimage to the favorite resorts. At Lagoda Park, twelve miles north of this city, a good many fine bass were taken last season. M. CHILL.

NEVERSINK (Fallsburgh), May 18.—On May 12 William Turner and Mr. Eldrege, of Fallsburgh, N. Y., caught 103 very fine trout at Neversink; a number of them weighed over 1lb. each. On May 14 Misner and Vanderlyn caught 93 trout, and Horner Shields caught on May 17 a very fine lot, one over 2lbs. A number of other catches have been made the last week. H. W. DEAN.

BEECH CREEK, Clinton Co., Pa.—We expect good bass fishing in the Bald Eagle when the season comes in. J. V. M.

NEWPORT, Vt., May 25.—Several good catches of lake trout have been made the past week, one of which, just brought in by one party I give the weight of. He had 5 trout, two weighed 12½lbs. each, the others 8, 10, 11½lbs. respectively. ROB.

## BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 25.—Messrs. E. A. Dow and Everett G. Place, of Boston, have just returned from a successful trouting trip to the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, Me. They had good fishing, Mr. Dow taking a 5lb. trout; Billy Cutting guided; Mr. Dow says that he had all the trout he wanted. They threw back a great many small fish. The Camp Allerton Lodge party, better known as the Col. Rockwell party, left Boston Thursday. In the party are Mr. C. H. Andrews, one of the senior proprietors of the Boston Herald; Col. Horace T. Rockwell, than whom few men are better known in military circles; Mr. Priest, and one or two other guests. Col. E. B. Haskell was to have been one of the party, and indeed he may go later.

The Camp Stewart party left Boston on Thursday. This party is a large one. It is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Farley, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ralph Parris, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Moody, Mr. Geo. T. Freeman, Mr. H. S. Kempton and Mr. A. D. Hoitt. The party is in for several days' fishing. Billy Cutting is cook. Charles and George Cutting are guides, with three others. Mrs. Stearns has a record of a 4lbs. trout. Mrs. Moody has taken one weighing 8lbs. and several of 6lbs. Mr. and Mrs. Parris are new-comers, neither having fished the Rangeley waters previously. It is also possible that Mr. C. H. Johnson of Mattapoisett may join the party. He is one of the pioneers of Camp Stewart. Mrs. Geo. Y. Freeman was to have been one of the party, but is prevented by illness. She has a record of a 4lbs. and a 5lbs. trout, both landed the same day.

The Linder party was to leave Boston on Friday for Moosehead. This year the members are Mr. G. H. Linder, Mr. Maynard and Mr. Hurd. They go this year under a rather different arrangement. They are to go into a camp, instead of chartering a steamer as has long been their custom. They go for fly-fishing, rather than trolling, and they believe they will get it better if camped in the right location, than if tied to a steamer. There are few greater lovers of the angle than either of these gentlemen.

Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, with his friend Mr. Charles Bailey, have made another day on the trout brook at Bayfield. This time they warned the Colonel, as on previous occasions, that they should pass his house very early. He was to be up and waiting for them. They called him at a little past 3 A. M. A rooster crowed and a dog bayed in the distance, but the Colonel was not awake. He appeared on the scene later. They warned him again concerning the evidences of old age creeping on. Time was when nobody could get up earlier if it was a fishing trip that required attention. They took ten trout, and came home happy. They have got the brook they fished practically under control. It is posted, and they have permission from the owners to fish it. Some 10,000 trout fry have been secured and put into the same stream. They look for good fishing in a few years. SPECIAL.

## Onondaga Anglers' Outing.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 24.—The third semi-annual outing and fishing contest of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga, will take place at Brewerton, on Thursday, June 7.

A large number of prizes will be distributed on the various scores made, as at last year's contest. Members of the Anglers' Association only are eligible to enter the contest. Two persons as contestants must fish from the same boat, each one to be chosen for different sides in the general contests. Oarsmen accompanying contestants must not be allowed to fish.

All contestants must report at the Washburne landing one hour and a half before the scheduled time of returning train. On signal for closing, the roll will be called promptly, and all persons not present when named shall be barred from entering their catch for prizes or for the general contest. Two captains will be chosen to select sides for general contest. The tickets, including transportation to and from Brewerton on the previously specified trains, and the entrance fee for the contest for prizes,

etc., are sold for \$1. At this extremely low rate, it is hoped a large number of tickets will be disposed of for the benefit of the Association.

Tickets are now on sale at the store of Reuben Wood's Sons & Co., and can be had of the committee and other members of the Association. A meeting of the Association will be held Monday evening, June 4, at 8 P. M., at the Business Men's Rooms. AMOS PADGHAM, G. B. WOOD, C. H. MOWRY, R. A. MOLYNEUX, F. C. BROWER, Committee.

## Terre Haute Fishermen.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 20.—By reading the following clipping from a local paper you will see that the Terre Haute fishermen have awakened from their long sleep. Nothing but dynamite could arouse them: "Complaints are being made within the past few days of fish being dynamited by fishermen too lazy to catch them by the lawful practice. Some of the more enthusiastic members of the Terre Haute Fishing Club have taken the matter in hand and propose to put the violators through the judicial machinery and grind them as much as the law will allow. Large quantities of dead fish are found in various places on the shores of the Wabash River, but the nuisance will be abated. Nets are also being used by lazy fishermen, who want to make a big showing, and this practice will also be stopped. The Fish Commissioners will be notified this week."

Regardless of the fact that the dynamiter, net and seine fishermen have had full sway for several years, there are yet a few fish left for the true fishermen, as the following will show: "Mort McKinley, Fred Pomeroy, William Gleason and Louis Stern returned from a fishing trip twelve miles up the river this afternoon heavily encumbered with fish. When the fish were placed on the scales the beam was tipped at 67lbs." W. B. C.

## Fishing Near Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 18.—Many trout fishing parties go from here to San Gabriel Cañon. There is practically no fishing less than eight or ten miles up the stream, and the trout are more plentiful the higher up you go.

The fish average about 9in. in length, although occasionally a "whopper" is caught, as was evidenced by the fact that Mr. Ed. Silent, of this city, successfully landed, this season, a mountain trout a fraction over 20in. long, weighing 3½lbs. It was said to have been the largest trout ever caught in the San Gabriel. Mr. Silent used a light rod and small flies.

Messrs. Bath, Safford, Sr., and Safford, Jr., returned from a two days' trip up the cañon, the sum total of their creels being 83 trout.

Another party of four stayed up five days, and report a total of 263, the largest being a trifle over 12in. long.

The trout in Bear Valley Lake run much larger than those in the streams, some having been taken last year as high as 12lbs. weight. They are the genuine mountain trout, but the large fish will seldom take the fly, preferring a species of grub found in the bark of the pine tree.

CULPEPPER.

## A Brown Trout Record.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., May 20.—I wrote you last year of some of the results obtained from planting trout fry in local waters and cited the killing of a 4lbs. 3oz. German brown trout, in a pond that was never known to contain a trout until the fry was planted there by me. I inclose you a photographic proof and an outline traced around the largest of a catch made in the same pond, on the 17th, by my wife and myself, all were taken on light rods, fly-rods, but with "worms for bait."

A peculiar thing to me is, that in one of the females taken, both ovaries or sacs were filled with spawn that would be ripe or in condition to be spawned in the fall, while in addition there was about a tablespoon full of spawn that was all ready to be deposited, and as if she were just finishing up. None of the others were in that condition. A great many trout have been caught this spring, although I am sorry to say that the youngsters find it hard to live up to the 6in. law in the nearest brooks.

W. C. WITHERBEE.

[The outline sent shows a fish 22in. long, 14in. girth and 4½lbs. weight. The presence of eggs of different stages of development is not unknown.]

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

## THE CHINOOK SALMON.

(Oncorhynchus chouica; Salmo ginnat.)

## Its Non-Feeding Habits in Fresh Waters.

BY LIVINGSTON STONE.

It is an admirable provision of nature that the great armies of anadromous fish that annually ascend fresh-water streams to spawn, where there is, practically speaking, no food for them, should be so constituted that they are not obliged, in order to sustain life, to feed in fresh water. Mammals are said to be more ravenous than ever at corresponding periods; but in the case of anadromous fishes, and possibly of almost all fishes at the spawning season that congregate in large numbers over limited areas, a wonderful exception is made in their favor, in consequence of which they are not only not obliged, in order to support life, to feed where there is no food, but, in the case of Chinook salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouica*), their alimentary organs are so modified at the spawning season that they could not eat if they would; and in consequence of this again they probably do not suffer from hunger, for if the ability to eat be removed by natural causes, we expect nature to remove also the desire to eat. One can hardly help wishing that industrial armies had also been included in this exception at all seasons of the year.

That such a provision of nature in the case of fishes is necessary—is absolutely indispensable, indeed—is obvious. The often-repeated story of salmon so thick in fresh-water streams that one could cross the stream on their backs if he could keep his balance, is true. The writer has seen salmon like that scores of times. It happens indeed every year in all good salmon streams where the primeval abundance of the fish has not been reduced by human agency. Now, imagine all these streams filled, as they are every spawning season for weeks and months, with thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of salmon, all crowded together where there is no food for them, and suppose at the same time that it was necessary to their existence to have food. What would be the result? The result would inevitably be that they would soon be driven wild with hunger, and would doubtless in their desperate extremity endeavor, if possible, to return to

the ocean. Later on, if they continued to stay in fresh water, they would die of starvation before the days of their spawning were accomplished, and ultimately the race would in consequence become extinct.

It is evident therefore that the salmon must be enabled to live without food in their fresh-water spawning streams. Otherwise it would be simply suicidal for them to go up the streams to spawn. In other words, if the salmon must of necessity go where there is no food, they must also of necessity be provided with the power of living without food.

The common objection to the statement that salmon do not feed in fresh water, is one that comes up at once in every mind instinctively, namely, that it is not natural for an active creature like a salmon to go without food for so long a period as the salmon have to. The argument, put concisely, is that it is unnatural that they should live so long as they do in fresh water without feeding, and consequently it cannot be that they do not feed there. The reply is that it is much more unnatural that, being compelled to feed in order to sustain life, the salmon should be sent into places to stay for months where there is no food to be had. This would be unnatural indeed. On the other hand it is not the most natural thing in the world, since the salmon must of necessity be sent up into rivers where there is no food for them, that they should be so constituted that they should neither be starved to death or tortured by hunger for want of food? Let us look now at some facts bearing upon the question. Some years ago, a large salmon hatching station was built on the Clackamas River in Oregon, and each year a rack was constructed across the river to prevent the ascending salmon from going up the river beyond the station.

In the year 1888 the rack was put across the river in March and during the summer of that year there were, it is safe to say, upward of 5,000 full grown salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouica*) in sight below the rack. The salmon did not begin to spawn till the middle of September. The great body of these fish were there three months, many of them four months, and some of them five months. During all that summer there was not a moment, night or day, when there were not hundreds of these fish struggling to get past or through the obstruction in front of them, and in all that time there was not visible feed enough where they were in the river, to provide them with an ounce of food apiece once a week. In one place the salmon were so thick that a person standing on the rack could with an ordinary carriage whip reach 500 full grown salmon averaging 20lbs. a piece in weight, and all of them actively struggling all the time to hold their places against the current. No food whatever was there. No appreciable amount of food could have come down through the rack to them. No food could they possibly have had except such microscopic nutriment as may have existed in the water, and there must have been only infinitesimally small rations of this, when divided up among so many thousand pounds of fish. The only conclusion left is that they must have lived several months practically without eating. There is no question whatever about these facts. The writer saw the salmon below the Clackamas rack almost every day during the summer of '88. Hundreds of other people saw them too. The same thing has happened every year except that there are not so many fish now and they are not stopped so early in the year. The same thing happens every year at the McCloud River in California, where the U. S. Fish Commission has its salmon breeding station, named after Prof. Baird, which the writer has had charge of and where he has watched the salmon for nearly twenty seasons. The salmon do not feed in these streams, or if they do their food is invisible. The same thing happens every year in Rogue River, Oregon, where Mr. K. D. Hume has had for over fifteen years a salmon hatchery on a large scale. Mr. Hume says in his little pamphlet ("Salmon of the Pacific Coast," p. 25) that "it has been the custom at his hatching pond to hold salmon nearly four months, even after they had been held in the river for some time prior to being placed in the pond, and this without supplying them with any sort of food." Many more instances might be furnished of salmon living a long time in fresh water without eating, but those just given would seem to be sufficient. It may be mentioned, however, as incidentally confirming this truth, that although hundreds of salmon have been found with absolutely nothing in their stomachs, not a single instance has ever come to light, at least to the writer's knowledge, of a genuine Chinook salmon being caught any considerable distance above tide water with a full stomach. Furthermore, although thousands of salmon have been known to live several months without eating, not a single case has ever been produced to show that a salmon has not been able to live in fresh water without eating.

It does seem impossible that any creature above the grade of reptiles could live so long and keep so active without eating. It does seem impossible and hence people argue that "being impossible, it cannot be true," but it is a well-known principle of logic that an *a priori* argument like that has no weight whatever against the argument of one unanswerable fact. No *a priori* argument based on the general principle that animals cannot live for months without eating can hold for a moment against actual well-authenticated facts that prove that salmon have so lived without eating, and the Clackamas, McCloud River and Rogue River hatcheries furnish these facts without limit and with overwhelming conclusiveness. It is not claimed that the salmon thrive or get fat on this way of living. On the contrary, they get very weak and finally very much emaciated in fresh water. From the moment they pass above tide water they begin to fall off in weight, appearance and general condition, and they never under any circumstances whatever improve their condition afterward. They go on getting weaker and thinner. Every day their blood grows less red and less abundant, until at last their great store of strong red blood that they brought from the sea almost entirely disappears. Every day the rich layers of fat between their flanks of flesh become less noticeable till they disappear also. The dark rich pink of the flesh itself changes to a dirty white. Even their scales are absorbed into the body. Everything about their appearance indicates that a tremendous draft is being made upon their physical organization. It is without doubt the draft that nature is making upon their flesh to keep their vital organs in the activity necessary to sustain life, and to develop the growing seed that will replenish the next generation. For, here let me also say, it is not claimed, because salmon live without eating, that there is nothing whatever to keep their vital forces in action. This would indeed be incredible. This would be having a fire without fuel, an effect without a cause. It would be quite as absurd as the perpetual motion theory—indeed, it would be, in a sense, a realization of perpetual motion. The fire must have fuel, the vital processes going on within the fish must be sustained by some supply of nutriment—this must be admitted, but this supply does not come from outside the fish in the form of food. It comes from within the fish. It is the blood, the fat, the superfluous flesh that the salmon brings from the ocean in his own body that he lives on in fresh water, and that enables him to sustain life so long without taking food from outside into his stomach, and this explains—indeed, it must explain—why salmon do not have to feed in fresh water.

It was remarked near the beginning of this paper that "the alimentary organs of the salmon are so modified at the spawning season that they could not eat if they would." This is easily verified. If any one will examine the viscera of a Chinook salmon, caught well above tide water and near the spawning season, he will find that the stomach and throat of the fish are singularly contracted, so much so indeed that one cannot push one's finger down the throat without lacerating the tissues, while the stomach is so shrunken



that it will not hold a walnut. If it is very near the spawning season he will find the stomach still more contracted and always absolutely empty, with the exception of about half a teaspoonful of a yellowish, bilious-looking fluid.

Having noticed the good-natured controversy going on in the sporting papers about salmon not eating in fresh water, I began last fall to examine some of those that were caught at this station (Baird, Cal.), with especial reference to this question, intending at first to try 100 fish. We did, however, examine the stomachs of only 66 and then we stopped, because they were all exactly alike, and I was convinced that if we had tried 100 or 100,000 they would all have been the same. In every one of them the throats were very much contracted, the stomachs very much shrunken and all entirely empty with the exception of the yellowish looking fluid just mentioned. As to the throat and stomach, every fish was an exact counterpart of all the rest.

Here we have another admirable natural adaptation to circumstances. Since the salmon are sent into places where there is no food for them to eat, nature kindly takes away their ability to eat and also their desire to eat. If it were not for this wonderful adaptation of nature it seems probable that the salmon, retaining their appetites, would become frantic with the ravings of hunger, and abandoning the mission on which they were sent would, regardless of everything else, race back to the ocean to satisfy their hunger on the well-filled stores of food that they undoubtedly well remember leaving. Then alas for their posterity. There would never be any.

The most grateful minded man that I ever heard of was one who after he had lost every earthly possession, even his last crust of bread, thanked the Lord that he had not lost his appetite. It seems to me a subject both to ourselves and to the salmon of sincere gratitude that the fish do lose their appetites when they start on their mission through foodless streams to reproduce their species.

It looks now as if it were pretty well settled that salmon do not feed in fresh water, but when the inquisitors thought they had it all settled about the revolution of the earth by making Galileo retract his statement that the earth moved, the famous astronomer as he was being led away, was heard to murmur under his breath, "It *does* move," and now that it seems to be all settled so nicely about salmon not feeding in fresh water, I imagine I hear more than one veteran salmon angler say, "They *do* feed in fresh water." I admit it. I would be the last one to deny it, for not only do I know of enough instances of salmon being caught in fresh water with food in their stomachs, to make it folly to deny it, but I have seen the fish in their stomachs myself. Last July in particular (July, 1893), I examined the stomach of a salmon caught in the McCloud River about six weeks before spawning season, which had in it four salmon eggs, and the newly pulverized remains of several insects and larvae. The salmon eggs came, of course, from the hook that caught it, but the insects it had doubtless picked up from the water in its usual manner of feeding. I must admit therefore that it is undeniable that food is taken by salmon in fresh water. It will be found on examination, however, in every instance where anything is discovered in the stomach of a salmon caught much above tide water, that the food is in very small quantities and composed of very small objects, such as would easily slip down a very small throat and enter a very small stomach, and satisfy only a very small appetite—not enough by any means to disprove the fact that the salmon might, if necessary, have lived without it, but enough nevertheless to prove the fact that salmon do actually feed in fresh water.

The truth is that the evidence compels us to admit both of these apparently conflicting facts, namely, that salmon can and do live for months in fresh water without food, and that they can and do feed during some of the time that they are in fresh water. These two facts are not necessarily conflicting, however, though they may seem so at first. The writer's own theory is that as soon as the salmon, coming from the sea, strike fresh water, their appetite begins to weaken, their throats begin to narrow, and their stomachs begin to shrink. This does not at first, however, entirely prevent them from feeding, but it changes them enough to enable them to overcome the temptation to return to their well-stocked feeding grounds in the salt ocean, and the longer they remain in fresh water the greater the changes become, and the temptation to turn back for food correspondingly less. There is probably no one specified time when an abrupt change comes which deprives them in an instant of their ability and desire to feed, but in the writer's opinion, the transformation comes on gradually, increasing constantly day by day from the time that they leave tide water till at the near approach of the spawning season, their throats and stomachs become entirely incapacitated for receiving food, and the desire and ability to feed leave them entirely, but, notwithstanding their scanty supply at first and their entire abstinence afterward, the great reserve of superfluous flesh and blood which they bring with them in their own bodies from the bountiful ocean, enables them with little or no food in their stomachs to keep their vital organs in vigorous activity until their momentous mission up the fresh-water streams is accomplished.

Allow me in conclusion to make the precautionary statement that where the word salmon is used in this paper, the word is intended to refer to only one variety of salmon, namely, *Oncorhynchus chouchei*, commonly known as the Chinook salmon, Columbia River salmon and Quinault salmon.

### Greenwood Lake Netters Convicted.

THE question which has so frequently been asked of late years, "Why are the fish caught in Greenwood Lake so small?" was satisfactorily answered in the court room of Justice of the Peace George B. Senior, in Paterson, N. J., on Monday, May 21. The case which was being tried was a suit brought by Fish Warden Charles A. Shriner against Gardner and David Storms, the charge being that the defendants had used gill-nets in Greenwood Lake and had had in their possession fish unlawfully caught in gill-nets. The two defendants and their father, Thomas S. Storms, have for a number of years run a hotel on Storms's Island, which lies in Greenwood Lake near the State line. The elder Storms was convicted of netting some years ago on complaint of Warden Shriner, on which occasion he stated in court that he owned real estate worth \$40,000 and had no debts. It has always been suspected at the lake that the Stormses were engaged in the unlawful taking of fish, and that suspicion was frequently confirmed by the wagonloads of fish the Stormses peddled about Warwick and other places in New York State near the lake. Their method of operation was supposed to be the following: They took the fish in gill-nets in New Jersey and at once rowed over the State line, where the fish were dumped into a wagon and then hawked about. They were assisted in their operations by Leonard McCloud and William Ryerson, who commit their depredations in New Jersey at night and then hurry back to their homes in New York; so that all the efforts of Warden Shiner to arrest them in New Jersey have proved unavailing. Finally the warden secured evidence against the two Storms boys and he at once made a complaint. He had considerable difficulty in obtaining the necessary witnesses, some of whom lived in New York State.

Jacob Ryerson testified to seeing the two defendants taking up a gill net one morning near the Lakeside Hotel; on account of the distance which separated him from the defendants he could not tell what kind of fish they caught but he saw dark spots in the net which he took to be fish. He knew that the Stormses were engaged in peddling fish. Martin Hand saw the two defendants one morning about the same

time—the first of April—taking in a net. He had seen fish with gill net marks in the possession of the defendants. James Ryerson saw the two defendants have in their possession and sell on several occasions fish which bore the marks of gill nets about their necks. Levi Binnegan met Gardner Storms one morning and Gardner told him that he was afraid he would have to pay a fine as Jacob Ryerson had seen him take up a net. The defense was a general denial. Gardner Storms testified on cross-examination that he had on a number of occasions purchased from Leonard McCloud perch and pickerel with gill net marks on them; he knew that McCloud was a violator of the law and that there were warrants out for his arrest, but the fish he unlawfully took were always welcome at the Storms Hotel, where they were bought and then peddled about or sold to fishermen who were not expert enough with rod and line to take a mess for themselves. Justice Senior found the defendants guilty and imposed a fine of \$25 and the costs on each. They paid the costs and gave security for the payment of the fine, reserving the right to appeal.

Justice is frequently puzzled how to deal with violators of the law from Greenwood Lake. On Feb. 9 last Warden Shriner had a case before Justice Senior against two of the "natives" from Greenwood Lake; they were charged with having taken bass out of season, having caught them a few days before their arrest was effected. Being locked up in the county jail, they requested the warden to postpone action in their case from Monday—the day set for trial—to Friday. As there was no danger of their running away, the warden granted the request. When Friday arrived the two pleaded guilty; they had asked for the postponement in order to have the privilege of remaining in jail for a week more than would have been the case had they pleaded guilty at once. Neither had any money to pay costs or fine. To send them to jail would do them a favor, and so the only method of punishment was to take them by the backs of the necks and kick them out of jail, which was accordingly done. The State paid the costs and the laws of the State had been vindicated.

### Muscalonge Planted in the St. Lawrence.

CLAYTON, May 19.—As the morning train pulled into the station the genial face of W. D. Marks, Supt. Green's expert assistant, was seen, and in a few moments more your correspondent was taking a look at one of the greatest numbers of muscalonge fish ever seen on the St. Lawrence. There were 175,000 of them and had stood without harm the long journey of 23½ hours between Chautauqua Lake State Hatchery and their destination. They were brought from the Caledonia hatchery to Clayton to be placed in the St. Lawrence. They were taken in charge by G. M. Skinner, representing the Anglers' Association, who consigned 75,000 of them to A. C. Cornwall and W. F. Thomson, of Alexandria Bay, for distribution in that vicinity. The remaining 100,000 were placed in the hands of competent assistants, who carefully deposited them in numerous desirable localities adjacent to Clayton. It is thought by experts that the stocking of the stream will be a great success. It is understood that this is the first lot of muscalonge fish placed in the waters of the St. Lawrence, for which sincere thanks are tendered to the members of the State Fish Commission and their able superintendent, Monroe A. Green.—*Watertown Standard*.

### PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, with an experience of nearly 70 years in manipulating graphite for lubricants as well as for many other uses, such as lead pencils, crucibles, stove polish, etc., has been induced by requests from dealers and wheelmen to make and place on the market a first-class preparation for lubricating bicycle chains.

Reierson & Spore, of Houston, Texas, will shortly open an extensive sporting goods establishment in connection with their regular bicycle trade, and wish to come into correspondence with manufacturers and jobbers. They will handle articles for the use of lovers of the rod, gun and dog, as well as athletic goods, and will carry a full line of ammunition. At present there is no first-class sporting goods store in Houston.

Wm. W. Hart & Co. received on May 16 the official report from the Commissioners of the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, stating that they had received the highest award for first-class artistic and life-like mounting on North American heads and mammals.

Lee & Shepard publish a series of essays by Julius A. Palmer, Jr., "About Bluefishes." These are mainly reprints from a long series of articles which the author contributed to various publications between 1877 and the present time. Mr. Palmer has made an exhaustive study of edible and poisonous fungi, and as a result shows that only one family causes death, while at least fifty, besides the common or horse-mushroom, are edible. His essays are both interesting and instructive.

"Seven Strange Stories," by the well-known canoeist and author, J. Wallace Hoff, comes to us from the Brandt Press, Trenton, N. J. The first of these, "Felix Mondet," has been made the subject of ministerial criticism, and has furnished a topic for more than one sermon. The names of the other stories are "Daphne," "Frontier Service in '49," and "This is Love," "Baiting a Conspiracy," "Little Bell," and "Metempsychosis."

"The Practical Angler," by Kit Clarke, and published by the American News Company, is a book with a purpose. It is written, so the preface says, "For the benefit of the man whose angling education, to his greatest misfortune, has been neglected, and who desires to acquire a knowledge of the most delightful, health-bringing and harmless recreation in existence." "The old-timer" who knows it all," the author continues, "will meet only plainly told, familiar facts. Technical phrases and rhetorical pyrotechnics are studiously avoided, as they are of no use in the practical pursuit of catching fish. The book is a business—*that's all*." The preface capably describes the book. It is busy from cover to cover and Mr. Clarke has happily succeeded in putting in black and white just what is necessary to know about various kinds of fishing. Paper 50cts. Cloth \$1.

We have received from the manufacturer, Mr. J. E. Bacon, Clinton, Conn., a set of patent bluefish jig, which are a novelty for this kind of fishing. The jig is made of wood and metal in the form of a fish and is hollow. It is intended to be filled with bait which will ooze out through holes provided for that purpose and leave a trail to attract the fish when trolling.

The well known Philadelphia firm of Jas. W. Queen & Co., manufacturers of scientific and photographic instruments, has absorbed the business of G. S. Woolman, who will hereafter be the manager of their New York branch. The company is now incorporated as Queen & Co.

Mr. Chas. K. Reed, the Worcester, Mass., taxidermist and dealer in taxidermist's supplies, has issued a new catalogue which will be of interest to sportsmen and taxidermists generally. The catalogue contains a number of excellent half-tones of mounted specimens, including birds, fish and big game, as well as descriptions of specialties for which this house is famous.

We have received a letter from Mr. Jack Hobday, of Portsmouth, Va., dated May 24, '94, requesting us to send him copy of *FOREST AND STREAM* containing address of the manufacturer of the Thompson hunting shoe and enclosing 10 cents for same, showing that he meant business. We have complied with Mr. Hobday's request, but to do it had to go over our files five years. Such instances of the lasting value of advertising in *FOREST AND STREAM* are constantly coming to our notice, and they point to a moral that it is the continued advertising that pays best. The advertiser who gets his name known by keeping everlastingly at it is the one who reaps the fruit of his investment.

"Yes, sir, ever since he married that wealthy heiress he has led a regular dog's life."

"I hope that will be a warning to—"

"He has, in fact, nothing to do but to eat, drink, sleep and submit to being caressed."—*Neisser Zeitung*.

Woman leads the world. She used smokeless powder for ages before men ever thought of adopting it.—*Tid-Bits*.

## Yachting.

### FIXTURES.

MAY.	
30. So. Boston, Open, City Point.	30. New Bedford, Club, Buz. Bay.
30. Racine, Opening, Racine, Wis.	30. Hempstead Bay, Opening.
30. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.	30. N. Y. Bay, Op'n, N. Y. Harbor.
30. San Francisco Cor., Annual Cruise, Tiburon.	30. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor.
30. Fall River, Open, Regatta.	30. Cleveland, Op'g, Rocky River.
30. So. Boston, Open, Boston Har.	30. Staten I'd, Op'g, N. Y. Harbor.
30. Hariem, Open, L. I. Sound.	30. Minnetonka, Opening, Club, Lake Minnetonka.
JUNE.	
2. Canarsie, Opening, Jamaica Bay.	16. New Bedford, Club, Buz. B.
2. Miramichi, Race, Newcastle to Chatham.	16. Knickerbocker, Open, L. I. S'd.
2. White Bear, Pen., White Bear Lake.	16. Minnetonka, Club, L. Minnet'ka
2. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.	16-17. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sacramento River.
2. Philadelphia, Opening Cruise, Delaware River.	16-18. Winthrop, Club Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Rochester, Opening Cruise, to Great Sodus Bay.	17. Manchester, Club Sweeps, Massachusetts Bay.
2. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, first series.	18. Oak Point, 3d Ann., L. I. Sound
2-3. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Petaluma Bridge.	18. Pavia, Ann., New York Bay.
4. Brooklyn, Ann., New York.	18. Beverly, Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
5. Atlantic, Ann., New York.	18. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Mass.
7. New York, Ann., New York.	18. Massachusetts, Open, Nahant.
7. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.	18. Plymouth, Club, Plym. Harbor
9. Larchmont, Spring, L. I. Sound.	20. Cor. Phila. Jeanes Prize, Handicap, Delaware River.
9. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, first series.	21. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
9. American, Special Class, Newburyport.	21. Indian Harbor, 21-footers and open cuts, Greenwich, Conn.
9. San Francisco Cor., Owners' Day.	22. Rhode Island, Spring Regatta, Narragansett Bay.
9. Atlantic City Cor., Vansant Cup, Atlantic City.	23. Cape Cod, Club, East Dennis.
9. Cape Cod, Club, East Dennis.	23. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, third series.
9. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.	23. Sea Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.
9. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.	23. Yonkers Cor., Ann., Hudson River.
9. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.	23. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
9. Winthrop, Club, Boston Har.	23. Douglaston, An. Open, L. I. S'd.
9. Cor. Phila., Ann., Del. River.	23. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
9. Columbia, 4th and 5th classes, Chicago, Lake Michigan.	23. Winthrop, Open, Boston Har.
10. Yorkville, Spring Regatta, East River and Sound.	23. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
11. Philadelphia, An., Del. River.	23. Columbia, Lake Race, to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
11. Schoodic, Special Race, Club.	23-24. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sacramento River Return.
12. New Jersey, Ann., N. Y. Bay.	23. Eastern Ann., Marblehead.
13. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, second series.	23-29. Indian Harbor, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
13. Bay Shore, Open, Bay Shore.	27. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
14. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.	28. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
15. Portland, Annual.	30. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, second series.
16. American, Ann., L. I. Sound.	30-July 1. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, McNear's.
16. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, second series.	30. Jersey City, Ann., N. Y. Harbor
16. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ladies' Day, New Rochelle.	30. Hull, Club, Boston Harbor.
16. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.	

### Southern Yacht Club.

NEW ORLEANS, May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The race for the schooner's Sunday Cup, sailed Saturday, May 19, was one of the most exciting races New Orleans has had in a long time. The course was across Lake Pontchartrain to Mandeville on the north shore, a round trip of 45 miles; starting gun to be fired at 10 A. M. The race was started in a rattling northeast, the tail end of the fearful gale of Thursday and Friday, which lowered the thermometer 50° in some parts of the country, and which did so much damage in Lake Michigan. The wind was strong and steady, the rate of 45 miles an hour at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, but diminished somewhat with the rising sun, and at 6:30 A. M., when the preparatory gun was fired the anemometer on the Southern Y. C. house, at West End, registered 30 miles an hour. The wind was puffy, and the gale had kicked up one of the nastiest cross seas that any of the club house gallery old salts had ever seen before.

The yachts for the start were the schooners Adrienne, Gordon & Lawrence, owners; Gertie, C. A. Lindaur, owner, and the little New York yawl Presto, Fox & Flasspolder, owners. The other entry, the schooner Viola, a light weather crack, did not start. The three starters had some difficulty in being pulled out of the "pen," along the narrow canal and into the lake at the club house in the eye of the wind. All three were snugly reefed down, yet had all they wanted to carry, particularly as they were in shallow water and right on a lee shore. Owing to the stress of wind and sea, the boats were unable to get the stakeboat out far enough from the club house, and as it kept drifting in shore, none of the boats thought for a moment of coming about and running down into shallow water to cross the imaginary line between the stakeboat and the club house, less than a hundred yards on the lee. With no other alternative the three boats held off shore from the mouth of the canal, on the port tack, for about two minutes, then came about.

The wind was now N.N.E. and the starboard tack took them along by the club house, and at right angles to the imaginary line, but about three boat lengths to windward of the outside end, or stakeboat. The start was half an hour late. The Presto was the first away, with Adrienne and Gertie following close. The Presto experienced trouble right away, her starboard mainbackstay gave away; she went about on the other tack, and the portstay did not save her, and then she quit and ran back into the canal for repairs. The Gertie, which up to this time had been sailing splendidly, also met with an accident, the cap of her rudder head twisting off, and she shot up into the wind and then came to anchor. The Adrienne, drawing four feet and a half of water, was meantime stirring up the mud; when she shortly went about and beat out into deeper water she made excellent weather. She was under double reefed main, single reefed fore, and forestay-sail, which was at times supplemented by a jib. The puffin hit her like a sledge hammer, and two or three of the short cross seas hitting her at once and breaking all around her sent the spray flying half way up to the masthead. Her lee rail was of course out of sight and the water was boiling along half way up the cabin trunk. The crew of fourteen were up to windward with backs humped and heads on breast, taking the dashes of the cold spray and philosophically and metaphorically sawing wood.

The sky was a bright blue, and not a cloud was to be seen. The wind was steadily increasing, and a man had to shade his eyes to look up to windward.

Adrienne, eating out to windward like a witch, held the port tack until well across the lake and within sight of the north draw of the Queen & Crescent R. R. drawbridge. She then tacked and beat up to the westward. Off Goose Point the water was rougher and the puffs, right off the north shore, were harder than ever. The boat behaved nobly and was a revelation to those who had not before been on her in a blow. She had several severe knocks, with the water foaming over her cabin and into the cockpit; she would go over no further, but with a supreme effort she would shake loose and come up grandly, giving those of her crew who were down to her waists in the water a chance to breathe, when she was ready for the next on-coming wave. Down here they say it is impossible to turn a boat like Adrienne or the Burgess 45ft. Nepeenthe over. They have good big chunks of lead on their keels, and with their strong cabins well corked up so they won't fill, they go so far and no further—with a good man at the helm.

Adrienne tacked up behind Goose Point and then on down the shore to Mandeville. The wind did not least a trifle to the westward and was decreasing. The stakeboat, in charge of the Mandeville Yacht Club, was rounded at 5:30, and the Adrienne was put before the lulling breeze for home. She arrived at West End at 8:10, the race having occupied 9h. 40m.

After making repairs the plucky little yawl Presto started out at 2 o'clock; she crossed the line properly this time and behaved splendidly on the beat over. She anchored at Mandeville over night and sailed back to West End Sunday morning.

After the race was well started the regatta committee held a meeting, and considering the stress of weather, and that all three boats had been able to cross the line, it was resolved to count the start an equal and fair start. Adrienne was awarded the race. S.

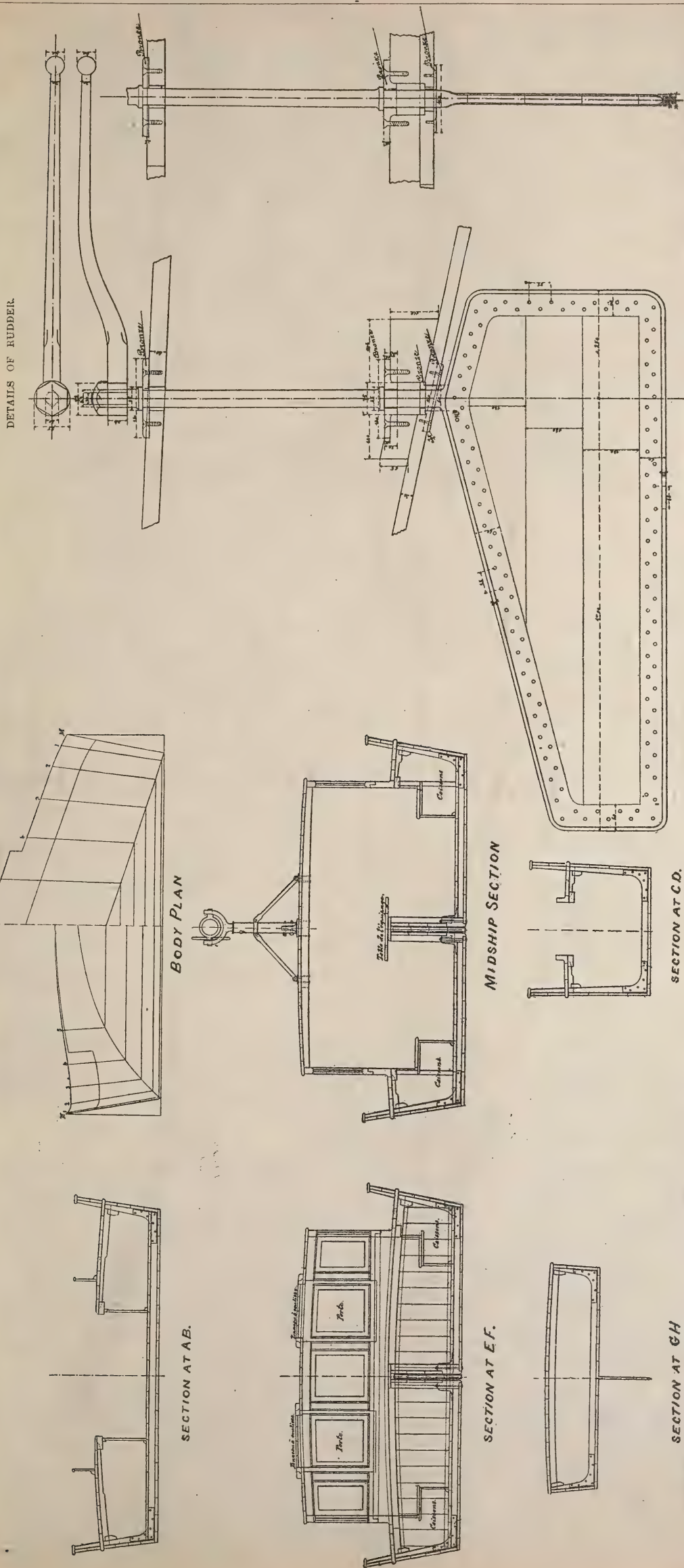
The Penobscot Y. C. was organized on May 13 at Rockland, Me., with the following officers: Com., M. A. Rice, Vice-Com., Clarence E. McIntire; Sec., F. Tuttle; Treas., D. Fuller; Meas., W. S. Barrett; Regatta Committee, M. A. Rice, W. A. Merriam, E. E. Davis and O. E. Copeland.



A FRENCH SHARPIE—DESIGNED BY MR. G. ANDROUS.



DETAILS OF RUDDER.



Vice-Com., J. H. Skinner; Capt., O. L. Taylor; Sec'y, A. A. McKeechie; Treas., J. J. Taylor. Regatta Committee, J. P. Elmer, S. C. Stickney, J. H. Skinner. The first race takes place on Memorial Day and the second on June 2.

Gadabout, auxiliary steam yacht, designed by J. Beaver Webb and built in 1892 for E. M. Fulton, Jr., has been sold to James S. Watson, of Rochester, N. Y., who has re-named her Algonquin. She sailed recently from New York for Lake Ontario by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Audubon Y. C., of 153d street, North River, New York, has just erected a fine club house. The membership of the club is 200.

At a meeting of the Great South Bay Y. C. on May 18 the following officers were elected: Com., Herbert S. Jewell; Vice-Com., Fred G. Bourne, Jr.; Rear-Com., Samuel T. Peters; Treas., Miles H. Bergen; Sec'y, Fred C. Bliss.

Mr. George Gould, owner of Vigilant, has been elected a member of the Tower Ridge Y. C. at his request.

Barracouta, steam yacht, J. R. Fell, arrived at Philadelphia on May 15 from Nassau after an extended cruise in the West Indies.

The revival of the 21-foot class in Eastern yachting has brought into prominence the wonderful success of the Minnetonka-built sloop Onawa, built by Arthur Dyer last year to beat the Herreshoff boats Kite and Alpha. Dyer's fame as a designer has penetrated the East pretty deeply and the fact is evidenced in his having received within the last week orders for two 21-foot sloops from Long Island yachtsmen whose names are known all over this country. The Journal representative this morning saw a letter from one of these gentlemen relating to his order from Dyer. The new boats will be of the Onawa type, but of somewhat heavier material, as they are for work on salt water. There is no doubt at all that Minnetonka is now the headquarters for the 21-footers in America. The fastest boats Herreshoff ever built of this class were the Alpha and Kite, and Onawa walked away from both of these last season as though they were anchored. Ward Burton has received half a dozen offers to purchase the Onawa from New York and Boston parties, and others, still more numerous, to take the boat East and sail her this year. He says, however, that he has positively decided, as per notice to the Minnetonka Y. C. last year, to retire her from racing and use her for further experimental work in the same line on the new Larchmont Club rules, with crews limited to two or three men. One of the new boats ordered from Dyer is destined for Buzzard's Bay. The latter is to be very similar in design to the new Watson boat now ready for launching at the Dyer yard. As the Onawa will not go East, the other fast Dyer boat, Apukwa, will be shipped once to take part in the Eastern events. Apukwa will be remembered as the boat that sailed off a tie race with Alpha last autumn and defeated her handsomely. As Alpha was never defeated in Eastern waters, Apukwa should show a good record at the end of the season if she is properly handled. She will make her appearance at Marblehead some time in June.—Minneapolis Journal.

Soso, steam launch, has been sold by the estate of the late N. L. Munroe to J. W. Stuart of New York.

Ventura, 40ft. cutter, has been sold through Stewart & Binney by T. W. King to Wm. Williams, of New York. Mr. King will build a 21ft. knockabout from a design by Stewart & Binney, to be 29ft. over all, 7ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. draft.

The Miramichi Y. C. held its eighth annual meeting at Newcastle, N. B., on May 10, the following officers being re-elected: Com., J. C. Miller; Vice-Com., J. L. Stewart; Rear-Com., John McKane; Sec.-Treas., J. R. Lawlor; Meas., Thos. Crimmer. Several new members were elected, a programme of events adopted and other business transacted. The fixtures for 1894 are: May 24, cruise to Shell Drake Island; June 2, Newcastle to Chatham; July 2, cruise to Wheelbarrow Point; July 19, triangular at Chatham; Aug. 16, Stewart pennant, Oak Point; Sept. 13, triangular, Newcastle; Sept. 23, Chatham to Newcastle.

The Mobile Y. C. held its annual meeting on May 16, and the old club was merged into a stock company and a charter granted with a capital of \$2,500, divided into 100 shares of \$25 each. There were 75 shares taken at this first meeting and much enthusiasm shown. Capt. W. A. Hutchinson presided and W. A. Hopper acted as secretary. A board of directors consisting of H. Pillans, W. B. Curran, J. S. Woodhull, W. M. Marshall and E. D. Ledyard were elected to draft by-laws, etc.

The season's races of the Plymouth Y. C. will include the following events: May 30, low tide, 1 P. M., outside course. June 18, high tide, 11:45 A. M., inside course. July 4, high tide, noon, inside course. July 21, high tide, 1:15 P. M., outside course; ladies' day. Aug. 11, low tide, 1:45 P. M., outside course. Sept. 3, high tide, 1:30 P. M., inside course. Sept. 20, high tide, 2:15 P. M., inside course. The races will be open to all boats of the following classes: First class, catboats 20ft. and under 26ft., measured waterline. Second class, catboats under 20ft. measured waterline. Third class, boats with sprit foresail and mainsail. Fourth class, boats with gaff foresail and sprit mainsail. For the Fourth of July race there will be a fifth class for all rigs, and without time allowance. The starting time will be about 1½ hours before high or low tide, as given above. General prizes will be offered amounting to about \$250. A club pennant prize will also be offered to each of the four classes of boats; to be awarded to the boat of this club making the shortest corrected time in any three of the first five races. The races are to be sailed under such conditions as may be prescribed in regatta notices of each race, subject to the rules of this club. Regatta committee: A. O. Fay, Albert T. Harlow, and Walter H. Sears.

Mr. J. F. Small and Mr. C. W. A. Bartlett had a very pleasant trip around the Cape to New York on the 21-footer Exile. They started from Dorchester on Tuesday, May 8, and made a good run across the Bay and down the Cape, but were becalmed on the Shoals for several hours. They put into Hyannis Wednesday night. Thursday they ran from Hyannis to Newport under short sail, for it blew hard from the northeast. Friday morning they lay to, Newport and had a light breeze nearly all the rest of the run, which they made with but one stop, anchoring for the tide to turn at Hell Gate. Throughout the trip the Exile behaved beautifully, and beat everything in the line of a sailing craft that tackled her. It was a first-class object lesson to those yachtsmen who have condemned her as a smooth water racing machine. There was not a moment of the whole trip when her crew of two amateurs were not able to handle her easily, and she proved fast and dry in the rough weather which they encountered on the run to Newport.—Boston Herald.

The Sewaren Improvement Company have dredged a channel through the bar at the entrance to Sewaren Harbor from Staten Island Sound, and boats drawing not more than 5ft. of water can enter at any tide.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. has announced the following events for the season: May 30, opening of club house, Greenwich, Conn.; July 21, special race for 21-footers and open cats, Waller and Osborn cups; July 26-29, club cruise, Long Island Sound; Aug. 4, annual regatta; Aug. 18, Ladies' Day race. The date of the annual regatta, as above, has been changed from July 28, as first announced.

The sale of Puritan at auction on May 21 was not successful, the bidding being started by Mr. Geo. Lawley at \$3,000 and going very slowly until the yacht was knocked down to Mr. Chas. A. Welch for the small sum of \$4,700. After the auction Commodore Forbes stated that there had been no sale, as the price was not satisfactory, and that the boat would be held until some future date, when something nearer her true value might be realized.

Marguerite, steam yacht, Col. A. J. Drexel, arrived at the Corinthian Y. C. station on the Delaware River on May 19 from the West Indies. She will at once refit for a cruise to British ports, and after attending some of the races she will continue to Norway.

Speranza, schr., A. A. Wilkinson, was damaged by fire on May 24 at Ferris & Matthews' ship yard, Camden, the steamboat New York being totally destroyed in a neighboring berth, and the flames extending to the yacht.

At Hartford, Conn., on May 22, Charles E. Gross and John Hall, appraisers, filed in the Probate Court the inventory of the estate of Commodore Caldwell H. Colt. It amounts to \$785,496, \$500,000 of which is the value of 4,794 shares of the Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company. Real estate is valued at \$38,500; railroad bonds, \$32,685; the yacht Dauntless at \$5,000, Oriole at \$3,000 and Atala at \$800. The remainder of the estate is in insurance, bank, and railroad stocks in some of the leading companies in the country.

The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed on Monday, June 25, over the club courses off Marblehead. The club will open its house at Marblehead at noon on May 29. Commencing July 5, and continuing until September, there will be the usual band concert every Thursday evening. On the days of the annual regatta and on Wednesdays and Thursdays throughout the season the house will be open to ladies. The increased demand for accommodation for bicycles has led to the provision of a clean, dry room for their reception, where space will be found ample and free for all members. A competent mechanic will be in attendance to clean and adjust machines.

Huron, cutter, has been sold by W. Butler Duncan, Jr., to Albert J. Myer, of Buffalo.

Although the Herreshoff and Gardner boats will all be of the fin type, there will be at least two centerboards in the Larchmont 21ft. class, one by the designer and builder of the successful Onawa, Arthur Dyer of Lake Minnetonka. This boat is for Vice-Com. George Work, of the Larchmont Y. C. and will be named Minnetonka, and from the reports, she is an improved Onawa. Another boat for the class has been designed by Waterhouse & Chesebrough for J. H. Adams, owner of Clara, cutter; also a shoal centerboard craft.



A mysterious announcement was made this week that the "Steam Yacht Valiant Company had been wound up voluntarily," and that a Birkenhead accountant had been appointed liquidator. The Valiant Steam Yacht Company consists, we believe, of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt made into a "company," which Mr. Vanderbilt could dissolve at will. At any rate, the voluntary winding up and appointment of a liquidator need not cause alarm on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere.—*The Field.*

The Douglaston Y. C. will sail five extra races for small yachts; on June 2, June 9, July 21, August 4 and August 18. The boats will be classed as cabin sloops, cutters and yawls, of thirty feet l.w.l. and under, cabin cats of twenty-two feet l.w.l. and under, open cats of twenty-two feet l.w.l. and under, and mixed rigs of seventeen feet and under. It will be a series of Saturday afternoon races, and there will be four prizes of a value of \$25. Entries are restricted to the Larchmont, Corinthian, Atlantic, New Rochelle, Knickerbocker, Riverside, Indian Harbor, Hempstead Harbor and Sea Cliff yacht clubs.

Frank T. Morrill has settled his differences with George Munro and Frank Squire, executors of the will of Norman L. Munro, in respect to the possession of Vamoose, and now possesses it, but he is at law with his attorneys, Messrs. Blumenstiel and Hirsch, in regard to the compensation that they should receive for the services rendered him in the action. He compromised the suit without the consent of his counsel. They claim that they are entitled to \$1,250 for the services, which Morrill disputes. They sued him in the City Court to recover the amount of their bill. In the meantime, when an order was given them to sign, discontinuing the action over the Vamoose, they declined to do so until their bill for services was paid. Application was made to Justice Patterson, of the Supreme Court, in behalf of Morrill to have Henry Ware Jones substituted as his attorney in the place of Messrs. Blumenstiel and Hirsch, and to have all the papers in the action turned over to him, with the view to having the original suit discontinued. Judge Patterson decided that Morrill was entitled to a substitution of attorneys upon proper terms—the payment of or the giving of security for such amount as they may be entitled to for the services rendered.

The New York Shipbuilding Co. (Messrs. Gardner & Mosher) here signed a contract with Rich. K. Fox to build a racing steam yacht to run 30 miles per hour. She will be 100ft. long, 10ft. beam and 6ft. draft. The guarantee calls for official trials of the speed over measured courses.

Valkyrie was sighted on May 27, off the Irish coast, being then 24 days out from New York.

#### Vigilant.

THE work of preparing Vigilant for sea was completed early this week, and everything was in readiness for sailing on Thursday. The yacht was docked last week at the Erie Basin Drydocks for examination, but nothing was found necessary and she was floated on Saturday. The seagoing rig includes a small triangular mizzen with a light pole mast. The bowsprit is quite short. The stays up and down the mast have been removed for the voyage and a second forestay set up some 8ft. inside of the main one. Along each side is run a 4in. spar supported on trestles about 2ft. above the deck, to serve as a bulwark, while a lifeline will be run on stanchions. The sails were bent on Monday morning. The steam yacht Atlanta came off the dock on Tuesday with a handsome new wheel of manganese bronze, and is now ready for sea.

### The Kennel.

#### Dogs as Property.

There are always two sides of the question in keeping a dog, especially in towns and villages. Because a man is a lover of dogs and likes to see them around him that is no reason why he should ignore the pleasure and rights of his neighbor, who may not have the same feelings. A dog, like horses and cows, should be kept in its proper place, and no more be permitted to run at large and become a nuisance, simply because it is a dog, than the animals spoken of. If a man claims ownership of a dog he should be made to use every endeavor to keep that dog within the bounds of his own domain, and if the dog be allowed to run at large then the owner should be made to assume all responsibility for his acts and incur the penalties accruing from the mischief he may do. There is considerable agitation just now in different parts of the country about dogs being recognized as property. This is all very well and commendable, and if the dog is considered valuable enough to be recognized as property it is no reason why its owner should allow it to ride rough shod over the commonweal. The sooner this fact is properly digested the sooner will laws be made for their proper care and protection.

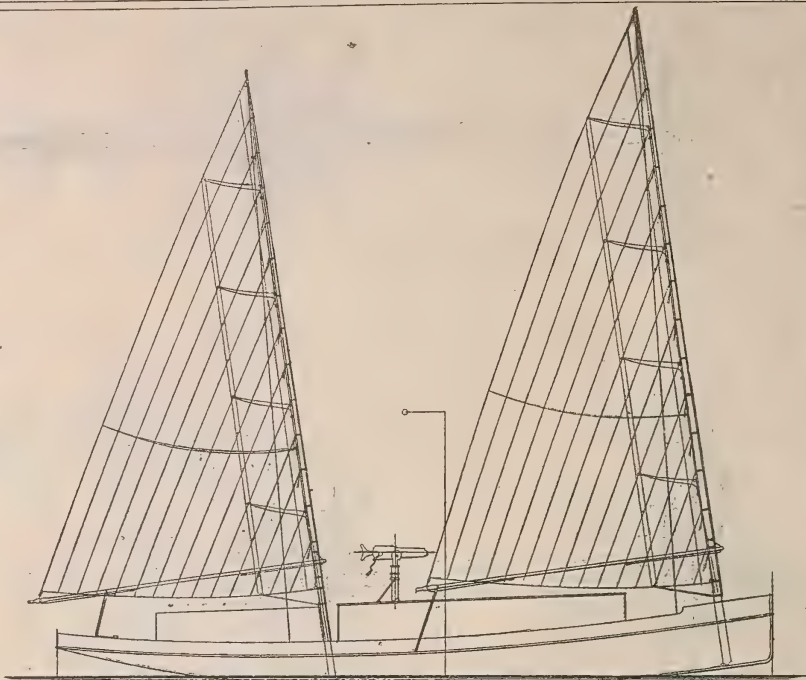
Mr. Dan. Joh. Wadén has very kindly sent us a copy of the "Finska Kennelklubbens Kalenda och Stambok (F.K.S.B.)" for 1889-1893. Our acquaintance with Finland and its language is limited to a very interesting visit we received from that gentleman, who is one of the officers of the Kennel Club of Finland, during last summer, an account of which was published in FOREST AND STREAM at the time. We are therefore unable to give any very lucid description of this stud book. The interest taken in well bred dogs seems to compare very favorably with that in the English speaking countries, for we find a list of 253 members, and the registrations number 265. Some of the names of familiar breeds seem very peculiar, for instance, a collie is called a "Skotsk Farhund," but they do not seem very popular, as only one is registered, and he is Lord Aberdeen, a son of Christopher, winner of first at Helsingfors, 1891-92. Fox-terriers are called "Räfferrieri." Pointers and setters are the most popular breeds, and many familiar names are found in the pedigrees of those registered. The cover of the book is adorned with a number of excellent sketches of dogs, by A. Federley, and is altogether a handsomely arranged publication.

#### Express Companies and Dog Shows.

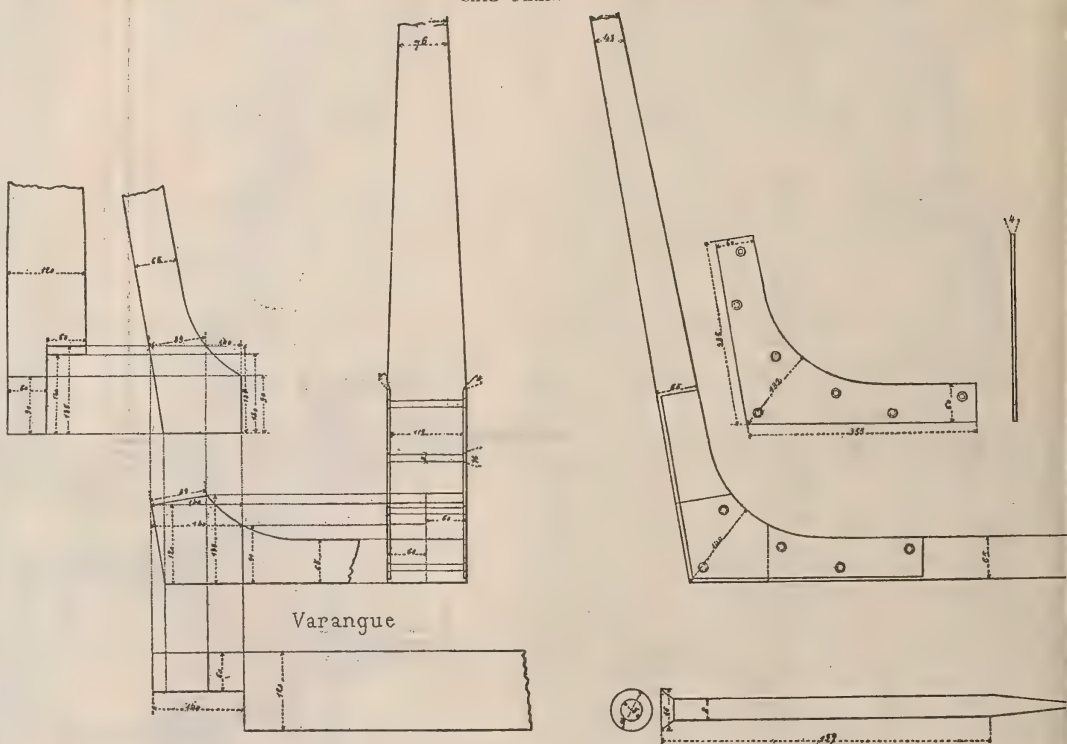
In a chatty letter from Mr. C. A. Stone, superintendent of the Toronto Industrial Fair Association's dog show, he asks us to do something in regard to railway companies compelling all owners to send their dogs by express. While FOREST AND STREAM is only too willing to ventilate the subject we are afraid little good can be done at present. It lies entirely with the railroad and express companies, and they hold the reins with a pretty tight hand at present and decline to move from their position. The A. K. C. committee that was appointed to make some arrangement has done nothing but have a few sheets of foolscap covered with names of dogmen in the form of a petition. A prominent officer in one of the companies when recently asked if some reduction could not be made in the rates answered, "Why should we reduce rates? We can get all the dogs we want to carry at the present ones." And that covers the whole ground and the dog owners are powerless.

Mr. Stone remarks: "Now the question that arises in my mind is this. Railroad companies being common carriers and their rates to a certain extent being authorized or governed by the Government, can they as carriers refuse to accept dogs for transportation over their lines? Have they power to discriminate and say that they will only carry this and not that? I don't think they have as long as the stuff they carry is not dangerous to the general public, as gunpowder, etc."

If the rule to send all dogs by express were strictly adhered to, dog owners would be able to make their calculations accordingly, but this is not so. For instance George Thomas had a large team of dogs for Louisville show. Starting from Boston he was allowed to send the dogs as excess baggage at a rate of \$2.25 per hundred weight. His crates and dogs weighed 2,800 lbs. and all went well until he arrived in Washington, when he was compelled to send them the rest of the journey by express. This cost him \$90 more, so that when he arrived at Louisville he had paid \$146.25 exclusive of cartage at both ends of the journey. And when one considers the cost of fare and hotel expenses, etc., there must have been little profit in such a trip even if every dog won first prize



SAIL PLAN.



DETAILS OF FRAMES.

Then Ben Lewis, who had also a large team of dogs, had to pay \$118 in expressage from Philadelphia to Louisville. This with fare and hotel expenses would bring his outlay to about \$175 before drawing his prize money. There were other grumblers to a large extent at this show but we quote these two cases as being the principal sufferers. It is therefore apparent from this, it merely becomes a question of staying power between the express companies and the handlers, with the usual corporate result and, as these men control a number of dogs or in other words unless they go to the dog shows the dogs stay at home, dog shows will suffer seriously in the end. Another hardship this new order of things entails. When dogs are shipped by express they usually go on certain trains that carry such matter, and the result is that dogs must lie over here and there until such time as the companies are ready to take them, and in several instances this season the owners of valuable dogs have suffered loss on this account.

The whole question is a serious one for dog show committees to consider, in fact, as the case stands at present it is almost a vital one. We should like to hear some suggestion that would point a way out of the difficulty. As it is, with all the risks, and little compensation if losses ensue, dog owners have to pay double rates, and having received double rates the express companies in most cases magnanimously allow the dogs to be returned free. Would dog shows be as popular as they are in England to-day if the railroads did not meet the dog exhibitors halfway? There a man may buy a ticket for his dog and it travels as a passenger, while some roads have special cars fitted up with dog kennels. We may come to this in time, but not at the present rate.

#### A Glass-Eating Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is rather startling, but I am going to tell you something I know to be true. In Livingston, a small town in western Alabama, which was at one time my home, there lived a large liver-colored pointer, Carlo by name. One day the owner, Mr. P. P. W., asked if I had ever seen Carlo eat glass. I laughed, thinking he was joking with me, but my curiosity was greatly aroused when I saw him pick up a piece of broken window pane which happened to be lying near and lay it down in front of the dog. The latter immediately picked it up, and crunching it in his mouth, swallowed it. Piece after piece went in the same manner. Carlo lived to be 22 years old. The only explanation Mr. Richmond could give of this queer taste was that the dog being quite old was perhaps unable from lack of teeth to chew his food sufficiently for digestion and had taken to swallowing the glass

for the same reason fowls swallow sand and pebbles, to aid in digesting the food. I thought, though, that the same teeth that had crushed the glass might chew the food. Carlo was first class in the field and Joe had many a good day's shooting over him. I dare say that there is hardly any one who ever visited Livingston but that remembers Carlo. He was a great pet and loved by all who knew him. W. H. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

#### True English Setter Type.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the time is now ripe for a radical change in the way English setters are being judged at some of our shows. I was glad to see you speak out as you did in report of Louisville show. It is time to sound an alarm. Any one who has followed the shows recently cannot but notice the great lack of type among the English setters exhibited. There are, of course, some dogs shown with good typical heads and bodies, but the average are inclined to weediness. Good legs and feet they possess, as Mr. Davidson remarked, in common with the mule; but the run after field blood and qualities is producing an animal at variance with the standard. In the South and West, where so much attention is given to dogs purely for field work, is this more apparent. Many of the owners of these dogs affect a contempt in more or less degree for bench shows; still I notice that when a dog show comes their way they are only too eager to strive for bench show ribbons, and will kick as heartily as the next one if they don't come their way when they think they should. This is where the harm comes in; if these dogs were kept for the field only, then the result would not be so serious.

The average field trial man has no conception of "Stonehenge's" standard and thus pays little attention to the niceties of form, which combine to produce a typical English setter such as a Rock, a Foreman, a Plantagenet or a Rockingham, and when judges whose sympathies are entirely with the field trial element, elect to place the ribbons, they are as a rule more influenced by the performances of the dogs on the field than by beauty of form as adapted to a standard that has done so much in years past to produce one of the handsomest animals of the canine creation. In how many of the English setters of the day do we see the head and expression of the dogs named, as well as Blue Nell, Maid Marion, Princess Beatrice, Spectre, Glendon, and others could be named that conform to "Stonehenge's" standard in a great degree, and are still not at all heavily built, as the average field trial man considers all dogs of the old standard. The breeding of Rockingham and Myrrha II, produced English setters that were at once typical with the expression and



beauty of form that an English setter should have, and still without an ounce of superfluous lumber or the heaviness of a Count Howard, for instance.

I think it is time for those breeders who love an English setter for its beauty of form as well as field qualities to give the subject careful thought. There is no earthly reason why dogs of acknowledged good form cannot go in the field and win. They should be pushed to the front with this end in view. If field trial work is to be left entirely in the hands of those kennels which are winning now the truly formed English setter will soon be but a memory, and as you remarked in the Louisville report, there will be as many types and weedy specimens as one now finds in the American foxhound. The same cause in both cases will lead to the same effects, breeding entirely for speed and nose to the neglect of standard requirements in regard to build and head. One man's voice cannot work a cure, but if several make their opinions known perhaps the note of warning will be heard in time.

What hope is there for the English setter when the breeders and breeders are told to follow the awards at New York and some of those at Philadelphia this year; the man who breeds for type may as well throw up his hands and keep his dogs at home for any chance he may have with those mixed awards. However, a really built a setter may be, it should stand no chance on the show bench when its ears hang like an elephant's, with eyes like yellow marbles, and muzzle like an ait eater, in fact, for the exception of coat and color bear little resemblance to the good old standard. I consider the vague terms of the English Setter Club's standard is responsible for much of the present trouble. B. J.

New York, May 22.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

### Dog Dealings.

FEW dog fanciers have any idea of the number of complaints, coming from purchasers, which are made to the editors of sportsmen's journals in the course of each year, in respect to unfair or dishonest treatment received from the seller in connection with some canine transaction. It would seem that an equal standard of business honor, or even a higher one, should obtain than that which governs the every-day transactions of common business. I think that, on the whole, there is a higher sense of honor, and that unfair dealings are confined to a very few individuals, ones who probably would not observe the strict rules of fair dealing let their vocations be what they might. I am disposed, however, to think that some sellers unwittingly offend by following a false standard of values, based primarily on a good pedigree, or one which will pass as such, as the unit of chief value. Generally, a fashionable pedigree is set forth and claimed as a most valuable consideration. A high price is set on each individual of a whole litter, because each one has the same fashionable pedigree. The strong and the weak, the well or ill-shaped, the healthy or unhealthy, etc., are too apt to be rated at a high market value on the score of good or fashionable pedigree.

It seems a reasonable proposition that a purchaser, who pays a first-class price, is entitled to a first-class article. In the purchase of a dog, good physical condition and good health should be insisted upon as well as purity of blood. A puppy, be he ever so well bred, if worthless from physical infirmities, is not a merchantable article at a high price on the score of good breeding. The physical perfection and capabilities of the individuals of a strain should be the real test of the excellence of the blood. If the breeder from any cause raises inferior specimens from good stock, he cannot justly expect the best prices for them. Insufficient or poor food, bad sleeping quarters, or bad conditions of the parents, or weedy parents of good blood, are conditions in breeding which cannot have good results.

Where a puppy, or grown dog, for that matter, is sold at a high price and proves to be other than represented, it is a matter to be settled in court and not in a newspaper. There seems to be quite a general opinion to the contrary, however. But if people who hold such opinions will but consider that there are always two sides to an agreement and that each side must have a full hearing before any just conclusion on the issue can be reached, it will readily be seen that a private matter, perhaps of interest only to the principals, could easily grow into a public affliction in a newspaper. Moreover, in a court the parties are held to the issue. In a newspaper it is too often mere bold assertion, largely devoted to crimination and recrimination.

I received in a letter from a gentleman in Canada a description of a puppy which he recently purchased in the States—not in the way of any complaint, but as an expression of disappointment. The puppy is of good breeding. My correspondent writes:

"I have a setter bitch pup, whelped May 8, 1893, purchased from ———, which I have named ———. She reached me the most dilapidated dog I have seen for some time past. I soon discovered the cause, and gave her some worm powders. I was rewarded by her expelling one tapeworm 37in. long, nine red flesh-colored worms from 1½ to 7in. long, and a large number of small white worms. She is still very weak and dead on her feet. I cannot help feeling disgusted that a pup in her condition was shipped. As it is I can not expect much from her this year, she being still too weak to yard break." B. WATERS.

## DOG CHAT.

We have received Rawdon B. Lee's third and concluding volume of "Modern Dogs." This is devoted to terriers, and we shall have more to say about it next week. The price of the book is \$3 at this office.

The death of Mr. Hughes-Hughes is announced in the issue of *Stock-Keeper* just received. This gentleman has long been identified with St. Bernards in England, and only recently compiled a specialist stud book of the holy breed in conjunction with Mr. Gosling. Mr. Hughes-Hughes imported from Switzerland such well-known St. Bernards as the brindle dog Angelo, the smooth Daro, the rough Grandee, and the noted bitches Salome and Mareta. Another well-known St. Bernard breeder has also joined the majority. This is Mr. W. A. Kirkham, of Knutsford, Cheshire, who bred Lady Mignon, Lord Douglas and other cracks.

British *Fancier* gives an interesting account of Mr. C. H. Wheeler and his noted kennel of collies in the latest issue.

Mr. C. A. Stone, of Toronto, has purchased what he terms a cracking fine English setter bitch. This is May that he gave first to at the late Toronto Kennel Club show. She is by Burgess' Doncaster out of Nellie Lee. He has since bred her to Sir Tatton (Sir Allister—Belle of Furness). Mr. Stone has just purchased a place in Toronto, and will now be able to keep his dogs at home, as he intends building a kennel for about ten or twelve dogs.

The dog which came over to the Nomadic for Mr. Bradbury, turns out to be the wire-haired fox-terrier Halifax Revival, which, in conjunction with Mr. Nelson, he has purchased from Mr. James Dennis, of Redruth, Cornwall, England. This dog is by General, by champion Jack Frost and out of Nettle, by champion Carlisle Tack, so he does not lack good blood. His winnings on the other side are Skipton, three firsts; Halifax, two firsts and specials; Darwen, first; Morecambe, three firsts and two specials; Wyke, first; Blackpool,

first; Burnley, two firsts; all north country shows and under four of the best judges. As he is a dog with stiff wire coat, great bone and lots of terrier about him, he should be an acquisition to the fancy. He will be placed at stud shortly. He arrived in excellent condition.

A regular meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, on Monday, June 4, at 4 P. M.

The English Kennel Club is being brought to task by several exhibitors, who claim that the English setter classes were unjustly canceled at the late show. The secretary of the English Setter Club claims to have known of 14 entries having been made, and as other breeds which had less entries were allowed to remain in there is no little anxiety to know the reason for their elimination from the E. K. C. show. There is already a feeling among pointer and setter men on the other side that the Kennel Club does not sufficiently consider the interests of these sporting breeds, especially where field trials are concerned, and their recent action will not serve to improve matters. It only shows what a hold pure "fancy" has on showing in England at present. Fourteen entries only of English setters at the principal show!

Some superstitious people claim that if a dog howls, death is sure to follow. It depends, one would say, a good deal on the kind of a rap one gets at the dog.—*Harlem Life*.

Mrs. Smyth, owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, tells us that the well known red cocker bitch Ruth S. recently became the mother of eleven puppies by Red Doc. Nine of them are dogs, all red and varying little in the shade and "not a runt among them." Ruth suckled the whole brood for a week and none ever did better. A foster mother was then secured. Their fair owner, naively, remarks that she hopes in this litter to raise enough different styles of cockers to suit all the *non-de-plumes* judges, whether they wish "long and low" or "tall and short." Another interesting litter of eight came from the union of Lady Fidget and Middy. Mrs. Hall had a litter of ten by Middy out of Hamilton Dinah, and is raising nine of them; and Tonita, that Mr. "Donovan" Paine bought at the Philadelphia show in whelp to Middy, has also increased the cocker population by ten, so this little "lap" dog as some cruel critics term him, must be considered a very practical one at any rate.

### Death of Col. F. G. Skinner.

We regret very much to hear of the death of Col. F. G. Skinner. He died at Charlottesville, Va., May 21. He was a grand old sportsman, a charming writer and a type of the old school Virginian, of whom few are left. He was an enthusiastic fox hunter and was one of the first, if not the first, to own and run a pack of hounds in the vicinity of New York, and even at this advanced age of seventy-five he held his own with the younger ones in the memorable fox chases held during the Richmond show in 1888. Col. Skinner was born March 17, 1814, and was educated in France with the grandchildren of Lafayette. He was a brave soldier, a gentleman in every sense and his contributions to sporting literature were among the most graceful writings of this end of the century.

The Prince of Monaco is experimenting with a new kind of fish net. The name of Monaco is strongly suggestive of nets and gudgeons.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

We draw attention to the new offerings in our business columns this week. Seminole Kennels place well bred collies at reasonable prices; J. Dennis, of England, offers greyhounds and Irish terriers; Richwood Kennels, two pointer bitches; A. D. Flske, well bred eagle pups; Richwood Kennels, English setter pups; H. W. L., a well bred fox-terrier. At stud: Maybrook Kennels offer services of prize-winning wire-haired fox-terrier Halifax Revival.

In renewing his advertisement in our business columns Dr. Sauveur, owner of the Seminole Kennels, tells us that they have at last moved into their new kennels, which are situated on a farm, about two miles from his residence at Chestnut Hill. They have about twice as much kennel room as before, with very large exercising yards, well shaded with fine old trees. Seminole Kennels have always been cramped for room, although the doctor built one of the prettiest little stone kennels in the country, on his grounds, and this will now be used more as a show place for some of the best stock. Dr. Sauveur closes his letter by saying: "We are now so fixed as to be able to raise some good puppies, and thereby show dogdom what the Seminole Kennels can do." Will Connors will live at the new place.

The crack mastiff bitch Brampton Beauty whelped on the 16th inst seven puppies to Beaufort's Black Prince; five of them are dogs. Mr. Winchell says they are very large and so alike it is difficult to tell one from the other. They are all future champions. The litter is interesting not merely on account of its illustrious parentage but from the fact that it was supposed Brantford Beauty, like many other large bitches that have been extensively exhibited, was barren. She will be bred once more to Beaufort's Black Prince and then return to England if no one here secures her before then. Mr. Winchell thinks that the only reason mastiffs are not as popular as formerly is because of the poor specimens offered for sale. It is the same with good mastiffs as with good horses—there is always a demand for the best and the supply is rarely equal to the demand.

As we go to press this week on Monday instead of Tuesday, a number of late communications and letters must lie over.

The Rhode Island Fair Association, which holds its second dog show at Cranston, R. I., Sept. 18 to 21, is preparing for an entry of 800, which, from the inducements they will offer, they confidently expect to poll. Their premium list of \$3,500 is a large one, especially when the entry fee is only \$1.50. Kennel prizes of \$15 will be offered for the more important breeds, with \$12 for the challenge and \$12 and \$8 in open classes in the principal breeds, and \$10 and \$5 in the other classes. A more liberal classification will be set forth than last year, and possibly a third prize will be given in several breeds, as puppy classes will not be much thought of, and this will make room for more important exhibits. Mr. Fred. Otto will assist as superintendent. Messrs. Davidson and Mortimer are down to judge, but other judges are yet to be chosen. The committee on the kennel department is composed of good and tried men. They are: Walter J. Comstock, who heads the list, and we know how well he filled his office last year; Charles C. Gray, a well-known setter man; C. Fred. Crawford, of Foreman & Plantagenet fame; John H. Congdon, the owner of King Lud and other well-known bulldogs; R. L. Keack, who loves all dogs, and especially bull and Irish terriers; and Sam H. Roberts, who loves a setter and shows it in his capital articles on field sport in the *Providence Journal*, for which he sometimes does not receive full credit. Such a committee begets confidence, and as the dogmen are always in favor of shows in connection with fairs, there is little doubt a bumper entry will be forthcoming. Last year there were 110,000 visitors at Cranston, and the trotting there is always exciting. Judging of the dogs will be done under the canopy of heaven, as a year ago, and as our informant writes, "and with competent judges selected, we expect even the angels to look down and smile their approval."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

J. N. A., Toledo, O.—Watch our advertising columns. We do not advise where to buy.

B. M. W., Erie, Pa.—We do not know who owns the English setter Benjamin Harrison, in New York. If Mr. R. O. Pennell owns a valuable dog we are not aware of the fact.

A. R. E., Worcester, Mass.—We have no idea what the W. K. C. catalogues from 1877 to the present date will cost. Mr. Thos. H. Terry, 59 Liberty street, New York, may be able to inform you.

T. S., Providence, R. I.—Beagle, Diamond Krueger is by Royal Krueger (3,813, Vol. V.) out of Betty, by Rock II. out of Bett, by Racer out of Sara; Rock II. by Rustler out of Vic; Royal Krueger by Bannerman (4,609, Vol. III.) out of Cora (4,832, Vol. III.), by Dodge's Rattler out of Scioto; Bannerman by champion Marchboy out of Dew-drop.

M. N., Wileford, R. I.—1. English setter Mack III. was owned by Chas. E. Glass, Newcastle, Pa., whelped Dec. 24, 1884, and by Blue Dick (3,324, Vol. III.) out of Buckeye Belle (3,597, Vol. III.) Nell IV. is owned by the same person. Whelped March 1, 1889, by Blue Druid (4,594, Vol. III.) out of Mollie Rake, by Rake (212, Vol. I.) out of Melissa (5,113, Vol. III.). 2. Registration in the A. K. C. S. B. confers no further privilege than the insertion of the name and pedigree of your dog in the *Gazette* and stud book for current month and year. You must pay 50 cents for an extended pedigree. We can give you whatever information you require, however, without charge.

W. P. McK., Amsterdam, N. Y.—I have an Irish setter bitch, 2½ yrs. old, which whelped a litter of puppies April 8. She was in the best of health till about two weeks ago, when she began refusing to eat, only eating a little at a time and seldom. About the same time she began weaning the puppies, and for the last four or five days has not been near them. In the meantime the bitch was reduced to a mere skeleton. The symptoms are looseness of bowels, eyes at times matted and dull-looking, nose at times normal and then very feverish, with no inclination to eat or drink or move around. Have given her oil a couple of times as physic, and feed her beef extract and cod liver oil. Cannot determine what the trouble is by my description? Ans. Examine the teats to see that they are not swelled and that there are no abscesses forming. Give five grains of sub-gallate of bismuth every four hours. Feed on raw meat principally.

## Hunting and Coursing.

### FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.  
Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.  
Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

### HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. Bradbury, of the Maybrook Kennels, expects to get a capital brace of greyhounds over shortly. One is a noted winning bitch whose name we are not at liberty to mention, and the dog is a two-year-old by Page Boy, who, we believe, is by Peasant Boy, and is said to be a clinker. This kennel evidently means to take a commanding position in greyhounds on the bench. They already have such good ones as Southern Belle, who is coming into good form; Miss Dollar III., Dakota and others. Mr. Bradbury, however, will not neglect the coursing interests of the Eastern Coursing Kennel, and will train his dogs out West this fall, probably in Colorado, as he likes the country better there. He will take out Royal Crest, Drytime, who is in great shape just now; Southern Belle, Dakota, and the new ones, if he gets them.

The first coursing meeting ever held at Butte, Montana, took place April 29, at the Athletic grounds, under the auspices of the Butte Coursing Club. The sport jumped into popular favor at once and prospects for future meetings are very bright. The coursing was inclosed and the hares used were from California. Thomas Bowie officiated as judge and "California Jim" Kyle handled the slips and, considering the greenness of many of the dogs did his work well. The stake was not decided on the above date. Mr. Geo. H. Macdougall, who was an earnest spaniel man when he resided in the East, is the secretary of the club, and to him in no small degree is due the success which attended the meeting. Mr. Macdougall has worked hard for the past two years to bring about a coursing meeting.

## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

### FIXTURES.

May 29.—Massachusetts State Shooting Association's tournament, under auspices of Hingham Gun Club, at Hingham.  
May 29-30.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, at Sheldon, Iowa.  
May 29-30.—Janesville (Wis.) Shooting Club, third annual tournament; targets and live birds.  
May 29-30.—Muncie (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.  
May 30.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Shooting Association tournament.  
May 30.—Eastern New York League tournament, at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the direction of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.  
May 30.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, third tournament, at Utica.  
May 30.—Nitro Gun Club's second annual tournament, at West Kingston, Pa.  
May 30-31.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Rochester.  
May 30-31.—Mountain Gun Club tournament, at Mahanoy City, Pa.  
May 30-June 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association fifth tournament, and second annual tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooter's League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club, Mason. \$300 added money.  
June 4-9.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y.  
June 5-7.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Independence, Iowa.  
June 5-7.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.  
June 7-9.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, under auspices of Willamette Gun Club, at Portland, Oregon.  
June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-third annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.  
June 12-14.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.  
June 12-14.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address E. G. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.  
June 14-16.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest's tenth annual tournament, under auspices of Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, at Tacoma, Wash.; \$1,500 added money; open to the world. E. E. Ellis, Sec'y.  
June 16.—Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J. Mixed race at 100 blackbirds, \$5 entry, 15 entries or over, 5 money, open to amateurs only.  
June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. \$1,000 added money.  
June 20-21.—Belfast (Me.) tournament, under the management of Belfast Gun Club. Chas. R. Coombs, Sec'y.  
June 26.—Union Gun Club tournament in conjunction with monthly team shoot of New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, at Springfield, N. J.  
June 27-28.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's sixth tournament, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind. Elwood Gun Club will add \$200.  
June 28.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, at Hartford, Conn.  
June 28-29.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's first annual tournament, H. W. Brown, Sec'y.







McMurchy	.011111101010111111-16	Kirkpatrick	.111111101111111111-19
Ethridge	.111111101111111111-19	J M Ross	.10111100000011011-13
Troutman	.111110000111111111-15	Reh	.100110011111111111-15
Young	.101010001010101001-11	Dollive	.111011001011011111-14
Flees	.101011111111111111-19	Gay	.111011001011011111-14
Keller	.011111101111111111-17	Lyons	.111011111111011111-19
Mitchell	.101111101111010101-15	Clegg	.111111111111111111-20
Skinner	.011110111111111111-18	Hutchings	.010110111111111111-18
Wells	.001111101111111111-16	Shorty	.010110101111111111-14
Cleveland	.001101101111001000-10	Woodson	.101101011111111111-17
Sumpter	.111110111111111111-19	DuBray	.011110001010001010-9
Easton	.000111101111111111-16	Eldridge	.011110111111010111-17
J P	.111011010111111111-17	Rike	.111111101111111110-18
Brown	.110101101111011111-14	Rhea	.110101111111111111-18
No. 6, 25 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles:			
S Van Gilder	.21	Troutman	.13
Fulford	.22	Young	.21
A E Mead	.24	Brewer	.21
Bartlett	.24	Flees	.19
Van Dyke	.23	Keller	.21
Todd	.23	Mitchell	.22
F S Mead	.22	Skinner	.24
Wagner	.22	Lyons	.24
Heikes	.24	Sumpter	.23
Conner	.23	Lloyd	.23
Anthony	.24	J P	.23
R Van Gilder	.25	Black Bird	.23
Easton	.22	Budd	.22
Grimm	.23	Parmlee	.22
North	.21	Hunter	.21
Redwing	.22	Hobart	.21
Elliott	.19	Drake	.24
McMurchy	.23	Hoffman	.23
Ethridge	.18	Angier	.18
No. 7, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles:			
S Van Gilder	.15	Brewer	.16
Fulford	.17	Flees	.16
A E Mead	.18	Keller	.15
Bartlett	.20	Mitchell	.15
Van Dyke	.17	Skinner	.15
Todd	.16	Wells	.15
F S Mead	.15	Sumpter	.15
Wagner	.20	Lloyd	.17
Heikes	.18	J P	.18
Conner	.18	Black Bird	.17
Anthony	.18	Budd	.17
R Van Gilder	.18	Parmlee	.19
Grimm	.18	Hunter	.19
North	.16	Hobart	.19
Redwing	.17	Drake	.15
Elliott	.17	Hoffman	.15
McMurchy	.16	Angier	.9
Ethridge	.17	Fonda	.9
Troutman	.14	Loomis	9
Young	.17	Plummer	.17
No. 8, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles:			
S Van Gilder	.16	Troutman	.14
Fulford	.17	Young	.16
A E Mead	.17	Brewer	.19
Bartlett	.16	Flees	.14
Van Dyke	.16	Skinner	.14
Todd	.16	Mitchell	.18
F S Mead	.15	Skinner	.18
Wagner	.18	Wells	.15
Heikes	.19	Sumpter	.18
Conner	.19	Lloyd	.16
Anthony	.17	J P	.16
R Van Gilder	.17	Black Bird	.17
Grimm	.18	Budd	.17
North	.18	Parmlee	.19
Redwing	.16	Hunter	.20
Elliott	.16	Hobart	.17
McMurchy	.16	Drake	.17
Ethridge	.16	Hoffman	.16
	.18	Angier	.15

Third Day, May 24,

was really the first pleasant day of the week, the sun shining bright and clear all day. The attendance of shooters was not quite as heavy as on the preceding two days, although there were from nine to ten squads of six men each in each event. The shooting was extremely spirited, the principal fight being between Heikes, Gay, Rike, Parmelee, and Fulford, who were close up to one another in the race for the three days' average money. During the afternoon there were at least 1,500 spectators on the grounds, and of these fully 100 were ladies.

The day's average money was won in order as follows: Heikes, 95.15; Gay and Rike, 93.93; Hunter and Parmelee, 92.13; McMurchy, Fulford, Clegg and Money, 90.90; Bartlett and Connor, 90.30.

In contest No. 6 at 25 targets the ten extra merchandise prizes were won as follows: Rike, Money, Elliott, Parmelee, Van Dyke, F. S. Mead, Angier, Dow, A. E. Mead, Haddock.

Winners of cash prizes for first, sixth and eighth highest averages during three days, shooting at 495 targets: Heikes, 95.55, \$5; Gay, 94.14, \$12; Rike, 93.75, \$10; Parmelee, 93.13, \$3; Fulford, 92.92, \$3; Van Dyke, 91.73, \$8.

Special merchandise prizes for first to sixth average winners: Heikes, Gay, Rike, Parmelee, Fulford, R. Van Gilder. Heikes special prize for making best average in three days.

The money was all caused to congratulate themselves on their success. The traps worked to perfection, the targets were thrown consistently, no favorites being played and the money was paid out promptly.

Frank and Arthur Mead, Rogers and Sommers Van Gilder were the prime hustlers from start to finish, and to this quartette is due the splendid running of the affair, not a hitch or flaw occurring during the entire three days. Frank McCarty looked after the proper placing of the targets on the score boards. The scorers were Charles E. M. Mohr, chief scorer; Kyle Jenkins, M. H. McCormick, Theo. Mitchell, L. M. Moses and J. M. Logan.

No. 1, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .1011111011111111-17, Lloyd .101111100101010111-14, Fulford .1101111111111111-18, Reh .101111100111111111-16, A E Mead .111110010111011110-15, Hoffman .011111111111011111-17, Bartlett .111111101111111111-19, Flees .111111101111111111-19, Money .111111101111111111-17, Budd .111111101111111111-17, Todd .111011111111000111-16, Drake .111111111111111111-19, F S Mead .010111101111011111-16, Black Bird .101001111111111111-17, Wagner .111111111111111111-19, J P .111111111111111111-20, Heikes .111111101111111111-20, Hutchings .011011011111111111-19, Conner .111111111111111111-19, Angier .111111100101011111-13, Anthony .111111101111111111-17, R Van Gilder .111111101111111111-17, Hunter .111111101111111111-17, Easton .101111101111111111-18, David .111110111111011111-17, Young .111110111011011101-16, Redwing .011111110110110111-16, Rhea .111110101111111111-16, North .101011111111011110-16, Clegg .111111101111111111-19, Skinner .110111011001111111-15, Lyons .111111101111111111-19, McMurchy .110111101111111111-18, Rike .111111101111111111-19, Ethridge .111111101111111111-19, Plummer .110100111101101111-20, Shorty .011111100101010111-19, Parmelee .111111111111111111-20, Woodson .111111100111111111-19, Brewer .111001010111010001-12, Morris .111111100111111111-19, Grimm .111011011111111111-18, White .110011111111111111-18, Keller .111101110111111111-18, Dolive .111111101111111111-18, Mitchell .111111101111111111-18, Money .111111101111111111-18, Loomis .111100111111111111-17, Fairhead .011111101110001111-15, Sumpter .101111101111111111-15

No. 2, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 3, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 4, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 5, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 6, 25 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 7, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 8, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 9, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 10, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 11, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 12, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 13, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 14, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

No. 15, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles: S Van Gilder .17, Plummer .14, Angier .14, Fulford .19, Parmelee .18, Hunter .17, A E Mead .19, Brewer .16, David .17, Bartlett .15, Grimm .18, Dow .15, Money .15, Keller .18, Clegg .18, Todd .17, Mitchell .14, Clegg .18, F S Mead .19, Van Dyke .15, Lyons .17, Wagner .19, Loomis .16, Hunt .17, Heikes .20, Sumpter .18, Rike .17, Conner .18, Lloyd .17, Rike .17, R Van Gilder .17, Rex .17, Shorty .17, Easton .18, Hoffman .18, Fonda .18, Easton .17, Budd .15, Dolive .17, Redwing .17, Drake .18, Mooney .14, North .14, Black Bird .19, White .18, Skinner .17, Gay .19, Morris .18, McMurchy .19, J P .17, Hutchings .16, Ethridge .16

Bartlett	.19	Grimm	.16	Dow	.19
Money	.19	Keller	.14	Rhea	.16
Todd	.17	Mitchell	.14	Clegg	.19
F S Mead	.16	Van Dyke	.19	Lyons	.17
Wagner	.19	Loomis	.17	Eldridge	.17
Heikes	.17	Sumpter	.15	Hart	.17
Conner	.17	Lloyd	.17	Rike	.17
Anthony	.18	Rex	.14	Shorty	.15
R Van Gilder	.18	Hoffman	.16	Woodson	.17
Easton	.17	Flees	.16	Fonda	.17
Young	.17	Budd	.17	Dolive	.16
Redwing	.16	Drake	.19	Morris	.17
North	.17	Black Bird	.17	White	.18
Skinner	.16	Gay	.18	Wells	.17
McMurchy	.17	J P	.18	Elliott	.18
Ethridge	.16	Hutchings	.16		
No. 4, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, known angles:					
S Van G	.17	Lloyd	.17	Young	.16
Fulford	.17	Reh	.17	Young	.16
A E Mead	.17	Hoffman	.16	Young	.16
Bartlett	.17	Flees	.17	Young	.16
Money	.17	Dolive	.17	Young	.16
Todd	.17	Drake	.17	Young	.16
F S Mead	.17	Black Bird	.17	Young	.16
Wagner	.17	Sumpter	.17	Young	.16
Heikes	.17	J P	.17	Young	.16
Conner	.17	Hutchings	.17	Young	.16
Anthony	.17	Angier	.17	Young	.16
R Van G	.17	Hunter	.17	Young	.16
Easton	.17	David	.17	Young	.16
Young	.17	Elliott	.17	Young	.16
Redwing	.17	Eldridge	.17	Young	.16
McMurchy	.17	Dow	.17	Young	.16
Ethridge	.17	Fonda	.17	Young	.16
Lyons	.17	Lyons	.17	Young	.16
Plummer	.17	Clegg	.17	Young	.16
Parmlee	.17	Reike	.17	Young	.16
Brewer	.17	Shorty	.17	Young	.16
Grimm	.17	Woodson	.17	Young	.16
North	.17	Dolive	.17	Young	.16
Redwing	.17	Rhea	.17	Young	.16
Elliott	.17	Wells	.17	Young	.16
McMurchy	.17	White	.17	Young	.16
Ethridge	.17	DuBray	.17	Young	.16
No. 5, 20 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles:					
S Van Gilder	.17	Plummer	.16	Hutchings	.16
Fulford	.17	Parmlee	.19	Angier	.16
A E Mead	.19	Brewer	.16	Hunter	.17
Bartlett	.20	Grimm	.17	David	.19
Money	.17	Keller	.16	Clegg	.19
Todd	.19	Mitchell	.18	Lyons	.14
F S Mead	.14	Van Dyke	.18	White	.18
Wagner	.15	Loomis	.16	Dow	.15
Heikes	.15	Sumpter	.15	Wells	.17
Conner	.18	Lloyd	.18	Dolive	.18
Anthony	.18	Rex	.19	Rike	.19
R Van Gilder	.19	Hoffman	.17	Fonda	.14
Easton	.20	Flees	.16	Woodson	.17
Young	.17	Budd	.17	Grady	.19
Redwing	.19	Drake	.17	Eldridge	.19
North	.18	Black Bird	.18	Rhea	.19
McMurchy	.17	Gay	.19		
Ethridge	.17	J P	.18		
No. 6, 25 targets, \$3 entrance, known traps, unknown angles:					
S Van G	.17	Plummer	.17	Young	.16
Fulford	.17	Reh	.17	Young	.16
A E Mead	.17	Hoffman	.16	Young	.16
Bartlett	.17	Flees	.17	Young	.16
Money	.17	Dolive	.17	Young	.16
Todd	.17	Drake	.17	Young	.16
F S Mead	.17	Black Bird	.17	Young	.16
Wagner	.17	Sumpter	.17	Young	.16
Heikes	.17	J P	.17	Young	.16
Conner	.17	Hutchings	.17	Young	.16
Anthony	.17	Angier	.17	Young	.16
R Van Gilder	.17	Hunter	.17	Young	.16
Easton	.17	David	.17	Young	.16
Young	.17	Elliott	.17	Young	.16
Redwing	.17	Eldridge	.17	Young	.16
McMurchy	.17	Dow	.17	Young	.16
Ethridge	.17	Fonda	.17	Young	.16
Lyons	.17	Lyons	.17	Young	.16
Plummer	.17	Clegg	.17	Young	.16
Parmlee	.17	Reike	.17	Young	.16
Brewer	.17	Shorty	.17	Young	.16
Grimm	.17	Woodson	.17	Young	.16
North	.17	Dolive	.17	Young	.16
Redwing	.17	Rhea	.17	Young	.16
Elliott	.17	Wells	.17	Young	.16
McMurchy	.17	White	.17	Young	.16
Ethridge	.17	DuBray	.17	Young	.16







# ARKANSAS STATE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fourth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, held at the Fort Smith Gun Club, Fort Smith, Ark., May 7, 8, 9 and 10, was not as successful as the previous tournament, given by the association. The Fort Smith Gun Club had been advertising \$1,000 added money, but when the programmes appeared they only showed \$800 added money; the small amount added to the purses, the stringent financial matter and the geographical location of Fort Smith, in the extreme northwestern part of the State, making it very inconvenient for most of the members of the association to attend, are the principal causes for the small attendance.

Among the visiting sportsmen in attendance during the shoot were J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., W. W. McIlhenny, of Vevir City, Kansas, who shot under the nom-de-plume of Wallace, R. L. Campbell, B. A. Fay and E. L. Fay, of Springfield, Mo., Arthur C. Wilde, of Hutton, Kansas, Hot Springs, was represented by G. W. Hughes, A. R. Smith, Chas. N. Rice, Dr. A. U. Williams, Dr. Livers, John J. Sumpter, Jr. and P. P. Wood. Little Rock by Col. J. A. Woodson, Dr. F. L. French, J. W. Irwin, R. W. Duley, John M. Pemberton, J. K. Thiebault, John W. Dickinson, Paul R. Litzke and L. W. Browning and J. T. Lloyd, of Pine Bluff.

The Grand Central Hotel was headquarters for shooters and the proprietor, Mr. Cleland, showed them every possible attention and courtesy, making their stay at his hotel a very pleasant one indeed.

The grounds are about two miles from the city, and the only way to reach them is by special conveyance.

They are not very suitable for trap-shooting, being very uneven and having a bad background, a grove of trees standing right in line of the traps, though some distance, making the targets very difficult to see on dark days. Such as Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were the best days, the wind was light, the hollow, while about 200 yds. in front of numbers 3, 4 and 5 traps was a high ridge; this made a straightaway bird from either of these traps appear very much lower than they really were, thus deceiving many of the shooters and causing them to undershoot these birds, while just to the left of No. 1 trap stood a small house only about 150 yds. away. In the unknown angles events, if a shooter was unfortunate enough to get a half-quarrying bird from either of the traps, he would find himself behind the house before one could shoot, in which case the shooter was generally allowed another bird. It was very amusing to see the efforts made by some of the shooters to break this target before it could get behind the house; sometimes the shooter was lucky enough to score a kill, but frequently the contents of the gun was emptied into the building. If you shot the result had to be scored.

Monday the weather was clear but extremely hot for this season of the year. That night it rained very hard, Tuesday was cloudy and threatening, but much pleasanter, Wednesday was the same. Thursday it began to rain about 7 o'clock and continued until about 10:30 o'clock, shooting did not begin before 11 o'clock, but the programme was shot out and several extra events.

Honors were equally divided. Hot Springs won the team championship medal, and the Rock won the Kenner Cup, Harvey Dugan, of Fort Smith, won the individual championship medal.

At the meeting of the association, Hot Springs was the place chosen to hold the next meeting and tournament, and the following officers were elected: G. W. Hughes, Hot Springs, Pres.; J. T. Lloyd, Pine Bluff, Vice-Pres.; John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs, Secy.; C. N. Rice, Hot Springs, Treas.

Vote that the president appoint a committee to form a new constitution and by-laws; carried. The members of the Association discussed at length the gross violation of our game and fish laws, and it was finally moved and carried that the president be empowered to appoint a competent person, at any time, to investigate such violations as may be brought to his notice, and have the offenders prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

The secretary was instructed, upon motion of Col. Woodson, to correspond with Gov. Fishback in reference to the violations of our game and fish laws, and request him, in the name of the Association, to instruct the sheriffs of each and every county in the State to use every effort to enforce the game and fish laws and prosecute every violation of said laws that may occur in his county.

Vote that the president appoint a committee of three to draft an amendment to the present game laws in regard to the shooting of quail. Moved by Col. Woodson, and duly carried, that the same committee be instructed to draft a bill making it a violation of the law to kill any wild ducks in this State between March 1 and Sept. 1 of each year.

Moved and carried that the secretary write to each member of the Association next year for a donation of \$2, should he be disposed to contribute; the money to be added to the events on the programme of the tournament.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, moved that the Association become a member of the National Game and Fish Protective Association. Carried.

Bluesrock targets, expert trap and electric pulls were used and this was the hardest to manage the shoot made a great combination; one that is hard to beat; everything worked like a well-oiled piece of machinery. The way John Parker would hustle off a programme was a revelation to the shooters in this section of the country.

American Shooting Association rules governed, four money, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent, all tie-divided. Elliott, Parker and Crosby shot in expert class. The most interesting events were:

State team shoot, for championship medal, at 25 targets, 15 known traps, unknown angles, 10 expert, \$10 entry.

Hot Springs Team.  
Hughes.....11111111111111111111-22  
Sumpter.....10111111111111111111-19  
Williams.....11111111111111111111-21  
Rix.....1111111111111111111111-18-80

Little Rock.....10101111111111111111-10-100-10  
Pemberton.....11111111111111111111-23  
Dickinson.....11111111111111111111-20  
Woodson.....11101111111111111111-19-78

State team shoot for Keeley cup, at 15 targets, unknown angles, \$3 per man entry.

Hot Springs Team.  
Mathews.....1100111111111111-8  
Dugan.....0111111111111111-13  
Ward.....1101111111111111-31

Little Rock Team No. 2.  
Dickinson.....11100111111111-13  
Pemberton.....11101111111111-37  
Ward.....1110111111111111-37

Individual State Championship, at 25 targets (15 unknown angles, 10 expert rules), \$2 entry:

Sumpter.....10101111111111111111-19  
Pemberton.....01111111111111111111-15  
Loyd.....11101111111111111111-17

Mathews.....11011111111111111111-21  
Dugan.....11101111111111111111-21  
French.....11101111111111111111-21

Duley.....00011111111111111111-11  
Hughes.....11111111111111111111-20  
Smith.....11101111111111111111-20

Ward.....11101111111111111111-20  
Warner.....11101111111111111111-20  
Wood.....11101111111111111111-20

Fay.....01011111111111111111-16  
Williams.....01011111111111111111-16  
Daly.....11111111111111111111-16

Wallace.....11101111111111111111-16  
Elliott.....01111111111111111111-6  
Duley.....00011111111111111111-6

French.....01011111111111111111-6  
Sumpter.....01111111111111111111-6  
Pemberton.....11111111111111111111-6

Irwin.....01011111111111111111-6  
Ward.....01011111111111111111-6  
Wood.....01011111111111111111-6

Fay.....01011111111111111111-6  
Williams.....01011111111111111111-6  
Daly.....11111111111111111111-6

Wallace.....11101111111111111111-6  
Elliott.....01111111111111111111-6  
Duley.....00011111111111111111-6

French.....01011111111111111111-6  
Sumpter.....01111111111111111111-6  
Pemberton.....11111111111111111111-6

Irwin.....01011111111111111111-6  
Ward.....01011111111111111111-6  
Wood.....01011111111111111111-6

Fay.....01011111111111111111-6  
Williams.....01011111111111111111-6  
Daly.....11111111111111111111-6

Wallace.....11101111111111111111-6  
Elliott.....01111111111111111111-6  
Duley.....00011111111111111111-6

French.....01011111111111111111-6  
Sumpter.....01111111111111111111-6  
Pemberton.....11111111111111111111-6

Irwin.....01011111111111111111-6  
Ward.....01011111111111111111-6  
Wood.....01011111111111111111-6

Fay.....01011111111111111111-6  
Williams.....01011111111111111111-6  
Daly.....11111111111111111111-6

Wallace.....11101111111111111111-6  
Elliott.....01111111111111111111-6  
Duley.....00011111111111111111-6

French.....01011111111111111111-6  
Sumpter.....01111111111111111111-6  
Pemberton.....11111111111111111111-6

French.....10111111111111-11  
Duley.....10110111111111-11  
Warner.....11111111111111-12

Sumpter.....11111111111111-14  
Pemberton.....11111111111111-12  
Irwin.....01111111111111-10

Wallace.....11111111111111-12  
Fifteen singles, unknown angles, entrance \$1.50:  
Elliott.....01011111111111-8

Parker.....11111111111111-12  
Duley.....11101111111111-10  
Warner.....11011111111111-12

Irwin.....10111111111111-12  
Wallace.....11111111111111-13  
Lloyd.....01111111111111-10

Mathews.....11111111111111-12  
Fifteen singles, known angles, entrance \$1.50, \$10 added:  
Elliott.....11111111111111-13

Parker.....11111111111111-14  
French.....10111111111111-12  
Irwin.....11101111111111-12

Duley.....10111111111111-12  
Lloyd.....01111111111111-10  
Mathews.....01111111111111-10

Sumpter.....10111111111111-10  
Second Day.—15 singles, known angles, entrance \$1.50, \$10 added:  
Elliott.....11011111111111-12

Crosby.....11011111111111-13  
Parker.....11011111111111-13  
Sumpter.....11111111111111-14

Pemberton.....11111111111111-14  
Lloyd.....01111111111111-10  
Smith.....01111111111111-10

Campbell.....10011111111111-8  
Grey.....10101111111111-8  
Irwin.....11011111111111-9

French.....10011111111111-10  
Fifteen singles, expert rules, \$1.50, \$10 added:  
Elliott.....01011111111111-10

Parker.....01011111111111-10  
Crosby.....01011111111111-9  
Sumpter.....01101111111111-10

Pemberton.....01101111111111-14  
Lloyd.....10111111111111-14  
Smith.....10111111111111-14

Campbell.....10011111111111-8  
Grey.....10101111111111-8  
Irwin.....11011111111111-9

French.....10011111111111-10  
Fifteen singles, unknown angles, \$1.50, \$15 added:  
Elliott.....11111111111111-12

Crosby.....10101111111111-8  
Parker.....00111111111111-7  
Sumpter.....10011111111111-12

Pemberton.....10111111111111-12  
Lloyd.....10111111111111-12  
French.....11111111111111-13

Irwin.....11011111111111-13  
Wallace.....11011111111111-11  
Warner.....01101111111111-9

Duley.....10111111111111-10  
Ten singles, expert rules, \$1.50, \$10 added:  
Elliott.....01111111111111-10

Parker.....01111111111111-10  
Crosby.....11011111111111-6  
Sumpter.....01011111111111-5

Pemberton.....00011111111111-4  
Lloyd.....01101111111111-7  
French.....11011111111111-6

Dugan.....00111111111111-6  
Irwin.....01101111111111-7  
Hughes.....00111111111111-7

Fifteen singles, known angles, \$1.50, \$15 added:  
Elliott.....11111111111111-12  
Crosby.....11011111111111-13

Parker.....11111111111111-13  
Wallace.....11111111111111-13  
Rex.....11111111111111-13

Pemberton.....11111111111111-14  
Lloyd.....11111111111111-14  
Smith.....11111111111111-14

Campbell.....11011111111111-11  
Litzke.....10011111111111-6  
Wood.....11101111111111-11

Ward.....11111111111111-12  
Williams.....11111111111111-12  
Wallace.....11111111111111-12

E. L. Fay.....01011111111111-7  
Hughes.....11111111111111-9  
Ward.....11011111111111-5

B. A. Fay.....00111111111111-5  
Rex.....10111111111111-8  
Spinks.....01111111111111-5

Wood.....00011111111111-5  
Dailey.....00111111111111-5  
Warner.....10111111111111-8

Third Day.—Fifteen singles, known angles, \$1.50, \$15 added:  
Elliott.....10011111111111-11  
E. L. Fay.....01111111111111-11

Irwin.....10111111111111-10  
Crosby.....10111111111111-10  
Mathews.....11111111111111-12

Pemberton.....11111111111111-10  
Lloyd.....11111111111111-14  
Smith.....11111111111111-14

Thiebault.....11111111111111-15  
Rex.....11011111111111-8  
Wallace.....11101111111111-10

Dugan.....11101111111111-10  
Litzke.....00111111111111-9  
Dickinson.....10111111111111-12

Fifteen singles, unknown angles, \$1.50, \$15 added:  
Elliott.....10011111111111-9  
Parker.....01101111111111-9

Crosby.....00011111111111-9  
Dugan.....00011111111111-9  
Pemberton.....11111111111111-12

Lloyd.....01111111111111-12  
Thiebault.....00100111111111-8  
Dugan.....01011111111111-7

Mathews.....01100111111111-7  
Dugan.....01100111111111-8  
McNamara.....11101111111111-8

Irwin.....11101111111111-8  
Woodson.....11111111111111-12  
Twenty singles, unknown angles, entrance \$2, \$20 added:

Elliott.....0011011111111111-10  
Parker.....0110111111111111-16  
Crosby.....1101111111111111-8

McNana.....1001111111111111-10  
Pemberton.....1111111111111111-12  
Lloyd.....1111111111111111-17

Thiebault.....1111111111111111-14  
Duley.....1111111111111111-14  
Hughes.....1111111111111111-14

Woodson.....1111111111111111-14  
Warner.....0011111111111111-11  
Dugan.....1111111111111111-13

Myers.....1111111111111111-13  
Fifteen targets, unknown angles, entrance \$1.50, \$15 added:  
Elliott.....10111111111111-10

Parker.....11111111111111-13  
Sumpter.....01111111111111-13  
Pemberton.....11111111111111-13

Lloyd.....11111111111111-13  
Thiebault.....01111111111111-13  
Duley.....11111111111111-13

Thiebault.....01111111111111-13  
Hughes.....11011111111111-6  
Woodson.....11111111111111-10

E. L. Fay.....00111111111111-10  
Dugan.....11111111111111-10  
Rex.....10111111111111-10

Ward.....11111111111111-10  
Fifteen singles, unknown angles, entrance \$1.50, \$15 added:  
Parker.....11111111111111-13

Sumpter.....11111111111111-12  
Pemberton.....11111111111111-12  
Lloyd.....01111111111111-12

Thiebault.....01111111111111-12  
Duley.....11111111111111-12  
Hughes.....11111111111111-12

Woodson.....01111111111111-12  
Mathews.....01111111111111-12  
B. A. Fay.....11011111111111-12

Williams.....01011111111111-7  
Smith.....01011111111111-9  
Martin.....01011111111111-10

Garrett.....01011111111111-10  
Cravens.....01011111111111-8  
Litzke.....00111111111111-8

Mathews.....01111111111111-12  
B. A. Fay.....11011111111111-12  
Williams.....01011111111111-7

Smith.....01011111111111-9  
Martin.....00011111111111-7  
Dailey.....11111111111111-10

Cravens.....11011111111111-12  
Garrett.....00111111111111-7

E. L. Fay.....10101111111111-10  
Ward.....00111111111111-10  
Wagner.....00111111111111-10

Dickinson.....00111111111111-11  
Wallace.....11111111111111-13  
Fourth Day.—10 singles, unknown angles, \$1, \$10 added:

Elliott.....11111111111111-9  
Lloyd.....11111111111111-9  
Woodson.....11111111111111-9

Duley.....00111111111111-9  
A. Dugan.....11111111111111-7  
H. Dugan.....01011111111111-8

Mathews.....11111111111111-8  
Twenty unknown angles, \$1, \$10 added:  
Parker.....11111111111111-16

Elliott.....11111111111111-16  
Williams.....01111111111111-16  
Wallace.....11111111111111-16

Woodson.....11111111111111-16  
Duley.....11111111111111-16  
Dugan.....11111111111111-16

Mathews.....11111111111111-16  
Lloyd.....11111111111111-16  
Fifteen singles, \$1.50 \$15 added:

Parker.....11111111111111-13  
Elliott.....10111111111111-12  
Wallace.....10111111111111-13

Woodson.....11011111111111-13  
Duley.....11011111111111-13  
Dugan.....11011111111111-13

Mathews.....11111111111111-13  
Lloyd.....11111111111111-13  
Twenty singles, unknown angles, \$2, \$20 added:

Elliott.....1010111111111111-13  
Pemberton.....1111111111111111-15  
Thiebault.....1111111111111111-15

Hughes.....1111111111111111-14  
Dickinson.....1111111111111111-14  
Williams.....0111111111111111-10

Dugan.....1111111111111111-10  
Rex.....1000111111111111-10  
Ward.....0111111111111111-10



## Prairie Gun Club Scores.

The scores of the Prairie Gun Club interstate tournament, shot May 17, 18, 19, were delayed by the great storm so that they did not reach us in season for last issue. They are given to-day.

The monotony of the live bird events was broken sometimes by a good bird. The scare ropes were almost in constant use to scare or force the birds to take wing. The strong wind deterred some from flying, and carried many others out of bounds after they were killed. There were, however, about two hours of good shooting on Thursday. On Thursday afternoon, when the weather turned colder and a stiff north wind blew across the traps, the beginning of the gale which did so much damage to the shipping on the lakes in the thirty-six hours following. Thursday was sweltering hot up to the early part of the afternoon. Then the gentle southern breeze gave place to a much cooler wind, when the birds flew better. They were very inferior lot taken after, which the birds flew better. They were very inferior lot taken after, which the birds flew better. They were very inferior lot taken after, which the birds flew better.

In the afternoon, a light snowstorm fell Saturday, on which day the wind still blew hard from the north, causing the targets to take the most erratic flights. Sometimes a target sent against the wind would generally climb up, turn upward and come back, falling yards behind the shooter. Sometimes they would suddenly pitch many yards behind the shooter. Down wind, they went with remarkable swiftness. It was the hardest kind of shooting. Add to these difficulties in manning the shot, the negligence of the Prairie Gun Club in not having a sufficient number of men to look after the arrangements which properly devolved upon the club, and it can readily be inferred that the tournament was not a success. Mr. Shaner would, although matters went most efficiently for the success of the tournament, notwithstanding the discouraging conditions. Mr. John Parker proved a most valuable acquisition to the clerical force on Saturday. All purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10, except when otherwise provided. Few ties were shot off.

The Lake Street Elevated Cup. A sweepstake of \$5 each. Novelty rule. Gold vase, valued at \$150, in addition to first money. Four moneys:

Mott.....	1110110110100110010011-16	10110000110110110111-18	101100100011011010011-15	100011001111000100100-11-60
Bingham.....	11101101101101101101-16	101101101101101101101-22	101101101101101101101-16	10010110110000010011001-12-65
Money.....	100111101101101101110-19	01111111110110011111-22	01010101110110110111-18	010101011011011010011-74
Elliott.....	111000111011011011001-16	111000111110110110111-19	101101101101101101110-18	withdrew.
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111111111-25	11111111111111111111-25	11111011001000000001-13	111101001100100100101-14-79
Fulford.....	11111111111111111111-21	100110101111010010111-20	1111011011110110111-16	100111011111001001000-16-72
Stannard.....	110001011110110110111-18	01010110111101101111-17	01101101101101101111-17	011011000110011011111-68
Dieter.....	101101111001000000111-13	100100111000110011100-59	01010110000110011111-14	0011010010010011011000-12
Runge.....	1110101001001001011011-35	1111111111101101111-30	0111111111101101111-23	101110111111101101101-18
Grimm.....	101011101000011101101-76	1011011110110110110110-19	100101111011011011011-19	000101111111101101101-20
Wright.....	1011011110110110110110-19	000101111011011011011-61	111000111111101101101-20	111011011011011011011-21
Helke.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Conner.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Rex.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Budd.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Jones.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Bersemmer.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Von Lengerk.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
C A Young.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Upson.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Geo Kleinman.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Wolstencroft.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Bob White.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Drake.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Denny.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Willard.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Courtney.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Prendergast.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
M C Brown.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19
Haggerty.....	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19	1011011110110110110110-19

Merrill.....	1111111110011111111011-22	010110111111111110110-19	110101011111111110111-21	110101111001100001110-14-76	110101111101101110101-21	1101011110000111111-18	010101011111111100110-15	withdrew.
Parker.....	0001100111000110011010-12	011110100011111011011-13	withdrew.					
Mackey.....	11111110011111111010311-17	110111111001101101101-17	withdrew.					
Brewer.....	100001101100001101011101-13	100111001111100001101101-16	10111111100110101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13

The Merrill sweepstake, 25 targets, \$2. In addition to first money winner to receive order for suit of clothing from Geo. Barnard & Co., valued at \$35:

Merrill.....	10000110100001101011101-13	100111001111100001101101-16	10111111100110101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Upson.....	100111001111100001101101-16	10111111100110101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
G Kleinman.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Thomas.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Ab Kleinman.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Fulford.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Van Dyke.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Brown.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Morley.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Prendergast.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Haggerty.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Cross.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Barto.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Heikes.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Bissell.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Hingham.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Johnson.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Stevens.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Frithingham.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Plummer.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Johnson.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13
Welburn.....	10111111100000101010111-18	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13	10111111100000101010111-13

The Clabrough contest, 50 target sweepstake, \$5, four moneys, rapid-fire system. In addition to first money, an ejector hammer-ss gun, valued at \$175, donated by J. P. Clabrough & Bro.:

Grimm.....	1110101111000010111010101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23
Haggerty.....	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23
Cannor.....	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23
Budd.....	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23
Brown.....	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23
Wright.....	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	11101011110000101110101101101-23	111010111100



Rifle in Texas.

A PRIZE rifle tournament took place at Cut Off, a station on the Southern Pacific east of San Antonio, which was attended by 104 contestants. Mr. Chas. Hummel, Dr. A. Herf, Mr. E. Teich and Capt. E. A. Dorsch, of San Antonio, represented the Alamo City, and struck a hot nest of rifle experts. They report the shooting splendid, the country smiling with flowers and good crops, but the execrable music furnished for the occasion caused a shrinking of the San Antonians' medulla oblongata, and they attribute their failure to stand in the front row to the horrible fanfares of the country band. Conditions, four shots at 125 and four shots at 175yds., American standard target, 10s only to count. Possible 80 points, open sights. The prize winners are as follows:

O Forcke, Live Oak.....	77	H Rosenbrook, Bexar.....	68
P Forster, Live Oak.....	75	A Schertz, Cut Off.....	68
L Adams, Cut Off.....	74	T Hoopp, Standard.....	68
J Hillert, Cut Off.....	71	H Spring, Green Valley.....	68
A Eberling, Live Oak.....	70	J Schnable, Live Oak.....	67
M Rithman, Cut Off.....	70	J Achterberg, Cut Off.....	67
C Pape, Standard.....	70	T Friesenbahn, Lone Star.....	67
O Meurin, Cut Off.....	70	O Krause, Live Oak.....	66
O Hummel, San Antonio.....	70	A Kneuper, Cut Off.....	66
L Sahn, Cordova.....	69	C Engelmann, Cut Off.....	66
C Kresche, Cordova.....	69	A Schwab, Green Valley.....	66
W Forcke, Cordova.....	69	E Teich, San Antonio.....	66
A Eberling, San Antonio.....	69	H Wohlfarth, Bexar.....	65
E Schertz, Cut Off.....	69	H Phell Bexar.....	65
O Schertz, Cut Off.....	69	A Hartmann, Cut Off.....	65

Greenville Rifle Club.

TWENTY members of the Greenville Rifle Club met at headquarters May 25 for competition in the weekly handicap gallery shoot. The new system of class shooting and the division of the prize money after each shoot is becoming quite popular with the members. The class winners and the scores are appended:

First class—First, C. Scheeline, 243-45; second, M. Dorrier, 244.  
Second class—First, J. Spahn, 236-3; second, Charlock, 225-5.  
Third class—First, Edward Wuestner, Jr., 223-8; second, R. Daniels, 219-7.

Scores: Collins 234, Robidoux 234, J. Boag 236, Scheeline 243, Chavant 223, Gotthardt 218, Charlock 231, Hil 217, Ziegler 206, Huelson 222, Dorrier 244, C. Boag 237, Purcell 237, Agneau 224, Dadds 231, J. Spahn 236, Chase 226, Daniels 217, E. Wuestner 223, Holzapfel 221.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

FOURTEEN members of the Schlicht Rifle Club were present at headquarters on May 22 to participate in the competition for the class medals. John Dedrick won the champion medal, Wm. Schlicht the first class, M. Dans the second class and Geo. Reichert the third class. Scores: G. Schlicht 242, S. Dedrick 238, G. Reichert 232, W. Schlicht 233, J. Schlicht 231, G. Dorr 230, M. Dans 230, C. Meyer 230, J. Diehl 227, A. Meyer 227, C. Schlicht 220, C. Stein 220, G. Goehing 219, F. Lambriz 223.

New York Independent Schuetzen Corps.

THE third monthly practice shoot of the New York Independent Corps was held in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Wednesday of last week. This corps held its previous shoots in Washington Park, but the destruction by fire of the latter park a few days since forced the corps to transfer its shoot for the present to New Jersey. The attendance at Union Hill was light. The weather was clear and warm, the atmosphere was, however, heavily charged with moisture from the rain the day previous, and the consequence was that the targets were somewhat obscured by fog. Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions there were some good scores made by the members who participated in the shoot. The best score on the ring target was made by Wm. Hayes with 115. Gus Zimmerman was second with 113. Gus Zimmerman was first on the man target with 59. Alex. Stein was second with 58. On the point target Gus Zimmerman was high with 19. Ignatz Marten and B. Walther tied for second place with 18 each. Scores:

Ring target, 5 shots, possible 125: W. Hayes 115, B. Walther 112, G. Zimmerman 113, I. Marten 108, G. Krauss 106, E. Fisher 100, Bittschier 97, G. Bauer 71, Kronsberg 71, Koerber 63, H. Schmitt 63, A. Schumacher 52, H. Martens 40, F. C. Halbe 39.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: G. Zimmerman 59, A. Stein 58, W. Hayes 56, B. Walther 55, I. Marten 53, E. Fisher 52, G. Krauss 49, G. Bauer 48, J. Bittschier 43, A. Schumacher 23, A. Schmitt 20.

Point target, 5 shots, possible 20: G. Zimmerman 19, I. Marten 18, B. Walther 18, E. Fisher 17, Stein 17, Kohn 17, Hayes 17, Krauss 16, Bittschier 15, Bauer 15, Soell 14, Kronsberg 14, A. Schmitt 12, Baub 12, Schumacher 11.

Palisade Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Palisade Club was held on May 22, nine members being present and participating. Scores: R. Glaser 232, G. Dorr 230, F. Esperer 230, C. Hemberger 227, H. Rose 224, H. C. Zuelch 218, M. Zeller 217, O. Bergemann 203.

RIFLE NOTES.

The New York Rifle Club opened its outdoor shooting for the season 1894 at the Greenville Schuetzen Park on Wednesday of this week. The Heidenreich Rifle Club closed a two days' shoot at Lion Park on Monday of this week. The scores will appear in our next issue.

The Concordia bund of Brooklyn will hold a festival and prize shoot in the Glendale Park on June 3 and 4.

Messrs. Plaisted and Hansen met in a friendly match in the Greenville Park on Friday afternoon of last week; 70 shots, German ring target:

Plaisted.....209 218 208 215 218 216 220—1504  
Hansen.....218 206 209 214 210 221 222—1497

The Hoboken Independent Corps holds its annual festival and prize shoot in the Union Hill Park on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Gus Zimmerman sails on the Augusta Victoria on Thursday of this week for a two months' visit to Germany. He will participate in the great shooting festival in Mainz June 17-25.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. H. F., Decatur, Ill.—The scientific name you send is correct.

J. H. A., Philadelphia.—1. There is no means of making ordinary clothing waterproof. 2. You might communicate with the proprietor of the Aberdeen Hotel, at Longport. 3. We would advise you to go into one of the Philadelphia tackle stores and take their advice on the tackle.

J. W. E., Rochester.—Will you please inform me through your paper first, of the fishing in Keuka Lake, N. Y., second, are there any trout streams that run into it? Ans. 1. In Keuka Lake are black bass, whitefish, perch, pickerel, rock bass, etc. 2. We cannot say. Write Lake Keuka House, Keuka.

G. R. F. Jr., Cambridge, Mass.—Can you inform me through your columns of any place in New Brunswick where I can get good plover and shorebird shooting; good English snipe shooting; teal or black duck or woodcock shooting in September? Ans. We think you would find all the above kinds of shooting in the vicinity of Dalhousie or Eel River.

Quickening the Schedule of the Pennsylvania Limited between New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

A GENERAL change of time will go into effect on the Pennsylvania Railroad lines on May 27.

The principal change is in the Pennsylvania Limited, the schedule of which is greatly quickened between the East and the West. The importance of this train to the traveling public is appreciated by the management, and nothing is left undone to make it the best and most attractive passenger train in the world. The great improvements recently made in the splendid road bed of the Pennsylvania, the elimination of curves, the laying of additional tracks, and the perfected block signal system enables the company to make the schedule of twenty-four hours between New York and Chicago with greater ease, comfort, and safety to the passenger than under the old schedule of twenty-six hours.

On the new schedule the Limited will leave New York at 10 A. M., Philadelphia 12:20 P. M., Washington 10:30 A. M., Baltimore 11:40 A. M., arrive Pittsburgh 9:15 P. M., and arrive at Chicago 9 o'clock the next morning. The east-bound train will leave Chicago 5:30 P. M., leave Pittsburgh 7:15 A. M., arrive Baltimore 4:20 P. M., Washington 5:45 P. M., Philadelphia 4:17, and New York 6:30 P. M. It will be equipped with Pullman perfected vestibule sleeping, dining, smoking and observation cars.

This is the best and most conveniently adjusted schedule of any train in service between the East and the West. The New York man who has business in Chicago may arrive there in the morning, execute his mission, and depart for the East in the afternoon, having had the benefit of a full day in Chicago.—Adv.

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Winning Team Feb. 23, 1894.—Maplewood Gun Club.

Yeomans.....	11111111111111111111—23
Sickley.....	11111111111111111111—24
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111111111—24
Drake.....	11111111111111111111—23
War Smith.....	11100001111111111111—19—113

Winning Team, March 22.—Maplewood Gun Club.

W Smith.....	01011111111111111111—23
Yeomans.....	11111111111111111111—24
Sickley.....	11111111111111111111—24
Van Dyke.....	10111111111111111111—23
Drake.....	11111111111111111111—23—118

Winning Team, April 26.—South Side Gun Club.

Brintnall.....	11111111111111111111—23
Thomas.....	11111111111111111111—23
Headea.....	11111111111111111111—25
Geoffroy.....	11111111111111111111—24
Hoffman.....	11001111111111111111—23—116

Winning Team, May 9.—Maplewood Gun Club.

W Smith.....	10101101111111111111—23
Yeomans.....	11111111111111111111—25
Sickley.....	11111111111111111111—23
Van Dyke.....	11111111111111111111—23
Drake.....	11111111111111111111—25—118

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

FISH COMMISSIONER JOHN W. TITCOMB sends us the year book of the Vermont Fish and Game League for 1894. Mr. Titcomb was the father of the League; he has always been its secretary, and largely to his individual activity in undertaking and doing, the people of Vermont owe the League's steady success and growth in usefulness. We say the people of Vermont, and we mean all the citizens of the State, for the benefit of the League is by no means limited to those who are its members, nor to sportsmen. In his preface to the hand-book Mr. Titcomb writes:

Many people of Vermont think the fish and game laws are made entirely in the interest of sportsmen. While this belief may be natural, it is a mistaken one. Many citizens are prone to consider all fish and game protective associations are organized for selfish purposes only. While this imputation is a natural one, it is untrue in the case of the Vermont Fish and Game League. Of its large membership only a small majority shoot and fish, and of those who do, many go to more favorable localities for their sport.

This is well said, and it might be urged with good reason for every organization designed to uphold game and fish protection, whether or not it be composed wholly of sportsmen. What is true of Vermont is true of every other State. Game protection is for the public good. The very fact that the community, through its representatives in the legislature, assumes to provide game laws is an admission and recognition of the principle that game protection is for the common advantage. If this be so, then the club, society, league, association or what-not, designed to enforce these laws, is likewise in its purpose for the common good, and should have public indorsement and support. The support should not be limited to sportsmen. Every public-spirited, yes, every common, every-day, well-intentioned if easy-going citizen, who makes no claim to public spirit, should do his part in upholding the voluntary associations of individuals who are banded together for game and fish protection, and are willing to do their part.

The time is coming when this will be more clearly understood and when the proportion of non-sportsmen members in protective associations will be more considerable than it is at present. We shall then not have the spectacle of otherwise intelligent men holding themselves aloof from protective effort, and perhaps even combating it under the mistaken notion that the interests involved are of the few against the many.

This thought should give comfort to the pioneers in the cause, and if it ever penetrates the noddles of the grouse-snarers and trout-netters it should suggest that for them the writing is on the wall,

BUFFALO MIGRATIONS.

THE remarks on buffalo migration printed in another column from the pen of "Forked Deer" are entitled to respectful consideration, for the writer is an old hunter whose experience goes back many years. There is not, and never has been, any question that seasonal migrations of the buffalo took place, but these migrations have been greatly exaggerated. It has often been asserted that the buffalo summered in Manitoba and wintered in Mexico, a statement which is manifestly absurd. Of course no one believes that on the Fourth of July all the buffalo of the continent were gathered together north of the United States boundary line in Canada, nor on Jan. 1 all these buffalo were to be found in Texas or Mexico. It is possible that at certain seasons of the year no buffalo were found in Texas, but it is certain that there was no time of the year when buffalo were not found in what are now the Northwest Territories, Montana and North and South Dakota.

Their migrations were no doubt governed in a measure by the seasons of cold and heat; but many other causes gave rise to their movements. As has been stated in a recent article on the buffalo, in Montana and the Northwest Territories the bands in winter moved up close to the mountains and in summer moved further out on to the plains.

Most plainmen believed that at certain seasons of the year all the buffalo moved to a certain range of country. This was naturally enough inferred from the fact that at such times all the buffalo to be seen were moving in one direction, and the further fact that at certain other times great stretches of country were absolutely barren of buffalo. There were migrations of the buffalo, and they were often on a vast scale so far as numbers go; but in the matter of distance covered, we believe that they were much less than has been commonly represented. They were not in any sense to be compared with the migrations of many species of birds, but were more like those of our Western deer, elk and antelope, which migrate, indeed, in the sense that they change their ranges with the seasons, but not in the sense that they necessarily go south at the approach of winter and north in the spring.

SNAP SHOTS.

DURING the first month in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has had control of the licensing of dogs in New York city, 10,059 were licensed, as against 7,000, the largest number ever issued by the Mayor's Marshal. This does not show an increase of dogs in the city, but it proves that owners have confidence in the new arrangement, and are ready to cooperate in it.

A Constitutional Convention is now sitting in Albany to consider proposed amendments to the State Constitution, and advocates of various desired reforms are making themselves heard. If some one would get under way a "petition with boots on" for an amendment forbidding all legislative tinkering with the game and fish laws, other than at fixed intervals of twenty-five years, he would find himself uproariously supported, and would deserve well of his grandchildren.

In his report the other day of the work of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in defeating the Gilbert trout bill, Secretary H. H. Kimball pointed out the necessity of organization for protecting the interests of the public in its fish and game supply. It was good doctrine. If Mr. Kimball should go out into New Jersey to promulgate his views, he would find at Greenwood Lake a capital field for missionary enterprise. There are hotels at the lake which depend for patronage largely upon the fishermen who resort to those waters for fishing. Under such conditions it might be taken for granted that the hotel keepers would join together and look to it that Greenwood Lake fish were protected thoroughly and at all seasons against the netters and snarers. Every bass is so much stock for the common advantage. If Greenwood Lake fishing is good, that means that scores and hundreds of fishermen go from New York and Brooklyn and Jersey City and Newark and other cities and towns. Each and every one of this multitude expends money for traveling, for hotels, for boat, for guide, for incidentals. In their fishing Greenwood Lake residents have a gold mine. But the multitudes do not flock to Greenwood Lake for the fishing, not after they have once been there

and have found the fishing poor. The fishing is poor because the fish are not protected. The fish are not protected because the very people whose self interest it would be to protect them are lacking in enterprise and common sense. Some of the hotel people have themselves taken part in the foolish netting of game fish; last week we reported the conviction of two of them by Game Warden Shriner and to-day we note another suit pending.

In the June Scribner's Dr. L. M. Yale draws from definitions of a game fish by Dr. G. Brown Goode these distinguishing characteristics: "A game fish should have beauty, sapidity of flesh, and a certain degree of rarity to excite the desire of the angler, as well as courage, strength, nimbleness and cunning to test his skill in a contest rendered the more even by delicacy of tackle."

Such is the ideal game fish perhaps, yet many which are counted game do not answer to all of these conditions. A muscalonge is neither beautiful to look upon nor is its flesh a delicacy, yet we should like to see any one presume to read it out of the list. A tarpon is beautiful, but no one pretends to esteem it for food. The skate has sapidity when served by a French chef, but it is not one of the beauties of nature. Black bass and trout are both beautiful and good to eat, but in many localities they have not in any sense a "degree of rarity."

An Asbury Park correspondent recorded his disappointment last week because after long and valiantly playing a big bass in the surf it turned out to be a shark. But if we exclude from the list sharks because they are deficient in edible qualities, should we not to be consistent exclude as well, for instance, sheephead in salt water and black bass in fresh, when they are caught by count-fishermen and after due display on hotel verandahs are dumped out on to the compost heap?

Here is a definition of a game fish: One which affords fun in the taking and satisfaction in the having.

Secretary Edward J. Banks of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association sends us a letter printed in another column relative to the proposed action of the Association toward revision of the game laws. One topic upon which the views of sportsmen of the State are invited is the prohibition of the sale of game. We know that there are in Pennsylvania those who hold the opinion that the prohibition of the sale of game would be three-fourths of the battle for protection. They are on the right road. The more thoroughly this subject is discussed the more clearly is shown the sound reason in FOREST AND STREAM's platform plank—the sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons.

The angler who is cunning enough to cast his lines in "fished out" waters at the proper interval after every one else has become disgusted and given them up, is likely to be rewarded. In such waters, given the go-by for a few seasons, the fish multiply and grow big, and then the first comer is the lucky one.

From many districts come reports of excellent trout fishing this year; and although the weather has been cold and unfavorable for fishing, the season promises to be a capital one for all kinds of fish.

The case of Fish Commissioner Follett, of Connecticut, who was found guilty of having netted trout in Massachusetts waters, has been settled, the defendant abandoning his appeal to the higher court.

Our San Antonio correspondent wires under date of June 5 that a band of fifty buffalo were seen last week in Val Verde county, Texas, among them a number of calves. The first duty of Texas is to provide safety for this remnant against the hunters who will beset them.

The notes on pound fishing printed elsewhere merit attention because they come from a practical man actually engaged in that mode of fishing, and because they show intrinsic evidence of having been written without passion and honestly.

Just as we go to press word comes to us that the new United States Fish Commission's hatchery will be located at Cape Vincent, New York.



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### ABENAKI GABE.

FREDERICTON, the capital of New Brunswick, is about eighty miles distant by water from the city of St. John, and has long been known as a central point for amateur hunters and fishermen. The St. John River is here about half a mile wide. Directly opposite the town stands a little group of huts in which reside the last of the Abenakis, that once powerful race of savages, who were so formidable to the English about the latter part of the seventeenth century that their name was a terror to Boston. In fact De Villebon, then Governor of Acadia, had communicated to the Court of France a project for the capture of that city by means of the Abenakis, who were to be aided by a small detachment of French troops.

One of the descendants of these dusky warriors was to carry me in his bark canoe from Fredericton to the mouth of the Nashwaasis on the east side of the St. John, about two miles above Fredericton, where we were to dine in the open air on the grassy sward, in our old accustomed way, for we had been friends for years. He was, by agreement, to bring the cooking utensils and I the food.

Promptly at 9 A. M. of May 21 my Abenaki friend was at the wharf in his canoe, in which I placed the provisions I had purchased, consisting of a pound of very fat salt pork, of which the Indians are very fond, a dozen eggs, two ounces of tea and a pound of family pilot bread. Gabe had his frying pan, small tin kettle, two tin dippers, a table-knife and fork and a large hunting-knife with which to slice the fat pork for frying.

My companion's full name was Gabriel Atwin; the soft language of the Abenakis, finding the "q" of Aquino too harsh, had replaced that letter by "t." The name was bestowed on Gabe's ancestor by one of those French Jesuits who labored so long and so hard to convert the Abenakis to Christianity. Little did the noble Count Aquino, or his most illustrious son Saint Thomas, think that their honored name would be borne 600 years after their decease by the inhabitants of a then unknown land.

Gabe, my pilot, cook and friend, must be 71 years of age. He is a well built intelligent looking Abenaki of medium height, his jet black hair is turning gray and his once active motions are becoming more deliberate with a advancing age. At the time of the Fisheries Exhibition in London, he was sent there by the Government of Canada; and as he was well known to a number of the officers of the English Army, having often hunted with them when they were stationed in America, great attention was paid to him. He told me that although he liked these gentlemen very much, as they were very kind to him, he did not like England. On asking him his reason he said, "There is no liberty there, if a fellow wants to go fishing or shooting they won't let him." The magnitude of London astonished him, and writing to a friend in New Brunswick he said: "Dear Bob, if you haint seen London, you haint seen nothin'." He told me also that the English were great thieves; he said that he could not leave a pipe, or a box, or anything outside of his wigwam (which was placed in one of the London parks), but it was stolen at once.

Gabe is not much given to talk, but when he does is often witty as well as instructive. Although a Christian, he yet places a certain amount of belief in the legends which have come down to him from the days of his pagan ancestors. One day when we were together in a canoe he said to me, "There must be something in 'Glooscap's' story, for I have seen his pack which he left on the shore not far from St. John; it is all turned to stone; and there is the hole that the mink made in it. And then I have seen in the rock at Machias the entrails of the moose that 'Glooscap' killed; they are of white rock and all twisted."

Once in a while he talks about the old Indians and their manners and customs. One lovely June day we were paddling a canoe near what he calls "Augh-pa-hack," the head of tide, six miles above Fredericton, and were passing close to a beautiful and fertile island, when Gabe said to me, "When I was a little boy I used to come here with my mother to get Indian potatoes. She dug them with a hoe and I followed her and picked them up. This was what our people used before the whites brought us the real potatoes." Being desirous of knowing what this root was of which these people had formerly made use, I asked him to find me one. Pushing the canoe to the shore of the island, he went up to a clump of alders and followed down the stalk of a climbing plant which had mounted to the top of these bushes, and when he came to the root drew it out of the soft, rich ground with his fingers, holding it up to me. The root was long and seemed formed of a series of small bulbs connected together like a string of beads. On examining the plant, I found that it either was or resembled the wild convolvulus. "We used to dry these, and they were our chief vegetable food," said Gabe. "I can remember also that my mother had a big stone mortar in which she used to pound or grind up the Indian corn which we used. This island (Hart's) was once a great place for the Indians. Here they played ball and ran races. I have seen their race course; it was marked deep in the sod, beaten down by their feet, and went all around the island. We had our church over there on the mainland, but it was burned by the English many years before I was born, so our fathers said."

Returning from this digression to our trip, the St. John River was very high; all the islands and all the low lands were flooded, and great elms and maples were seen standing as it were in one great sea. Toward these we directed our course, and paddling between and among them, came to a fringe of shrubs which bordered the shore of the Nashwaasis, through whose tops our canoe made its way until our progress was stayed by the upper pole of a submerged cedar fence. This, however, Gabe soon pushed to one side with his paddle and ran the bow of his craft up on the shore of the green sward, to allow of my stepping out, and of his removing the provisions and cooking utensils to the place where we were to dine. He soon gathered up some chips, made a fire and proceeded to fry some pork and eggs and prepare tea for our dinner. While thus engaged we had a discussion over Abenaki words. "I cannot understand Indian words as they are printed on the map," said he. "You call the river ten miles below Fredericton Oromocto. We have no r in our language. The name of this river is Wee-la-moooc-took—deep river. Cain's River, which runs into the southwest Miramichi, is called Mich-ma-we-we-la-moooc-took, or in English,

Micmac's Oromocto. Then you call a branch of the Nashwaak Cleuristic; that is not the name of this stream; it is Kul-loo-sis-sec; it was called so because there was a great eagle's nest on a high rock near the mouth of this stream. Kulloo, the eagle, was very big. The name of the brook means Kul-loo's nest."

While the meat was frying in the pan a huge heron slowly rose from the shore. "There is Kos-que," said he, "the old Indians were very fond of these birds, which make a great lot of nests, many families building near one another. About the 26th of July, when the young were big and fat, the old Indians would go to these places where the nests were and take the young ones out and kill them; and after they had tried out all the fat, which was saved to be used again, they smoked the bodies and so kept them from spoiling."

Our meal being ready, Gabe took a sheepskin with the wool on out of his canoe, where he had placed it in the bottom for me to sit on (and a capital thing it is for such purpose), and with it and a block of wood extemporized a chair. "I forgot the plates," said he, "but here is a piece of shingle." This answered the purpose just as well and we were soon engaged in discussing a rude meal, which was eaten with more zest than would have been one of a city chef's most artistic production.

EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, May 22.

### STORIES OF EZRA.—I.

In the autumn of 1873 I came to Redfield, Iowa, and being pleased with the village and its surroundings, made it my home for four years. One very snowy morning in the first December I went into the harness shop to get some leather scraps to cut into gun wads. After some talk with the harness maker about shooting he turned to a tall, delicate-looking young man who was busy at stitching a trace, and said: "Ezra, would you like to go a-huntin'?" Ezra "lowed" he would. "Well," said the boss, "I reckon ye might as well go, an' ye better hitch the team to the sled 'n then maybe you can get some chickens." On this trip began my acquaintance with E. R. Ford—Ez, or Ezra, as everybody called him—and he proved to be such a delightful shooting and fishing companion that I seldom went without asking Ezra to go.

#### The Screech Owl.

In the last week of the following May Ezra said, "Let's go and get some of them young fox squirrels down in the bottom timber."

And we went. The squirrel shooting was fairly good, and after getting eight we sat down to talk. A screech owl came out of a hollow tree and sat on a limb a few feet away.

"That screech owl," said Ezra, "makes me think of something that happened when I was a little boy and we lived in Hoosier. One day the old gentleman gave me and Ike [his brother] an unmerciful whipping. For a wonder we had done nothing to merit such punishment this time, and we were so cut up, in our minds as well as on our backs, that we vowed to get even with the old man. Right back of our house was a big piece of woods that we had never ventured into, believing it was filled with all sorts of mysterious creatures, and that it extended clear to the other edge of the world. Ike said we would go into the woods so far that the old man could never find us, and we'd stay there till he grieved himself to death about us; and then we could come back and not be licked any more."

"We hadn't gone far into the woods before the deep shade and deeper stillness got us to feeling mighty queer. After we had gone about a quarter of a mile we stopped, too afraid to go any further, and both of us too afraid to speak. We stood there about a minute when we heard a sort of snapping or clicking noise, and when we looked around we saw five screech owls, the first we had ever seen, young ones I suppose they were, all sitting in a row on a limb, within six feet of our heads. One at a time they opened their big mouths and shut them with a snap; and one of them let out a long, quivering, tremulous screech that sent cold chills of terror all over us, and their big eyes seemed to look right through us. We were so paralyzed by fright that we couldn't move. Maybe we'd have been there yet if some noise had not made all of them look the other way. That broke the spell, and we lit out. We fell over logs, scrambled through briars, stubbed our bare toes against roots; but we never stopped till we got into the house. The old gentleman was hoeing potatoes, and we went out there and pulled weeds all the afternoon and found lots of comfort keeping close to him. We didn't say anything about it, not even to each other, and for a while after we went to bed we lay perfectly still, with the quilts over our heads. At last I whispered, 'Ike, what was they?' 'Spirits,' whispered Ike. 'What sort of spirits?' 'Spirits of boys that run off and get eat up with bears.'

"I've a great mind," added Ezra, addressing himself to the owl, "to shoot you for what your uncles and aunts did to me. I'll sh'y a stone at you, anyway."

The owl alighted on a stump. Ezra said, "Now, I'll just walk round you till you twist your neck off, and if you choose to commit suicide that way, your blood won't be on my hands."

Twenty times he walked around that owl, and while it kept its body motionless, the owl's face was always turned toward him.

"What do you think of it?"

"Begin to think Ike was right about their being spirits," said I.

"Well," said Ezra, "I'll tell you how he does it. He turns his head a little more than once around, and then turns it back again so quick you don't notice it. I'll start from square in front of him, and if you'll watch right close, when I get a little more than half-way round you'll see his head turn back and stop just where it was before." And knowing how and when to look, I saw it.

#### The Wood Duck's Nest.

After settling the owl matter, Ezra suggested, "Let's go over to the bayou. There are two wood ducks' nests over there. I want to see if they've hatched." As we neared the bayou he said, "There they are, up at the other end. See them? They haint seen us, and they're coming this way. Get down behind this log."

In half an hour they came quite close, and we had an excellent view of them; playing and feeding much as tame ducks do, except that the mother was ever on the alert for danger. There were sixteen of the young ones. They

did not look to be more than a day old, but they swam and dived almost equal to their mother. As it was open water and not more than a foot deep, I suggested that we catch the young ones and try to raise them. "We'll try it," said Ezra, "but if we catch one of them, we will do better than I've been able to do yet." As we arose from behind the log, the mother duck, with simulated lameness and warning cries, half flying and half swimming, went round a bend of the bayou, and every duckling disappeared under the water, hardly leaving a ripple. We rushed in where they had disappeared, and after we stood still a little while, the youngsters began to come up all round us; and now that they were not warned by their mother, did not seem much alarmed, but were too suspicious to allow us to pick them up, and would dive if we went too near them. Presently they were all gone; just where, we could not tell, and the old one came back and circled over head till she saw they were safely hidden, and then sought safety herself, and we went into hiding again, and were rewarded by seeing the old one alight on the water. After carefully looking for danger and seeing none, a few tender notes brought the young brood swimming to her from their hiding places along the bank. Then all swiftly and silently swam out of sight around the bend. "Now," said Ezra, "let's go further down the bottom and get some more squirrels, and as we come back we will find the ducks out in the woods, if we find them at all, and then we can get some of them."

An hour and a half later we were walking along the bayou, a couple of hundred yards beyond where the ducks had disappeared around the bend, when the old duck flew from the ground. "Now we will find those youngsters," said Ezra, "right where the old one flew from." It was a rather open place in the woods, with nothing on the ground but dead leaves, and not a duckling to be seen. I said they would not be there, but Ezra said they were there, and we would find them all in a bunch, and half covered with leaves. And he did find them, and just that way. Huddled together in a little depression in the ground, half covered with dead leaves, were 16 little yellow balls of down, the bright eyes being the only sign of life about them. "Now," said Ezra, "we will find they are a pretty lively lot, and the only way to get any of them is to single out one and go for him, and then if there is another one in sight, go for it."

We captured six, which we took home in the pockets of our shooting coats, and put them in a big box, but they climbed right up the sides of the box, and it kept one of us busy keeping them in till some boards were put over the top. We did not entirely cover the box for fear they would not have sufficient air, and next morning the ducklings were all gone. Whether they got out by their own efforts or were helped by a cat, we never knew.

O. H. HAMPTON.

## "Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 4.

### THE STORY OF THE TRIP.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 24.—When the FOREST AND STREAM man stepped off from the train at Cinnabar there was an eager and a nipping air coming down off Electric Peak a slick-looking young U. S. lieutenant coming up the platform, an ambulance with four gray and woolly Army mules coming up the street, and Billy Hofer coming up into the car. All of which made a good environment. In about two minutes, after I had become well acquainted with Lieut. Lindsley, we all went over and got something to eat, and then started for the Post, the ambulance being filled with eggs, cabbage, oranges, side meat and other delicatessen beside Billy and myself, who were both good things. Lieut. Lindsley, upon whom devolves the commissary work of Ft. Yellowstone, followed later in a buckboard and a buffalo coat.

The first thing curious I noticed was the belt worn by the driver who negotiated the four woolly mules. He wore one of the U. S. blanket-and-canvas storm coats, better than a buffalo coat, which was girt close about him by this most formidable belt—an affair made of sole leather, over a foot wide, and fastened with three or four smaller straps and buckles at the ends. In place, this belt covered the whole body closely from the hips more than half way to the shoulders, and kept all air from flowing up under the clothing, as well as protecting the vitals by an impervious shield. When the driver threw this belt on the platform in front of the post office at Gardiner it sounded as if he had dropped a keg of nails. He took off his belt there so that he could drink something, I believe, it being too tight for that purpose when in place. The driver told me that the stage coach drivers and others exposed to the severe winter weather of the mountains could hardly endure the exposure without these big belts, which made them warmer than anything else they could wear—"a heap warmer than any overcoat," he said.

#### Wild Game.

An army ambulance is built for utility and not for fun. The windows are cut so low at the top that you can't get much good out of the landscape, if the latter stands on edge, as it does in this country. I nearly broke my neck trying to see the top of the mountains, and had to sit flat down on the floor while I was trying to see the antelope Billy was pointing out to me as we crossed the Gardiner Flats and went fairly into the great National Park. There the antelope were, sure enough, with their white harness hard to make out against the white background, though Billy's more practiced eye picked out group after group, while my big game eyes were getting their first practice after a long rest.

Beyond the flats, we began the steady climb up the Gardiner to the Post, the wheels crunching through snow in places apparently four feet deep. The river on our right came tearing and boiling down, a lovely stream. We saw some mallards contentedly swimming in a quiet part of the stream and they did not fly, though we passed within 20 yds. of them. The little purple water ouls were flying up and down the roughest parts of the water, at home in the turmoil, and singing sweetly and shrilly, apparently content in their wintry and forbidding home. We also saw a bluebird, away up there in the snow, and it did not seem unhappy or alarmed by the moun-



tains and the snows. In fact, even so early, one could see that in this enchanted land summer and winter go hand in hand the year round. The ice and snow are in spots parted by warm streams or broken up by large areas of warm ground. Nowhere in the great snow country can game winter as it can here, and for this reason the wonderful region should be forever preserved. Thus presently we came to the "Boiling River," pouring its hot flood out of the rocks into the Gardiner River, and near here we saw still more of the waterfowl and birds which winter in this part of the Park. If our cameras had been ready we could have photographed wild mallards.

The driver had that morning seen three mountain sheep (bighorns) on the rocks near the Eagle's Nest, the big ledge overhanging the road which will be remembered by all Park tourists, and we hoped that we should be fortunate enough to get sight of them, but it seems that they had taken fright at a dog which accompanied one of the teams. They are very often seen near the road, and are very fearless and tame. This is within three miles of the Park line, I believe. So much for summer-in-winter, and for protection of the game. The game knows the country and it takes it but a very short time to learn of the protection. There is no known place on earth now, outside of the Park, where one may approach within 30 yds. of wild bighorns without their taking fright on seeing one.

#### The Vestibule of Wonderland.

A bruising pull through the deep snow of the last hill, and we came out on the parade ground of the Post, the little flat valley nature has arranged as the vestibule for her house of wonders. The big Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, untenanted except by Manager Deane and his wife, stood opposite, and at the right were the "new quarters" of the Post. Beyond, Liberty Cap and the Minerva Terrace, the latter steaming in the cold air that circled every wondrous cauldron. Around, the mountains shouldered in closely, all white and shivery looking. Still beyond, valley and cañon and crag crowded together, unwilling to give entrance even to an eye, and apparently grudging even the scantiest knowledge of the treasures they had in keeping from the hand that made it all. Mount Evert's gray unshapely front, the hills back of the Terrace, the cañon of the Gardiner winding beyond the Post meadows, the peaks that flank the upper flats and edge the Golden Gate, all these many have seen brown and gray and black and green in the summer, but who has seen them white and solemn in the depth of the mountain winter time? Only a few. This and the sights beyond—the winter landscape of this wild tremendous region—the panorama of the Wonderland when wrapped in its robes of snow—to see that, to intrude upon the brooding mountains when they rest and plan their mysteries—where is a greater privilege accorded any traveler? It is the journey of a lifetime. What wonder that one thrilled even at the anticipation!

And now Capt. Anderson, commanding officer of the Post and superintendent of the Park, met us as we topped the hill where the "old quarters" lie, hauled us forth from the ambulance and took possession of the FOREST AND STREAM man forthwith as being a suspicious character. As I had supposed the programme was to sleep out in the snow every night after crossing the Park line, I was able to stand this for a few days. The Captain's cook is notoriously the best in the Army. As for the Captain himself, you would better get acquainted with him yourself.

At Capt. Anderson's pleasant quarters I remained from Saturday, March 10, till Wednesday, March 14, preparing for the trip into the mountains, and learning about the Park, its game, its system of patrol, the pleasant and the harassing nature of some of the duties connected with its supervision. I could learn something of this, something of the difficulties of the work, something of the inadequacies of the equipment to the task, but never until I was actually into the wilderness and had seen the terrors of that winter reign, could I realize the magnitude of the task asked at the hands of this handful of devoted and hard-working troopers. Under the old regime this was a task almost too hard and too thankless to ask of any men; yet from officer to private I can say I never heard a murmur of complaint, and among privates as well as officers there seemed to exist a singular enthusiasm for the arduous and sometimes almost unumitary labors asked of them in their duty of protecting the Park. Now, thank Providence, there is a better law, and the "snowshoe cavalry," as some of the ski-running troopers call themselves, will not have only their labor for their pains.

The Yellowstone is a two-company post, and is probably one of the busiest of the mountain posts in the winter. It has an unusually large number of good snowshoers in its force, due to the scouting trips of earlier years and the ski practice which officers encourage as so useful in this mountain work. Even the children wear skis at Ft. Yellowstone, and it is no rare sight to see four or five little pairs of skis on the front stoop of a house. Most of the officers know a bit about ski running, and at the time I arrived at the Post two of them, Capt. Scott and Lieut. Forsythe, were absent with the Haynes photographic expedition, of which I shall write later.

#### Photographing Antelope.

Capt. Anderson has a most pleasant family of young officers with him—besides those above named, Port Surgeon Gandy, and Lieutenants Daniels, Nance and Lindsley. The terms army officer and sportsman are synonymous, and in the case of Dr. Gandy we found that a love for amateur photography was also included. The result of this was that Dr. Gandy, Billy Hofer and I went out on a photographic still-hunt for antelope on the Gardiner Flats the first clear day we got. We found the antelope abundantly enough and obligingly tame, but the wind was so high we had trouble to get good pictures. Dr. Gandy often set up his tripod deliberately within good range of the beautiful creatures, and took shot after shot while I lay on the ground and tried to hold steady the vibrating legs of the machine, but we got only one picture of any value. Billy had a long range special outfit, and had some beautiful shots at antelope standing, marching, trotting and running, but the Smithsonian Institution, to whom he sent the negatives for development, has calmly absorbed them and made no sign so far as I know.

We saw, probably, the entire band of the Park herd of antelope, about 400. Often they crossed in little bunches not 75 yds. in front of us, and we had a unique and valuable opportunity of studying them. There was one old

leader, a buck, which was a distinct trotter, and rarely broke his long-reaching trotting stride, although the entire band behind him were on the run. I will back this trotting antelope against any other trotting antelope on earth, and it's a "moral" for the Gardiner Flats beast.

This was the beginning of the spectacle of the great game in the Park, a fraction of what we were to see. Every day we heard of the sheep down by Eagle Nest, and every day that I was at the Post, without exception, we saw a band of elk on the high bare ridge back of Minerva Terrace. These Capt. Anderson calls his "pets," and daily he watches them from his window as he sits and reads. Often they come lower down, and once he saw forty elk just back of Lieut. Lindsley's quarters. Sometime, too, a herd of blacktail deer will come down the hill almost into the Post limits. The Post is located at a comparatively low altitude, and the snow does not lie so deep there as in the upper Park. Once we had a Chinook, and under the breath of that mysterious wind the snow settled and fled in the most surprising manner. This was in early March. We had purposely postponed our trip till March, as by that time the snow has become less fluffy and more solid, therefore better for snowshoeing. Let no one suppose that March means spring in the Park. The snow envelops everything there till June. While we lay at the Post it snowed almost every day. A drift 12 ft. high lay along the walk in front of the officers' quarters. Around the great springs of the Minerva Terrace the white garment of winter was apparently 6 to 10 ft. high, and in drifts we could only guess how deep.

#### Warnings.

Of course it is hard for the summer tourist to realize the difference between the Park in summer and the Park in winter. In the summer one rides through the Park in comparative ease. In the winter one cannot even walk. No friendly pack horse can lighten one's load, and if he is tired he cannot swing into the saddle or loll upon a wagon seat. Every inch of the way must be traveled on the snowshoes, and when a man's own muscles cease to work he ceases to advance. There is no way of lightening or evading the labor, and emphatically it is every man for himself. These things were pointed out to me by friends. Before I left Chicago one friend almost besought me never to go into the Park in the winter, as he had once been caught by a snowstorm there and hardly got out alive. As I approached the Park these warnings became more frequent and more ominous. At Livingston guides and old-timers shook their heads, and civil engineers advised me not to go in. At Gardiner, as I learned later, bets were freely offered that our party would get no further in than the Swan Lake flats, beyond the Golden Gate. Even at the Post there were not wanting those who said quietly, "I do not envy you the trip." Here, then, one was placed against the first edge of the enterprise, and began to realize something of the quality of the work ahead.

#### The Outfit.

Billy and I had brought in both the Canadian web shoes and the Norwegian skis, also a toboggan. We thought at first of using the web shoes and pulling the toboggan, but Billy later decided very wisely that it was better to stick to the skis, almost universally used in the Rockies, and to leave the toboggan behind, carrying everything on our backs in packs. The wisdom of this arrangement was most obvious later on. The Haynes photographing party started with a toboggan, but abandoned it at the Cañon. They learned that it took the whole party to get the flat-bottomed thing along. It is next to impossible to pull any weight behind the ski, and if one wears webs, and so gets traction power, he can not take the long runs down hill by which so much of the time is made in ski running. All the mountain men seem to unite in condemning the web or Indian shoe for this mountain work. They say the ski is far easier and faster.

For clothing, Billy's advice was followed implicitly. We wore heavy wool underwear, wool trousers, canvas overalls and canvas leggings. The underwear was supplemented by a lighter wool undershirt, over which a blue flannel shirt was worn. A canvas vest came on top of that, but no coat or overcoat was worn. Of course the latter would have been an impossibility, and the coat was replaced by a light canvas "jumper."

"You've got to have canvas to break off the wind," said Billy, "and to shed the snow, and you've got to have plenty of wool underneath to keep you warm. You'll find that you won't want much on while you're traveling, but when you stop you get cold mighty quick."

This I found to be true. Indeed, I discarded my fine heavy wool overshirt, made like a fireman's shirt, on which I had rather prided myself. I found it too warm to wear while shoeing, even in the coldest weather. When I came out from the trip, indeed, I was wearing only one suit of underwear and a light cotton drilling shirt, under my canvas waistcoat and jumper. While on the trail, even these upper garments would be worn open, though often the thermometer was below zero. In shoeing over the mountains one uses every muscle of his body at such intense pitch that he gets all in a glow of heat. To avoid the chilling out when we stopped, I carried in my pocket my elegant fireman's shirt and a heavy sweater, which I slipped on at once when we paused even for a little while.

By Billy's wise advice, we wore wide felt hats of the Western type. These were better than caps, as they kept the snow from getting down the neck. In extremely cold weather we tied up the ears with a large silk handkerchief.

Of course we wore belts, for a belt is warm as a coat. We carried no weapons except a straight-bladed butcher knife apiece, for we were not hunting and needed to trim down every ounce possible in order to succeed in our mission. On our hands we wore soft castor gloves, unless the weather was very sharp, when we slipped on over the gloves heavy calf mittens, fleece lined. In travel, the gloves, mittens and handkerchief, with maybe a strip of burlaps for strings, would be often tucked into the belt when not in use elsewhere, and Billy always wore his tin cup at his belt. When Billy got into full regalia, big camera and all, he made a wild sight, and I often teased him to stop and let me photograph him, though he always objected, and I fairly had to do that by stealth.

#### The Importance of Feet.

The feet are the main thing to be cared for in snow-

shoeing, for they are ground deep in the snow all day long, and in a climate where the thermometer sometimes drops to 45° below zero it is not hard to freeze the feet. The snowshoer keeps his feet carefully clean, washing them in cold water sometimes. He may wear wool socks, common broad shoes, and overshoes, surmounting the whole with canvas leggings—Billy always preferred the buckled leggings, as easier to handle when full of ice and snow—or he may use the heavy "German sock" (a felted wool sock nearly half an inch thick), which is drawn on over the light sock, and then surmounted by an Arctic overshoe. If the German sock is warm, no leggings are required, the trousers being tucked into the sock, which is drawn tight about the calf of the leg by a string. The sock sheds snow very well, and is soft and easy to the foot. Nearly all the shoers about the Post prefer the sock overshoes. Billy insists that the leggin keeps the foot in better order. It is almost impossible to keep the feet dry anywhere, for the snow water will grind through the best Arctic overshoe in a few days. Lieut. Forsythe found that if he wore a light pair of calf shoes inside his German sock he was more comfortable and had better control of his shoes. For myself, I disobeyed Billy's orders, threw away the shoes which had begun to give me a sore heel, and from that time on used the following outfit for my feet, which I found warm and comfortable: First I wore natural wool socks, light, then a pair of Indian moccasins, then a pair of heavy gray army socks, then the Arctic overshoes and leggings, the latter of the army cut, and very good as I found. A sportive dog carried off my buckled leggings at the Post, and lost them in the snow.

Two pairs of colored glasses were taken along by each man, the bows being carefully wound with silk to prevent freezing the face where the steel touched. Without these glasses the glare of the snow would soon render one snow-blind.

A last item in our equipment was a wide canvas patch cemented on the front of our overshoes, where the toe strap of the ski passed over, used to prevent the chafing of the strap on the shoe, which is quite severe. A pair of Arctic shoes lasts only a few days in active shoeing. We each took along an extra pair. We used heavy, double-buckled, high overshoes, not so heavy as the cavalry shoe, but heavier than the ordinary street overshoe.

This was our outfit as to dress, the result of experience and not of theory. I mention it in detail because, though we found it amply comfortable and excellently adapted to the needs of the trip, it seems ridiculously light for work almost Arctic in its nature at times. It should be borne in mind that ours was a walking and not a riding trip. Furs and heavy wools we could not use, because we could not carry them. Schwatka's outfit fell to pieces because it was too heavy. Every ounce was figured on by our party. Yet light as we started we came back lighter yet at the end of the 200 miles, and at the close of our most eventful and most delightful trip.

What we carried and how we carried it, and how we engaged in combat with the fiery untamed ski in the early stages of the trip, will do to speak about the next time.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## Natural History.

### BUFFALO MIGRATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A writer in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago expressed the conviction that the buffalo were not comprised entirely or nearly so of one "main herd," but consisted of "several large bands, only one of which could be regarded as the main herd." In support of this theory he goes on to state the probable boundaries of their several ranges, and adds, "It is not now supposed that the bison emigrated annually from Manitoba to Mexico, but perhaps the Texas bands ranged as far as the Canadian River, etc., etc."

It is possible that this may be the generally accepted view at the present day, but this was certainly not the belief entertained by those best qualified by experience to speak with authority upon the subject thirty years ago, before the skin-hunter had entered upon his nefarious career, or a rail had been laid west of the Missouri River. I was in the buffalo country as early as '63, and during the four following years I traversed their ranges from southern Texas to the Gallatin River in Montana; and at that date I know that the buffalo could only be found in certain localities at certain seasons. One summer during that period I crossed Texas, its entire breadth from the Gulf to the Staked Plain, and more than half its length from north to south, and never saw nor heard of a buffalo. All the cattlemen and rangers who were constantly hunting cattle and ranging for Indian horse thieves over every portion of the State, declared that they had all gone north. Getting into the Indian Territory in the early fall, we found a few old bulls—never more than three or four in a bunch—unmistakably stragglers like those in the wake of an army. I do not believe there was at that time a single buffalo in the State of Texas that was able to get out of it, and only a few outcasts here and there in the Territory, as we crossed it at a point well supplied with grass and water, and at a distance from all the Indian settlements.

A brief mention of these facts was made by me in an article you published, headed "A Stampede in a Storm."

Texas was, geographically speaking, an ideal buffalo country, but the buffalo is decidedly an epicure, and its grasses were to his taste far inferior to those of the north. The great herd crossed the Platte twice annually, going north in the spring and south late in the fall, but it never tarried there; and of the thousands of immigrants which passed along on both sides of the river at that early date bound for Denver, Salt Lake and California, not one-half of them met with a single buffalo. The Republican Fork and the Smoky Hill River were, however, favorite winter ranges and preferred by them to any portion of Texas, for the quality of the grass on those rivers was better than it was either further south as along the Platte. It will perhaps be remembered that while the Indians readily made treaties permitting travel by wagons and later by rail up the Platte, they fought both propositions bitterly on the Smoky Hill.

But the home par excellence of the buffalo, the land where he was at rest and away from which he was never



contented to stay, was the great valleys of the Yellowstone and the upper Missouri. Here the sweet nutritious buffalo grass, deprived of which he was never happy, grew in greatest abundance; down every mountain side of that favored land tumbled crystal streams of most refreshing coolness, where he could quench his thirst and stand immersed for hours in the heat of the day, for although able to endure with impunity a climate of arctic rigor, he suffered greatly from heat and insects. Here was his elysium, the land of his birth; and it was only when the deeply drifted snows of winter deprived him of his sustenance that he reluctantly turned his face toward the retreating sun; and as many another wanderer who, having once cut loose from the charmed circle of home, finds no tie to bind his wayward feet, so the buffalo drifted southward, even to the land of the Aztec.

But he did not stay there. He never forgot that he was but a visitor in a strange land; and when the great white winding sheet of winter rolled away before the soft breezes of early spring, and the tender grass springing into renewed life began to tint the long swells of the prairie, then did he gather together his countless cohorts and sweep northward in a mighty host to the sources of those great rivers that flow both eastward and westward to the sea.

These migrations were at that time as clearly defined and as well understood as are those of the wild geese; and the old frontiersmen always knew about where the herd was at any particular time, although large sections of the range were then overrun by hostile Indians who never hesitated to exterminate any party not sufficiently formidable to make the success of an attack problematical.

I can readily understand that after the restless march of civilization had thrown its railways across their pathway and the skin-hunter had made their lives but a constant series of alarms, the buffalo's habits may have become somewhat modified. The preservation of life is the strongest instinct with all animated creation, and every other impulse or habit, when put to the test, will become subservient to that; so it is very probable that there existed for a time quite large herds on each side of those trans-continental thoroughfares which had given up about everything except the instinct of self-preservation. It is true there were small bands that remained permanently in the Colorado parks, but they were regarded—no doubt erroneously—by the mountaineers as a distinct race, and were the only ones that received the proper name of bison, and were said to be much smaller than the plain buffalo. Then there was still another class called the "timber buffalo" that was said to be not only larger but much more formidable than either of the others, whose habitat was in the great forests on both sides of the line in the vicinity of Fort Benton; but neither of these were sufficiently numerous to cut any figure in this discussion. FORKED DEER.

#### MILD AND TOUCHY RATTTLERS.

THE last two rattlers had been mild-mannered; one of them had witnessed my approach in such a dozy state that although I stepped within a foot or two of the head of one without perceiving him, until I had passed and my boy further in the rear had called my attention to him and to my narrow escape from stepping directly on him, yet he continued to lay perfectly still, coiled with his head resting on the coil, without the faintest flutter of his rattles, until he finally started to slowly crawl away. Then a well directed blow from a stick closed his career. Not long afterward the second one lay close by the trail in the same quiet state and did not move at all; and when hit over the head with a stick did not even uncoil. So I was hardly prepared, when strolling among the scrub looking for timber brought ashore by the gale not far back from the beach, to hear a sudden warning *w-h-i-r-r*, which, once heard, can never be mistaken; and I came to a very sudden standstill until I could locate the direction of the sound, which is sometimes more difficult than might be thought. A moment later I saw the snake with head and tail erect, not more than 5 ft. away, coiled and half hidden under a bunch of palmetto scrub, his body moving with sinuous motion, and his whole attitude one of defiance. I suppose that my walking about in his neighborhood had thoroughly waked him up, and he did not propose to permit my nearer approach without giving me fair warning of what I might expect if I came any closer. He rattled none too soon, for another step, as I was walking directly toward him, would have brought me within reach of his straightened coil. As I had no stick long enough to make it safe to approach him, I threw a cocoanut and some pieces of wood at him just to keep him excited and on his guard until I should come back, for they usually watch for some time something that has disturbed them; but when I returned he had disappeared.

The colored people's saying, "Never hunt a rattler," is sound advice; that is, when you hear the whirr of the rattle don't look for him if you don't see him, but back right away from your standing place, for he is in your very immediate proximity. Not long ago the little 2-year-old daughter of a neighbor was noticed by her mother walking toward something moving toward a corner of the house; and to the mother's horror the moving object proved to be a rattler in the act of crawling under the house; yet although the child was close upon it, it did not turn to attack but kept on crawling away until dispatched.

A man was bringing up some stuff for me on a wheelbarrow from the river; and on his return his barrow wheel passed over a big one near the tail as he lay stretched across the trail, most likely in the torpor following a hearty meal of rabbit, for he made no sign of being disturbed.

A friend was in his field of pineapples, and stooping to clear away the dead leaves from about a scrub palmetto, felt something cold and crawling beneath his hand; and was startled to see the head of a rattler, suddenly disturbed, appear ready for battle. It is needless to say there was a quick retreat to a safer distance. He imagines he can feel those cold scales yet when he thinks of it. A man not far from him leaning over the fence on tip toe to see something on the other side, felt something crawling from under his feet; and found he had been standing on a rattler, who was trying to crawl away without making any attempt to strike.

I take it that the fascination about these reptiles lies largely in our consciousness of their deadliness, for looking at one coiled and apparently asleep, you are yet entirely

conscious of the fact that death, grim, certain and terrible, lies within those coils; yet it is greatly to his credit that this terrible weapon, this original hypodermic needle, carrying the very summons of death, is only used in self-defense, or when he deems at least himself in danger of attack. I used to doubt the stories told of their spitting or throwing their venom when too far distant to strike, but I have learned of several well attested cases of the venom being thrown some distance.

A large and valuable horse belonging to Mr. Murry, of Oak Hill, was bitten last winter and died in a few hours. He stepped on or close to a snake while his rider was hunting deer. W.

ATLANTIC, Fla.

#### THE SUICIDE OF A SERPENT.

ARE venomous serpents susceptible to their own poison? In other words, what would be the result if one of them should happen to bite himself—would it kill him? Indeed, it would.

I remember seeing that very thing happen once, when I was in the northern part of Wyoming, north of the Rattlesnake range of mountains. We had been making a survey for a wagon road from Rawlins, a town on the Union Pacific Railroad, northward to Fort McKinney, and had finished the work and were returning, and had reached the place I have described. The region seemed to be wholly given over to the occupancy of prairie dogs, burrowing owls and rattlesnakes. I never saw so many snakes anywhere except in the swamps of Louisiana during an overflow. You could see them crawling about in all directions, and they were constantly springing their rattles in the grass under foot, and frightening our horses, for you know a horse fears these creatures quite as much as a man does. In riding along I happened to see a particularly large rattler, sunning himself on a spot of bare ground, and tried to ride up near enough to strike him with my quirt. But my horse was afraid, and I could not make him approach the snake. I did not blame him very much either, for the old *Crotalus* threw himself into a coil, raised his head, sounded his rattle and prepared to assume the offensive as soon as he saw us. Finding that I could not reach him with my short quirt, I rode over to one of the wagons, and got from the driver his long four-in-hand whip, and with this I returned to the snake. I found him about where I had left him, and when he saw me he tried to run away. They are sluggish creatures, however, and can not go very fast.

I had a fancy to tease him a little, and I swung the whip so that the end of the lash in falling would tap him



THE SUICIDE OF A RATTLESNAKE.  
Drawing by Capt. D. C. Kingman.

gently on the nose. As soon as he felt it, he snapped back like a watch spring into a coil, sounded his war note, and turned his head quickly from side to side to discover his enemy, his forked tongue darting incessantly from his mouth. I was some 20 or 30 ft. away, keeping perfectly quiet, and he did not appear to notice me at all. I fancy their range of vision must be very short. After a few minutes, he lowered his ugly head to the ground and prepared to glide away in another direction. I let him get fairly started, and then tapped him as before, and again he coiled to strike. This was repeated a number of times. The snake always started away in a new direction, only to meet that uncomfortable and exasperating little tap. After each stroke he would prepare to fight and would look in vain for his assailant; and with each encounter his anger seemed to increase.

At last, having tried unsuccessfully every avenue of escape, he became beside himself with rage. His rattle buzzed incessantly. He raised his head nearly half his length above the ground, and swayed from side to side. His eyes glittered like jewels, and his forked tongue flashed from his mouth like miniature lightning. His head became broad and flat, and his whole body seemed to swell with venom. Suddenly, in an access of fury, he turned his head, and with the full force of a swinging blow of his neck, like the down stroke of a sabre, he drove his fangs into his own body. He kept his hold and did not withdraw his fangs. His body writhed and twisted for an instant, and his muscles contracted violently once or twice. Then his head sank down, the fire faded from his eyes, his coils relaxed, and he was dead.

I was astonished. I did not think it was possible that the poison could be so instantly effective in a creature of such sluggish circulation.

There can be no mistake about it, he meant to kill himself, and he did it, too. Of the last I have the most satisfactory proof, for I picked him up and examined him carefully from one end to the other. There was not a mark (save the bite) or a bruise on him. The light strokes that he had received from the whip were not enough to hurt him, still less to kill him, yet he was dead; for I put him in my saddlebag and carried him to camp, and then skinned him, and I am sure he could not play possum through all that.

Yes, he bit himself with malice aforethought, knowing perfectly well what the effect would be; and his act can only be regarded as the suicide of a serpent.

CAPT. DAN C. KINGMAN, U. S. A.

#### The English Sparrow Eats Grubs.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The English sparrow has a mission here despite the verdict of its detractors. A farmer tells me that in breaking up a piece of sod ground this spring he

noticed innumerable English sparrows carrying large white grubs, so common to sod land, away to their nesting quarters, presumably to feed their young. The sturdy fellows would often take two large grubs at a trip, and the number of worms removed by the sparrows during the plowing of the field would have been sufficient, my friend assures me, to have destroyed an entire planting of corn. M. CHILL.

#### Lynxes and Their Names.

APPARENTLY there exists considerable confusion regarding the various forms of the genus *Lynx* of North America. The prevailing impression that a wildcat is something quite different from a lynx is a mistake and has given rise to a great deal of needless controversy. Commercially speaking *Lynx canadensis* is the lynx, though scientifically all forms of the genus *Lynx* are lynxes. In New York State the common wildcat (*Lynx rufus*) is found in the same territory with *Lynx canadensis*, the latter there known as lynx, the former as wildcat. In the coast mountains of California we find the ranchmen generally separate the adult cat from the younger individuals, calling the former (which usually possess decided ear tufts and lengthened hair about the cheeks) lynx, while the less developed individuals are known as wildcats. In this opinion they are as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. In the Rocky Mountains, from Arizona at least north to Montana, perhaps still further north, ranges the plateau cat (*Lynx baileyi*). In this form the fur is soft and quite long, approaching in character *Lynx canadensis*. It stands about midway in general appearance between *Lynx rufus* and *Lynx canadensis*, and is frequently spoken of commercially as lynx.

It is surprising how the wildcats vary in pelage, and so far as I have been able to make out this is not determined by age or sex and not nearly so much by locality as many suppose. Of course the fur is thicker, longer and softer from the more northern individuals, but of color we have a great variety right here in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Judging from appearances the domestic cat of these mountains frequently crosses with *Lynx rufus maculatus*. Still it is not to be supposed that our domestic cat is a descendant from the so-called North American wildcat, the ancestor of pussy being in all probability the European wildcat, which is very similar in general form, not excepting the long tail.

GEORGE B. BADGER.

[In the central Rocky Mountains *L. rufus* or *L. baileyi* is commonly called bob cat, and *L. canadensis*, lynx.]

#### Birds in the Storm.

ITHACA, N. Y.—One of the features of the storm which has held sway throughout this region for the past week was a terrific wind that prevailed last Sunday, the 20th. It wrought disaster to the song birds, especially to the young birds still in the nest and unable to fly. Reports have come to me during the week of eggs destroyed and young birds killed and drowned in such alarming numbers as to make the misfortune of our feathered friends one of serious import. A friend of mine found an upturned robin's nest late in the afternoon of the 20th, partly submerged in the water. Three young robins were found under the nest, and by craning their slim, downy necks to the utmost, had managed to keep their heads above water. The nest was carefully removed to higher ground and the chilled, water-soaked birds, partly wrapped in a dry cloth, were deposited therein. The next morning the mother bird, with an air of matronly dignity, sat covering the nest and its precious occupants. I have no doubt that very many acts of kindness in behalf of the birds were performed on that eventful Sunday afternoon.

M. C. HILL.

#### Woodcock Killed by Telegraph Wires.

CUPIO, Ky., May 28.—Through this little valley the Postal Telegraph line runs. About two months ago a neighbor of mine brought me a bird and asked me what it was. It was a woodcock. He explained that he had seen it fly against the wires and kill itself. Last Friday evening I was walking down the same line and found another killed in the same way. It seems these birds are all killed about sundown. I do not see or hear of other birds being killed in this way.

I am told there will be a large amount of fish put in Kentucky waters this year. We have a good supply of quail here, but in the hunting season they go to the hills that are covered with timber and bushes, and it is a difficult matter to bring them to bag. R. B.

#### Woodchuck in Trees.

HAINES FALLS, N. Y., May 30.—I note article from W. W. P., Springfield, Vt., in yours of June 2, entitled "A Woodchuck up a Tree." I was born and spent my boyhood here in the Catskill Mountains, and with my "woodchuck dog" have caught many a woodchuck "up a tree," but those so caught were found only in timber and were perfectly black in color. I have examined them carefully and find no structural difference from the gray ones, except that usually they are smaller, and I have seen them in no other locality. While out trout fishing yesterday my beagles treed one in a sapling about twenty feet high and not over two inches in diameter, and having no branches for fifteen feet from the ground. I have never seen the gray one climb a tree. JOHN W. RUSK.

#### A Large Eagle.

NEWPORT, Vt., May 25.—"Hal" Wells, of this place, recently caught an eagle in a steel fox trap which measured 7 ft. 2 in. from tip to tip of wings. It was a female of what is known as a "bald eagle," and although some rather rough handling was necessary to get it into a cage it was uninjured. Davis & Robitelle have had it on exhibition in their window, where it has attracted no little attention. ROB.

#### "Old Sam" on "Forest and Stream."

FOREST AND STREAM is in the top notch of its clan. In cleanness, clearness of conception, force and fearlessness of expression, earnest devotion to its mission, breadth of ideas, freedom from crankism, purity and diversity of correspondence, and in scientific investigation and ceaseless enterprise it covers the entire ground. The pulse beat of its pages is steady as the pendulum stroke of time, and to many an active and retired sportsman it is the mirror of events that form the brightest, most exciting and happiest hours of his life. May its light never cease to shine. SAMUEL R. SMITH.



## Camp-Fire Glickerings.

"That reminds me."

### A Hustle for a Trout.

WE were "chubbing." Had willows for rods and fresh meat for lures. But though we cast in many pools our baskets were empty. The noon was mild but two hours later the air was zeroic. Boreas's needles, keen and searching, were setting our teeth to chattering, and we had all had about enough of it. We were all, as a last attempt, casting in the deep pool below the dam. I had just clambered over the log-chute and cast my lure near where Nephew was fishing when off went my lure, down bent my pole to the very surface of the stream and I gave a lurch to throw the voracious chubby over my head. My frail willow pole bent under the weight and as it came to the surface it seemed like an eel, so lengthly was it. The fish was lifted in air but its weight broke the hook's fastening and I saw it was one of the first trout I had ever caught from a brook. It fell just at the water's edge and I, frantic at the thought of its loss, sat down on it, or made the attempt. Such a scramble as I had with that slippery, wiry, elastic, floundering trout. My legs, coat-tails, hands, knees, were all brought into commotion, so Nephew and Niece aver. I was too busy to take any note of attitudes. But I actually so confused and embarrassed that fish with my affectionate attentions that it kindly jumped out on dry land. And those young people stood there roaring with laughter. Said it was better than a circus. Said the fish could easily have escaped but it wanted to force me to an involuntary bath in that iciest of waters for yanking off its jaw in trying to throw it over my head. That evening's walk to camp of a mile and a half, my lower anatomy incased in ice, with the wind howling and whistling about in a derisive way, wasn't as balmy as I could wish, but we had a trout that made a fair supper for three. CAREY.

### A Dicker with P. Z.

It happened twenty-five years ago and yet the affair is as indelibly stamped on my mind as if it only happened yesterday, and here is the story as I told it at our camp-fire last fall: The tall dark pines were overhead, the white tents beside the river glittered in the firelight, while high over all floated the silvery moon round and full, reminding one of Bret Harte's lines:

"Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below,  
The tall Sierras far beyond uplifting  
Their minarets of snow."

I give real names and places because some most interested in the story joined the silent majority long ago, while others are old men to-day. We were boys together in those days, for Bill Weeks and I attended school together when compelled to and hunted the same woods and fished the same streams whenever opportunity offered.

Among the villagers was a man named P. Z. Romain, who kept a store to keep him out of mischief, he said, because he could well afford to live on what he had previously accumulated. "P. Z.," as every one called him, nicknamed Bill and me "the Siamese twins," because we were always together, and that name still sticks to us among the old school chums of a quarter of a century ago. One of P. Z.'s delights was to stand at his front gate of a summer's evening, smoking a long church-warden. A full florid face closely shaven and a goodly-sized corporation marked him as a man who lived well.

Highholders were plentiful down in the fields close to Cooke's bush, and so the Siamese twins started out to shoot them, for they made excellent pies, and if we plucked and cleaned our game our parents with great consideration always cooked and helped us eat them. We had poor luck that afternoon, for we only shot four—two apiece.

As the shadows lengthened in the hazy summer evening Bill and I separated, each taking our quota of the day's game. Mine I tied together with a feather through the bills (the lower mandible) and hung them on the ramrod of my old single-barreled shotgun. Then I proudly marched down the principal street of the village. As I passed P. Z.'s he was standing at the gate smoking as usual. P. Z. never took much notice of me but on this occasion he was all smiles. "Hello, Willie," said he, "where did you get the woodcock?"

Now be it understood that I did not say they were woodcock in as many words, but when he called them such I did not deceive him, and as the lawyers would say to-day I was acting a lie if not telling one. "Down by Cook's bush," I replied, and kept on walking.

"Hold on, Willie," said P. Z., and Willie "held on." "I'll give you a quarter for them," said P. Z.

It was all Willie could do to keep from laughing, and yet he managed to control himself as he replied: "No thanks, we'll eat 'em," and Willie made as if to go on.

"Hold on, Will."

"No thanks, Mr. Romain, if they are worth that to you they are to our folks."

"Willie, I'll give you half a dollar."

Here was a great temptation. Thirteen cents was a fortune for either Bill or me in those days. We expended it about like this: Five cents bought 2oz. of powder. Another five transferred 1/4 lb. of shot from old Mr. Parker's tin shop to our pouches, while the remaining three cents bought gun caps. But here was four times that amount and the temptation was great, in fact the twenty-five cents would have been accepted, in default of anything better. "All right, Mr. Romain," I replied, "take them," and P. Z. transferred a bright half dollar to one of the Siamese twins.

Later on Lige Weller, the village blacksmith, and the best con hunter in the county, was passing when another dialogue occurred.

"Good evening, Lige."  
"Good evening, P. Z."  
"I've got a couple of beautiful woodcock, Lige."  
"Didn't think there were any yet."

"Oh, yes, I'll let them hang for a day or two; keep 'em till Sunday and have 'em for dinner. I'll show them to you." Then P. Z. went to the house and came back with the two birds.

"Shoot 'em yourself?" queried the blacksmith, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, bought 'em."

"Who from?"

"Willie Fox."

And then Lige went into a fit of laughter that made him almost as red in the face as P. Z. was. At last Lige found his speech. "Bought 'em from Willie, did you, one of the Siamese twins?"

Yes."

"How much?"

"Half a dollar."

And then there was another roar from Lige and P. Z., who by this began to think something was wrong, got even redder in the face than usual, if such were possible.

"They're not woodcock," said Lige. "Why, you old fool, they're highholders and the fields are full of 'em. Did Willie tell you they were woodcock?"

"Don't know as he did," was the reply, "but I called 'em woodcock and he didn't say they weren't and I gave him half a dollar that was half a dollar."

"Well, you're sold," said Lige, and at once Lige proceeded to tell his cronies of the joke Billy Fox played on P. Z. Of course Billy kept out of the way of P. Z. for a few days, but from fear that legal proceedings might be instituted to secure the return of the fifty cents he spent it without delay with old Mr. Parker. A few days later P. Z. and Willie met, when P. Z. said: "Here, Willie, is ten cents for you, and when you shoot woodcock that Lige Weller says are so, I'll pay you well for them."

### In a Salmon Berry Swamp.

While I was on a camping trip on the Lewis River in this State, a young man knocked at my cabin door and wanted a night's lodging as the weather was very bad without. Of course I took him in and gave him a hot supper, after which he commenced yarn telling. One of his collection of fish stories I considered A1, coming as it did from an ignorant country lad. He told me that he had been on the Washougal River with an old logger, who had a salmon berry swamp on his place, which extended along the river and at that season was full of berries. For some reason it was necessary for him to cross the patch one evening, and said he: "All on a sudden I hear the greatest racket in the bushes so I took a few steps side'ards, and so help me over the fence, if thar wasn't a thousand er mebbe more, salmon, what had been out a-pickin' berries, jest a skeddaddlin' fur the water."

TOM PEPPERS.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASH.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### SHARPTAILS ON THE BIG HORN RIVER.

ONE day a friend of mine and myself, started up the Big Horn River (Montana), hunting sharptail grouse. As it had rained heavily the night before, we thought our chances good for a big bag, because on a wet morning the scent clings to the grass and greatly helps your dog to find the birds.

Having crossed the pontoon, we were riding along a dry slough when *whirr, whirr, whirr*, the grouse were getting up on all sides. I had not been watching the dog, and when I looked around to see what he had been doing, I found that he was on a dead point, so we dismounted, and I motioned the dog to flush the remaining birds. Two got up singly and I knocked them both down with a right and left double. My companion was kept from shooting by having a shell stick in his gun. We then followed up the covey and found them in a sage-brush flat. I dismounted, flushed the birds and gave them both barrels, but scored a clean miss. We got no more of that covey.

A half a mile up the river we came to a dry slough with here and there a water hole. Around one of these holes we found a large covey of grouse, that had come down from the brush to drink. As they did not see us, we went back to a tree and tied our horses, so as to be free in action. The dog was sent ahead, and he at once pointed to a piece of brush and at that moment a grouse rose from it, but I stopped him in his flight. The big covey rose all at once, Mr. L. got one, but my remaining cartridge missed fire.

Being near the river we went over to it. Just as we came in sight of the opposite bank, I saw a large bunch of teal ducks swimming and playing off a point that projected into the river. Motioning my companion to go back, we tied up our horses and proceeded to sneak up on the ducks on foot or rather on our stomachs. When we reached a bullberry bush which grew on the bank, we both fired, Mr. L. fired one and I fired two. By the time the smoke cleared away we saw that seven ducks had stayed with us, but we were only able to get five, because the swift current swept the other two down into deep water.

We were beginning to get worked up to the proper pitch by this time, and worked with a will. About a mile further on the dog flushed a covey of grouse out of which I got one.

The next birds that I killed were two sage hens. The first one got up on my left and I killed it. The second rose on my right and a load of chilled No. 6's brought it down. In the mean time Mr. L. was looking after a third bird, which he killed at 95 yds. (paced off). The birds were becoming very plenty. While I was looking in another direction, I was startled by hearing Mr. L.'s gun go off beside me, and looking around saw a fine grouse lying dead on the ground. The bird had been watching us as we rode under the tree upon which it was perched, but did not seem to realize its danger until it was too late.

We were commencing to get hungry after our hard work, and agreed to go down to the river to eat lunch. We had not gone 300 yds. when the largest covey that I ever saw rose. I shot two on the wing from my horse, and dismounting shot one more. That fell in the brush and neither the dog nor myself could find it. When the birds rose I kept my eye on a couple and marked them down, at once went over to where they pitched and killed both. There I saw something moving along in a depression in the ground. It proved to be a grouse, but when it rose I missed it with both barrels. Seeing that it was useless to proceed further on foot, I joined Mr. L. and we rode to the river. Our lunch tasted very good after such hard work, I can assure you.

Then we started up the river. Under a large cottonwood we spied a sagecock, which Mr. L. dispatched without further ceremony. I think that it was the father of

all sage hens, for it was the largest that I ever saw, being as large as a hen turkey.

We kept on up the river until we came to a dense growth of willows, and just on the opposite bank we saw a large flock of shoveler ducks. After tying our horses we crawled up to a place agreed upon, and let the ducks have three loads of No. 6. The result was that we had three ducks.

It being 4 P. M. we turned homeward. On our way Mr. L. killed and my gun brought two more birds to the bag. Our grand total of game was 27 birds and 3 catfish.

Thus ended my last hunt on the Big Horn. H. M. B.

### ON IOWA MARSHES.

In the early part of November, 1893, as is my usual custom, I set out for the Northern marshes in quest of ducks. Shells were loaded, hip boots, guns, coats, dogs, and all the necessary articles were gathered together, and with two companions I took the train for Jolley, in the southern part of Pocahontas county, Ia. We found a small hotel, poorly kept, but roughing it always seemed to me to be just what we wanted on a trip like this. We had no difficulty in finding some one who was willing to get up at 4 o'clock the next morning and take us out to the marshes, some two miles distant.

I was always the first one to wake in the morning, and as usual I was awake long before there was any sign of day.

Breakfast over, our wagon was waiting at the door. After driving a few miles in the frosty air, we drew up to a small barn and put up our team, and then proceeded to the long grass and high weeds. Day was breaking and there were signs of ducks, we were getting cold, and there was a stack of hay there and we built a fire out of the slough grass that was placed upon the hay for a cover. Off to the northwest, we could see a good many ducks lighting without very much ceremony, and we concluded to change our location and go over there. We found a very large marsh or what had been a lake in times gone by. The marsh covered thousands of acres, and in the center was a large grove of trees called Pond Grove. We secured boats and tried to get out in the reeds and rushes, but on account of the scarcity of water had a very hard time of it. There was six to eight inches of water on top of a very thin substance of rotted rushes, and other decomposed matter, which had fallen there from year to year and filled up until it was several feet deep, and a most treacherous foundation, should one from any cause upset his boat, or in any other way get into it.

After paddling for some time I got a location, and covered my boat and awaited developments. Soon after I had become still I heard the report of the guns of my companions, and I knew full well what it meant. After waiting some time, along came four mallards, and the result was that two of them were gathered up and laid tenderly in the boat. I again covered myself with dead grass and was quiet. It seemed that the other boys had the best location, judging from the number of times they were shooting. Every now and then I could hear the boom of their guns, and a duck would double up all in a heap and go down under the skillful marksmanship of my companions. To me there was only one prettier sight, and that was when I did the same thing. Here come three mallards. Lie low. They are going to drop in close. I wait in breathless silence. On they come, their wings begin to curve and they are close enough to shoot; but I know they are going to drop in, and why not let them do so, and perhaps I can get all three of them? They strike the water with that ever pleasant splash, but separate, and one is within twenty feet of me, another fifty or sixty yards, and the other one is too far to try to get. I shoot at the one farthest away, as it sits on the water, but it is too far to stop it, or I could not hit it. The other rises as the report of the gun sounds, only to fall a very dead duck.

All quiet again except the continuous report of my companions' guns, and soon along comes a flock of small ducks, at quite a distance. I shoot, and only one falls. I wait, and wait, and after a long time a flock of about 20 or more comes along low down, and I wait again. Their wings are dipped, and down they go within 30 yds. of me. Now is the time for me to make my bag, as it is getting dusk, and I am behind the other boys in numbers, I know; so I just rake them with my No. 5 shot as they sit, and then again as they rise; reload and finish two with broken wings, and then prepare to pick up my result. Five is all I got. This makes me eight mallards and one small duck. Bringing my ducks to the wagon, I look for my companions, and they are still down by the shore of the marsh, trying to get a few shots at the stragglers that are flying after night. I go down there. "How many ducks?" "There they are in a pile by the boat." I go and count them; and the two have 21 mallards. I have 8. Twenty-nine mallards and one small one are all the ducks we want. We are satisfied. An after-night ride, and we are again at the hotel, tired and very hungry. In the morning we took the train for home, and felt that we had had a very good day's shoot. I hope that I will be pardoned by the boys for shooting into the flock sitting on the water. W. S. DAY,

IOWA, 1894.

### The "Dagoes" in Louisiana.

BURNSIDE, La., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You have got the right idea about stopping the sale of game. It is the only thing that will save our game. But we would never get any game laws enforced in this section of the country. You could never get evidence enough to convict a man. So our present laws do not amount to a row of pins. The "Dagoes" kill a lot of quail at this season of the year. All of the "Dagoes" have guns; there is no law to prohibit them from carrying their guns about with them, and many a poor quail is murdered while dusting in the sandy roads, by these miserable "Dagoes." The quail are quite tame, you know, at this season of the year. As I write these lines I hear a quail whistling; I have heard him for about two weeks now, but I fear some pot-hunting "Dago" will kill him, before the summer has passed.

It is the same way with deer. They are killed out of season. I heard of two men killing twenty squirrels the other day. Think of killing any sort of animal at this season, when all have young ones. I try to keep my men from hunting even wild cats at this season, and they are considered more or less of a pest, for they kill geese and poultry. W. P. M., JR.



## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

## Horicon Wins.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1.—A private letter to Mr. Percy Stone, from the attorney of the Horicon clubs, has the following good news:

"BEAVER DAM, Wis., May 28.—Percy F. Stone, Esq., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sir: The Supreme Court last Friday reversed the case of the State of Wisconsin vs. Klieforth and Cummings, and the case of the State vs. you by agreement of the court and District Attorney will follow the same decision. I suppose that this decision disposes of the cases; I have not yet seen the opinion of the court, but suppose it holds that the rule of daylight given by Judge Sloan has been declared not the law. When I get the opinion will send a copy to you. Yours, J. J. DICK."

It will be remembered that the County Judge, Sloan, and the Waupun local jury of trespass sympathizers found against the club men. The reversal of this decision by the Supreme Court shows that justice is not dead in Wisconsin. Deputy Klieforth, of the club's protective force, has the following inserted in the local paper:

To the Editor of the Mayville News:

Some time ago your paper and nearly all the other county papers contained an article reflecting upon myself, Percy Stone and William Cummings in reference to our acts as protectors of game, and particularly in reference to the Horicon Shooting Club, in which you said that we had been convicted of assault and battery for the illegal taking away of Fred Lamb's gun while he was shooting on the Horicon Marsh. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court and on May 25 their decision therein was rendered by which the judgment against us was reversed. This decision practically disposed of the pretended claims of all parties who claimed to have the right to shoot on the grounds of the club, and especially as to their right to shoot game anywhere before sunrise. The Horicon Shooting Club intends to prosecute all parties who have heretofore or shall hereafter violate the game laws of the State, or who shall be found trespassing on the club grounds. WM. KLEIFORTH, Deputy Warden.

## Will Have a Hanging Bee.

Mr. E. M. Hungerford, of Billings, Montana, shows what I call true hospitality in his invitation below. I have not been at a hanging bee for a good while, and this sort of tempts me. Mr. Hungerford says: "Everything is quiet here with us as when you was here. Weather is good for the breeding of both geese and ducks. Come out this way this fall and we'll give you the greatest variety of sport you ever found in one locality. We'll even promise a special hanging bee (not with yourself as the subject) or another Coxey riot for your edification. Of course these would be simply side issues and would in no way interfere with the legitimate sport—ducks, grouse, wolf-chases, etc., *ad lib*. Our mutual friend, Mr. Losekamp, is still on deck and would send his respects did he know I was writing."

## Got! Another Invitation.

Dr. W. D. Taylor, of Brownsville, Tenn., who is in the city on a short business visit, hunted up the FOREST AND STREAM Western office, as I am very glad to say, and though I had never been so fortunate as to meet him before, he very nearly got my solemn promise to come to Brownsville next summer and shoot quail with him. If I didn't have to work once in a while I could have a lot of fun. Dr. Taylor says the birds are doing well in Tennessee. But now, have I ever exaggerated the quality of the Southern men's hospitality? This gentleman, who had never met me at all, came all the way and looked me up, just because he thought, from what he had read in the "Dixie Land" articles, I had enjoyed the quail shooting of the South. What Northern city man ever looks anybody up and tries to do him a kindness? We don't know how to live here.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## FLORIDA TWENTY YEARS AGO.

OMAHA, Nebraska.—FOREST AND STREAM is a paper that from long reading has become one of the great pleasures of the week, and when a Sunday passes without it I feel lost. Ever since 1876, when as a boy I hunted and fished in Florida, with little thought of game laws I fear, I have read it. In that year a thoughtful friend in the North sent it to me, and from that day to this I have only missed it when so situated that I could not find a copy on sale. How eagerly its arrival was looked forward to in those early days; we received our mail only once a week, for we lived ten miles from the nearest post-office.

Every one hunted in our neighborhood, and I think throughout the State, and I suspect that many of our present day readers would not hesitate to class us as pot-hunters, and we were. It was hunt or eat salt meat, and any one who has tried dry salt meat as a steady diet will not blame us. A deer meant a change and we were not slow to avail ourselves of every chance we had to get one. How well I remember the time-worn exclamation that arose from every one, "Meat in the pot," every time the report of a gun was heard, or the look of disgust on the face of fat old mam Cicely when she poked her head out of the kitchen door and saw us boys return empty handed.

We used muzzleloaders in those days and I still prize my old gun, a 14-gauge Manton that had seen hard service long before it reached my youthful hands. But how it did shoot, and many are the deer and wild turkeys it brought to our table. In the winter season we had fun with the wild ducks and had to work hard to retrieve them. The lakes and ponds swarmed with alligators and the native dogs could not be induced to venture in, nor indeed would they retrieve on dry land for that matter; bird dogs were almost unknown with us, though every plantation boasted its pack of hounds, and pointers and setters were deemed a curiosity and little esteemed. The only one I ever had as a boy met with an untimely end—too much alligator. He would go in swimming and that always was unhealthy for dogs in our country.

In those days Florida was a paradise for hunters. Deer, turkeys and quail were to be met with at every turn, ducks covered the lakes and bayous all winter long, and bears, panthers, wildcats and wolves haunted the hammock lands and sandhills; and so it might have remained until to-day had not the sportsmen found it out. We natives were no doubt pot-hunters of the first water, but we used what we killed and only killed what we could use. The fame of our game went abroad, and soon the State was overrun with so-called "gentlemen sportsmen," who shot only for pleasure and left what they killed to rot where it fell. It makes me sore to this day when I

think of the butchery that was perpetrated in the name of sport.

Sportsmen! Nothing of the kind. Murderers of the worst kind, who should have been landed in jail. I well remember one fellow, an Englishman, who came all trigged out in the latest fashion, and with a valet. He hunted in our neighborhood for a week or more—until we stopped him. We found four dead deer lying in the woods where he had left them, and then my brother and I took the law into our own hands, mounted our horses, called together all the dogs on the place—some twenty or more—and ran Mr. Sportsman with the hounds. I don't know how badly he was scared, but this I do know, there were no more dead deer found.

W. R. H.

## PENNSYLVANIA LAW.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION.—ALTOONA, Pa., June 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The sale of game, the question of a State game warden, the transportation of game out of the State, and the problem of a uniform game law for Pennsylvania that will as far as possible meet the wishes of all sections of this vast commonwealth, are some of the nuts that the Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association is now trying to crack. It asks through your columns that the sportsmen of the State will help it in this matter by offering suggestions in regard to the above points. The Association has reprinted the bill reported favorably to the last House of Representatives at Harrisburg, and has sent copies of the same to all the organizations which are members of the State Association, with a request that suggestions be offered for the consideration of the legislative committee of the Association. By means of these suggestions it is hoped that a bill can be framed which will represent the views of the majority.

As the law now stands it is permissible for a man to go into the woods with his gun and dog any time after July 4. He is going for woodcock, of course! As a matter of fact, we don't hunt woodcock at all after the first three or four weeks of the open season, the birds get scattered and are hard to find. During those three or four weeks the birds are in their prime and I know of no better sport than a morning's hunt during July. In the fall we get no flight shooting to speak of; as a rule we get none at all, the birds passing by us altogether. The birds that have bred here slip off on the first sign of frost and don't return until March, when they commence housekeeping at once. What we want here is a month of summer woodcock shooting as recommended in the bill referred to above, which provides that woodcock shall be lawfully killed between July 4 and Aug. 4. The date set in the bill for the resumption of the open season, Oct. 15, is altogether too late for this section and, I take it, for the main portion of Pennsylvania.

From letters I have received on the subject it seems as if it was the general wish not to shorten the seasons, but by the aid of a law that will prohibit the sale of game and the transportation of the same out of the State, as well as the appointment of a State game warden to enforce the law that may be found best suited to the State.

If any clubs or individuals desire copies of the bills mentioned above, I will send them the same promptly. At the same time, any suggestions intended for the legislative committee of the State Association can be sent to me and will be laid before that committee at its next session.

EDWARD BANKS, Sec'y.

## Game Notes from the Roseau Country.

PELAN, Minn., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just returned from a long hunting trip in the Muskeg country, south and east of here, principally in search of bear, but failed to find any number of them. I made a circuit of about 200 miles, covering a region in which I have always heretofore found plenty of bear, but they are scarce this spring. We got but one, and that a young one. I killed a yearling bull moose for camp meat, and saw a large cow, heavy in calf, but did not kill her. I think she was the tallest moose I ever saw. I was out two weeks and was out of grub for three days, except some fat bear meat, which I did not relish as a steady diet. The half-breed whom I took with me deserted me in the midst of the Muskegs, and left me with my team to get out as best I could. Of course I knew the country thoroughly, and came out all right, but it made rather heavy work for me, handling the team and the baggage alone, and doing all my own cooking and camp work.

I am arranging for a trip into Manitoba, leaving here about June 1, to catch moose calves. The Ellerton brothers are going with me. We shall take a team, two milch cows, and a full supply of provisions. Shall be gone two to four weeks and hope to bring home several moose and caribou calves. Will report results later.

BURTON HARRIS.

## Going North.

ROBERT D. PERRY, of Braintree, Mass., and Dr. Wm. E. Reeve, of Patchogue, L. I., are the first FOREST AND STREAM readers to take advantage of the opportunity afforded sportsmen by Dr. Cook's Arctic Expedition, to secure Arctic game. Dr. Reeve has just returned from Virginia, where he has spent several months hunting for deer, and expects to hunt Polar bears and walrus for the summer. Mr. Perry was one of Dr. Cook's companions in the schooner yacht Zetta last summer, cruising along the Greenland shores. He is thoroughly fascinated with the bleak Arctic shores, the glaciers, the icebergs, the strange forms of life, and longs again to return to the "Wild Arctic Wastes." The time is not long distant when men will go to the North Pole in search of game.

## A Sample of Tennessee Shooting.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., May 26.—Thank you for your kind invitation on front page of this week's paper: "Report your luck with rod and gun." Large bags of game here are a rarity, but I will give you the total of four days' shooting during Jack snipe season. I would leave home at 8 o'clock A. M., returning at 12:30 P. M., never going over three miles, so only actually hunting three hours each. In that time I bagged forty-one jack snipe, nine gray snipe, ten plover, three ducks, seven rail (small), two king rail, one squirrel, one hawk and one coon. I had unusual luck one day in getting into a lot of English snipe. The Clarksville Gun Club has not had a meeting this year yet and if they do you may hear again from me.

SLIPPERY.

## Quail Packing.

NEW YORK, June 1.—Having seen Mr. H. L. Burdick's article in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, entitled "Quail do Pack," and there seeming to be some question whether they do or not; let me say, with Mr. Burdick, that quail do pack, especially in the Southwest, New Mexico and Texas. A year ago I lived on a ranch in Mora county, New Mexico, where the blue quail were very thick. At no time do I remember having seen single birds, always from ten to forty in a bunch. When shot at, they would naturally scatter, but in a little while would be in one bunch again. Not being hunted much, they were quite tame and nearly every ranch had a semi-domesticated bunch, that lived near the buildings almost like chickens. Not having had much experience with Eastern quail, I can say very little about them; but hope to hear from some Eastern fellow-sportsmen if the quail bunch or not in the Eastern States.

C. W.

## Currituck Quail Shooting.

THE president of the Narrows Island Club has made arrangements with a number of farmers of Currituck county, whose lands adjoin the club's property, by which the quail shooting on their farms shall be reserved for members of the club. It is intended to supply these farmers with buckwheat which they may sow in their fields after they have gathered their crops, so as to afford abundant food for the birds, which are already numerous. The recently passed law forbidding the shooting of wild-fowl for two days in the week tends to induce sportsmen visiting Currituck county to pay more attention to upland shooting than has heretofore been the case. The grounds of the Narrows Island Club includes a considerable area of admirable quail country as well as extensive snipe marshes, on which, first and last, a great many birds are killed.

## Baltimore County Game.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 1.—Our new game law (applying to Baltimore county only) protects partridge, rabbit, pheasant, gray squirrel and woodcock until the game seasons of 1895. This law is radical. A close season of nearly eighteen months for quail, but, sad to say, woodcock, a migratory bird, is also in the list. As for squirrels and rabbits, I have no use for them except in the tree or on the lawn. In the pot the rabbit looks too much like the family cat, and like her they too are protected. There is also a new clause, and this will interest our friends, for while non-residents must pay a license of \$10 per annum for the privilege, yet if they get our consent they can shoot over our lands for nothing.

ASA B. GARDNER, JR.

## She Has a True Aim.

MANY of the ladies of Jackson's Hole, Wyo., are known to be good shots and to have killed various sorts of small game, but last winter Mrs. R. L. McDermott broke the record by going out alone and unaided and killing a big, fat cow elk, and she made a shot that any hunter could be proud of, as the ball went directly through the heart of the animal. The gun, a .45-90 Winchester, she had never fired before, as her favorite gun had always been a .22cal. Colt's repeater. One would never select Mrs. McDermott as the woman with the nerve to tackle a bunch of elk, as she is a handsome and refined little blonde lady with an entire absence of any suspicion of masculinity in her make-up.—*Correspondence Cheyenne (Wyo.) Leader*.

## Game in Iowa.

ROCKWELL, Iowa, May 31.—We are having an ideal spring for game; prairie chickens are thick, although they could not be found last fall. I have seen more quail this spring than ever before in this vicinity.

W. L. H.

Dr. Cook's Arctic Expedition. A few sportsmen can join it. To "Greenland's icy mountains." To within 800 miles of the North Pole. Hunting polar bear, seal, walrus and reindeer.—*Adv.*

## Sea and River Fishing.

## TARPON AND TURTLES.

OSPREY, Manatee County, Fla.—Last year we had excellent sport with our tarpon in the bays near my winter home on Little Sarasota, all through April. This year, however, that incorrigible coquette, the *Megalops*, has given us poor sport. In fact, from all that can be heard there is good evidence that very few tarpon have been in the bays up to the present date, and the few that have been inside have given us very mediocre sport. The "Grand Ecailles," as some of the semi-French natives call them, have been, in this region, at least, "off their wittles," and when they seize the mullet they nibble rather than bite, and walk off with it in place of running off the coil as we like to see it unwind.

About the mouth of the passes in the open Gulf plenty of our frisky friends may be seen, not singly, but in assemblages numbering from a half-dozen up to a half-hundred. But in the case of these gatherings, as in the case of the Coxey contingents, their ways are dark. They bask lazily along the surface of the warm water and swim about in a dreamy way. Now they are in a body and later on they assemble in a sort of a circle and swim around slowly as if playing circus.

While indulging in these antics they pay no attention to any bait which may be tossed even within a few inches of their broad mouths. Some days ago while fishing for black groupers over the rocks which form the northern boundary of Little Sarasota Pass I noticed such a gathering of tarpon. Pulling in my anchor, a few strokes of an oar soon brought my light boat to the group. The grand fish paid no attention to the approach of their enemy—man—so I was enabled to follow them about leisurely for over a half hour and study their movements at pleasure. During this entire period they never left the surface, but were in sight all the time. At short intervals they exposed their heads and grand eyes, then the dorsal fin and the feather next the tail were exposed. They also rolled over at times, showing the silvery gleam of their large scales. There movements were slow and lazy beyond expression.

The boat was paddled up so near to them that it would



have been an easy matter to bury my grains into the back of one of the beauties—but to what profit? Those who have brought the tarpon to gaff know well enough what he can do when he gets down to business. So I allowed them to roll and circle at pleasure, and looked with renewed wonder at their burnished sides and gem-like, translucent backs and admired again and again their great eyes. A fine morsel of cut mullet was cast into the midst of the school time and again without any result other than to cause a slight lunge when the bait came too near the eye of one of the beauties.

I tried to count the "heads," but found it quite as difficult to count noses among moving tarpon as among young chickens. My count was as low as forty-two on one occasion and as high as forty-eight another time.

This is "full season" for turning turtles, as the first of these salt water hens generally come out on the beach with the May moon. Turtle beef is not only rather tough but has a strong flavor if the fat is not very carefully eliminated from the lean. But the meat makes a superb broth which may be "canned" and left for future reference and which may form the basis of soups good enough to satisfy the demands of even a rigid gourmet. These loggerheads leave their native element at night and climb the sandy beach, and after digging a suitable hole with one of their front flippers they deposit from 75 to 150 eggs. These eggs are excellent and more digestible than hen eggs and are consequently sought for eagerly by man and beast. As a natural result of this war against the unhatched innocents the days of the sea turtle are numbered. We all like turtle egg turnovers and gems for breakfast, but those of us who are more human than the coons and possums generally leave at least a score of eggs "for luck" in each nest which we discover.

The natives come down to the Gulf from their inland homes these moonlight nights, and often camp on the "key" near the shore, remaining for several days. When they catch an old hen loggerhead on the beach they "turn" her; in this condition the turtle is entirely helpless and may be left until morning, when she is butchered and the cracker can return to his home with a fine stock of meat and plenty of eggs. I had the good fortune to turn two turtles last week and got 148 eggs from the nest of the larger of the two. The other hen started back to the Gulf without making any nest and it took a brisk run to head her off, but we "got there" all the same, and when we killed her the next day we got eighty more eggs to add to our stock.

May in Florida is about as warm as July on the Jersey coast and the thermometer sometimes marks 90° Fah. in the shade, but we have our breezes from the water to temper the heat, and, after all, go North more for a change of scene than for a change of climate. NONE SUCH.

## WE WENT FISHING.

SUTTON, Que.—I have had it in mind for a long time to write you about a little fishing excursion that a party of five of us had the pleasure of participating in in the spring of '93. We had been planning and talking it over all the winter and early part of the spring, and at last fixed upon a day to try our prowess. At that time trout do not take a fly very much in the mountain streams, and to be perfectly frank none of our party were past masters in the art of fly-casting, although later on we had fairly good luck fly-fishing in the more open streams.

Just as the sun was showing his round and smiling face above the brow of Old Sutton Mountain, we drove into the pretty little village of Knowlton, a favorite summer resort on the picturesque shore of Brome Lake, a sheet of water noted for its bass and pickerel fishing. We bore off to the right and drove up into the mountains of Bolton, to a little pond known in the vicinity as Coon's Pond, a fine trout haunt, and owned by the Hon. J. B. Baker, who very kindly allows it to be fished by the public. As we rounded a turn in the road its whole surface lay before us, smooth as glass, except for here and there a ripple caused by the morning breeze, and from which the presiding genius of the place, one Mr. Coons, for whom the pond was named, was taking some very fair-sized brook trout with a brown-hackle and alder pole, and as he sat in his boat whipping the ripples on either side of him, his white hair and bent figure sharply outlined against the dark foliage that surrounds the water, he appeared the perfect type of an ancient fisherman. We resolved to have the solitary boat he was fishing from if our persuasion would induce him to abandon it in our favor. He could not withstand our efforts, the boat was procured, our rods put together, and Parsons and Horas started out to locate and of course capture the very father of all the finny tribes, while the rest of us were content to try our luck and skill from logs and headlands around the shore.

But luck was against us; the wind went down, the water became smooth and transparent, and the fish would not bite. So we hitched our team and drove back down the mountain and got some very fair fishing in one of the outlets of the pond which we fished to the old Magog road, where we put up our horses and ate our lunch under the shade trees of an adjoining farm house. Our luggage packed, we took the old stage road through the Bolton Pass, one of the finest drives Brome county is so justly celebrated for, and our next stop was made at Salley's or Grass Pond, at a little stream flowing from this pond along the base of Bald Mountain, down through a very wilderness of alders.

I was fishing a pool two or three rods down the stream in the edge of the thicket, when I heard my companion—a man of mild and unassuming manners—using loud and angry words in a pool just behind me, and thinking he had come in contact with an angry land owner, I went back to see what the difficulty was, and found him fairly wild over the peculiar antics of an *Sin* trout, which, owing to the brush, could not be hooked secure enough to land, but would dangle a second just out of the water and then drop back, not hurt enough to prevent him from biting again. We had a good catch on this part of the stream and soon struck the road again, where one of the boys had left the team, and, it being now after sunset, we drove to the Bolton Springs House and put up for the night, where we had some of our fish for supper.

After breakfast we found a sportsman who was staying in the vicinity waiting to see us. He reported having fished the Missisquoi River, and had caught a number of trout weighing from 1 to 2½ lbs. We decided to try it; but we failed to get anything like a satisfactory result. We worked our way gradually toward home, fishing a couple of other brooks on our journey, and arrived home

highly pleased with our outing, ready to pick up with renewed vigor the thread of business, feeling we had spent two days upon the mountain streams of Brome that would never be forgotten, but would be lived over and over again in fancy and with scarcely less pleasure. We had taken something like 40 lbs. of brook trout, none of which were over 1½ lb. in weight, but the very finest of all fish for table use.

Since then our party has been broken up, two of the boys are in Colorado, and have during the past season caught salmon from the Fraser River in British Columbia and trout from the mountain streams of Colorado; but they have assured me more than once that never have they had two more pleasant days than the ones I have taken the liberty of describing to my fellow anglers of FOREST AND STREAM.

WEST.

## ANGLING NOTES.

Frank Buckland.

A CORRESPONDENT desires to know if the book upon angling, "by Frank Buckland, of the London *Field*," is a standard work to-day; when Mr. Buckland died, and if he was a recognized authority upon angling.

I think the correspondent has confused the identity and work of two different persons. Francis Trevelyan Buckland was born Dec. 17, 1826, and died Dec. 19, 1880. He was one of the founders of *Land and Water*, and its fishing and natural history editor up to the time of his death. He was inspector of salmon fisheries for England and Wales, but, so far as I know, never wrote a book upon angling.

Mr. Buckland was a prolific writer upon the fisheries, fishculture and natural history, and was the author of several books, but never ranked as a recognized angling authority.

Mr. Francis Francis was the angling editor of the London *Field*, and he did write "A Book on Angling," for that is its title, which has passed through six or seven editions, and is a standard English work to-day, and probably will be for many days to come, except in that branch of the art known as dry fly fishing, which may said to have been developed by Mr. Frederic M. Halford since Mr. Francis' death. Mr. Francis Francis was one of the great anglers of Great Britain, and consequently a recognized authority upon matters pertaining to angling, and the author of several books on the subject other than the one here given by title.

## Fishing in Bay of Quinte.

When I learned that the Canadian authorities proposed to prevent American fishermen from fishing in Bay of Quinte, in Canada, I was at a loss for words to express my regret at this action, for in Bay of Quinte I have had some of the best black bass fishing of all my experience in many waters, and in Hay Bay, a part of Bay of Quinte, is to be found some of the best mascolange fishing, all of which I fully described in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago.

Mr. E. T. D. Chambers sends me word, however, that the case is not as bad as at first reported. It seems that the Department of Marine and Fisheries, at Ottawa, has under consideration a plan that will prevent American citizens from fishing in Bay of Quinte and Hay Bay on a commercial basis, while still permitting legitimate summer visitors and anglers to fish with rod and line as a source of sport. So far from being disappointed at this action, American anglers may wish that the Department of Marine and Fisheries might extend their jurisdiction over the border and regulate the fishing in some American waters on the same basis.

## Mohican Rod and Gun Club.

At the May meeting of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club, of Glens Falls, N. Y., action was taken to incorporate the organization, and then it was resolved to offer a series of rewards for evidences leading to the conviction of violators of the fish laws. The governing board of the club has fixed upon a reward of \$25 for evidence of violations of Sec. 102, which prohibits the use of unlawful devices in taking fish, \$25 for evidence of the violation of Sec. 106, which provides that trout under 6 in. in length shall not be taken or possessed, and \$25 for evidence of violations of Sec. 114, which prohibits the taking of salmon under 18 in. in length.

The laws are just and reasonable, as well as necessary for the preservation of the fish mentioned in the sections, and the club will put forth its best efforts to enforce them. Many brook trout spawn before they are 6 in. long, and ripe eggs have been taken from trout that were only 4 in. long, and if all trout are allowed to spawn once before they are subject to legal capture the brooks will not become utterly depopulated. I am morally certain that a great many trout under 6 in. are caught and secretly sold to hotel keepers, but the moral certainty must be made a legal certainty.

It is equally certain that the trout streams are netted for the same purpose. On the first day of the open season this year a hotel exhibited 6 lbs. of brook trout taken from a near-by stream, and on that day two good anglers were unable to catch more than a single trout in the same stream, using hook and line. They both told me that they saw a number of trout and they were as wild as hawks. Those who profess to believe that minnow nets may be used in trout streams to take bait fish will be taught the contrary, for the law is plain on this subject.

The region in which the club operates contains the streams used as nurseries for young salmon planted to stock the Hudson River. Quite naturally the streams selected for this purpose are trout streams, and so far as I had the selection, other things being equal, I selected streams that were posted, but even posted streams are fished and the salmon parr are ravenous little beggars and will take fly or worm baited hook with all the dash of their elders. The baby salmon will not grow to 18 in. in length in the trout brooks before they go to sea, therefore it is illegal to catch them at any time in the trout streams where they have been planted, and they must be protected until they go to sea. Furthermore, with the building of fishways in the Hudson the adult salmon will return to spawn in waters where the club operates and the spawning fish will become its especial charge.

The different laws will be made plain to all who can read by posters and notices in local newspapers, and the difference between salmon parr or smolts and brook trout will be made equally plain, and the posters will be displayed along the streams, at schoolhouses and other meeting places, after which the law will be enforced if evidence

can be obtained that it is violated. If it is plain that the law is violated and a reward of \$25 is not sufficient to check it, the club will give \$100. Good citizens will respect the laws; others must be made to do so, and whatever the cost, the club proposes to do all that a lot of earnest men can do to make the trout streams a safe nursery for young salmon and the headwaters of the Hudson a haven for the adult salmon, once they arrive, where they may spawn unmolested.

## With a Hatchery Superintendent.

For a number of years the Lake George Association, Gen. Robert Lenox Banks president, has planted in the lake annually 500,000 lake trout fry procured from the State, and now the lake is a shining example of what may be accomplished by restocking with artificially reared fish. This year the trout fry came from the Adirondack hatchery near Upper Saranac Lake, although the eggs were taken in Lake Michigan, and when the last shipment came Superintendent John G. Roberts came with them, and telegraphed me to meet him, which I did, and went to the lake with him.

The trout fry, about 135,000 in 28 cans, were a very fine lot of strong, healthy fish, with scarcely any dead ones after a journey of ten hours, and the question arose in my mind: Are lake trout fry better for being hatched in the colder water of the Adirondack hatchery, where they are hatched in 120 days and conform to the time required in the waters of our Northern lakes, than they are when hatched in the warmer spring water of another hatchery where they require but eighty days to hatch? Certainly I have not seen a more thrifty lot of trout, with fewer cripples, than these trout which were 120 days in hatching.

On another occasion I had something to say about the condition of trout fry received at Lake George, and a hatchery employee criticised my article and said that he had handled a great many fry and "had yet to find any dead fry in any cans that were not put in the cans in that condition." This is so absurd that it scarcely required comment. My first practical lessons in trout hatching were taken in a hatchery over twenty-two years ago, and from that time to this there has been no way discovered of making strong fry out of those born weaklings, and with the best of care some few fry will die in the cans, as doubtless they would have died had they remained in the troughs. I have often had men look into cans of fry and say there were no dead ones, while I knew there were plenty of them.

After the fry were delivered at Lake George I had an opportunity to sit down and talk with Mr. Roberts. He told me that he planted 5,000 landlocked salmon fry in Lake Brandon (Little Clear Pond, as it was once known), on the hatchery reservation, a pond of 325 acres, and in 1890 and '91 planted 5,000 more fry—2,500 each year. Now the pond is well stocked with salmon, so that in drawing a net for spawning trout he would get a dozen salmon in each haul, fish weighing from 2½ to 4 lbs. each. This was of interest in view of the fact that Lake George is to be stocked with landlocked salmon where the food is largely frost fish, and the salmon food in Lake Brandon is also frost fish—round whitefish. It has been held that to stock any water with salmon successfully, smelt must be provided for them to feed upon, but I am banking on the belief that round whitefish will prove to be as good as smelt, and it is pleasant to have this view of it confirmed in so practical a manner.

Fishculture furnishes some startling surprises and Mr. Roberts provides an example. About twelve or fifteen years ago Mirror Lake in the Adirondacks was stocked with small-mouthed black bass; it contained brook trout but not lake trout, and eight or nine years ago lake trout were planted. Now the lake trout have eaten the black bass until the bass fishing is nearly destroyed. The trout are frequently taken with the bass inside of them. In Schreon Lake a lake trout was caught that had in its stomach a pike (the fish generally called pickerel in New York) of 2½ lbs.

A year or two ago I noted the capture of lake trout in Upper Saranac Lake that contained pike, and yet at that very time there was a movement on foot to introduce black bass in some of the Adirondack lakes into which pike had found their way, that the bass might destroy the pike instead of the lake trout. I opposed this and had the assistance of FOREST AND STREAM in so doing, urging that it would be far better to net out the pike than to put in the black bass. Mr. Fuller of Meacham Lake is doing this successfully to-day, and the law still stands making it illegal, with a penalty of \$500, to plant other than species of the salmon family in Adirondack waters.

Mr. Roberts told me of a brook trout caught this spring in Horseshoe Pond near Saranac Lake by a Mr. Hunter, that weighed 5½ lbs. and measured 2½ in. in length. Wesley Wood, a well known Saranac guide, was with Mr. Hunter, who, I believe, lives in New York city.

I think it is not generally known that an effort is being made to restock Lake Champlain with lake trout. I say restock it, for I have the evidence of a trustworthy living witness that Lake Champlain once contained an abundance of lake trout, though why they should have disappeared so entirely I cannot learn. I know there are plenty of people who say that the lake never had the lake trout, but I am satisfied that they are in error. Mr. Roberts planted 250,000 lake trout fry in Champlain in 1891, and 500,000 in 1892.

In speaking of the habits of different fish that he had handled, Mr. Roberts tells me that the only fish of his raising that he cannot carry in an open vessel, are landlocked salmon. Fingering trout of all kinds he can carry in a bucket without a cover, but under like conditions the little landlocked salmon will jump out to the last one.

## A Youthful Champion.

The boys are having their innings in these days in catching large fish. The latest candidate for champion honors is Raymond Gleason, 12 years old, who caught a trout of 1 lb. 11 oz. in Glendon Brook, near Glens Falls, a stream in which the salmon fry for stocking the Hudson River have been planted since 1884. Young Gleason broke rod, line and hook, but saved the fish, to the astonishment of his father when he viewed his wrecked tackle.

A. N. CHENEY.

An eel died upon being taken out of a well at Groton, Conn., the other day, where it is reputed to have lived for fifty years. According to the story it was placed in the well half a century ago by C. O. Harris, where it had remained ever since.



## AMERICAN ANGLERS IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first arrivals here of American salmon fishermen on their way to their preserves are expected this week, particularly those that fish the Restigouche and other south shore streams. Lieut.-Gov. Chapleau, of Quebec, will fish Mr. Henry Hogan's river, the St. Anne des Monts. North shore fishermen will start next week and the week after. Messrs. Amos Little and friends from Philadelphia will again fish the Moisie, and the next trip of the steamship Otter along the north shore is sure to be taken advantage of by a number of American sportsmen. E. C. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Co., is expected here in a few days on his way to the Romaine. His namesake, Edson Fitch, of Quebec, accompanied by his friend John D. Gilmour, leave about June 9 for the Trinity.

Most of the members of the large party of trout fishermen from Meriden, Conn., and New York, whose names were given in my last letter, returned on Friday from the club house of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, to which they belong, at Kiskisink. Both in the lake's outlet and also in the rapids above its inlet they had splendid sport. But they all came home and left their tails behind them. Not their own "tails," nor their fish tales, but the tails of their fish—tails and fish as well. They were all elegantly packed up in moss and ice, some in wooden packing cases, others in specially made tin fish-boxes, ready to be exhibited to admiring friends on their return home, as evidence and trophies of their prowess with fly-rod and line. And they were such a lot as any party of gentlemen and anglers might well feel proud of. But unfortunately they were all left behind by the train, upon the platform of the Kiskisink station.

Quite a number of distinguished American anglers went up to their various preserves a few days ago, including Dr. G. L. Porter and David F. Read and Miss Read of Bridgeport, Conn., and several members of the Nomantum Club, all of whom are from New Haven, and are now upon their club waters near Lake Bouchette. Among the latter are Messrs. H. Brown, president of the club; A. W. Hooper, vice-president of the club; Chas. E. Graham, S. E. Spencer, Minot E. Chatfield, Fred. W. Ryder, ex-United States Consul at Quebec and manager of the *Evening Leader*, of New Haven. Four other gentlemen who arrived here from the States by the same train are now fishing the same preserve. This party consists of Mr. George E. Hart, Mr. W. Durand, Newark, N. J.; Irving L. Atwood, of Waterbury, and M. M. Drake, of Torrington, Conn. Knowing that they were anxious to kill ouananiche as well as trout, and that the early spring fishing for the fresh water salmon must then be nearing an end, I urged them to continue on to the Ouiaichouan pool before attempting to seduce *fontinalis*, which was certain to wait for them, and am glad to hear that they had capital sport there, as also had Messrs. John T. Ross, John D. Gilmour and F. Holloway of Quebec. Exactly as anticipated, the ouananiche have now left the Ouiaichouan for the season and are reported in the Discharge, where the fishing that usually commenced there from June 12 to 15 is certain to be at its height by the 1st to 5th of that month. The streams in our north country are already down to their summer level, and the trout of the fountain is rising freely in nearly all of the lakes. Lake Edward, as usual at this season of the year, is yielding very large speckled red trout (*Salvelinus*) to bait-fishermen. One angler took 170 fine trout last week in two days fishing in Lake Quaquakamis, some of which weighed up to 4 and 5 lbs. each. Marvelous catches are reported also from the Laurentide and Stadacona lakes.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 29.

## IN DEFENSE OF "RODSTER."

Editor Forest and Stream:

What is really the matter with that word "rodster" I have occasionally used in my North Shore letters, and which has has set "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart" snapping at my heels?

It comes, I learn, from "way back," almost springing from the period when Dame Juliana Berners and Sir Izaak Walton wrote so instructively and charmingly of the gentle art. It is frequently used and figures in many old English works on the meditative art. I have seen it in *FOREST AND STREAM* long before I ever wrote a line for it, and have run across it in other papers and magazines that make a specialty of outdoor sports.

Last year some writer under the *nom de plume* of "Hoosier" sprang into the field, armed *cap-a-pie*, and hurled javelin after javelin at me with dire intent because I had given expression to the word. Now comes Brother Young in your last issue and files his demur for the same cause. He, however, is so polite and gentle—ever the mark of the gentlemanly sportsman—that I sincerely regret he is so much tattered and torn in running into the word.

I really can't understand why at this late date there are objections to its use, as I considered it a fixed vocable. Although it is not poetic it is pithy, and in addition a very convenient word with which to ring the changes in writing of the art contemplative.

Fearing some of your readers as well as your complainants may think there is no tangible existence for the word in dispute, I give below the definition, which I have taken from the Century Dictionary:

"Rodster, one who uses a fishing rod; a rod-fisher; an angler."

In connection with the definition in the same dictionary is the following extract taken from the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 2, 1883: "It is the intention of a number of our local rodsters to leave the city for different streams."

What more need be said unless I give a few similar words, such as song-ster, young-ster, drug-ster, pun-ster, mal-ster, deem-ster, game-ster, lap-ster, spin-ster, huck-ster, road-ster, team-ster, and so on *ad infinitum*.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

CINCINNATI, O., May 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago I had occasion to put in a word in defense of the word "rodster." An English cousin stigmatized it as slang; and now, through *FOREST AND STREAM*, Brother E. S. Young feels that Brother Starbuck has left him as limp as a line after the trout has escaped. Brother Starbuck can take care of himself, and neatly, no doubt. I wish to enter a plea for the rodster.

I cannot enlighten Brother Young touching the birth of the term, not being an adept in verbal toecology, but I hold it to be any man's right, or woman's, to coin a word. There is no law against it, and when one considers the liberties sometimes taken with Mother English, one should not be censured for adding to the vocabulary when the addition is not offensive, or violates no known rule of lexicology. That a man should be believed in his calling is a very old axiom. Noah doubtless was an excellent lexicographer, but it does not follow that he was versed in the art of angling, nor that he can lay paternal claim to all the words in the language.

"Doggy," for instance, is a not uncommon word, and yet I do not find it between the lids of authority. "Daub" is another term, unknown to Webster in the edition of 1884, and yet I presume that any coal miner who makes his mark could throw light upon it, though the servant girl might fail. "Dawlings" is not a very mellifluous term, it is not in the dictionary, yet I have known many a miner to complain when the vein "pinched" on him. "Dean," for instance, may have another signification than that of an ecclesiastical dignitary, or the head of anything; it may signify the tail, and yet be accepted.

Will Brother Young give us the derivation of "rodster," something that rides on the water and is ridden on the land? Is "rodster" not quite as silvery in sound? "Road agent" is not to be found in the dictionary, but is adopted, nevertheless, as a supplement. He suggests that "rodman" or "rodwoman" would be more acceptable. While a surveyor might accept the one or the other, were he a bachelor and she young and attractive, yet Webster has failed to recognize either. For myself I appreciate the terms from away back, having been born and raised in a hardwood country. Raised! I should say! I was not only raised but I frequently raised the neighborhood, and having been the recipient of deserved distinction in my youth, I necessarily retain a reverence for the rodman and the rodwoman. But you see Brother Young is condemned out of his own mouth, unless he can prove that Cain stood in no need of flagellation, because he must find the root in the beginning, otherwise "rodster" is as sweet a word as "rodman."

"Sir, here is newly come to court, Rodster; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calender of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see."

LEWIS B. FRANCE.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 470.)

OUR predictions relative to the appearance of the storm god were not realized when we arose in the morning, but there was an east wind blowing that prevented us from making the trip to Sand River which was on our programme for that day's sport.

Concluding to take advantage of the disappointment we remained in our quarters the entire morning, devoting the time to a general clean up of camp, airing of blankets, beds, etc., and in gathering balsam for the interior of our tents. The half-breeds in the meantime did the entire laundrying, and to add to the sanitary condition of affairs we all took a bath in the cold and pure waters of the grand old lake, and then donned some clean woollens, as the immaculate linen is not in it when it comes to an outing in these wild regions, it being entirely too dudish and uncomfortable.

After dinner, the wind being favorable and the weather at its best, with the sun in flame of rose and the sky a fairland in crimson, we concluded to sail to the Lizard Islands, some four miles distant. It was really a holiday to us, and as we left our quarters for the distant isles felt, with Tennyson's voyager, that—

"We left behind the painted buoy  
That tosses at the harbor mouth;  
And madly danced our hearts with joy,  
As fast we fled to the south.  
How fresh was every sight and sound  
On open main or winding shore!  
We knew the merry world was round,  
And we might sail for evermore."

Our boat cut through the enamored caress of the waves like a knife through satin, and as the pearly froth rolled from her sides it went dancing in silver bubbles with a radiant joy till they lost their sparkle from the submergence of the billows.

Ned was full of talk and of song, and as he leaned against one of the creaking masts with the bright sunlight beautifying his bronzed features and his snow white hair falling o'er his broad shoulders, while taking in the sapphire sea of clouds which lazily floated in upper air, sang a charming little gem from the German of Heine, entitled the "Lovely Fishermaiden." It thus runs with lute-like ripple:

"My lovely fishermaiden,  
Come steer your boat to land;  
And sit you down beside me,  
We'll coo here hand in hand.

"Recline upon my bosom,  
And have no fear of me;  
With me there is less danger  
Than on the raging sea.

"My heart is like the ocean,  
Has storm, and flood, and tide;  
And in its depths unfathomed  
Full many a pearl doth hide.

This was beautifully rendered by the sweet-voiced and silver-haired troubadour, his pure, strong tenor notes ringing out o'er the tinkling waves in a flood of delicious melody. The half-breeds were perfectly enraptured over the lovely song, and this time Kenosh literally meant what he said, "No flee on him."

The breeze, which had been gentle at the start, now began to show more vigor before we reached the islands, making the sails and cordage hum and the water roll merrily from the bow. After passing the first island we had to take a tack to reach the other, and wishing to make it on one stretch, took a "long leg" of about a mile and a half, which brought us to a small pier on the west side. In making this long tack we passed over a reef fully a mile wide which, in many places, was not over three feet deep.

After tying the boat at the pier, we all went ashore and

roamed around the island which, for the past two years, has been an abandoned fishing station, but which we ascertained from Peter was to be used again next year. The waters were simply having a three years' rest in hopes they would again produce a bountiful harvest. The rude shanties were still standing, but in a very dilapidated condition. The game on the islands consists principally of rabbits, and these have multiplied so rapidly during the abandonment that in a short walk of about half a mile along a narrow footpath we saw over twenty, and if we had desired could have loaded the boat with them in a very short time. No one seems to care for them except the Indians, and they can always secure enough on the main shore. The islands lay low in the water, are well wooded and are devoid of all picturesque effect other than as mere oases in the great waste of water.

Tiring of our explorations and the big fat rabbits, which seemed to be always on the jump, we sought the boat, and, hoisting sails, were once more cleaving through the waves that were beginning to freely toss the silvery snow-drifts. The evening breeze had not only puffed them up with proud disdain, but enriched them with a gleam like a diamond's sparkle. Right merrily the bounding billows danced and tinkled to the sweet song of the sea:

"—ever a jovial comrade,  
Who laughs wherever he goes;  
Whose merriment shines in the dimpling lines  
That wrinkle his pale repose;  
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,  
And shakes all over with glee;  
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,  
In the mirth of the mighty sea."

A short distance from the island, on the south side, we strike another reef of considerable magnitude, and on reaching its outer edge it looked so temptingly trouty that we made a few casts with our lures, but nothing came to investigate them. Again the sails are up and drawn tight, and this time it is a rapid run for the camp, with the snowy frostwork tumbling from the bow in fan-shape rolls. While gaily bowling along, Kenosh told us of the grounding of the steamer China one foggy night last fall, on the reef near Maimaise Point. He was fishing then, near where she struck, and shortly after her grounding the hoarse winds were howling and the vexed sea violently turbulent, sending the white foam against the rocky shore with a mournful sound. Her engines were puffing away for dear life, and her alarm whistle, which was constantly sounding, could be heard for miles as it was caught up and carried along by the tempestuous winds. Not only was the steamer in great danger of entire loss, but the lives of the passengers and crew were at stake. The captain, a thorough seaman, was equal to the emergency, and having some thirty-five hundred barrels and sacks of flour aboard, ordered it all overboard. Away it went over the leeward side in a hurry, stretching itself along the shore for miles. When it neared land the huge billows would lift barrel after barrel, and where the rocks obtruded dash them against the solid walls with savage fury. Many of them burst and their contents lined the shore for miles, giving it an appearance as if it had just been visited by a heavy snow fall.

When the gray dawn came it disclosed the fortunate escape of the steamer, as well as a sea with the tossing barr-lins in every direction. The alarm at night had aroused many of the Indians at the point, and when the precious freight was seen at the mercy of the waves they gathered along the coast, many of them going up to their arm pits in the cold water to drag out barrel after barrel as it came within reach. The news of the rich booty floating around was carried to Bachewauung Bay, and then another swarthy salvage corps was on hand with their sailboats. One Indian saved four hundred barrels, another one hundred, while many secured from ten to twenty. All that could of the Indian wreckers concealed their booty in the dense woods, while others were content to allow it to remain where they had dragged it ashore. One sailboat took fifteen barrels of the flour down to Bachewauung Bay, and leaving it unguarded went back for a second load, which, on obtaining, returned with it to find their first load had been stolen. Undaunted and eager for more spoils, they returned for a third load, leaving a single guard over their last cargo. This, however, shared the same fate as the first, as it was taken despite the guard, who had been adroitly enticed away. The last load, however, they concluded to stand guard over themselves, and this they saved. Kenosh said that he secured fifteen barrels, and on taking it to the "Soo" came near being swamped when near Gros Cap Island, as the boat was almost buried on her lee side in a smother of foam and flying spume. He was using the same boat we had and stated it was overloaded for such a heavy sea as then prevailed, but the flour was so stowed as to enable them to dump it very quickly.

The China, on arriving at the "Soo," sent the steam tug Annie Clarke with the necessary papers to secure all that had been recovered by the wreckers. The 400-barrel lot was first seized, the Indian only getting a salvage of some \$40; and then the 100-barrel lot was taken and the remainder picked up in small lots. In all, about 1,500 barrels were recovered in a slightly damaged condition. Some 500 or 600 barrels, which were secreted by the Indian wreckers, were never found, and the remainder was a total loss. The flour was a nourishing booty for Mr. Lo, and as they have a law unto themselves it was in this case put in practice and it gave them an abundance of flour during the fall and winter.

Two Indians, with twenty barrels of the wrecked flour in their boat, were overhauled by the Annie Clarke and a demand made for the booty, but they defiantly refused to surrender it, declaring they would hold it at all hazards. The captain, humanely inclined and not wishing to force matters to a bitter struggle for the small prize, concluded to let them retain their hard-earned spoils.

Kenosh said it was a clear case of bulldozing on the part of the Indians, and that they would have come off their high perch very suddenly if they saw they were in for a fight.

"Indian no fool," he said, "he no want kill white man." Peter, who could talk English without the "pigeon-toed" twist, said in reply:

"I would not have given up the flour."

"What you do, then?"

"I shoot, that's all."

"You carry pistol?"

"No."

"How you shoot, then?"



"Well, I hit 'em with an oar."

"White man stand around with hands in his pocket? Bah, you crazy!"

"If I am crazy, you are a fool!"

At this exasperating rejoinder the hot blood flushed in Kenosh's face, and rising up he showed indication of climbing over both Ned and me to get at the irascible Peter with his huge fists. Peter, at this warlike demonstration, took an extra grip on the rudder handle, as if he intended withdrawing it to use as a cudgel of defense. Seeing it about time to interfere, I good-naturedly said, "Boys, you are both wrong and both right, and are making fools of yourselves. Stop your silly quarrel, or we will be compelled to put you both overboard."

This bit of pleasantries somewhat quieted him, but Kenosh, as he took his seat, had anything but a pleasant face, while Peter remained in the sulks quite a while.

Nearing the shore, Ned suggested as we had caught no trout that day that we try for a few to the west of the camp. Cheerfully assenting, the boat was at once headed for the fishing grounds, where we soon arrived, and began whipping the water in a very industrious manner. Ned got the first response and the first fish, and I soon followed with number two, both being about two pounds each. Coming to a choice place, an ideal home for a trout, Ned aroused an old patriarch, but failed to connect with him. He tried again and again, but could not draw him to the surface. When he had given up in despair of coaxing him from his creviced haunt, I tried my hand as a persuader and was rewarded with a baby trout, which I indignantly tossed back to the icy water. I wanted no such representative of the scarlet tribe after having seen Ned's ponderous trout break water. He said it was a case of extremes and that he would have been extremely glad to have secured his end of it.

After going a mile further we succeeded in getting two more, scoring evenly. The last one that Ned captured was much handsomer than any trout we had yet captured. I did think some of the others were matchless in their tinted robes, but in gazing at this one I fervently exclaimed *perfectio*.

The dark brown ribbon on this beauty's back faded into flames of a bright and delicate vermilion, which in its turn blended into orange and silver and lustrous opaline hues, while the mottling was in periodic dashes like glories of gleaming iridescence, the whole forming a rare composition in colors and tints infinitely lovely, really a masterpiece of celestial painting from the sapphired fount of purling brook "rolling in orient pearl and sands of gold." Ned said its tints were lovelier than those on a baby's heel or a butterfly's wing, and of course as I could add nothing further to this perfected painting I humbly capitulated to his masterly comparison. It was more than I had expected from him in this line, but then when one is always dallying with feathers of varied hues, from the bird of paradise to the tiny "hummer" in hopes of achieving his ideal of a perfect fly, the wonder ceases. He was evidently not color-blind, but simply stood alone as an original, and in that rôle a Rubens or a Raphael could not have given him a point that he would have accepted when deep in the architecture of a fly.

As the shades of evening were now falling we reeled up and gave the word for a rapid advance to camp. The sails were hoisted and with a beam wind then prevailing we went plunging, turning rainbows to the windward sun, and snow storms to the leeward, with a radiant dazzle in our wake.

On our way we passed two canoes, each having a family and a large one at that. One of them contained a wee bit of a papoose strapped to its cradle, and as we neared it asked the mother to hold it aloft. She smilingly complied, and as the sunlight played around its bronzed and serene face we gave it three rousing cheers which threw them all into hearty peals of laughter, with a few barks from the accompanying dogs. Indian mothers are devotedly attached to their children, although they may possess no attraction for the pale face. They prepare in their wooden cradles such an exquisitely soft and well arranged bed that it is plain they must have thought attentively on the subject.

The principal factor in this infant's house is a flat board. For this purpose poplar wood is selected; in the first place, because it is light, and secondly, because it does not crack and splinter. On this board a small frame of thin peeled wood is fastened, much after the shape of the child's body, and stands up from the board like the sides of a violin from the sounding board. It is fastened on with bats, because the Indians never use nails, screws or glue. The cavity is filled and stuffed with very soft substances for the reception of the child. In this bed the little beings nestle up to the armpits; so far they are wrapped up tightly with bandages and coverings, but the head and arms are free. At a convenient distance above the head is a stiff circle of wood, also fastened to the cradle with bats. It serves as a protection to the head, and if the cradle happens to fall over it rests on this arch. In fact, you may roll over an Indian *tekinagan*—so the cradle is called in Indian—as much as you please, but the child cannot be injured.

There is a special name for every part, however small, of the cradle; thus, for instance, the bow over the head is called *agwin-gueon*. It also serves as a receptacle for all the playthings and presents, which hang down from it and are within reach of the infant's hands. One can understand a rattle or bells, but what is an infant to do with carefully worked little moccasins hanging down over its nose; or a miniature imitation of a bow and arrows; or a wooden ring, over which leathern thongs are drawn; or a round piece of caribou leather, from which small pieces of stags' horn are suspended? But I suspect that all these things are placed there more for a good omen than as playthings; the moccasins, that the boy may be a good runner; the bow, arrows and bones, that he may become a famous hunter; that strange ring, with network of leather, I am told is good against illness.

The squaws at times display extraordinary luxury in the gaily embroidered coverlid which they throw over the whole cradle. I saw one woman use as a covering a wide sky-blue cloth, on which glistened at least a couple of pounds of pearl beads. She told me she had paid \$10 for it, a sum of no insignificance to the mother. The *apikan* or band, on which the mother carries the infant and cradle, is also often richly ornamented.

While we were within hearing of this voyaging party our boys chatted in Chippewa with them quite a while. They stated that they were going to Agawa to await the arrival of the paymaster, who, early in July, comes along

with his pension money for each Indian, who is entitled to an amount according to the size of his family. As high as twenty or thirty families gather at this point, and when they are all together, dogs included, it is really a motley collection. The dogs generally outnumber, as they are indispensable to them on their hunting trips during the fall and winter.

We were not long in reaching camp, for the boat skimmed o'er the water as swiftly as a swallow on wing, or, to be more literal, nearly so. Our *chef*, on landing, soon had us a very nourishing meal, two of the trout we had just taken forming part of the repast.

I noticed when the boys were taking their meal, after we had finished, that they were in a highly animated conversation, and soon their voices became so loud and earnest that it developed they were renewing the quarrel they had in the boat. As Ned advised letting them fight it out, we did so, much to our amusement, although it looked, in the vicious way they used their knives and forks on their food, that they would soon serve as scalping knives and spears. Both were as defiant as aroused Spartans, and it only required one blow to see the gore freely flow. We stood ready to interfere should it come to battle, but with the ending of the meal the quarrel also ended, and dove-like peace once more spread its gentle wings o'er the entire camp.

The evening was not a promising one, for the western horizon displayed a dark drapery of clouds that was ominous for the approaching morn. As night spread her sullen wings to shade the earth, the lonely character of our surroundings was doubly apparent. Even the heavens in solemn silence slept, no shifting clouds, nor sailing moon, nor twinkling stars. The woods were as quiet as if deserted, and one almost felt as if he had been transported to the early ages when the mosses and ferns had just begun to cover the primeval rock and the animals as yet ventured timidly forth into the new world. We retired that night somewhat depressed, but with a hope that the new day would be ushered in from the east with gleaming radiance.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

They Broke the Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1.—Some Chicago man, who hasn't got sand enough to sign his name, sends me a marked copy of FOREST AND STREAM, announcing catches of fish taken against the law of Wisconsin. Just for once I am going to break the honorable rule of journalism which refuses to notice anonymous letters and quote the substance of this, because the data have already been published in FOREST AND STREAM. The paragraphs referred to follow:

REY: OLDS, VIA WOODRUFF, Wis., May 15.—Mr. G. Henry High, of Chicago, caught in Trout Lake, May 14, 12 landlocked salmon averaging 3 to 6 lbs. May 15, caught 5 muskallonge weighing from 5 to 20 lbs. May 16.—Mr. J. Frank Lawrence, of Chicago, caught to-day, 8 muskallonge and a 9 lbs. bass; muskallonge weighed from 5 to 12 lbs. Mr. Robinson, of Savanna, Ill., caught to-day 24 muskallonge weighing from 4 to 12 lbs. Mr. Joseph Downey, of Chicago, caught to-day 24 salmon trout, one weighing 16 lbs.

JOHN B. MANN.

THREE LAKES, Wis., May 14.—Joe Swedesky and the writer caught last week 44 pike, largest 29 lbs.; 29 bass, one 4 lbs.; 17 pickerel, one 14 lbs.; 2 muskallonge, one 24 lbs. The prospects look good, the water is low, and the season is much earlier than usual.

F. R. FRENCH.

The writer says: "The marked paragraphs explain themselves. Why not call the attention of the 'sportsmen' to the fact that the fishing laws of Wisconsin prohibit pike or bass fishing before the first of June? Mr. French says 'The season is much earlier than usual,' but the criminal laws of the State are probably not governed by the weather, and the game warden of the district, it would seem, has a cinch in prosecuting and convicting these hogs."

I have personally almighty little respect or sympathy for the fisherman who will own up to killing 514 fish in one week. I know these great catches have been made in these magnificent Wisconsin waters, and it seems they can still be made by the industrious. But how long can it last? The railroads and the hotel men should discourage such work.

### Destruction on the Mississippi.

Mr. L. N. Converse, of Dubuque, Iowa, writes me concerning the depredations of the market-fishers along the Mississippi River, as follows:

"You have not the least idea the extent the seining is carried on in this vicinity or from the State line down to Muscatine. The Illinois Fish Warden, Chas. H. Blow, has done good work in Jo Davies county, Ill., and if the Fish Warden of Wisconsin would do the same along the shore of Grant county, Wis., it would do more good for fish protection. I wish you would stir up the Wisconsin officials. Whatever the FOREST AND STREAM says does good."

"If you ever take a try down the Mississippi, you will find the fish pirate on top and a state of affairs that will surprise you. The conditions of fish protection as you found them on Fox and Kankakee and other rivers near you, which you wrote up, are not a patch to what you would find them above Lansing, Ia., and this place."

Fortunately one can report the most satisfactory results of the work of the active Chicago warden, Mr. Blow, assisted by State Warden Albert Lenk. I am told that these men have secured over seventy convictions of netters and seiners. On May 29 alone, Mr. Blow destroyed fifty-two nets. On the same day he made four arrests and got three convictions. When he gets around to second offenses he is going to insist on the limit, \$200, and not be satisfied with the usual \$10 and costs. On May 17 he and Warden Lenk convicted four illegal fishers, at Hanover, Ill. At Savanna, Ill., the week before, they made eleven prosecutions. On May 21 they caught four fishers in the very act of using their nets. Since then they have landed four more that I know of, and, praise Heaven, they are whooping it up all along the line, and more power to them. Now, if Iowa will get a law (it has none) and every stream running in the Mississippi is bare of fish to-day, because the nets cut them off from going up—witness the once famous Skunk River, now absolutely depopulated, and if the Wisconsin warden will shake things up one-half, one-third, one-tenth as well as Messrs. Blow and Lenk have been doing for the Illinois shore, it won't be long till the fishing is good again in these fruitful waters. The few have been robbing the many, and with the same old fatuous American indifference we have been

letting the robbery go on unhindered. It is time to call a halt on this. Messrs. Blow and Lenk have called it. All honor to them and their record-breaking work, and full credit, too, to the men who have assisted them.

### Tarpon.

My young Texas friend, Johnnie Bludworth, writes me May 26 from Rockport, that the tarpon prospect for the season is very good. "Two tarpon have been taken that I know of, and maybe more, over at the Pass. They are very thick in there now, and I wish you could come down and go after one."

### In Wisconsin.

Fishing is good in Wisconsin. Gogebic opens June 1 and will be prime soon. The mascalonge waters are about at their best now for the spring season. From my old grounds at Phantom Lake I hear of one string of bass and pickerel, 12 fish, weighing 84 lbs., and a number of large pickerel. Late heavy rains have hurt the trout fishing in the streams. At Hudson the Willow River trout preserve, belonging to H. J. Drake, of St. Paul, overflowed; 70,000 yearlings and 50,000 fry were lost. A local hatchery lost 300,000 fry and 20,000 yearlings.

### In the North Woods.

Messrs. W. P. Mussey, T. Benton Leiter, William and J. Haskell, Frank Gray and George Holden, all of Chicago, all left last night for a two or three weeks' trip after large, long lunge fishes and a few bass and salmon trout in the Wisconsin North Woods. They will go to Plum Lake for the most of their fishing. Any fish weighing less than 50 lbs. will be contemptuously returned to the water, I am assured. Anyhow, this party will have a large time, certainly.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## MORE ABOUT THE WHITEFISH.

DETROIT, May 31.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Your notes on the Lake Miltona whitefish and the other species of the genus *Coregonus*, will interest every person who has had the pleasure of reading them and the thousands who have made the acquaintance of this splendid fish. There are some points, however, in which the observations of some of your correspondents, and the reports quoted in your article differ from the experience and observation of fishermen who have taken the fish in the lakes which make of the State of Michigan two peninsulas. You say, "It might be supposed that the second group, to which belongs the lake herring, the Miltona whitefish, the long-jaw and several others, would take the hook rather than the common whitefish if any of them could be captured in that way; but, singularly enough most of the reports of taking whitefish on a hook relate to the small-mouth form—the common lake whitefish." This is not the experience along the waters of any of the Great Lakes. "On the contrary," as Sam Weiler would say—"quite the reverse," as was stated in my letter from Alpena, published in the current issue of FOREST AND STREAM. There is no doubt in my mind that these conflicting reports are due to the errors of anglers who have taken the alleged whitefish in misnaming the fish they caught—it is a common one, and perhaps natural enough under the circumstances. The illustration of the Miltona whitefish is a very lifelike picture of a long-jaw, and in this case a very fair picture, except as to the formation of mouth, of the lake whitefish of Michigan.

The ciscos of the Wisconsin and Minnesota lakes are not to be compared to the whitefish of the Great Lakes, in their size or flavor, or richness of flesh. The quotation from Mr. Van Cleave, that "the whitefish of the lake region referred to are taken altogether in nets," and that they "run from 14 lbs. to as high as 6 lbs.," is true of the Michigan whitefish except as to maximum weight. I have seen whitefish taken from pound nets that weighed from 5 to 14 lbs., and indeed rare specimens that reached 27 lbs. Your readers will perhaps remember that I sent (in 1888, I think) FOREST AND STREAM a note on the capture at Monroe, Mich., in the nets of Duclo & Co., a whitefish which pulled the scales at the figures just quoted.

The long-jaw whitefish, in the opinion of fishermen who are thoroughly familiar with the two groups, is the only one which takes the hook and it is the only one having a mouth that would hold the hook when caught.

KEUKA.

### The Trout of the Gunnison.

SALIDA, Colo., May 29.—Our trout fishing season opens June 1 and we are making preparations for a great season. The snow is about out of the mountains, and the fly-fishing will begin about 15 days earlier than usual. The best waters in our State for trout are in Gunnison county, of which Gunnison City is the county seat. The Gunnison River and its tributaries are the only streams which are easily reached, and never fail to give the lover of rod and reel a day of enjoyment from June until November. The Gunnison is a stream of pure crystal, with an average width of 100 ft., and is a paradise for the fly-caster. The trout average about 1 lb. in weight, although there have been trout of 7 lbs. weight caught within a few miles of Gunnison City, and Messrs. Skinner & Herrick, of the La Veta Hotel, have two mounted specimens of over 7 lbs. each, which were caught last season, and trout of 2 to 8 lbs. are plentiful. At Kezar post office, 12 miles west of Gunnison City, can be found as fine waters as can be wished for, and Mr. A. Pomel, the genial postmaster, and his sons, take pleasure in entertaining all who may stop off or call to take the trains. Mr. Pomel is one of the old timers who settled in the Gunnison Valley "when Pike's Peak was a hole in the ground," as the saying is, and while he has not made a business of catering to sportsmen in the past, he says that he is going to see that all who stop off there this season are treated just about right, and that his rates will be \$1.50 per day. Within 12 or 15 miles of his house black-tail deer, elk, antelope and grouse can be seen from July until January, and for the benefit of any Eastern sportsmen who may come to Colorado this season, I take pleasure in recommending Gunnison and its hospitable people. I have lived in Colorado 15 years, and have failed to find a section which beats Gunnison for trout fishing and hunting.

PIKE'S PEAK.

A 27 lbs. halibut was caught at Monterey, Cal., recently in rather a novel manner. A fisherman was unloading his catch at the wharf when the halibut swam up alongside the boat, and the man seized his spear and with a dexterous thrust secured the prize.—*Evening Post*.



## NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

HUNTER, N. Y., May 26.—With this I send you a photo of our first day's fishing, April 16. I say "our," for I caught only two of them; the rest were taken by a friend. I just stepped out for a few minutes' fun after I had closed my school for the day and captured the one that local fishermen have all been after for the past year or two. My first one taken was 12½ in. in length, weight about 4 lbs.; the second 18 in. in length, weight exactly 2½ lbs. Taken within a pistol shot of the Roggen Hotel, in Tannersville. Doubtless you remember the place—Howard's dam. They were our regular brook trout. In fact, just in this vicinity, the Californias are rarely taken, though the streams have been stocked with them.

The fishing is only fair this spring. Too many fishermen are anxious to excel in numbers, so no matter what the size, they never put a fish back.

Partridges have wintered well, and as we have a county law protecting them until Oct. 1, there will be sport this fall. J. K.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., May 26.—Salmon have arrived, also three or four anglers. I have only heard of some six or eight clean fish yet. Next week I expect there will be a good run with the spring tides. Nets getting few fish, owing to strong east winds; but are ready to receive them on arrival. Kelts very plenty; water in tip top condition and lumber all down to booms. JOHN MOWAT.

REYNOLDS, Trout Lake, Wis.—Mr. Clark, Mr. Downey and Mr. Leach, all of Chicago, caught in one day's fishing fifty-five muskallonge, five bass and six pike. Muskallonge weighing from 5 to 20 lbs. Fish were caught in the Gresham lakes, three miles from Trout Lake. JOHN B. MANN.

NEVERSINK, FALLSBURGH, Sullivan County, N. Y.—On May 19, Mr. S. L. Rodas, of Brooklyn, and Mr. James Curk and Mr. B. T. Bush, of New York city, caught 132 fine trout out of the Neversink; and on May 22, Stephen Sprague and George Sarles, of New York, caught two large baskets of fine trout.

LEBANON, N. H., June 1.—The outlook for fishing for trout in brooks and streams around here is very poor. May 1 I took a trip of eight days through the eastern part of Grafton county, and where two years ago I would catch from 50 to 100, I would get from 10 to 25; and a third or more of them would have to be thrown back, being (some of them a good deal) under size. I know of two crack fishermen who drove 40 miles one day and returned with seven trout; so I was not so much surprised when "Von W." said that a friend of his caught only one trout in that beautiful brook in which I think I caught on May 31, 1891, 85. There are, I think, few men that like to fish (for trout alone) as well as I do; but I wish that they would pass a law, and enforce it, of \$5 fine for every trout caught in any brook or stream south of the White Mountains for three years, and see then if we could have some decent fishing once more. MASCOMY.

MINOCQUA, Wis., June 2.—James Lane, John Lewis and E. T. Hubbell, of Illinois, caught 10 muskallonge each, weighing from 8 to 15 lbs. L. WEIRHAR.

SANDUSKY, May 31.—The steamer Visitor, recently seized for alleged violation of Canadian marine laws, has been appraised at \$8,000 at Amherstburg, and will be released under bond, returning to Put-in-Bay pending the hearing of the case. The Leroy Brooks will probably be released within a day or two in the same way.

ROPEVILLE, Texas, May 29.—Our fishermen are making some big catches this spring of tarpon, junefish, jackfish and all other kinds. F. R.

LAKE WINOLA, Scranton, Pa., June 1.—In Lake Winola (Wyoming county, Pa.) the bass are spawning about two weeks earlier than usual and apparently in unusual numbers. They ordinarily leave the beds about July 1. There is talk that the Lake Winola Association will this year extend the close season until June 15. CAPOUSE.

On Saturday, May 26, the writer caught a speckled brook trout in Frank Lake, Adirondack Preserve Association, weighing 8 lbs. 10 oz., trolling with flies. This trout took a large red-bellied fly. He had been out of water at least two hours when weighed. A. P. A.

CANADENSIS, Pa., June 4.—Owing to frequent and heavy rains the streams have all been at a high stage for two weeks, improving the fishing on the smaller, but raising the larger streams to a degree hardly permitting either wading or fishing. One of the most successful parties at Price's Spruce Cabin this season came there from Troy, Pa., and I am informed caught over 400 trout in four days, the first of last week. My own fishing was confined to a part of one day in the Broadhead Creek, which was about a foot above its average stage, and almost impassable. With the stream in such a condition I was surprised to take a dozen fair fish with the fly. From now on if the present prospect of fair weather is fulfilled the fishing should be good. T. H. G.

## A Remora Caught by Hand.

In one of your recent numbers you describe the remora, which has a way of fastening on to other fishes, sharks, turtles, etc. But did you know that they occasionally fasten on to boats? On my trip around to New York with Mr. John F. Small in the Exile recently, while off Chatham bars, I happened to look over the stern of the boat and saw about 2 ft. of a fish's tail sticking out beyond it, waving gently about. I made a grab for him, but he slipped through. I grabbed for him a second time and missed, but the third time I got him and threw him into the standing room. He immediately fastened on to the floor. I put him in a bucket half full of water, out of which he soon jumped. I put him in again, but he was such a trouble to us that finally I threw him overboard, and he went on his way rejoicing. He was about 3 ft. long and had four or five small holes or openings on each side of his neck. His body was a kind of brown or gray, mottled. CLIFTON W. A. BARTLETT.

## Baby Trout and Grouse in Spring.

LEBANON, N. H., June 1.—I returned last week from a carriage drive of some 150 miles through the southwestern part of Vermont. I fished in several towns among the Green Mountains, Jamaica, Winhal, Stratton, etc., and I was very much disappointed, for I had had such glowing accounts and had also received such beautiful letters from my friends living there. One day by putting in a full day's work I did foot sixty, and put back 25 per cent. of them, and if the fish warden had been at my elbow I don't know but what I should have kindly consented to have relinquished another 25 per cent. rather than to have had any difference of opinion about it. All down that way laughed at the idea of a trout being put back; if he had the spots large enough to see he was all right. That is what is making the trouble with the trout fishing. I stayed over night once where I saw four fine ruffed grouse tails arranged on the sitting room walls. I knew that the man had lived there only a short time so I asked him where he got them. "Oh," he said, "I killed them since I moved here." "But are you not afraid of the game warden?" His reply was, "No one sees my game after I once get it." And that is the way that a sportsman "gets left" who is willing to live up to the law. Baby trout are caught before they have hardly got their eyes open and grouse are killed when they are nesting. I begin to think that there is no show for the game except in the private preserves, and I have always despised them. But nail that plank in the platform—No game to be sold. MASCOMY.

## An Albino Trout.

DINGMAN'S, Pike Co., Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: While fishing for trout on May 2 I caught an albino trout, if it be not a variety of that fish. Mr. E. T. Hoffman has recently stocked the upper waters of Dingman's Creek, and it has occurred to me that the fish might be a new variety; and yet I know nothing of a white trout.

I was "poking around" among the sticks and alders, when to my astonishment I caught sight of a white fish—hooked. It was not over 5 in. long, and as I saw it white as it came up I said, "This is a shiner or a silverfish." But I thought, "I have never seen, in my experience of many years, anything but chubs and occasionally a small pickerel." However, as the line swung into my hands I was surprised to see a white fish, and as I extended the palm I said, "No scales here; and the form of a trout is perfect." I looked closely as it lay on my hand. It was white, with outlines of the mottlings of the back. I could not see the red spots, while the yellow ones seemed whiter, if possible, than the spots of the sides. Of course the fins and tail were even clearer and whiter than the body. Of course I released the fish as soon as I could. It was gasping for water, and I saw it must perish soon. It was a vigorous one for so small a fish, and it dove down lively enough among the submerged alders. Maybe it will be found again. A. H. G.

[We believe that we have recorded a similar case before.]

## Fishing Among the Thousand Islands.

THE New York Central & Hudson River Railroad has sent us a copy of a convenient, comprehensive and well arranged pamphlet descriptive of "Fishing Among the Thousand Islands." It is No. 15 of the "Four Track Series" of handbooks for travelers, coming from the Passenger Department of that road. The author is James Churchward, "an expert fisherman, whose experience of over ten years in pursuit of his favorite sport in the waters of the St. Lawrence, has amply qualified him to advise and direct in all matters pertaining to that subject."

The pages are embellished with characteristic illustrations, and all the best fishing grounds of the St. Lawrence River are correctly located by charts printed in colors, so that they cannot be missed. Everything about tackle is also minutely described and illustrated. A copy of the book will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of five 2 cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, G. P. A., Grand Central Station, New York.

## Whipping the Stillwater.

THEY tell a piscatorial joke on our friend John D. Losekamp, the famous clothing merchant of Billings and Red Lodge. A few weeks ago Mr. Losekamp and his friend Col. Hough, editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, were enjoying an outing and whipping the Stillwater River for trout. The merchant was having good luck and pulling out trout by the wholesale and had about 100 of the pretty finny tribe captured, and the heart of Col. Hough was on the ground in despair. Pretty soon the journalist succeeded in pulling out a 4 lbs. trout and it changed his sour visage into rapturous smiles. Mr. Losekamp requested of his guest that they move on up the stream. Col. Hough indignantly refused to move, and informed his benefactor that he had all the fish he wanted and "was no Montana hog."—Red Lodge (Mont.) New Idea.

## Trout Near Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The new trout law relating only to Baltimore county protects the fish from July 1 to March 1, and makes the lawful size 6 in. We might almost say we had no trout, but happily there are a few. The gentlemen of Green Spring Valley have stocked many of their streams and we of the Tenth District have always done all in our power to preserve this sport. Nevertheless streams in which our fathers caught forty or fifty in an afternoon are now without a fish, due principally to the mills and partly to dynamite. Where suitable streams have been stocked with 5,000 trout, when the fish left the cans they were forever lost. ASA B. GARDINER, JR.

## Fishing Camp and Warship.

BOSTON, Mass., May 28.—Two years ago Admiral Sir John Hopkins, of Her Majesty's warship Blake, was entertained at the summer home and fishing camp at Gaspe, P. Q., of John Fottler, Jr., of this city, ex-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. To-day the Admiral returned the compliment by entertaining Mr. Fottler, wife and daughter at private dinner aboard the Blake. The Admiral is a thorough sportsman and enjoys discussing camp life fully as much as going into the subject of 6 in. rapid firing guns. It is a great pleasure to meet such a man. He expects to spend a week fishing on the St. John River this season. B.

## Butterfield and Mill-Site Lakes.

ITHACA, N. Y., May 31.—Well down in the summer of 1893 an advertisement of the Dollinger House, at Redwood, met my eye, and I determined to pay a visit to the locality. Although the weather was very unpropitious, myself and friend found excellent accommodations at the hotel, the headquarters of fishermen, and good sport in Butterfield and Mill-Site lakes, which are scarce a half mile apart and in the immediate vicinity of the house. Mill-Site Lake is about one mile long and perhaps an average of one-half mile wide. In this lake peculiar salmon trout, often of large size, are caught in abundance, differing from all others I have ever seen in having a tail much resembling a mackerel, instead of the square or rounded tail generally found. They are good biters and game to the last. Black bass of the small-mouth variety are plentiful in the same lake. Butterfield Lake is near five miles long, broken up with islands and deep bays, perhaps an average of less than a half mile wide. Here are caught bass of large and small-mouth variety, glass-eyed pike, pickerel, immense schools of large perch, with an occasional catfish to furnish variety. Self and friend expect to visit Redwood and fish the twin lakes for a couple of weeks following the 11th of June and then again late in September. Will note for FOREST AND STREAM the success we may meet. J. H. S.

## "Kingfisher" and the Bull.

"The old Black Bull  
Came down off the mountain,  
Long time ago."

"Old Sam," in FOREST AND STREAM of May 26, has covered himself with glory as a purely imaginative writer of "bull stories;" and as a vigorous drawer of ye long bow I make my obeisance to him and take a back seat, figuratively speaking. Did I not know Sammy so well, I would lay his outburst to an overdose of "O (old) F (ashioned) (Copper)," but in this case I am fain to think it may be charged to the "water" of the famous blue grass region in which he lives, which, it is said, exerts a peculiar, and at times bewildering influence on the imagination, notably in the relation of bull and fish stories. Not to give Sam's powers in this line too abrupt a backset, it is only necessary to call attention to one of his many flights of fancy in the tale of the bull, to cast a shadow of doubt on the accuracy of the other main "pivots" of the narrative, and that is that I was never known to be guilty of wearing a coat when on a trout-tramp. But the story is so well told (on a side of the fact that Sam was 200 yds. away and not "in" at a single act or scene of the performance), and so laughable withal, that I forgive him—for his many other good qualities—and only hope that the "old daisy" may be with us again in camp this summer to "jine" me in some more "bull" episodes and other pleasanties that have cemented friendships in the "camps of the Kingfishers" that will abide till we make our last cast.

And now, to reel up, I wish to add my mite in praise of my old friend and comrade, "Kelpie," and thank old Sam and the editor at the same time for their good words for him. I heartily indorse it all, it is good to know and have as a friend.

The picture of him in FOREST AND STREAM is a most excellent one, albeit a trifle more "rotund in feature, maybe, than he usually shows in camp. JEEMS MACKEREL.

CINCINNATI, O., May 27.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

## Pound Fishing as Seen by a Pound Fisherman.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with much interest that I read the proceedings of the Coast Fishery Conference, and with much regret that the sportsman fisherman and net fisherman cannot meet, and work for the good of each and the community in general. I am a net fisherman. I set pounds and believe in netting. But I do not believe in the inhuman practice resorted to by most pound and trap fishermen, and think it time that not only the sportsman, but the community demand a change; and that at once a change that will prohibit the use of netting so fine as to destroy more fish than are saved for market. The fine netting has almost destroyed fishing in the salt ponds and bays; and where a few years ago one could enjoy good fishing with hook and line for tautog and white perch, to-day he would find nothing. Then with a small seine it was not unusual to take from ten to twenty barrels at a single haul; now one might get as many fish instead of barrels.

With striped bass fishing it is the same. The bays and salt ponds were full of them, and large quantities were taken with gill-nets, while shore seines were used outside; and it was a paying business when bass sold at from 5 cents to 7 cents per pound. To-day one could not pay expenses with bass at 25 cents to 35 cents per pound. Scup were taken in almost any desired quantities with shore seines, and paid well at one to two dollars a barrel, with thousands of loads for manure at 25 cents per load. To-day with the same seine one could not pay board—even fish-camp board.

Yet they tell us that fish are governed by natural laws, and that the free use of the most improved nets and pounds has no effect upon the supply of fish; that there is no scarcity; that fish are as plenty as ever. Why is it that scup pounds are set out wider and wider, until some are 2,500 to 3,000 ft. wide, when a few years ago scup ran in countless numbers almost in the surf? If there are as many fish now as then, why do the pounds take less now than the shore seines could then, while now the shore seines get nothing?

We read in the Fish Conference report that there is no waste of food fish taken from pounds. I have seen thousands of barrels taken, but never saw anything of that kind. How are the fish handled? I will write regarding the fishing in this vicinity, where large quantities of netting are used and a large amount of fish taken, and ask, have the community and the sportsmen a right to say anything?

In March the setting of small pounds begins for smelts, alewives and flatfish. Then begins the destruction in a very small way. Small unsalable fish are put on the land. A little later fish get cheaper, and flatfish, which sold for 5 to 8 cents per pound in the winter are now put with the small smelts, tomcod and flatfish for manure. By April 25 a large amount of alewives, together with tons of small tautog, which now run, are thrown up. Scup pounds are now put at work and when scup come large and small are bailed on to the boat and they start for a shipping point, and thousands of barrels of small scup are killed and when sorted and barreled are thrown overboard, put on land or into pomace. Usually, take the season through, more small fish are wasted than salable ones are saved. After the run of scup the pounds are taken up, but many summer pounds are set, and the slaughter goes on.

But we have not come to the worst, which is fall pounding, in bays, rivers and salt ponds. Then the destruction is beyond belief by one who never saw it. These pounds are put in by the hundred. They are usually of fine netting, and give fish but a small chance to escape. The netting being fine for eels, is fine enough to take almost everything, and hundreds of barrels a day of tautog, white perch, bluefish and flatfish, too small for the market, are put on the land for manure. I have seen tons in a heap, of fish from the size of one's finger to salable size. Every one can see it and should see it next fall, only take the trouble, if fine netting is allowed. It would surprise you to see two or three barrels of fish put on the land to every barrel shipped—fish that if allowed to grow one or two years would be good salable fish.

I trust every lover of fish and fishing will look into the matter and see pounds hauled. Next summer when at the



shore, ask the old residents what scup, bass, tautog and perch fishing was before pounds were set so extensively. Ask them if pounds are destroyers of fish to any extent. They will tell you that the bay, river and pond fishing is past, while the ocean fish are no longer plenty to pay even expenses of seining, as was practiced a few years ago at a good profit. They will tell you that fine netting and plenty of it has made fishing what it is. These people will tell the truth, as they have no financial interest in the use of netting.

You will find the destruction of fish wherever you find pounds, and to say that fish are as plenty as ever, even in the ocean, is to say something that not one in twenty believes.

Scup pounds are perhaps the least destructive of any pounds, as the netting is larger and the smallest fish go, so that the ones destroyed are but little too small to save. The run of scup is short, and as soon as the run is over the pounds are taken up.

There are pound fishermen who sort the fish and allow all small ones to go, but they are very few. Why should fish continue as plenty as ever when fishermen have so little regard for them and stand ready to destroy every small fish because it is not salable? I heard often fishermen say that to let them go would be simply to handle them again, and that did not pay; besides they made good manure. The trouble is the same with fishermen as with others; they wish to get everything that pays, and use fine netting to allow nothing to escape. And until such netting is prohibited fish will continue to grow scarce. It is for the interest of fishermen, net manufacturers and fish dealers, as well as the community, that we have a change, especially in the pound used in bay, river and inland waters. While it would be a loss to fishermen for a year or so, it would be a gain in the end, as the extra amount of salable fish taken would soon compensate for the loss at first. There would be something left to grow.

A thorough investigation into pound, trap, and purse seine fishing would mean a change in many ways and a blessing to the community. As before stated, I believe in the free use of netting, only have it of a size that allows the small fish to go.

FISHERMAN.

#### Outlines in the Susquehanna.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The good tone of FOREST AND STREAM in the way of the protection of fish and game, will recommend it to all true sportsmen, and we, in Maryland, are heartily in accord with you with respect to the abolition of the sale of game, birds and fish in our markets. You find that there is so large a number of your people engaged in the killing and sale of game birds and fish, that it is a very difficult matter to get legislation prohibiting it. We are laboring under the same trouble, and unless we have concurrent administration of the laws in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, we are powerless for the protection of our birds and fish. While on the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania fish baskets are prohibited by law, in Maryland such fish pots are not prohibited. In Pennsylvania, bass and pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) are to be caught by rod, hook and line. What do I see every day in the Susquehanna River? Lines stretched from 200 to 300 ft., and right in the faces of the fish wardens, whose duty it is to destroy such lines and arrest such offenders. Take from Harrisburg to York Haven on the Susquehanna River, and you will find an outline for every half mile. Yet the State officers appointed to see that the law is obeyed and to prosecute offenders against the law, do not do anything. I know whereof I speak, and you can quote me as good authority for the statements if question is made. I do think that there is less regard paid by people on the Susquehanna River, Sunbury to Safe Harbor, than exists in the most extreme outposts of the Rocky Mountain territory. The supineness of the wardens is accountable for this state of affairs, and as I said before you can quote me as authority and I will prove my statements.

Y.

#### Norway's Exhibit at the World's Fair.

THE undersigned, late judges of awards of the Fisheries Department, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, realizing the great excellence and comprehensiveness of the exhibit of Norway, and regretting the exigencies which arose to compel the withdrawal from competition, desire to express our appreciation of the labors of Dr. S. A. Buch, Fish Commissioner of Norway, in the preparation and installation of the exhibit, and to the committee at Bergen for the participation by Norway in the World's Columbian Exposition, for the great energy and devotion it has displayed in making the exhibit interesting and complete.

We feel that it is a duty we owe to a nation so renowned for the fisheries that it should receive some fitting and reciprocal recognition for its friendly interest in crossing an ocean and traversing a thousand miles of land to participate in an international fisheries display.

We therefore declare it to be our opinion that the exhibit of Norway was so great and comprehensive a representation of the fishery methods, apparatus and products of that country as to elicit the most profound admiration of all interested in the subject of fisheries, and that the preparation and installation thereof is deserving of special mention, and is a great credit to Dr. Buch, the committee of Bergen and to Norway as a country.

L. Z. JONCAS, Chairman; D. W. HALL, Secretary; N. O. CRAM, Portland, Maine; W. R. CAPEHART, Ayova, N. C.; C. P. SNYDER, Charleston, W. Va.; WILLIAM L. MAX, Omaha; Nebraska; J. A. HENSHALL, Cincinnati, Ohio; ANDREW WEBER, Chicago, Ill.; W. P. SEAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### Sunday Shad Netters.

NEWBURG, June 4.—Last Friday one of Game Protector Kidd's suits against the shad fishermen of Sing Sing was tried in Circuit Court at White Plains before Judge Brown of this city. This was the only case tried that day and was considered a test case. The defendant, Peter Smith, Jr., was found guilty of taking shad from the Hudson River in a net on Sunday, and was fined \$100 and costs. During the trial an effort was made to show that the nets used were set for bass, and that they were not Smith's, yet he received pay for one-half of the shad caught, he shipping the fish and receiving the checks. Testimony was given, however, to show that Peter Smith, Jr., really owned the nets. There are several more of these suits against Sing Sing men, but as the term of court ended that day no more will be tried for at least two months. It is said that Smith will appeal to the General Term from the decision of the court and jury. The case was tried for Protector Kidd by Russel Hadley of this place and J. F. Brennan of Yonkers.

Protector Kidd has commenced a suit against Leonard McCloud for netting fish in Greenwood Lake. The suit will be tried in the Supreme Court this month at Goshen, this county. The last FOREST AND STREAM contains an article that looks bad for McCloud.

NEWBURGH.

#### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals.

For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.  
Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Newton, N. C. Dr. G. D. B. Darby, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

#### English Setter Sires.

BY P. H. BRYSON.

THE selection of sires depends largely upon what kind of dog you want to breed; whether a shooting dog to put in the hands of the average trainer, to train to kill birds over, or the high strung nervous dog to put in the hands of the expert trainer, that will retain the natural dash and vim of the dog, and get him under control so he will handle game well and can be handled himself.

The characteristics of the three noted sires, Gladstone, Count Noble and Roderigo, will be first noticed.

The Gladstone blood combined with the Druid-Ruby produces level-headed game finders that are no trouble to train, and make the best shooting dogs of any coming under my observation. They are free from crankiness and cannot be spoiled by a novice. They are high-headed constant hunters; but, as a rule, they have not the speed, snap or dash from the start, of some other crosses I will mention. The Gladstone blood seems potent to breed on, or nicks well with almost any other blood.

Count Noble crossed on the Gladstone blood produces wonderful quick, snappy dogs with splendid noses, great speed and nervous force that should be, as a rule, in the hands of expert handlers, in order to have them handle their game well, and at the same time retain their great snap, speed, range and other natural qualities.

These dogs are easily ruined, and have so much nervous force that they must be handled judiciously. If you cut their natural qualities, they are liable to pester, false point and make a poor exhibition in the hands of the average trainer.

Some of Count Noble's get that have not the Gladstone blood in them are dogs of so much nervous force that they are not reliable starters in field trials. I could name some that work perfectly in private, repeat their heats in private with perfect satisfaction, that will run one, sometimes two, heats in public that cannot be beaten and then get so nervous when run longer that they lose control over themselves and cut their own throats.

The popular opinion of such dogs is that they are fools. Such is not the case. Were they fools they would not repeat their heats at all times in private satisfactorily. They would be fools in private as well as in public. I have seen them in the trials become so nervous they would have a nervous chill, tremble, look wild and convey the impression that they had no sense. They simply had so much nervous force they could not control it on occasions of undue excitement.

If the bitches with these qualities were bred to the level-headed best sons of the Gladstone—Sue cross, or their sons, they should produce high class field trial dogs. They simply need a balance wheel to breed on.

Roderigo has produced many great field trial winners. I have often heard it said that they never do anything after they leave Mr. Avent's hands; a compliment to Mr. Avent, though not intended as such. If Mr. Avent understands so well how to control the strong nervous force of the Roderigo dogs, and run them to the front in the best company, he certainly should be regarded as superior to his brother handlers. The sons of Roderigo have all the nervous force you can get under control and, as shown by the records, more than the average handler can utilize to advantage.

These dogs have not proved the successes in the stud we had a right to expect from their high breeding and frequent winnings. They are so frequently bred to their kind, the continual breeding of two closely related nervous animals intensifies their nervousness until a point is reached that this extreme nervousness cannot be gotten under control by even expert handlers, hence others, not experts, cannot be expected to do anything with them, and the result is they are condemned. They cannot be used as shooting dogs, nor successfully handled as field trial dogs.

As a rule, according to the records, small nervous dogs, although possessing great field trial merit themselves, have not proven the success as sires that the larger and in some instances less successful dogs have done; and it appears to those who have studied the matter that size as well as breeding enters into the selection of a sire, as the following will show: Gladstone was a dog that would weigh 50 lbs., in hunting condition; Count Noble more; Roderigo about 45 lbs.; Gath's Mark over 50 lbs.; Gath 45 lbs.; Gladstone's Boy 60 lbs.; Count Wind'em was a large dog; King Noble a large dog; Llewellyn's Dan was one of the largest setters in England; Gath's Hope over 55 lbs.; Vanguard 50 lbs.; Paul Gladstone furnishing the exception, about 40 lbs. Paul Gladstone, though not so small as many that ran successfully in the last Derbies, is entitled to rank as a successful sire, not in the number of winners to his credit, but in the quality of the few that won. Paul Bo and Ollie S., his get, take high rank as field trial dogs. It must not be supposed that the sire is the only factor in breeding; do not overlook the dam. In my next article I will discuss the dams of English setters.

#### The Beaufort's Prince Case.

ONE of the most peculiar cases of mistaken identity has just been partially settled in a Boston court. It will be remembered that at the Boston show Dr. Lougest's well known mastiff, Beaufort's Prince, was attacked by Mr. Martin Fallon, of Bridgewater, Mass., the latter maintaining that it was a dog called Carlo which he had lost in 1893. Mr. Fallon gave a bond of \$500 conditional upon the dog's return, and here the case rested until the courts should decide the dog's identity. The fact that the dog was so well known in the kennel world made the case a most interesting one and only proves once more how easily a person not particularly well up in dogs may be mistaken in their identity. Beaufort's Prince, we may remark, is a dog not easily forgotten, as he has certain peculiarities of formation that to any one familiar with dogs become fixed in the memory.

After several postponements the case finally came for trial before Judge Forsythe in the Municipal Court of the City of Boston, on May 25. Hosea Kingman and James E. Leach appeared for the plaintiff and Henry E. Ruggles, of Franklin, and Charles H. Innes, of Boston, for Dr. Lougest.

Mr. Fallon testified that his dog, named Carlo, was stolen some time about Thanksgiving in 1893, and that he received the dog from his son, who is now dead. Eight witnesses from his town also testified most positively that the dog Carlo, owned by Mr. Fallon, was the dog in controversy. They all

testified to his demonstrations of affection upon seeing his master, and the fact that he recognized a colt and a baby with whom he had grown up.

Dr. Lougest put in the deposition of Mr. Winchell, of Fairhaven, who swore that he raised the dog, a litter brother to Black Prince, and that he sold him to Mr. Fraleigh sometime in November, 1890. He testified that he saw the dog in question at the New York show in 1893 and 1894.

The deposition of Mr. Fraleigh was also read. Mr. Fraleigh is the secretary of the United States Life Insurance Co., of New York, and substantiated Mr. Winchell's statement, and said that he had sold him to Mr. Mead, of Lake Waccabuc, N. Y.

Mr. Mead, who is secretary of the American Mastiff Club, came on from New York to the trial, and positively identified the dog as the one which he received from Mr. Fraleigh, which had not been out of his possession from August, 1893, until he delivered him to Dr. Lougest in February, 1894.

Mr. G. W. Glazier, of Salem, Mass., also swore to peculiarities of gait, back and ear, which he had never seen in any other dog, and that he, too, had seen him at the Westminster Kennel Club show in 1893 and 1894.

C. Walter Lougest, Dr. Lougest himself, and his kennel man, Simon Jeffs, also testified to the same effect.

The case lasted until Monday, the 28th. All the witnesses for the defense swore that one of the distinctive peculiarities of the dog by which they knew him was the fact that the dog's testicles had never come down from birth. Fallon's witnesses had previously testified that the testicles of Carlo when lost were the same as any dog's. So in order to make out a case the plaintiff had to show that his dog had been castrated since he was stolen in November, '93.

Dr. H. Clay Glover was summoned from New York and said he had examined the dog at various shows in 1892, and in the ante-room a few minutes before the trial. He thought that the testicles had never come down, but were still in the abdomen of the dog, that there would be a scar in case of castration, and that he found none. Dr. Stewart testified to the same effect.

Drs. Blake, Blodgett and Stickney, of Harvard University, for the plaintiff testified that they had given the dog an examination and found a slight scar on the scrotum, and could feel the stump of where the testicles had been, and were hence of the opinion that the dog had been castrated.

After argument, the court said, "I will not go over the testimony. The plaintiff is a much mistaken man; although the mistake is undoubtedly honest."

The case is one of the most unique and peculiar ever tried in Massachusetts. On the one side was the testimony of eight witnesses, all of whom believed what they testified to; on the other was the testimony of experts in this particular breed, who had seen the dog very infrequently. The judge, being somewhat of a horseman, understood this, perhaps, much better than an ordinary jury. Of course, there can be no doubt as to the identity of the dog, and it is probable that a case like this has seldom arisen before.

The plaintiff appealed from the decision to the Superior Court, where there will be a trial by jury sometime, but probably not within a year. He is very determined in the matter, as the dog, which he thinks this one to be, was given to him by a dead son, and is ready to spend all the money he has to win the case.

As his expert testimony cost him \$150, it will be readily seen that he is in earnest and that the suit promises to be an expensive one.

Mr. Charles H. Inness further informs us that under the laws of Massachusetts the plaintiff in a case of replevin, having given a bond in double the value of the goods keeps such goods until the matter is finally decided.

#### Another Cocker Question.

ANOTHER spaniel controversy has just been ventilated, but this one, unlike the fanciers' controversy in our kennel papers, has at last been settled. Dr. Battey when living in West Twenty-seventh, New York, lost his cocker spaniel about a year ago and could get no trace of the dog. About a month since he removed to Thirty-fourth street and recently visiting the former street was surprised to meet his dog, who gave every evidence of affection. The doctor laid claim to the dog, but this was disputed by John Streep, who called the dog and asserted he had raised him. When Prince was a puppy Dr. Battey had removed a cancer from his month and he showed Streep the scar, but the latter refused to accept this as evidence. Dr. Battey summoned Mr. Streep before the police court, but the case was thrown out because Dr. Battey would not make a criminal charge and therefore the judge could not decide as to the ownership of the dog. Dr. Battey then brought an action in the civil court and some fifty or sixty witnesses were examined, one or two being brought from Pittsburgh, Pa., to testify. The trial lasted three days and was finally brought to a close last week, but Justice Martin reserved his decision until last Saturday, giving the dog to Dr. Battey. It seems the dog was given to Dr. Battey by Prof. Cromwell nearly three years ago and he raised him. When a professional man will give up valuable time and spend money in the recovery of his pet it goes far to offset the opinion of those misguided mortals who can see no use in a dog, anyway.

#### That "Mossback Robber" Rule.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I notice in your last issue Mr. P. T. Madison informs the public of the U. S. Field Trials Club's having eliminated from its rules that one (which he pleases to call) "old mossback robber," of prohibiting bitches in heat from running in field trials. I fail to comprehend the reason and good judgment in this action, and think the U. S. F. T. Club owe an explanation through the press to all intending competitors as to how the judges will handle their dogs to bring about a fair decision if a case in point should come before them.

For instance, supposing one of the two best dogs in a stake is a bitch in heat and the other a dog who has been used a good deal at stud. Under Rule 9 these two dogs must run together and in Rule 14 it is stated, "An opponent's dog must not be interfered with or excited." Every handler will agree with me that the majority of dogs would follow and worry after that bitch in heat in preference to hunting. I can plainly see many other complications too numerous to mention here, and with it never ending kicking, so write this that owners and my brother handlers may know how our dogs would be judged in such a case. C. E. BUCKLE.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., May 28.

At the annual meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club the following officers were elected: E. W. Briggs, President; E. H. Wakeman, First Vice-President; F. S. Butler, Second Vice-President; H. W. Orcar, Secretary, and C. A. Haight, Treasurer. It is the intention of the officers to hold a dog show next spring when there will be no Mid-Winter Fair to interfere with the attendance.

The entries by breeds at the Oakland (Cal.) dog show up to May 23, the date of closing, are as follows: Mastiffs 4, St. Bernards 19, great Danes 6, American foxhounds 9, English foxhounds 1, greyhounds 9, Newfoundlands 6, Chesapeake Bay, Irish water spaniels 3, field spaniels 5, cocker spaniels 20, Japanese spaniels 3, pugs 3, pointers 30, English setters 14, Irish setters 15, Gordon setters 6, collies 11, Italian greyhounds 2, dachshunds 1, poodles 1, bulldogs 1, bull-terriers 5, black and tan terriers 2, toys 1, fox-terriers 21, miscellaneous 2, total, 192. It is expected that the late mails will bring a few more. The show opened May 30 in Mills Tabernacle and Mr. A. C. Waddell was to judge all classes.



### Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—Mr. L. A. Klein of Black Lake, Que., a dachshund enthusiast, and who now has a brace of imported dogs of this breed in his kennel, is getting out a new dog and also a brace of Danes from Germany. Spratts will likely have the looking after of them.

Mr. E. M. Williams, the owner of that grand Skye terrier champion Old Burgundy, has lately arrived from England on a visit and is at present in Manitoba. Mr. Williams brought three Skyes over with him—Buccaneer, a well known winner, and two brood bitches, both winners, and one supposed to be in pup to Burgundy. Buccaneer, from his photo, seems to be a good one, low set with beautiful prick ears.

My British Columbia correspondent sends me several news items from which I gather that the doggy population in that Province goes on increasing. Mr. J. B. Carmichael of Victoria has bought a brace of collies, dog and bitch, by champion Christopher out of imported Wellesbourne Mabel, by champion Edgbaston Fox out of Edgbaston Bess. Both are sable and white and the pick of the litter. They were bred by Mr. A. Bertling, Athens, Ga., and it may be interesting to note that the charges from there to Victoria were \$46 on the two dogs.

Mr. Harvey Wright, of the same city, has a weakness for toys, and his latest addition is a brace of Italian greyhounds. The bitch Lorna is by the well known Byron (A. 25,265), out of Tena (A. 13,817), while the dog is a full brother of Byron's.

Mr. Watson's recent purchase, the English setter bitch Lady Howard, has whelped a nice litter of eight, three dogs, to Brighton Rod, a dog of the best breeding. Another recent litter of the same breed is that of Addie Gladstone, thirteen, of which nine are living. They are by Hickory Rod. As my correspondent says, "these litters, if raised, should place Victoria English setters in the front rank on this coast."

Beverwyck Rasp and Beverwyck Wasp are the latest at the Kingston Kennels, Mr. C. H. Corbett's. I did not know he was addicted that way. Wasp is by B. Punster out of Princess, and Rasp by B. Rasper out of B. Becky; so it will be seen that both are of the bluest of the blue blooded.

Earl of Carrick, a sable and white son of Scotland's Star and Lass of Arden, has been sold to Mr. F. W. C. Whyte of Anaconda, Mont., by his breeder, Mr. John A. Turner, of Calgary, N. W. T.

The following from Mr. Hedley Chapman, the breeder of the St. Bernard Princess Florence, who is now in British Columbia, will be of value: "I noticed you recommended plucks for dogs' food. If not presuming too much, I would like to say this is a very bad food for full grown dogs. After a morning run, a light breakfast is good, such as dog biscuits (better dry, if they will eat them so); and then in the evening bullocks' or sheep heads boiled and mixed with stale bread that has been soaked in water during the day, then squeezed out dry as possible. This, with meat cut up and well mixed together, is a good feed for dogs."

Writing of distemper he says: "The best thing for any person rearing puppies or keeping dogs not over the distemper, is to always keep a box of Rackham's distemper pills in the house. Give when distemper first sets in. I have never known them fail. Thad Lady Ida (dam of Princess Florence) with seven pups down at same time, and lost none."

Anything referring to Princess Florence, especially when written by her breeder, is interesting, and on such a subject as comparative weights, Mr. Chapman says: "I have referred to my stud book and find that when seven months old Princess Florence weighed 138lbs. In rearing, I used to weigh her every week, and I find she put on the greatest weight between 3½ and 6½ months. H. B. DONOVAN."

### Field Dogs—Their Present and Future.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The remarks of your thoroughly posted and always entertaining correspondent, B. Waters, in FOREST AND STREAM of May 19, have the ring of the true metal ninety-nine-one-hundredth fine. They form the keynote to the situation and clarionlike should sound forth to the vast army of American sportsmen the vital needs of the hour, and let us hope will prove to be the beginning of a speedy death to any movement which shall in the future detract a single iota from the practical education and field qualities of our sporting dogs. Setters and pointers are preëminently the practical outdoor companions for the sportsman, and any dividing line between the qualifications necessary to succeed in private shooting or in public trials can only be defined at the expense of many valuable qualities which make the possession of a thoroughly intelligent and well-educated shooting dog a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is from such well-informed men of practical ideas as Mr. Waters that the rank and file of American sportsmen should look for live signs of the times, and when a sage of his acknowledged worth flings to the breeze a danger signal, it is time for the laymen to heed the warning ere it is too late. Few sportsmen would think it advisable or worth their while to take a dog in the field who could simply outfoot any canine rival. Bird sense, nose, staunchness, retrieving and perfect obedience are far more requisite to a successful hunting trip, and should invariably be credited at their proper value. If the sportsman is to out out all the work, why take the dog? In localities other than the great breeding grounds of the South and West, especially is it essential that a field trial and a shooting dog should be identical, for the conditions are such as to make the possession of two sets of dogs—one to look at and the other to work—decidedly foolish.

If notions foreign to the conditions which we find in localities more or less distant from the natural game centers are to be imported, confine them, I pray, to portions of the country where they will be appreciated, but do not inflict such disaster in localities where the success of a day's hunt depends solely upon the intelligence and training of one's canine companion and the pleasure of the day requires that the dog should be thoroughly able to perform its duty without the artificial assistance which seems to be so necessary to its existence in modern field trials. From this modern work here in New England, or for even advertising it, may we be delivered. The talk about mole diggers, plug-shooting dogs, meat hunters and the like, is not admissible, for there are no practical sportsmen but would prefer one of these much maligned canines as a companion in a day's hunt to the much lauded, high class—save the mark—field trial winners whose nose rarely keeps pace with their speed. Stop one moment and tell me where we are going to get our shooting dogs if all should breed from the field trial dog, for many are so bred now that it is impossible to train them without breaking them down entirely, and that is the reason why they had to drop retrieving. They would not stand fine training and retain their cheerfulness and dash. What does any practical sportsman want of such a dog? Let us have the dog that is of some use by all means. Let us have the dog that can, unaided by voice or whistle, quarter his ground, work out covers or open, instantly scent the game bird, approach cautiously and stand at a safe distance—a joyous picture for artist or sportsman—until, "the flush," then

the shot, and when ordered to fetch, deliver the prize into the sportsman's hand, a fitting final to a glorious piece of work. Aye, let us have this dog for our companion at home or afield. Let his past deeds speak for him out of season and his daily work tell its own beautiful story. Let this kind of a dog shine in public as well as in private. Hide not his great light under a bushel; let it illumine the canine atmosphere until a dog of well nigh perfect attainments is universally required, and as a shooting dog wins the money in public competition. No more of the dog that has simply style, range and speed. Give us the canine mechanic that has thoroughly learned his trade for private or public shooting. Given such a dog we must be happy. E. K. SPERRY.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

### Eastern Field Trial Club's Derby Entries.

The entries for the Derby closed May 15, with 32 English setters and 6 pointers. All whelped in 1893.

#### ENGLISH SETTERS.

JOYFUL—W. B. Meares, Jr.'s orange and white dog (Dion C.—Natalie), April.  
GLADNESS—W. B. Meares, Jr.'s black and white bitch (Dion C.—Natalie), April.  
BLENDON DOG—Tway & Levering's black and white bitch (Chula Light—Dot Noble), May.  
LADY MILDRED—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), May.  
TITCH BEGG—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), May.  
NELLIE FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Can Can), February.  
GENEVIEVE S.—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush), May.  
TONY BOY—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Laundress), January.  
DIOMED—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March.  
DELL—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March.  
DOTLET—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March.  
BELLE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Antoinette), May.  
LUNA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), May.  
LAURA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), May.  
DASHING NOVICE II.—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice), March.  
RUBY'S PEARL—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl II.), August.  
RILEY NOBLE—L. D. Hargrave's lemon and white dog (Antonio—Buena Vista), April.  
ANTOVISTA—H. H. Hargrave's lemon and white bitch (Antonio—Buena Vista), April.  
LORRAINE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lora), July.  
EUGENIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Delle), April.  
ADVERSITY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Delle), April.  
PALOMA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lora), February.  
ZERALDA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lora), February.  
SHAD—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Lora), February.  
MARK BELTON—H. G. Sinnett's black, white and tan dog (Edgemark—Nellie Belton), May.  
DIXIE'S FLAG—Norvin T. Harris's black, white and tan dog (Wun Lung—White Wings), February.  
ARMINELL—J. H. Winslow's black and white bitch (Duke of Buckingham—Belle), May.  
PRINCESS EULALIE—J. H. Winslow's black, white and tan bitch (Rowdy Rod—Belle of Kentucky), February.  
CYNOSTHE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May.  
CLEMENTINA—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May.  
COLUMBINE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May.  
ROMANCE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May.

#### POINTERS.

TIPPO—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Monterey), March.  
DELHI—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Queen II.), April.  
SHAH—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly), May.  
SEPOY—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Hob Nob—Diana), April.  
KIT'S LAD—D. G. Rowland's liver and white bitch (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Jill), August.  
HEMPSTEAD DON—Hempstead Farm Kennels' white and liver dog (Sandford Druid—Merryls), June 15.

### Has Any One Lost a Gordon?

Editor Forest and Stream:

If any of FOREST AND STREAM's readers in Boston know of any one having lost a Gordon setter, I shall be pleased to correspond with him regarding a dog that, in my opinion, was stolen in Boston. The present possessor cannot afford to own such an animal; he says he paid \$15 for him, but such dogs as this one cannot be had for that money. HENRY HOUSTON.

DOVER, N. H., May 31.

### DOG CHAT.

At a special meeting of the New England Kennel Club, held May 18, it was voted to have the club rooms open to the public throughout the entire year, and have somebody in attendance who could answer questions, keep a record of breeders, and supply general or specific information on doggy matters. The object of this is to make the club not only a bench show club but also a bureau of information, where not only club members can get news but the public can receive such information as they desire. It is hoped that this will place the club on a broader basis and do more for the dog in New England than as it now exists. In view of the above action, the Board of Governors take pleasure in inviting those interested in the dog to call when in Boston at the club rooms, 125 Tremont street, and avail themselves of the privileges offered. The rooms will be open during the summer months from 10 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 3:30 P. M. every day except Saturday, on that day the hours will be from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M. This is a commendable move on the part of the club and should tend to increase the interest taken in dogs and dog shows by New England breeders and owners. Exclusive news of such action was given two weeks since in FOREST AND STREAM.

As an instance of the large number of dog shows held in different parts of England at the same time, we notice the reports of no less than thirteen shows held between May 12 and 16, inclusive, in the last issues of the *Stock-Keeper* and *British Fancier*.

In a postscript to a chatty letter, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin tells us of one of those "touches of nature that make the whole world kin." "I meant to have mentioned an incident

of Boston's last big fire that I happened to see. While the fire was at its height I found myself inside the fire lines—just how I got there I don't know. Scores of tenement houses were ablaze, and as I stood watching the scene, I noticed two ragged urchins boosting a third into a first story window, thick with smoke. The little chap disappeared for a moment and then burst through the smoke holding in his arms a big yellow pup more dead than alive. When the three found their pet was still in the land of the living, they threw their hats in the air and gave a cheer that rose above the roar of the fire. Their joy was one bright spot in that terrible scene. They lugged off the pup and made no effort to save anything else."

If you do own a horse or a dog that does not argue that you can knock the life out of it should it not please you—at least not in Perth Amboy, N. J., where President Kitchell of the S. P. C. A. holds sway. Mat Stecker owned a horse; the horse balked and was cruelly beaten by Stecker. Agent Tyrell arrested him and his defense was that he thought he could do as he liked with his own. President Kitchell, who is an active and prominent member of the Spaniel Club, set him right on this score by saying, "No, you can't. You have no right to abuse any animal, even if you own it. We are organized to show you that you cannot." Stecker paid \$10 for his beating. This will probably teach him a little horse sense.

Here is sound advice by a Scottish terrier judge, Mr. J. N. Reynaud, who, in writing his report on these terriers has this to say in the *English Kennel Gazette* in regard to trimming for the show ring: "It might be easier to get up a code on the best way to trim a dog, and so let all men stand on the same level. There were several dogs before me here that I feel sure in the hands of some men would have been very much further up, but they were shown so rough that nearly all their good points were hidden under a mass of dead hair. I would say, let all men prepare their dogs for exhibition to the best of their ability (as they do at present), but come down very sharply on the 'faker,' the man who would out the sinews of a gaily carried tail, dye white marks on the chest and feet, or in any way try and cover up what is a physical defect."

New York sportsmen have always felt the need of more nearby handlers who could train their dogs without taking them South or far from home, so that they could personally satisfy themselves from time to time as to what progress their dogs are making in their education. The Netherwood Farm Kennels, of Plainfield, N. J., seem to have just such a place, and, as their announcement in our business columns suggests, are prepared to train dogs at home or down South. They are now posting their land to keep shooters off the summer woodcock ground. Mr. Tallman has located some young birds, also a covey of ruffed grouse within ten minutes' walk of the kennels. He has also just engaged a thoroughly good trainer, who knows every foot of ground in that section. Mr. Sylvester J. Kiernan, of Elizabeth, N. J., after seeing the place, immediately placed his four English setters with the kennel. Their land extends two and a half miles along the foot of the mountain and nearly all of it is good woodcock ground, and back of the mountain the best partridge ground in that part of the country. With such a well-known trainer as Mr. Tallman at the helm, this establishment should prove of great benefit to sportsmen in the vicinity of New York.

Another case of cruelty to dogs is reported from Babylon, L. I. Mr. W. A. Overton, of New York, resides during the summer at Babylon. He is said to own a number of valuable dogs, among which is a mastiff called Rip, by Bismark. On Thursday last the dog left the house and returned in an hour horribly bruised and cut, one slash down the thigh being several inches long and exposing the bone. Mr. Overton is naturally very angry and offers a reward of \$5 for any information that may lead to the detection of the person who injured the dog. At the same time there are always two sides to a case, and in future Mr. Overton would do well to read the paragraph we penned in "Dog Chat" last week and see that his dogs are kept within bounds.

Letters from "Wrong Party" and H. T. Thurber are deferred this week.

The case of Fallon vs. Lougest, partially settled in favor of Dr. Lougest at the recent trial, particulars of which we publish in another column, is a most interesting one, and the final result will be looked forward to with impatience. Although the decision is in favor of Dr. Lougest, Mr. Fallon has appealed, and the dog, we understand, remains with him until the final settlement. This is peculiarly hard on Dr. Lougest, as, through no fault of his he loses the services of the dog and the opportunity to show him. Should the verdict finally be given in the Doctor's favor, Mr. Fallon will very probably find a suit for damages on his hands.

The question as to whether a cocker spaniel should be elevated is a "weighty" subject with some of our breeders, but we fail to see what good the cocker spaniel fancy is to derive from the controversy that is now raging in another journal where the "rattlers" have full scope. As proof of this it is amusing to notice that in the reexaminative session alluded to neither of the principal combatants owns a spaniel, or shows a dog of that breed. It is a good sign that the real spaniel men are laying low and taking no part in the squabble, which reminds one very much of a stray worm in a hen yard—the worm, &c., the cocker, is soon lost sight of in the ruction that follows.

The secretary of the English Spaniel Club, Mr. John S. Cowell, is evidently preparing to give Mr. Wilmerding a fraternal welcome when he reaches the other side. He writes the papers as follows: "Just a line to give you a whisper from the other side of the 'pond.' Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, the president of the American Spaniel Club, who has always held out the olive branch to our club and kept me in touch with the spaniel world in America, sails on the 6th June in the Britannic for England, and hopes to meet most of our principal exhibitors and to inspect many of our kennels. I have arranged to meet him on his arrival in town, and shall communicate with the principal members of our club to see if, in some way, we can mark his visit to this country, and send him back to New York full of good impressions of our English Spaniel Club."

Field trial men fully expected that this year would see an improvement in the number of entries in the Eastern Derby. Instead of that there is a falling off once more. What is the reason? The more popular system of having separate stakes for pointers and setters would seem to be a way out of the difficulty and should be tried in the All-Age Stake. Last year the entries were 36 English setters, 8 pointers and 1 Irish setter.

Mr. F. S. Eaton, of Springfield, Mass., bred his bitch Jean of Beaufort to Mr. E. O. Damon's noted Derby winner Stride-away on May 22.

Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, late secretary of the Maryland Kennel Club, must have a dog of some sort to provide for, and now that he has relieved himself of his St. Bernard's fancy turns to an English setter, and he has just imported a well bred one from Mr. Llewellyn's kennels. This is Count Beaufort, which arrived at Baltimore on the steamer Rossmore last Tuesday morning. This dog is indeed well



Cadet, entered in third class, sprung her hollow mast on the way to the race and was unable to start. The judges were Com. A. W. Torrey and Messrs. T. P. Grant and C. E. Burkmar.



other race is certain to take place. Cash prizes, first, second and third, were also given.



The double celebration of the Pavonia Y. C. included a formal opening of the Atlantic Highlands club house and a race at Jersey City, the latter event attracting but few of the members. Ten yachts started over a course around Liberty Island and Robbins Reef Buoy, but only five finished, the wind being quite fresh. Win or Lose, a new cabin cat owned by F. M. Randall, beat Waterlily and Annie; and in the open cat class Emma K. beat Qui Vive. The day at the Atlantic Highlands was particularly pleasant.

The American Y. C. celebrated the day by a formal hoisting of the colors in the afternoon, followed by a reception in the evening at which a number of the members were present. In the harbor were Golden Rod, Tille, Hirondeelle and Viola.

The Brooklyn Y. C. flew started the flag in the morning, after which a review and inspection of the fleet took place, followed by a sail down the Bay in which Signal, Iroquois, Golden Hope, Vixen, Gracie and other yachts took part.

The Hempstead Bay Y. C. sailed its first race on Memorial Day, the wind being very strong. In first class Henrietta won, with Brooklyn second and Amerique third. In second class Unit won, with Tomboy second and Mystery third. Mr. Colyer, of Freeport, one of Tomboy's crew, was knocked overboard by the boom, and only escaped drowning by the prompt and skillful action of those on board, in maneuvering the yacht and picking her up as she floated. He was unconscious when taken from the water, but soon recovered.

The Jersey City Y. C. opened the season with a review and sail among the yachts being Bessie, Com. Van Horne, Forsythe, Millie, Echo, Eureka, Modesty, Naomi and Eleanor.

The Oceanic Y. C. held a reception at the club house, and the Canarsie Jamaica Bay, Staten Island and other clubs about New York turned out in force for short sails and appropriate ceremonies ashore.

### Brooklyn Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BENSONBURST—NEW YORK BAY.

The first race of the June regatta week, which on account of the tide comes earlier than usual this year, was that of the Brooklyn Y. C. whose club station is at the head of Gravesend Bay. The club has arranged an almost unlimited number of courses between the Narrows and the Scotland Lightship, from which the following were selected for those classes which filled:

OPEN BOATS.

Mainsail.—Class A, 21ft. l.w.l. and under—to stakeboat south of Fort Lafayette, to black bell buoy, West End, and return to starting line; length of course, 9 miles. Class B, over 21ft. to 25ft. l.w.l.—to stakeboat south of Fort Lafayette, to black buoy No. 8, and return to starting line; length of course, 11 miles.

Jib and Mainsail.—Class 1, 21ft. l.w.l. and under—to stakeboat south of Fort Lafayette, to black buoy No. 7, and return to starting line; length of course, 11 miles. Class 2, over 21ft. l.w.l.—to stakeboat south of Fort Lafayette, to white buoy near C No. 5, and return to starting line; length of course, 15 miles.

CABIN YACHTS.

Mainsail.—Class D, 24ft. l.w.l. and under—to Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy, Swash Channel, and return to starting line; length of course, 15 miles. Class E, over 24ft. l.w.l.—to Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy C No. 4, and return to starting line; length of course, 17 miles.

Sloops, Outters and Yawls.—25ft. class (25ft. l.w.l. and under)—to Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy, Swash Channel, and return to starting line; length of course, 15 miles; 30ft. class (over 25ft. to 30ft. l.w.l.) to Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy C No. 4, and return to starting line; length of course, 17 miles; 35ft. class (over 30ft. to 36ft. l.w.l.) to Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy No. 10, and return to starting line; length of course, 19 miles.

Prizes were offered for all classes from the 70ft. schooners downward, but the largest yacht at the line was the 35-footer Tigress. The races ran up to nearly 26, of which 26 crossed the line, a very fair number for the first race of the season. The starters were:

CLASS A, MAINSAIL, 9 MILES.

	Length.	Rating.
Edda D. R. W. Rummell, Brooklyn	21.04	19.01
Nettie, O. M. Schwerdfeffer, Gravesend Bay	18.06	18.03
Paul and Stella, J. A. Riley, Brooklyn	16.08	17.01
Folly, Chas. J. Earl, Brooklyn	16.00	16.04

CLASS B, MAINSAIL, 11 MILES.

Lester, H. M. Furgurson, Gravesend Bay	24.06	Not meas.
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CLASS C, CABIN MAINSAIL, 15 MILES.

Tabitha, L. Smith, Brooklyn	21.05	23.03
Win or Lose, F. M. Randall, Pavonia	20.00	23.01
Juniauta, O. F. Larzelere, Brooklyn	22.04	23.02
Kittie, Hazen Morse, New Rochelle	20.00	Not meas.

CLASS D, JIB AND MAINSAIL, 17 MILES.

Mary, W. B. Ellsworth, Rayonne	25.04	Not meas.
Almira, H. W. Hanan, Indian Harbor	25.04	28.07

CLASS E, JIB AND MAINSAIL, 19 MILES.

Exile, F. M. Randall, Atlantic	20.09	25.06
Faustina, R. C. Hopkins, Brooklyn	24.05	25.00
Lizzie, S. O'Brien, Gravesend Bay	20.00	Not meas.

CLASS F, SLOOPS, 17 MILES.

Golden Hope, E. Prentiss, Brooklyn	24.09	29.04
Christine, E. R. Baker, New Jersey	24.06	29.00
Nomad, W. B. Groatage, Brooklyn	23.03	26.07
Adele, C. H. Humphreys, Brooklyn	22.09	24.11
Arrow, H. W. Brett, Gravesend Bay	25.00	24.06
Vida, W. Schumacher, Brooklyn	21.03	23.09

CLASS G, SLOOPS, 19 MILES.

Forsythe, Alex. Roe, Pavonia	23.06	32.06
Mizpah, Chas. Solheim, Brooklyn	26.00	27.06
Millie, C. H. Benson, Pavonia	26.02	Not meas.

CLASS H, SLOOPS, 21 MILES.

Neika, E. H. Converse, Brooklyn	35.10	39.05
Almira, J. A. Constant, Brooklyn	30.10	35.04
Theresa, W. J. J. Atty, Brooklyn	25.00	Not meas.

The racing was so close in a number of classes as to make some exciting racing, notably in the 70ft. cabin cat class, where Mary was pitted against Almira, both well known and successful boats; in the smaller cabin cat class, where Tabitha, a smart Capet of the older type, was matched with two new boats, Kittie and Win or Lose. The new boats are quite similar in general appearance, though Kittie was built by T. R. Webb, of New Rochelle, while Win or Lose was built at Communipaw by F. M. Randall, of the Pavonia Y. C. her owner. They are unlike the ordinary Capet in having a bow which rounds out well over the water, instead of being nearly plumb, the counter is carried out better and is not so wide and deep, while the sheer line is less crook, the foreboard being, if anything, a little greater amidships, and decidedly lower at the bow. Each has a long cabin trapezoid, and the rigging is so arranged that it was impossible to gauge her by the larger boats. The principal boat in the 25ft. sloop class was Golden Hope, built last year, with long fore and after overhangs.

The morning was warm but cloudy, with a fresh breeze about S.W., kicking up the whites in the Narrows and on across to Raritan Bay, where the first leg of the principal courses lay, from the start to the new lighthouse on Old Orchard Shoal. The judges' tug, Henry Hoehn, and the guests' steamer, were at the start by 11 o'clock, but the yachts had not arrived, some working out from the anchorage up the Bay, while new arrivals came down through the Narrows. Special signals had been prepared by the committee in case a postponement should be necessary, but they were not needed or used, the fleet gradually gathered about the judge's boat, and just before 1 P. M. the first signal was given.

The first leg of the wind many started to turn in one or even two reefs, the principal courses being to windward on the first leg. Mary tied in two reefs, one being a very small one, and Almira took in a first reef of ordinary size. The first away was Tigress, sailed by Mr. Edward Fish and making a good start. After she was well clear of the line there came quite a bunch of smaller boats, Win or Lose being the most conspicuous, with a few larger boats, near the rear, and the fleet was fairly well together. Her classmates Kittie and Tabitha were dodging each other for the weather berth some distance from the line and crossed well astern of her. Mary and Almira were also chasing each other, coming for the line together with Almira a little in the lead and Mary on her weather quarter. As they neared the line Mary, for some unknown reason, luffed up and then jibed around, Almira meanwhile continuing over the line. This maneuver cost Mary some seconds, as the hand-cup whistle blew before she could clear the line. Exile and Faustina came for the line in company, Faustina to windward, but as soon as they straightened out Exile slid through the other's lee and out ahead. Faustina tacked and Exile followed, coming out well on the other's weather, and the two went off for their first mark at Fort Lafayette.

The second run away from her two competitors, one of them, Almira, giving up early to the race. Almira and Mary each shook out a reef, Mary regaining the lost ground of the start and crossing Almira's bows when off the lower island. The little Win or Lose was hanging on to them, but got into a bad berth just on Almira's lee quarter, where she was blanketed for a long time. The two big cats

now came on starboard tack for a long beat to the Old Orchard Light, Almira to windward, but astern of Mary. The latter footed fast, but failed to hold on with Almira, she pointing high and holding a good wind, while Mary fell off, finally making a long tack up for the mark. Almira made a couple of short hitches, turning just ahead of her rival. Win or Lose had held the leaders well, and was far ahead of her class. Tigress was first to turn, setting working topsail and standing off for Buoy 10. The times at the turn were: Tigress 1:32:10, Neika 2:06:50, Almira 2:13:00, Mary 2:14:10, Win or Lose 2:15:50, Tabitha 2:20:00.

Running in, Mary failed to catch Almira, but hung close enough to her to break her wind, making a pretty race. At the turn the sky clouded for a time and a few drops of rain fell, but the breeze held, bringing the fleet home in good time. The official times were:

	CLASS A—MAINSAIL.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edda D.	1 02 24	2 35 10	1 32 46	1 32 46
Nettie	1 03 03	Did not finish.		
Paul and Stella	1 01 14	2 44 25	1 43 11	1 40 08
Folly	1 01 09	Did not finish.		

	CLASS B—MAINSAIL.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lester	1 00 45	2 50 10	1 49 25	1 49 25

	CLASS D—CABIN MAINSAIL.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tabitha	1 20 13	3 50 30	3 07 35	3 07 35
Win or Lose	1 20 13	3 50 30	3 07 17	2 59 59

	CLASS E—CABIN, MAINSAIL.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Juniauta	1 22 35	Did not finish.		
Kittie	1 21 45	3 59 31	3 07 36	Not meas.

	CLASS F—JIB AND MAINSAIL.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Almira	1 24 32	3 46 25	2 51 53	Not meas.
Mary	1 25 00	3 47 44	2 53 44	Not meas.

	CLASS G—JIB AND MAINSAIL.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Exile	1 00 35	2 32 30	1 26 24	1 26 24
Faustina	1 00 25	Did not finish.		
Lizzie	1 02 48	3 00 40	1 57 57	Not meas.

	CLASS H—SLOOPS.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Golden Hope	1 25 48	4 07 22	3 14 34	3 14 34
Christine	1 25 50	Did not finish.		
Nomad	1 25 15	Did not finish.		
Adele	1 25 16	Did not finish.		
Arrow	1 25 20	Did not finish.		
Vida	1 25 11	Did not finish.		

	CLASS I—SLOOPS.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Forsythe	1 25 07	4 14 55	3 22 48	3 22 48
Mizpah	1 25 30	Did not finish.		
Millie	1 25 14	Did not finish.		

	CLASS J—SLOOPS.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neika	1 24 44	3 45 15	3 01 00	3 01 00
Almira	1 23 54	Did not finish.		
Tigress	1 24 52	3 40 10	2 52 18	Not meas.

The winners are: Class A, Edda D.; class B, Lester; class D, Win or Lose; class E, Tigress; class F, Tigress. Golden Hope distanced her class so badly that she gave up, though there was nothing in the weather to turn them back. Almira probably wins from Mary, but neither was measured. In rounding up to the markboat for the Bay Ridge with a reefed sail and an oar over the quarter to repair in time for the morrow's race.

The prizes were: Class A, \$15; B, \$20; D, \$20; E, \$25; class No. 1, \$20; Sloops, outters and yawls—25ft. class, \$30; 30ft., \$35; 35ft., \$30. The regatta committee was Louis Wunder, chairman; Fred W. Bobbett and Frank L. Townsend.

### The Larchmont 21-Footers.

The Larchmont Y. C. has issued the following circular relating to the new 21ft. class. The Seawanhaka Y. C. has also scheduled two races for the boats, and other neighboring clubs are also making dates for them:

"It is the intention of the club to hold a number of races for this class during the season of 1894. For each race the club will give an appropriate record prize to the winning boat, and a like prize to the second boat in each event in which four or more boats start. Com. Seymour L. Husted, Jr., offers a valuable silver cup, which will be awarded at the end of the season to the yacht which has won the greatest number of first prizes. The Larchmont Y. C. offers a similar cup, to be awarded at the end of the season to the yacht which has won the greatest number of points in such races, the points counting as follows:

"The winner in each race shall be credited with four points. The second yacht in each race shall be credited with two points. The third yacht in each race shall be credited with one point. A member of the club also offers individual prizes to the Corinthian crews of the yachts winning the cup presented by the commodore and that offered by the club.

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"The regatta committee has issued notice that special 21ft. class races will be sailed on July 4, 13, 25, Aug. 4, Sept. 1, 8, 15. Ties, if any, will be sailed on Sept. 22. In addition to prizes already offered, a member of the club offers a valuable cup for the first boat with three wins to her credit.

### Lasca's Voyage.

The runs made by Lasca on her recent passage from New York to Glasgow were as follows:

	Knots.		Knots.
April 22 to noon	79	April 30	200
April 23	85	May 1	185
April 24	80	May 2	175
April 25	177	May 3	255
April 26	235	May 4	215
April 27	203	May 5	231
April 28	160	May 6	250
April 29	225	May 7, morning of	210

Total to Fastnet, 2,906 knots. At the start the wind was light, but from the fourth day on, the yacht had good breezes, varied by a gale on the 30th, which she went through easily. The Yachtsman says of her:

"Her appearance has been a sort of pleasure to the Clyde critics, and one of all of them write in describing her as a splendid looking vessel, which she certainly is. She has a bow with a strong resemblance to that of our own Calluna, except that the graceful sheer of the counter ends in a neat figurehead. Mr. Cary Smith has been particularly successful in his treatment of her about the quarters. Her masts are stepped so as to give her a large mainsail, and altogether she looks like a lady that will be very well able to hold her own when fighting flags are fluttering. Clyde yachtsmen of all kinds and conditions are delighted to see her in their waters, and they are hoping to get many a sample of 'the nettle of her pasture' ere she leaves for home again."

"On Thursday, May 12, Lasca was towed up the river to the dock of Messrs. D. & A. Henderson, at Partick, to be put in racing fettle."

### Valkyrie's Voyage.

The news of Valkyrie's safe arrival off the Irish coast was recorded last week, and on May 31 she arrived at Glasgow. After favorable winds for three or four days, easterly weather was encountered and slow progress was made, the runs being from May 4: 85, 60, 140, 236, 232, 247, 334, 222, 112, 113, 121, 40, 108, 184, 103, 101, 80, 148, 192, 121, 67, 68, 62, 60. The run of May 9, 327 miles, naught, is very good, Lasca's best day run being 255, while the yawl necessarily carried a much smaller rig, besides being 3ft. shorter. The yacht is now fitting out for the Clyde races early in July.

### YACHT NEWS NOTES.

"Kiley's Yachtsman's Guide and Nautical Calendar" for 1894 is even more complete and compact than in previous years, and quite as indispensable for quick and reliable reference either afloat or ashore. Among the many excellent illustrations of yachts and yachtsmen are new and good portraits of Captain Haff and Mr. John M. Sawyer, the well-known sailmaker. One group, entitled "The Prominent Naval Architects of the United States," is chiefly remarkable for the complete omission of the first and oldest of American yacht designers; one looks in vain for the bald head and benign countenance of the designer of Vindex, Comet, Madcap, Whitecap, Intrepid, Mischief, Fortuna, Katrina, Valkyr, Norma, Yampa, Iroquois, Lasca, and Ariel.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is noted for its club book, and that of 1894 is a very handsome volume, bound in a fine canvas, with the club device on the cover, the wheel embossed in gold and the flag in blue and white. The paper and presswork are greatly superior to the usual standard for such publications.

The Fore River Engine Co., of Weymouth, Mass., is building a 21-footer for Boston racing, from the designs of R. M. Wood, the concern's designer. She will be 31ft. over all, 20ft. 8in. l.w.l. and 8ft. beam, a centerboard boat with 235sq ft. in mainsail and jib.

Una, schr., has been sold by J. F. Ackerman to T. J. McCahill, Jr.

The Brooklyn Y. C. has arranged eight squadron regattas for the season, as follows: June 10, to Great Kills; June 24, to Keyport, N. J.; July 8, to Bergen Point, N. J., anchoring off the Shore House; July 21, to Highland Beach, N. J. (start from Gravesend at 3 o'clock P. M., on July 21, and the race to be on July 22, from Highland Beach back to Gravesend); Aug. 5, to Great Kills; Aug. 19, Atlantic Highlands, Pavonia Y. C.; Sept. 9, to Great Kills; Sept. 21, to Keyport, N. J. Prizes in each class will be awarded the boats finishing first on three occasions during the season. The judges will be the president, treasurer and regatta committee.

Mr. N. D. Lawton of the Atlantic Y. C., has had a peculiarly unfortunate experience with naphtha stoves for yachts; it will be remembered that on July 18, 1890, while at anchor in Morris Cove as the flagship of the Atlantic Y. C. on the annual cruise, his handsome 40-footer Chispa was seriously damaged by fire from a naphtha stove, due to the carelessness of a steward. On May 26, during the opening of the Atlantic Y. C., a similar fire broke out in the galley of the 40-footer Moccasin, on the ways at Mumm's yard, and though it was extinguished by Capt. Hanson, and others who went to his aid, the galley and cabin were seriously burned, and the yacht partly flooded with water. The yacht is being altered by the removal of about 1,000 lbs. of lead, the reduction of her deadwood forward and of the rudder, and the remodeling of her sail plan and interior.

Maspeeth, the steam yacht designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. for Chas. H. Meyer, was launched on May 26 at the Pier Dock. She is 84ft. over all, 76ft. l.w.l., 38ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft. She is fitted with a triple-expansion engine, by Reilly & Cowley, and a Roberts Safety Water Tube boiler. The construction of steam yachts is a new departure for the company, made to meet the demand for larger craft than the well known naphtha engines are adapted for.

The formal opening of the Riverside Y. C. house, took place on May 26, the flag being raised in the afternoon, while a reception was held in the evening.

The Douglaston Y. C. went into commission on May 26, a clam roast playing an important part in the ceremonies of the day.

The rebuilt Princess was formally christened Ivanhoe, on May 24. It is stated that the vessel is now new throughout, the old model being preserved, but every timber being taken out and replaced by a new one of the same shape. When Puritan fails to bring the price of her head and sails, and a five year old yacht of the best construction can be had for a song, such work as the rebuilding of Princess and Lancer is past comprehension.

Judge Brown, in the United States District Court, has decided that William J. Riker was entitled to remuneration from the steam boat Elberon, for damages sustained by the former's yacht, Charlotte, which was run into on July 31, 1893. A referee will determine the amount to be paid.

The Southern Y. C. annual regatta has been postponed from May 26 to June 9 on account of a fire at the club station, West End, New Orleans. A large hotel burned, together with a large pier over which was the approach to the yacht club. There will be a reception and awarding of prizes on the following Monday, June 11. This is the second time the regatta has been postponed, once on account of rains to the club house.

At a meeting of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, held in the Russell Hotel at Detroit on May 24, the date of the annual regatta in Bay was changed from July 17, 18 and 19 to August 7, 8 and 9. The Association is now composed of the following clubs: Sandusky Y. C., West End Y. C., Detroit Y. C., Citizens Yachting Association, of Detroit; Put-in-Bay Y. C., Cleveland Y. C., Toledo Y. C. and Ohio Y. C., of Toledo.

At an adjourned annual meeting of the Mobile Y. C., held May 24, the following officers were elected to serve for the following year: W. M. Marshall, Com., yacht Annie; J. S. Woodhull, Vice-Com., yacht Zephine; F. L. Ward, Sec'y-Treas., yacht Carrie G.

The Boston Globe calls model yachting an "English fad," regardless of the fact that it has been regularly followed in this country for at least twenty-five years, although never as popular as this fad.

Messrs. Coursons & Pratt, the yacht sailmakers of Boston, have issued a special chart of Cohasset Harbor on a large scale, which will be useful to Eastern yachtsmen.

The California Y. C., recently organized by the sailors of small craft about Oakland, Cal., opened its new club house on May 19 with a dinner and reception. The club has arranged a full list of cruises and races for the summer.

The 8-ton sloop yacht Brandt changed custodians yesterday, pursuant to an order of Chief Justice Daly, of the Court of Common Pleas. Formerly the yacht was owned by Wm. J. Cromwell, but he mortgaged her to Lewis J. Conlan for \$1,000 to secure a debt of this amount. Mr. Conlan, who is a clerk in a district court, obtained a judgment for \$250 40 against the yacht owner, and in this suit Judge Hane-man was appointed receiver of Cromwell's chattels, including the yacht. Mr. Conlan, as mortgagee, claimed the craft. O. H. Sanderson was appointed referee and reported in Conlan's favor. A motion to compel the receiver to turn the yacht over to Conlan was argued before Judge Daly, who confirmed the referee's report.—New York Herald.

Messrs. Higgins & Gifford, of Gloucester, Mass., issue a catalogue of various varieties of all varieties of yacht, surf, fishing and rowing boats, as well as sailing and steam yachts. They have some very fast sloops, including Louette, Trudette and Sassacus, but its specialty is in the line of service and fishing boats for salt water, with their fittings.

On May 31 the schooner Sardinian, Halverson, from Hoboken for Rockland, coal laden, was run into by the steamer H. F. Dimock, Capt. Bearse, from Boston for New York, between Faulkner's Island and Little Gull. Her starboard side was stove in, her bowsprit and jibboom broken, and her headgear carried away. She was towed by the Dimock to Lloyd's Neck, L. I., and then transferred to the tug James Roy and towed to New York for repairs. The H. F. Dimock is the boat that sunk W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht Alva in Vineland Sound in 1892.

The Conqueror case still drags its weary length through the courts, a monument to the misdirected zeal of J. Sloot Fassett and Wm. W. Bates.



## MODEL YACHTING.

## American Model Y. C. Opening Race.

PROSPECT PARK LAKE.

The opening races of the A. M. Y. C. were not marked by the accustomed enthusiasm as of yore, some of the fastest models, or we might say skippers, being absent, or not inclined to sail over the courses prescribed by the club. It must be admitted that it is an arduous undertaking on waters surrounded, as the present lake is, by high trees and shrubbery, and will always be very unsatisfactory so long as the wind is obstructed by these impediments to steady sailing.

The efforts of twelve of the members in locating a sailing station at Communipaw, near the Jersey City Y. C., is to be highly commended as a step in the right direction, as the open waters present the most desirable course for satisfactory racing, and it is to be hoped that the club as a club will see the importance of taking advantage of it. Those who have thus far located at the new station speak in the highest terms of its facilities.

The races of May 30 were sailed under the old rule, the  $\frac{5}{8}$  rule meeting with a setback by the board or governors deciding that the present models, which were built on an inch scale, were not capable of being adopted to a  $\frac{5}{8}$  inch scale. At the rule was passed at the last meeting it was decided to sail under the old rule, subject to considerations as to legality at the next regular meeting on June 1. Only two classes filled, the schooner class and third class. The fast schooner Ohyesia was among the missing, she being at the Communipaw station for the balance of the season, leaving May, a new schooner, and Dora S., formerly a sloop, to fight it out. Irving B. failing to sail the course.

In the third class Star was also missing, she being at Communipaw. Ampere absent, her owner having resigned from the club, it was left to Marjorie to win from Vesta, Dolphin and Anna. If the owners of the beaten boats were as expert as the owner of Marjorie a different tale would result. Skimoon was conspicuous by her absence as were others of the second class. First heat  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

SCHOONERS 45 TO 60 IN.			
Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected	
May, H. Fisher.....	11 29 49	15 13	17 13
Irving B. P. H. Taylor.....	11 29 12	15 13	17 13
Dora S., J. Smith.....	11 20 63	19 12	21 00 1/2

Heat won by May.

SECOND HEAT.			
May.....	11 56 13	15 07	17 07
Dora S.....	11 56 00	21 15	24 59 1/2

Heat and race won by May.

35 TO 42 IN. BOATS—FIRST HEAT.			
Vesta, J. D. Casey.....	1 36 47	18 43	22 23
Dolphin, J. Smith.....	1 37 15	Disqualified.	
Marjorie.....	1 37 55	18 16	20 33

Heat won by Marjorie.

SECOND HEAT.

Vesta.....	2 10 44	18 16	20 46
Dolphin.....	2 10 47	17 43	20 10 1/2
Marjorie.....	2 11 10	16 50	18 35 1/2
Anna.....	2 11 06	16 46	21 01

Marjorie won heat and race. Anna, J. C. Meyer, just arrived in time to sail this heat. The wind was southeast, the course from West Bay to Point of Rocks and return.

The second race in the Minneapolis Model Yacht Racing Association third class was run on May 25, four boats competed. The wind was most provokingly light. Bluebird, owned by Miss F. English, and sailed by Mr. E. F. English, showed fine light wind powers, and ran clean away from the other three, beating them by half the length of the course. Sea Gull, L. Green, won second prize by 1m. from C. Iris's model; Active, W. Hale, giving up after the others had finished.

The steam yacht race of the Philadelphia Model Y. C. on the Schuylkill came off on May 30. There was a large number of spectators and it was a pity that there were not more starters. Only Marion, F. Mitchell, and Paragon, C. E. Dulin, put in an appearance. The water was smooth and the current pretty strong. The start was at 9:10 A. M. from Girard avenue bridge, Paragon taking the lead and steadily increasing her advantage, winning the race in 8m. 30s. Marion was not timed. She does not seem to go so well with her new furnace arrangement. Paragon was undoubtedly wonderfully improved, and will be hard to beat in smooth water.—Philadelphia Times.

A race was sailed on the Annisquam River on May 30, the times being in minutes and seconds:

	Length.	1st heat.	2d heat.	3d heat.
Zephyr, E. H. Buckley.....	30	7 00	7 10	7 05
Judybe, C. E. Cunningham.....	42	7 20	8 40	9 20
Madge, F. E. Brown.....	42	6 10	8 20	9 00
Snap, W. Gardner.....	42	8 30	8 40	8 45
Romp, E. Davis.....	30	Disabled.	7 00	7 55

## Canoeing.

## FIXTURES.

JUNE.

10. Hartford, Spring Regatta, Con- 30. Red Dragon, Spring Regatta, necticut River. Delaware River.

30. Knickerbocker, Spring Regatta

JULY.

7-21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, 13-23. A. C. A. Meet, Croton Point, Lake Mendota, Wis.

AUGUST.

4-11. Owanux Meet, Woodmont, Ct

SEPTEMBER.

3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass. 15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Del- 35. Passaic River Meet.

5. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.

## Eastern Division Meet—Calla Shasta.

The Eastern Division Meet of 1894 was held at Calla Shasta, about four miles south of Springfield, and has given to canoeists the first genuine war canoe race. It was as fine a sight as we have ever had an opportunity to witness as a meet. There were five crews entered, of nine men each, and the five boats finished not more than three boat lengths from the first to the last boat. The pace was hot and the interest very much increased. It was won by the Newton crew with the Puritans, of Boston second.

The camp opened officially on Monday, although about fifty of the members came into camp Saturday and Sunday, and by Wednesday morning there were very close to 150 A. C. A. men in camp. Monday and Tuesday were spent in short trips and general lounging about camp with camp fires each evening. Wednesday was given to the racing, but this, except the war canoe race and the unlimited sailing, was unimportant. There were four entries in the latter, and it was won by Butler, all the other canoes upsetting before the finish. Butler also won the Visitors' sailing race, for which a handsome cup was given by the Springfield C. C. There were plenty of handsome prizes, but this did not seem to draw entries as might be expected, and from a canoeist's point of view the number of canoes in camp were very limited.

Nickerson and Rice were on hand, and it was very gratifying to the older members to once more see them at a meet. Among the visitors outside the Division were: Com. Dorland, Ex-Commodore Winne and Wilkin, Vice-Com. Schuyler, L. B. Palmer and Jas. K. Hand, Jr.

Mr. Rockwell (one of the members owning a cottage at Calla Shasta) was very attentive and courteous in his care of the visitors. Vice-Com. Barney was in charge, but the details of arrangements and work in connection with the camp fell upon Purser Knappe, who deserves the thanks of every canoeist present for the earnest efforts made in their behalf.

The Division engaged a small ferryboat to run between Springfield, Long Meadow and Camp, and on Wednesday the people from Springfield came down in large numbers by this boat as well as by carriages, and practically took possession of everything.

Mrs. Lester, the owner of the house near by, who catered for a large majority of those present, reported that she had nearly 300 to dinner on that day.

## A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Herbert Lowell Rich, Geo. E. Blackmer, Jas. W. Hubbard, Wm. A. Belock, H. H. Emsworth.

## International Canoeing.

From the Field.

TAKING another view we do not look upon the Bourne End course as a happy place for an international race for the challenge cup, nor do we think the present conditions of the race, which have been altered from three races to one race, at all fitting for so an important event. Any one of many common accidents may happen to our visitor or to our best man during the one race, and there is no appeal to a second and third day's contest. Grounding, touching a buoy, collision, spar breaking and ghastly flukes are among the commonly experienced accidents, and on open lakes, miles wide, whereas Bourne End Reach is about half a mile long by some 80yds. across. The tidal water of Erith, was suggested at the spring meeting, but was not accepted, the plea against it being that modern canoes could not live there in a breeze; however, it would be better to be swamped in fair open water than to be fluked in a ditch, and we place such handicap rather against our American visitor.

In America, the canoe races of the New York Club are sailed on water as open, and often as rough as our Thames Sea Reach, or the Mersey; with strong tides and the heavy swells of frequent passing steamers; and on open lakes, miles wide, whereas Bourne End Reach is about half a mile long by some 80yds. across. The tidal water of Erith, was suggested at the spring meeting, but was not accepted, the plea against it being that modern canoes could not live there in a breeze; however, it would be better to be swamped in fair open water than to be fluked in a ditch, and we place such handicap rather against our American visitor.

But there is a more forcible handicap against us in favor of a challenger from abroad, brought about by the absurdly lax conditions at present ruling competitions for the challenge cup. A week's notice is all that is required from challengers, and in the present case the first intimation of an American challenge comes to us barely three weeks before the race day. We have more than once during the last two years urged upon the Royal C. C. the danger of this state of things, especially in view of the stagnation into which canoe sailing, distinct from canoe yawl sailing, has drifted.

The American FOREST AND STREAM has reproduced our "Notes of the Week" thus: "In view of the fact that an American canoeist will visit England this year to compete for the R. C. C. challenge cup, the following from the Field is of special interest. Field says: 'With the advance of the season, canoe men are becoming aware that, so far as the metropolitan district is concerned, no new canoes are being built, notwithstanding the free hand in designing which has been given by the new rules of classification. It may, of course, be possible that new vessels are being built for the members of the R. C. C. in Scotland, but, unless there are such dark horses ready to bud forth, the club stands in real danger of seeing, for the first time, its £50 challenge cup competed for by visitors, and carried away for a year without any real attempt at defence by the club. Under the new rule of classification, it would be absurd to maintain that the present holder of the cup, the Stella, could except by a fluke, beat new canoes specially built and fitted for racing, fitted with bulb fin-keel and una or sloop rig.'"

Well, here we are, caught in that very position; the real leaders of canoe sailing either gone off into canoe-yawls or without any new craft built to full advantage under the altered rules of measurement, and no time for a defender or defenders to effectively arm themselves for the defence of the cup, or to make a show of competitors worthy of the old Royal C. C. in the defence of one new canoe, which may be ready in time. It is being built in the country, and said to be for a Royal C. C. member, well known in racing, Mr. de Quincey, and we trust this is a fact; but in a matter of international competition it becomes the duty of the club to organize a proper defence, and not to trust merely to private enterprise coming forward.

## Major S. T. Fairtlough.

EVERYONE who was at the Grindstone meets of 1884-5 and 6, knew Major Fairtlough, and everyone who knew him at all well, most of all those of the Kingston Military College who attended the meets under his care, loved him for his many admirable qualities. Since 1886, he has been on foreign service, mostly on the African coast. The following telegram from Kingston to the New York Herald, will be read with sorrow by all of the older A. C. A. men:

This morning (May 20), Mr. S. T. Fairtlough, of the R. C. C., received a cablegram from England, announcing the death of Major Fairtlough, R. A., at Sierra Leone. The intelligence of his death was totally unexpected. When the Major last wrote he was in good spirits, having just gone through a campaign against the Arab slave dealer Fadi Shah near Bathurst. It was a complete success, and the Major was highly commended for his services.

He was for a long time professor of artillery at the Royal Military College, on May 25, Colonel McGill received a letter from Major Fairtlough, in which he stated that the government had pressed upon him the Governorship of Gambia, and that he had accepted the position.

## Rifle Range and Gallery.

## Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 2.—I inclose you scores made at the annual prize shoot of the Hartford Rifle Club, open to all comers, May 30. German ring target, 200yds, off-hand, three-shot strings, three scores to count. Good light but a very troublesome wind:

S. J. Lyon.....	21 25 23-69	25 23 24-71	25 24 25-72-212
F. K. Rand.....	25 21 23-69	25 23 24-71	25 22 25-72-212
H. M. Pope.....	23 22 25-70	23 23 24-70	23 23 25-71-211
M. Dorrier.....	24 23 30-69	23 24 23-69	23 23 22-70-208
J. M. Fouts.....	22 21 24-67	22 22 23-68	22 22 23-68-205
W. D. Palmer.....	20 23 30-65	23 21 21-66	24 22 23-71-202
Bill Nye.....	22 17 23-62	22 25 16-63	23 25 25-73-198
D. S. Seymour.....	19 23 33-65	18 23 23-64	24 22 22-68-197
L. S. Allen.....	24 30 19-63	14 24 25-63	25 23 22-70-196
C. O. Talbot.....	24 34 14-63	15 23 23-63	25 21 24-70-196
C. O. Whiting.....	21 21 21-63	24 20 20-64	24 18 23-65-192
O. P. Arnold.....	19 24 20-63	19 21 24-63	20 20 25-65-192
W. J. Dunbar.....	10 21 22-62	24 24 25-63	23 23 19-65-190
R. D. Garden.....	24 18 17-59	20 20 20-63	25 20 22-67-189
J. N. Lane.....	21 17 19-57	18 21 23-62	25 21 20-66-185
T. B. Covel.....	21 21 17-59	22 19 20-61	20 24 19-62-182
A. Meridian.....	20 17 16-53	15 23 19-57	21 20 23-64-174
W. H. Seery.....	14 17 22-53	19 20 19-57	21 25 18-60-171

The premium for the best three scores in the morning was won by Pope with 63 70 71. First flag by Dunbar, last flag by Pope, most flags by Lyon with 12, next most by Pope with 7. H. M. Pope, Sec'y.

## Rifle at San Antonio.

THE regular practice shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Club was well attended on the 27th inst. The practice was confined to open sights and some excellent scores were made, as will be seen below, at 200yds, rest, open sights, 10 shots:

E. D. Bach.....	11 7 9 11 7 10 6 7 6 9-84
R. Neumann.....	8 9 12 9 9 11 11 10 9-80
E. Seiffel.....	7 9 9 9 6 7 10 7 9-78
A. Uhl.....	8 11 9 9 7 10 11 9 9-91
Alvis Altmann.....	9 8 11 9 8 9 8 7 8-84
Heye.....	10 7 8 9 8 7 10 8 8-81
Herpel.....	8 7 5 7 8 8 9 8 8-81

At 200yds, off-hand, 10 shots:

R. Neumann.....	7 5 0 5 9 7 5 6 8-62
A. Guenther.....	7 7 8 8 6 10 8 8 7-78
S. Seiffel.....	7 5 8 8 6 10 10 6 9-78
C. Hummel.....	9 8 6 10 7 7 5 5 6 9-72

At 100yds, rest open sights:

A. Uhl.....	11 9 10 11 12 11 10 9 12-106
Dosch.....	11 10 9 11 7 12 10 9 8 9-96
Heye.....	10 10 9 10 8 12 10 10 9-97
A. Altmann.....	9 10 12 8 9 7 10 11 12 10-99
Al Altmann.....	10 12 12 9 9 11 12 9 12-105

## Excelsior vs. Essex.

A TEAM of ten men from the Essex Rifle Club, of Newark, paid a visit to the headquarters of the Excelsior Club, of Jersey City, on Thursday night of last week and participated in a friendly match with the Excelsior Club team. The Excelsior Club gave the visitors a cordial reception and sent them home to Newark defeated by a margin of 79 points. Scores:

Excelsior Club team.		Essex Club team.	
Hennessy.....	230	Oberst.....	822
J. Hughes.....	233	Walsh.....	230
Pinney.....	234	Helm.....	229
Weber.....	225	Fritag.....	229
Chaunoy.....	233	Schwartz.....	203
Hansen.....	234	McCrath.....	205
McCarthy.....	224	Dietrich.....	235
W. Hughes.....	230	Zipfel.....	203
C. G. Reers.....	231	Smith.....	210
J. Marten.....	230-2268	Dietrich.....	225-2189

## Zettler Rifle Club.

TWELVE members of the Zettler Club visited Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on June 3 to participate in the regular bi-monthly shoot. The day was an ideal one for the rifle shooting, a clear light and very little wind giving opportunity for the making of high scores. The best individual score of the day was made by F. C. Ross, who succeeded in making the fine score of 231 points out of a possible 250. Holges was second with 223 and Hansen third with 225. On the bulls-eye target, 4in. center, 3 shots only, Plaisted was first with three and Ross second with two. On the man target Holges was first, Krauss second and Flach third. Scores:

Ross.....	22 23 24 24 24 21 2 2 24 24 25-221
Holges.....	22 23 24 24 24 21 2 2 24 24 24-220
Flach.....	22 25 19 24 25 21 23 23 24 21-223
Plaisted.....	22 25 20 20 20 24 19 23 23 21-220
Hansen.....	21 21 17 25 23 23 23 24 23 20-218
G. Krauss.....	25 21 20 23 23 23 23 24 19 24-224
G. W. Downs.....	22 23 22 21 21 21 21 22 23 23-212
Bullseye target, 4in. center, 3 shots, possible 3:	
Holges 1, Gunther 1.	
Man target, 3 shots, possible 60:	
Holges 58, Krauss 57, Flach 56, Engel 55, Ross 52, B. Zettler 52.	

## Chicago and St. Louis.

THE second telegraph match of the series of three, between the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club, St. Louis and the Pastime Club, of Chicago, took place on the evening of May 23. As in the previous match, the shooting took place in the galleries of the Messrs. Ingersoll and Capt. Schaff, respectively. Following are the scores:

The Pastime Club.		Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club.	
Fred Ingersoll.....	10 10 10 9 10 10 9 9 7-91	Capt Schaff.....	9 9 7 10 9 10 10 10 8-93
T. J. Storr.....	9 9 10 8 8 8 10 10 10-91	R. W. Staley.....	10 9 9 10 9 10 9 10 10-94
G. Newport.....	10 10 9 8 8 10 10 10 9-93	A. P. Gosnell.....	10 9 10 9 7 7 7 10 10-88
F. W. Morgan.....	8 9 9 10 10 10 10 10 8-91	Chas Vogt Jr.....	9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10-90
R. S. McBean.....	8 8 10 10 10 9 9 9 8-89	S. J. Dorman.....	10 9 9 9 8 10 10 9 10-93
L. H. Henderson.....	9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9-91	F. Hutchinson.....	8 10 10 10 10 10 9 9 8-94
J. H. George.....	10 10 7 7 10 10 10 10 8-83	Wm Bauer.....	5 6 9 9 8 9 10 8 10 10-84-740
C. A. Hankle.....	9 9 9 8 10 10 10 9 9 8-91-730		

Score of ninth and tenth men.

H. H. Henderson..... 7 9 10 8 9 9 8 8 10 10-81  
R. H. Henderson..... 9 9 10 8 9 9 8 8 10 10-81  
The conditions required ten men to a team, ten shots each on a standard target. A St. Louis gentleman, informs me that Mr. Ingersoll promised to have ten men sure in this event "or bust a string," but he wired during the progress of the shoot that he could not get ten shooters together. This left two of the best shots of the St. Louis team out of the shoot, namely Col. Buchanan and Mr. Henderson. On the scores of the eight best, St. Louis is twenty-two points ahead.

A correspondent, agent this shoot, writes me as follows: "I wonder or would like to know the population of Chicago, when a city like it cannot raise ten men from a three-year-old club." Mr. Frederickson referred at St. Louis for Chicago, and Mr. E. E. Dalton officiated for St. Louis, at Chicago, in the like capacity.

B. WATERS.

## Heidenreich Rifle Club Prize Shoot.

THE Heidenreich Rifle Club held its third annual prize shoot and festival in Lion Park on May 27 and 28. The weather conditions on the first day were fine for outdoor sport, and as a consequence there was a fairly good attendance of riflemen. The second day opened dull and cloudy and in the early part of the afternoon heavy showers began to prevail, and the day closed decidedly out of gear from a picnic point of view. The shooting programme was of that liberality to call for liberal patronage from our local experts. The ring target called for 14 prizes, ranging from \$35 down to \$3, two best tickets to count. On the bulls-eye target there were 12 prizes, ranging from \$20 to \$2, the best center shot to count. There were also premiums for the most bullseyes, ranging from \$10 to \$2. The length of the range is about 280ft. and the shooting was limited to .22cal. rifles only. The scores are appended:

Ring target, tickets 3 shots, two best to count:	
G. Schlicht.....	63 64 64 64 64 64 64 64 64 64-631
L. Flach.....	63 64 64 64 64 64 64 64 64 64-631
M. Dorrier.....	70 67-137 W. Rosenbaum..... 65 64-129
V. Horn.....	69 67-136 L. Vogel..... 65 64-129
H. Holges.....	69 67-136 M. C. Muzzo..... 64 63-127
F. C. Ross.....	67 64-131 M. Roedel..... 62 61-125
E. Fisher.....	66 65 141 W. Dalton..... 62 61-125
Best bulls-eye: W. Koch 25 degrees, L. Flach 30, V. Horn 30, H. Bush 35, W. Dalton 25, G. Schlicht 35, H. Holges 37, F. C. Ross 37, T. McManus 39, L. Enders 40, F. Goodman 42, Roedel 42	
Most bullseyes: V. Horn 69, F. C. Ross 31, G. Schlicht 30, W. Rosenbaum 24, S. Schmidt 23, H. Holges 20, M. Radler 14, W. Koch 10.	

## Paterson Rifle Association.

NINE members of the Paterson Rifle Association met on the Bunker Hill range on May 27 for practice. Owing to the fact that there had been no practice shooting for the past four weeks the members were all a little off in form. Scores:

Wm Dutcher.....	15 18 15 17 15 19 17 20 18 14-163
Jas Welcher.....	15 18 16 15 16 17 18 20 14 17-161
Jas Foster.....	18 19 19 17 18 18 20 17 15 14-177
B. Maskell.....	19 17 17 18 14 13 15 15 18-160
A. Newby.....	14 15 19 13 18 16 15 14 16-167
T. Foster.....	18 16 18 19 1



**New York Rifle Club.**

THE New York Rifle Club held its second practice shoot in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, on Saturday of last week. The weather was warm and cloudy, with a strong southwest wind. Light showers in the latter part of the afternoon interfered somewhat with the rifle-men. Dr. Chadbourne, with his little 25-15 Stevens, made the high score of the day; Major Shorkley, with the aid of his 25-20 Remington, was second with 85. On the German ring target, three shots per man only, Isbell was high with the fine score of 73 out of a possible 75. Gensch and Moss tied for second place with 67 each. Scores, 10 shots, standard American target:

Dr. Chadbourne.....	69	91	Isbell.....	83	87
Major Shorkley.....	86	88	Moss.....	65	74
C E Gensch.....	84	85	Major Crocker.....	53	61
Downs.....	68	70			

German ring target, 3 shots, possible 75: Isbell 73, Gensch 67, Moss 67, Downs 54, Chadbourne 51.

**Conlin's Target Shoot.**

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB, New York, May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inform you that I have just received from Sir Henry Harford, the distinguished English rifleman, some of the best scores of rifle shooting lately made in Great Britain. I also have the latest scores of the champion revolver shot of England, Mr. Walter Winans, together with photographs of many of the European champions. A collection has also been received by me from the celebrated gallery of Monsieur Gaston Renette, 39 Avenue d'Antin, Champs Elysees, Paris, showing the most remarkable revolver shooting made in the late great match for the championship of France. I have the pleasure to invite your readers, whom I know to be interested in rifle and pistol shooting, to visit my gallery and inspect them. JAS. S. CONLIN.

**Greenville Rifle Club.**

FIFTEEN members of the Greenville Club were present on Friday night, to participate in the handicap class shoot. W. C. Collins with his 30-06 point target succeeded in defeating the old veteran, M. Dorrier by one point, for first prize in the first class. Class winners: First class—Collins first, Dorrier second. Second class—Chase first, Chavant second. Scores: Dorrier 242, Collins 233, Scheeline 233, Agneau 230, Spahn 230, Fogen 221, Graef 221, C. Boag 235, J. Boag 235, Purkess 234, Dadds 234, Chavant 233, Gotthardt 233, Chase 236, Daniels 218.

**Pittsburgh Rifles.**

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Pittsburgh Rifle Club was held at the club grounds at Salt Works yesterday. Standard target, 200 yds., off-hand.

Hogden.....	79	83	84	87	Keggie.....	75	79	75	80
Brehm.....	78	78	82	80	Italy.....	68	67	69	70
Stener.....	77	76	81	82	Gilbert.....	77	75	75	75

PROJECTILE.

**Palisade Rifle Club.**

THE following appended scores were shot at the weekly shoot of the Palisade Club on May 27, 10 shots, distance 25 yds.: C. Hemberger 226, Henry C. Zuelch 204, Fred Esper 233, George Dorr 227, Adolph Ahles 212, Fred Krobatsch 231.

**RIFLE NOTES.**

Sixteen members of the New York Rifle Club visited Armbruster's Park, Greenville, N. J., on Decoration Day, and held an all-day shoot. The weather was mild and pleasant and some good scores were made, the scores will be found in another column.

On Saturday of last week, at the weekly shoot of the New York Rifle Club, Major Shorkley made a run of 21 sin. bulls, shooting off-hand. The major shoots a 25-20 Remington rifle, with telescope attachment. When one considers the age of this old veteran, his shooting is somewhat remarkable.

On Wednesday of last week, on the Greenville range, Plaisted made the following run of 25 shots on the Standard target, off-hand, with Ballard .38-55, using the 255 patched bullet and powder charge as follows: 6grs. Leonard nitro, and 42grs. Hazard F. G. The third and twenty-third shots were the fault of bad holding. Score: 8 9 6 10 9 10 8 9 9 10 8 9 9 10 9 9 10 9 9 10 217.

Average 8.6. This score was followed by a 10-shot score upon the German ring target, same conditions, with the following result: 24 23 20 25 25 23 23 22 23 20=227.

Three members of the Greenville Rifle Club visited Armbruster's Park on Saturday afternoon of last week and participated in off-hand practice. Their scores are appended:

C Boag.....	21	16	16	24	22	23	25	21	24	—213
C Scheeline.....	13	22	18	21	15	18	24	16	14	—196
J Spahn.....	23	23	17	23	15	24	20	21	18	—189

The Columbia Schiltzen Corps will hold its annual festival and prize shoot in Cypress Hill Park, June 10-11. Fifteen cash prizes ranging from \$20 to \$25 will be put up for the competing marksmen.

The New York Schuetzen Corps has sent out its programme for the thirty-seventh annual festival and prize shoot, which takes place in Union Hill Park, June 20 and 21. Five hundred dollars in cash prizes and premiums will be offered for the experts to compete for.

Barney Zettler tried the combination charge of nitro and black powder in his rifle last week, but he neglected to temper his bullets to the proper hardness necessary for the load, and the result was a much leaded barrel. With a little further experience he will reach satisfactory results.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

**FIXTURES.**

June 4-9.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Chicago. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Independence, Iowa.

June 5-7.—Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club tournament.

June 7-9.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, under auspices of Willamette Gun Club, at Portland, Oregon.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 12-14.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 12-14.—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 14-16.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest's tenth annual tournament, under auspices of Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, at Tacoma, Wash.; \$1,500 added money; open to the world. E. E. Ellis, Sec'y.

June 16.—Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J. Mixed race at 100 bluebirds, \$5 entry, 15 entries or over, 5 money, open to amateurs only.

June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio; \$1,000 added money.

June 20-21.—Belfast (Me.) tournament, under the management of Belfast Gun Club. Chas. R. Coombs, Sec'y.

June 25.—Union Gun Club tournament in conjunction with monthly team shoot of New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, at Springfield, N. J.

June 27-28.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's sixth tournament, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood Ind. Address Paul R. Litke, Sec'y.

June 28.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, at Hartford, Conn.

June 28-29.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's first annual tournament. H. W. Brown, Sec'y.

July.—Orangeville (Md.) tournament; open to all. J. A. Hartner, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda Rod and Gun Club's sixth annual tournament, at Towanda, Pa.

July 4-6.—Winner Cartridge Co.'s second tournament, at St. Louis. Bluebirds and sparrows; open to the world. J. L. Winston, Sec'y.

July 4-6.—Central City Gun Club tournament, at Duluth.

July 5-6.—Little Rock (Ark.) Shooting Association tournament, open to all. Address Paul R. Litke, Sec'y, Little Rock.

July 16-18.—Standard Gun Club tournament, at Baltimore, Md.; \$150 added.

July 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from \$200 to \$400.

July 18-19.—Dr. Wallade's bluerock target and live bird tournament, at Newport, Mich.

July 18-19.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse.

July 26.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Willamette Rod and Gun Club, at Willamette, Conn.

Aug. 13-18.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsonock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap Shooting Association, at Lynn, Mass.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

**Trophy Scores of Garfield Gun Club.**

CHICAGO, May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Garfield Gun Club has held four regular shoots this season, one on each Saturday in May, but only one score has appeared in your columns, and that was somewhat disfigured by being telescoped with the copy sent you by our friend Goodrich, secretary of the Eureka Gun Club. Goodrich evidently feels that the disfigurement was the other way, as I see that he is sitting up nights to get his report in a week earlier than we can possibly do, to avoid accidents. If it had been any other club's scores we should have put on our war paint and run down and scalped the devil in your composing room who mixed up the forms; but they shoot fairly well, passably so (beat us twice last year, but keep it dark), and after a little more practice will be able to travel in good company, and then we'll not care so much if the scores are mixed.

The Garfield Gun Club is divided into three classes, A, B and C, and a trophy is awarded each month to that member in each class who makes the highest percentage in his three best scores. The trophy contest is shot every Saturday afternoon on the club grounds, at 25 bluebirds, known trap, unknown angles. The winners are barred for the succeeding two months, so as to insure a better distribution of the trophies, which are the same for each of the classes. For the May contest there were given three genuine sole leather gun cases of latest design, fitted with lock and key, pockets, etc. The contestants do not know what the trophies are to be until the final shoot, so that the element of surprise is added to the pleasure of victory. As we have been neglectful of our duty in forwarding scores on time, we will not send them now as they are somewhat stale and musty, but inclose instead the following tabulated statement of our May trophy shoots:

Class A.	May 5. May 12. May 19. May 26. 3 best scores					Percentage
	May 5.	May 12.	May 19.	May 26.	3 best scores	
F E Adams.....	25	21	17	21	89%	
W Palmer.....	25	22	20	20	89%	
J P O'Brien.....	20	24	21	21	88%	
T P Hicks.....	21	21	23	21	86%	
S Palmer.....	19	21	21	21	81%	
A V Drake.....	21	17	20	11	77%	
O von Lengerke.....	..	23	..	23	..	
P Richards.....	..	22	..	19	..	
P J Coppinell.....	18	20	..	..	..	
Geo Brown.....	..	..	16	..	..	
Adams won A trophy on shoot off.						
Class B.	May 5. May 12. May 19. May 26. 3 best scores					Percentage
	May 5.	May 12.	May 19.	May 26.	3 best scores	
R S Mott.....	20	23	23	21	88%	
F S Baird.....	22	22	18	20	85%	
M L Bowers.....	20	17	21	20	81%	
S E Young.....	14	18	18	19	73%	
M R Bortree.....	17	20	15	24	69%	
Geo Lauterbach.....	14	31	..	..	..	
F E Pilz.....	..	..	..	20	..	
W Northcott.....	16	..	..	..	..	
Mott won B trophy.						
Class C.	May 5. May 12. May 19. May 26. 3 best scores					Percentage
	May 5.	May 12.	May 19.	May 26.	3 best scores	
Ed Ackerman.....	18	19	14	22	76%	
Dr Hodder.....	40	14	17	17	72%	
J Norkicott.....	21	18	..	13	69%	
F Blatherwick.....	18	..	..	17	..	
T Smith.....	..	17	..	11	..	
Mr Rawlston.....	..	..	13	18	..	
Dr Wescott.....	13	..	..	..	..	
A Cruser.....	..	12	..	..	..	
A W Jones.....	11	..	..	..	..	
S M Meek.....	..	..	..	11	..	
F R Campbell.....	..	8	..	..	..	
Ackerman won C trophy.						

**Calumet Heights Gun Club.**

MR. G. C. LAMPHERE, secretary of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, writes me as follows, concerning club matters: "The recent storms have prevented the usual number coming down to our club over Sunday. Still our average attendance is about thirty-five weekly, which number will increase largely when the weather gets settled."

"The fine wind of last week's storm was had from our club house, as we are located on the extreme southern end of Lake Michigan."

"The three-masted schooner H. B. Moore, which was driven ashore during Friday night, has been abandoned and given to our manager, Mr. H. W. Starr. She lies about 500 yds. west of the club house. As the storm destroyed our five traps, trap stand, etc., our weekly contests for the diamond trophies could not take place last week and in order to make up for the loss of the shoot we repaired our traps and shot two contests this week. Both matches were shot in the teeth of a gale of wind, blowing 30 or 40 miles per hour."

The club's lease of the property is considered good for ten years longer. Their shooting events are popular and enjoyable.

Following is the score of May 17:

Diamond Trophy Contest at 40 targets, 5 known traps and angles:	
S M Bodin.....	01100101111110011111111111111111—32
A O Paterson.....	11101111111111111111111111111111—32
Geo E Marshall.....	0011000101111100000111111111111111—29
G C Lamphere.....	1111111111111111111111111111111111—35
E T Elliott.....	0011000101010101010000000101011111—29
A P Harper.....	000011000100100100011100000101011011—17
W B Chapman.....	000010010000010111111100011010101110—22
Geo Knowles.....	0001110010101011111111111111111111—32
A W Carlisle.....	000100010011111100000010111000011000—16
E S Morse.....	1010010111111111111111111111111111—26
J E Hinkins.....	0000010101011111111111111111111111—26
W Metcalfe.....	0010000100111100000001010100010100—13
G. C. Lamphere first in class A; G. Knowles in class B; A. P. Harper class C.	

May 26.—Diamond medal contest, 40 targets, 5 known traps and angles, Calumet Heights Gun Club.	
G E Marshall.....	1111111111111111111111111111111111—33
B T Elliott.....	1011101111111111111111111111111111—29
A O Paterson.....	0110111111111111111111111111111111—30
G C Lamphere.....	1011111111111111111111111111111111—37
W B Chapman.....	0000101010111111111111111111111111—26
G Knowles.....	0110101011111111111111111111111111—32
A W Carlisle.....	01101001011010010001010100010101010—17
E S Morse.....	1010110111111111111111111111111111—30
J E Hinkins.....	1111111111111111111111111111111111—30
W Metcalfe.....	00000000000000010001000101010000111—13
A R Harper.....	010010101000000001000101010100011101—15
G. C. Lamphere first in Class A. G. Knowles in Class B. A. R. Harper in Class C.	

**Fargo Gun Club.**

FARGO, N. D., June 1.—Inclosed find the scores as made on Decoration Day by the Fargo Gun Club. The Lyon-Carpenter event was close from start to finish. The score when 10 targets had been shot placed Carpenter one in the lead. The next 10 evoned the scores. Lyon gained one on the last 10 and won the match. It is probable that a match will be arranged between the same parties again. Mr. Robbins chose Mr. Lyon, and they will shoot a match against any other two trap shooters, residents of North Dakota. They will not have to wait long for a match, as several members of the Fargo Gun Club are anxious to shoot against the team.

The complete scores are as follows:

No. 1, 10 singles, known traps; Carpenter 8, Lyon 8, Robbins 7, Akin 7, Ercanbrack 9, Robbins 9, Schofield 2.

No. 2, 5 pairs; Carpenter 8, Lyon 8, Robbins 8, Akin 5, Ercanbrack 9.

No. 3, special match, Lyon vs. Carpenter, 30 targets, 10 singles, known traps, 10 singles, unknown traps, and 5 pairs: Lyon 24, Carpenter 23.

No. 4, badge score, 15 singles, unknown traps and 5 pairs: Akin 18, Carpenter 14, Ercanbrack 13, Lyon 22, Robbins 19, Robbins 11, Schofield 10.

No. 5, 10 singles, known traps, unknown angles: Carpenter 9, S. S. Lyon 6, Robbins 7, Reuschler 7, Roberts 5, C. A. Lyon 6.

No. 6, 15 singles, unknown traps, and 5 pairs: Lyon 15, Robbins 19, Robbins 19, Kimmel 14, Reuschler 5, Schofield 7.

C. E. B.

**Scores at Kearneysville.**

KEARNEYSVILLE, W. Va.—The shoot recently held here was a grand success. It demonstrates clearly that Mr. W. H. Kearfott, who managed it, understands how to get up a shoot. There was not a hitch in the management or even one contention which is so often seen at shooting tournaments. The shooters were all of one accord in voting Mr. Kearfott their thanks for his kind and hospitable treatment. There were fully one hundred shooters present. The Winchester and Harper's Ferry boys seem to have it all their own way. They should have been handicapped as they are professional shooters without a doubt. The great success which attended the shoot caused the shooters to insist upon Mr. Kearfott holding another one some time this summer, which he has decided to do about the first of August, which will be an all-day shoot. Shoot No. 1 at 25 single Keystone targets:

Drumbaugh.....	000011011001010101010000—9
Marshall.....	000010110010010001010101—9
Bratt.....	000101100011001001001001—9
Strider.....	101101011010011101001001—13
Alexander.....	001011000101000100010001—9
Osborn.....	000000010100100101001001—8
Anderson.....	01110101111011010011100—16
Longerben.....	010011001000011110010010—10
Fenshaw.....	100001000001100100101101—11
Little.....	000010100100010100111101—11
Turner.....	000101001000001001001001—8
Osborn.....	1010010110010001101000—11
Jackson.....	0110100111010001111111—16

No. 2:

Haddox.....	11101011111111111111—18
Longerben.....	01010000000000000000—2
Alexander.....	00010010001111111111—9
Spencer.....	11101110100101011—13
Miller.....	001111111111111111—17
Jackson.....	00100100001001001—7
Gatrel.....	001011111111111111—14
Bratt.....	00101111100000000—8
Anderson.....	11010100100101010—12
Gipson.....	111111111111111111001—16

No. 3: Miller 13, Haddox 14, Spencer 8, Gatrel 8, Billmyer 10, Drumbaugh 7, Alexander 5, Gipson 12, Maddox 11.

No. 4: P. W. Jones 14, Haddox 11, Spencer 14, Billmyer 11, Anderson 8, Alexander 5, Kearfott 3.

No. 5: Spencer 16, Gatrel 14, Haddox 17, Anderson 12, Gipson 15, Miller 16, Maddox 12, Alexander 8, Billmyer 8, Little 5.

**No Mayor's Address at Utica.**

"THERE will not be one thousand shooters in attendance, neither will there be a special train, nor an address of welcome from the mayor of the city, but in the place of the same there will be the usual jolly crowd of sportsmen, to whom will be extended the fraternal greeting that the old Oneida County Sportsmen's Association knows so well how to extend. Come and see us, one and all." So wrote Messrs. A. S. Hunter, H. L. Gates and John Cummings, Jr., executive committee of the New York State shoot at Utica next week, under the auspices of the Oneida Association.

The shooting will be at Riverside Park, five minutes' walk from Baggs and the St. James hotels, beginning at 8 A. M., June 11. The annual meeting will be held Monday, June 11, at 8 o'clock in the evening, in the parlors of Baggs's Hotel. The association headquarters will be at Baggs's Hotel.

Arrangements have been made for reduced railroad fares. When purchasing tickets, visitors should be careful to ask the ticket agent for a certificate.

The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association have aimed to present a programme not too lavish in its outlay of cash, yet one that will be satisfactory to the trap-shooters of the Empire State. The programme for the State events is of a character to attract the shooters of this State, the State events are wide open without handicap, and will attract many shooters from without the State of New York. We have the finest target grounds in the world, bar none; there are no long and tiresome street car and bus rides, but a veritable shooters' paradise at your hotel door.

We shall have four sets of expert bluerock traps with electric pulls located as near to each other as possible; this prevents the shooters being scattered. Two sets of these traps will be devoted to regular State events and two sets to sweepstakes; only one regular event will be permitted at a time, and only one sweepstake event at a time. By a system new at this shoot, a shooter will make his entries so that by no possibility will he be called for in two places at the same time.

The regular event traps will be set for ordinary flights, while the sweepstake traps will be set to throw as heard as possible. The shooters who participate in our sweepstake events will never be heard to complain of "duffer birds."

**Champions of the World.**

A FRIEND sends a news clipping, showing in the same column the following reports of matches:

"DAYTON, O., May 23.—J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, champion live bird shot of the world, and Rolla O. Heikes, of this city, who holds the same distinction of the clay pigeon traps, indulged in a 100 live bird contest this afternoon at the base ball park for the world's championship. It was a stiff fight, the prize was closely contested throughout and resulted in a victory for Elliott by a score of 98 to 90."

Of course, this makes Mr. Elliott champion of the world some more. But what is he going to say to this?

"RICHMOND, Va., May 28.—The second of a series of pigeon shooting matches took place here to-day between William Tell Mitchell, of Virginia, and E. D. Fulford, of New York, for the championship of the world, 100 birds and \$250 a side. As on the occasion of the first contest, Fulford won, killing 48 birds in fifty shoots, against 47 by Mitchell. This ends the contest."

No, it doesn't end the contest of championships. My friend says: "Suppose there were a sufficiency of world's championship contests arranged for the 28th, and the press representative of Interstate-Prairie Gun Club symposium got left."

There are champions, and champions, and then again champions. Let the merry war go on. We'll every one be champions, by-and-by. E. H.

**For the Juvenile Championship.**

FOLLOWING is a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. Ed. Bingham, one of the celebrated trap shots of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s staff. It will prove interesting to all boys who aspire to competitive honors. It, too, contains a very generous admission on the part of Mr. Bisson, as his son Master Alfred won the event to which he refers.

B. WATERS.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Dear Sir: As your protégé, Master Charles Burr, is undoubtedly the best trap shot of the three boys who contested for the juvenile medal at the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tournament, in fairness to him, I will make a proposition for another contest for the juvenile championship of the United States under sixteen years of age, the match to be at 50 targets, known traps and angles, price of entrance \$5, targets to be paid by each contestant, 10-gauge guns barred.

All entrance money to go towards the purchase of a solid gold medal, said medal to be contested for three times before it becomes personal property. Any challenging holder of medal to deposit a proportion of cost of medal.

C. H. BISSON.

**Close Shooting at Riverton.**

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—The shooting match between R. A. Welch and Fred Hoey for the Riverton Challenge Plate, which took place to-day at Riverton, resulted in a close race, won by Welch by 1 bird, the score being 91 to 90. It was not a particularly good day for shooting, as the heat had made the birds listless, and they did not rise well when the traps were sprung:

R A Welch.....	0212222222211122210222121210111121300121111122
Fred Hoey.....	12112112112111212222121212121212121212121212121212230

**Kansas State Shoot.**

ALL signs are favorable for a large attendance at the Kansas State shoot, to be held at Topeka, June 12, 13 and 14. The management announce that an open race of one fare for road and river has been granted by all roads during the tournament, from all Kansas points and Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Missouri. The adoption of the North handicap has met with much favor from the amateur shooters of the State, and a large number have already notified the secretary of their intention to be present. Programmes can be had by addressing the secretary, Mr. J. C. Clark, at Topeka.

**"Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."**

THERE has just come from the FOREST AND STREAM press an extremely useful and complete reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



H. D. SWARTZ, Sec'y.



## INTERSTATE AND MICHIGAN SHOOT.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fifth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, combined with the second annual tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, was given under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club, at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 30, 31 and June 1.

The grounds of the Valley City Gun Club are situated at Fisk's Lake, about twelve minutes' ride by electric cars from the center of the city and are among the finest trap-shooting grounds in America.

The tournament proved to be the most successful gathering of the kind ever held in Michigan and the general average of records is as good as that of any State gathering of trapshooters.

Budd, Heikes, Grimm, Van Dyke, Young, Elliott, Courtney, Willard and Parker were specially prominent among the visitors from a distance. Of the Grand Rapids men who ranked well up among the leaders were Walton, Davidson, Harry Widdicombe and Ralph Widdicombe.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's tents having been so badly damaged by the storm at Chicago, were sent home for repairs and the dealers were represented in tents erected by the Valley City Gun Club for that purpose.

Manager Elmer E. Shaner attended to details, and everything ran very smoothly, the office work being especially fine. All events were paid off promptly at their finish, and it was a common remark among the shooters that it was one of the best conducted tournaments they had ever attended, all of which was highly gratifying, following the success of the tournament.

The first day but eight regular events were finished before a heavy rain began, which stopped the shooting for the day. The second day's programme was finished with more favorable conditions, after the storm had characterized the day previous. Several of the local shooters and a number of Michigan men scored places in spite of hot competition.

In the evening the Valley City Gun Club gave a banquet to the visiting shooters at Swetland's Pavilion at Reed's Lake. There were 75 covers laid, and the tables were arranged in the form of a Maltese cross, with a huge cluster of hydrangeas at the point of crossing. The waiter's service was excellent, and the music, which was furnished by the local orchestra, was very fine. The banquet was a success, and the shooters were given an evening of rare pleasure. Following is the menu served at the banquet:

Puree of tomato. "READY POLL." Amountillo sherry.  
Cucumbers. Lake Superior whitefish.  
Spring chicken, "straight away." Sauté potatoes.  
New potatoes in cream. French Peas.  
Poulet canet claret.  
Lobster salad. Strawberries. Cakes

Dr. E. S. Holmes, the father of the Michigan game laws, and one of the pioneers of hunting circles, officiated as toastmaster and called for responses to sentiments as follows:

"Trap Shooting." The kindergarten of field sportsman'ship.—George Altvater, Washington, D. C.  
"Live Birds."—Mark Morris, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
"Auld Lang Syne."—Will do for powder, but no good for cigars.—W. M. Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.  
"Sportsmen."—T. Stewart White, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
"Woman."—She should not be debarred from health-giving field sports.—Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.  
"Reminiscence."—Gentlemen that come my way.—G. H. Davidson, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
"Chas. Grimm, Clear Lake, Iowa.  
"Machinery."—In the manufacture of Ammunition.—W. R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.  
"Shotgun."—Two barrels and two shots in comparison with one barrel and six shots.—Capt. Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y.  
"The Known Angles."—William Alden Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
"Live Birds."—J. A. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.  
"Auld Lang Syne."—Mark Morris, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The banquet was served under the direction of the following committees of the Valley City Gun Club: Reception committee—E. Crofton Fox, Dr. F. W. Temple, W. S. Coleman, J. N. Faulkner, W. O. Woodworth, W. B. Freiligh. Entertainment committee—R. G. Macfie, Frank Jewel, A. J. Brown.

The weather on the third day of the tournament was all that could be asked for, and the programme was finished. The Grand Rapids team carried off the palm in the team work contest, defeating the Sault Ste. Marie team by 3 points. John Parker, of Detroit, proved himself by his average one of the best marksmen of the State.

During the three days of the tournament 18,329 targets were thrown. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50:  
Grimm.....0101010111-6  
Bartlett.....0101010111-6  
Parker.....0101010111-6  
Budd.....0101010111-6  
Crownell.....0101010111-6  
Plumber.....0101010111-6  
Hobart.....0101010111-6  
Thompson.....0101010111-6  
Davidson.....0101010111-6  
P. Carpenter.....0101010111-6  
Thomas.....0101010111-6  
Q. Widdicombe.....0101010111-6

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance \$2:  
Grimm.....011111110111-13  
Bartlett.....011111110111-13  
Parker.....011111110111-13  
Budd.....011111110111-13  
Thompson.....011111110111-13  
Plumber.....011111110111-13  
Hobart.....011111110111-13  
Thompson.....011111110111-13  
Davidson.....011111110111-13  
P. Carpenter.....011111110111-13  
Thomas.....011111110111-13  
Q. Widdicombe.....011111110111-13

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:  
Grimm.....0101010111-11  
Bartlett.....0101010111-11  
Parker.....0101010111-11  
Budd.....0101010111-11  
Thompson.....0101010111-11  
Plumber.....0101010111-11  
Hobart.....0101010111-11  
Thompson.....0101010111-11  
Davidson.....0101010111-11  
P. Carpenter.....0101010111-11  
Thomas.....0101010111-11  
Q. Widdicombe.....0101010111-11

No. 4, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50:  
Grimm.....0101010111010-16  
Bartlett.....0101010111010-16  
Parker.....0101010111010-16  
Budd.....0101010111010-16  
Thompson.....0101010111010-16  
Plumber.....0101010111010-16  
Hobart.....0101010111010-16  
Thompson.....0101010111010-16  
Davidson.....0101010111010-16  
P. Carpenter.....0101010111010-16  
Thomas.....0101010111010-16  
Q. Widdicombe.....0101010111010-16

No. 5, 6 pairs, entrance \$1.50:  
Grimm.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Bartlett.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Parker.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Budd.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Thompson.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Plumber.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Hobart.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Thompson.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Davidson.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
P. Carpenter.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Thomas.....10 11 10 10 10-10  
Q. Widdicombe.....10 11 10 10 10-10

Kelsey.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Plumber.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Hobart.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Young.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Walton.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Crall.....10 10 10 10 10-6

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance \$1.50:  
Grimm.....0101010111-11  
Bartlett.....0101010111-11  
Parker.....0101010111-11  
Budd.....0101010111-11  
Crownell.....0101010111-11  
Plumber.....0101010111-11  
Hobart.....0101010111-11  
Thompson.....0101010111-11  
Davidson.....0101010111-11  
P. Carpenter.....0101010111-11  
Thomas.....0101010111-11  
Q. Widdicombe.....0101010111-11

No. 7, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$10 added:  
Grimm.....011000101010-9  
Bartlett.....011000101010-9  
Parker.....011000101010-9  
Budd.....011000101010-9  
Van Dyke.....011000101010-9  
Young.....011000101010-9  
Crownell.....011000101010-9  
Plumber.....011000101010-9  
Hobart.....011000101010-9  
Thompson.....011000101010-9  
Davidson.....011000101010-9  
P. Carpenter.....011000101010-9  
Thomas.....011000101010-9  
Q. Widdicombe.....011000101010-9

No. 8, 6 pairs, entrance \$1.50, \$10 added:  
Grimm.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Bartlett.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Parker.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Budd.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Van Dyke.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Young.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Crownell.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Plumber.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Hobart.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Thompson.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Davidson.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
P. Carpenter.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Thomas.....10 10 10 10 10-9  
Q. Widdicombe.....10 10 10 10 10-9

Second Day, May 31.

No. 1, 20 targets, entrance \$2.50, \$10 added:  
Grimm.....101001010111-16  
Bartlett.....101001010111-16  
Parker.....101001010111-16  
Budd.....101001010111-16  
Van Dyke.....101001010111-16  
Heikes.....101001010111-16  
Elliott.....101001010111-16  
Plumber.....101001010111-16  
Hobart.....101001010111-16  
Thompson.....101001010111-16  
Davidson.....101001010111-16  
P. Carpenter.....101001010111-16  
Thomas.....101001010111-16  
Q. Widdicombe.....101001010111-16

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$10 added:  
Grimm.....101010101011-12  
Bartlett.....101010101011-12  
Parker.....101010101011-12  
Budd.....101010101011-12  
Thompson.....101010101011-12  
Plumber.....101010101011-12  
Hobart.....101010101011-12  
Thompson.....101010101011-12  
Davidson.....101010101011-12  
P. Carpenter.....101010101011-12  
Thomas.....101010101011-12  
Q. Widdicombe.....101010101011-12

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50:  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Budd.....1011111101-10  
Grimm.....1011111101-10  
Bartlett.....1011111101-10  
Elliott.....1011111101-10  
Heikes.....1011111101-10  
Parker.....1011111101-10  
Crownell.....1011111101-10  
Davidson.....1011111101-10  
Young.....1011111101-10  
Schelling.....1011111101-10  
Courtney.....1011111101-10  
Holt.....1011111101-10  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Watts.....1011111101-10

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$10 added:  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Parker.....1011111101-10  
Grimm.....1011111101-10  
Bartlett.....1011111101-10  
Elliott.....1011111101-10  
Heikes.....1011111101-10  
Parker.....1011111101-10  
Crownell.....1011111101-10  
Davidson.....1011111101-10  
Young.....1011111101-10  
Schelling.....1011111101-10  
Courtney.....1011111101-10  
Holt.....1011111101-10  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Watts.....1011111101-10

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$10 added:  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Budd.....1011111101-10  
Grimm.....1011111101-10  
Bartlett.....1011111101-10  
Elliott.....1011111101-10  
Heikes.....1011111101-10  
Parker.....1011111101-10  
Crownell.....1011111101-10  
Davidson.....1011111101-10  
Young.....1011111101-10  
Schelling.....1011111101-10  
Courtney.....1011111101-10  
Holt.....1011111101-10  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Watts.....1011111101-10

No. 6, 15 targets, \$2, \$10 added:  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Budd.....1011111101-10  
Grimm.....1011111101-10  
Bartlett.....1011111101-10  
Elliott.....1011111101-10  
Heikes.....1011111101-10  
Parker.....1011111101-10  
Crownell.....1011111101-10  
Davidson.....1011111101-10  
Young.....1011111101-10  
Schelling.....1011111101-10  
Courtney.....1011111101-10  
Holt.....1011111101-10  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-10  
Watts.....1011111101-10

No. 7, 25 targets, State championship:  
Parker.....01101011110011111111-20  
F C Marantette.....01101011110011101001-19  
Davidson.....0110101111001101010111-19  
Wharton.....01101011110011010111-20  
Schelling.....01101011110011010111-20  
Watts.....01101011110011010111-20  
Nichols.....01101011110011010111-20  
Thompson.....01101011110011010111-21

Semi-Experts.  
L Marantette.....0010100101110110001010-14  
R Widdicombe.....1000101010001101101010-15  
Magoon.....1101011101010110101010-19  
Holt.....1101010111110110111111-21

Amateurs.  
Walton.....1010111101011111011111-21  
Macfie.....0001010110100010100010-11  
Faulkner.....1001010111110101010101-17  
G Wynan.....1001010100010010110101-15  
Dessaignes.....1010101111011101000011-18  
Ranson.....0010101100010010101011-15  
Babinie.....101010111010000100011-14  
Neve.....0010001101010001010101-13  
Friant.....0001010000110101010101-13  
White.....0000101111110111111101-20  
H Widdicombe.....11101111110111010010-18  
Scott.....0110101111011101001010-18  
Summers.....0110101111011100010101-18  
Fox.....1110101000010001000100-12  
Clark.....000001000010000000010011-6

No. 8, 6 pairs targets, entrance \$1.50:  
Van Dyke.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Budd.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Grimm.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Hobart.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Elliott.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Plumber.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Heikes.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Courtney.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
H Widdicombe.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
White.....10 11 10 10 10-9  
Hunter.....10 11 10 10 10-9

No. 9, 20 targets, entrance \$3.50, \$10 added:  
Van Dyke.....101101010101011010-14  
Budd.....101101010101011010-14  
Grimm.....101101010101011010-14  
Bartlett.....101101010101011010-14  
Hobart.....101101010101011010-14  
Elliott.....101101010101011010-14  
Plumber.....101101010101011010-14  
Heikes.....101101010101011010-14  
Courtney.....101101010101011010-14  
Thompson.....101101010101011010-14  
Schilling.....101000101010101010-13  
Parker.....101001010101011010-16  
Young.....101001010101011010-14

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance \$2:  
Van Dyke.....010101010111-12  
Budd.....010101010111-12  
Grimm.....010101010111-12  
Bartlett.....010101010111-12  
Hobart.....010101010111-12  
Elliott.....010101010111-12  
Plumber.....010101010111-12  
Heikes.....010101010111-12  
Courtney.....010101010111-12  
Falkne.....01000001010101-7  
W Wynan.....00100001000011-5  
Kelsey.....010101010111-15  
Magoon.....010101010111-15  
Atkins.....010101010111-15  
Summers.....010100001010-8  
R Widdicombe.....100010101011-10  
Walton.....100101010111-13  
Thomas.....101010101010-13  
Young.....101010101010-13  
Holt.....101010101010-13

No. 11, 6 pairs, entrance \$1.50:  
Walton.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Budd.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Grimm.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Bartlett.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Hobart.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Elliott.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Plumber.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Heikes.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
Courtney.....10 10 10 10 10-11  
H Widdicombe.....10 10 10 10 10-11

No. 12, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$10 added:  
Parker.....01101010010101-10  
Budd.....101010101010-13  
Grimm.....101010101010-13  
Bartlett.....101010101010-13  
Heikes.....101010101010-13  
Elliott.....101010101010-13  
Plumber.....101010101010-13  
Hobart.....101010101010-13  
Thompson.....101010101010-13  
Young.....101010101010-13  
Magoon.....101010101010-13  
Van Dyke.....101010101010-13  
Davidson.....101010101010-13

Third Day, June 1.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance \$2:  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-14  
Budd.....1011111101-14  
Elliott.....1011111101-14  
Courtney.....101001010101-8  
Willard.....101010101010-12  
Young.....101010101010-12  
Hobart.....101010101010-12

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance \$2:  
Van Dyke.....1011111101-14  
Budd.....1011111101-14  
Grimm.....1011111101-14  
Bartlett.....1011111101-14  
Hobart.....1011111101-14  
Elliott.....1011111101-14  
Plumber.....1011111101-14  
Parker.....1011111101-14  
Baars.....1011111101-14  
Bartlett.....1011111101-14

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$10 added:  
Van Dyke.....101010101010-13  
Budd.....101010101010-13  
Elliott.....101010101010-13  
Courtney.....101010101010-13  
Willard.....101010101010-13  
Young.....101010101010-13  
Hobart.....101010101010-13  
Thompson.....101010101010-13  
Baars.....101010101010-13  
Bartlett.....101010101010-13

No. 4, State team race, 25 targets per man, entrance \$2.25:  
Aitkens.....10101010101010111110-24  
Graham.....10101010101010111110-21  
Royce.....0101010100010101111111-16-61

Grand Rapids Team No. 1.  
Davidson.....01101011110101010101-21  
Walton.....10101010101010111111-21  
Widdicombe.....10101010101010101010-21-63

Grand Rapids Team No. 2.  
Gould.....01101010101010111111-22  
Calkins.....10101010000101010101-14  
Baars.....1010101010101010100001-13-49

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance \$2, \$10 added:  
Van Dyke.....101010101010-13  
Budd.....101010101010-13  
Elliott.....101010101010-13  
Courtney.....101010101010-13  
Willard.....101010101010-13  
Young.....101010101010-13  
Hobart.....101010101010-13  
Parker.....101010101010-13  
Baars.....101010101010-13  
Bartlett.....101010101010-13

No. 6, 6 pairs, entrance \$1.50, \$10 added:  
Van Dyke.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Budd.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Elliott.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Courtney.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Willard.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Young.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Bartlett.....10 10 10 10 10-6  
Plumber.....10 10 10 10 10-6



[illegible][illegible]

Learn.....	10100001001011-6
71 Carr.....	101100000000110-5

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**Park Grounds.**

—Club shoot, 25 bluebirds, entry \$5:

.....	11011101110011111111-2
.....	11111110111111111111-2
.....	01101010101010101011-1
.....	10110101010100101111-1
.....	1111111101010111010111-2

11111101111111-14	10101001111111-1
0101111000111-10	1111100111111-1
1111110110110-16	1111011100011-1
01010101011-7	10000000110001-1
1010110101000-8	1111111000101-1

te bounds, \$7.50:

14 Hopper.....	110100111011101-1
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by Forest and Stream Publishing Co

.....222021112211222-1

.....22220211122-2122-1

.....021122101010101-1

.....1022-1122221112-1

order taking the birds into consideration

is ever-left traps without preparation

is something wonderful and grand

in which a flowering right quarter

missed with first but reached with

Wright was in hard luck, losing three

men all hard. Morley's fourth was

miss. Hopper was in hard luck with

stances hit with both barrels lightly

The Capital City Gun Club on Decora  
The principal event was a team race  
each, unknown angles, with the Stand  
the Weather Bureau kept the boys cool  
wer, but the shoot went on just the  
third sweeps were indulged in, no hand

well-timed, and \$30,207 per cent  
and winners in the sweepstake.

Capital City Gun Club.

18 Arnold .....0110110110110101010-10  
12 Osborn .....011011010111100111  
11 Pristoe .....0001111111111101111  
1 Barker .....0001111111101011110-10  
1 Steele .....11111011111111111111  
1 Doyle .....1111101011010111101-1  
1 Hunter .....1111111101000110001  
1 Rothwell .....011110111111111111110-  
1 Mattingly .....0111111111111101111  
1 Happer, Jr .....111111011111111111110-  
1 McKelden .....111111111111111111111  
1 Alexander .....111111111111111111110-  
1 Wagner .....101111111100011010101-  
1 West .....10011001110011111111100-  
1 Pruitt .....111111000100110111111-  
1 Gulick .....111111111111110111111  
1 Carroll .....111011110011111111111

237 21

19, Hunter 38, Hopper, Jr. 37, Steele

[illegible]

South Dakota will hold their seven  
Mitchell, June 11, 12 and 13. A lar  
will concern the match. New voters

Team shoot, 15 singles, unknown angles, known traps:	
Capt. Grossman's Team.	Capt. France's Team.
Grossman.....101010011111110-10	France.....111111111111110-14
Thiele.....11111110110010-11	Rothwell.....11111111110101-13
Pancoast.....01101111011010-10	Vieth.....11000011010111-9

fast right-quarter and a clean miss. Hopper was in hard luck with his birds, which were in most instances hit with both barrels lightly. There were only about three birds that were out of company with the rest; Morfeys fifth, killed at the trap, Hopper's fifteenth, at trap, and Morgan's tenth, a slow incomer which was hit lightly, and retrieved by dog inside of the fence.

No. 1: Mattingly 19, Rothwell 19, Hunter 18, Hopper, Jr. 17, Steele 17, McKelden 16, Wagner 16.  
No. 2: Briggs 20, Dixon 19, Steele 18, Osborn 18, Evans 18, Wagner 17.

**Editor Forest and Stream:**  
The several gun clubs of South Dakota will hold their seven annual State tournament at Mitchell, June 11, 12 and 13. A large crowd of shooters will be in attendance and a spirited contest anticipated. The usual rules will govern the match. NOMINATIONS



Jeannette Jagd Club.

GUTTENBURG, N. J., May: C F Offerman, 1231201112—9 H Winter, 0212201111—8 J Vagt, 0112210121—8 F Reichard, 1110011112—8 C Meyer, 1110111111—9 H Noble, 1012210021—7 C H Brunie, 1110212111—9 L Lehing, 1200112201—7 A Chester, 1002111021—7 H Helmke, 0012110220—6 C M Meyer, 221221212—10 H Raub, 1100021012—6 H Otten, 0210211102—7 O Doescher, 0122110002—6 C. M. Meyer got the gold medal for class A and H. Winter the medal for class B.

Fargo Gun Club.

FARGO, N. D., May 25.—Scores of the Fargo Gun Club: No. 1, 10 singles, unknown traps: Akin 6, Roberts 4, Schofield 3, Ercanbrack 5, Robbins 6. No. 2, 10 singles, unknown angles: Robbins 7, Roberts 6, Akin 6. No. 3, badge shoot, 15 singles, unknown traps, and 5 pairs: Ercanbrack 17, Roberts 17, Robbins 15, Akin 11. No. 4, 10 singles, unknown traps, and 5 pairs: Robbins 19, Ercanbrack 13, Roberts 12. C. E. R.

Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club.

Mr. Kisco, N. Y.—Spring tournament of the Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club is down for June 7 and 8. Open to the world. Shooting begins at 10 A. M. sharp. Any shooter in a tie may withdraw his share of purse. American Association rules govern all contests. Mount Kisco is one hour's ride from New York city on Harlem R. R. F. M. DUNN, Sec'y.

Bath Gun Club.

On June 7 the Bath (Me.) Gun Club will hold their third annual tournament. Invitations have been issued to all clubs of the State. An interstate shoot will be held between the Massachusetts and Maine teams, 5 men, 50 targets per man. J. C. HIGGINS, Sec'y.

Hartford Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—The Hartford Gun Club will hold a tournament at Union Grove, this city, Thursday, June 7. A Forehand Arms Co. hammerless gun will be shot for at 25 singles per man, open to all. Entrance \$1.50, targets included. The principal event of the day will be the State Challenge cup at 30 singles from 5 unknown traps, and 5 pairs of doubles. This event will be open to Connecticut shooters only. All other events open to all. Programme mailed on application. DAN S. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Live Bird Shooting in New Jersey.

It has been reported that the New Jersey Legislature of 1894 passed a bill prohibiting the shooting of live birds from the trap. This report is incorrect, no such law was enacted.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. W. V., Cincinnati.—In Michigan there is no close time for squirrels. No other game may be shot in June and July.

C. W., New York.—1. Kindly tell me if, in firing a revolver, the ball leaves the barrel before the recoil is felt. 2. Is it not the recoil that often spoils the aim? Ans. 1. The recoil begins the instant the ball starts from the chamber. 2. Yes.

F. J. K., San Antonio, Tex.—Is it the general rule at trap-shooting when singles and doubles are shot at the same meeting to run the two scores together and consider and report the aggregate as a single

score, or are the scores at singles and those at doubles kept as separate scores? Which is the prevailing rule? Ans. The former.

S. R. C., Appleton, Mo.—What is the difference between the standard American rifle target for 200yds. off-hand and 200yds. with a rest, or are they the same? Ans. For rest shooting the bullseye of the standard American target has been still further subdivided by placing two circles inside the 10-circle counting 11 and 12. The diameter of these circles is 2.33 and 1.41in. respectively. The possible is 120 instead of 100 for ten shots.

E. S. O., Kansas City, Kans.—Will you please tell me the derivation and pronunciation of the name of that much talked of fish, the ouaniche? If Spanish it would be pronounced as if spelled wānāneechy, the first a having the sound of a in wander, but I presume that it is not a Spanish word. Ans. The name is from the Montagnais Indian term, pronounced as if spelled whonānishe (all vowels short), and is the French form of the word. See notes on this subject in our issue of April 7, page 294.

E. B., Utica, N. Y.—I have just returned from a fishing trip upon which I caught some splendid trout from a lake which had been stocked with brown trout. It was claimed by those who did the stocking that the fish I caught were of this species and they pointed out various differences between those caught and our speckled trout, all of which could be seen in special cases, but there were no peculiar shapes or colors or markings which I do not think I could match with some brook trout. Have you in your paper ever given the distinctive mark of this fish as compared with the brook trout? Ans. You will find a portrait of the brown trout in our issue of March 24 last. In his "Fishes of Pennsylvania" Dr. Bean writes of the brown trout: "On the head, body and dorsal fin usually numerous red and black spots, the latter circular or X shaped, and some of them with a pale border. A yellowish margin usually present on the front of the dorsal and anal and the outer part of the ventral. The dark spots are few in number below the lateral line. The ground color of the body is brownish or brownish black, varying with food and locality."

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One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at \$1.19 until all are sold. These rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, extra tip, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction.

Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft., 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

No. H—A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 63 cts.; 60yds., 73 cts.; 80yds., 88 cts.; 100yds., 98 cts.

Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 38cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.

No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 25 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

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All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage.

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Brass Box Swivels, all sizes No. 1 to No. 12, 15 cts. per dozen, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

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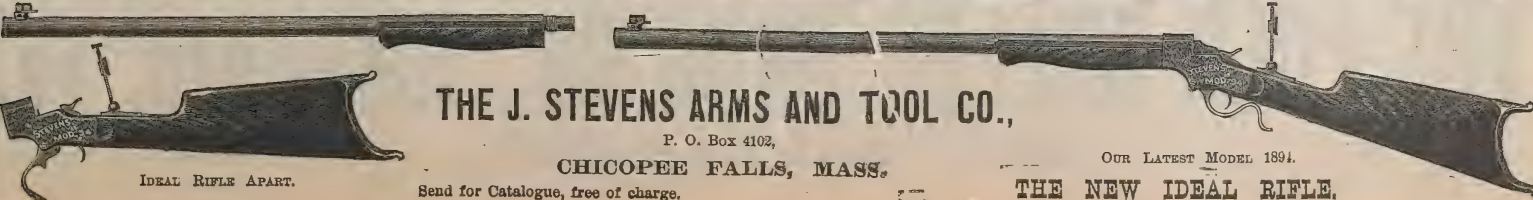
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Sergeant's Canker Wash.....	50 cents.
Sergeant's Mange Ointment.....	50 cents.
Sergeant's Carbolic Soap.....	25 cents.

All of the above are "mailable" at prices given, except the "Mange Ointment." That's too bulky, and can be sent by express only. Our pamphlet, which will be sent by mail to any address free, contains the formula for making the ointment. Get the book and make it for yourself.

## TO DOG OWNERS:

I have owned dogs for forty years. I have treated them for every disease described in medical works on the "Diseases of the Dog," and after an experience of thirty-five years of active practice as a druggist in treating 'sick dogs' I have pinned my faith to the above remedies. When I look over the letters from grateful patrons who tell me that "but for your remedies my dog would have died," I am surprised that our orders do not keep us "hustling" all the time. When the men who want to win the prizes at field trials and bench shows are at all doubtful about their success they write us, "Send at once some Sergeant's Condition Pills; my dogs are 'off their feed,' or 'languid,' or 'droopy,' or the 'hair looks dead and dull,' and I want to get them in good trim." They know on which side "their bread is buttered," and in a few weeks we read in the reports from the FOREST AND STREAM that these men walk off with the best prizes.

POLK MILLER.

**Sergeant's Pills**, given regularly to a dog, will as effectually guard him against distemper as vaccination protects the human family against Small Pox.

**Sergeant's "Sure Shot"** is a sure remedy for worms in dogs of any age, but puppies ought to have it anyway, for, worms or no worms, its laxative properties clean them out. They are "gormandizers"—eat too fast and can't digest it—and this remedy steps in to undo the damage which their greediness brings on.

**Sergeant's Carbolic (Soft) Soap**.—I claim no credit for this splendid article. I import it in large drums from England and put it up in small boxes for convenience. It is the only Carbolic Soap I have ever seen that would kill the mangy, musty smell which is so common in house pets when fed by the ladies on a meat diet principally. Dogs washed with this soap regularly, winter or summer, will not have the mange.

**Arsenic and Iron Pills**.—We have a pill, prepared from my own practice and composed of arsenic and iron (one-eighth grain of arsenic and one grain of iron) which I have found excellent in cases where arsenic is desired. They are small and easily administered (can be given in food), and where an alterative alone is needed, there's nothing equal to them. Mailed in boxes at 50 cents per hundred.

These goods are for sale in nearly all of the principal cities in the United States. The following parties buy in quantity and can supply the trade:

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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has placed the FOREST AND STREAM under renewed obligations for his characteristic courtesy and hospitality. The whole country owes him a lasting debt of gratitude and appreciation for his devoted and large-minded service as the public guardian of the National Park.

## RELATIONS OF THE COMMUNITY TO THE FISHERIES.

THE article by Commissioner McDonald on the "Relations of the Community to the Fisheries," which is in course of publication in this journal, should be read and carefully considered by every one who has an interest in the future of our fish supply. Based as it is upon statistics collected by the most approved methods, and covering a long period of time, it appeals with all the force of authority to the judgment of those who seek to know the history and results of fishing operations. There is in it no trace of personal prejudice or selfish interest, but merely a plain statement of facts and the conclusions logically to be drawn from them.

A fundamental principle of fishery regulation is the imposition of such restrictions as are necessary to maintain the fishing industry and no other limitations. In this object the fisherman and the consumer are equally interested. When the conditions of a continuing and successful industry have been established, all should unite in maintaining such conditions without dissension and without unfriendly rivalry.

It is startling to note the change in public sentiment in England since the time of Huxley's recommendation to leave the sea fishing unrestricted—a change paralleled in Ireland and Scotland, and rapidly making progress in continental Europe. Evidently the time has come for earnest study of fishery problems, and it behooves us to enter into them without preconceived notions and with the determination to abide by the truth wherever it may lead.

It will be interesting in connection with this paper to note the results of introducing shad on the Pacific coast where no fish of that kind were found until within the last sixteen years. The entire stock of embryo shad sent to California was not equal to the number planted in the Delaware River in a single season, amounting to only a few millions; yet in 1892 the catch of shad in that State was nearly four times as great as the yield of Massachusetts and five times as many as were taken in Connecticut. Even in Oregon more shad were caught than in Connecticut, and Washington took four-fifths as many as the latter State, while the fish had already pushed northward to Alaska.

Only thirty years ago the Connecticut was one of the famous shad rivers of the East. Eighteen years ago the U. S. Fish Commission was collecting shad eggs at South Hadley Falls. To-day, thanks to the obstructions by dams and pound nets, the shad fishing of Connecticut is valued at only a few thousand dollars, while in more favored streams further south the fishery is fully maintained and probably increasing year by year.

## SNAP SHOTS.

A LARGE amount of money is paid out of the Vermont State treasury for killing bears, panthers, wildcats and foxes. In one town in Essex county eleven bears were killed, bringing to the slayers \$15 a piece as a bounty besides the revenue from the hides and meat. Bears are quite plenty in several of the counties, but it is not thought a wise policy to pay so much in bounties when they would undoubtedly be killed just as quickly if no bounty law existed. A great many people would only like the opportunity to join in one of the frequent bear hunts during the proper season. The same rule applies to the killing of foxes, but as their extermination is a protection to the grouse there is not so much grumbling about it except by the fox hunters who hunt for the love of hunting and not for the paltry bounty. It is the farmer's boy who wants and gets the bounty in most cases.

Probably there are very few more appreciative, enthusiastic and all-around sportsmen than the writer of the "Salmon Notes from Camp Adams," printed in our angling columns to-day. Mr. Adams, now of middle age, is of direct descent from the old Adams stock of Massachusetts. Having by his own energy and ability acquired a competence, he has yet found time to indulge in the health-giving sport furnished by the rod and gun. The

whirr of grouse and Bob White, the whistle of woodcock, the rush of canvasback and the baying of hounds are familiar sounds to his ear; but he is perhaps best known as an enthusiastic devotee of the rod, and particularly that use of it which demands the highest order of skill in the killing of the king of fishes, the "lordly salmon." Early in the seventies Mr. Adams killed his first salmon; and contributed an account of the experience to the FOREST AND STREAM. It has been his good fortune to be able to continue this sport for eighteen consecutive years. Early in his fishing experiences, he has told us, he became convinced that the riparian land owners upon salmon rivers would ultimately be declared by the courts to be proprietors, with the sole right to the products of the waters and consequently the control of the fisheries. Acting upon this conviction, he secured land bordering upon several of the best salmon rivers; the question of riparian ownership, then in the courts, was finally decided favorably to the land owners, and it found Mr. Adams in possession of some of the best salmon preserves in Canada. At present he is co-owner with Mr. Henry Sampson of New York city of the first five miles of the Nepisiquit at Bathurst, N. B., in that reach so well known as the "Rough Water." Thither he has gone this season, and we hope to have from "Camp Adams" a continuation of the delightful angling notes printed to-day. The letter of Lord Dufferin to Mr. John Fottler, Jr., a companion of Mr. Adams at Camp Dufferin, has the true ring of the sportsman's spirit.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of this city, whose activity in the work of municipal reform has brought him into such prominence, is an enthusiastic mountain climber. For many years he has gone in the summer to the Swiss Alps, each year selecting some new mountain to scale. Says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*:

It is the one crowning exhilaration of the year, to be looked forward to and back upon with the keenest zest. But he goes about it in earnest, and with the utmost system. He is not a hare-brained climber, and takes no unnecessary risks. He knows his guides, whom he selects with care, and between him and them there is the closest tie of mutual respect and confidence. Having taken them, he obeys them loyally, acknowledging their responsibility and recognizing their authority. Each year also he goes into a preliminary training, that he may execute his task, when he finally assumes it, with safety and with proper equipment. It is interesting to trace in this occupation of vacation days—which is not a pastime, but in the literal sense a recreation—the qualities that have made Dr. Parkhurst so well known. Courage, of course, it demands. The Matterhorn is not scaled by a person, or parson, of flabby nerve any more than by one of flabby muscle. But with courage must go a cool head, a resolute will, and that indefinable faculty for making the best of things, be they good or ill, which is the prime condition of successful climbing of mountains or other difficult heights. It is significant, too, that this quiet clergyman, whose daily life for years has necessarily been of the most regular sort, suggesting relaxation in the study rather than sustained and trying exertion in the open air, has felt the steady desire for the mountains, and has found in them the refreshment that inspired him for the toil of the rest of the year.

Mayor W. B. Merston, of Saginaw, Mich., was expected in Quebec on Friday morning of this week. He was joined by Mr. Robert C. Lowry, of New York, and these gentlemen will proceed to their salmon fishing headquarters on the Grand Cascapedia River, Quebec, from which point it is probable we may receive communications from either or both. They are well-known as contributors to these columns. Mr. Lowry announces that since his experience of last year with the ouananiche at the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John has been so much criticised he has come to the conclusion that he must have encountered an entirely different fish, and perhaps it was not the genuine "leaping" ouananiche at all. Therefore he hopes to try again this season and will probably give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a second edition of his experience with the far-famed game fish.

In a menagerie in New Jersey, one night last week, a monkey broke loose and dashed itself against the bars of a cage containing two lions. One of the lions seized the monkey, drew it into the cage and made a meal of it. This shows us that even in the darkest hour, when one is hedged about as by iron bars, fortune may send unexpected blessings.

Before the guddlers and the ginnilers shall have set one another by the ears in a discussion of the merits of trout tickling, we appeal to Judge L. B. France or some other authority to tell us whether under any circumstances it would be permissible for a true rodster—that is to say, one of ramrod uprightness—to give over his rodstering and indulge in wig-wazzing for fish on a Sunday night, when the law specifically forbids that practice.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## Our Yellowstone Expedition.

THE most important achievement of the FOREST AND STREAM's Yellowstone Park Game Exploration was Mr. Hough's prompt and authoritative report upon the work of the buffalo butcher Howell. This report came just at a time when its publication in our columns was calculated to compel attention at Washington and to demonstrate the necessity of immediate action. It opened the eyes of the public and of Congress to the cold hard fact that the National Park game must be protected by adequate provision of law, and the law was enacted.

This result at once lifted the FOREST AND STREAM's expedition out of the plane of ordinary journalistic enterprise and elevated it to the rank of a memorable public service, the influence of which, we firmly believe, will be far extending and long enduring.

The report of the buffalo outrage was given when it would do the most good; it could not have been delayed for its place in the narrative of the trip. An intelligent discussion of the Park railroad invasion and Park segregation schemes has followed; and Mr. Hough has now entered upon the story of the incidents of the expedition in their order. The trip, as is well said, was one of a lifetime. The story is novel and fascinating, and its interest will hold to the end. We congratulate those who by the magic of our Staff Correspondent's pen may follow the FOREST AND STREAM party in the adventures, perils, hardships, pleasures and rewards of this winter exploration amid the snows and geysers and peaks and cañons of the Wonderland.

One fruit of the trip was a notable series of photographs of winter scenery and wild game. The pictures secured by the FOREST AND STREAM party have been supplemented by others very generously placed at our disposal by Mr. F. J. Haynes, official photographer of the Northern Pacific R.R. Some twenty-six of the views have been reproduced and will illustrate the text.

The part which Mr. Elwood Hofer took in the expedition is told in the story itself; we have only to add that without his promised co-operation the trip never would have been undertaken.

Capt. Anderson, the commanding officer of the Park,



## "Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 5.

CHICAGO, May 30.—In the first article of this series I made the statement that no one except Mr. Hofer had ever made the winter trip through the Park and written a newspaper account of it. Mr. F. Jay Haynes, the well-known St. Paul photographer, who has long been official artist for the Northern Pacific Road, and who has done so much to set forth the beauties of the Park in a pictorial way, calls my attention to the fact that the story of his winter trip, mentioned in my first article, was written by himself and printed in a Chicago paper, *Harper's Weekly* also running full illustrations of it. This I did not know. Mr. Haynes adds that he took with him four men of the unfortunate Schwatka party, and made the circuit of the Park, regardless of trails, and passing over Mount Washburn, as I stated. It was on Mount Washburn that this party were caught in a storm and nearly lost their lives. On that trip Mr. Haynes did not try for any game pictures, but this winter, as I stated last week, he went into the Park again after game pictures, and I hope to show the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* some of the beautiful results of his skillful camera later on in this story. Mr. Haynes himself being pleased exceedingly with the results in this magnificent and novel field of winter photography—into which I believe the *FOREST AND STREAM* cameras were the only other ones ever to go. We met the Haynes party at the Cañon very pleasantly as I shall later mention.

### Short-Tailed Coats Better.

The Schwatka expedition, as is well known, was sent out by the *New York World*, and it made a magnificent and elaborate failure. Schwatka had along enough baggage to supply an army. He had long-tailed reindeer coats, plenty of furs, sledges, etc., and in short was equipped for an Arctic trip. Unfortunately one cannot sit in a sledge and be hauled by dog team through the Park, because the snow is too soft and it snows too much and too often there, and the hills are too high and steep. The only way to go is by one's own muscle. Schwatka got his big party and all his lumber into the Park just 20 miles, and then he found he had enough of it, and so marched down the hill again. The *FOREST AND STREAM* outfit, the first and only staff party ever to go through the Park in winter, did not wear long-tailed reindeer coats. They only wore short-tailed canvas jumpers, but they got there just the same.

### The Introduction to Ski-Going.

One thing is certain; at the time of which I was writing last week I had never been through the Park in my life. Another thing is certain, and that is that I had never been on *skis*\* in my life. Therefore two startling experiences in my life remained ahead of me.

Billy took me out where the snow was about 11ft. deep and introduced me to a pair of long, low, rakish, piratical-looking things, with a good deal of overhang forward, and—as I learned later—without any centerboard, keel or moral principles anywhere in their composition. You can talk about a vessel being a "thing of life," and "instinct with soul," and all that sort of thing, but she isn't in it with the lowly *ski*, not for a minute. A pair of *skis* make about the liveliest way of locomotion, if you give them a chance, of anything on earth, and if you don't think they are alive and full of soul, you just try them and see. They've got a howling, malignant devil in every inch of their slippery surface, and the combination will give the most blasé and motionless man on earth a thrill a minute for a good many minutes. You don't want to go in for the sport of *ski*-running, not on a hill, anyhow, unless you want to be carried away with it.

Billy started me in on a hill, and I was quite carried away. They dug me out of the snow, somewhere down along the hill, I don't remember just where, and we started back up again, to do it some more. It was then I discovered that a *ski* is like a poor rule, because it won't work both ways. My *skis* had been bright and cheerful when it was suggested that we go down hill, but when we talked about going up hill they became ugly and rebellious. They would slip backward down hill, but wouldn't go up. I began to reflect then that I had 200 miles ahead of me, every inch of it up hill according to accounts, and I was thoughtful.

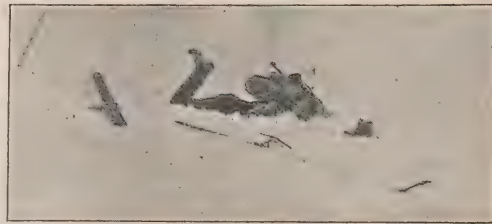
"Slap your shoe down hard on the snow," said Billy, "and take up all the weight you can with your pole. Lean forward, and don't lift your heel."

Billy is one of the best snowshoers in the mountains, having learned the art while carrying mail for years among the mining camps of Colorado. Moreover, Billy is a philosopher, and disposed to find out the theory of things. Moreover again, he is not disposed to excessive and untimely mirth on serious occasions like this. So, watching Billy, and trying to get close enough to smash him one with the pole if he got too gay, I found I could get up the hill a little by using industry and economy. Pretty soon we came to a steep pitch, which even Billy could not walk up.

"Here we have to 'corduroy,'" said he. "You turn your shoes at right angles to the trail, this way, instead of straight along the way you want to go. That keeps you from slipping down hill. Now you side-step up the hill, lifting the shoe clear from the snow each time. You go right on up sideways, this way, one foot after the another, getting up only a foot or so at a step. Keep your shoes at an angle up the hill, just all the angle they will stand till they begin to slide back down hill, and keep on side-stepping up the hill, on the angle, this way, till you get to where the natural bite of the shoe on the snow will allow you to go straight ahead again. That's 'corduroying.' Some folks use clogs, which they buckle around their shoes. With a clog, you slap your foot down and go straight ahead. You can tie a knotted piece of gunny sack under the shoe and get the same result. It's a nuisance, though, to be stopping putting such things on and off all the time, at every little hill. You will find that the best *ski* runners don't use any clogs, but depend on 'corduroying' up the steep places. Some fellows can go straight up steep hills, without 'corduroying,' where other fellows can't. It's a good deal in the way the shoe is planted down on the snow, and left clinging there with-

out breaking the hold till the other foot has been shoved forward. But any fellow has to corduroy sometimes, and his average in speed per hour depends on his ability to do it fast, without slipping, and without losing anything out of his uphill angle. You want to keep your shoes at just all the uphill angle they'll stand, and you want to side-step as high up hill as you can each time, and you don't want to lose any time slipping back, or plunging, or crossing your shoes, or trying to recover yourself. Just take it easy and regular. Time in snowshoeing is made by keeping at it steadily, not stopping and not taking spurts."

All this was plain enough, and I got up the hill. I found, however, that the awkwardness of using the unskilled muscles required in the work, brought on a profuse perspiration, though it was a cold winter day. It was at



E. HOUGH IN A HEAP.

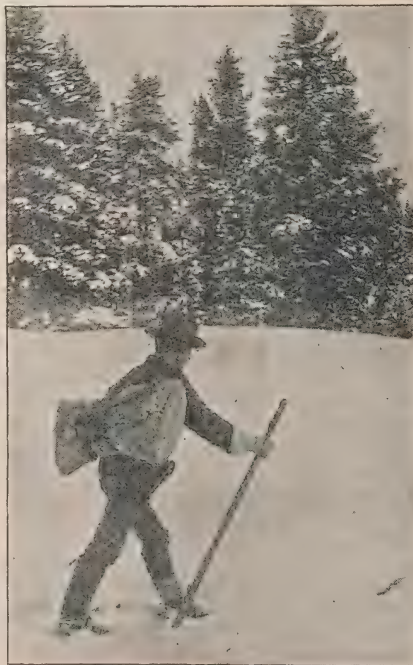
the top of this hill that I found out I wasn't going to be able to wear my nice new fireman's shirt, because it was too warm.

"You'll find muscles in you you never dreamed of," said Billy, "and you'll find you don't need much clothing while you're on the trail."

### Army Discipline.

Over the hill, I became exalted in spirit, for I had discovered that the way to do was not to lift the whole 10ft. of shoe off the snow, but to slide it along on the snow, letting it carry its own weight, and dragging it forward by the toe strap. I was going at a great gait, like a boy with a new pair of galluses, right along in front of D company barracks, and rather glad a lot of blue-coated gladiators were out watching the tenderfoot learn to *ski*-go, when all at once I learned something more. I got my feet crossed, somehow, and right at the critical moment I went end over end in the snow, with the *skis* fairly braided around my neck in the most extraordinary and inexplicable fashion in the world. The *skis* got away the best of that fall. D company laughed long and hearty, as one man. A company always does that way, I suppose, owing to the army discipline, but I felt like trying to lick D company, while Billy was trying to untangle and unbraided me and get me dug out again.

It would seem easy to get up after falling in the snow, but let one try this in deep, soft snow, and he will find that his hand and arm sink deep down, but afford him no



IN FULL STRIDE—A GOOD SKI STEP.

support when he tries to raise himself. He can get no bearing until he gets above his *skis*, which do not sink in the snow. He must therefore get his *skis* under him, somehow. This somehow is best understood after a wrestle or two in trying to get one's feet untangled and located once more intelligibly. Getting up from a fall in soft snow or a steep side hill is a very delicate operation.

### National Pork.

Billy and I made our way up the mountain side where lies that marvelous geyser formation known as the Miner Terrace. Earth has no mammoth hot spring to compare with this one, whose giant stairway now lay before us, and the year holds no time like that of midwinter to see it at its best. The graded pools rose one above another like jewels on a cloth of white. The snow, yards deep, made a setting for each pool. Out of the pools the water sparkled, boiling hot, cut through the snow, melted the ice, bid defiance to winter. Evidently, nature's plans beneath the surface of the earth were at variance with those about it. The paradox was startling. Billy and I crawled on our *skis* close along the edge of the

giant pools, crossed some of the rocks on foot where it was too hot for the snow to lie, and at length, bracing ourselves from slipping into the hot bath, we stood over 10ft. of snow on a rock which overlooked the ultimate pool, whose blue, scalding flood pours up eternally through an unfathomable crevice in the mountain side. Around us swept the incomparable panorama of the snow-clad hills. Surely the scene was an impressive one and one such as should win forgiveness for a brief feeling of emotion and of sentiment.

I know a fellow oughtn't to "spill over," and oughtn't to "make a scene," because it isn't good form. Yet I hope I should be forgiven for the thought which came to me as I gazed into that ceaseless fountain of red hot water which flows forever, day and night, summer and winter. What a place for Mr. Armour! What a place for scalding hogs!

I commend this thought to those who wish to cut apart the Park, who wish to put railroads through it, who wish to ruin and make common its wonders. It has been suggested that a railroad through the Park would be a useful thing to some few men who wish to carry freight. I believe it has not yet been brought to their minds that the hot springs might be made useful in scalding hogs. By all means let us do away with horses and vehicles in the Park. Let us make the trip in two days. Let us have an electrical railroad, and a grand national pork concern, thus utilizing the hot water nature has evidently provided with the design of scalding hogs. Niagara is harnessed. Why not the Park? National Pork! There is a music in the sound, a similitude in the form, and a close fit in the thought behind the form. It will do for a label. By all means let us have in the railroads at once. And over the gate which lets them in let us have the fitting announcement and the fitting epitaph for the desecrated wonderland—National Pork! Would Congress then know the difference in the sign, and would it then realize what the design of this last instance of national porkism had been from first to last?

### Billy Has Some Fun.

"Come," said Billy, "and I will have some fun with you."

He did, he did, and let no man say to the contrary. He took me through the heavy pines up to the top of a steep rise above the terrace, and politely requested me to follow my leader, saying which, he let go and slid off down the hill like a bird, calling back to me to "keep my feet together and put on brakes with the pole." This I did as nearly as I could, and in a moment, with an ease and precision which pleased us both, I also was at the foot of the hill, but upside down, with the *skis* on top.

"We'll try another one," said Billy, who wasn't near as much discouraged as I was. "There's a pretty swift little pitch over here a way, and you can ride your pole down there."

"Riding the pole" I learned to be sitting astride of it, with the rear end of the pole dropping deep in the snow behind and thus serving as a brake. I was rejoiced to see by this means I could regulate the speed a little bit, so that I didn't feel so much as if I was going to get off the earth. Billy was pleased to be flattering when he saw that I was on top of the *skis* at the bottom of the hill, instead of their being on top of me.

"Now we'll take one steeper yet," said he. "I'll show you the way to do where it's too steep to stand up. Come ahead."

Billy stopped at the head of a sharp little pitch, which was so steep that we couldn't see to the bottom of it. All we could see was a rounded curve of white dropping down, apparently off into the blue substance which the poets call ether. Here Billy unbuckled the straps of his shoes, took the shoes off, put them together, pointed them down hill, and sat down on the middle of the two, on top of the shoe-straps. Then he gave a push or so with his hands, started, gathered speed, and whish! he was over into the unknown, apparently sliding on the seat of his overalls.

As I knew of no way of getting out of there except by doing the way Billy did, I also took off my shoes and sat down on them, putting them carefully in the tracks left by Billy's. I was looking thoughtfully at the carved dragon heads on the ends of my *skis*, and wondering how far off the end of that hill was, when all at once the malignant creatures took a slip and a start and away I went. There was an astonishing slipping past of trees stuck on a broad ribbon of snow, then a feeling of keen exhilaration at the smooth, even flight through the air, then came a second of still more winged flight, clear out into the air, and a smother of something white and soft. The dragon-headed *skis* and the eagle-eyed newspaper man had gone clear over a 30ft. bank of snow, and buried themselves in the soft drift at its base. I had taken my first *ski*-jump, and taken it sitting down, at the take-off and the landing.

"It was steeper than I thought," said Billy, when he could undouble himself from laughing, "and the fact is, I did just what you did. I had to hurry to get out of the drift, or you'd have lit right on top of me."

"Now you've seen the gait," continued he, "and you see how it's done. The rest you'll have to learn from practice. We'll go home now, for you don't want to get too tired at first."

The next day, thanks to a muscular system already in pretty fair order from the training I had gone into preparatory for the trip, I was not so very stiff, though I found the new muscles Billy had prophesied, more especially some north of my knees. The dreadful *mal de raquette* of which I had read in books, I never felt at all. That day we took a rather slow run down the hill to the Boiling River a mile or so, the snow being sticky. This concluded my entire experience on the *skis* before we started on our journey, less than half a day in all. I remember that I thought it a great feat to get down the Boiling River hill. When I saw the same hill, on coming out of the Park after the trip, it seemed a very innocent and tame affair.

### Making up the Packs for the Start.

Wednesday morning, that of our start, dawned bright and fair enough. The two privates, Larsen and Holte, detailed by Capt. Anderson to accompany us, reported in due season, and Billy, as chief pack master, was early busy in arranging the packs we were to carry. Larsen and Holte took absolutely no blankets, saying they would rather not carry them. Billy took only one blanket, and generously insisted on my taking his light sleeping bag, made of wildcat skins, and weighing only about 6lbs. We had also

\* Pronounced *shee*.



a light canvas lodge-lining, about 6ft. by 15ft. Billy's camera, the special long-range outfit made for him by the Smithsonian Institution, weighed 25½lbs. without the plate holders, and made all the load Billy could carry. The holders, plates, rolls of films, ruby lantern, etc., which belonged with this camera, made a goodly part of the other packs. My camera, weighing about 10½lbs., made a good basis for a third pack. We had a light and very excellent camp axe. The men carried their army revolvers. They had in their packs extra socks, and also the warm muskrat skin caps issued by the army, which latter they rarely wore. Billy and I had extra underwear and plenty of socks, of course, and each had a heavy woollen shirt extra, to which I added a sweater. We carried each an extra pair of overshoes, and we were careful to have each an extra pair of colored goggles, an important precaution, for to be without some protection for the eyes in that snowy glare, is to practically go blind. I had along a pair of moccasins in my pack—which I am most thankful I carried in spite of Billy's injunction to cut down weight. Billy had a few screws, in case of a broken *ski*, I had a needle and thread, and we had plenty of wax for the shoes. Of course we had plenty of good matches. We carried lunch enough for two meals, intending to make the soldiers' quarters at Norris Basin, 20 miles out, and to replenish there. We had some tea, the very best we could buy; Billy said we must not drink coffee, but tea, as tea was "better to work on." In this the miners and lumbermen nearly all agree with him, but I am such a coffee drinker myself that I became mutinous after the first day out, and finished the trip on coffee. We had two of the army quart tin cups, the sole dishes or utensils that we carried. As I have said, Billy and I carried no weapon but our scabbard-knives. Item, the men had their tobacco. I put in my kit some such simple remedies as vaseline, quinine, etc., and we also carried a pint of brandy. This was all the spirits we took along, and we had about half of that when

*skis* with a 80lbs. pack on his back and a reputation for dignity to sustain. The worst of it was the snow stuck to our shoes and made it hard going even on the places where we didn't want to slip back any. We paused at the end of the first half hour or so and scraped off our shoes. The day was cold, but we were all perspiring with the work. "Put on your glasses," said Billy to me. "Your eyes aren't bigger than slits in a blanket already. Do you want to go blind? And stop eating that snow. Whatever you do, and no matter how thirsty you get, you must not eat snow. If you get heated up and take one drink of cold water, that knocks you out worse than four hours of work. It weakens you right away. You must not drink between meals, and you mustn't eat snow." This struck me as being hard luck, for just then I would rather have eaten snow than do anything, but I obeyed. We pushed on up the sharp grades the best we could, or rather the best I could, for of course the others could leave me as they liked. We let the two privates go ahead, with instructions to build a fire at the top of the hill, opposite the magnificent Cathedral Rock. They were joined further on by the detail sent out by Capt. Anderson to bring in the poacher Howell, who had just been caught—Sergt. Kellner and two privates, all good shoers. At last Billy and I made the last rise—I'm sure I don't know how—and in a moment more we were beside our little fire, melting snow to make tea. I drank about a quart of strong tea—and nearly met a Waterloo by doing it, for it made me sick. We ate also a bite of lunch, and fixed up our shoes, heating them scorching hot and then rubbing them quickly with wax. Billy showed me how, enjoining me by no means ever to allow a drop of water to fall on either surface of the *skis*, as it would freeze and cause the snow to stick to it. The theory of the *ski* is to slip over and through the snow without dragging any along. It is quite an art to learn all the tricks of *ski* work, and keep-

tainly he helped me through a tight enough place—about as bad an afternoon as I care to put in. On the windy flats the snow was hard and made fair shoeing, and I plodded along behind Billy's shoes methodically enough, and did not really feel so very tired. At the Gardiner River, however, four and a half miles still from the shack, I was taken desperately faint and sick, so that at length I fairly toppled over off my *skis*. I don't know what it was, unless the unusual exertion, combined with the unusual altitude, caused the stomach to resent the unusual dose of bitter tea I had given it. Anyhow, I got desperately weak, and pretty soon I didn't care a copper whether I went anywhere or not. Billy would not let me stop for more than a moment, however, knowing the effects of a chilling through. He fished out the brandy bottle and for almost the only time on the trip I drank a little of it—about a thimbleful was Billy's idea of a plenty. This braced me up a little, but for over an hour I was so weak, and moreover so dull and apathetic, that it seems to me I know how it must feel to be left on the trail. In my belief a fellow wouldn't care much about it, one way or another, if he got much further along than I was. Billy was anxious, I know, for the day was waning, and it had come on to snow most dismally. Worse still, the snow began to stick to the shoes when we entered the dense forest, and it was hard plugging for a man even at his best. We worried along over one little hill after another, not daring to stop long enough to build a fire and wax our shoes. Once in a while we would turn from the trail, tramp a hole down in the snow—which was 8ft. deep on the level here—and sit for a moment resting, with our packs leaning on the snow. Then we would cut a pine bough and rub the *skis* hard with the resinous tips and needles. This would help the shoes for a way, when perhaps we would cut off another bough, throw it on the snow and drag the *skis* across that to cut off the adhering snow, and "slick" the shoes a little. Billy would not let me sit down long at a time, but kept me moving; and at length toward evening I began to get stronger. "It's only three-quarters of a mile further now," said Billy finally. "Can you make it?" "Betcherlife, Billy," I said, making an awful bluff. "Come on, then," he said, and so set out at a better pace. But it transpired that he had feared I could not go even that distance, for it was not a quarter of a mile further before he turned out to the left from the trail, into a deep thicket of pines that fringed a little stream. "Brace up, old man," said he, "we're home now."

#### Home, Sweet Home.

And home it was, a very blessed one, this little shack of rough boards, buried roof deep in the snow which folded the whole forest in like a great white blanket. There was a blue wisp of smoke rising, and there were voices of welcome as we came in sight, and that is the most of home. We learned that Kellner's party had been unable to make Norris quarters that day, owing to the stickiness of the shoeing, and it therefore became necessary for all seven of us to pass the night in the little shack, not over 9ft. square. This, however, we found not an unwelcome prospect. Everything in life is relative. For my part I threw myself down on a board somebody had propped up off the floor, and for over half an hour I knew nothing of what was going on. This might have been sleep, or it might have been sheer exhaustion. I heard somebody say, "That feller's purty tired." Then somebody gave me a warm sandwich with corned beef hash in it, and a tin cup of coffee. This combination saved my life, and pretty soon I got quite peart again. The boys cut a lot of boughs and put down on the floor, and brought in plenty of wood for the old cook stove which Uncle Sam had left in there against just such an emergency as this. Not one of the party but Billy and myself had a blanket, for the soldiers declare they would rather sit up by a fire all night than pack a blanket all day. Billy spread down his piece of canvas and his one blanket, insisting on my taking the sleeping bag, and so we all turned in the best we could, the soldier men squatting, lying or crouching about the stove as the taste and fancy of each dictated.

This ended my first day on the *skis*, and it served at least to teach me what a snowshoe trip through the Park meant, how serious a thing it might become and how impossible help would be in case of sickness or accident. When I lay down to sleep that night I had not the slightest idea that I would be able to travel the next day, for I thought I would be too stiff and sore. I never could understand what the trouble really was, nor how it was that I got over it so easily. Certain it is that the next morning I awoke rested and refreshed, stiff and a bit sore, of course, but only triflingly so by comparison. I got on my shoes all right, and from that time on clear through the trip I never did have any more trouble. I took coffee and corned beef hash in mine after that every time I got a chance, and attribute my later success to those remedies. That one first bruising day—it was a nightmare of a time—made the beginning and the end of the grief. After that the art of shoeing grew easier and easier every day, and the trip more and more delightful. But I have not yet forgotten how Billy stayed with me when I was disposed to lie down and join the golden choir.

The men who first reached the Swan Lake Flats that day saw four elk off to the right of the trail. No other game was seen.—Billy and I noticed elk pawings in the snow on the hills north of the Golden Gate, but no very large band was indicated.

The thermometer went nearly to zero that night.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### Some Out-of-Print Books.

We receive frequent inquiries for books on sport which have been published a good many years ago and are now out of print, and therefore only to be obtained by accident. On the publication of "American Big-Game Hunting," the book of the Boone and Crockett Club frequent inquiry was made as to where some of the books mentioned in the article on "The Literature of American Big-Game Hunting" could be found, and to all such inquiries we were obliged to respond that many of the works referred to were out of print. Recently we have had an opportunity to pick up in England copies of "Hunting Grounds of the Great West," Dodge, and "Carolina Sports," Elliott, works which stand high in the literature of American outdoor life. With these we have secured Lamont's "Yachting in the Arctic Seas" and Flack's "A Hunter's Experience in the Southern States of America." All of these are second-hand books and sold as to the copies, so that they would have to be rebound, but except for this the volumes are complete. They are offered at the following prices: "Hunting Grounds of the Great West," \$5; "Yachting in the Arctic Seas," \$5.50; "Carolina Sports," \$3; "Hunter's Experience in the Southern States of America," \$3.



A SKI OUTING PARTY IN THE PARK.

From a photo by Haynes.

we got back, thus establishing a marked difference between our own and the Schwatka outfit.

The above, with a most scanty allowance of toilet articles, constituted all of our simple baggage, yet one will be surprised to learn that made up into four packs it made each pack weigh between 25 and 30lbs. Billy, one of the most experienced packers in the mountains, soon made up two solid, oblong packs for the soldier boys, adjusting them with soft whang leather carrying-straps. Billy had a carrying harness—and an abominably stiff and awkward one, too—attached to his camera. Sometimes I carried that camera to give Billy a chance for his life, and I always wished the Smithsonian man who invented that harness had it around his neck. For myself, in spite of Billy's entreaties, I stuck to the Lake Superior pack bag, made in Duluth, which I had in long trips through the pine woods previously found so roomy and so easy to carry. This bag was made of heavy canvas, and weighed 3½lbs, but its straps, "tote" strap (the head strap by which alone Indians will carry a pack) and shoulder straps are put on this bag so understandingly that one can carry additional weight and not feel it as he would with ordinary straps. We found this bag handy for the loose small articles. Of course, being not new at packing, we carried our packs lying well down along the spine, so that shoulders and hips shared the weight. We found a breast strap, of leather or gunny sacking, passed across the front and pulling the shoulder straps a trifle together, made the carrying easier. For this I usually engaged my silk handkerchief. We all carried strips of gunny sacking at our belts. Billy had made two sets of snowshoe clogs. We carried these three miles and threw them away.

#### Off.

At 9 o'clock the last pack had been lashed, the last strap adjusted, the last grunt of protest uttered by the human pack train Billy was cinching up, and we were on our way up the first slopes of the great Golden Gate hill, beyond which lay the wonders and the trials of the wild region of the upper Park. The journey was on. Since I was a boy and used to lie awake all night before the days when my father was going to take me with him on a fishing trip or camp hunt, I can not remember ever to have felt so keen a thrill of curiosity and anticipation as I did then. In anticipation it was the trip of a lifetime, and in the realization it proved all and more than I had hoped.

#### Trials of the Narrow Pass.

The Golden Gate hill rises about 1,500ft. or so in three and a half miles, and it isn't so awfully particular how it does it, either. It is the terror of the soldiers and scouts who have to snowshoe in the Park, and is considered about the hardest climb in the Park. Certainly it constitutes a delightful place to break in a greenhorn on the

ing the *skis* in order is one of the most important ones.

Travelers through the Park will remember the rock cut, the trestle and the bridge just below the entrance of the Golden Gate proper. Above the wall of rock rises straight up and on the left as one ascends the mountain side drops sheer off into the cañon which makes down below the Cathedral Rock. This is a pretty bit of road in summer. As we saw it there was no road at all, but a drift of snow filling the road 30ft. deep. We had to leave the road at a point above the trestle, take off our *skis* and make our way the best we could along the mountain side, climbing up steps cut in the snow to the point right at the last little bridge, under the rail of which we crawled. Then, after this ticklish piece of business was over, we put on the *skis*, pushed around the corner, ran up the last faint rise and lo! before us lay the wide and storm-swept plain of the Swan Lake Flats.

Big white mountains hemmed in this high plateau—Electric Peak, Sepulcher Peak, Joseph Peak, Quadrant

Mountain, Antler Peak, Trilobite Point, Mount Holmes; all these could be seen standing sentry. White Mount Washburn, highest peak of the Park, could be seen far off in the wild central region of the Park. We could even see over to the Yellowstone range toward Cooke City. Certainly it was a most impressive landscape and rendered not the less forbidding by the stalking pillars of snow which went in procession across the wind-swept plateau which made the near foreground.

#### A Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed.

Billy now told me that he had eight miles more to go before we could make the Crystal Springs "shack," the only practicable stopping place this side of Norris quarters. It was so late, and the shoeing was so bad, that he had given up all hope of making Norris that night. He added that the eight miles was not so hard as the three miles we had just passed, and bade me be of good cheer. Larsen and Holte, whom we found to be excellent *ski* men, as befitted their Scandinavian ancestry, Billy advised to go ahead and turn in at the Crystal Springs, as we did not wish to hold them back. They hit off a swinging gait at that, and were soon mere specks on the other side of the flat. Billy could have kept up with them, of course, but remained with me, who equally of course could not go such a pace my first day on the *skis*.

If Billy had not stayed back with me, it is very probable I should never have gotten into camp that night or any other night. That he did so was only what he would in mountain honor consider himself bound to do, but none the less the fact that he did has always left a soft spot in my heart for Billy, and a feeling that if he were in a tight place I should like to stay with him in turn. Cer-



## Natural History.

### STORIES OF EZRA.—II.

#### Shooting a Loon.

SOME time after the wood duck episode we went up North Coon after squirrels and saw a speckled loon on one of the still reaches of the river. As he was a new bird to us, we determined to get him, and he afforded us a great deal of sport, for we shot at him twenty-one times, at distances varying from 35 to 50 yds. It looked as if the loon enjoyed it as well as we did, for he made no effort to get away, but swam about in a most tantalizing manner, keeping his body submerged, and when Ezra fired at him I plainly saw that the neck and head were under the water before the shot got there. Ezra finally killed him by hiding, while I kept in sight and acted as though trying to get a shot. Ezra said it was taking a mean advantage of the loon, but it had been having lots of fun at our expense, now it had to furnish us some.

#### The Sandhill Crane.

It being nearer to go home across the prairie than to follow the river, we went that way, and came across four boys who had winged a sandhill crane, which they had driven into the corner of a field. After looking at the crane a few minutes Ezra laid down his gun and said, "I'm going to catch that animal." After a good deal of maneuvering for a good opening he caught the bird by the neck, but did not have time to let go before it planted both feet in Ezra's face and threw itself 10 ft. from him, leaving his face with three or four furrows plowed in it, from which the blood ran in streams. Wiping the blood from his face he picked up his gun, and making a bow to the crane said, "Excuse me, but I don't think it will be profitable to continue this interview with you," and walked away.

In the high grass down in the sloughs we stumbled on to a young "sandhill" not quite able to fly, but able to make very good use of his legs in trying to escape, and good use of his bill after he captured him. By the time we got him home he seemed to realize that we were not going to hurt him, and the next day was willing to eat grasshoppers and various kinds of leaves and roots from a near-by pond, and within a week was, as Ezra said, "well broke" to eat wheat and corn.

He staid with us for three years, having the liberty of the town, and living in peace with everything except the country dogs, who generally had a go at him, as they were trained at home to chase the wild ones off the newly sown wheat fields. A dog never went for him the second time, for Dick, as we called him, didn't take a back seat for anybody's dog, and as the dog rushed at him Dick stood his ground, and when the dog got near enough, that sharp bin. bill of his was aimed at the dog's eye, and most always got near enough to send the dog howling for his master's wagon.

In the summer Dick spent most of the day walking about the village, very much like a policeman; but in cold weather his favorite position was standing on one foot, with his head tucked under his wing, and his standing places were where the wind blew strongest. I thought perhaps he selected the windy places because they reminded him of his native prairies, but Ezra said he stopped in the windy places because there was where he got cold, and stopped right there to warm his head and one of his feet. I've often seen him standing thus at the corner of a house where the wind came in irregular and wicked puffs, but have never seen him blown off his balance, although standing on one foot, and doubtless fast asleep.

In the spring many wild cranes flew over the village, and Dick saluted them with loud trumpeting and many grotesque dances and wing flappings, occasionally taking short flights as if to join them, but never leaving town. The wild ones often answered his call, but never made any move to decoy to him.

The second spring, Dick was very much excited over the arrival of the wild ones, and was watching for them most of the time. We expected he would go, but did not feel inclined to prevent him, as we knew his life with us was lonesome. We feared, though, he would be shot if he went with the wild ones, and we put a band of red flannel round his neck, hoping it might protect him. One moonlight night he was heard trumpeting at a great rate and in the morning he was gone. Two weeks later a boy came in from the prairie, saying he had shot a sandhill that "had a piece of red flannel round its neck and hadn't a darned bit of sense." "Poor Dick," said Ezra, "you found that captivity was irksome and liberty was death. I don't blame you; death is preferable to captivity."

O. H. HAMPTON.

#### Woodchucks in Trees.

WILLINGTON, Conn.—While driving one September day through a strip of woodland, our beagle, Sancho Panza, surprised a woodchuck sunning himself in the wheel rut, and the little creature bounded out of the road and scrambled up an oak tree some 15 ft., well out of the way of the dog, and as he clung by his funny little toenails he turned his head first on one side and then on the other, and looked down at the barking dog, and then at us as we sat in the carriage, in an appealing way, as much as to say, "I have done my best to escape from peril, now, have pity." In telling of this remarkable incident several old farmers said that although unusual, as a last resort, when hard pressed, a woodchuck would run up a tree, but when the impetus gained by running was lost, they seemed unable to climb further.

ANNA A. PRESTON.

#### Buffalo in Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, June 9.—There is no longer any doubt about the existence of a large band of buffalo in the hills of Val Verde county, for they have been seen for the third time this year. This time it is Mr. Philip Thornton, a ranchman of Val Verde, who arrived in San Antonio on the morning of June 2. Hearing of his arrival and the news he brought, your correspondent had a personal interview with the gentleman, which developed the fact that he ran across quite a large herd of buffalo last week in a valley of Val Verde county near the Rio Grande border. The section is a very wild one and the fertile valleys thereof afford excellent pasturage for the animals and the hills afford them protection from the cold northerners. The

herd was grazing in one of the valleys which is completely inclosed by hills.

Mr. Thornton says that the herd numbers fully fifty head, and noted quite a number of calves. He was very careful to fix the location definitely so that he can make a more thorough investigation of the matter at some future time.

O. C. G.

#### Babes in the Woods.

THE following pathetic incident was told to your correspondent by Doctor Weis, of Central City, W. Va.: John Evans, of Howard county, Mo., had a hen that made her nest in the woods and hatched a brood of chickens. She was left to bring up her family without human aid, as all sensible hens in the forest can do. But the kind mother was taken sick or was killed soon after maternity. She was found dead, nearly a skeleton. The chicks, quite well feathered, were playing around her. At night they sought shelter as best they could under and around their dead parent. For many days and nights they must have done thus, procuring their own food, and perhaps wondering why mamma slept so long. The chickens were caught and taken to the farm yard.

N. D. ELTING.

## Camp-Fire Glimpsings.

"That reminds me."

#### A Remarkable Duck.

A PARTY of us were sitting around the camp-fire after a day's trout fishing, when the conversation turned on the remarkable tenacity of life exhibited by some animals, and some stories were told of wounded deer which ran miles after being shot through and through.

"There is no animal which exhibits such wonderful powers after receiving a death wound as a duck," said a well-known judge of one of the inland counties, who was familiarly known as "Rusty." "Why, some time last fall while hunting on the Montezuma Marshes with a companion and two boatmen, we found long shots so much the rule that one of the men loaded with buckshot, and shortly afterward fired into a flock of pintails passing high overhead, so high in fact that the other man remarked, 'What a fool! them's a mile high.' But presently we noted one duck falling behind the flock and beginning to slant downward in his flight. We kept our eyes on him and marked him down a mile away in an open field. We had no difficulty in finding him, stone dead, with his wings spread, and it is almost beyond belief, but that duck had flown a mile with a No. 3 buckshot right through his body just behind his forelegs."

The cheers, shouts and laughter with which this statement was received may better be imagined than described, and the expression of surprise, doubt, confusion, and finally comprehension, which chased themselves across "Rusty's" countenance would have made the fortune of any painter who could have reproduced them. S. A. C.

#### An Adventure with a Lynx.

GRANBY, P. Q.—I have been going to tell you about an experience with a lynx for some time past, but have only now found the time. Some of your many readers may have had somewhat similar experiences and written it up in a less truthful manner, as I have read some pretty tall stories from time to time in old FOREST AND STREAM.

The fact of a lynx being in this part of the country is enough to scare a good many of the rural inhabitants, as it is only the "oldest inhabitant" who can remember when they were at all numerous.

On last Good Friday I drove out a few miles to visit a brother, and while there a couple of farmers dropped in to talk about the lynx.

It appears that a week or so previous a man they called Lively took a short cut one night through pasture and woods for a couple of miles to reach his home, and the next day had a big story to tell of how he had been followed by a big animal, that from his description was set down as a lynx. Although he was not molested he vowed it would be a long time before he would go back on the old adage that "the longest way round is the shortest way home."

His story was not generally believed, but a few nights later a respectable farmer with his wife and child in the sleigh were driving home, and passing a small strip of woods they were startled by an unearthly yell. The wife was much scared, but the husband said it was Ben (a half-witted fellow that makes his home wherever night overtakes him), trying to scare them, but that he would show him he could not scare him; so he answered back the yell as nearly as he could imitate it, and you can imagine their consternation when almost immediately the lynx bounded into the road a few feet ahead of the horse.

It was a bright moonlight night and they at once remembered Lively's story. The man grabbed the whip and stood up in the sleigh and made the horse do his level best for home, which was only about 300 yds. The wife clasped the child to her breast, expecting every minute that the lynx would be bounding into the sleigh to take it from her, but when they arrived at the house with no lynx in sight the man's courage came back. He called his brother-in-law, and one taking a rifle, the other a shotgun they set out to the edge of the woods to challenge the brute. It was but a short distance and our two heroes bravely went along until near the woods, when the husband said he would give a yell, and when the lynx showed up they would both shoot him so as to make sure. He accordingly gave the yell and immediately it was answered from behind a brush heap a few feet to one side. This so surprised them that without stopping to think, much less shoot, they both started for the house, and as they remarked after, they had no idea they could run so fast.

The lynx track was seen from time to time after, and they were talking about several of them getting together some night and watching for him, after having put out some carcass for him to feed on.

A few nights afterward I found myself at the east end of the village, and having an errand at my father's, thought I would cross lots through a pasture coming out at the back of the barn. It was a dark, cloudy night, threatening to snow, and before I got half way across it commenced to blow hard with a fine sleet driving into my face, which caused me to pull my cap well down, and stooping forward I breasted the storm.

The lynx story must have left an impression on my mind, for when within about a hundred feet of the last fence I thought if he now turned up all I had to defend myself with was a jack knife, and almost at that instant I heard an unearthly yell coming from a sand knoll a hundred yards or so to my left. I made for the fence on the run, my heart thumping fearfully and a cold sweat breaking out all over me, my hair seeming to stiffen out and stand on end, and was just straddling the fence when the lynx came running after me. I saw him plainly about ten feet from me, where he stopped up as if waiting till I got down off the fence. You can imagine my sensations better than I can describe them. I can remember making a move to bring my other leg over the fence to run for it, when that terrible lynx up and barked. I immediately recognized him as my father's dog, when I made the remark, "You blamed fool dog, how you did scare me." And then I awoke with a cold sweat on me and my flesh feeling like No. 3 sand paper.

J. BRUCE PAYNE.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### A MEMORY OF CAMP YOCUM.

ON Oct. 27, 1887, fifteen hunters with a complete outfit left Duluth, Minn., on the tug Rambler, Capt. Yocum, and were landed on the south shore of Lake Superior, at Cranberry River, 40 miles east of Duluth. The company was mostly from Grand Rapids and Ionia, Mich. On the first day's hunt the party had venison for supper, and the club had as good a cook as could be found in Michigan. The party were in camp 17 days and killed about a dozen deer, nearly all large ones, besides ruffed grouse and hares. The gray timber wolves used to serenade us at night at times, and not far away there were bear, lynx and other fur animals there and brook trout in the river, and pickerel at the mouth of the river. We killed bucks that would weigh 225 lbs.

We did not see a white man from the outside world nor hear a word from the outside world for the seventeen days that we were there, and there was no one living in that valley at that time. There is a dam at the mouth of the river now, and the Cranberry Lumber Co. have cut more than a hundred million feet of timber there since, and everything has changed in that vicinity.

Two logs about 1 ft. in diameter and about 30 ft. long were put in the large tent and small saplings about an inch in diameter were nailed across about 6 ft. long, then fine spruce bars were put on about 10 in. deep and three bedticks filled with hay (the tug brought down a half ton of hay for that purpose) and then the bedticks put together made a bed say 30 ft. long, and three heavy woolen blankets were spread on top of that. Douglass had his music with him and he can discount any brass band in the country; he was the life of the camp. There was one hunter dubbed Leather Stocking; he could outrun a moose, and when he got in a shot with his 38-55 you could count on game. The last that I heard of him he was out on the Bitter Root Range in the Rockies, and if he has not got old Ephraim's scalp in his office I am mistaken.

We saw one buck with a head on him like an elk, and he must have weighed 300, but he was a little too smart for us and carried off his rocking chair. Capt. Billy was in command of the squad and he was a royal good fellow. Nov. 14 at sunrise, Capt. Yocum's old tug Rambler blew her whistle, while we were eating our breakfast, and then all was hustle and hurry until the tug was loaded. But the Rambler sleeps on the bottom of Lake Superior, and the old captain that ran her so many years has crossed the river. A more generous and accommodating royal old fellow never turned a wheel in a pilot house. The writer has spent hours with him in the pilot house plowing our way through the dark night and storms on old Lake Superior. Peace to his memory. There never was a more jolly company of hunters camped on the shores of Lake Superior, and they voted it the best hunt of their lives.

ZENITH.

### "COME TO MONTANA."

BILLINGS, Mont.—In perusing the article of "F. W. G." in the issue of May 12, and comparing it with others that have appeared at various times in the past, wherein the writers have given a description of their outing, the questions arise in my mind, "Are people divided into separate and distinct classes, as are the fowls of the air? Are some constructed with webfeet, that water and mud in unlimited quantities are essential to the thorough enjoyment of a pleasure trip, and where good shooting and fishing is a secondary consideration, a fair bag the exception, and pure air and beautiful scenery are not in it? Or is it ignorance of a better locality that confines them to the watery, game-deserted districts, and enables them to extract only a very small amount of pleasure from a long, tiresome and generally expensive trip? Should my first query be correct, to those I will say, remain with your proper element, derive all the enjoyment from it you can, we have no place for you, and a waterfowl is neither graceful nor a thing of beauty when transferred to dry land.

To those of the second class I extend a hearty invitation to come and try an outing in some one of the many beautiful camping and hunting grounds of Montana. This is an ideal country for the pleasure and health seeker. In the autumn our climate is unsurpassed; rain seldom falls, the air is balmy and health-giving. Our ever green mountains abound with game of all kinds and in every tumbling stream trout in unlimited numbers can be taken. One need not move camp to keep the larder well supplied with venison, bear, grouse and trout. Our scenery, while not so grand and rugged as that lower down the range in Colorado, is all that one could desire, beautiful enough in detail to satisfy the most exacting, and the supply and change is inexhaustible. To those who are consumptive or run down and debilitated through close application to or "chained to business," I say come to Montana, take a few weeks sojourn in her mountain retreats, and when you return to your Eastern homes 'twill be with the feeling that you have at last made the discovery for which De Soto searched in vain. Outfits and guides can be hired very reasonably, or, should one prefer there are oftentimes opportunities of joining local parties making up for a few weeks in the hills, I will endeavor to reply to all correspondents



requesting information and will here say that I have no financial gain in view, but appreciating a good thing of this kind, when I possess it am willing others should share it also.  
E. M. HUNGERFORD.

### The Jury Dined on Venison.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., June 4.—Vermont papers frequently report through correspondents from towns in various parts of the State, that deer were seen feeding with Mr. Blank's herd of cows, or were seen to cross a certain highway, or unwelcome news, that a wounded deer was seen, etc. It is a fact that deer are increasing very rapidly, and are not confined to one particular locality. The laws for their protection are stringent, and the penalty for killing one is \$100. It is well observed in most parts of the State, but in Essex county and occasionally in Caledonia county the deer law is violated by from ten to twenty hunters. These men all live in sparsely settled communities and are a law unto themselves. The Fish and Game Commissioners assisted by the State League have this year been investigating the rumored violations, and the result is that several indictments may be expected against persons residing in both Essex and Caledonia counties. It is rumored that a town grand juror is one of the gentlemen who will be called upon to pay dearly for his venison. A former justice of the peace is another lover of venison who should pay for such luxuries. Indeed, we might name a relative of one of our State's attorneys, but it will not do to be too hasty. People in the back towns in Essex county are not in favor of a continual close season on deer, and therefore it is difficult to secure evidence against any one. Many law-abiding citizens who would not personally violate our existing law maintain that it cannot be enforced, but that a short open season for three or four extreme northern counties would secure the co-operation of all citizens to enforce the law during the close season. Most of these sportsmen would not advise dogging deer at any season.

An illustration of how the law operated a few years ago when there was no State league may be described as follows: A certain young man, the proprietor of a saw-mill in one of the back towns, during one of his visits to the mill, killed a deer. He was prosecuted by the State's attorney before a local justice of the peace and called for a jury. During the course of the trial all adjourned for dinner. As there was no hotel in the town the jury boarded around like the "school marm." Three of them stopped at a certain house where the defendant and his lawyer also stopped. A part of the deer which was the cause of the trial was served to all at the table. After a hearty dinner of venison the jury heard the case and were unanimous for acquittal. While public sentiment has changed somewhat in the past six years, it is necessary to look after the witnesses very sharp, and select a jury in order to convict in a violation of the deer law in some towns in Vermont.  
WHEELLOCK.

### Locust's Kazoo and Bob White's Call.

WILLOW SPRINGS, Mo., June 1.—Loveliest weather here that ever was on sea or land. The seventeen year locusts are here on time, and there are seventeen quadruples of quintillions of billions of them, too, and you can't hear yourself shout unless you get close up, on account of the everlasting "kazoo" they carry. Or, no, it's only the males that are so provided. I was explaining this to a friend who was ignorant of that fact, the other day, making an objective lesson of it, when he said very impudently, as though he had suffered offense, "I wish they were all females." What a "consummation devoutly to be wished." No more locusts.

Quail are whistling on every hand. It is very pleasant to step out of doors "at 5 o'clock in the morning" when nature is at her loveliest, bedewed and fresh, cool and invigorating, and listen to Bob White from a dozen throats calling and answering to each other. It is pleasantly suggestive of an autumn to come. I hear of young turkeys having been seen not far away, and I want to be there when they get ripe.  
O. O. S.

### The Sioux Game Raid.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: An Oelrichs, S. D., dispatch reports: "Red Cloud, the famous chief of the Sioux Nation, with the following-named Sioux Indians, Slow Bear, Back B-ne, Jack Red Cloud, Moccasin Top, He Dog, Little Shield, Good, Broken Arm, Kills at Night, Paints Yellow and Hollow Wood, who, with their families, made a party of about 50, came into town to-day from the reservation and traded quite extensively with local merchants, after which they departed on their way to the Shoshone Reservation, near the Yellowstone Park, where they go on a 50 days' hunting expedition." What encouragement is there for white men to observe game laws, simply to help keep up the supply for the red men to slaughter in season and out of season?  
E. E.

### For Killing a Doe in May.

A WELL-KNOWN broker, long connected with the military of the city, was arraigned in the Police Court this morning before Judge Desnoyers and charged by the Fish and Game Society with a violation of the game laws. The society was represented by Mr. E. A. Cowley, its secretary, and Mr. Charles Raynes, advocate. The specific charge consisted in shooting a doe during the close season at Trout Lake, near Labelle, on May 25. The accused pleaded guilty and was fined \$80. The society are determined to have the fish and game laws observed, and are taking measures with that purpose in view. The dynamiting of fish is also to be done away with.—*Montreal Star*.

### New Jersey Game Protection.

THE Farmers' Game Protective Association of Bergen County, N. J., has bought and distributed in that county this spring 800 quail and 74 hares, distributed as follows: Hackensack and East Hackensack, 8 dozen quail, 44 hares; Ridgewood, 3 dozen quail, 10 hares; Westwood, 3 dozen quail, 10 hares; Tenafly, 3 dozen quail; River Edge, 3 dozen quail; Oradell 3 dozen quail, 10 hares; Cherry Hill, 1 dozen quail; Spring Valley, 1 dozen quail. Very stringent measures have been taken to enforce the game laws and have violators (including all non-residents) arrested.—*Evening Post*.

### Illinois Quail.

DECATUR, Ill.—I am positive that we have not had as fine a prospect for quail shooting in central Illinois in years as we have this season. The weather was unfavorable for shooting last fall and this spring has been particularly favorable for breeding—no heavy rains and an early spring. Driving in the country, while attending to professional business, I have been struck by the great numbers of the birds I have seen and the farmers report them in great numbers.  
M. H. F.

### A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5.

This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

## Sea and River Fishing.

### THE BIG TROUT OF MAINE.

THE Maine fishing parties are many of them returning. Trains on the Maine Central and Boston & Maine railways are bringing in the returning fishermen every evening. The train to reach Boston at 9:30 P. M. Monday had one parlor car completely loaded with trout fishermen, among them the Governor Russell party, just out from Mr. John E. Thayer's camps at B. Pond, where they had been for fly-fishing. The party was made up about as usual; ex-Governor Russell, Hon. John E. Thayer, Eugene Thayer, J. O. Wetherbee, Hon. John F. Andrew, Governor Russell's brother, Colonel Eustis Russell, Hon. John Simpkins and others. It is rumored that they had rather poor fishing, their trip being early and being attended with very bad weather. Most of the members of the Camp Stewart party also came out from Richardson Lake on Monday. With this party fishing was very fair. The ladies all caught large trout. Mrs. Parris took a 4½-pound trout. Mrs. Moody, as usual, took several large fish. Mrs. Stearns hooked and landed a 3½-pound fish. Mrs. Farley was successful with trout running up to 3lbs. and slightly above. W. K. Moody landed a 5½lb. trout, just as a hail storm had ceased, which storm covered the ground until it was white, and set the water boiling. The theory is that it takes some commotion of the water to stir up the big trout. Mr. Parris landed a handsome trout weighing full 5½lbs. This was his first experience in fishing at the Rangeleys, and his delight may be imagined. He is a lover of trout in Massachusetts, but up to this season he has been in the habit of considering a 4lb. trout a monster. He fears that his taste for catching small fish is spoiled. As luck will sometimes run, Mr. Farley's trout were all rather under size for that region, though showing a handsome average of fully 1lb. weight. Mr. Stearns and Mr. Holt both caught trout something above 3lbs., and Mr. Kempton had two above 3lbs. weight.

But the glory of being high line indeed fell to Mr. Geo. T. Freeman. That gentleman staid in camp for four days after the other members of the party had left, to be in company with Mr. C. H. Johnson, of Mattipoisett, Mass., who had been unavoidably hindered from joining the party till about the last day. They fished rather leisurely for the three additional days they remained. Mr. Johnson took 28 trout, one 3lbs., one 3½lbs., and all over 4lb. weight. The last day they fished they spent on the stream till toward nightfall, when their guide, Mr. Geo. H. Cutting, rowed them down the lake some distance. Mr. Freeman had a strike. In a moment he was aware that he was a big one. It would not give an inch of line, but rather kept taking it. When nearly 100ft. of line was out the fish came to the surface, jumping full length into the air. Then they were sure they had a big trout. It took almost an hour to land the fellow. When secured he was found to weigh plump 7lbs., was 7½in. deep, and 3½in. through the back. He was only 23in. long, however, showing him to be a wonderfully plump fish. Mr. Freeman is a happy man, and has received hosts of congratulations; his friends feeling much pleased to have him take a big fish, by reason of his genuine goodness of heart and kindness to others in camp. The fish was displayed in Appleton & Bassett's window on Friday. Lying on the great fish was a little yearling trout, not over 4in. in length; an idea of Mr. Freeman, to show "Fishing in Massachusetts and in Maine."

Mr. Chas. Z. Bassett has just returned from an extended fishing trip. He had splendid luck at Kennebago, landing a 5lbs. trout on a fly with several of a slightly lesser weight. Mr. Bassett has been wonderfully successful as a fly-fisherman, even earlier than most of the sportsmen have considered it of any use to expect large trout, except from trolling. He landed several large ones last year on the fly, while all the other fishermen were "dragging minnows," and the same thing was true of two years ago. With his friend G. N. Smalley, he first fished Cupsuptic Lake at Billy Soule's. Then he went to Kennebago with the resulting success mentioned above. From that point he made an extended trip to Parmacheene, and there he fished Boy Falls, but with rather poor success. He found many of the Parmacheene Club in camp, but having only indifferent success. He made a trip down to the Meadows, fishing Magalloway faithfully, but taking no large fish. From that point he came back up the river and across the carry to Cupsuptic again.

Mr. Lamb, of Providence, a guest at the Mountain View House, and for some years a visitor to the Rangeleys, caught a trout there the other day weighing 7½lbs. By some one of the members of the Tuttle party a trout weighing 9lbs. is reported to have been caught. Mr. E. L. Pickard, of Auburndale, is out from his visit to the home of the Oquossoc Angling Association at Indian Rock. His daughter accompanied him, and both had good fishing. Mr. Pickard is a true specimen of the genuine angler, as well as business man. SPECIAL.

### "Rodster."

"RODSTER" is a good word, with a suggestion of rippling fern and willow-lined streams, as roadster reminds of long stretches of country highway over hill and through dale.  
ANNA A. PRESTON.

### TROUT TICKLING.

DENVER, Col.—Catching trout by hand is a very common practice, but so far as I know only when on the spawning beds. I have done it with the Rocky Mountain trout, Eastern brook trout, and the rainbow or California trout. On May 19 this year I saw a dozen or so good-sized rainbow trout in Waterfall Creek, a small stream running into Wellington Lake, in the mountains fifty miles west of Denver. I lay down carefully and pushed myself slowly along on the bank until opposite, where they were quietly lying in about 8in. of clear water. I put my hand down slowly and passed my fingers along from the tail under one of the largest until I reached the pectoral fins and raised her out of the water without trouble. Of course I had to hold her firmly as she made a violent struggle after I closed my hand around her, and she weighed at least 2lbs. She was really in the act of spawning, some of the eggs dropping while I held her in my hands. I have seen the male fish caught in the same way, but my experience is that it is much easier to take the female.

I remember reading some years ago an article in your paper from the pen of Hon. Wm. N. Byers, of Denver, giving an account of taking by hand, in this manner, all the trout needed for food by his party, when camped in the Middle Park. The fish could not be induced to bite at fly or bait, but the guide took all they needed by hand from the small streams where they were spawning.

I think the files of your paper will show similar experiences by others; but I feel sure this can only be done when they are spawning.  
H. M. ORAHOOD.

"E. M. B." asks for information about trout tickling. I can assure him that such a thing can be done, but doubt very much whether it was ever done in the way that "E. M. B." describes, viz., in open water. When a boy in Scotland, I often did it and saw it done by others many times in the following manner: In summer, when the streams are low, we would commence wading up stream, driving the trout before us. Of course they would run for the nearest hole, under a large stone, rock or bank, wherever they could find a hiding place. Now was the time for tickling, or as we called it, "guddling." Insert the hand cautiously, and if you are lucky enough to touch the trout near the tail, it will lie perfectly still while you worm your fingers along its belly until you reach the gills. Then you close on it with a snap like a steel trap. I hardly think it can be done with trout lying in open water, for you know how quick of sight trout are, and would never allow any one within arm's length if able to see and move at will. You will no doubt readily believe me when I say that I think this is a very reprehensible practice, and one to be frowned down at all times; it has not been done by me since long before I commenced reading FOREST AND STREAM, and I have read it from the first number.  
ESK.

FLORENCE, S. C.—In your issue of June 2, your correspondent "E. M. B." asks for corroboration of the "trout tickling" story. I am glad to relieve his mind as to his having been "stuffed" by some fishing Ananias, as this mode of taking trout is very common among the small boys in Scotland, and when young, I often indulged in the pastime. Our mode was a little different from what he described. The "tickler" usually selected a small stony brook when the water was low and waded up stream; wherever he found a little deep hole round a larger stone he would gently insinuate his hand under the edge of the stone and if he happened to feel the touch of a trout he would pause. The fish would generally move a few inches and come to a halt. At the second touch the trout would generally stand his ground, when the "tickler" would slowly move his hand up toward the middle of the fish, and then gently tickle the stomach. Almost at once the fish would lean slowly over till his side would be resting against the fingers. A quick tilt and he lay on the grass. This sport is locally called "ginniling," and has long been practiced. I am of the opinion, from the way the trout "leans to it," that he rather enjoys the tickling.  
W. M. B.

CHICAGO, Ill.—In reply to "E. M. B." in FOREST AND STREAM of June 2, I wish to add my testimony, corroborating that of a correspondent of the Norwich Bulletin, with reference to trout tickling. I fully believe his statement, for I have taken many a speckled beauty in the rivulets of Wales in the same manner, while yet I was a chunk of a boy. I am now nearly 70 years old and still love to catch a fish. For that purpose I shall leave Chicago this day at 5 P. M., for the Lakes of Wisconsin, to follow the bent of my inclination.  
H. B. J.

UNADILLA, N. Y., June 3.—I read the article on tickling trout to several members of the club, and out of seven present, five knew from actual experience that trout can be captured in that way, and two knew of the practice from hearsay.  
TIANADERHA.

### St. Lawrence River Fishing.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, June 2.—I was invited down to the dock where laid the steam yacht Ione, under charter for the season by Mr. Howell Osborn, who has just returned from a fishing trip down the river, and was shown a fine catch of bass. There were seventy and their weight was 70½lbs., which was a good average. Although some weighed as high as 4lbs., most of them were kept alive in a large minnow tub. This shows how our fishing is improving with the protective laws well administered by one energetic game protector who is ever on the alert and bringing the violators of the game laws to answer before the courts of justice. Several of our summer residents are arriving for the season. Yesterday brought Mr. Michael Chauncey, of Cuba Isle; Jas. T. Easton, of Cherry Isle; A. E. Clark's family are at their summer home on Welcome Isle. Mr. W. C. Browning is expected Tuesday, also J. L. Hasbrouck, the owner of the original Seth Green Island with the house that Mr. Green occupied thirty years ago; it has been kept as a dining hall for his party, which is usually large. With our excellent fishing and inviting scenery we hope to see a large number here this season. The water in the St. Lawrence is now nearly 1½ft. higher than last season and is on the rise, which makes the shore of the islands look beautiful. Later on will note more of the fishing interest here.  
W. H. THOMPSON, Sec'y.



## FISHING ON THE SHENANDOAH.—I.

A STRAY, tattered leaf from some New York sportsman's journal—the name being torn off—was recently handed me by a friend, who called my attention to a short article which began thus: "One of the best objective points for anglers, to my knowledge, is Staunton, Va. From there conveyances can be had to Shaver's Dam in Rockingham county or Clifton Forge, a resort of President Cleveland for bass a couple of years ago. The White Horse, within fifty miles of Staunton, is another celebrated place for bass." The writer is entirely correct in his assertion that Staunton is a fine objective point for anglers in search of good bass fishing, however he may err in some of his other statements, for President Cleveland did not fish at Clifton Forge, but at Eagle Rock, some 15 or 20 miles below that place, and the White Horse is nearer 100 miles from Staunton than 50 miles.

Staunton is not on any fishing stream, and the nearest good fishing points are from 15 to 25 miles distant; yet, owing to its central location, with the fishing streams all around it, and all of which are readily reached from Staunton, either by rail or by private conveyance, its good hotel and livery accommodations, and its excellent railroad facilities, both through and local, it offers peculiar advantages as an objective point to the Philadelphia or New York angler in search of good fishing within reasonable distance.

Excellent trout streams abound in the mountains at distances varying from 25 to 75 or 100 miles away. These, of course, are accessible only by private or livery conveyance, as the trout, like the deer and other game, flees before the approach of civilization.

The upper James River and its tributaries all afford fine bass fishing and may be readily reached by rail from Staunton to Clifton Forge, Lexington or Balcony Falls. The Potomac is a bass teeming stream, particularly in the more inaccessible mountain reaches of the South Branch and its tributaries which may be reached from Staunton by livery conveyance, while the entire length of the Shenandoah stretches away invitingly to the Potomac, 126 miles away by rail, any part of which is within easy reach by rail or livery conveyance from Staunton, and in any part of which the angler is liable to find good fishing when the water is right.

As I have cruised and fished the Shenandoah so often, I am, of course, more familiar with it than with most of the other streams mentioned, and therefore feel better qualified to speak of its many good fishing points.

The Shenandoah is an ideal bass stream, both for the bass and the bass fisher. Its swift water, its rock-ribbed bed, with its myriads of reefs and ledges; its deep cool pools and bright sparkling shallows, make of it a paradise for bass; while its accessibility, its entrancingly beautiful mountain scenery, its bracing healthful climate, its freedom from malaria, its pure, sparkling waters, make it equally an ideal stream for the bass fisher.

The bass are quite numerous in the stream, particularly in the more remote and less fished portions. As a rule, they rise readily to the fly, although with the usual uncertainty of this peculiarly capricious fish, in some localities I have never yet had a rise while taking them freely with bait.

With the liability to imperfection which is the lot of all things terrestrial, the Shenandoah has one serious drawback as a fishing stream, viz.: its tendency to get muddy after a heavy rain. The surface wash from the red clay soil of the well tilled fields along its banks, speedily converts it into a stream of liquid mud of a vivid brick red, which tint sometimes remains in the water long after the thick mud has run out, with a persistency most aggravating to the patient fisherman. On this account, therefore, probably the months of August, September and October, with the latter part of July, will be found the most favorable seasons in which to essay the river.

The nearest good fishing points to Staunton are Crimora or South River (a tributary of the Shenandoah), fifteen miles distant, Hoy's Dam on Middle River (another tributary), fifteen or sixteen miles away, "Polk" Rippetoos (Scott's Ford) on North River, Shenandoah, on South River, both eighteen miles from Staunton and about a mile and a half apart; and Port Republic, at Junction of North and South rivers, twenty miles from Staunton, at which point the beautiful Shenandoah begins. These places are all easily reached from Staunton and all afford good fishing, the last three in particular, lying, as they do, within from one to three miles of each other, offer special inducements to the angler, including fair hotel accommodations.

Shaver's Dam, seven miles below Port Republic, is a favorite resort of Harrisonburg anglers and is best reached by livery from that point, which is an hour's ride by rail from Staunton. Elkton, Bear, Lithia Springs and Shenandoah are all good points, easily reached by rail from Staunton, and all afford good hotel accommodations.

Kemple's Falls is a favorite fishing place of mine, and may be reached from Stanley, a station on the Norfolk & Western Railroad. This road runs parallel with the river for its entire course, for many miles directly along its banks, good fishing points are easily reached from any of its stations.

Luray and Front Royal, both of which are on this road, afford good hotel facilities and command large reaches of the river accessible from either of these points by livery.

The entire stretch of river between Shenandoah and Riverton (one mile from Front Royal) at the mouth of the North Fork of Shenandoah, some 65 or 75 miles in all, running as it does back along the flanks of the Massanutten Mountains, and through a section of country not thickly settled and remote from towns of any size, affords particularly good fishing, as it is not fished as much as the more accessible parts of the river. Accommodations can readily be secured at almost any of the better class of farm houses along the river, information in regard to which can be obtained at Luray or Front Royal.

Riverton has always been noted as a great fishing place. Lying as it does between the two rivers, it commands an extensive reach of both. Both streams have high dams in them, beneath which the bass love to congregate, and as these dams are the first ones in the river above the Potomac, the fish are frequently very numerous here. Owing, however, to its popularity as a summer resort and its proximity to the big summer hotel at Front Royal, the immediate vicinity of Riverton is usually fished to excess, and better fishing is apt to be found a few miles further up either river or down below the confluence of the streams.

There are always fish here, however, for I recall one evening a couple of years ago when George and I were camped on our old camp ground right at the end of the big dam in the south fork, or main stream, at the end of one of our annual canoe cruises. I was tired from the day's cruise and did not care to go away from the camp, so I rigged up my tackle, and with a few helgramites fished from the dam into the deep, swirling waters immediately beneath, while George rigged up his fly tackle and went half a mile down stream below the confluence of the two rivers. From where I fished I could see at least twenty men and boys fishing all along the dam and from the rocks in the rapids below for 100 yds. or so; yet in thirty minutes I took five nice bass, and could have taken more, but that my supply of helgramites ran out; while George returned in an hour with eight or nine fine ones taken with the fly.

The Shenandoah below Riverton is a most beautiful stream; broad, deep and majestic, broken by frequent long, rocky rapids, and good fishing is found in any of its reaches, perhaps the most noted places being the Boatmen's Lane, the White Horse (both of which are reached from White Post station on the N. & W. R. R. and but a mile or so apart) and Castleman's Ferry. This place is five miles from Berryville (on the R. R.) and may be readily reached from there by daily mail hack. Good accommodations can be obtained here at Mr. Maurice Castleman's.

Shannondale Springs, right on the bank of the river, five miles from Charlestown, commands an unusually fine fishing ground, and is quite a resort for anglers.

A good hotel is sadly needed in the business portion of Harper's Ferry, but good accommodations may be secured at the several different hostleries located on the heights back of the town. A magnificent reach of fishing grounds is accessible from here for miles up and down the Potomac and up the Shenandoah (which here unites its limpid, sparkling waters with those of the Potomac).

The angler will undoubtedly find better fishing some miles away from the town; as, owing to its railroad facilities (it is on the main line of the great B. & O. R. R.) and its unrivaled, world-renowned scenery, the place is a popular resort and is much fished in consequence.

From an extended acquaintance with the Shenandoah as a fishing stream, I am of the opinion that perhaps one of the most all-round favorable locations for the angler, all things considered, is at Bear Lithia Springs, in Rockingham county, about forty miles by rail from Staunton. This is a quiet, unpretentious little summer resort of a type quite numerous in the mountain regions of the Virginias. It has a capacity of about sixty guests, and like the others of its class, is much frequented by those whose means or inclinations lead them to avoid the more pretentious gay and high-priced resorts. It is readily reached from Staunton by rail. The manager, Mr. W. K. Compton, is himself an enthusiastic angler. Boats and guides are at hand and bait can be procured in abundance, and the reach of river commanded by the springs, from Elkton to Shenandoah—some seven or eight miles—with its beautiful alternation of deep ponds, rapids, reef, etc., is an ideal fishing ground, and one I have frequently fished over with rare sport.

The best bait is a small species of catfish, or bull pout, locally known as the "mad tom," which can be caught in abundance in almost any of the small side streams with a small seine and a lantern (it is a peculiarity of this little fish that it can only be found after night). Minnows, of course, are always good, but the "mad tom"—in addition to being if anything a more attractive bait—is so tough and hardy that it will outlive half a dozen minnows. It must be handled with care, however, as a stab from one of the vicious little thorns or stickers concealed in the fins on either side just back of the gills, and on the back, is as painful as a bee sting, and the little fellow is so slippery that it is difficult to grasp him without coming in contact with his horns. Helgramites are also excellent for bait and are found in abundance in the river in the shallow, swift water under the rocks, and are readily taken by means of a small-meshed landing net, by turning over the rocks and holding the net below as the rock is turned and scooping in the creatures as they loose their hold and roll up into a little ball, to drift away with the swift current. COY. MOORE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## HONEYOYE FALLS, N. Y., ANGLERS.

HONEYOYE FALLS, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Honeyoye Falls Anglers' Association held their third annual contest June 1. Notwithstanding it was the wettest, drizzly, cold, gloomy, dreary kind of a June opening on record, the club broke all its former records as fishermen in every respect. Honeyoye Lake and creek, Hemlock and Conesus Lakes, and Lima ponds were the waters fished in; also a private pond in Bloomfield furnished a score and won a prize, which will not be allowed another year, and would not have been this year had it been on the losing side. The following is the list of members who returned a score:

Points.	Points.
Capt. A. Mather..... 47.5	Capt. C. Seaman..... 308.5
W. Lay..... 177.5	A. Croone..... 241.75
J. Burton..... 57	Rev. H. Dennis..... 82
J. Lapp..... 160	Frank Sheldon..... 95
F. Lock..... 245.75	A. J. Tinkler..... 313
F. Joybes..... 37	W. Brown..... 7.5
S. Wilton..... 241.25	D. Martin..... 59.75
A. Lyman..... 275	A. Martin..... 77
Dr. J. Flick..... 154.50	A. Starr..... 120
J. Parnelle..... 167.75	C. Chambers..... 61.5
J. Tinkler..... 120	Jos. Shelham..... 498.5
C. Fairchild..... 25	Dr. H. Benham..... 53.75
W. Price..... 64	Dr. C. F. Ots..... 7.5
L. B. Rogers..... 64	W. Baker..... 65
Total score..... 1,688.75	T. Lovell..... 110.25
	F. McKean..... 174.25
	J. Bartlett..... 119
	E. Brooks..... 33
	Total score..... 2,390.

Thus Capt. Chas. Seaman's side wins a supper at the expense of the other side by a majority of 701½ points.

Captain Seaman's side had 97 lbs. and Captain Mather's 76½, the winners having 20½ more pounds than the losers. Captain Mather's side won 17 prizes, Captain Seaman's side 16 prizes and the club silver badge. There are six ties on first prize for largest variety and four ties on second for the same. There are three ties on the smallest score. Ties are to be settled among the men tied in any manner they hit upon.

The man who brings in the largest score at the annual contest wears for one year the silver badge of the club. Joe Shellman with a score of 438.5 points wears the badge. It is a good thing that Joe is a good, strong, able-bodied man, for we have a badge that makes one think of a policeman, and indicates the man who wears it, as well as a fisherman, a man not to be badgered much. Pike, brook trout and muskallunge prizes were not won. Ties unsettled. The following are the prize winners:

1. Largest score lake trout—Fred Lock, 1st and 2d.
2. Largest score black bass, straight goods—Fred Lock 1st, S. Wilton 2d.
3. Largest black bass—Frank McKeon 1st, Thos. Lovell 2d.
4. Largest score made—Joe Shellman 1st, Sam Wilton 2d.
5. Largest fish caught—Frank McKeon 1st, Thos. Lovell 2d.
6. Largest score rock bass—Wm. Lay 1st, Frank Sheldon 2d.
7. Largest number pounds caught—Fred Lock 1st, Sam Wilton 2d.
8. Largest score bullheads—Joe Bartlett 1st, Sam Wilton 2d.
9. Largest score perch—Joe Shellman 1st, Louis Gates 2d.
10. Largest variety fish caught—Ties on both prizes.
11. Largest score pike—Not any caught.
12. Largest score sunfish—A. Lyman 1st, S. Wilton 2d.
13. Smallest score brought in—Ties.
14. Largest score mullet—John Tinkler 1st, E. Brooks 2d.
15. Largest score suckers—Joe Shellman 1st, Joe Bartlett 2d.
16. Largest score brook trout—None caught.
17. Largest score pickerel—Will Lay 1st, Dean Martin 2d.
18. Largest black bass caught with fly—Fred Lock 1st, John Lapp 2d.
19. Special prize for the largest trout caught—Fred Lock. This prize is an exchange. Mr. Sheldon gives the flour and Mr. Lock loses his trout.

## SCORE AS FOLLOWS.

Points.	In.	Points.	In.
Lake trout..... 60	14	Rock bass..... 5	6
Brook trout..... 35	7	Pike..... 40	14
Sunfish..... 5	5	Black bass..... 20	9
Mullets..... 8	10	Pickerel..... 20	12
Suckers..... 10	10	Perch..... 7	7
Whitefish..... 25	12	Bullheads..... 10	9
Muskallunge..... 40	12	Black gills..... 8	6
Chub..... 8			

Heaviest fish caught, 75 points, not to be counted otherwise; also 5 points to be added for every pound of fish.

Very appropriately a Honeyoye Lake fish won the badge and the contest. The date of the supper is not yet decided, and an account will be sent in when it takes place. DR. D. G. BROWNE, Sec'y Ex. Com.

## NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

PARKSIDE (Henryville), Pa., June 6.—Streams in good condition. Trout taking the fly with a snap; caught 53 yesterday afternoon, 12 of them over 11in. long. W. C. HENRY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 4.—I have just returned from Fort Myers, Fla., where I had some magnificent tarpon fishing. My score for the trip was 35 tarpon; total weight, 3,794 lbs.; average weight, 108½ lbs.; largest fish, 160 lbs. and 6ft. 7in. long. Largest catch in one day, four tarpon. Mr. G. R. W. Armes, who fished with me, caught 50 tarpon. F. L. G.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Decoration Day Mr. John Soldan, of this city, took 12 lake trout and 13 bass in the afternoon in Skaneateles Lake. Bait for trout, phantom minnow; the bass were taken trolling with worms.

Trout fishing has been the best for twenty years. This is owing to the fine work done by Special Protectors E. D. Crisley, Jeff Brown and State Game Protector Morrison Hawn, and the continued stocking by the Commissioners. Lake trout from this lake always have sold at 25c. per pound, being so plentiful, they now being only 10c. per pound.

Oneida Lake fishing before the heavy rains started in was better than in fifteen years. Many catches of pike and pickerel, from 75 to 100 lbs., have been made. So far the fishing has been at its best near Constantia.

River fishing has been as yet not good. All indications are that fishing will be better than for years, which is the result from stocking and good protection.

I receive the usual number of inquiries from readers of FOREST AND STREAM where to go fishing in this section, which I will gladly furnish the anglers. HENRY LOFTIE.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 8.—Trouting is reported very good in all the Michigan streams, and more big trout are taken than at any previous time. A rainbow trout of 3 lbs. which had been planted in one of the streams here, was taken by a rodster the other day. ALEX. STARBUCK.

## Tailless Trout.

WHILE on a visit to my old home in Scotland, a few years ago, I made a trip to the island of Isla, where through the courtesy of the owner, I enjoyed some rare trout fishing. While in conversation with one of the keepers, I was told of a little lake high up in the mountains which abounded in a very strange variety of trout. They were described to me to be much like other trout, except that they were tailless. Closer inquiry corroborated my informant, and so near as I could find out the tails have the appearance of having had their soft rays trimmed off. The lake is very deep and the bottom seems to be covered with small sharp-edged fragments of brownish looking stones—the native say the fish wore their tails off rubbing against the sharp stones. Unfortunately my stay on the island was about over, and as I had not an opportunity of personally examining these strange trout, I dropped a good pinch of salt on the story and let it pass my mind. During the spring of last year, a very estimable old gentleman (and I am sure a thoroughly truthful one), arrived in our town from the Island of Isla, where he had been land steward for twenty-five years, for the Campbells of Isla. While in conversation with him the tailless trout again came up, and he positively assured me it was so. I now thoroughly believe it, and would like to hear from some of our more deeply versed as to why and the wherefore.

I leave here on the 5th inst., to try my luck among the trout of western North Carolina, and will let you hear of my success. W. M. B.

FLORENCE, S. C.

## Mr. Arnold's Trout.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Will you kindly state that the brook trout taken by Mr. Francis B. Arnold in the Rangleys was five pounds in weight. I have obtained the measurement and weight from Mr. Arnold, and know that he is entitled to the record of having taken a five-pound trout. CLEVELAND D. FISHER.



SALMON NOTES FROM CAMP ADAMS.

BOSTON, Mass.—Last year was my eighteenth consecutive season of salmon fishing and the most enjoyable one of my life. It was spent on the St. John River, at Gaspé, P. Q., and I am now in the delights of anticipation of this year's sport. I have for months been counting the weeks, and now the days when I shall once more drop the cares of business life and seek the rest and recuperation which to me more than all else camp life affords.

I have made the taking of salmon with a fly something of a study in a practical sort of way during these years. I have long entertained the idea that the particular kind of fly used was of comparatively little consequence in killing salmon, but I had never had the courage to risk my catch during an entire season in the employment of only one kind of fly until last year. That season I fully made up my mind I would make this trial, and with the following results.

I selected as my fly the Jock-Scott, a fly familiar to all salmon fishermen; and with the exception of a change in size depending on the state of water, clearness, etc., all my fish were caught with this fly. I believe that at any time during my outing of over three weeks I could not have taken a single additional salmon with the use of a different fly, which I could not have taken with this fly equally as well.

I also met with my usual success and killed my share of the fish. I am therefore satisfied that the kind of fly in use is of very little consequence in taking the *Salmo-salar*.

The temperature, the clearness of the water, the temperature of the atmosphere as well, the ability to place a fly lightly upon the water so that this king of all fly-fishing can readily take it, tend more to success than the fly cast.

I am willing to go further and hazard the opinion that I should have met with equal success had I made my casts with any one of the leading salmon flies now in use

years I have occasionally landed my fish without using even a landing net. Last year I went still further and absolutely "failed" or beached all my fish. But of course it is a necessity that the fish be thoroughly "tired out" before you lead him to the shore, as you do, "head on" where your man stands ready to quietly and surely take him by



BIG CHAIN POOLS, NEPISQUIT.  
Belonging to Messrs. Adams and Sampson.

the tail and push him out of the water, when he soon receives his *coup de mort*—a proud moment in the life of a salmon angler.

The gaff has always seemed to me a cruel and unsportsmanlike method of landing a half-spent fish, or any other, for many times the salmon comes within reach of the gaffer when he is only half killed, and the struggles of this powerful fish at such times rends and tears his beautiful sides, seriously marring his beauty. Besides, one loses, as it seems to me, the delight and satisfaction of watching his final struggles almost at one's feet. This, to my mind, is the most delightful and satisfactory moment in the whole rôle of fishing.

I suppose it is now generally conceded that salmon in fresh water take little if any food. I have never found in their stomachs the least indication of food. Yet I believe they rise to a fly for the sole purpose of tasting the dainty morsel prepared for them by the fly-tyer and deftly placed within their reach by the angler.

I am quite well aware that in salt water estuaries and in rivers, and even where the water is brackish, salmon feed, but in purely fresh water I believe the food taken is infinitesimal.

The salmon angler, who has never found in his river the beautiful grilse (or three-year-old salmon), or only in very limited numbers at least, has missed some very rare sport. For I do not believe that for its weight, say from 3 to 5 lbs., there is to be caught in fresh water a more gamy fish, a more stubborn fighter than this "chicken salmon" as he is sometimes called. I say "he," for I have never known nor seen a female grilse; and I have examined personally and instructed my cook to do so several hundred of these beautiful fish. The Nepisquit, at Bathurst, New Brunswick, is a noted grilse as well as salmon river. And the opportunity for making a study of the grilse here can not be excelled in American waters.



CAMP DUFFERIN.  
St. Johns, Gaspé, P. Q.

In some seasons they are very plenty indeed, and I have known a single rod to kill in a day's fishing twenty-five.

In looking over my record of dates of the arrival in fresh water of these fish, I am surprised to note how little difference there is from year to year. Supposing the first one caught to be among the first arrivals, July 1 is the average date, and two days either side make the extremes.

Very much has been said and written regarding the return of salmon from the sea to their spawning grounds; if they return annually; if each river has its own peculiar fish; if the parent fish return practically to the same location in the river.

In the Nepisquit, where I have fished for many years, I believe they return every year. I am also one of those

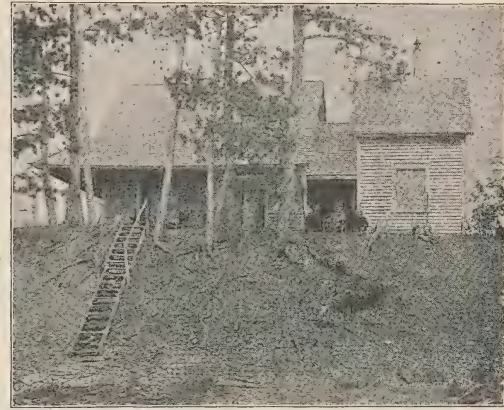
who believe they return to the same location in the river, and use the same spawning bed from year to year, if their lives are spared.

I believe it is now generally admitted that each river has its own distinctive fish. There is no mistaking a Nepisquit salmon. For several seasons I have fished in the different rivers emptying into Gaspé Basin, the St. John, the York and the Dartmouth. The fishermen, guides, buyers and handlers of fish, who have lived here all their lives, refer with great unanimity of opinion to the distinctive features of each river's fish.

Another remarkable fact in this connection may be mentioned, that although for quite a number of years there has been planted a large number of young fry in all three rivers from the Government hatchery upon the Dartmouth, and taken from fish caught in that river which average in weight many pounds heavier than those caught in the St. John, yet the St. John fish at the present time average about the same weight as those taken in years past. There has been no appreciative increase in weight. The natural conclusion, I think, would be that the planting of the progeny of a family of larger fish would increase the average weight of the fish so planted in a river where they run smaller in weight.

What does it prove, if anything? Do these fish after they go to the sea return to the river in which they were hatched, or, what is more probable, never go to the sea at all? In other words, that artificial propagation does not accomplish the great results claimed for it in these rivers. I say natural conditions are the best. Neither would I discourage the effort to restock depleted rivers. I have little doubt that it can be done—being done, but it needs the hearty co-operation of all mill owners, land owners, sportsmen, fishermen, and favorable action and assistance from both State and National governments.

I have no doubt that the distance which the salmon are obliged in some rivers to traverse, like the Restigouche, before reaching the spawning grounds, influences their annual return. In such rivers many kelt or spent fish are



CAMP ADAMS.  
Rough Waters, Nepisquit.

caught. Undoubtedly these fish remain in fresh water over the winter. In the Nepisquit I have never caught or seen but one such fish. I hope that in the near future this question may be definitely settled. It seems to me it could be without much difficulty by simply tagging a certain number of spawning fish; and at the same time other important facts could be determined.

I should hope, however, that some care would be exercised in the use of tags attached to each fish, giving year and weight, and not as the story goes, when one of our fish culturists, finding himself short of tags, made use of a small tin whistle; this fish is recorded as having returned the next year to his native river, not, however, increased in weight, but the tin whistle had grown to a fog horn.

There has of late been some discussion regarding the distance from tide water, salmon will or will not rise to the fly. In my experience I have found they will take the fly when and wherever there are resting places or pools suiting their purpose, and the temperature of the water sufficiently low.

As I have before remarked in this article, sixty degrees is the high limit and I do not think that distance from the sea has anything whatever to do with it in our Atlantic coast fisheries.

Some of our pools up on the Nepisquit at high tide are influenced by backing up of the fresh water, and it frequently occurs that as the water recedes salmon are left in these pools and readily take the fly.

Let the conditions of the water be favorable, let the salmon angler know how to cast his fly, and unless salmon have been for a long time in fresh water the angler will be rewarded with a rise, no matter how far from the sea his lordship may have traveled.

This leads me to refer to the time that is taken in the ascent of salmon rivers by these fish. I suppose the flow of water and its temperature determine to a great extent the rapidity with which salmon pass up to their spawning grounds. If there is high water they climb along much more slowly, resting longer in the pools and the sides of the river. Then again, the ascent is much more difficult in some rivers than in others.

The Nepisquit, for instance, is a very difficult river for salmon to climb. It has many falls, carries, or portages, as the guides call them. It requires, at some seasons, several days for these fish to arrive at the Grand Falls, so-called, which are located some twenty miles from tide water. Yet I have killed at these falls salmon so lately from the sea that attached to their sides was the *Pediculus marinus* or sea louse. It is claimed these insects leave salmon after having been in fresh water not over two days. I do not, however, believe that salmon in this river make the ascent usually with anything like the rapidity which such a theory would indicate.

One thing is certain, a fish just from the sea affords much greater sport than one in the river any great length of time, and I have found that fish caught in rivers where



Henry Sampson. Tom, Cook. Roma, C'n. Ivers W. Adams  
Jack, Canoeman. Ned, Canoeman. John, Canoeman.

CAMP ADAMS.  
Rough Waters, Nepisquit, at Bathurst, N. B.

instead of the Jock-Scott; such as the silver-doctor, black-dose, fairy, popham, Curtis, Hanson, or any of the thirty odd different flies which I always take with me on my salmon outings.

During my salmon experience I have kept a record of the number of fish taken, their weight, pools taken in, and the flies they were captured with. I have always kept a daily record of the temperature of the water and three times a day of the atmosphere—morning, noon and night. Also any other interesting facts, such as the running of salmon, the date of their arrival in fresh water, the coming of grilse, which in some rivers are quite plenty, particularly in the Nepisquit, where I have fished for a great many years; also the arrival of sea trout, and other details. I have found when the temperature of the water is 60° and above, that it is hardly worth the while to cast for salmon, unless it is in a pool where the water is very rapid, broken or rugged in its flow.

I have also made it a point to do little if any casting at such times, particularly if the sun is shining upon the pool; even if the temperature of the water is right I avoid casting when the sun shines, as much as possible. I believe also that it is unwise to make more than two or three casts over the same fish. If the fly is properly placed and the salmon is in the mood to rise, he will do so at the first cast.

I am also of the opinion that it makes little difference at what hour of the day the casting is made, if the sky is overcast or cloudy; and I believe that the early morning fishing is not productive of better results than that later in the day, say eight o'clock in the morning, and for evening fishing, five to eight, or even half-past eight. Last year I hooked a salmon after nine o'clock, Quebec time. And I have frequently hooked and killed salmon so late in the evening that it was impossible for me to see my fly as it dropped upon the water. I simply knew that the direction was right, and was careful (as I am always, for that matter) to keep my line and cast straight or taut in the water, that my fish, if he rose to the fly and took it, would hook himself.

I very rarely strike a salmon; it is only when I feel the tug of the fish that I set my hook firmly and surely into such portion of his mouth as it may have caught—I do this perhaps more decidedly than most fishermen, as I prefer to lose a lightly hooked fish at once, rather than later in the fight.

For quite a number of years in landing my salmon I have used a landing net made especially for that purpose. This net is made of common 18-thread twine, 3 or 4 in. mesh and about 3 ft. deep. It is the same size at the bottom as at the top, and is attached to a bent ash, and when rigged is egg-shaped and about 2 ft. in diameter, all well fastened to a stick about 6 ft. long. This is large enough and strong enough to hold the largest salmon.

I discarded the gaff years ago, and during the last few



the water is rapid afford very much more sport than in those of sluggish current. A Nepisquit salmon, for instance, often leaves the water completely several times before he is landed, while a Restigouche salmon, I am told, rarely leaves the water until he is lifted out by the gaffer.

I had intended in this paper to have given my experiences in camp life, arrangements of camps such as I have built upon the Nepisquit and the St. John at Gaspé; some things we eat and drink, and how we cook them; about rods, lines, flies, reels, leaders, fly poisons, their applications, and some other points, but this article has already assumed larger proportions than I had anticipated, so I must leave these to the future.

I cannot refrain here from publishing for the first time a charming letter from Lord Dufferin, in answer to one written him by my associate upon the St. John's, Mr. John Fottler, Jr., of Boston, and which explains how our camp was given its present name, "Dufferin Camp," Lord and Lady Dufferin having camped here some five years when he was Governor-General of Canada about fifteen years ago.

BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS, Oct. 19, 1893.—Sir: I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Sept. 30 and to express to you my best thanks for your kind thought in sending me photographs of our old camping ground on the St. John's River. I am delighted to find that it has fallen into the hands of so sympathetic and excellent a sportsman, and Lady Dufferin and I have been very much touched by your giving our name to the camp. I hope you will have there every season the same happy time that we had during our stay in Canada. The St. John's is a most charming river, and my brother-in-law and I once caught forty fish there in a fortnight, excluding Sundays. My smallest fish was 23 lbs. and the biggest 32, the average being 27. One could not wish for anything much better than that. Pray remember me to Mr. Curtis, of whose hospitality on the occasion of our visit to Gaspé, my wife and I have a very grateful recollection. With renewed thanks, I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,  
DUFFERIN AND AVA.

I believe I cannot close this paper to my mind more satisfactorily than by quoting from a recent poem of James Whitcomb Riley, published in the May number of the *Cosmopolitan*. It cannot fail to touch the heart of any older fisherman at least, substituting the Brandywine for his own native stream:

Up and down old Brandywine,  
In the days 'at's past and gone—  
With a dad-burn hook-and-line  
And a saplin'-pole—I swam!  
I've had more fun, to the square  
Inch, than ever anywhere!  
Heaven to come can't discount mine  
Up and down old Brandywine!  
Up and down old Brandywine...—  
Stripe me with pokeberry-juice!—  
Flick me with a pizenvine  
And yell "Yip!" and lem me loose!  
—Old now as I then wuz young,  
'F I could sing as I have sung,  
Song 'ud shorely ring dee-vine  
Up and down old Brandywine!

I. W. ADAMS.

## ANGLING NOTES.

### Are Maine Ouananiche Landlocked?

A FRIEND and correspondent asked this question: "Are any of the Maine ouananiche absolutely landlocked, or can they all reach salt water and return again if so minded?"

I replied that originally all the Maine ouananiche had free access to salt water, and were as free to return to the fresh water where they were found, but as he used the present tense in his query I would be obliged to ask Mr. Charles F. Atkins as to the present condition of things. Mr. Atkins writes me as follows: "Before man's interference the way was open to all landlocked salmon of Maine to go to sea and to return to their native streams and the lakes they frequented. In recent times, and indeed at present, the way is still open for them to go to sea, but their return has been hindered by dams on every river where they are naturally found. In each case I think it will be established that there have been periods of years when it was impossible for them to return, the dams being insurmountable.

"Fishways have been constructed on all the rivers in question, and thereby all of them have been for part if not all of the time for the past 20 years reopened—so that in some instances the sea salmon have ascended as far as the haunts of the landlocks, but I have no evidence that the landlocked salmon have used the fishways—they may have done so to a limited extent, but I have not heard of it. They do not descend in sufficient numbers to warrant us in looking for their return. I am not aware that the descent of any of them to the sea has been observed, but it is reported that they do, at the spawning season, descend from Sebago Lake into the Presumpscot River, and if so we might expect them to return via the fishway at the outlet of the lake.

"It is a matter of tradition that many years ago, say 40 or 50—it was not uncommon for landlocked salmon to be taken further down the St. Croix and the Presumpscot than in former times but I never gathered any considerable body of testimony on this point."

### Ouananiche on Pacific Coast.

The *Northwest Sportsman*, of Portland, Ore., in its issue of May 19 notes the exhibition in that city of three fish taken in a lake near the Cascades of the Columbia. Chief of Police Hunt, a well informed angler, who has taken the ouananiche in Lake St. John waters in Quebec, identified the three fish as ouananiche, and Judge S. H. Greene, upon a separate examination, without knowing of the identification of Chief Hunt, also pronounced them ouananiche.

Unless the ouananiche have been planted in the Pacific coast waters, and I can find no record of such plant in our own waters or in the Canadian Blue Books, I fear that both of the gentlemen mentioned are mistaken in their identifications.

Rather curiously, perhaps, Dr. Jordan in writing me this spring about another matter said incidentally: "The ouananiche is of course not found on the Pacific coast." As the ouananiche or landlocked salmon is the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*), which after being hatched in fresh water has remained there without going to sea, they must first have the *salar* on the Pacific coast before the ouananiche can be developed.

This view will be discouraging to Western anglers who may have congratulated themselves upon being possessed of the game ouananiche, but the item is to me very encouraging for a reason wholly different from that to which the quoted paragraph leads. Judge Greene is familiar with the different species of Pacific salmon, therefore the three fish are probably new, unless they should prove to be Bean's *kennerleyi* salmon, which is a landlocked salmon, or the new Kamloops trout, which Jordan first called the Kamloops salmon; and if new they may tend to confirm the opinion of a gentleman who has written me that he believes that there are two landlocked salmon that have not been described in Pacific coast waters. This gentleman has been in Europe during the past winter, and a few days ago informed me of his return and that he would soon journey to the headwaters of the Columbia, where it is possible he may obtain the desired specimens of the fish in question.

### The Philology of the Ouananiche.

In the extract to which I have just referred I am quoted as to the pronunciation of ouananiche, and quoted wrongly, probably owing to a reversed letter, or it may be because, as a printer has told me, I make a *u* and an *n* so near alike that it takes a good guesser to tell one from the other. What I said was that ouananiche was pronounced as though written whonaniche, and it was so printed in *FOREST AND STREAM*, but the Western newspaper makes it whouaniche, which is all wrong.

Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, has written a paper upon "The Philology of the Ouananiche," and it will be read by Dr. Stewart before the Royal Society of Canada. This article will practically settle the question, as the author has been for years collecting the various forms of the word which have perplexed the readers of the literature of this game fish, and his conclusions will be authoritative.

### Fishing Lines.

"A. C. H." of Providence, R. I., asks: "Which is the best line for salt-water fishing—a linen or cotton, laid or braided? Would it improve a cotton or linen line to boil it in sperm oil? How can lines be preserved from rotting out when not in use?" The line most affected for salt-water angling is a laid linen line. It would not improve any kind of line of vegetable fiber to boil it in sperm oil. I have had good success with linen lines by dissolving equal parts of sugar of lead and powdered alum in rain-water and soaking the line in the solution. The best lines I ever saw for any kind of fishing, in fresh or salt water, were lines dressed by Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the celebrated Boston artist. It is almost twenty years ago that I first saw Mr. Brackett's salmon lines of braided silk dressed in cold linseed oil boiled specially for the purpose by J. Babcock of Cambridgeport, Mass. Mr. Babcock told me that he also boiled oil especially for dressing linen lines, but I never tried his preparations for this purpose. At the time I speak of Mr. Brackett's lines had been in use eight years and had always been allowed to dry on the reel, and from that time to this I have seen no lines from this country to compare with them. The lines were as flexible as ever a line should be, and were polished like plate glass. Such a line is expensive and requires a heap of work, but is really cheaper in the end.

Mr. Brackett's method was to soak the line in the oil three times, with an interval of two weeks between each soaking, when the line was stretched and rubbed down with a piece of chamois skin. Back in 1876 Mr. Babcock charged \$2 for a half-gallon can of the oil for silk lines, but what the charge may be now I cannot say. If an undressed line is thoroughly dried and aired after it is used and then put in a dry place, it will be preserved as long as it is possible for such line to be preserved. To dry a line wind it on a line dryer from the reel, and *vice versa*, to prevent twisting. It is impossible to wind a line on chairs or trees and not put kinks in it that should not be there. If a line does get twisted draw it in the water behind a boat with the end of the line free.

I once attempted to dress a line (silk) with pure rubber dissolved in chloroform, and in the few places where I got the line coated with the rubber it was a fine piece of work, but the places were few, and I had a strong desire to live and use the line, so I did not complete the coating of rubber.

### Re-Varnishing Rods.

Mr. F. P. V., of Delaware, Ohio, wishes to know how to remove old varnish from fishing rods without injuring the rods. First go over the rod with a damp cloth on which you have placed as much emery as the cloth will hold. Wipe the rod frequently with a wet cloth that you may see that the work is evenly done. Unless the old varnish should be defective in some way it is not best to take it all off, as it will act as a filler. After rubbing with the emery, take another damp cloth, and with powdered pumice stone again rub down the rod evenly. Revarnish with best coach-body varnish, thinly applied. If then you wish to polish the rod, rub with powdered rotten stone, first wet and then dry, being careful not to cut through the varnish. Professional rod makers varnish a rod so evenly and thinly that there is no necessity for afterward rubbing down the varnish.

### Black Bass Slaughter Begins.

On the day known as Memorial Day, May 30, set apart to honor the memory of our dead soldiers, it is legal in the State of New York, under the general law, to kill spawning black bass with hook and line in a sportsmanlike manner. The terms are rather incongruous I must admit, but such is the result of the law which now adorns our statutes as a monument to our law-makers' ignorance or disregard of the future supply of one of our chief game fishes.

The people of Warren county, New York, and the people of a few other counties in the State, have discovered the utter imbecility of a law which permits black bass to be caught just before spawning time, and the supervisors have added June to the close season. Black bass, of all the so-called game fishes, require protection for a longer period than that in which they are actually spawning, for they brood their young after they are hatched, and the young are hatched in such exposed places that if the parent fish is killed the young fall an easy prey to other fish. Black bass being the only game fish that broods its young it would seem as if this fact would be a factor in the law for its protection, instead of which it is not, under the general law of the State, permitted to spawn before it is subject to capture. This condition of things is rapidly depleting our waters of

black bass and apparently they can be saved only by supervisors' laws, as the State has refused repeatedly to act in the matter.

Wednesday being the first day of the open bass season in Washington county, five gentlemen, Messrs. N. R. Gourley, Wm. Guthrie, Dr. T. I. Henning, F. C. Viele and Robt. McClellan, drove to Cossayuna Lake from Glens Falls the evening before prepared to fish. They spent the day on the water and returned to Glens Falls in the evening, having caught seventeen big-mouthed bass and forty-three pike (the so-called pickerel). The fish were displayed in the drug store of Ferriss & Viele and their photograph taken. All day Thursday men, women and children flocked into the store to see the handsome string of fish. Never before was a string of large-mouthed black bass shown in this village, and it was amusing to notice the men when they were told that the fish were not the small-mouthed black bass, or "black bass" as they call them to distinguish them from what they called "Oswego bass." Men who are perfectly familiar with the small mouth failed to discover that these fish were not of that species. The bass were all caught on the shores by trolling a minnow bait. The troll was made by fastening two hooks back to back on a leader, one hook  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 in. above the other. The upper hook was fastened in the lips of the minnow and the other in the side. On such a lure, with a single minnow, Mr. Viele caught two bass, of about 2 lbs. each, at the same time.

I asked to be notified when the bass were opened and was present. The largest bass of the string weighed 3½ lbs., and was a female. Both of the ovaries were quite hard, and I question if the fish would have spawned under thirty days. I think it was a moderate estimate to say that the bass contained over 20,000 eggs. Dr. Henning and Mr. Gourley, who were present, said those were the last black bass that they would ever catch in May. What I have said of the condition of one of the bass will answer for all except as to number of eggs in the smaller females. The milt in the males was hard and none of the fish would have spawned before the last of June. And this, be it remembered, is the earliest spring in this region within the recollection of living men.

### A Show Trout.

Thursday evening, May 31, Judge J. M. Whitman, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., returned from Aiden Lair Lodge in the Adirondacks, where he had been fishing for a few days. Later he came up to see me about a 2 lbs. trout about which there had been a discussion at Aiden Lair, and which I was to settle. It was a brook trout, *fontinalis*, caught in Hewitt Pond, and it was decked in all the vivid colors of a breeding male in autumn, making a picture for an artist. The fish had been opened so there was no opportunity for other than external examination.

A. N. CHENEY.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 493.)

We were somewhat disappointed, for the dawn indicated rain; but despite this we went immediately after breakfast to Sand River, some five miles distant. On entering that mountain stream of foaming rapids and pellucid pools, we found that some barbarian pale faces had about completely depleted it of the trout by seining. Ned said he was satisfied who did the pot-hunting vandalism, for the Indians reported as having last year seen the same persons he mentioned using a net on this river. As about every violation of the game law passes unnoticed here, we presumed this would, even were it reported to the Game Warden or Commissioner, with sufficient proof to convict. Considerably discouraged at the apparent evidences of netting, we fished a few of the pools with poor success, only catching eight or ten small trout.

After r maining here a couple of hours, under the dark canopy of vapor that had threatened us all the morning with the dripping moisture, it began to rain, and then there was a stampede for the boat over a mass of broken rocks that was rendered very treacherous by the shower. After a few slips and falls and a mistep or two into the stream, we reached the boat, and then donning our rubbers were off for the camp with steady strokes from the oarsmen, there not being sufficient wind to straighten the sails. The somber shadows which enshrouded the dense forests completely harmonized with the melancholy moisture of the murky skies, and made us long for the shelter of our far-away tents.

It was a continual drip, drip, drip of the watery beads, but ever and anon some surcharged cloud of inky darkness would sweep over us, pouring out a deluge of more than minor discomfort.

We had gone about a mile when the rain ceased, and the whipping of a gentle wind began, the prelude doubtless of some fierce storm that might overtake us ere we reached camp and give us a lively tossing on the billows. The wind, of course, was suggestive of sailing, but it seemed to be working round as if to take us over the bow. The boys therefore thought it best to stick to the "cedar breeze," and they did and that manfully.

At this juncture, two loons that were indulging in their mournful notes, were discovered just ahead of us. Ned at once picked up the gun, a splendid Douglass, which we always took with us, and putting in the necessary cartridges told the oarsmen to move along.

Ned said, "I will not get either of them on the first shot, but look out for a tumble on the second."

"Sure?" says I.

"It will be a close shave at least."

Ned was a capital shot, and as the gun was a first-class shooter I felt that he would assuredly bag his game. On getting within shooting distance he motioned the rowers to stop, and then taking aim let drive. The leaden hail went straight to the mark, but the loons were under water before it fell. This was expected, but the next shot was to be decisive as to whether Ned was to put a feather in his cap or not.

The marksman is now on the *qui vive*, cool and collected, with every nerve ready to leap at his command as soon as the fowls broke the surface.

"Ah, there they are," and before the words were completed Ned's second barrel rang out with a loud report and over tumbled one of the loons, which gave a quiver or two and then floated quietly on the rippled waters.

Ned was highly complimented for his fine shot, as a loon is a very hard bird to kill, the second shot, as stated, being the one that does the business, if at all.

We rowed out and picked up the dead fowl, which Ned



gave to Kenosh, who had expressed a wish for it, as he desired to mount it for a household ornament.

Ned declared it was one less fish-eating glutton, and presumed it had fattened on many a lovely trout, and greatly regretted that he had not extinguished the pair. Well do I recollect one season at Pelee Island, Lake Erie, when six of them were captured at one haul in the "pot" of a fisherman's pound net, which they had entered through the channel in their pursuit of fish. Once in, they were safe, as it requires 100ft. or more for them to raise on wing. In the morning, when the pound men came to make a "lift," the entrapped fowls made such a plaintive outcry as to almost move the fisherman to release them, but as they looked on the profit and loss account of it, the fish-eating fowls were at once dispatched with the oars, an immolation to mammon.

The boatmen, replacing their blades once more, bent to their work, intent on reaching camp as soon as possible, being fearful of more rain and a strong head wind. Turning a projecting point, we came suddenly upon a duck with a brood of five, all paddling along in a bunch quite close to the shore. Ned again prepared to shoot, but when I reminded him of the utter worthlessness of summer ducks and of its being the close season here, as I was informed, he regretfully laid his gun aside with the remark, "I could have secured the entire lot with one shot."

A mile or two before we reached our quarters the sky began to lighten, and soon the sun peeped out, sending her crimson-tipped arrows to the mountain tops, into the quiet woods and glens, and along the ragged cliffs and upon the broad lake.

The leaden clouds rapidly retreated before the celestial radiance, and by the time we reached camp the sky was all aflame in gorgeous tints, and the wind singing a lullaby as it came from the flowered land of the south.

"All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair;  
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air."

What a rapid change; but such is the capriciousness of the elements on this grand old lake; shower followed by sunshine, storm by calm. Such golden libations, such balmy airs, such silvery seas, at once filled us with the ardor of angling, and no sooner was the dinner over, the dishes washed and the camp put in order than we were off for a three-mile run along the shore to Gravel River with our "sweet singer of Israel" warbling:

"The wind is quite invitin',  
An' it's gettin' down to play,  
Where the freckled trout are risin'  
In the big pools far away;  
The violet 's peepin' for the sod,  
The sweetheart 's at the gate;  
One angler 's got a fishing rod—  
Another flies, for bait."

Ned deeply regretted that he had not yet secured the desired field mouse for a practical experiment on a big trout. They were evidently so rare at this camp that not one of them had been seen, though all hands were at times on the sharp lookout for the tiny rodents. Fifty miles above Ned said they were very thick, and that one season they had made one of his blankets so ragged as to almost ruin it. They had their little homes in the deep mosses on the rocks, and many a time he had driven a half-dozen or more from under his bed. We all promised to keep the search for the four-footed lilliputs of the field, as he was very anxious to experiment on Kit Clarke's statement in his "Practical Angler," a very readable and instructive book, by the way. I assured Ned that when trout took almost any living bait, even to small birds, he need have no fear but what a swimming mouse would soon attract and disappear in the tough jaws of the *S. fontinalis*.

Ned, before leaving camp, had made a decided change in his flies by discarding his fancy creations and selecting a red-spinner for his stretcher and a Lord-Baltimore for his dropper, while I took a Parmacheene-belle for my stretcher and a red-ibis for my dropper, both popular flies, and as I have found, quite attractive.

We flogged the first point just above our camp, till we were satisfied that no trout, if there, wanted to form the acquaintance of our somewhat fanciful lures. We now go nearly half a mile without dropping a fly, as we had never caught any trout here but those of an undesirable size.

Striking the higher ridges of a serrated shore, backed by the deepening green of the forests and the gray rocks that fret the mountain wall, we solicited a call from some of the dotted dwellers beneath the darkened lines. They answered our summons instantly, for on the very first cast I impaled a dandy that set the little wheel revolving to a cadence of sweet deliciousness. He was—

"Heroic, stubborn, full of fight,  
Quick to the bottom depths he flies;  
Then dashes left and right,  
Nor yields submissive till he dies."

He was a fraction over two pounds, and a beauty, radiant in all the glories of the rainbow hues. Ned was not far behind me, for no sooner was my painted princeling in the net than he strove to win renown in the capture of another Red-Jacket with the royal insignia, who had paid his respects to Lord-Baltimore rather unceremoniously. He fought like a Trojan, but his bravery availed him naught, for he, too, fell a victim to the duplicity of the white-haired rodster. This was all we secured here, though we worked for about a half an hour in expectation of capturing a fin or two more; but it was all in vain.

Just around the massive piece of rigid masonry, which ran boldly into the lake for a few hundred feet, was a delightful little cove; but its glowing tints, deep shades and graceful curvature were all that rewarded us, for we had no sight or sign of trout, and, therefore, were alone content with the charming landscape. It was a picture shut up, as it were, in a basin of rough-hewn battlements, and one of many that greets the gentle angler on these rugged shores—

"Where rushing waters split on hostile rocks,  
Spouting aloft the iridescent spray,"

We push along under azure skies, and by shores of rocky wrath and ravage, that yield us no return for our constant work. Our flies sail into every nook and cranny, over every shaded line and around every rock where the waters dash and the sunshine plays. At last as we were about to give up in despair, Ned hung a lovely trout that fairly made the water boil around his stretcher. From the start he handled the trout with great care and

patience, for he was fearful it was not well hooked. He would give it no "butt" nor allow the least slack, but dallied with it as tenderly and carefully as if it were of priceless value. He played, and played, and played it, until I was so tired of seeing his delicate manipulation that I urged him to bring it to net without further delay. The advice went unheeded until at last I pulled out my watch to time him, crediting with the fifteen minutes already consumed. This failed of effect, as he was not to be ridiculed into undue haste. Worried out, at last the trout showed a spangled side to the blazing sun, and then he pulled him about as carefully as he had played him. Finally the net fell around the victim and he was duly boated, much to my relief. Ned, eager to examine the embedding of the hook, found that his surmise was correct, for the trout was hooked by the very slightest shred of skin which did not even hold the weight of the fish, which was only 2½lbs.

"That's what I call artistic angling," said Ned, when he found he had scored a point in the gentle art.

"I always gave you credit for modesty, Ned, but am willing to admit you're artistic in one thing."

"What's that?" he eagerly inquired.

"Trumpeting."

The boys, strange to say, caught on here and smiled broadly, and to brighten the occasion still further Kenosh had to utter his old chestnut:

"No flies on him," and then the laugh rang out.

Ned accepted the pleasantry without demur, but I well knew he would endeavor to even up on the first opportunity.

We caught no more around the ramparts of gray and wave-worn rocks, and taking up the advance the boat pushed along for some distance till we reached what we fancied a cosy retreat of the tinted autocrats of the lake. It was a place shadowed by a perpendicular cliff of frowning aspect, the top of which waved with dark pines and evergreens, upon which the afternoon sun was playing in bars of quivering gold. Here last year we had caused lamentation among the trout tribe, robbing it of many a proud and peerless beauty. In hopes of reaping the same good fortune the war of pure deceit commenced with the artful lures searching every inch of the ground where a scarlet foe was supposed to lurk.

I was the first to get a rise, but made a failure to impale. At the next fall of the flies he took my dropper with a savage snap of his iron jaws and then there was trouble in the trout family. Desperately he plunged for the bottom and on arriving there concluded to take the fast line for a Southern tour. He was checked off, however, after he had passed a station or two, and compelled to make the return trip by a tramp over a rocky road that so wearied him that he was fain to seek repose in a much-needed rest. It was but a short time after this that he was gently consigned to a couch in a hammock of close-woven threads, which gracefully swung him to the boat. Here he slept so soundly that he never awoke. He was only a two-pounder, a weight that was now quite acceptable, for owing to the very poor fishing this season we were not curling our lips in contempt at this size. A three-pounder was somewhat of a rarity, and a four-pounder decidedly a *rara avis*.

After various perplexities from a few misses by both of us, Ned was fortunate enough to catch one about the same size. Two more trout, one a pound and a half and the other a pound, were caught, and then we reeled up and ordered the sails hoisted for the return.

A gentle breeze, which was increasing with the glowing shadows, was in our favor, and as our sails filled and we skimmed o'er seas in radiant sparkle and musical murmur, I thought:

"How happy are we, now the wind is abaft,  
And the boatswain he pipes, 'Haul with our sheets aft';  
'Steady, steady,' says the master, 'it blows a fresh gale;  
We'll soon reach our port, boys, if the wind does not fail.'"

We had fully three miles of a sail to camp, and as the sun was two hours high the beauty of a declining evening was to be realized in gorgeous grandeur. Mountain ranges towered above us with their peaks in marvellous tints, golden glint and tangled shadows filled the green woods, while soft and hazy repose were in every vale. Overhead the arched dome was fretted in roseate clouds that dropped fanciful figures upon the silvery sea, while to the west celestial hands were weaving a royal robe for the advancing Phœbus.

"Purple, violet, gold and white;  
Royal clouds are they;  
Catching the spear like rays in the west—  
Lining therewith each downy nest,  
At the close of the summer day."

Our half-breeds, who had grown very tired of our present quarters, took up the Point Brulé theme as we sailed along, giving us such elaborate romances of the big and numerous trout there, that Ned at last fairly became imbued with the spirit of embarking for the Eldorado. Weather permitting, we were to be off early in the morning. It was about twenty-five or thirty mile distant, and with a fair breeze would make it inside of five hours.

Nothing was now thought of or talked about but the onward move and big trout. Peter had a red-coat of lordly proportions behind every stone and in every chasm and ledge at our prospective quarters, until at last we were so wrought up about it that we came very near making a trip to it that evening. The last words Peter said to Ned, as he stepped out of the boat on landing, seemed so audaciously fairy-like, that I was positive he was now drawing the long bow. His fancy was evidently becoming as elastic as gutta percha.

Point Brulé had formerly had a reputation as good trouting grounds, but it had been fished so much recently that its finny population must necessarily be somewhat limited by this time.

We went to bed that night with Peter's trout tales—which at the camp-fire had still further elongated—ringing in our ears and filling our minds until finally I fell asleep and dreamed of capturing in strange waters trout so large that the landing net was insufficient to hold them.

Dawn finally came after the night of blissful deception, with our enthusiasm for the angle at Point Brulé whetted to the keenest edge, but alas, there was a leaden sky with ragged clouds trailing from the edges of the eastern horizon and a head wind that at once dampened our ardor. Soon the mist gathered in the valleys and the rain ere long began to patter, and then we concluded

that the long looked for change in the weather was about to take place. Sombre clouds were to succeed the golden fleeces, howling storms the bright calm, while the gentle murmur of gentle waves would again in memory be.

We growled a little at our disappointment, but finally made the best of it by remaining in our tent while the shower lasted, and taking up our old game of cribbage until that at last wearied. Ned then made an attack on his tackle box, and getting out a fanciful assortment of feathers set his fertile brain to work evolving some novel lure. He was serenely happy in this work, and as he selected feather after feather would gaze upon them with that pure delight which genius only feels, and then after satisfying himself of the color combination would commence the construction with his nimble fingers as if he expected to achieve immortal fame. Always looking to perfection in the fly, he would invariably add a beaded eye, and a pair of horns that stuck out very much like spear points. He copied after nature, he said, but if he did he failed to strike it with anything like fidelity. Occasionally he tied a fly that proved a taking one, but a red or white rag, in certain conditions, is also attractive. He, however, got a world of pleasure in the creation of his feathery fancies, and it therefore paid him handsome dividends.

I had frequently suggested to him to name his pet creation, but he cared little for that; so thinking this a good time for a little facetiousness, I picked out a few from his book, and as I held each aloft I thus named them: The Holy-Terror, Red-Avenger, Dolly-Varden, Beaded-Bug, Horny-Frog, Rainbow-Beauty, Kiss-me-quick, Razzle-Dazzle, Snatch-'em up, the Killer, the What-is-it, Bushy-Ranger and the Never-get-'em, and so on, for quality. Ned smiled just a wee bit and said there was nothing in a name, as they would lure just as quick by one name as another.

"Or fail, all the same," I put in.

"You are always critical or nothing, but I am like Sir Izaak."

"How's that?"

"Though I love civility, I hate severe censures."

"Beg pardon, Ned, I thought you always courted criticism." And the subject and the flies were dropped at the same time, as the old sportsman was evidently nettled at my humorous harping on his gentle handiwork. As there was a brief cessation of the rain just then, I thought it best, in order to give Ned time to recover his equanimity, to walk out to the rocky ramparts in front and hear what the wild waves were saying.

It rained at intervals till about 4 o'clock and then the dark and vaporous clouds broke, the sky began to clear, the sun gleamed out and the lake glittered in silvery spangles, while the jagged cliffs with their furred forests flamed with a flushing radiance.

Such propitious weather inclined us to make a trip to the "big rocks" in the bay with evident intent to replenish our larder with the toothsome trout. As we slipped o'er the crystal waves we are ardently enthused, after emerging from the long hours of deep gloom, with the ravishing enchantment into the luminous light from the great orb which presented a panorama so infinitely picturesque, so strikingly suggestive.

Ned, who was very sanguine of success, had concluded to use his new creation of the morning, giving it first place as "stretcher," and a Henshall, which he held in high esteem, as dropper. I stuck to my two flies of the previous day, a Parmacheene-belle and a red-ibis. They had done me good service and would, I opine, again prove highly attractive. We caught nothing till we reached our old favorite rocks and here Ned secured one at the upper end of the gigantic granite before I began to cast. I was, however, not far behind him, for my third cast was successful, it bringing me a prize of almost 2lbs. After a thorough whipping of the waters at my end of the granite without a rise, I deserted it and hastened along the shore over rocks in the most disordered confusion, climbing up one place and sliding down another, leaping over an intervening chasm that blocked my way and then circling around an abutting spur. Along this rough shoreland I was sometimes casting from a level surface, and then again from a steep incline; but as it took me over a bottom of the lake that disclosed a perfect chaos of fallen or upheaved rocks, just the desired cover for the frescoed beauties, it mattered not. A long distance over the tortuous route had been made before I secured a trophy, but it repaid me for all the vitality I had expended as it was well on to 3lbs., and a romance in tints that blushed with the rubies and roses so gorgeously painted in the dying fires of a sunset sky.

Peter, who had accompanied me as netter, as well as an assistant in scaling the rocky obstructions, advised me when I was through thrashing this place to go a short distance further to an elevated jutting and there try for the trout. It was somewhat difficult to reach, but when once there you had an ideal, as well as isolated place, which you would wager on its giving you delightful sport.

I took the half-breed's advice and was soon working my way over a savage piece of rockery that made the beads of perspiration fairly rain upon the moss-covered trail. At last the toilsome tramp was over, and after a short respite I took position on the outer edge, sitting on a smooth and steep incline that ran some ten feet to a narrow and level ledge below. Peter cautioned me to be careful when I was casting, for a loss of balance meant a slide to the projecting bottom, if not into the icy cold lake. On my third cast there was a leopard-like leap and a splash so sudden that I forgot all about my insecure position, and after striking with my right hand and hanging the gleaming trout I raised my left for manipulating the reel, and away I slid, stopping fortunately at the small and smooth ledge below. Peter, on seeing that I had escaped a cold bath, was so convulsed with laughter at the sudden manner in which I had taken my departure for the bottom, that he came near going the same route while leaning over to look at me. The fish was still fast, and as I now had a good base for operating I killed him in the usual time after he had gotten through with his acrobatic performances, the grand and lofty tumbling. I called for Peter to slide down and net him, but before he would do so inquired as to getting back. As the distance was not over ten feet I suggested the pyramidal style, a shoulder climb.

"All right," he said, as the plan dawned upon him as practicable, and on handing me the landing net slid down with the agility of an athlete, being checked by me when within reach. The fish, which was a 2½-pounder, was



duly netted, and then we prepared for the escalade. Peter being the strongest and most active, made the ascent over my shoulders, and then on my taking hold of the handle of the landing net and Peter's hand, when within reach, I was soon safely at the top. Our return was easy enough, but the going down on your back with a rod in one hand, to alight upon a narrow ledge without plunging into the cold lake, is a feat that I would not like to attempt a second time, either voluntarily or otherwise. Peter said my escape was simply miraculous. The rubbers which I had put on over my slippers for rock climbing, which saved me from a very cold bath. ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Mastigouche Waters.

MONTREAL, June 7.—I returned on Monday last from the Mastigouche lakes where I had been spending a very pleasant ten days. The season opened much earlier than usual. On my arrival I found the trees out in full leaf on the 24th ult.; the black fly, fully alive to the condition of affairs, was making things lively both for man and beast, so that smudges were in order everywhere. It is surprising how quickly the cattle in these parts become educated. It don't take them long to know what a smudge is built for, and which is the leeward side of it, and there you will find them as close up to it as they can get, only leaving it for a short time to hurriedly snatch a few mouthful of grass, and then rush back to the friendly protection of the smudge.

Although the weather was not altogether what one could have wished, being rather rainy, still we managed to enjoy ourselves and have some very good fishing. For the first few days the trout did not rise well to the fly, but before I left one could have as fair fly-fishing as any one might wish for; and as for bait fishing it was simply slaughter. On the 24th, the day I arrived at camp, there were eight gentlemen out fishing, and in the evening when they returned they had nearly 500 trout, that must have weighed from 125 to 140lbs., there being quite a number in the catch that would run from 1lb. to 2½lbs. While I was there I had the pleasure of seeing three caught that weighed from 4 to 4½lbs. These were I believe taken with live minnows, but one was caught trolling with a very small Skinner spoon, with a salmon fly on it, instead of the usual treble hook, with which the spoon is usually mounted when sold.

We had a number of sportsmen from your side of the line visiting our camp, some of them for the first time, while others of them have been regular visitors for the past seven or eight years.

I hope to take another trip to the Mastigouche about Sept. 1 next, as that is really the most delightful season of the year in that charming region. H. W. A.

### Plaice Fishing at Asbury Park.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 4.—The bad weather of the past two weeks has held fishing very slow at this point. Honest effort has been put forth by men who stand at the head of the fraternity hereabout, but results have been far from satisfactory so far as sea fishing is concerned. The rivers and lakes have done a little better, but few catches of importance are reported. I succeeded in boating seven fine plaice at Shark River on the afternoon of May 30, which I believe to be the best catch of the season so far. The almost total extinction of striped bass, kingfish, sea bass, etc., make plaice fishing quite popular. Taken with light tackle, using a float with a well leaded line to keep the bait close to the bottom, these fish afford really excellent sport. Being strongly carnivorous they will take almost any fish bait, but the most killing is the green-head minnow when presented alive. I have frequently taken fifteen to twenty in two hours' fishing in the tide rips of our inlets, with average weights of 3 to 5½lbs. each. I am well aware that the plaice or fluke is generally held in light esteem by anglers, being in no sense a game fish; but like many another subject, the pleasure attending its capture depends largely upon the methods employed. LEONARD HULT.

### The Log Cabin Club's Large Trout.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., June 4.—Four years ago the Log Cabin Club, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., dammed a small brook near its source, making a pond of fifteen acres or thereabouts. Besides the small brook the pond is fed by springs. The brook before being dammed may have contained a few small trout. The club put into the pond 5,000 trout fry in June, 1890. In 1892 members of the club examined and fished the pond without results. The same results followed their efforts in 1893. This season thirty-two trout have been taken. The largest weighed 4½lbs. The smallest weighed ½lb., and nearly all the others weighed from 2 to 3½lbs. There are more big ones in the pond, as several have been hooked and lost.

Query.—Is it possible that these enormous trout are the results of fry planted in 1890, or were there probably a lot of trout in the brook before it was dammed and which, having a larger range, grew so rapidly? From all appearances there are a great many large trout in the pond, but no small ones have been discovered.

WHITLOCK.

### The Kingfishers.

BASSWOOD LAKE, Algona, Canada, June 2.—The advance guard of the Kingfishers turned up here on Wednesday last for their summer's campaign, consisting of Messrs. Harry Foulds and Gooder of Cincinnati, also Mr. J. Dobie of Thessalon. Owing to the backward state of the season, the trout have only just made their appearance. The main army of Kingfishers will not make their appearance till July 1. G. F. DYER.

### Restigouche Salmon.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., June 7.—Heavy run of large fish taken in estuary nets yesterday; expect big angling scores from the Restigouche next week. So far the rod has not done much, as first (small run) got ahead of the few anglers who arrived in May. Expect all pools will be occupied next week. So far the netted fish average 25lbs; 500 fish shipped on train this morning. JNO. MOWATT.

### Niagara County Anglers' Club's Fishing.

WE regret that the report of the Niagara County Anglers' Association fishing excursion has come to hand so late that it must be deferred to next week.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### Relations of the Community to the Fisheries.

BY MARSHALL M'DONALD, U. S. FISH COMMISSIONER.

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society, 1894.]

AS PRELIMINARY to the discussion of this topic, it is well to bring to the attention of this Society the extent and importance of our fishing industries. The United States Commission has recently completed and is now publishing a paper on the "Statistics of the Fisheries of the United States." By reference to this report you will find that the commercial fisheries of this country give employment to 182,407 persons; represent an investment in vessels, boats, fishing gear, buildings, wharves and other property of \$58,355,000, and yield products of the annual value of \$45,000,000 in first hands. The cost to the consumer is probably three times the amount received by the fishermen, or about \$130,000,000 per annum. If we add to the number of persons actually employed in the fisheries those who are dependent upon them, as also the large number of people engaged in various other occupations which are directly or indirectly dependent upon the fisheries, it is safe to assume that the fishing industries of the United States furnish the means of support to over 1,000,000 of the inhabitants of this country, or to one person in every sixty-five of population.

The conditions under which our seacoast and Great Lake fisheries are prosecuted are peculiar, and without parallel when we compare them with the industries of the land. Individual ownership and control is the foundation upon which rests all of our industrial enterprises other than those pertaining to the fisheries. The laws give full protection, and every one is free to enjoy the fruits of his enterprise and labor. The farmer plants in the full assurance that he and not another will reap the harvest. He improves his land and increases his investments, knowing that the greater usufruct determined by the exercise of intelligence and energy will inure to his own benefit. What is true of agriculture is alike true of the various industrial enterprises, manufacturing, mining and commercial, which engage our people. We may safely trust their administration to the intelligence and enterprise of those engaged in them.

In respect to our great commercial fisheries, the conditions are entirely different. Individual ownership of the open waters is not practicable even if it were desirable; nor can we safely trust to the individual to establish or conserve conditions which are necessary to maintain supply. Indeed, it is not reasonable to expect that he will undertake to sow the seeds of a harvest which other men may gather. Intent on gain, he will fail to recognize or appreciate any deterioration of the fisheries so long as his operations yield him a fair return for labor and investment.

The ownership of the waters is in the State, and they should be framed for the general use and benefit.

The right of fishing of the individual is subject to the paramount right of the State to prescribe the conditions under which such right may be exercised.

Equal privileges under the law and no invidious discriminations or unnecessary restraints upon the enterprises of the fishermen should characterize the policy of the State in enacting and enforcing such regulations as may be found necessary for the conservation of the fisheries.

The right of the community, through its representatives, to regulate the fisheries and to prescribe the conditions under which individuals may exercise the right or privilege of fishing being conceded, we must be prepared to admit that the power of the State should be exercised with the most careful conservatism and consideration of the immediate interests to be affected.

The community is concerned only as to the abundance, quality and price of the products drawn from the waters. It is indifferent as to the methods, except in so far as they affect the quantity or condition of the fish supply. When conditions are impaired, when there is evidently a decrease in the fish food supply, then it is incumbent upon the State to adopt measures to arrest the decline. This policy is in the interest not of the community only, but also of those who are engaged in the fisheries, or who are occupied with enterprises and industries which are related to them, since the security and profit of investments depend upon the assiduity with which we guard the fisheries from the operation of causes which may determine permanent deterioration. The necessity of intervention to this end being satisfactorily established, we may attempt the regeneration by artificial propagation on a sufficiently extensive scale to repair the waste by natural casualties and man's operations, or we may so regulate the times, methods and apparatus of the fisheries as to permit natural reproduction under the most favorable conditions, or we may resort to both means, artificial propagation being pushed as far as practicable in order to ease or release the restraints upon the operations of the fishermen.

Undoubtedly the rational method of dealing with the fisheries is to supplement as far as possible by artificial propagation, any deficiency in natural reproduction arising through the operations of the fisheries. Where this can be shown to be adequate, there should be no further interference with the fisheries by legal restrictions or prohibitions that is necessary to insure equal privileges under the law in the exercise of the common right of fishing, or to prohibit or restrict the use of methods or apparatus that experience has shown to be unnecessarily wasteful or destructive. Whether we can rely entirely upon artificial propagation to compensate for the destruction effected through the agency of man, I am strongly inclined to doubt. The value of this resource as a sufficient means of maintaining production and at the same time imposing little or no restraint upon the fishing enterprises, is very forcibly illustrated by the history of the shad fisheries of the Atlantic coast rivers since 1880. This is a species which must find access to the fresh waters of the rivers in order to accomplish reproduction. Where the streams are unobstructed it pushes its way up hundreds of miles from tidewater, in order to find suitable spawning grounds. It does not spawn in the brackish or salt waters, and if it did, the eggs would prove infertile. Under the present conditions of the shad fisheries but a very small portion of the shad approaching our rivers under the constraint of reproduction ever find their way to their spawning grounds in the rivers. Fully 80 per cent. are taken on the shores of the ocean or the estuaries of our rivers taken on the brackish water of the great bays which indent the shore line. Under these conditions we are compelled to depend largely, if not entirely upon artificial propagation to repair the annual waste by natural casualties and the fisheries. This great fishery is under conditions as artificial as is the corn or the wheat crop. Its permanence and such marked improvement as has taken place since 1880 in the annual value of the product, is unquestionably to be attributed to the extensive measures of artificial propagation which have been conducted with this species by the Fish Commissions of the Atlantic sea board and by the United States Fish Commission.

Since 1885 there has been a steady and progressive increase in the annual value of the shad taken on the Atlantic Sea Board, and at present the amount and value of the annual product is nearly double what it was in 1880. It might appear that the development of the shad fishery as disclosed by the statistics of production from 1880 to 1893, inclusive, would indicate that artificial propagation may be relied upon as adequate to maintain production, even under the most adverse conditions. We must consider, however, that the ability to maintain supply by this means can only continue so long as a sufficient number of shad are permitted

to pass into the rivers to furnish the basis of a supply of eggs necessary to carry on the work. I cannot disguise the fact that every year we have more reason to apprehend that the existing fishing conducted in the brackish and salt waters will eventually so reduce the number running into the rivers that we will no longer be able to rely upon artificial propagation, unless aided by protective regulations and legal restraints upon the pound net fishing, not only in the rivers, but also in the bays.

When we turn to the important salmon fisheries of the Columbia River we find the same conditions not only impending but accomplished. Comparing the average catch for the five years beginning with 1889 with the previous five years we find that there has been an average reduction of 150,000 cases in the take of salmon and a reduced annual value of not less than three-quarters of a million of dollars. This is undoubtedly to be attributed to the fact that the appliances for the capture of salmon in the lower river are so numerous, so complete, and so fully occupy every channel of approach that at present very few salmon are able to reach their spawning grounds in the upper rivers. Now, what is impending or accomplished in the present conditions of the shad and salmon fisheries certainly will occur in regard to every species the spawning grounds of which are in these rivers. For it is evident that in regard to any of them the methods of fishing may be such as in a large measure to shut them off from their spawning grounds. Under such a state of things artificial propagation on adequate scale could be no longer carried on, for the reason that we would have no ripe fish from which to draw supplies of eggs.

Now, what is true in regard to our river species, is alike true in regard to all the coast species whenever the operations of the fisheries are such as to intercept in considerable measure the movement of mature fish to their spawning grounds. The necessity of the regulation of the fisheries by law is apparent in every case where a knowledge of the habits and movements of the fishes of our coastal waters is such as to indicate that existing methods do seriously interrupt or interfere with their approach to their spawning grounds. What shall be the character of the protective regulations required in the interest of the fisheries must be based upon a complete knowledge of the life history of the species. In regard to many of our coastal species, we are approaching a time when it will be possible to give conclusive information upon this subject which may serve as a basis for such regulations as the conditions of the fisheries may require.

You are all aware that the sentiment as to the necessity of protective regulations in reference to the coast fisheries is now active and aggressive. When the allegation is made that there is a material decline in the products of our fisheries, the fishermen, who fear the results of hasty legislation based upon inconclusive data, reasonably ask for the evidence as to the decline in the coast fisheries which warrants the attempt to interfere by law with interests which employ a large number of men, a large investment of capital, and which yield products which are very important to the community.

In considering the statistics of our fisheries we may consider the fisheries as a whole, and by a comparison of the census taken at intervals of a term of years, determine conclusively the facts as to aggregate increase or decrease in the period considered. Again, we may make the comparison by geographical divisions, seeking in this way to arrive at local fluctuations which are not indicated in the general aggregate; and again, we may take up the special fisheries for certain important economic species, and by comparison of products determine the fact of increase or decrease in regard to this particular fishery.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

### PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

#### Walsrode Smokeless Powder.

MESSRS. VON LENSER & DETMOLD, who have been appointed American agents for Walsrode smokeless powder, issue an interesting circular descriptive of the powder for use in both shotguns and rifles. Explicit directions for loading are given. By using ordinary common sense the agents say this powder may be as safely loaded as any other, but through a fear that such precaution would not be used, only charged shells have heretofore been sold. The agents say: "When compared with the bulk or measure of black powder only about one-third the quantity of Walsrode powder will give the same penetration and power, and at the same time the same bursting force as the three times quantity of black powder by measure. It is therefore absolutely necessary when using 'Walsrode' powder that each load be weighed on a fine scale or measured with a special 'Walsrode' powder measure."

The Walsrode rifle powder will be furnished in half-pound canisters and a table of loads for the cartridges most often used is given, from which it will be observed that as regards weight the proportional charge is about one-half the standard. Special U. M. C. primers have to be used.

The "Buzzacott Complete Camp Cooking Outfit" is the most practical thing of the kind that has yet been offered the American sportsman. It is a marvel of ingenuity, and combines every utensil required for any kind of cooking with a minimum of weight. It will boil, stew, roast, fry, bake or broil, and provides the means of doing either or all at the same time. All the articles contained in the outfit nest snug within each other, and no additional care is required in packing. It will burn any fuel, and requires no fitting or adjusting, and no stove pipe. It has the endorsement of the Government, being used by the regular army, and is worthy of remark that this is the only cooking outfit which has stood such a test. Its merits seem to warrant its gaining as complete an ascendancy among sportsmen.

#### The Pennsylvania's Summer Traveling Guide.

THE summer excursion book of the Pennsylvania Railroad for 1894 is out, and presents an unusually meritorious appearance. Great care has been exercised in its compilation, the technical information being especially reliable. The great variety of routes suggested, the exhaustive schedules of rates, the graphic descriptions of about four hundred places, the explanatory maps and the illustrations, make the volume exceedingly valuable and almost indispensable to those contemplating summer touring. A nominal charge of ten cents is placed on each copy, which can be obtained on application to ticket agents or the General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia. Ten cents extra will be charged for mailing.—*Adv.*

#### 538 Pages for Five Stamps.

A COPY of "Health and Pleasure on America's Greatest Railroad," containing 538 pages, with over 300 illustrations, and a description of more than 1,000 tours; finest book of its kind ever issued, will be sent to any address free, postpaid, on receipt of five 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

#### Fishing Among the Thousand Islands.

FIFTY-SIX pages, beautifully illustrated, nine maps showing exact location of the fish, full information, with numerous accurate illustrations of tackle, etc., will be sent to any address free, postpaid, on receipt of five 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

#### A Book for Two Stamps.

A COPY of the "Illustrated Catalogue" of the "Four-Track Series," New York Central Books and Etchings, will be sent to any address free, postpaid, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

DR. COOK'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION. A few sportsmen can join it. To "Greenland's icy mountains." To within 800 miles of the North Pole. Hunting polar bear, seal, walrus and reindeer.—*Adv.*



## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.  
Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. W. Dexter, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaug her, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Philadelphia Kennel Club, at Newton, N. C. Dr. G. D. B. Darby, Philadelphia, Pa., Sec'y.

### Oakland Dog Show.

THE inaugural dog show given by the Alameda County Sportsman's Association was held at the Tabernacle, Oakland, Cal., May 30 to June 2. The show was a success as far as the quality of the dogs is concerned, and the attendance was also good. St. Bernards and Irish setters were better represented than at previous shows on the coast. Greyhound men were also out in force, and several well known "leash dogs" added ribbons to their field laurels. Fox-terriers, especially in the bitch class, were strongly represented, as were pointer and English setter classes. Mr. A. C. Waddell accomplished his task by the second day, and added still further to his reputation as a careful, conscientious and competent judge, and as it is possible that this well-known sportsman may take up his residence on the coast, the Californians should welcome him, as then they could always count on a judge of their own instead of having to look so far afield for one. The building and dogs were well looked after, in fact, the arrangements generally seem to have been very praiseworthy. The Alameda school children were admitted free the first day, though we should think it was doubtful policy to do so during judging, as the crush retarded judging somewhat. A full list of the awards follows, but as many of the principal dogs were at Los Angeles and a full report of that show appeared in our issue of May 5, it is not necessary to repeat it.

#### LIST OF AWARDS.

**MASTIFFS.**—Dogs: 1st, L. Wellendorf's Leo; 2d, G. N. Miett's Chino; 3d, John Stutz's Noble. High com., E. L. Fitzgerald's Toby. Bitches: 1st, M. Garrett's Bess II.

**ST. BERNARDS.**—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Barker's California Bernardo; 2d, Capt. W. Poole's Columbus; 3d, E. R. Smith's Hector. Reserve, F. McAllister's Monk. Very high com., Mrs. T. J. Dillon's Jumbo and J. Thomas's Bruce. High com., W. H. Collins's Lord Hualpa. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Collins's Lady Bute II.; 2d, E. R. Smith's Gundred; 3d, Miss M. McGinley's May Queen. Reserve, F. A. Bettis's Bohemian Girl. Very high com., W. H. Collins's Lady Sylvia and Capt. W. Poole's Browney.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, H. R. Neubauer's Robin Hood. Bitches: 1st, F. H. Allen's Laura Alton.

**ST. BERNARDS.**—SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, T. Prather's Judge Bitches: 1st, Countess Valensin's Bianca.

**GREAT DANES.**—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Coleman's Max; 2d, W. Zing's Cesar II. Bitches: 1st, B. W. Marlin's Hagar.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, L. B. Sibley's Tiger; 2d, H. Remillard's Bay. Bitches: 1st, C. Dresser's Flontis.

**AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.**—Dogs: 1st, F. W. Sanderson's Paddy; 2d, W. H. Staniel's Guess. Bitches: 1st, P. Mosegaard's Fanny M.; 2d, Mrs. W. H. Staniel's Julie; 3d, L. Simpson's Butte.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Mosegaard's General Molka; 2d, S. E. Fischer's American Scout. Bitches: 1st, Combs & Maxwell's Queen C.

**ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.**—Dogs: 1st, J. McEnroe's Landlord.

**GREYHOUNDS.**—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Coleman's Woodstock; 2d, P. Curtis's Skyrocket; 3d, G. Daugherty's Peter Jackson. Very high com., H. McCracken's Donard M. Bitches: 1st, J. L. Coleman's Kathleen; 2d, Mrs. H. McCracken's Lady H. Glendyne; 3d, S. Tyler's Pronto. Reserve, G. Daugherty's George Dickson.

**NEWFOUNDLANDS.**—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Sierra Kennels' Nero and Duke Royal; 2d, H. L. Witsel's Bruin. Very high com., Dr. F. P. Muffe's Nero. Bitches: 1st, C. Pardi's May; 2d, Sierra Kennels' Myrtle S.; 3d, S. Brophy's Nellie.

**CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.**—Dogs: 1st, T. Higgs's Trout. Bitches: 1st, T. Higgs's Bess.

**POINTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, A. B. Truman's Patti Croxeth.—OPEN—Dogs (over 50lbs.): 1st, H. Spencer's Buck S.; 2d, T. Ayden's Pete. Bitches (over 50lbs.): 1st, Presidio Kennels' Little Nell; 2d, W. J. Golcher's Jill; 3d, H. C. A. Sammi's Hornell Bess. Reserve, H. Y. Evans, Jr.'s Tappeta. Very high com., P. Gannon's Ada Behan. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, A. B. Truman's Klot; 2d, C. A. Haight's Lady Peg; 3d, T. L. Potter's Midgat P. Reserve, J. H. Sammi's Nancy S.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, J. H. Icham's Mei; 2d, W. Chapin's Rio A.; 3d, F. J. Hofling's Spence. Bitches: 1st, F. Deleau's Dora; 2d, F. C. Klein's Hulda; 3d, C. Miller's Sally.

**ENGLISH SETTERS.**—Dogs: 1st, T. J. Watson's Starlight W.; 2d, A. Hoffschneider's Hope's Rush; 3d, S. M. Eastland's Jack. Reserve, D. Winder's Cazador. Bitches: 1st, H. T. Payne's Countess Noble; 2d, E. McAndrew's Dolly Mack; 3d, Mrs. T. Higgs's Lady Blanche B.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, T. Higgs's Duke; 2d, G. Hoffschneider's Leo H. Bitches: 1st, E. Pollica's Dina Lee; 2d, R. K. Gardiner's Suver G.; 3d, Payne & Robertson's Gladiolus.

**IRISH SETTERS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. B. Truman's champion Dick Swiveler. Bitches: 1st, A. B. Truman's Lady Elcho T.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. B. Truman's Nemo II.; 2d and 3d, Glenmore Kennels' Sultan and Finglas, Jr. Reserve, W. G. Taylor's Rex T. Very high com., G. Adams's Redwood. Bitches: 1st, A. N. Bailey's Ruby M.; 2d, J. W. Keene's Queen of Eldare; 3d, A. B. Truman's Lightning. Reserve, Glenmore Kennels' Miss Lucy. Very high com., O. F. Brelling's Sunnyside, A. Edwards's Kelo.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, G. F. Adams's Redwood; 2d, E. Dubois's Cots.

**GORDON SETTERS.**—Dogs: 1st, J. W. & H. W. Orear's Dick II.; 2d, J. Hogan's Joe Johnson; 3d, B. Boyer's Punch. Very high com., J. N. Beckman's Jim, Mrs. F. Sprague's Sailor. Bitches: 1st, J. W. & H. W. Orear's Bijou.

**FIELD SPANIELS.**—Dogs: 1st, Miss S. Schricke's Master Shina; 2d, J. Resenberg's Ben Harrison; 3d, E. T. Flint's Neb. Very high com., C. E. Wellfender's Nick.

**COCKER SPANIELS.**—OPEN—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, F. E. Miller's Woodland Duke. Bitches: 1st, J. J. Kerlin's Brontilla; 2d, Mrs. J. B. McVay's Mollie Mac; 3d, Leslie Simson's Lassie S.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. W. Moody's California Duke; 2d, J. C. Kinciren's Dash K. Bitches: 1st, W. Barstow's Zoni; 2d, W. L. Prather's Dina P. Reserve, Al Byler's Queen Victoria. Very high com., Charles Baab's Nora.—OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Welby's Nimrod; 2d, Geo. W. Alexander's Snap. Very high com., Talliesan Evans's Spot. Bitches: 1st and 3d, J. J. Kerlin's Bettie and Queenie; 2d, C. M. Selridge's Read S. Very high com., J. G. Lubben's Beaut. Puppies: 1st, J. J. Kerlin's King Muggins.

**IRISH WATER SPANIELS.**—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. Lorschbach's Barney L. Bitches: 1st, J. H. Sammi's Nellie.—OPEN—Dogs: No entries. Bitches: Com., W. L. Prather, Jr.'s Bess.

**DACHSHUNDS.**—1st, Dr. J. R. Davidson's Fannie.

**POODLES.**—1st, Mrs. F. A. Coleman's Faro.

**COLLIES.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Miss A. Pickles' Ned; 2d, Countess Valensin's Jeannet; 3d, W. Perkins' Fordinghook Challenger. Reserve, Miss D. Beach's General Shack. Very high com., C. Nathan's Duke. High com., T. H. Nevins's Tiri N. Bitches: 1st, D. W. Donnelly's Floss; 2d, W. Perkins' Fordinghook Sage; 3d, Miss D. Beach's Sunshine. Puppies: 1st, D. W. Donnelly's Moro; 2d, S. H. McIntosh's Charlie; 3d, D. W. Donnelly's Blondie.

**BULLDOGS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. V. Miller's Boo Boo. Bitches: 2d, C. McClevery's Roxie.

**BULL TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, J. F. O. Comstock's Twilight. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Collins's Chief; 2d, J. F. O. Comstock's Adonis; 3d, C. McClevery's Peter.

**FOX TERRIERS.**—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, B. Martin's Blemton Brilliant.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. Cawston's Raby Jasper; 2d, H. H. Carlton's Lansdowne Desperado; 3d, J. McLatchie's Blemton Reeler.

Reserve, V. Heffernan's Lucky. Very high com., A. F. Baumgartner's Hillside Orlando. Bitches: 1st, W. H. McFee's Dauntless Suzette; 2d, J. Heffernan's De Oro; 3d, R. Liddle's Nellie. Very high com., W. G. Brittan's Bonnie Biddy, D. Shannon's Stiletto, W. H. McFee's Dauntless White Violate, J. B. Martin's Blemton Spinaway and J. McLatchie's Mission Belle.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, Lathrop Kennels' Inferno.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, A. S. C. Blake's Golden Toy. Bitches: 1st, A. Gonzales's Langtry.

**BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. F. O. Comstock's Dan. Bitches: J. F. O. Comstock's Nellie.

**PUGS.**—OPEN—Dogs: Mrs. W. J. Brittan's Royal Dusky. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. E. Katchem's Dudie.

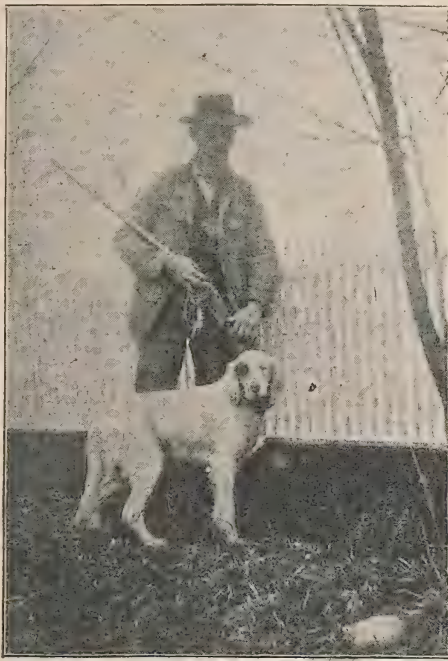
**JAPANESE SPANIELS.**—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. D. Pierce's Kelo. Bitches: 1st, L. Heller's Nellie.

**ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.**—OPEN—Bitches: 1st, J. Viera's Queenie.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—1st, Mrs. E. Edwards's Toof's.

### Bloodhounds.

It is always interesting to read the remarks, made by different specialists in the English *Kennel Gazette*, about the improvement or the reverse in the breeds of dogs of which they are presumably best informed. Mr. Brough, who is at the head of the bloodhound fancy, affords us some interesting reading about this noble breed, especially as the bloodhound seems to be coming more into popular favor in America. The bloodhound is usually given the pride of place in the English catalogue, but owing to the difficulty in breeding good specimens and the havoc which distemper generally works in the very best kennels, the bloodhound has to a great extent been left behind in the race for popular favor. According to Mr. Brough the breed has improved very much in hound properties, the latter having until recently been sacrificed to the "fancy" for grand heads. It has been shown, however, that it is quite possible to produce good all round animals, and that a bloodhound with a good head need not be a cripple. Although there are few good judges of bloodhounds it must be a great incentive to breeders of this hound to know that their dogs have been



A. P. GILLIAM WITH MANCHESTER KENNEL CO.'S GLEAM'S SPORT.

awarded in several instances the specials for best sporting teams and braces at English shows. As these prizes are generally awarded by judges who have an eye to working construction, this is taken as an indication of the advance made in this particular direction. Now that bloodhounds are being taken up here and that there is every prospect of there being a greater demand for them, especially from the sparsely settled districts of the West, where the sheriffs are making use of them for tracking criminals, it is well that our breeders should avail themselves of the result of Mr. Brough's large experience in breeding these dogs. On the score of hound properties he remarks: "I don't know any greater mistake than to select for breeding purposes a hound whose only good point is a grand head, but who is decrepit and feeble in constitution. The head may or may not be reproduced, but the bad properties are nearly always conspicuous even to the second and third generation, and these superficial people complain that the bloodhound is a delicate animal. My opinion is that the most important matter is to choose hounds for breeding purposes that have inherited and have themselves plenty of stamina and constitution. Their head properties are of comparatively little importance if they are of families which have produced good hounds in this particular, and the longer and more consistently they have bred this property, the more likely it is to continue to be handed down. Some of the worst-headed bitches have bred some of our finest hounds." This sounds like sensible advice, and is in keeping with the plan we have continually urged our breeders to follow in other breeds, i. e., to follow up the blood lines more carefully and not breed continually to winners from here, there and everywhere, just because they are winners. It must be understood we are alluding more particularly to bench dogs.

Mr. Brough reverts to the question of delicacy with which bloodhounds are popularly credited. He admits that when a bloodhound has distemper he generally has it severely, but this may to a great extent be obviated by only breeding to sound and robust hounds, and also from time to time seeking suitable outcrosses. He believes that the severity of the distemper is due to inbreeding, and hints that as there is now a greater diversity of good blood than ever before, this should not be so necessary as it may have been formerly. A cross with the pure Southern hound he has found useful, but such experiments are, of course, expensive and reminds him of the answer made by a breeder when asked, "How do you produce such particularly fine specimens?" He replied: "I breed a great many and I hang a great many." Mr. Brough advises a pure St. Hubert hound for an outcross, if such can be obtained. He has faith in the bloodhound as a man trailer and urges breeders to train their hounds to hunt man, and take every opportunity of showing that these hounds cannot be approached for this purpose by any other hound. This is a point upon which our hound men have had considerable discussion, and we trust that something will be done this year toward solving this interesting question. This country, with its keen-nosed hounds, is the only one, probably, capable of furnishing a formidable competitor, though the very formation of the bloodhound's muzzle gives it an advantage over the usually snipy muzzle of the native fox-

hound. This is getting on to dangerous ground and we leave it to the present.

Mr. Brough, on reviewing the good hounds of the year, places the deceased Burgundy at the head, in fact says he was the best he ever saw, and "very much fear that I may not live to see his like again."

### The Bell Case and the A. K. C.

#### Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in your issue of May 26, wherein it is said that I received notice last September of the charges against me in the matter of one Martin, is incorrect. I did not receive notice of the charges A. K. C. suspended me on, the copy of charges I received containing no subject except the allegation that I had defrauded Mr. Martin in selling him a bitch warranted in whelp when he alleged she was not. On this charge the A. K. C. acquitted me, but suspended me for shipping Rejoice as Consequence, when I was totally ignorant of the wrong identity of the bitch at the time, nor did I learn it until Mr. Martin had written me most abusive letters, nor could I have corrected the mistake before the filing of somebody's charges against me on the wrong shipment of the bitch, and it seems to me to be asking too much of dogmen that they will tumble over in their haste to correct a mistake when the sufferer by it is at that very time insulting one and bringing false charges against him. I have offered through another party to correct the mistake I made and I am at a loss to know what the A. K. C. expects of dogmen. How are we to know how far to go in resisting false charges? Are we to kiss the feet of men who abuse us?

TORONTO, Can., June 4.

We have been given four different versions of the reasons and charges on which Mr. Bell was disqualified by the A. K. C. This is merely an additional proof that the sessions of the advisory committee should be in some degree public. Mr. Martin publicly claims that Blemton Consequence, advertised for sale by Mr. Bell, is his property and Rejoice is now in his (Mr. Martin's) kennel. Mr. Martin also writes as follows:

"You stated a few weeks since that the advisory committee did not find against Bell on the question of not sending the bitch in whelp; I wish to say that the bitch did not come in whelp nor did she have a premature birth on the ship. I received her at the express company's office immediately upon her arrival, and seeing that she was not in whelp put her in her crate and drove to Dr. Rowat, veterinary surgeon. He examined her and the crate and pronounced the bitch not in whelp, nor had she a premature birth recently. The express company stated that if she whelped upon the road a note of it would be made by the messenger, and no such memorandum had been made."

On what charge did the advisory committee really discipline Mr. Bell? Mr. Vredenburg says it was because Mr. Bell advertised that the bitch would be taken back if not in whelp, and when asked to do so by Mr. Martin, refused.

### Judges and Type.

#### Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read a couple of letters that have appeared in recent issues of your paper with much interest. They point out the mischief that is being done by judges putting in high places a type of dog that is far from what is recognized as the standard of the breed. This can only be the result of either ignorance or partiality; and outside of the injustice done to owners of other and far better dogs, is perplexing to the novice and unfair to everybody.

You have been to the far West championing the cause of sport, and have made a successful fight against a selfish few. Now, Mr. Editor, stay East a while and turn your eyes on the judging ring, and see if you can discover anything there that needs reform. I should hardly say discover, perhaps, for the need of improvement has been long known to every one. In asking you to take command of the movement, I feel assured that you would have a whole army at your back, of the kind that love a dog, but not for revenue only.

I will at the present time quote but two incidents of many that have come under my immediate notice, to show that some reform is needed. They are as follows:

Asking a prominent exhibitor why a certain dog that he had recently sold could do no better than c, at a recent show, when the same animal had won many prizes for him, was answered in this way, "I guess the wrong party took him into the ring."

Speaking to another equally prominent member, deploring the fact that a certain well-known judge was not seen oftener in the ring, had this extraordinary reply vouchsafed to me, "Oh, I wouldn't show under him; he's too independent."

In this instance I interpret independent to mean fair and square; one who in making his awards goes to the right end of the chain—that is, the dog end.

More independent judges are needed, and if show committees would take the trouble to find out who they are, entries would be much increased by the general public, who would not be afraid of being the "wrong party" when their pets were being passed upon.

### High Price for a St. Bernard.

AMERICANS are not paying big prices for St. Bernards these days, but our English cousins do not mean to let the prices drop in the meanwhile. On the best authority we learn that Mr. Jagger, of Honley, Huddersfield, sold Lady Mignon, counted one of, if not the best, rough bitch in England, for close on \$5,000. This bitch is not very well known on this side, so a little information as to her career may not be out of place. Though only just over two years old her show career has been remarkable. She was first brought out at Bath, last year, when under twelve months old, and there took everything before her. Since then, in a short space of a year, she has won fifty-four first prizes, specials and championship at Birmingham show. Most of these prizes have been gained at leading Kennel Club shows. The name of Lady Mignon's purchaser is to remain a secret; but her new residence is one of the "stately homes of England," and no doubt her show career is ended as her owner is content for her to grace his home only. As a worthy successor to Lady Mignon, Mr. Jagger has secured at a high figure the noted bitch Frandley Stephanie, who was put over Lady Mignon at the Crystal Palace show. Frandley Stephanie, because of maternal duties, has not had the chance of figuring much on the show bench; but when on those rare occasions she has done so, she has won the following prizes. 1893: Liverpool, first, puppy and open classes; Manchester, first, puppy and open; Barking, Cirencester and Gloucester, first and open; Crystal Palace (K. C.), first winner's class. 1894: Crystal Palace, first winner's class.

She is described as a large and well made bitch. Mr. Jagger sails for this country at the end of June.

In view of the fact that sufficient attention is not given to showing dogs in proper dog show condition, it would be a good plan if dog show committees would offer prizes to the kennelman showing his dogs in the best condition. This would lead to a healthy rivalry, if persisted in, and result in something more tangible than mere newspaper commendation. A number of dogs were shown this spring that should not have been put on the benches, and in no other similar competitions would such specimens, if allowed to compete at all, stand a ghost of a chance of winning money prizes. A dog bleeding from scratching sores, whether they be from eczema or mange, is not a wholesome sight, and its appearance on the bench should be rigidly discountenanced.



## That "Moss-Back Robber" Rule.

The action of the U. S. F. T. Club at its annual meeting in Chicago repeated the rule which made ineligible bitches which were in season, comes up again and is worthy of discussion. In connection with this matter I noticed Mr. Madison's note in *FOREST AND STREAM* of May 26. He says: "The United States Field Trial Club at its last annual meeting eliminated from its rules that old mossback robber which has for years prohibited bitches in heat from running in field trials."

It is not really such a one-sided affair as Mr. Madison's brief statement of the subject seems to imply, nor can one readily perceive wherein the old ruling was unjust, much less a robbery, if the subject is equitably considered in its full bearings.

It may be incidentally mentioned that the consensus of opinion and practice is still against the position of the U. S. F. T. Club, it being entirely alone, so far as I know, in its position in the matter under consideration, and its position therein does not express the unanimous sentiment of the club members.

It is true that if an owner's bitch is in season at the time she is to compete in a stake and for that reason is barred, it is a great hardship to such owner, inasmuch as the time, labor and expense incurred are more or less lost. The training can be estimated as of permanent value, but the entry fees are gone. So are for the time being any high expectations of wins and honors. Still the hardship is one inherent in the ownership of a bitch and entering her in a competition. It is one of which the owner has a full knowledge when he makes his entries, therefore he does so with a full knowledge of the disqualifying possibilities. It is one on which there has been a uniform ruling for many years by all clubs.

When a rule has been uniform and universal for a long time it is well to inquire carefully into the reasons for it. A change of circumstances or environment may make an old rule obsolete, or inoperative, or undesirable, or irrelevant, or whatnot. But there are certain principles and laws in the physical world which remain unalterable, and there are certain instincts and trials in animal life which remain practically the same. Usage and rules based on unalterable laws of nature were as good in the past as in the present. To be mossgrown seems an impossibility even as a figure in this matter.

While it is unquestionably a hardship to an owner to have his bitch barred from competition because she is in season, it requires no lengthy argument to establish that he should not transfer his own hardship to some other person, or to several persons. No man should profit by his own act in competing to the injury of the equity of the competition and loss to the competitors. It is a loss to them if their entries will not compete through there being present some obstructive conditions foreign to the competition, and introduced by some other competitor. They should not be required to suffer such loss. The misfortune of a competitor is his own. It should not be transferred to others. It is his own loss in the same sense as if his dog were lame, or sick, or lost, etc., and thus prevented from competing.

It has been advanced that the modern high-bred dog, in his energetic desire to seek birds in the hills, the vales, the cover, the open, the horizon, will when so working entirely ignore a bitch in season. Such is the dog of pedigree, of blood, of training—of ownership other than the ownership of the bitch in season. The modern dog is all hunt. Invariably he goes skimming over the fields, with nose high in air, seeking along promising nooks and cover for that which will afford his owner a shot. Sometimes he cuts frisky capers and says, "Ha! ha!" He never loafs, nor tires, nor quits work, nor thinks of anything but work. The strongest appetites or passions of his animal nature are all subordinate to his working pedigree and insatiable craving to work for his master. Such is the well-bred dog, so industrious and loyal to his work; so full of the potency for labor, inherited from modern dogs, is the modern dog, that he feels not the most ungovernable passion of dog nature. He sometimes stops to drink.

It is true that he will leave home, travel many miles and be gone many days to gratify his sexual desire. The same impulse appears to govern the nondescript cur; the dog proud of his beauty of race-type, and the different dogs of different breeds. The small, inefficient cur, humble in demeanor and with the constrained manner which is peculiar to a life of constant want, arrays his cunning against the strength and proud bearing of his large and well-fed rival. In color, size, ancestry and manner of life they may all differ, but in the impelling power of nature's law that the species shall not become extinct, they are as one.

At certain stages of a bitch's season, opportunity afforded, dogs will take very little notice of her, if at all. At other stages they will notice but little else. To say that a dog will not do so is to cast a reflection on his health or his soundness. A dog with such erratic notions could not be put in the stud with any serious claim for his merits as a stud dog.

Still, it is possible that by improved modern breeding a dog will be produced which will be so organized as to have no emotions or passions other than those scheduled by his master for the day or for the event. He will cease to be an intelligent organism, his instincts, passions, appetites and purposes all merging into an animated mechanism.

To have properly legislated on the matter, the rule should have been intelligently arranged to govern it in its entirety, not a dogmatic dicta which only fits one corner. The proper way and the just way to have treated the matter would have been to require the judges to pass upon it according to the circumstances, the common sense of it, if the question was raised. If the bitch appeared to be in season and did not attract the dogs, let her continue in the competition. If she attracted dogs and thus balked their competition, run her with some other bitch, and if that could not be done, run her alone, or, if the competition was at such a stage that nothing could be done to keep her in it, then retire her permanently. The man who owns a dog and the men who own dogs have certain rights which are equally important and worthy of consideration as those of the men who own bitches. With a full knowledge of the varying circumstances, discretionary powers have permitted the equitable adjustment of all cases which might occur. The old rule was curiously mandatory. Any bitch in season would not be allowed on the grounds. In one instance they must stay out. In the other, the last, they must stay in. Every case must be measured alike. The incidental circumstances are out of consideration. The very data, which should be considered by the judges to rule each individual case, are all set aside, and each one is governed by the same set law, a law, too, based on some more erroneous assumptions in respect to dogs' disposition and nature, to say nothing of the equity of a competition.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

B. WATERS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The permission of the U. S. Field Trial Club to run bitches in season in their trials, like most questions has two sides to it.

The object of a change in the rules of any club, should be to benefit the greatest number. The change in question while protecting the bitches thus affected, works equal harm to the dogs that are drawn to run in same heats with them. One bitch in season may affect the running of two or three dogs, or the whole series may have to be changed, thus affecting the status of every dog in the stake to accommodate one and handicapping the judges with additional complications, that have enough to do already and who often fail to satisfy all, in their awards.

The argument I have seen used "the hunting inclination in dogs is too great to be affected under such conditions" is all bosh.

The natural inheritance of reproduction is stronger than any hunting instinct in animals. The human family does not prove an exception, as we see accounts almost daily where some brilliant mind has fallen—a slave to its behests. It is not to be supposed dogs have great resisting powers with their animal instincts only to restrain them, and these on the side of reproduction.

I fail to see where the change does "the greatest good to the greatest number." Let the clubs refund the entrance money paid on the bitches thus affected and bar those affected, and not introduce new complications to the already difficult problem of "picking the winner." P. H. BRYSON.

MEMPHIS, June 9.

## International Field Trials—Derby Entries.

THE field trials of this club will be held, commencing Nov. 1, on the old grounds at Louisville, near Chatham, Ont., which have been well stocked with birds. The entries are not so numerous as last year, there being only 21 against 34 in 1893. Last year there was but 9 starters, but it is expected that this year there will be nearly twice as many. All whelped in 1893.

## ENGLISH SETTERS.

FOREST KING—Forest Kennels' (Chatham and Toronto) liver and white dog (The Sultan—Gyp), February.

HANNAN—Dr. Totten's (Forest, Ont.) black, white and tan bitch (J. E. D.—Carrie T.), June 6.

MANITOBA MAY—W. B. Wells's (Chatham) black, white and tan bitch (Jacob Staff—Manitoba Bess), Aug. 17.

FOREST ESTEE—Thos. Hallam's (Newbury, Ont.) black and white bitch (The Sultan—Forest Novel), July 23.

JURY—T. C. Stegman's (Toronto) black and white bitch (Banker—Bell), April 15.

ROSEBUD—Sydney T. Miller's (Detroit) black and white bitch (Munk of Furness Sting—Toledo Queen), April 15.

KATE—Montague Smith's (Forest, Ont.) blue belton bitch (Ben—Lou Mall), May.

DICK—Montague Smith's (Forest, Ont.) blue belton dog (Ben—Lou Mall), May.

DASH ANTONIO—R. Bingham's (Windsor) black and white dog (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), Feb. 11.

## IRISH SETTERS.

MONA SCULLY—Arthur D. Welton's (Detroit) bitch (Finglas—Kate O'Shea), May.

KILLANE—Jas. B. McKay's (Detroit) dog (Kildare—Ruth), Feb. 26.

RIVER ROE—Jas. B. McKay's (Detroit) bitch (Kildare—Ruth), Feb. 26.

## POINTERS.

COUNTESS GRAPHIC—Leamington Pointer Kennels' liver and white bitch (Count Graphic—Wilkins's Nell), June.

FAUSTINA—T. G. Davey's (London) liver and white bitch (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie), June 23.

LUCY—T. G. Davey's (London) liver and white bitch (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie), June 23.

FOREST QUAIL—T. G. Davey's (London) liver and white bitch (Donovan—Forest Nell), May 5.

BUTTONS—Chas. Hicklin's (Chatham) liver and white dog (Hick—My Annie), June.

PLAIN SAM—A. Harrington's (Leamington) black and white dog (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star), April 1.

MOLE'S LOUISE—Fred Mole's (Detroit) liver and white bitch (Molton Banner—Graphic Diana), Oct. 21.

ENGARITA—R. J. Gardiner's (Chatham) liver and white bitch (Molton Banner—Graphic Diana), Oct. 21.

FOREST TURK—Forest Kennels' (Chatham and Toronto) liver and white dog (Donovan—Forest Nell), February.

## DOG CHAT.

The noted great Dane bitch Neverzell, considered by many good judges the most typical bitch of the breed that we have, whelped on May 31 a litter of eight, five dogs, by Kennel Lawrence's Earl of Wurtemburg. This should be an important addition to the fancy.

Mr J. Wallace Wakem, of Highland Park, Ill., intends going in strongly for foxhounds, for he has just purchased Blemton Stipend (sire of Blemton Stickler, etc.), Black Rock (Dominie—Black Rock Belle), Beverwyck Mooray, Beverwyck Punlass, the latter two from Mr. Rathborn, of Albany, and Suffolk Jewel. Wakem is the owner of Richmond Jessamine.

We hear that Mr. Anderson, who unfortunately did not enjoy the society of Aristocrat very long, has consoled himself somewhat for the latter's death by purchasing a son of Aristocrat that is said to be a grand young dog, named Aristocracy. His dam is a granddaughter of Sir Bedivere. This dog is not 18mos. old yet, but stands 32½ in. high and is beautifully marked. We trust Mr. Anderson will have the good fortune he deserves with this one.

"Bob" Armstrong, the hero of that little Phyllis fiction, was in town last week, and tells us that Sefton Hero is not being neglected at stud. Mrs. Humphrey Roberts, of Detroit, sent her Lassie, third at Detroit this year; Messrs. McKwen and Gibson have also bred a bitch to him, but the result of Mrs. Rand's experience has been very discouraging. She owns the Carlowrie Kennels in Denver, Col. Before the Specialty show she sent a black, white and tan bitch to Mr. Jarrett's kennels. The bitch was bred to Sefton Hero about a month since, and then shipped to Mrs. Rand. The express people at Chicago have notified Mr. Jarrett that the bitch was dead when it reached Chicago, and returned the crate. This is all the satisfaction that can be secured. They did not even send the collar as additional proof that the bitch was really dead.

It is said that the early fall show that is to be given in Saratoga will be only for five or six principal breeds, and that the saving in classes will result in good prize money being offered. If there is really going to be a show at this popular resort, it is time some preparations were being made and definite particulars given out.

The bloodhound Alchymist, imported last February by Dr. Lougest, was mated to Mr. Winchell's Burgho Daisy, May 18. The old dog went to Vermont to make the visit. He is said to be doing well in the stud, and as he is a dog showing intense quality, should have an influence for good in this breed over here.

A writer in the *Dog Fancier* sagely remarks, in speaking of color in fox-terriers, "White should predominate, brindle follow." This writer should study the standard more carefully.

We have had a number of inquiries lately as to whether in case of the bitch contracting a *mesalliance* the litter should be destroyed. In speaking of luck in breeding Rawdon Lee in his book on "The Fox-Terrier" says: "With a possibility of the bitch when in a certain condition getting loose and contracting a cross bred or mongrel alliance, care may be taken when such puppies are born in selecting one or more to keep with the bitch. Cases of superfecundation are not uncommon in the dog and there may be mongrels and pure ter-

riers in the same litter. I was told of a particularly good fox-terrier which a friend of mine desired to purchase. She, however, being a great favorite in the home could not be parted with, and her owner said, 'She is, no doubt, very nice to look at, but, unfortunately, her dam is a spaniel, and all her brothers and sisters are spaniels, too.'" Mr. Lee recites still another case. His bitch Venom, granddam of some of his best terriers, after being mated with a fox-terrier dog, formed a morganatic alliance with a Skye terrier. All the pups with one exception were Skye terriers, or, at any rate, half-bred ones. The exception was a white bitch with a lemon-marked head. Her life was the one saved but merely to keep with the dam as a matter of kindness. At four weeks old she was sold for half a crown, and ultimately developed into one of the best bitches of the day—Nellie by name, who, in due course, had at least one illustrious family, an individual of which sold for \$500, and all in that same litter, which produced this high-priced one, became prize winners and notabilities. So do not be in too great a hurry to drown the litter if your bitch does go wrong once in a while.

The English Bulldog Club held its twenty-first show May 29 to 31, and was chiefly remarkable for the defeat of Dockleaf by Guido, who also in his regular class beat Facey Romford, King Orry and Aston Lion. The judge was Mr. Berrie, who after placing Guido over pretty nearly every other dog in the show, is said to have upset the talent by placing the aged Ruling Passion over him.

The St. Bernard Princess Florence was shown at Preston, England, in a warm class and won, beating La Princesse and Frandley Stephanie. Rufford Ormondo, the collie, however, had his flag lowered by the bitch puppy Parbold-Pick-Me-Up.

The celebrated bull-terrier White Wonder is dead. This handsome terrier, probably the best all-round bull-terrier that ever came to this country, it will be remembered, was imported by Mr. H. A. Harris, of North Wilmington, Mass. At his first show at Boston he was protested for deafness; since then he had not been benched in this country. Last year he was purchased by Mr. W. J. Pegg, of Epsom, England, and owing to his infirmity, his career in that country has not been all smooth sailing. He won at Birmingham show, but was again protested; but on bringing the case before the Kennel Club, the dog was passed on Mr. Sewell's certificate, and competing at Crystal Palace in April last, he won under Mr. Shirley, who writes of him in his report as follows: "White Wonder, the novice class winner, has a beautifully shaped head, powerful, but without the least thickness, good eye, tight lips, and very clean and level from top of skull to nose; he stands well on good legs and feet, and may certainly be pronounced a remarkably good specimen. He is just a trifle flat in his ribs, and is a little short and drooping in his quarters." Such a criticism from such a judge is surely a fitting obituary for a dog that was whelped so far back as 1888. White Wonder was by Gully the Great out of Kit.

The St. Bernard Baron Rudolph is dead. He was a well-known prize winner on the other side.

The entries for the English Collie Club show number 210.

There are plenty of Skye terriers in Philadelphia these days. The noted Queen of the Skyes has eight pups by champion Sir Stafford; Bessie has seven by the New York winner Elphinstone, and Scotch Rose is nursing five. Princess May and Belle Stafford, both frequent winners, are due to whelp June 21.

There seems to be a steady movement afoot in this country and Canada looking to the enactment of laws whereby dogs will be considered as property. In many States recent decisions have been rendered in local courts emphasizing the fact that dogs are property, and purloiners and destroyers been duly punished. In Toronto, Canada, an organized effort is being made among well-known dog fanciers to have the local government declare dogs as personal property. These breeders are making every effort in this direction so that the dog thieves may be brought to account. At present a dog owner there has no redress. Mr. J. F. Kirk and others are interested in the matter, and a deputation waited on the government to urge the passing of a bill that will protect their kennels in which they have invested considerable money. At a recent meeting of the Georgia State Sportsmen's Association the sportsmen present discussed this subject. Many of them are owners of valuable animals, on which they are willing to pay taxes, if they can have them protected in that manner, so they can sue for damages in case such dogs are killed. The law they suggest is that dog owners be allowed to return their dogs for taxation if they so desire, thereby making them property. Those who thus return their animals and pay taxes on them will have them made property, while others need not do so unless they desire.

## Mr. Howard and the Handler's Prizes.

There has been a good deal written about the handlers' prizes at Louisville show. For the information of those who contend that Mr. Howard, a partner in the firm of German-Howard Pug Kennels, Louisville, Ky., and Columbus, O., should have won this prize, either local or foreign, it would not be amiss to give the number of dogs each handler was credited with. Handlers non-resident of Jefferson, Ky., and Clark and Floyd counties, Ind., Lewis 63, Thomas 51, Eberhart 46, Howard 38. Local handlers, Blankenbaker 101, Green 70, Howard 57. Neither Mr. Blankenbaker nor Mr. Howard knew what dogs they were to handle until they arrived at the show, and in one case, we think it was Mr. Blankenbaker's, the secretary or superintendent made out a list of the dogs in the handler's name. Most of the local handlers' dogs were local dogs that did not require any further attention than that which their owners gave them during the show. The action of the Louisville Kennel Club therefore was eminently fair and just to those who really did bring dogs to the show and honestly cared for them, and for whose benefit and encouragement these prizes are given. As an instance of Mr. Howard's methods in getting together a string of dogs for the Columbus show it may be well, and prove a warning to others, to shed a little light on the peculiar decision rendered by his club on his behalf and published in the kennel papers. Mr. E. Bardeoe Elliott was to judge great Danes at the Columbus show, Feb. 28 to March 3. Under date of Jan. 2, 1894, Mr. T. A. Howard wrote a letter to Mr. Elliott saying: "Another thing keep in mind, you want a good great Dane entry and you should work to that end to make you popular as a G. D. judge. Any Danes you can get to come, if entered in my names as handler, I will draw the winnings and give them to you." Mr. Elliott very properly laid this before the Columbus committee. An investigation committee consisting of Messrs. Poston, Dempsey and Bridge, then took the matter up, and their finding was as follows: "After a thorough investigation of the evidence presented (which was Mr. Howard's letter to Mr. Elliott) we find that Mr. Howard has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a member of this club, as shown in the following exhibits: 'In exhibit No. 1 we charge attempted bribery of E. Bardeoe Elliott as a judge. We also find that the above charges are further sustained as shown in exhibits Nos. 2 and 3.'" When the subject was referred to the full board, Mr. Howard explained that in his zeal to help the show and assist in getting a large entry, he had made a



mistake in wording his sentences, and assured the members that he intended no corruption. The final verdict which was published in the papers was rendered more on his statement and his appeal to their generosity and sympathetic natures than upon that convicting sentence—"Any Danes you can get, etc., etc." The above information is gleaned from a letter from Mr. Mooney, the secretary of the club, to Mr. Elliott, in which he returned to Mr. Elliott Mr. Howard's bribery letter which Mr. Elliott now has in his possession. Instead of resting here this case should have been brought before the American Kennel Club for immediate action.

Mr. Wixom, of the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, is manufacturing beagles up at Covert with alarming persistency. As a result of champion Ava W.'s visit to Oradell, N. J., where she was mated to Racer, Jr., she has five puppies, all strong and well formed. This is the same breeding as Daisy Corbett, Evangeline, etc., and is therefore carefully watched. Velda (Royal Krueger-Baby W.) has seven "beauties" by Sherry. Breezy has six by Little Wonder and Evangeline is nursing four dogs by Royal Krueger. Daisy Corbett is down with five by the same little champion. There are other bitches in whelp, but those mentioned are celebrities.

Alexander Mackenzie-Hughes took charge of Mr. Huntington's Marlborough Kennels at Inwood, L. I., on June 1. John Stokes, who, it will be remembered, has handled Mr. Huntington's dogs during the past year, will now set up a boarding kennel near Passaic, N. J.

Mr. "Debonair" Zimmer, whose fancy runs to beagles and bantams, also drops a little stray wimble every now and then in a kennel column which the *Chatham Review* holds up. This is one of his leaders and a good one, too: "Don't expect your dog to be smarter than you are. If you buy a hunter and keep him on a chain, or allow him to run the streets of a city for six months or a year, and then take him out afield and he does not do brilliant work the first day, don't misuse him. If you do not work at your trade or attend to your business for a year could you start right in and do as well as when you were in practice? Well, I guess not!"

Death of Gordon Janet.

There is not a Gordon setter breeder or exhibitor in this country who will not feel sincere sympathy with Miss S. A. Nickerson in the loss of her Gordon setter champion Gordon Janet. Janet died during parturition, June 11. She had been bred to Count Noble and whelped four pups on Friday, P. M.; on Saturday she passed a dead one and on Sunday the veterinarian discovered another one and it was decided to take it away, although the bitch was already very weak. They only succeeded in removing the head and breast and concluded to wait before operating further until the bitch could recover some strength, but poor Janet was unable to rally. She was buried with all the respect due to a dear friend, and Miss Nickerson, who was devotedly attached to her, is inconsolable. There are three dogs and a bitch puppy still living and these are fortunately with a foster mother. Janet was one of the best and handsomest Gordons of her sex seen on the American bench, and was, we believe, bred by Mrs. Dager, of Toledo, who sold her to Miss Nickerson. She was by champion Beaumont out of Belle Stephens. Janet was not merely a bench show winner but was a very fast and good worker in the field and would probably have run in the trials this fall. Her wins include first at such shows as New York, Boston, Washington, Providence, Chicago, etc. We sincerely hope that Miss Nickerson will find another Janet in the remaining litter.

Every one has heard of Mr. Walter Wellman's projected dash to the North Pole, and those interested in dogs will look forward to the result of his experiment with more than passing interest. Instead of following the example of former explorers in these icy regions by using the native sledge dogs, he secured about a hundred hardy Belgian draught dogs. The conditions under which these will labor will be vastly different to their work in the streets of Belgian towns, and picked up here and there, as these dogs necessarily were, and unused to pack work, the result seems anything but promising. Mr. Wellman's last letter to the *New York Herald*, which tells of his start for the Arctic Ocean, and which will be his last letter for some time, comments on the fighting propensities of these dogs. Some of the big dogs are apt to breakfast off their smaller companions, and regular watches have to be set to protect them in their confined quarters. Mr. Wellman had to secure a special permit to bring these Belgian dogs into Norway, as it seems no foreign dog is allowed to set foot in that country, and through this protection distemper is said to be unknown among Norwegian dogs. Even then Mr. Wellman had to keep his dogs on an island, and if a native dog managed to reach the island it had to stay there, in fact, was expatriated.

The receipt of Raydon B. Lee's work on "The Terriers" completes our set of the three volumes this well-known writer has published on "Modern Dogs of Great Britain and Ireland." Like the other two volumes, that devoted to terriers is profusely illustrated with ideal pictures of dogs of the different breeds treated of. At the outset Mr. Lee explains that in describing the terriers in all their varieties, he has endeavored to give particulars as to their working qualifications and their general character, as well as their so-called "show points," and his desire to prevent a useful race of dog from degenerating into a ladies' pet and a pampered creature, only able to earn his owner gold on the show bench, is his reason for treating so fully of him, as he is concerned in that sphere which nature intended him to occupy. The chapters devoted to fox-terriers and Irish terriers will be found very interesting, and the pictures, especially of the wires, are good. In fact, those who are interested in any particular breed will find much instruction as to its origin and history up to the present date. The names of past exhibitors and their best dogs are given, with a quantity of reminiscent matter that only one like Mr. Lee, of large experience with dog shows and dogmen of the past decade, could gather together. The work is for sale at this office.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Enslut, Rae, Rolf, Nan II, and Nonsense.* By Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels Chicago Lawn, Ill., for black and tan Gordon setters, three dogs and two bitches, whelped April 4, 1894, by Reginald H. (Leatherstocking-Smith's Rhoda) out of Nan (champion Argus-Laura).

*Nicotine and Merry Christmas.* By W. A. Coster, Jr., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for orange and white English setter bitches, whelped Dec. 25, 1893, by Balzar's Duke out of Father Gerot's Tessie (Buckel ley-Jolly Nell).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Lia-Naso of Maine.* C. Tuttle's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Lia (King of Kent-Daisy) to C. H. Newell's Naso of Maine (Naso of Kippen-Dela), April 6.

*Belle Noble-Dad Monarch.* C. E. Gilchrist's (Charlestown, Mass.) English setter bitch Belle Noble (Dan Noble-Rosalego) to Samuel B. Allen's Dad Monarch (Roy Monarch-Blue Jennie), May 11.

*Belle of Sharon-Woodale Driver.* W. F. Porter's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Belle of Sharon to his Woodale Driver, April 18.

WHEELS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*White Queen.* C. F. R. Drake's (New York) bull-terrier bitch White Queen, May 23, eight (two dogs), by his Sailor.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

*Reginald's Son and Nan's Girl.* Black and tan Gordon setter dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1893, by Reginald H. out of Nan, by Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, Chicago Lawn, Ill., to Highland Kennels, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Singhild.* White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1893, by Kent II. out of Countess Addie, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to C. F. Fretbar, New York City.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

L. S., Pottstown, Pa.—There is no setter Spicer registered under the No. 1,577.

W. S. Lee, New York City.—We shall publish some new fan pedigree forms shortly.

J. H. C., Cincinnati, O.—The only fox-terrier Fussy registered in the A. K. C. Stud Book is or was owned by H. W. McAdams, of New York City, and is by Raffie out of Warren Lass.

J. A. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Monk's Mark is registered as owned by W. J. Baugh, Ridgeville, Ind. We do not know who owns Hoosier Ben at present. There were no Louisiana trials in 1891.

L. A. K., Black Lake, P. Q.—We do not know of any Angora cats advertised at present. The English Stock-Keeper, London, or *British Fancier*, Manchester, are the most likely journals in which to find such stock advertised.

G. R. J., Saginaw, Mich.—Please prescribe for my three-year-old Irish setter dog, which has been troubled with balanitis for the past six months. I have used an injection three times daily of sulphate of zinc, 20grs. to one pint of water; have also used a solution of acetate of lead, 1dr. to pint of water. Neither of these remedies seem to be effectual. The dog has been shedding his coat for the past three months, but the hair still comes out easily. Ans. Treat for worms. Use the following lotion, one tablespoonful to be injected two or three times a day; wash the sheath out by injecting warm water, before using the lotion:

- B. Capsi. sulph. . . . . grs. viii.
- Acid. carbol. . . . . m. vi.
- Glycerine . . . . . 3 ss.
- Aqu. acaciae . . . . . grs. iv.
- Alq. ad. . . . . 5 vi.
- Mix. Lotion. Use as directed.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

- Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.
- Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Sec'y.
- Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club. Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

Mississippi Jottings.

MR. W. W. TITUS, of Waverly, Miss., sends in the following news notes with a bit of quaint humor attached, which—being about snakes—has been relegated to the Camp-Fire Flickerings corner:

"I am looking forward to a break in the monotony of my quiet country life in starting for the Northwest next month. 'At present I do little but squirrel hunt, and I am having great sport with the 'timber cats.' I never saw them more plentiful or fatter in my life, and hardly a day passes but what I have fried squirrel on my table.

"Fishing is said to be fine, but I have not been fishing much. I have had some very nice ones, though, from the pool in my kennel yard.

"Mulberries are ripening now. The squirrels will soon congregate on the mulberry trees, and it will then be much easier to kill them. I have been using a .25cal. Stevens rifle, and I am extremely pleased with it as a gun for squirrel hunting.

"Major Val Young was out with his pack of hounds yesterday morning, and blew his horn for me as he went by; but I very foolishly did not go, and missed hearing some musical running. He reports that they got up three foxes (reds), and the pack of fifteen dogs got split up. At the start the running was quite unsatisfactory, but one fox was soon put in the ground, and he saw one come out by him. Soon four dogs came by, running like a storm, with Old Mag in the lead about 75yds., Grady (a July) next, and the other two close on his heels, they being Nettle (a Whitlock) and Belle of Kentucky (a Bourbon Kennel hound).

"The fox made a circuit and passed the hunters again, the positions of the dogs about the same. They had not been long gone, when there came several more dogs, not saying a word, but running like scared wolves to get in with the pack after the fox which had been seen.

"Evidently this was the bunch which put the other fox to earth, and, hearing the other dogs running, had put out at their best licks to get in the race, which they soon did, and made, as George Washington, not the immortal George, but the Major's colored camp cook, would have described it, 'the welcome ring.'

"After a spirited run of about a half hour, the pack had closed up on the fox so close that it was deemed discretion to stop the dogs, lest they catch him on the ground. As he had been seen several times, it could be determined about how much lead he had on the dogs, and how fast they were closing in on him. So, to save his bacon, the dogs were stopped. Part of the dogs had, in the meantime, carried the third fox out of hearing, way up toward the town of Vinton. Late yesterday evening they had not come in, and some fears were felt that they had caught it.

"Taking into consideration the hot weather, it was a very speedy run for the pack, as they have not been in a race since early in the spring, are as soft as cotton and are entirely unfit for hard running—but probably the fox was in the same condition, so both were on an equality."

Foxhounds at Boston.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although the great Boston show is now a thing of the past, some of its features cannot easily be forgotten. Perhaps one of the most interesting (although by no means instructive) was its Brunswick Fur Club exhibit of so-called foxhounds. Being an admirer and for many years a breeder of foxhounds, and impelled by a desire to behold some of the noted fox killers whose exploits have been depicted so much in the journals, that the blood of their victims fairly trickles down the columns of these otherwise clean sheets, I washed the blood of the last fox from my hands and hastened to "Beauville." The man who visits dog shows must accustom himself to almost anything in the shape of surprises, and I supposed that I had long since mastered this art. Yet as Old Reub said, "I declare to God, the sights I seen were enough to turn your whiskers green." Not that there was anything lacking in variety of head, oh, no! they were all on hand. There were domed heads, round heads, flat heads and square heads, triangular heads and even octagonal heads with the various combinations.

Most prominent among the curiosities were a pair of July pups, born in August and shown in April. These little dogs (I can't bring myself to call them by the dignified name of hound) looked very imploringly at the spectators and

said: "Now we think it's just too bad, even those Boston terriers over there have a standard and we think somebody ought to make one to fit us. Don't you think that the American Kennel Club ought to do as much for us?" Then I stroked their little round heads and consoled them by saying that the B. F. C. were working hard in their interests and that in the event of not being able to make a standard which would include them and the various other heads, I felt certain that the B. F. C. and the B. T. C. would become consolidated. This seemed to please them very much and they both barked joyfully with fine terrier voices, while one wagged a screw-tail and the other a ring-tail. I left them promising to do all in my power to bring about this happy union.

The next day just at "Dawn," I strolled past the benches where foxhounds should be. A cunning little dog barked me, and with his face all wreathed in smiles said, "Doc, I got it!" and sure enough there was a blue ribbon on its neck. Down the long line of foxhounds shown, was many a grand head with only a few letters of commendation over it. What should we do without judges? Yes, we are sadly in need of a foxhound standard. DR. H. T. THURBER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. F. W. Chapman starts for his hunting kennels at Orland, Me., next week, and will reside there till October. From there he will make short hunting and fishing trips to some of the best resorts in the State. Deer are plentiful up there, Mr. Chapman telling us of a herd of about 75 that yarded last winter within two miles of his kennels and a 12-year-old boy shot a 200lbs. buck half a mile from where old champion Fitzhugh Lee sat contentedly chewing a piece of old horse. Mr. Chapman has erected a kennel building 30x40ft. for the dogs, in addition to his other buildings, and will wire in a space 900ft. long as an exercising ground. He intends taking a few dogs to board and train with his own, and as he is right in the heart of a good hare country, the chance seems a good one.

Mr. D. C. Luse writes us that his imported Nettlefield, by Dick Day—Camborne, whelped seven pups by Mr. E. H. Mulcaster's imported Glenkirik (Misterton—Glen gowan). This litter should turn out well. There is Misterton blood in sire and dam, and Alec Halliday on one side and Lord of Avon on the other. Mr. Luse has named two Norwegian—Dick's Darling pups, Lord Breckenridge and Lady Pollard; these he will run in the Derby and All-Age Stakes at the different fall meetings, and we shall then see if there is really anything in a name, after all.

The Merced meeting next fall is expected to be the most important gathering of coursers ever seen in California. The first prize will be a cup valued at \$500 and \$800 in cash. This should bring dogs from as far east as Kansas.

Col. North's sale of greyhounds took place at Eltham last Saturday. Particulars of this important sale will be given next week. Fullerton was not to be sold.

Dachting.

FIXTURES.

- JUNE.
- 13. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, second series.
- 13. Bay Shore, Open, Bay Shore.
- 13. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
- 15. Portland, Annual.
- 16. American, Ann., L. I. Sound.
- 16. St. Lawrence, A. 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, second series.
- 16. Cor. Mus. Fleet, Ladies' Day, New Rochelle.
- 16. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.
- 16. New Bedford, Club Sail, Buz. B.
- 16. Knickerbocker, Open, L. I. S'd.
- 16. Phila. Squad, Sail, Del. River.
- 16. Minnetonka, Club, L. Minnetka.
- 16. Tower Ridge, An., Hastings-on-Hudson.
- 16-17. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sacramento River.
- 16-18. Winthrop, Club Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
- 17. Manchester, Club Sweeps, Massachusetts Bay.
- 17. Oak Point, 3d Ann., L. I. Sound.
- 18. Pavia, Ann., New York Bay.
- 18. Beverly, Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
- 18. Squantum, Club, Squantum, Lake Ontario.
- 18. Massachusetts, Open, Nahant.
- 18. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth.
- 18. Mosquito Fleet, Open, South Boston.
- 20. Cor. Phila. Jeanes Prize, Handicap, Delaware River.
- 21. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
- 21. Indian Harbor, 21-footers and open cats, Greenwich, Conn.
- 22. Rhode Island, Spring Regatta, Narragansett Bay.
- 23. Cape Cod, Club, East Dennis.
- 23. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, third series.
- 23. Sea. Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.
- 23. Yonkers Cor. Ann. Hudson River.
- 23. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.
- 23. Douglaston, An. Open, L. I. S'd.
- 23. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
- 23. Winthrop, Open, Boston Har.
- 23. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
- 23. Columbia, Lake Race, to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
- 23. Phila. Fem. Mos. boats, Delaware River.
- 23-24. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sacramento River Return.
- 25. Eastern, An., Marblehead.
- 25. Seawanhaka Cor., 21ft. Class, Oyster Bay.
- 26-27. Seawanhaka Cor. Race, Oyster Bay to New London.
- 26-29. Indian Harbor, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
- 27. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
- 28. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
- 29. July 5. Phila., An. Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
- 30. St. Lawrence, A. 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, third series.
- 30-July 1. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, McNear's.
- 30. Jersey City, An., N. Y. Harbor.
- 30. Hull, Club, Boston Harbor.
- 30. Douglaston, An., L. I. Sound.
- 30. Seawanhaka Cor. Race, New London to Oyster Bay.

The news that the Royal Victoria Y. C. has declined to waive the required ten months' notice and accept a challenge from Vigilant for its gold cup has been received with some indignation on this side, as unsportsmanlike, under the circumstances. For ourselves, however, we confess to a feeling of amazement, rather than anything more serious, at the folly and shortsightedness of such a course. As every one knows, the R. V. Y. C. gold cup was established in opposition to the America's Cup after the passage of the new deed of gift, and with the hope that it would be speedily challenged for. If it was really to supplant the America's Cup it made little difference who won or held it from time to time, the great point being that it should be raced for as the subject of international challenge.

At first no one turned up to set the ball rolling, and between 1889 and 1893 the gold cup was in much the same position as a yacht which has been partly launched but has stuck on the ways. Last year, however, Mr. Carroll came forward and completed the launching, and the cup is now a recognized international trophy.

In the meanwhile, through the kindly offices of Lord Dunraven, the New York Y. C. had been towed off the mud bank where it was cast away by the Cup committee of 1887, and the America's Cup was again the event of the year.

This year, with no race for the Cup on, but every probability of one for 1895, it was most essential that, in order to rival the America's Cup, the R. V. Y. C. Cup should be again challenged for; thus possibly taking the first place before another contest for the older trophy.

Vigilant's visit and challenge was the golden opportunity of the R. V. Y. C.; the possibilities of the holding or losing of the cup should not have been considered for a moment, but such a chance should have been taken up before it could possibly slip by in any way. Had Vigilant failed for it and been defeated by Britannia or Valkyrie, the re-



The discovery of the identity of the Norris was made on board the Elwell about the same time, and so light had the air become that both captains concluded it would be little waste of time to see each other on closer range. Captain George, who had his wife and child on board, and a young assistant, having launched a boat, and while both ships were within easy distance of each other, the two captains agreed to move to within easy distance of each other to speak to for a number of years, although they had seen each other's ships and exchanged signals when within sixty miles of the same position two years previously on similar voyages, when the weather was then too rough to permit of a close approach. Both these ships hail from Damarisage around the Horn, their captains belong. The Elwell had a quick passage around the Horn, and arrived at San Francisco on May 1, according to a letter just received by the captain of the Norris. She made the voyage from New York in 123 days, while the Norris occupied 141 days coming here from Port of Galle.



## Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 9.

The spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C., sailed on June 9, was a decided success; there were no special attractions or startling features, but the fleet of 27 starters was composed almost entirely of new or well-known yachts, and in every class the entries were sufficiently well matched to make a race worth watching. The starters were:

Name.	Owner.	Length.
Emerald.	J. Rogers Maxwell.	89.50
Ariel.	G. H. B. Hill.	83.53
SCHOONERS—CLASS D—71 to 80 ft.		
Loyal.	B. Frank Sutton.	65.93
Viator.	W. Gould Brokaw.	65.92
Agnes.	J. Norton Winslow.	59.44
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 6—48 to 55 ft.		
Wasp.	Lippett Brothers.	54.97
Gloriana.	H. F. Gillig.	54.67
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 6—48 to 49 ft.		
Minerva.	H. W. Bucknell.	45.61
Gossoon.	L. Vaughan Clark.	47.83
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 7—36 to 43 ft.		
Tigress.	Chas. Prior.	41.30
Eurybia.	L. Rutherford.	40.02
Drusilla.	Stephens C. Baldwin.	38.28
Mary C.	Frank Freeman.	36.12
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 9—25 to 30 ft.		
Madrine.	W. B. Duncan, Jr.	26.3
Water Lily.	H. W. Eaton.	20.11
YAWLS—CLASS SPECIAL.		
Audax.	Joseph Allen.	30.78
Evelyn.	W. C. Ellsworth.	27.45
CABIN CATS—CLASS 11—OVER 20 FT. RACING LENGTH.		
Mary.	W. C. Ellsworth.	29.36
Almira.	Chas. Prior.	28.62
Oconee.	C. Pierce.	26.12
CABIN CATS—CLASS 13—UNDER 25 FT.		
Win or Lose.	M. Randall.	23.5
Kittie.	Hazen Morse.	20.18
OPEN CATS—CLASS 14.		
Punch.	Arthur Clark.	20.18
Violet.	Arthur Clark.	20.00
SPECIAL SKEWEE RACE.		
Queen Mab.	Percy Chubb.	54.97
Wasp.	Lippett Bros.	54.97
Gloriana.	H. F. Gillig.	54.67
Minerva.	H. W. Bucknell.	45.61
Drusilla.	L. Rutherford.	40.02

Emerald and Ariel met for the third time this season, in the next class. Loyal, Viator and Agnes were the only boats in the class, and also Minerva and Gossoon made up two more fighting pairs. The presence of Drusilla, the Herreshoff fin-keel, as yet never fairly tried in racing, lent a special interest to the class which includes the old 35-footers; Tigress, confessedly the best of this class, being present, with Eurybia, another Ellsworth boat. The new 31ft. class was represented as yet by one boat, Mr. W. B. Duncan's Herreshoff fin-keel, a very handsome, sturdy craft, with full deck and small oval cockpit for her crew of three, carrying mainsail and jib; in default of a competitor she was compelled to seek a race in the larger class, in which were Pxyie, the ex-25-footer Water Lily and the new Webber boat Madrine. The latter is a centerboard boat of 38ft. over all, 23ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 3in. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft, with 5,000lbs. of lead in the keel and a sail plan which brings her within 25ft. sailing length. She has up-to-date ends of very good proportion, a full overhang forward and a well-shaped counter, with a straighter sheer than usual, the whole appearance being very pleasing except for a rather large cabin house necessary to give the needed accommodation. The two yawls, Audax and Evelyn, made a class together.

One of the most interesting classes of the year about New York is the larger cabin cat class, represented in this race by Mary, Almira and Oconee. Mary and Almira were the only boats in the class, and, being presumably improved during the winter. After her defeat on Monday in the Brooklyn Y. C. regatta the second meeting with Almira promised to be particularly interesting. The two smaller cabin cats, Kittie and Win or Lose, both good boats, also made a good pair, the latter having won on Monday, but as appeared later, being destined to lose this time. Violet and Punch are old rivals and fairly well matched, but had no class competitor, so to make a race for her a special skewstake was arranged, including Wasp, Gloriana, Minerva and Drusilla.

So far as the men on the yachts were concerned, with a good sailing breeze from S.W. they had nothing to complain of, nobody having a clear walkover from the start, but each with hard work before him before the line was crossed at the end, and but for two circumstances the spectators would have been disappointed. The first was the configuration of the west end of the Sound makes it necessary to lay out different courses for the various classes, and to make it worse on this occasion the start was slowly and lumberly in the extreme, yachts in the same classes being four to ten minutes apart in crossing the starting line. For the first hour of the race there was a haze over the water, and this, with the diverging courses and straggling start, made it impossible to follow the boats in detail, but as the haze cleared away, and though this included four good classes, but little could be seen of the larger schooners, the class in which Pxyie and Hourli sailed, the cabin cats or the open boats.

The regular club courses were sailed, from off the harbor, past a markboat in Hempstead Bay, thence for the larger schooners around a mark off Stamford Harbor and back over the same course, 27 miles naut., for all above class 9, around Captain's Island mark and back 26 miles; for class 9, regular and special, and for the cabin cats, around Matinickock Buoy, 13 miles, and for the open cats around Scotch Caps, 10 miles.

The S.W. wind made a reach across the three miles to Hempstead Bay, and when the start was given at 11:35, Loyal was first away with Ariel just under her, and started to tack with sheets well in. Emerald crossed eight minutes later, within a few seconds of the handicap gun, Viator and Agnes having made their way over in the meantime. The start for all other classes was made at 11:55, the little Hourli being first away and the rest straggling out over an interval of nearly fifteen minutes, no less than six being handicapped. As there was a nice breeze blowing, and nearly every yacht was under way about the line before the preparatory gun was fired, the start in the extreme and the first leg of the course was merely a procession, the boats in each class being so widely separated that a close comparison of their work was impossible. The times of the start were:

Loyal.	11 36 40	Evelyn.	12 02 15
Ariel.	11 36 50	Mary C.	12 03 34
Agnes.	11 38 45	Minerva.	12 03 49
Tigress.	11 39 23	Eurybia.	12 04 10
Emerald.	11 44 32	Kittie.	12 04 29
Hourli.	11 44 50	Mary.	12 04 50
Drusilla.	11 56 25	Handicap time.	12 05 00
Queen Mab.	11 56 53	Oconee.	12 05 00
Wasp.	11 57 31	Violet.	12 05 00
Audax.	11 58 10	Pxyie.	12 05 00
Gossoon.	11 59 23	Almira.	12 05 00
Eurybia.	12 00 03	Win or Lose.	12 05 00
Gloriana.	12 00 54	Water Lily.	12 05 00
Madrine.	12 01 18	Punch.	12 05 00

The schooners were well away before the smaller craft turned the Hempstead mark, Ariel and Emerald disappearing in the haze. A jibe was needed on the turn, with spinnaker to port, but Queen Mab and Gloriana started on the run with mainbooms to port, Queen Mab soon shifted hers and headed up for Wasp, but Gloriana ran by the lee for a long time, as though bound for Matinickock instead of Captain's Island, losing time thereby. Wasp and Queen Mab kept very close together on the run; Gossoon had the smaller Drusilla for her nearest competitor, while Minerva was well astern, in company with Tigress and Eurybia, of Drusilla's class. Under these circumstances it was difficult to form any opinion of the relative speeds until the times were taken at Captain's Island, as follows:

Queen Mab. 1 15 30 Agnes. 1 26 12

Wasp. 1 15 38 Drusilla. 1 27 45

Viator. 1 15 30 Minerva. 1 28 28

Loyal. 1 20 25 Tigress. 1 34 38

Gossoon. 1 21 58 Eurybia. 1 36 00

The actual times of the runs were:

Queen Mab. 0 57 40 Minerva. 1 00 23

Wasp. 0 55 38 Eurybia. 1 07 42

Drusilla. 1 04 05 Tigress. 1 03 38

Gloriana. 0 59 08 Gossoon. 1 00 58

Gliding round the markboat and tacking for a short hitch on starboard tack, Wasp and Queen Mab came about for a long tack across to the Long Island shore, fetching just below Matinickock. While Wasp footed faster, she did not hold quite as high as the centerboard boat, and when they finally came about at 1:50, Queen Mab had a good lift out to windward. Minerva turned the mark with the clew of her working topsail torn, and as soon as she was on the wind the whole fleet of the sail went adrift, and tacking before this was done on starboard down to leeward of Drusilla, both in the wake of Wasp, while Gossoon chose to work the north shore on port tack before crossing the tide

Gloriana had followed Wasp, but at a hopeless distance, which increased every moment on the wind. Viator on the run out had caught and passed Loyal, but on the wind the other was too much for her, and soon led the class.

After their first tack offshore, Queen Mab, though already close in, left Wasp and made a hitch inshore, which was necessarily short, a blunder which cost her heavily. When she came about she was on port tack, while Wasp, having leeward on the first tack, took all along, now swung about on the windward tack in season to meet Mab and put her about. Queen Mab was carrying a bad working topsail, an old one with a small club at the head, over a fine suit of new sails, including an angulated Laphorbe jib. The topsail was sheeted on the starboard side, and on this tack did fairly good work, as was shown by the way she walked clear of Wasp's lee, the latter, by the way, having her topsail sheeted on the port side. They stood on inshore tack, Mab continuing to gain, until Wasp, for a change, went on port tack, Mab swinging about at once, broad beam on her weather side. To the surprise of all, the performance of a few minutes before was now reversed, Wasp walking out from under Mab's lee, and going clear for a long tack offshore before making the last leg for the Hempstead mark. As before, Wasp footed faster, while Mab held a higher course; and when, after several hitches, they finally came together at the mark, Mab was enough in the lead to force Wasp to bear away to clear her. She crossed Wasp's bows, but stood in just a moment too long before tacking, and Wasp escaped the worst of the blanket and slipped around the mark in the lead. The only times taken at the Hempstead mark were:

Wasp.	2 32 05	Gloriana.	2 47 30
Queen Mab.	2 33 11	Loyal.	3 03 15
The elapsed times for this race were:			
Queen Mab.	1 06 41	Gloriana.	1 23 32
Wasp.	1 06 37	Loyal.	1 42 50

The last reach was made with balloon jibtopsails set, a pretty sight as the two raced along close together. Queen Mab finished a few seconds in the lead. The smaller classes had been timed from the markboat long before the tug came up and the large schooners were not yet visible, nor were they timed until 4 o'clock, Ariel coming in just 10m, ahead, or with a gain of over 2m. in actual time over the course, which her allowance increased to 6m. The full times were:

SCHOONERS, CLASS B—27 MILES.				
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald.	11 44 32	4 10 45	4 26 13	4 26 13
Ariel.	11 36 50	4 00 45	4 23 55	4 20 17
SCHOONERS, CLASS D—20 MILES.				
Loyal.	11 36 40	3 26 57	3 50 17	3 50 17
Viator.	11 39 23	3 25 12	3 55 49	3 55 49
Agnes.	11 38 45	3 42 05	4 03 20	3 54 38
SLOOPS, CLASS 5—20 MILES.				
Wasp.	11 57 31	2 54 37	2 57 06	2 57 06
Gloriana.	12 00 54	3 12 03	3 11 15	3 10 59
SLOOPS, CLASS 6—20 MILES.				
Minerva.	12 06 49	3 34 56	3 31 07	3 28 39
Gossoon.	11 59 31	3 26 03	3 26 32	3 26 32
SLOOPS, CLASS 7—20 MILES.				
Tigress.	12 04 10	3 51 55	3 47 45	3 47 45
Eurybia.	12 00 08	4 09 22	4 09 14	4 07 26
Drusilla.	11 56 25	3 38 40	3 42 15	3 37 57
Mary C.	12 03 34	4 44 00	4 40 26	4 34 16
SLOOPS, CLASS 9—13 MILES.				
Madrine.	12 01 18	2 30 55	2 29 40	Not meas.
Water Lily.	12 05 00	2 45 00	2 39 50	Not meas.
Pxyie.	12 05 00	2 31 35	2 26 35	Not meas.
Hourli.	12 05 00	2 27 36	2 31 36	Not meas.
YAWLS, SPECIAL CLASS 9—13 MILES.				
Audax.	11 58 10	2 25 31	2 27 21	2 27 21
Evelyn.	12 02 15	2 49 58	2 48 43	2 42 49
CABIN CATS, CLASS 11—13 MILES.				
Mary.	12 04 50	2 32 05	2 27 15	2 27 15
Almira.	12 05 00	2 30 40	2 25 40	2 24 37
Oconee.	12 05 00	2 37 45	2 32 45	2 27 37
CABIN CATS, CLASS 13—13 MILES.				
Win or Lose.	12 05 00	2 48 18	2 43 18	Not meas.
Kittie.	12 04 29	2 37 55	2 33 26	Not meas.
OPEN CATS, CLASS 14—10 MILES.				
Punch.	12 05 00	2 08 21	2 03 21	Not meas.
Violet.	12 05 00	2 06 50	2 01 50	Not meas.
SPECIAL SKEWSTAKE RACE—20 MILES.				
Queen Mab.	11 56 53	2 54 37	2 57 19	2 57 19
Wasp.	11 57 31	2 54 37	2 57 06	2 50 18
Gloriana.	12 00 54	2 19 09	3 11 15	3 04 11
Minerva.	12 03 49	3 34 56	3 31 07	3 14 47
Drusilla.	11 56 25	3 38 40	3 42 05	3 15 39

The result as between Ariel and Emerald, and Wasp and Gloriana, was merely a confirmation of Thursday's race; Loyal, however, did much better than on that occasion. The distance of the two boats was increased to 10m, and the loss of the line of course rigging made the race between her and Gossoon anything but conclusive, and they are likely to meet in future races with almost as much uncertainty as to the result as in Gossoon's first year. Her new owner, Mr. L. Vaughan Clark, of Alceia, will race her in all the Sound races. Drusilla upheld the reputation of the fins by doing about what was expected against a fast modern centerboard boat of her class, beating Tigress 6m. in time and 10m. in corrected time. Six of the courses rigging, a pole mast and only the three lower sails, Tigress carrying a topmast and working topsail as well as a much larger spinnaker. Owing to none of the boats being measured the result in Class 9 is not yet known. In the yawl class, Audax gave Evelyn a hollow beating of a quarter of an hour. Almira again beat Mary, and Kittie paid off Win or Lose for Monday's race. The race was as usual well managed by the committee, Messrs. J. F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony and G. M. Barreto.

## New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Thursday, June 7.

So little is expected of an annual regatta of late years that yachtsmen are apt to be contented with anything short of a complete failure; and what with a perfect day, a brisk breeze, and some pretty bits of sailing thrown in, after the failure of Tuesday, the regatta of the New York Y. C. on Thursday gave forth a thrilling event. The first meetings of Ariel and the lengthened Emerald have been looked for with considerable interest, while the renewal of the struggle between Wasp and Gloriana was also in its way important, and though they had met on Tuesday, the result was just enough uncertain to make another trial in good weather worth seeing. The starters were few, but twelve in all, as follows:

SCHOONERS—CLASSES 3 AND 4.		
Name.	Owner.	Allowance.
Emerald.	J. R. Maxwell.	allows
Ariel.	G. H. B. Hill.	3 32
SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.		
Elsie Marie.	J. B. King.	allows
Loyal.	B. F. Sutton.	7 35
Agnes.	J. N. Winslow.	14 44
SCHOONERS—CLASS 5—CRUISING TRIM.		
Viator.	W. C. Brokaw.	allows
Neaera.	H. McHarg.	6 12
SLOOPS—CLASS 6.		
Wasp.	R. L. & H. F. Lippitt.	allows
Gloriana.	H. F. Gillig.	0 18
MIXED RIG—CLASS 8—CRUISING TRIM.		
Sachem.	F. T. Adams.	allows
Queen Mab.	L. T. Callahan.	19 11

The new rule of the club was used for the first time in the classing of Queen Mab, Sachem and Eclipse together; rather an incongruous grouping, but giving a chance to each for a race. The usual courses were sailed, starting and finishing off Buoy 11, just outside the Narrows, going in and out by way of the Southwest Spit, and the larger yachts turning the Sandy Hook Lightship, while Wasp and Gloriana turned the Scotland; 31 and 27 miles, naut., respectively. The day was quite cool in the morning, with a fresh N.W. breeze which held all day, though lighter later on, particularly outside the Hook. The flagstaff may is not yet in commission, being at the Erie Basin Drydocks, preparing for a voyage to England, so Com. Morgan flew his flag from the steamer Shearwater, Vice-Com. Brown, on board of which were the regatta committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell. The Iron steamer Taurus, with Lander's orchestra on board, carried the club members to the starting line.

The start was called for 11:10 for the singlestickers and mixed class, and 11:20 for the schooners, the former having five minutes to cross in and the latter ten. The tide was just turning ebb and there was a fresh N.W. breeze, giving the skippers a chance to berth their boats as they pleased for the start, and the entire fleet was about the line when the preparatory gun was fired at 11, with ten minutes before the start. Almost at the gun Gloriana, setting her clubtopsail, stood off up the Bay toward Bedloe's Island as though she had forgotten something up in that direction and gone off after it. Wasp thought necessary to follow her, and the schooners also appeared to have pressing business about Bay Ridge, though a few minutes before they had been working about the Narrows.

The little Eclipse and the schooner Sachem, of the mixed class, were wide awake and made creditable starts within the time, but Wasp, Gloriana and Queen Mab were handicapped, as were most of the

schooners, Emerald and Ariel only going over some 8 minutes after the starting gun for their class. In one or two cases there may have been some excuse for waiting to start even with a late classmate; but the start as a whole was discreditably to the fleet, and offers another reason, if one be needed, for some action on the part of committee looking to sharper and quicker work at the line. Apart from the fact that all interested in a race disappears when one boat starts 10 minutes ahead of another, perhaps in a different wind; such sluggish methods are alike discreditably to the yachts and the clubs which permit them. The start was timed:

Eclipse.	11 13 52	Ariel.	11 24 38
Sachem.	11 14 15	Elsie Marie.	11 24 54
Gloriana.	11 15 37	Loyal.	Handicapped.
Wasp.	11 16 24	Agnes.	11 25 00
Queen Mab.	11 17 23	Neaera.	11 25 00
Emerald.	11 22 30	Viator.	11 25 00

Once away, the yachts moved fast, running off with mainmast staysails and balloonforesails set, the race to Southwest Spit being enlivened by a luffing match between Elsie Marie and Loyal. The sailing between Wasp, Gloriana and Queen Mab, carrying a poor working topsail, being in "cruising trim," was very even thus far, the times at the Spit being:

Sachem.	11 54 10	Wasp.	12 02 15
Emerald.	12 00 00	Ariel.	12 02 20
Queen Mab.	12 01 30	Eclipse.	12 03 45
Gloriana.	12 01 30		

Coming for the jibe at the Spit Gloriana was still clear ahead of Wasp, while Queen Mab was close on Wasp's weather quarter, Emerald nearing the three. She passed them quickly and then Queen Mab ran the two singlestickers, Wasp dropping astern. Ariel had been coming up fast, and inside the Hook tried to pass on Queen Mab's weather, bringing on a luffing match, Ariel finally passing to windward of Mab and also of Gloriana. When off the point of the Hook there was more fun, a sharp bout between Wasp and Gloriana, the latter holding her luff until Wasp finally bore away after both were headed up the bay instead of down. Spinnakers were set to port for the final hook to Sandy Hook Lightship, Wasp and Gloriana keeping off for Scotland Lightship, the former now in the lead and gaining fast. The outer mark was timed:

Sandy Hook Lightship.				
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sachem.	12 54 45	Elsie Marie.	1 11 40	
Emerald.	1 00 00	Loyal.	1 15 10	
Ariel.	1 03 25	Neaera.	1 18 50	
Queen Mab.	1 04 55	Viator.	1 19 20	
Eclipse.	1 08 40	Agnes.	1 21 18	
Scotland Lightship.				
Wasp.	12 45 20	Gloriana.	12 49 50	

All jibed around the marks and hauled sheets for a beat in to the point of the Hook, and Gloriana, turning closer inshore, stood in under the beach, the ebb now running with full force around the Hook. They were glad to lower clubtopsails and set jibheaders as they struck a fresher breeze under the beach; Wasp continually gaining on her older sister. The two schooners, Ariel and Emerald, were now on the wind under favorable conditions, and the fight promised to be interesting; but the getting inside of Sandy Hook against a strong ebb and a heavy wind, which depends almost as much on chance as on skill in working the tides; and as the two were far apart at times, there was no means of gauging their exact performance. As she passed in by the Hook, still in the lead she had held all day, Emerald appeared to have gained materially on Ariel since they had left the Lightship; but after she had made several short tacks inside in the effort to reach the Spit, it was evident that Ariel was as close as ever to the finish. The bay at a great pace, and the pace was not slow, Gloriana being sadlv left astern. The new schooner, Elsiemarie, designed by Mr. Cary Smith last year, disposed of her antagonists easily when once on the wind.

The finish was very pretty, the yachts coming up one at a time, but unfortunately so far apart that there was only the stirring picture of foaming bow and swelling sail; all the excitement of a close finish was missing. The official times were:

SCHOONERS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald.....	11 23 30	3 51 13	4 28 43	4 28 43
Ariel.....	11 24 38	3 53 19	4 28 41	4 25 09
Elsiemarie.....	11 25 00	4 24 30	4 59 30	4 59 30
Loyal.....	11 24 54	4 44 26	5 19 32	5 11 56
Agnes.....	11 25 00	Not timed.		
CRUISING TRIM.				
Viator.....	11 25 00	4 37 50	5 12 50	5 12 50
Neacera.....	11 25 00	4 48 43	5 23 43	5 17 31
SLOOPS.				
Wasp.....	11 15 00	3 29 36	4 14 25	4 14 26
Glrianda.....	11 15 00	3 53 20	4 38 20	4 38 02
MIXED RIG—CRUISING TRIM.				
Sachem.....	11 14 15	4 01 28	4 47 13	4 47 13
Queen Mab.....	11 15 00	4 03 27	4 48 27	4 35 45
Eclipse.....	11 18 52	Not timed.		



## Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

Tuesday, June 5.

The first of the larger clubs to sail its spring regatta was the Atlantic, on June 5, an early date, but necessary by the time of high water, 8:55 at Governor's Island, giving under ordinary circumstances an ebb tide out to the outer mark and a flood tide all the way in. The 25 starters, ranging from 85ft. down to 20 in length, were divided among ten classes, making five in each class, but there were several pairs that would have made good racing had the weather been other than what it was. These were Ariel and Emerald in the largest schooner class, the latter improved in appearance by a new and longer bow, in addition to which she had changed from black to white. In the next class were three new boats and one old one—Elsiemarie, Serkara, Loyal and Agnes. There was sufficient uncertainty as to the speed of each to lend a little excitement to their first meeting. Wasp and Gloriana made an interesting pair, each being in fine form and under new owners and skippers. Penguin, entered against them, is not only a much older boat, but was greatly inferior in outfit, especially sails. The full list of starters was as follows:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2—70 TO 90FT.

Name.	Owner.	Length.
Emerald.....	J. R. Maxwell.....	91.3
Ariel.....	G. H. B. Under.....	83.5
SCHOONERS—CLASS 3—70FT. UNDER.		
Agnes.....	J. N. Winslow.....	75.6
Elsiemarie.....	B. King.....	75.6
Serkara.....	N. L. Francis.....	65.5
Loyal.....	F. B. Sutton.....	64.8
SLOOPS—CLASS 4—53 TO 61FT.		
Ventura.....	Col. Austen.....	60.2
SLOOPS—CLASS 4—46 TO 53FT.		
Eclipse.....	L. J. Callanan.....	55.2
Daphne.....	W. N. Booth.....	55.2
CLASS 5—40 TO 46FT.		
Wasp.....	Lippett Bros.....	55.0
Gloriana.....	G. C. Gillig.....	53.0
Penguin.....	G. C. Brighton.....	53.0
SLOOPS—CLASS 6—35 TO 40FT.		
Moccasin.....	N. D. Lawton.....	47.1
SLOOPS—CLASS 7—30 TO 35FT.		
Tigress.....	Jas. Wier, Jr.....	47.1
Daffodil.....	J. B. White.....	47.1
SLOOPS—CLASS 8—25 TO 30FT.		
Wabosso.....	H. B. Shaen.....	47.1
CLASS 9—25FT. AND UNDER.		
Madrine.....	F. N. Freeman.....	27.0
CLASS 10—CATS.		
Almira.....	J. Q. Maxwell.....	28.6
Myrtle.....	J. M. Sawyer, Jr.....	27.2
Arrow.....	J. M. Sawyer, Jr.....	27.2

The conditions and courses were: The starting and finishing line for all classes will be between Buoy No. 11 and a stakeboat anchored to southward and eastward thereof. The signals will be given from the judges' boat. The preparatory signal will be a whistle and the lowering of the club burgee for all yachts to approach the line. The starting signal for all yachts over 53ft. l.w.l. will be given five minutes after the preparatory signal, and a whistle and a red ball hoisted on the flagstaff; and five minutes later for all other yachts to start a whistle and a second red ball will be hoisted on the flagstaff. Five minutes will be allowed the yachts in each class to cross the line after the respective starting signals, and any yacht which does not pass the starting line within that period will be timed from the expiration of that time.

The course for all classes of schooners and classes 1, 2 and 3 of sloops will be to Southwest Spit, thence to Scotland Lightship, thence 5 miles S.S.W. to turning mark, and return over the same course. For classes 4 and 5 of sloops the course will be to stakeboat near Buoy No. 6 off the northern point of Sandy Hook, thence to Scotland Lightship, thence 5 miles S.S.W. to turning mark, and return over the same course. For classes 6 and 7 same as foregoing, to Scotland Lightship, thence returning to finishing line. For classes 8, 9, 10 and 11 to said stakeboat near Buoy No. 6, off Sandy Hook and return.

Yachts will be rated for time allowance according to the following system: To the square root of the sail area add the load waterline and divide the sum by 2. The result is the measurement for time allowance. Yachts sailing in cruising trim shall be rated for time allowance at 94 per cent. of their racing length. Yachts so entered must sail in ordinary cruising trim and carry their complete cruising outfit. The measurement to be obtained as provided in Rule V. of the racing rules, which rule is printed on the entry blanks.

The prizes to be sailed for are as follows: Schooners—Class 1, \$150; Class 2, \$125; Class 3, \$100; Class 4, \$75; Class 5, \$50; Class 6, \$25; Class 7, \$25; Class 8, \$25; Class 9, \$25; Class 10, \$25; Class 11, \$25. In case of only one yacht starting in any class the prize will be one-half of the amount named in the above list; and where five or more yachts start in one class a second prize amounting to one-half of the first will be given. The prizes may be received in cash or the equivalent in silver, at the option of the winner.

The morning was cloudy and threatening, with a sprinkle of rain and a light westerly air. The committee tug, the iron steamer Cygnus and the racing craft were under way in season, and all was ready but the wind, which did not come. When the starting hour, 11 A. M., arrived the fleet was lying becalmed just outside the Narrows, with a strong ebb tide. Some dropped their hooks and laid in good berths above the line, and others worked about with what little air was stirring. About 11:40 a light easterly breeze made itself felt, the yachts woke up and those at anchor got under way, and promptly at noon the preparatory whistle was blown.

Agnes made a good start, followed by Ventura, Loyal and Eclipse. Serkara, Ariel, Emerald and Elsiemarie came to the line in a bunch some 3m. after the whistle, Serkara passing outside the mark and being compelled to work up against the tide for a new start. Emerald moved very smartly at first, working clear ahead of Ariel. In such a start as this, so often seen about the Narrows, there are always some unfortunate ones who by carelessness or accident get behind the line while working about, and are unable to buck the strong ebb tide. This time there were several victims. Wasp, Loyal and Kittle came over early from Gravesend Bay, but instead of keeping up in good season allowed themselves to be carried down by the tide, flowing faster each minute, until when the whistle blew they were well down the Bay. They made a long and hard fight to get back, but the last seen of them when the fleet was well on its course, half an hour after the start, struggling for the line. Golden Hope was also left, having failed to get over. The start was timed:

Agnes.....	12 05 19	Wasp.....	12 11 46
Ventura.....	12 06 06	Daffodil.....	12 12 04
Eclipse.....	12 06 51	Penguin.....	12 12 16
Loyal.....	12 07 00	Tigress.....	12 13 00
Emerald.....	12 07 50	Madrine.....	12 13 13
Ariel.....	12 08 03	Arrow.....	12 13 30
Serkara.....	12 10 00	Gloriana.....	12 13 56
Wabosso.....	12 15 30	Almira.....	12 15 00
Moccasin.....	12 11 44	Myrtle.....	12 15 00
After crossing the port mark, most of the yachts went about, Ventura and Emerald standing down for the easterly breeze and getting well out into the bay. Ariel on the other hand hung close in to the Hospital Islands and the West Bank. Three hours of dreary drifting brought the schooners to South West Spit, where they were timed:			
Ariel.....	2 54 30	Elsie-Marie.....	2 59 45
Emerald.....	2 58 35	Loyal.....	3 02 40
Emerald had kept to the eastward until the tide had been too much for her, while Ariel, holding as far as possible to the westward, managed to get by the Spit Buoy easily with a good lead. After some saw work, with Wasp for a time some distance in the lead, Gloriana took first place near the Hook, holding it all through the race. The times at Buoy 6 were:			
Arrow.....	2 37 30	Moccasin.....	2 46 50
Almira.....	2 39 00	Wabosso.....	2 48 00
Gloriana.....	2 40 00	Penguin.....	2 49 30
Wasp.....	2 44 00	Ventura.....	2 49 30
Myrtle.....	2 45 00		

Once outside, with a gentle S.W. wind and smooth sea, the yachts began to sail a little more freely, shining brightly in a blue sky, and the day was pleasant enough even for July. The yachts were set for the reach to the Scotland, the times taken there being:

Gloriana.....	4 06 00	Moccasin.....	5 25 50
Wasp.....	4 21 00	Tigress.....	5 45 45
Ventura.....	4 50 00	Daffodil.....	5 54 15

The schooners could not be timed here, and the only times taken until the finish were at the outer mark, Gloriana 5:09:00, Wasp 5:23:40; nothing was visible of the race in which was marked by a wind squall from N.W., followed by a steady northerly breeze, making a beat home. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS II.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald.....	12 07 30	Did not finish.		
Ariel.....	12 07 30	5 40 20	8 33 17	
CLASS III.				
Agnes.....	12 05 19	Did not finish.		
Elsiemarie.....	12 09 12	9 20 00	9 10 48	
Serkara.....	12 10 00	Not timed.		
Loyal.....	12 07 00	Not timed.		

Ventura.....	12 06 06	8 05 20	7 59 14	
CLASS IV.				
Eclipse.....	12 06 51	Not timed.		
Daphne.....	12 15 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS V.				
Wasp.....	12 11 44	7 07 00	6 55 14	6 55 14
Gloriana.....	12 13 56	6 54 20	6 40 34	6 38 09
Penguin.....	12 13 18	Did not finish.		
CLASS VI.				
Moccasin.....	12 11 44	6 43 00	6 31 10	6 31 10
CLASS VII.				
Tigress.....	12 13 00	7 05 07	6 52 07	6 52 07
Daffodil.....	12 12 04	7 13 30	7 00 25	6 59 19
CLASS VIII.				
Wabosso.....	12 11 30	6 35 00	6 23 30	6 23 30
CLASS IX.				
Madrine.....	12 13 19	6 16 00	6 02 41	6 02 41
CLASS XI.				
Almira.....	12 15 00	5 20 00	4 27 00	4 27 00
Arrow.....	12 15 00	5 20 00	5 05 00	5 02 42
Arrow.....	12 13 30	5 10 00	4 56 00	Not m'd.

## Hudson River Y. C. Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, June 2.

The Hudson River Y. C. sailed the first regatta of the season on June 2, the course being a 12 mile triangle on the Hudson River, off 92d street. The wind was moderate, from S.W., and the times were:

Class A—Cabin Sloops.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lottie, J. Drew.....	3 10 48	2 40 12
Hazel, Mr. Tredwell.....	Did not finish.	
Ivy L., Mr. Larsen.....	Did not finish.	
CLASS B—Cabin Cats—25ft. and over.		
Henry Grey, George Garland.....	2 23 00	2 25 48
CLASS C—Cabin Boats—Under 25ft.		
El Freda, W. Pink.....	1 18 55	0 59 42
Win or Lose, W. F. Kendall.....	1 46 45	1 23 43
CLASS D—Open Sloops.		
Clara S., W. Silger.....	2 51 04	2 11 38
Agnes W., Mr. Kennen.....	2 23 45	3 36 18
Helma, Mr. Kirschtner.....	Did not finish.	
Clara A., Mr. Berry.....	Did not finish.	
Lizzie F., Mr. Flynn.....	Did not finish.	
CLASS E—Open Cats—30ft. and over.		
Pauline B., Mr. Raymond.....	3 05 55	2 39 59
Moore, R. Dick.....	3 14 10	2 39 20
Cisne, H. H. Hester.....	3 23 35	2 46 18
Golden Rod, Mr. Lack.....	Did not finish.	
Katie R., J. S. Smith.....	Did not finish.	
CLASS F—Open Cats—Under 20ft.		
Mosquito, Mr. Higgle.....	1 42 25	1 23 09
Day Off, Mr. Maloney.....	3 21 15	2 00 27
H. C. Miner, Mr. Rae.....	1 42 40	1 23 24
March, Mr. Robinson.....	2 19 30	1 57 13
Adell, C. Rae.....	Did not finish.	
C. T. Willis, Mr. Nicalos.....	1 47 05	1 27 23
The winners were: Class A, Lottie; Class B, Henry Grey; Class C, El Freda; Class D, Clara S.; Class E, Pauline B.; Class F, Mosquito.		

## Corinthian Y. C., Ninth Annual Regatta.

SAN FRANCISCO—SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

Wednesday, May 30.

WEATHER clear. Wind light. Tide,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ebb, balance of race flood. The times were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
CLASS 1.				
Dawn, F. Bartlett.....	35.78	12 15 30	2 36 33	2 20 48
Thetis, F. R. Cook.....	33.64	12 16 30	2 43 17	2 24 22
Edna, J. Lancaster.....	36.10	12 15 45	2 38 50	2 20 20
Petrel, E. A. Eames.....	36.15	12 17 00	2 46 09	2 29 09
CLASS 2.				
Freda, A. T. Lyons.....	31.40	12 32 00	3 00 16	2 28 16
Truant, J. W. Pew.....	28.69	12 31 00	Disabled.	
CLASS 3.				
Cupid, P. Dean.....	24.54	12 47 25	2 47 25	1 55 49
Volante, W. A. Stringer.....	24.65	12 55 00		
Fawn, R. Peat.....	26.21	12 47 00	2 38 50	1 49 33
Mist, P. Biber.....	24.66	12 52 00	2 54 30	1 58 26
Pinta, J. Clark.....	33.90	12 47 20	Disabled.	
CLASS 4.				
Ceres, C. Farrell.....	21.28	1 03 50	3 32 41	2 28 43
Almira, R. E. Read.....	21.31	1 01 15	3 45 37	2 44 42
Cornelia, L. H. Hart.....	20.20	1 01 40	Disabled.	
Winners: Class 1—First prize, Edna, pennant; second, Dawn, pennant; third, Thetis, pennant. Class 2—First, Freda, pennant. Class 3—First, Cupid, pennant; second, Fawn, pennant. Class 4—First, Ceres, pennant; second, Ceres, pennant. Regatta committee—C. A. Graham, W. H. Crowell, J. R. Howell.				

Winners: Class 1—First prize, Edna, pennant; second, Dawn, pennant; third, Thetis, Class 2—First, Freda, pennant, Class 3—First, Fawn, pennant; second, Cupid, pennant, Class 4—First, Ceres, pennant; second, Cisne, pennant. Regatta committee—C. A. Graham, W. H. Crowell, J. R. Howell.

## The Atlantic Y. C. Cruise.

The following general orders governing the annual cruise of the Atlantic Y. C. have been sent out to members:

FLAGSHIP WATER WITCH, A. Y. C.,  
June 8, 1894.

## GENERAL ORDERS No. 3:

The fleet of the Atlantic Yacht Club will rendezvous in Larchmont Yacht Club Harbor on the afternoon of July 3 for the annual cruise. A meeting of the captains will be held aboard the flagship at 8 o'clock. No other notices necessary and your presence is earnestly desired. The Larchmont Club very cordially extends to the Atlantic Club the hospitality of its house.

Wednesday, July 4.—Permission is given to all captains to enter their yachts in the Larchmont regatta, and you can aid in making their race a greater success by so doing. In the afternoon the fleet will sail for Oyster Bay (time of start to be determined later), anchoring off the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club House. This club also cordially invites you to avail yourself of its hospitality.

Thursday, July 5.—The fleet will sail for Morris Cove, anchoring off Pequot Club.

Friday, July 6.—The fleet will sail for Duck Island, anchoring behind breakwater.

Saturday, July 7.—Fleet will sail for New London, anchoring off A. A. Myers, near the Pequot House.

Sunday, July 8.—Remain at anchor. Divine service on the flagship at 10:30 A. M.

Monday, July 9.—The fleet will run to Shelter Island, anchoring in Deering Cove.

Tuesday, July 10.—Extension of cruise, gig races, etc., to be decided by the captains.

Provisions for yachts in cruising trim will probably be arranged from port to port, a prize being given to winners in each day's run. Please provide yourself with your racing number, which you will find in club book for 1894. By order of the Commodore.

CHAS. T. PIERCE, Fleet Captain.

## Steam Yacht Margaret.

The twin screw steam yacht Margaret, designed and built by Chas. L. Seabury & Co., New York—Hudson, for Mr. John H. Rutherford of New York, was launched on June 1. Her dimensions are: Length over all 75ft., l.w.l. 65ft., beam 11ft., draught 4ft. 6in.

The bulwarks are 12in. high above deck, from the after end of saloon, over saloon, engine room to the forward end of galley. The saloon is 14ft. long, finished in white and gold panel work. A state room is arranged directly forward of the saloon on the port side with a large double berth, with drawers under it, and a dressing case with drawers and mirror fitted. A toilet room is arranged on the starboard side forward of the saloon, with entrance from stateroom and saloon. Directly forward of the toilet room is arranged a small room with shelves and books, and with a sliding door connecting with the stateroom. This apartment is used as a wardrobe.

The machinery consists of two Seabury triple expansion engines of latest design, actuated by a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler, fitted with all necessary appliances. The galley is forward of the engine room, fitted with a range, sink and pump; the smoke pipe is connected with main smoke funnel. Directly forward of the galley is arranged the forecastle or crew's quarters, with accommodations for six persons. Forward of the crew's quarters is the crew's toilet room. These apartments have good light and ventilation. The deck is flush forward with deck room on either side of house, also large after deck. She will carry two boats on davits, etc. Her speed is fourteen to fifteen miles per hour. She will be used by Mr. Rutherford on Lake Champlain and vicinity.

Unquowa, steam yacht, has been chartered by O. B. Jennings to Mr. Ross, of Montreal, and is fitting out for that port at Port Jefferson.

## Vigilant's Passage.

It will be remembered that throughout her long passage last fall, Valkyrie was not once definitely reported until she was fairly at Sandy Hook. Vigilant, on the contrary, seems to have found the North Atlantic fairly crowded, as she has been repeatedly spoken since leaving the Hook. She was reported as passing out to sea at 12:40 A. M. on June 1, and at 8:30 she was sighted by the tank steamer Northern Light, off Shinnecock, and at about noon, off Montauk Point, by the Slavonia, and at 2:30 P. M. by the Paris. Next day, June 2, at 4:38 A. M. she was sighted by the steamer Rhaetia, in lat. 40° 55' long. 68° 17'; and at 11:30 A. M., in lat. 41° 10' long. 67°, by the Anchor Line steamer Furressia; while six hours later, in lat. 41° 19' long. 66° 28', she was sighted by the steamer State of California, the wind being moderate, weather hazy. She had then been out about forty hours, and had made some 330 miles. On June 3 she was not reported at all, but on June 4, in lat. 42° 10' long. 61° 06', she was sighted by the Dutch steamer Charlois, the wind being light, direction not given, and the yacht heading east under full sail. On the same day, presumably a little later, she was sighted by the tank steamer Washington, lying becalmed in lat. 42° 16' long. 61°. This makes a total run of 600 miles in between three and four days, with a good promise of a quick and pleasant termination to the voyage. Atlanta has reported at Fayol, for coal, on June 11.

## MODEL YACHTING.

The following challenge appeared in the Philadelphia Call of June 2: Having heard that the Philadelphia Model Y. C. claim to have the two best model yachts in the world, owned by Messrs. Frank Mitchell and Chas. C. Dulin, I wish to state that I, the undersigned, also claim to have a steam model yacht which will hold its place in any company.

Therefore, I challenge Messrs. Frank Mitchell and Chas. C. Dulin to a fair and honorable race at any time and distance they name, either for sport, money or cup.

I was a race, not an exhibition, as all former yacht races have been between model steam yachts of late.

SAMUEL F. PAYNE, W. E. M. Y. C.

No. 716 GREEN STREET.

Capt. Lewis R. Youngs, the Bridgeport spar maker who challenged E. Stern Wheeler to a race on the Sound with model yachts, was met by Mr. Wheeler in a contest off Hendrick's Point, near South Norwalk on June 5, and the Saugatuck boat won with comparative ease. Each model measured about 5ft. over all. Captain Youngs's craft was intended as a light-weather boat and insisted on luffing every time she encountered a slightly approaching stiff breeze. The miniature yachts imported from Germany and owned by Lawrence and Robert Crawford, made of copper and containing airtight compartments, although not nominally in the race, sailed around the Bridgeport and Saugatuck boats with amazing speed. A model yacht race in which there promises to be fully thirty competing boats will be sailed near Bridgeport early next month. Yachtsmen all along shore, as far east as New London, are interesting themselves in the race.

GLENWOOD LANDING, L. I., June 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: I inclose copy of a challenge which I would be obliged if you will publish in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. G. GRIFFITH CLAPHAM.

## CHALLENGE TO MODEL YACHTS.

To Wm. G. Newman, Chairman Regatta Committee Douglaston Y. C.:

In the interest of model yacht racing I hereby challenge any model yacht or yachts (indorsed by Douglaston Y. C.) to sail my yacht Gracie a match race of one half mile dead to windward or at near the Douglaston Y. C. house on either Friday, June 22, or Saturday, June 23, for a prize to be heretofore decided on by the regatta committee of the club. Time allowance and other regulations to be according to rules of A. M. Y. C. The only condition I make is that my competitor or competitors shall not have a waterline length exceeding 43in., which is the length of my yacht. G. GRIFFITH CLAPHAM.

## The Eastern Y. C. House.

From the Boston Globe.

MEMBERS of the Eastern Y. C., who have not seen the club house since last fall, will have to take a second look at the building to make sure that they are in the right place. The club house as they knew it is still there, but additions made during the winter and spring change its appearance in a most marked degree, and any member may well be excused for a second and more searching look as he approaches it from either the harbor or the neck side.

To the southwest elevation of the house has been made an addition of 20'x50ft., rising the full three stories, and matching the older building in every detail of design and finish. The addition runs across the southwest has been built a one story and a basement building, which are a fine billiard room, a laundry and a complete electric light plant. The detached building matches the big house in style, and, with the addition, gives the club as roomy and convenient quarters as the most exacting member could desire.

The addition to the main building gives in the basement a new, large and well-lighted kitchen, a large refrigerator room, a cold storage room and a couple of smaller store rooms. The old kitchen makes a good servant's hall.

In the first story an addition of about 725sq. ft. is obtained to the dining room, and the new portion with its large fireplace, recessed sideboard and big bay with large single plate windows











Open to teams of four men from any club or members of the State







Elliott and Helkes.

DAYTON, O.—J. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City, and Rolla O. Helkes of this place, shot a 100-live-bird match May 28 in as pretty a shooting ground as traps were ever set in.

Conditions were 100 pigeons each man, \$100 a side, Association rules. Elliott won easily by the score 96 to 90.

Ferd. Van Dyke of Dayton, N. J., was chosen referee, and the FOREST AND STREAM representative was made score keeper. Credit for the admirable ground arrangements should be given S. S. Troup and Dolph Sander. There were nearly 1,000 people on the grounds when Elliott won the toss and stepped to the firing point for the first bird, which he killed with first shot.

Elliott,.....1222222122222222221121211222221121222211012112  
Helkes,.....2221222112121122222112121112221101212222202-96  
.....3210121100212222222221122221102221001101221122  
.....01212121112121112111111111111111112222112-90

Elliott used a 12 Greener, 7bs. 2oz. Winchester Leader shells, E. C. powder, 1½oz. No. 7 chilled shot. He started off with a run of 43 kills, then lost an old red straightaway, scored another run of 44, his eighty-ninth, black right-outgoing, died out of bounds. His ninety-sixth, a left-incomer, died out of bounds. He lost the ninety-ninth, left-outgoing, black old bird, carried the shot over the fence.

Helkes shot his Winchester repeater, U. M. C. Trap shell, 8½drs. Bogardus here Sept. 1, next to shoot Eli. Went to of this place 100 live birds each, under Bogardus rules, gun below elbow until the bird is on the wing, and any bird that drops within 10yds. of the trap to be scored lost.

There will probably be a purse offered to bring Elliott here again to shoot against Helkes again, 50 artificial targets and 50 live birds each man, for a purse of \$300. Arrangements are also under way to have Bogardus here Sept. 1, next to shoot Eli. Went to of this place 100 live birds each, under Bogardus rules, gun below elbow until the bird is on the wing, and any bird that drops within 10yds. of the trap to be scored lost.

BROWN.

Wood Powder Gun Club.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., June 7.—No. 1, 10 Keystone target, 5 traps, entry \$1, A. S. A. rules:

Kimble.....1001011101-6 Stableford.....0001001101-4  
Dr. Fry.....1111111011-9 Kates.....1111011101-8  
Hartner.....110111111-9 Dr. Smith.....1111111110-9  
Williams.....101100101-6

No. 2, 10 standard Keystone targets:

Dr. Frey.....111111111-10 Stableford.....000101011-6  
Hartner.....111111111-10 Williams.....111110111-9  
Kates.....0111111101-8 Kimble.....101110110-7

No. 3, 25 singles:

Dr. Frey.....1111110110110111111111-22  
Williams.....10111101101101111001011-19  
Hartner.....1111011111111111111111-24  
Kates.....1012011111110011011111-21  
Stableford.....011001001010100001011-10  
Dr. Smith.....1111111101111111111111-23

J. A. H.

A New Smokeless.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 4.—At the Illinois State shoot I saw a few shells loaded with a powder which is certainly a new thing for the American shooter. It has not yet even a name, and the firm who will manufacture it will no doubt be surprised to see this mention in print, for they have been conducting their experiments in secret, and will probably not announce any name for the powder for a week or two yet.

The powder is a German invention, which has been bought by Lafin & Rand, the well-known powder manufacturers. They will claim for it that it is not a nitro powder, but that it is free from smoke than any nitro. I cut open a shell loaded with it. The powder is of a purplish blue color, with grain larger than E. C., and as confined in the shell felt spongy to the touch. I fired a couple of loads of it, and the recoil was that of a good stiff E. C. load. There seemed to be no perceptible smoke, so far as the shooter could tell. Messrs. Lafin & Rand will no doubt tell the remainder of this story later on. I suggest they name their powder the FOREST AND STREAM powder. Then it will always be ahead.

E. HOUGH.

Among Southern Trappers.

THE fourth of the series of contests for the silver water service by members of the Charlotte (N. C.) Gun Club made a change in the standing of some of the contestants, allowing Carson to take second place from Anthony. The scores were: Carson 44, Todd 42, Stokes 42, Anthony 39, Dodge 37. The men then rood as follows on breaks: Todd 220, Carson 315, Anthony 212, Stokes 204, Dodge 201.

Putney Rod and Gun.

PUTNEY, Vt., June 7.—The following scores were made at the weekly shoot of the Putney Rod and Gun Club. The afternoon was cloudy and a stiff breeze from the northwest blew across the traps, making the flight of the targets very erratic, which accounts for some of the poor scores made. In addition to our local members Mr. Henry Warren of the Boston Target Co. was with us. He is a member of our club. Mr. Warren was badly handicapped by not having his gun with him. The one he used did not hang to suit him. Fishing thus far has been rather poor, but the reports about squirrels and ruffed grouse lead us to think that the shooting next fall will be the best for several years.

Nos. 1 and 2 at 5 birds, Nos. 3 and 4 miss and out:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.  
Warren.....01010-2 00010-1 1111 110  
W E Ayer.....00111-3 11011-4 0 0 111111  
B Robertson.....11000-2 10011-3 10 0  
Willard.....11110-4 01001-2 1110 1110  
Frank Robertson.....01111-4 10110-3 1110 10  
A J Ayer.....11011-4 10100-2 110 11110

Team match, 30 birds per man, \$5 per team:

W E Ayer.....111101111101101110-16 A J Ayer.....1111011100110110111-14  
Warren.....00010011001101101101-9 Willard.....110010101111110011-13  
F Roberts.....111101001101100001-9 B Roberts.....11110001001111000010111-10  
Stowell.....01111010001010000101-9 Bailey.....00111100000000000000-4

43

Three-man teams, 8 birds each, also 10 singles:

W E Ayer.....01111111-7 101110101-7  
Willard.....1111001-6 101001001-5  
F Robertson.....10011001-4-17 010100000-2

A J Ayer.....1110011-6 111001111-8  
Warren.....10111000-4 0100011010-4  
B Robertson.....1011011-6-16 0010110100-4

W. E. A.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 3.—Fifteen singles, known traps and angles, 16 and 18yds. rise, as usual, were the conditions of to day's medal shoot of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Champion Bob Rogers, who for a couple of weeks has been detained at Wallace, Idaho, by railroad washouts, came in yesterday by means of a railroad bicycle which he had the pleasure of pumping for about eighty miles. In consequence of the effects of the unusual exertion required to accomplish the trip he was not in the best form to-day and made his poorest score for this season. Harry Stephens, one of the neatest handlers of the double gun in the Northwest, and who has been shooting out of form all season, fell back into line to-day and carried off the gold medal with but a single miss. T. S. Jones retained the silver medal with a score of 10. Scores follow:

Class A.  
A Harry.....11110111111101-13 Lieut Devo1.....10001101011100-8  
J P Menard.....0111110111010-11 W P Brayton.....101000011101010-8  
R Rogers.....11001111110011-11 H A Stephens.....11111111011111-14

Class B.  
T S Jones.....10110001101111-10 F P Kern.....10000011010000-5  
F Comes.....110000011011010-7 F H Woody.....1000010101011-8

This week's team shoot was at 15 singles, unknown singles, J. P. Menard captaining one team of six and H. A. Stephens the other. Score of Menard's team was 53 and Stephens's 50.

W. C.

Eaton Gun Club.

EATON, O., June 4.—The Eaton Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon, after a lay off of two months on account of not having suitable grounds to shoot on. There were seventeen shooters present out of a club of twenty-five members. On account of not having had any practice the score is not to the usual standing. Twenty-five blue rocks, 5 traps:

E A Deem.....16 C B Cokfair.....4 A A Churchill.....18  
W H Bucke.....12 S O Hunt.....15 F P Filbert.....15  
R Appleby.....10 W Deem.....20 C Brewer.....15  
Fred Filbert.....12 C F Churchill.....10 J Longnecker.....7  
M Dickey.....10 C S Shields.....8 O C Holt.....17  
W H Hathaway.....10 C Silver.....15

EATON GUN CLUB.

Belfast Gun Club.

THE first annual tournament of the Belfast (Me.) Gun Club will be held June 20 and 21. The programme calls for a generous prize list and the shooting will be open to all.

Paterson Gun Club.

WILLARD PARK, June 5.—Event No. 1, 5-bird sweepstake, Hurlingham rules, entry \$3:

Morfe (30yds).....20220-3 Hopper (28).....01210-3  
Smith (29).....2121-5 Morgan (28).....11221-5  
E George (28).....2220-4 Wright (29).....21220-4

No. 2, club shoot, 10 birds:

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0-9 Morgan (28) 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1-9  
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1-5 Wolfe (28) 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 8  
2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 1-7 E George (28) 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 1 8

Hopper (28).....1 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 1-9

No. 3, sweepstake, miss and out: Morfe 6, Wright 0, Smith 7, Hopper 6, Morgan 2, E. George 2, Bunn 0.

No. 4, same conditions: Morfe 20, Wright 0, Hopper 20, Morgan 1, E. George 1.

No. 5, handicap sweepstake, entry \$3, 5 birds, Hurlingham rules: Morfe 5, Wright 5, E. George 5, Morgan 4.

No. 6, miss and out: Morfe 3, Wright 3, E. George 2.

Weather fine, birds a mixed lot, some extra fast ones. Boyle failed to come to score. The shooting of Hopper was grand for a young shooter, as you will note in score sheets. He tied Morfe in club shoot and also in the miss and out sweeps that followed. In third sweep Hopper and Morfe tied for second money and carried it over to fourth sweep, where they both shot at and killed 20 each, only giving up when shells ran out.

DUTCHY.

Emerald Gun Club.

NEW YORK, June 3.—The Emerald Gun Club will hold their first annual tournament on Oct. 22, 23 and 24, at targets and live birds at Louis Miller's Dexter Park and claim the above dates.

GEO. V. HUDSON, M.D., Rec. Sec'y.

Knoxville in 1895.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., June 5.—The Knoxville Gun Club will hold its fourteenth annual tournament May, 1895, and add \$1,500 spot cash to the purses.

S. VAN GILDER, Capt.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—We intend to hold our tournament on Oct. 3, and 5, the last day to be devoted entirely to live birds.

WM. C. GIBB, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications


W. L. S., Boston, Mass.—There is good fishing in the neighborhood of Marblehead or round into the bay in the neighborhood of Peabody and Danvers. But land is held pretty high within the distance from Boston you mention. Especially is this true of the South Shore.

S. S., Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Will you kindly advise me as to the best bait for carp? Ans. Dough balls made by mixing white bread crumb paste with cotton are commonly used. Wasp larvae, grains of wheat or barley or worms are also good bait. It is a good plan to prepare the spot one wishes to fish beforehand by "ground baiting." We do not know the compound.

W. R. P., Lawrence, Mass.—A and B shoot 15 shots with a rifle. Each takes a rifle and starts shooting at the same time. The one that makes the best score in the quickest time takes the money. Now A was two points better on the score, but B was two seconds quicker in the time. Who wins? Ans. This cannot be determined after the shooting, in the absence of definite rules fixing values for time and points.

H. S., Luberne, Minn.—What kind of a sight would be the best for wing and glass ball shooting? Ans. If using open sights have your rear sight flat on top with a shallow nick or platinum wire to show the center. The best pattern for a front sight is something which presents a square surface to the eye, as with a pointed sight it is very difficult to get the proper fineness instantly. Lyman sights are very good for quick shooting.

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One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at \$1.19 until all are sold. These rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, extra tip, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction.

Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft. 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 13oz. Reel seats above hand.

No. H—A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 63 cts.; 60yds., 78 cts.; 80yds., 88 cts.; 100yds., 98 cts.

Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 38cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.

No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 63c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 25 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

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All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage.

300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 4 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 5 cts. extra for postage.

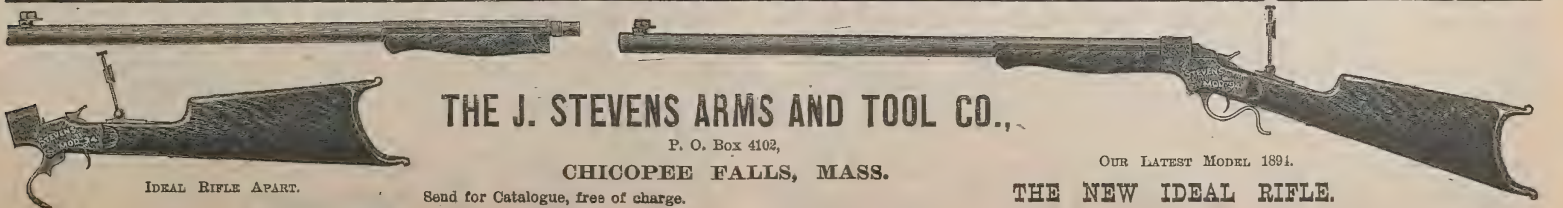
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U. M. C. Co.'s Special, "Walsrode" shell (No. 3 primer).....	10 "	\$2.25 "	\$20.00 "
Imported "Walsrode" or "Eley" shells.....	12 "	\$2.50 "	\$25.00 "
	10 "	\$2.75 "	\$27.50 "
	12 "	\$3.00 "	\$30.00 "
	10 "	\$4.00 "	\$40.00 "
Add for shot to all above shells.....		.60 "	\$ 6.00 "

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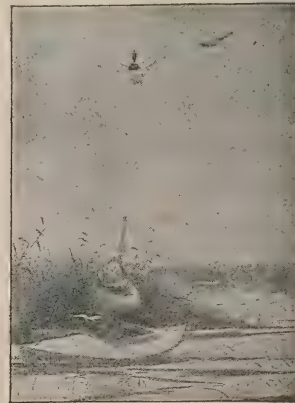
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W Smith.....01011111111111111111—23  
Yeomans.....11111111111111111111—24  
Sickley.....11111111111111111111—24  
Van Dyke.....10111111111111111111—24  
Drake.....11111111111111111111—23-118

Winning Team, April 26.—South Side Gun Club.  
Breitball.....11111101111101111111—23  
Thomas.....11110111111101011111—22  
Hedden.....11111111111111111111—25  
Geoffroy.....11110111011111111111—23  
Hoffman.....11001111111111111111—23-116

Winning Team, May 9.—Maplewood Gun Club.  
W Smith.....10101101110110111111—20  
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# FOREST AND STREAM

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attention of the meeting; a bill was drafted, and subsequently, through the efforts of the Association, was adopted by the Legislature. Though the engrossing purpose of the meeting was that named in the call, nevertheless, at this very first convention two trap-shooting matches were engaged in as a diversion after the weightier concerns had been given their due attention.

As one annual meeting followed another, the trap-shooting features grew apace, and engaged more and more the attention of those in attendance. In time club delegates came to be chosen not because of their interest in game and fish protection, but because of their expertness at the trap. They attended the convention not to represent the fish and game interests of the home clubs, but to maintain their prestige in shooting, and to win prizes and trophies. The prizes multiplied and grew in value. In the end trap-shooting monopolized the entire attention of the annual convention, and this came to be known as the "State Shoot."

Such a departure from original purposes was watched with extreme regret by those who appreciated the opportunities of usefulness open to the Association, and who recognized the obligations it owed to the public. There were not wanting Jeremiahs to bewail the people's following after strange gods. But protests and criticisms and exhortations were ineffectual. The real fault lay in those provisions of the constitution which called for the holding of a deliberative convention and a trap-shooting tournament at one and the same time, and the remedy was not found until the constitution itself was changed.

At length, in the winter of 1892, in a special meeting called by Gen. D. H. Bruce in Syracuse, a committee was named to devise a way to restore the Association to its original purpose. The committee made its report at the next annual meeting, in July of that year, and suggested a reorganization, with a new constitution. The essential features of the report are outlined in these paragraphs:

The plan of reorganization recognizes and makes ample provision for the two purposes of the Association—game protection and trap-shooting. In the practical conduct of the Association each one of these interests is given its own place, but the two are kept entirely separate. Provision is made for the fullest activity in each, but neither one is permitted to conflict with the other. Two meetings are provided for annually, one in the winter for game protection interests only, and one in the summer for trap-shooting and other competitions.

The summer tournament is retained in all essential details as now conducted. The management of the Association tournament is entrusted to one of the local clubs, to be named from year to year. This club is given full charge of the meeting, assumes the financial responsibility and reaps the profit or bears the loss. The present mode of selecting the place, time and club remains unchanged. The officers of the managing club are made *ex officio* the officers of the tournament and the tournament convention.

The plan was adopted and has been in operation for two years with most satisfactory and gratifying results. The annual winter conventions have been well attended and influential; the summer tournaments have lost none of their interest and importance. The reorganized Association is in every way stronger than ever before. It has solved the problem of combining in its membership all the diverse elements whose union forms a powerful whole. Each element—the protective and the tournament—has fullest scope; there is no clashing of interests; neither suffers at the expense of the other.

Now that the New York Association has found so happy a solution of the problem which formerly confronted it, and which now confronts the Illinois Association, would not Illinois do well to make trial of a like scheme of reorganization?

We commend the plan also for general adoption by State associations. Copies of the New York constitution will be furnished from this office on request.

## VIGILANT.

THE arrival of Vigilant in British waters puts an end to the long-disputed question as to whether America was called on to take other than a defensive part in international racing; and henceforth American yachtsmen need concern themselves only with Vigilant's actual performances against the British fleet. The policy of sending a representative American yacht abroad has long been condemned by many who consider themselves good sportsmen but are unwilling to assume any chances not absolutely forced upon them, and the same objections have been made to the plans of Messrs. Gould this year as in the case of Mr. Carroll and Navahoe last season.

We are much mistaken in the feelings of Americans as a nation if they endorse in any way that cold, practical spirit of mug-hunting which would keep Vigilant at

home because she might be beaten abroad, and if they do not appreciate the pluck and boldness of the yacht's new owners in purchasing the one yacht whose position as a representative American vessel is beyond question, and fitting her out in the best possible manner, and sending her forth boldly to meet anything afloat.

The venture of the Gould brothers has nothing of that flavor of so-called "practical yachting" which leads a man to avoid a race in which the chances are not wholly on his side; but it savors more of the spirit which in the early part of this century sent out from all the Atlantic ports a fleet of little schooners and brigs under letters of marque, with no thought of their small size and inferior armament, but simply with the resolve to do the best they could against any odds.

There is no doubt that Vigilant, whether repeating the triumphs of Wenonah and Wee Win, or only moderately successful under conditions for which she was never intended, will carry the American flag with credit on the Clyde, the Irish Sea and the Channel; and whatever meed of success she may finally attain, her owners are deserving of nothing but praise for their spirited and patriotic action in assuming the offensive rather than defensive position in international yachting.

## SIDE-FISHING FOR COUNT.

LAST week we reported the fishing contest of the Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association; to-day is recorded that of the Niagara County Anglers' Club. The members divide up into rival companies and each fishes to outscore the other side. Such competitions have long been popular in Great Britain. The signs appear to indicate that in time they will be quite as common here. With their development one of two results will follow; side-fishing contests will seriously impair the fishing in waters where the stock is susceptible of depletion, or else the fishing competitions will so stimulate popular interest in angling as to provide for requisite restocking and protection.

## SNAP SHOTS.

A BAND of conquistadores under the leadership of Mr. C. M. Coen, sailed from this port on Thursday of last week and took formal possession of a new country out beyond the Sandy Hook Lightship, eleven miles from the Long Island shore and seventeen miles from New Jersey. The site is known on the charts as the Cholera Banks; it is 12½ fathoms under water, and lying beyond the three mile limit is outside the jurisdiction of the United States or of any other country. The new principality was christened Atalantis. Here, the projectors say, they will build a palatial hotel, supported on pillars of iron and cement rising from the ocean floor. All sorts of international complications will arise in connection with the founding of a new principality within sight of our shores; but some folks are more interested in fishing than in extradition treaties. The Cholera Banks are famous fishing grounds, and when Mr. Coen shall have completed his \$4,000,000 hotel, Atalantis will be a Mecca for salt-water anglers.

Special Deputy Benjamin Smith, agent of the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club, caught a trout fisherman named George Kenney, of Adams, Mass., the other day attempting to sell a lot of 500 trout all under the Massachusetts legal sales limit of six inches. The justice fined Kenney \$20 and costs, which was perhaps not excessive, when it is considered that at about the same time a Vermont man for starving his wife to death was required to pay a fine of \$1,000.

Professor Garner, who claims to have been camping out in an iron cage among African gorillas, says he knows of "nothing in the way of sounds that can inspire one with so much terror as the voice of a big gorilla near at hand in the lone and silent hours of the night." Evidently the professor has never heard the woor of a grizzly in the chaparral, or he would not consider it necessary to go to the Dark Continent to be well scared.

The *Evening Post* of this city has been discussing what may be meant by the book publishers who advertise their works as "summer reading." The ideal summer reading, "grateful and comforting" in humid June, is the story of the FOREST AND STREAM expedition amid the snows of the Yellowstone.

The portrait on the next page is given to fill a long-felt want.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page 548

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

## WILL ILLINOIS FOLLOW?

IN our report last week of the convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at Chicago, the familiar complaint was repeated that the tournament interests had crowded out those of game protection. President Low, it was said, "gave the Association the annual roast on its inefficiency as a protective body, and this the Association bore placidly, calmly and mildly as is its wont. Mr. Low thought trap-shooting should not occupy all the attention and time of the body, and that the Association ought to 'do something or disband,'"

The failure of the Illinois Association as a game protective force does not of necessity follow from an indifference on the part of its members toward that cause, but is to be found in the nature of its organization, in the form of its constitution. There unquestionably exists in the rank and file of the Association a sound and healthy sentiment, which, if given adequate opportunity of expression and activity, would prove a potent force. But any possible game protective activity is now smothered by the trap-shooting interest, and it is thus smothered because the constitution of the body makes no provision for its separate, unhampered exercise.

When the constitution of the Illinois Association was framed the authors recognized the dual purpose of the organization—game protection and trap-shooting. They provided for both, but for both at the same time; and here was their mistake. The average man cannot successfully engage in work and in play too; if he attempts it one or the other must suffer; usually it is not the play. An association of average men cannot take part in the work of game protection and in the play of trap-shooting at the same time; if they attempt it one or the other must be slighted; and trap-shooting never is. This is strictly in keeping with human nature; and sportsmen are very human. As most other State associations which attempt to combine trap-shooting and game protection, the Illinois Association has long been and now is in the condition of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, prior to its reorganization in 1892. And as here, the remedy, we apprehend, is to be found in a modification of the constitution by which the two interests shall be accorded equal recognition and opportunity of development. In this the New York Association has shown the way. Others would do well to follow.

At the risk of rehearsing facts which may be familiar, but whose study cannot fail of instruction, we give in brief the story of what has been done in New York.

The New York Association was formed in 1859 by delegates from different counties, who had met in response to a call for "a convention for the purpose of discussing and devising means for united action throughout the State for a revision of the present senseless and inefficient game and fish laws." This business occupied the time and



## "Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 6.

### In the Heart of the Mountains.

LONG before the sun had dreamed of touching the top of even Mt. Washburn in the Park, let alone the rocky front of the Obsidian Cliff, which frowned down not far from our snow-bound camp, there was a general unbending and straightening out of the cramped forms in the little shack, and everyone busying himself preparing for the day's march. It was only a little after 3 o'clock in the morning when Sergt. Kellner and his party took the trail. Billy and our men were a little later, as we stopped to give the *skis* a scientific scorching and waxing. A new *ski* is like a new shoe, it needs breaking in. A scorching which leaves the surface browned or almost black seems to lay the grain of the wood. The coat of grease and wax heated in on this surface keeps the grain from being started by the snow, and gives that perfect slipperiness so much valued by the experts and so embarrassing to the greenhorn.

I left the camp ahead of our party, sometime before sun up. The trees were banked with snow, so that one could not see 20 yds. into the forest. Wherever one could get a look through at the mountains he saw only a white silence which repelled and did not greet. We were now in the heart of the mountains and the trip was on. There was a singular feeling of smallness and insignificance which came over one in such surroundings, yet I felt cheerful and happy in the fact that I was not so badly off physically as I had feared, but was refreshed fully by the night's sleep. Moreover, some advice from the boys had set me on better terms with the *skis*. The day before I had had my toe straps too tight, and had been walking with my heel on top of the heel strap. I now loosened up the thongs of the toe straps, put my heels square down into the heel straps and buckled the *ski* fast on. The bottom strap of the heel brace I cut off altogether, as it was too short for the big overshoes. Thus arranged, I found that my foot got a control over the *ski* it had not had before, and I was free of much muscular strain, while the foot worked with far greater ease in the straps.

### Billy's Turn.

I plodded along alone in the trail of the Kellner party for a while, but not fast enough to keep ahead of Larsen and Holte, who raced on, anxious to get over the nine miles which we had set for the limit of the day's journey. Billy was last to come on, and by the time we joined forces we were some distance on the way. We then went ahead in company for a few miles. Billy was dull and loggy, and at about 9 o'clock he said he was feeling weak and faint. By that time we had run the "Brick Kiln Hill" and were over on the hot country near the "Devil's Frying-Pan," a couple of miles or so from Norris Basin. Here our shoes had begun to stick again, and we concluded to stop and wax up and make some tea for Billy, who was distressed a good deal, much as I had been the day before, only not so badly. I guyed him a little bit about its being his turn to give out, but after he had drunk about a pint of tea with a little brandy in it, he recovered from his faintness and was soon sassy as ever. We had trouble in getting any good wood here, as the axe was on ahead and the snow covered everything deeply, but Billy with his usual deftness managed to get a fire. We started the snow to melting in our teapot by sinking the latter in one of the little boiling springs near by. As it melted we put in more snow, a little at a time. On all the trip we had to melt snow to make tea or coffee, and we learned that if you crowd snow into your cup so high that it sticks up over the top, the water will taste smoky. The best way is to get a little water first in the cup and then add snow gradually.

### Winter Scenes.

There was a little open lake to the right of the trail here, and a lot of steaming, red hot little geyserettes which had no business to be out there in the snow. A broad strip of bare ground crossed the trail every once in a while, where the underground heat kept the surface too warm for the snow to lie. The melting of the heavy snow often created quite beautiful effects. Moreover, we found an energetic little "paint pot" or so along the trail, where boiling clays kept up an eternal complaint, and the big "Devil's Frying-Pan," with its endless sputtering and sizzling of gaseous hot water, served to make pause for a moment eyes already beginning to get used to the wonders of this unnaturally wonderful country.

### At the Soldiers' Station.

Private Lockhart, from the soldiers' station at Norris Basin, joined Billy and me as we were finishing our wayside rest, and we went up to the station together, arriving at the soldiers' shack all in good shape. Here I put my feet into a bucket of ice water, much to the horror of Larsen, who thought that was inviting a cold. Yet I found that a short trot barefoot in the snow did not have that effect. We all ate like fiends, and created apprehension in Lockhart's mind, as his rations were running low. He had side meat, flour and canned tomatoes, and we thought that was good enough for anybody. The Norris Hotel was never rebuilt after burning down, and the only accommodation at the Norris Geyser Basin is a lunch house, which is closed in winter. The soldiers' quarters are not public, but we were taken in and given share and share alike. Lockhart was at that time alone. Two men are stationed here all winter, and there are also two

horses, two cats and one dog. The horses have a barn, and rarely get more than a few yards away from it, except close along the banks of the Gibbon River, which rushes by near the shack. Between the barn and the house the snow was 6 or 8 ft. deep, with drifts of twice that depth. The horses had trodden down a sort of yard, and seemed to be wintering well and to be full of spirit. The thermometer was 45° below here once this winter, but it was above zero when we were there, and in this spring-like air we all took off our heavy wear and unbuttoned our shirt fronts.

### The Winter Patrol.

It was about the middle of the afternoon of our stop here that Burgess brought in his prisoner, Howell, as I have earlier described. Later on Capt. Scott and Lieut. Forsyth came in, and at 7 o'clock in the evening "Snowshoe Pete," the telephone lineman, who had been over the line in the upper Park, also came in, so that we had a houseful again. All reported soft snow and plenty of it, and very hard shoeing. The two officers were tired enough with their journey of twelve miles from the Cañon that day. Capt. Scott had a bad heel. Billy's heel was also badly blistered, and I had a bad place on my own heel. Here was where I threw away my shoes and took to the moccasins, which I never regretted. Billy stuck it out and got part of his original heel back to the Post at the end of the trip. Poor Burgess, with his frozen toe,

continued falling of snow adding always to the great depth already fallen, and lying light and fluffy on top the settled body of snow. As we learned later, it took Burgess till dark to do the twenty miles in. "Snowshoe Pete," who is a very excellent shoer has really made this twenty miles in three hours and thirty-five minutes. Larsen has made it in four hours and twenty minutes. Sergt. Morrison has gone from the Fountain Hotel to the Mammoth Hot Springs, forty full miles, in half a night, and a day. It all depends on the shoeing. To the inexperienced all snow would seem alike, but the expert *ski* runner knows that it is never the same two days in succession. If the weather is very slippery and not freezing, the shoes will slide and not stick. If the thermometer then drops to the point of freezing they will begin to "ball up" and stick horribly in the moist snow. In the morning when the snow is cold and dry the shoes slip nicely, but by 9 or 10 o'clock, when the sun begins to strike the snow, they will begin to clog up before the snow shows any sign of melting. In fresh-fallen snow the shoes do not stick, but sink down deep and make awful going. On the other hand, a very cold, dry, floury snow will stop the shoes like so much ashes. One of the most dangerous things to meet in running a hill is a strip of this fine, dry, drifted flour snow. One can not see it until into it, and it stops the shoes at once, and will give the best *ski* runner a tumble. Still another sort of snow is a crusted snow, and this may again be a stiff

crust or a crust which now and then breaks down. The *ski*-goer realizes at once when he has struck a good day, though often he can not tell why the snow is so obliging, and on such a day he travels long and far as he can, resting when the going is bad. Sometimes he travels at night, as we did some of the time later on in our trip. When he hits a deep, light, soft and yet moist snow, with more of it coming, as we found it at Norris Basin that next morning, he looks wise, shakes his head and holes up for the day. We holed up, concluding to exercise only enough to take the soreness out of the muscles. This we did by a trip through the geyser basin, a mile or so distant from the shack.

### Geyserland in Winter.

We first went over the east part of the basin, where the wide valley lies out, bare of snow and covered with steam. The rim of this valley as seen by the summer tourist is one of hills covered with dark pines. As we saw it, it was all white with heavy snow. In many places, as at the outlet of the Great Growler Geyser, the masses of snow assumed the most grotesque forms. Often we walked in among great clumps of snow, high as one's head, with our feet on the bare hot ground. Under each clump, hid deep from sight, was one of the boulders among which the summer tourist picks his way with ease.

The geysers were very accommodating to us, and kept up a great series of spectacular eruptions. The Constant, the Hurricane, and lots of big ones in this part of the basin kept in view nicely, and every way we looked there was a little hell of steam and boiling water on tap. At the edge of one of the smaller geysers we stood close enough to feel the thin rock heave and sink rhythmically beneath our feet. It was a strange, unreal scene about us, and one the world can hardly parallel. No wonder that we put a camera into active requisition.

The Growler Geyser, which lies at the top of a knoll above this east valley, at the side of the trail, is a rare and beautiful sight in winter. As we saw it, its crater was deep in a well of crystal-like snow and ice, out of which came a cloud of fleecy white steam. As the wind changed, it often whipped this obscure cloud away, and gave us a glimpse below our risky footing on the edge of the ice wall. The hot steam melts the snow it strikes. The wind changes, and the melted snow freezes while the steam is busy elsewhere, so all up and down for apparently 30 ft. or more, we saw a ridged and wrinkled caisson of many-tinted ice. If you will stick a stick down into the snow and pull it out, you will on looking down into the hole see that the snow seems of a deep blue color. This icy case of the Growler has all that wonderful deep blue tint, but a hundred grades of it, dazzling, bewildering, evading. When we can photograph in colors and reproduce the colors, one may see this picture of a winter wonder, but until then one must take the winter trip to gain a notion of it even the most meager.

We left the Growler finally, passed the many mud pots and miniature hell spouts, till we reached the fathomlessly beautiful Emerald pool. Thence we descended a steep trail the hot water had made through the snow, and examined the mighty Monarch Geyser, which was fretting and fuming, but not making much of it. The Minute Man, and a lot more mud pots and pools of course came next, and the wrongly named "Blood Geyser," which Hayden called the Echina. In some of the little nooks of the hills back of the geysers we got wonderful effects from the snow masses, melted into all sorts of shapes by the heat of the geysers, and of these I got two beautiful photographs, which I prize very much.

The New Crater gave us an interesting exhibition of spurting hot spray, and we spent some time here. There had been an eruption of this geyser apparently about a month ago. It seems to have a habit of slamming out rocks and things to a distance of 80 to 250 ft. At the edge of the hot ground around the main vent of this angry funnel there was a clean-cut drift of snow, in which it was easy to read the record of the geyser. Deep down under the surface was the layer of old snow, and above this came a stratum of mud, rocks, etc., which the Crater had spit out. Then snow had again fallen several feet in depth, and over all, not so very far beneath the top of the snow, had fallen a many-colored deposit of liquified clay, rock, and what not, which had apparently



E. HOUGH OF "CHICAGO AND THE WEST."

was the worst off of the party. Pete, who had come in from the Fountain, had had nothing to eat but one sandwich for the past twenty-four hours. I did not hear anybody complain, and such little aches and pains seemed to be regarded very much as a matter of course, and as a necessary part of the business. My admiration for the U. S. Army and the Park patrol rose still higher. There are men out there who don't need any pomp, pride and circumstance, but who can put on a Mackinaw shirt and "plug" their twenty miles a day on the shoes when they want to. The American public doesn't know the first thing about the U. S. Army, and I imagine that most of the Army doesn't know anything about Ft. Yellowstone and its pleasant little winter service, trying to do what can't be done. I couldn't help thinking of the weary miles of tramping that had been done for this dirty, greasy specimen of humanity, Howell, who seemed so chirky and sure of his early release at the Post. Down the trail, somewhere, were Kellner and his party, making their twenty-one miles that day to get the plunder this fellow had left behind him. Still another party was to follow to bring the stuff out. Here were the two officers and Burgess. The whole Park was full of men for the first time in its winter history, all on account of this fellow, who had been doing something which ought to bring him ten years in prison, but which would really net him only a few days in the guard house. Yet there was not a complaint, not a harsh word to the prisoner, only a quiet, dignified acceptance of duty as it came.

### Ski Lore and Snow Quality.

The next morning Burgess left for the Post with Howell, accompanied by Pete. Capt. Scott and Lieut. Forsyth concluded to make two days of it, and camped that night at the Crystal Spring shack, where we had passed our first night out. The shoeing continued bad,



been thrown over a strip of country 200yds. across. This geyser is a corker when it gets down to business, and when it is having a busy day I would just as soon be somewhere else. It is liable to drop a chunk of rock about the size of a piano on a fellow, anywhere from 25 to 50yds., and disfigure him.

On top of a hill to your right as you return to the Gibbon River from the basin, is the Congress Geyser, so called because its new crater was formed at the time, three years ago, when a congress of geologists was visiting the Park. This open pool is without bottom apparently, and is of a gracious opaline hue, with indescribable blending tints of yellow, blue and pearl.

In the distance, on Schurz Mountain, we could see the gleam of the Monument Geyser basin, some miles distant, but we did not go over there, for we had more wonders than we could handle right at hand. I cannot, of course, attempt any actual description of this weird region, additionally wonderful and startling as it is under the disguising robe of winter, for the main purpose of these articles is different. I can only say that even those to whom the geysers are an old story in summer became enthusiastic over them in this winter aspect, and even Billy was eager to go over the entire basin again. To Billy, of course, much of our pleasure was due here, for he knows every geyser thoroughly, and is a most interesting and thorough and enthusiastic guide. If I had a friend wishing to make the Park trip, I should by all means advise him to get Billy to go along, for he knows the Park inch by inch, and even its scientific features and scientific history are not strange in the least to him, since he has been so much associated there with parties of scientists of all sorts. Billy could talk of rhyolite and alga and silicates in a way to make your head swim.

In walking over the geyser country we left our skis, and picked our way along the hot water streams which traversed the country so generally. Once in a while we had to plunge through snow waist deep to get from one geyser to another. Our feet were soaking wet in spite of our overshoes when we again mounted our skis and took the tidy run down hill to the soldiers' quarters by the Gibbon. We had done enough work among the geysers to earn a good night's sleep.

#### Off for the Canyon.

Those who visited the Hunter's Cabin at the World's Fair probably saw Billy Hofer curled up on the settee, reading a novel describing the trials of the Lady Evalina, or something of the sort, and thought he was plenty lazy. That is correct. All mountain men are lazy when at home. It is the delving lowlander who gets out before breakfast to plow corn. But on the trail I found Billy an energetic and tireless commander-in-chief, always alert, but alert for all and not for himself alone. About 3 o'clock in the morning of the following day, about the time I was just fixed all right in among my blankets, Billy crawled out and began waxing up his skis for an early start. Our breakfast of bread, coffee and bacon was soon over, and we each made a sandwich for his lunch. We were to do the twelve miles to the Cañon that day, and needed to make an early start, for the shoeing was found to be bad. The light was barely gray when Billy and I pulled out, Larsen and Holte not starting for half an hour or so later. I broke trail for a mile or so and found it hard work, the shoes sinking down into the soft, light snow nearly a foot at each step. Then Billy and I alternated for a time at breaking, until at length Larsen and Holte came up and went ahead for the rest of the day.

#### A Lunch in the Snow.

Even Larsen and Holte found it bruising work, and at 11 o'clock in the morning, after hours of choppy hill work, where we could only average about two miles an hour, they turned out of the trail and asked for coffee. Billy did not like to stop, but we out-voted him, and so made a wayside camp. The snow was so deep on all the level that we could not find bottom with the snowshoe pole, but we got along all right with the fire. The little camp axe soon had a dead pine tree in lengths, and these we corded crosswise on the trodden snow, making a platform on which we built our fire. Around this, with our feet down in the hole, we sat on the edge of the snow pit, with logs and boughs to keep us from sinking. Our packs we threw off and left standing on our skis. Noticing how picturesque our little camp appeared, Billy backed out and made a shot at us with his big camera, though the light was dim and the shadows very heavy. In that section the pine timber was very dense, nearly all of straight, slim trunks about 8in. in diameter. Over it all the snow hung in great flakes and rolls, like strips of cotton batting. One could not see into the woods for any distance. The silence was simply oppressive. There was no sign of life except the track of an occasional pine squirrel or of the big-footed "snowshoe rabbit." Everywhere was whiteness and silence, the gravity and dignity of nature, in which a jest seemed almost out of place.

#### Bad Hills.

We had some hard hills to climb on this day's march, the first of these being the Cascade Hill, that winding, reckless eminence down which the Gibbon River leaps and plunges so beautifully summer or winter. At this hill we had the hardest sort of corduroying and a slide backward would have been dangerous. The snow was much higher than the rail on the roadside and from there it filled the entire cut with a great drift which slanted far up the mountain side to the left. We had to climb, and climb along a risky sidehill of snow, too, and the best of the shoers could not help distress at such labor. I waited till the others had gone on and took my time on this hill. Time and again I slipped and fell, and every time I went down I took more than ten seconds before I came up again. I learned that the only way to do was to lie still and rest when one got a tumble, and not to wallow and work too hard, or try to do it all at once. It

may have been half an hour or three-quarters before I got to the top of this hill, and I was mighty glad when I got to where I could see over.

"Is this the worst hill we've got to-day?" I asked Billy with what little breath I had left.

"Well," said he dubiously, "the Blandon hill is longer. It's about a mile climb up the Blandon."

Of course this made me feel real good, but when we actually came to the Blandon hill I found I was worse scared than hurt. Larsen and Holte walked right up it, on end, only corduroying in a few of the steepest pitches. Billy told me to put on clogs here, so I tied a good knot of gunnysacking under each shoe and went ahead. To my delight I found I could go right up the hill, and raising my toe high and slapping the skis down hard I made great time and caught the two privates resting at the top. They complimented me on my increased skill and pulled on out as soon as Billy came in sight. Billy was having a hard time with his heavy camera and complained of a coal of fire between his shoulders. We took off the head-strap of my Lake Superior pack bag and arranged it so he could ease his shoulders by passing the strap across his forehead. Which reminds me, now that I think of it, that Billy has got that head-strap yet, and I wish he would send it back, as it is part of the combination of my pack bag and worth more than all of his old camera, as I will

enough, as it proved, for it took but a few moments to see that they had had no idea what they were going into. Their trail led across a series of ravines and steep, choppy side hills, covered with dense timber. We could see where they had fallen time after time, and where they had taken some risky slides. It was finely reckless *ski* running of them to turn loose through such a country, but it was poor judgment, and we found it poor judgment to follow them. It was an awful bit of travel, and we had a rough time of it, hanging on to the side of the mountain and trying to keep from toppling over, or from smashing into the trees on some of the sharp little runs.

It was here that I met with what might have been a very serious accident, possibly one that would end the trip at once unfortunately. I was trying to get around a jutting bit of rock on the mountain side, when my pack struck a tree and I got a fall, sitting down hard and swift on the snow. My *ski*, purposely left a little loose to avoid injury to the ankle in such rough work, slipped off my foot, but I shoved my *ski* pole through the strap as it started to glide away, and stopped it.

"Look out there!" cried Billy; "for heaven's sake don't let your shoe get away from you here!"

It was too late, for even as he spoke the pole slipped as I reached out for the shoe, and the evil thing started by itself down the mountain side.

At first the *ski* slid smoothly and gently, front end first, by some miracle avoiding the trees as if it were alive. Then it got on speed, and began to leap and jump and glance down the steep slope, leaving a fine white skit of snow behind it as it flew. At last it took a final leap, and disappeared from sight over the bluffs which we knew lined the creek at the bottom of the great ravine below us.

I was in dismay, for to be left helpless in that way 30 miles from a settlement, in snow so deep and soft as that, is by no means a laughing matter. Men have, perhaps, perished from such accidents, when having no axe to mend a broken shoe. I have heard of a man who bound pine bark on his hands and knees, and so crawled half a mile to his own home. I have heard also of a man who made a pair of *skis* out of barrel staves, and of yet another who cut off the splintered end of a *ski*, and so traveled on a *ski* and a half—not so difficult as it sounds. But to travel 30 miles, or one mile, on one *ski*, in such a country as this, was something impossible, and I grew suddenly contemplative as I realized this. I didn't want to sit there without anything to eat till spring time, and as no one would be apt to be along before then, the flowers that bloom in the spring would have had, in my opinion, entirely too much to do with the case, tra la, because they would be growing over a discarded and forgotten journal long before any relief expedition could have found him. Tra la, again.

"Did she smash into any tree?" sung out Billy.

"No, I think not," said I.

"Well, sit down on your other shoe and slide down after it," said Billy.

I was just warm enough under the collar to slide down anything about there, so I obeyed directions and slid, hanging on to the straps of the remaining shoe. The grade was awfully steep, but the snow that rolled up between my legs broke the *facilis descensus*, and I found I could manage it and also could keep in sight of the trail left by the flying recreant ahead. At last, with a final plunge and slide, I found myself clear at the bottom, by the side of the creek. Clear across the creek was a great white drift of snow, and in the side of this I saw a narrow slit of broken snow. The *ski* had jumped 50ft., clear across the creek, and in that drift, after some digging, I found it, saved from splintering by the cushion of snow, and saved by the FOREST AND STREAM luck from absolute ruin on any one of a thousand trees, past which it had glided on its bullet-like flight.

#### In a Hole.

Billy, plucky and faithful always in time of trouble, started on down the mountain side after me, and after a while succeeded in getting way down to the creek, over an awfully rough little gully. And there we were, down in a well of snow, on each side of us slopes so steep that it seemed a goat couldn't go up them.

"Never you mind," said Billy, "I'll soon show you I know right where we are. We're three-quarters higher up the creek than the bridge at the falls, so we've saved just that much climb if we can once get up out of this cañon, and I think we can."

#### Out of the Hole.

We did get out, after an hour of the toughest work we had on the trip. The further side of the creek was bare of trees after we got up a bit, but it was very steep. We had to zig-zag up, rail fence fashion. Of course this meant a turn at an acute angle every once in a while, and at every turn some one would get a fall and a slide. But finally we struck a draw which offered easier going, and soon saw the great roof of the Cañon Hotel crowning the ultimate hill. It was far after 2 o'clock when we got in. Larsen and Holte had had a rough time on their trail and were just in. Soon we were all about the big stove in the kitchen, all talking with our mouths full, and all very happy.

#### The Park as a Winter Resort.

There are three hotels of the magnificent chain of hostleries established by the Yellowstone Park Association which have keepers left in them by the Association all through the winter. None of the hotels is open to the public after the close of the season. It was a great courtesy, then, of Manager Deane, the acting and efficient head of the Association in the Park, to give us permission to stop at the Park hotels when we found that convenient. At the Lake Hotel Mr. Fletcher and his wife spent the winter. At the Fountain Hotel John Schmidt has been winter caretaker for some time. At the Cañon Hotel is John Folsom, the best snowshoer in the Park, and by reason of his horribly lonesome life, absolutely alone for more than half the year, grown to be one of the



E. HOUGH.

Of the FOREST AND STREAM's Yellowstone Park Expedition.

later show. Billy and I rested a moment at the hot country, eight miles from Norris, but we did not drink at the stream where we saw the others had stopped to drink. Billy warned me again that to take a drink of cold water was the most weakening thing I could do on the trail. He said also that men who drank liquor on the trail always paid for it with an early exhaustion. We did not touch our brandy supply that day, nor for many days afterward, and neither of us suffered from exhaustion to any extent. I had lightened my pack by leaving some under-clothing and other articles at Norris Basin and was now rapidly hardening up and getting into the work, so that I got along all right.

"We haven't very far to go now," said Billy as we paused at the top of a long and winding hill. "At the bottom of this hill is Cascade Creek, and beyond that we have to climb the Cañon hill, about a mile, then we're there. You go on ahead down this hill, and I'll come after you, so that if anything happens to you I won't have to come back up the hill. It's pretty steep."

Of course, this made me feel real cheerful, but there was only one thing to do. My spine sort of crept a little, but I turned loose, and away we went on a lovely, swimming, sliding, sailing flight down the winding mountain trail, which was indescribably exhilarating, and like most dreaded things, not so bad after all when you go ahead into them. I disappointed Billy by not even getting a fall, though this hill is not really a bad one.

#### The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.

Billy noticed that the boys ahead of us had not followed the usual trail down to the bridge, but had taken a short cut through the woods. We followed their trail foolishly



most taciturn men on the earth, just as he is one of the kindest-hearted and most obliging. In all the time I was with Folsom I never knew him to speak a word unless addressed. He has books, a cat, a flute and a little organette to help him break the awful monotony of the winter life alone in such a region—a calling most unique and trying among the singular ones followed by the sons of men. His chief duty is to keep the roofs free from snow and to exercise a general care over the buildings. The winter keeper is generally a carpenter as well. He must also be his own cook, laundryman and chambermaid. At all these turns of work John Folsom proved adept. Thanks to Mr. Deane, we got a home in the kitchen, a good bed to sleep in and supplies for continuing our trip. The value of all this can readily be appreciated. We thus avoided the carrying in of heavy supplies of food and lightened the hardships of the trip most materially.

#### The Plot Thickens.

We were now thirty-two miles into the Park, all well and hearty, and so reported to Capt. Anderson by telephone, as quick as the wire began to work, receiving hearty good wishes in return. We felt contented and comfortable, knowing that we were now within a day's march of the buffalo and elk, and with the most interesting and exciting portion of our trip ahead of us. It will be in due order now to tell about our camps on the Hayden Valley, and about our experience there with the great game of the Park.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

### A BULL STORY TOLD IN CONFIDENCE.

THE letters of "Old Sam" have brought to mind many pleasant recollections of "Robin's Nest Camp"—the most delightful camp among hundreds in my recollection, and I have to thank my friends for their kindly words of "Kelpie" in FOREST AND STREAM.

It occurs to me that so much has been published about that Carp Lake bull, that I perhaps ought to break the long silence which I have hitherto preserved with respect to that ferocious creature; for if this thing keeps on, the eerie tales anent the "Water Bull" of the Highland locks will be as naught to those told around waning camp-fires about the Carp Lake monster. The Colonel will forget to punch the said fire with his wooden poker (on which is marked the exact length of the trout that Jeems Mackerel didn't catch), and the M. & N. E. R. R. will sell no tickets to the Carp Lake stations. Prudent fathers will compel their sons to hoe potatoes or drop pumpkin seeds when they seek to go fishing, and the mother will hush her crying babe with the whispered tale of dread.

Yes, there was a bull, I mind it well. We saw him, Johnny No. 2 and myself, when we went across the lake to fish the brook where "Kingfisher" and "Old Sam" were so ignominiously routed. Only the creature was not at that time in the pasture, so that we fished the brook in peace until we reached the road where it ran across into the next field. There were bushes along the upper fence, and a pool between that and the bridge. I thought to fish this pool.

Having crossed the fence into the road at some distance from the bridge, and not far from a farm house by the roadside, we—No. 2 and myself—advanced toward the pool, when we were aware of a large and well constructed bull, near some young cattle and not far from the house. I do not now recollect whether or not he heralded his approach with the regulation *boo-oo-oo*, but he came slowly down our way, evidently bent on business of some sort. No. 2 was a city boy, and had less experience than I in such cases, so he jumped over the fence. I did not think the animal likely to trouble us, but I wanted him to keep away from the brook. So I advanced toward him, waving my rod, and addressing him in an elevated tone of voice. He stopped, and I again moved toward the brook. Soon he once more came forward before I had time to cast a line. I looked around for a stick or stone, but none were to be had. I again waved the rod, adding to the action-my expressed opinion that he ought to go away. Then I reflected that it was just possible that he might mean us harm, and I thought of the lines in the "Bull Fight of Gazul."

"His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow,  
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe."

I examined critically the characteristics of the ocular outfit of this brute, but nothing answering to the above specifications could be discovered. There wasn't a sign of brass, red or yellow, about his eyes; but then, American bulls might have different ideas about these things from the Spanish. I tried him once more, and he wouldn't budge. Remembering that I was not as active as in the old days, I gave up the pool, thinking it best to take no chances; and began fishing below the fence. Then, with a stately stride, that fierce and ferocious beast—that new edition of Harpado of Xarama—moved onward to the pool and—took a drink. That was what he wanted. Then he retraced his steps for about 52 yds., while we, breathless, watched to see what dire calamity should befall such rash adventurer as might dare to cross his path. And it was a girl about twelve years old, red-haired and barefooted, with a dried stalk of the "American velvet plant" (commonly called mullein) in her hand. She skipped nimbly forward, rounded up that bull, and drove him into the barnyard before I had time to cross the fence again and drop a line in the coveted pool.

When we were seated near the camp-fire in the evening, I heard No. 2 express some surprise at the daring I had shown on this trying occasion, but I believe that this is the only time that I have ever alluded to the matter; and it must be understood that the above simple, unvarnished tale is to be considered as strictly confidential.

Not all the bulls that have set up their projects in opposition to mine have come off conquerors. A good many years ago I found myself, after an arduous campaign in the Southwest (in which I nearly perished), in very indifferent health. As a consequence, finding that I should probably die if I remained in civilization, I took up a homestead on the Oconto River, in northern Wisconsin, cleared a patch of land, built a house, and lived there some years. This move probably saved my life.

I had planted a small garden near the house, and it had begun to show good promise of rewarding my efforts, when one fine morning before breakfast, we heard a boo-hooing, and on looking out, there was a large and lively bull "pawing dirt and hooking gravel," right among my garden-sass. I was surprised, for except one man whose clearing joined my own, there was no one living within some two miles on my side of the river, nor for three-quarters or so on the other side. Where the brute should have come from, I could in no wise determine.

I caught up a handspike and went at him. We argued the point for a few moments, when he broke for the river, which ran some 40 yds. from my house. This stream (the Oconto), was perhaps from 30 to 35 yds. in width, and near the shore on my side quite shallow; so that the bull walked out to what he thought a safe distance in the shoal water, and stood there, fighting flies.

I followed as far as the shore and shouted at him, with no result. Then as they say in Texas, I "rocked" him. Then I "chucked" him, but without avail.

He didn't like the look of the deep water toward the further shore, and he meant to return and complete his analysis of my food products.

Then I issued an order, which brought me in double-quick time a shotgun and ammunition. This gun I charged with a dose of No. 6, and just as that infernal bull was subsiding apparently into a quiet nap, I sighted for his starboard quarter, and cut loose.

There was an agonized roar, a splash and a convulsive spring that sent the pestiferous animal some 15 ft. out into the swirling rapid, and drove the spray against the branches of the fir trees on the opposite shore. Not upon the order of his going did he stand, but he got across somehow, scrambled up the bank and disappeared in a cluster of tamaracks, and I went into breakfast.

KELPIE.

## Natural History.

### QUAIL AND LOCUSTS.

THE OZARKS, Mo.—I have been accustomed to the notes of the quail from boyhood, and Bob White has a peculiar charm for me, disassociated from any idea of autumnal sport afield, but nowhere in all my travels have I sojourned in a land where the musical whistle of *Oryzopsis virginianus* was so common as in this locality. It is exceedingly pleasant to awake on a cool dewy morning when the light of a new day begins imperceptibly to make inroads upon the darkness of the waning night and to hear from here, there, everywhere, in the woods, from the fence top, the field, the copse, the hedge row, those beautiful notes, *Bob White, Bob White*, each vying with the other in the liquid clearness of the call, seemingly glad to the bubbling over in the enjoyment of the new day and of life. This is a heavily wooded country, and quail seem to be at home as much in the trees as on the ground, at least more so than in any other place I have been. Quail everywhere will alight in trees sometimes when alarmed, but here I see them almost daily and hear them calling from trees, and by the way I have thought it possible that it was the female only that made that other call different from *Bob White* which only the male makes. Is it so? Who can tell? I was reminded of this by seeing a female alight in a tree the other day and make this peculiar whistle; meanwhile she lolled as a hen will on a hot day. I frequently heard members of a bevy when scattered make that call, but never, to my recollection, saw whether it was male or female or both that made it. This has been a favorable season for nesting and there should be a "slew" of birds this fall.

This is the year of the "seventeen-year locusts" here, and they are having their innings with a vengeance. They are like the "leaves in Vallambrosa" or the hair on a dog's back for number, millions, yea, verily, quadrillions of millions of them, and they are playing havoc with the fruit trees, the young trees especially. What an engine of destruction the ovipositor of the female is, to be sure. I have seen them over a quarter of an inch in length, as hard and sharp as a needle, and thousands of limbs a quarter of an inch or more in diameter of last year's wood, pierced from either side and hanging downward withering, bear abundant and lamentable evidence of the muscular power with which these lances are driven through bark and wood that reproduction may be carried on.

I came upon a fact some days since—new to me—which is that it is the male only that has the corrugated music boxes that deafen with their strident din. The female is quiet, but she gets in her work all the same. Underneath the shoulder of the wing of the male, on each side of the thorax, is the convex, white, corrugated abomination that makes the ear-splitting noise, made, I suppose, as in the case of all the cicadas, by the rubbing of these corrugations or plates against each other. I haven't found out yet what purpose this noise fulfills, and as time is passing and I don't expect to be here when this crop of eggs hatches out seventeen years hence, I shall have to hurry up with my investigations now. When I ascertain I will acquaint you.

O. O. S.

### AT A DOLLAR APIECE.

THE spring is not the time to hunt most animals, yet it is the only time to successfully hunt this class. Perhaps you don't know what they can be. I will describe them a little; of a yellowish, mottled color and long lithe body; they do not stand high at the shoulders; their ears are very short; they are very gamy and fight hard on the defensive; they have from one to fifteen rattles on their tail. Last year a bounty of \$1 a tail was declared for the extermination of the rattlesnakes in the town. The main den is in Derby Holler, a decided "holler" on the lake front in the Split Rock Mountains, Lake Champlain. At the lower part of this basin, fronting the water for about 100 rods x 30, the surface is completely covered with broken, jagged rock, fallen from the escarpment above. There is no earth or vegetation of any kind anywhere to be seen inside the den. In the holes and crevices under all this debris are concealed for half the year hundreds of rattlesnakes. The first Sunday in May without fail, so said, the rattlers wake up and begin their tedious journey to the woods and mountain pastures in search of their food—frogs, birds' eggs, young of chipmunks, red squirrels, etc. As cold weather warns them of the winter to come they gradually work back to the den. Up to the

time that I went hunting for them over 100 had been killed. The rocks were strewn with their dead and putrifying bodies. Most of them had either been killed or made good their escape when we appeared upon the scene. I killed only one, it having seven rattles. Mather killed two babies, each having only a "button." Grey killed one that had been deprived of his coveted end by some former adventurer. We afterward learned who had cut his tail off while he was escaping in the rocks.

On close inquiry I cannot learn of a single case of snake bite to man or beast from the inhabitants of this den. I examined their fangs. They look just like a cat's claw, white and curved, on the upper jaw. My snake was as hollow as a rubber hose from his long fast.

Query—Do they breed in the den or after leaving it?

ESSEX COUNTY, New York.

HEATHCOTE.

### SERPENT SUICIDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see in your issue of the 9th inst. the article on the suicide of a rattlesnake, and especially the rapid mortality of its own bite.

I can confirm Capt. Kingman by an observation of my own. Some years ago my brother and myself were riding together on horseback, and I saw a large copperhead lying in the road in such a position that my brother was about to ride over it. I called to him that his horse would be bitten and he reined to one side, stooping over in the saddle and striking the snake just in front of the back with the tip of a slender riding switch. The snake immediately struck at the place where he felt the sting of the switch and deeply implanted his fangs in his own back, and as he snatched his head back we saw a drop of blood ooze out from each puncture of the fangs. The creature fell into violent contortions, and in less than two minutes was lying belly upward, motionless and dead. About an hour later we repassed the place and the reptile was lying dead where we left him. The proposition could not be maintained that the slight blow with the keen small tip of a birch switch had killed a large and powerful reptile. It certainly received no other injury except its own bite, which I believe beyond all dispute killed it, notwithstanding certain scientific experiments seem to show that the snake's venom is innocuous to itself and other snakes.

I have, moreover, the facts of another case from my brother-in-law, Dr. Rush Chancellor, his wife and another of my sisters, who witnessed it. The doctor was driving the ladies to church, and the wheel of the carriage nearly passed over but did not touch a large copperhead, which he gave a smart tap with his whip, when it struck its fangs into its own body at the spot touched by the whip. After very brief, violent contortions and writhings, as if in intense pain, it rolled over dead, and was lying dead in the spot they left it on their return from church.

The accuracy of my observation having been questioned by scientific experimenters, I am glad to see the record of Capt. Kingman's case, and take this opportunity to record my own observation and that of Dr. Chancellor. I have not the least doubt that many other persons must have witnessed the same thing. This seems to throw doubt on the value of experiments with captive snakes whose venom was doubtless exhausted before the negative results were obtained. I have no doubt we shall hear from the gentlemen on that side of the question, but I doubt if they can dispose of the cases of Capt. Kingman, Dr. Chancellor and myself by any negative results so far recorded.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

CUMBERSTONE, Md.

### BLACK AND GRAY WOODCHUCKS.

MR. JOHN W. RUSH, of this place, and myself have found something new in woodchucks. Mr. Rush is an expert forester and something of a naturalist. He wrote you a few observations on these rodents, which you printed in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM. These referred chiefly to their tree climbing habits and to their color, which differs from that of the common field woodchuck. We do not claim the discovery of a new species, for we detect no structural difference between the black and the gray animals; but we are ready to assume that their variation is analogous to that of the wood bison and the plains bison, so that they may very properly be designated as the forest woodchuck and the field woodchuck, the former confining itself to the woods and feeding on browse, berries and nuts, while the latter seldom ventures beyond the brink of the grass and clover fields. We assume, too, that the forest woodchuck does not burrow like its congener, but lives like squirrels in hollow stumps and trunks of trees, climbing to the topmost fronds for food, when not otherwise provided, and making winter stores in magazines.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

HAINE'S FALLS, N. Y.

FIVE LAKES, Wis.—One of your correspondents says he never knew a gray woodchuck to climb trees. This is the only kind we have here, and it is a common occurrence for them to tree when cut off from their burrows. While out walking to day my little beagle Been treed one; it ran up a smooth willow about 4 in. in diameter to a height of 20 ft. They are very plenty here, and a great pest to the farmers, as they are sure to choose a nice level road for their burrows.

W. E. W.

### Game Birds, Fires and Floods.

EAGLE ROCK, Pa., June 11.—The birds have had a hard chance here this spring. Forest fires during the nesting time must have destroyed hundreds of nests, and those that escaped the fire met with floods and cold wet weather at the time the broods were hatching. Still I have heard of two large broods of pheasants (ruffed grouse) within the last week. Woodcock seem to have hatched well. On May 13 I saw two broods which were half grown. The earliest I have ever seen.

I have a friend who bought a pup from me; I told him it was a good dog, but he wouldn't take my word for it. You know what Mr. Hough's standard is for a good bird dog. Well, what did Sam do but run a loaded wagon over his pup.

Mc.

DR. COOK'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION. A few sportsmen can join it. To "Greenland's icy mountains." To within 800 miles of the North Pole. Hunting polar bear, seal, walrus and reindeer.—Adv.



Game Bag and Gun.

MY FIRST TURKEY AND MY LAST.

WHILE reading L. J. M.'s first turkey hunt in *FOREST AND STREAM* of June 2, I was reminded of my first turkey hunt when a boy on the farm living with my uncle Lolin Hickok in Trumbull county, Ohio. We were busy preparing the ground for wheat during the month of September, when my uncle called to me to see the flock of wild turkeys which were flying from a distant woods and lighting in a neighbor's cornfield. I had not had the handling of a gun of any description very much at that time, but I had been allowed the privilege of borrowing a Springfield rifle of one neighbor and a pair of brass bullet moulds of another; I could cast in these moulds a round ball that fitted the rifle very nicely. I had practiced shooting some at a mark at a distance of four rods, and could hit a 4in. bullseye quite often. Of course, this rifle was the first thing I thought of after seeing the turkeys. I hastened with all speed for my outfit, and in company with a neighbor's boy, P. J. M., who was some four years younger than myself, started off with boyish expectations of getting a good share of the flock. But alas, we had not gone far when their wary eye had caught a glimpse of us, and after giving a warning note they flew in different directions. One lit in a fair sized elm tree in the corner of the nearest woods. It was a grand sight for us boys to see him standing on the branch of this tree with head upright and as motionless as the limb he stood on. As I was the oldest I started in pursuit of this grand game bird; crawling along an old rail fence to a large stump about twenty rods distant from the turkey, where I was in hopes I might get a shot. I can remember it as well as if it was only yesterday—the careful aim I took at his body, and I can yet see him flutter and fall to the ground. Two excited boys ran as boys will run when they have performed a feat of this kind; and we found the turkey had been hit by mere chance; his neck was cut nearly off close to the head. But I had an inward pride about my accuracy with a rifle and did not see fit to tell where I had intended to hit the turkey.

The shooting flushed another turkey which had lit in these same woods. This one flew to a distant swamp and lit on the ground. After loading the rifle we went over to the swamp and found it a hen—skulked in under a large bog of wild grass. It was pretty well concealed, with nothing in sight but the tail feathers; I had no difficulty in hitting this one in the body. Now we had one apiece and marched home with a great deal of pride and satisfaction in our first successful wild turkey hunt.

Years have rolled by and the boys have grown up to manhood. This was my first turkey hunt and my last for years; they were soon exterminated in that locality, as they have been throughout the Northern States.

Previous to last year I had often wished I could go where I could see wild turkeys once more. My brother, Rev. L. B. U., located at Waverly, Va., was desirous of my visiting him, and knowing my weak point for hunting he wrote frequent letters describing the marvelous hunting and fishing throughout that section. I decided to improve this opportunity, and so it happened that on a bright October morning in the fall of 1893, I went to the sunny South. I staid nearly five months, visiting different sections of the State and hunting in Tide-water.

I had become somewhat acquainted with a merchant who resided at Airfield Mill Pond and he had extended a very urgent invitation to my brother and myself to come down and he would go with us to a cypress swamp where the wild turkeys roosted. One Friday afternoon we went.

The Mill Pond had a quaint looking old grist mill and a store; these two buildings comprised the business portion of Airfield. A half-dozen old-fashioned two-wheeled carts, each with a mule or a steer hitched between the shafts, were standing in front of the buildings, some loaded with corn for the mill and others with peanuts, to be traded at the store for groceries and dry goods. To Northern folks these carts look very odd indeed.

The merchant, D. B., was a jolly, good-natured fellow, but not much of a hunter. The sun lacked about a half hour of setting, and shone out clear and bright, when a party of four of us started in pursuit of turkey. My brother and the miller went on one side of the swamp, and the merchant and myself on the opposite. I was very much amused to see D. B. start off with a light-colored suit of clothes, nearly white in fact, and with a white straw hat—a brand new one from the store.

Thirty minutes' walk brought us to where the large cypress trees were pointed out to me, in which they were in the habit of roosting. I soon found a good hiding place in the top of an oak that had been chopped down when the leaves were all on. D. B. went about 300yds. further down and selected the charred remains of an old pine that lay on the ground, his clothes making a marked contrast with his hiding place. In about thirty minutes three wild turkeys put in an appearance twenty rods from D. B., offering a fine shot for the rifle, which lay by his side. Two of the turkeys marched straight toward him and nopped up on a log that was pointing straight at the hunter dressed in white; and there they stood, both in range, playing peek-a-boo with D. B., who was on all fours, and dared not move, to say nothing of shooting. It was certainly a picture for an artist. The turkeys discovering that it was a hunter not very well disguised, gave their warning note, and all three flew into the swamp. D. B. was now released and related his experience with the turkeys to me, which only had a tendency to arouse my zeal for one of these fowl.

It was getting quite dark and I began wading out into the swamp. After wading about twenty rods I could see a large gobbler perched on a limb in one of these large cypress trees 200yds. away. I moved very cautiously until within 60yds. of the tree. My gun was loaded with buckshot, the left barrel with B.B. I took deliberate aim intending to shoot the right barrel, but by carelessly having both fingers on the triggers both barrels were discharged. The report echoed and re-echoed over this lonely swamp; a Mr. Barker who lived on the opposite side of the swamp told me the next morning he had not heard such a noise from a gun since the war. The gobbler spread his wings and sailed down to the ground, but I did not succeed in finding him until the following morning. Five of the buckshot had hit him. This was as fat a turkey as I ever saw and was the last turkey I

have shot. I found squirrel and wild duck very plenty, and they afforded me a great deal of sport.

I heartily wish I could extend to every true sportsman a similar trip.  
FRED UNDERWOOD,  
OHIO.

STORIES OF EZRA.—III.

Mac Smith Gets Ezra Riled.

In September John Smith, his brother Mac, Ezra and I hired Clint, Burnham to take us over to Adair county on a big chicken shoot. We borrowed a lot of fence posts of one of the settlers, made a six-sided pen of them, leaving an open place wide enough for a doorway, "chinked" the cracks with hay, stacked hay on top of it, put two feet of hay inside for bedding, and felt that if we were not in clover we were at least in hay.

The grass was fairly alive with chickens and everything went smoothly till one afternoon Mac went off shooting by himself, all the rest of us, with the team, going in the opposite direction. We did not get back until nearly ten o'clock that evening, and, of course were tired and very hungry, and consequently cross. Mac's dog was at the camp but Mac was not. We at once surmised that Mac had probably shot himself, as he was an awkward, careless fellow, always getting in some sort of a scrape. Heavy yells and much firing of guns failing to bring any reply from Mac, all thought of rest or supper was abandoned till he should be found. We had about completed the arrangements for the gloomy search, expecting that if we found him, it would be only his dead body, when Mac himself came out of the darkness and said, "Is supper ready?" Ezra, fairly blazing with wrath, turned on him, and catching him by the collar, said fiercely, "Where 've you been?"

"Been huntin', of course, why?" said Mack, looking very much surprised at Ezra's manner.

"Why," said Ezra, "why? Didn't you hear all that 'boller'n' 'n' shootin' here at the camp?"

"Course I did. Reckon everybody in Adair county could hear that."

"What'd you reckon we was doin' all this for, eh?" giving him another shake.

"Quit a-jerkin' me that a-way; I 'lowed you was doin' it 'cause you thought I was lost."

"Then why in [shake] Sam [shake] Hill didn't you [shake] answer? eh?"

"Why," said Mac, in wide-eyed astonishment, "I wasn't lost, I was eatin' a melon right over there at the water-melon patch. Why?"

Hungry, tired and exasperated as the rest of us were, we all laughed, and everybody set to work getting supper. The table was a flimsy affair made of some half-inch boards cleated together and laid on four stakes driven in the ground. Ezra was very fond of crackers, and his way of eating them was to put two in his mouth, grind them to dust, and hold the dust in his mouth till moist enough to swallow. Mac sat next to Ezra at supper. The incident of the evening had set us to talking about firearm accidents. At supper, Ezra remarked, "If some of us were to get shot I don't believe I'd ever get over it," immediately afterward putting two crackers in his mouth and smashing them. Mac, as usual, said "Why?" Ezra, still having his mind full of wrath and his mouth full of crackers, was too full for utterance. He put his mouth to Mac's ear and blew the cracker dust into it with all the force he could. Mac fell over backward, his toes hitting the under side of the table, knocking it higher than our heads and spilling everything on it on our laps and in the hay. Ezra followed up the onslaught with "You great thick-headed galloot, are you ever going to learn any sense?"

Mac looked up and said, "Why?" O. H. HAMPTON.

Fort Kennedy Wild Turkeys and Squirrels.

CUFIO, Ky., June 11.—This was once a fine game country. My father moved to this part of Kentucky forty years ago, and I well remember his going out through the hills to attend to business and on coming home telling my mother that he had seen several deer. I have often seen fine bunches of wild turkeys around the corn shocks on winter mornings. My father cared very little for hunting but would sometimes catch some very fine ones in a turkey pen. A friend and hunting companion was telling last week that he knew of a flock of several young wild turkeys back in the hills, and if I live I will try hard to get a bead on one with my Winchester this fall. Squirrel hunting is still very good in these parts at certain times of the year. In August they begin cutting on the hickory and afford fine sport. I sometimes have gentlemen come out from Louisville to hunt the gray squirrel with me. In the winter season I usually hunt them successfully with a dog and use a .22cal. Ballard rifle with a set of Lyman peep sights. I never kill more game of any kind than I can make use of in my family with ease. I hear men say they can not help killing all they have a chance at, but I make it a rule to quit with a reasonable bag, say from two to six squirrels.

R. B. S.

Stop the Sale of Game.

A PLATFORM PLANK.—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times.—*FOREST AND STREAM*, Feb. 10.

FOX LAKE, Wis.—You are doing a grand work and we trust that in the near future the sale of game and spring shooting will be abolished. Over 5,000 ducks were killed and shipped from our little lake the past spring, mostly by Milwaukee shooters. The late freeze up left a few open holes; and one man with four guns and a man to load killed 150 in less than half a day. W. E. W.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Hulbert Bros. & Co. issue a large general catalogue of sportsmen's goods.

Every angler should have a "Scott" outfit for repairing, manufactured by Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, Boston.

In renewing the advertisement of his hotel, W. R. Bishop, of the Cranberry Lake Hotel in the Adirondacks, writes that he gets more correspondence through *FOREST AND STREAM* than any other advertising he ever placed.

YACHTING CRUISES.—The Quebec Steamship Co. have arranged two special summer cruises from New York and Boston to the British Provinces, the first of which will leave New York July 3 and the second Aug. 4. These cruises, which are characterized as "yachting," will take in the Bay of Fundy, the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, the Saguenay River and Quebec, and will afford an opportunity of visiting Lake St. John, the home of the leaping ouananiche. A handsome little circular will be sent those desiring further particulars by the New York agents, A. E. Outerbridge & Co., 39 Broadway.

Sea and River Fishing.

BOSTON MEN IN MAINE.

BOSTON, June 16.—More of the trout fishermen are returning every day. Generally the experienced fishermen have been having reasonable luck, if luck it may be called. But they go off with the season. They study the time and all the conditions. They have had years of experience. Truly success should go with such well-directed effort. Mr. Walter L. Hill with Mr. Wilder, of Lowell, his friend, has just returned from a successful trip to Moosehead. They took a good number of square-tailed trout and a few lakere. Their largest square-tail weighed about 4lbs. But they caught a lakere weighing some 9lbs. Mr. Hill is more in love with Moosehead as each annual trouting trip goes around. Mr. George Linder, with Mr. Benjamin Hurd, has also lately returned from Moosehead. Mr. Linder and his friends go for fly-fishing only. They make a rule never to troll for trout. They try them faithfully every day, when the weather permits, with the fly. If they rise, then there is rare sport. If they do not rise, then there is the camp and the enjoyments of camp life. Mr. Linder says that he used larger flies this year than usual, and he is satisfied that they are better. He believes, after years of study of the subject, that the trout do not see the fly when the water is rough, and that a large fly is more likely to be seen than a small one. Somehow this Linder party is fully as successful as the bait-fishermen and the trollers—the reward for the amount of study and skill its members put into fly-casting and fly-fishing. The produce party, at Moosehead, one of the largest parties of the season, was fairly successful, though going rather early and striking the worst of weather.

Mr. C. H. Andrews and Mr. E. B. Haskell, senior proprietors of the Boston *Herald*, are about starting on a fishing trip for black bass. They go to the Belgrade, Me., ponds. One or two friends may accompany them. The Col. Rockwell trouting party, that recently visited Allerton Lodge, the beautiful camp of Messrs. Haskell and Andrews, on Lake Mooselucmagantic, was fairly successful with trout, though they had high winds and "beastly weather." Mr. Curtis of that party took a trout weighing 7lbs.

The Messrs. Blake are going this year to Prince Edward Island, for fishing. They are to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Daniel Gunn, who went down there last year and had good success, and he has explained the way to the Messrs. Blake. Mr. Gunn, it will be remembered, has succeeded in landing a shark, a young whale and a sea serpent, all at one cast, and it was not a good day for fly-fishing either. Now will the old codfish again wink his eye when he sees this number of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Gunn is a senior member of the printing trade of Boston and a man liked by everybody.

A new salmon fishing club, so far composed of Boston and New England business and professional men, is being formed this season. Control has been obtained of the southwest branch of the Miramichi, largely through the exertions of Mr. W. A. MacLeod and Mr. E. S. Beach. Both are bright young gentlemen of the legal profession. Some fifty lovers of the rod and reel have signified their intention of trying the Miramichi waters this season, under the management of the new club. Four fishing parties have been arranged from this number. The first party was to leave Boston on Saturday, June 16. Among the number about sure to go may be mentioned Mr. W. A. MacLeod and Mr. E. S. Beach mentioned above. Mr. Fred. W. Ayer, the well-known Bangor, Me., lumber owner and dealer, is also to be one of this first party. Mr. Ayer, it will be remembered, is the gentleman who has done so much to bring out the possibilities of the salmon pool at Bangor. In the party will also be J. P. Livermore, of Boston, Mr. F. B. Greene, of New Bedford, and Mr. A. J. Parsons, of Boston. Of their experience and success, the *FOREST AND STREAM* should have some account later.

Some of the members of the Magaguadavic Club have lately returned to Boston from the first fishing trip of the season to the home of this young club, in New Brunswick. The club has some fine lakes and streams under its control. It is presided over by Mr. C. W. M. Guild, of Boston, an angler of a good deal of experience and good success. Two members of this first party caught forty-eight trout on the fly, the united weight of which was 74lbs., the largest weighing 3½lbs.

The members and invited guests of the Megantic Club, who have returned from their spring fishing, express themselves as greatly pleased with the club and its appointments. The stewardship of Mr. Fred. M. Viles is spoken of as highly satisfactory, together with his able corps of assistants. Some 4lb. trout have been taken from the Arnold Lake, and one or two from the Upper Spider. The fishing was never better, especially the fly-fishing. It is pleasant to state that members and guests of this club are advocates of fly-fishing. But very little trolling is done, in fact, except in some of the waters where togue or lakere are found. From the Chain of Ponds lakere up to 9 and 12lbs. have been taken this season.

Mr. William B. Smart, of the Boston *Post*, an angler and true sportsman, annually passes a few weeks in trout fishing in the vicinity of Phillips and Rangeley. He returned to Boston on Saturday, from Reddington, where he had excellent fishing on the streams that can be reached from the Little Railroad. SPECIAL.

A Curiously Marked Hornpout.

MONTPELIER, VT.—Let the albino experts have this from Vermont: Mr. Geo. Smith, conductor on M. & W. R.R., showed me to-day a live hornpout of 7 or 8in. that was taken from Kettle Pond, near Marchfield, by Mr. S. E. Willis, a Plainfield fisherman. This fish has one red eye and one of regular color. It has a silvery belly and golden sides. It has on each side, well up on the back, a streak of silver running from head to tail, and the fins and tail are silvery, showing the blood markings of a dressed fish of ordinary color. GANTRIC.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



## FISHING ON THE SHENANDOAH.—II.

(Concluded from page 512)

THE local customs of the resident fishermen, some of whom along the upper river are noted for their success, are peculiar and interesting, while the town fishermen use light tackle—either a light bamboo or lancewood fly or bait rod, or a short Henshall rod with light line, leader and rather small hooks. The local fisherman uses tackle of enormous proportions, calculated to strike terror into the heart of the stranger. The pole (for it certainly is anything but a rod) is usually of the cane species, and is seldom less than 20ft. long and large in proportion, and would make a fairly respectable steamboat jackstaff. It must, of course, be used with both hands. The line is of oiled silk, rather thick and heavy, and of considerable length, rarely less than 200ft., and is wound upon a large multiplying reel, which is usually lashed to the butt of the pole. Two very large snelled hooks are used (without leaders) about 4-0 Carlyle being the usual size and pattern, and with this tackle, and standing up in the boat, the large, heavy "mad toms" can be cast out over the water to a considerable distance. No sinker is used (except in fishing from the bank), even in swift water, as the line is generally allowed to run out with the current to a great length and a sinker would be a source of endless trouble in fouling among the ever-present reefs.

The local fishermen seldom fish from the bank; but either wade—not infrequently up to the shoulders—or, as more usual, fish from a boat, which is a broad, flat-bottomed, comfortable, slow moving affair about 20ft. long and capable of holding six or eight men, and is always propelled by a long pole wielded by a man standing in the stem of the boat. Some of the fishermen and boatmen attain great skill in handling these clumsy, heavy boats, and they can be forced up a rapid or against a swift current by this means, where a pair of oars would be utterly ineffective.

The boat is anchored directly across the stream, where the current will permit, by means of a heavy stone at each end; generally attached to a piece of fencing wire, that will not chafe or cut on the reefs, and the anglers make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit, casting down stream, of course, and letting the line run out in the current to considerable length; while these in the ends of the boat, of course, have considerable side sweep. When a strike is secured, the line is paid out to the fish to a considerable extent—some 20 or 30ft.—before striking, and the fish allowed to run with the bait. After running some little distance the fish usually stops; and when he again gets under way, the angler strikes, with a steady, sweeping pull on the long sagging line, which rarely fails to hook the fish.

The theory that the fish seizes the bait by the tail and then ejects it and turns it head first before swallowing, seems to be well founded, and is sustained by careful observation; for, if struck too soon—before turning the bait and getting the hook well in his mouth (the bait is usually hooked through the lips) the fish generally escapes; and when the line is reeled in and the bait examined, it will be found to be scored with the marks of the teeth of the fish—in some instances, crushed and killed, the marks being always on the lower part of the body down to the tail, showing that the bait was seized tail first; while when a fish is caught, if the bait is still in his mouth (for frequently a bass strikes so ardently that the bait is sent spinning several feet up the line, or is thrown clear off) it will be found to be swallowed head first, with the tail sticking out of the fish's mouth.

When struck, the fish is reeled in and landed as quickly as possible, without any preliminary playing; indeed, with such tackle, which is capable of lifting a 3 or 4lb. bass bodily out of the water and into the boat without undue strain upon pole, line or hook, "playing" is unnecessary, and the local fisherman is generally desirous of landing and securing his fish as promptly as possible. In fact, I confess to the same desire myself; and never indulge in any more playing than is necessary for the safety of my tackle, having no particular relish for the cat and the mouse game.

In wading, their long, heavy tackle strikes me as being bulky, cumbersome and unhandy to the last degree; and I find my little 8oz. steel Henshall rod of 8ft. 3in. with a medium weight line—not too long—to be as near perfection for this kind of fishing as is attainable in this imperfect world of ours; but in boat fishing the heavy long tackle possesses some undeniable advantages. In some two or three weeks' fishing in the Bear Lithia neighborhood last summer, most of which was done from a boat, there was not a day's fishing in which I did not lose one or more fish from having the fish shoot under the boat or foul the anchor chain. The fellows with the long heavy tackle, if their fish made for the boat, could check him or steer him off, while with my light, delicate tackle, if my fish took a notion to go under the boat, I had to let him go or smash my rod.

While the Henshall rod is unequalled for wading, probably the best tackle for boat and shore fishing is a rather stout lancewood or steel rod about 10ft. long and fully as many ounces in weight, which is stiff and heavy enough to safely snub a fish when he darts under the boat, and long enough to be serviceable; with 150ft. of good, medium weight oiled silk line (not enameled) and hooks of medium or fairly large size, ranging from No. 2 Sproat to 2-0 or 3-0 Carlyle, with or without leaders, according to taste. I always use a 6ft. looped leader, but I cannot say that I consider it strictly essential in bait-fishing.

In fishing from the bank a sinker is, of course, a necessity. The generally accepted method used by Shenandoah fishermen of preparing and using a sinker is to prepare a number of different sized pieces of lead by first splitting them with a chisel and then closing up the split by means of a hammer with some six or eight inches of common white cotton wrapping twine or string closed in the split or opening. One of these sinkers thus prepared is selected, the size and weight depending on the character of the water, whether swift and shallow or deep and still, and tied to the end of the line, and the hook (for but one hook is used in shore fishing) attached to the line some 18in. or more above the sinker.

A small piece of cork looped in the middle of the snell or snood of the hook will not add to the neat appearance of the tackle but will prove invaluable in keeping the bait off the bottom, which, considering the tendency of mud-toms and helgramites to creep under rocks, is quite an essential. The advantage of this peculiar combination is

that the hook is kept off the bottom, and if anything fouls (and in such reedy waters fouls are of common occurrence) it is the sinker, and by a steady, strong pull the string will break instead of the line or hook, and the tackle will come free, leaving the sinker in the river instead of the hook; and as lead is much cheaper than hooks this is of no special importance.

In fly-fishing in the Shenandoah, as elsewhere, the finest and best tackle is the most satisfactory and produces the best results; the popular theory of the small boy with the willow pole, the tow string and the pin hook to the contrary notwithstanding. A fine bamboo or steel rod, from 10 to 11ft. in length and of moderate weight, not too light, an enameled, tapered, size F line wound on an Orvis reel (25yds. is sufficient), a 6-foot looped leader of heavy single gut, and two flies of moderate size—No. 4 being about right—will probably prove most satisfactory. The bright-colored flies, such as scarlet-ibis, Parmacheene-belle, white-miller and professor, seem to be the most attractive, although I have had considerable success with the Governor-Alford, particularly in trolling, where the slow, steady drag of this mouselike object through the water seems particularly tempting. George is a particularly skillful and successful fly-fisher, and his favorite combination is a bright fly as dropper and a dark one as tail fly. His theory is that the fish is attracted by the bright fly, and if in making a dash for it he should miss it, or for any reason decline it, the dark fly is close at hand and is seldom missed. Whether this theory is correct or not, his uniform success would seem to indicate that there is at least something in it.

The fish do not, as a rule, rise or break above the surface, but generally strike from below, and it is but rarely that I see a fish take the fly, unless I am standing on a reef or other elevation from which I can look down into the water and see him make his rush; consequently, in casting, the flies should be dropped lightly out upon the water and allowed to sink a few inches below the surface—a foot is not too much, and then be gently drawn in through, not over, the water. I generally get my strikes just as this drawing-in movement has begun. It is not usually necessary to put out a great deal of line, except to search special places or spots not otherwise attainable.

George and I have had some of our finest sport in trolling from our canoes on our various cruises, as we cruise along. A collar of flies is attached to the line as in ordinary fly-fishing, and the casts made from the canoe, throwing from side to side until some 40 or 50ft. of line is out, after which the rod is laid out over the stern of the canoe (the reel at the canoeist's feet, so placed that it will turn freely and readily), and the tip projecting aft under his right arm, with the line trailing out astern. The paddle is then taken up and the course resumed. A sharp lookout must be kept for stray ledges, and in running rapids or threading intricate, reedy places, the line is taken in. When not in use the tackle is carried on the decks of the canoes, being secured by a simple contrivance.

It is not advisable to use a fine fly-rod in trolling, as in spite of care fouls will occur, and before the canoe can be checked and turned the rod is liable to be sprung or broken. I once ruined two tips in one afternoon in this same way, while on the same day George only saved his rod by dropping it overboard, a tedious half hour's fishing being required before he could find and recover it. A common stout lancewood or steel rod, moderately heavy, is best for this kind of work. When a strike occurs the fish promptly notifies the canoeist that he has arrived by a jerk that makes the reel whiz with a vigor and suddenness that never fails to startle him, however much he may have become accustomed to it. The paddle is then dropped, the rod taken up and the sport commences. If the fish does not much exceed a pound in weight he may be landed aboard the canoe without much trouble, although at all times a landing net is a necessity that cannot be dispensed with without risk of losing the fish; but if a large, heavy fish is struck great care and patience are required in order to successfully handle him from the light, cranky canoe and get him safely aboard. I once saw George strike a four-pounder which gave him a fight of at least twenty minutes before he succeeded, and during which fight the fish actually towed George's canoe slowly and gently clear across the river in his rushes, until he had worked him in so close to the right bank that I had to come to the rescue by paddling gently in and secure his bow painter and towing him out into midstream, where he finished the fight and landed the fish. This sounds like a veritable fish story, but it is a fact.

The local fishermen handle their immense tackle quite skillfully and effectively, but when placed for the first time in the hands of a man who has not been brought up on it, it is usually quite alarming. I was out one day last year with Will Compton and Tom Naylor of Bear Lithia, and Will's father, a prominent member of the Harrisonburg bar. Compton, Sr., is an enthusiastic expert fly-fisher, and it is doubtful if he ever before caught a bass with bait. He had run over to Bear Lithia from Harrisonburg for a couple of days, and not expecting to fish brought no tackle with him; and his consternation may be imagined, when one of these 20ft. flagstaves—haliards and all—was placed in his hands, and he was told to fish with it.

In the fullness of time, Compton, Sr., got a strike.

"Give him line! Give him line!"

"Let him run!"

"Give him plenty of time!" were samples of the advice showered on him by the full strength of the company, as he sprang to his feet, the better to handle his cumbersome unaccustomed weapon, and was on the point of striking promptly, as he was accustomed to do in his fly-fishing experiences. He recovered himself and paid out some 15 or 20ft. of line, which the fish took up as rapidly as it was paid out.

"Now strike!" exclaimed Naylor, as the fish, after pausing a little, started off briskly again.

Compton Sr. struck; not with the long, steady swing of the native, but with the sharp, quick, fly-fishing, 6oz. rod strike, forgetful of the tremendous latent energy stored up in that 20ft. pole. The fish—about a 4-pounder—came up flying out of the river, through the air, directly toward the boat. Everybody dodged, but there was no danger. That fish sailed up the river like a flying fish, high above our heads, the full length of the 60 or 70ft. or so of line out before he dropped into the water again. There was a shout of laughter, and Compton Sr., who probably in all his previous existence had never been guilty of yanking a

fish out of the water like that, sat down covered with confusion, while he reeled in and landed his fish, receiving, meanwhile, the congratulations of his friends.

He got the fish though, which afforded him some consolation. COMMODORE.

## NIAGARA COUNTY CLUB'S OUTING.

LOCKPORT, June 8.—The Niagara County Anglers' Club has attained more than a State-wide reputation for the success and attractive features of its annual excursions and tournaments. This year the time for the jolly outing was extended to two days; the place as heretofore was Youngstown on the Niagara River, near Lake Ontario, where black bass abound, and perch and herring fishing is excellent.

For nearly six weeks the club has held frequent meetings in preparation for the ninth annual excursion and tournament, June 6 and 7, which was to surpass all previous efforts of the banner fishing club of the United States. By the way, the last clause in the preceding sentence is no idle boast, for the organization now has the support of 268 active members. President Wm. H. Case, Vice-President John F. Little, Secretary F. K. Sweet, and Treasurer Geo. W. Weaver devoted their time faithfully to the preliminaries. In addition committees were appointed, and their work in each case was well executed.

A special train was chartered to carry the anglers from this city via Suspension Bridge to Lewiston on the Niagara River. General Western Passenger Agent E. J. Weeks, of the N. Y. C. R. R., who has many personal friends in the club, gave this important train the right of way in preference to all others on the line. Promptly at 6:30 A. M. Wednesday the train crowded with the merry anglers left the depot. The forward car bore the inscription "Niagara County Anglers' Club." At Suspension Bridge the Lockportians were reinforced by the Niagara Falls members.

At Lewiston the steamer Anna F. Owen met the party, conveying the contestants to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Along the dock was a long line of oarsmen numbered ready to row the several pairs of "red" and "blue" anglers to the fishing grounds near by. On the boat Captain Charles L. Nicholls and Captain G. Louis Holmes had selected their men. Subjoined are the two sides that fished for a banquet to be given by the losers in this city next week. There were a great many members of the club who fished, but not in the tournament. With the names is given the number of small-mouth black bass caught by each man without reference to the heavy catches of perch, herring, bullheads, eels, rock bass, etc.

Red Badge Men.	
1. Capt G L Holmes.....	14. Will R Smith.....0
2. W F Bennett.....	15. M O'Connor.....1
3. E F Smith.....	16. F K Sweet.....0
4. E C Hulshoff.....	17. John Craddock.....0
5. W H Case.....	18. Tom Eekensperger.....0
6. James Clifford.....	19. J W Pusey.....0
7. D A Hixon.....	20. Jas Rowe.....0
8. Joseph Dunnville.....	21. Will Jenny.....1
9. Jerome Emerson.....	22. John A Merritt.....0
10. Ed Brown.....	23. John F Little.....4
11. E L Whitman.....	24. M Wendover.....0
12. F J Davis.....	25. Geo Nye.....2
13. Geo W Weaver.....	26. Wm Bentley.....0
Blue Badge Men.	
1. Capt C L Nicholls.....	14. H Wendover.....0
2. W W Stevens.....	15. W E Shaeffer.....3
3. John M Buddenhagen.....	16. M N Haskell.....0
4. E L Whitman.....	17. Geo E Emerson.....0
5. W E Huston.....	18. Jacob Fisher.....0
6. Chas Wilkinson.....	19. Bert Stevens.....0
7. Dan McKim.....	20. W E Wicker.....0
8. John Klupf.....	21. Jas McGill.....0
9. Louis Lureman.....	22. David Millar.....1
10. C W Hatch.....	23. Fred Gerner.....0
11. N D Ensign.....	24. C L Haines.....0
12. W H Upson.....	25. M H Hoover.....1
13. Frank Allison.....	26.....0

Judge Millar's steam yacht whistled the signal for the cast of lines, and the fun began. These rules were followed both days:

1. Signal for prize fishing—Three whistles denotes starts and stops.
2. Hours for fishing—First day, 9 A. M. to 7:45 P. M.; second day, early dawn to 7 P. M. start at the option of each angler.
3. No two contestants on the same chosen side for the banquet will be permitted to fish in the same boat. It is optional with members to enter in this contest.
4. Each person will be allowed to fish with but one rod and line, two hooks and bait. Artificial bait allowed.
5. Boats will be numbered, and the person drawing the corresponding number will be entitled to that boat.
6. Agreeable changes will be permitted in boats provided Rule 3 is observed.
7. The high hook banner will be in the boat having the largest black bass.
8. Each person will be provided with a score book and at the end of each day will record his score and the catch. The catch must be exhibited to judges and scores handed to them each day.
9. The tournament will be decided upon points as given in the schedule of fish adopted by the club.

In the schedule, for example, black bass counted 50, pickerel 25, perch 2, rock bass 2, eels 30, bullheads 25, white bass 20, herring 10.

Owing to heavy rains for a month past, the river and lake were quite muddy, especially the first day, so that few black bass comparatively were caught. The regatta of boats had not been out on the water two minutes before W. E. Huston of the "blues" captured a 3lbs. black bass. His comrades cheered lustily as the high hook banner of the club was conveyed to his boat by M. N. Haskell, who held it last year. Mr. Huston's triumph was short-lived, for within 20 minutes W. W. Stevens, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, had taken a larger bass, and with it went the banner. Ed S. Bennett of the "reds" soon stopped the merriment of the other side by demanding the banner upon landing a still larger fish after a lively tussle.

And thus the sport went on. At noon the Owen carried the party up to Youngstown,  $\frac{1}{4}$  miles, where they dined at the El Dorado. Notes were compared and it was found that the blues were only 45 points behind. In the afternoon a northwest wind made heavy water, but the fishermen stuck bravely to their work. Up the river good catches of perch were made. The bass fishing was pretty generally abandoned for that day. The anglers were doing what they could toward securing the individual prizes for best strings of perch and mixed fish. When 7 o'clock came there were very few who had not caught some fish despite unfavorable water and cool weather. Every bold angler felt somewhat tired and ready for the clam-bake already steaming on the beach.

The word "clam-bake" does not have a soothing effect upon any member of the Niagara County Anglers' Club—and thereby hangs a tale.

The special committee on the clam-bake made elaborate



preparations. Ten barrels of clams were bought, 300 lobsters, 200 chickens, 500 ears of green corn and 5 bushels of potatoes, with a quantity of sea grass. To prepare all these delicacies according to the rites of the most sacred "down-East" clam-bakes, they had hired an expert from an Eastern city. The professional failed to materialize Wednesday morning. Nothing daunted, the members of the committee had the hole dry and lined with stone upon which several cords of wood were burned during the day. About 7 o'clock the clams, etc., were deposited upon the heated stones in regulation layers. The funereal canvas was placed over the savory mound—but they forgot the covering of earth!

The new moon looked down upon a glorious scene. The summit of the land was crowned by historic old Fort Niagara, where the Stars and Stripes waved defiance to the cross of St. George across the river. On the green sward along the shore, bounded by lake and river on the north and west, was a vast concourse of people waiting to be fed. They were hungry, yet withal happy. Little groups of fishermen, with rods in air as staunch as the old lances of Lynwood, just in from the piscatorial fray, conversed with their guests, soldiers from the fort and civilians assembled upon their invitation from all over western New York. The Twenty-fourth Regiment band played "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle" and other patriotic airs. The church chimed across the way, sweeter far than St. Smithin's, played "God Save the Queen." "Home Sweet Home" proved a far more appropriate selection later, as will develop.

Bonfires were built, big fish stories, many of them excerpts from FOREST AND STREAM, were related and all went merry. But the bake was not yet done. Nine o'clock arrived and the report was that some of the lobsters were still alive, while the potatoes were hard enough to furnish balls for the frowning guns of the fort.

Ten o'clock came and the tables were still ungraced with the clams and chickens. Secretary Sweet brought forth the "illustrated regrets" from Editor Reynolds, and showing it again to some fellow anglers, remarked that it was well the FOREST AND STREAM man did not come, only to be starved. The crowd was rapidly growing pessimistic. Here and there assaults were made upon the sandwiches, radishes and coffee, all hope having been abandoned for clams that night. At 11 o'clock a wild stampede was made for the hotels at Youngstown and the landlords requested to set out luncheons at short notice. A squad of soldiers was left to guard the tardy clam-bake, which was well spoiled by morning. The committee brought up the rear of the retreat in a carriage, each murmuring "*Sic transit gloria mundi*." As the sentinels were passed one by one through the mile of territory owned by Uncle Sam the challenge, "Who goes there?" was always satisfactorily answered by the countersign, "Clams."

The sun rose in a clear sky next day and with it rose the spirits of the disappointed fishermen. They forgot clams in the excellent prospects for bass, much worthier game. Expectations were largely realized, for the contest the second day was much more exciting, the biting being quite brisk. Jerome E. Emerson, cashier of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, early in the day made the "reds" jubilant by the capture of a 3½ lbs. black bass. The lead secured by the "reds" the first day could not be broken. For the "blues," the old champions, Charles W. Hatch, Judge David Miller, ex-Sheriff Nathan D. Ensign, Postmaster John A. Merritt, Alderman Burt Stevens, Alderman James McGill and Jacob Fisher did not seem to be in good form. On the other hand, Archie L. Smith of the "reds" was maintaining his reputation, coming in the second evening with seven black beauties. Jerome E. Emerson captured six, D. A. Hixson and W. H. Upson four each for the "reds." A tabulation of the individual scores showed that the "reds" had won the two days' fight by 3,210 points to 2,660 points for the "blues."

The awarding of individual prizes by the judges, David Millar and Jerome Emerson on the boat going home, was attended with lots of fun. Claimants for the several prizes often had their disputes settled by the scales, where an ounce cut a very important figure. Subjoined are the lucky members and their prizes:

- Largest small-mouth black bass (automatic reel, by M. N. Haskell), won by Jerome E. Emerson with a bass weighing 3½ lbs.
- Second largest (nickle plated filter, by Carter Filter Co.), won by Joseph Dumville, bass 2½ lbs. 5oz.
- Third largest (white vest, by Buddenhagen & Son), won by George E. Emerson, bass 2½ lbs. 5oz.
- Fourth largest (split bamboo rod, by D. G. McKim), won by W. W. Stevens, bass 2½ lbs. 3oz.
- Largest string of small-mouth black bass (Belial trout rod, by Theodore Baldwin and gold badge by the club), won by Archie L. Smith, 7 bass.
- Second largest string (landing net, by F. K. Sweet), won by W. H. Upson.
- First small-mouth black bass caught, W. E. Houston, two minutes after the signal for fishing Wednesday morning, taking the club's high hook banner. This will be held during the year, however, by J. E. Emerson, who caught the largest black bass.
- Largest string of mixed fish (trunk-split bamboo rod, by L. H. Staats), won by C. W. Hatch; 19 perch, 2 black bass, 1 eel, 4 rock bass.
- Second largest string mixed fish (floating bait-pail, by W. A. Williams), won by H. C. Hulshoff; 52 perch, 3 rock bass, 1 white bass.
- Largest string of perch (tackle box, by C. W. Hatch), won by John Klopff; 52 perch.
- Second largest string of perch (gold match-box, by Geo. W. Weaver) won by Will R. Smith; 40 perch.
- Largest string of herring (box of cigars, by Eddie F. Smith), won by L. G. Holmes; one herring.
- Boatman whose party caught the largest number of fish (bat-rack and stove-mat, by John E. Mack, won by boat No. 15, Mr. Todd rowing, Jacob Fisher and Will R. Smith.
- Second largest catch (50 lbs. sack of flour, by Griggs Bros. & Ellis), won by boat No. 24, Fred Masher rowing John Buddenhagen and Henry Hulshoff.

At 9 o'clock last night the anglers returned bearing precious burdens. Tanned they were and tired, yet happy with the pleasant reminiscences of two jolly days stored against the days when troubles come.

Reader, if you are a fisherman and enjoy good company, you should go with the Niagara County Anglers on their next annual excursion and tournament at Youngstown. M. H. HOOVER.

Spanish Mackerel.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., June 15.—Two of the guests of the Atlantic Hotel went trolling yesterday and caught in three hours 140 Spanish mackerel. It is not an unusual occurrence for parties of four or five to bring 300 mackerel and bluefish in a few hours. Cero and pompano are caught in quantities also. The shooting here is good—snipe, willet and curlew, besides deer on the beaches. B. L. PERRY.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reports have reached here of excellent fishing had on the lakes in the St. Maurice region, which are reached from Three Rivers by the Piles Branch of the C. P. R. and from Quebec by the Lower Laurentides, a branch of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway.

Mr. Brackett, of Boston, the eminent fish artist, left here on Friday for his salmon fishing grounds on the Marguerite. During the coming week he will be joined by Mr. Henry Russell, general attorney of the Michigan Central Railway, who is now fishing the Grande Discharge for ouananiche, together with Mr. Robert E. Plumb, general manager of the Michigan Peninsular Car Co.; Mr. L'Hommiedieu, assistant general superintendent of the Michigan Central Railway; Mr. J. D. Hawks, manager of the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena Railway, and Mr. Gardner T. Lyon of Oswego, N. Y. These gentlemen came to Quebec by special car, and proceeded on it to Lake St. John. On the way they stayed over at Lake Edward, and enjoyed good trout fishing. What havoc they have wrought among the ouananiche is not yet reported, but they are expert fishermen and must have had rare sport, for the ouananiche are so abundant just now at the head of the Discharge, that several cases are reported in which from 60 to 70 fish fell to a pair of rods in the early part of the present week. Mr. Plumb and Mr. Lyon are about to fish the main branch of the Marguerite for salmon in company with Messrs. A. L. Barney, Roland Mitchell, N. C. Barney and W. B. Williams, of the St. Marguerite Salmon Club.

Mr. John C. Eno and his eldest daughter and Col. Wilson of this city have been very successful in their struggles with Lake St. John ouananiche this week. It is interesting to note, as proving the absurdity of the story that the ouananiche are landlocked and cannot get to sea, over the obstructions of the upper Saguenay, that a little over a fortnight ago a number of these fish were taken by rod and line in the mouth of the Chicoutimi River, within the limits of the town of that name at the head of steamboat navigation. Mr. Lyon also tells me that he, like Mr. Brackett, has taken ouananiche at the mouth of the Marguerite. The Chronicle of this city is out in a vigorous campaign against the reported netting of ouananiche in several localities at Lake St. John.

Judge Kellogg of Waterbury, Conn., and a party of friends, including Messrs. A. W. Reed of Baltimore, and Rufus H. Thayer of Washington, D. C., went up to their trout fishing waters at Lake Bouchette a few days ago, and Prof. Wm. G. Mixer of Yale University and other gentlemen from Whitehaven left here to-day to fish at Lac Commissaire, the headquarters of the Nomantum Club. Mr. Geo. Lawrence, Jr., of New York and a friend left by the same train for the Grande Discharge. Messrs. G. E. Hart and J. L. Atwood of Waterbury, Conn.; Wallace Durand of Newark, N. J., and Miner Drake of Torrington, Conn., returned home a little over a week ago, after a stay of two weeks and a half upon their fishing preserve on Lake Commissaire and neighboring waters. In addition to splendid sport among the trout of that region, some of which exceeded 5 lbs. in weight, they took ouananiche up to 5½ lbs each at Lake St. John, and Mr. Durand is the happy possessor of a splendid skin and head of a Canada lynx, which he prizes the more highly that it fell a victim to his own rifle on the shore of Lake Commissaire.

Among the anglers who have enjoyed good sport in Lake Edward this spring may be mentioned E. S. Herrick, T. Henderson, J. C. North, S. D. Curtis and W. D. Hall, Albany, N. Y.; H. K. Barstow, A. G. Pierce, L. F. Lassill, E. H. Shattuck, J. W. Jones, Van A. Nye and H. Nye of Burlington. Many of the above took *fornitalis* weighing from 3 to 5 lbs. apiece, mostly with bait, though good fly-fishing is to be had up Rat River, one of the lake's feeders. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 16.

IS THE FISHING GONE FOREVER?

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 12.—I am sorry my friend "Mascomy" had such poor luck in Vermont; I knew the region he visited well, 30 years ago, and have had great success there, in Stratton, Winhall and Penn.

Trout fishing in this region is a thing of the past, and, I fear, with the destruction of the forests is gone forever. I am glad I had a chance to enjoy it when I was young. I went out a month ago to the old brook in which I caught my first trout, more than 60 years ago, and fished a mile of beautiful water without a nibble! Last week I tried again and walked out three miles, three-fourths of the way up hill, and the last one down, to a little brook where I once was sure of a good string. The old gorge through the hills, full of falls and rapids, once shadowed by old trees through and under which it was easy traveling and good fishing, was now choked with a dense growth of young wood and underbrush through which it was almost impossible to push my way with a rod, and quite so to fish, and I began at the foot of it, where the brook comes out into an open pasture, with a few trees along the water.

I got a 7 in. trout at my second cast, soon followed by one of 6 in., and then lost another of 7, just as I reached out my hand to draw him in, for the overhanging branches had prevented me from hooking him fairly. I got one more little one, and that was the end of it. I soon came to tracks in the grass, where it was beaten down, as I got into the more open meadow, and for the next mile, until I struck the road, I only got hold of two more, and they were neither of them 4 in. long, and were soon swimming off again. One of them was not even pricked, the well-baited hook having come out through his gills! I agree with "Mascomy," that fishing in our brooks in this part of the State should be absolutely prohibited for the next three years, if we are ever to have any more of it!

When I reached a friendly farm house on my way back, I was told that a young fellow from town had been out a few days before, and got 62 trout, and I guess he got them all.

Your Ithaca correspondent, "J. H. S.," seems to have made his first acquaintance with the regular lake trout, so-called *Salmo namaycush*. His forked tail is the feature which distinguishes him at sight from the square-tailed *Salmo fontinalis*. There is nothing peculiar about them in Mill-Site Lake, they are all so.

Mr. Starbuck and Mr. France make a pretty good defense of "rodster," but I do not like the word; it might be applied to a schoolmaster (of the old English type) as well as to an angler.

Still it is far better than the modern English slang of "chucking a bug," or that other piece of euphemism, in which one of your correspondents indulges, of "stabbing" a trout, which is horrible and indefensible. It calls to mind a "Dago" and a dagger at once.

The bass season opens June 15 and I may try the river then. I hear of many large pike being taken. VON W.

TROUT TICKLING.

You may remember that three years since, if my memory is faithful to her trust, I wrote you among other things from near North Bay, Ontario, where I was having considerable of an entertainment with some of Mr. Starbuck's "dappled darlings of the wimpling waters," some notes on this, to me, new methods of securing trout. How one morning my German landlord laid by my plate seven beautiful fish—beautiful even in death—as nearly alike as seven peas, and on my questioning him as to where he caught them, said: "I catch 'em mit my handt," and proceeded to describe "trout tickling." Of course I was a "doubting Thomas" from the original family of Thomases, and gently but firmly assured him of the fact that I was aware that he was trying to gull me, but he "would none of it." And maybe you remember how we went to the mountain stream, icy cold in May, that he might give demonstration of his powers in this line, but that there was a complete failure so to do; he, however, still holding to the truth of his statement, and that further it was a common mode of catching trout in Germany.

Now comes your correspondent E. M. B., in yours of June 2, and writes of the same matter, but has his information from second or third hands—"I vouch not for the truth you see, but tell the tale as told to me." He tells how a Mr. Rich worms himself or eels himself into the water like unto a huge alligator, by imperceptible advance, and then elongating his electric arm inch by inch, as doth the manipulator of the telescope, gently, slowly, electrically, hypnotically charms the doomed trout until "fust thing you know" he is just "tickled to death."

Now, my German friend didn't lie down and gently insinuate his body into the stream. I should have been "tickled to death" to see him. He couldn't do it, for, in the first place, there were no holes in that rocky mountain stream large enough, and in the second he'd have come so precious near freezing to death, the tickle would all have been taken out of the performance. His professed plan was to reach under the overhanging banks or rocks, and trust to the acuteness of feeling in his fingers to locate the fish, as if any old, mature, experienced "roseate ranger of the rushing ripple" would calmly await the advance of that "strangely moving spectacle" from the outer world until it closed round him, and he awoke too late to the fact that he had been mightily tickled. Where is the man or men, reliable, with the papers in this case? I don't mean the professors, but witnesses competent to make affidavit. I will now wait, if necessary, three years more. O. O. S.

THE OZARKS, MO.

The gentleman who inquired the other day in your columns whether it is true that trout can be taken by the hand, may set his mind at rest on that point. They can. I first learned this fact from my father more than fifty years ago, and in North Britain the practice is called "guddling." Dr. William C. Prime, in a book called "The Old House by the River," published early in the fifties, says: "You may always take trout in this way." If further information on this subject is needed, let your correspondent ask Alex. Starbuck's "Ned" (Mr. P. E. Roach), whether he did not get into trouble with the authorities before he left England by experimenting in the capture of trout after this method. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, MICH.

He Growls to Sustain His Reputation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is a funny fight, and I feel very much as the Western woman did when her old man "fit the bar"—I don't care which whips. Rodster may be a very good word—like Sam Weller's "circumwent"—but I think angler just as good. Arguments are very good things when properly used, but they are sometimes wasted.

It is a well-known fact that a spider makes a web, but that doesn't make a webster of him.

Then, too, the farmers and some other fellows know that a rooster crows, and to keep in that line of argument he ought to be called a crowster. It may be that he is called a rooster because he roosts; but then consistency would say that a hen is as much of a rooster as her husband. Besides, I don't think it would sound well in certain cases. It won't do, and we may as well let him crow and scratch under his old name.

N. B.—This stuff is not argument, and as your space is too precious to waste, I'm going to stop—when I get through. A little thing like rodster is too small a bone to fight about; but certain words occasionally occur in the writings of even your contributors that are very afflictive to rational men—"of which I am one of 'em"—and I hereby give notice that if any rodster ever mentions "speckled beauties" in my presence I'll shoot him on the spot. As the editor of FOREST AND STREAM once insinuated in the "plain language of truthful James," that I was an old growler, I have a reputation to sustain.

There are many little things about FOREST AND STREAM that are not exactly to my taste, and if I were its manager I'd keep a hundred horse power press in the office and whenever anything was handed in that might be put in half the space, I'd give it a squeeze. Hunting and fishing stories, to be interesting, should be told in the most expressive language.

If my style were not already perfect, "Podgers" would be one of my models. By the way, what's the matter with "Podgers"? I believe he never was much of a gunster, but as a rodster he's at home, and whenever he goes on a fishing spree he always talks about it in an interesting way. Stir him up. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The papers in defense of the use of the word rodster are scholarly, Shakespearian, and almost convincing; yet this at least I'm free to tell, I do not like thee rodster, well.

KELPIE.



## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 516.)

It now being time to return we commenced the fatiguing tramp over the rugged route and were glad when we had reached the "big rocks." Ned had caught two indifferently sized trout during our absence, and being positive no more were to be had there, suggested an immediate move to our quarters. He laughed heartily when I told him, as we were slowly moving along, of my coasting down the rock on my back, and said it was a great pity to spoil such an incident without the consummation of the striking tableau so near at hand, the plunge into the lake. Its successful finale was all the tableau I desired. I was not hankering for the calcium lights to be turned on for rapturous applause or for the creating of any emotional impression.

On our return we met several canoes containing Indian families *en route* for the Aguawa, to which we gave the customary salute. It is really surprising how the redskins manage to employ the limited space in their *jimans*—so they call their canoes—and how much they stow away in them. We saw one containing man and wife with four children, two boys and two girls, a dog with four pups, divers camp utensils and other plunder, on top of which was a cage with two young eagles. The gunwale was but a few inches above the water, and with all this they had come all the way from Michipicoten. Their canoes are built exceedingly light and lie on the water

"Like a yellow leaf of autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily."

They are, too, very handy for crossing dangerous places, and, if you take proper precaution, you need not positively be upset. The Indians have extraordinary command over them, and they seem to fly over the surface of the water. Hence it is not surprising that the poets impart mysterious and magic powers to the bark canoe.

"And the forest life was in it,  
All its mystery and magic;  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews."

Even the Indians honor their own invention greatly, and impart to it a divine origin. They say that Menaboju (their Prometheus or Hercules) invented the canoe. They even point to some half dozen lumps of stone on the shore of one of the islands, and say that Menaboju built his canoe between them and there hung it to dry.

I was quite tired when we reached camp, for my walk along the ragged shore was very toilsome, being compelled to bend and twist, and turn and stretch in the endeavor to ascend or circumvent the deep chasms and treacherous masses of fallen rocks which ever and anon confronted me. Ned escaped all this fatigue, for he scarcely moved from his first position, and frequently did his casting from a comfortable seat.

We were now exceedingly eager for our meal, for our appetites were as keen as the edge of a sword blade. Our chef soon had us before smoking platters of broiled trout and other savory dishes which Appicus, the unexampled epicurean of ancient Rome, would have relished as choice examples of culinary skill.

The delicious repast over, we strolled, as usual, to the front of our quarters, which commanded a magnificent view of the lake and the mountains, and there became deeply entranced with the grand prospect spread before us. The sun was in deep repose in his rosy bed, a charming picture in matchless tints; the air sprang up cool and crisp, the sky became fretted with golden fire, a pale curl of a moon revealed itself, the sea beat in rippling cadences against the gray cliffs, and dark shadows from the mountain pines stood out like grim sentinels.

Night comes, world jeweled,  
The stars rush forth in myriads to wage  
War with the lines of darkness and the morn,  
Pale ghost of night, comes haunting the cold earth  
After the sun's red sea death quietless.

A cheerful camp-fire now being necessary for comfort it was soon made, and around it we all gathered and discussed the probabilities for the departure in the morning to the great trout waters at Point Brulé. Peter, who had been drawing much comfort from his clay pipe, at last laid it aside, and then taking up the theme we had just dropped fairly bewildered us with the recital of the most wonderful habitation of trout at the promised land. Sir Jack Falstaff, who related the amusing growth of the men in buckram, was no comparison to our Peter, for he would take a six-inch trout as a starting point and in an incredible short space of time so invest it with a fairy charm as to drop it at fifts. It was infinitely amusing to us, and to see to what extent his lively imagination would revel, we innocently, as it were, encouraged him in his romances. No ordinary fish liar could begin to approach him when he once warmed to the subject, and he was now giving us palpable evidence of being red hot. He was even dauntless enough to throw down the gauntlet to Ananias. Freckled patriarchs of gigantic size were marched before us in rank and file close and deep, until they took on such a marvelous growth as to astound us in the construction of the mythical. His trout tales at last reached such enormous proportions that I finally thought he had mistaken the nomenclature and was talking of the glittering tarpon.

The bronzed and ever-silent Kenosh, who had some regard for the truth, looked with wondering eyes at his associate during his enthusiastic recitals, until finally he had reached the giddy heights and was throwing out the fables of his illusive associate, who evidently believed that imaginative construction was simply "the truth in masquerade."

Ned, thinking it high time to drop the curtain ere Peter's trout outclassed the spouting whale, arose, and in the most artless manner asked the gilt-edged romancer: "Can you use the lariat?"

"Yes, a little; why?" answered the unsuspecting Peter. "We simply want some one to lasso your big trout, that's all."

And then Ned strode away, leaving the demoralized Peter all in a limp, who had suddenly realized that he was not only a "cheerful idiot," but that he stood branded as the champion liar of the North Shore. This is the second time this tawny half-breed had been knocked out by us, and we do not suppose that he will ever again

have the hardihood to enter the arena for another contest while he sails under our colors.

Early the next morning, Ned, our peep o' day boy, who was the first to see dawn, announced a beam wind, and then the entire camp arose and hurriedly prepared for the advance to Point Brulé. While the cook was preparing breakfast the tents were taken down and everything not in immediate use carried to the beach ready for loading.

Peter was not in his usual high spirits, now that we were to penetrate into his elaborately advertised domain where the monarchs of the spotted robes were supposed to sport in countless numbers. He well knew we had him down to a very fine point and that he now had no standing in court. Not a word did he murmur about trout; not a delight express in our departure; not a hopeful smile for our prospective success. He had been so completely stripped, so deftly exposed, so emphatically relegated to the rear, and so crestfallen, that he became an object of pity. He hung his head in very shame, and had he have been paid for his services would doubtless have deserted at the first opportune moment.

The meal over, the dishes washed, and the pots and pans thoroughly cleaned, we were soon loaded and off with a brisk wind that made the white swirl from the bow hiss and frolic in curving lines of glistening beauty. We were making fine headway and figured to reach our destination by noon. Blind River, with its ribbon-like wandering from dizzy heights, was soon reached and left in the distance. Swinging by a noble headland of precipitous cliffs we had Gravel River in view, and then we saw our friendly Kentuckian and one of his boatmen fishing along a shore of savage crags that were as sharp as a sabre's edge. We had supposed that he was on his way to Michipicoten, and wishing to make some inquiries held our boat to the shore till we were within talking distance of the twain. The angler doffed his hat to us, and as we bawled the interrogations he expressed by pantomime that he was unable to hear on account of the howling wind and the beating sea. The boys, however, made his tawny attendant understand, and the information came that there was no fishing at either Point Brulé or Gargantua.

This was a deep disappointment to us, and after an immediate conference of a few minutes concluded to return, stopping at Aguawa *en route*. Peter gathering renewed courage at this development, at once took a new and sudden tack, remarking:

"The infernal Indians have netted 'em all out; that's what's the matter. Three years ago when I was there, they were in acres."

"And every one a 6-pounder," put in Ned.

"Well, they were big ones, you bet."

"Very like a whale, Peter," I added.

"Monsters, every one of them," he came back unabashed.

It was no use to down this monumental liar unless we took a club to him, and that not then being conveniently at hand the Point Brulé romance was relegated to oblivion.

Our boat, having swung around, was headed to the deep water until she caught the full force of the wind, which was now blowing very brisk. Her speed was therefore doubly increased and a lovely sight it was to see her "walk the water like a thing of life" with the pearl-like foam rising in rolls from her round bow and streaming from her smooth sides until the frothy seas devoured them.

We had not gone many miles before the sun came out and flooded the earth with fervent rays; clouds ever in harmony with the ardent aurora appeared in prismatic radiance, while the cool wind bowing to the same influence rapidly relaxed to a gentle cadence. The cliffs in jeweled splendor take up the pæans of rejoicing and the woods in crimson burn, while the fast dying billows with silvery sparkle on every snowy crest rubbed the Aladdin lamp, for it was a morn of unalloyed delight, a romance from the sky that thrilled and gladdened the heart with overflowing joy:

"Ferry pastures, beetling rock,  
Slopes half-islanded by streams  
Glisten in the amber gleams  
Of the sunshine—gleams that mock  
Shadowed field and cool gray rock."

Our greyhound dash had very materially slackened in this golden dazzle, but the enjoyment was doubly enhanced by the blending of the azure sky and glittering sun, of mountain pinnacle and rugged crag, of shadowy wood and silvery sea.

Our boatmen were fully under the inspiration of this delightful weather, for they chattered like magpies in French and Chippewa and laughed so heartily as to lead us to believe they were having a regular circus at somebody's expense. Ned thought their battery of humor was aimed at us, but it mattered not, as we were willing to stand as targets as long as their facetious arms were concealed, as it developed a condition of cheerfulness they seldom displayed.

We sail along in dreamy indolence, the wind being just strong enough to fill out sails, while the air, like champagne, fills the senses with exhilarating delight. At twelve meridian we round into Aguawa Harbor, taking the inner channel between the islands, and as the last is reached we turn at right angles, going along a bold and frowning fortification of nature with a fast expiring breeze and a sea panting as if in sleep. An hour more of very slow sailing brings us to Aguawa River, where we land and make camp.

After we had taken a wholesome meal, Mr. Scheling, the Hudson Bay agent stationed here, who had arrived from Michipicoten the day before, paid us a visit for a grand pow-wow, as was his usual custom whenever we stopped here. He stated during the conversation that the great storm which occurred while we were at Jackson's Cove, mention of which I have made in previous pages, was one of the fiercest he ever witnessed, and that a thunderbolt struck with appalling violence in the lake at Pilot Harbor, and as a result thousands of fish were killed. Among them were all varieties, embracing many fine brook trout, whitefish, pike, herring and other edible fish. The seagulls in great numbers gathered from all quarters around the floating fish, but, strange to say, would not touch one of them, while a fish taken in a gill net and thrown to them would be snatched up instantly, a dozen or more making for it at the same time. This subtle discrimination was a mystery we were unable to solve, unless

it were that the lightning so poisoned the fish as to make them decidedly unpalatable to these scavengers of the lake.

About three o'clock, after everything had been made snug around camp, and an Indian boy engaged to keep away from our provisions the prowling dogs of which there were many here now, we took the boat and went up to the first rapids on the river. Here we landed, and walking along the shore fished the pools for a mile or more, resulting in our capturing a lot of small trout that ran from six to ten inches. They are really more toothsome than the larger ones, but the fighting sport, which so delights an angler, is not from this class of juveniles.

The sun had been exceedingly hot all the afternoon, and when we reached our tent were received by dense clouds of vampirish insects singing their direful war songs, that at once prompted a resort to the fly repellent. After liberally laving with it we had some comfort, for it was an unimpenetrable wall to the insectivorous brigades and a perfume to us the very opposite of fragrant muscadine. Ned's cuticle was easily assailable, and when the *brulots* had him at a disadvantage, he was a howling dervish. Lumps as big as acorns would appear on him from these attacks and they were also exceedingly painful.

In a very little while the acidulous emollient lost its power over this savage horde and then they were at us again as viciously as ever. Ned once more went for the insect preventive, but it was nowhere to be found. It had either been misplaced by him or by one of the half-breeds who occasionally used it. He was now in a perfect rage, for he could neither find the boatmen, who had doubtless gone to the beach or the woods, nor the desired liquid. As a *dernier ressort* he gathered some branches from the thickets and commenced a vigorous flagellation of the air, sweeping them down in brigades at every blow, but they were so thick everywhere that when he attacked them in front they took him in the rear, and when on one side they took him on the other. One minute he was scratching the back of his head and the next the front; then he would stoop down to scratch at a sand fly that was perforating his stocking, and then as suddenly straighten up to rub his caput, and thus stormed at every available point he became perfectly frantic. At last he rushed into the tent and then rushed out with blood in his eye and a gun in his hand. Is he resorting to shot and shell to decimate their ranks, or has he gone deaf and is about to look down the barrel of his gun for relief? I was really at a loss to comprehend his strange actions and at once began to move toward him to ascertain what it all meant, when with a gentle motion of his hand he waved me to stop. This puzzled me more than ever, but when I saw him deliberately raise the gun to his shoulder and aim at the top of an adjacent tree, the enigma was at once solved. It was game he was after, as an offset, doubtless, to the game that had been made of him. In a moment the report of the discharged gun rang out, and then a rapacious hawk came tumbling down from his lofty perch, much to the delight of Ned, who expressed himself a bitter foe to this sanguinary bandit of the fields. On replacing his gun he stumbled over the repellent, which was under an old straw hat of mine, and where he had placed it for security. He was once more serenely happy after he had anointed his face with the powerful preventive.

"Really, Ned," I said, as he emerged from the tent bottle in hand, "I thought you were about to escape from your tormentors by taking the direct route to cloud-land."

"I had pretty near reached that climax; but this," he smilingly continued, holding aloft the magic mixture, "saved me."

Supper was soon announced after this little episode and as the table was near the fire and smoke, where the tormentors never came, we ate in perfect peace, and as soon as we were through went down to the gravelly beach where the evening breeze from the lake kept the piratical pests away.

Here we were under the shadow of the Aguawa mountains, with the cool air rustling the leaves, the sea in delicious rhythm, and a sunset in a mantling sea of color and fire, with every ripple and wave in unsullied crimson and purple. The picture would not be complete without the silver-faced moon, but it duly came and lit up the towers and bastions of the ragged faced cliffs, filled the lake with shimmering spangles and made the forests and thickets, as their tops waved to the night breeze, a play ground of dancing shadows. It was an enchanting scene and only required the goblins, owls and elfish sprites to make it a fairy land complete.

Under all this spell of bewitching beauty we sat and planned for our return home, satisfied that the trouting along the coast and rivers *en route* was about "played out," and that to further seek the enticement of the golden fins would be without reward.

ALEX. STARBUCK.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

UPPER CHATEAUGAY LAKE.—Mr. R. M. Shults, of the Indian Point House at Merrill, N. Y., reports under date June 13: "I went fishing yesterday afternoon and caught nine speckled trout, four of which weighed 3lbs. 2oz., the largest one weighing 1lb. 6oz. I fished two hours this afternoon; caught 32 trout with fly; the largest weighed 3lbs. Trout fishing has been very good this season. D. W. Curtis, of Syracuse, carried away 30lbs. Saturday; he caught about 50lbs. while here."

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK, N. Y., June 11.—Mr. H. W. Berlin, of New York, stopping at the Westminster Hotel, Alexandria Bay, caught in the bay opposite a 23½-pound muscallonge on a 10-ounce rod and silk line, with small hook and light leader. He was just one hour and twenty-five minutes landing him. On the same day Messrs. H. H. Arthur, J. W. Arthur and B. F. Dos Passos, of New York, caught 54 large black bass. The fish were expressed to New York to be distributed among their friends. This whole party are stopping at the Hotel Westminster, Westminster Park, Thousand Islands.

KEARNEYVILLE, W. Va., June 15.—The black bass fishing in the Potomac at this point is just now very good, and many fine strings have been taken. W. H. K.

CLAYTON, Thousand Islands, N. Y., June 13.—The bass season here has opened well. The indications are that fish are very plentiful. The good work performed by the



Anglers' Association is now showing splendid results. Up to this week the weather has been scarcely propitious for large scores; but now everything is promising for good catches. Among the arrivals at the Hubbard House this week are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bunker, of New York, who between them, with Steve Leyare as oarsman, caught 84 fine bass on Monday and 31 on Tuesday, Mr. Bunker taking the honors. Also Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, of New York, with Frank Fronkier rowing, who on Tuesday made a showing of 32 good-sized bass. J. G. F.

TUCKERTON, N. J., June 15.—Weakfish are biting well in Tuckerton Bay now. Parties who went out very recently pulled in as high as ninety-four some of them. Fishing very good. GEO. O. ADAMS.

TOLEDO, O., June 15.—Both the Brooks and the Visitor, the American steam yachts captured off Pelee Island by the Canadian cutter Petrel, on the 8th ult., have been released on bond, and have returned to Put-in-Bay. JAY BEEBE.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A bona fide new subscriber sending us \$5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price \$4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (price \$5)—a \$9 value for \$5. This offer is to new subscribers only. It does not apply to renewals. For \$3 a bona fide new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is \$3).

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

Relations of the Community to the Fisheries.

BY MARSHALL McDONALD, U. S. FISH COMMISSIONER.

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society, 1894.]

[Concluded from page 516.]

I hold in my hand a table giving the comparative summary of the fisheries of the entire United States for the years 1880 and 1892:

NEW ENGLAND STATES.		MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES.		SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES.		GULF STATES.		PACIFIC STATES.		GREAT LAKES REGION.	
Persons employed.	Capital invested.	Value of products.	Persons employed.	Capital invested.	Value of products.	Persons employed.	Capital invested.	Value of products.	Persons employed.	Capital invested.	Value of products.
1880.	1892.*	1880.	1892.	1880.	1892.	1880.	1892.	1880.	1892.	1880.	1892.
37,043	87,025	19,937,607	19,859,508	12,500,071	12,445,569						
56,853	90,685	12,685,331	19,405,151	16,360,517	10,047,580						
7,546	16,138	695,160	1,638,076	1,256,578	1,589,894						
5,131	12,010	545,584	2,998,080	1,227,544	2,409,595						
10,803	16,771	2,748,383	8,873,813	5,545,588	7,268,925						
5,050	9,788	1,345,975	5,478,080	1,784,050	2,471,355						
131,426	182,376	37,958,040	58,242,708	38,683,348	45,312,818						

This table is taken from a report on the statistics of the fisheries of the United States, prepared in the Division of Fisheries of the United States Fish Commission, and based upon field investigations conducted by the employees of the Commission, in part under the direction of Mr. J. W. Collins when assistant in charge of the Division of Fisheries of the Commission and in part by his successor, Mr. H. M. Smith, now in charge of that work. The data are taken in large part from the books of the fishermen. They have been collated with care and judgment, and may be relied upon to furnish as accurate a statistical presentation of the conditions of the fisheries as can be obtained with the means and resources at the command of the Fish Commission.

By reference to this table you will find that in 1892 the number of persons employed in all branches of the fisheries and related industries in all parts of the United States has increased 38.77 per cent., as compared with the number employed in 1880. The capital invested has increased 53.43 per cent., while the total value of the products of the fisheries has increased but 17.14 per cent. This indicates in a general way that the fisheries in 1892, taken as a whole, have not been so productive in proportion to the number of persons employed and capital invested as they were in 1880. We are, however, liable to err if we attempt to apply this general conclusion to the case of any particular fishery, though the general fact is broadly emphasized that our fisheries do not now yield the profitable return to individuals and to investments that they did in 1880.

Referring to this same table and considering the statistics of the fisheries by geographical divisions, we find that the fisheries of the New England States as a whole are practically unchanged since 1880. The number of persons employed is slightly less, the capital has been reduced less than one-half of one per cent., while the value of the products has increased one-half of one per cent.

For the Middle Atlantic States we find the number of persons employed has increased 51 per cent., the capital invested 53 per cent., while the increased value of the products is only 16½ per cent. For the South Atlantic States the number of persons employed has more than doubled, being 113 per cent., the capital invested has increased 14 per cent., while the value of the products rises to a little above 26 per cent.

In the Gulf States the percentage of increase in persons employed is 137.95, the capital invested 82, and the increased value of the products 103.

In the Pacific States the number of persons employed is about the same as in 1880, the investment of capital has more than doubled, while the aggregate increase in value of products amounts to 30 per cent.

In the Great Lakes States the percentage of increase in persons employed is 92.63, of capital invested 232.7, the increased value of the products rising only to 35.52 per cent.

The figures for the Great Lakes are very significant. With nearly double the number of persons employed in the fisheries, and with upward of 50 per cent. increase in the capital invested, there is but 17 per cent. increase in the total value of the product. This comparison is more significant when we consider that the increased production has been brought about by the utilization for market supply of species of fish such as the herring and others which constitute but an insignificant portion of the total products of 1880. The most important fishery of 1892—that of the whitefish—has vastly deteriorated, the take in 1892 being considerably less than one-half of the catch of 1880. And this result has arrived in spite of the fact that artificial propagation of the whitefish has been carried on on a stupendous scale by the different State Commissions and by the United States Commission on all of the Great Lakes. This deterioration in the number of whitefish is clearly to be attributed to the methods em-

ployed, and the necessity of some restraint upon these methods is imperatively indicated, not only in the general interest of the consumer, but in the interest of the fisheries themselves.

I would now call your attention to a table of the comparative statistics of the catch of certain species of fish in 1880 and 1892, taken from the same report:

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF THE CATCH OF CERTAIN PRODUCTS IN 1880 AND 1892.

1880.		1892.		Increase or decrease	
Pounds.	Value.	Pounds.	Value.	Pounds.	Value.
Alewives 45,684,333	826,546	59,176,183	554,740-13,491,550	+23,194	
Bluefish 14,707,708	369,758	15,957,831	637,305-1,250,123	+270,544	
Cod 119,137,400	3,475,105	92,648,311	2,996,691-26,493,539	-478,415	
Lobsters 20,238,683	631,769	23,301,149	1,050,877-3,082,466	+418,908	
Mackerel 73,317,563	1,883,910	17,041,736	1,102,651-56,275,827	-761,259	
Mullet 6,701,950	225,009	21,214,840	387,916-14,512,890	+169,907	
Salmon 51,633,824	1,086,339	93,826,527	3,730,416-42,192,703	+2,644,077	
Sea bass 2,642,650	113,176	8,401,563	355,602-5,758,903	+242,426	
Span Mac. 1,887,423	131,639	1,773,081	129,259-114,343	-2,380	
Sq teague 5,463,500	487,022	22,940,493	708,530-6,870,973	+271,508	

In this table we have arranged by sections the statistics of a number of economic species which furnish the basis of important fisheries. We will take first the alewives or river herring, instituting always comparisons between 1880 and 1892. We find for this species an increased product of 59,000,000lbs. And referring the increase and decrease to the different geographical sections in which the fishery is prosecuted, we find the increase wholly in the Middle and South Atlantic States, the New England product having fallen off about 2,500,000lbs. It would appear, therefore, that so far as this fishery is concerned the methods of fishing have had no influence upon the product, and that therefore no restrictions are necessary in regard to this species. As a matter of fact the capture of the herring is made largely in pound-nets and in seines. When the fish are taken in the pounds many of them, both males and females, are ripe, and crowded together as they are, involuntary reproduction is accomplished, since the squeezing and crowding of the multitude in the net accomplish precisely the same process that we do in artificial propagation. The eggs under these conditions are fertilized in vast numbers—being adhesive and floating off with the tide, they attach themselves not only to the walls of the net, but to every available object in the tideway—and for this reason I am inclined to think that so far as the alewives are concerned the pound-net fishing, instead of working any disadvantage, is actually improving the condition of this fishery all the time.

The next species in order is the bluefish. The census of 1880 gives the total catch of this species for the entire coast at 14,707,000lbs. The catch of 1892 reaches nearly 16,000,000, being 1,250,000lbs. in excess of the catch of 1880. Considering the data by geographical sections we find that the decrease in this species in the New England States since 1880 has amounted to 4,229,000lbs. The largest increase of 4,321,000lbs. is in the Middle Atlantic States. The increase for the South Atlantic States is 602,000lbs., for the Gulf States 545,000lbs., this being a new fishery for that section. Whether the vast increase in the New England States is to be attributed to the methods employed there, or is the result of the larger and growing catch in the Middle and South Atlantic States, is a matter about which we cannot at present form a conclusive opinion.

The cod fishery is prosecuted mainly in the New England and Middle Atlantic States; there being, however, an important and growing fishery in the North Pacific. Considering the fishery as a whole, we find a falling off of 26,500,000lbs. in product as compared with 1880, the decline being the largest in the New England States.

It is to be noted in connection with this fishery that the species is taken almost entirely, if not entirely, by hook and line, and the greater proportion in off shore waters. The deterioration cannot, therefore, in this case be attributed to any of the different forms of apparatus that are used in our coast waters.

In the case of the lobsters we find an increase of 3,000,000 pounds in the product of 1892 as compared with 1880, which is to be attributed probably in part to the stringent laws regulating this fishery which are now in operation, and in part to the great increase in the number of persons employed in the fishery.

The mackerel is another important fishery to which I wish to call your attention. We find a decrease in this fishery in 1892 as compared with 1880 of 56,275,000 pounds. The great fluctuations in this fishery from year to year are inexplicable at the present time. In the absence of specific knowledge as to the spawning grounds of the mackerel and the conditions under which spawning takes place, we are not prepared to attribute any influence to methods as now pursued in affecting the results of the fisheries.

The mullet fishery, which is more important in the South Atlantic and Gulf States, shows an increase of 14,000,000 pounds in 1892 as compared with 1880. This increase, however, has no significance as bearing upon the question of regulation, from the fact that it has arisen by the development of new grounds in the South Atlantic and Gulf States, and by more active fishing in the Middle Atlantic States.

The salmon, you know, is one of the most important economic species of the West coast. We find in this case an increased production in 1892 of 3,730,000 pounds as compared with 1880. This certainly furnishes no argument in favor of unrestrained fishing so far as it relates to this species. The increase is due entirely to the development of new grounds, and has been accompanied by an alarming decrease in those rivers which in 1880 furnished a large part of the salmon for market. I refer particularly to the Sacramento and the Columbia rivers, where there has been a marked deterioration in the fisheries, clearly the result of the fishing operations.

The sea bass, or blackfish of New Jersey, shows an increased production of 5,758,000lbs., which is pretty equally distributed to the three geographical sections of the Atlantic seaboard. There is no decrease indicated anywhere in either the New England, the Middle or the South Atlantic States.

The Spanish mackerel is an important economic species, the greater supplies of which during 1880 were drawn from the Chesapeake region. Since that time the fisheries have been extended and largely developed in the South Atlantic and Gulf States. In spite of the diminished production of 14,000lbs. in 1892 as compared with 1880. The production of the Middle Atlantic States having fallen from 1,852,000lbs. to 976,000lbs. This fishery, I think, furnishes a marked example of the detrimental influence that unrestrained pound net fishing may exercise upon a coast species. The larger proportion of the catch of Spanish mackerel in the Middle Atlantic States is in the Chesapeake Bay by pound nets on the eastern and western shores. The mackerel enters the bay to spawn; the pound nets are set in the track of the run; the fish taken are nearly all spawning fish; and the disposition of the apparatus of capture is such as to intercept them almost entirely in their approach to waters in which to spawn. In this way the great deterioration in the mackerel fishery of the Chesapeake is clearly to be attributed to the pound net fishing. This species, however, furnishes a clear and well defined instance of deterioration which we can fairly attribute to the operations of the fishermen.

The last species to which I wish to call your attention is the squeteague. We find for this species an increase of 6,876,000lbs. as compared with 1880; the increase being general for all the geographical sections in which the fisheries are prosecuted.

In considering the question which I have brought to your attention in this paper, it will be interesting to note the

advance of public sentiment in Great Britain as to the necessity of protection to the sea fisheries in territorial waters, since the publication of the report of the Trawling Commission of 1883, of which Professor Huxley was president. At that time there was little or no knowledge of the life history or the spawning habits of the different species which were the object of the commercial fisheries. There were no statistics upon which to build satisfactory conclusions. The Commission was forced to rely entirely upon the conflicting testimony of those engaged in the fishing interests. In speaking of the perplexities and embarrassments as to the conclusions to be drawn from the conflicting testimony of the fishermen, the Commission states as follows:

"Fishermen as a class are exceedingly unobservant of anything about fish which is not absolutely forced upon them by their daily avocations, and they are consequently not only prone to adopt every belief which seems to tell in their own favor, but they are disposed to deprecate a comparison of the present with the past. Nor in certain localities do they lack the additional temptation to make the worst of the present, offered by the hope that strong statements may lead the State to interfere in their favor with dangerous competitors."

The general conclusion of the Commission, upon which the advocates of free fishing in this country base their protests against any interference whatever, by the State in controlling their operations is as follows:

"I. We advise that all Acts of Parliament which profess to regulate, or restrict, the modes of fishing pursued in the open sea be repealed, and that unrestricted freedom of fishing be permitted hereafter.

"II. With respect to inshore fishing; although the evidence, so far as it is conclusive, appears to us to prove that the taking of small and immature fish has not yet produced any injurious effect upon the fisheries; it is undoubtedly possible, that by the use of improved engines, the destruction of fry might reach such a pitch, as to bear a large, instead of, as at present, an insignificant ratio of the destruction effected by the natural enemies of fish, and by conditions unfavorable to their existence.

"The existence of such a state of things, however, could only be determined by the examination of trustworthy statistics of the fisheries in question, extending over a considerable number of years. Should it ever be satisfactorily proved to have arisen, we conceive that the best remedial measure would be to place a restriction upon the size of the fish permitted to be brought ashore, and subject the possessor of fish below a certain specified size, to penalties, but to avoid interfering with the implements of fishermen, or with their methods of fishing.

"For the present we advise that all acts of Parliament which profess to regulate or restrict the methods of fishing pursued inshore be repealed, with the exceptions, purely on grounds of police, of the local act regulating pilchard fishing at St. Ives, and for that part of Loch Fyne which lies above Otter Spit, of the act prohibiting trawling for herrings in Scotland."

In 1878, fifteen years after the investigation by Professor Huxley and his associates, a second commission was appointed to inquire into (1) the use of the trawl net and the beam trawl in the English seas, and the territorial waters of England and Wales; (2) the use of the seine nets and the ground seine of the coast of Cornwall and elsewhere, and (3) into the alleged destruction of fry and spawn of sea fish in estuaries of rivers and bays by the above and other modes of fishing. This Commission, of which Mr. Frank Buckland was chairman, reached the same general conclusion in regard to the decrease in the supply of fish arising by means of fishing operations as did the previous Commission of 1863. They, however, took strong grounds for establishing legislative restrictions for fixed engines, under which title is included the different pounds, weirs, traps and stake nets, which are in common use on our own shores. The views of the Commission in reference to this matter are of sufficient importance to warrant their quotation in full:

Legislative Regulations for Fixed Engines.

"So far as the fish themselves are concerned, it is not a matter of much importance whether they are taken by a fixed engine or by a movable net. Provided that the use of these engines is not injurious to the fishing, they ought apparently to stand or fall together; and we are inclined, in fact, to arrive at this conclusion with respect to all those engines which are either temporarily fixed to the soil, or which are merely attached, like the stow net, to an anchored boat. But, as we have already stated, there is another kind of fixed engine, permanently attached to the soil, which seems to us to require much more serious consideration.

"From a fishery point of view there is this difference between a fixed engine and a movable net. The fixed engine is always on the spot. It regularly works with every tide, requiring no rest and keeping no Sabbath. The movable net, on the contrary, can only be worked by the active labor of the fisherman. Its use, therefore, is intermittent, and its destructiveness limited. It is obvious that an engine that is at work with every tide must, or certainly may, catch more fish than a net whose use is limited to the capacity of the fishermen for endurance. The fixed engine, moreover, covers more ground than the movable engine. The fixed engines in Swansea Bay reach across the greater portion of the Bay. They frequently overlap each other. They do not, therefore, like the movable net, take only a proportion of the fish, but they do, or may, take all the fish passing up into that portion of the Bay.

"The names which fixed engines bear sufficiently indicate their antiquity. 'Weirs,' 'garths,' 'goyads,' 'baulks,' 'hanes,' 'butts,' and 'kettle nets,' are corruptions of Saxon, Celtic and Norman words, and have been handed down by successive generations of fishermen from their Saxon, Celtic and Norman ancestors. But, though the engines are certainly old, their use has never been tolerated. Their erection, except on the sea coast, was reprobated in Magna Charta; they have been prohibited by many succeeding statutes; and fixed engines may be said to exist, not by virtue of the law, but in defiance of law.

"There were two reasons which the Legislature constantly gave in the olden time for putting down these engines. In the first place, they interfered with the navigation; in the next place they gave one fisherman a monopoly of the fishery which was nominally open to all the King's subjects. Fixed engines were, in short, in the first instance, an encroachment on the public rights. Time has in most cases now given their owners a prescriptive right in their use. But the engines were originally an encroachment on the rights of others. The man who erected a fixed engine usually placed it on his own shore. He was usually possessed, therefore, of the soil on which the engine stood. But this is not always the case; the kettle nets in Rye Bay, and we believe many of the hose nets in Bridgewater Bay, are fixed on the property of the Crown; and the same thing is probably true of other fixed engines.

"We understand that in Rye Bay and on the Sussex coast, the Board of Trade, acting on the instigation of the Admiralty, have positively refused to allow the erection of any new fixed nets, or to permit the present nets to remain beyond the lifetime of their present possessors. We see no reason why the same rule should not be applied to all fixed engines, wherever situated, standing on the property of the Crown. It would perhaps be unjust to apply the same rule to fixed engines on private property. Property acquired by prescription has a prescriptive right to exist; even in this case we think that there would be no hardship in compelling the proprietor of a fixed engine to state the nature of the engines which he considered he was entitled to use, and to allow him thenceforward only to use such as had been actually worked during some time in the previous ten years."

\*This year is placed at the head of the columns because it is the most recent one to which the statistics relate, and the one to which most of the figures apply. The data for the New England, Middle Atlantic and Pacific States are for that year; those for the South Atlantic States are for 1891, and those for the Gulf region and Great Lakes are for 1890.



The conclusion of the Commission in regard to these forms of apparatus is stated as follows:

- "1. That fixed engines confer a monopoly upon particular fishermen, which is opposed to the ordinary principles of legislation.
- "2. That those fixed engines which are erected on foreshore, the property of the Crown, should be abolished on the termination of the existing leases or lives on which they are held.
- "3. That no new fixed engine should be erected on either public or private property."

Passing now to the Trawling Commission of 1885 which pursued the same line of inquiry as the previous Commission already alluded to, we find the following conclusions and recommendations based upon the results of their labors:

#### Summary of Conclusions.

- "I. In territorial waters from the Moray Firth to Grimsby—(a) A falling off of flat fish. (b) A decrease of haddock in certain places.
- "II. In off-shore waters—No decrease in the total take of fish in the North Sea, except in the case of soles.
- "III. The beam trawl is not destructive to cod or haddock. There is no proof of injury to the spawn of herrings or other edible fish.
- "IV. There is no wasteful or unnecessary destruction of immature food fishes by the beam trawl.
- "V. The number of fish on particular grounds, especially in narrow waters, may be sensibly diminished by the use of the beam trawl.
- "VI. The injury done by the beam trawl to the food of fish is insignificant.
- "VII. It has not been proved that the use of the beam trawl is the sole cause of the diminution of fish in territorial waters.
- "VIII. In the absence of a proper system of fishery statistics and scientific observations, it is impossible to discover the causes or measure the fluctuations of the fisheries.
- "IX. Much avoidable damage has been done to drift nets and haddock lines, particularly by steam trawlers.
- "X. Peculiar difficulties attend the recovery by fishermen of compensation under the Sea Fisheries Act, or of civil damages.

#### Recommendations.

"In consequence of these conclusions and of other facts brought before us in the course of our inquiry, we submit the following recommendations to Your Majesty:

- "I. That a central authority be created to supervise and control the fisheries of Great Britain, if not of the United Kingdom, and that a sum of money be annually granted to such authority for the purpose of conducting scientific experiments and for collecting fishery statistics.
- "II. That in the meantime powers be given to the Scotch Fishery Board similar to those of the Irish Board, enabling them to make by-laws for the regulation or suspension of beam trawling, or of any other mode of fishing within territorial waters; and that a sum of money be granted annually by the Treasury for the purpose mentioned in the last paragraph.
- "III. That a similar authority with similar powers be created for England, and that in the meantime those powers be conferred upon the Secretary of State or president of the Board of Trade.
- "IV. That statutory powers and means be given to the fishery authorities to enable them to collect adequate statistics.
- "V. That the cruisers serving under the Scotch Fishery Board, whether employed for police or scientific purposes, be replaced by efficient steam vessels.
- "VI. That steam trawlers, besides having their number and letters painted on the bow, should also have them painted on the quarter."

Considering this most recent report, it is evident that public sentiment in England, so far as it is expressed in the report of the Trawling Commission of 1885, is far in advance of public sentiment in this country in regard to the same subject.

In conclusion, I desire to say, that in the discussion of this subject, I have aimed to avoid questions or occasions of controversy. I have sought to lay down the fundamental principles upon which it will be necessary to construct such legislation as may be found requisite to remedy actual or prevent impending decrease in our fish supply. No one will dispute the power of the State, having in view the general interest, to prescribe such regulations as may be found expedient. It will be equally conceded that such power should be exercised with the utmost conservatism, and with due regard to the important interests concerned. It will not be denied, I presume, that the effect of unrestrained fishing in our rivers is to reduce supply, which it is necessary to compensate for, either by artificial propagation or by restrictions in the fishing, or presumably, both combined. This necessity arises from the fact that it is possible in our rivers to intercept or obstruct the fish on their way to their spawning grounds. The further conclusion must be drawn that wherever, in reference to our coast fishes, it can be shown that the methods and locations of the fisheries are such as to obstruct or materially impede access to their spawning grounds, the same results must inevitably happen in reference to these that we have already found to take place in the case of our river species.

The broad fact I wish to impress upon this audience and upon the fishing interests is this: That the interest of the community is in maintenance of supply, and the interests of the fisheries cannot in any measure be separated from the general interest. Whatever measures are required to increase or maintain production, are as clearly in the interest of the fishermen themselves as in that of the community of which they constitute a part.

M. McDONALD.

#### A Threatening that Reacted.

THE Auburn, N. Y., *Advertiser* reports: J. Conatt, the man who threatened State Game Protector Carr's life at the head of Cayuga Lake recently, was sentenced Thursday at Ithaca by Judge Almy to one year in the Onondaga county penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$100. The lawless fishermen of this region who are preparing to threaten the lives of the game protector and his deputies should beware and not threaten Carr nor be tried by the district attorney of Tompkins county, nor appear before Judge Almy, for it means something if they do. Deputy Fenny Helmer of Montezuma has lately relieved the river of eight nets. Carr has lately collected fines of parties in Genoa for killing rabbits after the law had expired. He also collected fines of parties in Ithaca on the same complaint. The Scots caught twenty-nine lake trout from Owasco Lake Thursday and threw back fifteen because they were too small. That's very commendable. Perch and bass are beginning to bite at various fishing grounds owing to the warming up of the waters of the lakes and rivers.

#### REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod or Gun  
To FOREST AND STREAM,  
New York City.

## The Kennel.

### The Dams of English Setters.

BY P. H. BRYSON.

THE dams being more numerous than the sires, we cannot do justice to all in this article. We consider that Gladstone, Druid-Ruby and Count Noble, as a rule, furnish the blood of the winning dams. Gladstone's daughters are superior to his sons in producing winners. It can be truly said, his daughters are the mothers in Israel of field trial winners, the great majority having passed to the happy hunting grounds. Few dams breed on unless rich in his blood. He was the sire of Peep o' Day, the dam of Carrie J. and Gath, the latter the sire of Gath's Hope and Gath's Mark, who have a double cross of Gladstone in them, through their dam, Gem, Gath's Hope siring Bessie Shoupe, who gets another cross of Gladstone through her dam. He was the sire of Twin Maude, the dam of Roderigo, that breeds on with another infusion of Gladstone blood, through his daughter, Bo-Peep, the dam of Orlando, Antonio, etc. He was the sire of Lillian, the dam of Toledo Blade, Joey B. etc., the best bitch I ever saw, though the public, judging by her public performances, may not think so. He was the sire of Gladstone's Girl, the dam of Rod's Sue and Dot Rogers. The sire of Fate Gladstone, the dam of Paxtang and also of Bo-Peep, the dam of Rowdy Rod, etc., and of Florence Gladstone, the dam of White B. and Rod's Whim. He is the sire of many other producing dams. The Gladstone blood is the most potent of any to breed on through the dam. Few winners are now without his blood, and each year we find them getting less.

Count Noble's sons on the other hand are superior to his daughters and furnish more winning sires than dams that breed on. Count is the sire of Bohemian Girl, the dam of Paul Bo; he is the sire of Katie Noble and some other producing dams. I stated in my article on sires, Count Gladstone IV., Eugene T., DeSoto and others bred as they could, but relied on to breed on when judiciously used—Gath and Roderigo furnishing the object lesson—they being almost the same blood as Gath and Roderigo. The Druid-Ruby blood ranking next to Gladstone in producing winning dams that breed on.

We find also that bitches of this blood are superior to the dogs. This blood, unless crossed with the Gladstone blood, is not so prolific in winning sires or dams, confirming what I have stated, that the Gladstone blood mixes well with almost any other blood.

The Druid-Ruby blood furnished Sue, the dam of Gladstone's Boy, the sire of Lora, Vanguard, etc.; Vanguard is the sire of Maiden Mine, Gleam's Plink, Gleam's Sport, who ought to breed on, if properly mated. They are the third generation and winners.

This blood furnished Juno A., the dam of Rowdy Rod and Nannie S., also Lavette, the dam of Paul Gladstone. It furnished Letta, the dam of Ollie S., the latter bearing a double cross of it through Paul Gladstone. Combined with the Gladstone's blood, it produced Gem, Lillian, Florence Gladstone, Fate Gladstone, Gladstone Girl and other producing dams. It will be seen the Druid-Ruby blood is a very important factor in breeding, when you want level heads and game finders. Combined with Gladstone it will be an important factor in the future, as we have reached that point in breeding for high-class dogs where we have many of too much nervous force. This blood is going to be the balance wheel that will enable others to breed on.

Roderigo, like his sire, Count Noble, has not produced near so many winning dams as winning sires. Rod's Sue, Betty S. and Dot Rogers are among his winners. They have so much nervous force, great care should be used in selecting a sire suitable for them.

It is claimed by some that the blood of Daisy F., the dam of Daisy Hope and Daisy Hunter, furnished the heaven that leavened the blood of Daisy Hunter, causing her to breed on. As Gath's Hope blood furnished more winners than the Daisy F. blood, without it, I am of the opinion it is more potent to breed on.

I showed in my article devoted to "Sires" that the successful sires, as a rule, were large dogs; the opposite is the case, as a rule, with the dams, though not so marked as with the sires.

I will give some illustrations of both small and large producing dams, and my readers can make their own deductions: Petrel, the dam of Gladstone, was a small bitch; so was Peep o' Day, the dam of Gath; Twin Maude, the dam of Roderigo; Sue, the dam of Gladstone's Boy, Lillian, etc.; Lillian, the dam of Toledo Blade, etc.; Bo-Peep, the dam of Antonio, Orlando, etc.; Florence Gladstone, the dam of Whyte B.; Belle of Hatchie, the dam of Bob Gates, Lady C., etc.; Juno A., the dam of Rowdy Rod, etc.; Dashing Novice, the dam of Sweetheart, etc.; Ruby's Girl, the dam of Count Gladstone IV.; Topsey Avert, the dam of Topsey's Rod and many other producing dams that were either small or of medium size. Gem, the dam of Gath, was a large bitch, so was Sanborn's Nellie, the dam of Prince Noble, and also Bohemian Girl, the dam of Paul Bo, and Belle Belton, the dam of King's Mark, was another large bitch.

Other large producing dams could be named, but I think the preponderance of producing dams is largely in favor of the small or medium dams. It may not be amiss to state that good results have been obtained by breeding large dams to small sires. I have space to cite only Gath to Gem, produced Gath's Hope and Gath's Mark; Paul Gladstone to Bohemian Girl, produced Paul Bo.

Small dogs often win the Derbys. I cannot recall where a small dog won the Aged Stake. It is the medium-sized dogs that train on after their Derby form.

#### "Moss-Back Robber" Rule and "High Class" Dogs.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mr. C. E. Buckle allow me to say that each and every trial is simply a trial, and not a competition in which the number of points made by either dog will necessarily count in his favor. Each dog will be given a thorough test, both as to his finding and pointing qualities, even if the dog has to be worked alone to reach this result. Discretion is given the judges to run the dogs as often and in what order as they think best, until they are satisfied which are the best dogs. The rule requiring the first and second prize winners to run together before the decisions are announced is superfluous, as the decisions are usually arrived at before the two dogs are put down in this trial, and they are often taken up before the dogs have gone 100 yds.; this is done simply to conform to an unnecessary rule. Heretofore bitches in heat had no show whatever. How often, Mr. Editor, have you seen magnificent bitches denied the right of competing in trials simply because they were in heat, the owner or handler thus losing all of his time and money. At this club's trials at Grand Junction last February, Mr. Rose asked permission of his brother handlers to start Allene, she being in heat. She ran in company with Topsey's Rod and she caused him no bother, the judges placing him first in the stake.

Experience has proven to me that a bitch in heat is the one that is handicapped; the good dog pays attention to hunting game instead of trailing a bitch.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas. U. S. F. T. Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 10.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to bitches in heat I wish for one rule, whatever it be, and let it be adhered to.

I have had bitches in season and have had to wait for another year, but the larger kennels seem to have a special license to act as they please; their aim is to help the world, the flesh and the devil, and in helping the latter they incidentally help themselves. The kennel world is too full, and has always been so, of philanthropists, and when you denude these philanthropists of their feathers they have no more luster than the peacock who fell among jackdaws. I think the judges ought to be allowed to handle the dogs to suit themselves, whether dogs or bitches in the heat. Pay the judges and demand justice and have the same judges all around the circuit.

H. S. BEVAN.

SOMERVILLE, Tenn., June 9.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

We think this a wise move on their part as it is a great injustice to an owner to go to the expense of training a bitch and then not be allowed to enter her.

I would therefore suggest the field trial clubs adopt the following rule, which I think would prove satisfactory to all and solve this much talked of trouble:

A bitch in season should take the place of a byedog should there be one in the first series; if not, then draw her to run against a bitch in first series and likewise in second and third if she shows sufficient merit to be taken into these series, and, finally, if she proves to be good enough to compete for first place and a dog should be her competitor, run them separately after taking into consideration their speed, style, range, bird sense and ability to handle game. Experienced judges could easily select the winner.

If allowed to compete on any other basis it would, in my opinion prove extremely hazardous and unsatisfactory.

A. M. YOUNG, Sec'y Manchester Kennel Co. (Lim.).

MANCHESTER, Tenn., June 14.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

I have long thought that there ought to be some change made to protect bitches in season, as the old rule of forbidding their running is unjust, and has a tendency to keep back bitch entries.

It is just as reasonable to look for improvement to the English setter through our bitches as through the dogs, therefore they should be placed upon terms of equality.

I think it necessary, however, that some protection should be extended to the dog, in case the bitch should interfere with his chances through undue attraction. It would have been more to my mind had the matter been left discretionary to the judges, who could have then kept a dog that was interfered with from running with the bitch, until the last moment, at least; and were the objectionable rule, that provides that first and second prize winners must run together, eliminated, I think leaving the matter to the discretion of the judges without trying to control unknown issues by rules that will only complicate things, would always regulate these matters to the satisfaction of all concerned.

I might add, as a precedent, that Rowdy Rod and Daisy Hope ran their heat together in the four-hour race at the Central trials, when the bitch showed unmistakable signs of being in season.

Ightfield Rosalie ran through the Derby at the last Grand Junction trials in full season, and no one ever would have known it from any signs in the field.

Allene also ran in season, and that good little dog Topsy's Rod never paid the slightest attention to her, and I will add, that I never knew the bitch was in season until after the trials, neither did I know that Ightfield Rosalie was in season during the running.

As one of the judges, I would have noticed anything detrimental to any dog running, had the same happened, I am certain.

While I am not ready to assert that the great hunting desire is always developed to the extent that when hunting, a bitch in season will not be in the way of a dog, yet I have never seen a case where such was the result, though I have never made a practice of trying any experiments in this line.

I think the most satisfactory way to have settled the matter would have been to have left the matter to the discretion of the judges, and in cases where a bitch in season stood to win first or second, to have suspended the rule providing that first and second winners should run together, and as it is a useless provision the elimination altogether could do no harm.

W. W. TITUS.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

I am most decidedly in favor of abolishing the old rule of prohibiting bitches in season from competing in our trials. Under the old field trial rules where the judges were simply machines to carry out the instructions of the club under which they were judging, there may have been some excuse for the rule, but with the rules as they are now constructed, there seems to be no reason whatever why bitches in season should not compete.

The views expressed by Mr. P. T. Madison on this subject, seem to me to cover the ground entirely. I fully agree with him in all that he says.

C. G. STODDARD.

DAYTON, Ohio, June 15.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

In a pleasant letter to me from the well known sportsman, Mr. Jos. H. Hunter, of Washington, D. C., he incidentally mentions doggy-matters and the pleasant days passed at Lexington, N. C., at the field trials, where his vivacity made him the life of the party. He writes: "I will be in the circuit with two strong dogs this fall—Hoosier Boy and his sister, Daisy H. II. He is going to make them all get up and go, and Count Gladstone could never cover any more ground than he can. By the way, little Daisy II is no plug."

By the way, I note that the field trial men have lost a deal of their erstwhile vivacity concerning sure winners. I have not heard of a sure enough Derby winner this year, and the spring time has about passed by. Such a state of affairs is without a precedent. Heretofore, at least, six or eight sure winners were openly announced, with many more which privately felt certain that it was merely a ceremonial to take the prize. Truly, the palmy days of the ante-contest winners have gone into the sere and yellow-leaf.

A surprising number of complaints have come to this office, in respect to unfair treatment to patrons by dog trainers. And one is the other way, namely, dishonest treatment of a trainer by a patron. It is a source of regret that such matters occur. There should be reasonable business precautions observed in the business transactions of dog matters as in every other business. Human nature is much the same everywhere and among every class, it is neither all good nor all bad.

In any event, the best way to settle differences in business when a settlement can not be reached by agreement, is to have the matter in dispute adjudicated by the proper court. Matters which appear sometimes as unfair from an *ex parte* statement, appear entirely different when both sides are heard, with the necessary legal proof.

Strikes, commonweals, riots and anarchy may prevail in the world at large, but harmony and good fellowship bloom perennial with the noble guild of sportsmen. B. WATERS.



## After Wildcats on a Creole Pony.

BURNSIDE, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the FOREST AND STREAM of March 24 I notice that you say, in answer to a correspondent, who asks you if the wildcats in Massachusetts could be hunted with hounds like a fox, that wildcats would tree. Down here in the swamps of Louisiana I don't find this to be the case, for, out of a dozen wildcats that we have killed this winter, only one took to a tree; and as this was at night, I imagined that the dogs must have surprised him at his supper, and that his only escape was up a tree. It may be that the wildcats which inhabit our woods and swamps are different from the wildcats of Massachusetts. I am only familiar with our wildcat.

The wildcats which we have down here are big, bobtail fellows with a mottled gray and black fur, and they are very long and slim-bodied. The last cat we killed measured 36in. from the tip of nose to the end of tail, and weighed about 25 lbs. I think that these cats are more than a match for one dog. Their array of teeth is quite formidable, and their claws are strong and sharp enough to make some pretty deep furrows in the hide of the first dogs that run into them, when brought to bay, while their ability to give a pack a fairly good race, in our thick southern swamps, is unquestionable.

If a man loves the music of the hounds, and a wild rough and tumble ride through the canebrakes on a wiry creole pony, let him come down here and join us in one of our exciting cat hunts next winter. At that season the big swamps are dry and free from snakes. The early mornings are frosty, and the canebrakes and brier patches along the edges of the swamps are full of wildcats, great big fellows, which, with the natural advantages which the wild cane and briars afford, give us a fine chase and a rough ride. Of course the riding would be slow to a man accustomed to an open country, and to a good hunter. But it is great sport, nevertheless, to a man who enjoys the pleasure to be gotten from hearing a pack of hounds in full cry. Then, too, there is the splendid exercise to be had from riding an excitable and fiery little pony through the thick brush, scrambling over canals and across bays full of mud of unknown depth; jumping logs, and rushing headlong into canebrakes which can only be gotten through by the main strength of the pony and by his general ability to kick and struggle through any sort of thicket or canebrake that you ride him into. And then, too, a friendly rivalry exists between the hunters as to who will get a shot at the wildcat as it runs ahead of the pack, which adds zest to the sport.

It is certainly rough sport, but all the better, I think, for its roughness. There is no artificiality about a cat hunt. It is better than our Maryland drag hunts, although the pace is not so fast, nor is the riding so exciting as in a chase after a bag, but for me there is more real sport in one of our wildcat hunts—though I do not intend to decry drag hunts, which afford so much pleasure to such numbers of men who have no other way of getting any sport.

This is my first season of wildcat hunting, although I have hunted deer for several winters in the swamps down here. We were driven to hunting cats by necessity, for the great overflows in the last two years, coupled with the indiscriminate chasing and shooting of deer, both in and out of season, have almost exterminated the deer in this section of Louisiana. We had to have some sort of sport, and we found cat hunting a great deal of fun. And our deer hunting will be improved in future if we leave off hunting them, for the deer are coming back to our swamps again, and in a few years we may have as many deer as we ever had, provided the swamps are not overflooded this summer.

At first our great trouble was to get hounds that would trail a cat, for our hounds were trained only on deer, and they would never notice a cat track. Finally we bought four hounds that had been used for hunting wildcats, and after a few chases under their leadership, we got our whole pack into cat hunting form.

We have had some glorious chases this past winter. Of course you will understand that in such thick cover the chase would not be so very fast. But still it is quite fast enough, and especially so when you happen to get your pony stuck fast in a tangle of vines, then the chase seems very fast, for the music of the pack seems to die away very quickly and it is soon lost to hearing. Our hunt lasts two or three hours, for the dogs often have to trail for a mile, before they jump the cat. Then follows a hot chase, which ends in the cat being shot, as he runs before the dogs, by some hard riding hunter; or else the pack runs him down and brings him to bay; then a lively scrimmage ensues, which ends in the death of poor puss and a few bites and scratches for his conquerors. When the cat is jumped, he generally makes a straight run for some favorite brier patch or thick canebrake. After dodging about in his favorite thicket for a while, and finding that the dogs continue the chase, he makes for another piece of cover; and keeps up these tactics of dodging from canebrake to canebrake and from brier patch to brier patch, until the chase ends as I have described. In the thickets he has some advantage over the hounds, for with his slim body he can slip along quickly through wild canes and briars, where the dogs can scarcely squeeze themselves through. But the scent is good, and once the cat is up and going before the pack, the chase is rarely ever broken by a check.

We have 18 hounds in all, old and young; but next season we hope to start our first cat with at least 25 fairly good hounds. Our hounds are black and tan in color, with very long drooping "ears that sweep away the morning dew." These dogs have splendid pluck and endurance, and I have never heard a more musical cry. To hear this pack of hounds in full cry after a deer or a wildcat, will make a man forget all his troubles. In the excitement of such a chase, we can only rejoice that we have the health and strength to enjoy the sport.

One day last January, after the tedious and weary season of sugar making was over, and we were free once more to shoot and hunt to our heart's content, we decided to open the next morning with a wildcat hunt. About 5 o'clock, Ory, my stableman, rapped on my door and told me that my pony was saddled and that Blount had the hounds ready. It did not take us very long to get into our hunting clothes and to drink a small cup of Creole coffee made by an old-time Creole cook. This is the sort of coffee that Millie made for Mr. Hough, when he was down in Opelousas last year. One tiny cup of this delicious black coffee is worth a dozen big cups of the slop that is called coffee in the North and West.

We were soon on our ponies. The moon was just going down, the stars were shining brightly, and a faint streak of red in the East heralded the coming day. A glorious white frost was glistening on the grass in the moonlight, and the air was cold and still, an ideal morning to listen to the music of the hounds. Our road to the swamps was across the plantations, a straight stretch for three miles. My pony, a small one, with a blaze face and a bobtail, was full of fire and excitement, and I was soon thoroughly warmed up by the efforts to restrain her wild desire to lead the cavalcade of ponies and the pack of dogs. When we reached the old fields in the rear of the plantations, the dogs scattered about and began to hunt in the patches of blackberry briars, and to sniff along the old dead logs covered with frost. It is in these old fields and brier patches that puss spends the night rambling about in search of rabbits and rats, which are its principal food.

We stopped and watched the hounds as they circled about the field. Presently old Vic, a black, white and tan hound, raised her old black muzzle, all scarred by numerous conflicts with wildcats, and a soft, mellow whimper floated on the air. She is one of the hounds we bought, and it was under her leadership mainly that we taught our pack to hunt cats. Scarcely had the sound of her first whimpering

cry died away before all the rest of the dogs came to her, and then all began to sniff about in the tall, frost-covered weeds. In a moment or two Ruler, a big, gaunt black and tan hound, opened on the trail, and his voice sounded deep and bell-like on the frosty atmosphere as he trotted forward on the trail with his tail carried well up in the air. There is no trail so cold that this old dog cannot puzzle it out; and he can carry a cold trail fast, too. But this time it needed no cold-trailer to work out the trail, and with a rush the pack was off. We trotted along behind them holding our excited ponies well in hand. The trail led into a thick canebrake. Suddenly there was a perfect crash of hound music and puss was up and going for dear life before the wild chorus of the excited pack.

Then every one had to look out for himself. It is the man that knows the swamp the best who hears and sees the most of the chase. The cat on this occasion took a straight line for a big brier patch in an old clearing about half a mile away from the place where we jumped him. He led the dogs through some very thick canebrakes, which hindered them a good deal, but which were almost impassable for the ponies, so that by the time we had struggled through some canebrakes and picked our way across a piece of boggy swamp full of big logs the pack of hounds were almost out of our hearing. But we could hear Blount's ringing cheers as he rode through the brush somewhere near the dogs. Blount knows the swamps by heart and he knows how to get around all the big canes and so keep near the dogs. Soon we heard the dogs coming in our direction, so we headed our ponies into a canebrake, and by good luck and much plunging and struggling on the part of the ponies, all the while, however, encouraged to do or die by the ever increasing music of the fast approaching pack, we got through; and as we struggled through the brake and came into the opening, the pack of yelping hounds crossed the clearing just ahead of us.

We dashed after them on our ponies, and with wild yells



AFTER THE RUN.

cheered them on. This unexpected noise was too much for the cat, so he bolted into the big brake through which we had just come, and attempted to leave it on the other side. But Blount, coming up on that side, headed him back. Soon all the hunters came up, and as they came in from every direction the brake was soon quite surrounded by men. Round and round the brake went the cat, and close behind him came the dogs, all scattered now; but each dog doing his best to force his way through the dense thicket of wire canes.

On the outside of the brake the men were whooping, yelling and laughing, as they madly raced their ponies around the edge of the canes, each man trying to get a glimpse of the cat, if by chance it should attempt to break out of the thicket. Back and forth, round and round went the cat, and all the while that glorious music was being poured into our ears. This way and that way the men were going on their ponies, both ponies and men now thoroughly spotted with mud, while the dead canes popped and cracked like firecrackers under the hoofs of the ponies. Every man was eager to get a shot and so to end the chase. Suddenly a piercing yell was heard, followed by a confusing sound of yelps, snarls and growls; and we knew then, that a glorious and exciting chase had ended in a victory for the hounds. Those of us who were nearest jumped from our ponies and made our way through the wired canes and briars to where we heard the snarling and growling pack. In a few moments we were at the spot and there we found that the dogs were holding poor dead puss off from the ground, and each dog tugging away fiercely. After all the dogs had had their fill of worrying the dead cat, the cat was tied on behind a saddle, the horn was blown and away we went home to a good hot breakfast.

I send you a very good photograph of a dead wildcat and some half-grown hound puppies. This was their first scent of the game. The photograph was taken by Mr. C. S. Mac Farland.

[The wildcat of Louisiana is a form of *Lynx rufus*, which is abundant all through the South.]

## Toronto Dog Show.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

From present prospects the sixth annual bench show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at Toronto in September, promises to be one of the best ever held in the city. A large number of exhibitors from Canada and the United States have signified their intention of exhibiting. I am now busy compiling my premium lists and would request that all those intending to donate specials will communicate with me immediately, so that I can insert same into the lists. Have just about completed railway and express arrangements, which I expect to publish next week.

C. A. STONE, Sec'y-Supt. of Bench Show.

TORONTO, Can., June 13.

Mr. Noel Money has purchased from Mr. J. C. Johnson's kennel at Ludlow, England, the foxhound bitch Active. She came over in charge of Spratts Co., and is said to be heavy in whelp. She comes from a good country.

## DOG CHAT.

The Seminole Kennels' new place seems to be admirably adapted for the increased accommodations this well-known kennel now requires. In breeding and raising Irish setters and collies plenty of room and shade are indispensable. The kennels, which are situated at the Fairview Farm, Chestnut Hill, Pa., are now almost finished; they are set in an inclosure 250ft. square and surrounded by a high fence. This is divided into two sections, one for the Irish setters and the other for collies. Five houses on the southeast side are divided into stalls to accommodate four to six Irish setters and similar buildings are prepared for the collies on the southwest side of the inclosure. Excellent spring water is supplied by a windmill on the grounds. The cook house has been erected in the center of the grounds and this is fitted up with all the improvements necessary in a large and well regulated kennel. In this building is also a bath tub. Adjoining the main inclosure are two other buildings, which are reserved for pugs and the more celebrated collies of the kennel. Near the kennels and facing Mt. Airy avenue an office has been erected. With "Will" Connors at the wheel, assisted by Edward Woodley, Seminole Kennels expect to take a still higher and more important position in kenneldom than they already have attained.

Mr. James L. Little, of Brookline, Mass., whose kennel of Scottish terriers promises to be a healthy competitor of the now *facile princeps* Wankie Kennels, has made a good move in securing a well known young dog, Bellingham Bailiff, from Mr. C. H. Wood, of Newport, Monmouthshire, Eng. This dog is but two years old, but his firsts at such shows as Darlington, Berwick and Bath among several others, proclaim his worth. He is said to have a capital head and coat and great bone and terrier character. He is by Whinstone out of Glentil, which shows that with such blood in his veins he should be very valuable for stud purposes.

Mr. Chas. E. Bunn, the well known mastiff breeder of Peoria, Ill., has just completed a new kennel building which, from the plans he has sent us, seems to be a very practical one. The building is set on top of a hill in the midst of thirty acres of grass. Under the main roof, which is amply supplied with light and ventilation, is a passageway 10ft. wide, at each side of which are fifteen stalls, each 6x8ft. and covered by an inside roof, thus assuring cool, comfortable kennels for the dogs. There is also a cook room 20x20ft. and an office 16x20ft. In front of the stalls, facing the inside driveway or passage, are wire partitions, the partitions between stalls being solid. There is a window in each stall and the doors open on the outside of the building into separate yards. Mr. Bunn has reduced his kennel and now has merely the stock he requires for breeding. He has now six bitches in whelp. He has also taken up another fancy—fox-terriers, or, as he puts it in his letter, "Am fooling a little with fox-terriers; have two pups I may surprise the boys with next spring."

The latest recruit to the ranks of the collie fancy is Mr. W. T. Ford, of Cohoes, N. Y. After Chicago show in March last, it will be remembered we mentioned the fact of his purchase from Messrs. McEwen & Gibson of the young black and white dog Scotsman, reserve at that show. This dog also won first and special at Detroit in 1893. Another stud dog is Laird by Metchley Wonder II out of Dawn. Owing to a misunderstanding with a mowing machine, in which he lost three hind toes, this dog has not faced a judge, though he is said to be a good one. Mr. Ford has selected several good brood bitches, and with evident forethought in regard to their breeding. He has Madge by Highlander ex Floss. She won as a puppy at Boston. Another is Christine by champion Christopher ex Jess. She was second in puppy class at Toronto in 1892. She now has a nice litter by Yardley Fox that was second to Setton Hero at Detroit this year. Helen Douglas is another well-bred matron. She is by Great Alne Douglas out of Wellesbourne Lady, and was also a winner in the puppy class at Boston. Mr. Ford has now about 17 collies in his new kennels, and has registered them as "Wilford" Kennels. He is a member of the Collie Club, an Associate of the A. K. C., and with these credentials we welcome him to the whirl of dogdom. He will begin the campaign at the Cranston, R. I., show.

The new advertisements that we call attention to this week are Seminole Kennels fine array of stud dogs, both collies, Irish setters and pugs, and Charles E. Bunn also has four mastiffs in the stud. Wilton Kennels offer for sale a well-bred fox-terrier bitch in whelp; Charles E. Bunn, two litters of fox-terriers; Edward Booth, two prize winning St. Bernards; J. H. Whistler, collie pups; Wheatley, Skye terrier pups; Box 43, St. Bernard dog. We also draw attention to the loss of John H. Steele's English setter.

The outlook for a busy field trial season this fall is not very promising judging by the Derby entry lists so far received. It is to be regretted that the Philadelphia Kennel Club is compelled to cancel its trials this year, the entry received for their Derby, while not large, is equal to that of the Eastern Field Trial Club. Field trials are more or less of a luxury to many owners of dogs, and luxuries are only enjoyed this year by the Senatorial drones. Next year the dogmen may get a chance.

The New England Kennel Club is considering a change in its constitution and by-laws, and to this end appointed a committee at the last monthly meeting.

The following notification of the latest move in the Mercer vs. Mills case for libel was sent to Dr. Mills by his counsel, Messrs. O'Garra, MacTavish & Gemmell: "Our counsel advised us of the judgment in this case, merely stating that the Common Pleas held that the question determined by the Chief Justice in your favor was one that, under the practice of our courts, should have been submitted to a jury, and that the Chief Justice erred in withdrawing it from the consideration of the jury." This does not settle the case by any means, and is not a judgment in favor of the plaintiff further than that the case must go to a jury. This, we understand, will be in September next.

Our smooth fox-terrier breeders have not been doing much importing lately, but we learn, *sub rosa*, that one of the principal kennels not a hundred miles from New York has given *carte blanche* for the purchase of two bitches and are nibbling at a crack young dog that came out this year on the other side. If successful these importations will serve to liven things up a bit at the fall shows.

John Armstrong, brother to "Bob," so well known in connection with Mr. Pierpont Morgan's kennels, now has charge of Mr. T. G. Davey's field dogs and will prepare them for the fall trials. Mr. Armstrong came to this country last winter with a good record as a trainer, and we trust he will meet with the success his knowledge and correct bearing entitle him to.

Mr. W. W. Titus expects to start for Dakota, July 1, with the dogs he has in training.

We are indebted to Dr. Lougest for a full report of the proceedings in the Fallon-Lougest (Beaufort's Prince) case. We have, however, already published the main



features of the case and space forbids its publication in full. One amusing feature seems to have been that the witnesses for the plaintiff swore they knew the dog because it licked the baby's face. Advocates of the mastiff as a family protector and home dog will aver that that is nothing but what every well-bred and well-behaved mastiff would do.

Rufford Ormonde won the grand challenge trophy at the Collie show, at the Aquarium, London, and thus becomes entitled to be called champion. *Stock-Keeper* plumps for him flat in the following terms: "Undoubtedly the best and most typical sheepdog living."

Seminole Kennels, with a view to encouraging the members of the Collie and Irish Setter clubs to breed to good stock and thereby increase the interest in club competitions at shows, announce, in our business columns, a considerable reduction in stud fees of their different dogs to members of these clubs. Times are hard and fees must be reduced all round, even in pugs, and this kennel puts their well-known stud dog *Attraction* at a fee certainly within the reach of any breeder. It will be remembered this little dog beat champion Brod Ivy at the last New York show.

The Mount Holly Fair show will be held this year Oct. 1 to 5, instead of as announced, Sept. 17 to 21.

#### The English Bulldog Club Show.

In an excellent report of this show by Vero Shaw in the *Stock-Keeper* we find much that will prove of interest to American breeders of the bulldog. It shows also the popularity of the breed, when, though clashing with the important Preston show, an entry of 217 was secured by the energetic secretary, Mr. Frank Crowther. This is within three of the record, and the entry of 36 in one class is something never approached before. The show was a sensational one in many respects. The president of the club, Mr. Berrie, was the judge, and he seems to have upset the popular verdict in more than one instance, notably in placing Guido over Dockleaf and then giving to Ruling Passion the pride of place as being the best in the show.

Another surprising act was his recognition of the Dudley-nosed Our Dick, of which we shall speak in proper order. The winner's class opened the ball and four faced the judge—Guido, King Orry, Aston Lion and Facey Romford, and as these dogs are so well known it may prove interesting to read Mr. Shaw's remarks on the judging: "To commence with, it may be at once said of Mr. Ellis's dog (Guido) that he has his faults just as every bulldog has had since the world began or the breed originated, assuming that the two events were not contemporary, as is darkly hinted at in certain quarters. Guido, moreover, labors under the misfortune of possessing two or three imperfections which are perceptible to the meanest comprehensions even at a distance, for he is a bit high on the leg, not big enough in his body and quite long enough in the back, though the latter fault would be materially neutralized if his middle piece were bigger. These undesirable properties have been made a good deal of—in fact the very most of—by detractors of the dog, who point them out with singular unanimity, but at the same time completely ignore his magnificent—I use the expression advisedly—head, grand neck and shoulders, excellent quarters, general bulldog character and activity."

King Orry, second, is described as a grand-skulled dog but too high on the leg, and also shows his lower tusks in an unsightly manner, and the critic does not like the black patches on his back. Aston Lion is a red dog, wanting in lay-back, "and here lies his greatest fault, though at the same time I think he was fortunate in getting placed over Facey Romford, a very short-faced, big-skulled, heavily-boned animal, but, unfortunately, decidedly narrow in the muzzle and too tapering in his skull, which, instead of presenting a square appearance, is much smaller in circumference behind the eyes than further back." Mr. Berrie judged these dogs by a point system of his own in which Guido scored one each for skull, eyes, ears, chest and neck, shoulders, forelegs, size, coat, tail and general appearance; total, 10. King Orry's superlative marks were in mouth, chop, face, stop, chest and neck, shoulders and coat; total, 7. Aston Lion excelled in three points—hind legs, coat and tail, while Facey Romford only secured one point, and that for body.

About the 35lbs. winners' class the critic says: "Champion Ruling Passion was all alone in her glory and, of course, won, but she has quite had her day and has become very gray about the muzzle. I always considered her short in skull from eye to ear; her ears are not a pair, one being almost a button; her forelegs are crooked, and she wants a deeper chest and proper wheel back. Consequently her defeat of Guido can only be regarded by me as an extraordinary mistake on the part of Mr. Berrie, for which I can see not the vestige of an excuse."

In the under 45lbs. class Dockleaf beat his only competitor, Don Selano, with the utmost ease. Mr. Shaw describes Dockleaf as simply grand in skull for his weight, and also in cushion and stop, but thinks he could be improved in lay-back. In body he is extremely good, except that he might be more tucked up about the loins; his bone is very heavy, his chest wide, while he is as sturdy, cloddy-built a specimen of the breed as could be desired—in fact, the best little one that has been seen for many and many a day.

Open dog classes were in many instances a repetition of the winners. In the under 45lbs. class Dockleaf scored again, beating Monkey Brand this time. This well known dog is described as big in skull, very heavy in chop, phenomenally wide in chest and extremely short in back, but his ears are coarse, his feet not good, while his stern and its setting on are not at all the thing. Champion Cigarette, winner in winners' and open classes under 35lbs., is described as a good one, not quite filled up as much under the eyes as might be desired, skull excellent, bone very heavy and a capital stamp all over.

The limit classes were well filled, but there does not seem to have been anything above the average. Novice dogs had an entry of 36, and a new one came out from all accounts seems to have a winning future. That is Dombola, a first-rate youngster of the Dockleaf type, with a grand skull and muzzle, a good body and plenty of timber, who, as Mr. Shaw remarks, should develop into a champion by and by. The second prize dog, Lord Harry, is also a real clincher, having a capital skull and excellent chop and under jaw.

About the Dudley in this class the critic says: "Our Dick is a Dudley-fronted one, but in head properties, chest and bone a real topper; the color of his nose, however, should have disqualified him under a club judge; and while upon the subject of the bilious-looking race, I must say that I was horrified by seeing a Dudley entered by Mr. Ross, a good made one of course—but then a Dudley!" This dog was given vhc. There was nothing out of the common in puppies.

Then after settling a few other unimportant classes, Dockleaf and Guido came together for the fifty-guinea challenge cup for dogs. There was a good deal of excitement round the ringside, for, though Dockleaf had beaten the bigger dog many a time before, there seemed to be a something in the air which proclaimed a coming sensation. The dogs were put on a table and scored again on Mr. Berrie's quaint score card. Neither dog behaved well, squatting and drooping their heads in silent protest to point judging even in this *fin de siècle* manner. The dogs were not required to move, a dereliction that seems to have surprised the cognoscenti almost more than the eventual verdict, which was in favor

of Guido by 11 points to 10, and in what particulars the following table will show:

	Guido.	Dockleaf.
Mouth.....	1	1
Chop.....	1	1
Face.....	1	1
Stop.....	1	1
Skull.....	1	1
Eyes.....	1	1
Ears.....	1	1
Chest and neck.....	1	1
Shoulders.....	1	1
Body.....	1	1
Roach back.....	1	1
Forelegs.....	1	1
Hindlegs.....	1	1
Size.....	1	1
Coat.....	1	1
Tail.....	1	1
General appearance.....	1	1
Total.....	11	10

Then came the competition for best bitch in the show, and through an oversight champion Cigarette was left out of this by the judge, through some misunderstanding regarding her eligibility, and it was only left for Ruling Passion to beat Queen of Sheba, which she did by 12 points to 6. The latter's points only being for face, ears, chest and neck, body, roach back and forelegs.

When Guido and Ruling Passion came out for the special for best in show there was little excitement, for every one of course thought that Dockleaf's vanquisher would win. The unexpected, however, happened this time and the bitch pulled off the verdict, and "Vero Shaw's" concluding remark, "Mr. Berrie's decision is, to my mind, as unaccountable as it is incorrect," according to other reports, describes exactly the opinion of most of the bulldog men on many of the decisions Mr. Berrie gave during the club's show, which will go down as one of the most sensational on record.

#### Death of Bob.

Those lovers of dogs who know the foxterrier Bob through Mr. Sumner's charming book, will sympathize with his owner on hearing of the death of this intelligent terrier by poison, May 24. There is little doubt that the act was one of pure malice. In official life Bob was known as Blemton Vesuvian, and it is needless to say after reading his autobiography that Bob was his owner's favorite. He had won a number of prizes and was by Champion Lucifer (as in *Present*) out of Blemton Vesta.

The Stockton, Cal., show will take place Sept. 20. It is rumored on the coast that Mr. Mortimer will judge, but this would be impossible as he is down to judge at the Rhode Island show that week.

Mr. Mortimer has sailed for England several times this summer, according to our contemporaries. He really sailed on the *Majestic* June 13, and has probably by this time "landed with both feet" once more.

#### Philadelphia Kennel Club Derby Entries.

The entries for the Derby Stake of the Philadelphia Kennel Club closed on June 15 with 38 entries, of which 31 are English setters and 7 pointers.

##### ENGLISH SETTERS.

TORY DIOMED—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March.  
TORY DELL—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March.  
TORY DOLLER—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Della), March.  
TORY BLAKE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Antoinette), May.  
TORY LUNA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), May.  
TORY LAURA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), May.  
BLENDON DOT—Tway & Levering's black, white and tan bitch (Chula Light—Dot Noble), May.  
ANNE OF ABBOTSFORD—E. A. Burdett's black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), October.  
LADY MILDRED—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), March.  
TOM BAGGS—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), March.

NELLIE FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton bitch (Antonio—Can Can), February.

GENIVIEVE S.—Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton and tan bitch (Antonio—Countess Rush), May.

TONT BOY—Blue Ridge Kennels' blue belton and tan dog (Antonio—Laundress), January.

POPILION S.—Murray Mitchell's orange and white dog (Antonio—Lilly Burgess), May.

LORRAINE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lora), July.

EUGENIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell), April.

ADVERSITY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell), April.

PALAMA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lou), February.

ZERALDA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Lou), February.

SHAD—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Lou), February.

CYNOSURE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Rodrigue—Norah II), May.

CLEMENTINA—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Rodrigue—Norah II), May.

COLUMBINE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Rodrigue—Norah II), May.

ROMANCE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Rodrigue—Novelist), May.

DIXIE'S FLAG—N. T. Harris's black, white and tan dog (Wun Lung—White Wing), February.

MARK BELTON—H. G. Sinnott's black, white and tan dog (Edge Mark—Nellie Belton), May.

PRINCESS EULALIE—J. H. Winslow's black, white and tan bitch (Rowdy Rod—Belle of Kentucky), February.

ARMINELL—J. H. Winslow's black and white bitch (Duke of Buckingham—Belle), May.

FREE LANCE—S. M. Mitchell's black, white and tan dog (Breeze Gladstone—Edge Mark's Nellie), June.

DASHING NOVICE II.—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice), March.

RUBY'S PEARL—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl II), August.

##### POINTERS.

HEMPSTEAD DON—Hempstead Farm's white and liver dog (Sanford Druid—Merry Legs), June.

JILT'S LAD—D. G. Rowland's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Jilt), March, 1892.

TIPPOO—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Monterey), March.

DELTRI—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Queen II), April.

SHAH—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white ticked dog (Rip Rap—Dolly), May.

SEFOY—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Hob Nob—Diana), May.

LUCKNOW—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' black and white ticked dog (Rip Rap—Chin Chin), January.

After all the Derby entries were in a meeting of the field

trial committee was called, and as it was clearly evident from the falling off in entries that there would be a heavy deficit for the club to make good it was decided to abandon the trials and the treasurer was directed to return the entrance money to the respective owners of the dogs entered.

The falling off in entries is no doubt due to the present depression in business, and it was the opinion of the field trial committee that with the present hard times it would be an imposition to ask the members of the club to go down into their pockets and make good a deficit.

FRANCIS G. TAYLOR, Chairman F. T. Committee.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

In the prescription given in last week's issue "capshi sulph." should read "cupri sulph."

POINTNER, Chicago, Ill.—Wash the dog two or three times a week in solution of creolin, 1oz. to pail of warm water, soak the dog in well, say for ten minutes. Also give the following mixture:

R Mag. sulph. 5i  
Ferri. sulph. 5i  
Acid sulph. dil. 5i  
Aq. give one tablespoonful twice a day.

IRVING, Montreal, Can.—1. I have a foxhound bitch whose tail was broken when she was a pup; it is crooked and spoils her looks. Could it be straightened? 2. Another one, one year old, has a very thin coat and the skin is red in spots. It has been this way since having the distemper last summer. Would flour of sulphur rubbed into her coat dry be of any benefit to skin and coat? I am trying Spratts mange cure at present. Ans. 1. Yes. 2. If the mange cure does not do good, treat for worms, and use the following: Kerosene, coconut oil, castor oil and sperm oil, equal parts of each.

## Dachting.

### FIXTURES.

JUNE.	JUNE.
20. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Handicap, Delaware River.	23-24. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Sacramento River Return.
21. Rochester, Club Sail, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.	25. Eastern, An., Marblehead.
22. Rhode Island, Spring Regatta, Narragansett Bay.	26. Seawanhaka Cor., 21ft. Class, Oyster Bay.
23. Cape Cod, Club, East Dennis.	26-27. Seawanhaka Cor. Race, Oyster Bay to New London.
23. St. Lawrence, 18ft. Class, third series.	27. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.
23. Sea Cor., Ann., L. I. Sound.	28. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.
23. Yonkers Cor. Ann. Hudson River.	29-July 3. Phila., An. Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
23. American, Seaver Cup Newburyport.	30. St. Lawrence, A., 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, third series.
23. Douglaston, An. Open, L. I. Sd.	30-July 1. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, McNear's.
23. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.	30. Jersey City, An., N. Y. Harbor.
23. Winthrop, Open, Boston Har.	30. Hull, Club, Boston Harbor.
23. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.	30. Douglaston, An., L. I. Sound.
23. Columbia, Lake Race to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.	30. Seawanhaka Cor. Race, New London to Oyster Bay.
23. Phila., Pen., Mos. boats, Delaware River.	

"There are no less than five different measurement rules now in use by the clubs in our harbor. Such a well-known racer as the sloop Beatrice, for instance, measures all the way from 24ft. 4in. to 30ft. 11in."

THERE is a fruitful text for a sermon on a most interesting phase of the measurement question in the above remark of the *Boston Herald*. The conflict of rules which exists among the clubs of Boston Harbor, or to put it properly, of Massachusetts Bay, is no worse than about New York or in other localities; but the case is the more to be deplored because of the unlimited possibilities which exist about Boston for building up a strong system of local racing, and which at present, as in the past, are in no way realized. Adverse local conditions, the difficulty of passing quickly and safely from the Hudson to the Lower Bay, or from the Upper Bay to the Sound, must always stand in the way of interclub racing in New York waters, however much the rules may be perfected in the future; but about Boston the case is different, it is the custom to run from Hull to Marblehead, or even from Gloucester to Boston, for a race; and the open waters of Massachusetts Bay, wide as they are, offer no such obstacle to interclub racing as do the East River, Hell Gate, and the Hudson abreast of New York city.

The real obstacles to such an extensive system of local racing as is known nowhere else in the country lie in the lack of unity among the many interested clubs, and also in the various forms of the length rule still adhered to by many of the clubs, fostering a type that is unsuitable for the open waters which separate the club courses, however fast they may be over the home courses of their own club. It is a fact that these same boats, small open racing craft, do knock about the bay, attending the different races, and usually come out all right; but the type is none the less an undesirable one for the purpose and locality.

The entire racing fleet of Massachusetts Bay, from Cohasset on the south to Cape Ann on the north, is a large one in point of numbers, but fortunately for purposes of a racing classification it is limited to single-stick craft, there being no schooners to speak of, and the sizes range from 35ft. l.w.l. down to 15 or even 12ft. There are of course the large schooners and singlestickers of the Eastern Y. C., but they are not to be considered, having nothing in common with the many small craft.

The first step toward the improvement of the existing conditions alluded to by the *Herald* is the uniting of all the clubs interested, some 30 at least, in an association on a more or less permanent and elaborate scale, but at the very least uniting in the adoption of one common code of measurement, classification, allowance table and racing rules, including methods of starting, signaling, etc. The mere adoption of any one measurement rule and uniform conditions of sailing and racing would of itself be a great step toward the encouragement of racing, but to obtain the greatest possible benefit a thoroughly good and modern system of measurement and classification is absolutely essential.

The problem of the most desirable type of boat for Boston waters is a most interesting one, and has engaged our attention for a long time as one generation after another of racers has passed away. To meet the requirements of the majority of owners in the local clubs, the yacht, whatever her size, must be of moderate cost, strongly and staunchly built for something more than a short racing life, capable of making a safe passage across the Bay in almost any weather, with good accommodation if over 18ft. l.w.l., and speedy enough for racing with others of her kind. Though the racing machine has always existed, down to the 21-footers of 1892, the majority of the craft which race are at the same time in constant use, one season after another, by the same owner for sailing and cruising.

Under all the rules used for years length has been heavily taxed and sail has gone free, or nearly so, the heaviest tax on sail being that of the Seawanhaka rule, with a wateline length classification. Under such rules and other favoring conditions the boats are all short, broad and over-rigged, the best of a great many different types tried during the past thirty years being in our opinion the Cape Cod catboat of the Harbinger type. While fast, safe and seaworthy, these boats all suffer from the stunting effects of a length measurement not only lacking the overhangs which are absolutely demanded by



As no measurements had been taken no corrected times were figured. The regatta committee were E. M. McDonald, chairman; J. O. Sinkinson, Edwin C. Wood, C. L. Strohenger, and A. H. Funke.



## Vigilant Abroad.

"*Thalassia*," who is as well known to yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic as "Devoted Yachtsman" once was about New York, contributes the following to the *Yachting World*, of June 1, in which paper, by the way, is a portrait of the gentleman, with a picture of his new yacht, *Pontic*, designed by him.

"Vigilant comes. Then be vigilant, oh, ye English yachtsmen who are fortunate in owning 150 or 160 rats!"

"First and foremost, have your boats carefully measured for rating length and the marks affixed so that they represent (or exceed) the extreme length for immersion when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her usual racing trim, including racing crew on board, at and about mid-over-all length. Be careful to have the number of persons on board noted and recorded when the yacht is measured by the official measurer. Let this be a covering number to include guests when racing; never exceed this number, and when Vigilant arrives be careful to have her measured in a similar manner and strictly in accordance with the rule just quoted. Remember that Vigilant beat Valkyrie principally, if not solely, because she was driven by greater horse power—by a larger sail area.

"If she be measured properly in racing trim it is evident that no extra hands can be carried when racing under our rules unless these extra hands be on board when the length is taken. It is a well known fact that the extra hands she carried in the Cup races gave her additional length and speed, and that her rival, being of smaller beam, could not effectively obtain in a similar manner.

"She carried no less than 1,550 square feet more canvas than Valkyrie, and to a great extent did so by means of ballast, which was not on board at measurement. The racing here should be conducted strictly in accordance with Y. R. A. rules, and the spirit of Rule 15 is antagonistic to any form of ballast other than that of a centerboard and the ordinary crew of a racing yacht. In the smaller classes, 10-rating and under, this principle has been applied, limits in the total number of persons on board during a race being laid down for these classes by Rule 14, and the measurement for length taken according to the words 'racing trim' in Rule 3 can therefore only be translated to mean, with all due regard to the spirit of the rule, that it may be insignificant to some people, will probably have a great bearing on the success or otherwise of the Vigilant in these, or indeed in any other, waters.

"The yacht is so good that we cannot afford to give away any points in the game, and, although there is nothing in our rules to prevent her putting a very large number of people on board, we can and should insist upon the number being there when she is measured, and we can and should insist upon that number never being exceeded in any of our races or matches.

"Mr. Henry Allan, owner of the *Wenonah*, wrote to the *Field* last week concerning the inconvenience and the difficulty of attaching the marks for rating length; but the real reason for the necessity of having our waters so marked is the importance of having such marks on the hulls of all the competitors—marks which can be examined by any one in a dingy, either before or after a race. In the absence of such marks the racing trim might be altered very considerably and even the rating length of a yacht be increased without the owner being aware of it or intending to do anything wrong.

"The marks are great help to those who wish neither to receive nor to give any advantage; and the small amount of trouble connected with them is a mere cat's-paw when compared with the tempest of worries that continually blows on a racing owner."

"There is nothing in this that any one can object to; the rules are perfectly clear and fair to all, in fact, such an obvious evasion as that of Vigilant's last crew of last year is not possible under them, which respect they are better than the rules of the New York Y. C. In spite of the conservatism and selfishness of some clubs on both sides, which not unnaturally look to self-interest first and to the abstract principles of fair sport afterward, one of the encouraging signs of late years is the marked tendency toward fairer and more liberal rules and conditions, both between the club of one nation and between any two nations. While there may be some exceptions, we have little doubt that Vigilant will receive perfectly fair treatment in her races in British waters.

The following report of Vigilant's arrival was cabled from Gourock on June 16:

The American yacht Vigilant arrived at Gourock at 3 o'clock this afternoon, having made the passage from New York in 15 days and 9 hours. All on board are well, and the yacht is in splendid condition.

A representative of the United Press on board the tug *Champion* met the Vigilant off Cumbray Head, 18 miles from Greenock, at 1:45 o'clock this afternoon. The American yacht presented a beautiful sight as she sailed majestically up the Clyde, with all sails set. The Stars and Stripes flying from her foremast as straight as a steeple. The breeze was from the southwest, about 12 miles an hour.

The *Champion* ran close to the Vigilant, and the reporter boarded her. He was heartily greeted by Capt. Jaffrey and the other officers of the yacht. The rails and life lines of the Vigilant had been removed last night, and the decks were perfectly clear. The paint on the hull was hardly scratched. Capt. Jaffrey conducted the reporter to the cabin, where a large floral horseshoe in an excellent state of preservation was hanging from a stanchion.

Everybody on board was well, and there had been no sickness during the voyage. On the second day out the jigger was altered from the automatic sail to the fixed, and the weather was so good that there was a good deal of fog, the sun always shone at noon, so that they were able to get sights every day. The sails were hardly touched all the way over and the decks were nearly always dry. Capt. Jaffrey wears slippers the entire voyage.

The Vigilant covered 2,930 miles to Tory Island in 14 days and 8 hours. The course taken was only 25 miles longer than the regular course for steamers. The following are some extracts from her log:

Friday, June 1—At 9 o'clock in the evening passed South Shoal Light-house.

Saturday, June 2—Saw Anchor liner take a pilot.

Sunday, June 3—Foggy until noon.

Monday, June 4—Signalled steamer west bound at 6:30 o'clock in the morning.

Tuesday, June 5—Signalled a steamer at 4 o'clock in the morning; burned lights.

Wednesday, June 6—Signalled steamer at 2 o'clock in the morning; burned lights; she did not answer, although she was close aboard. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon passed an iceberg 200ft. high only 50yds. away; a lovely night.

Thursday, June 7—Calm; heavy sea; took in mainsail, owing to the rolling of the boat, from 8 to 12 o'clock at night.

Friday, June 8—Carried away topmast at noon; saved sail; made another topmast from spinnaker boom and had it up in five hours. Spoke tank steamer *Standard*, bound west; ran close and conversed; Standard cheered Vigilant.

Saturday, June 9—Fair sailing.

Sunday, June 10—Fair sailing.

Monday, June 11—Rainy and foggy.

Tuesday, June 12—Fair sailing.

Wednesday, June 13—Fog; occasionally clear.

Thursday, June 14—Foggy until 10 o'clock in the morning.

Friday, June 15—Sighted Malin Head at 11:30 o'clock in the morning, and at noon saw Tory Island due east. At 2 o'clock passed Tory Island, and reported 14 days 8 hours; fine passage. Tory Island signalled "Thanks." Shaped course east by south for Innistrath.

The time actually made by the Vigilant from Sandy Hook Lightship to Tory Island was 14 days 7 hours and 50 minutes. The daily runs, from noon, were as follows:

First ten hours 88 miles, second 225, third 126, fourth 133, fifth 241, sixth 211, seventh 243, eighth 225, ninth 211, tenth 127, eleventh 256, twelfth 188, thirteenth 198, fourteenth 143, fifteenth 246, two hours to Tory Island 33.

The yacht *Albatross*, with a party of Americans, met the Vigilant in the lower Clyde and cheered her. They afterward sailed in company with her to Gourock.

Vigilant was towed to Henderson's yard on Monday, where she will be fitted out as speedily as possible. Atlanta did not reach Cowes until Friday, so Capt. Hall arrived at Glasgow only after Vigilant was in. The steamer *Ethiopia*, carrying the racing spars and extra crew, was also detained at Cowes, and the Vigilant was towed to Glasgow, being used to reinforce the bulkhead after the bows were stove in. The spars were uninjured, but were not ready ashore, as it was expected they would be.

The regular events open to Vigilant's class after she is as follows: July 3, Royal Large; 4, Royal Western; 5-5, Mudhook; 7-9, Royal Clyde; 10, Clyde 12-12, Royal Northern. From the Royal Clyde the fleet goes to Ireland, the Royal District regatta being sailed on Belfast Lough on July 16-17, followed by the Royal St. George, at Kingstown, on July 18-19-21; the Royal Munster on July 24, and the Royal Cork, at Queenstown, on July 26. Then the fleet continues to Cowes, where the "Cowes week" begins on Aug. 7, with four days' racing by the Royal Yacht Squadron. On Aug. 11 comes the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian, on Aug. 14 the Royal Victoria, at Ryde, and on Aug. 20 the Royal Albert, at Southsea.

From the latter port the fleet sails on Aug. 23 for the station of the Royal Dorset Y. C., at Weymouth, this club giving a prize for the race, about 55 miles, and on Aug. 25 the same club will sail a race for the Queen's Cup given this year to the west, the Torbay Regatta being thrown open to Vigilant. Following this race will very generously be given the Royal Y. C. sails its regatta at Torquay on Aug. 27, then comes the Royal Torbay, and next the Dartmouth Royal on Aug. 30, and the Royal Dart on Aug. 31. On Sept. 1 comes the Start Bay Y. C., also at

Dartmouth, then on Sept. 4 the Royal Western, at Plymouth, on Sept. 5 the Port of Plymouth, Sept. 6 the Royal Plymouth Corinthian, and on Sept. 7 the Royal Southwestern, also at Plymouth. This ends the racing season save for special matches, such as the New York Y. C. cup. There will be some additions or omissions from this list, but it is substantially correct, and shows the run of the racing. We believe that Vigilant is eligible to all of the events, or at least she may become so by one of her owners joining a British club. Britannia, Valkyrie and Satanita will take part in all of this racing, with the older boats, Meteor and Iverna.

## Valkyrie's Passage.

The Glasgow correspondent of the *Boston Herald* gives the following particulars of Valkyrie's voyage:

After a lengthy passage of the Valkyrie across the Atlantic was beginning to excite some little misgiving in the minds of some of her admirers, therefore some relief was occasioned when she was spoken outside of the Irish coast early in the week. She arrived at Gourock Bay at 6:30 A. M. Thursday, the 31st, and proceeded at once to Greenock for customs clearance, and again returned to this bay. She proceeded yesterday morning up the river to Henderson's, at Meadowside, for a general tuning-up.

Capt. Cranfield and McGavin were well pleased with the boat's behavior under the adverse weather conditions they had to contend with, and seemed to think that the Valkyrie in the matter of passage-making had inherited a double dose of original sin, or rather, that she was only on six days having any day like leading winds, and then they were fairly good records, making an average of 232 miles over that period. The rest of the days were either paltry calm or ahead in the matter of weather, which accounted for the Valkyrie's long delay.

A twenty-eight-day record Capt. Cranfield admitted was a long one, and did not compare favorably with the *Lasca*'s, but, taking wind and weather conditions into consideration, he thought the Valkyrie's run compared well with that of the American schooner. Her biggest run was 247, while the *Lasca*'s was 255 miles, and this was explainable by the fact that off the wind a schooner of a similar size to a cutter is expected to do more leeward work. Taking the *Lasca*'s average for nine days, when she had the wind aft, she exceeded 200 miles somewhat, but considerably less than an average of 232 miles.

Of course it is difficult to compare different voyages under different weather conditions, and those who weigh up ocean passages must await international ocean races, a game that perhaps will never be worth the candle.

The following is the log of the Valkyrie, as supplied by Capt. Cranfield:

May 3. Left Sandy Hook at noon; very light winds at start.

May 4. Moderate breeze, with southwest swell, with a little fog. . . . . 85

May 5. Light northeasterly winds, southwest swell, with a little fog. . . . . 60

May 6. Fog and southwest swell. . . . . 140

May 7. High southwest swell and easterly winds. . . . . 236

May 8. South winds and squally, and high southwesterly seas. . . . . 232

May 9. Fresh breeze; high southwest seas; squally. . . . . 234

May 10. Fresh breeze; high seas and squalls. . . . . 230

May 11. Strong gale, with squalls; rain and high seas. . . . . 220

May 12. Strong gales and high seas which swept the decks fore and aft. . . . . 223

May 13. Strong wind, rain and heavy squalls. The yacht was hove to this day. . . . . 112

May 14. Moderate breeze, with southwest swell. . . . . 121

May 15. Moderate breeze, with southwest swell. . . . . 121

May 16. Light winds, cloudy and high swell. . . . . 48

May 17. Moderate breeze, cloudy weather and high easterly swell. . . . . 107

May 18. Strong winds and northeasterly swell. . . . . 184

May 19. Moderate winds, with northeasterly swell. . . . . 103

May 20. Light breeze, sky overcast and easterly swell. . . . . 101

May 21. Light breeze, with easterly swell. . . . . 101

May 22. Light breeze, with easterly swell. . . . . 148

May 23. Fresh breeze; squally; with easterly swell. . . . . 102

May 24. Squally and high easterly swell. . . . . 102

May 25. Light winds, fair weather. . . . . 121

May 26. Heavy squalls. . . . . 67

May 27. Moderate breeze, with easterly swell. . . . . 88

May 28. Light breeze, great part of the day. . . . . 62

May 29. From the north. . . . . 62

May 30. Light winds and heavy rain. . . . . 63

May 31. Anchored in Gourock Bay 6:30 A. M. . . . . 66

As to future movements, Cranfield is reticent. He does not deny that the boat is fitted to a greater extent and will be stripped of her copper, fied down and put into the best fettle that Mr. G. L. Watson and the Messrs. Henderson can devise, with the view of being tuned up to perfection and ready to meet the Vigilant and all comers in the Clyde carnival.

[Valkyrie crossed with no copper on the bottom being painted in New York.]

## Owner or Measurer.

The usual attitude of the racing owner toward the club and the measurer is neither fair nor logical, and most of the complaints made by him display a selfish view of his side alone. At best the task of the club in formulating rules is a difficult one, and the work of the measurer in applying the rules is still more difficult, and in practice the difficulty is vastly increased by the efforts of the owner, backed by the designer, to get a little more than any one else out of the rule. The effort of the club and the measurer are for the benefit of the owners as a body, while the constant end of each owner as an individual is to circumvent both rule and measurer. While many of the difficulties of measurement are unavoidable, there are still many others which are due solely to the desire of the owner to obtain more than he is entitled to, or at least to get the last title of his rights regardless of other considerations.

The following letter from the owner of the new *Dacotah*, appeared in the *Field* of May 26, and no doubt voices the opinion of many owners, but to us it appears unreasonable and illogical:

"Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the Y. R. A. arrangement for waterline marks is not only perfectly useless and absurd but very troublesome to yacht owners. In a modern racer the mark under the counter is invisible when the yacht is aloft. You might see it by swimming under the counter, but not by any other means. And in order to fix this useless thing you have to put your boat ashore, as it cannot be done when she is aloft. Then you probably find that it has to be altered, and the boat has to be hauled up again on the slip. It would be far better to give up marks altogether. The measurer could then take the waterline under the counter just as well as the owner who now has to do it."

HENRY ALLAN.  
No. 25 BOTHWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

In all modern methods of measurement it is absolutely necessary to determine and measure the waterline with considerable accuracy, and in doing this it is also very desirable to mark the points of measurement for future verification. On this point the clubs are agreed, and no thinking yachtsman will dissent from it. Under the most favorable circumstances, it is a matter of some difficulty to make this measurement, and further, it is not a matter of small importance to the owner of the owner, the measurer is often put to a serious inconvenience by the loss of time before he is given the opportunity to board the yacht for measurement. The most responsible part of the work is unquestionably the location of the two points of measurement, and the British rule, as it seems to us, very properly puts the responsibility on the owner, leaving it to the measurer only to ascertain the distance between the points as marked. Of the two, the owner is not only better able to do this than the measurer, knowing the proper trim in which he desires his boat, and having the opportunity for affixing the marks when docked; but it is altogether fairer that he should assume the responsibility, rather than that the measurer should first be compelled to take his measurement, after which the owner may question it.

The special difficulty with Mr. Allan's suggestion does not exist, but the reason for its existence is the desire on his part to gain an extra advantage through an extreme and peculiar form which it is almost impossible to measure accurately. Mr. Allan's right to this form is unquestioned, but as the form is deliberately intended to increase the difficulty of measurement by causing the waterline to lengthen as rapidly as possible, and to make it difficult to ascertain the responsibility for this difficulty on the measurer. If any one is to take the chills waters of the Clyde by swimming under the counter, as he says is necessary, the measurer certainly should not be called on to do so, but rather the owner or designer of the *fin-de-siècle* freak.

Mr. Allan's letter would have much more weight if it carried any practical or sensible suggestion for the improvement of the rule, but it does not. It is a mere suggestion that the measurer should assume all trouble and responsibility, relieving him entirely.

It is evident that under all existing rules the waterline must be measured, and until some better method is proposed the present one cannot be abandoned entirely. A writer in the following number of the *Field* makes the apt suggestion that in addition to the marks at the ends of the waterline two "Plumbol" marks should be placed, one on each side amidships. This would in itself be a very difficult matter, as compared with merely marking each end, and would be absolutely useless as a verification of the other measurement. We would suggest as a practicable remedy the placing of the marks by the owner in such positions as would make them fairly and unequivocally clear to the measurer in measuring trim, in accordance with the spirit of the rule, in which positions they would certainly be visible to the measurer.

## The Royal Victoria Cup.

The intention of Mr. Carroll to build a racing single-sticker and to challenge for the Royal Victoria Cup was first announced at a time when the chances for a challenge for the America's Cup were most remote; and yet this project met with decided opposition, not only from the New York Y. C., as was to be expected, but among other American yachtsmen, who were opposed to other than the defensive position in international racing. It is no wonder that the campaign planned by Messrs. Gould for their new purchase, Vigilant, should awaken a still more general opposition when it became known that a second challenge for the R. V. Y. C. cup was the main feature of the expedition. This feeling was based on two strong points, the fear that the continuance of racing for the newer trophy while the America's Cup rested without a challenge would impair the prestige of the latter, if it did not go so far as to displace it for an indefinite time in favor of its recognized rival; and also the chance that Vigilant, the declared champion of the America's Cup races, might be defeated in an important international contest in British waters, thus diminishing her achievements of last year. From the standpoint of many American yachtsmen the proposed contest was in every way to the advantage of the other side, as we pointed out last week, and the reasons given are certainly such as should have had weight with the Royal Victoria Y. C.

The *Boston Herald*, of June 10, discusses the matter as follows, presenting an extreme American view:

"It is to be hoped that the race that the Vigilant cannot race for the Victoria cup is true. The club by such action will be doing a great favor to American yachtsmen, and its decision will be sure to react upon itself. The Messrs. Gould were evidently willing to race for the cup; in fact, they had the sanction of the New York Y. C. to challenge for it. Had the Victoria Y. C. allowed a match to be made its cup would have grown in importance, and would have been second only to the America's Cup. The talk made so often by English yachtsmen that there is no need of a time notice is very inconsistent with their acts to-day, for now they are insisting on the time notice of eight months.

"The Victoria Cup has now no place, even as against the Cape May cup, for the good reason that only the *Navahoe* tried for it, and that race should be held for a number of years. Americans in racing for this cup lower the reputation of their own. So far as international honors go, the bringing back of the Cape May cup should be all sufficient.

"There is no doubt whatever but that a determined opposition will hereafter be made by the leading members of the New York Y. C. against allowing a number to again challenge for the Victoria cup. The New York Y. C. holds to-day the greatest racing trophy in the world, and all other cups should be made to play second fiddle to it. It is honor enough for any club to hold successfully so long the America's Cup.

"On the whole, it is a very good thing that the chances are against the Vigilant sailing for the Victoria cup. No doubt the members of the club, when they find out that their action has not allowed the Vigilant to race for their cup meet with much favor on this side may regret what they have done. If the Gould brothers are wise, they will give the Victoria cup a wide berth this season."

The *Boston Globe* has strongly opposed the proposed challenge for some time, as the following extracts will show:

"There are several obvious reasons, though probably they are more apparent to American than to British eyes, why a challenge for this cup would not be advisable, and therefore why such a challenge is not likely to be made.

"In the first place, as was explained at some length in these columns: at the time when negotiations for the last race for the America's Cup were in progress, the Royal Victoria cup was offered almost avowedly as an offset to the America's Cup while the discussion over the fairness or the unfairness of the new deal of the new deal of the new deal of its height. Any American challenge for it would therefore raise it in importance as an international trophy and under some circumstances would make it of almost equal importance to the America's Cup itself. The challenge of the *Navahoe* was regretted by many American yachtsmen, but since the New York Y. C. sanctioned it they were compelled to satisfy with the thought that since the *Navahoe* had no American record she could in no sense be considered an American champion. Her defeat also put aside the question as to which cup the British yachtsmen would consider the most important: should the Royal Victoria as well as the America be in possession of the New York Y. C. and for which one they would first challenge.

"The *Navahoe*'s challenge did not, therefore, materially change the standing of either cup, but a challenge from Vigilant would put an entirely different face on the matter.

"Vigilant is the American champion, and has won the title by a successful defense of the America's Cup, a trophy emblematic of the yachting supremacy of the world, and whose position has only been more and more firmly established by repeated contests. A challenge from the American champion for a trophy which was offered as an offset to the very cup that she had just won would be a challenge to place the cup for which she challenges on a championship basis, which it does not now occupy, which it ought not to occupy while the America's Cup is in existence, and which the opponents of the 'new deal of gift' would no doubt be glad to see it occupy.

"In short, a challenge and race for the Royal Victoria cup by the defender would be a challenge to the America's Cup, and would be a par with other, and would deprive the latter of its well deserved title of 'the blue ribbon of the sea.' Vigilant's defeat would make this undesirable position stronger, while victory would place two 'world's championship' cups in possession of the New York Y. C., and give British yachtsmen a chance to try for what by most American yachtsmen would be deemed the least important one.

"Vigilant will have many advantages in proving her speed in British waters for cups which do not in any way approach the America's Cup in importance. Records which she may make in this way will show her merits or demerits as clearly as if a championship cup were in dispute, while at the same time there is no interference with the position of the America's Cup.

"And that is why it is believed to be extremely doubtful if a challenge issued by the Royal Victoria club, or if a challenge would be approved by the New York Y. C. if made.

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"It is also possible that the action of the New York Y. C. in sanctioning a challenge was not quite so carefully considered as it should be, for it is certainly open to criticism on other grounds than those which have already been set forth against a challenge.

"The club's sanction was given on the condition that a waiver of the eight months' notice required could be obtained from the Royal Victoria Y. C. The obvious reason for this sanction a racing trophy coming season only does not seem to be very logical, however, on the part of the New York Y. C. to ask for a waiver of notice from another club which they would hardly grant themselves under the same circumstances. In this case the comparative powers of the challenger and of the defender, which would probably be Britannia, are fairly well known through Valkyrie, and the result can be foretold with reasonable accuracy.

"Transfer the situation to the America's Cup and there can be but little doubt as to what the action of the New York Y. C. would be. If it were asked to waive the ten months' notice required by the deed, of gift and accept a challenge from a boat whose chances of winning over open ocean courses were decidedly of the best as compared with any defender which could be put against her.

"In the last open cup contest the full ten months was insisted upon by the New York Y. C. Lord Dunraven was not offered earlier races as any waiver of that position, but because the American defender could be made ready earlier than was expected, and therefore there was no necessity of holding out for the full ten months, since Valkyrie's owner wished to race as soon as possible. The position as to a waiver of notice was fully and quite properly maintained.

"If, then, the position was so maintained, and that the chances of successful defense were at least even, can any one doubt what would be the position taken when chances of successful defense were very small? International cups are not offered to be given away, and the New York Y. C. would lay itself open to severe criticism from American yachtsmen should it throw away any chance of retaining a trophy which it had won by a fair and honorable race. At the same time it asks, through the Messrs. Gould, that the Royal Victoria Y. C. do just the thing which it would not do itself under similar circumstances. The position is not a logical one, and it is hoped, by the decision of the Messrs. Gould not to challenge, the club will not be forced to maintain it."

From the conditions of the case there is no doubt that both of these papers have spoken their opinion honestly and frankly, and that they represent the opinions of many American yachtsmen who are laughing at the way in which John Bull has again played into the hands of Brother Jonathan and thrown away another opportunity to better himself in international racing.

## Cape Cod Y. C.

The first race of a series of three, under the auspices of the Cape Cod Y. C., was sailed at East Dennis on June 9. The races were:

	Length.	Corrected.
Addie, R. O. Nickerson	25 00	1 06 41
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	25 00	1 09 17
Nobscussett, L. Hall	24 06	1 14 30
Nausett, J. H. Cummings	20 06	1 19 32



Quincy Y. C. Club Championship.

QUINCY-BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 9.

The opening race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on June 9 in a fresh and puffy westerly wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Beatrice, John Cavanagh.....	26.00	1 40 10	10 53
Mudjokeewia, Davis & Abbott.....	25.09	1 41 03	11 41
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt.....	21.05	1 48 20	11 44
White Fawn, A. E. Jones.....	25.00	1 44 38	11 48
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw.....	24.10	1 46 51	11 32
Adolph, H. Moebis.....	22.05	Withdrew.	
Korban, E. M. Horton.....		1 50 32	
SECOND CLASS.			
Magpie, H. Gillis.....	19.08	1 25 15	0 58 07
Opeechee, H. P. Barker.....	19.08	1 25 50	0 58 42
Aurisa, H. M. Faxon.....	19.08	1 27 15	1 00 07
THIRD CLASS.			
In It, R. B. Williams.....	16.09	1 31 01	1 00 26
Wildfire, H. A. Keats.....		1 33 45	
CRUISING CLASS.			
Smoke, H. L. Rice.....		1 31 51	
Niobe, A. F. Schenckelberger.....	30.05	1 33 10	1 07 18
Janette, C. F. White.....	18.02	1 44 19	1 15 29
Elsie, G. M. Keating.....		1 44 55	
Hester, P. R. Blackman.....		Withdrew.	

There were cash prizes in each class and the winners take each a leg in the club championship. The winners were: First class, Beatrice and Mudjokeewia; second class, Magpie and Opeechee; third class, In It; special class, Smoke and Niobe.

White Fawn protested the Beatrice for fouling the buoy on Channel Rock.

Lynn Y. C. Expert Cup.

LYNN-LYNN HARBOR.

Saturday, June 9.

The Lynn Y. C. sailed the first race of the year for the expert cup on June 9, with four starters, in addition to which was a special race between Alpine and Sanspareille. The times were:

Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Astrea, R. M. Benner.....	19.00	1 23 35
Black Cloud, E. H. Taylor.....	23.00	1 21 30
Tyrant.....		Did not finish.
Nellie Farley.....		Did not finish.
SPECIAL RACE.		
Alpine, C. Blethen.....	15.04	44 36
Sanspareille, R. Auger.....	11.00	44 31

The next race for the Expert cup will take place on June 23. Astrea was disqualified on protest of Black Cloud, for fouling a buoy, and the latter won the first leg.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Yorkville Y. C. attempted to sail its tenth annual regatta on June 10, but met with bad luck, the race being a failure for lack of wind, while the yacht Stranger was run down by the College Point ferryboat Weehawken, and the judges' boat, Calamity, ran aground on the Hog's Back, in Hell Gate. All hands were rescued in each case. The winners, after a dull drifting match, were: Class B, cabin sloops, Marine Fox; Class C, open jibs and mainsails, over 23ft., St. Elmo; Class D, under 23ft., Regatta; Class E, open catboats, Jesse; Class H, open catboats, 20ft., Pride; Class I, open catboats, over 20ft., H. C. Miner; Class J, open catboats, under 17ft., Little Dean.

The annual regatta of the Williamsburg Y. C., on June 9, was spoiled by the light weather, only three yachts out of thirty-seven starters covering the course in seven hours.

The New Jersey Y. C. sailed its twenty-third annual regatta on June 12, but the starters were few in number, most of those entered failing to appear. The times were:

CLASS C-CABIN SLOOPS, UNDER 27 FT.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Jennie, J. G. Freaney.....	5 09 30	5 07 17	
Wanderer, A. Wenzel.....		Did not finish.	
Bertha D., Chas. Dierking.....	5 13 00	5 09 00	
CLASS E-OPEN SLOOPS, 23 TO 30 FT.			
Charin, F. S. Ketcham.....	4 14 00	4 14 00	
SPECIAL CLASS S.			
Reliance, Mr. Sherman.....	5 24 26	5 21 56	
Inula, Louis Wright.....	5 13 14	5 12 12	

Tanna, steam yacht, has been sold by August Belmont to A. V. Arnold, of New York. Tanna was designed by Mr. Watson and brought to this country in 1892 by Capt. Morgan, who sold her to August Belmont when he purchased May last year.

What is considered as a radical departure from all precedents in yacht building has been received in this city, and is now in Sargent's warehouse. This new craft is expected to take part in the yacht races that will occur here in June and July. She was built in Fort Worth, and may be classed as a whaleback yacht. She is such a pronounced departure from marine architecture that her performance will be eagerly watched by all those who take an interest in yachting matters. She is a queer-shaped object, too, being about 32ft. in length by about 6ft. beam. She has no straight lines and is of the shape of a large cigar, pointed at the forward end, and has a whaleback extending from the forward part to about 15ft. aft, and she is claimed to be in all respects absolutely unsubmergeable. She has air chambers fitted inside and her forward bulkheads are airtight; she has a centerboard which is very heavy, being made of iron, heavily weighted with lead, and her rudder is as massively constructed. She draws only 2ft. amidships, and will have but little resisting power, compared with other yachts, when being propelled through the water. She is lugger-rigged, and it is understood that but one man will be required to sail her.—*Galveston Star.*

C. Oliver Iselin, the head of the Vigilant syndicate, and once owner of the Titania, and at a still earlier date of the sandbagger Mary Emma, was married on June 9 to Miss Hope Goddard, daughter of Col. William Goddard, of Providence, a wealthy heiress. Mr. Iselin's first wife, who was so closely identified with Titania during her first and second seasons, died in 1890. Mr. Iselin has sold his new 21-footer to Wm. P. Douglass and will sail shortly for Europe, spending the summer afloat in a steam yacht which he will charter in England.

The first squadron sail of the Brooklyn Y. C., on June 10, to the Great Kills, was a very pleasant affair, some twenty yachts taking part.

Banshee, 40-footer, has been sold to Henry Doscher, owner of Wacondah.

The new Waterhouse & Chesebrough 21-footer will be a centerboard, of 30ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l. and about 6ft. beam, with a Tobin bronze centerplate of 30ft., making not over 200lbs. on the penant, and about 400lb. of lead on the keel. McIntyre & Kirke are building her in the lightest possible manner.

The firm of Gardner & Mosher has been dissolved, Mr. Mosher retiring from it to continue the steam engineering, in connection with his boiler. Mr. Irving Cox, who has been associated with the firm for some time, takes Mr. Mosher's place, the new name being Gardner & Cox.

What are we coming to? First the Acteon, then the Silvio, and now the famous schooner Mohican changed into party boats. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*—*Boston Herald.* So far as Mohican is concerned she, like Ambassador, was built too late after the day for huge lumbering schooners, of clumsy model and rig, had gone by.

The Country Club, of Westchester, has offered prizes of \$75 first, \$50 second and \$25 third (the latter if six or more boats start). The prizes will be plate or cash, as winners desire. The course will be about 6 miles, twice around, on the Sound off the Country Club, on July 7. Entries may be made to W. D. Thorne, 30 Broad street, N. Y., not later than noon of July 6.

Dr. W. Whitehead Gilliland, of the Riverside Y. C., has just sailed around from New Bedford, Mass., a new Cape cat of 19 ft. l.w.l. built for him and named Arveka.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.	
30 Red Dragon, Spring Regatta, 30. Knickerbocker, Spring Regatta Delaware River.	
JULY.	
7 21. W. C. A. Meet, Picnic Point, 13-28. A. C. A. Meet, Croton Point. Lake Mendota, Wis.	
AUGUST.	
4-11. Owanux Meet, Woodmont, Ct.	
SEPTEMBER.	
3. Holyoke, Ann., Holyoke, Mass. 15. Red Dragon, Fall Regatta, Del-3-5. Passaic River Meet. aware River.	
5. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River.	

The description of Mr. Howard's canoe in the *Field* dissolves the mystery which has thus far surrounded the craft, and confirms our surmises that she is of the conventional American type in dimensions and lateral plane, and quite unsuited to British rules and conditions. At the same time it appears that Mr. Howard has a chance for success in the fact that he has taken the enemy unawares, few canoes, old or new, being ready to meet him. The experience of Nautilus and Pearl in America in 1886 show that the quick turning qualities called for on the Thames are of less value in open courses than the straightaway speed of the American canoe; but there can be no doubt that on the Thames the reverse is the case and that quickness in handling will be the main factor.

The statement that the New York C. C. had asked for a change of the rules is news to us and we are inclined to think that the *Field* is in error in this matter. While such a change was not possible under the circumstances, the R. C. C. has arranged for a series of two out of three races on open water, for a special cup, to be sailed for at Burnham-on-Crouch later on. Mr. Howard's intention, in the event of defeat on the Thames, was to challenge the Royal C. C. to a race across the Channel, but the offer of the R. C. C. removes the necessity for such a demonstration of the speed of American canoes on open courses.

Mr. Howard's Canoe.

From the *Field*.

SATURDAY last was by no means a day one would pick as a fair trial day for our American visitor to exhibit the paces of his canoe; cold as December, and a hard wind blowing in savage puffs, whips of wind striking the water in every conceivable direction, bar that of the true wind above the treetops. But Mr. Howard launched his canoe, and set off down Teddington Reach under whole sail, and had there been other canoes out we think that probably the exhibition would have still been in favor of the American—at least, from an acrobatic point of view.

The sailing lasted but an hour, yet five times was he capsized forcibly, but each time he hove her upright, and continued sailing with little more than wet feet. Knowing where the savage puffs were likely to be, he had stop watch ready, and we timed him; the shortest time from over to up again was 5s. 1/2—the longest 24s., but this time he was securing a paddle, which he had just been using to get her about on the lee shores.

Righting from a capsize is nothing new to expert canoeists, and we have often done it on open water in 15s.; but in a vastly different type of canoe and without the powerful lever aid of the long sliding-seat which Mr. Howard uses to heave his boat up with. Also, his sails being small, i. e., the area, 112sq. ft., divided between two sails of 60ft. and 52ft., where ours were usually 95ft. and 17ft., he has not the heavy drag of a 12ft. or 14ft. boom and a big sail full of water to counter-balance; nor was there any motion on the water such as one meets in open water when the wind is heavy enough to cause a capsize.

Of the American canoe we may safely say she was extremely fast between the capsize; she ran and reached like a hare, but she had none of the hare's doubling powers; several times the paddle had to be used to bring her about. She is extremely light, and seemed to immediately lose all headway and come astern on being put head to wind; but, as we said before, it was a savage day for so light a boat. It was the kind of wind our old-time sailing canoes would revel in, but not nice sailing weather for our modern flimsy craft. To look on at such work is simply enough to drive nine out of ten would-be canoeists into yawls or half-raters. Sailing there was none; the boat was all over the water, and the sails scarcely ever trimmed. An acrobatic performance was being tried, and every power of the sailor, in and out on the long sliding-seat, the only rest being obtained when a capsize gave a few seconds in a new position.

But the canoe is of the last type, the type fostered under the late pinched rule, and things would probably have been very different in a canoe fully up to date under the new rule—that is to say, so far as standing up to the squalls and handling are in question; but as to speed on the straightaway, trying to outstrip if any craft shorter and more beamy, and probably with more displacement, would be anywhere near the American boat. Her turning powers are faulty to a degree, except at turning over—at that she is quick enough for any lover of turtle turning; and a dead peg and many turns in the cup race will show this fault badly against her fine speed on the straight.

The canoe, we are informed by the owner, is 16ft. long by 30in. beam, and, judging solely by eye, we should say her depth would be not more than 10in. from deck edge to keel. There is no perceptible rocker to her keel, and her stem and stern posts are about perpendicular; thus she has about 16ft. of l.w.l. The horizontal or water-line shows a considerable hollow both at bow and stern, as also do the vertical sections at and toward the ends of her. Aft the sections show comparatively round, overhanging quarters; and forward, they produce a hollow or sectioned bow. The mid body shows but little hollow, there being an easy rise of floor at every place, and but a small amount of freeboard. Indeed, she is more like the bottom of a boat with the top forgotten and a deck clapped on.

Her centers are evidently well placed, judging by the waves and trim, both when sailing upright and heeled in a breeze, but she undoubtedly piles up water under the hollow lee bow, and seems to grip viciously thereby. The center plate being very far aft, and the mizzen being hollowed white cedar, comparatively thick, but light and stiff, the lee bow against the helm, but in moderate and light winds this would be small matter, and perhaps even useful.

The rig is exactly that known in England for years past as the Bembidge sail—a gaffsail and topsail in one—the sail being hoisted and held by the topsail luffspar or yard, and spread aft by a gaff, pocketed in the sail and jawed to the mast, with boom and battens in the ordinary manner of batten sails. The spars are a marvel of lightness, being hollowed white cedar, comparatively thick, but light and stiff. The sails and gear need not be looked at; they are rather a "wholesale sold by the yard" kind of mixture, not likely to raise any looting desires in the heart of a seaman or barge.

The structural fittings of the canoe, though not different to ours, except as to the well floor, are a lesson in neatness, lightness and strength combined. She was first reported to be a fin, bulb keeled boat, but she proves to be a simple light center-plate craft, with no keel except at the extreme ends. The sliding seat is about 5ft. 6in. in length; the slide plank works upon a four-legged stool, which stands about 2 1/2 in. to 4in. above the center of the deck or coaming level, clamped to the side decks by its four metal legs.

The well floor, or foot-bath, is barely ankle deep, and appears to give him no real being above level of the water, and the level of the loadline is self-bailing. With such a structure of "well" of course, there is no below-deck space available, while sailing, for stowing away even a mackintosh coat, and in case of a breakage of slide-seat or of spars the canoe would be in "queer street." However, the craft and all her fittings form, and are intended to form, a pure racing machine; safe, perhaps, for her slipper, but absolutely dangerous to the sport of canoe sailing; the very type of machine which it is hoped the new R.C.C. rules have killed off.

On the other hand, we now turn to the English side, to see what the old country will put against the American challenge craft. We hear now of two new canoes building in all haste, with a hope of being afloat in time for the race on June 19. At present they are dark horses, and the only items of interest reliably reported are that each has a waterline of 14ft., is up to limit of 3ft. beam and 16ft. over all length, and of 6 ft. Y. R. This the sail race of 1894. The R. C. C. will be 129sq. ft., and in one of the boats this will be all in one balance lug.

Both boats are to have sliding seats; but one, we know, will only have a plain centerplate, possibly novel in shape, but of no persuasive balancing power; and the other boat, report says, is also to be fitted with ordinary centerplate. We must hope, therefore, that one of the bulb-keel canoes from Oxford will come forward to do battle; but even then she will be deficient in beam under the new allowance, and not in all parts up to date, unless indeed something quite new is building at Oxford on the sly.

Referring to the doings in America, we may see what further monstrosity we have escaped from by altering our measurement rules. We are informed that the Milwaukee, which carried all away last year at the Western meet, is this year to come to the line with 300sq. ft. of sail and a 7ft. hilling seat—this on a canoe of 10ft. by 30in. beam. With the rules of the two countries at such opposite poles, it is scarcely to be expected that any of our men will trouble to mount such a craft and visit the States for racing purposes.

A meeting of the committee of the Royal C. C. was held on Wednesday to consider a request from the New York C. C. that the English challenge cup should be subject to three races, two of them on open salt water. Unfortunately the rules of the club preclude any alteration in the conditions, except by vote of a special general meet-

ing; and the time for notice of such meeting, and the holding thereof would place the meeting beyond the time already fixed for holding the race for the cup. A motion to waive these rules was defeated by a vote of five against four at the committee, so the cup race will be sailed on the original day, June 19, in one race at Bourne End.

But the meeting unanimously resolved to vote a special cup to be raced for on open salt water at Burnham-on-Crouch in two races, with a third race if necessary, and such race will probably be held early in August. So that except in the title and value of the cup, though the old challenge cup will be raced for in one race on the huky, confined narrow waters of the Upper Thames, the real international contest and undoubted sailing merit will be decided on comparatively open salt water on the fairest course within reasonable distance of London. The canoe which is too fickle or fragile to sail the Burnham course is nothing but a snare to the novice and a standing danger to the sport of canoe sailing.

A. C. A. Membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION: Alexander B. McDowell, Rochester, N. Y.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Knickerbocker C. C. will hold a camp at Egg Beach, on June 30-July 1, with scrub races and other amusements.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps

HELD its fourth monthly practice shoot of the season at Union Hill Schuetzen Park June 14. The weather was clear and it was a good day for shooting, 45 members were present. The majority having lost their rifles at the recent fire in Washington Park, the scores were not so satisfactory as if they had had their own arms:

Champion Class.	
F Schmidt.....	70 87-137
H D Muller.....	69 61-130
F Schroeder.....	66 56-122
J Eisenhardt.....	82 56-118
Lippenfeld.....	63 52-115
J Dux.....	58 54-114
First Class.	
E Richards.....	60 44-104
C Pletz.....	48 46-94
Second Class.	
C F Gennerich.....	63 63-125
E Berkman.....	67 57-124
W Koch.....	62 61-123
W Teschnaker.....	63 56-119
J Jordan.....	61 52-113
Third Class.	
H Holsten.....	65 54-119
M Ficken.....	60 58-118
Fourth Class.	
A Richter.....	54 34-88

Following are the scores made on man target: H. Kroeger 59, J. Reitweissner 56, J. Eisenhardt 50, R. Flerd 55, F. Schudt 54, H. D. Muller 53, E. Berkman 53, W. Koch 52. Bullseye target: Champion class—F. Schudt 3, H. D. Muller 1, H. Kroeger 1; first class—J. Eisenhardt 2, E. Richards 1; second class—E. Berkman 3, H. Grennerman 3, F. Baumann 2, J. Jordan 1, W. Koch 1, M. Teschnaker 1; third class—Schneeweiss 1, J. Foersch 1; fourth class—Jutgens 1.

Point target: Champion class—H. D. Muller 54, J. Reitweissner 34, F. Schudt 24, F. Schudt 19; second class—E. Berkman 40, W. Koch 40, J. Jordan 26; third class—Schneeweiss 65, J. Foersch 36; fourth class—Jutgens 24.

Class medals: Champion class, F. Schudt; first class, J. Eisenhardt; second class, E. Berkman; third class, Schneeweiss; fourth class, Jutgens.

Man medals: first man, medal, H. Kroeger; second man, medal, J. Reitweissner. H. L. MULLER.

Brooklyn (E. D.) Schuetzen Corps.

The annual festival and prize shoot of the Brooklyn (E. D.) Corps, Louis Dohling captain, was held in the new Glendale Park, Long Island, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. This park is one of the most beautiful parks which has been fitted up for picnic and shooting purposes. It is now under the management of H. Koenig, who is well known to our local shooters as the late proprietor of Woodlawn Park, Long Island. The park is pleasantly located for picnic purposes, and with improved facilities in the matter of transportation to and from the city, will become popular.

The programme for the two days' festival comprised eagle shooting for the annual king, prize shooting for cash prizes and medals. The kingship fell to one of the popular members, Wm. F. Hollwed, who was crowned with the usual ceremonies. There was a large attendance of riflemen, and the competition for winning scores on the prize and medal targets was brisk and resulted in the making of some high totals on the part some of the competing marksmen. On the prize target Messrs. Holges and Hamann tied for first and second place, each with 72. Ross was third with 70. On the medal target the first medal was to go to the marksman making 55 points out of a possible 75 in three shots. The competition resulted in a tie between Messrs. Mahken, Marten, Hamann and Holges, each making the required number of points called for. In shooting off the tie the medal was won by Mahken. The second medal was shot for under the same condition, with the exception that 37 points was the required number of points called for. There were four ties for this medal, Messrs. Holges, Hamann, Ross and Omel. On the shoot off the medal was won by Holges. The third medal was to go to the shooter making the lowest score in three shots, each shot to count at least one point. Ross succeeded in grouping three shots in the target whose total was 7, which gave him the medal. Scores: Holges 72, Hamann 72, Ross 70, Flach 69, Schmitz 69, Eilers 63, Plaisted 63, Krauss 67, Marten 65, Hollwed 65, Horney 63, Worn 63, Feltheus 61, Mahken 63, Muth 63.

Zettler Rifle Club.

TEN members of the Zettler Rifle Club visited Wissel's Cypress Hills Park June 17 to participate in the bi-monthly practice shoot. The weather was clear and the atmosphere decidedly torrid.

Ross was in good form and put up the fine score of 235. This would be considered a good score if made from the rest. Some of the members participating were decidedly off form. Scores:

F C Ross.....	24 22 23 24 25 22 23 25-235
	23 24 24 23 25 21 19 23 23-228
	21 25 23 23 21 35 22 21 21-220
H Holges.....	24 22 23 23 21 20 22 24 23-224
	22 24 22 22 22 21 20 20 23-221
	21 21 25 18 32 22 24 21 21 23-219
L P Hansen.....	22 19 24 22 23 22 23 22 21-217
	24 21 22 19 25 23 15 23 16-213
	21 22 25 21 23 23 20 22 24-223
M B Engel.....	13 21 22 22 23 23 23 23 22-214
C G Zettler.....	18 19 21 24 18 20 21 22 23 21-207
G Krauss.....	24 24 24 19 23 22 20 15 12 22-205
F C Heintz.....	22 19 23 21 24 21 15 18 22 17-202
F C W Dowds.....	17 21 16 17 19 24 22 20 20-198
B Walther.....	19 17 17 17 24 22 19 21 20 20-194
J Gunther.....	16 20 22 19 21 13 17 15 10-184
Bullseye, 4in. center, 3 shots, possible 3: Ross 2, Krauss 2, L. P. Hansen 2, C. G. Zettler 1, Holges 1.	
Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Holges 56, Walther 55, Hansen 55, Ross 55, C. G. Zettler 52.	

Columbia Schuetzen Corps.

The Columbia Schuetzen Corps, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its annual festival and prize shoot at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on June 10 and 11. It was intended to have shooting on the short range on the first day, but the shooting element not being on hand to make the affair a success the shooting part of the programme was abandoned and the day was devoted to social enjoyment.

The programme for the second day was shooting on the 200yds. range, open to all comers, for cash prizes and medals, as well as to decide the kingship of the Corps for the year 1894. The weather was clear and warm, but the attendance of riflemen was far from satisfactory, and the result was that there was not sufficient competition to cover the expenses of the programme. The programme called for 14 cash prizes ranging from \$30 to \$24, 3 shots per ticket, German ring target.

On the medal target there were two medals up for competition, 3 shots per ticket, German ring target. There was considerable competition for the medals and at the close of the shoot F. C. Ross was presented with the first on a score of 69 and H. Holges second with a score of 68.

The scores of the winners of the cash prizes are appended in their order. Prize target, 3 shots, possible 75: Ross 71, Krauss 70, Holges 70, Plaisted 69, Hansen 68, Young 66, Eberhardt 65, Langsdorf 64, Weber 63, Horney 61, Rosenbaum 61, Weikersrider 58, Feldhussen 53, Mosch 49.



## Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., June 9.—I here transmit you for publication the scores made by the members of the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association Clubs on their home ranges on the 1st and 2d inst.:

Parry Sound First Team.		200yds.	
I Morrish	7 10 10 10	6-43	10 9 10 4 10-43-86
G White	9 5 10 10	8-48	10 8 5 10 8-41-79
W Huff	10 7 9 4	6-36	7 10 10 4 10-41-77
T Newburn	7 7 10 10	9-37	6 8 10 7 7-34-71
F Laurie	7 7 8 9	10-41	2 10 1 6 9-28-69

Parry Sound Second Team.		157 383	
J R Leggett	7 8 5 10	8-33	5 10 8 10 0-33-66
Thos Yates	6 4 10 9	7-36	10 9 1 1 9-30-66
Jno McClelland	6 6 6 2	8-38	7 6 9 5 0-30-64
S B Purvis	10 7 8 3	9-32	8 7 10 2 5-32-64
Thos White	7 10 9 4	10-40	3 0 2 3 0-14-54

Midland Team.		145 314	
R O Stokes	10 9 10 8	8-45	10 10 7 10 8-45-90
G Strathern	9 9 6 8	9-44	10 10 10 7-47-89
W Stafford	9 9 8 9	9-44	9 9 8 9 8-43-87
J Soden	7 7 8 8	10-40	8 5 8 9 7-37-77
G H Stokes	7 10 8 8	8-41	6 10 6 7 7-35-76

King City Team.		307 419	
J W Crossby	9 10 9 10	8-47	10 10 7 10 10-47-94
W J Ross	9 10 10 10	8-47	9 5 10 9 9-42-89
E Brand	7 7 10 8	8-40	10 5 10 10 10-45-85
Dr Norman	8 9 6 8	10-41	9 8 5 10 10-42-83
A Carley	9 9 10 8	9-45	7 7 5 6 10-37-82

Bradford, First Team.		213 433	
G Timmons	9 10 8 10	6-43	7 10 9 10 8-44-87
H E McKee	7 9 8 10	10-44	10 9 6 9 8-42-86
J Doolittle	8 10 10 9	7-44	10 7 3 4 10-34-78
A Nielly	7 10 8 9	10-44	4 3 5 10 4-20-70
Jas Nielly	8 9 5 9	9-40	6 0 5 10 7-28-68

Bradford, Second Team.		174 389	
D Nielly	6 9 8 10	10-43	8 10 10 6 10-44-87
H Parker	5 7 9 10	10-41	9 8 5 8 10-41-82
J G Nielly	8 10 8 7	9-43	6 10 8 6 7-37-80
O Connell	10 8 6 6	8-35	6 8 10 10 10-42-77
J Nielly	9 9 7 7	8-40	5 6 5 6 1-23-63

Clarksburg Team.		187 389	
W L Goldsmith	1 9 10 6	7-33	10 8 10 10 10-48-81
R A Longhead	3 8 7 9	7-34	9 9 7 7 4-38-70
O W Hartman	6 10 8 7	7-39	5 3 9 10 6-37-76
T G Holmes	8 9 10 10	7-44	8 5 9 5 6-33-77
M Mahony	6 7 2 10	10-38	10 8 10 10 10-48-86

Victoria Square Team.		202 390	
R Agar	8 10 9 7	9-43	7 7 4 10 9-37-80
A Quartz	9 5 6 10	8-33	10 7 9 4 6-36-74
J Jenkins	6 6 10 6	7-35	7 9 9 5 9-36-71
G Brown	8 5 8 9	7-37	10 7 8 3 4-32-69
W Mustard	7 7 8 8	10-40	4 3 5 10 4-26-66

Bradford, Third Team.		167 360	
A McWilliams	8 10 5 3	8-40	7 4 10 0 5-26-66
W Probert	6 8 8 9	7-38	10 6 4 6 3-29-67
J Boddy	6 3 4 5	9-27	0 0 4 4 0-8-35
P Chapple	3 7 4 7	9-30	0 9 7 5 6-27-67
R Nielly	10 10 10 9	8-47	2 3 9 8 9-31-63

## Rifle at San Antonio.

At the meeting of the San Antonio Rifle Club held on the last Wednesday in May the following trophies were ordered:

1. A gold medal for the best ten scores of ten shots each, to be shot within twenty weeks from date at the 200yds. range, muzzle rest, any sights desired. Second best average, silver medal.

2. A gold medal for the best ten scores of ten shots to be shot within twenty weeks from date at 200yds. off hand. Second best average, silver medal.

The following scores were made at the range on June 3, 200yds., off hand, American standard target:

Texas Field	10 6 6 6 6 6 6 8 10 6-70
G Altmann	8 6 8 6 8 5 10 5 5 12-67
E Seffel	9 6 4 8 6 6 4 4 6 10-66
Same, rest:	
A Altmann	12 7 9 9 10 8 11 11 9 9-94
A Koehler	7 7 4 7 7 5 9 5 8 7-66
E Seffel	9 12 9 11 10 9 11 8 10-98
E Dosh	10 7 7 9 11 8 11 7 10 9-87
A Herff	9 9 8 12 9 11 7 7 8 10-90
G Altmann	12 9 10 12 8 7 8 9 11-95

Off Hand, 200yds.	
Texas Field	7 4 9 9 8 7 10 4 7 8-73
A Steves	7 6 8 8 8 8 6 7 5 7-71
G Altmann	5 5 4 8 8 8 6 9 4 10-67
A Uhl	5 7 7 4 10 9 8 9 6 8-73

Same, rest:	
Dosh	9 9 12 9 9 8 8 9 9 9-92
A Steves	9 10 11 7 9 10 10 8 10-93
A Uhl	10 9 12 11 11 9 12 9 7-100
Hummel	8 10 10 10 9 9 9 10 10 9-85
G Altmann	9 10 11 10 10 11 9 9 10-98
A Herff	11 11 11 10 8 9 12 12 11 9-104

## Newark Shooting Society.

The Newark Shooting Society, after its last reorganization, decided to hold an opening practice shoot on June 14, in the Schuetzen Park. Invitations were sent out to our local shooters to come and participate. Knowing that this old society had been in a state of inactivity for a long time, our rifle promoters, upon hearing of the proposed opening, decided to put in an afternoon with the society.

Our arrival in the park had some disappointment in store for us. We found three members of the Newark society on hand to receive the visitors.

The visitors outside of the Forest and Stream contingent consisted of two enthusiasts from Jersey City, Messrs. Hansen and Varrick.

We found many improvements in the park since our last visit. One of the most prominent features in connection with the park improvements is the improved facilities of transportation to and from the park. It is now possible for the New York riflemen to reach the park from New York in less than one hour.

The half-dozen shooters who were gathered in the park on Thursday devoted their time to practice and pool shooting. A friendly 10 shot race between Messrs. Hansen and Hayes resulted in the following scores:

Hansen	22 25 22 23 23 21 16 23 20 23-220
Hayes	21 21 19 20 22 20 20 23 24-210

Mr. Hayes has not had any off-hand practice for many months, and he is consequently off in form.

After the above match three shot pools were indulged in by all hands present, with the following results: Hansen, 68 66 70; Hayes, 61 70 63; Plaisted, 64 51 64; Wigman, 64 69; Reinhardt, 55 51; Dietz, 57 62.

## Wilbraham Road Scores.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 9.—The Smith & Wesson Pistol Club made the following scores at their range, on Wilbraham Road, last night:

Twenty yards:	
CS Axtelle	10 9 9 10 9 10 10 9 9-94
J Goodrich	9 9 9 10 10 9 8 10 9-92
O Clark	8 10 10 9 9 9 9 9 9-91
F G Hodskins	10 9 9 10 9 10 10 8 16-90
W O Whiting	6 8 10 9 9 8 7 10 7-82
D W Ware	6 8 8 7 10 9 8 10 6-82
CS Hodskins	6 7 9 9 7 7 9 9 9-80

Fifty yards:	
CS Axtelle	10 9 10 9 10 10 8 6 10-92
J Goodrich	10 8 10 9 10 10 8 10 10-93
O Clark	10 8 8 9 9 9 9 8 7-85
F G Hodskins	10 10 9 7 10 8 9 9 7-83
D W Ware	6 10 7 10 8 9 9 10 6-85
CS Hodskins	9 10 6 9 10 9 10 7 6 3-84

## Shell Mound Record Breaking.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club did a bit of record breaking yesterday at Shell Mound range. C. M. Daiss, one of the young men of this new but promising organization, made a score of 97 in a pistol competition. Only a few weeks ago A. H. Pape, another of the younger members, registered a score quite as meritorious as Daiss's in the total number of credits, but of inferior quality in the judgment of marksmen who look at scores from a Creedmoor standpoint. Pape scored 97 under the same conditions as Daiss did yesterday, but unfortunately for the former marksman the string of Daiss's registering shows a greater number of good shots at the end than the 10-shot scores of Pape. It is believed that the competition by Daiss yesterday is the best ever recorded in a pistol competition on the Pacific Coast. Whether it will continue to be such for any considerable time is hardly probable, for there are men in the Columbia Club who are doing some rare target hitting these days. The Columbia is a new club, but already one of the foremost, and what is more gratifying than anything else is the fact that it is surprisingly fruitful of better results at every monthly meeting. Among the Columbia cracks are such men as Kellogg, Young, Kuhle, Rodgers, Johnson, Hovey, Heath and a host of others known as far as the international prominence of California marksmanship extends.

The score made by Daiss yesterday was shot on the 50yd. range at a standard American target, and shows in this way on the score book:

C. M. Daiss, 10 10 9 10 9 10 9 10 10 10-97

On the same target, in this contest F. O. Young scored 91, L. O. Rodgers 81, S. I. Kellogg 88, A. Baumgartner 84, F. Gehret 78, Kennedy 78, Kuhle 70.

In the pistol contest by club members the scores in the champion class were these: C. M. Daiss 90, S. I. Kellogg 88, Smith Carr 86, E. Hovey 84. In the first class A. H. Pape registered 89, L. O. Rodgers 86, F. Gehret 85, A. Baumgartner 81, and F. Bohr 83. Among the second class men and those unclassified D. M. McLaughlin scored 89, F. Kuhle 82, A. Gehret 72, A. H. Kennedy 68, A. Fetz 59, Vaugh 55.

With the rifle at 200yds, these scores were made by marksmen in the champion class: L. O. Rodgers 85, D. McLaughlin 84, F. O. Young 83. In the first class F. Baumgartner recorded 86, A. H. Pape 87, A. Gehret 78, F. Gehret 71, A. Bohr 75. The men of the second class were successful to this extent: C. M. Daiss 65, L. Zimmerman 64, A. Kennedy 59, A. Fetz 57.

Between these many contests the Columbians contrived to insert another of considerable interest for the Roos medal. In this affair F. O. Young scored 89, L. O. Rodgers 84, F. Gehret 80, A. Gehret 78, and P. Bohr 68.

Andy Johnson led the Columbia Club men in a Springfield rifle match for the Glimmerman medal with 79 rings, Young second with 75, F. Moulton 60, A. Gehret 59, L. O. Rodgers 58.

ROELL.

## Spring Branch Tournament.

The following is a list of scores and prize winners of the shoot held at Spring Branch, Texas, June 10, standard target, 4 shots, 15yds., rest, open sights:

1. Wm Remler, Spring Branch	40	15. Wm Klinger, Twin Sisters	35
2. Wm Mueller, Twin Sisters	39	16. F Koch, Twin Sisters	35
3. H Brumner, Green Valley	39	17. P Remler, Spring Branch	35
4. A Topperwein, Vogel Valley	39	18. H Dittmar, New Braunfels	35
5. Joe Frey, Green Valley	39	19. A Reiningner, Green Valley	35
6. O Pope, San Antonio	38	20. H. Vogel, Vogel Valley	35
7. H. Reising, Green Valley	38	21. O Neigebauer, Spring Branch	35
8. E Wickman, Kuhns Halle	38	22. F Arnke, Twin Sisters	35
9. O Vogel, Vogel Valley	38	23. M Liemann, Twin Sisters	34
10. F Kaederle, Spring Branch	38	24. F Weinström, Spring Branch	34
11. Wm Pope, Vogel Valley	38	25. F Haag, Vogel Valley	33
12. G Reiningner, Green Valley	38	26. O Vogel, Spring Branch	33
13. Wm Fieser, Twin Sisters	38	27. H Trisich, Twin Sisters	33
14. H. Knible, Toll Verein	36		

There were 168 contestants and some 14 clubs represented.

## Schlicht Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot, June 12, of the Schlicht developed some good scores. The medal winners were: C. Meyer champion medal, Geo. Dorr first class medal, J. Schlicht second class medal, J. Dedrick third class medal. Scores: G. Schlicht 240, G. Dorr 240, C. Meyer 235, W. Schlicht 227, J. Schlicht 227, E. O. Brallentin 227, A. Meyer 225, J. Diehl 224, E. Wagner 223, F. Lembrich 221, J. Dedrick 221, J. Bonders 220, Conrad Schlicht 215, G. Richert 214.

## Palisade Rifle Club.

The following scores were shot by the members of the Palisade Club, June 13, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds. Scores: Fred. Esper 238, Fred. Krobatsch 238, R. Glaser 232, C. Hemberger 221, Heury Rose 214, Wm. Ahles 213.

## RIFLE NOTES.

The thirty-seventh annual festival and prize shoot of the New York Schuetzen Corps which takes place in the Union Hill Park on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, should be the means of bringing together a large number of our local marksmen. A programme of \$500 is decidedly liberal in these hard times. It will certainly give some of our experts an opportunity to make their careers.

The Brooklyn Schuetzen Corps will hold a two-days' festival and prize shoot in Glendale Park on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The shoot is open only to invited guests.

The Greenville Club of Greenville, N. J., will send a team to Portchester, N. Y., June 30, to engage in a team match with the Portchester Club.

The return of the members of the New York Independent Corps from the Adirondacks last week is said to have developed an increased demand for black fly and mosquito remedies. The Jersey members report a new experience in their acquaintance with the Adirondack species. One of the members has drawn an interesting word picture of Barney Zettler seated upon a stump on the shore of Lake Saranac trying to coax a woodchuck out of his home with a pretzel.

AMHERSTUR'S Greenville Schuetzen Park has fine facilities for salt-water bathing. Bath houses are located foot of park, on Newark Bay shore.—adv.

## Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

## FIXTURES.

June 24-26.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Davenport, Iowa.

June 26.—Union Gun Club tournament in conjunction with monthly team shoot of New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, at Springfield, N. J.

June 27.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club bluecock tournament. L. C. Platt, Sec'y.

June 27-28.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's sixth tournament, under the auspices of the Elwood Gun Club, at Elwood, Ind. Elwood Gun Club will add \$200.

June 27-28.—Springfield (Ohio) Gun Club first amateur tournament.

June 28.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, at Hartford, Conn.

June 28.—Bradock (Pa.) Gun Club tournament.

June 28-29.—South Lima (Ohio) Live Bird and Target Association's tournament.

June 28-29.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's first annual tournament. R. W. Brown, Sec'y.

July 4.—Orangeville (Md.) tournament; open to all. J. A. Hartner, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda Rod and Gun Club's sixth annual tournament, at Towanda, Pa.

July 4.—Townshend (Vt.) Rod and Gun Club tournament. P. E. Howard, Sec'y.

July 4.—Central City Gun Club tournament, at Charleston, S. C.

July 4-5.—Burlington (Ia.) Gun Club tournament.

July 4-5.—Oregon State Sportsmen's Association tournament, under auspices of Willamette Rod and Gun Club, at Portland, Oregon.

July 4-6.—Winner Cartridge Co.'s second tournament, at St. Louis. Bluecocks and sparrows; open to the world. J. L. Winston, Sec'y.

July 5.—Little Rock (Ark.) Shooting Association tournament, open to all. Address Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 11-12.—Dixie Gun Club tournament, at Pensacola, Fla.

July 16-18.—Standard Gun Club tournament, at Baltimore, Md.; \$150 added.

July 18-19.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's seventh tournament, under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Gun Club will add from \$200 to \$400.

July 18-19.—Dr. Wallade's bluecock target and live bird tournament, at Newport, Mich.

July 24-25.—Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club tournament.

July 25.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fourth tournament, at Syracuse.

July 26.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Willamette Rod and Gun Club, at Willamette, Conn.

Aug. 13-15.—John Parker's fourth international tournament, blue rock targets and live birds, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Aug. 23.—New England Shooting Association championship tournament, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap Shooting Association, at Lynn, Mass.

Aug. 29.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, fifth tournament, at Auburn.

Sept. 3.—Enderavey Gun Club's annual shoot, Marlon, N. J. E. Hollister, Sec'y, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sept. 19-20.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, under auspices of Greensboro Gun Club, at Greensboro, N. C. The Greensboro Gun Club adds \$200.

Sept. 26.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, sixth tournament, at Rochester.

Oct. 3-5.—West Newburgh (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association tournament. Last day live birds. W. C. Gibbs, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-11.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, under auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, at Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 22-24.—Emerald Gun Club tournament, at Dexter Park. Targets and live birds. Dr. G. V. Hudson, Sec'y, 9 Madison street, New York.

Oct. 24.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, seventh tournament, at Utica.

Nov. 23.—Central New York Trap-Shooters' League, eighth tournament, at Syracuse.

## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Among the members of the Lynchburg Gun Club are a number of prominent politicians and several clergymen and lawyers, nearly all the other members being well-known business men. Hon. C. M. Blackford is the leading lawyer of the city; Dr. S. Preston, beside being a celebrated physician, has traveled extensively and is an accomplished linguist; R. D. Yancy is Mayor of the town; Col. John M. Otley is city auditor; F. P. Christian is Judge-elect to the Corporation Court; R. L. Lacy is city collector; and L. B. Betty, Rev. J. J. Lloyd, Rev. W. H. Atwell and Rev. Dr. Carson are honorary members and often visit the grounds, evincing great interest in the club shooting. Dr. L. W. Watson, another prominent physician, S. W. Wingfield, clerk of the Corporation Council; W. V. Wilson, lawyer, and



C. H. TOWNSEND.

## JOHN W. RUSK. 1



Phyte.	.11111011111111111111	-24
Lathrope.	.11111111111111111111	-25
Barnes.	.10100101011111111111	-26
Bartlett.	.11111111111111111111	-27
Fallett.	.11111111111111111111	-28
Ed Hudson, Jr.	.11011111111000011111	-29
Gates.	.11111111111111111111	-30
Bridgon.	.10011111111111111111	-31
Tuttle.	.11101101011111111111	-32
W J Mann.	.10011111111111111111	-33
Wiley.	.11111111111111111111	-34
Sweeney.	.11111111111111111111	-35
Livingston.	.11111111111111111111	-36
A M S.	.00111011111111111111	-37
Barlow.	.11111111111111111111	-38
Glover.	.10111111111111111001	-39
	.11111111111111111011	-40



[illegible][illegible]

Myer	01101111111010010011	10	11	10	10	10	-18
Clocher	11111111111111111111	11	11	11	11	11	-29
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Laue	11111111111111111111	11	01	01	10	11	-25
McMurphy	11111111111111111111	11	01	10	11	11	-25
Montgomery	01110100111111111111	10	11	10	10	10	-45
Paddock	11011111111111111111	-11	11	11	11	10	-21
Tallott	11111111111111111111	11	11	11	10	10	-29
Barlett	11111111111111111111	11	00	00	11	11	-35
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Wagner	00101111111111111111	11	11	10	10	11	-22
Richardson	10011111111111111111	01	11	11	11	10	-38
Norton	11111111111111111111	10	11	11	11	11	-27
Bent	11010101111111111111	10	01	11	11	11	-16
Slucum	11111111111111111111	11	10	10	11	10	-25
Arno	11111111111111111111	11	10	11	11	11	-24
Gatling	11111111111111111111	10	10	10	10	10	-24
Gates	01111111111111111111	10	10	11	11	11	-27
Byer	11111111111111111111	11	11	11	10	-35	
Judson	10111111111111111111	10	11	11	11	11	-24
Palmer	11111111111111111111	00	01	00	11	11	-21
Whitney	11011111111111111111	00	11	10	10	11	-24
Rayland	11111111111111111111	10	01	01	11	11	-23
Lefever	01101111111111111111	11	11	10	10	10	-21
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Knowlton	11111111111111111111	11	10	11	11	11	-21
Mowry	11111111111111111111	00	10	11	10	11	-23
Ed Fulford	11111111111111111111	11	11	10	10	-34	
Hookway	01111111111111111111	11	11	10	11	11	-21
G H Mann	11111111111111111111	11	10	10	10	10	-24
Courtney	11111111111111111111	10	00	10	01	10	-32
Mayhew	11011011111111111111	01	11	11	00	01	-24

Saturday was Live Bird Day

and a searching day it was, a day, however, on which the famous

The first shot was a Mercury marked 88, at 1 P. M., 90, and at 2 P. M., 91. The second was a brick bat, freeze, however, during the entire day and this made life bearable. Owing to evening all the target screens had been removed from the field, and three sets of traps were also taken away, this giving room for the live bird contests. The arranging of the grounds and the furnishing of the pigeons for the live bird shooting was in charge of John W. Fulford.

It was shortly after 9 A. M. before the opening event, at 5 live birds, \$3 entry, three moneys, was called, this being ended at 10:40. At 11 o'clock the Dean Richmond trophy contest was called, there were a fair number of shooters on the grounds, and before the race was ended they numbered close to 1,000.

The Dean Richmond trophy, for 3-men teams, is valued at \$1,100, and this, together with 60 per cent. of the entry fees, goes to the highest club, the next in order getting 40 per cent. of the entrance fee, which is \$30 per team, each man shooting at 15 pigeons. The shoot included eleven regular entries, and the New York County Gun Club being qualified to shoot for the birds.

The snow was clearing all the way through, first one team and then another fought to the front, E. H. Keller was referee, Jacob Pentz and C. H. Townsend acted as scorers. There were a fine lot of winners for the season, and wagers were offered that the best wild cove better than 40. The members of all the teams were on their mettle, however, and at the finish it was seen that the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association and New Utrecht Gun Club teams had scored 2 each, being for first place. They agreed to divide the cash and the trophy, for the trophy at 5 birds per man. The birds used in the shoot were "all alders," bird, this fine exhibition resulted. The New Utrechts lost only one bird, this was his fifth bird, while in the ground with the second, and then, much to the surprise of all, arose and fopped over the fence, falling dead into the limpid waters of the romantic Mohawk. The Oneida County team killed 12, The Whitestown Gun Club took second prize with 41 kills. In this contest James Glover and Richardson used 10-bores, C. Ferguson, 3d, a 16-bore, and J. B. Smith, 10-bores. The team of the West Netherburgh Rifle and Gun Association and the West Netherburgh Riflemen, when they withdrew. Rayland lost 5 birds up to the seventh round. One of the features of the team race was the shooting of young Ferguson on the New York County team, Ferguson is twelve years of age and is a master hand with the gun.



No. 1, 5 live birds, entry \$3, N. Y. rules:

Mayhew	20101-2	Greiff	22111-5
White	21010-3	Morthon	22132-5
Knowlton	21022-3	McMurchy	11111-5
Fennett	21022-3	Scott	21112-5
Bartlett	20100-2	Hunter	00011-2
Fessenden	12112-5	Slocum	11121-5
C Ferguson	22210-4	Arno	12122-5
O Ferguson, Jr.	22122-5	Mann	12121-5
Hudson	21111-5	Luther	02211-4
Floyd	21012-4	Palmer	22202-4
H Ayling	11211-5	Voss	11121-5
Gates	22002-3	Glover	12101-4
Judson	22222-5	Richardson	12111-5
Doelneck	12211-5	Lindsley	22202-4
Old Nick	10222-4	Money	12121-5
Fulford	22122-5		

Dean Richmond Match.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Onondaga Co. S. C., of Syracuse.

White	2101011102210-9
Arno	10020221212112-12
Ayling	121012101120210-10-31

Oneida Co. S. A., of Utica.

Gates	2222222022222-14
Mayhew	2121112122112-13
Fulford	11211111112111-15-42

Rochester R. and G. C.

Slocum	22212221210211-13
Norton	12220122200-102-10
Glover	21112121211011-14-37

New Utrecht G. C., of Brooklyn.

Sykes	0212022112212-12
Ferguson, Jr.	12122222122212-15
Nostrand	11112122221221-15-42

West Newburgh R. and G. A.

Higginson	00222211 w
Taylor	22222012 w
Taggart	1021222-2 w

Shoot off for Dean Richmond trophy:  
New Utrecht.

Sykes	22222-5
Ferguson, Jr.	2222-4
Nostrand	12121-5-14

Oneida County.

Gates	22202-4
Mayhew	21100-3
Fulford	11122-5-12

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Iowa State Association.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.—Editor Forest and Stream: The seventeenth annual convention and tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association was a success in every way, even the weather clerk did his best to help us out. The election of officers was held June 6, and resulted in the re-election of N. S. Young as President, by a unanimous vote. Gen. E. Hughes, Vice-President, George Henderson, of Cedar Rapids, was elected Secretary and A. D. Maxson, of the same place, as Treasurer. D. H. Miller, Carl Leopold, H. M. Seever, L. M. Walker, I. M. Lobenstein, directors. An elegant banquet was served at the Gedney Hotel after the business meeting. Cedar Rapids was selected as the place for holding the next annual tournament after a hot contest. The scores follow:

First Day, June 5.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance \$2, equitable: Clark 18, Georgeson 12, Christiansen 13, Bacher 11, Chingren 12, Hughes 13, Bolland 10, Young 9, Prior 10, Esterly 13, Hageman 12, Donovan 10, Nichols 14, Kelly 7, Frazier 10, Kid 11, Agard 10, Trotter 13.

No. 2, 12 targets, entrance \$1.50: Bacher 9, Frazier 12, Jekeln 11, Chingren 12, Georgeson 9, Christiansen 9, Miller 3, Kid 4, Clark 12, Hughes 11, Trotter 11, Agard 9, Nichols 10, Bolland 10, Esterly 10, Folstad 4, Young 9, Donovan 10.

No. 3, 8 singles and 2 pairs, \$2, equitable: Nichols 10, Saxton 7, Hocken 9, Georgeson 9, Wilson 9, Grimm 8, Hughes 10, Bloeser 11, Booth 8, Prior 10, Hageman 10, Woodbury 8, Bacher 10, Lammers 6, Trotter 7, Frazier 10, Kid 9, Lohy 8, Folstad 2, Runge 9, Cleveland 10, Van Vleck 4, Clark 9, Leopold 12, Young 6, Hoover 7, Seever 10, Young 9, Letts 7, Avery 9, Chingren 11, Palmer 8, Christiansen 10, Conrad 8.

No. 4, 20 targets, L. C. Smith cup:

Hughes	1011100110110111100-13
Leopold	10000111110100010-11
Clark	10111111111111111-18
Palmer	11110010111011111-15
Georgeson	11111101111100111-17
Clark	11111111111111111-20
Agard	10111010111111111-15
Hageman	11111111111111111-20
Ransler	10111111100110111-16
Esterly	11111111111111111-20
Runge	11111111111111111-20

Tie:

Frazier	11111101111111111-18
Nichols	11111110110110111-16

Hageman 11111011111111111-19 |

Clark 11111111111111111-19 |

Kidd 12, Georgeson, Christenson, Baker and Hoover 11, Henderson, Letts and Wallace 10, Nichols 9, Butler 6, Leopold 5.

No. 15, 6 pair, entrance \$1.50: Frazier 11, Georgeson and Leopold 10, Palmer, Hoover, Avery, Hughes, Esterly, Chingren and Letts 9, Hageman, Henderson, Donovan, Clark and Chamberlin 8, Souer, Conners, Booth, Cleveland, Runge and Wallace 7, Kid and Gaston 6.

No. 16, 20 singles, entrance \$3.50: Everett 20, Thompson and Avery 19, Trotter and Hughes 18, Palmer, Backer, Chingren, Henderson, Conrad and Kidd 17, Letts and Clark 16, Frazier and Grim 15, Esterly 12.

Third Day, June 7.

No. 17, 15 targets, \$2.50: Trotter 9, Christianson 9, Hoover 13, Esterly 13, Hageman 12, Henderson 14, Clark 12, Hughes 14, Wallace 10, Georgeson 12, Everetts 13, Letts 10, Williams 11, Palmer 15, Frazier 14, Chingren 13, Smith 11, Cleveland 13.

No. 18, 12 targets, \$2: Leopold 9, Avery 12, Hageman 11, Henderson 12, Esterly 11, Frazier 9, Williams 9, Young 9, Smith 7, Chingren 11, Cleveland 11, Thompson 11, Hughes 10, Letts 8, Georgeson 12, Hoover 9, Everett 9, Clark 10, Christianson 10, Trotter 10, Ransler 10, Wallace 9, Palmer 9.

No. 19, 10 live birds, \$7.50:

Young	121301001-6	Butler	0201201122-7
Frazier	221121011-9	Letts	101220111-8
Clark	130012111-8	Hoover	111111222-10
Lammers	210101000-4	Esterly	111021212-9
Avery	011101111-8	Smith	000110111-6
Hughes	111111222-10		

No. 20, 15 targets, \$2.50: Frazier 14, Hageman 13, Leopold 12, Avery 13, Clark 14, Williams 9, Chingren 14, Palmer 13, Thompson 12, Henderson 15, Georgeson 14, Trotter 15, Esterly 14, Hughes 9, Hoover 13, Letts 9, Everett 14, Cleveland 11.

No. 21, 10 targets, \$2: Hoover 10, Leopold 7, Avery 10, Hageman 7, Chingren 7, Everett 9, Cleveland 9, Thompson 7, Frazier 9, Letts 7, Esterly 8, Hughes 9, Palmer 0, Georgeson 8, Trotter 9, Henderson 9, Williams 5.

No. 22, 12 targets, \$2: Henderson 10, Hageman 10, Esterly 12, Leopold 10, Hughes 10, Chingren 12, Trotter 12, Avery 10, Clark 13, Plummer 4, Palmer 9, Thompson 10, Hoover 11, Cleveland 11, Letts 8, Georgeson 10.

No. 23, live birds, miss and out, \$2: Butler 1, Frazier 5, Williams 0, Esterly 5, Letts 3, Lammers 1, Burris 3, Georgeson 5, Hoover 1.

No. 24, 20 targets, \$2.50: Georgeson 17, Clark 18, Leopold 17, Lammers 1, Chingren 18, Hoover 17, Williams 15, Letts 16, Trotter 16, Esterly 19, Christiansen 19, Hughes 19, Hageman 18, Everett 16, Palmer 19, Avery 18.

CHAS. C. RANSIER, Sec'y.

The Traps at Dexter Park.

Idle Hour G. C., June 11, 7 live birds, A. A. rules:

C Lakeman	1111012-4	H Meyer	0102102-4
J Bamberg	2010002-3	H Hoffman	1002002-3
H Boernerman	0110101-4	O Hoors	1000022-3
Elfers	2020021-4	H Borroughs	1010202-5

Parkway R. and G. C., June 13, 7 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules:

E Helgans	0221212-6	T Short	2121212-7
J Bennett	0212121-7	H Selover	0210112-5
Meyer	121222-7	H Brainard	2110221-6



IOWA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION—INDEPENDENCE, JUNE, 1894.

West Utica G. C.

Johnson	2200122202222-12
Seiboth	12123022212112-14
Kilbourne	122202201021210-11-37

Buffalo—Audubon G. C.

Downs	1210212101102011-11
Berthardt	111112122121012-14
Fischer	102211110211101-12-37

Hell Gate G. C., of New York.

Doelneck	221000211101211-11
Voss	0012121112112-13
Schortemeier	122201011111222-13-37

Syracuse G. C.

Mann	2212120222001-12
Mowry	221102122111011-13
McMurchy	2111211221111-2-14-38

Whitestown G. C., of Whitesboro.

Knowlton	0222222222222-14
Hunter	112111121211212-15
Richardson	010112111212022-12-41

Emerald G. C. of New York.

Fessenden	222102212021222-13
Floyd	2222022222222-12
Hudson	222122222221202-14-39

New York Co. G. C.

Greiff	221121121012-12-13
Kennedy	11201102112111-12
C Ferguson, 3d.	221222022011-21-12-37

Second tie:

Hageman	11111111111111111-19
Clark	11111111011111101-18

No. 5, 12 targets, entrance \$2.50: Chingren, Palmer and Runge 12, Thompson, Georgeson, Esterly and Trotter 11, Hughes, Christenson, Leopold, Hoover and Nichols 10, Bleaser, Bachus, Sobey, Clark and Booth 6, Kid, Ballard and Frazier 8, Seever and Edmonds 7.

No. 6, 8 live birds, entrance \$8:

Hughes	1021211-7
Letts	0100111-5
Hoover	11110210-6
Clark	111100101110111-15
L Young	2112102-7
Chingren	1102121-2
Miller	0210001-3
N S Young	1120102-6

No. 7, 10 singles, entrance \$3: Hughes and Letts 10, Clark, Frazier, Avery, Chingren, Backer, Palmer, Everett, Prior and Esterly 9, Leopold and Cleveland 8, Kid, Sobey and Ransler 6, Conrad, Letts and Seever 6, Young 5, Hageman 3.

No. 8, 15 singles, 3 pairs, entrance \$2.50: Chingren 19, Hageman 18, Conrad, Backer, Palmer, Thompson and Cleveland 17, Esterly 15, Hughes 14.

Second day, June 6.

No. 9, 15 singles, entrance \$2.50:

Clark	1110101111111-13
Runge	1101011110101-11
Letts	1001011101100-9
Georgeson	01110111111-13
Everetts	11111101011-13
Gaston	1111011101011-12
Backer	1110101111111-12
Hughes	0010101111111-13
Christenson	1111110111110-10

No. 10, 15 targets, entrance \$2: Palmer, Conrad, Frazier and Esterly 15, Runge, Hughes, Hoover, Clark and Thompson 14, Chingren, Nichols and Backer 13, Agard, Hocken, Kid, Georgeson and Hageman 12, Everett and Grim 11, Leopold and Christiansen 10, Cleveland and Kelly 9, Letts 6.

No. 11, 10 live birds, \$7.50:

Hughes	011212111-9
Esterly	0100212000-4
Georgeson	110220010-5
Chingren	11002012-7
N S Young	110021203-7
Conrad	111102111-9
Frazier	011111101-8

No. 12, team shoot for State trophy, 8 live birds, \$6 entrance:

Avery	1120211-7
Runge	11200201-5-12
Bocker	11310100-5
Nichols	1023212-6-11
Georgeson	0102102-5
Christiansen	1011212-7-12
Jekel	11121300-6
Lammers	1210112-7-13
Hathaway	1121201-7
Sherwood	03211212-6-13
Grim	1221212-7-13
Miller	1221212-7-13
Donovan	1212112-8
Hageman	1021212-7-15

Donovan and Hageman won on shoot-off.

No. 13, 10 targets, entrance \$1.50: Grimm, Hoover, Henderson, Georgeson, Runge, Hughes and Trotter 10, Frazier, Kid, Palmer, Chamberlin, Everett and Chingren 9, Esterly, Backer, Clark, Leopold, Hageman, Thompson, Avery and Letts 8, Walker 7, Woodberg 5.

No. 4, 9 singles and 3 pair, entrance \$2.50: Esterly 14, Chingren, Conrad, Palmer and Frazier 13, Hughes, Hageman, Avery, Clark and

Class B.

T Edgerton	1111211-7	C Wissell	1111101 6
J Knowlton	0110211-5		

Class C.

H Bookman			0020111-4
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.
H Bramwell	211-3	012-2	Edgerton
H Selover	111-3	101-2	Helgans
H Bookman	210-2	212-3	Meyer
J Bennett	111-3	121-3	W Selover

Unknown G. C., June 14, 7 live birds, L. I. rules, gun below elbow:

J Boyd	0200212-4	H Krueble	2102002-3
J Hyde	1111111-7	E Vroom	1110010-4
J Flynn	1100102-4	A Akhurst	1212121-7

Erle G. C., June 15, 7 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules:

F Greff	0221012-5	D Lynch	0110001-3
J Schmiedicke	0201032-4	J Lueson	0222100-4
M Elsassner	2122201-6	H Blackley	1011022-5
J Plate	1000001-2	H Plate	1200002-3
H Janskorock	1202111-6	O Mohrman	2112110-6



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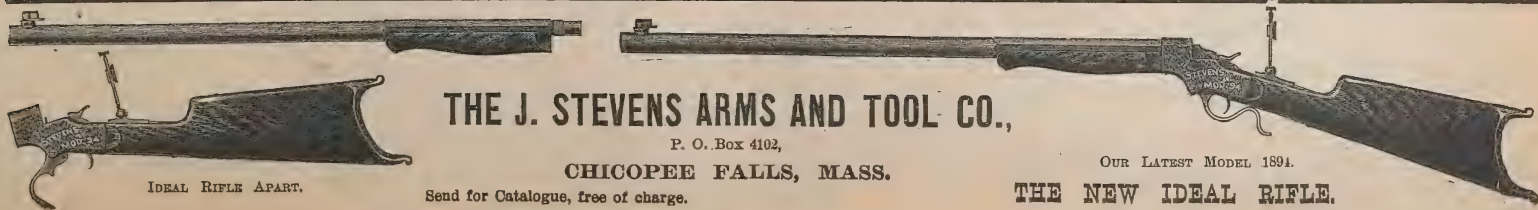
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## SCOUTS FOR PARK POACHERS.

FOR many years the most important thing to be considered in connection with the Yellowstone Park was the securing of a law which should provide punishment for offenses and should give to government officials in charge of the reservation the necessary authority to hold offenders who have violated the rules provided for its protection by the Secretary of the Interior. Such a law has at last been passed and promises to give to the National Park a protection which shall actually protect. It will be something more than a mere name—a shadow without substance. Swift punishment will overtake the offender, and the regulations will no longer be a laughing stock.

As the Park has an area not much less than that of the State of Connecticut, it must be evident that to patrol it effectively requires a considerable force of men, and as by far the greater portion of this area consists of rough mountain peaks, deep river valleys and tangled forests, which often bristle with down-timber, it is essential that a part of the patrolling force should consist of men who are accustomed to the mountains, and who through their long experience among them are able to pick their way over the roughest country and to measure wits, experience and mountain skill with other mountain men who constitute by far the most dangerous class of poachers.

For many years the superintendents of the Park have begged the Secretary of the Interior to give them a larger force of scouts. The soldiers do excellent work as guards

in many parts of the Park, but from the very nature of the case—from the conditions of their lives and from their training—they cannot do the work required of the scouts. The Secretary of the Interior has invariably declined to grant requests for a larger force of scouts, giving as a reason for this refusal that there was no money available which could be applied to the payment of any additional men. Yet we know that the Park brings in annually some small revenue, which by law is to be applied to the preservation and protection of the reservation, and the paltry sum of \$1,500 would give two scouts, which would just double the present force. It is evident that two men can cover twice as much ground as one, but even two men would be a very small force for a territory so wide as that under Capt. Anderson's rule.

No one is more intimately acquainted with the needs of the reservation than the present superintendent, and he has done everything that any man could do with the means at his command to protect the Park. If the matter lay with him, there would be no question about an adequate force of scouts. Such a force is especially needed at the present time, when it is of the utmost importance to capture and punish two or three violators of the law. When this has been done and the fact has been noised abroad through the surrounding country, the business of poaching in the National Park will come to an end so suddenly that it will surprise us all.

## THE VICTIM OF HIS CHEF.

THE proprietor of an eating house on Sixth avenue, New York, has just been made the victim of his chef in a way calculated to excite sympathy. The circumstances came to light in the case of the People of the State of New York against Samuel F. Burns, for selling game out of season. The case was tried on Monday of this week, and its story should be read for instruction and warning by every restaurant keeper, who, though he may lay a course to steer clear of the Scylla of the State game protectors, is liable to be wrecked on the Charybdis of his cook.

The game law as in force in 1893 forbade the sale of quail and woodcock after Jan. 31. On Feb. 17 of that year State Game Protector Kidd was advised that game was being sold illicitly at Burns's restaurant, and he came into possession of a bill of fare taken from the restaurant on Feb. 11, on which the item of woodcock appeared in the list of game dishes then served. On Feb. 18 Protector Kidd visited the Burns place with a companion and ordered, received and ate four woodcock. On the following Monday, Feb. 20, he went back with two friends and the party was served with six quail. The protector then entered suit for the recovery of the penalty of \$25 for each bird, and after repeated delays the case was finally brought to trial last Monday in the City Court.

The fact that the game had been served was abundantly proved by the testimony of the protector and of those who had been with him on the occasions referred to. No attempt whatever was made by the defense to deny this. Mr. Burns, however, testified that it was his custom at the beginning of the close season to give directions to his chef and other employees that no more game should be sold. That he personally managed the restaurant and had supervision of the business. That he himself, or his cashier under his direction, ordered all the supplies for the establishment. That neither he nor his cashier would or could have ordered quail or woodcock out of season. That he personally inspected twice every day the ice chests where supplies were kept and where the woodcock and quail would have been stored on the 18th and 20th of February, 1893, if there had been any in the establishment; and that on those occasions he saw none there; that he did not know that they were there; that he did not know who wrote the entry of woodcock on the bill of fare of Feb. 11, which had been put in evidence; that if Protector Kidd and his friends had been given quail and woodcock in his establishment on the dates alleged, the birds must have been bought for the restaurant, put on the bill of fare, and served to customers by the chef without his (Burns's) knowledge or consent, and in contravention of his direct and explicit orders at the beginning of the close season.

In short Mr. Burns posed on the witness stand as the innocent and much-injured victim of his wicked cook, an evil-minded chef who had maliciously persisted in purveying game to guests under his very nose, and much to

his surprise and consternation when he discovered it at length only through the agency of the complaint served upon him by the game protector. Mr. Burns played this role of injured innocence and guileless intent with such grace and effectiveness that he won, if not the tears of the jury, at least their substantial sympathy, for while they might have brought in a verdict for the entire amount of the penalty, \$250, they took compassion upon him and fined him only the sum of \$100. This we are inclined to believe was as much cash as Mr. Burns could in fairness have been asked to surrender by any reasonable person accepting his statement of the case, and believing that he was innocent and had been made the victim of his cunning chef.

The protector was represented by Mr. Russell Headley, of Newburg; the defendant by Mr. Chas. A. Hess, of Hess, Townsend & McClellan, of this city. Mr. Hess is a sportsman himself, and at the conclusion of the case, after having done his duty by his client in the court room, he expressed to Dr. Kidd his cordial sympathy in the work of game protection, and volunteered to conduct any further cases the protector might bring in this city, without fee or reward other than the satisfaction of helping the cause. Dr. Kidd has expressed an intention of taking Mr. Hess at his word and enlisting his services in a black bass suit now on the calendar. Mr. Headley, it should be added, has given his services gratuitously, and at the expense of much valuable time taken from his home practice.

## THE FOOLISHNESS OF THE FLASK.

SOME folks, who at home are so little given to the use of strong beverages that they cannot without difficulty distinguish between whisky and brandy and gin, foolishly imagine that when they go into the woods for fishing or shooting they must provide themselves with a flask of liquor as an essential, conventional and approved part of their outfit.

It is not necessary to consider this from the standpoint of temperance or abstinence as such, but purely from that of personal comfort and common sense, to recognize the absurdity of such a notion. People who habitually and with satisfaction to themselves do without liquors at home can habitually and with just as much satisfaction do without them in the woods and on the water. They can, in fact, do without them much better than they can do with them.

For one instance where a flask is brought into useful service to withstand the effects of exposure or fatigue in an outing, there are twenty where it demoralizes the stomach and the head. For one life it has ever saved in case of "snake bite" it has cost a score of fatal accidents which without it would never have happened.

Many go shooting and fishing—or declare that they do—for the benefit of their health; and they talk with conviction and enthusiasm of the upbuilding influence of forest and stream. It is a puny influence indeed that must needs be pieced out with a flask; and punier still if with a jug.

That one who uses liquor at home should use it in camp is quite natural; and with such a use we are not concerned. But that one who is unaccustomed to liquor at home should consider himself unbound to provide himself with it for the woods is certainly an illustration of the foolishness of the flask.

## DEATH OF HERR VON DEM BORNE.

Herr Max von dem Borne, the distinguished German fishculturist, died at his home in Berneuchen on June 14. Herr von dem Borne was well known in this country because of his achievements in fishculture, and more particularly as the pioneer in the introduction of American game fishes into European waters. He was the first to transplant the American black basses, and by reason of his success with them was called the father of the black bass in Germany. He also imported successfully into his home waters from America the rock bass, calico bass, rainbow trout, common sunfish, long-eared sunfish, dogfish, common bullhead or bullpout, channel catfish, common minnow and crayfish. He was the author of numerous works relating to fishculture, their value being recognized in Europe and America. By his death the fishcultural interests of two continents have suffered a severe loss.

FOREST AND STREAM will go to press on Monday next week,



## The Sportsman Tourist.

### A JUNE PASTORAL.

ON my grandfather's plantation in North Alabama there lives a colored servitor familiarly known as "Ches," who is, perhaps, the happiest darkie in Dixie. A patriarchal family of sons and daughters "hoe de cotton an' plow de corn," relieving him of all responsibility for the present, and no well-constituted negro has a future this side 'o' kingdom cum.

But, "what ye shall eat, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed," is not a serious matter in the South, especially when one goes barefoot three-fourths of the year and beholds in a spread of corn pone and possum a feast for the gods. The accident of numerous progeny, therefore, is to Ches only incident to unlimited opportunity for leisure, wherein to luxuriate in the four-fold popularity he enjoys anent his prowess as a hunter of "varmint," his skill at fishing, the voodoo incantations he chants for the relief of his unfortunate countrymen who are "hurt" (i. e., poisoned with that greatest of mysteries, African poison), and the powerful sermons he preaches for the salvation of souls.

Previous to the late war, Ches was the most refractory of slaves, idle to a degree, and sure to run away every year so soon as blackberries were ripe and it was warm enough to sleep comfortably in the woods. During that memorable sectional struggle, when society was anarchy, and fear abode an unrelenting guest with his master's family; when slaves were demoralized and insurrection imminent, none was so faithful to every trust. When peace and freedom came together, Ches married his wife according to the gospel and remained in his cabin. As his children multiplied and waxed great in stature, he added other rooms, in a row, each smaller than the last, until now his dwelling resembles a monster telescope, long drawn out.

When I was a boy Ches was my oracle. From him I imbibed the love of field and stream, and learned the fables and traditions of his race. He held me on my horse when I learned to ride, and also taught me where to seek for game and how to load and shoot the single-barreled fift. fowling piece of a long-gone age, contemptuously left in the house as worthless by the proscription of two invading armies. Armed with this antiquated instrument of destruction, supplemented by a goodly supply of rocks, in Ches's hands still more deadly weapons, we sallied forth almost daily in search of game, principally rabbits, and, as the keen eyes of my dusky comrade seldom overlooked one crouching in his form, our bags were usually equal to the number he was willing to "tote."

It was a proud day for us both when I at length succeeded in tumbling a rabbit running, as from that time we hunted upon more equal terms—the shot, or throw in the "bed," belonging to the man who discovered the game, and as I was seldom so fortunate, Ches had a chance at most of the game that we killed, and for many a year killed most that we bagged.

About the advent of my twelfth year rabbits began to pull upon my taste for sport, and I burned for adventure with nobler game, but it was long before I could win consent from Ches, who realized that rocks would stand but little showing there, to plunge into the forests. Many and gruesome were the stories he told me of savage "varmint," and still more fearful "whipsnakes," to deter me from the venture, and when at length my young imagination no longer feared a painted devil, direful were the prognostications of evil with which his prophetic soul marked our setting forth.

"Sumpin sho guine ter happen, honey, ef we goes in dar," he said when we reached the woods. "Don't yer heary dat squitch owl holler? Dat's er sho sign er death; an' sides dat yer did 'n' hab no raid string ter fling ober yer shoulder when dat rabbit cross de rode. We ain't guine to hab no luck, de Lord knows."

"Come on, Ches," I pleaded. "Squitch owls can't hurt us, and you made a cross mark and spit in it when the rabbit crossed the path—that broke the charm."

"Ah, I'm er guine, honey; but I's pow'ful jùbous 'bout hit."

We had not gone far before a squirrel frisked out of a briar patch and ran chattering to the top of a tall gum, where Ches soon espied his shining eyes peering at us from a leafy covert, and tried in vain to point them out to me. When my neck would no longer stand the strain of looking upward I allowed myself to be persuaded that the rodent would escape, and sadly relinquished the gun to my companion, who quickly brought him down.

I saw the next squirrel that was found, but missed him. Ches "turned" him for me again and again, but I missed him every time, until finally, the poor little fellow, almost scared to death, took a flying leap for another tree, miscalculated the distance and fell to the ground, where he lay stunned for an instant. I ran to pick him up, but he recovered before I could reach him and ran up a small willow near by. I insisted I had killed him, or, at least, had wounded him so badly that it was impossible for him to escape, and prevailed upon Ches to climb the tree to catch him. When he was about half way up the squirrel ran out, and as he swung upon a pliant branch I blazed away, and Ches hit the ground with a yell and a thud, his legs full of shot. Fortunately he was more scared than hurt, but that ended the hunt for that day.

For more than a week following this adventure Ches was too stiff and sore for tramping, and not being allowed to hunt alone, enforced abstinence from my favorite amusement was sufficient retribution for my recklessness, and made me so thoroughly careful for the future that no other accident ever befell us afield; but it is needless to add that I could never again induce Ches to climb for game so long as a loaded gun remained in my hands.

My departure for college put an end forever to all familiar intercourse between us. For the most part my vacations were spent from home, or were engrossed by the pleasure of society, and when my school days were over I branched out into the world, and it was not until several years had flown that I located permanently amid the scenes of my youth. When I did return, however, I received no more cordial greeting than that accorded me by this much-imposed-upon and long-suffering associate of my early sports.

As I have said, Ches has developed into a mighty fisher of fishes as well as of men, and it seems that the perfect

advent of the present June brought back to him, in connection with his favorite pastime, some tender reminiscence of our adventures together, as he tramped several miles, under some mystic influence, to bring me the joyful tidings that fish were biting at one of our old haunts, a pond in his neighborhood, famous for the multitude of its finny denizens, and to urge me to accompany him upon an excursion thereto on the following day, "des fur de sake ob ole times."

"Why, boss," he said, "dey fairly makes de water bile, dar's so many ob dem."

"Pond fish are not good at this season of the year, Ches," I urged, "and besides, I have no minnows."

"Dat's all right, boss; yer cum, an' I'll fine de minners, an' eat de fish too ef yer don't want 'em. 'Sides dat, yer don't need no minners; dey bites at craws an' wurms."

"I don't care to fish for that kind, Ches." Some recollection of the piscatorial desire of my boyish days that was content with anything that could bobble a cork, evidently flashed through his brain; but he was too polite to express his astonishment in words—he only said: "I'll sho hab de minners; you des cum, dat's all I asts yer."

"Very well," I at length consented. "I will go out to the 'old place' to-night so we can get an early start."

That Ches's idea of early differs materially from mine, had escaped me, and it was with a malediction upon all fishermen that I rolled out of bed at daybreak in response to his announcement that it was time to be off; that he had routed out the cook, and that breakfast awaited me in the dining room.

The pond in question is a miserable hole, about 100ft. in diameter, that is supposed, by the negroes, to be bottomless owing to an underground connection that causes it to rise and fall with the Tennessee River. It is subject to overflow, and the receding floods leave it teeming with fish—more, usually, than it can support during the summer's stagnation. In July and August, countless numbers come to the surface for air, falling easy victims to clubs in the hands of those insufficiently epicurean to eat them, mud and slime tainted as they are.

Early as we were, we found a goodly number of dusky anglers already reveling in large and rapidly increasing catches of mud-cat, suckers and perch; and by noon I counted no less than thirty-nine poles over the water, upon which rested the hope of twenty individuals. I had noticed when we started that Ches carried a bundle of rods that would have burdened a burro, and had silently wondered how he expected to attend to so many lines if fish bit as he expected. So soon as he had routed two or three usurpers, as he seemed to regard them, from a famous trout hole under a spreading oak and had installed me in their seat, he proceeded to bait his hooks and distributed them at regular intervals around the pond to my increased amazement; but I soon found there was method in his madness, as will appear. This business attended to, he seated himself upon a root near my side and undertook my entertainment and his own by questioning me upon my travels, and by involving me in theological disputes upon points as intricate and no less metaphysical than the heresy of Nestorius.

Every few minutes some one would yell, "Run, parson, run! yer got er bite!"

"Des pull 'im out fur me, honey," he would reply, with never a move unless the catch was of unusual size, in which event he would bestir himself sufficiently to add to it by his string in the water, provided always that some accommodating youngster had placed it in his hands.

At the beginning of this extraordinary exhibition of ideal still-fishing, I paid but little attention; but as the day wore on I saw through its frequent recurrence, and could but admire the ingenious rascal's cunning expedients for indulging his constitutional aversion to motion. I marveled at the stupidity of his friends, thus tamely submitting to be put upon; finally concluding that African good-nature is unlimited, when one of the "sisters," not 20ft. away, drew in for the reverend gentleman a small cat not more than 3in. long, that flopped from the hook and went rolling down the bank only to be desperately pursued by the woman, upon all fours, who hardly effected its capture just at the water's edge, and not until she had floundered a foot deep in mud and slime. She came up wet and dripping, but radiant, holding aloft the fish in triumph and exclaiming with a grin: "Bless de Lord, I saved 'im fur yer, parson!"

"Thank yer, Sis' Jane, thank yer! Des' bait de hook an' set hit out ergin, won't yer?" and then turning to me he resumed his interrupted conversation: "Yas sah, boss, es I wuz sayin', dat trout yer des cotch am er buster! Speck he am de same one dat broke my line las' week—bran'-new line at dat. Cos' me ten cents in town, an' de on'list store lin' I had. Ise sho glad yer got 'im fur er fac'. My king! des look at dat pole ben'. Ef dat ain't er scaly-cat de verst finest fish dat swim. Sah? Yer don't eat 'im! des teck an' cut 'im up thin, an' fry 'im brown an' yuther fis ain't in de same bilin' wid 'im. White folks am sho curious."

I had carried my small-bore rifle along, hoping to kill a squirrel, and by and by a bullfrog popped up his head near the middle of the pond. I threw up the gun, intending to put a bullet between his eyes, but such a chorus of groans and shrieks, and such a scampering from the other side of the hole greeted my aim that I did not fire.

"What's the matter with those negroes?" I asked Ches. "You see, boss, er nigger 's er plum fool erbout powder—don't lack ter smell 'im burn nohow. Las' summer sum po' white trash wuz er projekin' roun' heary shootin' musrats, an' hit er 'oman in der laig, an' since den yer des pint er gun at de water an' dese niggers scatter same as er gang er patridges when yer fling er rock at 'em."

That reminded me of our old hunting. "Do you still kill rabbits with rocks, Ches?"

"Who, me? No, sah! Ise got er gun now."

"Breechloader?"

"What er nigger kno' 'bout breechloaders, boss? Ise got de bes' musket yer eber see. I kin teck dat gun an' kill er squ'el plum in de top ob de highest tree in dis bottom."

"Ever been shot for a squirrel, Ches, since I ruined your pants for you?"

"Now see heary, boss, I 'lowed yer dun furgot dat. 'Twant de shot dat spilt dem breeches, hit war fallen out'n de tree when yer shot me. I came down so hard dat hit des nat'ly bus' 'em wide open. Man! I wuz sho skeered dat time—skeered wuz den I eber wuz in my born days 'cept onct."

"When was that, Ches?"

"Dat wuz 'fore de wah, honey, 'fore yer wuz borned."

I'd dun run erway one sum'er ober heary in San' Mountain. Ole marster wuz rite behin' me wid de dorgs an' I wuz meckin' tracks fur de fur kentry. Folks dun tole me better stay offen dem mountains at night, dat de varmints would ketch me, but hui! I wuz fur gitin' plum erway twell de crap dun laid by, an' night wuz my time fur guine. Wal sah, hit wuz er putty night, sho. De moon wuz shinin' same es day, when all ter onct I heard er fuss right afore me. Yer nebbber heard sich er racket. Seem lak de 'ternal hills wuz er tum'lin' in an' I 'lowed er cattermountin had me sho. I had two ob ole marster's pistols I dun stole, but I wuz skeered so bad dat I plum furgit I had 'em an' I couldn't run ter save me. De racket cum closer an' closer, an' dar I stood er trem'lin' an' prayin' ter de Lord ter help me, an' what yer reckon hit wuz, boss?"

"Can't imagine, Ches, what was it?"

"Nufen 'tall 'cep'in two ole he coons er fitin' dar in de rode, an' I des tuck en cotched 'em boff soon es I made out what dey wuz. An', boss, I wuz dat skeered dat hit knocked all de foolin' plum outen me. I wanted ter go home, crap er no crap, so I des flung dem coons on my shoulder an' lit out on de back track. 'Bout sum up I met ole marster an' de oberseer at de foot ob de mountain. Ole marster 'lowed, 'Whar yer bin, Ches?"

"Bin coon huntin', marster!"

"Coon huntin', yer brack raskil! Yer bin gone two days an' heary yer es forty mile from home."

"Yas sah, marster! Yer see de dorg kep' er trailin' 'n' trailin', an' I kep er guine, twel I cotch 'em 'bout mid-night las' night."

"Whar yer strack dat trail?"

"Down in de bottom by de horg pen, marster."

"Look heary, nigger, how dem coons cross dat riber an' hit a mile wide?"

"I ain't dun think erbout dat, boss, an' I des had ter stop an' scratch my haid fore I 'turned de answer. 'Yer got me dar, marster; I des 'lowed ter ast yer dat, when I got home."

"Ole marster laff at dat, he did, an' he neber let dat oberseer strack me narry lick, sah; narry single lick; but he up tole me ef eber I foler er nuder coon 'cross dat river he'd lam me plum home."

During this recital the "parsen's" hooks had many a bite, so many in fact that he developed sufficient energy to go upon a collecting tour around the pond, and the harvest he garnered increased the length of his string to more than a yard, and sent his enthusiasm up to a hundred in the shade.

"I des tel yer, boss," he exclaimed, exultingly, "dese niggers goes fishin' an' goes fishin', but I beats dem all."

"Dat's de truf, parsen, dat's de truf sho," said the woman who had rescued the cat, "an' I des mirates how yer does it. I bieves yer cunjurs wid 'em."

"I ain't got er fish, nary single fish," chimed in another "sister" who had also overheard the "parsen's" boast. "Does yer spit on yer bait, Sis' Ann?" asked Ches.

"In co'se I spits on my bait, an' I rubs camfire an' asfedity on my hook, too," replied Sis' Ann.

"Anybody step ober yer pole?"

"Yas, parsen; dat triflin' blue gum nigger Sam, he so figity, he step ober my pole when I fuz 'cum."

"I 'lowed sumpin' done spiled yer luck—Dar! yer gittin' er bite now! Run, Sis' Ann, run!"

Sis' Ann made a frantic rush for her pole, and then she gave a jerk that brought the quinine bottle stopper, that served her for a float, out of the water with a report like a yacht cannon, and sent the poor little cat that so unfortunately nibbled 20ft. into the air, tearing the hook from his mouth and allowing him to fall back with a splash.

"Never mind, Sis' Ann," said Ches, consolingly, "de 'postle Paul see, 'Unto dem dat hab shall be giben, but I'm guine to 'verse de tex' an' gib yer mos' ob my leetle ones when I quits."

"Come Ches," I said, "divide with Sis' Ann, and let's go home. You can have my fish; I don't want them, but I've had fine sport, and will come with you again some other June."

GREENBRIER, Ala.

## "Forest and Stream's" Yellowstone Park Game Exploration.

No. 6.

### MIDWINTER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE morning following our first night at the Cañon was bright and clear, thermometer 2° above zero. John Folsom went upstairs to see about something and took his skis along. He found it easier to slide out of the second story window than it was to walk down stairs. The snow was 25ft. deep on one side of the house, and its level at the lowest part caught the downstairs windows at about the middle. Back of the kitchen a great drift 10 or 12ft. high rose up sharply and we had to cut steps in that to get over it. Every way from the hotel the sheer white covering sloped sharply down in steep rolls and pitches of descent. To the falls of the Cascade Creek, at the bottom of the hill, was a good mile. To the left of that point the black line of timber swept, and down in that somewhere was the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. From the hotel top we could see away across the Cañon, could see the steam of the Falls, and that of the geysers beyond the river, the latter rising white and sharp in the winter air. To the southwest we could see out over the Hayden Valley, and with the glasses could see that it was storming in the valley, the snow blowing in blinding drifts. We could see the direction of the great natural game trail across the Park, which the elk follow in going from the Hayden Valley to the Soda Butte country in the northeast corner of the Park. Folsom showed me where the U. S. troops in the Nez Percé pursuit crossed the Yellowstone, warping their wagons down into the gorge by ropes. Some of the trees that were skinned by the ropes can still be seen scarred up to today. To man unskilled in mountain travel it would seem impossible to get any sort of vehicle through here.

### Nature's Cold Storage for Thrills.

The Haynes party were expected to arrive that day from the Lake, and Billy started out to meet them on Hayden Valley, hoping to join forces and locate the buffalo. He went quite alone, not a very desirable thing to do in that climate and country. I wished to see the



Cañon and the Falls, so took my camera, and accompanied by Folsom, Larsen and Holte, put in the morning along the wondrous Yellowstone, a privilege which has been accorded few travelers of all the world under conditions such as these.

From the hotel to Lookout Rock, below the Grand Falls, the distance may be something like a mile, for the most part a rather easy slide on the *skis*. After the first run to the edge of the timber we worked along the little hills, through the straight young pines, till we came to what seemed to be a sort of trestle or bridge, over the gulch near the Point. This was all covered 10ft. deep under snow. From that point to the jutting crag known as Lookout Rock there was a succession of gigantic and irregular drifts of snow. Folsom went all over this calmly without taking off his *skis*. I confess that in the worst places I dismounted and went over on my hands and knees, with my hands in the toe straps.

Lookout Rock we found to be a great white heap of snow, standing out over the fathomless and unthinkable depth of the cañon. What the footing was we could not tell, but supposed it must be solid out to where the ragged tree was standing on the verge, so we trod a way fast deep out to that, and stood silent in full view of one of the wonders of the world.

I suppose thousands have stood grasping the stem of that same sturdy, ragged tree, and have looked in silence as we did. They have seen the Cañon in summer, and I wish they might all see it also in the depth of winter. Now the glorious colors of the walls were gone, but the peaks and cross and pinnacles were there, free of all color, but done in a clean, perfect white. It was "frozen music"—the diapason of nature's mightiest and most mysterious anthem all congealed in white, visible, palpable, authentic. No thinking man could stand there and not feel the exalted and compelling theme go thrilling to his heart.

Against the monotone of the snow the evasive blue-white clouds of steam arose from the little hot geyserettes along the river's brink. Above us the great veil of white-mist which shrouds the Great Falls by winter shifted and swung and halted and paused and towered as the wind said, rising high up to the level of the forest. The ice bridge nearly spanned the Falls at the time of our visit, and down both sides of the Falls, wherever the spray struck the clinging snow, there were broad columns of ice, which at our distance, looked white and dull, but which close at hand must have been prismatic, radiant, glorious in the bright light of morning. It would have been worth one's life no doubt to risk the descent into the Cañon, as a snow slide would have been almost certain. We therefore made the photographs from the ragged tree, whence I suppose thousands of Kodak shots have been made by the summer tourists. The white of the Falls and of the mist made a difficult subject against the white background of the snow at so great a distance, and I got only an indifferent view, partly for reasons which I will later on set forth. There are many fine summer negatives of the Falls extant, but I believe the finest amateur negatives I have seen were made by Dr. Gandy, post surgeon at Fort Yellowstone. Dr. Gandy has put some of his beautiful Park negatives at the service of FOREST AND STREAM, and they speak highly of the possibilities of this pleasing art. I am not sure that Mr. Haynes got a winter view of the Falls on his trip, but if so, it was of course good. I know of no amateur negative made in winter except the one we got that morning. There was so much snow piled up on the edge of the Lookout Rock that it was difficult to get a shot down into the Cañon. I made one or two exposures over the edge with the others holding on to me for safety reasons, but had meagre luck of it.

Leaving Lookout Rock, we skirted along the river hills and went up the river about a mile and a quarter or more, to a point directly above the Upper Falls. Here we could see only a blinding steam of mist coming up through the reverberant roar of the cataract. The masses of snow kept us from going very close, but we were able to see down into the caldron of the Falls. Of the rapids above the Falls we had a beautiful view, and I stopped to make some exposures here, of course, though it was coming on cold and windy. Here, after a shot or two, my camera, which had been working very badly all the morning, broke down entirely, the film tearing clear across, for the second time already on the trip. Nothing was left but to quit and go home. Folsom told me we could get up a dark room, and I thought perhaps I could tinker the camera into something like shape.

It took us something like three-quarters of an hour to make the mile climb from the Cascade bridge up the Cañon hill to the hotel. It goes slow on *skis*, and I imagine there are folk who couldn't get up it in a hundred years. It takes about two or three minutes to come down, according to the condition of the snow.

We all had rude appetites, which John Folsom proceeded to appease in the small but cosy kitchen. Water we got out of a barrel full of melting snow.

Re-enforcements Arrive.

At 3 P. M. heavy snow began to fall. At 5 P. M. Billy got in, and I was glad of it. He had not met the Haynes party, and had *cached* his camera in the woods in Hayden Valley. At 6 P. M. the Haynes party, Mr. Haynes and two men, Sergeant Morrison and Bobby Burns, a Post attaché, got in, all in fair order except Burns, who had lost his glasses and was suffering badly from snow blindness, the black handkerchief he had worn across his face below his eyes not having been efficient. Billy told him to keep a hot-water compress on his eyes, and by morning he was much better.

Not an Easy Job.

Mr. Haynes reported only fair luck at photographing game, as he had met a great deal of stormy, cloudy weather. It would seem a simple thing to go right into the Park and begin to photograph buffalo and elk, but it is really extremely difficult. One must first locate the game. Second, he must not let it get sight or scent of him, else it will stampede and leave the country. Third, he must have a clear day or he will get no sharpness to his pictures. Added to this he must have a long distance (or narrow angle) lens, and lastly he must have a combination of ready skill and ever-present good luck, for the chances come only for an instant at a time. Let any one undertake to arrange this combination, at the end of a 50-mile *ski* tramp with a heavy sack on his back, and he will learn a great deal about the difficulties of this task.

Mr. Haynes had hard luck at the Lake, and had traveled 60 miles for nothing trying to get a picture of the poacher Howell's tepee and cache. Troike, the private who attempted to find them, was unable to do so. I offer this as one more instance of the incredible difficulty of patrolling this tremendous country in winter. This man had been with Burgess when Howell was arrested and was supposed to be able to go back to the place. A fall of snow came and he was three days in finding it, do his best. How about setting out for a 75-mile jaunt on *skis*, and under pack, to find a poacher no one has seen or located? When people talk to me now about how "Capt. Anderson ought to be able to stop all the poaching, with two troops of soldiers and nothing else to do," it makes me hot clear through. Such people have no idea what they are talking about. It is easy to be wise and critical with your feet on a stove. Stick them into *skis*, and turn yourself loose in the Yellowstone Park in winter, and I'll bet a thousand dollars to a last year's banana peel that you think a whole lot different.

Game in Sight.

Mr. Haynes had seen game as mentioned below: On March 10, 2 buffalo, 6 foxes, 48 elk, all on the Hayden Valley. On March 13, 1 bull elk, 1 cow elk, 23 elk in herd, 31 buffalo and 6 buffalo, all on Hayden Valley. On March



MR. JOHN FOLSOM IN A SKI POSE.

14, 1 black fox, 1 red fox, 3 mink, on Hayden Valley. On March 16, 19 elk, 2 foxes, 6 buffalo, all on Pelican Valley (where the Howell killing was). On March 17, along the Yellowstone, he saw 12 swans, 18 foxes and about 300 ducks. (The Yellowstone does not freeze.) Billy and I had not yet gotten into the winter game country, but we were now right upon the edge of it.

We all concluded to join forces for a day or so in the matter of trying for big game photographs, so that we would not hurt each other's chances by frightening away the game.

Mr. Haynes used a simple 5x7 box—a Waterbury, if I am not mistaken—but he had a \$125 Ross lens, and he went to all the trouble—a very great one—of taking in glass plates, which he said far surpassed any film. He got beautiful results, and thus added largely to his perpetuation of the beauties of the Park, whose skilled and tireless



BILLY HOFER WAXING UP THE SKIS.

artist he has been for years. He expresses himself satisfied, as well he might be, with the results of his first attempt at photographing wild game. I spent a time to profit in a talk with him in the hotel kitchen the evening of his arrival at the Cañon.

Valuable Advice To Amateurs.

"It is a very common mistake of amateurs," he said, "to think they must always have the sun at the back when making an exposure. If you get to one side and catch the shadows, you get a Rembrandt-lighted picture which is much prettier, not so hard and with proper contrast.

"Now, if you try to photograph a geyser in action you will get nothing if you make the picture with the sun at your back, because you will have no contrast between the steam and your background. But you make your exposure right square against the sun and the light shining in against your cloud of steam will give you a contrast and you will get a sharp, clear negative.

"Another common bugbear of amateurs is the question of focus. Now, with the right sort of lens, you don't need to bother about focus. I never touch my lens, and it cuts sharp and clear at any distance from 25 feet to half a mile. It will get relative distances and perspective into a picture. Cheap lenses will not do this, and they have to be changed in focus continually to avoid blurring the negative. Success with one of these must be largely a matter of success in guessing distances. It pays to get the best lens possible. Glass is better than film. One should get out of the habit of snapping at everything, but

wait till he gets what he knows will make a good picture. Then with a good lens, good plates and good care, he knows he has got his picture when he presses his button.

"Of course, a short-focus lens is quicker in action than a long-focus. If you narrow your field, getting a long-range camera, you get a slower lens. Yet with quick plates, I should think a machine made on the principle of Mr. Hofer's here, would be the best for this sort of work, where you don't want too wide an angle, but want size to your figures." (Billy had plates also for his machine, and used some of them.)

As Mr. Haynes is one of the best and best known photographers of the country, the above advice may be taken as *ex cathedra*.

Tried for Buffalo.

On Monday, March 19, Billy took Larsen and Mr. Haynes took Morrison, they going over on the Hayden Valley, six or eight miles, for a try at the buffalo. As was feared, it came off stormy, and they got no pictures. The shoeing was sticky and very hard.

Progress in Ski Theory.

By this time I was beginning to study into the theory of *ski* running still more deeply. I had noticed in coming up the great Cañon hill, which was largely a case of "corduroying," that the heels of my *skis* hung lower than the toes, and so were always dragging down behind in the side-step. I held a consultation with John Folsom, and the result was that we cut 5in. off the heel of each of my *skis*, set the straps back 3in., and planed off a lot of useless wood from the tops of the *skis*. We took off about a pound in weight from each shoe. After that I noticed a startling improvement in my ability to get up hill. It is only by experience one learns.

I noticed that Folsom's *skis* were of ash, but channeled and worn thin by several seasons of hard use. Folsom told me that Norway pine made the best shoes, as they did not stick like ash, though they were apt to be brittle if made too thin. Hickory, he said, made fine, springy *skis*, with good grain, but a trifle heavy. Ash was pretty tough and light, but needed more care in waxing. The best wax for shoes was made of tallow and beeswax, but if you get in too much beeswax, you would get your *skis* so slippery and glassy that you could hardly use them, especially in going up hill.

Eight Miles For Fun.

On Tuesday Billy was tired and his sore heel hurt him, so he curled up on the bed in the kitchen and read a novel, declaring that he had had enough of travel for awhile. All the rest of us except John Folsom went out for some fun on the *skis*. The thermometer continued about zero, which temperature seemed pleasant. The snow was in good order and we had a good run, doing perhaps eight miles or more for the fun of the thing. We had a good run down the Cañon hill—fortunately not running off the trail at the sharp angle near the bottom, where even so good a shoer as Folsom has failed to get around and narrowly escaped a headlong plunge into the depths of the ravine below. We then crossed Cascade Creek, with its beautiful falls, hurried out of sight under the snow, and followed the Hayden Valley trail out for a mile or so, to a place where the mountain slopes rose up high and bare, offering a good place for a long and swift *ski* run, which was what we were after. We worked up the slopes for a mile, perhaps, getting as high as we could, and going forward all the time, until we reached a high peak or point,

bare of timber, and swept with a keen wind, which packed the snow almost into ice. Below us lay the level of the valley of the Yellowstone, and on the bank of a little creek we could see far below us a little cabin, built for the summer use of the troops, and now just visible above the level of the snow. The leaders of our snowshoe brigade thought it would be a good thing to jump off the earth from the top of this bare peak, and land somewhere down there by the cabin, three-quarters of a mile or more. For my part I was not enthusiastic over this proposition, but by this time was getting sort of resigned. One after another dropped off over the edge and shot down, and, holy mackerel, how they did fly. A man seemed to condense and shorten up like a telescope as he sank down and down, instant after instant, so that he wasn't over half size when he reached the foot of the hill. When I let go I had no definite idea of what was going to happen, but as I wasn't particular where I went it didn't make much difference anyhow. Again I experienced the exhilaration of the astonishingly smooth and easy motion of the swiftiness of which the *ski*-runner himself has no just conception at the time. To my surprise, I kept in the tracks of those ahead and arrived all standing, with only the temporary disgrace of having "ridden my pole" on the last sharp drop, at which there was loud protest from the others. Then we all went in for *ski*-jumping for an hour or so, making a lovely jump out of a snow drift on a steep hillside, so that we could clear 30ft. or so. At this we found our Scandinavians, Larsen and Holte, easily superior, they having had long experience in the winter games of



Minnesota and Wisconsin. In *ski-jumping* the jumper does not carry his pole, as he would almost certainly injure himself in landing after the jump if he kept hold of his pole. It is a matter of nerve and equilibrium. Most of us seemed a little shy on the latter, but we kept on jumping till we were all in coats of white and a glow of heat from head to foot. Then we went home and ate John Folsom out of the place.

#### Off for a Camp on the Valley.

The next morning, Wednesday, March 21, was keen and cold, below zero. We all joined forces and started for the Hayden Valley, feeling that it would be better to get closer to the game, in order to take advantage at once of any bright weather suitable for photographing. (The light in that country at that altitude and in winter, is about 20 per cent. "faster" than in this, and is fine for instantaneous work on any clear day. Such a day is, however, rare in winter, and when the snow is falling and the clouds are dense, the light grows too dim for one to think of photographing, as at best one could not get a picture with any sharpness or "distance" in it). We concluded to make a camp somewhere on the Hayden Valley, and to act from there as headquarters.

It was with feelings of the liveliest interest, one may be sure, that after the sharp five miles or more of *ski* work across the hills between the Cañon and the Valley, I turned from the Yellowstone with the party, crossed Alum Creek, and made out toward the middle of the broad, white, dazzling expanse of the Hayden Valley. Here we were no doubt to determine the success or failure of an important part of our work. Somewhere, behind some of those long tongues of timber which pierced the five miles square or more of open whiteness, there were without doubt numbers of the greatest and the rarest game of the American continent, which we had come so far to see at home on the winter range, and to enable others to see, if we might be so fortunate.

Billy and I went on up to the point of timber toward the middle of the valley, where he had cached his camera two days before. The rest of the party kept on up Alum Creek a little further, it being the understanding that they were to make as good a camp as they could in the timber or some one of the slopes making down to that stream. It was still early in the morning of what was to prove a very eventful day, followed by a night not less so.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

#### STORIES OF EZRA.—IV.

##### A Yankee Trick.

ONE Sunday Ezra proposed that we go and spend the day with John and Mac. They lived on Baby Ridge, some three miles west from town, and as we walked through the woods Ezra said he was going out there to get even with Mac for "riling" him so last fall down in Adair county. He had formed no plan for getting even, but was confident that he would find some opportunity. There was no one home but Mac, and Ezra told him we had come to get him and John to join us on a fishing trip to Spirit Lake. Mac said he could not go, because he had to work.

"What has work got to do with it," said Ezra. "The chief end of man is to shoot and fish. It's all well enough for a man to take a little recreation at work when there's no shooting or fishing, but the man who neglects to improve opportunities for enjoying either of them don't live up to his privileges."

"I have to work for a living," said Mac, "and don't see how it is that you fellows get along without working more than you do."

"Make it by practicing Yankee tricks," said Ezra.

"Well, if there is any money in it I'd like to know a few such tricks myself," said Mac.

"I'll teach you a good one if you will promise to go with us to Spirit Lake," said Ezra.

Mac promised to go if in his judgment the trick was a good one, but Ezra declined to teach him the trick till after we returned from the trip. This did not suit Mac and they argued the matter until the consuming desire of Mac's mind was to know the mysterious trick. Finally, Ezra agreed to teach him the trick before we went home, and bound him with many solemn promises never to divulge the secret, nor even to let any one know he was in possession of it.

After everything was arranged Ezra still hesitated, saying he feared to let such an important secret go from his possession, but Mac by this time felt that he could not live another hour without knowing the mystery and begged so hard that Ezra relented. He asked Mac if they had a barrel of vinegar in the cellar. Mac said they had. And a small auger? Yes, there was one in the woodshed. "Get it and we will go to the cellar," said Ezra.

When we got down the cellar Mac was again sworn to eternal secrecy, and was then told to roll the barrel out into the middle of the cellar. Then Ezra bored a hole in the end of the barrel and told Mac to put his finger over it to keep the vinegar in. Boring a hole in the other end of the barrel, he told Mac to put a finger over it too, while he went up and got a couple of plugs to put in the holes. Leaving Mac stooped over the barrel, with a finger of each hand closing a hole, we went up-stairs and home. Ezra said, "I've never known Mac to keep a secret for ten minutes after he found somebody he could tell it to, but I think he will probably keep his promises this time." And it was evident he did keep it, for, a few days later, Mac's father met Ezra and me on the road and asked whether we had noticed anything unusual about Mac. We told him no, and asked what was the matter.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "last Sunday all of us but Mac were away from home; and when I came back, about four o'clock, Mac was down the cellar holding his fingers over a hole bored in each end of a barrel of vinegar; and not a word would he say about it, except that if I ever mentioned it to anybody, he would go where none of us could ever see him again."

Of course we expressed surprise, and asked a number of questions that might be supposed to bear upon the case, finally suggesting that it might be best not to mention it to any one. Mac never mentioned it to us, nor we to him, but it was noticed that his curiosity was harder to arouse than it used to be.

O. H. HAMPTON.

## Natural History.

### AN ADVENTURE WITH A SQUIRREL.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.—In my mountainous realm I have a small garden and a colony of ground squirrels occupy premises adjoining it. The rodents reside in a pile of saw logs, and have been so prosperous and thrifty as to increase both in numbers and energy until it is now a crisis. It must be either fewer squirrels or no garden. The fittest must survive and I am the court. I say cabbage, peas, corn and potatoes. I enforce my judgment with ordinance, and this morning I popped over the most opulent and defiant rodent I could select.

The squirrel was sitting upright on the end of a log when I blazed away, and with a last defiant *quitchet* he kicked up his heels. I proceeded to get him for the cat, and thought as I went that he was so fat I would quarter him and give my dog a portion also. The log was nearly covered with ferns and I looked around the end of it for some time without finding my victim.

I reached down at my feet, and bending some ferns aside almost grasped a huge rattlesnake. He was coiled in a snug coil, and although I had stepped close to him a number of times, he gave no warning nor moved away; his head was raised and he was in a "striking" attitude. He was so near the color of the ground I might not have noticed him but for the white line beneath his jaws and throat. As it was, I was about to reach for him, thinking he was the squirrel.

As soon as I realized where I was and what he was our sociability ended. I still held my gun, and at the distance of a few feet, I immediately fired upon his works. The shot severed his head with about 5 in. of his person attached to it. To show that he was lively and not either asleep or dreaming, the head, with the fragment attached, actually squirmed along 4 ft. and got under the log, while the other portion writhed very actively, but did not rattle. After some moments I got a stick and drawing out the main part of the reptile, cut off the rattles, 13 in number. As I did so the headless body reared, coiled and uncoiled as it tried to strike. I got the head from under the log and noticed that it became motionless in a few minutes, while the other portion continued to squirm until I left.

The dart-shaped head was evidently supplied with all the appliances of a well-equipped rattler. I noticed that the eyes were unusually bright and clear, and that the pupils of the eyes resembled very much those of the cat, their centers being oval and perpendicularly placed. The fangs were also in proper trim and clung to the stick with which I investigated.

Now, this snake was probably lying in wait for a squirrel, but I believe he was ready to strike me, and I know he did not once sound his rattle. I might take a selfish view of the value of snakes from the fact that this one was trying to decimate the enemies of my garden. I will not, however, form any alliance with rattlesnakes for that reason. I will continue to smite them and bruise their heads. I will use my influence to offer bounty for rattlesnake scalps. I believe it would be a relief to many people if they were extinct. I have killed many of them about my immediate premises when in the mountains, and have found them in the house. They are a constant menace to life and a constant source of fear to many people in summer. Hardly a summer passes in this State without recorded deaths from rattlesnake bites. Many would find more pleasure and benefit in outings if not for rattlesnakes.

RANSACKER.

### SANCHO, THE CULPRIT.

"PLEASE stop a minute, auntie," piped five-year old Alice from the shade of the cherry trees near the farmhouse, "I want to show you something. Be careful when you lift the cover and don't let him jump out. He pretends to be asleep, but he is just as alive as he can be."

"What can it be, a bird or a kitten?" asked auntie, reaching down from the low phaeton and taking a small covered basket from the wee girl's chubby hand.

"Won't you guess and see if you guess right, auntie?" "Oh what a funny little pointed-nosed creature. Is it a bright-eyed fairy in black kid gloves and fur cap and cape?"

"I didn't believe you could guess. Cousin Frank says it is a baby woodchuck. He caught its mother in a trap to-day, and this little thing had five brothers and sisters all following their mother through the clover; just think of that."

"What a pity to kill the mother of such an interesting family."

"Yes, only you see, auntie, she was so fond of beans and lettuce and sweet peas, too, she ate them as fast as they came up. Cousin Frank is up in the clover field now looking for the rest of the family; he wants to adopt them all."

"Can a woodchuck be tamed?"

"I dare say not," replied Alice's father who had strolled out and stood with his elbow upon the gate post, "and they would be even more objectionable than rabbits as pets, but everything in the way of fur is desirable these days, and much of the trimmings, called by fancy names, was once the property of little kid-gloved fairies like the one in the basket."

"That is a new fact in natural history as well as in popular fashion. I was not aware that the woodchuck was so dark-colored or that he had so many black hairs in his coat."

"That is the very thing that makes the young ones worth saving, although I suspect not many experiments in this direction are made by amateurs, but my father having been a practical tanner and dresser of hides, I intend, another winter, to clothe my family in real Arctic style if I have good success with the skunks and weasels and fox pelts I have already, and with those whose habitats I have spotted, and shall secure at a seasonable time. To be honest, this idea opened itself up to me last winter, when my women folks were paying exorbitant prices per yard for little strips of skunk skin; I told them to wait a year and we would have all our garments, even the buttons of my Sunday trousers trimmed with fur. It is not necessary for little people, however, to so early solve the problem of demand and supply; the sacrifice of the pretty wild creatures grieves their tender little hearts, but next winter in New York, when you are looking at fur goods at Lord & Taylor's, and are shown the very

desirable marmot, you will think of this gratuitous lecture and, perhaps, be able to profit by it."

"No doubt. Please accept my thanks, I have been very much interested; at least, but what is Sancho doing out there in the tall grass, what has he in his mouth?"

"He is solving the problem of supply and demand by taking a beeline for home with that woodchuck. Here Sancho, you rascal!"

"Isn't he a picture now, going stealthily and holding his head high so the basket shall not drag?"

And isn't he a picture now, as the slim, trim beagle finding himself detected, dropped the basket and skulking back to the carriage with an injured air stretched himself again by the horse's feet to listen to the conversation?

"Are those baby woodchucks up at your house, auntie?" asked little Alice the next morning, running out as the familiar horse and carriage were driving past to the post-office.

"Cousin Frank had all six of them in a box together when I went to bed, but this morning they are all gone. I thought, perhaps, Sancho wanted to adopt them and came after them in the night."

Auntie glanced inquiringly at cousin Frank, who was smoking under the cherry tree, and he replied, "If the pelts of certain animals are soaked in a certain chemical solution, it fastens in the fur and toughens the tender skin. Is there any harm in allowing it to be tacitly understood that your little dumb friend and constant companion is the culprit?"

"What is a culprit?" asked Alice, curiously.

"A dog who steals a baby woodchuck and carries it away in a basket."

"Oh, that was Sancho," nodding her curly head complacently. "I saw him myself."

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

WELLINGTON, COBB.

### The Rains and the Birds.

HAINES FALLS, N. Y., June 15.—The long period of rain which ended here a week ago, was very destructive to young ruffed grouse, one single woodsman having discovered three broods of dead chicks. There were two hatchings of young ruffed grouse here—under domestic fowl—one of 11 chicks and another of 5, but the continuous wet weather killed them all. We all hoped better results from Mr. Rusk's experiment, for the birds looked well.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

## Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

### The Velocity of Shot.

QUITE an amusing little incident happened to a party of hunting men in the fall of '92, while we were en route to the "Meadows," a beautiful strip of land lying between the Dan and Smith rivers on the border of Virginia and North Carolina.

I had taken the only passenger coach which the little narrow-gauge road carries between Danville and Martinsville, in Henry county. I thought for a time that I would be the only occupant of this coach, which was partitioned off in the middle and one end used for baggage; but just before the time of departure arrived, there came a lot of men with dogs, guns and a week's supply of ammunition.

As I looked at these men I thought to myself, well; many a bird will tumble during this outing, for there wasn't a "dude" sportsman in the lot. No fancy clothes, but rough-looking, brier-scratched apparel which looked like "business" and not "show." It did not take me long to discover that the men inside of the frazzled garments were gentlemen, and leading citizens of the thrifty tobacco town in Virginia, and like all other good shots in our cities were born and raised in the country, and had "caught de hang o' de thing"—shooting on the wing—in their boyhood. I am the president of the Virginia Field Sports Association, and all of these men were on my "roll" as members, but they did not know me, while I knew them from the manner in which they addressed each other by their first names. The chief among them was Peyton Gravely, and as soon as they addressed him as "Pate," I had him spotted. A man who knows nothing about hunting (or the man who, like a great many people, thinks he knows but does not), on hearing the marvelous stories told by these men, would have pronounced the whole party "a gang of liars;" but an old stager like myself, who has been shooting since 1855 is something of a liar too, if the remarkable things which in a shooting experience of 35 years have happened to him are to be inquired into and voted upon by the fellows whose knowledge of the sport afield come from owning a high-priced gun, velvetine clothes, a dog that drops to shot and fur, and was never known to go out of sight or sound of whistle, a solid silver whisky flask, consult their watch every ten minutes to see if it ain't about time for lunch, and bathe their feet in whisky if they should get wet, consider hunting "work" but must go because "the doctor tells me that I must take exercise."

When I had enjoyed for a time the amusing stories which one and another of these practical sportsmen had told, much to my edification, I did what is characteristic of Virginians when traveling among strangers—put in my word too—and in two minutes every man of them welcomed me into the fold, and particularly were they glad to meet their president, whose name was as familiar to them as any other in the commonwealth, for the annual dues were collected promptly and seemed (to them) to come around several times during the year.

There was a stranger in the car who had been a silent listener to all of the wonderful feats of marksmanship, exhibitions of dog sense, etc., as told by these sportsmen, all of whom had once owned a dog, "the like of which would never be seen again," and thinking this a good chance to settle a question which had long been puzzling him, he broke forth as follows: "Gentlemen, seeing that I am in the midst of a lot of old veterans in the shooting line, I want to ask you all a question. Do all the shot in a load, when fired on a dead level, travel with the same velocity?"

The response came quickly from a half dozen men, "Yes, of course they do, if they are all of the same size." Turning to me, some one asked what I thought of it. I told them that I had noticed, when shooting at ducks on the water, that although I aimed well, and the bulk of



the shot struck the spot aimed at, yet many fell short, and after my birds had turned over and were apparently stone dead, I had seen the water around and beyond the bird plowed up by what seemed to me to be straggling shot. The majority were of the opinion, however, that I was mistaken or that my shot were mixed.

The stranger listened to the discussion with a good deal of interest and then told us of an experience which he had that seemed to settle the matter to the entire satisfaction of us all. Said he, "I ain't no huntin' man, never went huntin' in my life till las' winter. But one day I was settin' on a store porch in a little country village in southwest Virginia, an' a fellow that I knowed purty well, he put at me to go bird huntin' with him. I told him I knowed nothin' 'bout shootin' an' that I could kill as many birds with a rock as I could with a gun, but it 'peared like he had done set his heart on my goin' with him; so to keep the peace I tuk the gun an' went 'long. The first covey o' birds we skered up went into a clump o' bushes, an' he says to me, says he, 'Now you go right into the left an' I'll go to the right.' We hadn't gone more 'n 30yds. in the bushes 'fore I heard a bird fly, an' he was a pint 'n straight at him. I never dreamed that the feller was a winter shoot, 'cause I thought sholy he could see as big a thing as me right befo' 'im, but he blazed away, and I'll be blanked if he didn't jes' fill me with shot. There's two shot now in my chin (here jes' feel 'em), two in my eyebrows (feel o' them, too), two went through my right ear, an' there's no less 'n twenty-five in the top o' my head that went through my hat. When I felt 'em hit me, I jes' hollered out, 'John, what in th' devil are you doin'? You've shot me!' Jes' as that las' word 'me' come out o' my mouth two mo' shot come 'long an' went right into th' root o' my tongue. Now, whar did them shot come f'om?"

Upon being told that there was but one shot fired, and that the ammunition was from the Chamberlin Co., and No. 8 shot, it was unanimously decided that "experience was the best teacher" and that we would take his word for it that they do not travel alike, and that we thought as he did about going hunting again—the next time we were asked to go out we would stay at home.

RICHMOND, Va. POLK MILLER.

## Game Bag and Gun.

### CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

#### Uncertain Laws.

THE other morning Col. Felton asked me if I "took out a license when I was shooting down in Arkansas." I told him I did not. In the *Game Laws in Brief* I find no reference to a license. Mr. Jas. Irwin and other Little Rock sportsmen informed me and have since repeated it that none was required. I know many outside shooters who never heard of any license in Arkansas, except, I believe, for the shooting and shipping of ducks. So near as I can learn, no license for non-residents is required. The usual non-resident State law is a spiteful local affair, and if observed would cut off the sporting public from the best grounds of the country. I am not sure that the sporting press wants to work this hardship, though it certainly favors the observation of natural game laws once passed. How about Arkansas?

Another State of doubtful laws is Wisconsin. Col. Felton said to me the same morning of the above conversation that he "had left the Horicon Club, of Wisconsin, because he could not bring his ducks out of the State and he didn't like to break the law." Yet thousands of ducks have been brought from the Horicon marsh by the club men and put in cold storage in Chicago. And now comes the warden of Wisconsin and says there is no law against shipping or carrying ducks out of the State, and that the export law applies only to venison. The *Game Laws in Brief* does not state that it is against the Wisconsin law even to ship venison. How about Wisconsin?

In fact, the game laws of this country are in a terrible jumble. It is too much to ask of one to keep them all straight in his head, and for one I do not pretend to do it. Whenever I go into a new State or section for sport I always look up the laws in the *Brief*, after which nothing. But how about these things? If I am shy a license down in Arkansas I want to take it out. Above all, I want to know, you know, how we are going to know about all these things. For my part, I am willing to stand on the accuracy of the *Game Laws in Brief*. According to this the Horicon men may bring their ducks to Chicago, and the Chicago man may shoot in Arkansas; two points worth remembering.

#### Friendly Woodcock.

Hon. J. G. Smith, of Algona, Ia., writes as follows under date of June 4, about an interesting bit of woodcock history: "Last evening, about eight o'clock, Mr. Warren, of the Upper Des Moines of this place, was sitting on his front porch when an old woodcock and three young ones, the young ones about half grown, came walking up the cross street and crossed our main street in front of his house. They were walking along like an old hen and chickens. To make sure that they were woodcock Mr. Warren caught one of the young ones. He let the young bird go again, and the old bird and the young ones commenced to make a squeaking noise and soon came together and went over the hill down into the river bottom. They did not seem to be at all alarmed, and were about as tame as a hen and chickens. The old bird flew a short distance when he went near her. It seems somewhat strange that a woodcock should come into the center of the town with her young, a town of about 3,500 inhabitants. Mr. Warren tells me he could easily have caught the whole brood. We are having very dry weather and the old bird was without a doubt looking for food."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

\*There is no non-resident law in Arkansas, nor any non-export law in Wisconsin. Whenever such restrictions prevail they are clearly stated in the *Brief*.—Ed.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

#### To Loot the National Park.

PENDING in Congress is an apparently innocent measure "to establish the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park and for other purposes." It is the "for other purposes" that concerns every American who is opposed to the spoliation of the domain.

The ostensible purpose of the land grabbers is railroad improvement. Members of Congress are now being importuned with memorials setting forth the crying need of new lines and the evils of the Yellowstone as a bar to intercommunication. Thus arguments are found for tapping the Northern Pacific Railroad so as to carry a branch down into the Park itself and through the Valley of the Yellowstone, one of the few grandly picturesque regions left in the world. This railroad extension would then be carried up and around into Montana, with the result of cutting off a vast region from the Park itself. This region is then, by a supplementary act, to pass into the hands of the land speculators, and the Yellowstone would become a matter of history only.

The hollowness of the pretenses of the schemers is evident from the fact that the subject of railroad facilities with reference to the Yellowstone Park has long since been attended to. There exists now a "panhandle" through which a right of way could be had for a line of rails through the Big Horn and thence to Montana, thereby affording not only means of communication, but even cheaper transportation, besides saving the Park itself intact.

Chairman Faulkner, of the Senate Committee on Territories, together with his colleagues, Hill, White (California), Platt, Davis, Carey, Hainsborough, Call and Shoup, have all been approached in the interest of the land grabbers with arguments tending to show that the main utility of the Park is to keep numbers of hotel men prosperous. Of course, the hotel men do not like to see the beauties of the Yellowstone pass away, and it seems to be an interesting question as to which class of men will have most influence. But the real opposition is not solely from these hotel managers, as is claimed by the speculators. Naturalists, tourists and citizens generally are becoming interested, and it is probable that should the real situation become known the land lobbyists would fail in their efforts.

It is likely that, when the significance of the land grabbing bill becomes known to the scientific societies throughout the country, there will be concerted action for the prevention of the impending spoliation. But if enough members of Congress cannot be interested, it looks as if the American people will soon cease to be the possessors of a tract of which the value is beyond estimate.—Philadelphia Press.

#### Grassy Lake Hunting Club.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 15.—We have added another game preserve to the rapidly increasing list. The Grassy Lake Hunting Club was organized here a short time ago, with W. H. Crookson President, and D. A. Gray Secretary. I was elected attorney and am living in the hope of a princely salary thereto attached sometime in the future. We have bought 640 acres of duck marsh, including Big Grassy Lake, Little Grassy Lake and part of Clear Lake, and Messrs. Gibb and Breysacher, architects, are drawing plans for the club house. We have secured one of the best marshes in the State, and while it is probably possible to kill 1,000 ducks a day on it for awhile, we do not propose to have any hogs in our crowd. We have by severe penalties limited the score to twenty-five ducks and two geese a day. We propose to inclose our land, plant it with wild rice, which will be an experiment as none has ever succeeded here; and we think we will have the finest game preserve in the State.

Fishing is said to be very good in Clear Lake and in parts of Big Grassy, but I have never tried it. The club house will be situated on a hill some little distance from the marsh, so as to be free from malaria.

The season has been very dry and the waters are very low. As a consequence, fishing has been better than it generally is in the spring. Some of our streams have been badly trapped and netted. It is impossible to secure any convictions under our fish law, for it is so loose that about all a court can do with it is to decide under which exception an offender shall be discharged. May be when all the fish are gone from the streams we will get a better one.

J. M. ROSE.

#### Deer in the Green Mountains.

RUTLAND, Vt., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed from time to time accounts of the deer now growing so plentiful in our mountains, but I have seen no account of how they came here.

Fifty years and more ago deer were a plenty on the east side of Lake Champlain, and on the west side in the famed Adirondack wilderness; but over-hunting, especially in the wrong season, crusting and other objectionable modes did their perfect work, and the deer disappeared from all parts of the State except in the extreme northeast section, where they were able to maintain themselves in that denser wooded and less thickly settled section. The last deer which the writer recollects as having been killed in this section was about 1842, and it was considered a miracle almost then.

About fifteen years ago one of the keepers at the Dannemora State Prison advertised a herd of deer for sale, and a number of the citizens, sportsmen and others, of this place, conceived the idea of buying them with the intent of turning them loose in the mountains, to see if the State could be restocked. Most of the money, several hundred dollars, was raised here, but some was contributed from other sections. In all about 17 deer were obtained, and in April were turned loose to take their chances. A close season of five years was ordered by the Legislature, and the law was re-enacted from time to time till 1890, when it was altered to ten years, extending to 1900.

The experiment has been very satisfactory; the deer have increased even beyond our expectations, and I verily believe that there are as many deer in a tract of country fifty miles long and ten miles wide in the center of the State, as there are on any corresponding tract in the Adirondacks.

The citizens generally have taken great interest in the venture, and, so far as I know, very few indeed have been killed; personally I know of but two, and one of those I have reason to believe was not killed intentionally. A liberal reward was offered for information leading to conviction, but we have never been called upon but once; three years ago a deer was deliberately killed at 8 o'clock

one Sunday morning, and at 9 o'clock on Monday morning the offender commenced working a three months' sentence in the State workhouse. Not one of the contributors to the original fund ever expected to kill a deer in our State of Vermont, or wanted to; it was all for the benefit of posterity, but we vowed to fight tooth and nail before every legislature to keep the law in. Every year some fellow who never paid a dollar of the expense, but who has seen, or heard of a deer, is up with a bill for an open season. They cannot wait. If they could have their way, deer would be as scarce here in two years as they were before this stocking was attempted.

If I could have my way, none should be killed before 1910, but I presume we cannot stand the pressure after 1900, and shall have to allow a short open season.

VERDE MONT.

#### Bear and Mountain Lion.

THE following extract from a private letter recently received by a member of FOREST AND STREAM's staff gives some notion of the interest which attends one form of spring bear hunting in the Rocky Mountains. The writer says:

"I have been hunting bear and traveled on an average twenty-five miles a day since April 15. Of course, you will ask, what success? Well, I have killed four bears and five lions since April 15, and I have chased about a dozen bears off this part of the continent. I am hunting with dogs, and while they are dead medicine on a lion, they don't take kindly to rare bear. They have stopped two that I have killed and may improve, but just now I can't blow on them to any great extent.

"All the bear I have killed are black, and they were bred for speed and endurance rather than for fighting qualities. When you follow a bear for forty miles, and then pack the green hide on your back fifteen more to camp, and travel over down timber and often on snowshoes, you can form some idea of the sport I have had.

"But the season is over and I am again a quiet granger. The grass is green; horses are fat; mosquitoes and flies are plenty and the weather is warm. I sympathize with a man who in the pursuit of fame and fortune shuts himself up in a great city and lives like a Christian. I believe though that we are all more or less savages, and while we may live it down for a while nature will finally get the better of judgment, and sooner or later you will have to take to the mountains. I am sorry to learn that you gave out and went South for change and rest. You should have come West, and run lions on snowshoes. You would have found plenty of change, but very little rest.

"I am making arrangements for a hunt this fall on a large scale. I shall look for bear and trap martin. Could you not join me during October, November and December? This work does not require any great mental exertion and it is a little more than self-supporting. We won't get rich, but appetite! you can get a wealth of that."

#### Illinois Game Notes.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., June 18.—I have inquired of a number of farmers from all sections of Jersey county in regard to quail; they all report old ones in abundance but no young ones have been seen yet. As we have had a very dry season so far, there is every prospect of an abundant supply of birds next fall.

J. M. Page, editor of the *Jersey County Democrat*, and a member of our shooting and fishing club, has received an offer from Mr. A. B. Harding, an employee of the Santa Fe Railroad at Canadian Texas, to ship him a brood of Mexican topknot quail. Mr. J. T. Grimes, residing two miles west of this city and owning several hundred acres of good quail ground, has kindly offered to look after them and see that they are protected on his land. The question is, will they thrive so far north of their native home?

Squirrels are reported numerous in the timber a few miles west. It is lawful to shoot squirrels in Illinois after June 1, and the law has been generally observed here. My son Walter has been out three times with his .22 Stevens and has bagged twenty-three, all young, about two-thirds grown.

Considerable sport is had here with the .22, shooting young rabbits along the roadsides from a buggy. The rabbits come out of the fields in the evening to play and wallow in the dust and are then an easy mark.

I am afraid that trap shooting has seen its best days here unless new life can be infused into it. Our club members seem to have lost all interest, yet we have some good shots among them.

L. S. HANSELL.

#### Indians Abated, But Elk Runners at Large.

CORA, Wyo., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Upper Green River, Star Valley and Jackson's Hole people have cause to rejoice over the fact that the Fort Hall and Shoshone Indians are to be kept on their reservations in the future. The settlers have worked hard and persistently for this result and have justly earned a victory, through their representatives at Washington. I am in receipt of letters from the district attorneys of Fremont and Uinta counties in which they say they have positive assurance that we will be troubled no more with their depredations. At the same time they ordered the constables in the several precincts to arrest all roving bands of Indians and bring them to the county seats for prosecution.

Elk, antelope and deer are quite plentiful and are not being molested while rearing their young this year.

Now, if "Mountaineer" will push his plan of stopping the capture of elk during the winter and spring months and have that become a law I think he will be the means of preventing the destruction of thousands of elk that are now being run by grain-fed horses until many drop dead. It is estimated by men who are in a position to know that not one out of ten so captured survive to reach the corral.

IRA DODGE.

[We should like the facts and statistics of this live elk capturing business.]



## CHAINED

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## Sea and River Fishing.

### FORT MYERS TARPON SEASON, 1894.

THAT the Caloosahatchie River in Lee county, southwest Florida, is the home of the tarpon and the place in all the world where the great fish takes the bait most readily, is demonstrated by this year's record of the Fort Myers fishing, which reached me yesterday.

In 1887 the first advancing wave of fishermen reached the salt waters of Charlotte Harbor, and caused the erection of a most charming little hotel—the San Carlos—on Pine Island, near the mouth of the harbor, and did not spend itself until the year 1892, when the comparatively few fish in the various ponds near that hotel disappeared. Even the patience of a tarpon fisherman can in time be exhausted. These people, however, were not content to see their sport destroyed, and in 1890, taking the hint from certain small creeks which they had stumbled on, and which yielded fish, tried the great Caloosahatchie River, which empties Lake Okechobee into the Harbor, and has a length of over 100 miles, and for the last 24 is salt, and is from half a mile to two miles wide. The pretty village of Fort Myers is near the head of this broad part of the river, which ends at the northern or eastern end, at "the jetties" and the Beautiful Islands. These adventurers found the fish obdurate, and tarpon fishing among the initiated and their subinitiated was transferred to Myers, which has now become the headquarters for those who pursue the fish.

The growth of the pursuit is shown by the figures of the record, which has been kept zealously and with tolerable accuracy by W. R. Washburn, the local Poo-Bah of the place—town councilman, cigar maker, newsdealer, stationer and book seller, tackle dealer and barber. The fish taken were: For 1891, 152; for 1892, 200; 1893, 233, and 1894, 416, to which I have added 3 taken by others during my five days' fishing last March, which did not find a place on the record. I have no doubt no less than fifty fish were taken which were not recorded—probably a good many more.

The record for 1894 has just appeared and covers a whole page of the local paper—the Fort Myers Press—and shows facts which will be of interest to those who annually visit the region. Its abstract is that the number of successful fishermen was 87, of whom there were 6 women who took 16 fish. The longest fish, 7ft., was taken by Arthur M. Mitchell; the heaviest, 192lbs., by J. H. Stevenson. In January there were taken 3; in February 3; in March 65; in April 302, and in May 46. The names of the captors with the number of fish taken by them are:

Prof. C. E. Ackley.....1	R. T. Holloway.....27	B. C. Quimby.....1
G. R. W. Armes.....52	Sloum Howland.....2	B. F. Ray.....1
Dr. C. T. Baldwin.....1	Clarence Howland.....2	R. R. Rand.....1
Henry Balknap.....1	Mrs. H. T. Holloway.....2	Robert H. Riddle.....1
E. P. Borden.....4	H. S. Hovey.....2	W. O. Rew.....3
Edward Beadel.....11	Leland Harrison.....3	J. H. Stevenson.....4
George S. Bourne.....1	Rev. W. K. Imbrie.....2	Mrs. G. T. Stagg.....4
A. W. S. Cochran.....1	Lindley Johnson.....2	F. G. Stagg.....7
W. J. Constock.....1	Washby Jones.....14	Nathan G. Scott.....1
James W. Cooke.....6	W. B. Kneass.....1	First St. Scott.....1
W. G. DeWitt.....2	Miss G. Kemmerer.....1	M. Toland.....1
H. S. Drinler, Jr.....1	Hartman Kuhn.....2	E. L. Toland.....2
J. L. Ellwood.....1	John M. Lakin.....1	E. H. Tomlinson.....1
Mrs. L. P. Evans.....1	Seth Low.....2	M. L. Voris.....3
L. P. Evans.....2	Amos H. Little.....13	S. E. Voris.....3
Alva C. Finney.....2	J. B. Moore.....11	H. M. Voris.....1
James G. de Forest.....1	John R. Leathers.....2	P. M. J. VanCortlandt.....15
T. J. Falls.....1	A. M. McGregor.....9	A. H. R. Woodward.....2
John Forde.....2	B. M. McGregor.....2	J. A. West.....3
F. B. Frishmuth.....19	T. C. Mattson.....2	Bertha Woodward.....1
Dr. E. P. George.....4	Arthur M. Mitchell.....4	George D. Watrous.....2
N. M. George.....26	J. B. Moore.....7	Mrs. G. A. West.....2
M. S. Green.....5	George Mixer.....2	G. A. West.....2
F. L. Glezen.....34	J. Boyd Nixon.....2	Robert Walpole.....12
W. T. Grant.....3	George A. Owen.....1	Mrs. R. Walpole.....5
F. S. Hodges.....5	John V. O'Donnahue.....4	Judge L. S. Wood.....2
C. J. Hicks.....1	E. H. Pardee.....1	Col. B. H. Young.....4
J. H. Hildreth.....1	Vernon D. Price.....1	D. G. Yates.....9
	Charles Platt, Jr.....4	William Zeigler.....2

These people are from all over the United States, with a fair sprinkling of the ubiquitous Englishman, and represent every profession and trade. There is none of them who does not expect to return to the pursuit another season.

Last March, at the end of a two months wandering in the West Indies and Mexico, I took a side excursion to my old haunts about Charlotte Harbor to take a tarpon, and spent five days fishing for him at Fort Myers. One day I wasted on an old ground opposite the village, and had no strike. The other four days I had two strikes each day and saved two fish, the largest 6ft. 6in., weighing 134lbs. This latter fish was taken on the last day of my stay and at a place I had never before visited. I had heard from a Sunday school picnic party, which had been "up the river" about thirty miles, that the tarpon could be seen from their steamboat in countless numbers, and therefore, with two companions and the appropriate guides and small boats, I chartered a steam launch and went up the river until we struck a school about six miles above the village. We found the water alive with the fish. During the time we fished—from 10 o'clock until 3—there was not a moment when from one to fifty fish were not visible on the surface. Abundance of fish in sight by no means insures fishing. The tarpon is a surface fish, and I doubt that he pays much attention to what lies on the bottom. I watched with keen interest squad after squad of these glorious creatures rolling by my boat—often so near that I could have speared them—showing in the sunlight that beautiful rosy glow which I have observed only on the unharmed fish, as their gleaming sides emerged from the surface of the river, a brilliant hue which disappears into opalescent paleness when the hook drives them mad with terror.

My companions anchored in the middle of the stream, while I placed my boat so that I could cast under the shore in front of the "wallowing herds" which moved along close to the bushes. In ten minutes one good fish followed my bait to the bottom and ran out half my line and then leaped at least 5ft. clear of the water, following it immediately with the grandest effort I, or my boatman, ever saw, fully 15ft. clear of the surface. I had him in 19 minutes, after he had made 20 leaps. This was my largest fish of this season.

I have read with interest the attempts to boom Texas as a tarpon resort, which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM occasionally the past season. I have seen no communication as yet as to these new resorts from one who has had experience in southwest Florida. These writers fall into the natural error of inferring that tarpon

can be taken where the fish abound. There may be a thousand tarpon in sight, and twenty boats fishing with all proper appliances, and not a fish touch the bait. Especially must this be true of a place like Aransas Pass, described in the *Cosmopolitan* lately and in FOREST AND STREAM. Forty-five feet depth of water would rule out bottom fishing, and although a fish might be taken by trolling, the capture would be at very rare intervals. There is no feeding ground like the Caloosahatchie. The wide, brackish river is swarming with mullet, catfish and crabs—all favorite food for tarpon, and the water is rarely more than 15ft. in depth. The fish are not afraid of boats, steam or sail. They are more abundant now than ever before. I do not believe it is possible to materially diminish the supply, and I find all those of experience with whom I have talked agree with me. F. S. J. C.

### ANGLING NOTES.

#### Fishways for the Hudson.

AS PRESIDENT of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club I have received many encouraging letters in regard to the action of the club looking to the opening of the Hudson River with fishways that salmon may ascend to headwater spawning grounds.

I am tempted to give a short extract from a personal letter upon this subject that I received from my friend Rev. Dr. Anson J. Upson, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York: "I have read your excellent paper on 'Salmon in the Hudson' with very great interest and profit. You have increased my knowledge in a very interesting way. Your distinction drawn between a sportsman and a sport is very significant, and your incidental mention of my revered friend, Dr. Bethune, touched my heart. My father was a sportsman, but unfortunately I have not inherited his tastes. What a glorious sight it would be to see the salmon leaping in our great river! May you and I live to see it. And if I do not live long enough, may you enjoy the sight and the flavor of many a noble fish. I shall keep your article on the salmon among my treasures in my scrap-book, for the pleasure of future ages."

The matter of building fishways in the upper Hudson is, I find, of interest to a great many people, not only in the State of New York, but to people in other States as well, but I am amazed to find so many that knew nothing of the importance of building fishways. Some are surprised to know that salmon have been planted in the Hudson, but I am satisfied that there is and will be an awakening upon this subject that will bear fruit.

But there are things, other than fishing, to be considered and combated before the Hudson can become a salmon stream with all that the term implies. The Glens Falls Star reprinted the editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of May 26 as being directly to the point of the whole matter, "that public sentiment must be aroused by educational processes." A gentleman in Lansingburgh, N. Y., who says he has read my notes in FOREST AND STREAM and is consequently moved to write me, says: "I believe that unless some rigorous measures are taken with those who net and spear the fish in the river here, the lovers of salmon fishing will find but poor sport on the Hudson. During the past three years I have seen probably twenty dead salmon between this village and Mechanicville, and of these about one-half were examined to learn if possible the cause of their death. All showed injuries of some kind and some were undoubtedly caused by spears." The writer tells me, further, in a second letter, of nets that he has destroyed above the Troy dam. All that I can say at present is that steps have been taken to see if it is possible to educate the people down the river in regard to the use of spears and nets.

#### Fish Food.

Apparently only a small portion of our anglers realize how important it is that the trout in our streams should be well fed. We hear much of stocking waters with fish, and little about stocking the same waters with food for the fish to live upon. Any fish to be at its best must do more than simply exist—it must grow fat, and it cannot do this on pure water.

I have been surprised this spring to find brook trout from many different streams in extremely poor condition. Early in the season I accounted for it by saying that the food had not hatched out and the trout were much in the condition that winter finds them after they have wasted from spawning. That excuse will not answer now that June is here, and the fact to be confronted is that many of the streams do not produce enough food for the fish they contain. I know I have been accused of riding the fish-food hobby, but I believe it to be a good hobby, and I would like to have others join me, for there is plenty of room for this sort of riding.

A gentleman in Boston, who fishes the trout streams of Cape Cod, tells me of marking brook trout, as salmon have been marked, in the stream he fishes. A few days ago he caught a sea run brook trout (*fontinalis*) weighing 1lb. 6oz. This trout was marked in 1892 and was then 3in. long and weighed probably 2oz. He tells me that this growth is above the average of trout in the same stream under similar conditions. The food of trout that have access to salt water is largely crustacean, judging from the color of their flesh, and there is no difficulty in planting trout waters with fresh-water shrimp.

Mr. C. F. Orvis wrote me recently and I quote the following from his letter: "Lots of trout have been taken in the Ondawa" (this is the Indian name for the Battenkill River, which rises in Vermont, not far from Equinox Mountain, and flows through the Bennington Valley and finally turns west through the mountains, crosses Washington county, N. Y., and empties into the Hudson). "There are more trout in our river now than there were 20 years ago, and they are fine and fat. I believe the shrimp that I put in the stream five years ago are yielding good results. I do not know this, but do know that the trout are now plumper and there are lots of them. The trout fry that I hatched and put in the river, we fed for some time after the sac was absorbed. I believe these little fishes were much better for planting than fry with sacs just or nearly absorbed."

Only a few days after receiving this letter from which I have quoted, Mr. Charles H. Wilson called upon me after fishing the Battenkill in Washington county, and he said that never had he taken such fine fat trout from this stream as those taken this year.

It is a very simple matter to stock a stream with fresh-water shrimp, and they cost only \$2 a thousand, delivered

at the express office, if one has to buy them, and at the Caledonia station of the New York Fish Commission they have been furnished free, and I presume they are yet furnished to applicants in a like manner.

#### Brown Trout.

Mr. W. C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, N. Y., who has been active in stocking the waters in Essex county, N. Y., also stocked with shrimp, but I cannot tell without overhauling his letters. Anyway he writes me very recently as follows: "I am a firm believer in stocking our waters and protecting the fish, for I have seen the good results of the first in our local waters which were just about depleted from over-fishing, but are now, thanks to restocking, pretty fair fishing. I was interested in this week's FOREST AND STREAM article by you on the brown trout in the Hudson. I stocked pretty liberally with them here, both streams and ponds, and they have proved a success in waters not quite suited for *fontinalis*. One brook has furnished some first-rate fish, but it is too near the people at Mineville and Port Henry for the trout to grow very large—one pound is the largest I have known of being caught there. But in the ponds they are doing grandly."

"My wife and I caught five one morning from Turner Pond weighing respectively 4½, 4, 4, 4 and 3½lbs., total 20½lbs. I have tried some of the other ponds since and while not fishing the best times of the day have had fine sport, and am glad to see the trout seem to be doing well in hatching. I have tried not to keep any under 2lbs. in weight, and have only saved one under that size, a fish of 1½lbs. that was hurt badly and I thought he would not live."

"I caught three yesterday of 2lbs. 3oz., 2lbs. 10oz. and 4lbs. in a spring-fed pond that gave as good a fight as any trout I ever handled. We see good results too in stocking with *fontinalis*, although they do not grow as rapidly as the brown trout in size."

There is a disposition on the part of some people to give the brown trout the cold shoulder, in other words not to plant them, because they may interfere with the native brook trout, but the brown trout has its place as well as the *fontinalis*, and will, as Mr. Witherbee suggests, thrive in waters not wholly suited to the native trout. They should be planted intelligently in selected waters, not blindly as so many of our fish are planted, and they will prove a most desirable addition to our list of game fishes. A. N. CHENEY.

### REMINISCENCES OF OLD TIMES.

MY last, long, bootless tramp to the old trout brooks set me to dreaming, as I rested with my pipe in my big chair after I got home, of the old boyhood days before the forests were all cut down, when an afternoon on the same waters always assured me of two dozen trout, and oftener of four or five dozen for the family breakfast, and sometimes for dinner the next day.

It brought back a cloud of recollections of many happy days, and pictures, photographed on the memory, of many a wooded ravine, with falls and rapids, overshadowed by old oaks and hemlocks, where the trout lurked beneath the foam and bubbles; or many a broad grassy meadow, where the snake-like brook now buried itself under one bank and now under the other, with as sure find for a fish at every bend. Well do I recall my first trout, more than 60 years ago, when, a very small boy, I made my first essay. How, when I went into the old alder swamp back of the house (now long since cleared and cultivated) to cut a "fishpole," I lost the new green line for which I had just paid a "fourpenny bit" at the village store, and how my mother consoled me by the production from the depths of her spacious work-basket, of a piece of fine cord which she had stored for some other purpose, but which made a very good line for a first one. I even remember the blue denim jacket and trousers, the "dog's head" on the brass buttons, foretelling the future sportsman, which I wore, as I started for the brook in the morning, with a two-quart tin pail in my hand to carry my luncheon and bring back my spoil.

That luncheon was never eaten, for the radiant beauty of the first fish destroyed my appetite for all else, and I started home on the run to exhibit him, without waiting for more. I may have told this story before, but I was as wild as Christopher North over his first minnow, of which every one who has read his delightful "Recreations" will doubtless recall his description.

I can see the whole scene now, the placid mill pond, the quiet brook, entering it under the old wooden bridge, and the bobolinks singing in the meadow above. How carefully I concealed the hook in the wriggling worm and then dropped it over the upper side of the little bridge; how the sudden jerk on the line startled me at first, and how triumphantly I swung the spangled victim on to the bridge. He must have been fully five inches long, if not six, and just went into my pail, and I asked for no more that morning. I returned to the brook in the afternoon with an older companion, who gave me my first lesson in throwing the bait into the head of the rapids and letting it sweep down with the current and swing naturally in to the abiding places of the trout.

The first meadow gave us a sufficient string for that day, for creels were unknown to us, and a willow or alder stick with a crotch at bottom, run through the gills, was all our basket.

As I grew older I went up the brook further, and many a picture of it is yet fresh in memory. In the first meadow it was joined by a larger one, which held larger trout, but was not so sure fishing, for there was another sawmill, two miles higher up, on it, and when that was running, and the water was full of sawdust, we could not get a bite.

Later in the summer, when the winter's cut of logs was all saved up, we used to go up that branch, and I can see now the big elm which overshadowed a great bend, and feel the pull with which a 1lb. trout seized my hook the instant it touched the water, just when it drew in under the roots; and how soon I had him turning somersaults in the long grass of the meadow!

But I am getting garrulous, and must bring this to a close with one more picture. Further up the brook a pasture road crossed it, at a shallow ford, and I can recall one June morning when I came to this road, where the farmer had just cut a "brush fence" across the brook to keep his cows from straying up and down. It was a perfect day, the sun sprinkled the rippling waters of the ford, as they broke over the bright pebbles, with splashes of sunshine, constantly moving as the gentle breeze swayed



the branches; the leaves on the young saplings which had just been cut had not faded, and formed a green wall on both sides of the path, and on the lower side the water deepened a little as it drew under the brush.

I cast my bait into the ripple just above the brush, and it went out of sight instantly to a vigorous pull from below. When I pulled in return the hook caught in the brush, and I lost my fish. Three times was this repeated, and then he would bite no more. He had probably got pricked.

I lost my fish, but I shall never forget the picture, which I can see now after the lapse of nearly sixty years whenever I choose to close my eyes and recall it. The rippling water, the swaying branches, and the dancing sunshine flickering through the leaves, come back to my vision as clearly as if I stood there now, and remind me in my old age that I had my share of simple pleasures and pure enjoyment in my youth, and have no reason to repine if I have now to fall back on my memories of those happy days.

I may have a few more bouts with the trout yet and hope I shall; but I must go far away, where so-called civilization has not despoiled Nature of all her bounties and pleasures.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

VON W.

## NIAGARA ANGLERS' BANQUET.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 20.—A time such as only true anglers can have was enjoyed by the members of the Niagara County Anglers' Club at the banquet last evening given by the defeated but defiant Blues to the triumphant but timorous Reds. The side beaten at the Youngstown fishing tournament, as fully detailed in FOREST AND STREAM this week, provided the spread, and the winners did the speech making.

The announcement that FOREST AND STREAM would have a full account of the tournament and banquet was enthusiastically received, and the local agent was compelled to send large extra orders for the papers highly appreciated by the banner fishing club of the United States.

Mine host W. W. Stevens, himself an angler and prize winner, had ransacked the four quarters of the globe in order to set before his brethren all the delicacies of the season. A feature of the menu were Chautauqua Lake pickerel, no specimen weighing less than 15lbs. stuffed. After all had done justice to the feast, Capt. Nicholls of the Blues arose and in a felicitous speech reviewed the principal scenes of the annual excursion and tournament. The following toasts and sentiments were wittily responded to:

Toastmaster, C. L. Nicholls; "The Victors," Capt. G. L. Holmes; "The Vanquished," W. H. Case; "The Clambake," H. C. Hulshoff; "The Club Budge," A. L. Smith; "The Ladies," John Craddock; "Angling vs. Pugilism," Will E. Jenney; "Uses of an Eel Skin," Ed. Brown; "Youngstown Beverages," W. F. Bennett; "Bass Fishing and Catching," E. F. Smith; "Death of the Lobsters," James Clifford; "Fishing Weather," F. J. Davis; "Ounces Counted," W. A. Hixson; "How to Cook Clams," Joseph Dumville; "Deep Lake Fishing," Jerome E. Emerson; "The Club's Finances," Geo. W. Weaver; "Music on the Water," Will R. Smith; "A Political Pull," M. O'Connor; "An Abrupt Departure," F. K. Sweet; "Fish, Flesh, or Fowl," Tom Eckensperger; "An Empty Creel," J. W. Peuss; "Hulshoff as a Worker," James Rowe; "The Eldorado," M. Wendover; "Clams in the Morning," Hon. John F. Little; "The Niagara County Anglers," Hon. John A. Merritt; "Our Niagara Falls Members," Hon. F. A. Dudley; "Fishing at the Falls," Geo. Nye.

The individual prizes as previously published in this paper were awarded by President W. H. Case with suitable words for each winner. The responses were particularly happy.

M. H. HOOPER.

## ON THE SALMON RIVERS.

MOSSY CLIFF CAMP, St. Johns River, Gaspé, P. Q., June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am away here on the north shore, and perhaps a few lines concerning the salmon fishing hereabouts would not be amiss to some of your readers. I am with Mr. John Fottler, Jr., who with Mr. Ivers Adams, control this water. We left Boston on the evening of June 4, and soon found on the train Mr. Phillip Moen and Mr. Geo. Blake, of Worcester, Mass., bound for Mr. Moen's preserve on the Little Cascapedia, our party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Fottler, Miss Pauline Fottler and myself. Mr. Moen and Mr. Blake made a royal addition thereto, and we had a splendid time nearly to our destination. We came by rail via St. John to Dalhousie, thence by steamer to Gaspé Basin. At Dalhousie our party was augmented by Miss Dutton and Swett, of Boston, en route for the Little Parbeau, Mr. Murdock and friend, of Chicago, for the York River, and Mr. Tappin, of New York, for the Dartmouth.

We arrived at Gaspé Wednesday night, 6th inst., and Thursday afternoon saw us safely at Mossy Cliff Camp, twenty miles up the St. Johns, a most beautiful and romantic spot.

The salmon had struck the river ahead of us, but Thursday evening's casting failed to raise one.

Friday morning Mr. Fottler had two rises but failed to hook one. In the evening I secured the first fish, a 17-pounder, which could not resist my Durham-ranger. Saturday we killed three fish weighing respectively 19, 10 and 12lbs. Tuesday Mr. Fottler killed a handsome fish of 15lbs. weight.

Last evening we both had a novel experience. Mr. F. went up the river and I went below. My first pool produced no rise, but the second (Still Pool) was a trifle different. I struck a fish a few minutes past 6 o'clock and it was a quarter to 9 when he was gaffed and laid in the canoe. We had decided the first half hour that he was foul-hooked and was a big fish, so we were not surprised when we found the fly firmly embedded in one of the small fins back of the throat. It was the greatest fight I ever had and I wonder that I saved him. When we got back to camp Mr. Fottler had been there some time, and what was our surprise to learn that he also had foul-hooked a large fish and after nearly an hour's fight had killed him. The two fish lying side by side looked as near alike as two peas, and each weighed 22lbs. I think this a very curious incident and one worthy to be chronicled.

Thirty minutes' walk from our camp, right up the mountain, and I might say planted fairly on the mountain top, is a beautiful lake nearly circular in shape and quite a mile across. It is alive with the most gorgeous colored

speckled trout I ever saw; and they take the fly in a way to satisfy the most exacting angler. They are small compared with some of our Maine trout (running from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1lb. in weight) but they make up in color and gaminess what they lack in size.

Take it all in all this is an anglers' paradise. The beautiful river and lake and mountains and woods leave nothing to be desired.

By way of Gaspé we hear that the season on both the York and Dartmouth is a trifle early yet, neither Mr. Murdock nor Mr. Tappin having killed many fish.

Should anything more occur of interest I shall be glad to apprise you of it.

J. W. B.

## CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Across the Range.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 15.—Heavy tidings come from Ft. Yellowstone, the announcement of the death of Lieut. L. Daniels, one of the younger officers on duty there under the superintendent of the Park, Capt. Anderson, under date of June 5, states that Lieut. Daniels left the post for a trip to Gardiner, Sunday, May 27, starting for home about 11 P. M. At 3 A. M. the following morning he was found about a mile from Gardiner. He was unconscious, and had apparently been thrown from his horse and dragged a short distance. He never regained consciousness, and died the Thursday afternoon following. "This, of course," writes Capt. Anderson, "has cast a damper over everybody." It well might do so. Lieut. Daniels was a blithesome, open-hearted soul, a thorough soldier and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. His death leaves it impossible to repay the many courtesies shown the representative of this paper by him during the recent visit at the Post, which was his abiding place.

### The Majority Claims Another.

Mr. C. C. Lamos, whose recent sudden death by pneumonia at his summer place at St. Jo, Mich., so startled his many friends in this section, was a type of the well-to-do modern city sportsman, up to date and generous in his tastes with himself and all around him. He was a member of the Horicon and other shooting clubs of this city, where he was known also in business circles as a successful man.

### A Near Thing.

Mr. F. L. Stanton, manager in the West for the Natchaug Silk Co., of Willimantic, New York and Chicago, was recently the pilot into Wisconsin wilds of Col. J. D. Chaffee, president of that company; Mr. O. S. Chaffee, of Willimantic, Conn., and Mr. D. E. Adams, a manufacturer of Boston. Mr. Stanton was anxious to show his friends some sport, but fortune was against them seriously from the start, and at length only let them off with what was a most narrow escape from a fatality. They met high wind, cold weather and poor sport at Lake Vieux Desert, and got no 'lunge' of consequence. On the day in question Mr. Stanton saw Mr. Adams strike a heavy fish, and as the fish left the water twice it was plainly seen to be a very large one. Mr. Adams went on playing the fish, and as it was growing cold and the water was very rough, the other boats left him and went on in to camp. About an hour afterward repeated calls were heard, and those on shore at last discovered that Mr. Adams and his oarsman had met with a capsiz. They were two miles out in a bad sea. Two guides put out to them and found Mr. Adams's guide on top the overturned boat. The guide could not swim. Mr. Adams was in the water holding on to the boat with one hand. He was heavily pressed, had on hip boots, an overcoat and a mackintosh. He was a good swimmer and a gritty man. He had been in the water an hour and a half when the rescuers came up, but he had hung on to his rod and played his fish all that time, and moreover had the 'lunge' still fast when the boat came up. He told the men to take his guide aboard, and they did, and then he told them to land his fish. They got the 'lunge' up alongside the boat, a 40lbs. fish, and instead of gaffing it tried to pick it up with their hands. Of course the fish struck the side of the boat and broke away. Mr. Adams then found that the boat would not carry all four, even if he could have gotten into it, so he ordered them to tow him ashore, which was done. He was in the water over two hours. When he got out where the air struck him he chilled through, became unconscious and nearly died. The party worked with him nearly all night, and at last got him through after a very near thing of it. Mr. Stanton and Mr. Adams then came on out of the woods. Mr. Adams writes from the East that his health has not been hurt by the trip. The incident leaves us to believe that while the quality of the Boston sportsman is all that could be asked, the education and ability of the Vieux Desert guides might be largely improved without serious injury.

### Will Make the Trap.

Mr. Jas. Irwin has sold out the Hotel Richelieu at Little Rock, Ark., and was recently in Chicago for a few days looking around, but slipped away to Kansas City before I got to see him half as much as I wished. I hope he will locate in a good game country again when he next settles, for it would be a shame for so ardent a sportsman to be out off from good sport. Mr. Irwin says that his father, of Kansas City, Mo., is going to patent and manufacture the minnow trap mentioned in these columns earlier as his invention. Mr. Irwin, Sr., says he believes it is the only really practical minnow trap he ever saw.

### Go Fishing.

The *Sovereign Visitor*, of Omaha, Neb., sizes FOREST AND STREAM up about right when it says:

"The FOREST AND STREAM is the most able and readable paper of its kind in America. While devoted to the rod and gun its columns bubble over with bright items of interest to everybody. We clip at random from a recent issue the following bright item:

"Change the subject. Leave off the chit-chat. Break the chain. Get out from the humdrum. Go fishing. There are waters persuasively purling for you. There are violets blowing for you in the meadows, and anemones and star-flowers glowing for you in the shade of the hemlocks. There are fish gleaming for you in the streams. Go fishing."

The literary editor of FOREST AND STREAM is a corker if he would only try. You are liable to strike a good thing any minute in FOREST AND STREAM, and it's a cinch you

get more than \$4 worth in a year. The advice to go fishing is worth more than that, if followed.

### Along the Mississippi.

A Dubuque, Ia., market-fisherman advises the seining of the bayous and sloughs left cut off by the receding waters, and the returning of the cut-off fish to the river. The old Fish Commission of Illinois knew this before and annually planted millions of young fish in that way, which is one of the most practical forms of fishculture along a stream like the Mississippi.

Fish Commissioner Delevan, of Monticello, writes to the Dubuque Times and states that the laws of Iowa do not prohibit fishermen or anybody else from seining in the Mississippi, or any of its ponds or lakes on the Iowa shore. He says that Illinois has such laws, but Iowa has not. No man can be successfully prosecuted for seining on the Ohio shore.

At Princeton, Ill., Monday, thirty-two persons were arrested by Fish Warden Blow for violating the fish laws by fishing in an illegal manner in the Illinois River. A telegram says that Warden Blow notified the proprietors of the Red Mills that if their dam in Bureau River was not provided with a fishway inside of ten days he would blow it up with dynamite.

The Dubuque Times of June 14 says the fishermen are going to sue Warden Blow for damages for destroying their nets. Fish Commissioner Langford, of Iowa, is also threatened similarly. This is the same old bluff. Let them sue if they want to. It still remains true that a burned net holds no fish and over burned nets there will be forty bluffs to one suit, and a very questionable win in that, as the plaintiff must come into court a confessed law-breaker. In law he cannot have "clean hands. Let the warden go on burning the nets and let the fishermen proceed with their bluffs, if they like.

Judge Hoyt, who tried the Lansing, Iowa, fish cases, differs from Judge Brannan, of Muscatine. The latter does not favor the market-fishers. The former does. The Supreme Court, of Iowa, will decide.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

### The Adirondacks.

UPPER SARANAC LAKE, Axton, N. Y., June 18.—Fishing was never more prosperous or successful in this section of the country than at the present. From Rustic Lodge as a center, sorties have been made of late in all directions with the greatest success. Last week parties from the house had great success in Round Lake, twenty minutes' row from here. One alone of the party returned in the cool of the evening with his basket comfortably filled with about 40lbs. of fierce-biting pickerel, none of which weighed less than 3 or 4lbs., while several weighed 8 and 10lbs. Another reports the capture of an 18-pounder in the same lake at the same time.

In another direction last week eight bouncing trout, none weighing less than 8lbs. and several from 7 to 10lbs., from Tolmesby Pond, three hours' comfortable and picturesque ramble by foot and boat from here.

Only yesterday, at the same pond, our party reports the result of the most interesting fishing of the season. As the dial of the watch marked one hour from the time of the first drop of the bait, 150 savage and hard-pulling perch as a reward, not counting the small ones thrown back, crowned their efforts, each weighing from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1lb. each. As fast as the line was dropped the fish responded. Vast schools could be seen gracefully gliding under water, while here and there swarms would fill the surface. Eight trout were also caught at this same fish, least weighing 3lbs., heaviest 10lbs.

But of all the fishing grounds the Upper Saranac combines the most pleasure for the lover of fish and nature. No lake in the Adirondacks seems to be stocked so well with lake trout. This house reports some of the men catching trout as high as 20 and 22lbs. each, while one man has the record of 106lbs. in one day.

SAMUEL CRAIG HUSTON.

### A "Freak" Goldfish.

THERE are many kinds of goldfish, and, with the exception of one shown in Mr. Thos. J. Conway's window, on Broadway near FOREST AND STREAM, all look alike. Mr. Conway's fish differs not only from goldfish; but from all other live fish. He wears no dorsal fin. Years ago a live fish without a dorsal was discovered and watched carefully while he lived. When dead his body was stuffed and put in a museum. According to Dr. Woodson (who ought to know for he is in charge of the new aquarium in Battery Park) it was never believed that a fish could live and swim without a fin like the dorsal. This fin is necessary to balance the fish when either resting or swimming. When swimming it is used as well to propel the body; when resting, it holds the fish right side up and keeps the fish from making a clam of itself.

He worries along very comfortably without this balance fin. Four months ago he was floating with a great herd of brethren in a Fulton Market aquarium. His commanding position among freak fish is also dependent upon his mouth, as it resembles the mouth of a frog. He is a trifle more than 4in. in length; his breadth from his lower fin to the place where the upper fin should be, is 1in.; his color is that of an ordinary goldfish. Along his back are four ridges, the highest being just back of his head. The dorsal fin, if started, may have been cut off by an enemy, but there is nothing to show whether he is a crippled fish or whether he just grew that way. When swimming he moves with his head downward, and when rising to the surface he appears with his tail at the top. The two small fins under his neck move as fast as the blades of a centrifugal snowplow in a northern New York cold spell.

### Vermont Lake Trout.

NEWPORT, Vt., June 16.—Notwithstanding the hot weather this has been the banner week of this season for lake trout, everybody caught fish who went after them. The Owl's Head Mountain House is at present the headquarters for quite a party of anglers, and they have all had great luck. One gentleman from Boston caught five one afternoon which averaged a little over 8lbs. each. Thursday afternoon Mr. Young, of Lowell, Mass., took four in one hour's fishing which weighed 34lbs.

There have been two or three "big ones" taken in the past few days but I have been unable to get reliable information as to the exact weight. Yesterday one party brought in eleven weighing from 6 to 14lbs. each.

I hope to be able to report some good catches of bass next week. The open season came on yesterday. ROB.



## SHU-SHUGAR LAKE.

TEXAS.—For more than a year the writer has been feasted on the most wonderful of stories about the fish and game to be found in and around a certain lake away down in Matagorda county in our State, five miles from any human habitation and twenty miles from any town or village, buried in the canebrakes and forests of Caney Creek and the Barnard River, and the home of the wild turkey, the deer, the catamount and the bear, and on more than one occasion he had planned a trip to this wonderful region with his sportsmen friends, and in imagination delighted beforehand in the pleasures of a week's sojourn upon the banks of the hidden pellucid jewel of a lake.

From every person who had ever visited this region had come the same delightful and wonderful accounts of the abundance of game, and the size and variety of the fish to be had without a shadow of exertion until the sportsman wearied of the slaughter, and surfeited upon the untold number of finny ones caught.

The lips that described this wonderful region were not those of members of our Annanias Club, either, but most reputable and well known citizens of Matagorda and Wharton counties, and as such they compelled implicit belief.

These parties affirmed that the lake, called by them Jug Lake, because in the shape of a jug with a little island in the midst of the handle, had water in it 25ft. deep, covered eight or ten acres, and was as clear as crystal, and there all day long the trout of immense size, and goggle-eyed perch, and toothsome calico bass, disported, and could be seen and watched easily in their movements in the clear water. In these counties the inhabitants all call a black bass a trout.

This lake, it was said, was never fished. The country round was very sparsely settled, the nearest ranch was the Duncan ranch. Only negroes lived there and they caught all the fish they wanted from the Caney Creek, right at their door, and had no need to go far for fish.

Then the fish inhabiting this lake were entirely ignorant of the fisherman's wiles. They had no acquaintance with spoons, spinners, phantom minnows, or flies. One man, who had fished there and caught fish of every variety until he was tired, said that they would strike at anything, that no kind of lure could be thrown into the water and taken from it without having strikes from half a dozen fish, each struggling to be the first to capture the bait. He said that his little ten-year-old boy, fishing in a little slough or draw running down into the lake, had in half an hour caught a basketful of splendid goggle-eye perch that was more than his whole family could eat.

Then these fish did not bite at only stated times and seasons, nor did the wind or weather have any effect upon their appetites. Be the time winter or summer, rainy or dry, windy or still, at early morn, sultry noon or dewy eve, all times were alike to them, and they were hungry and ready to be impaled upon the barbed steel at any time, even in the night. They were the native, wild, hungry, unsophisticated fish of the untamed wilderness, and as such afforded the perfection of sport to the fisherman, be he ever so unskillful.

Then the forest was wild and almost impenetrable, and full of game. No one ever rode through them in the vicinity of this lake without seeing both deer and turkeys. Turkeys gobbled numerously from the trees every morning in the spring, and were so unaccustomed to the sight of man that his appearance did not alarm them, and the merest tyro of a hunter could kill them, at which information the writer hereof brightened wonderfully, for he has not killed a turkey for many a day, and he resolved that the rest of the party might kill the deer, but he wanted a turkey sure.

It was said also that several bears had been killed in the neighborhood and that we could not fail to secure several of those beautiful spotted wildcat skins, that mount so beautiful in a rug, as they would very likely visit our camp during the night, and if we had a dog, and he bayed them, they would mount the first tree and spit defiance at him, if they did not boldly attack him.

This lake was, however, thirty miles from Wharton and about the same distance from Matagorda, and the nearest human habitation was Duncan's Ranch, owned by Col. A. H. Pierce, the cattle king of Wharton county, a self-made man who owns about 160,000 acres on both sides the Colorado River, below Wharton, and down to Matagorda Bay.

Jug Lake and its charms was early discussed by the writer and his sportsmen friends many times during the year, and at last a trip materialized and a number of us resolved to brave the trials of the unknown region for the sake of the splendid sport to be had there. For once in our lives we resolved to go where we could have all the fishing and hunting the most ardent sportsman could desire. April was warm and dry, a spare week came to us in which we could throw aside all business cares and troubles, and we resolved to do so. The three who started from Victoria, Texas, were the writer, one who shall be denominated M. and a certain ardent fisherman and railroad magnate, who had kindly furnished his private car for the trip so far as we could go in it.

At Pierce's Station Col. Pierce himself boarded the train, to whom we told our destination and purpose. "All right," he said, "you'll find trout down there as long as my arm and plenty of deer, and you just go to McClosky, he is my manager at the ranch, and tell him I sent you, and he'll treat you like a white man, he will sure. I was never down at that lake myself, but they do say that there's just lots and cords of fish there, and any amount of game about."

Arrived at Wharton we were joined by three more sportsmen, who equally with ourselves were consumed with desire to taste with us the delights of a perfect hunting and fishing trip, and they were, equally as enthusiastic and confident as ourselves, as to the certainty of a glorious time and fine sport, and contributed many thrilling and authentic additions to our present store of information, and fanned the fire of anticipation in each member of the party. We could hardly be restrained from endeavoring to get off that night; but preparations had to be made, and it was deemed best to take an early start the next morning for the thirty mile trip before us.

On the morning of the 17th, having stowed our boat, cots, bedding and tent fly and other impedimenta, and our provisions upon a light road wagon, and provided ourselves with a top ambulance and driver for the passengers, about nine o'clock, after the usual number of stop-

pages and delays to get some indispensable thing that had been forgotten, we were at last ready, and a group of friends gathered at the grocery, from which we bought our provisions, and from which we made our start, to see us off. Our accomplished cook, Frank, drove the baggage wagon, and Brown mounted the high seat of that vehicle with him, so as to have good wing shooting on the way, while B., of Wharton, and M., of Victoria, two fast friends and cronies, concluded that they would perhaps have better shooting from a sulky, or two-wheel jolter, owned by B., than from the covered ambulance, and that they would lighten the load; so they appeared in the two-wheel vehicle and proposed to make the trip in that.

The morning was cloudy and threatening, and free and cheering predictions were made that we would certainly have plenty of rain before we got back, a prediction which really seemed likely to be verified, and meant many weary miles over heavy roads before us. The enthusiasm of some of the party was perceptibly cooled, and they would have been willing to compromise upon a nearer expedition to Peach Creek, a lovely bass-haunted stream nearer by. But our captain, the railroad magnate, answered that we had started to Jug Lake, and to Jug Lake we would go, rain or shine, and as is usually the case when unfavorable circumstances are bravely and manfully faced, we did not have a drop of rain upon us until we were nearly back to Wharton on our return trip, and that was only a light passing shower.

About 13 miles out, we reached Bay Prairie, a stretch of open land that reaches nearly or quite to the Matagorda Bay, and preparations for plover shooting began; guns were put together, ammunition boxes opened and close watch kept for the birds. The vehicles spread out over the prairie, and soon the sound of rapid firing all along the line announced that the action had begun. When we arrived at our nooning place, Dickinson's Point, about 18 miles from Wharton, we had 25 or 30 fat plover, and had gotten a wing shot or two at ducks, long shots, however, and wild.

These plover, when properly dressed and nicely cooked by Frank, accompanied with broiled bacon, strong coffee and the et ceteras from the home supplies, made a dinner to which we all addressed ourselves without preliminary grace, except that one of the party as he fastened his teeth in the breast of a juicy bird, found voice to mumble "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," and while we ate and smoked, the unharnessed horses rested and dozed.

About five miles more of prairie was to be traveled before we turned to the left to Duncan's ranch and the unknown forests surrounding Jug Lake. This prairie proved a better range for plover than above the point, and a good many birds were bagged, several very pretty wing shots being made while vehicles were in motion, and now and then a double cried or a jack rabbit knocked over as he scampered away.

We then bore to the left and entered Caney timber and the confines of Duncan's ranch, beyond which no member of the party had ever been in this direction, and began to canvass the expediency of procuring a guide from among the colored denizens to lead the way to the promised land. After passing a good many tenant houses and negroes at work in the fields we at last reached the principal dwelling, a large two-story house on the banks of Caney, and all halted for water.

A mile further on we came to another settlement of negro cabins, near a queer little church, utilized as a schoolhouse. Up to this time we had seen no white faces on Duncan's Ranch except our own, and they began to show that they "knew the sun and wind." Besides the church and cabins, we found here a queer old forge, sheltered behind the half of an old shingle house roof, set up slantingly, and near by, and evidently the owner and proprietor and user of the forge, an old, old ducky, who looked anywhere between 80 and 100 years old. We called him up to our wagons and began to question. Yes, he knew where Jug Lake was; it was over that way, about four miles, but the water in it was very low and much fallen timber in it. That was not the fishing lake at all we wanted to go to, but Shu-Shugar Lake was the place. There was the largest lake, the most water, the largest fish. There were all kinds of fish in Shu-Shugar Lake; he had fished there often; had caught one trout there more than three people could eat. How far was it? Oh, only about four miles. "You go up there by the burned gin, and then it is a straight road to the lake." Could we get some one to guide us? He would see; there was a George Jackson in the house, he might go.

Gen. Jackson appeared, lame but game, with a yellow buckskin jacket garnished with brass buttons, and saddled a gaunt, bony claybank pony staked near by to an old tumble-down chimney. He took his old short-stem pipe from his mouth, struck a lopsided, erected his military person in his saddle, waved his hand, and neither Napoleon at Austerlitz or Washington crossing the Delaware, ever cut so striking and grotesque a figure as did our Gen. Jackson, now.

We went in a hurry, passed the burned gin, drove in a trot across an old field, where never a wheel had passed before, and plunged into the wild canebrake, with cane on the right of us and cane on the left of us, and a rank growth of briars and weeds on either side of the doubtful trail which we had now struck, with nothing to remind us that we were within a hundred miles of civilization except the ever present barbed wire fence, along which we made our difficult way, and which stretched on and on into the pathless tangle of forest and cane beyond us. Here and there the stump of a tree which had been cut out of what was once a road, reminded us that the ax had been here, and M. hugged B. more closely and convulsively, as a wheel of their jumper would mount one of these stumps, or both wheels strike a fallen log across the road, and the foliage and growth became more and more dense as we advanced, the trees taller, the thick undergrowth beneath, the ash and hackberry and elm and pecan, ranker and more interlaced, and the by-path we seemed to be following, more and more dim and undistinguishable. "This is certainly no thoroughfare," P. muttered disgustedly as one wheel of the ambulance grazed a fence post and the other barked a tree on the other side, and a third bumped and jolted them as it mounted a fallen log; and his fellow travelers agreed with him in a few moments when they reached a leaning tree which had been bent and almost prostrated by some sudden fury of wind, and stretched across the road so low, that the horses of the first vehicles had to back their ears to go under and the passengers to duck their heads as low

as the travelers on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal in Virginia in olden times, at the cry of "Low bridge!"

The last vehicle, being the top ambulance, with a top high enough to chamber the longest back man in Wharton county with the highest stovepipe hat, at this obstacle incontinently called a halt, and sorrel reached over and gave bay a vicious bite, as if to say, "It is all your fault," and P. yelled aloud, "Say, you fellows ahead, aren't you going to camp with us?" and thereupon the whole cavalcade came to a halt, two hatchets were produced which luckily had not been forgotten, and a road was cleared through the thickets, so that by describing a letter C, we could get around that obstacle.

Our ardor cooled more and more as the difficulties of the way more and more confronted us as we penetrated deeper and deeper into the forest. Road there was none. The winding and twisting that we did in that forest is impossible to describe. We marked a perfect hicroglyph of curves, of Us and Ss and Cs and Ms and Ns, and mixed them up with sharp angles, blindly following General Jackson with his buckskin jacket and claybank pony, until we began seriously to doubt, as we traveled mile after mile of this somber jungle, whether we should ever sweeten our coffee on the wished-for banks of Shu-Shugar Lake, or dip our lines in its unfished waters. But M. comforted us, after he had given out several long-drawn sighs, by remarking, "It is bound to be a splendid fishing place, anyway, for it is perfectly evident that nobody ever goes there over this road."

We remembered too that our guide had not been there for eighteen months, but had contented himself to catching the (as he termed them) goggle-mouth perch, of Caney.

Brown affirmed confidently, with shining eyes, that there was bound to be plenty of deer and wild turkeys down in here, for it was evidently the very place for them, and in the gloom of the forest just then, one of the party, who was walking, saw a huge black object high up in a large tree, and with an excited, "Is it a bear?" leaped for his Winchester, and in a twinkling of an eye had bored two holes clear through a tremendous old abandoned eagle's nest.

The straight road that we had been told led to the lake, developed so many devious and aimless turnings and twistings, and the fallen timber and decaying logs we jolted over were so numerous, and the overhanging boughs were so frequent and familiar with our faces in passing, and the undergrowth was so dense, and so crowded and so choked the way, that we began to lose confidence in our guide. Just then, sure enough, our guide came to a full stop, and apparently there was no outlet for us ahead, no way to turn around, and no sign of a road any where. Two of us sprang out, however, hatchet in hand, and by direction of General Jackson began to hew a road in the direction indicated by him, through the undergrowth. And now we found that he had been following all this time a way indicated by blazed trees, marked several years ago on each side of the intended road, and seemingly marked without regard to any course, except that indicated by the comparative thinness of the growth, and ease of clearing.

From this point to the lake, about two miles, we worked, clearing the road in advance of the teams, and at last reached a point in the midst of tall trees and dense undergrowth of bamboo and brush, through which there was no sign of further way, and here we halted and General Jackson dismounted and informed us that we were at our journey's end.

Peering through the thicket and bamboo we could see a wide opening or clearing where no timber grew and the banks of what was apparently a lake of about two acres in extent. Accompanied by the General, and dodging along through the thickets, we gained the immediate margin of Shu-Shugar Lake and gazed down in sickening disappointment into its basin. We saw about fifteen feet below what was evidently the ordinary water mark at the roots of the surrounding trees, a still sluggish pool of water apparently not more than two feet deep and covered all over with a thick coat of green pollen from the surrounding trees, with not three feet of open water visible. "My," said Jackson, "how this lake has dried up. The water was up to the foot of them trees when I was here last year," pointing to the trees on the banks, "but," he added hopefully, "this is not the largest lake, that is higher up." He led the way about three hundred yards west, creeping through the bushes along the bank, until we came at last to the largest of what was evidently a chain of lakes. This lake was about four or five acres in extent; when the lake was full the waters had evidently been twelve or fifteen feet deep, but had been evaporated by last year's long drought and there remained now only two or three feet of water in it, but one or two acres of it seemed clear of moss and pollen, and apparently drinkable.

As we had no buckets, and nightfall was upon us, and the teams were too tired to make a return trip to Duncan's ranch, and as horses and men must have water, and water could not be brought to where our teams then were, per force, we resolved to go to water; and with infinite labor with hands and hatchets, we at last cleared a road up to the larger lake, then cleared a way for the teams to get down to the water, and resolved to camp there all night and postpone further move until morning.

Underbrush was cleared for a camping place, a rope was drawn tight between two trees about 12ft. from the ground for a ridgepole, the tent fly was spread across that and made fast to the ground, cots were unpacked, fire built, and all preparations made for the night.

We paid General Jackson for his trouble, and engaged him to return the next morning and pilot us out of the woods, for we became certain at a glance at the still and lifeless water remaining in the lake, that there would be no fishing to keep us here, because in such a drought as had dried up this lake the gars destroy all the fish. And if the hunting should also prove nil, we would have nothing to keep us longer than the morrow.

All camp work done and supper well under way under the supervision of Frank, diligent trial of the lake from all sides and with every kind of bait and artificial device begun in the twilight, but none of us was rewarded by a strike or a bite or a nibble, except our persevering railroad captain, who after some struggle landed a sharp-nosed gar about 2ft. long, which immediately disengaged itself from the hook and rolled down the bank and tumbled toward the water. As our only catch, however, it was too precious to be lost, though the vilest of the piscatory tribe, so as it rolled and tumbled toward the water



M., who was sitting by, sprang up and gathered it just as it got into the edge of the water, and after a struggle captured it and threw it high up on the bank and dispatched it with a club, but in the effort received a stroke from its fang-like teeth upon one of his hands that drew blood.

One hope more remained—the hunting. There must be deer and turkey here. After supper two of our nimrods started out with Winchester and gun, while the rest of us, our ravenous appetites satisfied, sat and lolled on our camp-chairs and cots about camp and rested. No sound of shot heard we during the two long hours of absence of our hunters, and upon their return they reported that they had seen no sign of turkeys and but little of deer, and had failed to catch a glimpse of any kind of game. About 11 o'clock we retired to rest on our cots and in our blankets, listening to the melancholy and persistent inquiry of a solitary owl somewhere near of "Who are you? Who are you?"

Perseverance sometimes brings its own rewards in hunting and fishing as in other things; so the next morning, some time before day, several of our best hunters again started out in search of deer or turkey. They hunted diligently and long, and once we heard the report of a gun; but about 9 o'clock they all returned, bringing a single squirrel, and reported utter and entire failure.

General Jackson having once more made his appearance, we bestowed the squirrel on him, unanimously voted Shu-Shugar Lake a delusion and a snare, lifted our wagons around until their tongues pointed homeward, slowly retraced our devious way through *terra incognita*, following our yellow-jacket guide and his claybank pony, until once more the open daylight shone about us, and the free Gulf breezes cooled us, and timber and canebrake lay all behind us.

We took what comfort we could in fishing for the goggle-mouth perch of Caney, but caught only a few, and those very small; saw one deer as we crossed the timber next to the prairie; had lots of fun shooting plover, when once more on the prairie, and had another first-rate dinner at Dickerson's Point of fat plover, and in good season that that evening reached Wharton, less tired than we had expected to be.

At a subsequent meeting of the party that night in the private car of our chief and captain, we resolved unanimously that never—no, never—no, never, would any one of us ever visit Shu-Shugar Lake again. After much discussion we also resolved that about this particular lake, hereafter, we would tell the whole truth, and not send our fisherman friends down there, which resolution was not passed without a great mental struggle, however. But last, strange as it may seem, to one not acquainted with the congenial qualities of that fishing party, we further agreed that after all we had had a glorious time of it, anyway.

GUY.

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

(Continued from Page 533.)

We had determined to leave in the morning and make for Maimaise Point, but when the dawn came there was a gentle but an adverse wind, so we concluded to remain until some favored breeze kissed the waters that would race us along to our destination.

The bright day was before us, and to pass it in dreamy idleness was not our desire. The river presented some contemplation for our restless spirits, and though the trophies we might capture would be of an adolescent character, there would at least be a modicum of sport in it after all. Ned being in favor of the trip, the boys were ordered to the boat and once more we went up the river with the big sugar-loaf mountains on our right blazing in the bright light of the ascending sun.

"Here," said Ned, pointing to an abrupt turn of the river where the channel was undermining a gravelly bank with the bending thickets laying the waters, "is where I captured several fine trout some years ago. But then the water was 2 or 3 ft. deeper and the current like a mill race, but now the famous Aguawa is getting to be a brawling brook with nothing but infantile trout. Those were rare trout days indeed, for during an hour's fishing you had a catch of magnificent trout that would last the camp an entire day. You will see no more such halcyon days, for the greedy market purveyor is reaching out for all the trout obtainable, and has every red-handed pot-hunter on the North Shore engaged in netting, snaring and jigging them. Not only the matured are engaged in it, but every boy that can paddle a canoe or haul in a trout is also engaged in the brigandage. Law and game wardens are given no consideration at all, for the barbarous work is carried on without any attempt at concealment. It now matters little to me, as I am nearing the time allotted to man, but when the new generation comes along, a *Salvelinus fontinalis* on the North Shore will be a rarity indeed. Then the lament will come too late, for the beautiful fish of dappled robes has years ago been exterminated and only lives in memory or the annals of angling literature as the loveliest and most gameful fish that ever swam in surging rapids or sought the rocky chasms of the Great Lake. Ah me!" sighed Ned, "the recollections of my outings on this great reservoir of pure water will be a comfort and solace to me when I am in the 'slipped pantaloons.'" And so the white-haired sportsman continued as if his honest heart were deeply mourning for the illegal slaughter of the tinted innocents. He felt every word he uttered and the maledictions he heaped upon an indifferent government, the semi-barbaric tribe and the market-fisherman were as "black as the damning drops that fell from the denouncing angel's pen ere mercy wiped them out again."

The rapids being reached, Ned's soliloquy went sighing with the vernal airs that quietly moved the treetops and rippled the translucent stream while we prepared for the warfare on the rose-tinted beauties. Ned, being somewhat of a lotus eater, cared not for toilsome tramp, so I left him where we had landed, and with my man Friday, the Ananias of the lake, I began my wandering along the shady banks for the first favorable pool. Reaching it after a long and unpleasant walk over a surface of miniature boulders, I cast my first flies, which were a trifle larger than a gnat, and caught a trout so infinitely small that I instantly returned it to the sinuous stream from whence it had been taken. After a few casts more I hung another that required skillful measurement to make it reach the legal limit. This was all I could entice here, and again we tramp along until we reach a pool partly shadowed by some sprawling cedars, from which some

golden-hued "mimic of the woods" was fairly splitting his little throat warbling his delicious notes. Here reposes a trout, thought I, for all this sylvan beauty must have the spangled naiaid of the brook to make the harmony perfect.

I cast at the edge of a shadow just where a fluttering butterfly was skimming along, and as quick as thought the golden gleam and rapid splash came and then a deceived trout was shooting down for the rippling rapids below; but I head him off with my little Chubb rod and make him fight in the half-shaded pool for his life as a forfeit. Lovely gallant of the jeweled stars, you have a cruel foe man who will not yield to your Circe-like beauty, but who will gloat over every mantling spot and every dash of gold and crimson that beautifies you, as if he were a Titian or a Tintorette. Ah, ha! he tires, but alas too soon, for the pleasing emotion of the angler is too short-lived, the victory too easy. His superhuman efforts at the start rapidly exhausted his vitality, while his weight was not sufficient to prolong the struggle. I led him gently to the shore, where the bronzed-faced Peter netted him with an artistic grace, and then laid him with his golden side to the glistening sun where he soon panted his life away. He was simply a pound trout and would, I know, prove the blue ribbon fish of the day.

This seemed to be the only denizen of this picturesque pool, for not another rise could I obtain in any part of it, no matter what lures I used or how lightly I cast them. He was undoubtedly the autocrat supreme of that lovely basin, and for him alone did the shadows fall and the roses bloom around his isolated retreat.

Onward the march again began, and it was over a bed of boulders just large enough to make it quite tiresome. We finally reach a weird and mysterious ravine from which the purling waters come clear and cool, and

".....where the eddies, so poorly white,  
Sink away into gloom or wheel into light;  
Where the trunk of decaying pine-tree doth throw  
Its leaning bridge o'er the current's flow."

Here we take our stand, and with a blue-dun and black-June the surface of the water breaks in gentle ripples as they seek the quarry. Once, twice, thrice they drop, and then some mother's prettily painted pet in glittering dyes snaps at the blue-dun and suddenly realizes that "all is not gold that glitters." He was of the genus small, but the law legalized him and he was accordingly consigned to the larder. Another Lilliputian of rosy dots and seashell pink was taken by the trunk of an old pine tree, and then cessation ensued from the lovely nurselings.

I look ahead and a gleaming bed of gravel and boulders, once part of the river's bed in high water, lies before me and must be traversed ere we reach another pool. It is a long distance and the sun is in gleaming scarlet, and every rock blistering hot and glowing like an agate. But

"We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey;  
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;"

and dash ahead with perspiration moistening the shining stones at every footfall. An isolated tree here and there on the river's bank, invites us to grateful shade, while some little rivulets of cooling water, seeking the parent stream through leafy ravines, quenches our thirst, and thereby revives our faded energies. It is tramp, tramp, tramp, but at last we reach the desired pool, to be greeted by our old familiar friend of the wandering brook, a gorgeous kingfisher, who eyes us in wonder from a treetop that overlooks the waters we propose to fish. It is a favorable sign, but halt, he may, like us, have had wolfish aspirations and made the pool tenantless.

We, however, attempt the solution of the aqueous larder, and are delighted at our first venture, for it yields us an eight inch trout. The kingfisher has surely not depleted it, but I have no doubt that he now thinks we will, as he sees the golden fins leaving their element with the fly in their reddened jaws. We lure three more here and then the run on the pool is at an end, and our tree top beauty in plumage bright sails away with the blazing rays of the sun displaying his beautiful colors with heightened effect.

"She rears her young on yonder tree;  
She leaves her faithful mate to mind them;  
Like us for fish, she sails to sea,  
And plunging, shows us where to find 'em."

The pool ahead was too far distant to make that morning, and particularly under such a glaring sun as prevailed, so we retraced our steps, and after a tedious tramp came upon Ned, pipe in mouth, sitting quietly in the boat gazing upward at the mountain ranges. He seemed to be deeply enthused with their boundless crests, their knolls and slopes with rounded woods, their jutting crags with castle or watch tower, their narrow ravines carpeted with greensward and haunted by traditions of fairy and gnome, and the grand and impressive beauty that attach to the towering hills.

Ned, during my absence, had picked up three of the infantile class, and had he not become disgusted with their dimensions could have doubtless caught many more. The memory of the big trout he had years ago impaled here was still with him, and therefore these juveniles that were just budding into beauty had no charms for him at all. He would rather solace himself with the pipe and the loveliness of the grand scenery with which he was surrounded.

It took but a few minutes to bring us to camp, and when there we sought the shade under foliaged branches while the half-breeds busied themselves preparing the meal.

The noon hour was of a tropic nature, the lake unwrinkled, the forest without a moving leaf, while the trumpeting troop of little blood suckers were around in armies for their feast of blood. We succeeded as usual in keeping them at bay with the magic liquid, laughing at their futile efforts to stem the torrent of the subtle odor.

After I had cooled off from the morning's work I concluded that a bath in the icy lake with a change of underclothes would not only make me very comfortable but keenly sharpen my appetite for the meal in preparation. Ned, being in an indolent mood, declined the bath just then, stating that he would take it toward evening when the sun was less piercing.

I found the water so icy cold as I waded in that it fairly made me shiver, and as a consequence the soap suds flew over my anatomy without loss of time, and with a souse or two I was capering over the slippery boulders which lined the bottom for the shore and a towel. A good rub with the rough crash and then after a few finishing

touches with the smooth linen I hastily slipped into clean clothes, feeling as if I had been electrified with heroic strength. In fact, such a bath would have made a beggar imagine he was a prince of the realm. I reached camp just in time for the meal, and I assure you that the table, after we left it, looked as if a famished wolf had been the guest at the feast. Peter informed me during dinner that the Hudson Bay agent was quite sick and suggested that we go over and see him with a view of giving him some relief. Ned said as I had more knowledge of pharmacy and diseases than he, that I take the medicine box and go down to the sick man's cabin and administer the remedy to the best of my knowledge. I at once consented, and as my way lay through the encampment of numerous Indians, who had but lately arrived at this post to receive their pensions, I thought it would be a happy idea to take a dog or two along, which were over abundant here, on which to test the virtues of the medicine, *à la* "Old Sport."

On entering the house of the old agent I found him on a cot moaning and tossing around as if final dissolution were about to take place. His pulse was beating rapidly, his head feverish and great pains distressed him at his stomach. I was satisfied from all indications that a cathartic was about what he needed, and so, the dog not being necessary upon which to test this simple remedy, he was omitted. I immediately gave him the potion, which he took with a very wry face, and then insisting on a reducing regimen left him with full faith in my prescription and a promise to call again if needed.

As I passed through the encampment of Indians on my return, with my professional cares in a great measure relieved, I was more impressively struck with the chaotic scene the camp presented. Men, women, children and dogs were sprawling in and out of tents in a sort of medley, a heterogeneous mass, as it were, in rags, tatters and dirt, looking more like slothful lazzaroni than of the once noble race of the pathless forest. The dogs, however, which they used for sledging in the winter, were getting the worst of the situation, as they were being kicked and cuffed on all sides in a very cruel and unfeeling manner. The whole day through these poor brutes are heard yelping, and altogether they have a very seedy appearance. Their great object of life is to crawl into the huts and carry off something eatable; but they are continually driven out by the women and children, and recommended by a smart blow, to satisfy themselves with the fish and beaver bones thrown out for them. But they soon detect some convenient hole, and—presto! a dozen of them creep into the hut again. For a while they may be left in peace, but when one gets in the way, the kicks and blows begin again, and the dogs bolt with most heart-rending whines. So it goes the livelong day. If you speak kindly to him he does not understand what you mean; he tucks his tail between his legs and slinks off to a convenient distance, where he begins growling. In truth, the Indians seem not merely unmoving, but even cruel to their dogs.

I found Ned on my return down where the "bold merry mermmen are under the sea" undergoing a transformation with a bar of soap, and shivering as if in the last throes of a desperate chill. He soon found an ample recompense in it, and after he had combed out his snow-white locks stood forth in his powerful physique like some giant Old Roman, the hero of a hundred combats.

As we were beyond all danger of quarantine, we felt as if a few games of cribbage would materially aid in passing the idle hours of the afternoon. So at it we went with an active shuffle, cut and deal, and then after the discards, the fifteens and the runs came tumbling over one another with surprising swiftness. The games ran along quite evenly for a while, when Ned, feeling the spirit of a gamester dawning upon him, was for doubling the stakes, while I not only met him but went him two better, making it a quadruple ante. There is no friendship in cards, they say, and it was soon evinced, for we were arrayed against each other as if a kingdom were at stake, playing with a Monte Carlo desperation till supper time, and then Ned cried quits; called me a millionaire, and went looking for his gun as if it alone could only give him solace for his terrible losses. My winnings were enormous, and, of course, gave me great delight and visions of innumerable bonds, stocks, etc., began to dance before my blazing eyes as if there were no end to them. After much time and trouble in stacking up the huge piles of coin I ascertained my winnings to reach a surprising total of \$1.55.

After supper one of our great delights was in watching a colony of fan-tailed fly-catchers that made a tall elm, immediately overlooking our camp, the base of their evening raids. They would assemble to the number of twenty or more, and every few minutes a party of them would sally out and skim along the river and one of its bayous near the mouth, snapping up the flying insects for their evening meal. Sometimes they would all start off together and then divide in small bands, each taking a different direction. The first that returned would give a cheery call and then they would all gather once more upon the same tree. They industriously kept up their search for the nocturnal insects till the stillness had settled down and the soft blue shadows were in their fullness, and then they were off.

"To the solemn shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines so still."

This bird is one of several species of birds forming the Linnæan genus *Muscicapa*, and having a bill flattened at the base, almost triangular, notched or hooked at the upper mandible and beset with bristles. They are so named because they feed entirely on flies and other winged insects.

Peter and Kenosh, after they were through with their camp duties, went up to comfort and console the sick old agent. As he was Peter's prospective father-in-law, and well fixed in worldly goods, the future bridegroom was doubtless looking to the main chance when he extended his aid and sympathy. They returned just before we were to take to our blankets, and reported the sick man much better and in a fair way to soon have a clean bill of health. I was much pleased at my success, for, be it known, I practiced without the necessary "sheepskin." The boatmen declared I was a good medicine man and would be willing to trust me with their lives if they were unfortunate enough to get on the sick list. We were in hopes, when we retired that night, that we would be greeted the coming morn with bright skies and a favorable and spanking breeze that would soon carry us to our destination.

Our sleep was unusually sound, and when we arose in the morning felt as refreshed as if we had partaken of an



invigorating tonic. A glance at the sky, which was steely and cold-eyed, satisfied us that we were soon to have a very radical change in the weather. Determining to go, rain or shine, storm or calm, the order was given for an immediate departure after breakfast. The boatmen were not pleased with our determination to leave, as they were fearful of a rough time. Not liking to be cowed by land-lubbers, they, nevertheless, moved around quite lively and soon had our breakfast served. The meal over we went the boys a helping hand and soon had the boat loaded and were off with a fair breeze filling our sails.

In a very brief time the elements took on an exceedingly serious aspect. The sun, which had a foreboding look at the start, had now completely deserted us; clouds edged with an indigo blue were fast appearing and driving swiftly along, while the wind came with a sad moan that told of a troubled sea. The boatmen displayed an anxious look at this rapid change in the elements, and earnestly scanned the horizon for indications of the weather, but stolidly remained quiet as to their conclusions. The mast now began to bend and creak, the cordage and sails to rattle and the billows to raise high their curving crests with snowy froth. Along sped the stanch and plunging little boat, cleaving the waters as if she rejoiced at their turbulence, and tossing high in air the columned spray from the big combers. It was really a delight to thus glide over the heaving plains, passing in review the bold cliffs that looked down with dark and sullen frown, the great forests of spruce and pine, and the towering mountains around whose pinnacles the vapor clouds were fast forming.

Thus we went dancing along for about six miles, with the music of the sea ever in our ear, and the breeze steadily on the increase. At last the half-breeds spoke up, stating that the wind was changing and bade fair to soon blow over our bow with a fierceness and rage that would evidently puzzle us to find a safe retreat. As Montreal River was about three miles ahead, we instructed the boys to hold her direct for that desired port. It was a wild chase over a wild sea for the coveted haven. We did not reach it, however, with our sails, for about a half a mile this side of the stream the wind struck us square in the face and then it was down with the canvas and in with the oars, and a vigorous and steady pull against heavy and vicious seas that constantly dashed over our bows until we shot into the mouth of the dark river.

We were all glad to make the cheerful harbor, for the boys declared it would have been impossible to have pulled much longer against such a heavy wind which was fast approaching a gale. I suggested a tack at the time, but the half-breeds would have none of it, so we permitted them to have their own way about it. How I would liked to have had one of those Nantucket skippers aboard then. He would have given these timid half-breeds a lesson in navigation that perhaps would have availed them in just such a case as this if they would only take on a little more daring.

The heavens had now become enshrouded in one vast funeral pall, a rippling thunder like the roll of a drum was heard, a sharp flash of red light imprinted itself on a black cloud and then came a sprinkle of rain, a mere preface to some grand battle in the rolling clouds that would soon make its force felt when it reached the parched earth.

No time was lost in erecting our tents, as both master and man went to work with willing hands, and in a brief time the canvas was flapping in the wind and the provisions well under cover. After all this hasty preparation it showered but little, though the gloomy clouds still held sway in the celestial canopy as if they would at any moment give us

"A storm with rival fury heaving,  
From land to sea, from sea to land."

ALEX. STARBUCK.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BOSTON ANGLERS.

THE later returns indicate excellent fishing at Moosehead Lake. Several Boston fishermen have lately returned, and generally they admit that they have had the best fishing for a long time. Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Wise, with Mr. J. P. Woodbury, of Boston, accompanied by his son and his son's wife, were quartered at Deer Island, a rather new fishing resort on that celebrated lake and nearer the lower end. Mr. Wise expresses himself as never more pleased with his spring trip. Mrs. Wise, still somewhat of a novice in trout fishing, had excellent luck, landing a five-pound brook trout, a large fish of that class for Moosehead, and several lakereels of good size. The Woodburys had excellent sport also, and were charmed with the trip.

The Harry B. Moore party, of the Inglewood Club, had good fishing at that resort. The scenery was fine, but the fishing was not what it would have been had the water been lower and the season later. Messrs. S. G. Moore, George C. C. Moore, John F. Nickerson, J. Walter Sanborn, Dr. J. C. French of Boston were also quartered at Deer Island a part of the time. Harry Moore expresses himself as greatly pleased with the fishing, and more than pleased with the fishing of his father. That gentleman renewed his boyhood and caught trout again. Everybody was pleased with his enthusiasm. At last he got hooked on to a big trout. He had a good rod, but in his excitement he forgot to use it properly. The fish would suddenly take out a great deal of line, and even when running Mr. Moore would suddenly snub him by holding on to the singing reel—a great strain on the tackle. He would work his trout up to the boat, when it would take out 50ft. of line or would dart downward, and the rod would be stood up on the pointed end, down into the water, with the big fish sulking at the end. Soon the fish wrenched the rod under the boat, or somehow, when it was snapped in several places, and the tip ran down on the line to see what the trout was up to. All this time Harry kept in the boat with his father, lest the old gentleman, in his excitement, should get overboard, as he did a couple of years ago—the son was laughing at the performing of the man and the trout. Finally the trout gave up the fight, and he was drawn in with the line hand over hand, since the rod was broken and the reel would not work. The fish weighed nearly 5lbs. Luckily he was very firmly hooked.

Some of the black bass fishermen are also returning. They have been having great sport at the Belgrade and Winthrop, Me., ponds, notwithstanding there has been a

good deal of broiling sun, as well as days of tremendous thunder showers. Col. H. T. Rockwell, of the Rockwell part to Belgrade Mills, reports excellent bass fishing, and all with the fly. The only drawback to these trout fishermen when they catch black bass is what to do with the bass. Unlike the trout, they are good for nothing to the lovers of trout. Still there are a few anglers who go to these ponds who profess to love the muddy taste of a black bass, and who do have them cooked. These fish have held their own in the Maine ponds that have been stocked with them, and they are proving a drawing card to the railroads and hotels.

Mr. J. Walter Sanborn also had excellent fishing at Moosehead. The weather was rather warm, and the sun was severe enough to blister his hands and arms to some extent. One gentleman, who has fished the Rangeleys for years, says that he has never found anything equal to a pair of old stocking legs for the hands and arms. These can be drawn well up under the coat, and with the feet cut off to let the fingers through, a good sun glove for fishing is formed. If the sun is very hot, the hands and arms may occasionally be dipped in the water, with soothing effect, the stocking legs retaining the moisture for some time. A silk handkerchief should be used to keep the sun off the neck, tied well up under the hat. The brim of the hat should be wide enough to protect the nose.

Mr. Henry J. Thayer, well-known in Massachusetts fish and game circles for his efforts in restoring the game covers of this State, while a member of the restocking committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has just brought out a novel trolling spoon for bass and other fish. It has a remarkable feature in that it catches the fish, but does not catch grass and weeds, though armed with several hooks. The hooks are put on exactly the reverse of the usual form.

SPECIAL.

## NEWS FROM THE FISHING WATERS.

FOX LAKE, Ill., June 16.—C. G. Akam and Robert Berger, Jr., started from the Howard House this morning at 10 o'clock with about 50 minnows and returned at 12 o'clock with the following fish in their boat: 22 black bass, 36lbs.; 3 wall-eyed pike, 8½lbs.; 1 pickerel, 7½lbs.; 3 pickerel 12lbs.; 3 silver bass and 1 rock bass, 3lbs.; a total of 66½lbs. Ed. C. HOWARD.

June 17.—If Chicago anglers want good sport and lots of it now is the time to get it up here. Black bass have been taken all last week trolling in deep water along the edge of weeds in the channel connecting Fox Lake and Grass Lake. The labor of casting with frogs in the weeds, however, has not been as well rewarded on this lake as on other lakes very near here and very convenient to get at. Boats may be carted from this point to good bass grounds in less than three-quarters of an hour. One member of the Fox Lake Club, C. F. Hills, brought in a string of 21 black bass last night. The largest weighed about 4lbs. His catch Friday tallied up 31 black bass.

Pickrel are very hard biters now on almost any bait. I caught a good string Friday casting from an anchored boat and using the tail end of sunfish. Yesterday I had even better luck, casting 4½ Skinner spoon bait from boat anchored within 300yds. of this hotel. In less than two hours I landed 20 good-sized pickerel, largest 5½lbs., and lost 10 more, being in no hurry to land any of the fish. All were caught on a light split bamboo 8½ft. bait-rod. C. H. KEOGH.

CRANBERRY LAKE HOTEL, Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., June 18.—A. B. Blair, of Scranton, Pa., caught a 10lbs. basket of trout in Cranberry Lake June 12 of good size, the largest weighing 2½lbs. Fishing is excellent, and the trout are taking the fly in nice shape. All game seems to be plenty. Deer are more numerous than for years, while bruin is still on the increase, and many are seen on the borders of this lake every week. Four bears were recently killed, and many more are to be reported later on. AVA J. MOORE.

TWIN LAKES, Wis., June 18.—Very fine strings of fish are being caught here of black bass, pickerel, pike, etc. Mr. E. D. Kohn of Chicago caught yesterday a pickerel 4½in. long, weight 14½lbs., and a pike of 5½lbs. C. H. PAINE.

RAY BROOK, Essex county, N. Y., June 19.—The honors of the season so far belong to George Wingfield, of Montclair, N. J., he having taken a brook trout one day last week weighing 2½lbs. 2oz. from Ray Brook. Mr. Wingfield showed his skill as a fisherman by safely landing his beauty in about 20 minutes; he was using a 5oz. fly-rod. DUNCAN CAMERON.

TUCKERTON, N. J., June 25.—George Burton caught 10 weakfish with hook and line weighing 30lbs., in one hour. S. B. Shourds caught on Wednesday 61 weakfish with hook and line, weighing 280lbs. Capt. J. Shourds and party caught on Saturday, June 23, 200lbs. weakfish. J. W. LEE.

FOXCROFT, Me., June 22.—The landlocked salmon fishing has been very good at Sebec Lake the past week. Steamer Frolic with a party took two salmon June 14, weight 3 and 7½lbs.; June 16, 4 salmon of 5½, 3, 2½ and 1½lbs.; June 17, 4 salmon of 5½, 5½, 2 and 1½lbs. June 21, 5 salmon of 3, 2, 2, 1½ and 1½lbs. Any one wishing information regarding Sebec Lake fishing will receive prompt reply by addressing C. E. PENDLETON.

LAKOTA FISHING GROUNDS, Lakota, Eagle River P. O., Wis., June 22.—Mr. Louis F. Swift and Mr. Samuel Cozens, of Chicago, caught on June 16 here 2 muskallonge, Mr. Swift's weighing 30lbs. and Mr. Cozens's 29lbs. They also caught 50 fine pike the same morning, averaging 3 to 6lbs. each. Mr. D. G. Grey, of Chicago, caught 35 pike single-handed the same morning, also Mr. James Cozens and Mr. F. W. Bipper caught 57 wall-eyed pike the same morning. HARVEY L. GOODALL.

GREENWOOD LAKE, N. Y., June 23.—During last week a party of four, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Magovern, Wm. Magovern and J. Magovern, in three days landed 114 bass—the largest 3lbs. 14oz., the smallest 1½lbs. Mr. F. Rullman, one day, 27; Mr. F. N. White, two days, 43; Mr. R. H. Moses, two days, 51; Mr. E. Moses, two days, 51. The

Moses Brothers caught each the first day 25, the next each 26—not one fish difference. Mr. P. M. Wilson in one-half day 14. No fish weighing less than 1½lbs. brought in. Mr. William Retisert, brother of Alex. Retisert, the only unlucky fisherman at the Windermere, in two days only landed four fish. A. GILON.

## A Bass with Coal Oil Flavor.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Last Saturday afternoon, among the lot of fish taken in the pound connected with Young & McShea's ocean pier, there was a beautiful striped bass weighing say 10lbs. This fish was taken home by a gentleman and a portion of it was cooked for supper, which meal was served within three hours of the time the fish was taken from the ocean.

Now comes the strange part of the story. When the cooked portion of the fish was being served, an odor of coal oil was noticed, and when the family attempted to eat it the fish was found to taste so strongly of coal oil, that it could not be eaten.

On the day following, the remaining portion was prepared for dinner by boiling, the lady of the house taking the precaution to change the water twice during the process of boiling. In spite of the precaution, however, the fish was still so heavily impregnated with the taste and smell of the oil, that he needs must be consigned to the garbage barrel.

The object of this note is to ask if you can give any explanation of the fish being in this condition. Is it not a rare occurrence? I may add that the gentleman in whose house the fish was cleaned and cooked assures me that there is no coal oil used or kept about the premises.

R. M. M.

## Delaware River Bass.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa.—Frank Childs, a guest of the High Falls Hotel, caught in one hour in the Delaware River seven bass, heaviest 2½lbs., lightest 1lb.; also a sun fish weighing 1lb. The bass fishing in the Delaware here promises better than ever. Our trout streams also are doing splendidly. PHILIP F. FULMER.

## Fishculture and Fish Protection.

### The Problem of "Good Riddance."

ONEONTA, N. Y.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: It has been proposed by parties here to stock a lake near by with trout. This lake now contains pickerel, perch, bullhead, suckers and eels. Of course they would have to be exterminated before the lake could be stocked.

We would like your opinion as to the feasibility of cleaning out or killing the fish that inhabit the lake. It is impossible to drain the lake. Dynamite has been proposed, but none of our members have had any experience in this work, and some express doubts as to the possibility of thoroughly cleaning out the fish with explosives. There are about 100 acres in the lake and the water is from 10 to 60ft. in depth. If any of your readers have had any experience in ridding such waters of undesirable fish, we would be glad to hear from them through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* or otherwise. The lake would be owned by the local association, but there has been some doubt expressed as to the right, legally, to use explosives for clearing out the fish, even then. Any assistance or advice you can give us upon this point will be gratefully received. ONEONTA FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.

The New York law forbids the use of dynamite. We have no information of any practicable expedient for accomplishing the desired end. We referred the problem to U. S. Commissioner Marshall McDonald, who writes: "There is no method of fishing known to this office that would entirely exterminate the fishes you mention. I would advise drawing off the lake, but that is impractical in a lake of the size and depth referred to. Should an attempt be made to stock it in its present condition it would require a very large number of yearling trout, and even then the results would be doubtful."

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

For many years the name Colton has been inseparably connected with good maps in this country, and within a year or two we have called attention to a series of new county maps on a large scale published by the house of G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co., 312 Broadway. The latest issues of this series are maps of Rockland county, New York and of Sussex county, New Jersey, which are drawn on a uniform scale of two inches to the mile, and therefore give a great amount of detail useful to the traveler, whether he goes on horse back, in a wagon or by bicycle. They should also be of great value to the angler and to the canoeist. In these maps, which are printed in colors, the roads are red, the water courses, ponds and their names in blue, while the other geography, names of towns, villages, hotels, railroads and so on are in black. Some striking features of the topography are shown. The maps are put up in neat cases for pocket use, and are sold at 50 cents each. Among those already issued are maps of Dutchess, Putnam, Westchester, Staten Island, Long Island, Kings, Queens and Delaware counties, all of New York. There are ten maps of portions of New Jersey and one of the western counties of Connecticut. These will be found very useful to those who have occasion to travel through any portions of the country in the neighborhood of New York. Most of these maps sell at 50 cents each.—*Advt.*

## The Kennel.

All those who love a dog because it is a dog and not merely a medium for the accumulation of dollars and cents, are invited by the editor to consider this department as one in which they can discuss amicably any subject that is of interest to the canine fancy, without fear of their communications being subjected to personal comment or ridicule.

### FIXTURES.

#### DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 4 to 7.—Des Moines Kennel Club, at Des Moines, Iowa. M. Bruce, Sec'y.  
Sept. 10 to 14.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y.  
Sept. 18 to 21.—Rhode Island State Fair Association, at Cranston, R. I. W. B. Dexter, Sec'y.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 5.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, at Morris, Man. R. J. Gallaugher, Winnipeg, Sec'y.  
Nov. 5.—United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.  
Nov. 6.—International Field Trials, at Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.  
Nov. 23.—Eastern Field Trials Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Saratoga, N. Y., Sec'y.



**"Moss-Back Robber" Rule and "High Class" Dogs.***Editor Forest and Stream:*

For the past six or eight years I have seen the necessity of a change in all field trial rules, that will allow bitches in season to run in these trials, and was one of the committee which changed the rules in the U. S. Club.

This new rule did not fully agree with my views on the subject, but I was sure a step in that direction was for the best, and if you cannot always get exactly what you want, then I am for the next thing to it, and voted for the change as it now is, believing at the time that by the next meeting of the U. S. Club they would fully agree with me on the subject. The owners of bitches in season should have a show for their money, but beyond a doubt the rules should protect all dogs and give them an equal chance. In case a dog's attention is drawn from his work by running with a bitch in season, the judges should have power to protect him and at once order them to be run in some other manner, and I am sure that no one will suffer in this way by the change of the rules in the U. S. Club. The management and judges I do not believe would allow any injustice of this kind to injure the chances of a good dog even if they have not got the proper rule to cover it. The best dog should always have every opportunity to prove his superiority over his inferior competitor, and it should win, let it be a bitch in season, a high class stud dog, a pointer or a cross-bred mongrel. High class, natural qualities are what we need, and they should be fully tested. Fewer rules and better judges will more fully demonstrate who has the best dogs. I have always worked hard to do away with so many rules. All clubs have had too many, but some of the most important clubs have seen their folly and have cut them down considerably. I have always argued that if judges were not competent that all the rules that could be printed will not make them so. If they are not honest, the more rules they have the more rascality they will work in and try to cover their rascality by arguing that they are judging strictly according to rules; but I am glad to say that these are the exception.

The following is about what I was in favor of in regard to this rule:

"Bitches in season will be allowed to compete in all stakes, but in case they are unduly attracting the attention of their competitors the judges shall at once order them up and run them alone or change the order of running so as to give every dog and bitch in the stake a thorough test without injuring the chances of any dog by the change."

With the above rule no one could have any grounds to protest or say their stud dog's reputation should not be at stake by running with bitches in season. Among high class dogs I will assert that it will not be necessary for the judges to make one change in a hundred, but even if it was the one hundredth time that dog should be protected, and I see no reason why every club in the country should not make the change. It surely cannot injure the club's entry, for the above rule covers every point that might injure any dog, and beyond a doubt bitches in season should be allowed to fully demonstrate what they are capable of.

After an owner has paid, say, \$75 for a pup, \$150 to have it broken and \$80 entrance money to start in a stake, which makes in all \$255 actual expense, in addition to the extra expenses of coming perhaps a thousand miles with a view of seeing the dog start and eventually win, it is not justice to have a little rule, that cannot benefit field dogs in any way, exclude such bitch from running and perhaps discourage her owner, who might be a beginner, and make him quit field trials forever with disgust. If all clubs will only give the above rule one year's trial I will guarantee they will never change back to the old rule; they may change it for something better, which I think they will, as times are improving rapidly every day, and so are all field trial rules and field trial dogs.

Field trials have many drawbacks and many mistakes are made, but still they are gradually improving bird dogs, regardless of the many chronic kickers who stay at home and know more about what is going on and the unjust decisions that are made, and how Mr. Avent and others handle their dogs to win. It makes men who make a lifetime study of dogs and that are in the field with high class field trial dogs from one year's end to another, laugh to hear many of the stay-at-home writers' arguments. If they will only follow the trials one season and see all the work done, and what a difficult task all judges have, they would know more and write less about a high class field trial dog not being a first class shooting dog.

The better field trial dog he is the better shooting dog he can be made.

If many of such writers will only come to my home after the field trial season is over I will fully convince them that such field trial cracks as Count Gladstone, Topsy Rod, Chevalier, Orlando, Tate and others are the greatest shooting dogs that they ever pulled a trigger over, and it will not take a field full of them to give a man all the shooting he wants. You only need one of such high class dogs to shoot over, and if necessary they will work from sun to sun, and from week end to week end. The four-hour races have fully demonstrated that the very highest class field trial dogs are the dogs with enough heart in them to stay day in and day out. Look back at the late Four-Hour Stake of the Eastern Field Trials. At the last cast of the puppy Topsy Rod he started fast in ice and frost, the whole earth was like needles of ice from one to three inches high and the grass was white with frost, but he never let up from start to finish. On his last cast, even after the judges had ordered him up, he made a wide cast in an open clover field and could have gone a mile in it but he saw a likely looking place for birds in a cornfield, across a running creek, and looked to me for permission to go there. Though at a long distance from me I gave him the permission to go and the judges said, "Have mercy on the little fellow and don't send him over that creek to get wet in that cold water—the time is up." But Topsy Rod plunged in the ice cold water and swam over and hunted every inch of the field out before I could stop him, and he hardly made a mistake on his game throughout the race. Count Gladstone also stood up and was sick at the time, but made sixteen good points in the last thirty minutes and won first easily, with Topsy Rod second. Old Chance always finished faster than any dog who ran in the four-hour stake in his day. Orlando won the stake in great shape and Rowdy Rod also downed his competitors and walked away with the \$1,000. I also won with Antonio in the same stake. All of the above are Roderigo's get, excepting Count Gladstone, and he is half brother to Roderigo. Old Roderigo himself would hunt from sun to sun. I have shot over the great old dog Gladstone all day long at a time. Have seen Count Noble work a day at a time and Gath could also stay from sun to sun.

The above eleven dogs are in my opinion the eleven best field trial dogs that have ever been shown in America. There are but few others that nearly approach them for field trial dogs, and beyond a doubt every one of them are and were strictly first-class shooting dogs when put in training for an all-day hunt. Any of the chronic kickers on field trial dogs could take two of these dogs that I have mentioned and put them in proper condition and they could start in for a shoot and let it last from year to year until the dogs died from old age, and they would do high class work for good shooting every time they are taken out. You could hunt one in the morning, the other in the evening, or one one day and the other next day, and they would never quit if kept in proper condition. Such sport and pleasure as such a brace would give and sun a bag of game that could be killed over such a brace, will never be had by your stay-at-homes and "chronic kickers" on field trial dogs, for they will never see enough of

such high class dogs to really know and appreciate what a first-class shooting dog is.

In my mind, the very best and highest class field trial dogs are the very best dogs to make a big bag over, especially if birds are scarce enough to require a good dog to find them. The only trouble is, they require a man with experience and judgment and enough "get up" in him to handle them. No old "grandmother" should want a first-class dog to shoot over. I have noticed that whenever I have a friend to visit me that has had great experience at field trials, he always wants to shoot over my field trial cracks. Why is this? It is because they go in the field knowing that they are out with something that will hunt every inch of the country and find the birds if they can be found. But take what many term my plug shooting dogs; they have to help the plugs hunt, and often fail to find enough birds for a respectable day's sport. The "don't-know" sportsman will argue that those plugs of mine will point. That's all true enough; they will point if you can get them to potter around to where there is something to point. The high-class field trial dog will also point just as well as the potterer and hold his points just as long—that is, if properly broken—and will make fewer mistakes for the opportunities. Such a dog as Count Gladstone, of course, would flush more birds than a plug with the same nose, for this reason: Count would find at least five times the number of birds and cover at least ten times the amount of ground; hence his chances for mistakes are many more than my ordinary plugs. The stay-at-home kind can rest assured that I have many of their favorite plugs, and I expect I see more work of that kind than they do, and that is the reason why I am so fully convinced that the old idea of a high-class field trial dog not being a first-class shooting dog is all rot.

When I was quite a boy I had a lot of these plug shooting dogs, and I could and did kill from 40 to 60 birds a day over the lot with from three to four in the field at a time, and hunted regular all the season; in fact, I was a game slaughterer and prided myself in beating every friend whom I shot with. I thought, like your stay-at-home kind, that my dogs could easily down old Gladstone, but when I met Mr. Bryson at Grand Junction with old Gladstone, that was the first English setter that I ever saw in the field. We hunted him nearly all day, and I was honest enough to say at once that I had never before seen anything like a first-class shooting dog. I honestly believe that I could have taken old Gladstone and easily killed from 50 to 75 birds a day over him alone. He could easily have found eight out of ten coveys in the field with what I then considered four first-class dogs; in fact, the four dogs I had could hardly have got a point with him. I was so carried away with his wonderful performance that I could hardly sleep for thinking about how it could be possible for a dog to have the speed, range, style, nose and staying qualities that he had. At once I fully made up my mind that I would never give up until I had and could breed dogs his equal. If some of the many "chronic kickers" will only come and see, they will be convinced like I was. I had to see before I could believe, although I had heard all about Gladstone.

They are certainly welcome to their opinions, for the more that believe in those kind—the plugs—the easier it is for me to win. J. M. AVENT.

HICKORY VALLEY, TENN., June 10.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am not in favor of revoking the old rule forbidding bitches in season to compete at field trials. I differ with the opinion of those that have been advocating the running of bitches in season with dogs. I have had twenty-five years' experience with pointers and setters. I have owned, bred and handled hundreds in my lifetime and we have at the present time thirty-five in our kennels and my experience is that a dog will not do high class work when he is working with a bitch in season. He pays no attention to his work, for his mind always is on the bitch; but I am in favor of a bitch having a run for the money. I think if all the field trials would establish the following rules there would not be a chance for objection: When a bitch is in this condition let her run with one of her own sex, and should there be no bitch in the stake let the owner provide one to run with her, for under the "spotting system" the judges could easily tell if she was good enough to get in the money; and if she was of equal merit with a dog for first place the dog should have the preference. Owners of bitches in season should be compelled to notify the secretary of said bitch's condition, and he to notify all owners and handlers when dogs are going to compete with her. I have seen dogs that would get so excited that they would not work for two or three hours or as long as the bitch was around. We expect to start two bitches in the International field trials and should be perfectly willing to start them under the above rules, should they be in season. H. MILKINS AND S. HALLAM.

LEAMINGTON, ONT., June 14.

**The English Setter—Sires and Dams.**

BY P. H. BRYSON.

WINNING and non-winning producing dams will first be considered. Of the producing winning dams we find, Peep o' Day, the dam of Gath; Sue, the dam of Gladstone's Boy, Lillian, etc.; Bohemian Girl, the dam of Paul Bo; Florence Gladstone, the dam of Whyte B.; Lillian, the dam of Toledo Blade, Joey B., etc.; Daisy F., the dam of Daisy Hope and Daisy Hunter.

Of the non-winning dams we find Petrel, the dam of Gladstone; Twin Maude, the dam of Roderigo; Rane, the dam of Gloster; Bo-Peud, the dam of Antonio, Orlando, etc.; Fate Gladstone, the dam of Paxtang; Gilly Gladstone, the dam of Rod's Sue, etc.; Juno A., the dam of Rowdy Rod; Ruby's Girl II., the dam of Count Gladstone IV.; Ruby D., the dam of Laura and Miss Ruby; Lotta, the dam of Ollie S.; Belle Belton, the dam of King Noble; Belle of Hatchie, the dam of Bob Gates, Lady C., etc.; Topsy Avent, the dam of Topsy Rod, and Georgia Belle, the dam of Glean's Sport, Glean's Pink, etc. Many other producing dams could be named that never won in a field trial.

From my knowledge of the non-winning producing dams named, many would not be placed in a field trial in ordinary company. It will be seen the preponderance of producing dams were non-winners at field trials, still they produced winners whose blood breeds on. The successful sires on the other hand are winners at field trials, those not winning being the exception.

The question is often asked, "Does the sire or the dam control the progeny?" In some cases the dam does to some sires, to others not. If we could get sires that would always control the progeny, that would not throw back, successful breeding would be reduced to almost a certainty. This throwing back is the stumbling block successful breeders have to contend with. We may know the characteristics of sire and dam, that when mated often throw back several generations and produce something unlike neither. You often see liver and white puppies, when neither sires nor dams had any liver color for several generations. This is throwing back. In throwing back, the characteristics of previous sires and dams appear more frequently than the liver color, accounting for what we are sometimes at a loss to understand, "why the puppies of noted sires and dams are sometimes so different from either." Gladstone is the only noted sire I know of that never threw a liver and white, though he sired one or more lemon and white in almost every litter—his dam Petrel being lemon and white. According to my observation, the liver and white and lemon and white of same litter are more apt to live than the black, white and tans.

The question suggests itself, "Is the same blood that is prepotent enough to produce liver and white and lemon and white more vigorous blood than the blood of the black, white and tans?"

As a rule, you had better stick to families that you know how they have bred for several generations, than breed to a phenomenal specimen that has as many different bloods as sires and dams. It is like throwing dice for a winner, to expect much from such breeding. You may meet with success the first cross, but when you commence breeding their produce you do not get satisfactory results; they commence throwing back. In crossing the setter and pointer, the first cross gives better results than you get afterward; they commence throwing back after the first cross. Wun Lung was a phenomenal dog. We have not heard of any of his puppies that are promising, though we understand that he was bred to good blood. He is one of many I could cite where the combining of many different bloods does not breed on.

You need not expect every time you breed you will produce a Gladstone or a Roderigo. The percentage of grand dogs is greater than the percentage of superior horses or great men, but all horses are not superior, nor all men great. It is important to have pure blood in both sires and dams for many generations to guard against throwing back to inferior blood. Inferior blood is more difficult than liver and white to cross out, and it rarely remains dormant. The proper mating of sire and dam in disposition, size, nervous force, bird finding and many other qualities is important as well as blood lines. The breeders of to-day have confronting them a difficulty that those breeding a few years ago did not have to contend with, complicating the already difficult problem of breeding a winner. On the other hand, the breeders of to-day can profit by the successes and failures of the past. They can see what blood or combination of blood produced winners and breeds on and what does not. The producing blood, Gladstone, Count Noble and Druid-Ruby, has already one or more crosses of this same blood in many of them, necessitating the careful mating of sires and dams that was not so necessary a few years ago, before this blood had been crossed on itself to the extent we find it in many cases to-day.

Some of the greatest winning blood has been bred almost to a standstill as far as producing winners, largely from poor mating, that ought to be producing blood. Unless great care is taken in mating, we will breed our English setters to the level of the Laveracks of to-day. Of late years the Laveracks have not proved the successes of years ago. They are mated simply because they are Laveracks without due regard as to whether they are suited to each other in size, disposition, intelligence and many other necessary qualities where inbreeding is resorted to.

Nervous force is an essential quality in a field trial dog, to impart snap, willingness and ability to do quickly what he can do. For the short heats of half an hour and often less at field trials, necessitating "hustling" from the jump—you have to combine intelligence in order to train him, so he will handle game well and be handled also, and not lose his head at critical moments from undue excitement.

While nervous force is necessary, some dogs have too much of it. Antevolo is one with too much nervous force. She will run a first heat in a trial that is difficult to beat; when she becomes nervous from the excitement of the crowd, etc., she is liable to lose her head in subsequent heats, and not do the uniform high class work in the trials that she does in private. Cincinnati was another, so was Fred W., so was Betty S. The strong nervous force is not so essential in a shooting dog as in a field trial dog, because you have all day to find your game, and it does not make a material difference if it does take a trifle longer time in doing it. This is the essential difference between many field trial dogs and the shooting dogs of years ago.

The craze for extreme quickness (snap) and range demanded of field trial dogs is such that no living or dead dog could have maintained it in an all day's hunt, thus necessitating the breeding of dogs of very much nervous force, to the extent that there are many with more nervous force than can be gotten under control. Many dogs thus bred are unfit for shooting dogs and even the expert handler cannot successfully handle them in the trials.

If bred in right lines, they should be both field trial and shooting dogs. Dogs of extreme snap and range that are deficient as bird finders are in my opinion rated too high by the average field trial judge. This class of dogs are catchy to spectators and catch the eye of many field trial judges, sometimes to the detriment of other qualities that ought to rank high in a bird dog, many assuming that those qualities are the only qualities that a high class dog ought to have, or having these qualities they lose sight of equally meritorious qualities lacking in some dogs of this class.

The extreme range often without judgment that is the craze of to-day, I contend, is not necessary for bird finding. No dog can have too much speed for me, if he will find and handle game. I have seen too many with too much range without judgment. I will illustrate this point by incidents happening at the last Southern trial.

Amethyst was the fastest dog that ran in the Derby, if not in the Southern trials. She had more speed and range than Bessie Shoupe, still the latter found all the game and did all the point work when they met.

Glean's Pink did all the point work on game when he met Blue Ridge Mark. Mark had the most range at the start. Antevolo found all the beavies and did the most point work when she met Kent Elgin, Kent having the most range. Count Gladstone IV. did not find as many beavies in the series of three heats he ran as Tremont did in the series of three heats he ran, Count missing many beavies known to be on the ground he was hunted over, but Tremont found all the beavies known to be on the ground he was hunted over, Count Gladstone IV. having the most range (hunting over the same ground several times each dog ran over, demonstrated the number of beavies on same).

We ought to breed to sires and dams that will transmit bird-finding, with other good qualities. I have heard many say of a dog "he is a bird-finder, but not a high-class dog." Some dogs that range out of sight their owners call high class, though not bird-finders, while others are game-finders, though not called high class and do not have to range out of sight to do it.

We have reached the maximum necessary in speed, range and nervous force; let us find sires and dams that combine bird-finding with these and other essential qualities in a bird dog.

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 8.

**Illusion or Shadow.***Editor Forest and Stream:*

I wish to call your attention to the peculiar effect produced in the photograph of Glean's Sport in June 16 issue. If you will hold the paper off about 16 in., and look at the dog you will see that the top line of the baseboard of the fence in the background is sharply defined right through the dog, crossing his chest and to his hips below the hip joint.

It must be an illusion, of course, as I do not see how any shadow could be deeper there, than above, as the shadows giving shape to the chest should be rather triangular in shape, extending higher up under the forearm, as a faint outline can be traced in the same photo. I suppose the light was behind the camera, and should therefore fall on the side of the dog equally, subject to the laws of lights and shades that give shapes and forms. The effect striking me as peculiar is why I mention it. W. W. TITUS.

WAVERLY, MISS., June 16.

[Some of our "amateurs" can perhaps explain this seeming illusion.]



## DOG CHAT.

In a contemporary we notice a letter primarily caused by the confusion relative to the title of champion and the erroneous idea that the word "challenge" may also be used in front of a dog's name which is eligible to that class. As there seems to be a question as to whether one is not perfectly justified in saying challenge So and So, it may be well to explain this for the benefit of those who are not well versed in the titular order of things under A. K. C. rules, and also for those who should know better. When a dog has won four first prizes in an open class he is compelled to compete in the challenge class. This, however, conveys no particular distinction upon the dog except the fact that he is entitled to compete in presumably better or higher company. In this class he is expected to win three first prizes, and one of these first prizes must be won at a show in which there are 500 entries. Upon winning the third prize under the above conditions the dog becomes entitled to be called "champion" without any further competition, and this is the only title a dog may aspire to under our show rules. Challenge So and So is meaningless, except that it shows that the dog is in the challenge class. One might as well say "open So and So" in distinction to puppy or novice class dogs. A ruling should be made by the A. K. C. regarding this misuse of the word "challenge" as a prefix, as its use is apt to put a fictitious value on a dog with those who are not conversant with the canine roll of honor.

Some people will tell you that blood is thicker than water, but if the water is represented by a favorite dog the intention of this old saying is often reversed—the exception that proves the rule, probably. Mrs. Kunigunda Kugler was evidently attached to her Skye terrier, Bobby, for when her will was filed in the Surrogate's office of this city, one day last week, it was found that while she had cut off some of her nearest relatives with the proverbial shilling—in this case represented by \$1—\$300 was left in trust for the faithful Bobby. In her will Mrs. Kugler gives her reasons for leaving the relatives in the cold, and goes on to say: "In consideration of keeping my dog Bobby, a Skye terrier, until he dies a natural death, I give unto Mrs. Caroline Scholl, to apply for this purpose, the sum of \$800 and my wearing apparel, and I hope she will give him such kind treatment as the poor animal was accustomed to while in my care."

"What ails you, Tige?" "If there's anything I despise it's a tramp mean enough to wear trousers over a wooden leg."—*Life*.

On the occasion of the dog show in Paris a French statistician has published an estimate of the number of dogs at present to be found in that city. After informing the world that there are no fewer than 80,000 of them, he proceeds to speculate on the number of persons who are kept awake by their barking. On an average he thinks, one dog in ten would be restless and inclined to bark during the night, and on this basis he arrives at the dreadful conclusion that there are in Paris, at all times, at least 8,000 persons who cannot sleep from this cause alone.

Another good dog has gone the way of all flesh, though in this instance his death was hastened. The well-known mastiff champion Merlin has been ailing ever since winter, cold or injury having affected his spine and hindquarters so that he was very much crippled. Mr. Hughes put him out of misery, June 18. Champion Merlin, as his title denotes, was a frequent winner at our shows, and was by champion Iford Caution out of Bess, and whelped May 18, 1888. Mr. Winchester had him, and Mrs. Charles Wallace owned him at the time of death. Merlin was in every sense a true mastiff, handsome, companionable and of excellent disposition. Although he was practically helpless and had to be lifted from his bed, Mr. Hughes remarked "that it was a pleasure to do all you could for him, as he was such a perfect gentleman in every way—some people will say that animals cannot be refined in manners, but I maintain emphatically they can." Of course they can.

### Rufford Ormonde.

There is a well known advertising picture of the boy "that won't be happy till he gets it," and that is just as "Bob" Armstrong felt about Rufford Ormonde, the celebrated collie. A month hence this grand dog, that has just secured the title of champion in England, will cross the water and become one of the lords of the harem at the Cragston Kennels, owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The purchase of this dog, which seems to be generally acknowledged as the head of the collie fancy in England, places American collie-dom in the very front rank. Here he will renew the acquaintance of his old antagonist Sefton Hero. Two such grand dogs as these in one kennel is almost enough to dishearten competition, but the owners of other kennels will surely admire Mr. Morgan's pluck and enterprise in securing the very best dogs of the breed so that American breeders may improve their stock, for we understand that members of the Collie Club and others are allowed the services of these dogs to approved bitches. Rufford Ormonde has won pretty nearly all the honors that he could do in the old country, and ended his show career there as stated last week by winning the 60 guineas challenge cup once more at the Collie Club show in London. He will stand at stud for one month for the good of English breeders and then sail for America. This dog's career does not require repetition here, it is so well known to all collie men, and there has been no importation that will stir up the fanciers so much since the coming of Sir Bedivere, Christopher, Sefton Hero, etc. Rufford Ormonde has won 120 firsts, specials and cups and is three times winner of the 60 guineas challenge cup. He is a young dog yet, and is by Ormskirk Chrissie out of Princess Margaret, whelped June 3, 1891. He is a sable and white dog and bred by Mr. Thos. H. Stretch. FOREST AND STREAM has hinted more than once that this dog had been the subject of negotiation, and our readers will be the first to have news of his purchase. That Mr. Armstrong will now be still prouder of his team goes without saying.

The owner of the Kilmarnock Kennels, of Boston, Mass., Mr. Faxon, has, we are sorry to learn, got into difficulties with his employers and his collies and other live stock were sold by the sheriff of Norfolk county, Mass. The collies in this kennel, while not of the first water, have won numerous prizes at New England shows, and in former years the Kilmarnock Kennels was a familiar name in our catalogues. As usual at such forced sales the prices realized were ridiculously small. The dog Renown, that has won several times, was sold for \$26. The well known bitch Mother Shipton, that was imported at a cost of something like \$500 a couple of years since, went for \$22. In all, fifteen dogs were sold, and buyers had practically their own way about it.

A meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York city, Monday, July 2, at 3 P. M. Members of the executive committee are earnestly requested to attend so that arrangements may be made for the coming field trials.

Dr. M. Halphide of Mitchell, S. D., intends to start a St. Bernard kennel this season. He has just purchased and received Lady Buff (25,667), by Plinlimmon out of Maud. He now wishes to purchase or obtain services of a good stud dog in that section.

Forest and Stream Pub. Co. has issued in book form "Field Trial Training" by Luke W. White. This able treatise on training was, it will be remembered, published in serial form by the now defunct *Fanciers' Journal*. This little book will be found both practical and interesting, and from Mr. White's large experience in field trial work his opinions and methods should prove valuable even to the professional. It also shows the amateur at once the difference between the training of dogs for field trials as conducted at present and that required for ordinary shooting. The book is interspersed with sketches of several noted field dogs, and the low price of 25 cents places it within reach of any one.

Jos. Lewis, of Moodus, Conn., has sold his winning greyhound pup Hattie M., by Gem of the Season out of Wild Rose, to Dr. Q. Van Hammell, of Indianapolis, Ind. As this is a more than ordinarily well-built bitch, the Doctor should bring her well to the front. She won first in open bitches and puppy class at Boston this year.

We are indebted to Mr. H. G. Trevor, owner of the Meadowmere Kennels, for a handsome photograph of his crack poodle Milo. Mr. Welby, of Tamaqua, Pa., seems to be going in for the breed in good earnest, as he has just purchased about \$500 worth of dogs from this kennel, the latest addition to his kennel being the good bitch Bess, now in the challenge class. Mr. Welby expects to show this fall, and, therefore, the poodle entries promise to be very large, comparatively speaking. Mr. Trevor has about sold his entire stock of grown dogs, and has recently sent abroad for a new supply. We regret to hear that the kennel has had hard luck with their young stock. Mr. Trevor deserves the thanks of the fancy in his efforts to place the black poodle so far in the lead among fancy dogs.

One of the largest deals in St. Bernards ever known in this country, is that whereby Col. Ruppert has transferred almost his entire kennel to Mr. Fred Schmidt, owner of the Hell Gate Kennels, Astoria, L. I. The list includes such well-known animals as Kingstonian Count, Kingstonian Countess, Kingstonian Beauty, which trio, it will be remembered, Col. Ruppert purchased from Mr. George Booth's kennel in Hull, England; Altonette, the long-priced but disappointing one from Mr. Smith's kennel; Countess Madge, one of the best shaped headed ones in the country, and only ruined by her lack of markings; Signa, Miss Amanda, San Franciscoan, and lastly Royal Duchess and Empress of Contocock's well-known daughter Bellegarde. This gives Mr. Schmidt one of the strongest kennels of breeding stock in the country, and if they are bred judiciously should turn out something good. The price paid for the lot is said to be about \$1,300. This sale about clears out Col. Ruppert's kennel, having left only Empress of Contocock, Miss Anna and Bellegarde's last litter of puppies. These, we are told, have been sent up to Col. Ruppert's Poughkeepsie farm.

Mr. Thiman, owner of the Hermitage Kennels, also purchased from the Dutchess Kennels the rough coat Baroness Cardiff. His smooth dog Chester seems to be doing well in the stud, having sired one hundred pups in eight litters. Empress of Contocock is now heavy in whelp to him, and she is well known as a shy breeder. Mr. Thiman has also bought a smooth dog, litter brother to Mr. Link's Ashland Jumbo, that is said to be the tallest dog going just now, as his owner avers he is 36in. at shoulder and has a skull measure of 30in. If the tape did not stretch this is great measurement.

Mr. E. J. Hearle, owner of the Speedway Kennels, writes us: "Just a few lines to let your many readers know of the death of my St. Bernard bitch Princess Alma, formerly of the Wyoming Kennels. She had been one of our most prolific breeders in her day, and though past her usefulness as a brood bitch, is still a great loss to me. I attribute her death to old age mostly, as she was found dead in her kennel."

Mr. Henry Brooks in a chatty letter tells us that Wankie Freda, first in puppy class at Boston, has just whelped a nice litter of seven to Tires. Wankie Gerda, third in puppies at the same show, they have sold to Mrs. Fessenden, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., also a promising young dog to Mr. G. Dorr, of Boston, and both these purchasers intend to show. The youngsters in the kennel are all doing well and there is said to be a coming champion in a pup by champion Tires ex Cublean, and it should be from such "purple" breeding. The prospects for this breed becoming quite popular are very bright just now.

## POINTS AND FLUSHES

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

### Dogs and Values.

AN eminent handler and breeder inclosed a letter to me, which he had received from a prospective purchaser, and which he presented as one of many instances in which purchasers desire to get a valuable dog at a cheap figure. I quote from the letter the following extract: "If you have a Gordon or an Irish setter thoroughly house and gun-broken, and warranted thoroughly trained on quail, and a good retriever for ducks, write to ——. Price must not exceed \$35, and delivery to be made by express C. O. D. at once."

It is very probable that the inquirer, who penned the foregoing, did not know the real value of a dog possessing the nice qualifications which he so frankly desired.

As a retriever, apart from all other considerations, a fairly good performer would be worth more than \$35. It would be worth more than that to train him. If well-bred and a good specimen, he would be of more value with no training than the sum mentioned.

If there is a demand for anything, the labor, skill and expense of producing the article and excellence of it, are all factors in the estimate of values. If the standard of value for trained dogs gets below the cost of living and a fair remuneration, handlers would be forced to withdraw from their profession and engage in other business. Training as a profession entails many hardships. The itinerant handler leads largely a life of isolation, hard fare and worse lodging. All are exposed to the extremes of hot and cold weather, and the work itself is a combination of constant study, attention and laborious physical effort. There is a constant expense to be incurred from day to day in providing food for dogs, and in a small country town or miles from even such a town, providing food for a number of dogs is attended with many more difficulties and greater expense than is the same in a city. In short, to breed and raise a dog and to train him well, which takes ordinarily from six months to a year, give the dog a value of at least \$150, if he have the qualities desirable in a good shooting dog.

It is rather inconsiderate to offer a sum for a trained dog, which would be but little more than what was expended for food which he consumed in raising him.

Still, in the laws of trade, if a man purchases intelligently, he generally gets that for which he pays. The \$25 dog is generally that grade of a dog, and the same is true of guns, horses, busses and ships. Even an \$80 suit of clothes for \$20 often fails to produce the blissful contentment anticipated in the wearing or the adornment. There are extremes where one can be foolishly saving or foolishly lavish in expenditure.

The Northwestern Field Trial Club has postponed its trials

until 1895. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale offered a championship cup similar to the one given last year to be competed for this year. A resolution was passed thanking Mr. Lonsdale for his generous and unsolicited offer, and asking him to let it be competed for next year. The principal reasons trials are not held this year are that Mr. Thomas Johnson, the pioneer and leading spirit in field trial competitions, announced his retirement as a competitor, and though earnestly solicited to reconsider his determination, he could not be prevailed upon to do so. Coupled with this the fact that members had been very unfortunate in losing by distemper their Derby entries, it was felt that the trials had best be abandoned for this year.

I understand that Mr. W. B. Wells, the secretary of the International Field Trials Club, will be asked to judge at the Manitoba field trials this year.

The well-known trainer Mr. Stoddard, who is now in Winnipeg, Manitoba, writes me that there is a prospect of a large entry at the field trials in Manitoba this fall. Messrs. Arent, Rose, Titus, Smith and Hammond think of coming from the States and two or three from Ontario, Canada. Further he says: "The weather is very dry—fine for hatching birds. All say there were thousands left for seed, so there should be a big crop. I am getting my dogs together in the city and will move out later on. The summer sports are on here in full blast, more to the square inch than any town of its size in America, I think. There are three gun clubs. They got me into one, it has over sixty members; shoot every week day (in squads), all could not shoot same day. Begin at 7 P. M., but this does not set until nearly 9, rises a little after 4 A. M. This state of affairs hardly gives a trainer a fair chance, but by beginning early he can get in a fair day's work."

From a letter from Mr. Tower, I gather that the sportsmen of North Ontario, Cal., will shortly organize a field trial club that will hold trials on an amateur basis. The prizes will be medals instead of cash, to be awarded to dogs handled by their owners. The club will be composed of men who desire to have everything of a business nature eliminated from field trials; men, as Mr. Tower says, "who are in it out of pure sportsmanship." B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

### Game to the Last.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One hot day last week S. S. Batley, secretary Mitchell Coursing Club, was out exercising his two greyhounds Bud and Lady, by Tulu ex Vixen, and which have appeared at Mitchell and Huron meetings. They were unfortunate enough to strike one of those real healthy jacks, and the consequence was, before night both dogs died. Mr. Batley thinks they may have been poisoned, but I do not, as I lost a good dog some two years ago in the same manner and the symptoms were the same. Nevertheless his English blood will not allow him to quit the game, but he will at once endeavor to secure something still better for the fall meetings. NOMINATOR.

MITCHELL, S. D.

### A New Role for Gordons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mrs. J. E. Montgomery of Memphis, Tenn., had the misfortune to lose by poison a fine Maltese mother cat, leaving two kittens to perish from hunger. The lady has a warm heart and clear head for pets, especially in distress and danger, so ordering her beautiful Gordon setter bitch Olive to "down charge," she dropped warm milk on Olive's dry breasts and placed the kittens there to nurse. This was continued a few days and then the setter's milk came free, and she now has a fat and frolicsome very "happy family." W. A. WHEATLEY.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 13.

## KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

### NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Scalper, Next, Master Waggles, Dress and Rex K. By J. H. McTague, Omaha, Neb., for black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped Feb. 24, 1894, by McTague's Cherry (champion Red Jacket—Branford Bonita) out of Black Gyp (Hector—Black Meg).

Lord Breckenridge and Lady Pollard. By D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kan., for black greyhound dog and bitch, whelped May 25, 1893, by Norwegian out of Dick's Darling.

Netherwood Farm Kennels. By W. Talmann and S. B. Wheeler, Plainfield, N. J., for their training and boarding kennels.

### BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Nellie L.—Mark 'Em. C. H. Lee's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Nellie L. (Prince L.—Sadie B.) to P. Volker's Mark 'Em (Monk of Furness—Alxua), March 16.

Careless—Heather. J. D. Bush's (Wilmington, Del.) bull bitch Careless (Donkey—Hot Hampshire Nettle) to C. A. J. Smith's Heather (Harper—Ashton Belle), May 9.

Miss Nino—Young Signal. N. E. D. Huggins's (Peoria, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Miss Nino (Elcho, Jr.—Nino) to G. O. Smith's Young Signal (Signal—Woodbine), April 13.

Rose Norwood—Young Signal. Burt & Smith's (Wheeling, W. Va.) Irish setter bitch Rose Norwood (Glencoe—Flora) to G. O. Smith's Young Signal (Signal—Woodbine), May 30.

Bether Berwyn—Doctor Druid. McCullagh & Smith's (Wheeling, W. Va.) English setter bitch Bether Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—Dryad) to G. O. Smith's Doctor Druid (Frank S.—Victoria D.), May 1.

Pet—Duke of Kent II. Glen Rock Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Pet (champion King of Kent—champion Belle Randolph) to their champion Duke of Kent II., April 10.

Jingle Bells—Molton Banner. Rinada Pointer Kennels' (Massachusetts, L. I.) pointer bitch Jingle Bells (Underwriter—Juno) to Glen Rock Kennels' Molton Banner (Saddlebags—Molton Broom), May 5.

Wanda—Molton Broom. G. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) pointer bitch Wanda to Glen Rock Kennels' Molton Banner (Saddlebags—Molton Broom), May 25.

Jane—Count Noble. Miss A. Nickerson's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Janeet (Beaumont—Belle Stephen) to her Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle), April 7.

Black Gyp—McTague's Cherry. J. H. McTague's (Omaha, Neb.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Gyp to his McTague's Cherry, Dec. 27.

Fanny K.—Frank Forest. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Fanny K. (Don—Goodwood Nellie) to champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip), April 18.

Lou—Frank Forest. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch champion Lou (Keno—Fly) to champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip), June 10.

Lonely—Frank Forest. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch champion Lonely (Careful—Lovely) to champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip), May 2.

Welcome—Roy K. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Welcome (Leap—Topsy) to champion Roy K. (champion Rattler III.—Dora), May 26.

Fanchette—Roy K. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Fanchette (Mac—Fanny K.) to champion Roy K. (champion Rattler III.—Dora), June 6.

Zillah—Frank Forest. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Zillah (champion Racer, Jr.—Nellie) to his champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip), June 3.

Norah K.—Frank Forest. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Norah K. (The Rambler—Emeline) to his champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip), June 6.

Gay—Roy K. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Gay (Roy—Kitty) to his champion Roy K. (champion Rattler III.—Dora), June 16.

Queen of the Forest—Roy K. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Queen of the Forest (champion Frank Forest—Ina) to his champion Roy K. (champion Rattler III.—Dora), April 14.



**Bella II.**—Roy K. H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N.Y.) beagle bitch Bella II. (champion Racer, Jr.—Belle Rockland) to his champion Roy K. (champion Ratter III.—Dora), April 17.  
**Burlington Diadem**—Brittle. H. W. Lacy's (New York City) fox-terrier bitch Burlington Diadem (Suffolk Coronet—Baccante) to H. W. Smith's Brittle (Brick—Vamp), April 5.  
**Ruby Bonahue**—Roundy Jack. T. W. Stoutenburgh's (Des Moines, Ia.) English setter bitch Ruby Bonahue (imported Dick Bonduh—Field's Osette) to Gleason's Bowdy Jack (Rowdy Rod—Flame Gladstone), April 24.  
**Jean Beaufort**—Strideaway. Mr. Eaton's Jean Beaufort was bred to Strideaway April 22, not May 22, as given.

## WHEELPS.

## Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

**Bessie Kakas.** Glen Rock Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Bessie Kakas, March 10, six (four dogs), by their champion Duke of Kent II.  
**Ridgeview Patch.** Glen Rock Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Ridgeview Patch (Beppo III.—Lady Norrish II.), April 24, nine (seven dogs), by their champion Duke of Kent II.  
**Beauty.** C. B. Rutan's (West Orange, N.J.) Gordon setter bitch Beauty (Don—Belle), April 23, fourteen (seven dogs), by Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle).  
**Josephine II.** Dean's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Josephine II. (Leatherstocking—Josephine), March 23, seven (four dogs), by Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle).  
**Lady Maud.** E. O. Tucker's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Maud (Ranger B.—Countess Whip), May 23, seven (four dogs), by Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle).  
**Black Gyp.** J. H. McTague's (Omaha, Neb.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Gyp (Hector—Black Meg), Feb. 24, eleven (eight dogs), by his McTague's Chet (champion Red Jacket—braford Bonita).  
**Zillah.** H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N.Y.) beagle bitch Zillah (champion Racer, Jr.—Nellie), Jan. 10, five (two dogs), by his champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip).  
**Norah K.** H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N.Y.) beagle bitch Norah K. (The Rambler—Emeline), Jan. 6, six (two dogs), by his champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip).  
**Fanchette.** H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N.Y.) beagle bitch Fanchette (Mac—Fanny K.), Jan. 21, five (four dogs), by his champion Roy K. (champion Ratter III.—Dora).  
**Gay.** H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N.Y.) beagle bitch Gay (Rover—Kitty), Feb. 2, five dogs, by his champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip).  
**Daphne.** H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N.Y.) beagle bitch Daphne (champion Royal Krueger—Baby W.), April 18, four (two dogs), by his champion Frank Forest (Riot—Skip).  
**Burlington Diadem.** H. W. Lacy's (New York City) fox-terrier bitch Burlington Diadem (Suffolk Coronet—Baccante), June 16, two bitches, by H. W. Smith's Brittle (Brick—Vamp).

## SALES.

## Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

**Duke of Kent III.** Blue belton English setter dog, whelped March 26, 1894, by Kent III. out of Countess Addie, by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to Dr. F. S. Hopkins, Boston, Mass.  
**Duke Noble.** Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped March 15, 1894, by Count Noble out of Josephine II., by Miss S. A. Nickerson, Providence, R. I., to Mrs. O. Wunsch, Pawtucket, R. I.  
**MALDEN, Mass., June 19.**—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In your current issue in Kennel Notes appears the notice of a visit to King Bannerman of Jeannette, the respective owners Debonair Beagle Kennels and E. L. Bryant. The breeding of Jeannette is given in the notice as by champion Bannerman. Is this correct? The breeding given me at the time of obtaining one of Jeannette's puppies, says she is by Bannerman II. (6,911) ex Constance; also that her registered number is 10,724. Kindly say which is correct.  
 [You are right. Jeannette is registered by Mr. Bryant as by Bannerman II. out of Constance.]

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. M., Erie, Pa.—Give your mastiff proper exercise and good food. There is no method by which you can bring her in season.  
 C. O. T., Saratoga Lake, N. Y.—You had better insert a "Kennel Special," stating what you want. We do not know at present of a trained setter.  
 H. G. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—By boardhound we presume you mean great Dane. You could probably secure a good bitch by stating your want in a *FOREST AND STREAM* Kennel Special.  
 C. F. M., Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Josie H., by Jeff II. out of Vaneta, by Waller's Race out of Rose, by Rufus out of Stoddard's Duchess. Jeff II. by Grouse out of Gyp. Dittmar is by Joe out of Queen, by Rexford out of Anne Boleyn; Joe, by Ronald out of Nellie B.  
 J. D. B., Wilmington, Del.—It is a common thing for a bitch to remain in poor condition while in whelp, even though she eats a good deal. It would be best to treat her for worms at once. There is no danger, providing you do not use very drastic measures. You will find good vermifuges advertised in our business columns.  
 H. S. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Sir Bedivere is by Nero III. out of Bena, by Bayard out of Freda, by St. Nicholas out of Juno II.; Bayard, by Bosco out of Juno; Nero III., by Boniface out of Bessie II., by Bayard out of Hebe; Boniface, by Bayard out of Luna. Gundred is by Baron Cardiff out of Cameo, by Philimmon out of Gehemiss, by Rollo out of Berta; Philimmon, by Pilgrim out of Bessie II.; Baron Cardiff, by Philimmon out of Donna Bayard, by Bayard out of Duchess.  
 J. W. R., Akron, N. Y.—The Laverack setter is a strain of English setter originated by Mr. Edward Laverack. We cannot of course tell you whether your dog is a Laverack unless you give its pedigree. The color is blue or lemon and white belton, that is, white, with black or lemon ticks. The Gordon color is black and tan; main color is jet black, with tan marks over each eye, on muzzle, down part of forelegs and feather to elbow, inside of thighs, vent and shoulder points and inside of ears. White is not desirable, though there is often a little on the chest. 2. One service is generally considered sufficient.  
 C. E. B., Hyde Park, Mass.—What is the matter with my St. Bernard dog and what shall I do for him? Red blotches appear on different parts of his body and neck and across shoulders. They discharge a watery matter and he scratches them raw. Ans. Treat for worms. Give following mixture:  
 R. Mag. sulph. . . . . 5i  
 Pol. carb. . . . . 3i  
 Sod. carb. . . . . 3i  
 Aq. ad. . . . . 3 viii  
 Give one tablespoonful morning and evening. Wash the dog twice a week in a solution of creolin (1oz. to pail of water).

## Hunting and Coursing.

## FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—New England Beagle Club, at Oxford, Mass. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y. Nominations close Oct. 1.  
 Oct. 29.—National Beagle Club. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sec'y.  
 Nov. 7.—Northwestern Beagle Club, Louis Steffen, Milwaukee, Wis., Sec'y.

## Col. North's Greyhounds.

THE most important sale of greyhounds that has taken place for some time was that of Col. North's noted kennels. Young Fullerton, counted about the fastest dog in England, was, we believe, bid in, but not till the price had reached \$5,250. He will, we learn later, go to the Russian Imperial Kennels. The *Referer*, in its account of the sale, says: "The weather was rather dull when the first saplings were put on the bench. Lots 6 and 7, a couple by Young Fullerton out of Myrtle Queen, a brindle and white bitch and brindle dog, soon set the heads nodding. Mr. Crosse securing both at 100 gs. each. Several then went cheaply, but five out of a litter by Needham out of Miss Benkwith made 140gs., the highest being 30gs. The next litter to cause considerable attention was four by Young Fullerton out of Sparkling Gem, the highest priced one knocked down being a brindle dog for 49gs.; but it is doubtful if it changed hands. Soon after these came a litter of six, three of which are entered for the Produce Stakes, Kidgevay Club, Latham, in October next. The first two, Hawkesbury and Ochiltree, were taken for 51gs. and 50gs. respectively by Mr. H. E. Smith and Mr. Morgan, Mr. Hamar Bass taking the remainder for one of which he gave 50gs. Five followed by Needham out of Mrs. Hutton, Mr. Morgan obtaining three—Nata (39gs.), Nineteen (40gs.), and News (41gs.). Russley, Found Again and Mongo, by Herschell out of Navette, all went to the bids of Mr. Hamar Bass for

40gs., 71gs. and 60gs. Coming to the first season dogs, Nant, a fawn bitch, by Herschell out of Kate Cuthbert, was taken by Mr. Brocklebank for 35gs., while Mr. Hamar Bass was again to the fore when Nadir, a red dog, by Herschell out of Miss Glendyne, was offered and obtained it for 30gs., Nip the Daisy, out of the same litter, going to Mr. Drake for 25gs. Out of Fashion, by Herschell out of Bit of Fashion (42gs.), was the last in this class. Prices continued good for the second season dogs, as El Diablo, by Troughend out of Miss Glendyne, was bought by Mr. Drake for 50 gs. and Mr. Brocklebank gave the same price for Must Go, an own sister; still another, a brindle, by Greentick out of Bit of Fashion, making 100 gs. and Ny Penzez Plus, a sister to the above, 150 gs. to Mr. Hamar Bass. The third and fourth season dogs did not make any big figures, but the brood bitches were knocked down as follows: In Fashion, 100 gs; Notify (McCaffery), 105 gs; Tick Tick (Jardine), 200 gs; Newtyle (McCaffery), 210 gs; Mun (McCaffery), 80 gs; Nautilus II. (Hamar Bass), 20 gs; and Note Paper (Mr. Le Cremiere), 40 gs. These were followed by the stud dogs, Young Fullerton, a brindle dog by Greentick out of Bit of Fashion, being knocked down after some spirited bidding to Mr. McCaffery for 1,050 gs. Old Boots, by the same dog and bitch, was secured by Mr. Rhodes for 50 gs. Neston, a brindle dog, by Herschell out of Miss Glendyne, which was started at 400 gs, was taken by Mr. Dent for 500 gs. and Gay City, a red dog, by Mr. Cooke for 20 gs. The sale was indeed a memorable one.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The American Coursing Club.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Since the organization of the American Coursing Club in 1886, there has never been such inactivity in the club as there is this year. Hardly a mention has been made of a fall meeting; of course hard times are largely to blame, and bounds and especially coursing greyhounds are essentially luxuries. It is natural that, after such hard times as we have had for the past year, when even the richest have felt the need of economizing, one of the first methods of reducing expenses would be the giving up of coursing. But there are other reasons that have militated strongly against the club. The idea of changing the coursing grounds is a good one. If the club holds its meeting at some other place than Great Bend, why should it be worth so much more to that place? It is a wrong idea that any town receives much benefit from a club's meeting, outside of the hotel and livery proprietors. And the more they subscribe, the more our expenses as guests and nominators will be. There is no doubt the club can find proper grounds in Kansas, Nebraska or Dakota, and I dare say almost any town in Dakota will give from one to two hundred dollars for a meeting of the A. C. A. If so, why should the club wait to see which town can be bled the hardest?

Of course, a large purse brings a large entry, but more important features are the judge and ground, and I might say the executive committee. I have been told innumerable times, seriously and humorously, of the difficulties encountered and the waste of time by executive committeemen in attending to their part of the duty. It is not my intention to go over that well-trodden ground, nor to present any fresh statistics. A statement of the case in such form as to bring into prominence the condition of the situation will be sufficient for present purposes.

The next move of the club will be watched with interest. Where will the eighth annual meeting of the A. C. A. be held?

This grand old club should be first to appear with its dates and should be a reunion of all clubs. If it is properly handled, the meeting this fall will be the grandest of them all.

MITCHELL, S. D.

NOMINATOR.

## Yachting.

## FIXTURES.

## JUNE.

27. Atlantic City Cor., Trophy Race, Atlantic City.  
 28. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.  
 29. July 8. Phila., Ann. Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.  
 30. St. Lawrence, A. 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, third series.

## JULY.

2. Miramichi, Cruise, Wheelbarrow Point.  
 2. A. M., St. Lawrence, A. 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, challenge cup.  
 P. M., steam yacht race, 18ft. fourth series.  
 4. Cor. Phila., Henry Cup, Delaware River.  
 2. Rochester, Cruise, Big Sodus, L. Y. R. A. Meet.  
 3. Sea. Cor., Race, Oyster Bay to Larchmont.  
 4. Pine Lake, Club, Pine Lake, Wis.  
 4. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.  
 4. Larchmont, Ann., L. I. Sound.  
 4. City of Boston, Open, Boston Harbor.  
 4. Beverly, Club Cham., Monument Beach.  
 4. Cleveland, Ladies' Day, L. Erie.  
 4. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.  
 4. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.  
 4. Columbia, Ladies' Day, Chicago, Lake Michigan.  
 4. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.  
 4. Piscataqua, Ann., Portsmouth, Me.  
 4. Lake Y. R. A., Race Meet, Sodus Bay.  
 6-20. Philadelphia, Annual Cruise.  
 7. Dorchester Bay Clubs, Union Race, Dorchester Bay.  
 7. St. Lawrence, A. 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fourth series.  
 7. Riverside, Ann., L. I. Sound.  
 7. Cape Cod, Club, Nobsessett Pier.  
 7. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.  
 7. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.  
 7. Manchester, Open, Mass. Bay.  
 7. Eastern, Ann., Marblehead.  
 12. Schoodic, 1st Cup Race, Club.  
 12. Rochester, Squad, Sail and Review, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.  
 14. St. Lawrence, A. 30, 25, 21ft. Classes, fifth series.  
 14. Cor. Mus. Fleet, 21ft. and cabin cats, New Rochelle.  
 14. Knickerbocker, Club, L. I. S. D.  
 14. N. Y. Bay, Club, N. Y. Harbor.  
 14. New Bedford, Club, Sail, Buz. B.  
 14. Phila., Squad, Sail, Del. River.  
 14. Sea. Cor., 25ft. Class, Bullock Cup, Oyster Bay.

## JUNE.

30. July 1. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, McNear's.  
 30. Jersey City, Ann., N. Y. Harbor.  
 30. Hull, Club, Boston Harbor.  
 30. Douglaston, Ann., L. I. Sound.  
 30. Seawanhaka Cor., Race, New London to Oyster Bay.

## JULY.

14. Cor. Phila., Evans Cup, Delaware River.  
 14-15. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Galinas Creek.  
 14-21. Larchmont, Cruise, Long Sound.  
 14-30. Columbia, Cruise, Chicago to Green Bay, Wis.  
 16. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.  
 16. Rhode Island, Ann. Cup, Narragansett Bay.  
 16-19. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, G't Sound.  
 19. Miramichi, Race, Chatham.  
 19. Fall River, Ladies' Day.  
 19. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.  
 20. Hempstead Bay, Club, Hempstead Bay.  
 20. Phila., Club Race, all Classes, Delaware River.  
 21. Squantum, Cham., Squantum, Mass.  
 21. American, Seaver Cup, Newburyport.  
 21. Beverly, Sweeps, West Fall River.  
 21. Fox Lake, Club, Fox Lake, Ill.  
 21. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth Harbor.  
 21. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.  
 21. Manchester, Minot's Ledge Cup, Massachusetts Bay.  
 21. Plymouth, Club, Plymouth, Mass.  
 21. Douglaston, Open, L. I. Sound.  
 21. Indian Harbor, 21-footers and open cats, Greenwich, Conn.  
 26. Rochester, Club, Charlotte, Lake Ontario.  
 26-29. Indian Harbor, Cruise, L. I. Sound.  
 29. Cor. Phila., Jeanes Prize, Delaware River.  
 29. Hull, Open, Boston Harbor.  
 29. Great South Bay, Ann., Islip.  
 29. Larchmont, Flint Cup, cabin cats, Long Island Sound.  
 29. South Boston, Club, Cruise, Massachusetts Bay.  
 29. Squantum, Squantum, Mass.  
 29-30. San Francisco Cor., Cruise, Goat Island.  
 30. Schoodic, 2d Cup Race, Club.

being the case, Mr. Gould has not yet challenged for the cup, and consequently the R. V. Y. C. has not been called on to take action in the matter.

From the action of the club thus far since the cup was established, we were reluctant to believe that it had declined the challenge of Vigilant, but the statement was positive and apparently true. We are rejoiced to find that it was not true, and we can only tender a full apology to the Royal Victoria Y. C. for a criticism which, it now appears, was entirely undeserved. The R. V. Y. C. has already come in for a good deal of harsh criticism from the American press, apparently for no other reason than that it had dared to offer a rival trophy to the America's Cup at a time when that prize was removed from fair competition by the literal construction of the new deed of gift. So far as we can see, the criticisms thus directed against the club have been without foundation, the terms of its deed of trust are not unfair in themselves, and the first races under them, of Navahoe and Britannia last year, were certainly carried out most fairly and liberally. In comparing the deed of trust of the R. V. Y. C. with the new deed of the America's Cup, there is one most important point which is always overlooked—the R. V. Y. C. cup was purchased by the club, which has consequently a legal right to offer its own property on any terms, however unfair they might be from a racing standpoint. The New York Y. C., however, is not, and never has been, the owner of the America's Cup, but is only a trustee, holding the Cup under certain definite and known conditions, under which it was dedicated by the five gentlemen and yachtmen, now deceased, who won and owned it. All legal rights of the trustee terminated when the terms of the trust first were violated, a consideration which is far above any question of the comparative fairness of the true terms and the false ones.

## Columbia Y. C. Lake Race.

## CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

## Saturday, June 16.

The second annual race of the Columbia Y. C., Michigan City, Ind., took place on Saturday, June 16. The race started in a light N.E. wind and the start was made with balloon jibs and clubtopsails set. There were nine entries and starters. The procession was led by Allie T., closely followed by the cutter Enola, then in order came Hattie B., Hattie Bradwell, Rambler, America, Ellida, Peri and Pinta. The wind held from N.E. and freshened, causing some clubtopsails and balloon sails to come down and working sails to be set in their place.

Clouds began to gather in the southeast, and matters looked serious. Allie T., away off to leeward, was seen to heel heavily and luff into the squall, and the other boats got ready for a good old blow. It did not last long, however, and Allie T. soon found herself away to windward of the entire fleet, owing to the shift of wind, and Peri and Pinta, which had been doing splendid windward work, were to leeward of everything. The squall carried away Enola's mast and Pinta put about and towed her into South Chicago.

The new cutter America, which was making her maiden cruise, sprung a leak around the rudder post and put back to Chicago. The other boats pegged along and encountered all sorts of squalls, puffs and showers. In one of the puffs Hattie Bradwell, when leading by about 8 miles, carried away her topmast, and soon after the wind lightened considerably, putting her to a great disadvantage. Ellida suffered from a refractory compass, and being unable to discover the port went about for Chicago. The race was finished in this order: Hattie Bradwell, Hattie B., Allie T., Rambler, Peri, and Pinta. After depositing Enola at South Chicago, was sailed after the racers by her plucky captain and owner, Ole Anderson and came in half an hour before starting the next morning. The captain will receive from a subscription of the club members a fine spirit compass in consideration of his pluck and seamanship.

The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hattie Bradwell.....	2 18 48	9 36 30	7 17 42	7 17 42
Hattie B.....	2 17 19	9 56 34	7 39 15	7 05 22
Rambler.....	2 15 34	10 08 25	7 50 01	7 13 09
Peri.....	2 19 31	10 49 31	7 49 38	7 29 11

The prizes were: First class, a racing cannon; second class, compass; third, set of code signals.

The weather for the return looked very threatening, and lightning and squalls loomed up everywhere. Nothing daunted, all the boats put out, led by Hattie Bradwell, which boat, with her broken topmast, with pennant floating above it, looked like an overgrown sandpiper. There were severe squalls, in which canvas had to be taken in on the way back, but all the fleet weathered through splendidly. Hattie Bradwell came in first, 45m. ahead of Rambler, which was followed closely by Hattie B., then Pinta, Peri and Allie T. It was a great race and although everybody got wet through, all were satisfied that they had had excitement and fun enough to last for some time.

## Shackamaxon Y. C.

THE seventh annual race was sailed on June 18 in the Delaware River, from a stakeboat off the club house to the black buoy at the upper end of White Sheet bar and return, 28 miles, weather clear and warm, wind southwest, tide flood. The times were:

## FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma A. Henry Y. Anderson.....	35.02 1/2	4 54 35	4 54 35
Anna, J. J. Brewer.....	35.03	4 56 00	4 56 00
Rex, Henry Schuerle.....	35.02	5 04 00	5 04 00
Victor, R. L. Bunder.....	35.03	5 08 00	5 08 00
Henrietta, James Slemmer.....	35.02 1/2	5 18 00	5 18 00
Helen, Bert Morris.....	35.01	5 19 00	5 19 00
Woodman & Florrie, Jacob Herr.....	35.02	5 20 15	5 20 15

## SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nana, Frederick Weil.....	35.03 1/2	5 47 35	5 47 35
Howard G. Wm. Gann.....	35.03 1/2	6 00 00	6 00 00
Helen, R. B. Murphy.....	35.03 1/2	6 01 08	6 01 08
Rosaline, J. J. Brewer.....	35.03 1/2	6 00 42	6 00 42
Igidious, Ed. Van Thynne.....	35.03 1/2	6 00 42	6 00 42
Lizzie, Wm. Cravin.....	35.03 1/2	6 00 42	6 00 42

## THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sallie B. Henry Blats.....	35.03	5 01 45	5 01 45
Maggie, Israel Jones.....	35.03 1/2	5 15 00	5 15 00
Emma, G. Tuerst.....	35.03 1/2	5 15 00	5 15 00
Wm. F. Stewart, D. Sibbitt.....	35.01	5 15 00	5 15 00
Wm. Birch, F. Morris.....	35.03	5 15 00	5 15 00

Winners: First class—Emma A.; second class—Sallie B. and Maggie; Nana, Howard G. and Helen; third class—Sallie B. and Maggie. The course was 14 miles off the wind, and a beat back against a strong flood tide and wind. First prize in each class was a gold watch, Elzin movement; second prize in each class was a silver pitcher and tray; third prize for first and second class a silver fruit tray. Regatta committee: Richard L. Binder, Jacob Eschner, Harry Schuerle. Judges: Geo. Bartel, Henry Quinn, Thos. McFaddin.

## Corinthian Y. C. 77th Regatta.

## MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

## Monday, June 18.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead opened its racing season on June 17 with a handicap race for knockabouts and yachts in cruising rig. The wind was strong S.W. and the weather in every way favorable. The times were:

## CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Monomoy, Small.....	1 54 57	0 00	1 54 57
Hiawatha, Chapin.....	1 55 58	0 00	1 55 58
Keewayden, Burnham.....	2 04 22	2 00	2 02 22

## CLASS B.

	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Susie, Keith.....	1 16 14	0 00	1 16 14
Merena, Follett.....	1 18 50	0 00	1 18 50
Ariel, Barrett.....	1 26 31	0 00	1 26 31

## CLASS C.

	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Reaper, Benson.....	1 15 08	0 00	1 15 08
Edith, Wood.....	1 30 00	0 00	1 30 00
Weasel, Sutton.....	1 42 18	0 00	1 42 18
Kraken, Chase.....	Withdraw.		
Don, Burlin.....	Withdraw.		

## CLASS D—KNOCKABOUTS.

	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Esther, Taggard.....	1 37 54	0 00	1 37 54
Otusa, North.....	1 25 15	0 00	1 25 15
Jane, Parker.....	1 26 21	0 00	1 26 21
Trouble, Wheeler.....	1 29 15	0 00	1 29 15
Betsey, Jones.....	1 27 52	0 00	1 27 52
Carl, Foster.....	1 20 55	1 00	1 19 55
Hera, Fowler.....	1 46 00	0 00	1 46 00
Nancy, Saltonstall.....	Withdraw.		

The winners were: Class A. Monomoy first; Hiawatha second. Class B. Susie first; Merena second. Class C. Reaper first; Edith second. Class D. Weasel third. Class D. Carl first; Trouble second; Jane third.







The last, extra is thoroughly erroneous, and misrepresents the position of the New York C. C., which has from the first avoided making any suggestions, or asking for any changes of the established conditions. The Royal C. C. challenge cup is not properly an international cup, like the New York C. C. challenge cup, but is simply a challenge cup, and may be contested by any nation, without formal challenge from canoeists belonging to recognized clubs, without regard to nationality. The cup is raced for once every year, but one race being sailed, though at one time a few years since, three races were necessary to winning it for the season. The difficulty of sailing three races led to a return to the original conditions. One condition of the challenge cup is that the challenger must come in advance by Royal C. C. and with the other conditions can only be changed by a vote of the club at a special meeting. The competition for the challenge cup has fallen off of late years, and the races have been of little importance. This year, in selecting a location, Mr. Howard's intention of challenging being then the subject of discussion, it was chosen, the course to be sailed at the camp of the club; though some advocated an open course down the river at a later date.







Park	10011110110101-9
Bibby	1111011011011-12
Sanders	1110101010101-9
Wise	1111111101011-11
Groton	1111100001011-10
Osman	00111010100110-7
M. Mullah	0111111001101-11
Anson	1101101101101-11
Wilnot	1101011101101-10
Lefever	0111001101101-11
W. M. Thomas	1001110111111-12
Williams	0111011011011-12
Pietz	1110111111111-13
Grief	1110110011111-11
Forrester	1100111111111-13
Beady	110011101101101-11
Bradley	1101111101101-11
Mayo	0111111111110-13
Davis	1111011111111-18
Wheeler	1111011111111-17
Macroft	1110101100100110-11
Leroy	1011111111111-18
McCracken	1111101101111-16

No. 3, 25 targets, \$3 entrance, \$10 added:

Money	1001110011110110010-16
Anthony	10011110001011001011-16
Budd	101010111111111111-19
Grimm	11100111111101111111-21
Redwing	1111111010111101111-22
Van Dyke	1111111111100010111-21
Alkire	10101111111111111000-18
Heikes	01111111111111111111-23
P. North	10111111111111110101-21
Rike	10111111111111110111-22
Young	111101111000101101100-18
Dock	11011111011110110110-20
McCracken	1111111011101101111-23
Brentnall	10011110111000111111-20
Keller	11011111111111111111-23
Dutchy	10110111110101111110-20
Merrill	10111111111111111111-22
Parker	11110111111111111111-23
Pickway	111010110110111111010-19
Pemberton	11111111111111111111-23
Holt	11111111111111111010-19
Skinner	10110001001010101110-18
Bartlett	11111111111111111111-25
Greener	11011111111110111111-25
Hobart	11010101110101101111-17
Hamline	110111101101101111101-20
Spross	11111110001110101101-17
Shaner	10010010111111111111-17
Melot	011111101111111101000-17
Verges	010111011111111100110-20
Fulford	11111001111110101111-21
Easton	111011010001011011001-16
Glover	11110110111111111111-22
J. P.	101010100111111110100-16

No. 4, 15 targets,

\$3 entry, \$25 added:	
Money	01111111111111-14
Anthony	0110011000000-5
Budd	111111111111-19
Grimm	1111111011110-3
Redwing	111111111111-22
Van Dyke	111111111111-21
Alkire	111111111111-14
Heikes	111111111111-23
P. North	1111011011010-10
Rike	0111011110111-12
Young	011111111111-14
Dock	0111111111-14
McCracken	0111111111-14
Brentnall	1100010111011-11
Keller	101111111111-19
Dutchy	100111011111-12
Merrill	101111111111-22
Parker	111111111111-23
Pickway	111010101111-19
Pemberton	111111111111-23
Holt	100111011010-10
Skinner	010110111111-11
Bartlett	111111111111-25
Greener	111111111111-25
Hobart	101101011111-17
Hamline	111111111111-20
Spross	111111111111-17
Shaner	111111111111-17
Melot	011111111111-17
Verges	111101011111-20
Fulford	111111111111-21
Easton	111011111111-16
Glover	111101111111-22
J. P.	101111111111-16

Rice	010111110001111011-14
Sherman	0111111101101101-15
Erhardt	01011000100110101-11
Walt	1011111111111111-13
Buckland	1011111111111111-10
Steuer	1011111111111111-10
Grant	0111111111111111-13
Paul North	1111111101111111-20

No. 5, 20 targets, \$3 entry, \$25 added:

Money	111011111111101101-16
Anthony	010101110101010001-9
Budd	1111011111111111-18
Grimm	1111111111111111-18
Redwing	1111111111111111-17
Van Dyke	1111111111111111-20
Alkire	1111111111111111-17
Heikes	1111111111111111-20
Paul North	1111111101111111-20

No. 6, 25 targets, \$3 entry,

\$100 added:	
Money	10101010111010101010-13
Anthony	01010111101011010110-13
Budd	11101011111110001111-18
Grimm	00111011111110110110-20
Redwing	10110111111110110110-19
Van Dyke	11110111111110111111-23
Alkire	1111011111111000111011-19
Heikes	11110111111110111111-24
Paul North	1011011110110111111110-14

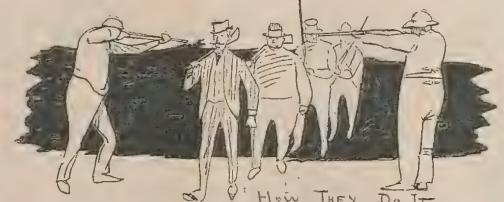


SNAP SHOTS AT THE CHAMBERLIN TOURNAMENT.

Rike	111101011111111011-17
Young	011110001111111111-20
Dock	11110001111110001111-19
McCracken	111111111111111111-19
Brentnall	111111111111111111-20
Keller	110101111111111111-18
Dutchy	101110111011011111-17
Merrill	101111111111111111-18
Parker	111001111111111111-17
Pickway	101111111111111111-17
Pemberton	110111111111111111-17
Holt	110111111111111111-24
Skinner	111101111111111111-22
Bartlett	111101111111111111-21
Greener	111101111111111111-22
Hobart	111101111111111111-22
Hamline	111101111111111111-22
Spross	111101111111111111-22
Shaner	111101111111111111-22
Melot	100111111111111111-16
Verges	111101111111111111-22
Fulford	111101111111111111-22
Easton	111101111111111111-20
Glover	111101111111111111-23
J. P.	111101111111111111-23
Jones	111111111111111111-18
Gay	111111111111111111-20
Shorty	111111111111111111-20
Sheldon	111101111111111111-18
Ketchum	111101111111111111-18
Packard	111101111111111111-18
White	111111111111111111-19
Courtney	111101111111111111-15
Hamman	111101111111111111-15
Drake	111111111111111111-18
Wheeler	011111111111111111-18
Davis	011101111111111111-18
Upson	111111111111111111-19
Shaber	101111111111111111-17
Ray	111111111111111111-17
Clay	111111111111111111-17
Yancey	111111111111111111-18
Wimom	100011001111111111-16
Flick	011111111111111111-18
D. C. Smith	111100111111111111-17
O'Connell	111000101010001101-10
Bibby	110011111111111111-14
Schneck	010101001111111111-6
Graham	110111001111111111-15
Lefever	111111111111111111-19
Ware	0101011000101001100-9
Mosher	1110111111111001101-15
Wherry	001101111111111111-19
Hull	101111111111111111-18
R. H. Smith	101101111111111111-14
Spear	011111111111111111-14
Deyo	101101111111111111-15
J. L. Smith	111101111111111111-16
Cartan	111101111111111111-15
W. Thomas	111011111111111111-17
Williams	111111111111111111-18
Cleary	111111111111111111-18
Mayo	111101111111111111-17
Erhardt	111011111111111111-19
Grief	110101111111111111-14
Girton	010110111111111111-13
Burke	101101111111111111-17
Sherman	110110001010011111-14
Grant	111111111111111111-14
Retsy	111100101111111111-16
Leroy	111001111111111111-17
Kelsey	111100101010111111-15
Pretz	111101111111111111-21
Forrester	001111111111111111-21
Taylor	111111111111111111-20
Clay	101111111111111111-19
Orsman	100111111111111111-19
North	011111111111111111-22
North	111000000111010100100-11

## Wednesday Was Clear

and bright. It was windy in the morning, however, but despite the wind a number of high scores were made. In the third event Glover, of Rochester, killed 25 straight, and Treadway and Davis each 24. In the sixth, Upson, of Cleveland, broke his 25 straight, while Van Dyke, Parker, Wheeler, Cathan and Slocum had 24 to their credit. Among the visitors were "Uncle" Adrian C. Anson, Pitcher Hutchinson and Fielder Wilnot, of the Chicago baseball team, and John Clarkson, of



SNAP SHOTS AT THE CHAMBERLIN TOURNAMENT.

the Clevelands. Anson and Wilnot took part in the shooting. The old man broke 14 out of 15 in the first event, while Wilnot scored 12.

No. 1, at 15 targets, \$3 entry, \$35 added. No. 2, at 20 targets, \$3 entry, \$35 added:

McCracken	1111011111111111-13
Keller	1111011111111111-20
Parker	1111011111111111-10
Bartlett	1011111111111111-14
Merrill	1111111111111111-13
Money	1111111111111111-14
Van Dyke	1111111111111111-12
Budd	1111111111111111-13
Grimm	1111111111111111-14
Redwing	1111111111111111-15
Anthony	1111111111111111-13
Rike	1111111111111111-15
Young	1111111111111111-14
Dock	1111111111111111-14
Alkire	1111111111111111-14

Spross	1111101111111111-13
Helkes	1111111111111111-15
Hobart	1011000111111111-10
Hamline	1111111111111111-12
Willard	10101100010001100011-10
Shaner	1111111111111111-15
Kelsey	0101011111111111-10
Mosher	1111011010111111-13
Hoffman	1100111111111111-12
Drake	1111011011011111-11
J. L. Smith	0111111111111111-14
Wheeler	1111011010101111-12
Schneck	1111011111111111-13
Penberthy	1111011111111111-13
Easton	1111011111111111-13
Fulford	1111011111111111-12
Upson	1111011111111111-12
N. Holt	1101001111111111-11
Haddock	1110111111111111-12
Steldon	1110111111111111-13
Wherm	1110111111111111-12
Verges	1111111111111111-14
Forest	000111000100010-6
Landis	1010111111111111-12
Tredway	1011111111111111-10
Brelunall	1111111111111111-12
Ketchum	1111011111111111-12
Cathan	1101011111111111-12
Karl	1111111111111111-15
Glover	1111111111111111-15
Davis	0111111111111111-10
Skinner	1111111111111111-11
Leroy	1011111111111111-12
Slocum	1001111111111111-12
Courtney	110110011010111-9
Lefever	0010111111111111-11
Shorty	1101101111111111-9
Bibby	1111111111111111-10
Park	1111011111111111-13
Pickway	0111111111111111-12
Betsy	1101101111111111-10
Tamblyn	0111000110111111-10
Jones	1111111111111111-14
Burke	0111011111111111-10
Clover	1110100111111111-12
P. North	1110111111111111-13
Anson	1111111111111111-14
Wilnot	0111111111111111-12
Williams	1111011111111111-10
Flick	1011111111111111-14
Vance	0111011111111111-11
Topsy	1111111111111111-13
McDonald	101101101101011-9
C. J. W.	1110101011011011-9
Muscroft	1111011111111111-10
Frey	1111011111111111-12
Whitesides	1011111111111111-14



Fair Visitors -

SNAP SHOTS AT THE CHAMBERLIN TOURNAMENT.

Partz	1111111111111111-15
D. C. Smith	1011111111111111-14
Cochran	1110011111111111-12
Speer	1111111111111111-14
Mellott	1111111111111111-19
Deyo	1110100111111111-11
Sprigg	0111011111111111-11
O'Connell	10010001000001000-4
Handler	1001010111111111-12
Boone	1111011111111111-10
R. H. Smith	1111111111111111-15
O'Connell	1110111111111111-11
Erhardt	1111111111111111-15
Snow	1111111111111111-14
A. M. Smith	1111111111111111-11
Osman	1011011111111111-12
Shaber	1111111111111111-14
Ray	1111111111111111-15
Packard	1111111111111111-14
Taylor	1111111111111111-14
Swireller	0111111111111111-11
Greener	1111111111111111-12
White	1111111111111111-15
Gay	0111111111111111-14
Ware	1101110101101011-11
Cleary	1111011111111111-14
J. L. M.	1111111111111111-14
Maygo	1011111111111111-10
Blair	1110111111111111-10

No. 3, 25 targets, \$3 entry, \$100 added.

McMurchy	111011111111010111101001-19	entry, \$35 add'l.
Tee Kay	0011111111111111111111-19	1111111111111111
Dutchy	1111111111111111111111-19	1111111111111111
Parke	1111111111111111111111-21	1001111111111101
Bartlett	1111111111111111111111-20	1210101011111111
Merrill	1111111111111111111111-21	1111011111111170
Money	0111111111111111111111-18	1111111111111111
Van Dyke	0111111111111111111111-20	1101111111111111
Budd	1111111111111111111111-20	1101011111111111
Gritum	1111111111111111111111-17	0111111111111111
Wing	1111111111111111111111-21	0111111111111101
Anthony	00000100110111111110001-12	1111111111111111
Rike	1110011111111111111111-18	1111111111111111
Young	1111111111111111111111-22	1111111111111110
Dock	1111111111111111111111-17	1101111111111111
Aikire	1111111111111111111111-23	1111111111111111
Spross	0111111111111111111111-18	1111111111111111
Helkes	1111111111111111111111-17	1111111111111111
Helkes	1111111111111111111111-16	1111111111111111
Hamline	1001111111111111111111-21	1111111111110111
Willard	101010100010001110001-12	1010111111110111
Shaner	1111111111111111111111-20	0111111111111111
Kelsey	1111111111111111111111-23	1111111111111111
Mosher	1011111111111111111111-30	1111111111110111
Hoffman	1101111111111111111111-21	1111111111111111
Drake	1111111111111111111111-22	1111111111111111
Wheeler	1011111111111111111111-20	1111111111111111
Schneck	1101000101111111111111-21	1111111111111111
Pemberthy	1111111111111111111111-22	000110001010000
Easton	0010010010000100001111-10	1111111111111111
Fulford	1111111111111111111111-21	1111111111111111
Upson	1011011111111111111111-20	1111111111111111



N Holt	.11111111111111111111111111111111-27	01111111011111111111111111111111-12
Haddox	.00101111100900001111111111111111-14r	01110111011101111111111111111111-17
Sheldon	.11111011011111111111111111111111-22	01111111011111111111111111111111-13
Wherry	.00111011110111111111111111111111-19	01111111111111111111111111111111-18
Verges	.11111011011111111111111111111111-19	01111111111111111111111111111111-16
Forest	.10011101111111111111111111111111-25	01111111111111111111111111111111-13
Dove	.11111111111111111111111111111111-23	01111111111111111111111111111111-19
Tredway	.11101111111111111111111111111111-24	11001011111111111111111111111111-12
Breintnall	.11101110111101111111111111111111-17	
Ketcham	01111111111111111111111111111111-19	
Cathan	01000111111111111111111111111111-16	01011111111111111111111111111111-11
Karl	.11111111111111111111111111111111-20	11011111111111111111111111111111-12
Wells	.11111111111111111111111111111111-25	11111111111111111111111111111111-14
Davis	.11111101111111111111111111111111-24	11111111111111111111111111111111-12
Kinmer	.11011111111111111111111111111111-18	11111111111111111111111111111111-11
Terry	.11011110111111111111111111111111-21	11111111111111111111111111111111-15
Sloem	.11111011111111111111111111111111-22	11111111111111111111111111111111-15
Courney	.01111111111111111111111111111111-18	11111111111111111111111111111111-13
Ward	.11010111111111111111111111111111-17	11011111111111111111111111111111-13
Taylor	.11111111111111111111111111111111-21	11111111111111111111111111111111-14
Jones	.01111011011101111111111111111111-17	11101111111111111111111111111111-14
Ansoo	.00011011111111111111111111111111-17	
Wilmut	.10111010111111111111111111111111-14	
Stacy	.01101100010001111111111111111111-14	01111111111111111111111111111111-14
White	.11101111111111111111111111111111-23	11111111111111111111111111111111-14
Pickway	.11111101010101111111111111111111-17	11111111111111111111111111111111-14
C J W	.00100000011111111111111111111111-7	
Flick	.10101001111111111111111111111111-15	11011001111111111111111111111111-11
Tamblyn	.10111111111111111111111111111111-21	11011101111111111111111111111111-12
Thomans	.10111111111111111111111111111111-21	11111111111111111111111111111111-13
Yancey	.11110011111111111111111111111111-14	11111111111111111111111111111111-10
Tasercroft	.11011110111111111111111111111111-16	11111111111111111111111111111111-13
Frey	.11111111111111111111111111111111-19	11011111111111111111111111111111-12
Pietz	01111111111111111111111111111111-19	
R H Smith	.01111101111111111111111111111111-17	10010111111111111111111111111111-11
McGee	.10111111111111111111111111111111-17	11111111111111111111111111111111-15
Betsy	.11011011111111111111111111111111-21	01111111111111111111111111111111-13
Tippy	.11000111011111111111111111111111-19	11111111111111111111111111111111-15
Whiteside	.11011011111111111111111111111111-20	01101111111111111111111111111111-13
Speir	.10101111111111111111111111111111-19	11111111111111111111111111111111-18
Clefe	.11110111111111111111111111111111-19	11101111111111111111111111111111-11
Conner	.01010111111111111111111111111111-15	
O'Connell	.01011111111111111111111111111111-16	
Graham	.11111111111111111111111111111111-22	01011111111111111111111111111111-10
Ware	.10111111111111111111111111111111-20	11011111111111111111111111111111-12
Shaber	.11011100111111111111111111111111-19	11111111111111111111111111111111-13
Ray	.11111101111111111111111111111111-19	11111111111111111111111111111111-13
Westcott	.11111111111111111111111111111111-20	111111111

No. 5, 20 targets, \$3 entry, \$35 added:

McMurchy.....	11111111111111111111	20
Te Kay.....	01001111111111111111	15
Dutchy.....	01111111111111111111	18
Parker.....	11111111111111111111	17
Bartlett.....	10011111111111111111	17
Merrill.....	10111111111111111111	16
.....	10101111111111111111	16
Van Dyke.....	01111111111111111111	16
Budd.....	11100011000111111111	13
Gritum.....	11111111111111111111	19
Redwing.....	11011111111111111111	19
Anthony.....	10101111111111111111	18
.....	10101111111111111111	18
Young.....	11111111111111111111	20
Dock.....	11111111111111111111	19
Alkire.....	01111111111111111111	19
Spross.....	11110011111111111111	16
Helkes.....	11111111111111111111	20
.....	11111111111111111111	20
Hamlin.....	11111111111111111111	18
Willard.....	00111111111111111111	16
Shaner.....	10110111111111111111	14
.....	10111111111111111111	18
Mosher.....	10100111111111111111	17
Hoffman.....	11111111111111111111	15
Drake.....	11111111111111111111	16
J L Smith.....	00111111111111111111	17
Karl.....	00111111111111111111	16
Schmuck.....	00111111111111111111	9
.....	00111111111111111111	9
Easton.....	11111111111111111111	16
Pickway.....	11111111111111111111	18
Upson.....	10111111111111111111	18
N Holt.....	11010011111111111111	18
Haddock.....	11111111111111111111	17
.....	11111111111111111111	17
Wherry.....	01111111111111111111	12
Verges.....	11111111111111111111	14
Forest.....	11111111111111111111	14
Landis.....	11111111111111111111	20
Tredway.....	11111111111111111111	17
.....	01111111111111111111	17
Clerc.....	11111111111111111111	16
Catham.....	11111111111111111111	16
Clover.....	11011111111111111111	19
Glover.....	11111111111111111111	19
Davis.....	11111111111111111111	16
White.....	11111111111111111111	18
.....	11111111111111111111	18
Jones.....	10100111111111111111	17
Shorly.....	01101111111111111111	17
Leroy.....	11111111111111111111	19
Slocum.....	10101111111111111111	16
Courtney.....	11111111111111111111	18
.....	01111111111111111111	18
Park.....	11111111111111111111	19
Burke.....	11111111111111111111	18
Swiveller.....	01100101111111111111	12
P North.....	11111111111111111111	16
Wheeler.....	11111111111111111111	20
Williams.....	11111111111111111111	20
Flick.....	11111111111111111111	14
Tippy.....	11111111111111111111	18
Mascroft.....	11111111111111111111	19
Frey.....	01111111111111111111	17
Philisides.....	00111111111111111111	16
T L Smith.....	10111111111111111111	14
Leveaux.....	10111111111111111111	14
C M Smith.....	11111111111111111111	17
Erhardt.....	11111111111111111111	17
Betsy.....	11111111111111111111	18
Shaber.....	11111111111111111111	19
Wargo.....	11110001111111111111	13
Grady.....	11111111111111111111	15
Snow.....	11100111111111111111	18
Vance.....	11111111111111111111	19
Sprigs.....	10100111111111111111	17
Graham.....	01111111111111111111	17
Ward.....	11011111111111111111	15
.....	11111111111111111111	16
D H Smith.....	11111111111111111111	16
Mellott.....	10011111111111111111	16
Ray.....	11111111111111111111	18
Cochran.....	11111111111111111111	18
Taylor.....	11111111111111111111	18
Holt.....	11111111111111111111	18
Berger.....	11111111111111111111	18

No. 6, 25 targets, \$8 entry,  
\$100 added:

[illegible]

been shooting in rather hard luck the first two days, put clean scores to his credit in the first, fourth and fifth events.

In the third eve Merrill, Alkire and Slocum broke 25 straight, and Budd, Hoffman, Drake, Hamline, Lefever, Cathan, Tippy and Shaeben broke 24, while in the sixth Helkes put 25 to his credit, and Grimm, Redwing, Glover, Alkire, Young and North scored 24. In this event North had a straight score up to his last bid. He was shooting beautifully and had won several rounds of applause by hard hits, including a terrific erratic target hit, was left a boss. At the last bid, however, he shot a trifle quick, and left Helkes the undivided glory of first place.

No. 1, 15 targets, entry \$3, \$40 added:

Murphy	101111111101111
Keller	111110111111111
Dutch	011111111110111
Parker	111111111011011
Bartlett	111111111111111
Merrill	100111111111110
Money	100111111111111
Anthony	111111111111101
Amis	111111111111111
Budd	011111111111111
Van Dyke	111110101011111
Redwing	111111111111111
Hoffman	100111111111111
J L Smith	011110011011011
Drake	111111111111111
Easton	111111111111111
Verges	101111111111101
Hobart	111111111110101
Hamlin	111111101001111
Mellot	100110111111101
Glover	111111111111111
Mosher	111111111111111
Poikes	111111111110011
Poikes	011111111111101
Ray	111011111111111
Alkire	111111011111101
Penbarthy	111111111110111
Young	111111111110111
Shor	111111111111100
Sheldon	111111111111111
Wherry	110110010111111
Park	111111111111111
Taylor	110011111110101
LeFever	111110011011111
Frederway	001111111111010
Davis	111111111111111
LeRoy	100111111110111
North	110011111111111
Dolt	011110001001111
Datham	111111101011101
Shaddock	111001111111111
Shaddock	111111101111111
Willard	011111111111111
White	111111111111111
Slocum	111011111111111

No 2, 20 targets, entry  
\$3 \$40 added:

[illegible]

Ran Dyke	.11111111111111111111111111111111-18
Redwing	.110111111111111111111111111111-14
Hofmann	.110011011011111111111111111116
J L Smith	.11111111111111111111111111111117
Drake	.11111111111111111111111111111119
Upson	.111111111111111111111111111111-20
Easton	.101010101001001111111111111110-11
Whitesides	.11111111111111111111111111111119
Gaudy	.111111111111111111111111111111-19
Mason	.111111111111111111111111111111-16
T Davis	.11111111111111111111111111111117
Leroy	.011111111111111111111111111111113
Spross	.010110011010101011111111111111-13
Holt	.111111111111111111111111111111111
Lelever	.101101100101010001111111111111-18
Cle'e	.110110111111111111111111111111118
Karl	.111110111111100100111111111111-15
Nappy	.111111111111111111111111111111118
Scott	.111111111111111111111111111111118
Stirling	.111110011111111111111111111111118
Shorte	.111111111111111111111111111111119
White	.111111111111111111111111111111118
Young	.010011011111111111111111111111-13
Rike	.011011011111111111111111111111-16
Tredway	.1111000111101101111111111111117
Sheldon	.011111111111111111111111111111111
Vberry	.00011111011010000101111111111118
Forest.	.010001011111111111111111111111100
Cathan	.111110111111111111111111111111118
Skinner	.111101111111101100110011111111114
Slocum	.111111111111111111111111111111118
Fark	.111101111110101111111111111111117
Baker	.011111111111111111111111111111117
Williams	.111111111111111111111111111111111
Hull,	.111111111111111111111111111111111
Pietz	.111111111111101111111111111111118
Wheeler	.111111111111111111111111111111111
Shaber	.10101001100011000111111111111110
Schmcek	.100101110111111111111111111111113
Grant	.111111111111111111111111111111117
Macaroff	.110111111111111111111111111111117
McGee	.111111111111111111111111111111117
D C Smith	.111111111111111111111111111111111
Bucke	.101111111111111111111111111111111

Percentages of those who show in a the regular events and scored above 80 per cent: Glover 91.66, Merrill 90.80, Parker 60.80, Redwing 90.55, \*Heikes 90.55, McMurphy 90.28, White 89.72, Alkire 89.16, Young 88.61, Van Dyke 88.61, Kelsey 88.61, Upson 88.61, Grimm 88.05, Bartlett 87.77, Hamline 86.66, Sheldon 86.66, Hoffman 85.83, Budd 82.77, Drake 82.77, Verges 81 38, J. L. Smith 81.11, Spross 81 11, \*Rike 80.55.

\*Score for second event, June 19 lacking.

Trap at San Antonio.

REGULAR weekly practice shoot of the San Antonio Gun Club,  
June 16:

No. 1, 15 single targets, unknown angles, known traps: Thiele 12, Rothwell 10, Veith 9, Shields 11, France 8, McVickar 10, Tendick 8, Paris 12, Phillips 5, Learn 9, Black 13.

[illegible]

Ties on first class won by Thiele.  
No. 3: 15 singles; team shoot: Capt. Phillips 11, Thiele 12, Evans 15.

No. 8, 15 singles. Team shoot: Capt. Phillips 11, Thiele 12, France 15, W. S. Smith 7, A. Grossman 8, Vollbrecht 9, Shields 11, Epstein 10; total 83. Capt. Veith 13, Rothwell 10, McVicker 10, Paris 10, Biesenbach 9, Tendick 4, Learn 4, Frank 11; total 71.

No. 4, 15 singles. Rothwell 13, France 12; Phillips 10, Paris 8, Veith 13, Epstein 6, Tendick 8, Grossman 8

### Team Shooting at Woodlawn Park.

As interesting as a well-contested match between teams of two men each at 25 live birds per man took place at Woodlawn Park, L. I., the stamping ground of the New Utrecht Gun Club, on June 23. The day was the hottest of the year, the mercury showing 99° above zero, but the birds were plentiful. The principals were T. W. Morley and Dr. Wynn, who shot against A. Hege-man and C. Ferguson, Jr., the stake being \$100 a side. Abel Crook was referee and Jacob Pentz scorer. The shoot began at 2:10 and continued until 4:30. The match was a close one, but Dr. Wynn's team seemed to have the call, as shown by the following scores:

Trup score type—Copyright, 1934, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

[illegible]

### Live Birds at Yardville.

The following scores were made in a series of live bird sweeps at Charles Zwirlein's shooting grounds, Yardville, N. J., on June 21. No. 1 was at 10 birds, \$10 entry, two moneys; No. 2, same, best two guns to win; No. 3, one money; No. 4, one money; Nos. 5 and 6, "Jersey" sweeps, 4 birds, \$3 entry, one money.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Zwirlein, .....	1111111103- 9	1032110111- 8
Harker, .....	1302222211- 8	0202111221- 8
Drabel, .....	0111111122- 9	2101110111- 8
Ridgeway, .....	1121121101- 9	1002011122- 8
Gelberson, .....	1301211122- 9	1111111111- 10
Clis Howard, .....		1001111221- 8
Vycoff, .....		1202122220- 8
Dr Doyle, .....		1212222111- 10
	No. 3.	No. 4.
Zwirlein, .....	1121211112- 10	0111121102- 8
Gelberson, .....	1111021211- 9	1111011111- 9
Hasker, .....	0120121212- 7	1011231222- 9
	No. 5.	No. 6.
Zwirlein, .....	1112- 4	121- 4
Hasker, .....	1210- 3	1210- 3
Ridgeway, .....	1210- 3	0011- 2
Gelberson, .....	1212- 4	2222- 4

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont. June 17.—The Missoula Rod and Gun club is supposed to be composed of about thirty members, who the present season have developed a brave lack of interest in the weekly shoots, no third of the above number being the average attendance. Nine appeared to day at the usual hour, when the usual medal contest conditions were observed by the A and B classes, 15 singles, known angles, 16 and 18yd. rise. Harry Stevens will wear the gold medal and the silver medal will go to the second shooter. The usual team shoot then occurred, resulting in the following scores: H. Woody beating the one chosen by J. T. Sawhill by a score of 43 to 42. 15 men took each team, 15 singles, unknown angles. Scores of club shoot:

Class A.

V P Brayton...110101011111110-11 H A Stephens...111111111111111-15

P Menard.....1100111111111111-13      Lieutenant Devol ....011111011001111-11

Class B.

Cowee,.....110101111001111-11 J T Sawhill,....111010011001111-10

S. Jones.....10111100011110-10 F. H. Woody.....111001111011101-11  
P. Kern.....110111101011101-11

B class shoot-off of ties for silver medal:  
H Woody.....11100-3 F Comee.....11000-3

### Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

MAPLE BAY, Syracuse, N. Y., June 21.—Fifty birds, known traps, unknown angles, for the diamond medals:

Known angles, in the diamond medals:					
Class A.					
G Courtney.....	45	G Mann.....	41	A C Ginty.....	39
Holloway.....	41	C Dugard.....	41	G Wilcox.....	38
Class B.					
S White.....	44	J Cool.....	31	W Morton.....	29
Jones.....	39	H Davis.....	30	C Fiske.....	29
Waltes.....	33				

### "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner."

THERE has just come from the FOREST and STREAM press an extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads, "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reference. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses and money. Conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use in clubs and tournaments. Compiled by J. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Thursday, the Last Day,

saw a considerable falling off in the attendance, though the shooting was of an extremely high order. In event No. 2 Squad 5 covered itself with glory. This was a Ohio squad and was composed of Heikes, Rike and Raymond. The latter three were of Columbus, Pennsylvania, and were the best marksmen of the state. Before these debutant marksmen the first three score bluecocks crumbled to dust as fast as they were felled from the traps. Then Raymond dropped out, but the others went right on pulverizing the pretty little yellow and broken 100 straight. Some of the traps got tired and quit. Five men had to trot to travel with this crowd to-day. It is only fitting to add that eight others broke straight in this event.

D. C. Smith of Hamilton, live bird champion of Canada, who had







## DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.



Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Schuetzen Corps Festival.

The thirty-seventh annual festival of the New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, was held in the Union Hill Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. One hundred and seventy-five members assembled at headquarters Wednesday morning; coaches were in waiting to transport them to the park. The arrival in the park was followed by lunch, after which the corps was marched to the shooting house, where the festival was formally opened by the usual ceremonies of saluting the eagle, etc.

The shooting programme, which was open to the general public, consisted of \$500, in cash prizes. The festival was in the hands of the following shooting committee: John G. Thölke, first shooting master; B. Zettler, second shooting master; A. W. Lemcke, third shooting master; Wm. Krumsiek, Aug. Liss, John H. Klee, Henry Strate, Chas. Grosch, Fred Schmidt, Alb. Schulenburg, Fred Lange, J. D. Wilkens, A. H. Sievers, Wm. Hahn, Fred Faconpre, Wm. Wessel. This committee was composed of active shooters, each of whom has had a large experience in the past in the management of prize shoots. Another element which added to the success of the festival was the active zeal of Capt. Offerman.

The shooting on Wednesday was confined principally to members of the corps. The only visitors on that day that we noted were Geb. Raus, Louis Flach and M. B. Engel of the Zettler Club.

On Thursday morning visiting riflemen began to arrive. Among the first arrivals were Harry M. Pope and Fred K. Rand, from Hartford, Conn. These were followed by others during the day. A census of the group developed the following prominent riflemen: Fred. C. Ross of Brooklyn, Henry Holges, R. Busse and L. Vogel, New York; L. P. Hansen, Jersey City; Geo. Schlicht, Guttenberg; David Miller Aug. Meyns, Hoboken; M. Dorrier, Greenville.

About 4 P. M. on Thursday came large delegations from the New York City and the New York Central Corps. The shooting was brilliant and interesting at times. Rand of Hartford had two shots (flags) on a man ticket. He neglected to put the necessary bullet into the rifle for the third shot; the result was a miss and another opportunity lost. Henry Holges, with a 25 and a 24 on the prize ticket, pulled his third shot too much to the right; up came the flag (25) giving him 74, the best score of the festival.

An unusual sight in the shooting house was two veteran riflemen, who were present and not participating. We refer to Michael Dorrier and David Miller. They came without their "outfits," and looked on. The "Harlem Joker" remarked that Michael "appeared like as though he had come away and forgotten something, and had not time to go back for it." Both of these riflemen claim that their shooting days are over.

During the two days that the public and individual members of the corps had been engaged in competition upon the prize targets, the corps as a whole had been diligently engaged in shooting into pieces the eagle from his lofty perch. By 6 P. M. on Thursday the bird had been denuded of every limb and decoration, from crown to tail, until there was nothing remaining but the body or center piece. To him who succeeded in bringing this piece to the ground belonged the honor and responsibility of kingship for the year 1894-5. Round after round was shot by the members in rotation until it was nearly dark, when the deciding shot was fired by Barney Kumm, the secretary of the corps, and the body was down. Barney Kumm was King. "Long live the king." The settling up of the secretary's accounts developed a surplus over expenses of the two days' shoot, and Capt. Offerman and his committee felt justly proud of the success of the festival of 1894.

Ring target, 3 shots per ticket, two best to count for first 5 prizes: H. Holges, 70 74-144 M. B. Engel, 69 C. G. Zettler, 66 F. C. Ross, 70 72-142 L. Vogel, 69 G. Krauss, 65 L. Flach, 70 71-141 H. M. Pope, 69 W. Roedel, 65 R. Busse, 69 70-139 B. Zettler, 68 F. Faconpre, 64 G. Schlicht, 69 69-138 G. W. Plaisted, 68 Wm. Forkel, 64 F. Schmidt, 70 L. P. Hansen, 67 Wm. Rosenbaum, 63 F. K. Rand, 70 Aug. Meyns, 67 C. Grosch, 63 Premiums for 5 best bullseyes: Hol. C. Ross 347, F. Ross 347, L. Flach 341, H. M. Pope 340, R. Busse, G. Schlicht 340.

Best bullseye by measurement: H. M. Pope 20 degrees, F. C. Ross 24, H. Lahden 31, L. Vogel 31½, L. P. Hansen 32, H. Butler 35½, J. Bonn 36½, G. Schlicht 37, J. D. Wilkens 37, F. Plump 45½, L. Flach 47, F. Schmidt 53, J. H. Meyers 54, R. Busse 55, B. Zettler 59, M. B. Engel 70, F. K. Rand 73, J. G. Thölke 75½, H. Holges 79, G. W. Plaisted 85. Premiums for 5 best bullseyes: Hol. C. Ross 40, F. Schmidt 27, Hansen 24, H. M. Pope 23, L. Flach 20, G. Schlicht 16.

Premium for first flag Wednesday, L. Flach; for last flag Wednesday, W. Rosenbaum; for first flag Thursday, H. M. Pope; for last flag Thursday, L. P. Hansen.

Next target, 3 shots, possible 60: George Schlicht 59, H. Holges 59, F. C. Ross 58, Aug. Meyns 58, Ph. Feigel 57, L. Flach 56, Dr. Grosch 56, F. Schmidt 55, R. Busse 55, H. M. Pope 55, J. G. Bonn 54, L. Vogel 54, C. G. Zettler 54, George Plaisted 54, J. Facklam 54.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., June 17.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele.....	10 10 10 10 9 8 9 8 7 8-80
Payne.....	9 10 8 8 7 9 10 9 8 8-86
Wellinger.....	6 10 10 8 7 8 10 7 9 8-85
Hake.....	9 8 8 7 6 10 8 6 9 7-78
Schmidlin.....	10 9 10 6 5 8 8 7 6 9-78
Strickmier.....	9 5 7 7 8 10 6 8 10 8-78
Hake.....	7 6 9 10 6 6 7 7 8-73
Schmidlin.....	4 9 10 7 5 9 10 9 8 5-76
Strickmier.....	8 8 8 7 6 6 8 8 5 8-73
Hake.....	4 5 4 6 3 6 5 5 4-60
Schmidlin.....	6 9 5 6 7 8 5 6 5 3-61
Strickmier.....	2 2 4 9 7 6 5 8 9 6-58
Schmidlin.....	6 3 3 4 0 3 6 6 3-41
Strickmier.....	2 6 0 7 5 2 3 0 4 6-35
Schmidlin.....	6 4 4 7 3 7 4 4 9 6-34
Strickmier.....	2 6 8 5 3 6 2 4 4 0-40
Strickmier.....	6 6 8 5 2 8 2 4 6 3-50
Schmidlin.....	4 7 2 3 4 5 4 10 7 4-50
Schmidlin.....	3 4 8 4 5 0 9 3 3 10-49
Schmidlin.....	5 4 3 3 6 4 7 6 2 5-45

Union Grove.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 23.—I inclose you scores of the Hartford Rifle Club, made at their regular shoot at Union Grove this afternoon. German ring target, 200yds., off-hand. Weather conditions were very hot, harsh light and a fish tail wind. Medal match, one entry only: D. S. Seymour..... 22 22 22 22 25 19 23 31 24-222 H. M. Pope..... 20 24 22 19 21 24 30 21 21-212 J. H. Foote, Jr..... 25 23 23 14 23 20 23 16 24-204

Pope (50 shots).....	Re-entry Match.
.....	22 22 21 23 24 19 23 20 24 23-221
.....	24 23 19 22 23 25 24 23 22 20-228
.....	22 22 19 18 23 23 19 21 22 23-212
.....	21 21 23 23 21 21 19 23 24 24-210
.....	22 23 18 22 21 24 23 22 19-217
S. J. Lyon.....	25 22 22 24 21 23 23 22 21-228
Seymour.....	23 24 21 22 20 24 22 14 20-210
Foote.....	22 19 20 23 18 23 20 22 21-209
Dunbar.....	20 17 14 20 17 23 20 21 23 16-191
Fox.....	22 17 24 20 20 20 20 10 34 18-159

Good Eye.

MR. H. R. WILLS of Alton, Ill., writes me about a string he has just shot on his friend Mr. Lahee's grounds, at that city. This probably is intended to frighten the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM about going into another match with Mr. Wills, but it will fail of that purpose. Mr. Wills has often beaten us, but he hasn't got us scared yet, nor has he yet wrested away from our Security Building the palm of the championship of Halstead street. The only trouble is, Mr. Wills has never seen this office fully extended as yet. We will be ready the next time he comes. He writes:

"Not for publication, I wish to give you the result of a little 100yd. shoot I made the other day with a new Marlin .22 which I was sighting up for a friend. Conditions—off-hand, no swearing. The shoot took place on Mr. Lahee's grounds, Massachusetts target, bullseye 3in. with a 12 center. I simply give the totals of each 10-shot string, 60 consecutive in all, as follows: 106 109 105 109 100 109-633. Average 10.63. This is the highest that has been made upon our 100yd. range and is very close shooting, if I do say it. I wish also to impress upon your mind that I have no ulterior designs upon your nerves in giving this bit of information, and still insist that you do me up to the queen's taste if you will try it some time under the right conditions. Yours very truly, H. R. WILLS"

Blumenthaler Co. No. 6, N. Y. S. Bund. No. 1

Here their second shoot at their gallery June 23. Thirteen members were present to compete for silver goblets donated by the company. The following scores were made:

W Hicks.....	230 228 378 226-912	Aigeldinger 230 216 .....	446	
F Norvicki.....	240 226 224 230-910	W Korner.....	163 161 91 .....	418
H D Muller.....	232 227 225 225-909	Dr H Kolb.....	206 203 .....	409
G Gross.....	233 237 225 219-903	Heitzmann.....	197 .....	187
F Schill.....	223 222 222 216-883	A Wild.....	57 .....	87
J Maurer.....	206 195 195 180-767	A Lawrence.....	41 .....	41
W Roebach.....	185 184 174 106-649			

HENRY D. MULLER.

Greenville Rifle Club.

The extreme hot weather of the past week is having its effect upon the members of the Greenville Club. At the weekly shoot on Friday night several of the regulars were prominent by their absence. Winners: First Class—C. Boag first, G. Purkess second. Second Class—C. Charlock first, J. Spain second. Third Class—R. Daniels first, Holzappel second. Scores: C. Boag 240, Purkess 237, J. Boag 235, Scheeline 235, Collins 225, Spain 234, Charlock 231, Agneau 231, Chavant 233, Hill 230, Pudson 206, Daniels 202, F. Wuestner 212, E. Wuestner 219.

R. Busse Defeats L. Buss.

THERE was a well contested gallery match shot off on Zettler Bros.' range, 219 Bowers, New York, on June 18, between R. Busse, of the New York City Corps, and L. Buss, of the Empire Rifle Club, 100 shots off-hand, for \$10 a side. Scores:

R Busse.....	245 240 238 246 233 243 244 243 242 238-2417
L Buss.....	241 238 240 240 239 244 245 243 238 240-2408

Schlicht Rifle Club.

At their weekly gallery shoot on June 19, Geo. Dorr won the championship medal, J. Diehl the first class medal, A. Meyer the second class medal and Geo. Robert the third class medal. Scores: G. Schlicht 240, G. Dorr 236, A. Meyer 236, C. Meyer 232, J. Diehl 234, M. Daus 232, F. Richard 231, W. Schlicht 229, G. Lautenberger 225, G. Scholz 231, A. Deubline 230, E. Wagner 215, F. Lambriz 211, J. Bombers 210, J. Dedrick 218.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

At the weekly gallery shoot, June 19, the following scores were made: W. J. Hennessey 231, E. H. Duff 231, G. Ruland 211, J. Binns 230, G. G. Williams 230, W. Hughes 237, J. Hughes 233, E. J. McCarthy 233, Thos. Hughes 238.

RIFLE NOTES.

Our city papers have during the past week published various cable reports of wonderful work by Gus Zimmerman with his rifle at the International shoot in Mainz, Germany. If Zimmerman has secured one-half of the champion trophies credited to him, he does credit to himself and the American riflemen, whom he represents.

The Excelsior Club of Jersey City will dedicate its new club house, No. 54 Gregory street, on Thursday night of this week. Invitations have been sent out to our prominent clubs and individual riflemen to be their guests on this occasion. An interesting feature of the evening's sport will be a team match between the home club and a team from the Greenville Rifle Club.

The Zettler Rifle Club will hold its regular bi-monthly shoot at Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, July 1. Visiting riflemen will be welcome to participate.

The Newark Shooting Society will hold weekly practice shoots on Thursdays during the summer and autumn, at the Newark Schuetzen Park.

A visit to Armbruster's Park on Saturday of last week brought us into the presence of one of New York's most enthusiastic riflemen in the person of Dr. E. R. Chadbourne. The doctor, like many others in the profession, is an ardent devotee to the rifle. We append two scores made by Dr. Chadbourne on this occasion, using the .25-10 Stevens, another proof of the efficiency of this small caliber at 200yds. Scores: 9 10 10 8 10 9 10 9 6 10-91 10 10 9 7 10 9 9 8 10 8-90

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Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

No. H—A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 63 cts.; 60yds., 78 cts.; 80yds., 88 cts.; 100yds. 98 cts.

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No. E—Special lot Hard Rubber and Nickel Raised Pillar Click Reels, 40yds., 38cts., 60yds., 48cts. Sent by mail 5cts. extra for postage.

No. C—Nickel-Plated, Raised Pillar Multiplying Reels, with click and drag and screen oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 63c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 83c.; 150yds., 98c. 10c. extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double Gut Leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. doz. Hand Twisted Gut Leaders, 10c. each, 90c. doz.

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- No. 1b.—Outfit for Roasting, Baking and Frying, same size and weight (without Cook's Tools, Pots, Kettles or Dishes. Price, \$6.50
- No. 2.—Outfit Complete for Boiling, Roasting, Baking, Stewing, Broiling, Frying, includes Complete Oven and all Tools and Dishes mentioned in No. 1a. Size, 8x12x6 in. Weight, 20lbs. Warranted Satisfactory. Price, \$15.00
- No. 3.—Complete Outfit for Ten to Fifteen Persons. Size 12x20x7 in. Weight, 60lbs. Without Mess Outfit. Price, \$18.00  
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